

PRAYER ANSWERED IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

"One jewel more," I asked, "to make me glad."
He took the one I had.
"Come, quickly, Lord, and heal this wounded heart."
Still more he made it smart.
"At length from trouble bid my soul repose."
Yet thicker came the blows.
"Grant me a life of active zeal," I said.
He laid me on a sick bed.
"I asked to soar in sunlight as the lark."
But groped on, dull and dark.
"At least give peace in victory over sin!"
More loud grew battle's din.
"Oh, let me rest with Thee in pastures green."
Only steep crags are seen.
"Why, with keen knife, dear Lord, dost prune me so?"
"That grace may quicker grow."
"Why in my portion mix such bitter leaven."
"To fit thee more for Heaven."
"Lord, take Thy way with me, Thy way, not mine."
"My child, all things are thine—
All in the end, though grievous, shall prove best,
And then—eternal rest."

The Great Wrestling Match.

LONDON, April 10.—To be learned in "swinging hips" and "cross-buttocks" and "back heels" and "outside strokes" would be to know as much about the finest style of wrestling in the world as the late lamented Druid, whose healthy, breezy books must, I should conceive, be read in America. Suffice it to say, without referring retrospectively to the arenas that are scattered about the borders of England—with-out dwelling on the doughty deeds that have been done in the wrestling ring at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Carlisle, and Talkin Tarn, and Stockton-on-Tees, that every Eastertide the Cumberland and Westmoreland Society whose headquarters are London, issue their cartel, and in response thereto a goodly number of the best men in the North troop to Agricultural Hall to strive his best to "fell" his way, to the last round. Until last year the mighty gathering used to be held on Good Friday, but Islington, more pious than ever, hath set her face against the holding of the innocent carnival on that day. This year the meeting took place on the Saturday following Good Friday, and, although the crowd of spectators was by no means as large as I recollect to have seen it in years gone by, the cockneys turned out in thousands to cheer the northern athletes, and thousands of the northerners who are resident in London were to the fore as usual.

I never saw better wrestling. The final falls between Joseph Allison of Weardale and J. D. Graham of Carlisle were worth traveling many miles to witness. I ought to mention that Graham is a perfect artist and a handsome young fellow withal. During "the run" of Mr. Tom Taylor's drama of "Handsome is that Handsome Does," Graham's brother, held to be cleverer than he, although on this occasion less successful, was engaged with another expert, named Beeby, to take part in one of the scenes—a village "rustle" in Cumberland. Allison, on the other hand, is a careworn looking man (he is a lead miner, I believe), "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," who by no means impresses you with the idea of either strength or skill, until he gets to work, and then woe betide the adversary who is not armed at all points against his calculating "play." He felled Graham in the final, after a magnificent give-and-take encounter, by a twist of the left side. That was point one out of the three. The second time they came together Graham, who, like his brother John, plays beautifully with his feet, brought down Allison with the inside elick. Point and point. In the third Allison felled his man with a beautiful outside stroke. So ended the struggle for the country eleven-stone prize.

In the wrestling for the All-Weight Prize, two past champions, Richard Wright, of Longtown, and George Steadman, of Drybeck, together with "the coming man," Thomas Pooley, of Longlands, appeared. The memory of your gaping, cheering crowd is short, and its gratitude nil. Many a time and oft has Dick Wright retired from the arena amid thunders of applause, but to-day (he grows old, does Dick,) he fails to carry all before him, and hisses are his portion. "The King is dead!—Long live the King!" We will alter that, if you

please. The king is dying—let him die, and the sooner the better; our concern and adulation are for his possible successor. Wright fell to a good man (Steadman,) but the veteran's hand was out, nevertheless. In his youth he could have made mince-meat of a dozen Steadmans. It seemed to me that the old fellow felt the change that had come over him. There was a despairing viciousness in his hold, a forcing-the-place air about him that was new, and, to one who remembered him in his splendid prime, unspeakably sad. But youth will be served. In due time, Steadman himself fell to Pooley, and finally that ruddy farmer's son, tall, lithe and, for a powerful wrestler, slim, put down J. Gill, of Whillie Moorfoot (how these names smell of the moors!), the first time by a back heel, and the second by what is called an outside hipec. I may say that Pooley has a brother unfortunately hors de combat to-day—about as clever and quite as powerful as himself.

It was during the wrestling of the eighteen picked men that Wright was hissed. That prize was won by Steadman; he and Gill having come together in the final round. Pole leaping (the winner, J. Richardson, of Brockton, clearing ten feet six inches) formed part of Saturday's programme, and on Monday the Easter sports were brought to a conclusion with the wrestling for the eleven-stone prize for Cumberland and Westmoreland men resident in the metropolis, when, as had been anticipated, John Graham was once more triumphant.

I doubt not but what there are hundreds of readers of this journal, voluntary exiles from the towns, and lakes, and mountains, and moors of their childhood, to whom the slight account I have given of one more "Eastertide Wrestling" will be welcome. Be it known that the old society flourishes in the same homely old way; still pulls itself together once a year to attract to the metropolis the best wrestlers the North can produce, and still bestows the profits which usually accrue from the celebrations—an episode which the sympathetic artist has not imperfectly realized—on charitable institutions in Westmoreland and Cumberland.

—N. Y. Graphic.

Dangers of Drink.

A QUESTION ABOUT WHICH DOCTORS DO NOT DISAGREE.

1. In view of the alarming prevalence and ill effects of intemperance, with which none are so familiar as members of the medical profession, and which have called forth from eminent English physicians the voice of warning to the people of Great Britain concerning the use of alcoholic beverages, we, the undersigned, members of the medical profession of New York and vicinity, unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that when prescribed medicinally it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility.

2. We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime and pauperism of our cities and country.

3. We would welcome any judicious and effective legislation—State and national—which should seek to confine the traffic in alcohol to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art, and mechanism.

Edward Delafield, M. D., President College of Physicians and Surgeons, and of Roosevelt Hospital.

Willard Parker, M. D., ex-President Academy of Medicine.

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James Anderson, M. D., ex-President Academy of Medicine and President Physicians' Mutual Aid Association.

E. R. Peaslee, M. D., ex-President Academy of Medicine, N. Y.

C. R. Agnew, M. D., ex-President Medical Society of the State of N. Y.

Stephen Smith, M. D., Surgeon Bellevue Hospital, Commissioner of Health, and President American Health Association.

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Professor of Surgery in University Medical College and ex-President N. Y. Academy of Medicine.

Elisha Harris, M. D., Secretary American Public Health Association, late Sanitary Superintendent Metropolitan Board of Health.

Erasmus D. Hudson, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

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Ellsworth Elliot, M. D., President of the New York County Medical Society.

Stephen Rogers, M. D., President of the Medico-Legal Society of N. Y.

Andrew H. Smith, M. D., Visiting Physician to St. Luke's Hospital, etc.

J. E. Janvrin, M. D.

Ferranus Morse, M. D., Brooklyn.

E. T. Richardson, M. D., Brooklyn.

William H. Hall, M. D.

Walter R. Gillett, M. D., Physician to Charity Hospital, Lecturer University Medical College.

J. R. Leaming, M. D., Physician to St. Luke's Hospital, President University Alumni Association, Emeritus Professor of Medicine, etc.

James O. Pond, M. D., Treasurer N. Y. Academy of Medicine.

Theodore L. Mason, M. D., Consulting Surgeon, Kings County, Inebriate Home; Consulting Surgeon, Long Island College Hospital, etc.; and President Collegiate Department; and others.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

Why Don't they Get Married?

Granted that our clerks have chosen a calling which exposes them to the oppression of the rich, what right have they to indulge in extravagant habits, and then find fault with their associates for leading the same kind of life? What right have they to doom young women to perpetual loneliness because, forsooth, they may indulge in foolish extravagances of taste? Are the follies and weaknesses of the young ladies a match for the infirmities and vices of the young men? Have the young men a right to presume that the girl, knowing that she was loved, would not be as willing to cast aside her superfluities as the lover would be to forever bury the faults which cost as much as wife and baby, and open a well-spring of joy in the place of bitter and turbid streams?

But further, what right has the clerk, who confines himself to a narrow circle of girls as frivolous as himself, to judge that his associates are a fair type of the sex? Like seeks its like. We like what we are like. It is natural for the young clerk who has chosen a calling that rarely brings a generous salary to select those young ladies for his companions who are accustomed to look upon him as the *beau ideal*; yet it shows but little judgment and a good deal of presumption in him to herd the entire sex together, measuring them by the silly things who come up to his conception of a woman in all respects except the height of a bonnet and the display of a few ribbons and thinly washed jewels, which, let him remember, are purchased as much for the admiration of his clan as for her own gratification, and which any woman of good sense and ordinary virtue would be willing to cast aside for a good home with a man worthy of her love and respect.

The young men, especially the fashionable clerks, and, we may add, many of our newspaper writers, err in this regard. They take the woman who makes a display on our streets, or in the house of God, as the average woman. If they would penetrate beyond this shoddy sideshow, they would find ladies of wealth and ladies of humble means, but truly refined, adorning the home with the graces and virtues of religion, and in single or married life fitted to bless and to elevate their kind. The true woman will not choose the streets or the church to make an exhibition of her artistic or natural attractions. She will prefer, by reigning in the drawing-room or serving in the gentle offices of home, or ministering in the thousand relations to which society and the church invite her, to fulfill her destiny, and await with self-respect and cheerfulness the ordinations of Providence.

Now, there are three ways in which these clerks can possibly improve their condition, and realize

infinitely more happiness than can possibly result from this selfish policy advised by our contemporary, even though mercantile success may follow its adoption, namely: To win, by their superior ability, transparent honesty and blameless deportment the admiration of men who have gained fortunes and honors by honest means. This will be no unimportant step toward an alliance that will make a happy home. Or, if the miserable salary and dependent position of a clerk shut out all prospect of an easier life, let him seek in the useful arts a calling which always gives a man enough for himself, a virtuous wife, and all whom God may give them. Or, let him bring his expenses down to a figure in keeping with his income and position, and he will soon find that the man who can support himself, can support two. Perhaps he may find in his own narrow sphere one who has more sense than himself, quite willing to relinquish useless embellishments to make a home which will command the admiration of her neighbors. In any event, the poor clerk can marry and refute, as thousands do, every day, the miserable philosophy that seeks, by heaping contempt upon the female sex, to find an excuse for the vices of the other sex, and practically destroy the most beneficent provision of Divine wisdom for the happiness and well-being of society. We assure them, in the language of Guizot, "this world has nothing to offer more charming than the example of a pure and happy affection." That full and sincere outburst of the interior strength and desires of the soul, which we call love, has such a charm for us that we contemplate it with the profoundest interest, even when we find it mingled with culpable errors, troubles, discontent and grief; but when it is seen in harmony with conscience, filling the soul with joy, leaving its beauty and peace unchanged, it is the richest treasure of our nature; it is the most human and at the same time the most divine gratification of our aspirations; it is Paradise regained.—*St. Louis Central Baptist.*

An Encounter with the Family Stove and Piping.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and have your wife put away the pipe in a secure place, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe and the chair, and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back and a pair of your rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents worth of pot-black on her nose and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as, "What's the use of swearing so?" "You know no one has touched that pipe." "You ain't any more patient than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off and reappears with an armful of more pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pieces are alike.

You join the ends and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life and ache to kick them through the window. But she doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awfully exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm and a long handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is that some people never have any trouble putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer,

You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe, along the mantel, and down on the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after, and on learning pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go out of doors and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes: "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy?" When that part of the pipe that goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with her broom while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms are slowly, but surely, drawing out of their sockets.

Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if you are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think her arms are made of cast iron, and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a pile driver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down the street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbors with her chair, and tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry of its sympathy long before you get home.—*Danbury (Conn.) News.*

BREVITIES.

The *Independent* suggests that those who are eager for new things should try the neuralgia.

An injury is frequently done to the cause of truth by the manner in which some men attempt to defend it.

Sir Boyle Roche said "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

Dignified Clerk—"Are you going to marry yourself?" Facetious Patlander—"Arrah, now when did iver ye hear tell of a gentleman marrying himself? Shure there's a lady goin' to be married along wid me."

"That duck, sir, is a real canvass-back," said Jones' landlord at dinner. "Canvass all through, I should think!" muttered Jones, as he laid down his knife in despair after trying for the third time to saw through a section of the ancient fowl.

An unconscious play upon words was made the other day by a little girl while relating to a sympathizing lady the loss of two pet calves:

"What caused their death," said the lady.

"Oh," was the answer, "one was hooked to death, and the other died on its own hook."

A young Englishman, a comparative stranger in the country, and unable to get work, recently called on a minister for assistance. He was a Unitarian, and had letters from an eminent clergyman in England. The minister heard his story and replied: "You have come to the wrong shop, I ain't a Unitarian any more. You must get your money where you get your religion."

During a late conference at Worcester the following conversation was overheard between two newsmen:

"I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?"

"Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."

Governor Woodson, of Missouri, has pardoned a convict with the condition that if he becomes intoxicated by the use of strong drink he shall be remanded to prison.