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The American Baptist Historical Society  
JULY 6 1834  
The Morning Star

Volume XLIII.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1868.

Number 1.

THE MORNING STAR.  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE  
Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment,  
At No. 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

LUTHER B. BURLINGAME, Agent.  
All letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Agent, and all communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor.  
TERMS. For one year, \$3.00; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.  
Subscribers in Canada and the other British Provinces, will be charged 30 cents a year in addition to the price of the paper, to prepay the postage to the line.  
All Ministers (ordained and licensed), in good standing in the Freewill Baptist Connection, are authorized and requested to act as Agents in obtaining subscribers, and in collecting and forwarding money. Agents are allowed 10 per cent. on all moneys collected and remitted by them.  
Agents and others should be particular to give the Post Offices (County and State) of subscribers for whom they make remittances, &c. Remember, it is not the names of the towns where they reside that we want, but the names of the Post Office at which they receive their papers.  
All obituaries, accounts of revivals, and other matter involving facts, must be accompanied with the proper names of the writers.

The Morning Star.  
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1868.

My Guide.

I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide!  
With a child-like trust do I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend he my side;  
And the only thing that I say to him,  
As he takes it is—“Hold it fast—  
Suffer me not to lose my way—  
And lead me home at last.”  
As when some helpless wanderer—  
Alone in some unknown land—  
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
And leaves all else in his hand:  
“Thine—thine home that I wish to reach,  
Thou who guides me may choose the way,  
And little I care what path I take,  
When nearer home each day.”

New Jersey Correspondence.

NEW FIELDS—CONTINUED.

Mr. Editor.—Here in this state of New Jersey, one of the oldest of the olden states, is a new field for us as Free Baptists. It is new in two senses. First, in the sense that we have never occupied it, and, secondly, in the sense that for our purpose the population to a great extent has newly settled here, or is soon to settle.

The old population, to a great extent, is Democratic in the worst sense; that is, opposed to the rights of the people as such, and in favor of what they call vested rights, whether in land or slaves. That is, they are conservatives, in the sense of preserving old wrongs and preventing progress and improvements. They are Democrats in the sense that a majority of them voted for James Buchanan.

But a new population is rapidly coming into this state. The politics of the state and the whole tone of society will soon be changed by a combination of the newcomers with the progressives of the older population. This place, Vineland, will serve as an illustration, though it is too nearly sui generis to be presented as a specimen. A man from Massachusetts, or some other eastern state, got possession of five or six miles square, gave it a new name and invited a new population. Not less than ten thousand have already come; buildings of New England style, which is itself a strong contrast with New Jersey style, have sprung up as in a day; land which was a few years ago bought for a few dollars an acre is now sold for hundreds of dollars by the village lot, and the old and decaying farms begin everywhere to bloom as if for the first time they were feeling the power of cultivation. This place is on the railroad which leads from Philadelphia to Cape May, and only thirty-two miles from the former place.

In many other places a similar process is going on as to the change of population, though not often in a given locality at the rapid rate by which this region has been re-peopled. In no western state for the fifty years to come are more new villages and cities to spring up, according to the extent of territory, than in this old state, if we may judge any thing by the changes here for the last dozen years. What is going on about Philadelphia as thus mentioned, is going on about New York at a more rapid rate on a general scale in this state whose chief purpose in the past has seemed to be to connect the two great cities.

The calls for planting our cause in the new states of the west are imperative, but not more so than in this old state which is now so rapidly to be renewed. If in olden time it was too near a copy of southern society for our principles to flourish, the changes here are opening the way for us as much as the changes in the south. The opening the way for us there; an open state and Pennsylvania form the proper connecting links between the east and our New South.

This morning I picked up the Morning Star here and read the timely words of Bro. Rowell on the important subject of denominationalism, which is so far from sectarianism that no candid mind ought ever to confound them. I refer to denominationalism at this time, because it is easy to see that if our people would cherish it a little, this state would, in the course of twenty or thirty years, be completely dotted over by our churches. Allow me to enter a little upon the way in which this proper denominational attachment would in this state embody itself in churches during the remaining years of this century.

Happily I am not left to mere theory on this subject, but have a case in point in this very state, which I will speak of somewhat in detail, as it will present nearly all I propose to trouble your readers with at this time.

Seven or eight years ago I had some part in gathering and organizing a small church in Bloomfield, about fourteen miles from New York city. If I mistake not, it was our first attempt to raise up a church in the state of New Jersey. At the time of organizing the prospects of the church were bright beyond precedent in the beginning of new causes. We procured a preacher of talent, but unfortunately his preaching went one way and his example sadly enough went the other. The church immediately expelled its pastor, but our cause had received a stunning blow, and many said its coup de grace. But a few stood by the cause and still stand. They are persons of true denominational feelings and views, who do not go about asking the leave of others to be Free Baptists, but who rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, and who long to have others made free by our gospel of freedom. True, since their great misfortune they have not held public meetings, and no meetings at all on the Sabbath, but freely mingle and work with others just so far as they consistently can. But they meet from month to month in covenant meeting; they take the names of new-comers of like faith; they take an annual collection for our home and foreign missions, a collection which I believe usually amounts to more than a hundred dollars; they occasionally have our preachers who are passing that way preach and break bread in their meetings, which are always held in a private house. In my recent visit to them I was greatly encouraged, and find that their fellowship is a good example of that Christian affection which in olden centuries caused the world to say: “Behold, how these Christians love one another.” Still further, I was made glad in their hope and prospect of building a house of worship before many more months more go by. I am inclined to believe that they will lay the foundations before we see the snows of another winter.

This, then, is the lesson we would draw from this example for the brethren and sisters of our dispersion in this state, and indeed in all places. When two or three can unite in prayer and conference, there let brotherly love continue; there let there be organization to the extent indicated above. Wait for the openings of Providence. Invite our ministers to preach with you week evenings and Sabbath days, as the occasion affords; gather new ones (for some will be converted in such meetings) and take the names of new-comers; make your existence and wants known to the denomination through our papers; and as soon as possible organize Bible classes and Sunday schools for the care of your own families.

No great length of time would pass if this course is pursued before some place for public worship could be obtained; and on the whole it is usually best in such new causes to have a small room instead of a large one. One can, therefore, be built if it cannot be hired to advantage. Such love to the cause, such patience to bide your time, such plans to make haste slowly, would raise up for us ten churches where we can raise up one by the usual process of attempting to set out large at first; and a little money judiciously expended upon those who thus undertake would work wonders in lengthening the cords of our denominational tent.

The course thus imperfectly delineated, pursued in this place, for instance, would soon give us a flourishing church here. There are already families and members enough here to justify the Home Mission Society in sending a preacher to this field immediately. If it had the funds, it would be difficult to find a place which would more certainly and speedily yield fruit.

But I have so many things to say on our cause in new fields, and on the general subject of Home Mission labor, that I must postpone them for the present and bring this letter to a close.—D. M. G.  
Vineland, N. J., March, 1868.

West Virginia.

PARKERSBURG.

We entered the state at Parkersburg, on its northwestern border. It has the air of an old place, recently awakened to a new life. Many of the buildings have an old, heavy, dreamy aspect, altogether unlike the easy brusqueness of western or New England towns. Others are growing up in balloon style, and with railroad velocity. On one side of a street there is perhaps a block of old buildings with a veteran pavement, and on the other vacant lots and no pavement at all. In other places modern Yankee express office or a variety shop abuts on an old Virginia mansion—a residence, mayhap, of some seceder F. F. V.—It is evidently destined to be a place of considerable importance, as the port of supply for a large country, as one of the termini of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and where the Ohio river is eventually to be bridged.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY. From Parkersburg the railroad winds for a while up the Little Kanawha river, that rolls along sluggish and slimy—the latter quality being the result of petroleum that has strayed from the springs and well along its margin farther up. But the coun-

try soon becomes wild and rugged, and one shortly observes a burning lamp in the cars, furnishing the only light that reaches him. It flashes upon him that he is verging on the Plutonian shore, going through one of the twenty-three “Tunnels” between Parkersburg and Grafton, a distance of 104 miles. One of these Tunnels, just east of Clarksburg, is seven-eighths of a mile long. There are, besides, almost innumerable deep cuts. The soil is poor, with only here and there a cultivated patch wedged in between the hills, and surrounded by a fence that for material and form rivals that of an Irishman’s “tater patch.”

A “GREAT DOCTOR.”

The cars that morning were well filled with countrymen who had been down to Parkersburg to consult a wonderful “Spiritual Doctor” who was there practising upon the credulity of the people. The marvels that, according to their stories, he had performed were marvelous indeed. The one tenth part of them, if real, would bring a millennial era upon medical science and the world. It was instructive to note the type of manhood in this crowd. Ignorant, endeavorous, profane and religiously skeptical or infidel to a man, affecting to despise believers in the Nazarene, but credulously and foolishly entrusting this impostor with money and life, if not with the soul itself. Remarking to a friend that one who had lived on the prairies could hardly content himself to live by farming in this country, one of the more talkative interposed: “Your prairies might have some advantages, but we’ve advantages, too.” “What?” we asked. “He and staves,” was the reply—indicating about the range of logic and intelligence in the crowd. “He,” “staves,” and a few stray “coons” seem to be the principal products of the country.

THE OIL REGION.

The geological features of the oil regions are distinct and peculiar. In the coal measures—for there is no coal here—the valleys have been washed out by aqueous agencies, the corresponding strata appearing on the opposite sides of the mountains with nearly uniform dip. But here the hills have been thrown up from beneath by igneous forces; and the strata are bent, doubled and contorted in a great variety of ways. There are no oil wells along the railroad or the streams, although large sums have been expended in digging for it here. It is found back on the hills, and in considerable quantities. Petroleum, Petroleum, Ellensboro, and several other “Oil cities” have grown up in this region.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

The oil region is soon passed and the coal measures appear. The hills are less rocky and precipitous, the valleys are wider and the soil more productive. Flourishing farms begin to be seen, and houses with more show of comfort. A Virginian, however, invests each extra dollar in “more land,” and when worth his thousands will content himself in a house that in New England could hardly be rented to a farm tenant. Clarksburg is a considerable town in the midst of a really beautiful and good country. It has the same old heavy appearance as Parkersburg, with less wealth and less of the new element. That element, however, is increasing. During the war Clarksburg was a U. S. military station, and has some good buildings. Farther on towards Grafton the country improves still more. Good crops are raised, of wheat, rye, corn, oats, potatoes, &c. Apples peaches, grapes, plums and cherries flourish finely. The climate is mild and salubrious. In the valleys, though there is some snow, the grass remains green through the entire winter—rendering it an excellent grazing country. Coal is abundant, selling, delivered, at about four cents per bushel, or 85 cents per ton. It is of excellent quality, and the leading vein is nine feet thick, underlying all the hills.

FREEWILLERS.

In December last a Freewill Baptist church was founded at Flemington, ten miles west of Grafton, and another at Fairview, three miles south, and off from the railroad. Several have since united with the Flemington church—two having been baptized. The Fairview church are making efforts to build a Chapel.

TURNED THEM OUT.

The planting of our standard there has produced quite a ferment. The old Baptists have not only turned out of their churches such of their numbers as joined us, refusing them letters, but have also refused them the use of their houses of worship. The former is a harmless piece of bigotry—the latter must be remedied by the erection of houses of our own. The denomination must help these little persecuted and promising bands. They will help themselves manfully, but they must now have aid.

THE OLD BAPTISTS.

The old Baptists have, heretofore held almost undisputed sway in this part of the country. During the war the prevailing influences among them were “Conservative” in plain Yankee, Scotch, and the same men and influences seem still to dominate among them. There is a large element among them, however, who are loyal to the core, and very restive under this rule, and will hail the advent of Freewill Baptists with delight, as a means of escape from the hateful thralldom of secessionism. These old Baptists also cling with a great deal of tenacity to the old Calvinistic “Doctrines of Grace.” Their Association seldom fail of being dejected with professions of loyalty to “personal union” and election, “once in grace always

in grace,” &c. They will not receive a baptized (immersed) person from another denomination without re-baptizing him, though they retain those who “still” their own and others’ apples, &c., into brandy. Many are restive under this Hard Shell rule, and hold their arms open to us—implore us to come in and possess the land.

A. D. W.

Experience.

Experience is a good school-master. The facts which I here record may help some one. They relate to an excellent brother who has for years been wandering from the fold among strangers. Full of ardor, enthusiasm and ambition to do effective work for Christ, he took the pastorate of a young church at the west. He was just the man to do good and make mistakes. Dull, slow, heartless men do neither. It takes a live man for both. He was alive all over, and through his soul and body. His keen, original, impetuous thoughts leaped like magnetism from his soul; his generous sympathies embraced all the saints. In his marked excellence lay his peril. His large-heartedness could not endure sectarianism, and his ardor caused him to push his ideas to extremes.

As he followed up all Christians, he asked, “Why should we not welcome them to our church?” This policy was proposed; some ministers approved and some objected. Discussion ensued; other ministers protested warmly against the aberration; he became more and more earnest; his will and passions reinforced his conscience. Shortly this one idea filled his soul, occupied his thoughts, was the subject of constant discussion, outshone all other truth, seemed to be the one certain panacea for all divisions, discords and evils which curse the church. He felt that his policy was indispensable, and that he could not live in a church which refused to adopt it. So he withdrew. Heresy hunters rejoiced, the sober and charitable were sad, and the martyr was glad to be the champion of an idea of such speculative importance.

The next step was fellowship with Unitarians, because they were liberal and glad to embrace persons of every shade of opinion. That seemed so charitable, so Christian, so free from hateful sectarianism, that his heart espoused it at once. Then he was happy. He had found the true platform, and ardently wished, worked and hoped that all saints might soon stand by his side.

A few years sobered him; other thoughts sprang up; the bright colors had faded from his vision; he had a confession confidentially to make. He still delighted in charity, but doubted the wisdom of fellowship which included rationalists, deists, and mere pretenders to faith in Christ. The platform was too wide, this liberality he found to be license, laxity, indifference to the divine testimony. He also mourned for spiritual fellowship. Discussion, liberal ideas, philanthropic doctrines, good morals, cultivated tastes, he found in abundance and enjoyed them; but he hungered in vain for piety, for the spirit of prayer, penitence, worship, the tender Christian feelings which culminate in the prayer meeting and labor for the conversion of sinners. He was sick of educated, polished, genteel Christianity, destitute of the experience of orthodox regeneration. The broken heart, the tear of penitence, the prayer for mercy, the gush of love and tenderness which follow, the prayer and experience meetings, now seemed to him infinitely more precious than all the gilded formalism which surrounded him in his new relations. His logic was still astray, but his heart hungered for the true bread.

The Lesson.—Beware of hobbies. Deal tenderly with the erring. Love and patience will save, while severity is sure to drive them further astray. Beautiful theories without Christ and piety, are worthless. The fellowship of love is better than the fellowship of form. Woe to those who forsake the circles of piety, when pushed for heresy. Blessed are they who are made more humble and pious by blows.

G. H. B.

Severe Criticism.

Rev. M. D. Conway, who is well known as a radical thinker, a somewhat self-conscious critic and a thoroughly vigorous writer, thus expresses his views of the English Church. The portrait is doubtless overdrawn, but it is not wholly a fancy sketch. He says in his caustic and audacious way:

“I have in my life seen many ugly things and mean things. I have seen slaveholding rule in our Southern States, the rule of the Austrian in Venice, popperhead meetings in Ohio, the dynasty of Louis Napoleon; but the supremest ugliness, the most systematized meanness, I have ever seen seems to me that of the English church, and the ministers thereof. There are, indeed, a few exceptions—much fewer, I think, than is generally supposed in America—but the vast majority of the church ministers are selfish, coarse, and utterly ignorant of what is around them. If you meet the church clergyman, and in the course of conversation it appears that you are not a member of his church, he at once assumes that you are a member of the Roman Catholic church, and begins either to argue against transubstantiation (if an evangelical), or to show that there is very little difference between Anglicanism and Romanism (if he be a High churchman). If he finds you are an independent thinker,

he treats you with the silence of a superciliousness which is but an amusing disguise for his consciousness of utter ignorance of anything outside of his little dogmatic hovel. And these men are not abstractions; they are in the country the potent justices who send children to prison for picking walnuts and whortleberries. They have power over the liberty of such men as the prisoner I have described, who could put the brains of twenty of them into his smallest cranial “bump” without knowing it.

But still more odious, perhaps, is the English church because of the way in which it emasculates men who would otherwise be strong. It cuts the sinews of statesmen like Gladstone, just as slavery did those of Webster, and leads them to uphold the most flagrant and intolerant wrongs, such as the closing of the great universities against dissenters. John Stuart Mill could not enter Cambridge or Oxford, and Gladstone is the man whose hand would bar the door; were Gladstone’s opposition to the freedom of the universities withdrawn, no one questions that it would instantly be declared. The same thing ruined poor, old Lord Brougham, who has ended his long career by becoming president of some miserable ritualistic order, and consequently supporting the late Southern Confederacy and everything else that is reactionary. It has leveled better men than these. Maurice has become a mere casuist with but occasional gleams of clear power; and Kingsley publishes now another edition of his “Yeast” with all “the dreams of his youth” expurgated, and all his indictments of social wrong turned into smiles for a world which has smiled upon him since he abandoned his trumpet for the wheezy church organ. It robs Tennyson of his great humanity, and it prevents such men as Hughes from following out the promise of their earlier lives. As for the preaching of the English clergy, it is in the average the most artistically stupid preaching that can be anywhere heard. In a posthumous fragment of Buckle recently, there is a quotation from an immensely popular discourse of the early reign of Elizabeth. It is in praise of mediocrity. “God,” said this preacher, “delighted in mediocrity for these reasons: viz., man was put into paradise; a rib was taken out of the midst of man. The Israelites went through the midst of Jordan and through the midst of the Red Sea. Samson put his brands in the midst between the foxes’ tails. David’s men had their garments cut off by their midst. Christ was hanged in the midst between two thieves.” My private belief is, that this discourse has been read by, and has been the means of converting, the great majority of the clergymen whom it has been my misfortune to hear.

Events of the Week.

THE GREAT TRIAL.

According to previous appointment, the United States Senate sat as a court of impeachment on Friday, the 13th inst., and an important step towards reaching the end sought was taken. The Chief Justice presided, and the managers on the part of the House and President’s counsel were in attendance. The latter preferred the modest request that forty days be allowed to prepare for the trial, the consideration of which was the only business of the session. The reasons favoring such a delay were presented by Messrs. Stanbery, Curtis and Nelson of the President’s counsel, while opposing considerations were urged by Messrs. Bingham, Wilson and Butler of the House managers. After a secret session, the Senate very wisely refused to grant the request of the President; and, instead of the desired forty days, gave him only until the 23d inst. to file his answer, to which time the court adjourned. The President’s counsel were manifestly greatly disappointed at the result, and there have been various rumors of their disagreement among themselves and with the President. There are indications, however, that they are preparing for a vigorous defense, and were expected to be ready to file the President’s answer on the 23d inst., it was thought probable that they would ask for further delay. It is said that the House managers will be ready to proceed with the trial today, the 25th, and will push it with all possible haste. The President is reported to have become alarmed respecting the result, and spends much time with his counsel. That he will be impeached and removed from office, is very generally considered a foregone conclusion.

CONGRESS IN GENERAL.

The impeachment trial does not, at present, seem to be causing any great delay in the general business of Congress. On the other hand, work is manifestly the order of the day. Our readers will be glad to learn that the House has passed the bill extending the Freedmen’s Bureau to one year from next July. It is to be hoped that the Senate will speedily endorse its action. The House has also passed a bill providing that in case the Chief Justice is unable to perform his duties from any cause, the next oldest justice in commission shall temporarily take his place, an important act, especially at this juncture. The bill for the admission of Alabama meets with unexpected opposition from Thad. Stevens and others. The House bill, removing the tax on certain manufactures has passed the Senate with important amendments. The same body has also passed other important bills. It is well that matters of this char-

acter should be attended to before the great trial commences in earnest.

RUMORS.

During the past week, there have been rumors of trouble from various sources. It is stated that in sections of Tenn. and Kentucky, the ex-rebels have had a secret organization, called at first and in different localities by various names, but of late known everywhere under the name of “Kuklux Klan.” Its object is said to be plunder, the commission of outrages upon negroes and the poor whites, and resistance of the laws of Tennessee. The authorities have been fully apprised of the character and design of the organization, and due precautions have been taken against its further encroachments. There have also been apprehensions of an attack on Washington from bands of Virginia garillas under the lead of the notorious Mosby, but how much real foundation there is for such a rumor we are unable to say. The ex-rebels are doubtless desperate enough to do something of the kind, if they dared. In addition to these, there has been a singular rumor to the effect that the leaders of the Democratic party contemplate tendering to Chief Justice Chase the nomination to the Presidency, and that his attitude toward the impeachment question has been in a measure determined by overtures from that source. As it seems to us, however, the whole story is simply absurd. The noble and consistent record of the Chief Justice is itself sufficient evidence against the truthfulness of all such reports.

GEN. HANCOCK.

This officer has left New Orleans and is now in Washington. At his request, the President has relieved him from command at the former place, and it is believed to be his purpose to place him in command at the latter. A New Orleans paper has printed a card, signed by about two hundred northern and western men, endorsing his course. He is at present a special favorite with the President. Gen. Reynolds is temporarily at the head of the 5th district, but it is thought that Gen. Halleck will soon be ordered to the command.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C. March 17, ‘68. “St. Patrick’s day in the morning” dawned brightly and beautifully upon the Capital, and the sons of “Sweet Erin,” quite numerous here as in most of our cities, appear resolved to improve it to the utmost. A large procession of the different Irish organizations is traversing the principal streets of our city as I write, and speeches, masses, banquets and dances are to complete the programme for the day’s celebration. The face of nature here presents quite a contrast with the snow-clad scenery of N. H., upon which I have so recently gazed—snow, ice and frost having retired before the advancing steps of Spring. The grass upon the public squares begins to clothe them in green—the lilac is putting forth its leaves, and the crocus displays its blossoms—all giving assurance that the rigid reign of Winter is over and the milder reign of Spring commenced. The contrast is pleasing and agreeable.

In Congress, matters have resumed the quietness prevailing before the impeachment excitement arose. Nobody would suppose from anything visible to-day in either House of Congress that they had so recently been the theater of the intense excitement accompanying the impeachment proceedings. This calm is doubtless only glowering the fiercer which a breath may fan into a flame. The President ostensibly is busily engaged in preparations to meet his forthcoming trial, but what new schemes of mischief he may be devising none can tell. The pretense that his only object in appointing Thomas Secretary of War ad interim was to test the constitutionality of the tenure of office act, would seem to be exploded by his following up that appointment with a continued recognition of him as Secretary of War. It looks more like a design to get control of the War Department, in order to wield it in his interest, than anything else. This design he still persists in. Indeed it is characteristic of Andrew Johnson never to abandon an evil design when once entered upon.

Gen. Hancock is coming here. His request to be relieved from the command of the Fifth Military District has not yet been complied with, but if, on consultation, he shall be found sufficiently ready to do the President’s bidding, there is little doubt that he will be relieved from the command of that Department and installed in command of the new Department lately created here. If so, new complications will probably arise, needing new remedies. The decision of the Senate, giving only ten days in which to answer the articles of impeachment, instead of the forty asked for, seems to have startled and affirmed the President and his supporters, and, if any schemes of resistance are being entertained by them, will give those schemes new activity. The appointment of Hancock to command the new department, and the acceptance of the command, after it was refused by General Sherman and G. H. Thomas (not ad interim) would have a sinister aspect, and necessarily give rise to a suspicion of evil designs on the part of the President. Unfortunately his character and conduct are such that any evil intention imputed to him is not deemed improbable.

The Senate to-day has been buried upon the bill for the relief of manufacturers from internal taxation, and it is hoped that Congress may be able soon to perfect the bill and relieve our home industries from the burden of taxation. The bill has been reported to the Senate by the committee on Finance with certain amendments relating the tax on a few articles exempted by the original bill; but, if passed with the amendments reported, the effect of the bill will still be to relieve the great bulk of the manufacturers of the country from internal taxation, thereby giving, it is hoped, a new impulse to the manufacturing industry of the country.

The iron railing in the old Hall of Representatives, which enclosed the Statuary of exhibition there, has been removed, much to the improvement of the old Hall.



## SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

## Sermon.

BY T. E. S.

All things are yours. 1 Cor. 3:21.

Life exhibits itself in a series of gradations. It runs all the way from the lowest vegetable to the noblest man, and then reaches up, we do not know through how many or what orders of being, till it culminates in God. In our own life these successive steps are seen. Between the circulation of the blood and the ascent of a believing prayer, between digestion and the Christian martyr's triumphant death, there is a vast stretch of what we call life,—wherein are included appetites, instincts, thoughts, affections, and deeds that show the vigor of muscle or the might of will.

The lower forms of life are meant to wait on and serve the higher. The soil ministers to vegetation; the plant nurtures the animal; the animals bring gifts to man; the body is set to be the servant of the soul; intelligence is meant for the development of character and to render achievement both certain and noble; and the chief end of man is to glorify God. Nothing is isolated. Everything is included in a plan. No form of finite existence is an end to itself; it fulfills its mission only when it ministers to something higher.

Moral goodness, properly understood, is an end; and the joy which is born of it is an ultimate blessing. We eat that we may live and be strong; we toil that we may satisfy desire; we study that we may possess knowledge; we subdue the animal passions and stimulate Christian love, that we may become, in our human measure, like God in his moral perfections; and this last is the end of seeking. We have reached the goal now. There is nothing higher to be aspired to. The last object has been found. Life culminates in character. It finds its completeness in being at one with God.

All things serve us, therefore, when and as they minister to this spiritual growth. All things are harmful in proportion as they hinder that growth. God gives whatever he bestows that it may build us up in this high way. He is intent on that result, and bids us work with that eye in our eye. For the sake of this object he gives us all the treasures of the universe. Nothing is withheld, nothing denied, nothing needlessly delayed. He says to those who are intent on this object, "All things are yours." And lest the statement might be taken at a discount, he goes on to specify and to mention just those things which an untaught or a distrustful heart would be likely to except. Read over the list: "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours." Surely if all these things are given into the possession of men in order that they may be built up by means of them into the glory and the joy of moral character, then nothing else that is needful will be withheld; and if these may all minister to the high end which we are set to seek, then few things are wholly lacking in the power to yield strength and gladness unto the true soul.

These words suggest much. The lessons which they offer are instructive, cheering and practical. Only a few of them can be drawn out now, and even these must be briefly stated.

1. They suggest the bountifulness of God's gifts to the human soul.

Men are apt to give sparingly and with calculation. They often dole out in a stingy spirit. They bestow as though fearing an excess of generosity or an exhaustion of resources. And when their hearts prompt them to be liberal they may lack the means. What they offer may be precious in the love which goes with it, in the self-denial from which it springs, in the whole-hearted consecration which it expresses. The clear eye of heaven may see that it is a gift both noble and beautiful on its spiritual side, like the two mites of the widow; but it may go only a little way in helping the needy, in relieving suffering, in satisfying hunger, in clothing nakedness, in bringing plenty to the homes of the poor. The heart may have generosity enough to brighten all the dark parts of the world, but there are no possessions that can be used as benefactions for mankind. And men do not always know what is needed and when to bestow. They open their hands, but the gifts fail to meet the wants of those who take them, or come too late for benefit. They mean bread, but what they offer is but a stone. They excite hope only to mock it, though without intention. And men often become weary of generosity and cease to bestow. Finding ingratitude or improvidence in the recipients, they cut off the stream of bounty and leave want and weakness to their fate.

God's beneficence is not like this. He gives out of resources that cannot be exhausted nor lessened,—out of a love that overflows all finite channels as the Nile overflows Egypt at its flood;—out of a wisdom that discerns the precise want and sends just the right gift to meet it;—out of a yearning pity and a beseeching patience that are intent on constraining the most thankless hearts. He pours out blessings on the evil and the good as the sun pours out golden light on desert and prairie,—as the clouds pour out refreshment on the sterile rock and the luxuriant interval,—as the summer scatters beauty in the flowers that spring unseen in the clefts of the rocks and fill the air in a royal garden with fragrance. He gives not simply one gift, but many; not for one day merely, but for all days. Paul is not sent as a blessing to any single party, but humanity may claim an inheritance in him and in all that he said and wrote and did. And it is not Paul alone that is given, but Apollos, and Cephas, and all the apostolic brotherhood,—nay, the whole brotherhood of great souls is the possession of those whom God enriches and dowers. All the beauty of nature, the glory of art, the sweetness of poetry, the dis-

cernment of science, the wisdom of philosophy, the magnetism of eloquence, the accumulations of history, the nobleness of heroism, the elevation of sainthood,—all that appears in earth and sea and sky,—all there is in home and school and sanctuary,—all there is in the innocence of childhood, the vigor of maturity and the venerableness of age,—all there is in the storied past, the magnetic present and the wonderful future,—all that is suggested by cradle lullabies, and martial airs to which the feet of moral heroes keep time, and funeral hymns rising over the coffins of those who sleep in Jesus,—all these things are God's gifts to the human soul, that it may rejoice in its abundance, and learn how much it owes the Giver, and see how needless is spiritual poverty, and cease to be content with a partial provision, and ask how it should use its overflowing wealth.

2. These words suggest the importance which God attaches to the spiritual life.

To promote this spiritual life is the end which he seeks. It is the end which he holds steadily before the human eye and which he bids us attain. It is the only end with which he will be satisfied. It is the end to which he sends all these influences and gifts to minister. He is forever asserting our obligation to become men and women in spiritual stature and power. "Thy God hath commanded thy strength." "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The true "Muscular Christianity" appears in the form of settled Christian conviction that abides in the truth; in affections turning so steadily toward God that no worldly influences can draw them downward or aside; in the firm purpose which ever incarnates duty; in the energetic work which adds some new thing to achievement in proof that the day has not been lost or misspent. The sternest rebukes which God puts into the mouth of any of the old prophets are uttered over the lack of spiritual life; and all the beatitudes which light up the gospel are dropped upon the heads of those whose souls are growing up into the likeness of God. The whole material world is meant to aid in the true culture of the soul; and but for the great need that men should become true sons of God, the Bible would never have been written, nor the earth pressed by the Messiah's feet. All these gifts of God, laid at the feet of men, come to assert the duty of spiritual development, to encourage our effort in seeking it, to assure us of a divine sympathy in our reaching after the boon, and to exhibit the responsibility of leaving it unattained. We may set little value upon this object, but in the balances of the sanctuary it outweighs all earthly fortune; we may be heedless, but God is thoroughly in earnest. The greatness of his gifts shows the worth of what he would obtain and the sacredness of his demand.

3. These words suggest that there is a power in the soul, enabling it, in accordance with God's arrangements, to draw nutriment for its best qualities from the whole circle of life and experience.

"All things are yours," is the bold but yet true statement made to the loyal and loving spirit. "All things work together for good to them that love God," is an assertion not easy to believe, perhaps, but it is not an eastern metaphor, exaggerating a partial truth into a complete lie, when a believing heart interprets it. It may seem worse than a paradox to a worldly or an aimless soul, but it is one of the highest truths in the estimation of him who is one with God and a laborer together with him.

There are illustrations all about us. What a plant shall take up from the soil and air, and what it shall make of the earthy matter at its root and of the sunbeams and rains and dews that bathe its stalk and leaf, depend chiefly upon the life within it. Set in the same garden, that shrub shall turn these elements into the beauty and fragrance of the rose; that vine shall blush crimson with strawberries; that tree shall hang its boughs with peaches whose tinted cheeks mock the skill of the painter and whose flavor gives an epicure a new luxury;—while close at hand, ministered unto by the same elements, there are weeds that offend the eye, and briars that lacerate the limbs, and noxious plants that put a poison into the blood. So among animals. The food that here ministers to beauty in form and to strength that waits to serve us, there develops the repulsive aspect which repels the eye and the savage ferocity that puts our life in peril.

It is so with human souls. A what we extract from the world and from life about us depends chiefly upon what we are. Some there are that, like stunted shrubs, have little absorbing power. Though God gives them all things on which to feed, they go perpetually hungry and lean in spirit. There are others who, like the air-plant, seem to be cut off from nutriment; but still they so inhale food that they carry greenness and blossoms, all the life-season through. The true heart can suck strength and sweetness from all sorts of things as a child finds them in an orange; others draw nothing but acid and debility from the choicest products which appear in the garden of God. Bunyan painted his matchless panorama of the Christian life,—"The Pilgrim's Progress"—in the darkness and dreariness of a dungeon; Milton's sublime song that wakes the wonder and stirs the heart of centuries was sung out of persecution and grief and blindness; Uncle Tom's martyr-faith and meek saintliness—and these are more than fictions—grew up into completeness under the brutal rule of Legree, who was not wholly a monster of the imagination. And if the soul has been given such an ability to appropriate and assimilate, and can thrive in grace and goodness in the most unpromising fields, surely they to whom God gives all blessed things through the gospel may have something better than a dwarf, and their songs may be daily strains of triumph. Heirs of God, they are possessors of all things; seekers after God, each of their possessions, from the spring

crocus to the Messiah's cross, shall unfold his glory and minister to the inward wealth and joy.

4. These words suggest that they seriously and sadly mistake who suppose that true religion cuts men off from real good and manly satisfaction.

The law of a Christian is duty; and if there be the true Christian spirit, the way of duty will be chosen even when it promises nothing but hard and self-denying service. Yet inward satisfaction is the fruit grown on the soil of duty—fruit that never falls away when the vineyard into which Christ summons his servants is entered and the toil properly accepted. These gifts of God are not seen, and understood, and made to do the needful work for us, till we occupy the place of a servant and carry the heart of a child. Till then they lie about us and we see them not, or we handle them without suspecting their value, or we keep the heart shut against the best influences which they offer us, or we pervert them and they work out only mischief. Christ calls us to open our eyes that we may behold our great inheritance, to have our understandings enlightened that the meaning of what we behold may be no longer mistaken, to receive the gift which includes all others—the gift of the Holy Ghost, to accept the ministry of his grace so that it shall be a savor of life unto life. The call which reaches us is like that which reached the prodigal in the far country,—a call indeed which cut off the supply of husks that aggravated his hunger, but only that he might feast on the fatted calf amidst the rejoicings of the household.

With such gifts granted us, it will be a sad and shameful thing if we make no such use of these resources as results in acceptable fruit. There is no need that any soul be poor nor any life fruitless when God has dowered the one with such a fortune and offered to the other such enriching influences. Much has been given; much will be required. The Great Husbandman has a right to look for choice and abundant fruit; to offer nothing but leaves is to merit no ordinary condemnation. And no fruit but that of the Spirit is real and acceptable. The products of unsanctified intellect, of merely worldly enterprise, of the strong will that never turns toward God, of the toil that heaps up only perishable riches,—these products will never meet the demands of duty nor satisfy the expectation of Him who sees acceptable lives only in the service of loyalty and love. All his gifts are meant to ennoble and render fruitful the spiritual nature; and no matter what else we may offer him, so long as we present only a shriveled soul and the record of a life out from which no Christian beneficence flows. No other testimony will be needed to prove that a sad and criminal failure has been made out of life, than the fact that God has crowded our sphere with such resources and stimulants, and that we have perverted or left them unused.

Till one has welcomed these higher ministries which God's gifts yield, he can know but little of the real wealth which blesses a true life. And these are welcomed only when he who has long stood at the door of the heart, seeking admission, gains our glad consent that he enter with all his train, and hears our earnest prayer that he will ever abide as the chief Guest and acknowledged Lord. Then will our poverty of spirit begin to give place to a royal abundance; helps to our weakness will offer themselves on every hand; and what we had counted calamities ready to smite will prove so many forces sent for our defense. God himself will come to our desolate nature as spring comes to a New England landscape, to set in motion the currents that grow deeper and stronger till they have filled us with all his fullness and enriched us with the treasures which are perfect and eternal.

## Gifts and Graces.

It is often a matter of regret that the intellect, the tongue and the conscience of mankind are not in perfect accord. Were but these three forces to combine they would conquer the whole world, or at least they would form a holy alliance of mighty power for the conversion of the world to Christ. For the union of these forces in religion the church must ever labor and pray; it needs the triple strength which they afford, and cannot be expected to advance and prosper but through their aid. In ancient times this combination was found essential in all great enterprises. In Israel's education and exodus God's word shows them working together for the common good. Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was pre-eminent as a man of God also. Aaron was gifted with eloquence, and though of feeble principle and less dominating conscientiousness, he became the prophet of his younger but more distinguished brother and useful co-adjutor in the service of the Lord. The lessons which their lives and work read us are worthy of notice in times like ours, when character is often ranked lower than talent and a splendid name is thought more noble than a useful and godly life.

There is a marked distinction between large intellectual gifts and moral greatness, brilliant and dazzling genius and true worth. The world seeks and applauds knowledge, ability, eloquence; God's people know the value of these gifts and attainments, but assign the highest place and importance to character. Aaron had gifts which Moses lacked, and the elder brother had the advantage of the younger in this respect. His eloquent tongue won the ear of Pharaoh and influenced the people of Israel. Moses would feel his deficiency when the "man of words" poured forth his graceful and fluent utterance, and ready speech came tripping from his facile tongue. But Moses was still far the greater man, and his greatness consisted in spirituality of mind, fixedness of purpose and high and holy integrity; and the grandeur of his character overshadows the brilliant eloquence of Aaron, joined as it is with a

yielding and pliant temper and a vacillating purpose. Against the rising tide of impatience and idolatrous impulse which broke forth among the people in the absence of Moses, Aaron could not stand; it swept him along and he lost control of the stream. But Moses breasted the whole current and turned it, and interceded before God for the forgiveness of the sin of the people. It is one thing to be intellectually gifted and another to be morally great; it is one thing to have a fluent tongue and another to have a resolute will and a sterling and unswerving conscientiousness. The "man of words" is to be esteemed and honored for his word's sake; but the man of character, of holy consecrated life and steadfast principle, has the real pre-eminence.

When we see the man of gifts and the man of graces influencing each other and working together for the glory of God, we have a fine illustration and example of the value of co-operation. God has not endowed us all with the same capacities, or at least not in the same degree. But whatever our endowments, there is a sphere for their use in God's service. Moses was the meekest of men, not bold of face nor fluent in tongue, but he had sterling qualities of character, and God placed him first among his people and gave him Aaron as his spokesman. Aaron was not fitted to be a great spiritual leader and guide, but his service is valuable when words are needed and rites and ceremonies have to be observed. Moses would perhaps have been abashed and dumb before the king of Egypt and the wayward Israelites, but for an Aaron to speak for him; and Aaron would assuredly have drifted with the people into the abominations of Egyptian idolatry but for a Moses to rebuke his weakness and stimulate his courage as a saint of the Lord.

The kingdom of God presents a wide field for active service, and we may always find our place and work in it. Genius and piety, talent and character, intellect, tongue and conscience are all needed. For the man of deeds and the man of words, for those who have the gift of song and those who have the gift of prayer, for the pioneer and the organizer and regulator of enterprises, for wealth with its superfluity and poverty with its rich and ripe experience, for the gatherer and dispenser of resources, for those who go like Joshua to the fight and those who tarry by the staff, for Moses with the rod of God and Aaron and Hur who stay up his hands; for all and every one, whatever the gifts, talents, opportunities, specialties, the kingdom of God furnishes a sphere of holy service and a field of eminent usefulness.

Bring, then, your gifts to the common cause, and let character and grace direct their exercise; give of your best to God; on God's altar offer your rarest endowment, your finest capacity; but let conscience and spirituality and high principle bear the sway. Let Aaron with his gifts and eloquence and Moses with his grace and godliness unite and work together, and great will be the gain to the church and kingdom of God.—T. G.

## Chips.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offenses in bad men.

—Were it not for the scorching drought we should not appreciate the refreshing shower. With less conflict, we should have less victories, with less trials, less joys.

—Many a sunny morning is followed by a cloudy evening.

—Can we doubt that the soul, freed from its clay, will be capable of seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking, remembering? As well may we question the faculties of God, for the human soul is a miniature deity, or the image of its Creator.

—If there was but one sinner on the earth, heaven would be interested for him, and for his salvation should all the millions of earth labor and pray.

—The kingdom of Christ advances by conquests, which, instead of desolating fields, making widows and orphans, breeding crime and woe, causes the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, changes the wilderness to a fruitful field and carries gladness and peace to every heart.

—How highly do men prize this short life so crowded with ills! What sacrifices will they not make to preserve it, and yet they disdain the offer of eternal life!

—We may easily forget the important events of yesterday, but can never forget the simple incidents of childhood, or obliterate the earliest impressions; how important then that the first impressions upon the soul of a young immortal be godly!

—As to the naked eye the heavenly bodies appear to be small and insignificant, so to the natural heart of man the things of religion appear to be of trifling importance, until faith, like the telescope, reveals their grandeur and beauty.

—The kingdom of Christ is not like drift-wood riding the waves of political excitement, but, with foundations eternal, it stands unmoved amid storms which shake empires to atoms.

—The meteor darts athwart the heavens, then its light goes out forever; while stars of apparently inferior magnitude still continue to gladden night by their steady rays. So false and base men in the church, like the meteor, may attract attention for a time and then go down in exposed infamy; yet there are fixed stars, jewels of the Master, whose steady rays shall gladden Zion and direct the wayfarer to the New Jerusalem.

—Some of our preachers take charge of churches as some men take farms, only for a year or two, and that not to improve the farm but for what they can make from it.

They do more cropping than dressing, and the church, like the farm, soon becomes poor and desolate.

—The female soul must be often swept with the broom of repentance or it will become too dusty for the Holy Spirit to dwell in.

—The woman who privately touched Jesus' garments and was healed, was not suffered to go away without making a public acknowledgment before the whole congregation of what Christ had done for her.

—As the little bee goes from flower to flower gathering her precious stores, so the Christian mind may gather, from all the incidents of life, lessons of wisdom.

J. HAYDEN.

## Waiting.

When Jesus was assembled with his disciples for the last time in bodily form, before the cloud received him out of their sight, he commanded them not to depart from Jerusalem, but "wait for the promise of the father." He knew the place was full of enemies who would abuse and persecute them, and that when he was gone they would be tempted to flee from danger and be scattered. And so he bade them wait for the comforter, the inspirer and giver of power.

Their Master's word had never failed them, and they now trusted him and went into an upper room, where they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication. They had hoped after their Lord's resurrection that he would "restore again the kingdom to Israel;" but their hearts fainted not when he left them, for they believed his word. The command was to do it; and so day after day they assembled; and as they talked and prayed together, the intensity of their earnestness increased till all extraneous thought and feeling were overpowered by the one absorbing cry for the coming of the Holy Ghost. They needed the preparation obtained by waiting, and the victories of Pentecost indicated the greatness of the blessing which their tarrying secured. No human genius however eminent, no natural eloquence however wonderful, could accomplish such results. It was a miracle of grace. The power of God conferred by the Holy Ghost was present to convert and heal the people.

This is what Christians need to-day—the gift of the Holy Ghost, that they may receive power, and through their efforts souls be brought to say, "What shall we do to be saved?" But this gift cannot be purchased with money, (Acts 8:20), neither is it necessarily united with talents, learning or a great name. We must heed the command of our Lord, "Depart not from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the father." Wait in Jerusalem;—that is the church;—there may be wrong doing, there may be personal enemies there; yet depart not, but wait till you are endowed with power from on high. Wait not in careless indifference, but with the "household of faith," continue in prayer and supplication. In this manner, believing that Christ is able and willing to perform all he has promised, let Christians "with one accord" meet the conditions required, and see if the powers of darkness be not shaken, and fear come upon every soul through the glorious manifestation of the spirit of God. There is a woe pronounced against those who are at "ease in Zion,"—a curse upon Meroz who "came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." S. S. C.

## The Homeless Saviour.

"The Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Luke 9:58.

Not where to lay Thy head? Methinks The grand hills Thou hast trod, Were proud to wind their green arms round The couch where slept a God. The stern old mountains never knew, Nor Isle, nor rock, nor sea, Nor wondering earth, a pageantry So bright as circled Thee.

No dwelling-place! but low and sweet The winds sink down and die; And all the long night angel feet In shining ranks go by. Time's startled kingdoms never woke A song which deeper swept, Than when o'er earth in music broke This anthem, "Jesus wept."

The palace gate hath sword and spear To shield its royal breast, Only the great deep stars were here To guard Thy place of rest. Not where to sleep? Methinks within Each isle, and mount, and sea, Struggled a thousand prisoned tones, O Christ, to welcome Thee.

The wanderer has his bed of straw, The prisoner knows his cell; The gray old eagle's eyrie saw The meteors where they fell; The white waves capped with spray are furled, The red sun seeks the west, But, peerless Monarch of the world, Thou hadst no place of rest.

—E. A. Kinney.

## A Grave Objection.

There was a conversation among a group of Christian brethren as to an appropriate man to fill a vacant deaconship. A certain brother in the church was named, who had in his favor education, mature age, many years of Christian profession, varied experience and a competency of earthly goods.

"No," responded one of the circle, "he will not do; he has not consecrated his property to the Lord." Not a word of reply was made, and the name was dropped. A single shot had sunk the ship! But what tremendous weight was in the ball!

It was indeed a grave objection; nay, more, it was insuperable. A deacon who had not consecrated his property to God! What an anomaly that would have been, in theory at least, since Paul says that a deacon must "not be greedy of filthy lucre." His elevation to office would have given conspiciousity to his fault, and have sadly marred his influence. Many churches have groaned under the misfortune of having put a covetous man into the deaconship. This is sometimes done, because wealth is supposed to give respectability; which, alone, it should not, in a Christian community. In other cases it is hoped that ecclesiastical office will have a sanctifying effect, and make the incumbent benevolent. Perhaps it helps a little, in a few cases, shaming the deacon

into unvoluntary liberality; but often the love of money is too strong for either self-respect or the desire of approbation. Then we see a specimen of faith without works; of prayers, unlike those of Cornelius, accompanied by no alms, and therefore not "coming up with acceptance before God;" of exhortations not backed up by corresponding deeds; of a religious leader who, in many of the most important enterprises, is with the rear rank, discouraging the entire host. A covetous man is enough to paralyze any church, and those brethren did well to drop the proposed candidate. Perhaps in that or in some other church they had suffered from such a misfortune.

But why not make the test wider still? Why speak of property consecration only? Ought not a deacon's *all* to be consecrated—his property, of course, but also his person, his family, his time, his social position, his political influence, his intellect? All he has should be his Lord's, so that he shall be able to say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ." The fact of his consecration should be manifest in the conspicuousness of his life. He will be much observed by the world, as a specimen Christian, and by the younger church members also, who will naturally look to him as an illustration of the beauty and the power of godliness. Shall he not aim at completeness and finish of character? Shall he not so order all his habits at home and abroad, in the sanctuary, on the street, in the place of business, as to be able to say with Paul, "Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them who walk so as ye have us for an example." The deacons like to have a pastor of this order; do not churches need that style of deacons too? So the apostle thought, when he told Timothy that deacons must be "blameless," and must "hold the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience."

But let us be impartial and thoroughly Christian in our reasoning. Who authorizes us to require consecration of ministers and deacons, and not of all professed Christians? Must the general and his staff monopolize the patriotism of the army; or must each private and drummer-boy be equally patriotic? Is the commander-in-chief, though called upon for quite different duties? What shall be done with covetous church members, who "have not consecrated their property?" The Master provided no place for them; for he said, to a young man of that character, "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." He also said to his disciples, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," and when he told the story of the rich fool, he added, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God." Paul was as little inclined to give the covetous any church accommodation, for he wrote to the early saints in this style: "But formation and all uncleanness, or covetousness (bad company he puts it in), let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints. . . . For this ye know that no whoremonger, nor uncleanness person, nor covetous man (the same three sins associated again) who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." Very close preaching is that! It plainly leaves some men on the outside of heaven's gates, and why should they be on the inside of the church?

But in order to have a general consecration of property by the church, there must be a total consecration of themselves by the members. The spirit to be genuine must be all comprehending, leaving nothing undedicated, "keeping back no part of the price." It may begin, in order of attention, with property, or with one's body, or mind, or anything else, but it will pass to all the man has, and write the Lord's name on it. Less than this is not discipleship, which requires us in spirit, if not always in outward act, to forsake all that we have, and follow Christ. When this shall be fact with professed believers, will the Lord's cause lack laborers, or his treasury funds?—The Advance.

## Names of God.

As Louis Burger, the well known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysees one day, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming: "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!" He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he. "Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment, then tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man, saying, "Take this to a printing office and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money for it. Get a license from the prefecture of the police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bidden, and was always seen at the entrance to the Exposition, selling the following handbill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, Elohim or Eloah.	Old Norse, Dinn.
Chaldean, Elah.	German, Gott.
Assyrian, Elah.	Polish, Bóg.
Syriac and Turkish, Allah.	Dutch, God.
Malay, Allah.	English and Old Saxon, God.
Arabic, Allah.	Tentonic, God.
Language of the Magi, Ormazd.	Danish and Swedish, Gut.
Old Egyptian, Teut.	Norwegian, Gud.
Armenian, Teut.	Slavic, Bóg.
Modern Egyptian, Tenn.	Polish, Bóg.
Greek, Theos.	Polish, Bóg.
Cretan, Theos.	Polish, Bóg.
Bohemian and Dutch, He.	Polish, Bóg.
Latin, Deus.	Polish, Bóg.
Low Latin, Dins.	Polish, Bóg.
Celtic and Old Gallic, Dins.	Polish, Bóg.
French, Dieu.	Polish, Bóg.
Spanish, Dios.	Polish, Bóg.
Portuguese, Deus.	Polish, Bóg.
Old German, Diet.	Polish, Bóg.
Provençal, Deus.	Polish, Bóg.
Low Breton, Dins.	Polish, Bóg.
Italian, Dio.	Polish, Bóg.
Irish, Dia.	Polish, Bóg.

A few days after, Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar a copy; so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes sir; thanks to your kindness."

Burger walked away, thinking: "If I were not a literary man, I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."—N. Y. Observer.

Piety draws to what is most powerful, which is God, and to what is most weak, as children, the aged, the poor, the sick, the unhappy, the afflicted. Without piety, old age offends the sight, infirmity revolts the touch, poverty offends the ear, old age only long life, in infirmity, suffering, in imbecility, misfortune, we feel only respect, compassion, and desire to relieve.—Jobert.







## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.  
J. M. BREWSTER, Junior Editor.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Agent.

## Then and Now.

The beginning and the growth of any true undertaking are often instructive in review. The mustard-seed differs very much at first sight from the tree in whose branches the fowls of the air lodge. The blade seems widely separated from the "corn in the ear." The acorn does not, readily, appear to be the parent as well as the germ of the oak. The infant in the cradle seems at an almost infinite remove from the master statesman of an empire. But we know that these great products come from the humble things that suggest weakness and promise almost nothing save to those who know the power of a genuine life, who discern the broad plans of Providence, who have faith in the future, and who have learned that the kingdom of God cometh not always with observation.

One is set thinking on such lines by looking over the bound volumes of the *Star* as they stand on the shelves in this office. We have given them a fresh inspection during the last few days. Since the first copy was issued at the humble apartment in Limerick, more than forty years since, there has been much history lived, and written. The aspects of our denominational life are not what they were. Its spirit may be the same, but its expressions vary. So they vary in the plant, in the animal, in the man, as the vital energies work on and ever toward maturity and ultimate results.

The *Star* was a small sheet when it first saw the light and began to radiate it. It had four short columns on a page—sixteen columns in all. The type differed from the type of to-day in mechanical excellence. The paper lacked finish and smoothness. The functions of the newspaper were not then interpreted as they now are. It was the cheap medium for communicating special rather than general information. It undertook only a local and limited ministry. It did not attempt to photograph the world once in every seven days. The range of discussion was somewhat narrow. Facts were reported rather than generalized.

But an earnest spirit shines out through those earlier sheets. Some of the plain, simply written paragraphs are yet full of heart-throbs. The writers coined their divinest experiences into their articles. They cared less for rhetoric than for action. They marshaled their words, not for a literary dress parade, but for the sake of aiding in the good fight of faith. In reading over their reports of the spiritual conflicts into which they entered and of the successes which God vouchsafed them, it is easy to believe that they were often written with tears mingled with ejaculations of triumph. The denominational forces were then very imperfectly organized. The inventories were not completed, the figures which were put down here signified too little and there too much, it could not always be determined whether the advance denoted permanent progress, and many of the new undertakings were the bold experiments of resolution or the great ventures of faith. But because they were heeding the same call that summoned Abraham, and trusting the same promise that sustained Moses, they went on and did their duty, and God prospered them and their work.

The *Star* has changed its dimensions and appearance and subordinate plans many times since then; but it has never let go of the great Christian doctrines which it avowed at the first. It has modified its policy but maintained the integrity of its principles. It chose new forms but clung to the old substance. Its four columns grew into five; they gain in length; the head is now plainer and now more ornamental; new names appear, and the old ones drop out of sight, for God has called the owners up where they may reflect forever the light of the Sun of Righteousness whose rise the *Morning Star* had heralded; then the five columns become six; then seven; and the broader and more luminous disc slowly wins the attention of the public, and dark and hideous things stand revealed by its light. There is a grievous eclipse when its Editor casts back a shadow upon it as he goes up to heaven with the story of his sacred stewardship, and we gaze after him through the thick mist of tears. But the memory of his devotion and the cry of the world for light forbid us to sit hopeless and in the dark. And so we rise and take the lesson and attempt to meet the occasion, making thereof a quarto, and the twenty-eight columns forty-eight.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." We have gained in numbers, in resources, in intelligence, in opportunities, and in the means of useful service. We are a united, recognized people, having gained a position, a character and a noble sphere of labor. The enlarged *Star* is both the index to our growth and an instrument by whose use we are to achieve some higher and better thing. It is not a final end to be rejected, but a means to attain it—it is not ripened grain in the storehouse, but the sower and the reaper ready to be used in the field. Its voice is a summons to nobler work. And we shall still need, not less but more than formerly, the aid of the same great Helper. Without this we can do nothing. With this our faith shall find or make all things possible. If our spirit rises to the height of our opportunities,—if our life enlarges with our plans,—if they who speak through the

*Star* shall echo God's thought and emphasize his behest,—if they who listen to its words shall be docile scholars and true workers,—then the paper will be a bright light in a dark world, and the people whom it represents will be a saving power among those who are ready to perish. Let the larger and later work be as earnest and as consecrated as was the lesser and earlier, and we shall do something better than simply keep ourselves from backsliding; for our future may be to our past as noon-day to sunrise, as the fruit to the blossom, as September to May.

## Rhetoric, not Reason.

Dr. Bellows is writing a series of valuable letters from abroad. They are often pleasantly descriptive, after the manner of the observing and thoughtful tourist; they not unfrequently deal with the wider and deeper questions which stir thoughtful men. He is often truly catholic and philosophical in these moods, rendering it a pleasure and an advantage to read what he has to say. It must be added that he sometimes seems to be bending facts to his theory, and adopting the role of the Unitarian preacher and polemic under the garb of a correspondent. And in these last mentioned cases he runs off into a sort of declamatory style, both of thought and expression, which will hardly add to his reputation as a profound thinker or a sober writer. Speaking of the Italian people, and of the lack of a redeeming power in the Romish religion to which they are wedded, he says:

Nor is the the dogmatic school of Europe or America likely to accomplish anything better. Laboring to establish the theory of salvation, not through moral and spiritual regeneration, but through a blind faith in a mystic sacrifice, placing Jesus Christ in the place of Almighty God, and bringing this life and the life to come into sharp antagonism instead of practical harmony, they belong to the same chain of priests who mutter spells and aggrandize forms and dogmas and official claims and pretensions above the spirit of truth and the divine love and mercy and goodness.

That is a singular statement for Dr. Bellows to make. He should have known that, whatever he may think of the evangelical system, the reason why it is so insisted on is that it is believed to be in part the very instrument chosen of God to work out the "moral and spiritual regeneration" that is recognized as the vital thing. Not to escape the necessity of regeneration by being "the theory of salvation" as a substitute for Christian men insist upon the theory; but they cling to the truth which theory holds as having its real office brought out in the prayer of Jesus—"Sanctify them through thy truth." That method of stating the case looks a little like bearing false witness, and the terms and tone suggest a little bitterness in the heart instead of a thoroughly sweet charity.

And when Dr. Bellows would point out the source and method of relief, he is singularly vague in his thought, and in his style makes a somewhat dangerous approach to the inflated and sophomoric. Thus he writes:

If there is to be any new reformation in Catholic Europe, it must come not from Protestant Churches, but from Protestant civilization and Protestant liberty and Protestant commerce and Protestant literature, all so far above and beyond Protestant Theology. The spirit of the nineteenth century is coming in, and Europe, Catholic Europe, everywhere feels its reviving, liberating, moralizing and spiritualizing power! It is slowly breaking the bond of dynastic and ecclesiastical power; destroying the terrible prestige of reigning houses and the divine right of princely families and aristocratic blood; it is releasing gradually the slumbering powers of thought, the suppressed manhood, the cowed imagination, the broken-spirited subjection to habitual wrong, the stupid acquiescence in old and fixed abuses, under which the Roman Catholic nations have lived for fourteen hundred years.

It would be somewhat interesting to know just how Protestant Christianity is to be dissociated from all these other elements of life which sustain it or the relation of effect to cause. And it would be equally interesting to know just precisely what that revolutionizing and redeeming force is that is here called "the spirit of the nineteenth century." It is a somewhat magnificent and sonorous phrase that is thus used; but its magnificence may be owing to its mistiness, and some things are resonant chiefly because they are empty.

## Lent.

The present is what is known in the Greek, Roman and English churches as the Lenten Season. For a period of forty-six days, including Sundays, previous to Easter, which occurs during the earlier part of April, the members of these communions professedly give themselves to humiliation, penitence and the confession of sins. Meetings are held daily, and many a devotee of fashion, the worldly and even the sensual abandon for the moment their accustomed and cherished pursuits, observe the instituted forms of their religion, and give at least a passing thought to serious things; while those who are really devout find in this season an occasion of great spiritual profit.

We are not admirers of Episcopacy or its forms. We cannot, however, but regard it as both fitting and fortunate for those communions which it embraces that such a period is designated for the objects specified, and that it occurs at this season of the year. Winter, the time eminently suited to induce reflection, is departing, and with the opening year the question of forming new purposes for the future becomes a serious one. The spring-time of the year is thus appropriately the spring-time of new hopes and aspirations. The occurrence of Lent in July and August, when the outward world is attractive and the spiritual man more enervated, would have been decidedly incongruous. In some respects it would have been anal-

gous to sowing in autumn with the expectation of reaping in the spring.

Lent, being such in its design and uses, beautifully symbolizes an actual state of things in non-episcopal communions. With early winter, especially "the Week of Prayer" in January, commences what is denominated the revival period. By giving themselves more fully to prayer and special and individual effort, the spiritual life of Christians becomes quickened and invigorated; and by the blessing of God upon these means, the attention, the careless is arrested, and large gatherings of souls is the result. The interest usually increases with the passing weeks, extends through March and culminates in April. During this period, religious meetings are numerous, the religious press teems with accounts of revivals, and tokens of the power and conquests of the gospel are abundant. Thousands from all ranks experience the joys of a new and higher life, the weak are strengthened and the strong made stronger. The number of revivals in March doubtless far greater than during any other month in the year. Thus by an interesting coincidence the season of Lent becomes the harvest time of non-episcopal communions.

These facts have indeed exposed Christians to the charge of making religion a thing of mere convenience. "Why not," says the worldly and scoffing, "have revivals in summer as well as in winter? Why insult the Almighty with a mere winter religion?" Viewed from some standpoints, we admit that these queries are not destitute of pertinence and force. A disposition to rob God is always to be detested, but there can be nothing wrong in doing work in its own peculiar season. It is true that God is ways willing and ready to bless the efforts of his people, but other things being equal, we believe that the same amount of revival effort will be generally far more effectual, put forth in March than in August. And we regard this as in accordance with the divine plan; but Christians should be faithful both in season and out of season, ever laboring for the cause of the Master.

We have abundant reason to thank God for the period of revivals, and especially for the one which has, according to the usual course of events, nearly reached its climax. Few have been apparently more fruitful in good results. The Spirit has visited many communities in power, the dull state of business affording more ample opportunities to achieve conquests. The revival intelligence which has appeared in our columns is only partial index of what has actually taken place. Intelligence has come weekly from all parts of our land, from the city, the country and from college and seminary halls,—of conversions to the number of thousands, and the work seems everywhere to be characterized by earnestness and solemnity. Its results, who can tell what they will be in time,—what in eternity?

All-important interests devolve upon us in the passing hour, for mighty issues are at stake. Let none fail to improve it. "He that winneth souls is wise."

## Our New Style.

The *Star* has greatly changed in appearance, but we can hardly suppose any reader will think it is for the worse. The old familiar face, unchanged in the midst of this changeable world during nearly a score of years, may be missed a little at the first; but we shall be disappointed if the beauty of the renewed countenance does not steadily grow upon the observer. The dress is modern, plain, a little rich it may be, but comely withal. It suggests not show but simplicity. Taste has been consulted freely, but utility has undecided all the plans and animated every choice. We have obtained the best type which skill and experience have produced, a superior quality of paper has been made expressly for our use, and the work is done on what printers agree in pronouncing the model cylinder press. So far as the mechanical portion of our work is concerned, everything is new.

The general arrangement of the contents is not copied in detail from any other sheet, though combining features which appear elsewhere. Experience may lead to some slight changes here and there, but the present issue will suggest the general plan which has been adopted. That plan needs no statement in formal words, and of its merits it must itself speak. The reports from various sections of the denomination, which get forth what is interesting and significant in the experience and life of our churches, we are sure will be found interesting; and we desire and expect a general co-operation in order to make this department as full as our space will allow. Nothing is insignificant or destitute of interest which sets forth God's work among men for their redemption. The operation of the divine life in the human soul has a meaning deeper than the games of diplomacy or the struggles of war, and it is sublimely wonderful beyond the march of the constellations across the sky. Whoever has a vital fact to report from that field may help to manifest God. The *Star* will gladly radiate all such light that may come to a focus at Dover. He who has a beam, or a ray, or a spark, is invited to supply it. The Sermon will appear as an occasional feature; our Literary Review will be found reasonably full; the Rural and Domestic department can hardly be otherwise than acceptable to a large portion of our readers; and the reports of both the Boston and New York markets are sufficiently extended for all ordinary purposes.

It will perhaps be observed that we have mainly adopted what is known as the Websterian orthography, as being on the whole preferable to any other in view of its simplicity and conformity to principles.

We are planning to add other features of

interest from time to time which will announce themselves as they appear. For any minor imperfections which this issue may present we beg indulgence; for the setting up of new engine, press, and folder, and the radical revolutions which we have been compelled to push forward, effecting the enlargement have severely taxed brain and muscle as a nerve; and kept all hands at work trying to bring order out of a general chaos.

## Extra Copies.

We print quite a number of extra copies of this week's issue, and shall do the same thing in connection with the issues for two or three weeks to come. We do this chiefly to accommodate those new subscribers who may wish to commence with the new volume. Those who are intending to send us their own names or those of their friends, and we suppose there is a large number of such persons,—will need to act with great promptness in order to be sure of obtaining copies of the present number, and so make their volumes complete. After a very short time we shall make the edition correspond to the subscription list. Send in the names at once!

A BIBLE DICTIONARY. The abridged edition of Smith's Dictionary, published by S. S. Scranton & Co., and sold only by agents, is an excellent one for general use in the family, the bible class, and by Sabbath school teachers. What is omitted that is contained in the larger work is of interest chiefly to critical students and scholars, and would be of little advantage in ordinary biblical study. The merits of this edition are obvious. It is of convenient size and reasonable price, the paper and type are excellent, and the illustrations and maps numerous, well executed and valuable. It is sold in this city by Mr. J. C. Hill, an invalid soldier.

## Current Topics.

AN INEFFECTUAL REPLY. The appearance of an object, or the view taken of any question, is often very much affected by the standpoint from which it is seen. The vision of men is sometimes so distorted that they form strange notions of things and make statements accordingly. Some weeks since, in reply to a claim set up by *Zion's Herald* that the F. Baptists had their origin in Methodism, we meekly said, "Is it really true that every good thing was born of Methodism? We gratefully acknowledge the fruitfulness of that branch of Christ's church; her children are many, and noble, and full of vitality; but we doubt whether she is the real spiritual Eve—mother of all the living." After digesting the matter for some weeks, the *Herald* replies on this wise:

WHICH BRAGS THE MOST? The *Morning Star* accuses the *Herald* of too greatly lauding Methodism. Yet because we said the Methodist church is the parent of the Free-will Baptist, it inquires if we "created everything? Is she, like Eve, the mother of all the living?" As we only claimed for it the creation or motherhood of that body, it is evident that the *Star* looks upon its church as equivalent to "all the living," and even to "everything." Most, very.

By what system of logic or species of syllogism the *Herald* reaches its emphatic conclusion, it is as difficult to discover as to find a moral reason for its garbled quotation. Aristotle and Hamilton would scowl upon one part of the performance through all their Figures and Moods, as Moses would decidedly frown upon the other part through the ninth commandment. The *Herald* is always good-looking, frequently brilliant and occasionally witty; but in this case it has proved itself unphilosophic and illogical as well as egotistic. We trust it is not now going to be petulant and perverse. It missed the fact in its statement, it missed the inference in its reasoning, it missed the target in its wit, it missed both modesty and fairness in its retort. Let it try an honest confession and we believe it may succeed.

—TYNG REPRIMANDED. The final result of the famous Tyng trial was reached on the 14th inst., when the alleged offender was publicly reprimanded in the Church of the Transfiguration in New York city. Bishop Potter, who administered the reprimand, explained the nature of the offense and cautioned Mr. Tyng against its repetition, saying that the canon violated was intended to prevent disturbances and rivalry and conflict from the officiating of a strange clergyman under circumstances calculated to give trouble to a peaceful minister, and to interfere with the quiet and order of his parish. At the close of the Bishop's remarks a ludicrous and exciting scene followed.—Dr. Tyng, the father of the respondent, sought to present a protest, when Dr. Houghton, one of the High Church party, began to read prayers. In proceeding the latter was encouraged by the Bishop, who, waving his hand in a decided manner, exclaimed, "Proceed; go on; go on," so that the former was obliged to desist. The protest of Dr. Tyng denounced "the whole proceeding, from its commencement to its conclusion, as false in its allegations, unjust in its principle, uncanonical in its form, illegal in its transactions, iniquitous in its purpose, and voluntarily and persistently persecuting in its spirit, process, and development." A portion of it is decidedly interesting and characteristic. He said:

And I do solemnly appeal from this decision of this court and from this approval thereof by the Bishop of this diocese, under the most earnest sense of the cruel injustice with which this respondent has been treated, to the supreme final decision of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, to the abiding sense of justice and righteousness in the individual members of the church, to the conscientious review of the Christian church throughout the land, to the accord of future historic truth to generations of advancing light and religious purity and power which

may come hereafter, and with the deepest humility, but with confidence unfeigned, to the judgment seat of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the one great Head and Ruler of His Church, and whose approval can never be given to the persecution of the innocent or to the oppression of the weak.

Mr. Tyng's friends have held an indignation meeting and passed a resolution expressing sympathy in his behalf.

—SECRECY ATTACKED. The opponents of secrecy have at length attacked it in its strongest fortress,—secret societies for the promotion of moral reforms. We have before us a letter addressed to Hon. W. E. Dodge, President of the National Temperance Society, by Rev. John Marsh, D. D., late Secretary of the American Temperance Union, arguing that the cause of temperance and morals in general is not best promoted by the existence of such organizations as the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars and the like. The case is well argued. The reasons for the view maintained are eleven in number, and some of them are very pertinently and forcibly stated. Among them is this,—"Secret societies for moral reform, under solemn vows of secrecy, are prone to engage in acts of which at first they had no conception, to do things of which neither the community nor law would approve, lose their own moral worth and bring on themselves and their cause deep reproach." This, if true, is in itself sufficient to give the verdict in favor of the course for which Dr. Marsh contends. No one has a right to do evil that good may come.

—FRUIT ALREADY. It is impossible to over estimate the importance of Mr. Burlington's Chinese mission, to which we recently called attention. China is opening commercial relations with the nations of the west at a most opportune period. The Pacific Railroad now in process of construction will soon be completed, steamers will connect San Francisco with Peking and Canton, and the emigration and products of the west will be met by those of the east.—What such a state of things will do for the Pacific coast, who can tell? But the most important of all are the moral changes which will be produced by the heathen being brought to our very doors. Already do the fruits begin to appear. It is stated that several new laborers will soon start for the east, and that the American Board is entering upon the work with renewed energy and zeal. Christians everywhere must be up and doing. The present is the world's harvest time.

THE JAFFA COLONY. A few of this band of adventurers, which has almost ceased to be an object of public interest, cling to the fortunes of their leader. "Carleton," a well known correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, who is now traveling in the East, recently visited them, and was kindly received by Mr. Adams and his wife. He describes the former as "a man of medium stature, brown whiskers and a nose well colored, reminding you of a Baldwin apple." He is soon to leave for England on a preaching tour. Of Mrs. Adams he says that she is "a plump woman in person and features, who uses up the word splendid in five minutes, splendid weather, a splendid heavenly country—great emphasis on the heavenly—splendid oranges—splendid vegetables in her garden—splendid sea breeze in summer—enjoys splendid health." He represents "the fortunes of the Colony just now as at a low ebb, but with a field like that of England, it is possible that President Adams, as his follower's call him, may be able to fill up the deserted houses." The persistence of Mr. Adams in prosecuting his foolish undertaking is not a little remarkable.

—DISLOYAL STILL. The ex-slaveholders of the South seem determined neither to learn nor forget anything. Disloyal once, they are disloyal still. Rev. Dr. Colver formerly of Tremont Temple, Boston, and who now has charge of a Theological Institute, at Richmond, for the education of colored men for the ministry, makes some very damaging representations of the formerly slaveholding population of Virginia. He says:

They regard the freedmen as their lawful property, which has been wrested from them; and they bear a deadly hate to all who seek to elevate or do them good. But for the presence of the military neither he nor any Northern man could remain in the state. Davis and Lee are the heroes whose portraits adorn nearly every parlor in Richmond. Usually Booth's likeness is sandwiched between them. The heaviest blow that has fallen on these defiant persons is the proposed impeachment of the President. They expected that force would have been applied by the Executive to prevent his arraignment, and that, like Cromwell, ere this he would have dispersed Congress at the point of the bayonet. The steady movement of Congress onward and the attitude of the President, the preparations for the trial and the quiet of the North have cowed these defiant spirits as they have not been since the surrender of Lee.

—A FREE TABLE AS WELL AS PULPIT. As is well known, Rev. Mr. Denison, of Westbury, N. I., with whom Rev. Mr. Hubbard recently exchanged pulpits, is a Close Communion Baptist, and as such would decline to commune with Mr. Hubbard or a member of any open communion denomination. But wherein is the consistency of exchanging pulpits and refusing to sit at the same table? This is a question which Mr. Denison and his denomination are respectfully invited to answer. Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, pastor of the 2d Baptist church at Newport, R. I., whose church has practised open communion for thirty years, it is stated has written a letter to Rev. Mr. Denison, asking him as a Baptist to meet Mr. Hubbard half way. As Mr. Hubbard has given up a close pulpit, Mr. Denison should now open his communion-table to Mr. Hubbard, and so have a free pulpit and a free table of the Lord. Such a course would be proper and consistent, and would be hailed as an important step toward a more perfect Christian union.

## Denominational News and Notes.

## Revivals, &amp;c.

BOSTON, Mass. Rev. N. L. Rowell writes, March 1: We are prospering. A healthy religious interest prevails. I have received three into the church by baptism.

CANTERBURY, N. H. The Belknap Q. M. was held at the center of the town, near the residence of the late Dr. Harper, commencing Jan. 28th, and continued three days. We were blessed with the presence and labors of Revs. J. B. Davis of Charlestown, Mass., L. L. Harmon, of Portsmouth, and Bro's. Durgin and Sargent from sister Q. M's., at which time the prospect was encouraging. Bro. Harmon returned after a few days, and labored with the same spirit and faith for three evenings, during which time the interest increased and sinners began to seek the Saviour. Some cases of conversion ere of a remarkable character. Every effort has been successful, and the work has gone on steadily without hindrance until some thirty have been converted and many reclaimed. Many more are now on the list of the anxious. We can see no abatement of the spirit or feeling, but rather an increase. Prayer is being offered that the whole town may enjoy a general revival.

G. W. RICHARDSON.

THE HUNTINGTON, Vt. Q. M. met with the church at Lincoln, Feb. 29th and March 1st. The traveling prevented a full attendance from other churches, yet it was a very interesting occasion. The preaching was direct and spiritual. The social meetings were especially good. Saturday evening more than one hundred spoke of their religious experience, many of whom were converts and a goodly number young men, some of whom it may be hoped will yet preach Christ.

On the Sabbath the house was crowded, the aisles and every available place being full. Ten came forward for prayers Sunday evening. The Q. M. raised \$20. to aid the Home Mission Society in sending a missionary south to look up the F. Baptist churches in that section of our country.

STOWE, Vt. The F. Baptist church here has been in a low condition for years, but the itinerant Com. of Huntington Q. M. sent Rev. C. J. Mott there last Aug., and the Dec. session of the Q. M. was held there, since which about 20 have been reclaimed and converted. They now have a good choir, the converts are strong and the meetings good. At the next monthly meeting some are expected to unite by letter and others to be received as candidates for baptism.

They have commenced the repair of their meeting house.

FRANKLIN, Vt. There has been some revival here, and several converted. Bro. J. Coffran preaches here now one half of the time.

WARREN, Vt. The F. Baptist church here is enjoying a revival under the labors of Bro. John F. Buzzell, a grandson of Rev. Aaron Buzzell, the first F. Baptist in Vt. Bro. Buzzell was licensed to preach for one year at the last session of the Huntington Q. M.

FARNHAM, P. Q. The F. Baptists here are engaged in building a new meeting house, to be occupied jointly by themselves and the New Confession of Methodists.

WEST BETHANY, N. Y. The Lord has recently visited the F. W. Baptist church in this place with mercy and salvation. For about six weeks past we have been holding evening meetings with special reference to the revival of the church and the salvation of sinners.

During this time, we have been favored with the faithful labors of Rev. H. Perry twelve or thirteen evenings. The Lord has blessed the prayers and united efforts of his servants and has made himself known among us in the wonders of his grace and power. The church has been greatly revived, a few that had backslidden have been reclaimed, and about a dozen souls have been converted to God.

March 10. D. JACKSON.

BRADY, Mich. A Free Baptist church was organized in Brady, Saginaw Co. Mich., eight months ago, consisting of seven members, by a council appointed by the Shawassee Q. M.

Four weeks ago I commenced a series of meetings in said church, assisted by their pastor, Bro. Geo. Carson, which continued two weeks, resulting in a good work. Twelve heads of families, professing faith in Christ, the church was revived and numbers were reclaimed. Five have been added to the church. We are expecting that others will unite soon. The religious interest is good in this new field of labor. I am preaching to the church one-fourth of the time. D. C. PARSHALL.

ROYLTON AND KINGSTON, Mich. An interesting revival has been enjoyed in the Roylton and Kingston church. I commenced a series of meetings about the beginning of October last, and continued them about four weeks in two different parts of the town. Twenty-five gave their hearts to Christ. Eighteen of the converts have been baptized and united with the church. About the beginning of November, I commenced a meeting in the township of Rich and continued it every night for three weeks. Fifty souls were made to rejoice in Christ as their Saviour. Most of them are heads of families. We were favored with the presence and labors of Rev. C. B. Mills several evenings during the meetings, and on Sunday, Nov. 23, Bro. Mills preached and assisted the writer in baptizing nineteen happy converts. A church was organized according



Westfield, Mass. [cow 1.



## Poetry.

## Treasures.

I have some withered flowers,  
That are softly laid away,  
Not because they were so beautiful  
And fragrant in their day;  
But little fingers clasped them,  
And little lips caressed them,  
And little hands so tenderly  
Placed them on a mother's breast.  
The paper that enfolds them  
Was white in other years;  
But 'tis yellow now and crumpled,  
And stained with many tears.  
Yet, though they look so worthless,  
This paper and the flowers,  
They clasp and hold, like links of gold,  
Memories of jewel-hours.

I have some little ringlets;  
They are softly laid away;  
Their cluster and their beauty  
Are like the sun's glad ray.  
But 'tis not for this I prize them—  
It is that they restore  
The tender grace of a loving face  
That gladdens earth no more.  
As shipwrecked men at midnight  
Have oft been known to cling—  
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,  
To some frail, floating thing—  
So I, in darkened moment,  
Clasp, with a voiceless prayer,  
Whilst wandering wide on grief's deep tide,  
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings  
That are softly laid away,  
With some dainty little garments  
Made in a long past day.  
To each there is a history—  
That I may not tell.  
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow  
Again should rise and swell.  
Now that the skies are brightened,  
And the fearful storm is o'er,  
Let me sit, in tender calmness,  
On Memory's silent shore,  
And count the simple treasures  
That still remain to show  
Where hope's fair freight, by saddest fate,  
Was shipwrecked long ago.

I have another treasure  
That is softly laid away,  
And though I have not seen it  
This many a weary day,  
From everything around me  
Comes a token and a sign  
That 'tis fondly watched and guarded,  
And that it still is mine.  
When the flowers lie dead in winter,  
In their winding sheets of snow,  
We know they'll rise to charm our eyes  
Again in summer's glow.  
Thus I, in this chill season,  
When frost and darkness reign,  
Wait for the spring whose warmth shall bring  
Life to my flower again!

—Home Journal.

## The Family Circle.

For the Morning Star.

## Lucy and the Caterpillar.

Translated from the French  
BY MRS. MARY LATHAM CLARK.

There was once a little girl named Lucy. She went every Friday to spend the day with her grandmother, who had a very large and beautiful garden in which the little one delighted to run and play, inhaling at the same time deep draughts of its balmy air.

She never injured anything, so that nothing had been forbidden her. One day she saw upon a little peach-tree a ripe peach. It was tinted with white, rose and violet; and it was downy and delicious looking. Lucy thought immediately of her grandmother, so kind to her, and wishing to carry her this beautiful fruit she extended her hand and gathered it. But upon the under part of the peach her little fingers felt something soft and yielding; she looked and then threw the peach from her, screaming and running away as fast as possible.

This soft thing was a caterpillar! The old gardener was so at a little distance, weeding the strawberry-beds, ran at once toward the child and inquired anxiously what had happened to her.

For her only answer, Lucy, still pale with agitation, pointed to the peach upon the ground, from which the caterpillar had not yet fallen.

"What!" said the old gardener, smiling, "is that poor little caterpillar which has made you cry out in such a manner?" (The gardener had known Lucy and her mother from infancy; he had almost brought them up, so he talked familiarly to them, and loved them almost like a father.) "And how, my dear child, could so small and so innocent a creature cause you so much fear?"

"Oh! it is so ugly!" replied Lucy, with a gesture and a grimace of disgust.

"All are not so," replied the gardener; "some, on the contrary, are very pretty. And this one is not at all bad looking. Only see!" added he, leading the little girl gently towards the peach, and taking both the fruit and the insect into his hand. "See, my darling, how richly this little caterpillar is clothed; we might say that it was a robe of brown velvet, with golden ribbons and a double necklace of pearls! It is truly only the good God who can be so lavish of beautiful things."

"Yes, it is true," said Lucy, leaning her head forward a little, although still shrinking and hiding her hands behind her.

Then, emboldened by the presence of the gardener, and also by a little reflection, she began to examine with interest the caterpillar, which was walking in its own way around the peach.

"O, see, now, my good Jerome, it is going to eat grandmother's peach!"

"No, little one, caterpillars do not eat fruit, but they eat leaves, buds, flowers, and they often destroy the tree with the harvest."

"You see, then, indeed, Jerome, that these creatures are wicked."

"Not at all, my child. To be wicked, is to have the wish to do evil, even when one has not the power to do it; whilst caterpillars have not a wicked intention. They eat, as we do, because they are created to live, and, like us, they seek what is suited

to them. Only as their subsistence injures ours, in depriving us of the fruit which they prevent from growing, do we destroy them because we are the stronger. You see plainly, little one, if there are any wicked ones in this affair, they are not the little caterpillars."

"Is it we, then?" asked Lucy.

"We do many similar things, my darling," replied the gardener, "and do not think ourselves any more wicked for it. Our daily wants, as well as those of the caterpillars, must be supplied, and, like them, we provide for them with the industry that the good God has given us."

"Has the good God given industry to the caterpillar?" asked Lucy.

"He has taught all things, my darling, from the greatest to the smallest, all that they ought to know, to fulfill their destiny. Without that, what would either they or we know how to do?"

"What do caterpillars do?"

"Do you not know?"

"No."

"At first they work."

"For their children?"

"No; caterpillars have no children."

"For what then do they work?"

"For their second life."

At these words the little girl opened her eyes wide upon the gardener and looked at him with surprise. She had heard another life spoken of only with reference to our immortal soul, and that is so far from caterpillars!

"So, my darling, I cannot help loving the caterpillars, gardeners as I am, although they often vex me by the havoc which they make. But their life, so despised, is yet so touching! Think of how many pleasures these poor creatures are deprived in this world! They have, as I said before, neither home nor family, nor even a little nest where they may be sheltered at night. They are hatched in the spring upon branches yet almost bare, about which they creep slowly to seek a slender subsistence. Fastened by their short and crooked feet to their native branch, they know not by the beauty of the flowers, the sweetness of the air, nor the pleasure of a wandering life. They inspire almost every one with aversion that you have just shown. And yet nothing discourages them, nothing turns them from their task. We see them eat, continually, leaves and buds; but it is to gather material for their work, as you have seen mother Jerome heap up bundles of flax around her distaff. Then, when the caterpillars have amassed enough, they finish their repast and begin to spin."

"To spin skeins of thread as your wife does, Jerome?" asked Lucy.

"Oh! no, little one," laughed Jerome, "they spin themselves a little house. At first they wisely choose a spot where they will neither be disturbed during their work nor exposed afterwards. They suspend themselves upon the branch of a tree, or in a niche of a wall. Then they roll themselves little by little in their thread, and make of it an envelope so very close that at last the little worker is seen no longer. Then it is not a caterpillar any more, it is a chrysalis, as it is called; a thing which has neither feet nor head, and yet which stirs when it is touched. One might say that it is no longer an animal. It might rather be called a seed of something. In short it is entirely disagreeable looking."

"And is that its recompense for having worked so faithfully?" asked the little girl.

"Oh! no; this apparent death is only a disguise, a species of preparation for their second existence. When the cold, the snow, the bad weather are entirely passed, when the sun has warmed anew all that has life upon the earth, the chrysalis opens, and the former caterpillar takes its flight in mid-air, under the form of a beautiful butterfly. It is then, you see, that it is rewarded for its patience, its courage and its submission. Formerly the poor little creature crept about upon the leaves; now it flies over the flowers. It is nourished with their perfumes; it drinks the dew-drops. For the caterpillar, now become a butterfly, no more hard labor, no more solitude, no more loneliness! It floats above blooming gardens and flower-bespangled fields. It sports in the air with a crowd of friends, also joyous and light. All eyes follow it as one of the most beautiful objects of spring. It is admired and envied by those who once scorned it. Above all, it is blessed with a family of little ones."

"Are little butterflies then the children of large butterflies?" asked Lucy.

"No, my darling," replied good Jerome. "The large, the small, the white, the yellow and the dark are so many different species, which live a longer or a shorter time, and require longer or shorter time to hatch. The children of the butterflies are little eggs, which their mothers attach carefully to the bark of plants, and which, when the time shall come, will hatch into little caterpillars. These little caterpillars will pass through the same trials as their parents have done, and if, in their turn, they finish well their work, they will have the same change and the same recompense."

"You are right to love the caterpillars, my good Jerome," said the child, "for they are, I see, very courageous little creatures. Give that one to me that I may see it better."

Saying this, the little girl took resolutely the peach and the caterpillar from the hands of the old gardener, and began to observe it closely.

"It is strange," said she, after a moment; "the history of the caterpillar, which you have just related to me, resembles much that which mamma has told me of ourselves. I know that we are persons and that caterpillars are only animals, that we have souls, and that caterpillars have none; that in another world our life will be endless, whilst butterflies die upon the earth. But the resemblance is, that there is for us also labor in this world, then death, and then the resurrection."

"Yes, my child," replied the gardener, "the resurrection; and if we have faithfully accomplished our task, the everlasting reward."

## Sliding down Hill.

There is nothing in the tropics that can console a man doomed to dwell there, for the loss of northern winters. Monkeys and humming birds, gorgeous flowers and gigantic vegetation, insects, reptiles, and luscious fruits, which we cannot eat without a cholera, sweltering nights and roasting days! Deliver us from the intolerable delights of a tropical luxury.

But a northern winter is full of bracing joys. In doors all is ruddy and social, and out of doors all is energy and manly joy! A man who has blood and vital spirits glories in the cold of winter. But of all sports, what one can claim superiority over constant; or, as in our boyhood days it was called, sliding down hill?

Long before we attained the age of a sled, two barrel staves fastened together by the knowing workman, served an excellent purpose, and required no mean skill in sitting and steering. A slight mistake in balancing, and the boy and staves changed places, the boy under and the sliding machine on top—and they gradually rolling into a promiscuous heap, out of which came some ripping remarks not made by the sled.

Next came the glory of full and real sled-shed—a sled with runners, and iron or steel shod; a sled painted and lettered; and that we defied the thermometer, and set our faces against the north wind! An now the long hill, a full half mile, is sought, not all of a gentle slope, nor yet too steep, but properly made up, as all hills should be, with a fine gradual beginning, then a pitch quite steep, then another long middle slope, a founce here, a rullock there, a sweep yonder around a point, and a fetching up place right along the river! On such a hill-top, with a glorious sled, well muffled and mitted, the boy seats himself on his sled prouder than ever sat king upon his throne!

Away he goes, with nimble feet reaching out before him, (for a sled carries its rudder at the bow,) and whose heels with skillful touch steer the flying machine. See him make a leap over the rullock, lifted clear into the air, and coming down with a bounce that makes every thing crack! Boys leave springs inside of them, under every muscle, on all sides of each bone, and come down with a spring bound, that cars and carriages may envy, but cannot hope to attain!

None of your belly-flounder! This lying down on a sled like a buckwheat cake on a griddle; or that sideway sitting on the hind end of it, with one leg cork-screwed out behind for steering, are not the thing. They are not orthodox. They favor of a complacency with weakness and timidity. A real boy should sit upon his sled fair and square with his face to his sled, and ready to meet all difficulties with his breast to them.

Not let any one decry the long tramp up hill that follows this fierce flight downward. What if it is long, the sled hanging behind, the way slippery, and withal some part of those avalanches of other boys that come roaring and whirling down? The going up is still an indispensable part of the epic. It is the dark that gives power to the high light. The up makes, by contrast, the very glory of the down.

We never see the snow on the ground, old as we are, that we do not feel the very spirit of the sled again. And now, an old man, we would if we could, mount and plunge down the hill again. Though a man's hair is as white as the snow under his feet, he need not be ashamed of a voyage on a sled!

One winter not long ago, when in New Bedford, we found a long street refused to horse vehicles, and set apart to sleds. The selection, or whatever their names were, at the public expense, carted on snow where the track was worn; led it by water thrown on every night; stationed a band of music there; had torches lit and placed along the sides; and the generous people, catching the spirit, illuminated their houses, and this preparation was thrown open to men, women and children. That city is civilized. That part of the millennium, which consists in sliding down hill, we begin first in New Bedford!—Becher.

## Fretting Jennie.

Little Jennie fretful,  
Sitting in a tree,  
Worried at the buzzing  
Of a bumble bee.  
Said she had a headache,  
Wished it would be still;  
Knew it buzzed on purpose  
To defy her will.  
Buzzing bee was happy,  
Busy at its work;  
Gathering stores of honey;  
Never thought to shirk.  
Never thought of Jennie,  
Fretting in the tree;  
It was such a happy,  
Busy little bee.  
Jennie grew more fretful  
When it answered not,  
Said 't was really hateful—  
That was what she thought.  
Still the bee kept buzzing,  
Glad its sphere to fill,  
Discontented Jennie  
May be fretting still.  
Are there not some Jennies,  
Boys and girls, you know,  
Who to fret and others  
Are not slack or slow?  
Forth to duty, children!  
Like the busy bee,  
Minding not cross Jennie  
On her fretting tree.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the bucket. "How I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

## Literary Review.

THEOLOGICAL INDEX. References to the Principal Works in every department of Religious Literature, embracing nearly Seventy Thousand Citations, arranged under two thousand Heads. By Howard Malcolm, D. D., LL. D.—Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868. Octavo, pp. 488.

It is a great blessing to have a library, but it is scarcely less so to know how to use one. Books enshrine the wisdom of mankind; but that wisdom is like the ones and coals measures stored up in the earth—available only when we have discovered and learned how to dig and employ it. Many a studious man would only be bewildered amid such a collection of volumes as may be found here and there, large and small, ancient and modern; looking out upon him from the shelves, speaking in so many varied tongues, and dealing with all the departments of human thought. To read more than a small fraction of the issues of the press is impossible to the most voracious literary gourmand; to be compelled to search for the solid meat of literature among this mass of material, good, bad and indifferent, without reliable guidance, is a task that may well dishearten, and is a most expensive species of labor.

This volume, prepared by Dr. Malcolm, will be an invaluable aid to those who wish to purchase books with reference to a specific department of study, or who desire to prosecute their study with the best helps and the least unprofitable expenditure of time. It grew up almost without intention under the author's hands, as the foundation of a library for the classification and arrangement of the contents of his own library for his personal convenience, at the beginning of his pastorate. The work was continued as his studies widened, as his reading became more extensive, as his necessities and opportunities prompted, until the number of citations is nearly seventy thousand. It is, therefore, eminently practical in its origin and design. It does not aim to be really exhaustive, but it does claim to constitute an adequate guide in its own department to nearly everything available which the theological and general religious student would need in prosecuting his inquiries, and its claim appears to be well founded. The arrangement of this multifarious information, under a great variety of heads, is such that there will be found very little difficulty in determining whether the precise thing wanted can be had, and if so, in what author it may be found. There is nothing else that proposes to meet just this want to be found in the language; and the want is so real, so pressing, so general, and is so well and fully met in this work, that it will be regarded almost as indispensable for the ready use of general religious literature as a Concordance is to the ready use of the Bible. We commend the work with a special emphasis, and shall be surprised if it does not find a place at once on the study table of the great mass of studious clergymen of all denominations.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS, with Explanatory Notes. To which are added a condensed view of the Theology of Christ, and a translation of the Epistle, prepared for this work. By Henry J. Ripley, late Professor in Newton Theological Institute, author of "Notes on the Gospels," etc., etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1868. 12mo, pp. 213.

Prof. Ripley's Expositions of Scripture have been greatly prized for their learning, their clearness, their freedom from any manifest theological bias, their directness and elevation of aim, and especially for the docile and reverent spirit which they perpetually breathe. He understands the real function of the Expositor, and he never practically forgets it whilst busy with his work. He is intent on getting the meaning out of the text which the Spirit of inspiration has put there; not to impart a meaning to the text which he thinks it ought to carry. When he opens his Greek Testament it is as a learner; when he writes out the result of his study it is that he may convey to others as clearly as possible what he himself has gathered. True enough, the state of mind and heart which makes him an evangelical Christian does not a little to invest the record with an aspect quite unlike that which it presents to the mental eye of a Tubingen critic; but, satisfied that there is a divine tone in this word of Scripture, he puts himself in the attitude of a reverent listener and a most conscientious interpreter, appreciating at once both the sanctities and privileges of the office. He is both broad-minded and critical, rising with a ready power to the mastery of the general course of thought, and descending to the minutest details of expression with constant and careful search.

The best results of his study appear in this exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews. What he states in his preface would have been readily inferred, that "this volume is the fruit of long-continued study of the Epistle in the original, to which study the various helps of biblical literature have been subservient." His comprehension of the general and special aims of the document seems to lack nothing. His analysis of its contents and course of argument, found in its Introduction, is every way admirable, and goes a long way in expounding the Epistle by the rare force of the simple statement. The Notes are sufficiently full to satisfy almost any inquirer, and while they bring out the fruit of much scholarship and learning, they are plain in their style, wholly free from pedantry and illuminate just what was doubtful or obscure. The Essay on the priesthood of Christ is fresh and thoughtful paper on a subject that has been extensively discussed, and the new translation at the end of the volume has been most conscientiously done. Taken all in all, we have seen no other exposition of this Epistle which makes so near an approach to our idea of a model Commentary for ordinary use.

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Abel Stevens, LL. D.—Vol. IV. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1867. 12mo, pp. 322.

This volume completes Dr. Stevens's work as the American historian of Methodism; and we lay it down with the conviction that this ecclesiastical body has been scarcely less fortunate in having at this period such a man as he to tell its story than it was in having such a man as Wesley to give shape to its organization and direction to its quick forces when it was setting out on its unique and effective career. He has rare abilities, and they are combined in him in such a way as to make them all contribute to the end at which he aims. He is equally skillful in narrating facts and generalizing them; in portraying a single man and exhibiting the philosophy of a broad movement; in reproducing the enthusiasm of a camp meeting and unfolding the grave issues that hang on the deliberations of a General Conference; in translating the experiences of a pioneer circuit-rider and setting forth the work of some royal preacher when the pews of a metropolitan church are packed with critical listeners. A thorough Methodist, full of the zeal which distinguishes the devotion of that people to their own denomination, his spirit is yet eminently catholic and his religious sympathies are awakened and enlisted by whatever has an important bearing upon the success of the gospel. His volumes are never dry; every chapter has its animation; the enthusiasm of the men of whom we learn passes into the spirit of the readers; and while the story runs on in a similar channel, the special aspects are continually changing. The scholarly and philosophical reader will find much

to keep his reflective faculties busy, and plain men and women will pore over the narrative till their eyes grow dim with tears and the hours wear away unheeded.

In the presentation of general and comprehensive views the earlier volumes take the lead; but in striking incident and specimens of moral daring, in the exhibition of marked characters, heroic struggles and eminent achievements, this volume is not behind its predecessors. The fact that it portrays so many men who have been prominent in the religious movements of this country and generation, and even of those who are still alive and active, will secure for it an extensive sale and an eager circle of readers. Asbury, Soule, Hedding, Eysk, Durbin, Cartwright, Young, Bangs, Simpson, "Father Taylor," and a host of others whose names are household words in other than Methodist circles, come in for a share of attention. Dr. Stevens has done his work in a manner that will win for him the favor and gratitude of all who would understand one of the most significant religious movements since the Protestant Reformation came in with the sixteenth century.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL INDEX. Pointing out the History and Progress of Sunday Schools, with approved modes of instruction, examples in illustrative, pictorial and object teaching; also the use of the black-board, management of Infant classes, Teachers' Meetings, Conventions, Institutes, etc., etc. By R. G. Pardee, A. M. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. 1868. 16mo, pp. 236.

That is a title-page whose promises are so large as to awaken a bit of suspicion, like what attends the advertisement of Patent Medicines. But there is really no cheat about this book. It is brimming over with life, as many earnest men of the west, it is fragmentary, suggestive and full of stimulus, like Mr. Moody's addresses. It exhausts nothing but dips up from many things. It is a stimulant rather than a guide, an impulse from the heart rather than a piece of comprehensive counselling that saves men from extremes. It won't make an effective Superintendent out of a feeble one, nor transform a disorderly school at once into a model of excellence, nor render teaching in the various classes the magnetic speech of wisdom in the ear of a devout docility. But it can hardly fail to excite the ideal of the Sunday school, diminish routine, prompt to better methods, render aim definite and effort more wise and true, wherever it is studied. The author is well known as one of the most efficient Sunday School Superintendents in the country; and such a man, speaking out from his own experience and with a great faith in the possibilities of this agency, will neither talk at random, nor fall of listeners, nor spend his breath for nothing. The book deserves to be circulated by the tens of thousands, and will do good and not evil wherever it goes. A copy in the hands of every Superintendent and teacher would be seed well sown, and the first fruits of the field would appear speedily with a promise of more.

COFFEE-POT SAM. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Boston: Henry Holt. 1868. 16mo, pp. 168.

Two things on this title-page assure us of a good book. One is the indication that it had the imprimatur of the London Society; the other is that it was Mr. Hottel's. It is like the note of a first-class merchant, endorsed by another whose character and business standing make his name allay all distrust. Coffee-Pot Sam is a man who will take only the wholesome beverage while his fellow workmen take gin, who studies his Bible while they fight, and who wins their esteem by his Christian constancy and makes his example and spirit preach some of them into repentance, sobriety and happiness. A good sermon from an available pulpit which all true men are animated to fill. The remaining stories are like this in elevation of tone and genuine interest.

MOZART: A Biographical Romance, from the German of Herbert Raw. By E. R. Hill.—New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868. 12mo, pp. 323.

Mr. Hill is something besides a poet; for he here appears as translator, and the work which he has chosen to dress in an English garb is more or less an index to his tastes. It is a thoroughly entertaining volume which he has here brought to the notice of American readers. It is intended to portray the great musical genius and composer, to bring out the characteristics of the man, to set before us the social and artistic life of the epoch which he distinguished, and to group around the majestic central figure the representative men of the time who illuminated the musical world during the latter part of the last century. There is fact enough to certify to the author's regard for truth, musical criticism enough to make the book interesting to lovers of that form of art, character-painting enough to satisfy the student of men, and romance and stirring incident and dramatic passion and sentiment enough to keep the interest of the ordinary reader above the flagging point. It is a unique production, and its literary merits are real.

Harper & Brothers continue the issue of new volumes of their Select Library at such a rate as ought to satisfy the most exacting consumers of the lighter literature. Some of the volumes possess genuine merit, but nobody would suffer seriously in consequence of remaining ignorant of their contents. They are chiefly read for the sake of mental recreation and amusement, and chiefly written because the demand for them makes the writing and the printing "a paying operation." The following have been recently received:

SODNER OR LATER. By Shirley Brooks, author of "The Silver Cord," etc. Octavo, pp. 348.

THE BROWNLOWS. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Life of Edward Irving," etc. Paper covers, pp. 186.—Mrs. Oliphant's pen is a vigorous and brilliant one, and it is wielded conscientiously. Her biography of Irving is a most appreciative and magnificent book; and her last story has been printed as a serial in one of the ablest literary periodicals on each side of the Atlantic—Blackwood and the Living Age. She is never guilty of commonplace, nor of playing to the pit.

MY HUSBAND'S CRIME. By M. R. Housekeeper. With Illustrations. Paper covers, pp. 115.

ONE OF THE FAMILY. By the author of "Carlyle's Year." Paper covers, pp. 112.

## Pamphlets, Magazines, &amp;c.

THE NEW ECCLESIAST for April reaches us in advance of its rivals, and brings us such a variety of good things that one turns its pages from the beginning to the end with increasing satisfaction. It improves with age and gains something continually from the experience, enterprise and enthusiasm of its managers. The present issue closes the first volume in a way that is creditable and full of promise. Baltimore: Trumbull & Murdoch.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February is able and characteristic. Its "Memories of Sir Philip Francis" and its "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II." are in a line of literature where Blackwood is always effective; its Toryism comes out freely when it discusses "Fenianism and the Irish," and it is little less than toadyish and amusingly apologetic when it deals with the "Queen of the Highlands" and the volume of reminiscences in which Victoria invites the people of Great Britain to share her pleasant domestic confidences. New York: L. Scott & Co.

THE RADICAL for March possesses variety and vigor, saying many beginning things though not

always in a very becoming way. That it has got pretty nearly to the bottom in its reach downward for the roots of religious thought, appears quite probable when one reads such sentences as these:

"A man with no past-experience of sin, if such a being were possible, would be an imperfect man. This is a fatal defect in the ideal Jesus of the church. I deny that Jesus was an infallible pope in order that I may assert that he was what is better—a fallible man. . . . There is no enmity between God and the devil. In fact, they are one and the same. The devil is God in disguise, then and always wise and good, though men perceive it not. . . . Satan was the elder brother of the Son and the Holy Ghost."

If audacity were genius, if irreverence stood for virtue, if denials measured wisdom, if insight were always equal to assumption, and if senselessness were the legitimate expression of sense, the Radical would stand forth without a rival among the magazines of the day. Boston: Adams & Co.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST commences its second volume with the number for March, having proved its ability and excellence to the complete satisfaction of all who have read it. It is a genuine success in itself; it is almost certain to be such by the circulation which it will win. It is using the income from Mr. Peabody's gift in a wise way. Salem: Peabody Academy of Science.

THE BROADWAY for March is like itself, gossamer, entertaining, but having a little of the rollicking, frolicsome quality in its tone and style. It is not eminently critical nor profound, resolving not to be dull or dry, it sometimes approaches the verge of rakishness. It may gain in thoughtfulness and sobriety when it has looked deeper and seen more. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## Winter Funerals.

In the last number of *Hours at Home*, under the general head of "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," Dr. Bushnell thus speaks of the influence springing from the burial of a friend in winter. He is always a suggestive, vigorous and magnetic writer.

I will name one other occasion, or contingency of winter, that sometimes takes a wonderfully strong hold of our religious instinct, and often produces effects more decisive than we trace ourselves. I speak of our winter funerals. To bury a friend in winter is a kind of trial that connects strange inward commotions of feeling which it is difficult to master.

We have cleared away the snow and heaved a passage down through the solid pavement of the frost, and there, in that inhospitable place, we come to bury our departed, be it child, or wife, or mother, or much loved friend. Our heart shudders, in convulsive chill, at the forlorn last offices we are come to perform. While our feeling is protesting, the solemnity, so called, goes on and before we have gotten our own consent, the "tribute of respect" is ended. The frozen chips of earth, loosened again by blows, are piled on the lowered one's rest, and we turn to go. "Will it seem to-night? The wind, alas! is howling even now in the trees, and the sleeting is already begun. O God, it shall not be! We were going to be fools, we see, but now the spell is broken. Our departed is not in that hole, and we scorn to say our farewell over it! Let the snows fall heavy, if they will, and the wind rage pitiless and wild above, ours it shall be to thank thee, Father, Lord of the warmer clime, that our dear one lives with thee."

Practically almost nothing will more surely re-awaken a faith in immortality, even if one chances to be unbelieving, than to bury a friend in the winter. As a matter of fact, it is not in the fresh, outbursting life of the spring, or in any softer season of the year, that we think of immortality with half the tension that we do at the winter funerals. We ask it instinctively, as we do a fire for the cold.

## Hogarth and Dickens.

I know that comparisons by the critics do not amount to much. One has called Hood's writings essentially Shakespearean. It would have been as true to have likened him to Joe Miller, and no more so. But I have wondered sometimes that no one had seen a likeness between the genius of the painter and novelist. Hogarth belonged to no school of artists, Dickens to no school of authors.—Hogarth's pictures were crowded with characters; so are Dickens's books. Hogarth's characters are unique; so are Dickens's.—Hogarth developed in his pictures a series of surprises; Dickens in his plots. Hogarth painted the weak and vulgar in human nature as no other man ever did. Dickens writes them. Hogarth detailed the commonest events of life; so does Dickens. Hogarth made evil and affection ridiculous; so does Dickens. Hogarth's portraits were not flattering; Dickens's are not apt to be. Hogarth painted to establish a point; Dickens always does. Hogarth made one see the ludicrous side of everything; Dickens is a master of the ludicrous. Hogarth uncovered wretchedness to the eye of pity; Dickens makes you shed tears. Hogarth was in all intimate; Dickens is no less so. In short, had Dickens been a painter, he would have painted more like Hogarth than any other man that has ever lived.

## Epitaphs.

Frances Power Cobbe has a very interesting paper on Epitaphs in the February number of *Temple Bar*. She says:

"On a large number of French tombs we have seen, the epitaphs to the dead child, or dead young girl, to intercede in heaven for their afflicted survivors; but we have never happened to find any full-grown man followed to the other world by the same request!" Some of the specimens of mortuary inscriptions are more grotesque than solemn, and rather suited to the columns of *Punch* than the marble slabs of a cemetery. The following tells its own story:

A good husband and affectionate father, Whose disconsolate Widow and Orphans Continue to carry on the Tripe and Trotter business At the same shop as before their bereavement.

Sentiment and selfishness are finely mingled in this plaint of a widower:

I've lost the comfort of my life, Death came and took away my wife, And now I don't know what to do, Lest death should come and take me too.

The following was inscribed on a bachelor's tombstone:

At three score winters and I died, A cheerless being, lone and sad, The nuptial knot I never tied, And wished my father never had!

It is needless to say that this one was taken from a stone in an Irish church-yard. Under this stone lie two babies dear, One is buried in Connaght and the other here.



## Naples and its Bay.

All travelers who have the least ability to appreciate the beautiful and picturesque in nature, art and life, even when associated with what is imperfect and pitiable in human character and circumstances, are compelled to acknowledge the attractions which crowd themselves into and around Naples. The poetic side of Italy will there assert itself and get a recognition. Dr. Bellows, writing to the *Liberal Christian*, thus pays his homage at that glorious shrine:

And what can exceed in fascination, at all seasons of the year, the loveliness of this bay? The exquisite curve of the shore, with the gleaming bottom of the Adriatic, the sea seen through the blue waters; to the right the rocky slope of Paullippo, covered with glistening villas, amid which orange and lemon and fig and oleanders suggest spicy odors and refreshing savors, and the fancy pleases itself with remembering that Pozzuoli and Trocena and Ischia, and a whole chain of classic scenes lie just beyond; on the left, Vesuvius, with its two peaks, Somma, and the crater, smoking and hinting mischief, while Portici and Castellamare look as gay and secure in its shadow as if their old vamping neighbor would never again break the peace; in front, Capri, loveliest of islands, as if Venus had dropped her slipper as she rose from the waves, and it had been gallantly adopted by Neptune as the model of his pet island, where he keeps his "blue grotto" and other curious delights: "No wonder these Neapolitans are devoted in love, always singing, always devoted to beauty and to nature! Everything about them is softening and satisfying, rebuking to awkwardness and discouraging to ambition. The bay invites them to a continued spectacle and dream. The dim, soft islands in the distance plead lowly thoughts and soothe them to rest. The ripple of the mild sea is ever teaching them music; the orange and lemon groves scent their emotions with spicy breath; they palpitate beneath the brilliancy of a nine month summer with glowing sympathies. Love is their life; they are romantic to the core, and not ashamed of their attachments. You see the rough sailors, as they meet and part, kissing each other with earnest passion. The coachman is exchanging glances with the girls at the windows. The girls are all innocent coquettes, not vile and abandoned, but passionate, and feeling that life has but one object, to love, and be loved. Their eyes are full of fire; their hair is an ambush; they move gracefully, even in coarse garments, and look as if a little water and manna-making would at once change them into ladies.

## Paris Women.

Do not think you can know the city of today without going to concerts and balls. They are the two wings of its life, and on them Paris floats giddy and delighted. At the balls you see a succession of frail and beautiful women, and a crowd of ignoble faces among the Parisians; as many English, and Americans, curious, blase, enchanted. Women walk under soft lights amid flowers with the coolness of fountains and the fairy beauty of grottoes, to the sound of music that puts you senses in a delicious whirl of pleasure, or saddens your soul with strange emotions. As they promenade or sit down with the air of leisure and the manner of the life of elegance, so flexible and graceful, you must pay homage to the charm of their womanliness. These women, being beautiful know it, and they are as graceful with that consciousness as a full petal flower swaying on its long stem unruffled by the wind.

But what fatigue of the senses is betrayed by most of these faces! What mortal sadness under that gaiety! The very sadness gives additional expression to their faces. One important and pale woman was dressed in a robe of black velvet. Her soft, white face gleamed, luminous, like a pearl; her eyes, damask, like the purple pansy; on her cheek a little patch of black set off, with manikist coquetry, the pallor of her beautiful face. But stop! look at the dance. See that girl, dressed like a Bohemian, caught in the arms of her cavalier. They whirl, they float, they touch for an instant the ground, only to undulate and whirl again with the music that plays like a wanton wind among the flowers. What a pleasure to the mortal! What text to provoke the exercise of his professional skill!

Ah, my dear sir, Paris is a very good bloom for you, and while these flowers bloom and are smelted, you can read us very touching and very solemn sermons; but the plague-spot of our century remains, and the flowers are wilted because all our civilizations have made work and its disfigurements the only (and that not always within the reach of those poor victims) refuge against a life of folly and vanity. Drive from your heart, even in Paris, all coarseness and all these frail women, who, driven by want, urged by the thirst for luxury, which seems to be in the blood, or driven by heart-hunger from brutal hands, feed on kisses impure and false. They have but women-haters—those light, careless, wind-tossed butterflies—not made for work or cloisters, but made to feed on the flower of life or to die. As for passion or strength—that is of love or virtue—they have no place here; they are seldom or never seen here. If you are a man of heart, you will feel pity for these weak beings, and you will withhold harsh words. They are the giddy butterflies and frail blossoms that float over the hideous life of cities, like the bouquets cut for the beauty of the night and thrown away the next morning.—*Galaxy*.

## Gymnastic Exercises.

Harpers Weekly discourses sensibly on the hygiene of gymnastics, justly claiming that young men and women are entering into physical exercise with headlong speed and injudicious zeal; that in such exercises a great many excesses are committed, and dangers to health and beauty unwittingly encountered. With our national tendency to extremes we are overdoing what was formerly almost wholly neglected, and too often really healthy exercise is abandoned for feats of agility and strength whose only attraction is their difficulty or their danger. The true purpose, to regulate and develop the strength of the body and attain grace in movement of person, is lost sight of in the desire to execute some marvelous feat which can only be done with hazard to the well-being of bone and muscle, heart and lungs. Exertion and exhaustion are not rightly apportioned, and an imperfect knowledge of the nature and wants of the human system, united to a morbid ambition to walk the tight-rope and perform the most and to leap the highest, ensue results widely different from what was originally contemplated.

If the majority of the young men and

women now under muscular training, as they suppose, were compelled by force of circumstances to endure a small fraction of the fatigue and exhaustion they now experience in their gymnastic and calisthenic exercises in the domestic duties of daily life, as for instance sawing wood, sweeping floors, their lamentations over hard work would be loud and deep. The one is fashionable while the other is not. Companion pictures of the young lady singing in the parlor, "Who will care for mother now?" while said mother is at work in the kitchen; and the young man playing for the baseball championship while his father is toiling for his daily bread, would attract many spectators and elicit many practical suggestions.

We are earnest advocates of wholesome physical training, and believe that it has been sadly neglected hitherto, but in some of our editors, it is well "to let your moderation be known," and furthermore, not to forget that as a general rule healthful exercise may be found in ways which will be beneficial to community; or, more plainly, that work is exercise, a fact too often ignored by the lover of athletic sports. We say, then, let there be plenty of well regulated physical training, with no neglect of the sterner duties of life.

## Audience with Victoria.

About six levees are held a year. It takes a hundred men three weeks to prepare the rooms. Everything is measured by the inexorable law of etiquette. The dress is prescribed; the material, the length of the trains, the mode of dressing the hair, and the style of the garments.

The Throne Room is a right royal room. There is not a seat in it, except the throne and the gilded chair at the foot. On a platform reached by three steps, on a crimson carpet, spattered with gold, stands a gilded chair, surmounted by a crown. This is the throne. It is covered with a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with heavy gold lace. On the top of the canopy is a golden cushion, on which rests a larger gold crown. The Throne Room is very long, nearly two hundred feet. Running the whole length is a heavy iron fence, full five feet high, capped with crimson velvet.

The great throne below, at a given signal, come up the stairway. They enter the great Audience Room that opens into the Throne Room. The Audience Room is very gorgeous with satin hangings, radiant with vermilion and gold. When the signal is given below, the rush commences. Her Majesty is painfully prompt. At the exact moment she comes out of her royal closet and takes her stand on the lower step of the throne. On the signal being given, her Majesty's Ministers, with the Foreign Ambassadors, enter from the private door, file singly before the Queen, bow, and take their station in the center of the room, where they remain. The crowd is admitted one by one. The party passes up the narrow roadway to the place where the Queen stands, and as they pass, they bow down the whole length of the room. The lady cannot turn her back on the Queen, nor take up her train. It is etiquette for the ministers and ambassadors, who occupy the center of the room, to lift the train and pass it from one to another while the lady backs down to the door.

The presentation lasts about one minute. It costs months of labor and anxiety, and great expense. The finery will be worn on no other occasion. But the party has been "presented at court," and will tell it to her children's children. When the Queen holds court, it lasts just one hour. During the whole time she stands like a statue—as cold, as insensible. She neither bows nor speaks. The mass file before her as if she were hewn out of stone.

## Obituaries.

**Particular Notice** Persons wishing obituaries published in the *Morning Star*, who do not patronize it, must accompany them with cash equal to *five cents a line*, to insure an insertion. Brevity is especially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

WM. HOWE died in North Monro, Feb. 22, aged 57 years and 9 months. He had exhibited a life of moral tone, yet in his last hours he expressed deep regret that he had neglected to confess Christ publicly. He was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and his death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

ELPHALET DORR died in Milton, N. H., Feb. 10, aged 59 years. He was converted to God upwards of forty years since, and joined the F. W. B. church in Acton, Vermont, where he has been in feeble health, and has at times been subject to severe trials and temptations. In his happier days he has borne a public testimony and has been actively engaged in the cause of God. His death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

MARIA, wife of Rev. James Fernald, died in Saco, Me., Feb. 17, aged 77 years and 7 months. From the morning of life to its close, she was a spiritual and progressive Christian. She lived to see the triumph of the anti-slavery reform for which she prayed and labored in the war for freedom. She took a lively interest in giving two of her sons to the country. Conversing with a mother, she asked her if she had sent any of her sons to the country. In reply, she said, "I have sent you." "You don't want any blessing you have lost." Her work was all done, and ready at the summons of death, she had nothing to do but pass the eternal veil with Christ. Her funeral services in the Free Baptist church, conducted by Rev. E. True, pastor. Discourse by Rev. D. M. Graham.

HANNAH TENNEY, widow of Amos Tenney, died at Plano, N. H., March 6, aged 66 years 10 months and 18 days. She was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and her death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

WILLIAM CLAMPSON died in Ellingham, Feb. 20, aged 79 years and 8 months. He was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and his death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

LYDIA, wife of Bro. Ivory Blaisdell, died in Rome, Me., Jan. 31, aged 41 years. Sister B. gave her heart to the Saviour when 16 years of age, was baptized by Rev. Roger Ellis, united with the F. W. B. church in Belgrade and from that hour she has maintained a consistent Christian life. By her amiable disposition she endeared herself to all who knew her. As a neighbor, she was beloved and respected, and all say that a Christian has gone to rest. In the death of this dear sister, a husband has lost an affectionate companion, three sons and three daughters one of the best of mothers, but we believe their loss is not eternal gain.

JACOB HESS departed this life near Patriot, Ind., Feb. 24, aged 24 years and 6 months. He was the son of the writer. He was a young man of great promise, and his death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

happy. He leaves a father, three brothers, four sisters and a large number of relatives and friends. His funeral services were held at the residence of his father, Mr. HESS, on Monday, Feb. 23, at 10 o'clock, and were attended by a large concourse of attentive listeners.

**NICHOLAS TOWLE**, of Danville, completed his earthly pilgrimage and entered upon the rest of heaven, Sabbath morning, February 23, 1868, at the residence of his father, Mr. TOWLE, at the age of 40 years and 4 months. He was a devoted and faithful member of this church 40 years; and as long as health lasted, an earnest and working Christian, and in his family the servants of Christ always have found a devoted and faithful member. He was a devoted and faithful member of this church 40 years; and as long as health lasted, an earnest and working Christian, and in his family the servants of Christ always have found a devoted and faithful member. He was a devoted and faithful member of this church 40 years; and as long as health lasted, an earnest and working Christian, and in his family the servants of Christ always have found a devoted and faithful member.

**GEORGE S. COOK** died in Sandwich, Jan. 23, aged 28 years. He was the son of Eli and Lydia Cook and son-in-law of Rev. Wm. Rogers. He professed religion in 1839, and was baptized by his father-in-law, and united with the F. W. B. church in Sandwich, of which he remained a faithful member until death, serving it three years in the capacity of clerk. He enlisted in the country's service in the war to put down the slaveholders' rebellion, where he contracted a disease of the lungs, which terminated his earthly career. His sickness was long and painful, but he died with peace and triumph. He leaves aged parents, a wife, two children, two brothers and two sisters and other friends to mourn his loss. His funeral services were held at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Rogers, on Monday, Feb. 23, at 10 o'clock, and were attended by a large concourse of attentive listeners.

**FLORA A. WIFE** of Wm. Kiltredge, of Pelham, N. H., and daughter of sister Charlotte Pierce, of Vinalhaven, Me., died of consumption, in V. Feb. 8, 1868, at the residence of her father-in-law, Mr. Kiltredge, at the age of 24 years and 10 months. She was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and her death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

**NANCY GINN** died in Vinalhaven, Me., Feb. 8, aged 58 years. About ten days previous to her death she was struck down by a paralytic stroke which deprived her of her speech. She was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and her death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

**MARTIN M. TALLANT** died at his residence in East Concord, N. H., Feb. 24, aged 44 years and 8 months. He was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and his death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

**JOSEPH CUSHMAN**, oldest son of Joseph C. and Sarah Given, died in Brunswick, Me., of rheumatism, Feb. 23, aged 24 years and 18 days. He was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and his death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

**MARTHA P.**, wife of Alexander Sutherland, died in Lexington, Me., Jan. 31, aged 77 years. She was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and her death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

**BENJ. W.**, only son of Rev. Benj. and Olive H. Penney, died in Clifton, Me., Dec. 14, of consumption, at the age of 22 years and 26 days. He was a devoted and faithful member of the F. W. B. church, and his death was a great loss to the church and to the community.

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## Advertisements.

## A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM &amp; NEURALGIA.

## CLARKE'S Rheumatic Elixer &amp; Blood Purifier

Cures the worst cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia and never fails. Relieves the severest attacks of Rheumatism in a few hours. Cures the worst cases of Neuralgia in a few days. It is a certain cure for all cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, after years of intense suffering. It is a certain cure for all cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, after years of intense suffering. It is a certain cure for all cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, after years of intense suffering.

## Rheumatism &amp; Neuralgia.

The following cases are selected as examples of its success: From Mr. N. P. Paine, of Danvers, Me.: "My daughter had been troubled with the Rheumatism for some years; she was having a very bad time with it last week. I procured a bottle of Clarke's Rheumatic Elixer and gave her a teaspoonful every hour; three doses gave her perfect relief. No money would induce her to let me know it."

From Mr. J. Cobb, formerly of Cornish, Me., now of Rutland, Vt.: "I suffered all the tortures of Rheumatism and Neuralgia for more than thirty years. I was employed two of the best physicians he could find, but they did not cure me. I procured a bottle of Clarke's Rheumatic Elixer and gave it to me according to the directions on the label, which in a few weeks restored me to health, so that I am now able to do my usual work."

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## BRADLEY'S Super Phosphate of Lime

## Circular to Farmers.

NO BETTER PROOF OF THE SUPERIORITY of my Super-Phosphate of Lime for the purpose of fertilizing the soil, than to know that the demand is beyond precedent. After six years of practical experience in the manufacture of Super-Phosphate of Lime, I feel warranted in saying to the farmers that I understand how to manufacture it; and to all who have used my Phosphate in past years, I have only to say, that hereafter every ton of Phosphate which I send to market will be fully up to the standard of any previous year's production. No Phosphate manufactured by any other person can be so good as mine, and known to be up to the standard required.

I am often asked, "I would purchase Bradley's Phosphate if I knew it was as good as it was last year." To all such I say, you can buy it with confidence. As I know what I have stated above to be true. I do not allow myself to guess at a single day's production. Until proved by analysis, no one can say that I have expended the past year, over fifty thousand dollars in erecting Old of Vitrol Works, powerful machinery, etc., including a complete horse-power engine, and I have, therefore, much better facilities for manufacturing than heretofore.

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