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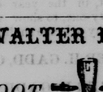
BOOT  *SHOE*
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A SERMON IN RHYME.

BY D. W. HOYT.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow's sunset glow—
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—until he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praise long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share,
The strength of "two or three" in prayer.

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes.
Share them. And, by sharing,
Own your kinship from the skies.
Why should any one be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and good in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth,

If your work is made more easy,
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer!

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

STANDING ARMIES OF THE WORLD

ORATION OF HOWARD BRYANT DELIVERED AT PRINCETON ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Empires have risen and fallen; nations, created from chaos, into chaos have returned; generations after generations have passed away, but still the world moves on. Old Egypt with her ancient culture and civilization, is almost forgotten; Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair processions chanted songs and praises to her gods and muses, where and what is she? Her arts are no more. "The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in her ruin." Rome, republican Rome, whose war-conquering eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, prowd in her desolation, noble in her decline, "venerable in the majesty of her religion," and calm as in the composure of death. Rome owed her greatness to her legions, Athens her refinement to her soldiers. From the history of the world we learn that war has determined the destinies of nations. Falling like the thunderbolt and sweeping all in its track like the hurrican, it has reduced an entire people to slavery or given freedom to a nation. Superstition, fanaticism and the adored relics of barbarism have under the sharp and decisive teachings of war passed away like a dream. In the end, however, truths established by war live on. Errors temporarily propped by bayonets flourish for a little while—then "wounded, writhes in pain and dies amidst her worshippers." It seems that when wrongs and usurpations have run their course the national death begins to end at a Yorktown or a Sedan. Peace may have her victories as well as war, but the last arbitrament among men is the sword. The decrees of her courts are written in blood; the spirit of her laws is deified in cannon balls and musketry, and from their decision there is no appeal To wars both civil and foreign the conditions of the countries of all Europe to-day are due. Without war Rome would have had no Cæsar. Without war, Russia would have had no Alexander; without war France would have had no Napoleon; without war England would have had no Wellington, and without war America would have had no Washington.

We learn from the remotest history that standing armies marked the power and influence of a nation:—From Assyria, which furnishes us with the earliest specimens of those Asiatic armies, which for above one thousand years struggled for the possession of the countires between the Mediteranean and the Indias—from the vast host of Babylonians and Persian nomads, who were the embodiment of the greatness of the Eastern empire—to Austria of to-day with a standing army of one million—to France with an army of four hundred and sixty-nine thousand—to Germany with an army of one million and eight hundred thousand, the largest in the world—to Great Britain with an army of one hundred and forty thousand—to Spain with one hundred and fifty thousand—to Turkey with five hundred thousand, and to Russia with an army of one million and a half,—we cannot but acknowledge the influence of military power.

Still, large standing armies are obstacles to the progress of nations: they withdraw a large number of men from productive industry; they impose heavy taxes and great burdens on the country and its industry to maintain them, and they become instruments of despotism in the hands of monarchs, who keep them to maintain their arbitrary power and hold the people in subjection. Again, the institution of standing armies in the developed and still developing form it wears among the modern nations of Europe must be ranked among the most potent causes of war; and therefore it is not without reason that it is to the reduction of these armies that the best friends of peace are directing their utmost endeavors. And why are they not successful? It must be borne in mind that there is much which is attractive and stimulating to the imagination in what may be called the outside of war. The active habits, the exercise of physical capacities, the gorgeous pageantry of empires, flags, bands, parades and reviews, the carefully cherished hates of all the heroic actions and of the indomitable endurance of which every war between civilized men cannot but contain memorable instances. Now all these influences taken together, multiplied and magnified by the subtle agency of sympathy and active co-operations, extending over a field measuring millions of human beings, must create an inordinate predisposition to war, which must be constantly present in the times of the greatest tranquility, and when no other cause of war is manifest on the political horison. But I tell you no pencil can draw in its true colors the portrait of war. It is extremely horrible to see men by thousands dashed into pieces by cannon ball and grapeshot, pierced by musket bullets, cut down by swords, transfixed by bayonets, crushed by carriages and trampled by horses; to hear their groans and cries, their curses and execrations; to see them rushing on with fury or retreating with precipitation and despair, presents a scene which neither tongue, pen nor pencil can reach. To such scenes the soldier must become accustomed, and thus it is to-day in the age of universal peace, that millions of men are standing ready to engage in war at a moment's notice. Who was it in America that first saw in the times of peace we need no armies? Who was it that first instituted the "Volunteer System?" Who was it that first called the "Minute Men" into action? Who was it that after having gained the cause for which he fought, and peace being declared, stripped his soldiers of their military paraphernalia and disbanded his whole army? Who was it that cried, Down with standing armies in America and up with the banner of liberty, of peace, of industry and progress? The answer comes from the lips of our forty million American citizens, George Washington;—whose wisdom will be more strikingly illustrated as the history of the American War for Independence takes the rank to which it is entitled in historical literature. Its causes, its actors and its events invest it with an interest for the statesman, for the philosopher and for the lover of picturesque narrative which has never been surpassed. It is a great prose epic with heroes whom we can love and revere; whose marvelous truths exceed the boldest inventions of fiction. Behold the regal wars of ancient and modern times, led on by a Cæsar, a Bonaparte, or a Bismarck! Splendid as were their victories, they pale in effect before the mention of a single name in our revolution. Washington, "first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Can more be said of any man illustrious in the annals of human life? May his gentleness, his courage, his uprightness, and his unselfish patriotism ever be the model to form the character of the American soldier, the American statesman, the American citizen. With such soldiery, with such statesmanship, with such citizenship, our republic will live until patriotism shall die in the human heart, and man shall no longer love the good, the true, and the virtuous. As boy it was Washington, who stood firm when many a wild tumult of Indian massacre swept over our childhood and left behind it the desolate pathway of the whirlwind. As man it was Washington that the soldiers of the revolution reflect the virtues of the gallant chief. They warred not for the plunder and spoils of victory; their cause was purer and higher. It was not for alluring bouties, not for epaulets and honors, that they struggled on fields of carnage. No! none of these things bore them on. With patience, with suffering and with fortitude unspeakable, their battle cry was "Victory or Death!" and they struck home for the green graves of their sires, God and their native land.

Washington had early been taught the noblest and best lesson of life—to suffer with patience and fortitude. Yet with all the grandeur of the man, he bowed his head in the deepest sorrow upon the discovery of the treason of Arnold:—foul blot upon the historic page of the American revolution is that which marks the treason of Benedict Arnold! The feeling is like that which overshadows the Christian heart when learning the import of the base betrayal by Judas Iscariot. Black monuments of infamy and shame are those that bear the inscriptions of Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot, the traitors. Under such a leader as Washington and with such principles, the foundation of the American government was laid; a foundation that vices, corruptions and civil wars have failed to undermine, and now a hundred years afterwards we find the spirit of self government is abroad in the world. It has already touched the hearts of the students of St. Petersburgh, is thawing the cold edicts of centuries of Czarism, bidding defiance to the exile among the barren wilds of Siberia and Finland. It has struck deep into the heart of France, and Bourbonism and Bonapartism are in the tomb of the capulets. Gambetta-Republicanism rules where royalty sat crowned for more than a thousnnd years.

The standing army of France, her four hundred and sixty-nine than said soldiers, will, under the genius of republican liberty, soon pass from consumers to producers, and instead of a standing army every man of that brave, impassioned people will be a volunteer to defend that government which depends for support upon the affections of a free people. And across the channel, too, where royalty has sat enthroned from Alfred to Cromwell and from Cromwell to Victoria, human intelligence, progress, and self government are raising aloft their standard, and with the tread of the Parnell legion resounding in the streets of London, and wild with the spirit of Robert Emmett, the standing army of England may go down to give place to the new corner stone of old English liberty. George Washington gave to his country as a last, best gift, pure, firm and just principles of government, which are contained in a written Constitution. Without such a government what would be the condition of America to-day? Could she otherwise have endured the trials and hardships that have been cast upon her? Look at the great civil war of 1861. But still the struck eagle did not fall; dazed and wounded by the smoke, the strife and carnage of a hundred battle fields, he lowered his haughty crest only to make a loftier and mightier flight, that the world in utter wonder might behold the United States arising from the ruins of a civil war, with freer pinions than were ever winged from the battle-fields of her first revolution, attesting that by the baptism of the blood of her children she had forever made sacreed the union of her States. No man is better than his principles make him. The bridge reflects the mind of the engineer in its strength or weakness. Man's practices are ever in accord with his principles. Washington taught the American people the principles and practices of patriotism essential to the success and perpetuity of republican liberty and as our people sustain or depart from his teachings the republic endures or falls. If our people forget his unselfishness, diregard his lofty moral heroism, unwavering faith and firm reliance upon Diety, then the hour of the downfall of the republic has come. Washington gave no lesson of communism, no countenance to infidelity, no evidence of wasteful extravagance, but was at all times the simple, dignified Christian gentleman, the wise statesman and incorruptible patriot, and while the American people imitate his example, abide his principles and practices, under the direction of Providence, the republic is destined to live till the last year of recorded time. To you men of the North, and to you men of the South nature has given local feelings and prejudices, but at this late day, years since the happy termination of our first civil war, let us each seek to advance the march of progress, love of country and her free institutions, and one and all join hands in peace and true affection; and with united efforts strive at all times to defend the constitution, maintain the union and perpetuate republican liberty; and may the influence of this occasion continue with us till the close of life, and should the altars of our country require again a baptism of the blood of her children, inspired by the deeds of Washington and in memory of his unselfish patriotism, may our hearts proudly and gladly furnish the libation and thus best attest our veneration for the memory of him whose anniversary we this day celebrate.

What Novels to Read.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE POINTING OUT WHAT ARE GOOD AND WHAT ARE BAD BOOKS.

"The printing press," said Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon, "is the mightiest engine on earth for good or evil. God has made it to be the chief agent in the evangelization of the world. The best way to overcome bad books and newspapers is to circulate good books and newspapers. What novels shall we read? Shall we read any? Yes. There are good, pure, honest Christian novels, which will elevate the heart and purify the life: novels of poetry and history combined. The world will never be able to pay the debt of obligation to Hawthorne, Mackenzie, Landor, Hunt, Marian Harland. No one has better set forth the follies of high life than Miss Edgeworth. No one has made a more faithful embodiment of the history of the past than Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthy with the breath of the sea and woody air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has done wonders in curing the morbidity of the world. Thackeray has brought the world under obligations by his caricatures of the pretensions of gentility. Charles Dickens has built up a monument in his books which are an everlasting plea for the poor against injustice. It is certain that that style of books rightly read are of an elevating' purifying, ennobling, and enlarging influence. But I deplore the fact that there is a pernicious tide of novels setting in upon this country like a freshet overflowing the banks of decency and common sense. Some of the most reputable publishers are printing them. Religious papers are commending them. School girls secrete them in their trunks. Boys read them by stealth. A young man who is an indiscriminate reader of novels is unfitted for factory, store, house, anywhere. A young woman who is an indiscriminate reader of novels is unfitted to be wife, mother, or daughter.

"Again I counsel you to avoid all those books which, while they have good in them have a large admixture of evil. The best man that ever lived cannot afford to read a bad book unless for the purpose of making the world better, just as a doctor would visit a small-pox hospital. If you think you can read a bad book and get good out of it, you make a terrible mistake. How are we to know which are bad books? An intelligent reader can tell them at a glance. There is something suspicious about them. The reptile of bad literature always carries a warning rattle. Avoid all books that corrupt the imagination and arouse base passions. I do not refer to the bad books that the villian has under his arm who waits at the street corner for school to come out. But I refer to books that arouse all the base passions of the soul. So bad are some of the French novels that now come to this country that if George Sand were alive she might seem a refining influence although she wrote in a style ardent and eloquent, mighty in its gloom terrible in its unchastity, vivid in its portraiture, damnable in its influence. Right in the nostrils of great cities this reeking and unwashed literature is enough to poison all the foundations of public virtue. You should avoid all books that are apologetic of crime."

Soberly and Righteously.

There are words in our language which express in a sentence a whole sermon. They are seed words which when dropped in fruitful and prepared mental soil, spring up into proverbs that guide the life, and also make it a guide to other lives. To this class belong the words at the head of this article.

Peter Cooper was ninety years old on the 12th of this month. On being asked by a newspaper man how he had managed to live so long and enjoy such exceptional good health and prosperity, the venerable sage and philanthrophist replied: "The secret of a long and happy life is found in two words——soberly and righteously. Whosoever would live long and enjoy health of body and peace of mind, must live in accordance with the laws of his nature and the principles of right. This is what is meant by living soberly and righteously. We are living under laws designed by Infinite wisdom for our good. Just in proportion as we obey these laws shall we have health and comfort. If we disobey we must pay the penalty. This rule holds good when appried to cities, states, or nations, as well as to individuals. The penalty for sin must be paid somewhere, somehow, or at sometime."

It was the belief among the ancients that wisdom is the fruit of experience, hence only the aged are wise. This is sound doctrine. But, unfortunately, but few garner the fruits of experience and deduce the proper lessons; hence age does not always bring wisdom. While the young, however knowing, are never wise, the old are not always sage.

Solon, Socrates and Seneca were marked exceptions in their times and countries. Peter Cooper is an exceptional character in this age and country.

He says that he resolved at the beginning of his career to give the world an equivalent for all that he got for it. That is, he would earn his living and not make it by speculation. If all would act on that principle we should not read, as we do to-day, of corners in produce, by which a few get rich and thousands are reduced to beggary or starvation.

Peter Cooper got rich. It were but natural that he should He started in life with all the elements of success—talent, energy and application; he has remained in the city of his birth and grown up with it; he has seen its population increase from 35,000 to 1,200,000; land that he bought sixty years ago, not for speculative purposes, but for a place to erect a home and build a shop, became worth more per foot than he had paid per acre; this in addition to what he earned in his shop mdae him a millionaire per force. But what did he do? Just as soon as he found himself possessed of the means to do it he erected an institute for the benefit of the public. On its completion he deeded it to a perpetual board of trustees, thus putting it out of his possesion and control. This property is now worth over $1,000,000. Over 25,000 poor young men and women have received, without cost, a practical education in art, science, or mechanics' and half a million of people enjoy the benefits of the library and reading-room annually. Mr. Cooper has given back to the public all the wealth which came to him by the rise in real estate, and more. It were well if Astor and some others would follow his example.

Peter Cooper is respected by all, and venerated by many whom his munificence has blessed. We congratulate him on having reached the ninetieth mile-post in his journey of life, and join his millions of friends in this country and Europe in the hope that he may live to be numbered by the census taker of 1890.

The Victors and Their Spoils.

While the bosses of the Republican party are engaged in a bitter wrangle over the distribution of the spoils, nothing is heard among them about the public policy of the Garfield Administration.

What will it do with regard to tariff, commerce, finances, railroads, interoceanic canals, foreign affairs? The Pacific railroads are getting ready for another gigantic tussle with the Government; but what is to be the course of the Administration on this, as on other grave practical questions, can be inferred only from Gen. Garfield's unpleasant record in Congress, and the character of the first appointments he appears to have determined upon. Mr. Blaine, to be sure, has committed himself to a grand system of subsidies, for the benefit of the Roaches, at the cost of the people.

But from Mentor there comes no word which indicates that the President elect thinks of any questions of a graver nature than the parcelling out of the offices among the conflicting chiefs and factions of the party. When Grant made up his Cabinet, the task was a very simple one. According to the novel principle adopted by him, he had only to take the list of his personal benefactors and graduate the rewards to the size of their gifts. Garfield's job is not so easy. He has before him an appalling list of contributions to the vast corruption fund of the party. There are at least a thousand men in the United States, besides Dorsey and Gorham, who claim that they carried Indiana by the application of a particular sum at a particular moment, which went precisely to the right place. Is it any wonder that among all these claimants the President elect makes so many new slates?

AN EXTRAVAGANT PAUPER.—Albert Edward, known as the Prince of Wales, an English cockney of the genus classified as fast, has a allowance for his support $150,000. This comes out of the public treasury of Great Britain, and is handed over to him as a gratuity as he renders no service whatever to the public. Besides this he has an income of $350,000 from an estate in Cornwall, given by the authorities who presume to administer on the estates of the people of that country. His wife has an allowance of $50,000 from the public treasury on her own account. Yet so extravagant is this privileged public pauper, that he has got hopelessly into debt, and is teasing his mama to get him an extra appropriation of $200,000 to meet his pressing debts, and an additional $50,000 a year hereafter. The mother, who is herself practically a pauper, though nominally the head of the Government, has asked her Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, to solicit Parliament to grant the request of her worthless booby of a son. Parliament will very likely do it, and the poor laboring men and women of England and Ireland will have to pay it out of their hard earnings, now scarce sufficient to keep them alive.

THE Methodist ministers of the Springfield district of Massachusetts in their annual meeting, had a lively two hours' discussion on faith and healing. Seyeral of the clergymen held that prayer was effectual in healing the sick, but the majority of the speakers believed that such cures were wholly the result of imagination and will. The Rev. Frederic Woods said that it would be as sensible for him to ask God for $50,000 as for a sick man to pray for restoration to health. His theory was that God did not interfere in temporal matters at all, but only in things concerning the soul. A layman replied that he had been comforted in the past by the preaching of Mr. Wood, but what he had heard on this occasion about the uselessness of prayer greatly shook his faith.

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