

passengers began to gather around and stand up all over the car to listen and see what was going on. She did not give the Judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited, she went on: "He was a good boy if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when his father was took sick and died he done all the work, and we was getting along right smart, till he took to going to town and got to playing keards and drinking, and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out often till mornin' and then he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him when I knowed he'd bin out so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we ost the team; one of them got killed when he'd bin to town one awful cold night. He staid late and I suppose they had got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose and run most home, but run agin the fence and a stake run into one of 'em, and when we found it the next morning it was dead and the other was standin' under the shed. And so after a while he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after awhile he couldn't get any work and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good, industrious boy agin, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and then in the morning I found he had got what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off. After that I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years; but then he got arrested and was took up to Oshkosh for trail, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself, she went on: "But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here some where," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. —," pointing to Lawyer —, who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. —, the district attorney. "And you, Judge —, sent him to prison for ten years; I s'pose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he said he must have been drunk, for they had all been playing keards most all night and drinking. But, oh I dear, it seems to be kinder as though if he hadn't got to playing cards he might a been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he used to say, 'Why, mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy or the cigars, or something like that.' And then we heard that the young folks down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that 'Squire Ring was goin' to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home; I couldn't do nothing at all with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way when I was young, but it jist seems to me as if everybody nowadays was going wrong into something or other. But may be it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way, but it jist seemed to me as if the very sight of them keards would kill me, Judge; I thought if you only knew how I felt you would not play on so; and then to think, right here before all these young folks. May be, Judge, you don't know how younger folks, especially boys, look up to such as you, and then I can't help thinking, that may be if them as ought to know better than they do so, and them as are higher larnt, and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother; but now, there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor little grand'chile, my dead darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinoy."

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray, withered old lady, trembling with old age, excitement, and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before those noble looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation. The look they bore as she

poured forth her sorrowful tale, was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar, would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grand-child in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand and said, "Don't cry, ganma; dont cry, ganma." Eyes unused to weeping, were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say, that when the passengers came to themselves they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
Our Paris Letter.

No. 5.
(From our Am. Correspondent there.)

OPENING OF THE GRAND SHOW—THE DISADVANTAGES OF A CROWD—THE SCENE FROM THE TROCADERO—SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ON EXHIBITION—COMPARISON OF FAIRMOUNT PARK AND THE CHAMP DE MARS—AN ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL—NOTES AND GOSSIP.

PAVILION OF THE TROCADERO, PARIS, }
May 1, 1878. }

Here I sit, tired and worn out, it is true, but with the supreme satisfaction of having seen the opening of the Exhibition. That is to say, I saw the backs of a great many people who were sitting in front of me, for I was one of those fortunates or unfortunates, it is hard to tell which, whose strip of pasteboard adorned with a yellow cross in the middle consigned the possessor to the southwest wing of the Trocadero, nearly opposite to the grand cascade and with a good view down the bridge of Jena and into the Champ de Mars—only there were so many people in front of me, that it was but now and then one could get a glimpse of Marshal McMahon and the grand procession. It was as if always is on such occasions, in France no less than in the United States; there was an immense amount of elbowing, a simultaneous standing upon seats as soon as the procession came in sight, very few *gendarmes* where they were wanted, but any quantity of them half a mile off, and not the remotest possibility of hearing a single word spoken by Mr. Tisserene de Bort, the Minister of Commerce, or anybody else. When, once in a while, I got a glimpse through the solid wall of flesh before me, I could see the white head of the Marshal opposite a brown head which I suppose was that of M. de Bort, the mouth of which was opening and closing in quick rapidity as if its owner said something, which he doubtless did.

But judging from what I did see after all the speech-making and receptions were over, the opening was a grand success. It is true that very much remains to be done yet before the Exhibition itself will be complete and really worthy of a thorough inspection; but the last two or three days have done wonders, especially in the French Department, and there was a smaller display of packing cases than I had expected to find. At the entrance to the U. S. division stood Commissioner General McCormick with his assistants, flanked on one side by a detachment of Marines, and on the other by a squad of sailors from the "Constitution," which is now at Havre. All the officers were in full dress uniform, and our jack tars looked neat and natty in their Sunday rig, comparing favorably with the English sailors who were placed at the entrance to the British division, about fifty yards off, and who were as handsome a body of brawny fellows as anybody would wish to see.

The most interesting, as well as most complete, exhibit to-day was the exhibition of soldiery by the various powers, great and small. As I said in a former letter, every country must furnish its own guard to protect and take care of the goods on exhibition in its department, and these are picked men from the armies and navies of the respective countries. The Danish guard attracted considerable attention, and caused even Marshal McMahon to pause in front of them and make a few complimentary remarks to the commanding officer; they were tall, well-made fellows, dressed in white pantaloons, dark blue frock coats trimmed with red, white gloves, and large *shakoes* of peculiar pattern.

Not far from them were their late antagonists, the Prussians, in dark green uniforms and the peaked helmet by which a German soldier may be known all over the world. The Chinese and Japanese soldiers looked extremely odd, but carried Remington rifles of the latest pattern and trowel-bayonets made in Providence, R. I. Looking down the main avenue, these lines of soldiers, all differing in uniform, bearing, and looks generally, presented a striking appearance, especially in the act of "presenting arms" as the procession passed.

And now a few words of the Exhibition itself. Those who come here expecting to find a counterpart of our Centennial will be disappointed; no single structure on the Champ de Mars can compare with the "Main Building" in Fairmount Park in 1876. While the main aisle of the exhibition building on the Champ de Mars is some three hundred feet longer than that at Philadelphia, it is less than half its height, and is broken up and marred by a number of transepts, which utterly disturb the perspective. Hence, there is no *tout ensemble*, no striking vista, as when one entered our Main Building from either end; and, the large canvas screens which are suspended under the glass roof to ward off the rays of the sun have an oppressive effect, that does not compare favorably with the free and airy loftiness of the Philadelphia structure. Viewed in its details, however, the French are ahead of us; but for this perfection of minuteness and details, general grand effects have unfortunately been sacrificed.

What an American will also miss here is the magnificent grounds which surrounded our Exhibition at Fairmount Park; for with the exception of the large open place in front of the main facade, or *galerie d'Jena*, as it is called because it faces the bridge of that name, there is nothing but buildings on that side of the river. On the other side there is the magnificent cascade and park of the Trocadero Palace, about two hundred acres in extent, dotted over with restaurants, cafes, and the special buildings erected by Japan, China, Sweden and Norway, Hungary, Tunis, Persia, and Algeria—the last named building, close to the *Porte de Chaillot*, being particularly magnificent. The most superb view of the Exhibition, as a whole, is from the middle of the Bridge of Jena looking either way, and no more magnificent view than that had from this point was presented at Philadelphia.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, just as I was passing the aquarium, I heard a cry in the direction of the *Porte de la Madeleine*, at the head of the *Rue le Notre*, and looking in that direction, saw the palisades give way and a vast concourse of people, of both sexes and all ages, rush over the broken timbers into the open place. In vain did the mounted *gendarmes* try to stop the crowd which rushed forward like a tidal wave, reaching the bridge in less than two minutes, just as the tail end of the procession had crossed over. I was carried with the resistless throng, and found myself presently jammed up against one of the small *chiosques* on the Quai Hilly, near the point where the large water conduits enter the bridge. At this place there is a sort of tunnel between the real roadway of the bridge and the temporary roadway above, which latter rests upon the stone balusters of the bridge, extending over both its sides; and into this tunnel I, and some five or six others, managed to make our escape. Picking our way carefully among the network of gas-pipes, water pipes, and telegraph wires with which this tunnel is filled, not without stumbling and falling several times, we finally emerged into daylight at the other end, in the very midst of the royal party that formed a part of the procession. I was so near that I could have shaken hands both with the Prince of Wales and the Crown-Prince of Denmark, and as there was no way of breaking the rows of soldiers which lined the road on both sides, then we marched until a *gendarme* came to the rescue and relieved us from our embarrassing position: So, after all, I saw more of the procession than I wanted to!

Among recent arrivals is Colonel T. W. Knox, the famous traveller, who, as the Parisians say, "thinks no more of going around the world than a fly around an apple!" Mme. Schliemann, wife of the celebrated Trojan explorer, is also

here, but, I regret to say, in very delicate health. Prince Lucien Murat, who died here last week at the age of seventy-five, spent most of his life in America. He returned to France in 1848, and became a member of the Constituent Assembly. He was appointed a Senator in 1851, and created Prince. He leaves two daughters, the Duchesse de Mouchy and the Princess Charlotte.

Louis.
For the Christian Messenger.
United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1878.

Congress has been vibrating for the last two weeks or more between the Tariff, the Indians, Mexico and other measures that have been before the two Houses for some time. The practicability of locating Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces in the Indian Territory has been discussed at some length. It seems that all the bad wild Indians are to be sent to live among the educated and civilized ones. Whether such a course will result in making the wild ones tame or the good ones bad remains to be seen.

As to Mexican matters, little, if any, improvement is manifest. Texas still suffers terribly from thieving, marauding Mexicans, who cross the Rio Grande to steal horses and cattle, for which they receive \$1 a head from their Government. A Texas member here has lately received a letter from a reliable citizen of his own State, giving an account of the last raid upon Texans and appealing for governmental interference. He says 25 persons, half of them boys from 7 to 14 years old, were murdered in cold blood, and as many as 1500 head of horse and cattle carried away. The murders were most wanton and unprovoked, and committed in a horribly brutal manner. This is but a part of the dreadful tale that is only too much to be depended upon. It is high time our Government asserted itself and used its power, if it possesses any. Prompt action is imperative and neglect criminal.

The District of Columbia appears to be a difficult place to manage. Congress is always in a stew about its Government and nobody is ever satisfied with the way in which its affairs are disposed of. Nobody ever did so much for the improvement of Washington, as a city, and as the great national Capital, as did Governor Shepherd, and nobody in all the country has ever been so slandered, abused and maligned as he, and all for that same much needed improvement. That he expended a great amount of money is true; but to convert a monster mud-hole into one of the cleanest and most beautiful cities in the Union, with its parks, fountains, statuary and other ornamentations, required vast expenditures. Washington is no more improved now than it is meet the United States Capital should be. Indeed, there are still additions that could profitably be made. A lack of drinking fountains throughout the city is very apparent, for one thing; and the absence of public out-of-doors time-pieces is another. There isn't a clock in Washington where one can see the time without going out of his way. It is strange that they are not to be seen upon every one of the principal Government buildings. There are enough of them inside of all those, of course, but none on the churches, City Hall nor Post Office, none anywhere outside.

MERRILL.
For the Christian Messenger.
North River, Colchester Co.

I was very much surprised with the intimations of Bro. H. B. Shaffner in *Chris. Messenger* of May 1st. I feel that I was not "grossly ignorant" nor "sadly dishonest" in my statements of April 17th which I gleaned from the following data:

In October of last year Bro. March resigned the pastoral of charge the Onslow East and West Churches.

Dec. 9th, Bro. D. W. Crandall was called by both churches to fill the pulpits half of his time for a stipulated sum, until the first of May, when permanent arrangements were to be made. Bro. Crandall instantly began labours at East Mountain; an interest awakened, several were anxiously enquiring, and one was baptised.

Jan. 19th, at the Eastern Church Conference, Bro. C. in the Chair, a brother in-

timated that Bro. H. B. Shaffner, now in the field, offered to preach for them and take what the people would give him. As this Brother seemed very anxious to secure Bro. Shaffner's services Bro. Crandall proposed to leave the church, but the brethren rejected the proposal, and after animated discussion passed the following resolution:—

"Whereas—Bro. Shaffner offers to labour here for what the brethren will give him,

Therefore Resolved,—That we accept his labours until the first of May, with the understanding that the church be at liberty to act as it pleases after that date."

Thus both Bros. Crandall and Shaffner have been labouring in the field: Bro. Crandall performing the functions of pastor, and leaving a portion of missionary work for Bro. Shaffner. Meantime the church in Conference resolves to co-operate with the Western Church in calling a permanent pastor, and send a committee to decide upon the pastor to be called, division of time, etc. Before this committee report, however, Bro. Shaffner requests a special meeting; at which it is intimated that he wishes to continue in the field.

These steps have caused much disturbance among the brethren, but to-day in Conference, they adopted the report of the above committee, thereby extending a call to Bro. Martel A. B. of Newton, in conjunction with the Western Onslow Church.

These facts present a true statement of the matter; and if controverted will be supported by the church records. I can not see how I merit Bro. Shaffner's brotherly (?) compliments and yet somebody evidently must be deceived or deceiving.

Though all things do not harmonize yet the good work progresses; four candidates, (received to-day), Bro Crandall will baptise to-morrow by request of the church. Making in all fifteen he has buried in baptism since January.

VOX POPULI.
May 11th 1878.

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Ancestors.

BY PETER.
No. 1.

The study of our pedigree is always interesting, especially so if those who have gone before have left a creditable record; and since in reading *Elliott's Holy Apocalyptic*, I have met with many allusions to our ancestors, it has occurred to me that possibly some notes from that work might not be unwelcome to your readers.

The author is (or was, for I do not know whether he is, now living), an M. A., a Vicar in the Established Church of England, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and so far is he from cherishing any predilections in our favor, that he rejoices in the fancied support which his researches in Ecclesiastical History afford to the doctrines of the Church of England. The work itself evinces a wealth of learning, a fullness of research, and a clearness of expression, which make it one of the most interesting I have ever read; and the part to which I wish to refer particularly is the historical sketch of the *Two Witnesses*, described in Revelation xi. 2-7:

"For it (the outer court) hath been given to the Gentiles; and the Holy City they shall tread under foot forty and two months. And I will give power unto my two Witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and three-score days, clothed in sack-cloth. These are the two olive trees and the two candlesticks (or lamps) standing before the Lord of the earth. And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth and devoureth their enemies; and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut heaven that it rain not in the days of their prophecy; and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues as often as they will."

It will be remembered that during the period here referred to the whole professing Christian world had apostatized and become hopelessly corrupt. In that long night, known as the Dark Ages, the torch of pure truth was, according to our author, handed down by a succession of prominent teachers, or of bodies called at different periods by different names, sufficiently few in number to be entitled to the designation *Two*, and holding the principles of the Gospel with sufficient purity to be *true Witnesses*. It is to these people, poor, despised, re-