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THE DIAL



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THE DIAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, AND YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

VOL. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1870.

NO. 1.

THE DIAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY

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Chat with the Children.

It is said to be a difficult task to talk to children, and nobody who has ever tried it has found it an easy thing to do. The large words that are plain enough to grown people, are not proper to be used in talking to the little ones, so that it often happens in the desire of the speaker to use simple language, he uses only that which is weak, and his thoughts and ideas become diluted or watery, just as too much water put into tea or coffee makes them simply insipid. But, after all, it is easier to talk to children than to write to them; those who have tried both ways say so. But in each number of the DIAL there is to be an attempt at a talk with the children. We shall see how it will come out, by-and-by.

One thing may as well be said at the outset: In this chat with the children the plural form of the personal pronoun, the editorial "we," is to be dropped. I shall talk to the young readers of the DIAL, as far as possible, face to face, and so I shall not employ the more dignified "we," which is in general use, and will be used in other parts of the paper.

Just here, I am moved to say a word to the children about being constant. Now what I mean by being constant is, to be patient in the pursuit of whatever you may be engaged. In this country, where there are so many attractions, on the right hand and on the left, so many things to engage the attention, that there is great danger that the children who are now growing up will not amount to much, unless they early learn to be constant in the pursuit which they choose. When you are studying your lessons for school, be constant to that and keep your attention on it; when you are at work about the little tasks that are allotted you, be constant and try to think of nothing else. The man or child that is always jumping about from one thing to another never amounts to much. All of the great men and women of the world, have been great only through patient constancy to their chosen pursuit. What made Dr. Kane famous, was not so much the courage and boldness with

which he went on long and dangerous voyages to the North Pole. It was because he was persevering, or, as we might say, constant to his great purpose, that he made his name beloved where ever men admire pluck, energy and perseverance. Again and again, in the face of great difficulties and dangers, he pressed his way into the frozen regions of the North, until people learned that he was in earnest, and meant to do all that he succeeded in doing. If he had been like a little girl who leaves her lesson half-studied, or a boy who has his play-room filled with half-finished kites, boats and other toys, and his shelf filled with half-read books, he never would have made much noise in the world.

But it is not for the purpose merely of making a noise in the world that I would have you be constant to the work, or play, or duty which you have on hand. We must all remember that the highest duty which we owe to our fellow man is, to make our lives of some use to others. And we can only be useful as we are constant in our work. A carpenter who only half knows his trade is a real nuisance, and works as a lame man might work; a teacher who is half-taught cannot do so much good in the world as one who has been constant in his studies, and knows all of his business; a lawyer who has only half of his profession in his mind, is only a hindrance and a great bother to everybody who has anything to do with him. To be constant, and to learn all that we can of everything that we take up, whether work or play, and to *stick to it*, is to succeed in life.

Let me tell you a story of an old schoolmate of mine. Years ago, in my home in New England, one of my schoolmates was Ned Williams, a sturdy, good-natured boy, who had no great gift that I know of, except that he was always very much in earnest in anything that he took hold of. If he skated, he skated the best he knew, and stuck to it; if he studied, he studied hard, and he had to study hard, because he was not so quick to learn as some boys; if he had anything to do, I recollect very well that he did it thoroughly and well. Ned and I were very good friends; he was two years younger than I, and when he went away from home to study in the Naval Academy, I was very sorry to lose so good a playmate, for he was a pleasant boy, and his sturdy patience and industry made him a useful companion in all the sports which country boys have. After a few years of study, Ned entered

the Navy, and we saw him once in a while, very gay in his gold-laced uniform, and very much envied by the rest of the boys, you may be sure. The same habits which he had as a boy grew up with him to manhood, and, whatever faults he had (and we all have faults), he was noted for his zeal in learning all that could be learned of his profession; it was not because he had a thirst for knowledge, but because he was constant to his pursuit in life. He had made up his mind to be a Naval officer, and he resolved to know his business well, and to stick to it. He and I had many long talks about this when we met, during the time that he was growing up in the Navy.

I have not space enough to tell you how Ned Williams grew to be a first rate Naval officer, as of course he must have grown, as he had so made up his mind to be. All who knew him unite in saying that he was a thorough sailor; he had done his whole duty always. How he was imprisoned for the sake of his country, and how he behaved gallantly always, because it was his duty, you must guess. A few months ago, while he was Commander of the United States ship Oneida, he was sailing out of the harbor of Kaugawa, in Japan, another vessel, the Bombay, in the darkness of the night, ran into the Oneida, cut her down to the water's edge, and, in a few moments, nearly all on board, almost two hundred men, were swallowed beneath the waves, and all was over. While the poor wounded ship was sinking, somebody said to Commander Williams, who stood on the deck, that he ought to go into the boat which could save some of the men. But only a few could go; it would look cowardly for the Captain to leave his men to go down to certain death, while he saved himself; so he said: "My post of duty is here." And there he remained until the sea closed over him, dying like a noble hero, at his post of duty. I am glad to say that he died with a Christian's hope in his heart, and died as a Christian should—doing his whole duty.

I have told you this story because it is a true one, and shows you how constancy to purpose makes the highest success in life. Have a purpose, and stick to it. As long as the world loves to hear and tell of heroic actions, so long the name of Edward Patterson Williams will be honored and loved. His single purpose in life was to faithfully serve his country wherever he should be ordered. That devotion and constancy to his purpose made him the hero that he was, and as no noble action is without its good and ennobling

effect upon the world, so the life of Williams, ending as it did, in the midst of his manhood, was a success, and it had its perfect flower and fruit. Not every child can grow into a hero or heroine, but that constancy and devotion which I have been talking about will make each one happy, useful and successful in the world we live in.

A Breezy Talk.

Henry Ward Beecher has as many stones thrown at him as the next man; but he does not allow them to arrest his work, nor disturb his cheerful faith in God and His creatures. See how genially he discourses of cats in his last *Christian Union*:

THE HOOSIER CAT.—When we profess a warm liking for cats, we don't wish to be judged by too rigorous an ideal. We do not like them above all animals, but simply among other things. It is folly to compare them with horses, dogs, birds, and judge them by qualities which they were not sent into the world to possess. It is as cats that we like them. They hold a place in the series which nothing else can fill, and in their place they are to be admired. They are reproached with fierceness, with selfishness, with treachery. But the fierceness is ancestral. Ferocity has softened down in them to mere official severity. The cat is appointed of men to destroy vermin. It must match itself with the game it hunts. In the battle of wainscots and crevices where rats do harbor, and mice, cats *must* be fierce. Every litter of rats is a threat at the pantry and cupboard, and a defiance to cats. What a cat's normal constitution is, we have no book that discloses. But if there is a rudimentary conscience in a cat, without doubt this alleged fierceness is but an irregular action of the moral sense. It is eagerness in performance of duty. Do we not see like inflections of conscience in the human race? Is the cat anything but the inquisitor of the cellar and the barn? Is it not the heresy-hunter of the feline sect? With what unerring instinct does it suspect! How keen is its eye, how stiff its bearing, and how terrible its spring, when some luckless heretic of the granary or cupboard ventures to publish himself? If nature has whispered to the cat, "Lo, I make thee ruler over all vermin," ought not every conscientious cat to exercise judgment to the uttermost?

They are called selfish. We sorrowfully admit that cats are not generous—but we see no evidence of a grasping, avaricious selfishness. They have self-respect. They know instinctively whether they are liked or hated. They hold themselves aloof from strangers, because they have had too much experience of the world's opinion of cats. It is said that a cat will court you, rub against your knee, solicit your hand upon her head, for the mere sake of its own pleasure. As this is an exhibition never permitted in human life, it is no wonder that men are disgusted with it! But our own experience and observation teach us that cats are susceptible of attachments among themselves, toward men, and even toward animals of different species. If

kindly treated, they will often manifest as much affection as a dog, following. Last summer, we saw our foreman at Peekskill every day with a troop of cats going forth with him to his work. They followed behind like so many terriers. While he was hewing, or otherwise working, they would lie off in the grass, or sit on the edges of the grass, or creep near the wall; but no sooner did Mr. Turner start for some other place than they gathered behind him and kept company. On one occasion, he was setting out flowers in front of the cottage. One of the Maltese accompanied him. When he stooped down to put in the plant, the cat mounted his back. When Mr. Turner rose, pussy would jump off. As soon as the master stooped down again the cat resumed her place.

One evening, after dark, fearing that some cat-tle had broken in, Mr. Turner made a circuit of the whole farm. Although it was wet under foot and stormy above, the Maltese cat set out unbidden and accompanied Mr. T. over the whole farm, and waited on him back to his own door. Is there not in such a cat something of the fidelity of a dog? A cat is sooner taught the proprieties of life than is a dog, and, when well grown, with half a chance, is far neater than dogs or horses. Only birds are as neat as cats. Their power, grace, agility, and shrewdness, are known of all, if we were obliged to choose which we would have, a cat or a dog, we should unhesitatingly say, Bath of them!

The attachment which human beings form to cats speaks well for these domestic hunters. The family cat is as much the joy of children as the family dog.

We have just received from a town in Indiana a boy's letter that is too good to lose:

BOONE COUNTY, Ind., April 3.

MR. BEECHER: *Dear Sir*—I have a nice cat I would like to send you, if I thought it would be acceptable. He is about two years old, is very large, and is a good cat. His color is gray, with white feet and a white nose. My father is going to move to Arkansas. I asked him if I could take my cat. He said he was not able to pay what it would cost to take him. I then asked him if I could send him to you. He said he was not able. So I thought I would write to you about it myself. I know you like pets. If you do not want the cat, I will not expect to hear from you. And if you do want him, you can let me know. I hope you will not publish my name if you do not want my cat.

Yours, with respect,

Here is a Hoosier boy, who has a favorite cat, and, being about to move to Arkansas, he looks about to find a man on this continent most likely to do justice to the cat; and, blessing on his head! he has selected us! It is the most flattering compliment of our lives. The Universities that were about to offer degrees can step aside now—we have no need of them.

Yes, by all means, send the cat, in a box by express, directed to Peekskill, N. Y. The expressmen are kind on such occasions, and no doubt will feed Pussy, and see that she has fair play on the road. If they will be reasonable in charges, we shall not begrudge the bill for the sake of receiving the Hoosier boy's cat—to whom we now reply:

MY DEAR BOY—We accept the care of the cat, and will be as good to it as we can. It was a humane thing in you to see that your cat had a good home.

With your leave, she shall be called the "Hoosier Cat." God bless you in your new home.
Truly yours, H. W. N.

Beginning Right.

In an interesting volume entitled "The Young Shetlander and His Home," from the pen of the Rev. Bradford K. Pierce, D. D., the well known chaplain at Randall's Island, New York, we find the following good lesson for young couples the world over, just entering the "new house," or the married state. It illustrates also that the women on the Shetland Islands are particularly serious and devout. The story is of a young couple who had just attained to a house of their own:

After supper, the first night, they were in their "new house," as they termed it, Mary took a small pocket Bible, which had been a present from Jamie in their courting days, out of her chest, and laid it on the table before him, crossed her hands and sat down composedly at his side. He looked first at the book, then at her, and next in the fire, and his face became slightly flushed. When he did not seem inclined to take up the book, Mary said, "But du maun do it, Jamie; du's noo da head o'n family, an' der's naething lek beginnin' richt. Lats gie wirsels ta da Lord at first, an' dan der's nae fear o's, come what may. An' der's naebody here bit wirsels twa, an' du's surely no feard o' me, Jamie?" He took the book, read a psalm, offered a short but earnest prayer, after which Mary kissed and caressed him, saying she was proud of him, and that he was the best man in the world.

ONLY A CENT.—The old bookkeeper looked from his ledger and over his desk, to see the same little delicate girl of five years of age who had regularly visited him for months past. As the winter blast grew colder, she seemed to grow more attenuated, and her little bare feet were as red as beets upon the frozen ground.

"Have you no shoes, child?"

She did not answer, other than by a melancholy shake of the head, rich with beautiful but unkempt hair.

The old bookkeeper was in earnest, and seating the child upon a chair, he obtained the measure of her little foot, and dispatched a messenger on a mission from which he soon returned with substantial shoes and warm stockings, enough to last the winter through.

"Now, never come back here unless you come well shod. D'ye hear?"

She nodded her understanding of the condition of affairs and tripped away. But the next day her benefactor was seized with the idea to go and see how the little one lived. One day had made a great change, for he found the little one a corpse, for whom the coffin had already been prepared.

"When my mother says no, there's no yes in it." Here is a sermon in a nut-shell. Multitudes of parents say "no," but after a good deal of teasing and debate, it finally becomes yes. Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children, but firmness, decision, inflexibility and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

A Father Reclaimed.

The following moving incident is related by John B. Gough:

I was once asked by Mr. Grant to call on two young ladies, who had desired to see me. I went to the house, was shown into a room, and received by a young lady who motioned me to a seat. As I sat there for a few moments, waiting for her to speak to me, I gave a glance round the room. There were evidences of better days—"lang syne," though I shivered, for there was no fire in the grate, and the weather was cold, when the young lady said: "Mr. Gough, my sister intended to meet you with me, but she has sprained her ankle, and is unable to see you. My mother has been confined to her room for many weeks, and to her bed for some days. O, sir, it is hard for a daughter to speak of a father's intemperance; but what can I do? I have sent for you as a last resort. My father is good and kind when free from drink, but when under its influence is cruel—he actually robs us of the common necessities of life—and I would not ask you to sit in a cold room had we materials for a fire." I involuntarily glanced at a piano-forte that stood in a corner of the room. She noticed it, and said very quickly: "You may think that pride and poverty go together; and they do. You wonder why I do not sell my piano-forte. I cannot sell it. My father bought it for me on my birthday years ago. It is like an old friend. I learned to play on it. Mother likes to hear the tunes that reminds us of days gone by—I fear, forever. My father has asked me to sell it: and suppose I did? It would but procure him the means of intoxication for a time, and we should be little better for the sale. I cannot sell it. I will not part from my piano unless my father takes it away by force."

I left them. Mr. Grant sent them provisions and wood. In a day or two I called again. The father was there. After a short conversation, he said, to my surprise: "Mr. Gough, have you a pledge with you?" "I have." "I will sign it." I immediately produced it; he at once wrote his name, and stood up a pledged man, no more to drink intoxicating liquor. I watched the young girl when he said, "I will sign." She clasped her hands; with lips apart her eager eyes watched the pen. She seemed breathlessly anxious, till the name was recorded; then she sprang to him, and twined her arms, as well as she could, around his neck (she was a little creature). How she clung to his breast! Then unclasping her hands, she said, "O, father, I am proud of you. Mr. Gough, he has signed it; he'll never break it. I know him; he'll never break it. No, no, my father will live a sober man. O, father! father!" The tears were running down her cheeks, as he passed his hands caressingly over her face, when she said: "Father, you spoke of selling the piano-forte. We can send for Leonard, and he will sell it to-morrow, and what it brings will pay what we owe, and we shall have something to start with again, shan't we, father?" Yes, the poor heart was comforted, and she would give her piano—her old friend—cheerfully. Why? Because her father would live a sober

man. Oh! you who sneer at temperance, and mock at our pledge, come and look at a scene like this! And, thank God! there have been, and will be many like it!

There is not a man, who has labored in this field of reform, but can give you such incidents by the score—mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, lifted from despair to hope, from anguish to joy. A lady told me her father had been a drunkard for years—had broken his wife's heart—*she* was the only one left of the family that seemed to care for him; and she had devoted herself to him, watching him, nursing him, even going to the grog-shop to take him home. Think of it—a young daughter leading home a drunken father! She induced him to attend a lecture I gave in Philadelphia, in which I described the sorrows of the drunkard's children. He sat there, his hands convulsively twitching; then, turning to her, he said, in a choked voice: "Birdie, dear, did you ever suffer like that with me?" All she could say was, "Oh, father, dear father!" At the close of the lecture he came up and signed it; "and," said the lady, "from that day he never touched it. He lived but six years after, and died a sober man." Thank God for these green spots, these bright gleams of sunshine amid the gloom! I love to call them to mind; they rest me when weary, comfort me in trouble, and have many, many times encouraged me when I have been despondent.

Young Men's Christian Association Conventions.

The next General Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces will be held the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th days of next June.

Let us hope and earnestly pray that by the blessing of God this gathering not only in respect of the numbers representing and represented, but also in the experience of the Master's presence, and the beneficent results attending, shall prove unprecedented in our history.

The General Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world will be held at Amsterdam, Holland, next August. Such members of our American Associations as are intending to visit Europe the coming summer, and who would be able to attend this Convention in Amsterdam, are requested to communicate with the Executive Committee, in New York. It is very important that the Associations on this Continent be represented by delegates at this World's Conference.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE, late president of the Bank of the United States, once dismissed a clerk, because the latter refused to write on the Sabbath. The young man, with a mother dependent upon his exertions, was thus thrown out of employment, by what some would call an over-nice scruple of conscience. But a few days after, Mr. Biddle, being requested to nominate a cashier for another bank, recommended this very individual, and mentioned this very incident as a proof of his trustworthiness. "You can trust him," said he, "for he wouldn't work for me on Sunday."

A Cannon-Ball in the Hat.

An anonymous writer, generally supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon-ball from the Navy Yard, at Charlestown, Mass., and with much trepidation, and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections which, though philosophically trite, are conveyed with much force and freshness.

When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after one or two solitary rolls, I gave it away on the same day to a Prince Streeter.

But, after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing that I ever stole (except a little matter of heart, now and then), and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechising, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same things—going into underground and dirty vaults and gathering up wealth which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and be not a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe this.

I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who has been born above him, and when he got her, he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon-ball in his hat.

I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, and scrupling at no sacrifice of principle, for the sake, at last, of carrying a burden which no man can bear.

All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care; and I am accustomed, in all my walks among men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think there is a man stealing a cannon-ball, or, there's a man with a ball on his head—I know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket, at last gets into his hat like a cannon-ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, evil passions, will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

AS OUR MOTHERS DO.—We were considerably amused, the other day, at three little girls playing among the sage brush in the back yard. Two of them were "making believe keep house" a few yards distance from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them said to the third little girl: "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her; then you go tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and won't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh, that'll be such fun."—Pacific Churchman.

THE DIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1870.

SALUTATORY.

Naturally enough, everybody will look in the first number of any publication for some programme, or announcement of the plan and principle of "the new candidate for public favor," if we may adopt so hackneyed a phrase. The *DIAL* is designed to serve as a means of supplying that want for reading matter for the young, which is frequently referred to by those who have paid much attention to the condition of society on this coast. The paper will be published monthly, and will be devoted to three objects: Sunday Schools, Young Men's Christian Associations, and Temperance. Incidentally, of course, all the questions of moral and religious reform will come into the purview of the conductors of this journal; but, primarily, the leading purpose of the *DIAL* will be sufficiently indicated when it is said to be devoted to the three interests above noted.

There are many excellent religious publications in this State, but all of them are more or less sectarian in character, and none can be said to occupy the place which the *DIAL* desires to fill. The tendency of the times is toward a fuller and freer comingling and fraternization of sects and religious denominations. In the different union efforts in Sunday School and Temperance work, and in Young Men's Christian Associations, this drift of opinions and circumstances is perceptible especially; and, to furnish a channel of communication for all these varied enterprises, to give voice to all those who are interested in them, to reach the men, women and children through a home organ, the *DIAL* is to be published.

We know no denomination, no church, but the name and church of Christ. We hope, by judicious use of the means at our command, to inspire the young with noble purposes, to give instruction and advice that shall arrest and retain attention, and to exert a pure and healthful influence on the minds and morals of the reader, always having in view the fact that the *DIAL* is designed to be received in Sunday Schools, families, and the moral organizations in the interest of which it is published. To further the ends thus briefly shadowed forth, contributions from writers upon the subjects germane to the central purpose of the paper are solicited. Hoping to fill a useful and honorable place in the current literature of the day, we leave the issue with Him who is able to lift up and to cast down.

One Sort of Associated Effort.

It is a little too late to make any argument in favor of the value of associated effort in any department of life. Never before, since men had work to do, was there such a general prevalence of the general idea of association and organization. In every activity, every industry, and in all the social, political, religious, moral and personal relations of life, there is a tendency to co-operation and association. Perhaps the principle may be overworked, perhaps the lack of individuality, of which some complain, is due to the fact that men live in aggregations too much; but, whether this be true or not, it is certain that great results are achieved through these combinations which, otherwise, would never have been reached.

In the Christian church it is especially noticeable that men have come together from different denominations, and have so fused the whole mass of Christian activity that directness, compactness and economy of space and means have been bestowed upon that which, under other conditions, would have been scattered and almost aimless labor. The example of these aggregations or associations in the church has first been set by the contributions of different churches of the same denomination. From there it has naturally spread to the more extended consolidation of many churches of different names and faith. So we have Bible Societies, Ministerial Unions, Evangelical Alliances, Sunday School Unions, and a host of kindred associations, in which Christians, laying aside their denominational differences for the special occasion, work together for the common end. If there can be combinations of men of all political parties to secure purity in politics, and the sanctity and security of the ballot, certainly Christian men and women can readily find aims and objects upon which they can combine to secure. And among these objects we have, for instance, the temperance cause, in which Christian men—and, we may say, moral men—are combined to save from ruin the tempted and the weak. We need not stop to inquire if our helper in such a work as this is Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, or anything else, so that he have the love of God and of his fellow men in his heart. The first thing to be done is to secure help in saving men from the vice of intemperance; denominational or doctrinal differences will not keep us apart if we are agreed that men must and shall be saved. We cannot afford to stop and argue about faiths, creeds, or names, when the man we both want to save is sinking in the gulf of intemperance. If these things should be in the way, it is time we were rid of them.

Another form of associated Christian effort is found in the organization known as the Young Men's Christian Association. The special design of these associations is the aggregation of Christian effort in local fields of labor, first of which is the care for and reclamation of young men; street preachings, visiting the destitute and fallen, circulating moral and religious literature, and various other works engage the attention of those who are combined in these associations, but

these are the prominent features of their scheme of usefulness. We believe that young men thus combined together can do more for the cause of Christ than if scattered among the churches, without the special means in hand for the purpose desired (and desirable) to be accomplished. To care for young men, strangers and friendless, as many in California are, we need a central rallying point, a house or building, a library, reading-room and their conveniences, which no single church can think of sustaining. Nobody denies that these things must be done by somebody; nobody denies that young men are not sooner led to the churches through these associations than they are or can be in any other way. In this common brotherhood of Christ we are animated by the same desire to save from vice, and folly, and destitution, the tempted, the weak and the friendless, which characterize the workers in the temperance cause. But, it is argued, how can these active members of the associations be spared from the individual churches? Or is their activity in the churches gauged somewhat by their activity in the Young Men's Christian Association? We would like to see this conundrum answered by some of those who are so much worried that the general tendency toward associated effort in the cause of Christ, should take this particular form.

Home.

Home is the nursery of the affections. It is love's cradling place. It is the Eden of young attachments. And here should be planted and attended all the germs of love—every seed that shall ever sprout in the heart. And how carefully should they be tended; how guarded against the frosts of jealousy, anger, pride, envy, vanity and ambition. How rooted in the best soil of the heart, and nourished and cultivated by the soul's best husbandry.

If any would have fervent and noble affections—such as give power and glory to the human heart—such as sanctify the soul and make it supremely beautiful—let them cultivate well home feelings; all that make home the most lovely place on earth, the only fit archetype of heaven.

Home is the heart's garden. Its sunshine and its flowers are the same. All its beautiful and its lovely things are here. And here should be experienced care, toil, effort, patience, and whatever may be necessary to make them still more lovely. We cannot honor with too deep reverence the home affections. We cannot cherish them with too much solicitude. Here is the centre of our purest happiness—the springs of our deepest and strongest tides of joy.

When home affections are cultivated, all others follow as a natural consequence. Home is the great seedling place of every affection that grows in the heart. Hence, it behoves us to tend well the hearthstone garden. We should watch, prune and cultivate with all prudence, wisdom, and fervency of spirit. Let the music of the heart swell its notes here in one perpetual anthem of good will. Let offices of love go round like smiles at a feast of joy.

How to Circulate Our Paper.

As the plan of introduction of the DIAL is somewhat novel, it will be necessary to say a few words at the outset as to the method by which we propose to have its circulation managed. Our theory is, that a very large number of each issue of a paper may be circulated at a trifling expense, if we can secure enough advertisements to go far toward meeting the actual cost of paper and labor. We have no salaries to pay, and intend to make this a labor of love, studying always how to get the cost of circulation down to a point that will make the paper as nearly gratuitous as possible. We want to furnish a healthy literature that shall be in the reach of everybody. Twenty thousand copies of the DIAL will be printed monthly, to be scattered broadcast over the State. As an advertising medium, it will offer unsurpassed advantages, without detracting in the least from its merits as a journal.

But, while this large edition of the DIAL will be sent free throughout the State to Sunday Schools, Temperance Organizations, and Young Men's Christian Associations, we ask of the friends of these interests that they will assist us. First, however, every person and society desiring copies of the paper, must send their orders; whatever money can be raised for this work can be sent afterward. The present number of the paper is but an imperfect example of what the paper is to be. You can see if it suits you, and if you want ten, twenty, one hundred, or five hundred copies, send on your orders, and procure all that you desire. And in each church, hamlet, village and settlement, we hope that there will be volunteers, who will raise each month such sums as are available, and send to us by way of aid in the enterprise we have undertaken. The cost of publication, above the original twenty thousand, will be \$10 per thousand; so if one hundred citizens of Sacramento will subscribe each \$1 per month, they will have ten thousand extra copies of the DIAL for circulation in such manner as they may choose.

Let us understand each other, then. The DIAL is to be printed and circulated gratuitously to the extent of twenty thousand copies per month. If you want to help circulate it, send us whatever you can afford to give; and if you want to make an exact business transaction, send us money at the rate of \$10 per thousand, each month, and you shall have your papers. Send your postoffice address, money, etc., to W. O. Andrews & Co., 232 Sutter street, San Francisco, Room 15.

How often do moderate drinkers take refuge when remonstrated with, in the assertion: "I can take a drink, and let it alone. I know when I get enough." We have heard this from the lips of more than one person addicted to the habit of taking an "occasional glass," and as we have followed them through life, we have seen them taking the "occasional" more and more frequently, the custom growing stronger, the temptation greater and greater, until they have finally succumbed to these almost irresistible influences. Reader, your only safety is in total and unqualified abstinence.

Our Name.

Why DIAL? You will ask that question as you glance at the title of our paper. A dial indicates the time of day; it is, in some sense, a reflex of what passes over it. It is a picture of the present time; it points unswervingly; it is as true as as the needle to the pole; it is known and read of all men, with nothing to conceal, but everything open and clear. The DIAL will have these uses: it would be read widely and profitably; it promises to be true and reliable. Hence, we have the DIAL—how do you like it?

In the Rapids.

[From the *Sunday School Advocate*.]

My dear lads, do not drink the first glass of wine, the first draught of lager beer, or other drink of the kind; do not play cards; do not even learn to play cards, however fashionable it may be in the society in which you move; do not learn to smoke. Touch not, taste not, handle not. If you abide by this rule, you certainly will not become a drunkard, a gambler, or a slave to tobacco. But if you begin, it is not certain but you will go too far to return. I have a little story to tell you—and it is perfectly true—as an illustration of this.

In the town in which I now am it happened, seventy years ago or more, that two men, who went to the same church and fished together every spring at the same spot by the falls, had a quarrel. Mr. Burdock said that Mr. Yew had wronged him, and ought to confess it and ask his pardon. Mr. Yew said he had done no such wrong, and he never would ask his pardon. Mr. Burdock insisted on the wrong, and said, "You shall ask my pardon, and I will at some time oblige you to do it."

Weeks passed on and Mr. Burdock appeared to have forgotten the threat. They were accustomed to go out frequently on the river together, and their boat was a log canoe. Perhaps you never heard of one. It was dug from a log something in shape like an Indian's birch bark canoe; an awkward sort of boat, one would think, but these men knew perfectly well how to manage it.

Once when they were out in this way, just above the falls, Mr. Burdock, who stood in the stern and could steer as he pleased, said, "Now, Mr. Yew, if you do not confess you have wronged me and ask my pardon, I will carry you right over the falls."

Mr. Yew did not believe his neighbor would risk his own life in this way, and he determined to show as much obstinacy as Mr. Burdock could. So he said:

"I shan't do any such thing."

The other man steered resolutely for the rapids. Both men knew exactly the very point to which it was safe to go, and beyond which there was no return. The canoe reached that spot. Mr. Yew looked in his neighbor's face. He could see nothing there but dogged obstinacy. The man cared more for his own way than he did to save his life.

"I confess I wronged you," said the other bas-

tily, even falling on his knees in his earnestness, some say. "I confess—I beg your pardon."

Then they used their paddles as they never did before. It was a dreadful struggle. For a time the astonished bystanders on the shore were in doubt if they could save themselves. By the most violent effort they held the canoe in that very spot in the rapids in which they were when Mr. Yew made the hasty concession. But not one inch could they gain. After a time, by repeated vigorous strokes of the paddles, using all their power of muscle, they managed to gain a little, then a little more, until they drew themselves out of the rapids and made for the shore.

You see into what trouble and danger these wrong-headed men brought themselves. In one moment more they could not have prevented themselves from going over the falls. Just so, if you begin to walk in these little green by-ways which lead to the road where wicked men are traveling, you cannot tell, nobody can tell you, that you will go so far you cannot return. For every drunkard and gambler was once a harmless little child. He made a beginning in learning to drink, to smoke, and to swear. Most likely when he learned these habits of evil boys or men, he did not expect to become the lost or vile creature which he is. He did not expect, any more than you do, to fill a drunkard's grave. Some such persons do turn and reform, but it is as difficult for them as it was for these men in the rapids to return to the shore. But it is well worth the effort. If those men, periling their lives in their folly, had reason to use every effort possible to escape, how much more ought men to try to escape the eternal destruction which comes from sin! But don't begin in these evil ways, boys. Keep away from the rapids.

A New Sect.

A new religious sect has arisen in Boston, the members of which call themselves "Bible Christians." They think they have an insight as to the meaning of the Bible that has been given to none before them, and from this they have learned the mistake that has been made in the observance of the Lord's day. A converted Methodist minister preaches to them. He and they hold that he is a prophet of the latter days, and they point to a verse in Malachi in which his coming is foretold. The Lord has them in special care, as they believe, and they need take no thought for to-morrow as regards worldly matters. The whole Christian world is soon to join them, and this year, they say, will hardly pass before this result is made manifest. Holding these views, a teacher in one of the public schools—said to be a most estimable, practical and sensible lady, of several years of service in her profession—has resigned because of conscientious scruples as to teaching on Saturday. This new sect appears in this particular to tread on the heels of Judaism.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—To make the little space which we devote to advertising as valuable as possible, we shall advertise only one business of a kind in the same number of the DIAL.

ONE OF THE LARGEST

And most thoroughly established banks in the United States is the

Bank of California,

With a paid-up capital of \$5,000,000 in gold.

D. O. MILLS.....President.

W. C. RALSTON.....Cashier.

This Company is extending its operations to all parts of the world.

A MORBID EXPERIENCE.—"There is a large class who would confound nature and grace. These are chiefly women. They sit at home, nursing themselves over a fire, and trace up the natural effects of solitude and want of air and exercise, into a spiritual desertion. They are unwilling to allow so simple and natural a cause of their feelings, and wish to find something in the thing more sublime."

N. P. COLE & CO.,

We know to possess one of the largest and finest stocks of FURNITURE and BEDDING in this city. They both import and manufacture, and doubtless possess all the advantages the market affords for furnishing goods cheaply. They are good-looking, and appear to be good natured men, and we commend them to all wishing to purchase in their line of business.

Nos. 220 to 226 Bush street, San Francisco.

THE best materials for coating tools and steel instruments, to keep them from rusting, is a preparation composed of three parts of lard and one part of rosin, melted together.

STORM maps are published daily in Paris and St. Petersburg. They are found of great practical value, especially to mariners.

MAIN & WINCHESTER,

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery street, San Francisco. Manufacture and import Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Whip, Collars, Saddle Ware, etc., and Leather of every description. They are also Sole Agents for Hall's Concord Harness and Collars.

Their stock is large, and are selling at Wholesale and Retail.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.—A boy was lately caught stealing currants, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young mind could invent, he proposed, "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my father, he'll pay for the currants, and lick me besides." The grocer could not withstand this appeal, and released the urchin.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAM NAVIGATION CO.,

Has been doing business on our bays and rivers for more than sixteen years, and has now a capital stock of

\$2,500,000.

It has been one of our most valuable and permanent institutions. The principal officers are:

R. M. HARTMAN.....President.

W. H. TAYLOR.....Vice President.

H. O. PERRY.....Secretary.

On Fifth street, New York, there is a small church of Christian Israelites, who have maintained regular worship for more than twenty years. They believe that the twelve tribes of Israel now scattered on the earth are to be gathered together and brought to embrace Christianity as the first step toward the evangelization of the race. Their dress is like that of the Quakers, and their services are in English and German.

THE TAYLOR JUG.—Dr. Tyng met an emigrant family going west. On one of the wagons hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the Doctor. "Why, that is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the Doctor, again. "I had a son in Gen. Taylor's army in Mexico, and the General always told him to carry his whisky jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it."

THOS. H. SELBY & CO.,

Nos. 116 and 118 California street, San Francisco, Import

Iron, Steel, Copper, Zinc,

Plumbing Goods, and manufacture Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Drop Shot, &c., and are the proprietors of the Selby Lead & Silver Smelting Works, of San Francisco. Crude Lead and Silver Bars are purchased.

"BUILD your walls: I can fly over them," says Henry Ward Beecher. "I should like to see anybody build walls that my eagles cannot scale! Make your apartments; nevertheless you are mine. I own every man who preaches from the heart to the heart on earth. My name may not be down on his roll; but his name is down on my roll—which is just as good."

WELLS, FARGO & CO.,**Express and Exchange Company.**

With a capital of \$10,000,000, is doing business in all parts of the United States, British Columbia, Mexico, and Europe.

CHARLES E. McLANE, General Agent for the Pacific Coast.

AT ONE of the stations on a certain railway, recently, an anxious inquirer came to the door of the baggage-car and said: "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage man rolled out a keg of whisky. "Anything more?" asked the wet grocer. "Yes," said the baggage man, "there's a grave-stone that goes with that liquor."

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY.

With a cash capital of \$10,000,000, and assets amounting in January 1st, 1870, to \$1,998,540.80, taking risks on the Ocean and Inland, is made amply sure by the liabilities of some Sixty Directors from all parts of the Pacific States, and New York.

J. HUNT.....President.

A. J. Ralston.....Secretary.

H. H. Bigelow.....General Agent.

422 California street, San Francisco.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America will meet in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., on Thursday, the 19th day of May.

COTTON in spools or woven may, according to further, be rendered water-proof by immersion into an alcoholic or benzolic solution of paraffine, when the same also will be very glossy.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

One of the oldest firms of San Francisco, is established at Nos. 212 and 214 Washington street where they have one of the largest stocks of Bruggs' Glassware, Assayers' Materials, of any in this city. We would call special attention to the fact that

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

Wish to sell all of their goods, and stand ready at any time to contract to that effect.

A GRAND PLACE TO LIVE IS AT THE GRAND HOTEL,

Southeast corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, San Francisco.

This Elegant Hotel is just completed, and is opened by

Johnson & Co.

This Hotel has been fitted up with the greatest splendor, and it is sure to be favorably known in Europe and the Islands, as well as in every part of our own country.

THE writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

AN American orator, who had raised his audience to a great height by his lofty sayings, exclaimed, "I will now close in the beautiful and expressive language of the poet—I forget his name—and—and I forget what he said, too."

W. K. VANDERSLICE & CO.,**SILVERSMITHS,**

810 Montgomery street, three doors north of Jackson, manufacture and sell all kinds of SOLID SILVER WARE, wholesale and retail.

These gentlemen commenced business when San Francisco was down near Jackson street. They rely upon the merits of their wares and fair prices to bring them custom. They are doing a good business.

In Hartford 38 Israelites have built a synagogue to worship in, not liking the mode of worship at other synagogues. They ignore all the modern reforms in their religion, and remain steadfast to their original orthodox doctrines.

A NEW crystalline combination of tin, platinum and stannic acid has been discovered by R. Schneider.

PERKINS, FLINT & CO.,**Wool Commission Merchants.**

Warehouses and offices, southwest corner Battery and Greenwich streets, San Francisco.

JAMES E. PERKINS,

THOMAS FLINT,

BENJAMIN FLINT,

LEWELLYN HIXBY.

ONE of the most terrible results of the lowest wages paid in civilized countries, is the reduction of the unfortunate French workers to the condition when to be vicious seems to be more natural than to be virtuous.

STRONG phosphoric acid, condensed so as to retain but three equivalents of water, crystallizes in beautiful transparent prisms upon cooling.

THE CALIFORNIA BUSINESS UNIVERSITY,

201 Montgomery street, San Francisco, E. P. Heald, President, is one of our most valuable institutions; not only for the rudiments of business which it disseminates, but for the excellent paper which it sends forth monthly to the community.

Such institutions cannot be too highly prized, and in the midst of the forthcoming greatness of our State, if properly conducted, we predict for it a successful and useful career.

GOOD SOCIETY.—"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

A few drops of glycerine, added to a pint of any writing fluid, changes it at once into copying ink.

THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF

HAWLEY & CO.,

Corner of California and Battery streets, San Francisco, have on hand the Clipper Mower and Reaper, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Cayuga Chief Reaper and Mower, McCormick's Hand and Self-Raking Reapers. The celebrated Marsh Harvesters, Sweepstakes, Threshers, Vibrator Threshers, Wheeler & Milick's Two-Horse Threshers, the new Improved Geyser Thresher, with a full assortment of Agricultural tools and Hardware.

Of the 3,043 Congregational Churches in this country, 1,150, a little more than one-half, are in New England, 336 in the Middle States, 32 in the South, 64 on the Pacific slope, and 1,177 in the interior.

A NEW fire escape, in the shape of a long rubber tube, has made its appearance. Through it persons slide slowly to the ground from any height, free from dizziness or danger.

J. W. TUCKER,

No. 101 Montgomery Street,

Continues to lead in the importation and manufacture of Jewelry, and doubtless has the finest stock on this coast.

The quality and price of his goods secure for him a large trade. As he is known to possess superior advantages in his business, we doubt not he offers great inducements to dealers.

WHEN the war broke out Texas had only 3,000,000 cattle. There are now 12,000,000 head of cattle in that State. The total supposed value of all the cattle in the United States was \$100,000,000, and the total annual consumption amounted to 50,000,000 head.

RICH men live on the average, 42 years, but the poor only 30.

IN THE INTEREST OF THE

EDEN DALE CO.,

314 Montgomery street, for the growing of SEMI-TROPICAL FRUITS, Henry Gibbons, M.D., President, we observe:

Our rainless summers give California, for these productions, a large percentage over the Southern Atlantic States, and secures to it the entire United States as its market, with its \$50,000,000 annually paid to foreign producers for these articles.

A PACIFIC telegraph cable is talked of, to connect the American Continent and the Chinese coast by a straight line across the ocean. There can be little doubt that the project will soon be carried out, and this cable, with the completion of the lines now in construction in the Indian Ocean, will complete the girdling of the earth.

THERE is a drunkard to every 74.

COX & NICHOLS,

316 Washington, and 317 and 319 Oregon streets, San Francisco,

Commission Merchants,

And dealers in Leather, Hides, Oils and Tallow. Agents for James S. Mason & Co.'s Challenge Blacking, for the Pacific coast.

JAMES M. COX.

A. C. NICHOLS.

FORTY-TWO TON HAMMER.—In England, a huge steam-hammer, weighing 1,000 tons, is being made for the Russian Government. The hammer-head weighs 42 tons, the anvil-block 500 tons, and it is to be used for forging steel guns.

THE total number of human beings on the earth is computed at 3,000,000,000, and they speak 3,063 known tongues.

The Church Journal thinks it would be well if Protestants would imitate the Romanists in their zeal and punctuality in attending upon public worship. The reason assigned why Protestants are so indifferent is, that few are taught that public worship is a duty of essential obligation.

Out of five hundred persons, only one reaches the age of 80.

J. G. MEUSSDORFFER & BRO.,

Importers of, and wholesale dealers in, Hats, Caps, Hatter's Plushes, Furs, Trimmings, Tools, and everything requisite for the manufacture of Hats, northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, are doubtless the largest dealers in the above-mentioned goods of any in San Francisco. They also have retail stores at various interior towns and cities, which doubtless share in the advantages of this house. All dealers will be sure to call upon them.

"EVERYTHING has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It's a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

Married men are longer lived than the single.

A GRAND PLACE FOR GENTLEMEN TO GET

Their Clothing, is at the

Grand Clothing Store,

Southwest corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco, under the GRAND HOTEL. George B. Davis, the proprietor, has a fine display of goods, and says that no house has facilities for purchasing at lower prices than himself. The inference is that they will sell cheap.

THE Queen of England keeps a little private school of her own, merely for her diversion. She doesn't do the a-b-ab business herself, but by deputy. Thirty boys and thirty girls, selected for good conduct, are provided with dinner every day. No good conduct, no good dinner.

Sixty persons die every minute.

Tall people live longer than short ones.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY.

Stock Company. Capital Stock, \$300,000; C. Spreckles, President. Eggers & Co., 212 California street, Commercial Agents.

This Company having enlarged their capacities for refining, are better prepared to supply the great demand for its various kinds of SUGARS and SYRUPS. California, from the SUGAR BEET and CANE, can supply herself with all its wants of Sugar and Syrup. To this source these refiners are looking with expectations.

THE best and the only safe way to preserve the brain, and every other organ of the body, is to eschew alcohol and all narcotic poisons, eat temperately of such food as has been found by experience to agree with the stomach, avoid late suppers and night study, and sleep as much as nature requires.

The average duration of life is 33½ years.

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,

Publishers and Importers of

Books and Stationery,

Have become restless, and with a discontent that is commendable, taken measures of itself, of its present and future wants, and gone to 721 Market street, where they have built a splendid house, according to the measure of their wants. Their business occupies five floors, 35x170 feet each.

A GRAND APOTHECARY HALL

is that of

B. B. THAYER,

South-east corner of Montgomery and Market streets, under the GRAND HOTEL. The house of Thayer & Co. is also one of the oldest firms of this city, having commenced years ago on Montgomery street, near Olay. Mr. Thayer is conscious that southward the city splendor takes its flight.

A NEW explosive compound called dualine, equal in power to nitro-glycerine, but free from its dangers, has been tried successfully at the Hoosac tunnel. Capt. von Schelika and Lieut. von Dithmar, of Prussia, are the inventors. The latter carried one hundred pounds of the dualine from Germany to this country in a carpet-bag.

Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of 60.

KNAPP & GRANT,

Commission Merchants,

And dealers in all kinds of Country Produce, Fruits, Leather, Hides and Wool. Receive, Buy, Sell and Forward Goods. Orders and consignments solicited.

No. 111 Washington street, San Francisco.

THERE is nothing like being up with the times. "And Satan smote Job with boils" is now rendered: "And Satan smote Job with subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by pointed tumors and suppurating with central cores."

One-fourth of those born die before they are 7 years old, and one-half before the age of 17.

CHAS. S. EATON,

138 Montgomery street, Occidental Block, San Francisco, is Sole Agent for, and has for sale or rent, the celebrated

Hazleton's Piano, and Estey Organ.

Has also the latest Music and Musical Works. Mr. Eaton is an accommodating man, and loves music, and will doubtless do all that he can to supply every dwelling with a Piano or Organ from his store.

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—Ninety-five million of miles is a distance not easy to reduce to practical conception. A good idea may be got by comparison of railway travel. If a train of cars were to leave this earth to-day, and travel without interruption, night and day, making thirty miles per hour, in 347 years and some days it would reach the sun.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,

327 and 329 Sansome street, corner Merchant, San Francisco, importers of

Blank Books and Stationery,

Are doubtless the largest dealers in this line of goods of any in this city.

They keep on hand the Carew celebrated Writing Paper, Shaw's superb Blank Books. Also, a full line of Stationer's Wrapping Paper. Fine cutlery, Gold Pens, etc.

CARELESS CHARITY.—One has no more right to give money to a beggar merely because he is a beggar, than he has to give rum to a man because he is a drunkard. The Bible recommends liberality, but not prodigality. It tells men to 'communicate,' but not to throw away. It urges the duties of distributing to the "necessities of the saints," but not of contributing to the indolence and bad habits of besotted sinners.

C. J. KING, P. D. CODE, T. B. KIMBALL.

P. D. CODE & CO.,

621 and 623 Front street, San Francisco, manufacturers of

Jellies, Jams, Preserves, Pickles,
Ketchup, Sauces, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of superior quality.

Those in want of a good article cleanly put up, can depend upon securing satisfaction in sending orders to the above firm.

Tax Excelsior magazine says "the coming young lady" will be of some use in the world; will cook her own food, earn her own living, and will not die an old maid; will spell correctly, wear a bonnet, darn her own stockings, know how to make doughnuts, and will read her Bible; will mind her health and not confound grace with silly affectation.

THE SECURITY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of New York, E. W. Woolsey, Agent for the Pacific Coast, Office, 416 and 418 California street, San Francisco, has an insurance of \$32,000,000. Policies Non-Forfeiting and incontrovertible. Dividends 50 per cent.

We recognize the Security Life as one of the most thoroughly established Companies.

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.—First, to escape trouble by running away from duty. Second, to become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. Third, to form an independent character except when thrown upon your own resources. Fourth, to be a growing man when you look to your post for influence, instead of bringing influence to your post.

PACIFIC OIL & LEAD WORKS,

For the manufacture of Linseed Oil, White Lead, Zinc, and other Paints, is in successful operation, and prepared to furnish Oil of the first quality for the supply of the Pacific Coast. Also,

Oil Cake and Meal,

Highest price paid for *FLAX-SEED*.
Office Nos. 3 and 5 Front street, San Francisco.
John Benchley, President, S. I. C. Swcezey Secretary.

"Dan," said a little four-year old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey." "We have got one monkey at our house now." "Who is it, Dan?" "You," was the reply. "Then give me a sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." The request was granted.

It is said that the Mormons have 130 cities, towns and villages, and number 200,000 souls.

THE PACIFIC IRON WORKS,

First and Fremont streets, between Mission and Howard, San Francisco, Godlard & Co. proprietors, embracing Foundry, Machine, Boiler, Forging and Smithing, is one of our most valuable institutions. It has been in successful operation fully twenty years, and in the midst of war, iron, silk, sugar and lumber mills yet to be built, we predict for it a busy future.

A three-year old youngster saw a drunken man talking through the street. "Mother," said he "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have done it!"

Reasons like straws upon the surface flow;

He who would search for pearls must dive below

The clergymen cost the United States annually \$12,000,000; the criminality, \$40,000,000; the lawyers, \$20,000,000; intoxicating beverages, \$500,000,000.

True tears make men beautiful. True sorrows are, after all, but the seeds out of which come fairer joys. Sorrow is only the labor-pain when a joy is coming into birth.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS

And Commission Merchants, 309, 311 and 313 Sanson street, doubtless sell more merchandise at public auction than any other house in San Francisco. They advance cash upon merchandise for sale. Sale days, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week. All country merchants would do well to call upon them.

Dart, one of Louis Napoleon's ministers, was one of the peers of France who, years ago, condemned Napoleon to imprisonment for life.

"No man in England thinks of blacking his own boots," said an Englishman to Mr. Lincoln. "Who's boots does he black?" Mr. Lincoln quietly asked.

THE MISSION & PACIFIC WOOLEN MILLS,

Office, 517 and 519 Market street, San Francisco, J. D. Fry, President, Donald McLennan Manager, manufacturer

Blankets, Cloths, Cassimeres,

Business Tweeds, and Military Cloths of various colors. Flannel Cloaks, Showls, Buggy Robes, etc.
A liberal discount allowed to the trade.

HUMANITY may grow into a heavy duty, but then only can we see whether it is really exercised as a sacrifice, and not merely as a pleasure.

A WHITE boy met a colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I 'spect so it won't poke itself into other people's business," was the reply.

A GRAND PLACE FOR MERCHANTS

Of this city and interior towns to purchase

RUBBER CLOTHING,

Is at 607 Market street, under the Grand Hotel, of the
RUBBER CLOTHING COMPANY,

Joseph Fraser, Agent.

A Horse without children is like a lantern and no candles, a garden and no flowers, a vine and no grapes, a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel.

"This tough steak makes me think of a famous old English poet." "That's queer. What poet does it make you think of?" "Chaucer."

CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, CURTAIN GOODS,

\$20,000 worth of Carpets at 50 per cent. reduction. Goods at retail as low as any other house in the city, and will sell by the piece. Such is the advertisement of

E. C. KENNEDY,

215 and 217 Bush street. Those wishing to purchase that kind of goods would do well to call and see him.

CITY OF PARIS,

Northeast corner of Montgomery and Satter streets, San Francisco, is the name of one of the largest importing houses of

Dry Goods and Millinery,

Of any in San Francisco. They have recently removed from 633 Clay street, to northeast corner of Montgomery and Satter streets, under the Occidental Hotel. They sell at wholesale and retail. Call and see their fine store.

A LIVING CHURCH.—Mr. Spurgeon's church owns property worth nearly \$400,000. Their tabernacle has twenty rooms besides the audience room. Their orphanage supports two hundred children; they conduct two large day-schools, and support a hospital for their poor and infirm members. Their theological school educates eighty candidates for the ministry, and provides with religious services over one hundred places in London every Sabbath.

THE NORTH PACIFIC TRANSPORTATION CO.,

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If a man could have half his wishes, he would probably double his troubles.

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A RECENT English steamer that arrived in New York brought two hundred and thirty-six batches of mail matter.

It costs a good deal to be wise, but it don't cost anything to be happy.

True to the core—A good apple.

The Dial.

Devoted to the Interests of Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations.

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To whom all Letters and Exchanges should be addressed.

Saturday Night.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky west,
And curfew clocks, with measured stroke,
Chime in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine come up, with tinkling bells,
Through all the loomy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops,
The smith his silent anvil leaves,
His ringing axe the joiner drops,
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the peddler props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day work and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm,
Pervades the quiet air—
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the hours of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all, since here below
Few Saturdays are ours, at best,
And out of pain and earthly woe,
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God grant us that we yet may know
The Sabbath of the blest.

—Selected.

THE closet door which shuts upon
earth opens upon heaven.

The Drunkard's Son.

[National Temperance Tract.]

A little boy stood in the door of a dilapidated house in the suburbs of a country village. His threadbare dress was of finer texture than seemed appropriate to such a lowly dwelling, and there was an easy gracefulness in the child's manner that bespoke an early training more refined than the children of poverty usually receive.

Eight summers only had the boy seen; but there was an unnatural thoughtfulness on his brow, and as he stood absorbed in the contemplation of a subject evidently painful, his eye gleamed with a strange light, his bosom heaved, the blue veins in his fair young brow grew swollen and rigid, and the deep flush of anger spread over those beautiful features.

"Mother", exclaimed he, turning suddenly toward a pale woman who sat busily plying her needle, "I shall run away. I can't live in this old house and be half-starved, and see you work day and night—and all because my father will get drunk. Yesterday the boys got angry with me, and called me the 'son of a drunkard.' I can't bear it, mother; I will run away."

The mother gazed on her boy as he stood there with clinched fists and gleaming eye, and the hot tears rained down her cheeks; for she knew how it must be for her sensitive boy to meet the cold scorn of the world. "And leave your mother?" was her only answer. It was enough.

"I will never leave my poor mother," said the boy, as he threw himself sobbing on her bosom. "They may call names, if they will; and mother, if we starve, we will starve together," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper.

"We shall not starve, my son," said the mother, kissing him fondly. "He who said, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' will take care of us. Can you trust God, my child?"

"Yes, mother; and I will never leave my dear, good mother." And the child forgot alike his anger and its cause, and with a light heart bounded away to join his playmates.

Day after day passed, and the high

spirit of the boy was often chafed by the scorn and taunts of his companions. The cruelty of an inebriate father and the wretchedness of a drunkard's home, imparted no healing balm, no soothing influence. Yet he loved his mother; for her sake he was willing to endure; and the strong restraints of her love kept him from the vices to which he was constantly and fearfully exposed.

We can not tell his heart-struggles; can not tell how those aspirations to be and to do, rising as they do, in every noble soul, did often gild his future with their radiance, only to be shrouded in darkness by the one reflection, the one withering blight—the aspiring boy was a drunkard's child. Hard, indeed, is the heart of a drunkard. But we can tell how nobly he clung to that mother in all those years, and how honorably and successfully he fills one of the best pulpits in the land, aided in every good work by that wise, loving, and pious mother.

A Manly Answer.

All honor to the boy who cannot be laughed out of doing right. A writer in the *American Messenger* says:

Five boys, pupils in the boarding-school, were in the room. Four of them, contrary to the express rules, engaged in a game of cards. The fifth was not standing and looking on to see how the game would go, but engaged in some work of his own. One of the players was called out.

"Come," said the others to their companion; "it is too bad to have the game stop in the middle. Come and take his place."

"I do not know one card from another."

"That makes no difference. We will teach you. Come. Do not let our sport be spoiled."

The boy perceived that this was the decisive moment. Ah, just such are the critical points, sometimes the turning point of life. His resolution was instantly taken. He made no more excuses, but at once planted himself square upon principle.

"My father does not wish me to play cards, and I shall not act contrary to his wishes."

This ended the matter. It did more. It established his position among his companions. It compelled their respect, and preserved him from temptation for the future.

Such a boy inspires confidence. The incident may seem small in itself, but it gives promise of the future better than thousands of gold. Three sterling qualities are manifested: a conscientious regard for the wishes of parents, superiority to the fear of the ridicule of his companions, and decision. These qualities form a shield and a buckler in regard to all temptation. Happy the boy who is possessed of them. You would expect that his career would be honorable and successful.

Years have passed. That boy has become a man. Various and trying have been the scenes through which he has been called. Severe have been the temptations to which he has been exposed. But he has come forth as gold. No parent weeps, no friend blushes for him.

Are you a son, rich in youth, rich in hope, rich in a good conscience? *Always regard the wishes of your parents.*

A Wife's Prayer.

If every wife would offer daily the following prayer, which we clip from an exchange, there would be less domestic trouble in the world:

"Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and a comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all his accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness and discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen."

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.—This is the way in which a Boston paper speaks of a San Francisco Sunday school meeting:

"That was an impressive scene, the gathering of the Episcopal Sunday schools of San Francisco the other day in Trinity Church, for a meeting with the Eastern delegates. Representatives from eight schools were present, besides a Chinese school, the young Orientals being honored with the front seats of all. Fifteen hundred children were there, occupying the whole floor. Bishop Kip presided, and after devotional services,

introduced Rev. Dr. Paddock of Brooklyn, N. Y., who delivered the first address. Other short addresses were made, and at the close the Chinese class, in their own language, sang 'Happy Land.' What is that about 'a great multitude of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues —?'"

A Happy Heart.

A little boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow, and was the pride of his heart, just then, so I did not wonder to see his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma, if you can't fix it I'll just be as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave sunshiny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little home-sick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Fred tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

Dear little Minnie went to live with the angels a few years ago, but we have a great many such sweet memories to keep of her.

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams everywhere you go.—*Little Corporal.*

Beginning in the Right Way.

The following sketch may very properly come under the head of "old, but good." It is not new, but it is ever new in its application to life's beginnings.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman living in an Eastern town was called out of his bed one morning by several vigorous raps upon his front-door. Hastily dressing himself, he responded to the call, and found standing upon the step an uncouth, roughly-clad boy, with an axe on his shoulder, who, hastily thrusting his hand into his pantaloons-pocket, drew out a small roll, and handing it to Judge H—, said:

"There's seventy-five dollars, which I want you to put in the savings-bank," and hastily turned on his heel and started away.

The Judge, slightly disconcerted at the curious proceeding scarcely knew what to say, till at length recovering his wits, he cried out after the boy:

"Stop! come back here. How did you come by this money?"

"I WORKED, AND EARNED IT, sir. My time was out last night, and I got my money. I've got a job chopping, which I began on this morning, and I thought I'd leave the money with you as I went to my work, and then it wouldn't take up my time this evening when I want to study."

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the judge.

"I wrote it on the paper that I wrapped the money in," shouted the little wood-chopper as he passed on to his work.

That boy's note for a thousand dollars due ten years hence would be as good as gold. If he has health, he will be worth double that then.

He is beginning in the right way. The very day his time was out for the summer, he entered upon another job, and immediately placed the money that he had worked for where that would work for him; and with an economy of time which is more to be praised than his wise forethought with regard to money, he could not endure to have a moment devoted to anything but his books when the long evenings came.

Five years from to-day, with a good education, with good habits, with a few hundred dollars, which he has earned by work, his chances for place in the business and political world will be far greater than those of the spendthrift boy who, born with fortune, begins without knowing the worth of money, and instead of going up goes down.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.—Rev. S. W. Hanks's object lesson, the "Black Valley Railroad" is doing good service in Georgia. A writer from that State to the *American Missionary* says that the picture impresses the Freedmen very strongly. They study it curiously, shake their fists at the engineer, and commiserate the dead and dying, lying along the track. A young merchant who keeps a variety store, and sells liquor among his varieties, observed the picture in the writer's office one day, and thought it was "pretty well got up." But when told that it was hard on men who sell liquor, he replied "We have to do it."

A writer in the *London Athenaeum* relates that he was walking, not long since, along a road in Somersetshire, when, passing two workmen engaged in mixing lime and water for the erection of a gentleman's villa near by, one of them, a stalwart fellow, "all hair and lime, as Ben Jonson says, remarked to his fellow, 'There's a book of Gladstone's I want to read; it's called 'Juventus Mundi.''" Appreciation in such a quarter would doubtless be a surprising, as it would be gratifying, to the scholarly English Premier.

The True Boy.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away beyond the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where was he going? Only nine years old, the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me, or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome as well as expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story; nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seized him by the collar, and told him, unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes, he would hang him to the yard-arm. A frightful threat, indeed! Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in his hand, counting the tick, tick, tick of the minutes, as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid? no, not a bit.

Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth, boy, and save your life."

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck, with hands clasped, and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die, but lie—*never!* All eyes were turned toward him, and souls broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child, willing to face death for truth's sake.

He could die; but lie—*never!* God bless him! Yes, God stands by those who stand by him. And the rest of the voyage, you may well think, he had friends enough; nobody owned him before; everybody, now, was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

Our Future Great Men.

The *Boston Congregationalist* says:

At the recent anniversary of the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia, Vice-President Colfax was present, and in a speech of an hour in length expressed the warmest interest in the cause, and paid a fervent tribute to its importance and success. He left his official duties in Washington for the express purpose of attending. President Grant had fully intended to come also, but was prevented by a severe attack of illness. To Mr. Colfax's inquiry "What message shall I take them?" the President is reported to have replied, that among his pleasantest recollections were those of being once a scholar in a Methodist Sunday school. It is encouraging indeed to see such proofs of interest as these. But who was President Grant's teacher in those former days? Did that teacher dream of the future of that scholar, and the opportunity of the hour? The Grants and Colfaxes of A. D. 1900 are *somewhere* in the Sunday school to-day. "No!" interrupts a reader, "perhaps they are out in the by-ways and hedges." Go then, and gather them in! Teacher, how do you know but that, numbered in the little circle which clusters around you every Sunday, is one whose future is a future of responsibility, power and honor? Be not unmindful of these possibilities. Be faithful to your scholars now in the disguise of childhood; for it does not yet appear what they shall be.

Kindness to Dumb Animals.

The following extracts are made from an address before the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, by Rev. William R. Alger:

"Coming by the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets, I saw a farmer who had driven in his team from the country, stop at that drinking fountain, and while his horse was drinking at one reservoir and his dog at another he drank from the third, and when he had quenched his thirst he came round and patting his horse on the head said, 'How do you like it, Brownie?' and stooping down and patting the head of the dog said, 'Capital, Jack, isn't it?' and then looking up into the sky, as if gratefully to take in the fullness of the situation, he leaped upon his seat and drove off. It seemed to me a lovely picture; I en-

joyed it so much that I wanted to go directly and subscribe to the society, and take its paper, and do everything in my power to help it along. * * *

I will close by suggesting the mysterious connection that should be felt by every thoughtful person, between himself, everything which has life, and the infinite Creator of all. Take a little dying bird in your hand, and as the last convulsive shiver agitates its frame, say to yourself, 'So the soul of Shakspeare passed;' and feel a thrill of mystery communicated between yourself and the infinite life beyond. That spirit will be fatal to everything like wanton cruelty, and the basis for the cultivation of a spirit of tender sympathy with all forms of life.

Justice to Dogs.

When the late Admiral Freeman, of the English Fleet, was a midshipman serving on a foreign station, a brother midshipman and himself had each a favorite dog. The other midshipman took some offense at our hero's dog, and threatened to throw it overboard. "If you do, yours shall follow," was the reply. Both dogs were instantly thrown over in quick succession. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other midshipman came up to Freeman, and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. "Be calm, sir," said Freeman, coolly; "you have acted most brutally towards my dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do. You are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your unoffending dog is. I, therefore, propose to save the life of your dog, if you will do so by mine."

The proposal was acceded to. Young Freeman instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him, and reached the vessel, where he was hauled up in triumph. His comrade followed his example, and was equally as successful. They were both punished by being sent to the mast-head. When far advanced in life, the admiral declared that he always reflected with great satisfaction on having saved the lives of those dogs.

Zion's Herald says a good thing in characterizing the labors of that infidel clique who are trying to ride on the various reform horses of the day, as "not so much reformatory as deformatory."

A GOOD TEMPERANCE SPEECH.—Red Cloud said in New York: "The officers there are not as good as those around you here; they are all whisky-drinkers. General Smith sends out there the whisky-drinkers, because he does not want them around him here. I do not allow my nation or any white man to bring a drop of liquor into my country. If he does, that is the last of him and his liquor, too."

THE DIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JULY, 1870.

What Our Paper is Doing.

The publication of THE DIAL was commenced for the simple purpose of supplying the families of this coast with fresh moral and religious reading. It was designed more especially for the remote portions of the interior, where mail facilities do not admit of copious supplies of reading matter. These monthly waves of christian influence are thrown out to furnish an inspiration to the young of higher and nobler purposes; and it is desired to give a good home paper, as well as a Sunday school paper, choosing the Sunday schools as the readiest means by which the homes can be reached.

We want to send the DIAL where religious weeklies cannot go, because of their cost; we want to send the DIAL where it is most needed, not alone where a money-order comes for it. To do this needed work, we are publishing each month an edition of 20,000 copies, which has already been issued; and in this issue we have the pleasure of saying that the DIAL has been adopted in nearly all of the Sunday schools in San Francisco, and from various parts of the State we have received letters, full of cheer and gratitude for donations of packages of papers. Good people of San Francisco, mindful of what was quite necessary for our success, have responded promptly, with pecuniary aid. So that if the monthly subscriptions already pledged shall be redeemed, and a fair percentage of increase be made in city and country, we shall be able soon to issue an edition of thirty or forty thousand copies; we have the demand for it, and will fill it whenever we have the means to print the papers. Who does not want to help in such a noble undertaking? THE DIAL is furnished at cost, and every dollar contributed helps to enlarge the sphere of its usefulness, and scatter it far and wide.

The 20,000 copies sent out are taken eagerly, and none are left. Yet we ask for more names and addresses to which packages may be sent, with the certain belief that we shall have a corresponding increase of means to send out the papers. There are thousands who have not yet received it, but who would like

it, and who will assist in properly distributing it. There must be many in the State who are willing to help sustain the paper; and we want to hear how much they are able to do toward enlarging our edition. Let us hear from them speedily.

The cost of THE DIAL, above the 20,000 copies—which is the maximum—is \$10 per thousand; and whatever may be the purpose of those sending money with their order, we shall consider such contributions as donations, and increase the circulation accordingly. And all orders for papers will be freely and promptly filled, whether accompanied by money or not. We are in for a long campaign; who will help the good cause.

Chat with the Children.

Much silly talk is made to children, by people who mean well, about success in life. I remember very well that when I was a small boy I heard a great deal about success in life, which I thought was very stupid and dull; and now that I have grown up I do not know that I have changed my mind about it, either. Everybody, I suppose, will agree that to us success depends very much upon beginning, and that the beginning is in childhood; but all people do not think as to what true success really is. Children ought to be modest, studious and true, if they want to succeed in life; but often much harm is done, when children are taught wrong ideas of what success is. Now, children, if I only knew what you thought the best thing for you in life, I should know what sort of a child each one was. But little boys and girls are taught, sometimes, by people who ought to know better, to say things that they do not mean, for the sake of having somebody else think better of them. Once I asked a school what each would like to have best in his life, and one small boy said that he would like to have a hope in heaven; that sounded very well, but it was not true, for I knew that boy better than he thought I did, and knew what he would like best would be plenty of nice things to eat, for he was a great glutton, and thought of nothing so much as what he would have to eat. But, you see, he thought it sounded well to say he would like to have a hope in heaven, as he had been taught to say it. But his best thought of success in life really was to have plenty of good things to eat and

drink. Let us hope that he thought better of it as he grew to be a man.

But boys and girls are not always the ones who have wrong ideas about what is the best success in life, though, as I said just now, if I knew what you thought about it, I could guess what you are; but, as you see, some boys do not tell the truth about it. Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, tells a story of a good man who was talking to a Sunday school, and had told them that if they were good and true, and minded their books and lessons while young, they would succeed in life. And he told of such a boy, who was just what a good boy ought to be in every thing, and then he asked where the scholars thought that boy was then? Some of the children guessed he was in Heaven; for these thought, after reading some of their books, that all good little children died young. "No," said the speaker, "he is in a store in Boston!" As if that were a great thing.

And that is the trouble some men have in their minds. They seem to believe, and they teach others, that the best thing in life is to get ahead, and get money. To be in a store in Boston was not much, after all, but the man who spoke of it, thought, as many others do, that such a place was a great success in life; to be in a fair way to be rich was to succeed. Not so; the best success in life is to do the most good for others; and we cannot do much good for others unless we are ourselves good. That is first of all things—to be right, and then we shall be able to do right. So children, if you want to succeed in life, you must begin right. An ignorant man cannot do much for himself, nor for anybody else; no, you must learn all you can when you have the time and the chance to learn. A selfish man will not do much for others; so you must early learn to think more of others than of yourself. A careless man—and a careless boy, too, for that matter—is more trouble to others than a help, even if he is never so good; so learn to be careful and correct in all you do. And so, in all the things which are good to see in men, remember that you must learn them while young. And remember that the very best success in life is to do the most good to those about us, and that to be able to do this well is to be happy; and, after all, is not true happiness what we are trying for? Money

and honors and much praise do not bring happiness so much as the thought that we are loved for what we do for those about us. My dear children, do not let anybody teach you that to be rich is the best success, and that money and fame are worth all the rest of the things in the world. To be useful to God or man, whether rich or poor, is the best success.

Growing Old Too Fast.

California is famous for being a country in which everything comes soon to maturity. But "early ripe, early rotten," is a proverb that applies just as well in California as elsewhere. The apples of New England, ripening slowly on the trees, hard, compact and solid as they are, last much longer without decay than the soon grown fruits of our own State, to say nothing about the difference in flavor. So boys who early come to be men in action and appearance, do not cast well. The complaint is very general that in the United States we have no children, but only little men and women. It is a pity that in California we have too few boys, and too many men-boys.

But the worst of it is, the boys who want to grow old fast have such a poor idea of manhood. It is not that they should be sober, dignified, courteous, polite, intelligent in all that makes true manhood; but since they cannot take upon themselves the graces which come only with age, they ape the follies and vices of men who are old enough to know better how to live and behave. Boys who are in a hurry to grow old, learn to drink, smoke, chew tobacco and swear. This is horrible, but it is true of many foolish boys, who will never learn, until too late, what a dreadful mistake they are making now. They want to be men in appearance, and since they cannot add inches to their height, put beards on their faces, and get deep, manly voices for themselves, they do the best (no, the worst) they can, and put on the vicious outside of men. How dreadful it is to see boys standing about the street corners, smoking or chewing tobacco, swearing, or making impertinent remarks about people who pass by. Poor little fellows! they think this is manly, and that people will be deceived into believing them to be men. But this is a great mistake. Everybody knows them to be only bad

boys, who are a nuisance to themselves and their friends. And when one raises to his lips a glass of wine, whisky, or any strong drink, he would shudder and cry out if he only knew what he was doing. He fancies that he is growing manly fast, and that he is already thought to be a man; but even bad men pity him, for they know he has made himself ready to be a drunkard and a sot, and if he lives, he will be a worthless creature, not fit to live, and not fit to die.

Look upon that blear-eyed, trembling, ragged man, dragging himself painfully along, and begging a bit of coin, or a glass of liquor, to satisfy the pangs that gnaw him within. You shudder as you pass his unsavory presence, and wonder why such a miserable creature is allowed to live. Once his cheek was smooth and ruddy, though now so wrinkled and brown; once his eyes, now inflamed and watery, were bright and clear; and his form, now shaky and stooping, was erect and bounding. He, too, wanted to grow old fast; and so he has. He thought drinking and smoking a fine thing in a boy; and this is what he has got for it. He was impatient at being a boy so long, and so made a great leap to be a man; and there he is—an old man before his time. He wanted to grow old fast, and there he is. Boys, how do you like him? Not very well, probably, but every one of you who is learning habits of drinking, smoking and such like, is following in this poor old man's footsteps as fast as you can go.

A correspondent of the *Advance* furnishes a literal report of the rendering of one passage of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," by a church choir. It was as follows:

"Shoo-hoo-hood my-hi-te-hears
For-eh-ver-her flow-ho,
Shoo-hoo-hood my-hi-ze-heal
No languor kno-ho,
Thi-his for her si-hin could
No-hot ah-ha-to-hone,
Thou-how muh-hust sa-have,
And thou-how ah-ha-lone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy craw-hoss I-hi cling."

MEN's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, aglow with promise; and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good work and deeds have ripened on the field.

Only a Baby Small.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies:
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

—From "Poems" by MATTHIAS BARR.

The Child's Answer.

Little Nellie L. had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and her winning ways gained her many friends. Among them was an excellent lady, Miss N. A glimpse of Nellie's bright face, peeping in at the door, always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N.'s placid features.

She loved to sit by the child, softly stroking her hair, and while looking into her smiling eyes, would often say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head, with a heart too happy to forebode evil, her friend would caress her still more fondly, and then say, "Poor little Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day, "Why do you call me *poor*? Please don't, Miss N. I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents and a *good mother*!"

"Rich little Nellie," said her friend. "A good mother! Ah! how long I was in learning what this little one already knows."

"A good mother!"—could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?

OTHER Peabodys are in blossom. The artless generosity of youth is illustrated in an incident, told by the Albany *Argus*, of a little boy, his face besmeared with molasses, and his rags fluttering in the breeze, running up from the river, flourishing a dirty shingle, and screaming at the top of his voice to a comrade: "O, Bill! Bill! get as many boys and shingles as you can, for there's a big hogsit of 'lasses busted on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

"Was 'oo ever a Boy?"

BY FANNY M. BARTON

My little four-year-old Harry,
Bright in beauty and joy,
Said with his accent of wonder,
"Papa, was 'oo ever a boy?
Was 'oo ever as little as I be?"
"Dear baby," I said, in reply,
"Will my darling ever be weary
And heart-worn, and sinful as I?"

With forehead of whiteness and candor,
And loving and innocent eyes,
Thou dost measure the distance between us
With a strange and holy surprise.
Thou like a bud flushed and fragrant:
I like a leaf at its fall;
I far away from the angels—
Thou within reach of their call.

Type of the beauty celestial,
Humble, and tender, and sweet,
Thou comest in faith, my darling,
To sit at thy father's feet.
Taught by thy loving example,
By thy truth that knows no alloy,
May I go to our Father as simply,
And in heart be always a boy.

—*Christian Union.*

Dr. William R. Williams has undertaken the needed work of a history of the Baptist churches in the United States. We are informed that he has signed a contract for its production—one volume to be ready for the press in one year, and the second in two years. It is to be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in royal 8vo, illustrated with portraits and views of historical scenes and buildings, as to which, with other details of form, the liberality of the publishers may be depended on to make the volumes all they should be.

THE SECURITY

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of New York, E. W. WOODRICK, Agent for the Pacific Coast. Office, 416 and 418 California Street, San Francisco, has an insurance of \$32,000,000. Policies Non-Forfeiting and Incontestable. Dividends 50 per cent.

We recognize the Security Life as one of the most thoroughly established Companies.

When you varnish a man with smiles, that you may enrich yourself at his expense, you sell yourself for thirty pieces of silver. What can a man gain that exchanges the purity of his own for gold? Large bells are always poorly cast, and sooner or later they crack. Our overgrown rich men are like these big bells, full of flaws, and they soon lose all the sweetness they ever possessed.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,

327 and 329 Sanson Street, corner Merchant, San Francisco, Importers of

Blank Books and Stationery,

Are doubtless the largest dealers in this line of goods of any in this city.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simplest pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again, and live;
Oh! what is life, if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

WEED SEWING MACHINES

Are the LAST, most simple, and the BEST.

S. E. HOAR, Gen'l Agent,

329 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

A SINGULAR illustration of the danger of impersonal personalities was lately afforded in Pottsville, Pa., when the *Miner's Journal* inadvertently stated that there was a man in the place who had been drunk for thirty-five years. The editor was thereupon called to account by at least twenty different persons, who insisted that the item was a personal attack upon them. "The man he really referred to," the editor says, "is sharp enough to keep his mouth shut about it, but keeps on drinking, just as if not a word had been said."

HAVILAND, HOOPER & CO.,

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FRENCH PORCELAIN, LAMPS, FANCY GOODS,

CUTLERY, PLATED WARE, ETC.,

335 Pine Street,

Just below Montgomery, San Francisco.

CHARLES DICKENS says: "The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. the old fashion—Death."

"When the laurel crown decays,
Still, still shall prosper well,
His wreath of dewy blossoms, from
The grave of little Nell."

J. B. M. SMITH,

DENTIST,

North-east corner Kearny and California Sts.,
Entrance on Kearny.

Teeth inserted on Rose Pearl Base—something new and very beautiful. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

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HOERICKE & TAFEL,

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WHIPS, LEATHER, ETC.,

104 Front Street, near Pine, San Francisco.
JOHN M. JOHNSON. P. M. B. HORTON.

"I THINK," said Mr. Bronson Alcott, the vegetarian, "that when a man lives on beef, he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton, he begins to look sheepish; and if he eats pork, may he not grow swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge; "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is pretty apt to be small potatoes."

P. DOUGLAS & CO.,

Importers of

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SILVER PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, COAL OIL
LAMPS, ETC.,

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WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—One of the most beautiful and attractive places in this great city is Woodward's Gardens, and no visitor to San Francisco should fail to see them. Shrubbery and flowers of great variety and beauty; wild animals living and stuffed, of the gentle and ferocious; living fowls from home and foreign lands; and cases of stuffed birds, numbered only by the many thousands, and of exquisite beauty, with finest paintings are gathered there, to adorn the place. Besides this, the transient wonders of the world, such as the smallest, and the largest living men are sure to make their appearance here.

F. FLAGLER & PARKER,

COSMOPOLITAN PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

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San Francisco.

F. PARKER.

A. P. FLAGLER.

The *Patrie* states that Dr. Sedillot, of Paris, has discovered, by means of galvanism, the doing away with all pain after surgical operations, aided by the use of lancets and other instruments, heated to a white heat by the operation.

STATE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL,

Oakland, California. Preparatory to University of California. Established in 1853. For catalogues, address

F. M. CAMPBELL, Principal,

or GEORGE TAIT, Esq., Oakland.

An exchange says: "Trying to do business without advertising is like winking through a pair of green goggles; you may know you are doing it, but nobody else does."

THIRTY per cent. of the population of France can neither read nor write.

TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND emigrants left Liverpool for America, mainly Irish, during May. Nine-tenths went to New York.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!!

THOMAS J. MYER & CO., BALTIMORE.

Ask your grocer for MYER'S OYSTERS! No other brand can compare with them in size or delicacy of flavor. They are selected with great care from the most celebrated beds of the Chesapeake Bay, are uniformly large, sweet and delicious, and once tried will be preferred to all others. For sale by all Grocers.

"If ever Christianity," says Robert Hall, "appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb; when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments."

THOS. H. SELBY & CO.,

Nos. 116 and 118 California St., San Francisco,

Importers of

IRON, STEEL, COPPER, ZINC,

And Plumbing Goods; also manufacture Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Drop Shot, etc., and are the proprietors of the Selby Lead and Silver Smelting Works, of San Francisco.

Crude Lead and Silver Bars purchased.

At one time Daniel Webster had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him and said, "Mr. Webster, if I had thought you would have lost the case, I might have testified a great deal more than I did." "It is of no consequence," replied the lawyer, "the jury did not believe a word you said."

C. J. KING. P. D. CODE. T. B. KIMBALL.

P. D. CODE & CO.,

621 and 623 Front street, San Francisco, Manufacturers of

JELLIES, JAMS, PRESERVES, PICKLES,

Ketchup, Sauces, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of superior quality.

Those in want of a good article, *clearly put up*, can depend upon securing satisfaction in sending orders to the above firm.

PROVERBS XVI: 16, AND XIX: 2.—"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold, and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver; also, that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good."

FARM WAGONS FOR SALE.

We have contracted for the manufacture, in this city and vicinity, of a large number of Two-Horse Farm Wagons—light, medium size and heavy, made either with Iron Axles or Thimble Skins—which we will sell as low as Eastern-made wagons are sold here, and guarantee both the work and materials. Orders from the country respectfully solicited, and any reasonable number promptly furnished. Price Lists sent on application. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.,

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ARMES & DALLAM,

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Brushes, Twines, Cordage, etc., and Manufacturers of Brooms, Pails, Tubs, Washboards, etc. 215 and 217 Sacramento Street, between Front and Davis, San Francisco.

A YOUNG lawyer at Eatontown, N. J., in the midst of a brilliant outburst of eloquence, was interrupted by a shrill voice, which yelled, "Stop, you lie. Stop, you lie." Young Legality smoothed his ruffled feathers when the sheriff announced that it was only a parrot in a neighboring house.

SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGAN,

For Parlors and Churches. 30,000 Instruments sold. Each one a perpetual reference.

EDWARD F. PEIRCE, Agent, 228 Sutter St., San Francisco.

AN artificial fish has been swimming about in the waters of the Seine for some time. It is made of hides, covered by India rubber, on a wooden framework. The submarine navigator remains on his stomach in the fish, and works his fins with his arms. Tubes connect with the surface, to allow the man-fish to obtain breathing air.

PACIFIC OIL AND LEAD WORKS,

For the manufacture of Linseed Oil, Castor Oil, White Lead, and other Paints, is in successful operation, and prepared to furnish Oil of the first quality for the supply of the Pacific coast. Also,

OIL CAKE AND MEAL,

Very valuable feed for Milch Cows. Highest price paid for Flax-Seed and Castor Beans.

Office Nos. 3 and 5 Front St., San Francisco. S. I. C. SWEZEY, Secretary.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh! then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

REMOVAL.

JACOB SCHREIBER

Has removed his FURNITURE AND BEDDING ESTABLISHMENT to Nos. 405 and 407 Sansome Street, between Sacramento and Commercial, west side, where he will be pleased to see all his old customers and the public generally, who are in pursuit of good Bedding and Furniture, at very low prices.

Also, at 727 Market Street, adjoining Bancroft's New Building.

A BLUSH is the sign which nature hangs out, to show where chastity and honor dwell.

TRUTH, courage and love are the three syllables of faith.

A YAWN in society generally indicates a gap in the conversation.

A YOUNG wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct.

"My love," said he, "I am like the Prodigal Son; I will reform by and by."

"And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for I will arise, and go to my father;" and accordingly off she went.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE AND BEDDING,

Nos. 220, 222, 224, and 226 Bush Street, San Francisco.

A BRUSSELS bank defaulter has just restored 84,000 francs.

TEXAS is to ship north, the coming season, 150,000 head of cattle.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York. Incorporated 1821. Cash Capital and Assets, \$1,100,000.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

of Brooklyn. Cash Capital and Assets, \$1,600,000.

R. B. SWAIN & Co., Agents, 314 California St., San Francisco.

RED DOG, one of the famed chiefs, in Cooper's Institute said, pointing to his brave companions, "There are my own men, I am their chief; look at them, and see if you can see any that are rich. They are all poor because they are honest." Humorously he continued: "When the Great Father sent out men at first, I was in my country; and now I have grown old and stout; and it is because there have been so many liars sent out there, and I am stuffed full of lies."

SAN FRANCISCO EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

Young Men's Christian Association Building, 230 Sutter street. First Class Servants supplied for the city and country.

VALE & WARNER, Proprietors.

A LOVING wife at Long Branch said, "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband—"Take some of it home with you."

YOUNG GENT.—"I am going to give the teacher a piece of my mind." Young Lady—"I would not, if I were in your place; he has got all he wants, and you haven't any to spare."

HASKELL'S TEA STORE IS REMOVED to the

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605 Market Street, San Francisco, Where may be had the choicest selection of Teas and Groceries in the city.

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D. W. McLEON, Depository.

The moneyed value of the coal raised in England is twenty-one million pounds sterling. To win this amount from the earth requires twenty-five hundred collieries, and they give employment to three hundred thousand persons.

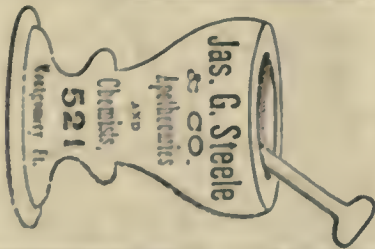
THE PACIFIC MAIL COMPANY, THE NORTH PACIFIC TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, THE GRAND HOTEL, also many of the first families in this city, for months have used Madame Balceal's Vegetable

WASHING FLUID.

Would they continue to use it if it was not what it is represented to be?

S. PILLSBURY & CO., Manuf'rs.
Factory, 414 Market Street.

A LITTLE six-year-old was walking with his father, and passing a church the child asked, "What church is that?" "That is the Dutch church," was the reply; "people go there to be good, so that they may become angels." "Will there be Dutch angels, pa?"



An Illinois man got a divorce from his wife, and hired her to do the housework, at two dollars a week.

KANE'S ORIGINAL CONDENSED SOAP,

Washes without rubbing. Specially adapted for washing Flannels.

One bar of this Soap, costing 12% cts. will do from two to three washings for an ordinary sized family. One pound of this Soap, by adding one pint (1 D.) of soft water, and boiling until dissolved, will make two pounds of hard soap. One pound of this Soap, by adding two gallons of soft water and boiling until dissolved, makes two gallons of fine white soft soap.

For sale by all wholesalers and retail dealers.
Manufactured at 201 Sacramento Street,
San Francisco.

"There is nothing for me to live for; I wish I were dead," said a despondent and despairing person. "That would not help matters. If you are not satisfied with God's government in this world, I don't know why you should be in another," was the rebuking reply of a wise friend.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED,

For "The Uncivilized Races of Men in All Countries of the World," being a comprehensive account of their manners and customs, and of their physical, social, mental, moral, and religious characteristics, by

REV. J. C. WOOD, M. A., F. L. S.,

one of England's most eminent authors. It will contain nearly 500 engravings, and about 1,500 octavo pages. Canvassing books now ready. Apply for circulars to

R. J. TRUMBULL & Co.,
420 Montgomery Street.

A SMART boy, after eating a green apple, exclaimed, "O, dear, I've chewed an Odd Fellow!" "An Odd Fellow?" said his mother. "Yes, he's giving me the grip."

CONNECTICUT had one divorce to every nine marriages last year.

The Overland Monthly.

SEND IN	FOUR
YOUR	DOLLARS
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FOR THE	PER
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RULES FOR SMOKING.—1. Never smoke in the presence of ladies. 2. Never smoke in the presence of gentlemen. 3. Never smoke when alone.

PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL,

Cures Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
Cures Lame Back and Paralysis.
Cures Sore Throat and Diphtheria.
Cures Colic, Cramps, and Diarrhoea.
Cures Headache, Toothache, and Earache.
Cures Sprains, Itchings, and Gout.
Cures Stiff Neck and Swollen Joints, and
Cures all Lameness and Pain.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A VIENNA merchant celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the founding of his business by giving 1,000,000 florins to the poor.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.,

of Hartford, insures against ACCIDENTS of every description, guaranteeing the payment of a stipulated sum per week, from \$3 to \$50, if the injury be so severe as to totally disable the person insured from labor or business, or the payment of the principal sum insured, from \$500 to \$10,000, if the injury cause death, at a yearly cost of \$5 to \$10 per \$1,000, according to degree of hazard.

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FRESH GOODS constantly arriving from all portions of the globe, and of sterling quality.

Satisfaction guaranteed, and the excellence of our ware warranted.

TREES of Australia are known to be 480 feet high, being 30 feet higher than California trees, but they are not so large in circumference.

For the very best Photographs, go to Bradley & Rulofson's. Prices reduced. Closed on Sunday.

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PIONEER CROCKERY AND BOOK STORE.

If you want a good trade in Crockery, Glassware, Cutlery, School Books, Stationery, or a Sewing Machine which is surpassed by no other, go to the old store of

A. B. CASE & CO.,
Main Street, Petaluma.

The jewelry of the Etruscans, some of which was made over two thousand years ago, was recently worn in public by an Italian lady, and is declared, by good judges, to be superior in workmanship and finish to any made at the present time in Paris.

HEALTH is WEALTH and HAPPINESS.

The *Woman's Pacific Coast Journal* is a health and temperance paper, which gives such information as women need to enable them to avoid most of the suffering peculiar to their sex, and to rear beautiful and beautiful children.

\$1.50 per year. Send \$2.50 in gold, by mail, for two copies.

CARRIE F. YOUNG, M.D.,
Box 1501, San Francisco.

In a little town out West a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you can buy a cow for ten dollars"—when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars; father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub, at that."

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SAM. A. LEWIS, Agent.

THERE are three kinds of men in the world—the "wills," the "won'ts" and the "can'ts." The first affect everything, the others oppose everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" does not believe in experiments and nonsense; "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy.

The Dial.

Devoted to the Interests of Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations.

VOL. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1870.

No. 4.

THE DIAL.

PRINTED MONTHLY BY

JOHN H. CARMANY & CO.,

Book, Magazine, and Newspaper Publishers,
409 Washington Street, San Francisco,

—FOR—

W. O. Andrews & Co.

No. 232 Sutter Street,

To whom all Letters and Exchange should be addressed.

The Young Men's Christian Association Building.

It is our intention to present to the readers of THE DIAL, from time to time, such sketches of the prominent church edifices in San Francisco, illustrated by engravings, whenever they are obtainable. This month, as a fitting introduction to this work, we give an illustration of the elegant building of the Young Men's Christian Association, of this city.

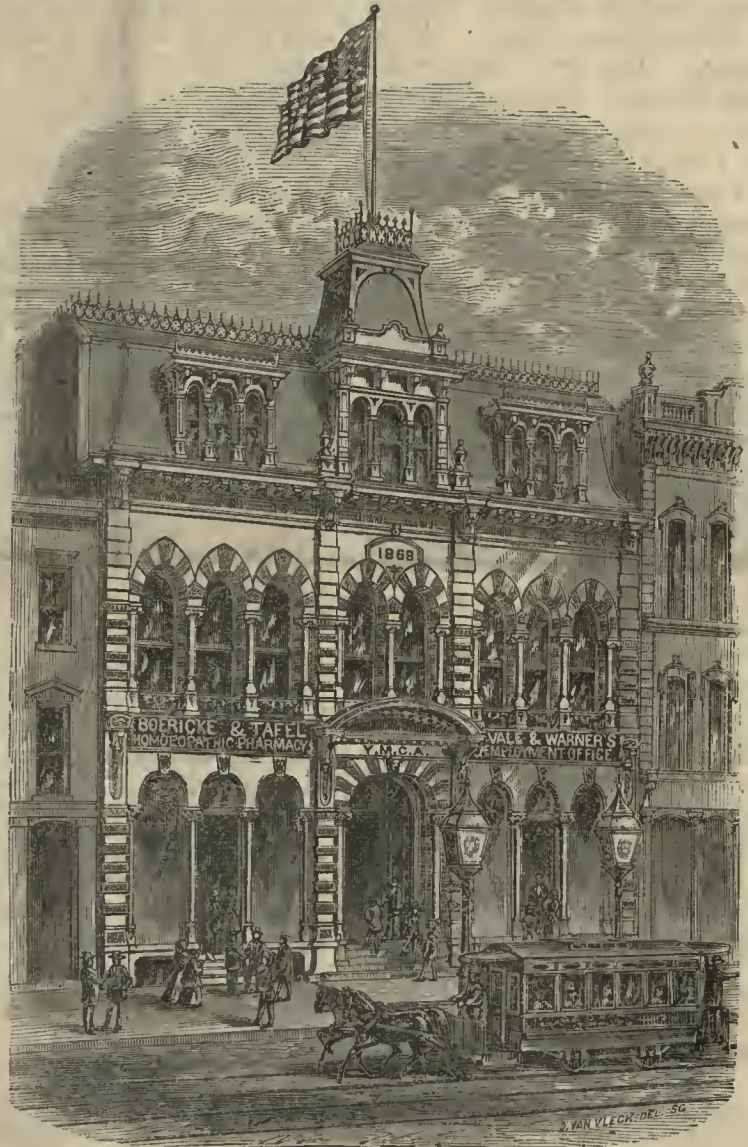
This Association was organized in 1853, and is one of the oldest in the United States. For several years it flourished with varying success, but never was completely closed up; nor yet was it prominently useful until within the past five or six years, when it gained large accessions of membership, and moved vigorously forward in the enterprize of building the structure which we picture for our readers herewith. The corner-stone of this building was laid April 18, 1868, and the structure dedicated November 16, 1869. The size of the building is 56½ feet on Sutter street, on which it faces, with a depth of 120 feet to Berry Street—a narrow thoroughfare in the rear of the building. The front of the building is quite ornate, and is of solid stone, of a bluish-gray color—the general effect being pleasing and harmonious. The lower or street floor is occupied by stores, with small basements; the gymnasium and bowling-alley are in the rear; the second story part contains the

library and reading-room, with chess and conversation room, ladies' parlor, etc.; a large lecture hall is in the main building back of these, and in the upper story are rooms for offices, etc., and a small hall for public meetings. The conveniences of the building are numerous and almost perfect; nothing could be better than the internal arrangement of the whole.

The property is valued at \$100,000;

the membership is now about five hundred, and is constantly increasing. The usefulness of the institution is so far established as to need no comment from us; it is a feature in the moral and religious life of California of which San Francisco may well be proud. May it have many generous rivals in the States of the Pacific coast.

At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, the fol-



lowing officers were elected: President, Captain Charles Goodall; Vice-Presidents, C. J. King, R. G. Davidson, L. S. Sawyer, Wm. M. Cubery, Major H. M. Robert, U. S. A.; Corresponding Secretary, F. W. Gill; Recording Secretary, J. T. Robert; Treasurer, J. K. S. Latham; Librarian, H. L. Chamberlain; Board of Directors: M. B. Blake, First Congregational Church; C. W. Kittridge, Second Congregational Church; J. M. Haven, Third Congregational Church; H. F. Stivers, Fourth Congregational Church; Ami Whitney, First Presbyterian Church; E. A. Lawrence, Calvary Presbyterian Church; Ebenezer Knowlton, Howard Presbyterian and Larkin street Presbyterian Church; James McDaniels, United and St. John's Presbyterian Church; James B. Campbell, Emanuel Presbyterian Church; Charles Geddes, Westminster, Olivet and Calvary Mission Presbyterian Church; Samuel Mosgrove, Howard street Methodist Church; T. L. Bibbins, Powell street Methodist Church; L. M. McKenny, Central Methodist Church; G. F. Lamson, First Baptist Church; E. H. Worth, Tabernacle Baptist Church; G. W. Abbot, Columbia Square Baptist Church; P. D. Codo, Fifth street Baptist Church; David Sawtelle, Union Square Baptist Church; Wm. Crosbie, Grace Episcopal Church; H. F. Allen, Trinity Episcopal Church; S. Fletcher, St. Peter's Episcopal Church; Wm. I. Kip, Jr., St. James' Episcopal Church; H. C. Squire, St. John's Episcopal Church; A. S. Hubbard, St. Luke's Episcopal Church; F. W. Van Reynogom, Church of Advent.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

Do you Know your Class?

"Wasn't that gentleman, whom we just met, your Sunday school teacher?" said one young lady to another, as they walked the street.

"Yes, I believe so," was the reply.

"Believe so! Don't you know?"

"Yes, it was he."

"Why didn't you speak to him?"

"Oh, he never knows any of the class out of Sunday-school. When he first took the class I always used to try to speak to him, or look as if I were glad to meet him, but he never returned the compliment, so I never think about it now."

"Isn't he a good teacher?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He can be very interesting in the Sunday-school; always knows all about the lesson. He is a deep scholar and a good man, but he is very busy during the week in his profession and in his family. I do not suppose he would know one-half his class if he met them on the street. I do not think it is pride or anything of that sort that prevents his speaking to us. He is preoccupied, and then he does not think how much good he could do by taking a personal interest in his class. He means well, but he doesn't think. I suppose if we were little children he would be more particular. I know he would have tenfold more influence with the class if he could be genial out of school and could try to become acquainted with us."

"Are any of your class Christians?"

"Perhaps half."

"Have any become so since this gentleman took the class?"

"Yes, but not through his direct influence. Miss H— was interested last winter, but our teacher did not know it, and she said she could tell any one her feelings better than she could tell him. He may teach our heads, but he will have to come nearer to us and touch us, come down to us and know us, before he will be likely to do our hearts great good."

Teacher, do you know your class?—
Sunday School Times.

It is estimated that in California there is paid annually for strong drink \$8,000,000.

Boy Smokers.

Here and there about the street corners and around the doors of amusement you will see a lot of urchins, some of them decently clad and presenting a respectable appearance, who are engaged in asserting their manhood by puffing away at execrable cigars. It is fair to presume that their anxious mammas are not aware of the foul habits their darling boys pick up and practice outside of the parental roof; but for their benefit they should know that it is stated that a French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks. In three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of the blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep; and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth. It is easy, then, to see how the ranks of the

drunkards and dissolute men "about town" are recruited, when there are so many boys in training for delirium tremens and all the horrors of dissipation.—*Louisville Journal.*

EVERY man is a keeper of the truth, at interest, or in a napkin.

REAL Christians are the resemblances of Christ; and if we love the original, we must also love the copy.

The Kind-Hearted Tanner.

The following incident is so beautiful and touching that it should be read in every household in the country. It develops the true active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, making his first step in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of this sublime trait in the character of the kind-hearted Quaker:

William Savery, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor called John Smith. Next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to the false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him on the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind!"

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him; and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterward, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery, where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole any thing, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever

come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee tomorrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words: "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." John entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

City Missionary Work.

Some idea of the nature and scope of the work of a city missionary may be gained by reading the following extract from one of the recent reports of Rev. J. P. Moore, of the San Francisco City Mission:

"The two most palpable facts that meet the city missionary are these: Human poverty and sin. The two wants corresponding which these give rise to are these: Relief of body and relief of soul. I put poverty first, because it stands at the door of our senses; and in tattered garments, with long and bony fingers, reaches out to us for help. Naked or half covered limbs you can see; bloodless hands you can feel. One is pretty sure that a coat for a ragged boy will directly meet his wants; a morsel of bread, a beef-steak, or a careful physician will quicken the ebbing life, and send the blood along its courses. He may not be so certain of the spiritual wants; he may

not so carefully diagnose the disease. The fact, then, is, there is human poverty in this city, and we want to relieve all that we can of it. The poor are right here under our eyes. We fairly touch them in the streets; we sit by them in the cars and on our ferries. Eyes look out upon you as you pass to your business daily, behind which there is a story no pen can relate; hungry eyes that cry loud for help. There are little feet that should be swift to run in virtue's ways, forced by daily necessities to paths of vice. There are men who go daily to a life of torture, worse than that of the heathen who swings on hooks or walks on heated iron, driven into his soul, with hungry children at home, (if his den can be called a home) with children crying for bread, or forced to steal for their living, who walk our streets with burning, blistered feet, and a heart with every feeling of love for his fellows blasted within him.

I can take you in half an hour's walk to houses where neither the sunshine nor the pure air of Heaven ever come to strengthen, or to cheer; where a mother drags out a miserable existence; where night comes bringing no rest for a weary head, and morning dawns with no cheer for a desolate heart; where the child has outstripped the man and grown a veteran in vice, and the youth has become a man of years in debauchery. Do not tell me I overdraw the picture. I now have in mind three little children, the oldest ten years, the youngest ten months of age, who sat out all night, till four o'clock in the morning, in the outhouse of a rickety old store, waiting for a drunken mother to get sober, and in the morning their cries from hunger and cold attracted the attention of a passer-by who took them and cared for them.

I know of a boy, eleven years old, driven from home by a drunken father, and compelled to sleep all night under the sidewalk. I met the other day a bright-eyed, intelligent little fellow, whom I used to know in the country, and who used to be in the Sabbath school. His father was dead; his mother, left with three children, came to this city to try to earn her living here. She could earn enough to pay her rent, and that was about all. Sickness hindered her from doing hard work, and so little Willie was sent out to make up what she could not earn. Day by day, with his great bag, he started out, to get wood, or meat, or bread. Whatever he could get hold of went into the bag. He was picking up potatoes that had been thrown into the street on account of rot; these he cut, and the sound part went into the bag. By and by the temptation grew to get from the bags piled by the wayside those that were sound. He was hungry; mother was hungry; the little ones were hungry; mother expected him to bring home something.

Said one little fellow, whom I saw stealing some turnips; "Mother will lick me if I don't bring home something in my bag." Now think of that for an education in vice. Think of those wee things out in the cold and damp, nestling up to a drunken mother, and sobbing out their hearts'-wants to the ears of a Father who heareth when His children cry. Think of it ye who sit in churches, with your children neatly dressed, and gathered at your side. God has children as good as yours; souls as immortal that need saving; hungry, cold and starved children, that never hear a prayer at home—who never enter the church. You live, I live, within ear-shot of the wailing cry that daily goes up to the ear of a merciful Father, and we never heed it, or never know that it is one tempted as we, that cries. Let us not be surprised if these children grow up to be pests in society; let us not wonder that poor men get hardened against good impressions.

I believe it does but very little good to pray with a hungry man; very little good to tell a hungry, ragged boy about the devil, and temptation, and all that. He has the devil in his heart, and temptation all around him; he wants your money to buy him a new coat for his back, shoes for his feet, and a dinner for his stomach; then he knows you love him, and mean to do him good.

I know a family who, on that New Year's night, while it was raining so hard, and the cold, damp fogs were driving in across our hills, had no coal or wood to burn, no flour to make bread, no under-garments to keep them warm. You were wishing one another "Happy New Year;" they were wishing for bread and fuel. I know they need a Saviour; I know that Christ died for them; but if you had visited them that night with nothing but tracts, my impression is that you wouldn't have cared to go there the next day. I think the gospel can be pressed in to such through the warm pressure of a hand that is open to give. I think that they need a tight roof before they are ready for water baptism and the church."

THE *New Age* says: "We war against vice in all its forms," and, consequently, are firm adherents and supporters of every movement that is calculated to reduce the vast amount of suffering and sorrow in this world. It needs no argument here to prove that our prisons, poor-houses and graveyards are filled by the victims of this terrible scourge, or that thousands of what might be happy homes, are the abodes of untold agony and horror from the evil effects of liquor. We take it for granted none will attempt to deny this position, knowing its sad truthfulness.

THE DIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - - AUGUST, 1870.

An Enlarged Edition.

This edition of THE DIAL goes out considerably increased, on account of the orders which have been received at this office, and the enlarged demand for the paper. We have been circulating a monthly issue of twenty thousand, but this edition will consist of twenty-five thousand. It has always been the aim of the publishers to make THE DIAL a welcome guest in every family in the State; and we are glad that our efforts and intentions have been so well appreciated by the public, and congratulate our readers that the paper is so rapidly winning its way into general favor.

Chat with the Children.

Every child who reads THE DIAL, we suppose, knows the little verse about "little drops of water, little grains of sand." In those verses we are told of the value of little things; for the great and beautiful earth is made of grains of sand, and the mighty ocean is made up of little drops of water. And if each little drop should say that it was of no use, and should stay up in the sky, or should wander off and be lost, there would be no ocean. Little by little is an old and good rule, and it is little by little that everything in life is done. Do not despise the little things, and you may be sure that the larger things will be reached by and by.

But, while the little things are good and useful in their way, and do much good, it is also true that little things do much harm as well. There is nothing so small that it cannot sometimes be a great evil; it all depends upon the place in which you put it. A little word, crossly and angrily spoken, may make friends turn into enemies, and break up a long friendship. A small match, dropped in the right place, may blow up a house with gunpowder. Nobody would think that such a little thing as a match could make much noise in the world, but drop it, lighted, into a keg of powder, and you will see how much noise and how much damage it can do. Not many years ago, a great city was burned down, so that scarcely a building was left standing. Whole streets and blocks were burned up, so

that if you were to stand on one of the hills near by, and look for the city, you would only see a great black patch of country, with here and there a bare chimney left standing to tell where a house once was. And that great fire, which burned all of one day and night, driving thousands of people, men, women and children, out into the country, to escape from it, was made by such a small thing as a fire-cracker, which some boys had fired off and left burning alone by a shop where there were plenty of shavings. The boys went to their play somewhere else, but the fire-cracker burned and burned among the shavings, until it set fire to the shop, and when the fire had begun to spread, it ran all over the city, and burned it to the ground. But that fire-cracker was a very small thing. So you may think it a very small thing to take a pin which does not belong to you; but the child who takes a pin today will take something larger by and by. To say a small, bad word now may not be very wicked; but you will use worse words, and more of them, some of these days, if you begin with a small one now. There must be a beginning to everything. The greatest and hottest fire was small once; the most terrible flood is only made up of drops of water. Remember, children, and be careful about little things.

Some Words of Cheer.

ED. DIAL:—We hail the advent of THE DIAL, with joy and hope, as a publication peculiarly fitted to the wants of this coast at this time, and one destined to do a great public good. This State, notwithstanding its excellent "School Law," and liberal and well administered and widely diffused means of public instruction and mental training, makes no direct provisions for the moral and religious culture of the young. This work is mainly left for societies, families, or individual enterprise; and in the midst of "California life," with the haste and hustle so visible here, this important element in the education of our youth is too much neglected. This characteristic of society is common all over our land, but peculiarly so on this coast, where society has been so hastily built up and established, from so many elements so suddenly brought together. Thus we find outside our towns and cities nearly all families without fresh

moral or religious reading matter. Children are growing up to maturity, to exert an influence for good or evil, with little or no religious or moral reading within their reach; little to kindle moral aspirations, or inspire noble ambitions, or high lofty purposes in life. Such have no sweet memories to call their minds and affections back to childhood, no memories of that beautiful, bright, soul-inspiring and sunny spot in childhood's life—the "Sunday School." Let THE DIAL then fill this great vacuum; it can reach thousands of children which the Sunday School can not. You say THE DIAL is intended to find its way all over this coast, and into every home as far as possible. This is truly a noble purpose and a great work, and must result in much; yea, untold good. I am informed of what is being done in San Francisco, towards its pecuniary support, even there where Sunday Schools and religious reading and instruction, are so abundant. Now let moralists, philanthropists and the religiously disposed, as well as real Christians all over this coast, do a proportional part of this blessed work of sowing good seed broadcast over this land, so blessed and favored by Heaven in all other respects, and you will meet with such pecuniary success as will enable you to carry out your noble work to its final consummation; and this little "Angel of Mercy," THE DIAL, will, as it is intended, find its way to thousands of families now destitute of any moral or religious reading matter. We like THE DIAL. It is well adapted to the young, for whom it is intended, and we bid you God speed, and trust that your editions may be enlarged in number until THE DIAL may be welcomed into all, or nearly all, the families on this coast, throwing an influence, which will be perpetual, around the young; inspiring lofty ambitions and high aspirations for good in this life. How well we all know the benefit of early training. How well we all know, that the great good done to mankind is the result of early instruction, of youthful training and culture. How well we all know that few change their course in life after they arrive at mature years.

If Temperance people would succeed they must begin with the youth and rear up a temperate generation. If we, as Christian reformers, would suc-

ceed, we must bring all our youth under perpetual moral and religious influences, so again we say, we welcome the advent of THE DIAL.

NEW ENGLAND.

Santa Barbara Co., Cal., July 5th, 1870.

Good Opinion of The Dial.

From different parts of the country there come to us many words of encouragement and approval. THE DIAL is making friends everywhere, and its opportunities for doing good are increasing constantly. We select a few good words from our correspondence:

A friend at Cloverdale, Sonoma county, says THE DIAL is highly esteemed there, and wants forty copies.

Another at Gilroy sends a large order and says THE DIAL is very much liked in that part of the country.

A pastor in Nevada City says he is very much pleased with the paper, and gave it free access to his congregation. He suggests that it will do much good in the out-of-the-way mining region of Nevada county.

Similar encouragement reaches us from Stockton and other interior cities; and a correspondent at Elk Grove, Sacramento county, writes as follows: "The children and parents and teachers of our Sabbath School are very much delighted with the appearance of THE DIAL, and are pleased with the style of the paper, as well as deeply interested in the reading matter which it contains. We think it one of the most readable papers of its kind."

It is pleasant to receive these kind words, and to know that the monthly waves which we send out are welcomed by those whom they reach and touch. We hope to continue in well-doing, and will use every effort to make THE DIAL a welcome and valued guest everywhere.

A Parable.

"O Dear! I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy, who was longing for the Sabbath to be over, that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present.

"I sir," "and I," "and I," said the children, as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour, when He was on earth, often taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys, was of a kind man who had some very rich

apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and he stopped to admire this beautiful apple tree. He counted those ripe, golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him and said:

"My friend, I will give you a part of my fruit." So he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness? No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins for himself; and at last, he made up his mind, that he would watch his opportunity, and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignantly, "he ought to be ashamed of himself; and I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie," said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply; for he now began to understand the parable, and he felt an uneasy sensation in his heart—conscience began to whisper to him, "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements? Ought he not to be punished, if he will not remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?"

Step by Step.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count those things to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered in greed and gain,
By the pride disposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and delight,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere night
Our lives are trailing in the sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We must borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall;
But the dreams depart and the visions fall,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

What a Boy Can Do.

[From the Youth's Instructor.]

About two hundred and sixty years ago, a poor lad of seventeen was traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stock, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard for a living. He was a godly lad, and, at fourteen, was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and, with his parents' consent, set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but, as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the booksellers' windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do. He had heard of Exeter College, in Oxford, and thither he went; and, to his great delight, was engaged to carry coal into the kitchen, to clean pans, and kettles, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might be often seen reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and, many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say: "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He left many voluminous works as fruit of his industry and learning.

The change which was made last year in the Ale and Beer Act of Great Britain, transferring the licensing power to the magistrate, has resulted in closing nine thousand beer saloons.

The Sorrows of Childhood.

Under this heading we find the address of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, at the recent anniversary of the Howard Mission, reported in the papers. We make an extract. He said:

"I deny the universal proposition that childhood is the happiest part of life. What with breaking your best top, and having the boy next to you stick pins into you—under the most favorable circumstances, it is the least comfortable portion of human existence. The longer we live, the happier we become if we are serving Christ. We do not understand the sorrows or perplexities of childhood—those days of bad colds without the alleviation of pocket-handkerchief; the days of examinations when the unhappy youth, perhaps in awful presence, is told to 'Parse the first page of 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and when prepositions, adjectives, verbs, articles, and conjunctions get into a grand riot, worse than Fourth Ward on election day. Well do I remember the unhappy scene of my childhood's educational experience. It was called *Herod's School House*, partly because a man of that name lived not far away, and partly because it was the 'Massacre of the innocents.' We went to school there from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon, and a boy got the worth of his money. There was none of your nonsense of blackboards, globes, and philosophical apparatus. It was sober business, and no trifling. There were the wooden desks, around the wall, and seats with no backs to them, and there we sat all day with our faces to the wall; and along about four o'clock of a summer's afternoon we would begin to forget our educational advantages, and get drowsy, and then the teacher would come around very slyly and with a big stick bring us instantly back to an appreciation of our educational advantages. And when we learned our A. B. C.'s we learned them! I remember the whole process. 'What letter is that?' 'I d-o-n't know.' (Cuff.) 'What letter is that?' (higher key.) 'I d-o-n't know.' (Cuff, cuff.) (Tremendous applause.) I remember all about it. It was a most serious thing under the best circumstances. And one day, too, a most awful circumstance occurred; word came to the teacher that Joe Smith had actually kissed Mary Brown! Actually kissed her! and that teacher arose in his indignation, and didn't Joe Smith take it! Why shouldn't that teacher be filled like a vial of wrath at such a thing? He had never kissed anybody! Nobody had ever kissed him! But it did no good; for fifteen years later a minister stood within the altar, a bridal trail swept down the aisle, and there, in the presence of the whole world, *Joe Smith kissed Mary Brown!* None of the sorrows of childhood about that.

God may hear the heart without words, but not words without the heart.

In passing along Kearny street, a few days ago, we called into the crockery store of P. Douglas & Co., between Sutter and Post streets, and were surprised to find so large and complete an assortment of goods in one store—comprising white and decorated China, glassware, superior silver plated cutlery, wooden and willow ware, kitchen utensils, and, in short, everything in the housekeeping line. They paint monograms and initials on porcelain, and match broken sets of China and tea ware of any color in a very superior manner. And a very important item for the public to know is, that they claim to sell cheaper than any other house in the city, and treat their customers with fairness and politeness.

C. C. Hastings & Co.,

THE GREAT

CLOTHIERS,

LICK HOUSE BLOCK,

SAN FRANCISCO.

An applicant for a place said, "work is not so much an object as wages."

It is further estimated that in San Francisco there is made annually one barrel of beer for each man living within the city.

COMMERCIAL AND PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE,

643 Clay St., between Kearny and Montgomery, San Francisco. The undersigned, late a Professor in the National Business College, will commence, on Monday, July 8th, giving regular and thorough instruction in PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, PHONOGRAPHY, etc., believing that from his experience in teaching, etc., that he can give general satisfaction. The patronage and influence of his friends and the public generally are respectfully solicited.

TERMS LOW. Short Hand and other styles of Writing executed. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

"Hurry, Mamma," said little innocent with his cut finger.—"Hurry, it's leaking."

He who assumes airs of importance exhibits his credentials of insignificance.

FROM THE WEED
\$600
WHILE THE WORLD
is being judged—no they
are the LAST, no they
are BEST! Why?
Because the WEED

Machines TO
work cost
less, and with more
VARIETY Buy the
LATEST always. Call
and see S. E. Hunt, 270
Kearny St. P. O. Apt.

For the very best Photographs, go to Bradley & Rulofson's. Prices reduced. Closed on Sundays.

Josh Billings says: Be yec as wize as a sarpint and as harmless as a duv, and then if a feller cums a fooling around you're duv yu kan set you're sarpint at him.

TWENTY-FIVE English noblemen have been driven into bankruptcy by gaming on the turf within the last twelve years.

Buy all your Groceries
—AT—
WHOLESALE PRICES
—AT—
HASKELL & CO'S
TEA STORE,
605 Market Street,
GRAND HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THERE are seven hundred and seventy-three Young Men's Christian Associations on this continent, one hundred and seventy-eight having been formed during the past year.

AVARICE is a great gulf, which would not be filled if the whole world were thrown into it.

KANE'S ORIGINAL CONDENSED SOAP.
Washes without rubbing. Specially adapted to washing Flannels.

One bar of this Soap, costing 12½ cts. will do from two to three washings for an ordinary sized family. One pound of this Soap, by adding one pint (1 lb) of soft water, and boiling until dissolved, will make two pounds of hard soap. One pound of this Soap, by adding two gallons of soft water and boiling until dissolved, makes two gallons of fine white soft soap.

For sale by all wholesale and retail dealers.
Manufactured at 201 Sacramento Street,
San Francisco.

Josh Billings says that "the lion and the lamb may possibly some time lay down in this world together for a few minutes, but when the lion comes to get up the lamb will be missing."

Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BOSTON.

Incorporated, 1825. Assets, \$9,000,000 00

The only Company on the Pacific Coast governed by the Massachusetts Non-forfeiture Law. PURELY MUTUAL, dividing annually the whole surplus among Policy Holders.

EVERSON & MIDDLEMISS, Gen'l Agents,
Office, N.E. corner California and Sansome Streets,
San Francisco.

LITTLE Minnie wished her father to buy her some holes for her ears, so that she could wear ear rings.

The City Council of Philadelphia has appropriated \$15,000 for free public baths.

C. J. KING. P. D. CODE. T. E. KIMBALL.

P. D. CODE & CO.,

621 and 623 Front street, San Francisco,
Manufacturers of

JELLIES, JAMS, PRESERVES, PICKLES,
Ketchup, Sauces, Canned Fruits and
Vegetables of superior quality.

Those in want of a good article, *cleanly put up*,
can depend upon securing satisfaction in send-
ing orders to the above firm.

HENRY Ward Beecher says: There is
a pleading element in a hymn—there is
yearning in it; and thousands who try
vainly to bring themselves to God by
reading and praying might fly to Him on
the wings of a hymn. There is a rail-
road to the top of Mount Washington,
and he who sings is like the man who
rides; but he who thinks is the poor
fool that goes afoot.

THOS. H. SELBY & CO.,

Nos. 116 and 118 California St., San Francisco,
Importers of

IRON, STEEL, COPPER, ZINC,

And Plumbing Goods; also manufacture Lead
Pipe, Sheet Lead, Drop Shot, etc., and are
the proprietors of the Selby Lead and Silver
Smelting Works, of San Francisco.
Crude Lead and Silver Bars purchased.

It is the easiest thing in the world to
be happy, if men and women would
only think so. Happiness is another
name for love: for where love exists in
a household there happiness must also
exist, even though it has poverty for a
close companion. Where love exists
not, even though it be in a palace, hap-
piness can never come.

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lustre to the cheek of innocence as the
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peace and purity of heart.

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visit both camps.

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curred in New York, July 19, forty-six
being fatal.

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who ran into the forest after a team and
rode home upon the load of wood.
When asked by his mother if he was
not frightened when the team came
down a very steep hill, he said, "Yes,
a little, but I asked the Lord to help
me, and hung on like a beaver."



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we shall die, with honor which no
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self with it's own tears, and of all flow-
ers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such
is humanity.

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This life is but a fading scene, which ought, nevertheless, to remind us that we were born for pure and high views, for higher and still nobler ends; our pleasures should be chaste and pure, resulting from the mind; pleasures not to intoxicate, corrupt, and wear away the body, but to invigorate both body and mind, and bear us through the world with honor, that, when we come to die, we may be honored still.

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The Overland Monthly.

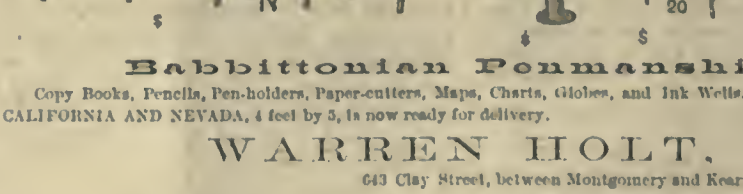
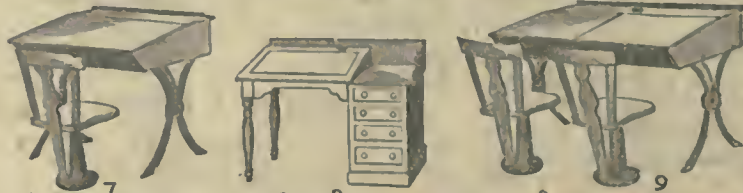
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The Dial.

Devoted to the Interests of Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations.

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No. 7.



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409 Washington Street, San Francisco,

—FOR—

W. O. Andrews & Co.,

No. 409 Washington Street (third floor),

To whom all Letters and Exchanges should be addressed.

The Miner's Reservoir.

Every child who has lived in the mining regions of this State will know what this picture represents. You know that in most kinds of mining a great deal of water is used; in some places, where the gold is mixed up in the earth of the hills, the water is brought from a great distance, high up among the hills, and it has a great amount of fall;

that is, the source of the water is much higher than the outlet, and when it comes out of the pipes in which it is brought, it flies out with great force; so, directed against the bank where the gold and earth lie together, it tears away the bank, washes out the gold, and soon levels the hill.

Now, when the water is brought from the distant hills, it flows in a deep cut, or canal, called a ditch, dug in the earth; but when it comes to a valley, and must go across it, a flume is built to allow it to go over the valley without losing the fall, or running down. The flume is a long wooden canal, built upon a high frame, stretching over the valley from side to side. In that long box which you see under the reservoir above it the water from the reservoir above it to the places where it is needed by the

miner. The water is collected in this great work stretching across the valley, and is kept full, so that it can be drawn out and distributed whenever wanted. It costs much labor, time, and money, to keep this water-works always in good order and repair.

Men are very ingenious with such machinery as this; but God, who made the earth and sky, has made complete preparation for all of our wants, and has arranged the world in which we live so that we do not see the machinery which supplies our wants. The water we need falls from the sky upon the thirsty earth, and the grass, trees, and flowers rejoice and flourish, as though they knew and valued the blessing. So, without any machinery that we can see, God prepares in the bosom of the earth all the juices and odors that are needed

by the flowers and fruits which bloom and ripen for us. We admire man's works, often great and wonderful; but how much more wonderful is God's work, which goes on around us, unnoticed and unseen.

[From the Child at Home.]

The Little Wanderer.

Down in a wretched cellar sits a little girl, cold, dirty, ragged, hungry, forsaken. She is wicked, too, and wonders, as she sits there, where she can steal if she does not succeed in begging a supper. Poor Mary! she has been so taught, and so untaught, that, although she has a quick, bright mind, she hardly knows right from wrong, and is inclined to think the principal sin of stealing is being found out! If you or I had been brought up as she has to the age of seven, I presume we should have been as bad or worse.

Mary's mother had died from intemperance; and the father, also a drunkard, has left his little girl to look out for herself. The owner of the cellar, coming in, tells her she can stay there no longer; and, rising up, she wanders out into the street, weeping as she goes. A gentleman, seeing her at a distance from the opposite sidewalk, crosses over, and asks her what is the matter, who are her parents, and where is her home.

"I have no father or mother or home!" sobs the child.

After asking the forlorn little one some more questions, and going back with her whence she came to satisfy himself of facts, the gentleman took her to the Home for Little Wanderers, where she was clad in comfortable garments, ate a good supper, and went to sleep in a nice bed.

A few days afterwards, a rich Christian gentleman whose only child had died, coming in to choose a little girl to adopt as his own, was pleased with Mary; only fearing, when he heard the facts as to her past, that she would not be good in the future. Then Mary, hearing him express this fear, ran to his feet, saying:

"Please, only try me! I will always be so good! Only tell me how!"

Then the gentleman took her to his own beautiful home, and to his own heart, with all a father's love; and Mary, true to her promise, attended to his instructions, gave her heart to Jesus, and became a good and lovely child, the guide and blessing of that happy home.

Was not that home heaven to the poor, forsaken, unloved, homeless child?

Yes, it was very like heaven—the blessed home our heavenly Father has prepared for his wandering sons and daughters.

But we are all sinful wanderers. If we are not Christ's, we are more hun-

gry, naked, destitute, forsaken than poor Mary in the cellar. But our heavenly Father stands waiting at heaven's open door; and if we do but go to his feet, promising to learn and to do his will, he will take us to his home and heart, and love and bless us as his very own. Turn to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and read of him who said: "I will arise, and go to my father."

Little wanderer from God, arise and go to your Father.

Old Covetous and His Hams.

The *Presbyterian Expositor* tells the following good and true story of a converted miser and his trials:

As was then the custom in the Methodist Church in the country, and is to some extent to this day, the minister in charge was in the habit of receiving his dues in provisions, etc. Soon after "Old Covetous" united with the class, the preacher got out of meat; so he "harnessed up," and rode over to Brother C——'s house.

"Good morning, Brother C——."

"Good morning, glad to see you: won't you 'light?"

"No, thank you. Wife says we are out of meat, and I thought——"

(Old Man.)—"Out of meat are you?"

(New Man.)—"Well, I am glad to hear it; it will do me good to supply you. Go to my smoke-house, yonder, and take the best ham you can find—mind and take the biggest."

On went the preacher, and soon returned, bearing a ham weighing twenty pounds. He passed on to his wagon.

Now came the conflict.

(Old Man, in his heart, *solus*.)—"You old fool! that ham weighs twenty pounds! Hams are scarce—worth one shilling per pound." (New Man, *solus*.)

"'God loveth the cheerful giver.' 'What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' O God, forgive me! 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' Here, Mr. ——, come back! Now," said he, "'go again to my smoke-house, and this time get two hams. Get the very best—mind you, rousers!"

Soon he returned, bearing forty pounds more of meat; then came over the poor man again the spirit of covetousness.

(Old Man.)—"Well you are a fool! You will die in the poor-house yet! Forty, sixty pounds—worth eight dollars! Eight dollars gone slied!" (New Man.)—"Honor the Lord with thy substance." 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; though I fall, I will rise again.' 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' O! I am—I am in the valley."

(New Man.)—"Here, Mr. ——, come back! come back!" Now his manly

heart trembled; the water stood in his eyes; and then like a little child, he wept and sobbed as he told the minister of the warfare within. "And now, Mr. Devil," said he, "if you don't quit this business, I'll give away every ham I've got in the smoke-house!"

Then "Apollyon spread his wings and left him for a season."

[From Ways of Life.]

Honesty and Policy.

There are two grand principles of action by which men govern their lives. Some choose one, some the other, while a few try to unite the two, but they will not amalgamate. They are as distinct and separate principles, as are oil and water. They have no affinity for each other. They dwell apart—are antipodes. Put them together, they will not unite. Force them into the same soul, and one will rise to the top and the other will sink to the bottom. One is from beneath, the other is from above. Men choose them at will. They are *honesty* and *policy*.

There are those who choose *Honesty* as a soul-companion. They live in it, and with it, and by it. They embody it in their actions and lives. Their words speak it. Their faces beam it. Their actions proclaim it. Their hands are true to it. Their feet tread its path. They believe it is of God. It is their first love. *Honesty*, peerless queen of principles! What a multitude. Some at the stake, some in prison, some before judges. They are strong and brave in heart. But they are not all martyrs. Some of them triumph on the field of strife; some in the halls of science; some in high places of trust and honor; some in all the common walks of life. Wherever they are, they triumph. An honest man is invincible. He can not be conquered.

Angels stand by him and feel proud of his company.

"I WOULD BELIEVE STRONGLY IN JESUS."—A little Chinese girl was asked, "Were you sure of dying to-morrow, what would you do to-day?" She was one of a class. The first who replied, said she would be getting her grave ready, which is a very important business among the Chinese; but this child answered with a resolute countenance, "I would believe strongly in Jesus."

We do not spend much time in praising the church as a good institution. Its utility is settled, and R. G. Pardee once said: "Cease to pet, and flatter, and puff the Sunday-school, but view it as a grand institution of God for the conversion of the world."

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

Is the Temperance Cause Dead?

John B. Gough, in one of his thrilling speeches, spoke as follows :

A gentleman said to me the other day: "The temperance cause is dead." It is not dead, for it was born in the church of Christ, and that which is born there can never die. Right is to triumph in the end. You and I will not live to see it; but it will come. Nero sat on the throne clothed in purple, and at his nod men trembled. In the Mamertine dungeon a man was writing a letter to Timothy, to send him his cloak, for he was shivering in one of the dungeons of the Roman capital. Years rolled on, and right and wrong contended with each other. The former died a miserable suicide, but the prisoner wrote on and finished his letter, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith"—words which have comforted millions for generations. And the world could better afford to lose all the words of eloquence that ever fell from the lips of Roman orators than to lose one word of what the chained prisoner wrote in a dungeon. My experience has led me to this conclusion, that we trust too much even to our organizations and to our effects. We are in too much of a hurry; we want results immediately. We do a thing and want results to come at once, forgetting that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. It is God's work and not ours; we are workers. If a man stands as a machine, and if he is connected by a bond of living faith with God Almighty, he is doing his work as he will, where he will, and when he will, and occupies the highest position a man can occupy in this world. God is the motive-power, and our work is simply nothing in comparison with him. Then as we put forth our efforts, let us make our appeal to him.

[From the Sunday School, Visitor.]

The Best Helper.

"God is true; I leave you in His care," said a dying woman, wearily. She could say no more.

Mrs. Wright died in a five-story tenement house, and they buried her outside the city walls. It was only a pauper's grave; No one beside it, but the sexton and the motherless boy. What difference if tears trickled down on the long grass, and low sobs shook the forlorn little body at the sound of each shovelful of earth? All over! The sexton drew his rough hand over his face, and walked off; the boy dried his tears, and "looked up."

"Yes, yes," he murmured, and at every step homeward, repeated the same in a more confident tone.

"The child is crazy!" cried people, looking after him.

"Crazy boy! crazy boy!" cried a mischievous youth, till a crowd stood gazing after him.

On he went, murmuring, "Yes, yes." Homeward, we said; ah! who could call it going homeward, to mount those rickety stairs into such a miserable room.

"Gather up your clothes, and be off; all else belongs to me," cried the stern voice of the landlord. "Precious little left for the rent."

"Good-by," came from several rooms along the upper story, Women and children looked out to see what would become of the orphan boy.

"Sure, and he'll have no helper now," sighed many a kind heart, as his little figure glided downward.

"Yes, yes," he whispered low, not wishing a crowd to follow. Away he went, outside of the city, till, just as the stars could be seen, he stood in the country, outside of dingy alleys and crowded streets.

"The world is wide, and I am young," he thought. "Besides, God helps those who try to help themselves, mammy said; but I must ask for Jesus' sake." Down he kneeled, the stars overhead. Afterward he fell asleep.

Next morning, the soft, sweet air blew so gently across his forehead, while the birds in a tree near sang so lovingly, that he awoke, not knowing himself to be Jack Wright.

"The world is wide, and I am young; God will help those who help themselves. God is true; mammy said so, and mammy knew a lot. Dear mammy."

Jack sat down and cried. How could he help it? A book fell from his bundle, old, and worn, and torn; but all the precious things it told, they were new as ever, for the book was the Bible. Jack read awhile, and then trudged on. Farm-houses came in sight; Jack passed none without asking for work. People treated him differently; some spoke roughly, others kindly—none gave him work.

Another night he slept under the stars; another morning found him ready to try again. Near noon, tired and hungry, he came to a little white cottage, half covered with vines; such a sweet, cool, quiet spot his eyes had never before rested on. The farmer sat resting, waiting for dinner. The farmer's wife came forward, speaking in such a kind, soft tone, that the tears rushed to Jack's eyes, and he could scarcely say what he wanted. It would seem so hard to be turned away from such a place, he thought.

"Work, my boy? Work? Ay, plenty of it!" cried the farmer, in a loud, hearty tone. "Glad to see you want it."

"Where are you from?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Just out of the city."

"I've seen his face before," she said,

turning to her husband with a puzzled look.

"Your name, boy?" she cried.

"Jack Wright. Here's my mammy's Bible, ma'am, with her name in it. She told me never to give up; and she said God would help me for Jesus' sake."

"I knew it!" both exclaimed.

Jack couldn't think what that meant, but he was presently made to understand that this very house was where his mother had been brought up. She had gone from it with her husband, one of the farm-hands, to work in a factory; and now, after years in which sorrow and death had come to her, God had guided her boy to the home of her old master and mistress.

"Yes, yes," cried Jack; "mammy said God would hear her prayer and He has."

God helped him. Jack still lives the farmer's boy, and year by year his trust in his mother's God grows stronger.

SELF DEPENDENCE.—Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of "leaving enough" to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go down to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a good education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God, the better.

ECONOMY OF TIME.—A little plan which I have found serviceable in past years is to put down every night the plans and engagements of the next day, arranging the hours well. The advantages of this are several. You get more done than, if a great part of each day is spent in contriving and considering "what next?" A heartfelt feeling pervades the whole of life. There is a feeling of satisfaction at the end of the day on finding that, generally, the part of what is planned has been accomplished. This is the secret of giving dignity to trifles. As units they are insignificant; they rise in importance when they become parts of a plan. Besides this—and I think the most important thing of all—there is gained a consciousness of will, the opposite of that which is the sense of impotency.

God is the source and centre of our being, and the nearer we get to our centre the greater is our repose.

THE DIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - NOVEMBER, 1870.

A Word of Explanation.

It is due to the proprietors of THE DIAL, as well as to the Young Men's Christian Association, of this city, to say that the Association is in no manner responsible for the paper, nor for what it says. The publishers of THE DIAL, while they are anxious to have it advance the interests of every moral and religious organization, Young Men's Christian Associations especially, are entirely independent of all such associations and societies, and are equally devoted to the welfare and success of every enterprise which shall make men better, and honor the cause of Christ upon earth. Both of these purposes and aims are those of THE DIAL, and always will be, under its editorial management, which has not been changed.

Chat with the Children.

Do the children who read THE DIAL pray? And do they believe and understand that God hears the prayers of even the smallest children, if they pray aright? I think that most children are apt to fancy that because they are young, and weak, and feeble, that the great God, who made the heavens and the earth, will not hear their poor little prayer. Even to grown people, sometimes, God seems a great way off; to us who are thinking always of what we shall eat, and drink, and wear, and where we shall go to-morrow and next day, God seems afar off; but that is because we are sinful, and too much taken up with the things of this world. Still it is not surprising that little children, who do not always find it easy to gain the attention of even their parents on earth, should think it strange that their heavenly Father should really hear them when they pray to Him. I wonder if the little boy or girl who reads these lines thinks when the prayer is said at night by the bedside, that God is so far off that He will not mind what such a very small person says? But the great God who made the world, and the stars, the sun, and the mighty universe; who keeps all these in their place, and moves them on from day to day, forever and forever; even that great Being

is not so great nor so distant that he can not hear what the smallest child has to say.

If you look in the twenty-first chapter of Genesis you will find there the story of a little child whose voice was heard, even far up in heaven, by the great God, who listens now as he listened then, for the cry of those who need any thing from Him. The story is of Ishmael, who, when his mother was cast out from her home, was left by her to die; for they could find no water, and, far from any dwelling of any body, they were ready to perish from hunger and thirst. So Hagar, Ishmael's mother, left him by a bush alone, for she could not bear to see the death of the child. And left alone, Ishmael lifted up his voice and wept; and the Bible says: "And God heard the voice of the lad." And an angel came and showed Hagar where water could be found; and the child's life was saved; and he grew to be a man, and was the head of a great nation.

That was many, many years ago; but the same God who heard poor little Ishmael's cry, as he lay alone in the desert, left by his own mother to die, will hear the voice of every child who cries to Him, asking for help. "God heard the voice of the lad." So will he hear your voice, however small and weak you may be. Yes, the same God who rules over the kings and the great nations of the earth, will hear the smallest of all His children, just as though that child were alone in the world, and there were none else to call to God. This is very wonderful; but God is wonderful, wonderful in His love to each one of us, and more wonderful in all His character than we can ever understand.

And if He hears your prayer, remember that He also sees your sinful thoughts, and knows all you do. God is everywhere, and He is near you to mark what you say and do, just as He was near Hagar and Ishmael, to notice what they needed, and to supply their want. This is a strange thing, perhaps, but it need not alarm us; it is sweet to think that God cares for us; that He will hear all our little troubles, if we tell them to Him. Dear children, God is glad that we should come to Him with all our sorrows and trials, whether they are big or small. Remember the story of little Ishmael: "God heard the

voice of the lad." He will hear your voice, if you call to Him, believing that He will listen to your prayer.

[For The Dial.]

Notes of Travel.

When the young go from home they see new and strange things. Although we may not be considered very young, yet much of the world is new to us, and during our tour of a few weeks in the interests of THE DIAL we have much to entertain and instruct, and often of deep and surprising interest. Leaving San Francisco we proceeded to Stockton, where a very hearty support was given to the cause of THE DIAL; thence by Central Pacific Railroad to Dutch Flat, which we found "flat" enough, so far as finance is concerned. When it rains, the miners will be busy, and money more plentiful.

At Reno, in Nevada, we next tarried two days; this is a very prosperous town. Here we spent our first Sunday, and met a very interesting Sabbath-school, under the care of Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, the only Protestant minister in this place—a man greatly beloved by his people, and doing a good work.

Leaving Reno, four hours' staging by night brought us to Virginia City and Gold Hill. These two towns, forming one, have a population of about 20,000. Here are the great silver mines of the Pacific slope. Through the kindness of the Superintendent of the Hale and Norcross Mine, we were permitted to visit one of the most valuable and interesting mines of the world. "Be here at one o'clock," says the Superintendent, "and I will show you through the works." At the appointed hour we were present, and after changing our garments, putting on coarse suits, with candles in hand, we stepped on a small platform, and down we went into the earth. With great rapidity downward and downward we continued our course, till it seemed as if we were never going to cease our flight. At a depth of 1,182 feet we stopped—nearly one quarter of a mile down in the ground. This is what we call deep and surprising interest. Here, deep down in the earth, we found the busy miners extracting the rich ores. This mine has already yielded a few millions of dollars, and is as rich now as ever.

At Virginia City we found Bishop Whitaker, a most precious and useful

man, and loved by all who know him. "Yes, we receive fifty DIALS, but want one hundred and fifty. We like THE DIAL. You are engaged in a good work, and we are ready to help to support it. What, and how much, will you have us to do?" was the language of his generous heart. He has other valuable co-laborers in this place. Although Virginia is a wicked city, we found many faithful men here, who love the truth above all things else, and the young appear to be well gathered into folds under faithful shepherds.

At Carson City, the capital of Nevada, we found, apparently, a very thriving town, and a people who are building up schools and churches. We shall remember with much interest many who received us there. Here we made the acquaintance of Mr. B. F. Bivens, a gentleman highly honored by the people there, and who will doubtless do much for the cause of THE DIAL in different parts of that State.

From Carson City we rolled away to the great city of Salt Lake; and when in the bright morning sun our car rolled along by that most beautiful and placid water our eyes ever beheld, without a ruffle upon its surface, reflecting the green trees growing upon its shore, surrounded by fertile lands, and then hills and mountains, made soft in the mellow light, we could but say in our inmost feelings, "This is God's country, too." The lake, so pure, so calm! the hills and mountains so beautiful in their peaceful rest against the surrounding mellow sky.

Of the "Latter Day Saints," or the Mormons, as we call them, and their interests, we will speak next time.

SIRON.

I WANT TO KNOW.—Children are often snubbed for asking questions. They are told that "little children should be seen, and not heard," and it is made a matter of reproach to them that "little pitchers have long ears." All that fresh activity of mind which makes childhood the time for learning is put down as tiresome to the elders to deal with, sometimes more embarrassing than they like to own; and it is treated as a fault in the child, and snuffed out occasionally as far as possible. But granting that it is both tiresome and embarrassing, what would youth be without this curiosity; this desire to know; this habit of asking questions? A mere half vitalized clod, with no mind to feed, no soul to teach. The thing to do with an inquisitive child is

to give it plenty of wholesome knowledge, and never to repress its desire to know, though it may be necessary to change the direction of that desire. For this, as much else, is a virtue if well employed, though a vice with evil handling; and both parents and teachers can, if they will, turn to good account the faculty which makes men devote their lives to science, and by which the child is advanced from barbarism to civilization, and through which man is lifted up from the condition of brutes to that of an intelligence trying to find out God. "I want to know" is the universal cry of the human heart. Woe be to those who deny the want, or try to feed the hungry soul with poor and insufficient food.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love, than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind!
And gently Friendship's accents flew!
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little
Its love is sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When clements were in fierce strife,
Said to them: "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

"MOTHER."—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate, but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always at the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly

relation is ever in the flourish. It may be autumn, aye, with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering on our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few will befriend us in misfortune, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

THE FAMILY A SCHOOL FOR THE CHURCH.

—Let every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour, on purpose to train the children for his service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will come. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches his subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord, and to be trained for the church.

SUNNY ROOMS.—Every woman is wise enough and careful to secure for her house-plants every bit of available sunshine during the cold winter months. Great care is taken to get a southern exposure for them. Indeed, if one can secure no other than a north window for her plants, she has too much love for these unconscious, animated things to keep them at all. She would rather leave them out in the cold to die outright, than to linger out a martyr's existence in the shade.

Folks need sunshine quite as much as plants do. Men and women who have a fair degree of strength and the use of their legs, can get out into the world and get a glimpse of the sunshine now and then, and if they choose to do so, let them live in rooms with only a northern exposure; but if it is possible, let us secure rooms into which every ray of sunshine that falls in winter may enter, for the little babies who are shut up in the house, invalids who cannot leave their rooms, and aged people who are too infirm to get out of doors. Let us reflect for a moment that these classes of persons, if kept in rooms with only north windows, will suffer just as much from the absense of sunshine as green, growing plants would do in the same rooms, and their suffering is of account in proportion as a human being is better than a geranium or a fuchsia. Every body knows how a bright, sunny day in winter gladdens every one who is situated so as to enjoy it. Let us make some sacrifices, if need be, in order to give the feeblers ones their measure of sunshine.—*Laws of Life.*

No Drunkards There.

There is a beautiful land, we are told,
With rivers of silver and streets of gold;
Bright are the beings whose shining feet
Wander along each quiet street;
Sweet is the music that fills the air—
No drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait,
Where the room is cold and the hours are late;
No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear,
Listens for the steps she dreads to hear.
The hearts are free from pain and care—
No drink is sold there.

All the long day in that beautiful land,
The clear waters ripple o'er beds of sand;
And, down on the edge of the water's brink,
Those white-robed beings wander, nor shrink,
Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare—
For no wine is there.

Father! look down from Thy throne, I pray;
Hasten, O hasten the glorious day!
Help us to work as a Temperance Band
To drive the demon away from the land;
Teach us to say, we will dry every tear
Which drink makes flow here.
—National Temperance Almanack.

OBEDIENCE TO MOTHERS.—A dutiful and affectionate son, having lost his mother, said to one of his friends, "I do not believe that anybody who knows me will charge me with having neglected my duty to my mother; but since her death I have recollected with sorrow many little instances in which I think I might have shown her more respect and attention." We fear that duty to mothers is by many young people strangely and unaccountably neglected; we hope, therefore, that the above example will be profitable to some of our young readers.

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Have become celebrated the world over. The work done by these Machines is unsurpassed, sewing the thickest material and the heaviest goods with equal facility, and requiring no extra adjusting for uneven thickness or passing over seams.

THE ATTACHMENTS

For Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Cording, Quilting, Tucking, Binding, and Gathering,

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THE HOWE MACHINES

Are the strongest and simplest, and seldom or never give any trouble in operating.

The Howe Sewing Machines

Are the oldest established in the world (Mr. Howe being the original inventor), and are in advance of all others in improvements and perfection of mechanism. They have invariably won the highest honors at the great exhibitions of the world.

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Were awarded the GOLD MEDAL for the best Sewing Machine, at the Paris Exposition of 1867. The Emperor also conferred upon Mr. Howe the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as inventor of the Sewing Machine. It is well known that there were no Gold Medals awarded to inventors for inventions, but only for superiority of articles exhibited.

The Howe Machine Co. also received a SILVER MEDAL, in addition to the above, the highest award to any other American Sewing Machine. It is an easy matter for interested persons to offer rewards they never intend to pay—it does not constitute proof.

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General Agent of the Howe Machine Co.,

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