

IN MEMORY OF LOGAN.

The poets are weeping over the fall of Logan, the redoubtable, of Illinois. Here is a portion of an ode to his memory, from the Washington Capital—

Long years have known his manly form,
Conspicuous in that noble swarm
That made the Senate glorious
And the country proud.
Mortal hours have heard his accents strong
Bellowing flatulence loud and long,
Making insane things notorious
Through nonsense loud.

Two weeks he studied finance; then arose,
Exhausting both the subject and all those
Who nodded in the gallery
While he roared.
He shattered Conkling; annihilated Carl;
Dumbfounded Thurman; got Bayard in a snarl.
With his logic and his raillery,
So deep he bored.

Fierce burling then his noble scorn
At syntax sucked in a school outworn,
He demolished the vernacular
At one fell swoop.
His mother tongue in ragged tatters tore,
And in strong passion strode the Senate floor—
Half tragic, half spectacular—
With wild war-whoop.

Poor parts of speech in mangled fragments flew,
Of sentences dismembered and phrases torn
In two.
Fell saw he all from pronoun to conjunction,
Mid carnage wild.
Then Lindley Murray, turning in his tomb,
Heard Logan sound the crack of grammar's doom,
With neither mercy nor compunction,
And cried like a child.

Poor Lindley pulled his shroud about his head,
And wished that Logan were aye ten times dead—
To save syntax from mutilation;
Then wept and wept.
And thus, as Logan did still madder rave,
Poor Lindley writhed, worse tortured in his grave.
He suffered torments of damnation,
Till Logan slept.

Man of adamant lung;
Man of oaken jaw and leather tongue;
Man of wild gesticulation;
Statesman grand.
Mind of all-embracing grasp of view;
Heart unto its owner ever sterling true;
Soul of fond self-expectation
And open hand.

PLAIN TALK.

In the course of a sermon by the Rev. O. L. Ashenfelter, of Carlisle, Pa., recently, he indulged in the following plain talk—

I prefer to believe that Christ was not understood by the primitive church—nor is he yet understood; if he were, this monstrous fallacy of a schismatic church would not be in existence to-day. The kingdom of heaven, according to Christ's conception of it, can never be actualized so long as humanity develops as it has done since the Christian epoch. The existing relations of business and society prevent us from realizing a pure Christianity.

The truth is that the so-called Christian church is opposed to the teachings of Christianity and to the example it gives us in the person of Christ.

When, a few days ago, 300 people lost their lives by the burning of a theatre in Brooklyn did the Church, as such, interest itself in the welfare of the widows, orphans, and homeless poor made such by that calamity? Did church people sacrifice their time and money to provide for those suffering from the disaster? The most they did was to meet and pray over it—just as if prayer would rain bread from heaven! I notice in the papers that the ministers preached about it—just as if preaching would clothe the naked! There was no uprising of the Church to obey the Saviour's instructions in precisely such a case as this. That was left to the much abused and unrighteously persecuted theatrical profession. Immediately after the calamity there was such a noble and generous donation of money, time and talent on its part that I, for one, cannot help giving public and merited praise to a profession that, while persecuted by the church, can yet out-strip the church in Christian charity and Christ-like beneficence. According to one account \$20,000 are to be contributed by the theatrical profession for the sufferers, but you do not hear of the church contributing liberally. Now, what think you of the morality of the case before us? Here is a profession, which is generally misrepresented and its followers ostracized, that makes no pretension of Christianity; it holds no prayer-meetings or "revivals;" it doesn't even go to church because Christianity, as interpreted by the modern pulpit, don't recognize it; it has been denied the Communion and looked upon as a sort of

degradation; it is not "religious"—in the popular cant—and yet, if you study the example of Christ and read his teachings, you cannot fail to see that it does exactly what Christ commands us to do. Here was a cry coming from the suffering poor of a great city: "I perish with hunger!" The cry reached the Church and the Church prayed. It reached the sympathetic hearts of a profession outside of the Church and the hungry were at once fed, the naked clothed, and the sick visited. Upon which now, do you think, the blessing of our Heavenly Father rests? Upon church members who know their Lord's will and do it not—or upon those who, while they do not cry Lord! Lord! yet do what the Lord commands?

Christ undoubtedly had the right conception of the religious element of humanity when he necessarily and logically based it upon physical nature. Therefore, he healed the sick, raised the dead, and brought back to virtue the outcast of society; and therefore he teaches us to be charitable that "men may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven." We can glorify him in no other way, and the moment the Church ceases to be generally philanthropic she ceases to be Christlike. We must take up the cross and follow him, i.e., do as he did, teach as he taught, live as he lived. Let us not close up our ears to the cry of God's poor coming up to us this cold winter's night. Let us not close our hearts to the appeals coming from half-clad children honestly or dishonestly begging from door to door. Out in the world to-night there are famishing children—as precious to God as your child that knows no want—and yet they are dying in poverty. The glad Christmas, already adorning window and hearth, will bring no gladness to many poor souls who must shiver outside while we make merry and gaily carol our songs. Santa Claus, even, has learned the world's selfishness, and he, too, will pass by many hearthstones that know no Christmas tree, no festivity, no casual joy. The blessed Jesus, who comes anew on his anniversary day, must feel his great human heart throb with pity when he finds his perishing children having no "Merry Christmas," no "Happy New Year," to mark the passage of time one year away from the cradle, one year nearer the grave. Now, before we enter the festivity of the winter season, before we garland church and home for our own enjoyment, let us first practically remember that "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." They are his brethren, and inasmuch as we do good unto one of the least of these we do it unto him. Never let him say of us—

When I hungered ye denied me meat;
When I was thirsty ye refused the cup;
Against my misery ye shut the door
When on the bed of sickness I was cast;
When in the bonds of tyranny I lay,
To the loud cries of sorrow you were deaf,
From my distress you turned away your eyes.

For that relief ye impiously denied
Your suffering brethren, ye refused to Me.

—Cleveland Herald.

Fifteen Condensed Opinions of the Electoral Vote Bill.

R. Burchard Hayes says: I do not care on my own account, but my heart does bleed for the poor African.

William Almen Wheeler: It is of the nature of a compromise, and entitled to no respect whatever.

Ulysses Simpson Grant says: It is better to be tight than to be President.

Oliver P. Morton says: A shameful specimen of political trickery.

John Sherman says: A direct and deliberate insult to the Louisiana Returning Board.

Wells, Anderson, Casanave, and Kenner say: It is unpatriotic, unstatesmanlike, dishonest and revolutionary.

William Pitt Kellogg says: That's what comes of parting your hair in the middle.

Jay Gould says: It knocks h—ll out of my investment; [and therefore.]

Whittle Law Reid says: It is plainly unconstitutional.

Don Cameron says: No high-principled statesman can approve such political truck and barter as this measure involves.

Simon Cameron says: You heard Don?

John A. Logan says: But what becomes of Me?

James G. Blaine says: It is the logical outcome of Andersonville.

Zach Chandler says: —————
! ! ! ! !

The common sense of the country says: A patriotic measure of good intentions; we hope it will prove wise and work justice.—New York Sun.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? — Our planet would seem to be passing through an extraordinary state of disturbance. Abroad the winter climate is very much like our own. The London Telegraph says the first day of 1877 will long be memorable in England for a gale surpassing in its violence any tempest that has visited the English coasts since the hurricane of 1703, when the old Eddystone Lighthouse was washed away. Both lands seem to be passing through a sort of zone of whirlwind, hurricane and cyclone. If we look back over the records of past centuries we shall find that about once in every hundred years the whole surface of the world is swept by gales and tempests. As regards the damage caused in Lambeth, the extraordinary thing is that it should be possible for meteorologists to predict, as they did with the greatest accuracy, the occurrence of an inundation such as that which swept the southern banks of the Thames last month; yet no precautions were taken to guard against the emergency.—Ex.

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