RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The largest increase of Baptists since 1870 has been in the fifteen Southern States, where the gain is 761,418, mostly among the colored people.

—Seventeen female missionaries have been sent by the Church of England Missionary Society to India to labor among the Hindoo women. Four of these have been there before.

—Miss Calista C. Kinne, now living in Oswego, N. Y., in her eightieth year, is claimed to be the oldest lady schoolteacher in the State. She commenced her vocation in Worcester, Otsego County, at the age of sixteen.

—London has a population of four millions and a half. Of this multitude only 60,000 are church members, and only 200,000 are regular attendants at religious services. Of the working population it is stated, on as good authority as the Bishop of Litchfield, that only two per cent. are found in church.

—President McCosh, of Princeton, lately remarked that there is a decrease in the number of college graduates who go into the ministry, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott adds: "There is a decrease in the quality. Some of the best men go into the ministry, but the average, whether measured by the popular standards of college classes or by recitation, is not high."

—As an illustration of the general spread of elementary education in Japan, an inspector of prisons has reported that during the past summer he found all the children attending the prison schools for four or six hours every day, while the adults attended in the evenings and on Sundays. In the chief penal settlement in Tokio he found 300 boys learning rapidly, and was pleased to note in the senior class that the boys were learning ciphering with European figures from one of their own number.

—Some of the friends of the late President of the Pennsylvania Railroad have determined to perpetuate his memory by the erection in Philadelphia of a church, to be called "The Thomas A. Scott Memorial Church," the pews of which shall be free. It is intended to be mainly for the use and benefit of the employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad and their families, and the organization of Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, corner of Thirty-fifth and Spring Garden streets, could probably be utilized for this purpose, as it owns a lot very desirably located, and the congregation is largely composed of employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is proposed to raise $50,000 to build this memorial church.

The Prophetic Goose-Bone.

The readings of the goose-bone indicate a motley winter. There will be a good deal of snow and a few cold days, but no protracted cold weather. In the month of December there will be no very cold weather. During the last of the month there will be a few days when good fires will be cheerful and overcoats comfortable. It will be an exceedingly disagreeable month for outdoor work, with snow or rain every day or two. The probabilities are for a wet, gloomy Christmas.

This kind of weather will continue on through January, with a few cold days sandwiched between rain and snow. About the middle of January there will be a few clear, cold days, when the mercury will go down below zero. The 15th and 16th of January will be as cold days as any experienced in this latitude. The latter part of the month will be wet and gloomy.

There will be more genuine winter weather crowded into the little month of February than in December and January, but there will not be any intense cold. With the exception of the few days about the middle of January, it is not likely that the mercury will go far below zero.

The goose-bone has long been an honored weather prophet. In some of the back counties of Kentucky the farmers make all their arrangements in accordance with the predictions of the goose-bone. In some localities the goose-bone is laid aside, labeled with the year, and it is said that one old farmer in Breathitt County has the bones extending back for more than forty years, and in all that time it is asserted that the bone has never been mistaken in the weather.

To read correctly the winter of any year, take the breast-bone of a goose hatched during the preceding spring. The bone is translucent, and it will be found to be colored and spotted. The dark color and heavy spots indicate cold. If the spots are of a light shade and transparent, wet weather, rain or snow may be looked for.

There are a good many people all over the country who pin their faith to the goose-bone. Of all the weather prophets it is the most honored. The little ground-hog disgraced himself long ago, and now very few people ever watch Candlemas Day, and hogs' melts are no longer trusted in. A few years ago, when Tice and all human weather-prophets predicted the most severe winter ever known, the goose-bone told of a mild winter. The future unrolled just as the bone said it would, and poor old Tice had to change his predictions every day. The goose-bone never changes, and never fails.

The *Post* reporter has examined three bones, one from Southeastern Kentucky, one from Jefferson County, and one from Laporte, Ind. They are identical to one another, and the reading here given will be found the same on the breast-bone of any goose hatched last spring.

Cut this out, lay it aside for reference, and as you crowd up close to the fire on the 15th of January, you will be convinced of the great power of the goose-bone.—*Louisville (Ky.) Post.*

A Talk About Children.

"Children are an heritage of the Lord," saith the psalmist. "As arrows in the hand of the mighty. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

Public opinion has changed on this, as on many other subjects, since King David's day, and a large family is now by no means universally accounted a blessing.

In truth, people generally seem disposed to regard as nuisances all children not their own. Boarding-house keepers will none of them; persons with apartments to let "prefer adults;" servants resent the presence of more than one in families seeking "help;" newspapers keep in standing type advertisements styling them "incumbrances," and the question "What shall we do with our children?" seems in danger of taking rank with the Chinese as one of the social problems of the day.

Napoleon I. declared the chief want of his country to be *mothers*, meaning, it need hardly be said, that France lacked nothing so much as citizens trained by good women—mothers who knew their duty and did it. Nor can such training begin too early.

An eminent divine was once asked by a mother when she should begin the education of her four-year-old boy. "Madam," was his answer, "if you have not already begun, you have lost those four years. From the first smile which beams upon an infant's cheeks your opportunity begins."

Nor are such influences less powerful physically than mentally and morally. High medical authorities affirm that the foundation of the health or ill-health of most adults is laid in the nursery. Late hours, irregular meals, improper food, and other carelessness on the part of those who have charge of them in childhood, are the primary causes of many of the nervous diseases so frequent among American men, and especially among American women. For this mothers are chiefly responsible. Much, it is true, depends on the material itself. Not even the most expert workman can fashion a Sevres vase from common clay. Yet his it is to choose the form into which he will mold his lump of clay. And none the less is he bound to do his best, that some unforseen chance may possibly mar the work to which he has given his utmost care.

How many women live in history of whom the world would have known nothing but for their children! Those who worthily wear the crown of motherhood are ever those who prize it most, and none save such as have wept in its darkness know how black a shadow a child's coffin may cast over a household.

Children have their rights, which older persons are unhappily prone to ignore, and chief among these is the right to be *children*. Men and women in miniature, copying the airs and graces of their elders; flirting and gossipping, dancing at parties when they should be sound asleep in their cribs; is this what the fashionable world has to offer us in exchange for the natural, light-hearted, healthy boys and girls of half a century ago?

Hot-house fruits and vegetables may be most costly, and ripen earliest, but do they not lack the rich, full flavor of their congeners grown in the open air, with the sunshine glowing in their cheeks and the freshness of earth's dews in their juices.

Therefore, do not dress the little folks in garments too costly for the wearer to play in, nor impose unnecessary restrictions upon them.

Try to make their childhood as happy as possible—a season of which they may tell their children in days to come, when perhaps the grass will be growing over your grave.

Let yourself down to their level now and then; it will do you no harm, and give them pleasant memories of you hereafter. The father who never romps with his boy will find it difficult to secure the confidence of his grown-up son; the mother who has no sympathy for the baby crying over a broken doll may live to see her daughter turn to others for comfort.

Those who would win the confidence of their children must begin the work in their babyhood; never deceiving them, and remembering always that "example is more powerful than precept." It is useless to tell a child not to do a thing which he sees you do daily, and every parent is more or less the model on which the character of the child is formed.

The claim of parental infallibility is also a dangerous one to assert. It may be a little mortifying, yet it is better to acknowledge—"Mother didn't knew" "Father was mistaken"—than to insist you are right when your child knows you are wrong.

Humanity is fallible, and it is to be doubted if the most conscientious mother does her whole duty toward her children. True, I have known a complacent old lady fold her soft hands and contentedly affirm that *she* had always done her duty by hers, and that if they turned out badly she should hold herself in no sense responsible. But such self-satisfaction is rare, and the best of us have cause to mourn over sins of omission and commission every day of our lives.

Yet those who strive prayerfully and earnestly to "train up their children in the way in which they should go," taking care to walk themselves also in it before them, have God's promise that their labor shall not be in vain.—*Cor. Christian Union.*

—A solid polished brass pulpit has been erected in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, "To the glory of God and the living memory of Joshua Lippincott, who died October 2, 1880."

Youths' Department.

A FUNNY ITTLLE BOY.

A funny little chin,
A funny little nose,
A funny little grin,
Ten funny little toes,
Two funny little eyes,
And funny little hands:
How funnily he tries
To give his wee commands.

A funny little chat
With funny little bees,
A funny little cat,
And funny toads and trees,
A funny little dress,
A funny laugh of joy;
May Heaven ever bless
My funny little boy!

A funny little sigh,
A funny little head
That funnily will try
To miss the time for bed,
A funny little peep
From funny eyes that gleam,
A funny little sleep,
A funny little dream.

—*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

THE BABY'S ESCAPADE.

Once upon a time—"all on a summer's day"—a small white bundle might have been seen half lying on a grassy bank, in a certain garden in the northern part of Germany. We all know that "appearances is deceitful;" but this small white bundle certainly looked nothing more nor less than a baby's pillow a good deal trimmed with lace and embroidery, on which was tied with two or three straps of scarlet ribbon, German fashion, something that looked very like a baby. I looked very like a baby, and it cried very like a baby. I suppose you would have called it a baby.

It was a pretty little thing, whatever you would have called it. The small pink face shone forth from a daintily embroidered cap. It had two great eyes as blue as pimpernels, a pair of the sweetest dimples in the world, and a perfect little rosebud of a mouth, that could open into a full-blown rose at the shortest notice, as you will see before this story is done.

It was all alone in the garden. I do not know whether the baby knew she was alone in the garden or not, but she seemed very happy and contented. She sat perfectly still, much engaged, apparently, in watching some long willow-branches that went swaying back and forth in the lazy breeze.

"Caw! caw! caw!" screamed a hoarse black crow overhead. There was a "whir-r-r" in the air, and down swooped the crow, lighting—now where do you think? Right on top of that baby.

I shall always maintain that she behaved very well under the circumstances. She did not so much as open her lips till the bold creature began pecking at the scarlet ribbons. You can hardly blame her for giving such a scream *then* that the unwelcome visitor flew off in a hurry.

A stork that happened to be passing heard the commotion, and felt obliged to stop and see what was the matter. She also flew down to the garden, and it was not long before she too spied the little white bundle sitting there under the trees.

The baby had stopped crying by this time, and, all being quiet, Mrs. Stork stepped cautiously forward, every minute stepping nearer and nearer, till at last she could look straight down into the pair of blue eyes.

Gravely the stork surveyed the baby, and gravely the baby surveyed the stork. Neither seemed to know quite what to make of the situation, although soon it began to dawn upon Madame Longlegs that may-be she had the best of it, and giving her head a toss, her wings a gentle flap, and opening wide her bill, she said softly to herself:

"Hurray! this is a lucky day for you, Mother Stork!"

Casting another glance at the baby, who still did not offer to resent all this familiarity on the part of a stranger, Mrs. Stork, like Master Crow, next concluded to try a taste of those gay ribbons.

The pimpernels shut up in a twinkling. The rosebud kept opening wider and wider. And alas! the harder the baby cried this time, the more delighted the visitor seemed to grow.

"Ahem! it's a real baby and no mistake," whispered the stork, dancing on one leg in high glee, and making noise enough with her wings to have been a dozen of her sisters and brothers. "Hurray! hurray!"

The sound of voices could now be heard in the distance. If the children only needn't have dawdled for once! If the butterflies hadn't led them such a chase through the flower-beds! If—if—if— But then there would have been no story to tell.

And as usual the children *did* dawdle. They run from one rosebush to another in pursuit of a yellow butterfly; they held buttercups under their chins to see whether they liked butter or not; they stopped for a peep of their silly little faces in the clear waters of the fountain; and meanwhile Mrs. Stork had been making up her mind to great things. She had snatched up the little white bundle, and serenely sailed off through the bright summer sky.

"My baby! my baby! why, that *wicked, wicked* creature's got my baby!" was the agonized cry that rose from the garden.

If Mother Stork heard, she did not heed. On she flew with her burden, never resting once till she came to her own home-nest on top of a high barn in a village ever so many miles away.

As for the three young storks, they were very much fluttered, indeed, at the sight of such an unexpected guest. The first thing they did was to hop out of the nest as fast as they could; and having arranged themselves gracefully on one leg in a semi-circle, they gazed solemnly down at their mamma's big prize, while that delighted lady, wishing to show off all its beauties and accomplishments, began pecking again at the scarlet ribbons.

For the third time that day the baby cried. She cried with such a will that the village sexton forgot to play his usual hymn—a thing he had not done in the course of sixty years.

Now, you must know that they were all very good, pious people who lived in that village. And ever since the church had been built, as regularly as two o'clock came round, come rain, come shine, the sexton had climbed the tower stairs, and there on the little balustrade had played a hymn in God's praise. And on this particular afternoon the sexton was just in the act of raising the old brass trumpet to his lips when for the third time that day the baby cried.

The sexton was old, and he was rather deaf, but he heard her; he was old, and he was rather blind, but he saw her—the little white bundle, crying away among the storks. His precious trumpet dropped from his fingers. He seized the rope of the alarm-bell behind him and pulled with all his might.

The baby told the sexton.

And the sexton tolled the bell.

Well, the people came running out of their houses in terror. The cry of fire was spreading up and down the street. Men hurried out of the barns with ladders and pails of water. Some of the women appeared armed with brooms, though what they were going to do with them I'm sure I don't know. Not seeing any fire, they looked bewildered.

"Where' the fire, sexton?" they shouted wildly.

"It's worse than a fire," was the answer from the top of the tower. "The storks have got a child in the nest over yonder. Quick, quick, or they'll be off with it again!"

Ladders were hastily bound together to make them longer. Two or three men were softly creeping up to the barn-roof, when Mrs. Stork, getting a hint of what was going on, picked up the baby, and away she went over all their heads. The fire-engine had arrived on the scene. Some men seized the hose and sent a heavy stream of water full against the extended wings of the mischievous bird. But what was a little sprinkling, more or less, to Madame Stork?

On she sailed, rather slowly at first, enjoying the fun of bringing the peasants out into the fields and woods in pursuit, then faster, till she looked a small black speck in the sky to the excited people watching below, and at last she was out of sight.

By and by she began to near a city. There were a great many houses and spires and chimneys. Outside the town, in an open meadow, a large number of people were collected together. In their midst was a big colored mass of—something the stork didn't know what, and the baby didn't know what; but I will mention to you that it was a balloon.

Presently the balloon was loosed from its moorings, and with a bound ascended grandly into the air. A thousand pairs of eyes were watching it, and a thousand mouths were praising its graceful motion, when the thousand pairs of eyes fell upon the stork—and the balloon was forgotten. The people were wild with excitement. Cries of horror and lamenting were heard on every side. A huntsman fired a few shots, though without much effect.

"Keep close to the balloon, Mother Stork. Keep close to the balloon and you'll be all safe," whispered the wise bird to herself.

Attached to the balloon there was a boat, in which were seated a man and a woman.

"A child! a child!" exclaimed the woman, discerning the baby as the stork drew near. "Oh, you *dear* little thing!" she cried, talking first to the baby and then to her husband. "Oh, do let us try to save it!"

The wind was driving the balloon along at a rapid rate, so rapid that the stork had hard work to keep up, for she had traveled many a mile already, and was growing short of breath. Still there was the sound of those disagreeable leaden balls haunting her ears, and she pressed on as long as she could.

Baby grew somewhat uneasy however. The pincers that had been pinching her up so tightly certainly were loosing their hold.

Baby felt herself going—going—

"Ah!" said the woman in the balloon, giving a deep sigh of relief; "I thought we should have to lose her after all. I call myself a pretty lucky woman now, to find a baby in the clouds!"

"Wife," said the man, passing his fingers over the little white bundle; "the fog is so thick I can't see very well; but by the feeling of so much fine lace and ribbon I should say it was the child of rich parents. If so, our fortune is made. We have only to advertise it in the paper."

"Right!" was the answer. "They'll pay any sum for the sake of getting it back. I shouldn't wonder if we got enough to build a new house and live in ease all the rest of our days. That is, if it's—" she stopped in dismay as a new thought struck her—"living. It don't move. It's so still, I'm afraid it's dead. They'll never give us anything for a dead baby. Do you suppose the poor thing can have died of fright?"

"Oh, toss it a little!" suggested the man.

So the baby was tossed and rocked back and forth in the woman's arms, and being hugged *very* hard, it gave a faint cry.

"It's crying! it's crying!" was the joyful exclamation; and the happy man, feeling sure now that their fortune was made, was ready to get back to the earth as soon as might be.

The gas was allowed to escape. The air became gradually purer. Little by little, tiny black points began to be visible through the thick clouds, and little by little, these tiny black points turned into substantial mountains and churches and trees and houses. There was a river, too, unpleasantly near.

Is it a law of nature that all balloons shall come down in the middle of a river? It would seem so almost, and this one was no exception to the general rule. There was a tremendous "splash!" and the man and woman, in such gay spirits only ten minutes before, were floundering about in the water, clinging to the overturned boat.

But the baby was very comfortable, floating down stream on her pillow, as if it had been an Indian canoe. It was very amusing. There were various pleasant sights at hand; some lambkins as white as snow playing together; an old gray-bearded goat teasing a frisky young one; long patches of forget-me-nots along the bank; and a whole troop of silver-backed fishes constantly darting up out of the water.

On she floated serenely among the pleasant sights, until, suddenly, a strong arm drew the little white bundle very carefully out of the river.

"Bless my stars!" said a great coarse man's voice, slowly: "bless my stars! It's no more a baby than I am! It's only some little girl's big crying doll!"—*Wide-Awake.*

Changing Places.

A citizen who has an office in the top story of a block on Griswold Street had half a ton of coal dumped on the walk the other day, and the cart hadn't yet disappeared when a boy came puffing up stairs and called out:

"Say, want that coal lugged up?"

"That's no way to address a person," replied the man. "Why don't you address me in a civil, polite manner?"

"Dunno how," answered the boy.

"Well, I'll show you. Sit down here and suppose you are the owner of the office and I am a boy who wants to bring up your coal."

He stepped into the hall and knocked on the door, and, as the boy cried "come in," the man entered the room with his hat in his hand and began:

"Beg pardon, sir, but you have some coal on the walk below."

"Yes."

"Shall I bring it up for you?"

"Oh, certainly."

"How much will you pay?"

"Well," replied the boy as he looked around at the scanty furniture, "I generally promise a boy fifteen cents and shove a bogus quarter on him, but seeing it's you, and you are the only support of a large family, if you'll bring up that coal and put it in that box, I'll give you my whole income for a year and a half and a pair of old boots in the bargain."

"Boy, what do you mean?" demanded the man, as he flushed up.

But the boy dodged him and reached the stairs, and as he paused at one of the landings to look up, he called out:

"I expected every minute that you'd advise me to get that coal up-stairs before some creditor gobbled it! You can't play boy for shucks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Royalty Robbers.

Secretary Kirkwood, in his report, refers to the crying evil that has afflicted the Northwest for the past fifteen years. While the language is dignified and judicial, it will be seen that he is in dead earnest. The legislation suggested would go far toward suppressing the traveling scoundrels who are plundering the farmers of the Northwest:

"The Commissioner of Patents has called my attention to what appears to be an injustice upon the public, sanctioned by law. Innocent purchasers of patented articles and devices exposed for sale in open market occasionally find themselves prosecuted for infringement. It is sometimes determined, as construed by the courts, that two patents have been issued to different parties for the same invention. One of these must therefore be regarded as void, yet both may have placed their patented articles upon the market in good faith and found ready purchasers who never questioned their liability under the law. Yet the purchasers of the articles or devices manufactured and sold by the patentee of the patent declared void, after the decision of the court, are liable to pay royalty to the successful patentee, although it may be shown that the purchase was made in ignorance of the decision and in perfect good faith. This is wrong, and in many cases tends to grievous hardship. It should be remedied by proper legislation exempting innocent purchasers in open market from any liability for the use of such patented articles or devices."—*Iowa State Register.*

—In some interesting statistics given in reference to suicides, it is asserted that only one woman to every three or four men seeks to destroy herself, a fact that is accounted for by the greater preponderance of religious feeling, hope and the inclination to self-sacrifice which enables woman to struggle on when men sink under in despair. Of all Nations the passionate women of Spain are most given to suicide, and married women of all countries are more prone to yield to the temptation than single ones, and widows are said to care less for life than widowers, who soon find a panacea for their sorrow in taking another wife.

—Alfred Krupp, the owner and creator of the largest gun-foundry in the world, seems to be a greater hero in war-loving Germany than the Chancellor himself. Krupp was born at Essen on April 11, 1811, and as his father was a gunmaker the boy made toys of fire-arms. The lad's genius outstripped all precedent, and more than keeping pace with modern invention he devised implements of death which have terrorized soldiers of nearly every nation.