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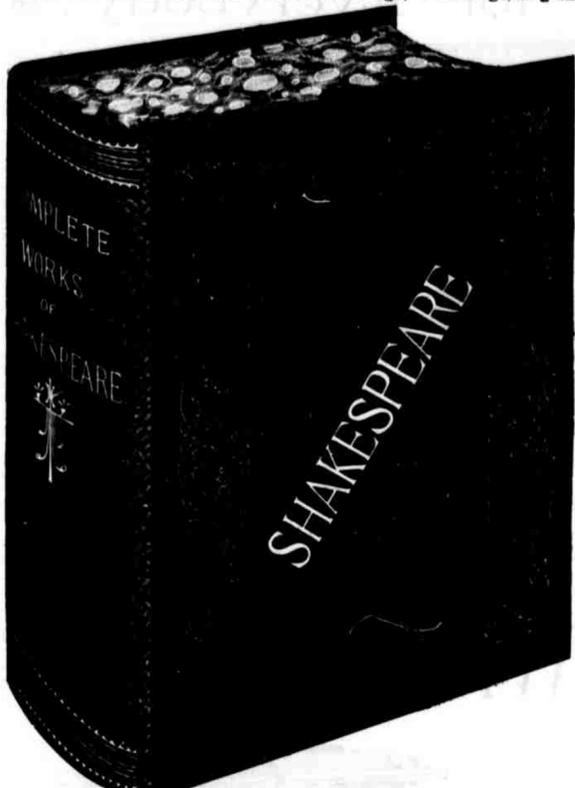
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FROM ANVIL TO ALTAR.

THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF A WELL KNOWN PULPIT ORATOR.

Glimpses of Rev. Robert Collyer as He Appears in the Pulpit, in His Study and at His Home—A Green Old Age Spent in Active Work.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

When, last December, last in the Church of the Messiah and looked on the earnest faces that were assembled there to pay the



REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

last tribute of respect to the frail body of Oliver Johnson, the famous abolitionist, the scene was an impressive one. As the sad notes of Schubert's exquisite "Last Greeting" died away Robert Collyer rose, and in touching and eloquent language referred to the virtues of his dead friend. There was no trick of eloquence and no straining after dramatic effect, but before he had said many words most of the ladies present were weeping bitterly and the eyes of the men were dim with emotion. As the eloquent old man—with his fine leonine head and splendid virility—closed his address with poetic peroration it occurred to me that no better lines could be applied to him than those which he lavished on the man whose funeral oration he uttered:

Those heroes who could grandly do As they could greatly dare, A venture very glorious, Their shining spirits wear, Of noble deeds, God give us grace That we may see them face to face In the great day that comes apace.

The home life of Robert Collyer—blacksmith, preacher, reformer—is in perfect consonance with the simple character of the man. When I suggested to him that I would like to gather together some items of his domestic hours he wrote, "Come some forenoon to Room 12, Holland building, Fortieth street and Broadway, early in the week and let's talk it over." Here, then, in Room 12 is Robert Collyer's library and study. Here he writes his sermons and his books and attends to his correspondence. He is ever so busy a cheery "Come in" will answer your knock at the door. The room is large and cheerful, the walls being lined with well filled bookshelves, above which hangs an occasional portrait or other picture. The furniture is comfortable and substantial, but plain. Seated in an arm chair at his large writing table



A VIEW OF THE COLLYER HOME.

is the owner of the voice which uttered the cheerful greeting.

The casual visitor will find him friendly and courteous, but not effusive. The strong humanity pervading the man puts one at his ease at once, while with old friends he is genial and hearty and an altogether delightful companion. He has a keen relish for fun and a hearty laugh that is irresistibly contagious. There are evidences about the room of frequent visits to England and his early Yorkshire home, where as a blacksmith's apprentice, with a book in one hand and a hammer in the other, he was working out his destiny, while in a cottage not very far away the sisters Brontë, all unknown to him, were in their sad and beautiful way weaving the fateful thread that binds them to the world.

Although 66 years old Robert Collyer does not show any sign of decadence. His splendid physique, developed by the rugged life of the English smith and the American hammer maker, has stood him in good stead. The mark of time makes itself known in the silvery whiteness of his hair, but has laid no sign of weakness on the strong and massive face.

"This is my workshop," said he to me. "For about three years I have followed the present arrangement. My home life is spent in our apartments at the Strathmore, while in this study I do my work."

Here, then, is spent a large portion of

what may properly be termed Robert Collyer's home life. In the afternoon and evening he is to be found in the pleasant series of rooms on the eighth floor of the Strathmore, the handsome apartment house that stands on Broadway at Fifty-second street, where he lives with his wife and sister. Mrs. Collyer is too delicate for housekeeping cares, and finds the present mode of living preferable to the anxiety of keeping up a house of her own. In these

tastefully furnished rooms Robert Collyer entertains his friends and intimates. An excellent and lifelike portrait of himself in crayon adorns the walls, amid pictures of graceful scenes in this country and Europe. The bric-a-brac and articles of vertu scattered here and there give indication of those frequent trips abroad of which the pastor of the Church of the Messiah is so fond. English scenes, amid which he was born and reared, have evidently a strong hold on his affections.

The man or woman who, seated among these pleasant surroundings, can get Robert Collyer to talk of himself will find that he or she has opened a rich vein of deep interest. His has not been the conventional life of the clergyman.

His grandfather was an English sailor, who in obedience to Nelson's signal that "England expects every man to do his duty," laid down his life at the battle of Trafalgar. Robert Collyer does not trouble himself to trace his lineage further back than that hero.

His father was a Yorkshire blacksmith, and a good one. Whatever could be done with iron in those days he could do. He was a kindly man and earned eighteen shillings a week. Robert always refers to his father in a tone of affectionate regard. "He never thrashed me but once," said he, "for striking my sister—and then cried because I would not yell, begged my pardon, gave me sixpence and took me to a grand 'tuck out' at a club dinner, which was so good that I would have taken any thrashing for the like." There was a kindhearted blacksmith for a father! The elder Collyer was an athletic man, fond of his pipe, his beer and his children. In 1844 he dropped dead at his anvil.

Mrs. Collyer, Robert's mother, I find thus described by Moncure Conway, who visited her near Leeds in 1874: "She is a blonde, beautiful old lady of about 77, with a gentle blue eye and a certain play of humor about eye and mouth which left me at no loss to know where her son got his love of fun. Her voice was clear and kind and her manner in receiving an old friend of her son most cordial."

From this sturdy father and gentle mother Robert Collyer inherited those sterling qualities which have been of great service to him in his long and useful career. From his parents he received good principles and a fine physique; his education he

gave himself. His father's library consisted of four books only—the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Young Man's Companion" and "Robinson Crusoe." From this small nucleus he acquired a yearning for knowledge and a strong love of literature. From his Broadway home overlooking this vast city, three-quarters of a mile from his handsome church, surrounded by books and evidences of refinement and culture, his thoughts, he says, frequently span the vast Atlantic and center on the spot where stood that humble Yorkshire home where he eagerly devoured the contents of those four books, and afterward went to school—four years in all—to a man at Fawcett, named Willie Hardie, whose principal claim to scholarship lay in the fact that he had lost the use of his legs. In those days Robert's favorite books were the Bible and "Robinson Crusoe." It is possible that they are so today.

Of a strongly religious temperament, the young blacksmith took to preaching. In those days his mother had never heard him preach, as she did not reside at Ilkley, where Robert was apprenticed to the old employer of his father. That he was diligent and sensitive at that time is evidenced by the fact that he used to say that if his mother should come in while he was preaching he was sure he should stop short.

Then, the day after his marriage, came the emigration to America, which meant a month of discomfort on the water, during which time he frequently preached to his fellow voyagers; his arrival here and finding work in Pennsylvania as a hammer maker, his preaching and working and friendship for Lucretia Mott and her school of thinkers. Then came his change of views and final severance from the Methodist church. Having taken up the anti-slavery cause with earnest enthusiasm, he fought for it with his fellow workers to the end. He was active in the political campaigns, to the end that slavery should be abolished. In 1859 he united with the Unitarian church, and going to Chicago became a missionary of the church in that city, where, in 1860, he became the minister of Unity church, which, beginning with seven members, gradually grew into a powerful congregation under his earnest preaching.

In 1861 this active man was camp inspector for the sanitary commission. By this time his reputation as a teacher and speaker had extended over the country. In September, 1870, he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, and at once became widely popular.

As we sit in his pleasant room Robert Collyer touches lightly on those things which relate to himself and his work. He is, however, fond of relating incidents of his trips abroad. He has revisited England five times since 1865, each time with increasing interest, and has traveled in other parts of Europe.

When, after an hour's conversation, I take my leave and find myself standing in upper Broadway awaiting a car, the impression is strong upon me that I have just left the presence of a rugged, manly character and a remarkable man.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

A collection of glass flowers, made by a secret process by a Dresden firm, and representing all the families of plants in North America, will soon adorn the botanical shelves of Harvard university. Nearly 400 specimens have already been received, and they are said to be very beautiful.

The full name of Lord Duns, who failed to get a divorce from his wife, Belle Filto, the concert hall singer, is William Frederick Le Poer Trench.

The principal duty of the college president in these days, says Rev. Dr. Storrs, is to get money for the college.

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No. 201.—Numerical Enigma. My whole is a proverb of 30 letters. My 26, 5, 12, 17 is a hard tumor. My 1, 11, 7, 23, 9, 20 is to shake. My 16, 2, 6, 18, 4 is to impel. My 24, 21, 10 is to cut. My 28, 15, 30 is to decay. My 8, 19, 13, 22 is a tumult. My 25, 8, 27, 14 are bullets. My 25 is a vowel.

No. 202.—A Deletion. To whole or last—that caused the strife Between John Bowman and his wife; For John, a peaceable bread winner, Had brought a chicken home for dinner, And while in the kitchen looking, Expressed his preference for the cooking "You must whole it," said John Bowman. "I will not cut it if you last it. But through the window I will cut it," Said the husband in loud voice. Said Mrs. B.: "I'll have my choice, And I would sooner take a lickin' Than at your bidding whole the chicken." If said no more—she gained the day, Which proves the adage, I should say; That women always have their way The inference we may further draw That every woman's will is law.

No. 203.—Buried Authors. 1. There have been vandals who were willing to rob urns of their sacred ashes. 2. This is his cottage who wrote the "Lady of the Lake." 3. We brought from Aleppo pears and pistachio nuts.

No. 204.—Rhymed Word Square. My first means to seize or to hold with the hand; To take forced possession of chattels or land. My second's a term in arithmetic used, And oft with proportion its meaning's confused. My third is to expiate, make an amend; To make reparation to foe or to friend. My fourth is a trigonometrical word, And often with coziness 'tis coupled and heard. My fifth is a gift which few persons possess, No more will I tell you, but leave you to guess.

No. 205.—Rhubus for Little Folks. 1. I took a winding course. 2. Effort. 3. Charged on oath. 4. A plant with neither stamens nor pistils. 5. Ventured. 6. At any time. 7. A twig. 8. A suffix. 9. A letter.



No. 206.—A Letter Puzzle. The fifteen circles represent the fifteen letters of the alphabet which can be formed by straight lines. The words make a sentence referring to these letters. 5 represents a personal pronoun. 10, 4, 5, 9, 6, "to have an idea." 12, 2, a personal pronoun. 4, 1, 11, 2, a verb in frequent use, denoting possession. 10, 4, 2, 8, a personal pronoun. 1, 7, 7, an adjective. 3, 5, 9, 1, 7, 7, 14, "at last." 2, 11, 2, 9, "level," "smooth," "equal." 13, a prefix denoting "past." 15, Dutch word for "sea."

No. 207.—Half Square. 1. Took a winding course. 2. Effort. 3. Charged on oath. 4. A plant with neither stamens nor pistils. 5. Ventured. 6. At any time. 7. A twig. 8. A suffix. 9. A letter.

No. 208.—Central Acrostic. The words described are of unequal length, but when rightly guessed the initial letters will all be the same, and the central letters will spell the name of an American poet.

No. 209.—Initial Changes. Change the initial of a deceiver, and make a place of entertainment; Of a suite, and make a kind of writ or action; Of to derogate, and make to recant; Of small cords to fasten sails, and make small boxes for jewels; Of a plank next to a ship's keel, and make a river fish; Of a reading, and make the act of cutting.

No. 210.—Beholdings. Of letters five I am composed, A food within me is inclosed; Behold me once and I'll reveal What lazy people hate to feel; Behold again and you will know What every day you have to do; Again behold me and you'll see A proposition I will be.

Modern Versions. People no longer laugh—they indulge in merriment. They don't walk—they promenade; they never eat any food—they partake of refreshment. Nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting the girls—they pay the young ladies great attention. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest or seek your pillow. Nor would you build a house—you would erect it.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 195.—A Rhomboid: P L A I D T R E A R S C H O R D S

No. 196.—An Hour Glass: Centrals, Gladstone. Crosswords: 1. Struggles; 2. Garland; 3. Bland; 4. Ode; 5. St; 6. Ute; 7. Stone; 8. Corners; 9. Expressly.

No. 197.—Transpositions: 1. Calm, clam; 2. Salt, last; 3. Spot, top; 4. Law,awl; 5. Save, vase; 6. Fits, fist; 7. Sneak, snake; 8. East, seat; 9. Fish, shelf.

No. 198.—Double Letter Enigma: Wax End No. 199.—A Puzzling Story: Lassa, Milan, Moon, Auburn, Hne, Amber, Black, Red Wing, Organ, Orange, Colley, Golden Horn, Asp-in wall, Peking.

No. 200.—Curtainment: Poet, Poe, Po, P.

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REMEMBER that the present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which the SUPREME COURT OF THE U. S. has decided to be a CONTRACT with the State of Louisiana and part of the Constitution of the State, DOES NOT EXPIRE UNTIL THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1895. The Legislature of Louisiana, which adjourned on the 10th of July of this year, has ordered an AMENDMENT to the Constitution of the State to be submitted to the People at an election in 1892, which will carry the charter of THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY up to the year NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN.