

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XL.

VOL. IV.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888.

NO. 30.

PRESIDENT OF ROCHESTER.—President Hill, of Bucknell University, has been chosen to succeed M. B. Anderson, as president of Rochester. He succeeds one of the finest college presidents of the age, and his selection is a high compliment.

THE WESLEYAN.—We see by the report of conference that the Wesleyan has a circulation of 3,200, and closes the year with a small deficit. The paper of the wide-awake Methodist body of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland should have a larger circulation. We are glad to notice there has been a gain in the number of subscribers this year. It needs only vigor in the conduct of the paper itself and in pushing its circulation, to make it the power it ought to be.

HOW NEAR AND YET HOW FAR.—Arthur W. Eaton, now an Episcopal minister, has published a book on "The Heart of the Creed." He admits that immersion and believers' baptism were instituted by Christ. He then declares:

"There is no ground on which the change from immersion to sprinkling can be justified except the ground of enlightened common sense. . . . There, likewise, is our justification for baptizing infants."

This means that the enlightened common sense of men is better than the wisdom of God, and will assume to set aside what God has instituted for what it decides is best. This sentence shows how far away a man may be from our view, while compelled to assent to its scripturalness. The deepest Baptist principle is loyalty to the exact teaching of the Bible. While Mr. Eaton is with us as to the original baptism, he is as wide as the poles from us in reference to this underlying principle of our faith and practice.

ROGUES' ACTION.—Among the more important legislations of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, recently in session in Pittsburgh, was the adoption of a resolution directing the assistants to prosecute, according to church discipline, members who advertise in Sunday newspapers. The Synod also confirmed a law requiring members to give to the church one-tenth of their earnings.

While there is a little of the compulsion of law as well as the freedom of grace in the latter rule, we cannot see our respect to such a law. Ought not our churches to expect their members to abide by scripture rules, and to do it gladly? It is probable that the Sunday paper is kept up by the patronage of weak Christians who profess better things, just as the liquor traffic has its chief moral support from those who hail to be temperance men while partaking moderately.

RELIGION IN NEW YORK.—The New York Evening Post has been giving the statistics of church growth in New York. The total membership of the larger denominations for 1872, 1882 and 1887 are:

DENOMINATIONS.	1872.	1882.	1887.
Episcopal.	19,650	25,783	32,903
Presbyterian.	18,713	21,820	23,016
Baptist.	11,613	13,027	13,687
Methodist.	11,607	12,856	12,981
Reformed.	5,668	6,869	7,282
Congregational.	929	2,449	2,315
Totals.	67,940	82,654	93,183

The increase of church members has been 23 per cent. less than that of population. This is accounted for partly by the growing tendency of those who are able to reside in the suburban towers, and by the large influx of immigrants. The great growth of the Episcopalians is due to social influence, which always is attractive to those who grow wealthy in the great business centres, and to the immense income from church property which allows them to carry on extensive mission work.

MARINERS' TEMPLE, NEW YORK.—Bro. Avery sends us some extracts from letters received from sailors, showing how the Temple work is reaching the dwellers on the sea. The first is:

From San Francisco, Cal.—"I write at the request of Mr. John, our ship carpenter. You may remember giving him your card and requesting him to write. I met him at the Hotel in this port, and we are now shipmates. I love the Master's work and those who labor for seamen, and in particular Mariners' Temple. I am happy to state that while a horse here on this ship for Christ has resulted in one of the lords giving his heart to the Lord. Remember us in your prayers, that the Lord may use us to his own honor and glory. 2nd Mate S. P. H."

From Montevideo, Corea, a sailor writes: "I oblige my heart to bear loving words from God's people afar off. We have been at this port five months, and I think we shall stay some two months longer, and then go to Brazil. We have had many pleasant times by attending services, and worshipping God with his children. Six on board profess to be followers of Christ. Most trials and manifold temptation, we are looking for the blessed hope and day of deliverance. Pray for us, as we do for you. U. S. S. 'ALLIANCE'."

P. S.—Recommend your sailor friends when they come to New York to look up the Mariners' Temple. It is not far from the City Hall, and just off Chatham square, corner Henry and Oliver streets. Our fraternal friends can send letters to our care, 1 Henry street. We shall be glad to deliver when called for at the Mariners' Temple.

FALLEN.—Many have read, with grief and dismay, reports in the secular press concerning J. R. Hutchinson, and have hoped there might be some mistake, or that explanations would in due time relieve the case of its darkest features. It is with the deepest pain we are compelled to state that all hopes of this kind are vain. He has brought the most grievous disgrace upon himself, and has given occasion for reproach against our denomination, our foreign mission work, and our holy religion generally, besides proving recreant to one whom he had professed to love and protect, and who is the mother of his son. It is one of the cases where it would be most charitable to believe offender insane, were that possible. The blow dealt by his downfall has been like a bolt from a clear sky. While grieved and indignant, we can only hope that he whose mercy endureth forever may bring him to broken-hearted repentance for his sin, which seems without one palliating feature.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED.—As noticed some time since, Brazil has freed all her slaves. On May 13th, 600,000 bondmen and women stepped forth into liberty. Accounts have come of the demonstrations in honor of this grand event. A very delirium of joy swept over the country. Those who gave the slaves liberty seem to have been as wildly enthusiastic as the freed slaves themselves. The Rio News describes the demonstrations at the capital:

"They began, in reality, with the introduction of the Emancipation Bill in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 8th; they accompanied its every step with processions, music and acclamations; they seized the first act on the 13th with a burst of popular joy; they dressed the city with flowers and banners every day, filling the streets to overflowing, and deluging them with a tidal-wave of congratulations; and then they resolved themselves into a gigantic demonstration, extending through four days, and calling out the largest assembly ever witnessed in Rio."

No one able to feel for the oppressed can fail to have a throbbing responsive joy at the thought of such a glad release to myriads. Nor can we help thinking of the still gladder release from the bondage of sin which is taking place in myriad hearts, as the years go by, and breathing a prayer that this most blessed of all works may go on to the ends of the earth.

MINISTERS' SOUVENIR.—The sons of ministers have come to the front in the presidency and vice-presidency of the U. S. Beginning with Garfield, who, himself, often preached for the Disciples, we have Arthur, the son of a Baptist minister; and in the present presidential campaign, Grover Cleveland is the son of a Presbyterian minister; Allen G. Thurman is the son of the Rev. Pleasant Thurman, a Methodist preacher who entered the Virginia Conference in 1806, and located in 1812, the year before the present candidate for the vice-presidency was born; and Levi P. Morton, the Republican candidate for vice-presidency, is the son of a Congregational minister. (John A. Brooks, candidate of the Prohibition Party for the vice-presidency, is a minister.) The old saw about ministers' sons, etc., is as untrue as many other similar sayings. When a minister's son turns out badly, his case fills more of the public eye, and his crime the impression that the cases are very frequent; while they are really only very notorious from their infrequency. The truth is ministers' sons are, as a class, among the best and most successful men of the day. They come of good stock; they are given educational advantages rather than money; they are early thrown upon their own resources, and they usually have a good example to help them to be moral, and vital godliness to make them earnest and true. It is also a fact that those of this class that are bad are very bad; and the determination to evil which breaks through all restraints of home influence, etc., will carry them far down the course of evil and sin.

GRAND RESULTS.—The mission in Fiji has had wonderful success, as the following statistics show:

There are at present in Fiji—Fijians, 111,743; Europeans, 3,567; half castes, 798; Asiatics, 4,230; Polyneesian, 5,654; Rotuman, 4,214—total, 128,414. Of these 111,744 Fijians, 100,154 are attendants at our own public worship—a very large proportion indeed.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.—At the annual conference of the Primitive Methodists of Great Britain, the following statistics of church growth, etc., were presented:

Members, 192,874—Increase, 1,190 (during the past year 2,923 deaths are reported); travelling preachers, 1,041; local preachers, 16,219; class leaders, 19,676; connections, chapels, 4,406; other preaching places, 1,444; value of connexional property, £2,138,285; debt on connexional property, £1,086,774; Sunday schools, 4,190; teachers, 61,792; scholars, 423,713.

—Rev. E. K. Love, pastor of the First African Baptist Church, Savannah, has baptized over 1,400 persons during his pastorate there of two and a half years. It has more than 5,000 communicants.

From Timothy Swain to his Son in America.
Ye ken, dear bairn, that we maun part,
When death, could death, shall bid us start;
But when he'll read his dreads' d'art
We canna say
But we'll be ready for his cart
Maist ony day.

We'll keep a' right and just within,
Our walk will then be free frae sin;
Upright we'll step through thick and thin,
Straight on our way:
Deal just wi' a, the prize we'll win
Maist ony day.

When he's wha does a' things just right,
Shall ca' us honest to realms of light,
Be't us, or noon, or e'en, or night,
We will obey:
We'll be prepared to take our flight
Maist ony day.

We'll keep our lamps brimfu' o' oil,
That's gude, and pure, and winsa spoil,
And keep them burnin' a' the while,
To light our way:
Bein' well prepared to end our toil
Maist ony day.

[N. B.—The friend who sends the above beautiful composition wrote it as repeated to him by a friend, who regrets that she has forgotten one stanza. Probably there are other inaccuracies. If any one can furnish us with a full and correct copy, we will be glad to insert it.—Ed.]

By Wheel and by Keel.
BY KEEL.
NO. III.

[This communication has been on hand for a long time. It is too good for our readers not to have.]

The passengers were early astir. Sometime between midnight and dawn I went on deck and found several of my fellow-voyagers enjoying their first glimpse of the Old World. There was no great variety nor extent of scenery. Dark cloud-like masses could be dimly discerned off both the port and weather bows, and at the higher edge of these heaps of darkness behind here and there a brilliant light. A bitterly cold wind, sweeping down from these hazy heights, raked across the ship, and we huddled, shivering, in any friendly shelter the deck afforded, and gazed there by Asia. Those dim outlines were the coast of Japan. The lights are in the light-houses on Oho Island and Cape Shinofusa at the entrance to Yeddo Bay, which now receives us. The wind was too searching to allow any sustained enthusiasm, and we presently adjourned to our cabins till the day should break. Before sunrise every one was on deck. We were now well up into Yeddo Bay, and land was quite near us on either side. Scattered over the water were strange-looking boats, strangely fashioned, strangely furnished, and strangely propelled, filled with strange people, strangely apparelled. Along the shores which were high and clothed with groves of evergreens, were odd little hamlets, of queer little houses. At our right was a low ridge of hills, above which the sky was glowing with the gold that precedes the sunrise, and on our left rose mighty Fujiyama, 15,000 feet into the sky, his white forehead already tipped with pink. Slowly the glow deepened in the east, slowly the pink mantle descended upon the white shinklers of the Sacred Mountain,—day was begun. It was a perfect morning. A cloudless sky, in which the full moon, dropping quietly down behind Fuji, added her soft beauty to the splendor of the sunrise; the bay alive with sails and oars; the picturesque hills, with the rose-tinted cone of Fujiyama a soaring high above all—it hardly needed the three weeks of ocean life to make it all seem like Fairy Land.

While we were yet outside the Port, the Chinese gong sounded for breakfast, and during the disintegration of the beef-steak, the anchor dropped, the gun was fired, and we knew that our ten thousand miles, by wheel and by keel, were over at last.

The scene which met our eyes as we returned to the deck was novel and a riking in the extreme. We were lying in the broad and beautiful harbor of Yokohama South and east stretched the bay up which we had just come, its quiet waters shining like live silver. Before us, and near at hand, dipping her feet into the tide, stood the city; the foreign business portion with its broad streets and solid-looking stone and brick buildings making a fine appearance next the water; the more extensive native town, with low, small, slightly built houses, lying farther back; and behind all, the bluff, a rude semi-circle of elevated ground, with the shore of the harbor for its diameter, and the city within its arms, and adorned with the pleasant residences of the foreigners.

In the harbor rode at anchor a large fleet of the ocean-going steamers, and sailing ships. There were men-of-war flying the Union Jack, the Tricolor, the Stars and Stripes, the Red Dive of Japan, and other flags; mail and passenger, and merchant

steamers from China, India, Panama, perhaps, or Australia, and other distant shores. As many as twenty large steamships are usually in port, to say nothing of barques and other large sailing craft. Occasionally a fine ship hailing from St. John, or other provincial ports, is of the number.

The water around us, and between us and the shore, was alive with sampans, as the native boats are called. They were of one pattern, and many sizes, and had come to take shore the passengers and cargo. They swarmed around us like flies around a sugar barrel. The boatmen afforded us our first study of the Japanese people. In Chicago I had occasionally watched the Japanese artists employed in one of the large stores, and admired the delicacy of their features, and the dexterity of their fingers. In Boston we were introduced to a very bright and pretty Japanese lady, who could converse in several languages, and on the steamer we had met a young Japanese gentleman who was just completing a tour of the world. But here was our first real view of the Japanese at home, and we were interested accordingly.

The bay, the city, the shipping, the sampans and their occupants, and the bustle on ship-board of departing passengers, afforded us ample interest and encouragement till Mr. Bennett, of the Baptist Mission in Yokohama, ascended the gangway, and gave us hearty welcome to Japan. Disembarking with him in a sampan, we found Mrs. Brown and Miss Rolman, our lady missionaries, at the head of the Hatoba or stone pier, with fluttering kerchiefs and welcoming smiles.

POSTLOG.

Nearly a year and a half have passed since we first saw the white cone of Fujiyama peak in the sunrise. We have formed some acquaintance with the land, the people, and the work, and constantly discover new reasons to exclaim, "It is good to be here!" It is a pleasant country, sweetened and freshened and brightened by the surrounding ocean, which penetrates its numerous bays and harbors. It is fair with hills and streams, groves and fields, quiet hamlets and villages. The climate is like that of California, rather than that of either Canada or India. The winter, at the beginning of which we arrived, is clear, crisp and bracing. Snow falls occasionally to the depth of several inches, and there is even skating in the early morning in one place in Yokohama. At mid-day it is almost summery in the sun, but during the rest of the day one needs as warm clothing as in Nova Scotia, and good fires. Yet there is none of the desolation of winter without roses and carnations bloom in the open air till Christmas, and daphnes and other flowers open by the middle of February, while the hardier vegetables are growing all winter in the fields. The winter lasts about six weeks. Then comes the delightful season of spring, with its wealth of plum and cherry bloom, its profusion of all kinds of cultivated flowers, its singing of birds, its bright skies and soft airs, like our fairest days in May and early June at home. The summer, or hot season, is torrid enough, but brief; only about six weeks being really tropical. Light diet, light apparel and light employment permit one to pass the heated term in comparative comfort. The nights are usually cool, and we are seldom without a refreshing breeze from the ocean, either by day or night. The autumn is long, cool, and every way enjoyable.

On the other hand there is said to be a lack of vitality or ozone, which in the course of time relaxes the constitution. The frequent prevalence of cholera in summer, and the prevalence of earthquakes throughout the year, are also drawbacks to the full enjoyment of life in the Mikado's empire. The cholera, which rage about once in three years and claims a few victims the other two, does not often attack foreigners, unless they have led irregular and dissipated lives. Of earthquakes we have experienced several scores, most of them very light. Shortly after our arrival there occurred one of the heaviest felt for many years, which caused considerable damage to property, though no loss of life was reported. I can assure you that a robust earthquake makes a very good stranger. Never ask him to "shake," if you can avoid it without positive impollution.

The people soon lost their strange look, and we can see in them men and brothers, as well as brethren souls, needing to be saved. We can distinguish the women from the men, and notice differences in the faces we meet, as readily as in the streets of a home city, a fact of which we were at first appreciative. They are a diminutive race, the men being hardly as tall as women are in Canada, of fairly good figure, small, well-shaped heads and feet, and pleasant, intelligent, cheerful faces. They are not unlike the French in complexion, and resemble the French or Italians in looks and manner, more than other western nations. Industrious, ingenious, wide-

awake, cheery, polite to a fault—such is the impression made on a stranger.

Perhaps that which surprises one most is the maximum of good cheer which they extract from a minimum of resources. Simple diet of rice, fish, tea, and cheap vegetables; cheap but pretty clothing; small and very plainly furnished houses; seem to fill all their desires, and they go about their work as happy as the day is long. The children laugh and play in crowds on the streets. The coolies in the go-downs lighten their labor with snatches of song. Indeed, all heavy work seems set to music.

Of the homes, habits, speech and dress of the people, and of the beautiful scenery of their Morning Land, this is not the time to tell, nor of the missionary work, which, we believe, will shortly make of this land and nation, a kingdom and people whose God is the Lord. Having already imposed too much on the hospitality of the Messenger and Visitor and the indulgence of its readers, we will heed the advice of the Hebrew sage: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he weary of thee, and so hate thee."

CHAS. HARRINGTON.
Yokohama, April 20.

Annals College Jubilee Fund.
100,000 SHARES OF 50 CENTS EACH.

PAYMENTS

since last report:

Rev W B Boggs, Ramapatam, India, for 40 shares; Mrs J M Gunn, Belmont Station, 4; Nelson Forrest, Amherst, 25; Rev A H Hayward, Springfield, N. B., 12; Mrs Hayward, 10; Josiah Soley, Lower Economy, 100; Rev R H Bishop, East Point, P. E. I., 40; J A Walker, Antigonish, 10; Mrs J A Walker, do, 10; A Coboon, Hebron, 200; E M Beckwith, Canaan, 50; J Wesley Nobles, Penobscot, 4; Thos C Newman, Lower Derby, 4; Mrs W B Butler, Hartford, 8.

Per Rev I Wallace: Capt S Harris, Melrose Square, 4; Mrs Ira Dodge, Middleton, 4; Miss Emma A Slocumb, do, 5; Miss Julia L Slocumb, do, 4; N F Mar has 1 do, 20; A J Morrison, do, 2; Peter S Marshall, Spruce Springs, 4; Edson G Dodge, do, 3; Mrs E G Dodge, 1; Miss Annie D. Witt, Middleton, 10; Albert Gates and wife, Nictaux, 10; M E Fletcher, do, 2; J A Beckwith and wife, 6; Deacon Hardy Parker, 10; Mrs M A Rogers, do, 2; Miss Lobbie Rogers, 2; Willie Rogers, do, 1; C Spurgeon Rogers, do, 1; J A Parker, do, 2; Miss Nilla Eaton, do, 1; F Miles Chipman and wife, do, 10; F C Smith, do, 2; Jno Thorne, Middleton, 2; I Wallace, jun., do, 2; Dea Thos Marshall, do, 2; Dea Wm Feloh, Nictaux, 4; G E Spurr, do, 2; John Brown, do, 10; Ben Wheelock, do, 2; Mrs Lucy McGregor, do, 2; S Brown and L Parker, do, 1; T A Neley, Middleton, 10; G North, do, 2; Mrs D Peindale, do, 1; A W Phinney, do, 2; E G Miller, do, 10; J A Gates and wife, do, 10; J H Chute, do, 4; Miss A B Hurst, do, 1; Miss M E Miller, do, 1; L O Nelly, do, 10; Jos North, do, 2; and G W Andrews, 2—703. Before reported, 9219 shares; total, 9322 shares.

This does not include receipts of D. Saunders.

PLEDGES.

In addition to the above, the following pledges have been sent in:

Rev J F Rempton, Riverside, for 50 shares; Adelbert Allen, Brazil Lake, 20, taken by Rev T M Munro at Little River and Oxford, Cam Co.—Rev T M Munro, 5; Francis Heath, 2; Timothy Carter, 2; Isaac Parry, 1; Arthur Parry, 1; M T Seaman, 1; Thos Seaman, 1; G F Thompson, 2; Mary E Johnson, 4; T M Johnson, 6; Levi Johnson, 10. By Rev I Wallace: Melrose Square—Rev John Rowe, 10; C B Margeason, 4; C C Chute, 1; Percy Richardson, 1; Dr A B Stronach, 10; Mrs A B Stronach, 6; Henry Stronach, 5; C H Shaffer, 5; Mrs Parker Bowley, 2; Mrs Wm Nelly, 1; Edward Fales, 2; J H Gardner, Mrs Silas Lantz, 4. Pine Grove or Middleton—Rev E E Locke, 10; Mrs Caleb Miller, 4; David H Armstrong, 2; Mrs D H Armstrong, 2; Chas Elliott, 2; Lindley Bank, 1; Des Zeb Elliott, 4; Dea Ob Dodge, 10; Mrs Z Dorling, 1; Samson P. Ker, Nictaux, 1; Arthur J Wheelock, do, 2; B S Ban ca, do, 1; J H Burbridge, Middleton, 1; S F Roope and wife, do, 20; J A Gates and wife, do, 40; N F Marshall, do, 200; H J Andrews, do, 2; D C Lander, E. N. Nictaux, 10; Mrs H Slocumb, do, 1; Z. C Phinney, Lawrenceville, 10; Joshua Miller, Mt. Handy, 2; Bayard Marshall, do, 2; Earle Vidito, Nictaux, 1; Dea Wm Moore, do, 5.

Only about a month remains before Convention meets. Will not all who have subscribed, and those who have not, please send in their donations as soon as possible? A Comoro,
Secretary Jubilee Committee.
Hebron, July 20.

—The diffusion of Christianity in Bengal by missionary labor, has incited the Maharajah of Darbhanga, in the last eight years, to give fully \$1,700,000 for benevolent purposes.

The New Baptist Hymn Book.

It is with very great pleasure that we call attention to a new hymn book now being prepared especially for the use of Canadian Baptist Churches. The publication of this book was assumed by the Baptist Book and Tract Society of the Maritime Provinces, and the Convention, at its meeting in Halifax in 1883, expressed its practical approval of the undertaking by appointing a representative committee to cooperate with the Society in this work. The general plan followed in preparing the material for this book has been, to select from the various books in more general use, those hymns, and those only, which have won public favor. Hence the new book may be expected to combine the excellences of several good ones. It will also contain a few hymns that have never appeared in any such collection. The printing is being done by an enterprising firm in Edinburgh, and good work is guaranteed as far as type, paper, and binding are concerned. Now come any question the propriety of adding to the already large number of hymn books, but a little consideration will show many good reasons for this new publication. The aim of the Society is two-fold, that is, to produce a better and cheaper book than any now available. "The Psalmist," which has been very generally used by our churches, has been of great service, and those who compiled it did a good work. But it was long ago superseded by other books, even among the churches for which it was particularly prepared. It contains many hymns that are no hymns, hymns with little truth and less poetry. Thus, too, some of the best of the old hymns that never become rapid, have no place in "The Psalmist." We look there in vain for Bernard's beautiful hymn, "Jesus the very thought of thee." Nor can we find there such universal favorites as Keble's hymn "Sun of my soul," or as Lyte's "Abide with me," or as Sarah F. Adams' "Nearer my God to Thee." It is now forty-five years since "The Psalmist" was compiled, and during this interim there have appeared many excellent hymns that have won a place in our service of song. There will probably be in the new hymn book a smaller proportion of Watts' hymns, but there will be a corresponding increase among the hymns by modern authors, as Bonar, Faber, Haycral, Haber, Keble, Lyte, and others. Moreover "The Psalmist" is a very high priced book, the cheapest edition of it costs seventy-five cents, and in these days of cheap books this is a serious disadvantage. The new book will probably be sold for less than half the price of "The Psalmist." Those well versed in hymnody have pronounced very favorably upon this collection, and its appearance will doubtless be hailed with general satisfaction. Accordingly we offer the following suggestion: expend no more money for other hymn books, but wait patiently a few weeks for "The Canadian Baptist Hymnal."—The Tablet.

This, That and The Other.

"Make a firm-bill fence of trust
All around to day:
Fill the space with loving work,
And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars,
Anxious for the morrow;
God will help in all that comes,
Be it joy or sorrow."

—One of our religious exchanges boasts of a certain church possessing a lady who saves the congregation where she worships \$10,000 a year. A woman of wealth and of high social culture and high position, she makes it her rule and the fashion to dress for church in so plain and inexpensive a manner as to throw the whole social influence of the congregation against extravagance in dress. If she can overthrow the cultus of dress in our modern churches and replace it with the worship of God, she has a mission greater than that of Kimball or of Moody and Sankey.—Religious Herald.

—Dr. C. F. Deas, of New York, has recently given a practical sermon on the tongue. Here is a sample paragraph:—
"Much evil has been done by the tongue. When the heart is at right, when it is like those virtues which do not exert every object presented, then the tongue multiplies the copies of the deformed object, and society is filled with ugliness. Satan knows that if he could rule every tongue he could rule the world. He does his mischief by his tongue. No man probably ever sees or feels him with the hand. But he kills many a man. He has no dagger, or spear, or sword, or gun. But he has a tongue, and God declares that he is a murderer and a liar. And that he may make murderers and liars, he sets his tongues on fire. He burns with his lying tongue, and men and women sinfully murder. Yes, 'and wrongs.' Sometimes a tongue that bites and kills fall from beautiful lips whose sweetness conceal tongues. 'fall,' as St. James says, 'of their own springing poison.' It is still as surely as a spit from the teeth of the assailed teeth of an obdurate witch.