

The Anderson Intelligencer.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1889.

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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

ES. All communications intended for the column should be addressed to D. H. RUSSELL, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

We would call the attention of the Teachers to the fact that the Teachers' Institute will begin its session on the first Monday in July. The County Board of Examiners at their last meeting in April instructed the School Commissioner, in accordance with the Act of the Legislature, to hold a Teachers' Institute. Prof. Morrison, so well known to our teachers, will again be with us, and will be assisted by Prof. Albert, of the Pennsylvania State Normal School, who will illustrate the different classes of work by means of apparatus, which he expects to bring with him. Dr. Lander, of whom it is not necessary to speak to the teachers of this County, will also assist in the work of the Institute, and perhaps others. Our teachers are so thoroughly in earnest in their work that we know it is not necessary to urge them to attend, but we want to say to them, let us make this the most interesting and most profitable Institute that we have yet had. Every thing in our County is looking up, reaching out after something better, and let us, as teachers, aim to qualify ourselves to do better work than we have ever done before. The reputation of our County abroad is good, and even over here in the mountains of Western North Carolina where we now are, it makes us feel proud to hear our County so well spoken of, especially in regard to her educational advancement. None of you need be afraid to go abroad and tell that you are an Anderson County teacher, for your reputation has preceded you, and let us do all we can to make that reputation brighter and clearer.

GRAMMAR AND LANGUAGE LESSONS.

Shall we teach Grammar or shall we not? This question is, at present, attracting the attention and engaging the earnest consideration of teachers all over our country. One can seldom open an educational journal, or even an ordinary newspaper, without seeing a lengthy discussion on the subject of "English as she is taught," &c. In appointing us to open the discussion on this much-disputed point, we feel that we are placed in a rather embarrassing position, from the fact that some very worthy members of this Association hold opinions on this subject which are directly opposed to our own. We remember that at a "Teachers' Institute" some time ago, quite an exciting debate was held on this very subject. We will, therefore, first consider the question "shall we teach Grammar," and then the equally important one, how shall we teach it. We class both under the name Grammar, for "Language Lessons" is only another name for Primary Grammar, and Grammar is extended Language Lessons. We will state, first of all, that we are not one of those extremists who would banish Grammar from our schools.

True it was a dull study in olden times when Grammar comprised only an almost endless number of rules and parsing forms; but that was long ago. Those of the present time are so interesting and attractive that few pupils fail to like the study, and teachers find little difficulty in teaching it. In our childhood we studied the much-abused "Smith's Grammar," and now, rather than give up the study of this branch, we would consent to go back to that so-called old-time terror.

The great demand at the present time is for practical studies, and the chief objection to the study of Grammar is that it is of no practical use. In nine cases out of ten the parents who object to a pupil studying Grammar for the above reason, is perfectly willing to have him memorize page after page of historical dates, spend hours in learning the precise situation of important towns and rivers, or poring over endless columns of long words, which he will seldom use, or perhaps remember for an hour.

Now, we think it infinitely more important that the pupil have a fair knowledge of English Grammar; that is, be able to analyze any ordinary sentence, tell the verb, subject, object, modifiers, connecting and relation words. Nor is this all. He should be able to express his ideas in correct sentences, be familiar with the proper form for notes of all kinds, and also letters of business or of friendship. All this is gained by studying Language Lessons and Grammar. Now, we defy any one who will give the subject careful consideration to say that it is not a practical study. It combines practice in three most important branches, viz: reading, spelling and writing. Give a pupil thorough training in this, and you have done much toward preparing him for the actual business of life, even though he be unable to tell the length of the Orange River, or the precise date of the Battle of Monmouth and the size of each army engaged. This is one thing which is brought into actual use every day of our lives. In every note or letter we write, even in our pleasant spoken greetings when we meet, we are using or abusing the rules and teachings of Grammar. True, we do not write to parse each sentence before it is uttered, but the training given by the study of Grammar naturally causes us to give much thought to the use of words and their relation to each other in a sentence, and from thinking much of correct forms we easily form the habit of speaking correctly.

While at Monticello last summer it was our good fortune to hear a series of lectures on school work by Chancellor Payne, of Nashville, one of which was on the subject of "Disciplinary Studies." Among the best of such studies he classed Grammar and Mental Arithmetic. There are some who would find discover an easy path to the Temple of Knowledge and would, therefore, choose for young pupils such studies as may be comprehended with the minimum of mental exertion, or in other words, the children become sponges and simply absorb. These persons condemn Grammar on the ground that it requires such strong mental effort on the part of the

pupil in order to understand it. All are willing to admit that physical exercise is necessary to a healthy growth of the body; why not apply the same principle to mental exercise? The real object of education is mind growth—not merely crowding the memory with useless names and dates—but training the pupil to use his mental powers, or in other words teach him to think and reason. When we have induced a pupil to reason, we have called into exercise the very highest faculty of the human mind; therefore those studies which bring into most active exercise this faculty, should receive most attention in our schools.

Grammar, like Mathematics, compels the pupil to think. In analyzing even a simple sentence he must, of necessity, concentrate his thoughts upon it, carefully comparing its different parts and their relation to each other.

While speaking with an experienced Professor of Languages, last Summer (one who has taught Hebrew, French and German, in England, Germany, and in our own country), he chanced incidentally to ask what country he liked best. His answer surprised us, as it brought up to us this very question of Grammar. He said, "I like my country, as a home, far better than any other in the Old World, but I have more difficulty in teaching here than in any other, from the fact that you have no Grammar in your schools, or at least that is the case in many of your cities. This makes it harder for me to teach the different languages, for I have at the same time to teach the principles of Grammar." We remarked that we had heard it affirmed that the "languages could be taught before a pupil had studied English Grammar." His reply was, "So have I, and I once believed it, but was convinced of my error when I attempted to teach German to a class of young Americans who knew nothing of Grammar; could not even distinguish between the subject and verb and its object."

Now in regard to the second division of subject: "how shall we teach Grammar?" On this point, of course, we can give only such methods as have given best results in our own experience. "Other teachers, no doubt, have methods which give them better results than these of ours. In this study there is wide scope for the tact of the teacher to display itself. Even with the best text books, some outside exercises are helpful, and these the thoughtful teacher can furnish in great variety.

The first question naturally is, at what age or in what grade shall the pupil begin this study? We usually introduce simple exercises of this kind in connection with First Reader. The beginning is, of course, largely oral work. Questions on the reading lesson, the playground, objects seen on the way to school, &c.; always requiring the little pupils to answer in complete sentences. At this time we also teach them that every sentence begins with a capital letter, also the use of the period, question and exclamation mark. Later when Second Reader is begun, we extend these lessons and introduce writers work. In the two series of readers we use as text books, (Swain's and Harper's) very useful outlines for Language Lessons are found at the close of each lesson. Now we begin to teach "name words" or nouns, "quality words" or adjectives, "action words" or verbs, and so on. Sometimes we ask for a list of all the nouns occurring in the lesson, at another time the verbs or adjectives. Here the pupils will readily notice that certain names are written with capitals, even when not commencing the sentence, and so we give them another rule; every proper name should begin with a capital letter. We may also, at this time, teach the different kinds of sentences; declarative, or simple statement; interrogative, or question, &c.

When the pupil takes up Third Reader we usually begin the regular study of Language. The book which we have found most satisfactory for this purpose is "Harper's New Language Lessons." We consider this little book a treasure, and all our pupils are pleased with it. Part I. is simply word study, and Part II. takes up the analysis of sentences, of real Grammar. On completing this the pupil has a very creditable knowledge of the parts of speech and their relation to each other, and will never find Grammar a hard, dry study. Much of the material for outside work in this line, we get from that excellent paper, "The Teachers' Institute." In each number of it we find several pictures, with simple questions printed below as a guide to the pupil in writing descriptions of them. Interesting stories for reproduction are also given. These we use on Friday afternoons for special exercises. For pupils a little more advanced, a good exercise is to read to them or let them read, some descriptive poem, ask questions on it until each has formed a mental picture of the scene described, and then let them write a description of the scene in their own language. Transposing poetry into prose is an exercise in which our pupils take an interest, and here the old adage says, we may "kill two birds with one stone." While studying these poems as a language exercise, we gain a better knowledge of the style of different authors. Just here, too, we have an opportunity of exerting an influence which may affect the whole life of our pupils. In training them to see and appreciate the beauty of these gems of our best authors we may develop a love for good and pure literature, and so cause them to escape the evil influence of the sensational trash which is, at present, placed within such easy reach of our young people.

LENORA C. HUBBARD.

The way in which John Stuart Mill proposed to a lady who eventually became his wife, is said to have been as follows: "I wish I had your head, Mr. Mill," remarked the young lady on an occasion when the gentleman had solved for her a knotty point. "I wish I had your head," replied Mr. Mill. "Well," said the lady, "since your head and my heart agree so well, I am willing that we should go into partnership." And such was the result.

Decoration Day in New Jersey.

NEWARK, N. J., May 30th, 1889. Editors Intelligencer: One of the greatest differences between this section of the country and that from which we came is the abundance of holidays, and their observance in the former, and the lack of such observances in the latter. From our association with the people of the Northern Cities we gather that they cherish the anniversary of the "Father's" birth, the "Fourth" and Decoration Day, with as much reverence as they do the world-recognized and honored Christmas; and among these Decoration Day is not the least, either as to its general observance or attendant pageantry.

We were made aware on May 29th that the succeeding day was to be a general holiday by the announcement that places of business would be closed on the following day in honor of "Our illustrious dead," and on this morning, as our martial drums were disturbed by the patriotic strains of "America," as they fell from the chimneys of a neighboring cathedral in stirring cadences upon our half slumbering senses, we were again reminded that the day was a great holiday. At nine o'clock we strolled up Central avenue to Broad street, and pushed our way to the front of the crowd that lined the curb of that street the whole length of the proposed line of march of the parade, from where the line entered Broad Street to where it left it, which was about a mile in length. When we arrived on the ground the column was still filing out of Centre street into Broad, and our position on the corner gave us an admirable vantage for observing the moving line. The column was composed of the military and civic organizations of the city, and each division was well supplied with emblematic banners and beautiful flowers. At the head of the column rode the mounted police and officers, who cleared the way for the parade which followed. Following these came the division of U. S. soldiers which is stationed in the City, which moved slowly on with a measured tread timed to the Funeral March. Next in line came the different G. A. R. Posts. Of these the Lincoln Post was in the van, its marching members being followed by a magnificent floral offering, which was mounted on a truck and draped with the national colors; and on the summit of the pyramid formed of lovely flowers and fluttering flags stood the figure of Lincoln. The other G. A. R. Posts of the City followed in their order, each with beautiful floral displays, and carrying their flags at half mast. After these came the municipal authorities and Clergymen, followed by the City Fire Department; and as a conclusion were the numerous carriages of the citizens. The prettiest spectacle of the parade was a floral piece, the offering of the ladies, which represented a pyramid of crimson flowers and on it was inscribed, with flowers of the purest white, "To our departed." As the column passed along between the lines of smiling faces lowering clouds shed a few scintillating sparks in the mockery of the sightseers who laughed and crowded each other on the streets.

Fairmont Cemetery.

Directly after noon the clouds, which had been trailing their ragged skirts of mist up the river from the Bay all the morning, suddenly broke and lifted, and the May sun looked down with softened glow upon the city, the river and the country.

The closed doors of the different shops in which there is usually such a stir, the hum of the factories hushed into a deep quiet, and the thousands of flags streaming in the wind at half mast from the roofs of all the public buildings and our numerous private ones, were sufficient to give our thoughts a peaceful and solemn turn which we decided to humor by paying a visit to the City's burying place,—"The City of the Dead."

We entered Fairmont Cemetery from Belleville Avenue by passing under a double archway of massive unbewn stone, over which the trailing Ivy has woven a veil of delicate green, giving it a picturesque appearance not easily imagined. We had scarcely entered beneath this portal before a restful feeling of quiet and seclusion forced itself upon us and made us aware that we were, though so near the city, yet far away from its noisy strife and alone with Nature and her dead, so still and solemn was the beautiful scene lying before us. From the entrance a gentle incline, covered with towering monuments, gloomy looking vaults and simple grassy mounds, led to the summit of a bluff which looks down on the rippling current of the Passaic river and across to the wooded hills of the country beyond. From this elevated point the slope is gentle to the shore which lies a few hundred yards away. Graveled paths, laid out with many a quaint and curious turn, wind in and out among the tombs. The entire place is shaded by magnificent trees, and there, like tears, were falling the rain-drops of the morning as they were scattered on the long way grasses beneath by the breeze. We paused a little distance from the shore, as we gazed back and upward to where countless shafts of spotted marble glistened beneath the drooping branches of Spruce and Fir, or turning, looked across the water to the green hills lying in a kind of dreamy haze beyond, while the soft lapping of the wavelets made music on the sands, your senses responded to the magic influence of the "Solemn" and the "Beautiful," with a thrill not unlike that which gives conception to the "Poet's" or "Painter's" work. It needed but little observation to see that we had been preceded by some who had been diligent in observing the day. As we strolled along passing here and there a monument which was inscribed "Here to the memory of the soldier" and at the head and foot tiny "Stars and Stripes" were waving and the mound was smiling with flowers; close by was a simple grass covered mound, topped by a no legended marble tablet named and deeds, but it was in the "Soldiers row" and loving hands had strewn with flowers the resting place of the unknown, and over him, also, there waved America's proud emblem.

In this lovely place, "Lain out in walk and square," we spent the afternoon; sometime we wandered aimlessly among the solemn rows of polished stones, and again we rested on the long velvet grass where, lying with half closed eyes, we drank in the details of the surrounding landscape. Late in the afternoon, when the sun had again been veiled by fleecy cloudlets, we turned our face homeward, much refreshed and rested by our long communion with Nature "in her visible forms."

J. R. STEVENSON.

Healed by Faith.

"Is there any truth in it?" "I don't believe a word of it," and such ejaculations were heard on the streets when the alleged healing of an old woman at the meetings of the lady evangelists Monday afternoon was mentioned. No one believed such a thing could happen and most people expressed themselves as opposed to such meetings, and believed all reports of healing "hoax," as they called it.

To determine the truth or falsity of the alleged healing a *News* reporter devoted some time yesterday to an investigation and gives to the readers of the *News* just what he has seen and heard, and leaves it to them to judge of the matter as best they see.

He first saw the Evangelists themselves and answered that the best plan to find out would be to be present at the afternoon meeting when the old woman would be there and get from her own lips a statement of what happened. He attended the meeting, at which were present about eight or ten people, including the reporter and evangelists. Prayer, singing, reading of chapters from the Bible and exhortations from the two ladies constituted the programme of the services. The exhortations were delivered in a calm manner, and all the words were directed in the same way—to a belief in the power of healing by faith in the Lord. Instances were cited and names and places given of people who had been healed by a firm belief in the power of God to accomplish these things. There was no one present who appeared anxious to test the assertions of the evangelists, and as the old woman was not at the meeting, the reporter left. He discovered, by inquiring, that her name was Mary Ann Hall, and that she lived near the Fair Grounds.

To that part of the city he directed his steps and by more questioning found the place. In a little alley running north from Echols Street, in the forks of Burncomb and Rutherford Streets, was a cottage with four rooms. In one of the rooms was an old fashioned spinning wheel and a small amount of furniture. A young woman standing in the front door said that "mother is in the back yard." The reporter walked around the house and saw sitting on the curbing of a well the object of his search. She is short and stout, about sixty years of age, and wears a pair of spectacles that had slipped down nearly to the end of her nose. Taking a seat beside her, the reporter proceeded to ask a series of questions, which the old lady answered in a matter-of-fact way, displaying not a great deal of earnestness, but telling in detail what had occurred.

"Monday evening," she said, "I went down street. I had heard of these women folks, and as I had been ailing for more than twenty years with rheumatism I wanted to see if I could be healed. I hobbled down with my stick and found the place and went in. The women prayed for me and rubbed my arms with their hands, and before I knew it I, too, knelt down, a trick that I had not done in fifteen years. When I finished praying I got up and could move my arms above my head. My left ear had been deaf for many years. I heard out of it as good as out of the other."

"How did you feel when this change took place?"

"I felt like something had popped and broke loose. It was so queer, and I shouted for joy. When I went home I did not need my stick, and the pain in my back had gone. I suffered with it every day, but to-day it is well. I am well all over except a little remaining stiffness in my arms and limbs. But I don't mind that," she said, and she straightened her arms above her head as an evidence of what she said. "There is a little pain in my left leg yet, and I wanted to go down this evening and get the ladies to rub it and cure it, too, but it looked so much like rain I didn't go."

"Do you feel as if you had been permanently healed?"

"Yes, I know I have, when I could not raise my arms to wash my face and now I can do it easily. The Bible says, 'Ask and you shall receive,' and I know the Lord was good to me."

LETTER FROM BRAZIL.

BY REV. J. W. WOLLING, Southern Christian Advocate.

In the tropics, on a shipboard, and still on our way to Rio de Janeiro, on this 29th day of April. If all goes well, we will be into port on to-morrow, thus making a full month since we took the steamer. We have met with several detentions, and, though not serious, they have lengthened our trip; beyond the usual number of days. Before we had passed the Virginia Capes, at 9 o'clock of the first night, we ran into a heavy fog bank. So dense was the fog that a light could not be seen the length of our ship, and while I stood on the decks I could hear four other ships sounding the note of danger. The captain thought it so perilous that we dropped anchor, continuing to sound the fog horn and "wished for the day." From there to St. Thomas I suppose all went right with the ship; my interests were almost strictly personal and domestic.

At St. Thomas we went ashore of the course, and were much pleased with the tropical scenery. We strolled through the public garden and the streets of the town, being amused and impressed by the scenes, so peculiar and unlike anything in the United States.

In passing through the West Indies, we came near to the Island of Martinique. The view was truly interesting. The wild mountain scenery, with two peaks, one 4,400 feet, the other 3,900, towering over us, the deep, shaded coves and glades, with the beautiful retired habitations seen in most unexpected places, and the entire view to the highest point surrounded and covered with the verdure of the tropics. We stopped for a few hours at Barbadoes, the most windward of the West India Islands, and then started over a stretch of 1,200 miles to the mouth of the Amazon. On the last night before reaching that notable line, the Equator, I had my last view of the North star, and viewed with interests and praise the Southern Cross and other constellations unseen by the dwellers in the North. They declare His glory, and as I gazed I could say: "My Father's hand hath made them all."

On reaching the coast of Brazil, we heard the most distressing reports concerning the yellow fever in Rio. So fearful was the plague that numbers were taken sick in the streets and died before aid could be had. The death rate exceeded 300 a day. Except Thorburn Tarbox and wife, every member of our mission in the city, even to the children, had the malady, and by God's mercy, they all survived. Our last notices are that the fever has nearly disappeared, and we go forward cheerful and trusting in Him.

We were detained three days in the Amazon River under a tropical sun waiting for the arrival of another steamer of the line to exchange commanders, and when we got back to sea nearly every body on board was sick with malaria. We suffered much discomfort but no fatality.

Since reaching Brazil we have taken on our ship many legislators on their way to Rio to the meeting of the "Assemblea Geral." So at our table we have a number of barons and viscounts and other titled gentry. I am very much more interested, however, in listening to their discussion as to the probable actions of the bodies—the Senate and the House of Deputies—to which they go than in their various titles. Contrary to law, a royal permit has been issued by the ministry granting to the Jesuits liberty to return to Brazil and open monasteries. This action will be reviewed by the Assembly in the midst of fierce criticisms, and along with it will come the question of granting absolute religious liberty. For this the prayer be made, and may the Lord hasten the day. No doubt the time pastes when the Church at home will partake largely of the spirit which prompted Christ to die for the world, and realize also that it is the duty, and the privilege as well, of His Church to do the utmost to accomplish this world-wide purpose.

We are in good health and walking in the comfort and hope of the Gospel, and often dwelling by memory in the midst of pleasant scenes and associations left behind.

We reached Rio in due time and find all our workers getting better; but two go Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Presbyterian mission, a young man educated in Columbia, S. C., and who came out here two years ago, died of yellow fever after a short sickness.

In the morning, May 3d, we leave for the interior.

Rio de Janeiro, May 2, 1889.

Items from Japan.

BY REV. J. C. C. NEWTON, Southern Christian Advocate.

About the 1st of January earthquakes began to be more frequent than usual and more severe. Several times the shock was so severe and long continued that we were alarmed. Our house, a wooden structure, rocked very much, the windows rattled, the beams cracked, and we did not know what was going to happen. One's feeling during the shaking are indescribable. [Even so; as this editor can testify].

But recently there has been a marked decrease in the severity as well as frequency of these earthquakes. We now know why. A few days ago we learned that an ancient volcano 100 or 150 miles Southwest of Tokyo had burst forth again, and this explains the fact that we are not being shaken up every day.

The tremendous forces underneath this region, no longer pent up, are having free vent through that great opening. We feel more comfortable now. The volcano is thus a safe valve.

The Japanese have many strange customs. One of these is the "birthday fish." As we go out in the city we see above many houses a swinging fish made of cloth. Some of these are very large, some small, according to the tastes and means of the family.

I have just been looking at some. The form of a fish is so perfect one not otherwise informed might think it was a real fish. The bright spots, the fins, tail, the golden colored belly, the open mouth—all, seen in the distance, look like a fish floating in the air.

By means of a cord and two or three easy bending sticks inserted in the throat it is suspended from a pole set up in the roof of the house. The meaning is that since late May a child has been born in that house. In the East the birth of a child in the house is a matter of much joy, especially if it be a son. Why the fish is selected as a sign of a child's birthday, I do not know.

I had heard much talk about the Sakura (cherry) blossoms. They spoke always with so much enthusiasm of the beauty of the sakura no hana (the cherry blossom) that I thought they were surely exaggerating.

These blossoms generally appear about the first day of April. This Spring the blossoming was a little later than usual—about the 15th. The trees are planted in rows and the branches are thick, making a symmetrical form.

When in full bloom it is a most beautiful sight. The blossoms are pure white—nothing I ever saw quite so white. A number of blossoms are beyond all computation. It looks a mass of uncountable flowers so thickly set as hardly to leave room for one more. One must see for himself in order to fully appreciate the beauty. But it is said these beautiful trees are fruitless—bear no fruit. It exhausts itself, it seems, in producing myriads of beautiful white blossoms. If there were fewer blossoms, we doubt not there would be fruit.

And so nature teaches us that it is possible to expend too much effort upon the beautiful exterior, and thereby lose something to say about a fruitless tree.

Tokyo, Japan, April 28, 1889.

Letter from Brazil.

BY REV. J. W. WOLLING, Southern Christian Advocate.

In the tropics, on a shipboard, and still on our way to Rio de Janeiro, on this 29th day of April. If all goes well, we will be into port on to-morrow, thus making a full month since we took the steamer. We have met with several detentions, and, though not serious, they have lengthened our trip; beyond the usual number of days. Before we had passed the Virginia Capes, at 9 o'clock of the first night, we ran into a heavy fog bank. So dense was the fog that a light could not be seen the length of our ship, and while I stood on the decks I could hear four other ships sounding the note of danger. The captain thought it so perilous that we dropped anchor, continuing to sound the fog horn and "wished for the day." From there to St. Thomas I suppose all went right with the ship; my interests were almost strictly personal and domestic.

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Rio de Janeiro, May 2, 1889.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

— There are said to be 9,000 women doctors in the United States.

— Many men will work harder for a day's pleasure than they will for a week's wages.

— An archeologist at Monticella, Fla., has a tree which bears cucumbers, pears and apples.

— A rich vein of gold ore is reported to have been found on a farm near Gainesville, Ga.

— European steamers carried over \$3,500,000 in gold out of New York one day last week.

— A new fruit has been discovered in southern California which is said to taste like claret.

— Two hundred and seventy-five ladies are clergymen in the United States and occupy pulpits as such.

— A Minnesota woman dislocated her jaw in yawning, and had to ride twenty-three miles to a physician.

— The Empress of Germany has received a necklace valued at \$150,000, the gift of the sultan of Turkey.

— In many parts of China the Bibles given to the natives by missionaries are used in the manufacture of cheap boot soles.

— "They come high, but we must have them," said the practical young man as he gazed at the stars one summer night.

— The number of Churches which burned last year was 182, and all but twelve of them took fire from their own furnaces.

— Two thousand ladies voted at the Detroit school election on very short notice. They were very politely received at the polls.

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