

and have made but a few miles' advance in more than a week. Well named and pacific indeed is old ocean's glassy face; hardly a ripple disturbs her perfect calm. It is two weeks to-day since we came aboard the 'Star,' yet the distance between Ebon and Ponape is scarce six hundred miles, which we could easily make in three or four days with a good breeze. Yet the days have not been tedious, but happier far than any two weeks since I left my darlings, and the trouble is I am growing happier and happier every day. Can I explain the phenomenon? The change which has come over my life and plans in the last few months has been so sudden and entire that it has taken some little time to get used to it, to find out if it is really myself in this strange new position. Then, too, such a flood of strange experiences has been crowding upon me that I have seemed quite in a whirl. But with these quiet days of calm there has crept into my heart a peace as broad and undisturbed as this that broods over the face of the deep. Besides this, the conviction that I have done right in all this, have been led by a Father's hand, and have his blessing in the path I take, grows stronger and stronger, and that is enough to make me perfectly happy."

"PONAPE, Oct. 1st.

"I have taken a sudden leap in my journal. Before finishing the above, a storm disturbed our calm. We had a wild night, but were kept from harm, and soon were wafted by prosperous gales to our journey's end. We know that you will rejoice to hear that all the perils of the sea are safely passed, and that, 'kept by a Father's hand,' we are brought to the 'desired haven.'"

"Yesterday morning I had my first glimpse of Ponape, and a grand contrast it seemed to the low coral islands we had passed. A mass of mountains piled one upon another, and covered with luxuriant verdure, loomed up before us, and there in the dim distance was home. But the wind failed us, and we could not tell how long we might lie perforce twenty-five miles from the harbor. So the captain proposed to send us off in the small boat, we gladly consenting; but we were six hours in the boat before catching a glimpse of the mission station. We had expected to give the missionary friends there a great surprise, but they had been apprised of our coming by a whaler from Honolulu. So Mr. Hart met us and at shore, and you can imagine the welcome we received from these brave hearts who have struggled on here alone for fifteen years. Mrs. Hart is a pale, frail little woman with a soul that wears out her body. You can guess, but never know, what joy our coming has brought to her heart. May God help me to be a good sister to her, and a faithful helper."

"There has been much excitement here for the past few weeks on account of a visitation from a pirate vessel which burned four whale-ships that happened to be in the harbor, after robbing and maltreating the crews and leaving a hundred and twenty men without provisions or any way of escape. Thus it seems that Micronesia is not far enough out of the world to escape the white man's barbarity. Word was brought to Mr. Hart that the mission-house would be attacked but the loving Hand above sheltered them with His and so they were preserved."

"A vessel has been sent to the relief of these afflicted men, and by it we shall send our journal-letter, as the mission-vessel has not finished its cruise among the islands. Oh these pitiless miles between us! It would be useless for me to attempt to disguise how great is the pain at thought of the time which must elapse before hearing from my native land and dear ones—perhaps a year; but I can gladly bear it when remembering it is in my Master's service."

"You cannot know how good it seems to be at the end of our journeyings—to find a resting place. We are so weary of the sea. I think we are prepared to appreciate that country where there shall be no more sea. None could help being charmed with the natural beauties of our island home. Mr. Hart's house stands on a hill, over looking on one side a beautiful bay dotted with islets, and the broad ocean beyond; on another 'the everlasting hills,' clothed in densest verdure and often hid in the clouds. Grand sentinels these to remind us of how the Lord is 'round about

his people.' The house is almost buried in tropical growths, and the air is sweet with the breath of flowers and vocal with the songs of birds.

"It is uncertain on what part of the island we shall locate permanently, but it is thought best at present for the two families to live together, as easier to secure safety in the present disturbed state of affairs. Dear, thoughtful Sister Hattie will rejoice in this, because it ensures less care and responsibility in household affairs, and more time and opportunity to adjust myself to this new life. At present I cannot find myself, but we do know—that heaven and the holy Comforter are as near us here as at home in our native land. We meet daily at the feet of our Father. Oh what cheer in the thought! Forget the weary miles between and take my embrace, and may our Father bless you with every good gift."

Temperance.

It is often said that the Maine Liquor Law is inoperative in so far as preventing the sale of liquor. This, we think, is largely inaccurate. It is also said that prohibition injures business and so on. A letter signed W. H. R. in the St. John News gives some information on this matter which it is well should be generally known:

In the State of Maine he says, in 1860, according to the National Census, the number of persons convicted for crimes was 1,215, while in 1870 the number had fallen to 431, nearly two-thirds in ten years. The number of paupers, by the same authority, was, in 1860, 8,946, and in 1870 only 4,619. The commercial failures in the State during the past four years were fifty per cent. less than the average of the nation. The City of Portland, in 1877, increased in its taxable value \$480,000, while Boston, with license, went down over \$7,000,000, as also, more or less, did every city in the Union where liquor was sold. Boston is filled with stores and houses to let, while in Maine or Portland an empty store or house is rare, except their County jails, which are mostly empty. In Portland, a few weeks ago, there were forty-five prisoners in the jail, put there for violating the Maine Law, forty-four of whom were foreigners. The capital formerly employed in the liquor business is employed in other and better directions. The working classes, instead of paying their money to the liquor seller, buy the substantial and necessities of life, and hence there are but few failures in the State.

As facts form the best possible answers to error, let the experience of four New Jersey communities be the answer to the particular errors of "Common Sense."

1st. Haddonfield is a pretty town a few miles from Camden, which every summer is filled with boarders from Philadelphia. Nearly six years ago it first voted under the Local Option Law granted to the township. It was argued that to close the hotel bars would be an act of fanaticism, which would drive away the profitable tide of summer trade, dwarf business, and ruin the town. The election was, notwithstanding, carried for "no license" by a trifling majority, and the hotel bars were closed. The effect of this action on the prosperity of the place is best shown by the vote of its inhabitants at the next election under the Local Option Act, when, after two years' comparison of the new system with the "license" system, the people voted for two years more of prohibition by a largely increased majority. Two years more passed under prohibition. The liquor interest at Camden and Philadelphia became desperate. Large sums of money were reported to have been sent down to Haddonfield by the liquor unions of these cities to influence the next elections. Election night came, and when the ballots were counted that whole township showed but thirty-nine votes in favor of license! This, after four years of prohibition. Perhaps the business men of Haddonfield do not know when their business suffers—but they think they do.

2. Vineland has about 12,000 of a population, of which a heavy percentage is foreign-born. It likewise votes on the license question every two years. The highest vote (as reported by Dr. Walsh) ever cast for a license by that whole population is twenty-six and ranges from that down to three. In 1876 there were eighteen "license" votes cast, out of about 1,150 votes. Surely such a vote indicates the opinion of the business men of Vineland as to whether prohibition hurts the town. They keep but one constable or policeman, who is also overseer of the poor. His salary is \$75, and \$4 is about the average of their annual expenses for the poor, or of any kind being seldom known there.

3. Millville is a manufacturing city of 7,000 population in South Jersey. The whole question of license is, by the city charter, regulated by the City Council. They had elected "no license" Council men, and, after many vexations, secured the passage of ordinances that "did prohibit." A clergyman said that the leading miller of the place assured him that on the Saturday night after the prohibitory law first went into effect he sold more flour and meal than on any day since he had been in business in Millville.

4. Ocean Grove and Ashbury Park are two distinct communities located side by side a few miles below Long Branch, on the coast. For the purposes of this comparison I shall treat them as one community. Ten or twelve years ago the people of Long Branch seriously agitated the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic; but many business men declared that to shut the hotel bars would "kill the Branch," and the movement was abandoned. Nine years ago Ocean Grove, and two years later Ashbury Park were started. Long Branch was delightfully located on a bluff, surrounded by a clear country traversed by beautiful roads and drives. Ocean Grove and Ashbury Park were on a low strip of sandy beach, in the midst of a dense growth of scrubby pines, which shut off the land breeze and harbored mosquitoes. Nature was all on the side of Long Branch, and so were art and commerce, for it had large and handsome hotels, beautiful villas and a railroad. Ocean Grove had none of these—nothing but a strip of seashore and its "fanaticism," for, by an act of the Legislature, no liquor was to be sold forever at Ocean Grove, nor within a mile of its limits, and by a law of the place no tobacco could be sold within its limits. Surely more stony ground on which to grow a prohibition success could not be wished for by its worst foe. Now, after nine years, compare these places, and reckon the results of an "enlightened license" on one side and a "narrow fanaticism" on the other. The number of summer visitors at Ocean Grove and Ashbury Park. Already, in less than a decade, these two places have reached a regular summer population of 30,000, while during the season of 1878 they harbored no less than 250,000 people. Real estate sells readily at increasing prices. More people repair thither than to any other seaside resort on the New Jersey coast, and every year the tide of visitors increases. The best classes of the people go where there is no liquor sold, because they are freed from all the disgusting annoyances and rowdiness which are the legitimate outcome and surroundings of the traffic.

Correspondence.

Letter from France.

PARIS IN WINTER—THE "NIGHT REFUGE"—THE POLITICAL QUARREL ENDED—THE EXHIBITION, &c., &c.

PARIS, FRANCE, March 7th, 1879.

People who lamented the absence of ice and snow admit that they have had enough of both during the past two weeks. Paris is all slush and plash, but the noble army of scavengers are bravely doing their duty to uphold the reputation of the capital for cleanliness *quand meine*. Wherever a street has a good fall, snow is carted to a sewer opening and the kennel flush sweeps it down to the Seine, to ultimately add to the attractiveness of Asnieres and Argenteuil. The poor have had to endure much suffering, but the relief societies were equal to the demand on them. I have heard of one old man who supported himself in a shanty built of rotten sticks, by boarding or caring for dogs, for three sous a day; the dogs, fed on meat biscuits, shared their crust with him. It is said that not long ago in New York, after a touching appeal on behalf of a starving family by one of the widest-circulation-in-the-world journals, the misery only led to a contribution of a quart of beans! The "Night Refuge" opened here in June last for casuals, affords accommodation to one hundred individuals, not rogues, rapparees or sturdy beggars, but to "members of honorable families, graduates of universities, ancient state functionaries, professional men, temporarily employed," and, of course, the stereotyped contingent of *hommes de lettres*.

The quarrel between the Ministry and their supporters has terminated in a *mariage de raison*. All is well that ends well. The misunderstanding was not about measures or principles, but simply about men; the ministers were viewed as too slow coaches, both by the deputies and their constituents, respecting the wedding out of the public service of functionaries of high standing only, notoriously hostile to the Republic, and

so capable of injuring it, and assuredly discrediting it in the eyes of the world, "Go swiftly and surely," said the advanced Republicans; "Go moderately but surely," demanded the Moderates; the latter, confident, for this occasion only, in the promises of the cabinet, voted the majority of 102. This is a new trial rather than a new bail, for if ministers hesitate to effect changes in the administration that cry aloud for redress, the Moderates will be the first to provoke the resignation of the cabinet. To the latter at work, after being unmistakably enlightened on the resolution of France to have none but loyal servants at the disposal of the Republic, is what the nation is resigned to judge. The French Parliament has never witnessed a debate conducted with more loyalty, courtesy and respect. It was a Fontenoy struggle in point of deference between the combatants, and the latter struggled not to overthrow, but to assist each other; to convert, not to supercede. The discontented did not demand the impossible, nor has the Government refused the possible.

The Exhibition of 1878 is not at an end yet, for it appears that the medalists have not yet received their rewards. The delay seems strange, but there are many strange things in France, and not a few happened in connection with this very Exhibition. The gold medals are now being manufactured at the Hotel des Monnaies. Each of them is of a value varying from 800 to 1,300 francs, and each medal, the designs for which were supplied by M. Paul Bandry, has to pass fifteen times through the press. The silver and bronze medals will take a shorter time to make, and the operations will begin next week.

I learn that concession for a railway up Vesuvius has been granted for thirty years, and it now seems that the plan is about to be carried out. The railway will be constructed on a metallic framework about a metre above the ground, and the train will consist of eight cars attached to a steel cable. Each car is to be furnished with two automatic breaks. The cable will be double, in case of accidents. The actual tension on it will be 3,000 kilos. A small station with a restaurant will be constructed on the old cone and another at the foot of the mountain. The ground has been chosen where there is least danger from an eruption, and all the material is movable, so that it can easily be taken up and stored up in the observatory, in case of eruption. It is expected that the railway will be completed before the summer of the present year.

For Christian the Messenger.

United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1879.

There is more or less talk in official circles here in regard to the report of the five Army Engineers appointed the 19th of June last to report on the work constructed and in process of construction by James B. Eades at the mouth of the Mississippi river. The Army Engineers have been trying for forty years to open the mouth of our national river, and that great problem has been successfully solved by a civil engineer in spite of their opposition to his plans, the rushing through the House of a bill creating a commission of Army engineers to devise a plan for the improvement of the river creates considerable comment, particularly as it ignores the civil engineers of the country in a manner not at all complimentary to them. It provides for five members, three of whom shall be from the Army, and one of these shall be President of the Commission. The other two members are to be persons familiar with the river. This feature will be stricken out in the Senate to save the bill. It will probably be made to provide for three civil engineers, and one officer of the Coast Survey, and three Army engineers, leaving the President of the United States to name the presiding officer of the commission.

The House will be engaged several days upon the legislative appropriation bill, and then will take up the sundry civil bill and after that the deficiency bill. These will complete the House work on the appropriations, except as they come back, as many of them will, with Senate amendments to be disposed of by conference committees. The Re-

publicans of the Senate have decided to consider the appropriations before all other business, and the Post Office bill is now before that body, and will probably go back to the House with several amendments in two or three days. Next in order they decide to take up the Geneva Award bill of the House, which will have a close rub in the Senate as it has some defects in a legal point of view. After that they will press Senator Windom's proposition to raise a committee of inquiry into the feasibility of providing means of emigration for the dissatisfied negroes of the South, and planting them in some Western Territory, where they may if they like build up a community and a State by themselves. This measure it is believed will receive the united Republican support, and the votes of some Democrats. Mr. Windom is very earnest in pushing it as a means of solving peaceably the vexed Southern question, and his able speech on the subject has made many converts. The leading negroes of the South endorse it, and propose to hold a national conference in Nashville in April to see what they can do in its behalf.

M. M. W.

For the Christian Messenger.

Beaver River Meeting House burnt down.

Dear Bro. Seiden,

With much pleasure we hail the Messenger every week and read the good news communicated by brethren in different parts of the great gospel field.

It may be that some are looking for a note from Beaver River; if there be such, we have news for them and for all your readers, news pleasant and unpleasant.

As results of extra services we are glad to record the restoration of the joy of salvation to some who had lost their "first love," and also the finding of a good hope through grace by several of the young people.

These are tidings which rejoice our hearts and cause us to thank God and take courage.

Another result of our meetings is, not so pleasant. On Wednesday evening last we enjoyed a good season, the meeting being prolonged a little, the fires were replenished, and at the close of the meeting good fires were left in all the stoves. Little did we think that any danger would arise from them; but early on Thursday morning we heard the cry, "The meeting-house is on fire!" We hastened to look in the direction of the house and saw dense clouds of smoke arising from the tower. In about half an hour our house was in ashes. So quietly had the fire progressed that the entire inside of the house was on fire, and largely consumed before it was discovered. The meeting-house was well furnished and contained a nice organ. Nothing was saved.

Here we are, in mid-winter, out of doors as regards a place of worship, and not able to replace our house without assistance. Immediate steps will be taken to provide for the future.

Who will send us pledges of help? We do not ask for money until we have done what we can, but should be pleased if any send words of encouragement and promises of help in time to come. Brethren pray for us in this time of trouble.

Fraternally,

G. B. Titus.

Beaver River, Feb. 21st, 1879.

For the Christian Messenger. Missionary Correspondence.

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. MORROW.

TAVOY, BURMA, Dec. 27th, 1878.

Dear Brother,

Another year of life in Burma has passed, and I am reminded that I owe the Messenger a letter. It is always a welcome visitor to our distant home, and not one number has missed its way since we came. We have perused its pages with great delight, although some of its tidings have been painful indeed. We think of old Acadia as of some familiar and valued friend suddenly called away from time. Why could not the fire fiend have spared those walls, cherished by so many hearts, perfumed by so many prayers, rendered sacred by being the birthplace of so many souls? Was it that its work was done, and that He who raised it up will make the glory of the latter house greater than of the former?