

DEAR SUNDAY EVENING.

MEMORIES OF IT IN THE HOME OF MANY YEARS AGO.

Pastor Felix Recalls the Scenes of His Boyhood in the Family Circle—They were all Singers, and the Songs They Sang are Sweet to All of Us.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes.

What celestial virtue is in yonder star, that it should magnetise my thought, or that its alluring sparkles should wing my spirit, and send her away on another track from that on which my body is traveling? There is a chill in that night air; and the heavy river-mist has been clinging around me, with ghostly suggestiveness, over all this lonely road. A tired man—for this is the Sabbath evening; and what frail-bodied preacher has not spent his nerve to tedium, or perhaps exhaustion, by them? I throw myself under the cover of my old carriage, and let Dinah, if she will, wander into the land of dreams.

I am home, that is, I am in Acadia, and the region of its most richly dowered of nature, most favored of the poetic and the historic muse. Is it not strange I should get there so quickly, and without in the least disarranging present concerns on the road, or leaving my mare without her driver? Even so!

And still I see thy tender eye,
Look, mother, as in years gone by—
Our rainbow in a realm of tears.

And one there was who always sung
The air of our old melodies.

There was one more, whose deep-toned bass
Strengthen'd the music of our choir;
A vigorous form, of manly grace,
With laughing dark eyes, like his sire,
He was our buoyant sailor boy;
In life's first spring he left his home,
Afar on des'p'rate seas to roam,
Inspired by young ambitions' joy.

Thus our family constituted a choir, and every one could bear a part, with some credit to himself on the scores of time and melody; but we were not infrequently reinforced from neighboring houses. On Sabbath evenings, when from the village the preacher was absent, and there was no public service, or even after the people had been dismissed, the several families would assemble in one home, and then, with the old *Vocalist* open, music's self would breathe and speak. Again returns a "Cottar's Saturday Night" memory:

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.

Again I can see the aged grandmother—
whose passion was music—with closed eyes
and swaying body, and spirit blissfully

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

When shall we hear again that deep,
full-hearted singing—that singing with the
passion in it, and in which the roused soul
had full play; the old-time music, or, as
Burns describes them:

Artless notes in simple guise,
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide.

But, ah! the home is too silent now;
the sweet singing voices have ceased. The
strains that ring tonight cannot be heard
there! The things of music that pleased
us best are past; and we are now never so
deeply gratified in these days of organs,
choirs, conservatories, trills, arias, artistic,
fantastic and self-conscious singing; but
are compelled to exclaim—

Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!

PASTOR FELIX.

Not Remarkable.

"I see that the American Minister to
France enjoys a salary of \$17,500 a year."
"Almost anybody would."—*N. Y. Sun.*

MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GREAT BISMARCK.

His Plain Speaking and Method of Expressing Himself Concisely, yet with Rare Eloquence—Remarkable Coolness in the Face of Great Danger.

It is impossible, writes Sir Rowland Blennerhassett in the *Nineteenth Century*, to imagine Bismarck apart from his influence in parliament, and this brings me to consider him as a public speaker. He has always been fond of insisting that he is no orator. Like Kant and Goethe, he heartily despises rhetorical gifts. His great effort has always been to make his speech simple and plain, and to express himself as neatly, as clearly, and as concisely as possible, and appeal solely to the good sense of his audience. The result, moreover, is that of all speeches his read far the best on account of the total absence of verbosity. They are rich in thought, and elegant in expression, and are sure to be read in time to come, even for their high literary merit. He speaks with far more deliberation than any speaker I have ever known. The nearest approach to him in this characteristic was Mr. John Stuart Mill. Niebuhr used to say that M. de Serre was one of the greatest political orators that ever lived. M. de Serre had by all accounts a great charm of delivery, and no doubt great wealth of expression. If Niebuhr had lived to read the speeches of Bismarck he would have discovered an orator who at least in many respects would come up to his view

sonal characteristics, Bismarck's extraordinary coolness and courage are very prominent. Dr. Droysen told me that once during the revolutionary days of 1818 Bismarck went into an inn to get a glass of beer. There was a man in the room talking to a very excited audience, and speaking most disrespectfully of the Queen of Prussia. Bismarck went up to him and instantly called upon him to apologise. The man demurred, but he soon thought better of it, and expressed his regret before the whole revolutionary crowd. Three-and-twenty years after, in 1871, Busch tells us that during the partial occupation of Paris, Bismarck could not resist the temptation of going into the city. He was soon recognised, and a crowd gathered round him and became threatening. He went up to the man who looked specially truculent, pulled out a cigar, and asked him for a light. The man was so astonished that he pulled his short clay pipe out of his mouth and offered it to Bismarck with the most polite of bows. Stories illustrating Bismarck's humor are endless, and we meet them at every turn. On one occasion he had to meet Heinrich von Gagern at the house of Manteuffel on some business of a political character. Manteuffel left them alone to discuss the subject they came about. Gagern instantly drew himself up and began to talk in a very loud voice, as if he were making a speech. Bismarck waited till he had finished, and offered some cold and curt remark. Gagern started off again and made a second oration. Then a third; at last he went away. Manteuffel came back and asked whether everything had gone well. "We settled nothing," was

stewardsesses. So there may be 1,850 aboard. Notwithstanding the fact that many of the passengers are seafish from the time they pass Sandy Hook until Fastnet is sighted, they manage to consume in one trip something like 15,000 pounds of fresh beef, 3,000 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 1,000 pounds of lamb, 2,000 pounds of veal and pork, 15,000 pounds of bacon, 500 pounds of liver, tripe, and sausages, 200 hams, 300 pounds of fish, 20,000 eggs, 17 tons of potatoes, 3 tons of other vegetables, 3,600 pounds of butter, 600 pounds of cheese, 600 pounds of coffee, 350 pounds of tea, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 150 pounds of powdered sugar, 670 pounds of loaf sugar, 3,000 pounds of moist sugar, 700 pounds of salt, 200 pounds of nuts, 560 pounds of dried fruit, 20 barrels of apples, 3,600 lemons, 20 cases of oranges—and other green fruit in season—300 bottles of pickles, 150 bottles of ketchup, sauce, and horse radish, and 150 cans of preserves.

There are also quantities of poultry, oysters, sardines, canned vegetables, and soups, vinegar, pepper, mustard, curry, rice, tapioca, sago, hominy, oatmeal, molasses, condensed milk, "tinmed" Boston beans, confectionery, and ice-cream. Fifty pounds of ice cream are served at a single meal in the first cabin.

Thirty tons of ice are required to keep the great storerooms cool. Eight barrels of flour are used daily. The bakers are busy from dawn of day. They make 4,000 delicious Parker House rolls for breakfast every morning. Thirty-eight pound loaves of white bread and 100 pounds of brown



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

"How swift is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light,
When I think of my dear native land,
In a moment I seem to be there."—

But, indeed, I am not very far away; this very soil on which I tread was once called Acadia!

Those Sabbath evenings at home! Out of that past which never comes, but yet is always coming, or seeming to come, their voices break melodiously; and moves over into clear vision their beautiful semblances, chastened, sainted, and filled with holiest light. The hours when the shadows fell and the lamp was lighted, fled away on wings of music. A brother describes the scene, and shows how cares were banished and sorrows consoled:

I see my father in his chair
With his two babes upon his knee,
While grandly on the evening air
Roll out the strains of old "Dundee,"
With reverent hearts, we happy boys
Would, soulful, join the strain divine,
While "Ocean," or "Auld Lang Syne,"
Would swell the ocean of our joys.

And one sweet voice there was, which rose
In tenor musical and clear,
Such as from harp melian flows;
And evermore thy voice I hear
In cadence soothing thro' the years,
—*Cowper's Alexander Selkirk.*

rocking in its harmonious cradle, chanting with breaking voice, when at 80 years. How instinctively, also, would her foot caress the floor at sound of a violin, even since she ceased to be a maiden. Her car was just as true as the pitch-pipe. Her peculiarly effective rendering of the funeral and yet sympathetic "China," lingers with me yet—that score some one has declared to be fine enough for the use of an angel. Again I hear the family choir busy with the sacred lyric of Heber, that mingles the most precious memory of childhood, with Sharon's flowery region, and those hallowed waters that "run softly":

Siloam's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God;

While former things remain, and the treasures of the past are dear unto us, these words and the accompanying air will not lose their music:

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

† Mansfield's *American Vocalist*.
‡ His eye, looking down from the Temple Mount, would rest on the contrasted sweetness of the softly-flowing waters of Siloam, which bubbled up noiselessly at the foot of the hill, and after filling a double-pool, glided on to the south, till they lost themselves in the king's gardens—*Cunningham Gettle.*

WHAT THE SALOON IS.

A True Picture Drawn by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

"The saloon is a place with screened windows and closed doors, a place where the tread of a woman's foot is her everlasting shame. It is a place where for childhood to enter is everlasting wreck and ruin. It is a place where men gather only, where they shut the eyes to their world outside. It is a place where the cool, keen, sober, voracious, designing villain on one side of the bar sells for greed of gain his liquor to reeling brains on the other side of the bar. It is a place where no man can enter for an hour and come out as good as he went in.

It is a place that unfits a man to be the husband of a decent and virtuous wife, that destroys a man for being a clear brained, steady nerved father for his children. He goes there for his degradation, prostitutes the name of woman and blasphemes the name of God. He disgraces his mother, his wife, his sister, and comes out demoralized, obscene, less than a man and less than a brute because he has not fulfilled the designs of Providence. The saloon does not do that sometimes; it does it always. It cannot live without it. The saloon does not do that probably or may be. It must do it. The saloon never lives except by feeding on moral carrion—on dead souls and bodies."

Has his hands full—The man whose employees are on the spree.—*Light.*

of a great speaker. In conversation, he frequently uses original and striking metaphors. A few years ago, speaking to an English statesman, he compared the French policy in Africa to a fiery steed galloping across the desert of Sahara and finding the ground much heavier than was expected. It is now five-and-twenty years since I had the honor of being first presented to Prince Bismarck, but the conversation I then had with him made such an impression that, though followed by many others, not a word of it has faded from my memory. Various subjects were discussed. Speaking of England, he expressed the opinion, which I know he has not changed, that although more Englishmen than formerly spoke German, the ignorance of Germany in this country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German language did not use it for the purpose of studying literature and trying to understand the German mind. He did not believe that the work of any considerable German poet, from the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach to the songs and ballads of Uhland, was at all widely or properly appreciated in England. "Nations," he said, "have not yet been drawn closer together since locomotion has become more easy. This is a melancholy reflection. In the days of my youth a certain number of English used to come here and stay some time amongst us. Now they fly like woodcocks across the Continent. No English leading public man has anything like the knowledge of Germany Carteret possessed a hundred years since." Among his per-

Bismarck's reply. "That is a stupid fellow; he mistook me for a popular assembly."

Bismarck, as a boy, received the rite of confirmation from Schleiermacher in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Berlin. Schleiermacher started from the Moravian sect, and never lost the influence of his early training. Partly, perhaps, owing to the influence of Schleiermacher, Bismarck has always been attracted by their literature. Busch tells us that early on the morning after the battle of Sedan, the chancellor was summoned to meet the emperor of the French. After he left his room, his neighbor entered it while the servant was putting it in order. Two books of devotion of the Moravian sect were in the room; one was called "Die tagliche Erquickung fur gläubige Christen," the other "Tagliche Lesung und Lehrtexte der Brudergemeinde fur 1870." And the servant stated that his excellency was always in the habit of reading the books in question before going to bed.

A GREAT SHIP'S STORES.

Figures from the Steward's Department in the City of Paris.

In the busy season the City of Paris carries about 550 first cabin 250 second cabin, and 650 steerage passengers. There are 400 in the ship's company, including doctors, printers, boiler-makers, six bakers, three butchers, seventeen cooks, hydraulic, electrical, and other engineers to the number of thirty-two, 148 stewards, and eight

bread are baked each day; also, pies, puddings, cakes, etc.

Eight barrels of common crackers and a hundred tins of fancy crackers are stowed away in the storeroom, together with 100 pounds of wine and plum cake, not a crumb of which is left when Liverpool is reached. Six thousand bottles of ale and porter, 4,200 bottles of mineral waters, 4,500 bottles of wine, and more or less ardent spirits are drunk inside of six days by the guests of this huge floating hotel. About 3,000 cigars are sold on board, but many more are smoked. Two hundred pounds of toilet soap is supplied by the steamship company.

One of the odd sights to be seen on the double-decked Inman pier soon after the arrival of the "queen of the ocean greyhounds" is the great stacks of soiled linen which are being assorted by about a dozen stewards. Here is the wash list for a single trip: Napkins, 8,300; tablecloths, 180; sheets, 3,600; pillow cases, 4,400; towels, 16,200, and dozens of blankets and counterpanes. Although the list is very short, it requires four large two-horse trucks to carry the wash to the Inman company's steam laundry in Jersey City. In less than a week it is back in the lockers of the linen rooms, which are in charge of a regular linen-keeper. There is no washing done aboard. Many of the ship's company have their washing done in New York, but the greater number have it done in Liverpool.—*New York Sun.*

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