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The Morning Star.

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DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1868.

Number 6.

THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1868.

No Surrender.

Ever constant ever true,
Let the word be, No Surrender;
Bolted door and gratefully do,
This shall bring us bravely through.
No Surrender, No Surrender;
And though Fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic—No Surrender!

Nail the colors to the mast,
Shouting glad, No Surrender!
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last,
No Surrender, No Surrender!
Though the skies be overcast,
And above the steeple blast,
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with No Surrender!

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is No Surrender;
Battle, tho' it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No Surrender, No Surrender!
Hope—and thus your hope fulfill—
There's a way when there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them—No Surrender!

—M. E. Tupper.

Canada.

My Dear Star:—Your countenance is changed, your dimensions are materially increased and your dress is entirely new, but you have still the ring of the right metal in your utterances. You have the same familiar voice, breathe out the same liberty-loving sentiments and advocate the same vigorous, manly, intelligent Christianity which has adorned your pages during the long period of your youthful years. Long may you live, having the full enjoyment of your matured youth joined to the power, the breadth and the superior intelligence of your riper years! So long as you maintain a genuine loyalty to Christ and his cause, to liberty and justice, your visits will be none the less welcome and your influence unimpeded, however often your growth and development may compel you to put away the "childish things" of your boyhood for the more substantial and extensive things of manhood.

Since you last heard from me, our Canadian politics have been advancing at a most rapid rate. Indeed, throughout the entire civilized world, the past few months have been, and the coming months are destined to be, pregnant with events important alike to the student of history and the lover of liberty. In our own Dominion, notwithstanding the refractory character of our small Province, we have completed our process of "reconstruction" without the sacrifice of the precious treasure of blood, although the whole country has been flooded with a "war of words," which is always injurious to the few, but gratifying to the many. Scarcely, however, had the whole representative ability of the Dominion been blended into a deliberative and harmonious assembly when the entire nation, indeed the world at large, was shocked by the foul assassination of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, whose abilities as a profound statesman, a forcible writer, a genial poet, and an eloquent speaker, must ever assign him an important place among the notables of our country. His life was brief, impetuous, apparently inconsistent and full of stirring incidents, but those who have enjoyed his confidence speak of him as eminently benevolent, a thorough gentleman and an honest man. He became identified with the O'Connell movement in Ireland in 1845, fled to the United States for safety where he still poured forth his bitter invectives against the "hated British rule," but in 1858 became a resident in Montreal, and has ever since occupied a prominent position in the political and social arena of our country. Whatever may be the opinion entertained respecting the course which he pursued and the principles which at various periods he has advocated, there can be no two opinions respecting the cause of his foul murder. To him above all others is due the unyielding loyalty of the Canadian Irish amidst the disaffection of their native land, and the dark plottings of Fenianism in the various states of your Republic, and the cruel, criminal and unprovoked invasion,

which, if successful, would have involved our peaceful and prosperous country in unspeakable woe. For this loyalty to his country and for his bold, out-spoken opposition to one of the foulest, and most fiendish of organizations, he has fallen by the hand of the midnight assassin. This act will put an end to the sympathy which some political adventurers in high places have afforded to Fenianism, and open the eyes of the nations to see the supreme justice with which England has been guided in putting her iron hand upon them.

This leads me to remark how jubilant all Canadians (except indeed high church Episcopalians) are, over the passage of Gladstone's resolutions in the British House of Commons, by the sweeping majority of sixty. The wrongs which for years have been inflicted upon Ireland are now to be remedied, and England is once more to give to the world an exhibition of her ability to reform evils, redress grievances and establish justice, however much she may be blamed for the slow, and sometimes excessively cautious manner by which she works. It will be a pardonable weakness if I say that I never felt so proud of my relations to the British Empire as when I read the speeches of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone and John Bright, the two leaders of the Liberal party, whose praise is in all the nations. I quote the concluding remarks of each. Mr. Gladstone closes with these memorable words:

If we be prudent men, I hope we shall endeavor, so far as in us lies, to make provision for the contingencies of a doubtful and possibly a dangerous future; if we be chivalrous men, I trust we shall endeavor to wipe away the stains which the civilized world has for ages seen, or seemed to see, upon the shield of England in her treatment of Ireland. If we are compassionate men, I hope we shall now once, and once for all, listen to that tale of sorrow which comes from her, and the reality of which, if it is justice, is testified by the continuous migration of her people; that we shall endeavor to—

Raze out the written trouble of her brain,
Pluck from her memory a rooted sorrow.
But above all, if we be just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, and bear this in mind, that when the case is ripe and the hour has come, justice delayed is justice denied.

Mr. Bright has this touching and beautiful passage at the close of his peroration: "We are all, I believe, of one religion. I suppose there will come a time in the history of the world when men will be astonished that Catholics and Protestant churchmen and Nonconformists have entertained such suspicion of and animosity against each other. I accept and believe in a very grand passage I once met with in the writings of the founder of the State of Pennsylvania. He says that humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion and that when death has taken off the mask they all know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here make them strangers. Let us act in this spirit, and our work is easy. Towards the conclusion of his speech the noble lord spoke of the cloud which at present hangs over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud; its darkness extends to the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire; but there is a solution we may all take to ourselves. An inspired king, and bard, and prophet has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says—'To the upright there is light in the darkness.' Let us try on this matter to be upright; let us try to be just. That cloud will then be dispelled, and the danger which we see will vanish; and we may perhaps have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honorable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire."

I have to communicate to you the sad intelligence of the death of Madame Feller, the founder of the Grande Ligne Mission among the French Canadians. She has for nearly forty years devoted her eminent abilities, with the most zealous and self-sacrificing spirit to the work of evangelizing this people. As she was the founder of the Mission, and has so heroically worked in this field for her Master under the most trying and disadvantageous circumstances, no ordinary amount of sympathy has been called forth amongst all Christian denominations of our Province. It is only once that a company of believers can assemble around the coffin of the founder of Evangelical Missions amongst the French Canadians. But she is gone, and there is something morally sublime in her life and death. How noble, how Christ-like, to see a great soul consecrated to one special work and spend a whole life for its accomplishment! The salvation of the French Canadian people was laid heavy on her heart when she was living amid the beauties of Switzerland and surrounded by a large circle of cultivated friends. This was the one object of her life, and for this she lived, labored, and prayed, and to this she consecrated her all. A more illustrious example of all that is distinguished in ability, excellent in character, and lovable in Christian grace is seldom seen. Her spirit was emphatically missionary, and she seemed to possess a burning zeal for the salvation of souls. To every one with whom she came in contact, she spoke of Jesus, and no one could call at Grande Ligne, not even a beggar, without an affectionate inquiry concerning the soul and its interests. Even when dying, and when reason became confused, she endeavored to rise to go to a class of boys to whom she had been accustomed to give Bible lessons, in order to tell them to trust in Jesus and him only. Being unable to go herself, she charged others that the message should be delivered to them. How

noble! How true to him whose blood had redeemed her to God! What an example of a ruling passion strong in death! Who would not say, let me live such a life, let me triumph in such a death?

Of this Mission and its interests, I hope to find an opportunity to write more particularly again.

Yours Truly,

ROBERT CAMERON.

New York Correspondence.

Church of the Puritans—Battle of Pew and Pulpit—National Fortress—Moral and Oratorical Battery—Bunyan Hall—The Pilgrims Progress in Painting and Machinery—Demolition and Succession—Easter Sunday—Flowery Religion—The True Testimony.

A funeral shadow is cast over Union Square with its little park, the brightest, cheeriest square and park of the city, pleasant even in the winter, but now, under these days of spring, gloomed by the shadow of the Church of the Puritans, its chief architectural ornament, and its moral glory, in process of demolition. Doors and windows gone, the cavernous desolation within is revealed; the arch peeled of its ceiling; the galleries stripped of their skeleton of beams, and the floor piled with broken plaster and splintered casements. Without, a placard advertises the doors, windows and kindling-wood for sale; the ivy is uprooted and cut off, and the ground strewn with ruins. High above, the crowbars are disintegrating the towers; and the scene is resonant of ax and hammer and falling fragments. A few days, and these marble walls, in beautiful and grand proportion, inclosing an area of a hundred and forty by seventy-five feet, and lifting their towers to more than a hundred feet, will have vanished, leaving vacancy in their place, but which will quickly be filled with a structure of other fashion for other uses.

These walls, of material and workmanship to endure for centuries are demolished and displaced in their newness,—it being twenty-two years only since they were reared. But of this structure "events, not time, are its epochs." A historical greatness belongs to it, unequalled, I believe, by any building in this metropolis of the New World. Within these walls has been fought such a mighty battle between the pew and pulpit, with such victory of righteous ministry over mammon and slavery assuming to forbid it, as perhaps has been fought and won nowhere else. And further, than the merely local relations of this building, it has its history as a national fortress, wherefrom have poured forth against slavery and treason, volleys of shot and shell of magnitude and force such as only the moral and oratorical caliber of CHURCH can emit. So by the greatness of its accomplished uses, it can afford to be limited to so brief a term, its great work being done.

Its concluding use had been worthy of its preceding history, if what was promised in the label it has borne through the past winter, *Bunyan Hall*, had been actually accomplished in the exhibition of the Christian Pilgrim's Progress, as dreamed by the great dreamer of Bedford jail. Though it is not, perhaps, to be denied that this has been fulfilled in some measure, it certainly has fallen far short of what ought to have been accomplished, if indeed anything can be effected for the Christian cause by dramatic representation. It may be, that all that scenic painting and machinery could do in the case is done. Very little it is they can at best do, if they can do anything effectively, in the manifestation of saving truth and spiritual life. But in the accompanying explanatory lecture, as I heard it, and as I have heard of it from others, what could and should have been done was not done, or done but very feebly and ineffectively. Therein were opportunity and occasion for preaching in its power the gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. But we are compelled to say there was not such preaching of it by the persons assuming the explanation of the great Allegory. Though I have heard of impressions having been made by the pictorial representation on some persons, promising good fruits, I cannot believe that the exhibition through all the winter, six nights of every week, and also six days of every week for a considerable part of the period, has had the result to reasonably lessen the doubt of the efficacy of dramatic exhibitions in the interest of the Christian cause. I understand the Pilgrim in this form, and in this manner of pilgrimage, is to appear next in New England. So you will have occasion for trial of your judgment of the fitness of seeing, or refraining from seeing, the exhibition, and determining its merits or demerits.

Here, the Pilgrim—assuming that here the Pilgrim was—gives place to a department of Vanity Fair, a market of vessels of silver and gold, of pearls and diamonds. A palatial jewelry shop is to rise in the place of the Church of the Puritans and Bunyan Hall. Tiffany & Co. are the demolishers and re-builders. The Babylonian merchant displaces the Puritan preacher; the Pilgrim of the world succeeds the Pilgrim of the Cross. The Tribune of Monday says: "The Easter festival, once allowed to pass almost unnoticed by our Knickerbocker and Puritan ancestors, is yearly more and more observed, and was celebrated yesterday with greater interest than has hitherto been manifested. Many of the churches were decorated with natural flowers, and in nearly all, music suitable for the occasion was performed."

Even so,—our religion is becoming more and more flowery and musical. We are

growing in the wisdom that attains flowers without thorns—and without fruit. We are adopting a cross disarmed of its nails and wreathed with roses, a flowery bed of ease, whereon to be carried to the skies. In absence of the music of heaven, we are lulled and charmed by the music of the opera. The sword of the Spirit "sharp and piercing to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow," is muffled with flowers of poppy, a wand of sensuous soothing and spiritual numbness.

I am not sorry to say that this formalistic "observance of time and season" had no place in last Sabbath's services at the Freewill Baptist church. Here not one only, but all the Sundays the year round are Easter Sundays. Ever to the worshippers here is the "Lord risen indeed." And the flower-offerings we would offer here, in all times, and seasons alike, "are the heart's adoration and prayers of the poor"—such as, have their germination, bud, blossom and fruitage of the light and life of the Sun of Righteousness, not of the hot-house. Has not the mission of our connection from its beginning, been the witnessing to the life and power in the Spirit, against deadness in form? Not less is the occasion for it in these days of progressive substitution of symbol for substance, of ritualism for righteousness.

E. M.

Strength and Weakness.

Mankind have always coveted, admired and worshipped power. There is reasonableness in the world's desire and devotion, however perverted both may have been. Power is our chief want and our greatest glory. The work of the world, the work of the church, like the work of God in the universe and in man, cannot be done without it. Underlying all the life, activity, confusion, and order of the world the single element of power may be recognized. But it is necessary, wisely and carefully to distinguish between the different forms of power with which we are acquainted and to choose and seek the highest as our highest gain. For ages the world worshipped brute force. Strength in nature, in living creatures, physical power, was the god before which the souls of men bowed down. The reign of intellect and taste succeeded; but when Christianity was published to the nations, came a newer and diviner worship supplanting the old, and making mankind familiar with the power of truth, of wisdom, of righteousness, of grace, the mighty power of God. Silently but surely, like the heaven, this power from on high has worked in the world, since then changing it to its own divine likeness. It is acknowledged now that the greatest force on earth is moral force, that the mightiest forms of power are love and truth, and that the grandest living energy is the Spirit of God.

Lingering traces of the old faith are nevertheless still found. The Christian nations have not risen to the height of their pure Holy gospel. Our defenses are still largely carnal. Our trust is in chariots and horses, in armor-plated ships, and strong battalions rather than in the living God. The wall of fire about our fatherland is thought to be of a material rather than a moral and spiritual nature. Even our churches have never been quite free from the tendency to trust in brute force, in intellectual ability, in the authority of antiquity, or in numerical or pecuniary strength. Christianity allied to the state in the older nations, relying on secular position, and worldly resources, is a case in point. Christianity, conquering with genius and resting on talent, gold, social honor, as may be said to be the case even elsewhere in some measure, may extend our illustration. But how little can mere power, physical or mental, accomplish against the foes of God's kingdom. The strength of religion is gone when it rests on an arm of flesh. Our conquests must be gained by weapons forged in heaven and forces inbreathed of God, wielded by spiritual and holy men. Our country is safe not by its iron-clads or cannon or great statesmen, but by its love of right, its practice of truth and justice, its religious life claiming the protection and invoking the favor of Heaven. Our churches must much more rely not on material resources but on the spiritual forces which come from God and partake of his divine essence. As in Jerubabel's day so in ours, our work is done, our foes are slain, our victory is gained, "not by might, nor by power," but by the Spirit of the living God in the hearts and minds and lives of earnest and holy men. Servants of God like Paul, "in bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," have been charged with such spiritual force that their words have shaken the world.

Perilous, indeed, is the gift of physical or intellectual strength without moral power, the influence of conscience to direct it. Samson was a giant in muscular energy and might, but in moral strength weaker than a babe. He only "began" to deliver Israel, and a blundering beginning it was. With little sense of right or love of truth his great strength was his bane. His passion was mightier than his principle, his body stronger than his mind or conscience. He who carried the gates of Gaza on his shoulders, was himself led captive by a feeble woman. He who slew thousands was himself slain by one sin. Great strength without conscience is blind, grinding in the prison as a slave, or pulling down the pillars of the social fabric and destroying itself in the ruin it has made. Yet Samson's life shows this great truth

that all real power is of God, and illustrates finely the strength that comes from consecration to him. Not till his vow as a Nazirite is broken by the shaving of his locks, not till the symbol of his consecration is taken away, does his strength go. "The Spirit of the Lord" was upon him when he wrought his wondrous feats of strength. When he was no longer faithful to his vow of consecration, the Lord departed from him. Our strength lies in our being set apart to God, consecrated with all our gifts and powers to his service. We can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. Nothing is impossible to us as God's servants in the way of duty. Our weakness lies in living to ourselves, to our own pleasure and praise; but consecrated to God's glory and kingdom, spiritual Nazarites from the new birth, we are "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might" to accomplish anything to which his providence calls us.

T. G.

Amusements of Preachers.

Dr. Whedon, in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, noticing a late work on Amusements, by Rev. Hiram Mattison, thus presents some points in respect to which he thinks there is need of more explicit instruction as to what is right and what is wrong:

"During the past summer we have seen ministers in high standing and of pure religious reputation play hours at croquet, and at evening, without apparent loss of spirituality or of power in their words before the people, lead the social prayer-meeting. We have seen three doctors of divinity, and one promising candidate for that honor, playing nine-pins at the same alley. We have seen leading ministers of different denominations in a large parlor lead the assembly in 'amusement' at charades, conundrums, and other like sports and with no misgivings in any mind, preach and administer communion a Sabbath or two after—Was, or was not, all this right? If so, upon what principle? And must there not be some discrimination to satisfy and guide the public mind, rather than vague pronouncements against 'popular amusements'? If conferences and preachers' meetings pass resolutions against amusements, and then spend a good part of the summer in amusing themselves, should not the principle of the double action be clearly expounded? Otherwise, they may in public estimation lose character for consistency, or justly cut themselves off from those recreations which they themselves esteem necessary and right."

Albert Barnes on Mr. Finney.

When men reach a ripe old age, their judgments of other noted men are specially interesting. Albert Barnes says of President Finney, in the last *Presbyterian Review*:

"He had been a lawyer, and would have been distinguished as a lawyer, if he had continued to pursue that profession. Not always safe in his theological opinions, and not having been trained to great thoroughness in theological learning, he was nevertheless, a man of great power, in showing to men the danger of false hopes; in setting forth the real nature of religion; in driving men from their subtleties and refuges of lies; in proclaiming the terrors of the law and the fearfulness of the world to come; in laying open to men the delusions of their own hearts; and, above all in proclaiming the majesty of God and the greatness of eternal things, and in making all things else dwindle to nothingness before the Eternal One and the eternal world. Few men in our country have been as well fitted to act on the higher order of minds, or to bring men, proud in their philosophy or their own righteousness, to the foot of the Cross."

The Mission Field.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Berlin (Prussia) Missionary Society has a flourishing station in the Orange Free States which they have named Bethany. One of the converts became the owner of a large tract of land a hundred miles from the station to which he removed. He soon built a neat chapel, where four hundred hearers gather whenever a preacher visits them. But he says, "I must have a missionary of my own, as we none of us know how to preach. God has blessed me with substance and I cannot do less than give enough of it for the support of one who will preach to me and to my people, and to all the heathen around." He gives the following pledge: "I will build a suitable house for the missionary. I will give a large garden spot, fields for grain as much as a man can walk around in four hours; and two thousand acres of pasture land. Above this, I will pay the full salary usually paid by the Society, and give the missionary full-right to the water privileges in the summer." The Society has just sent a missionary to him to complete their part of the agreement.

ANOTHER PICTURE.

North and west of the Orange Free States, is a region under a barbarous heathen king, Sikkakony. Here a mission was planted. The conversion of a number of natives expedited the work, and more than three years since, he commenced a fearful persecution which continues still to the present time. He ordered every Christian to be killed wherever he might be found and even made it the duty of his subjects to kill them. This brought out many gems of faith and trust. . . . Martin, the king's gunsmith, became a faithful and fearless believer, but being a most important man to him he was spared for a long time.

At length the king gave orders that Martin must die, and sent soldiers several times to kill him; but they always failed to do so, as every one about the king either loved or respected Martin. One day the king, fully determined to put an end to his life, sent for him to go out on a hunting excursion with him and a company of soldiers. Martin's friends told him of the king's purpose, but he said, "The Lord will take care of me, I will obey the king. When they reached the hunting grounds, the king sent Martin off to one side ordering his soldiers to fire at him; but they all fired blanks. He then tried again with individual soldiers, calling them one by one. Each had an excuse, either, 'Out of powder,' or 'Out of shot,' or 'No flint,' or as one said, 'I must get Martin to mend the lock'; so no one was found to shoot him. Neither the king nor his higher officers could do it, as it would disgrace them, Martin being of the common people. Meantime, Martin had fallen on his knees, and was praying. At length he came up boldly to the king and said, 'Why will no one kill me?' The king became very much troubled and said he was afraid of Martin's great magic, to whom he had been talking, (when he was praying.)

At another time Sikkakony gathered twelve small companies of soldiers in order to kill a large number of converts among whom was Martin, who were gathered in the edge of a piece of woods. The Christians said to them, you use your weapons against us, and we will use ours against you, so they all fell down on their knees and were left to pray some time. At length the soldiers dragged six of them away and beat them till they thought they were dead. All the other Christians fled and escaped. In the night the six who were beaten recovered enough to crawl away and hide themselves until they could get out of the realm, except the oldest one, to whom Martin went boldly to carry him off for burial but found him still alive.

Among the converts are two brothers of the king, also his wife, whom it is said, he loved very much. He has many concubines, but only one he calls his wife. He tried every way to make her deny her religion, and at length said she too must die. He built a room in which he fastened her, forbidding any one to go near her on pain of death. After a day or two he went and called to see if she were dying; and getting no response he opened the door to find her not dead, but gone. Some one had dug a hole for her from the outside. He sent in every direction for her, but after many narrow escapes, she reached the house of a missionary out of the king's realm, where she is now safe, and she says, a thousand times happier than when with her former king. The missionaries having been driven out, live on the borders of the kingdom, but the people are rapidly learning the truth. The blood of the martyrs is proving fruitful seed. Though the king has not been able to kill Martin, he has killed many Christians. [Compiled from the *Missionary Herald*.]

SELF-SUSTAINING CHURCHES.

The readiness with which many of the native Christians, in different fields, are entering upon the work of sustaining native pastors, is very gratifying. The missionaries, thus released from pastoral labor, are enabled to go into the "regions beyond." More than forty native pastors of churches planted by the American Board, are now entirely supported by their people. The amount contributed in the year 1866, by native Christians—men and women but few years out of the darkness of heathenism—was over \$40,000 in gold.

The *Missionary Herald* for February and April, gives some very interesting facts relating to this native-church self-sustaining movement, especially in southern India. The native Christians, for some time, had discussed in their meetings, the "law of giving," and many had adopted the plan of giving a fifth of their income for religious purposes. In the annual meeting of their "Ecclesiastical Union" last October, this subject was discussed in a very animated manner. One said it had been to him like a block of iron that he could not roll; but now, under the quick and heavy blows of so many earnest men, the iron had been wrought into a bar, and bent and welded into a wheel-rim that even a child might trundle, and he had no further hesitation, but should hereafter give the tenth of his income.

Another, a native pastor, in arguing the question, "How can our churches become self-supporting?" said: "If we take hold in earnest and make proper exertions, we can bear all the ordinary expenses of our Christian communities. . . . Did we not buy those lifeless, good-for-nothing idols, build temples for them, and pay for their consecration and worship? Did we not provide the turner, frankincense, flowers, lamps and meat offerings for the ordinary worship, and special gifts for the festival days of our fictitious household gods? And the still heavier expenses of sacrifices, oblations, and feasts for the numerous worshippers, did we not bear these also? The bootless cost of long pilgrimages to Vithoba, Khandoba, Bhovani, and the rest; the fees and ritual expenses incurred in such places, did we not pay them all? How much did we give for hearing the legends, parables, kithans, and other recitations? How much went for needless funeral rites, lunar observances, and feasts for various orders of religious mendicants? How much to escape the plagues of evil spirits, unlucky stars, and other bad omens? How much for weddings, holy days, and other festive occasions? For these and other objects called religious, we gave freely when we were heathen; if we gave an equal amount now, I believe it would suffice for the support of our own Christian worship, and leave much to be used in giving the gospel to others. What we then gave was in the interest of sin and hell; what we now give is for our own and others' spiritual good, and for the glory of God. . . . Let us then, dear brethren, now, before God, make this strong resolution, and that we may carry it out, let us bind ourselves by some fixed rule of giving. Let us resolve that we will devote one tenth of our income to religious purposes,—not that we should never give more than this, but that we will not give less than this proportion. If any one thinks this is too much, let him remember that God himself gave this rule to the Israelites. If we consider that we spend nine tenths for our bodies, which in a few days will return to dust, and only one tenth for the soul, which is immortal, instead of appearing a great deal it will seem but a little—very little indeed."

This wonderful movement astonishes the missionaries, and they say it rebukes their want of faith. They ascribe it to the workings of the Spirit of God, which of late seems to have gone forth among native converts and the directors of Missionary Boards, prompting the establishment of a self-sustaining and self-propagating Christianity.

*The native Christians, as well as missionaries, in our mission in Orissa, have adopted the rule of giving a tenth.

Communications.

Early Opposers of Christianity*.

BY REV. ENOCH FORD, D. D.

HEROCLÉS.

In the third century, while Christianity was making the most rapid strides, several opposers took up their pens to write against it. Of these the writings have all perished, and the names even are lost except the writings and name of Hierocles.

Hierocles was the third of the old heathen philosophers who wrote largely against the Christians. He belonged to the Neo-platonic school of philosophy and lived in the latter part of the third and former part of the fourth century. He was one of the principal instigators of the Diocletian persecution, was Governor of Bithynia and afterward prefect of Alexandria. He was one of the judges of the accused Christians, and also wrote to them, as if a friend, to dissuade them from sacrificing their lives. He adopted the name Philothes, "lover of truth." He was acquainted with the Scriptures. He represents Christ as having been banished with nine hundred men and as having perished ignominiously in a sedition. He says that Paul and Peter were unlearned and ignorant men. In most of his arguments against Christianity, he follows Celsus and Porphyry, so closely that Origen's refutation of Celsus is a sufficient reply to Hierocles.

As a man he was cruel and inhuman, insulting even the good and noble who were tried at his bar, and delivering pure-minded maidens to the hands of brutal and licentious men. When Decius remonstrated with him for his cruelty he was tortured first, and then his body was thrown into the sea, for his audacity. Hierocles accepts the miracles of Christ, but ascribes them to magic, and thinks that miracles as great or greater were wrought by Apollonius. The writings of Hierocles were reviewed and refuted by Lactantius and Eusebius. Apollonius, whose pretended miracles were preferred to those of Christ by Hierocles, was born in Tiana, a town of Natalia, about the beginning of the Christian era. At sixteen he embraced the philosophy of Pythagoras, moved, as he professed, by a special intimation from the gods. He, like the Pythagorians refrained from animal food, wore garments of white linen, hair and beard of extraordinary length, and maintained a silence of five years. He traveled constantly, visited Africa, then Europe, then Asia, as far as India. He resided at Ephesus after his return from the east. One hundred years after his death his memoir was written by one Philostratus. Damis, a follower of Apollonius, presented to the Empress Julia manuscripts of what he professed to have seen of Apollonius in his travels, and Julia desired Philostratus to edit them and reduce them to a consistent narrative, which he did, and from this memoir Hierocles gets his information of the miracles of Apollonius.

The whole memoir is unworthy of confidence. Most of his wonderful performances were entirely without witnesses, and the assertions were based upon the unattested word of Damis, to say nothing of the changes which might have been introduced in the preparation of the memoir. The statements in the memoir were of so little credit at the time that neither Celsus nor Porphyry refer to them, as they would have done if they could have given any possible support to the infidelity of those Philosophers.

Two hundred years after the death of Apollonius, these wonderful stories were brought forward as miracles by Hierocles and offered to the world as greater than the miracles of Christ. Fourteen hundred years later, they were translated into English by Charles Blount, the second of the great English infidels, a man of notoriously bad character. In 1809, 1832, and at a still later date, they have been retranslated and are held in high esteem by infidels of the present day.

What were these mighty miracles of Apollonius, so much greater than the miracles of Christ? He is said to have gone to Ephesus and stayed the plague without leaving Smyrna, thus being in two places at once. He collected the people of all ages at the theater and ordered them to stone a little old man of peculiar appearance, who he said was the cause of the plague. They did this at first unwillingly, but were convinced of the malignity of the old man by a peculiar twinkle of the eye, and threw so many stones that he was covered with a great heap. These being removed the old man had disappeared, and in his place was a dog as large as a lion, which being killed, the plague was stayed. He is said to have healed the sick and raised the dead, though Damis acknowledges that the maiden raised showed some signs of life, that she breathed and was covered with a dewy sweat. He is said also to have spoken of the death of Diocletian the instant it occurred at Rome, Apollonius being at Ephesus.

Apollonius professed to understand all the languages and thoughts of men, yet in India he could not talk with the king without an interpreter. He professed also to understand the language of beasts and birds, which power he said he had attained by eating the heart of a dragon. He is said to have called up the spirit of Achilles, and conversed with him about the burning of Troy. At first Achilles was in the form of a child five feet high, but expanded until he was ten feet high. He was arrested as a juggler, and was said to have vanished and saved himself; but the story was not told till one hundred years after his death. (Apollonius himself refers to his arrest, and says that he was released by the clemency of the Emperor Vespasian.—Reporter.)

These are the wonderful miracles asserted of Apollonius, but they are totally unsupported by evidence.

* Lecture at Bangor, reported by S. E. Root.

As to the veracity of the man, the wonderful fables which he told about India show that nothing which he says is worthy of any credit upon any subject. Among other things, he says that the Brahmins are able to float in the air as well as walk upon the earth, and that they keep by them tubs of rain, wind and thunder to launch at those who offend them. The earth rolls in waves like waves of the sea, and some of the women are one-half white and the other half black. The furniture and utensils and vessels for eating and drinking understand the language of men and do their bidding without any human agency. He says he saw some of the race of pigmies, and of a race of beings half man and half bear. Upon the ground are crops of wool like grain growing and flocks of dragons feed together like sheep.

A man who would retail such stories, and insist upon their truthfulness, is not fit to be trusted in graver matters. Some say he did not die, but went to God, and some worshiped him, and he seemed pleased with their worship. He is said also to have appeared after death, because a youth dreamed of seeing him and conversing with him. Dr. Parker, from all the evidence, says that he was neither God, nor a divine man, nor a conjurer, nor a magician, but a strange man in strange attire, and with long hair, wandering about to attract attention by his appearance and by his strange stories, which he told in such a bungling and awkward manner that it spoiled the effect and showed him to be a liar and drivel, as he really was.

That infidels base their objections upon so slight grounds shows the stunts to which they are driven. Miracles have always been a stumbling block to infidels. The old infidels did not dare deny them in the face of so many testimonies, and several methods have been adopted to get rid of them. Rationalists tried to explain them away at first. The descent of the Holy Ghost was but an electric gust, and the song of angels the night-scream of some belated Bethlehemite. Then they would explain them parabolically. The gospels are impossible interpreted literally, and of no more worth than the story of Gulliver's travels. Woolston and Strauss so teach. Later still they claim them to be myths written later than they purport and by different persons, and that time has invested them with a sort of sacredness, as it has magnified the mythical gods and heroes of the ancient heathens.

Ancient infidels will not tolerate these modern grounds, but believe as we do, that the miracles were actually performed, that the books of the Bible were written at the time and place and by the persons claimed. The Bible and miracles must stand or fall together, and the design of Hierocles to disprove miracles by showing that Apollonius performed greater, is not only futile but providential, as showing the weakness of the greatest champions of infidelity.

Dr. Ford announced as the subject of his next lecture, "Julian, the Apostate."

Missionary Work in Africa.

BY MRS. V. G. RANNEY.

ABYSSINIA.

We purpose no more in these papers than to glance here and there over the vast region which lies before us, resting our eyes for a moment on those points, where the kindling light is scattering the cloud, which has so long lain unbroken over the whole land. Glancing south from Egypt we will not linger in the land of Nubia, but pass on to Abyssinia, where there is more in the past history and present aspect to invite attention. This is a part of the region known in ancient history as Ethiopia, and was probably peopled by the descendants of Cush, the eldest son of Ham. It borders on the western shore of the Red Sea, from which the land rises in terraces, till it swells into lofty snow-capped mountains. This position gives it every variety of climate, from the usual intense heat of the tropics, to the most delicious and exhilarating atmosphere of the table lands. The Abyssinians are supposed to number from four to five millions. Their color varies from black to a transparent copper color, and they are distinguished from the negroes of the west by the regularity of their features and symmetry of their forms.

The Abyssinians style themselves a Christian nation and "this fact," says Bishop Gobat, "is sufficient to attract us towards them, and to cause us to inquire into their past history and present condition."

It is generally believed that the apostle Matthew preached the gospel in this region, and that he suffered martyrdom here. We may regard it as probable that the Ethiopian whom Philip baptized would tell the good tidings of great joy to his people; but there is no authentic record of their labors, nor is there any proof that Christianity made much progress till the middle of the fourth century.

In the year A. D., 330, three Greek Christians were shipwrecked on this coast. One of them was murdered by the barbarous natives; the other two were carried as slaves to the king. Their wisdom and learning soon inspired him with respect, and he not only gave them their liberty, but appointed them to the most important offices in the kingdom and intrusted to them the education of his children. They seem to have appreciated their great opportunity, and to have used it to the best advantage; for in a few years paganism disappeared, and Christianity became the religion of the land. They have maintained this profession against the sword of Mohammed, which has swept over the adjacent countries, and they have preserved their ecclesiastical independence against the insidious and persistent efforts of Rome.

It will be observed that Christianity was established here about the time of the conversion of Constantine, a period when the church was rapidly increasing in numbers, and as rapidly declining in holiness and spiritual power. This century was distin-

guished for great activity in missionary labor, but it was no longer a pure gospel which was carried to the heathen. Dangerous errors had crept into the church, and were scattered every where. The acknowledgment of a creed was substituted for that faith which gives the soul a new and hidden life in Christ; and the observance of ceremonies took the place of that purity and benevolence which spring from a new heart. We are not able to tell whether the early missionaries to Abyssinia were pure and apostolic in their teachings, or whether even then the seeds of those errors were sown, which have since grown so rank that they fill the whole land, choking the good seed and making it unfruitful. We know that at the present day their religion consists of a motley collection of traditions, tenets, and ceremonies, derived from the Jewish and Christian churches, and that their morals are exceedingly corrupt. Yet one who has labored among them remarks, "There are glimmerings of the truth, faint sparks of the divine light, which have not been extinguished in this chaos of moral corruption."

The Catholic church has made great efforts to bring the Abyssinians under her influence. The Jesuits were sent into the country as early as 1528. After several repulses, they succeeded, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, in gaining the favor of Za Dangel, a weak prince who filled the throne at that time. They prevailed on him to profess their faith and to place the kingdom under the power of the Roman See. Then the Romish work of destroying heretics began, and the land was deluged with blood. A terrible civil war which raged for years was the result.

Za Dangel died after a reign of twenty-five years, and his son drove the Jesuits from the country which they had nearly desolated by their intrigues, and re-established the religion of his fathers. Again and again they have returned to their work. In 1714 four German monks entered the country and succeeded in gaining the confidence of the emperor, but as soon as their character and purpose were understood, a rebellion was raised and the emperor was dethroned. The young prince who seized the reins of government, secured his popularity by causing the monks to be stoned. But Rome is never weary, and never discouraged. With a zeal worthy of better motives, the Jesuits have persisted in forcing themselves into the country, and it seems from late accounts, that they have at last secured an influence, which makes them dangerous to Protestant missionaries.

The first Protestant mission in Abyssinia was commenced in 1829 by the English Church Mission Society. The attention of the society was turned to this country by the fact that an Abyssinian residing in Cairo had translated the Bible into Amharic, the language generally spoken at this time in his native land. This translation was purchased and published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The first missionaries, Messrs. Gobat and Kugler, were by this means prepared to commence the work of circulating the Scriptures, without delay. The people heard them gladly, and the government did not interfere with their work; but in about two years, a civil war broke out, which so disturbed the country that they were obliged to leave.

In 1834 Mr. Gobat returned, and was joined in his labor by Messrs. Isenberg, Blumharet and Krapf. They established themselves at Gondar, the capital, and for a while were much encouraged by the brightening prospects. But their success attracted the attention and alarmed the fears of the ignorant and corrupt priests, who soon raised such a furious opposition to them that, in 1839, they were again forced to leave the country. The king of Shoa had expressed his willingness to receive them, and the mission was removed to Ankobar. Dr. Krapf, writing from that place in 1841, said that so great was the desire of the people for the word of God, they besieged his house from morning till evening, to procure copies of the Scriptures. But here as in Abyssinia, the mission was soon broken up by the fierce opposition of the native priests.

In 1842 the missionaries returned to Gondar, hoping that they might be permitted to resume their work. They found that their enemies were still in the ascendancy, and that the king had so far forgotten the ancient injuries of Rome, that he had allowed the French Jesuits to ingratiate themselves into his favor, and to prejudice him against Protestant missionaries. They were ordered to leave the country; but during their short stay, they were able to dispose of more than two thousand copies of the Scriptures. These devoted men, who had forsaken all and periled their lives, to carry the gospel to Abyssinia turned away from their chosen field with great reluctance. But this which they considered a misfortune may have been for the furtherance of the great work in which they are engaged. Accepting the directions of the Master, "when they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another," they have bestowed their labors on Eastern Africa, where the fruit already begins to appear.

Mr. Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, who, it will be remembered, was one of the first missionaries to Abyssinia, seems to have a zeal for the conversion of this people which no discouragements can extinguish. Finding the kingdom closed against religious teachers, he conceived the idea of sending lay brethren, who entering the country as mechanics, and settling down quietly among the people, might circulate the Word of God, and make their lives an exemplification of the sanctifying power of the truth.

This plan has been carried into successful operation: At first they were regarded with distrust, but as they showed themselves industrious and skillful workmen, the king soon discovered that they might be of use to him. He gave them work, in which they succeeded in pleasing him so well that he assured them of his friendship and protection. Secure in the royal favor,

they were at liberty to carry out the design for which they entered the country. In 1863 they had eleven stations, where they held public worship, expounding and distributing the Scriptures. One of them, writing at that time, said, "We are popular among the natives, and as the king's artisans, are treated with great respect. Our connection with him gives us much more influence than we should otherwise have; and we are allowed to read and preach more freely than we should be, if we were recognized as missionaries."

A few years ago the London Society for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews, sent missionaries among the Jews of Abyssinia. They were permitted to labor undisturbed for a while, and had high hopes of abundant success. In the early part of 1864 they gave offense to the king, by a trivial breach of etiquette. They were immediately seized, loaded with chains, and cast into prison. It was believed that the French Jesuits instigated the king to this course of conduct. It appears from the meager accounts which reach us from that far off land, that these men and some others on whom the king's vengeance has fallen, have been made to suffer in the most terrible manner. In November 1864 Mr. Stern, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, the missionaries, the English consul and his four European servants, a Frenchman, and one hundred and fifty natives, were conducted in chains to Amba Magdala in Southern Abyssinia, and thrust into a loathsome prison.

The king sent this message to the missionaries, "I know that you are not afraid to die, and I shall not kill you; on the contrary, I shall torture you at regular intervals till the flesh falls in rotten pieces from your bodies." This fiendish policy seems to have been carried out to the fullest extent. Their fetters were so contrived as to inflict constant torture, and their sufferings have been at times increased by ropes twisted so tight around their arms that the blood was forced from the tips of their fingers.

The sufferings of these captives, and the indignity offered to the nation in the imprisonment of the consul, aroused the British Government. A special agent was sent to the Abyssinian court to demand their release, but this was of no avail; and there seemed no alternative but to abandon these unfortunate men, or to release them by force of arms. An army has accordingly been sent to Abyssinia. Since this military movement commenced, it has been reported that the captives were set at liberty.

It appears that Protestant Christians in all parts of the kingdom have been subjected to great privations and sufferings during these four years. Those who have not been confined have felt that they were but prisoners at large, for their movements have been strictly watched, and they have been exposed to insults and injuries. We wait at present with anxiety for more complete information in regard to the past sufferings and the present condition of our Christian brethren in that land; and we look forward with no small interest to the results of the war which King Theodore has provoked with England. British statesmen may have no higher motives in this movement than the protection of the weak, and the vindication of national honor, but in the mind of him who rules the nations, the marshaling of armies and the upturning of thrones are important only, as they subserve his purpose of grace, in the advancement of his kingdom on the earth. May we not hope he designs to remove the oppressive government under which Abyssinia has suffered so long, and to open the way for a higher civilization and purer faith.

Scraps from an Old Preacher.

The seventeenth century marked an era in the pulpit life and literature of England. No other period has witnessed such a constellation of preachers. The Prelatists and the Puritans were favored alike. The marks of those old divines, so affluent in learning, so strong in argument, so able in exposition, so skillful in rhetoric, and often so fervid in spirit, make them a rare treasure in any studious preacher's library. A recent number of Putnam's Magazine furnishes a most admirable account of one of those preachers who were works, voluminous and fruitful as they are, have been hitherto known only in narrow circles. But they constitute a mine of religious thought, eminently characteristic of the period. The preacher is Thomas Adams, a zealous churchman, but, like Thomas Fuller and Bishop Hall, he coupled with his ample scholarship and Episcopal attachments the stalwart mind and incisive Saxon speech of Baxter and Bunyan. We select a few specimen paragraphs from his sermons, which can hardly fail to be read with interest and profit. His quaintness is striking and attractive, but that is the least of his merits.

Here is a passage setting forth the large and growing mischiefs resulting from small beginnings in evil:

"The Frenchmen have a military proverb, 'The loss of a nail leads to the loss of an army.' The want of a nail loses the shoe, the loss of a shoe troubles the horse, the horse endangers the rider, the rider, breaking his rank, molests the company, so far as to hazard the whole army. From slender and regardless beginnings, grow out these fatal and destructive effects. The doors are shut, the thief cannot enter, a little boy is put in at the window, and opens the door for the great thief; so the house is robbed. A charm is cast in at the window, eye or ear; that quickly unlocks the door of the heart, till all the rooms be ransacked, not a piece of virtue or one gem of grace left. Pompey, marching to the wars, requested to lodge his army in a certain city, by whose borders he must needs pass; the governor answered that he would not trouble his city with so numerous and dangerous a guest. Pompey then desired both entertainment and relief for his sick soldiers, who were perishing for want of succor; the governor thought sick men could do them no mischief; this was granted, they admitted. Being there awhile, they recovered their health, opened the gates to the rest, so became strong enough to take the city. If Satan cannot get leave for his whole army of lusts, yet he begs hard for his weak ones, as sins of infirmity, but those

silly soldiers soon get strength to surprise the soul.

Still anxious to impress the same truth still more deeply, he thus changes his illustration and his style, and ends his sermon on the necessity of avoiding little sins:

"The trees of the forest held a solemn parliament, wherein they consulted of the innumerable wrongs the ax had done them; therefore made an act, that no tree should hereafter lend the ax a helve, on pain of being cut down. The ax travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, oak, ash, elm, even the poplar; but no one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve to cut down the briars and bushes; alleging that those shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth, and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to afford him so much wood as he had gotten his helve he cut down themselves also. These be the subtle reaches of sin; give it but a little advantage, on the fair promise to remove thy troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore, *obsta principii*: trust it not in the least. Consider a sin (as indeed it is) a crucifying of Christ. Wilt thou not say, I may crucify Christ a little? I may scourge his flesh, wound his side, pierce his heart a little? What man loves the Lord Jesus, who would say or do so? Consider thy falling into sin, a lurching thyself down from some high pinnacle; wilt thou say, I may break my neck a little? Consider it a casting thyself into unquenchable fire; wilt thou say, I may burn my soul and body a little? As suffering, we think the last misery too great, so sinning, let us think the least iniquity too great. So, avoiding also little sins, we shall find great favor with Jesus Christ."

Here is a portrait of the Usmier which reminds one forcibly of the best of Hall's "Characters," and exhibits the skill of a master and the boldness of a man who does not shrink from telling the plain truth even when it is severe:

He hath a lean cheek, a meager body, as if he were fed at the devil's allowance. His eyes are almost sunk to the back of his head with admiration of money. His ears are set to tell the clock; his whole carcass is a mere anatomy. Some users have fatter carcasses, and can find in their hearts to lard their flesh; but a common meagreness is upon all their consciences. *Pecunia pecunia, funus animæ*. Some spin usury into such fine threads of distinction, that they take away all the names by which it offends; and because it is a dogged letter, and they conceive a toothless practice, interest, usury, and all terms with r in them shall be put out, and the usurer shall be called only *one that lives upon his moneys*. All his reaches are at riches. His wit works like a mole to dig him through earth into hell. Plutarch writes strangely of hares, *codem tempore et parere, et alere et alios concipere fetus*: at one time to bring forth, nourish, and to conceive. Thy usurer makes his money do all this at once. He draws the noise of the people's curses with the music of his money; as the Italians, in a great thunder, ring their bells and shoot off their cannons, by an artificial noise of their own to dead the natural of broken clocks. His practice mocks philosophy, *Quod ex nihilo nihil fit*, and teaches of nothing to get something. He is a rank whoremaster with his mistress Pecunia, and lives upon the lechery of metals. He doth that office for the devil on earth, that his spirits do in hell—whip and torment poor souls. His blows are without force; except men (as Streptoiades desired) could pluck the moon from out of the sky, his month and day will come. Nature hath set a pitch or term in all inferior things; when they shall cease to increase. Old cattle breed no longer; dotted trees deny fruit; the tired earth becomes barren; only the usurer's money, the longer it breeds, the lustier; and a hundred pounds put out twenty years since, is a great-grandmother of two or three hundred children; pretty striplings, able to begot their mother again in a short time.

Here is a quaint symbolism of the heart: The good heart is a receptacle for the whole Trinity; and therefore it hath three angels, as if the three persons of that one Deity should inhabit there. The Father made it, the Son bought it, the Holy Ghost sanctifies it; therefore they all three claimed a right in the heart. It hath three cells for the three persons, and is but one heart for one God. The world cannot satisfy it; a globe cannot fill a triangle. Only God can sufficiently content the heart.

In this comparison of the church to a city, with which we end our extracts, there are glimpses of old London, its perils and temptations:

There is no city of sure refuge, but this city of the living God. Thou thinkest thyself secure, because an inhabitant of this famous London. No; thou livest in an island and therefore in danger of the sea; in a Christian land, therefore in danger of the Turk; in a Protestant island, therefore in danger of the Pope; in a chief city of the world, therefore in danger of the devil. The city is perilous for pride: the more spectators, the more acclamations; the larger the theater, the louder the applause. The solemn assembly in Cesarea puffed up ambitious Herod to his own destruction. The people shouted *Vox Dei*; but the worms confuted their flattery and his folly. Simon Magus ventured that flight in a city, to which in an obscure village he had neither been tempted nor would have attempted. And whether quick comings in of money make not this city unsafe to many souls, miserable experience hath evinced. *Præceptum lucrum, principium damnationis*; sudden profit is capital loss. But suppose men care not so much for the safety of their souls, are their bodies secure? Thieves, hemicides, fires, deny it. But if they escape all these fires, yet not the last fire. Your buckets may quench other fires, not this; no milk nor vinegar can extinguish that wild fire. As, in the days of Noah, a dove could not set down her foot for water, so nor at this day for fire. Let this meditation, like a fortunate storm, drive you to harbor; the weakness of all cities in the world, to the safety of the City of God.

Beautiful Death Scene.

When one of Martin Luther's children lay on her death-bed, the great man approached her and said to her, "My dear little daughter, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your dear parents, but if God calls you, you will go with your heavenly Father." "Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases." "Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "O how I love you! The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." He then took the Bible and read to her the passage: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace." She turned her

eyes toward him, and said with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

Faith.

BY CLELIA AUGUSTA.

When threatening clouds of gloom and darkness rise,

And shut me out from all the cheering light
That hope and love shed on my life's fair skies—
And joy's glad day gives place to sorrow's night;

When buds of promise fade before they bloom,
And crystal cups break at the fountain's brink,
Or spill their sweetest nectar to make room
For bitter draughts he giveth me to drink,
Shall I complain and let my heart despair?
And from Faith's golden chain remove a link?

If thorns do pierce me unto bitter pain,
If pierced the One who suffered for my sin;
If burdens press me sorely when I faint,
Would rest—shall dark doubt enter in?
To clog my soul, and bind it unto dust?
To turn my poor eyes earthward evermore?
To dim the gold and jasper of my trust—
To cloud in mazes of fear thy eternal shore?
And make my feet slip from the narrow way
That ends at last before the hearing door?

From the fierce warfare of the elements,
From thunder, lightning, hail and driving rain,
From wild tornadoes when tried Nature rents,
In shuddering throes her agony of pain—
Come on these days when all the atmosphere
Is redolent and ripe with tender glow—
Those perfect days when heaven stoops down so near

The angels fan us with their wings of snow;
So cometh perfect peace and faith in God
To human hearts when wrung with bitterest woe!

All trials that befall us for our good;
We would not lose a single chastening touch
If thoroughly God's plan be understood,
And knew affliction profiteth so much!
O let me wear my faith an amulet,
That shall ward off all doubt. Make me thine own;

And early though my sun of life shall set,
Give me the grace to say, Thy will be done!
And holding not the things of earth too close,
Turn unto God and cling to him alone!

Selections.

Outpray and Outpreach Him.

An English weaver, named Driver, a warm hearted dissenter, became deeply interested in the spiritual condition of his neighbors, who derived no benefit from the teachings of a worthless rector. A small but attractive house of worship was erected, and the humble weaver, whose gifts of exhortation were equal to his zeal, soon gathered a large congregation, and saw the fruit of his labors in converted souls.

The rector took the alarm, and finding the parish church nearly deserted, while the conventicle was crowded, entered a complaint against the weaver to the Earl of Weymouth, who was his landlord. The earl sent for Driver, and having heard a good report of his character through his bailiff, asked him to say grace; and being pleased with his appearance and conversation, encouraged him to continue the work so well begun. At parting, he said, "Go on Driver, and do all the good among the people you can."

The rector was greatly chagrined at the result of this interview, and called again on the earl to beg that the conventicle might be closed, and the people compelled to attend the parish church. The earl promised to inquire into the matter, and to regulate in the best way the religious interests of the parish. Accordingly he made careful inquiry, and learned that the whole influence of the weaver was most salutary; and that many of the worthless among his dependents had become virtuous men and exemplary citizens. The contrast in morals was most striking between the attendants at the parish church and at the conventicle. The earl took prompt and decided action. He directed his bailiff to draw up a deed by which the chapel, the graveyard, the house occupied by Driver, and some fields and orchards adjoining were given in trust for the use of a dissenting church, together with an annual sum of money for the support of the minister. He gave the deed and a well-filled purse to Driver, saying, "You must quit weaving cloth, and do nothing else but weave sermons. Go on as you have begun, and nobody shall molest you as long as my name is Weymouth."

The rector was confounded to hear that the earl had openly given countenance to a dissenter, and called on him again to expostulate against "fanatical doings." The earl met the indignation with sarcasm, reminding the rector of the Master's words, "By their fruits shall ye know them," adding, very dryly, "Driver has a curious way of making the bad trees in your orchard yield good fruit; and I know of a by-way by which you can get him out of the parish. Pray him down! Preach him down!"

The Lost one Found.

While awaiting the arrival of the train, one rainy summer day, a gentleman came in hurriedly, and with great anxiety asked if I had seen a child about the station. A little girl, only two years old had wandered away, and been gone for several hours. Her footprints had been traced along the road to the river, and then they were lost sight of. Beyond the river was the railroad, over which trains often passed; for the road was a great thoroughfare, and the poor mother was half-distracted with anxious fears and forebodings as to what might have befallen her child.

Although a stranger in the place, my heart ached for those parents, as I thought of a little face which I should be sorry to find absent from my own fireside; and anxiously did I watch for the first tidings of the wanderer. After the search of another half hour, a joyous shout rang through the air; and, straining my eyes, I saw in the distance a white cape and bonnet. Then a strong man came out of the tangled thicket "How I longed to go and rejoice with him," and hurried up the railroad-bank, and across the bridge, clasping the lost treasure in his arms. How I longed to go and rejoice with those parents, as they welcomed their little one home, dearer than ever now, perhaps, that she had once been lost!

Do you ever think whom you shall want to see when you get to heaven? I suppose, first of all, we shall wish to see the Saviour, who has prepared such a beautiful home for us; but we shall want to see our friends there, too; and we can imagine fathers and mothers looking to see if their own little lambs are all safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd. And O—if we could imagine ourselves in heaven, how our hearts would suddenly expand, and how we would be missing; one has strayed away, and been lost! My dear young reader, will you be there?

Life in Three Dimensions.

A SHORT SERMON.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years; and he died."—Genesis v. 27.

So end all biographies. We shrink from this ending of an earthly career. Life is esteemed a blessing. If length of days be so great a blessing, how happy to have life as long as the patriarch enjoyed! But there are other considerations which should be taken into account when we compare our lifetime with theirs. Methuselah's life was great only in one direction. We can not make our life as long as his, but we can make it as great, by having it broader and deeper. Life has three dimensions, and the product of the three determines the quantity of the life. By the length of days, by the breadth, its influence for the good of men, and the glory of God; by depth, its knowledge, and principles, and feelings, and purpose.

With Methuselah life was a line. There was little depth to it. When nine hundred years old his knowledge must have been inferior to that of a young man now, in many respects which we consider important. There were not very many things which a man could know in his day. The knowledge which Christ has brought into the world did not come to him. His thoughts could not have been profound. The account of the Creation had not been given. God was but dimly revealed. The deepest thoughts men have ever had concerned Christ, of whom this man knew little. Probably his sensibilities were not quick, and his emotions were more quiet and tame than ours.

His principles we do not know. Hebrew chronology makes the year of the flood the year of his death. If this is correct, it throws suspicion over his character. There is no evidence of any deep purpose governing his days. If his life was thus wanting in depth, we must believe that its breadth was contracted. His influence could not have been as great as one can have now. Life was more insulated in his time than in ours. There was less to give and fewer to receive.

As life has become shorter, the opportunity for increasing it in other directions has increased. We are to seek a symmetrical development of life: to make it a solid.

1. Try to make life as long as you can. Cherish such habits, adopt such measures as will tend to this result. To one with a disposition to make a good use of them, years are inestimable. While you remember that life may end at any time, think that it may last a long time, and prepare for a long work.

2. Make life as deep as you can. Our knowledge should be thorough. We can not know all things. There should be some of superior importance which we know well. Deep knowledge will be most serviceable. A shallow pool is soon exhausted. Here is the secret of many failures. Men are willing to work, but they soon give out all they have to give. There is a tendency to shorten the preparation for the work of life. It is a hazardous proposal. The demands made upon a man are growing greater and greater. Young men are eager to get to work; but the time spent in getting ready to work efficiently is not lost. We forget how much larger a cubic foot is than a square foot. Men would rise faster and often if there was more in them which they could mount upon, or be sustained by afterwards. Our wisdom should be trustworthy. Think deeply, and about deep things. Read deeply, and read deep books. Talk of things worth the breath given to them. Our feelings might well be deeper than they are. They are quick, and our sympathies, in the main, are true. But they are not deep enough to control us suitably. We give when we are asked to give, and overlook great necessities for giving more. Our purpose should be deep. There should be the fixed will to do well. And our principles should be thorough and determined. Our conduct should not be left to chance or impulse. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. But the things which our Lord has taught are to be the deep foundation of our lives. Put down, far down within you the idea of God, as Christ has revealed him. Put his law down at the bottom of your conduct. Let Christ's idea of man sink down into your hearts, and the Gospel be under every purpose and hope you have.

3. Make life thus deep and it can easily have breadth. Make it broad. Let your plans reach beyond Jerusalem. The deeds of others should enter into our purposes. In choosing your business, ask what kind of work does the world need most. Is there need of more lawyers, more merchants? Are there ministers enough? Or my neighbors, what will you have me to do? Answering this, you will get a part of the answer to the greater question, Lord, what wilt thou? Take others into your plans each day. If you are a lawyer and a deep man, you can teach the law of God. If you are a physician and a deep man, you can minister to the soul. Religion is the mother of usefulness. It gives the motive and the ability to do good. Our Lord widens his when he says to each one of us, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Seek great lives. Cube your years, and your life will be longer than Methuselah's. There will be no real and abiding greatness unless you are the followers of Christ. Follow him and your life will be immortal.—*Congregational Review.*

The End of Four Great Men.

The four great personages who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world, are Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chariots dipped in the blood of conquered millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and slipped "three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of the slaughtered knights," and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, being hated by those who once extolled him, and called him Hina Baal, died at last in a foreign country, by poison administered with his own hand, unlamented and unwept.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dying his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his dearest friends; and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and

popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—and after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his eyes in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which did not and could not bring him aid.

Thus these four men, who seem to stand the representatives of all those whom the world calls great—these four men, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very center by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or as was supposed, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide, one murdered by his friends, and one a lonely exile. "How are the mighty fallen!"

Mothers.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her duties toward her children, for her children are her world, and her world is her child. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of the child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words, or names in the smooth white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of life can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful then should each mother be in the treatment of her child! How prayerful, how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

No One Ever Spoke to Me.

A man who had been led to see his sinfulness and his fearful doom, being surprised that he was allowed to go on quietly in impotence, exclaimed: "No one ever spoke to me of my salvation." There were in the place many Christians who professed to long for the conversion of souls. If he had been sick, some one would have sent for a physician. If he had been starving, some one would have given him bread. If he had been naked, some one would have clothed him. But his soul was wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, yet no one pitied him. He was blamed, he was shunned, but he was not treated as a fellow-creature whose soul was exposed to eternal wrath ought to be treated.

Is there any one living near you who can say, "No one ever spoke to me of my salvation?" You talk about the weather and crops, and births, accidents, and deaths; do you ever speak to any one of Jesus? Do you ever affectionately tell any one to flee from the wrath to come? Is it kind? Is it faithful? Is it honest to your Christian profession? Does it accord with your prayers? Can you consistently pray for a revival of religion? Can you have any compassion for souls or any love for Christ? Never let any one die in your neighborhood, or even live there long, and be able to say, "No one ever spoke to me of my salvation." A tear, a sigh, a kind word, a pressure of the hand of Christian sympathy, a verse of the Bible, a page of pious reading, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, may save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

"It is the fact of responsibility that makes existence so solemn a thing."—*Messenger.*

Richard Weaver.

This converted prize-fighter and collier was ignorant, brutal, and a terror to his neighborhood. His first act after his reformation was to drive a Bible van within the enclosure of a horse race, and taking off his coat and handkerchief, went to work, selling Bibles and singing sacred songs. He daunted all threats of personal violence till he actually broke up the gambling booths and spread consternation among the revellers. He is now one of the most persuasive and eloquent preachers in England. Popular alike in the rural districts and in the cities, he can crowd the largest theaters, overflow the largest churches, and among the miners, colliers and operatives in factories, he can count his audiences by thousands when he preaches in the fields. His graphic, story-telling style of presenting divine truth, the thrilling personal incidents in regard to himself and his experience, his peculiar style of relating anecdotes, and, finally, his ability for a singer, for he intersperses his sermons with touching songs, make him one of the most attractive speakers in England. He wears a gray suit of clothes, that he may not prejudice those who will not hear a clergyman preach. His great success has not turned his head or clouded the simplicity of character which has marked him for so many years. He has the full confidence of the churches, and ministers of every name invite him to their pulpits. His theology is of the most unmitigated Calvinism, but of his religious earnestness and sincere effort to do good there can be no question. We learn that a wealthy New York gentleman is making an effort to bring this collier preacher to America.

Our Example.

One thing impressed my own mind most peculiarly, when the Lord was first opening my eyes—I never found Christ doing a single thing for himself. Here is an immense principle. There was not one act in all Christ's life done to serve or to please himself. An unbroken stream of blessed, perfect, unfeigned love flowed from him, no matter what the contradiction of sinners, one amazing and unwavering testimony of love and sympathy, and help; but it was ever others and not himself, that were comforted, and nothing would weary it, nothing turn it aside. Now the world's whole principle is self—doing well for itself.

Dr. Johnson was wont to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year.

Obeying the Truth.

Whenever the truth of God—to whom all sovereignty, majesty and power belong—and the commandment of men come in competition we must then say, as the Apostle said—"We ought rather to obey God than man." And when this is done, it must not be called disobedience to superiors; but it is obedience to them because it is such to God, who is above them. And if we be put to suffering for this, then we suffer for Christ and his Truth; and therefore the Apostle says to servants, if they suffer anything for their masters innocently and patiently, they suffer it for Christ. So that if men's commandments be contrary to God, we must in that case submit ourselves patiently to God, and suffer rather than obey them.—*Alexander Henderson, 1638.*

The Lord's Wall.

Somewhere about fifty years ago, one bitter January night the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the conduct of lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place.

In a large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother with her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God that he would "build a wall of defense around about" them, quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house, that it should hide it; but she explained that the meaning was that God should protect her.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard, an enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over it to them.

"There," said the old woman, triumphantly, "do you not see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us?" Truly, "with God all things are possible."

Religion a Necessity.

Religion is not a duty; it is a necessity. You might as well talk of the duty of breathing, or the duty of having the pulse beat, as to talk of the duty of being religious. It is a duty to breathe, to be sure, and it is a duty to have the pulse beat; but we do not speak of these things as being duties. It is one of the indispensable necessities that we should breathe, and that our pulse should beat. And I regard religious life as not only a duty but a necessity. You can not be a man and not be a Christian. And everything that makes you relatively better than your fellow-men is an indication that you are so far on the way toward a Christian manhood.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Varieties.

A hidden light soon becomes dim, and if it be entirely covered up will expire for want of air. So it is with hidden religion. It must go out. There cannot be a Christian whose light in some aspects does not shine.

THE CLOSET is a nursery for piety; and wherever there is a declension in its duties, there will be a declension of religion in the heart.

JESUS has great care for the weak ones, because they will become strong one day. All great graces were once little graces; all great faith must have once been little faith. It is always first the blade, then the ear, and then the full grain in the ear. Mountain-moving faith was once a trembling thing. Kill the lambs! Then where would the sheep be? Slaughter the innocents! Then where shall Bethlehem find her men? Destroy the children! Then whence shall come the warriors who march in ranks to the battle? Jesus sees the weak ones not as they are, but as they are to be. He discerns the complete man in the babe of grace.

THERE are but three descriptions of men: those who serve God having found cost; those who, not having yet found him, are employed in seeking after him; and lastly, those who live without either having found him, or seeking after him. The first are rational and happy; the third irrational and foolish; the second are unhappy but yet are rational.—*Pascal.*

THERE is not a shorter, more precious, more hopeful, more inviting word in all the Bible than this one small word "come." It is indeed the key-note of the gospel. To the weary and heavy-laden, "Come," and find rest; to the thirsty and fainting, "Come," and come and drink; "come and make the water of life freely," only come. Was ever so much depending on a condition so simple?

ONE who visited the town of N. several times during a former revival, on his return home was asked what was the state of the revival in N. when he replied: "O, it is nearly over, for the brethren commence to make long prayers." We have seen the best devotional feelings of a whole assembly convened for prayer disturbed and almost destroyed by a long preaching on the nature of prayer and other Christian duties.

FROM EVERY sparrow which you receive in a spirit of Christian resignation, from every pain you bear patiently, from every great trial you bravely meet, there silently passes to those about you strength and comfort and encouragement. Without saying a word, you are exhorting to faith and patience and trust; you are inspiring in others the Christian spirit, and building them up in the Christian life. Have you never come from a sick-room, where life was slowly ebbing out by a painful and hopeless disease, a terrible trial bravely met, have you not come away, feeling stronger for bearing your own burden? Is not this the thought on your mind: How wrong it is for me to complain of my little pains, and murmur in my little trials, while she can bear with so much Christian patience, without a single murmur, her crushing affliction! It is even so. From suffering come some of our best lessons. Trials and sorrows and pains, more or less heavy, must come to us all; but, "beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

HAVE YOU not found that sometimes, when you thought you were bearing the heaviest burdens, you were unconsciously entertaining angels unawares? The time will come to us all, when, as we look back, we shall estimate all things at their true value. And it will be well for us now, while we are passing through the experiences of life, to take them on trust, at that estimate. We must remember that every thing which God sends he means for blessing; and it will be blessing, if we do not wrest it from its purpose. And so we can learn with each new experience, difficult or sorrowful as it may appear, still to trust in him, and to say with Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? feeling all the while, what the patriarch did not feel, that God's evil is always good, perhaps the highest good.

CONVERSATION is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

Advertisements.

Railroad Across the Continent.

The CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY are authorized by Acts of Congress to construct, with the aid and supervision of the United States Government, the Western and principal portion of the National Trunk Line between the Pacific Coast and the Mississippi Valley. They have built by far the most difficult and expensive portion of their Road, and have an unprecedented working force extending the track across the Salt Lake Basin. By the close of 1868, it is expected they will have 400 miles in full operation; and that the

ENTIRE LINE WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870.

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3. GRANT OF PUBLIC LANDS along the route, 12,800 acres per mile, or nearly ten million acres in all, which are now selling at the minimum price of \$2.50 per acre.
4. CAPITAL STOCK of \$20,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 are subscribed and paid on the work done.
5. CASH RESOURCES, comprising Donations from California sources amounting to \$1,250,000, Net Earnings, etc., 1853 to 1870, \$6,500,000 making a total of more than

Seventy Millions upon the first 726 Miles.

The Company now offer for sale through us at their

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The Bonds are of \$1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in July and January.

The Company reserve the right to advance the price at any time; but all orders actually in transit at the time of any such advance will be filled at present price. They are believed to combine greater attractions of safety, reliability and profit than any other securities now offered, and are recommended to persons seeking desirable steady investments. We receive all classes of Government Bonds, at their full market rates, in exchange for the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, thus enabling the holders to realize from 5 to 10 per cent. profit and keep the principal of their investments equally secure. Orders and inquiries will receive prompt attention. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, etc., giving a full account of the Organization, Progress, Business and prospects of the Enterprise furnished on application. Bonds sent by return Express at our cost.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 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.

The Great Trial.

This is an hour of national suspense. For more than two months the occupant of the White House has been charged by the people's Representatives, with high crimes and misdemeanors, and for nearly half of this period he has been on formal trial before the Senate for the same. The tests money in the case has been all taken, while we write closing arguments are being delivered, and it is possible that before the present issue of the *Star* reaches a majority of its readers the verdict will be rendered. Such is the character of the trial and such the nature of the issues involved, it is no wonder that millions are anxiously waiting for the result. This hour of suspense affords a fitting opportunity to take a hasty review of some of the points in the subject under consideration.

Impeachment in its present form was a sudden and unlooked for event. It is true that the thing had been talked of and strongly advocated, but the project had, prior to the President's act of Feb. 21st, been virtually abandoned. Emboldened by past successes, Mr. Johnson trespasses upon forbidden territory, puts the laws which he was sworn to execute at defiance, the majority of the lower House of Congress becomes a unit for his deposition, and the loyal people of the nation say with one voice, "Let the judgment be certain and speedy." Though the conclusion respecting the course to be pursued was reached suddenly, it was not reached hastily. While the excitement of the moment has passed away, the convictions formed have proved solid. Those who believed the President guilty on the day that it was voted to prefer charges of impeachment, believe him so still; and whatever the verdict of the Senate may be, we believe the popular conviction will remain unchanged.

The progress of the trial has been as rapid as could reasonably be expected. While there were those who predicted that Mr. Johnson's successor would be inaugurated by the middle of March, there were even more who believed the trial would be protracted till June or July. Both classes have been disappointed. Looking at the subject from our present stand point, we do not see how greater haste could have been consistently made. It was due that the trial should be a grave and dignified proceeding. It was not Andrew Johnson, but the President of the United States that was to be arraigned. The ship of state was to navigate unknown waters, and it was fitting that due precautions should be taken to protect it from rocks and quicksands. And that the condemnation of the President should not be directed of all moral influence and reflect with redoubled force upon his accusers, it was necessary that ample time be given him for defense. The nation may think itself fortunate that the trial closes with the month of April.

There is no ground of complaint that the trial has not been ably conducted. The House chose or managers those whom it considered its ablest lawyers. The President summoned for his defense men of known legal ability and long experience. The result has proved that neither has been disappointed. Messrs. Stanbery, Curtis and Evarts have fully found equals in Messrs. Butler, Bingham and Boutwell. All has been done on both sides that could have been reasonably done. The witnesses have been skillfully examined and cross examined, and brilliant and elaborate arguments have been made. A learned and dignified Chief Justice and able grave Senators have set in judgment. All things considered, the trial deserves to take rank as one of the first in history. The present is an age of great events.

Looking at the trial from another point of view, it is surprising how little that is really new or startling has been developed by it. The managers have done but little more than make good the case against the President as it lay in the mind of almost every intelligent loyalist at the outset. The counsel, on the other hand, with all their skill and ability, have been unable to present any conclusive proof of the President's innocence. As the case stands the question before the Senate is not so much one of law and evidence as of intent. Did the President mean to violate the laws which he was sworn to enforce? Did he mean to thwart the reconstruction plans of Congress; and thereby give aid and comfort to the enemies of the government? If so, he is guilty of the charges made against him, and should be so adjudged.

Respecting the character of the impending verdict, there seems to be but little room for doubt. We are told that on some of the articles of impeachment the Republican senators will be a unit, and that many of the friends of the President are giving up his cause as lost. Others tell us that there are defections enough from the Republican ranks to make the requisite two-thirds vote impossible. But these reports cannot be relied upon. No Senator would be justified in indicating how he will vote while the trial is in progress, and it is not to be presumed that Senators have authorized others to speak for them. The expectations, however, of the most hopeful may be disappointed. It is wise to be prepared for

the result in case either of condemnation or acquittal. One of two things is certain. The nation is either on the verge of a great and glorious deliverance, or on that of a more abject and mortifying humiliation. We hope and pray that it may be the former. If it proves the latter, even then, our faith shall not fail.

"Scientific Religion."

The present is an age of wonderful developments. Although, as a rule, it is easier to do right than wrong, and to believe truth than error, yet the spiritual wants of man impels him to embrace a religion of some kind, however absurd. As the result of this impulse and tendency of the human heart, conjoined with its natural opposition to truth, we have in addition to the so-called "Liberal Christianity," spiritualism, rationalism, materialism and the like, all of which find more or less adherents in the different walks of life, all having this one principle in common,—hostility to the gospel of Christ in its purity.

Judging from the number of these erroneous doctrines prevalent, we had begun to suppose that the list was full, and that the lowest depths had been reached. But in this we were mistaken. We are informed that recently, a new religion has been promulgated in New York, under the lead of a Mr. Cowley, who is in some way connected with the New York *World*. This new faith, or rather unbelief, is called "Scientific Religion," after the order of Auguste Comte, an infidel philosopher of France, and a leading advocate of what is known as the Positive Philosophy.

To satisfy any curiosity that may exist to know the fundamental principles of the system, we give the following brief and comprehensive analysis of it, which we find in the *Protestant Churchman*:

The fundamental principle of Comte is the investigation of the succession of phenomena, without any inquiry into their essence or cause is a valid one. His mistake is in denying that there are any subjects to which this method is not applicable. This excludes the whole range of supernatural facts, and leaves nothing but phenomena and their succession as possible objects of human knowledge. To this result Comte is led also by his philosophy of history. He holds that there are three necessary stages in the progress of thought: I. The Religious. II. The Metaphysical. III. The Positive. The universal adoption of the Positive Philosophy is accompanied, of course by the disappearance of Metaphysics, and also of Religion, so far as it is founded on the supernatural. Logically, Comte's system would take no account of the religious element in society but the persistence of the religious sentiment, and the improbability of its ever yielding to the Positive Philosophy, rendered it necessary that some provision should be made for it, and that it should in some way be included in what claimed to be a universal system.

The problem then for Comte was to construct a religion without any recognition of the supernatural. The result is a religion made up of social facts. Its objects of worship are those things which are noblest and best in humanity. It can of course, rise no higher than that. The Gospel then of Auguste Comte is limited to the phenomena of which we can have positive knowledge, and all the religious aspirations of the soul are to be held fast within that narrow sphere. There is no Christ in it. There is no place in it for God. It is the dearest scientific Atheism.

After denying the right of this philosophy to intrude itself in the sphere of religion, and some of the claims which it sets up, the *Churchman* well remarks:

The religious instincts and the spiritual wants of mankind are too imperative to be suppressed by this or any other system of philosophy. The permanent interests of the church of Christ cannot be affected by it. The only apprehensions to be entertained are that many may be misled by its promise of a new religion for humanity, and cast away every creed but that of the fool who hath said in his heart, "There is no God."

Purge out the Old Leaven.

Perfect saints are unanswerable arguments for the divinity of the gospel. But where can we find them? A few attain to great excellence, many are shamefully wickedly, adulterated by the faults of the "old man." Christianity lifts them up some, they pull it down much; they receive and impart an impulse. There is but one way to avoid this. "Be filled with the Spirit," "Crucify the flesh," "Watch and pray," "Keep the body under."

It is a shame that Christians should bring discredit upon their religion; but it is hard not to do it. Without great care there will be some tinge of selfishness, pride, vanity, passion, willfulness, lust or greed, which so tarnishes the virtues which we have that they fail to comfort us or bless others. Our piety is like a sick map. He lives, but is not healthy, cannot do the duties nor enjoy the privileges of life. He lives, but is lame, half blind, dyspeptic, or suffers from some ailment which burdens and distresses him.

It is mortifying to observe how many are spiritual invalids. They are trying to live religion, but succeed at a "poor dying rate," make hard work of it, because they do not "crucify the old man," do not put away "the sin which doth so easily beset them." Love of approbation tortures some, so that love for Christ and the truth and duty is obscured, and almost powerless. This desire for the praise of men is quickly detected by the public, which always withholds praise, where it is so much desired. So they are disappointed, offended, and the heart and generosity are eaten out of their religion, peace is banished from their minds. Desire to rule, dominate, and lead, troubles others. They will work bravely if they can stand at the head, but will do nothing in the ranks. The apostles contended for the highest seats, and Jesus rebuked them. That rebuke should be taken by every brother who will do more as a leader than he will as a servant. When this desire of authority is detected, whatever

is done is charged to ambition; and nothing is credited to real Christian benevolence. Many a poor fellow has grieved the Holy Spirit from his heart, alienated his friends and made shipwreck of faith through this falling love of pre-eminence.

The egotist has the severest conflict. The spirit of Christ is meek, humble, esteeming others better than self, and none, except it may be misers, are less likely to shine as lights in the world than those who are "wise in their own conceits." They put on airs, are patronizing in manner, assume superiority and seem to feel it a great condescension to associate with common people. That others should reverence, and defer to them they expect, but feel no inclination to honor others. In all they do and say they proclaim, "Great is I," and invite attention to the "dear rather than to the work done. It is marvelous how skillfully such persons compliment themselves, bow and pay homage to self, magnify their own doings, quote their own sayings, and depreciate others, and feel a lofty contempt for the stupid gabbler, who are so dull as not to appreciate their bright traits of character.

But such men are soon understood. Common sense readily perceives the difference between worth and pretence; solid character and conceit; and it scorns conceit, and even refuses credit for the virtues which the egotist may really possess.

Others are natural born misers, and find the greatest possible difficulty to exercise Christian generosity. The "old man" grasps at the purse strings, and bemoans every shilling that is withdrawn. They delight in religion which costs nothing, are distressed at a word about money, and sometimes abandon the church, and all pretensions to religion, because it costs so much. It is very, very difficult to turn this greed and stinginess out of their souls, so as to keep religion in; and they often disgrace the very name of religion, while they are really making considerable effort to be good.

Some Christians have lawless tongues. They pray well, talk well, give well, are in many things very good, but the tongue is terribly unruly. The imperfections of the whole neighborhood are treasured and repeated. They rattle away at all hours, under all circumstances, to all people. Regular picking machines they are, sharp, relentless, vigilant. And they make a conscience of it too. "We are open hearted," "we must be honest," "we must speak right, and just what we think," "we are no hypocrites," "we are very sorry, but must tell the truth," they say, and then let loose hail stones and coals of fire. This tendency in them is their nature, habit, and passion, and it will cost them a battle to subdue it. But what a scandal they bring upon the gospel! How they dishonor Christ! They do more hurt than a score of infidels. They torment the church, are a hornet's nest in Zion, sting and poison all they touch, and cause the saints to cry out, "From this torment, good Lord, deliver us."

Numerous and hurtful are the sins and infirmities which belie the Christian profession. They are only overcome by prayer and diligent watching. By these faults the good work is hindered, sinners are made bold and Christians weak. To heal the difficulty, we should put forth a tremendous effort to purge out the old leaven, and have Christ reign in and over us, the guide of every act and emotion.—G. H. B.

Events of the Week.

IMPEACHMENT.

The progress made in the impeachment trial is, on the whole, gratifying. In spite of the delay occasioned by the sickness of Mr. Stanbery, the testimony has been all taken, and several of the concluding arguments have been delivered. It is possible that the trial might have been concluded yesterday or to day, had not the Senate, on Wednesday last, adopted an order allowing as many of the managers and counsel as might desire to do so, to address the Senate orally on the case. By this means, it is likely to be prolonged several days. As it is, it will probably be concluded the present week. In addition to Messrs. Boutwell and Bingham, it was expected that only Messrs. Stevens and Williams would speak. Gen. Logan having already filed his argument, and Messrs. Butler and Wilson having nothing further to say. The place of Mr. Stanbery, who continues ill, was supplied by Mr. Nelson of the counsel who concluded his argument on Friday last. Of the arguments already delivered that of Gov. Boutwell is very able, and cannot fail to produce a marked impression. Respecting it, a secular contemporary well remarks, "Rarely has an able address been elicited in the annals of American politics, or one more interesting and instructive to the people." The arguments of Messrs. Evarts and Bingham, which were to be made the first of the present week, are expected to be strong and brilliant, and are looked for with great interest. Believing the President to be guilty of the charges made against him, we hope to be able to announce in our next issue that he has been pronounced guilty, and that his place has been filled by a wiser and better man. We trust that the loyal millions entertaining a similar hope are not doomed to disappointment.

THE SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

From South Carolina and Louisiana, in which states elections were held week before last, returns have been received sufficient to indicate the result. It appears that the Unionists have carried the former state by more than forty thousand majority, adopting the new constitution and electing the governor and representatives to Congress. Judging from present indications, this state which was first to secede, is likely to be at least the second to be restored under the reconstruction act. New South Carolina will doubtless prove a state

far different from Old South Carolina. It seems also that the Unionists are triumphant in Louisiana, though by a majority somewhat less than in South Carolina. The election was sharply contested, especially in New Orleans where the disloyalists are in a small majority, and have elected the mayor and one member of Congress,—a state of things to be accounted for by the misrule to which that city has recently been subjected. The results of the elections held last week in North Carolina and Georgia are still in doubt. The vote in both of these states is manifestly close, and we shall not be surprised to learn that the enemies of reconstruction have triumphed. It is possible that the appropriate time for them to be restored to the Union has not yet come. The public will be glad to learn that the

GREAT RAILROAD WAR.

In New York has been brought to a close, and that the belligerents have come to terms. Respecting the conditions of the reconciliation, the public is not fully apprised, but almost simultaneous with it was the passage of the Erie railroad bill by the New York Legislature. Among other things, this bill legalizes the issue of the ten millions of new stock for the purpose of completing the road, prohibits the formation of any agreement between the Erie and any other company competing with it as to rates of fare and freight tariff, and forbids the election of a stockholder in either the New York Central, Harlem or Hudson River Railroads to become an officer of the Erie, and a stockholder in the Erie, from becoming an officer of either of the above named roads. It would seem that these provisions favor the interests of Drew, rather than those of Vanderbilt, and it is strongly hinted that its passage was owing to the neglect of the latter to put out his greenbacks. Alas, for legislative corruption!

DEPARTURE OF DICKENS.

Charles Dickens took passage for England in the Steamer *Russia* on Wednesday last. His stay in this country, of some five months' duration, was a continuous ovation. Some of the circumstances attending its termination were very pleasant, and will do much to cause him to be held in grateful remembrance. On Saturday previous to his departure, a dinner was given him in New York, by the American press, at which Horace Greeley presided. In the course of his speech in response to a toast, he made a frank confession of the wrong which he did us in two of the books which he wrote immediately after his first visit among us, and promised to take immediate measures to repair it. He leaves our shores carrying with him the best wishes of our people for his health and happiness.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS. We announced, some time since, that arrangements had been made with D. LOTHROP & CO., Book-sellers in this city, for supplying our Sabbath schools with the choicest books for their libraries, and that a list of such books would soon be prepared. We are now under the necessity of stating that, owing to the great labor attending the preparation of such a list, and various unavoidable delays, it will not be ready for two or three weeks to come. Orders, however, may be sent at once either to L. R. BURLINGAME, or to D. LOTHROP & CO., and they will be filled in due time. It will be safer to send money either in the form of drafts or Post Office orders.

Current Topics.

TESTIMONY AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

The fact that the influence of a doctrine is healthy is a strong argument in its favor, while the fact that its influence is to the contrary, is one equally strong against it. How does this test apply to modern spiritualism? Horace Greeley, who is a keen observer in such matters, sums up as the result of a number of years' investigation and observation of spiritualism, that the thing itself is inexplicable; that men and women have not been made better by it, on the contrary have grown lax in their notions of marriage, divorce and moral purity; and that the aggregate of insanity and suicide has been increased by spiritualism. Thousands of others will agree with him. There is no such testimony against Christianity as taught by Christ and the Apostles. Why is it that such a pernicious heresy as spiritualism finds adherents?

SUSTAINED BY HIS PEOPLE. The parishioners of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., recently held a meeting at which they passed by a unanimous vote, resolutions utterly denying the rightful authority of the late "pretended trial" of their pastor, and protesting against the interpretations of questions of discipline "so speciously argued by the Bishop in his address." They also make certain declarations respecting their intentions, that cannot be at all pleasing to Bishop Potter and his party. It must be very gratifying to Mr. Tyng that his own people stand by him in this hour of trial. In this controversy high-churchism has to contend not only with Mr. Tyng and low-churchism, but with the almost universal convictions of mankind,—an unequal warfare, surely.

A VIVID CHARACTERIZATION. An exchange referring to the *Church Union*, a paper published in New York, announcing its intention to issue a daily, as soon as "circumstances will permit," and to the claims which it sets up of being able to supply the deficiencies of the New York and Brooklyn dailies, pays a compliment to that paper not at all flattering. In comparing it with the dailies which the *Union* denounces, it says that "it is as reckless as the worst of them and bolder than the best of them." "It can blow its own trumpet. It can scold smartly. It can argue equally well on either side of a subject. Its only grave defect is lack of ability." But under the tu-

tion of the learned and "masterly" author of "Ecce Ecclesia," there is no calculating what progress it may not make before "circumstances permit" it to jump out of the weekly-frying-pan into the daily fire." Although this characterization is a vivid one, and calculated to be damaging in its influence, yet there are many who can testify to its correctness. "Humbugs are abundant."

MODERN PHILOSOPHY. In a Magazine published by Dr. Mason more than half a century ago, is the following anecdote, which shows up very completely a species of philosophy which exists in our day. It is hardly possible for anything to be more in point:

The late Dr. Nesbit, celebrated for his profound erudition and ready wit, being asked how he would define modern philosophy, replied: "It consists in believing everything but truth, and exactly in proportion to the want of evidence, or to use the words of the poet, in making windows that shut out the light, and passages that lead to nothing."

The above is especially commended to the consideration of the rationalists of Germany and the radical Unitarians of America.

APPRECIATIVE WORDS. It was not our purpose to reproduce any more of the comments of our exchanges upon the enlargement of the *Star*, but we have one before us that is so eminently just, appreciative and discriminating, that we feel assured that its publication will be specially gratifying to its old patrons. We cannot, therefore, refrain from giving this notice of the *Independent*. It says:

The *Morning Star*, the organ of the Free-Will Baptist denomination, enters upon the fortieth year of its existence, in quarto form, in a new and elegant typographical dress. It is an excellent paper, evangelical in its tone, and at the same time generous and liberal in spirit, and an earnest, wide-awake champion of reform and progress. It has a noble record, being one of the very few religious journals of the country which never bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery. It was an advocate of immediate emancipation almost from the hour when that doctrine was first proclaimed by Garrison, and it did good service in those early days in resisting the attempt to make the churches a safe covert for slavery. May its future be worthy of its past.

Our Question Books.

The Question Book, Lessons for every Sunday in the Year, is well adapted to the use of the older classes of scholars in our Sabbath Schools, and is furnished at \$2.00 a dozen, or 20 cts. a single copy.

"The Story of Jesus," a book which is admitted on all hands to be admirably fitted for the use of the younger scholars, is sold at \$1.44 a doz., or 15 cts. a single copy.

We have sold many thousands of these books and the demand for them is still increasing. Now is the time to supply all our schools with these excellent books. Orders are solicited.

Business Note.

Those having Registers for 1868 unsold, and which they cannot dispose of, are requested to send them to this office. The edition is entirely exhausted.

A NEW BUSINESS FIRM. We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement found in another column, of D. LOTHROP & N. P. KEMP, who purpose to carry on publishing and bookselling, at Nos. 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, the old stand of the New York Tract Society. Many of our readers will recognize Mr. Lothrop as one of the leading members of the enterprising firm of D. Lothrop & Co., who have for several years past conducted an extensive book business in this city and other places in New England and the West. Courteous, energetic, and enjoying the public confidence and favor as a highly respected and straightforward business man, he is in every way adapted to his new situation. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Kemp has, for a long course of years, been the acceptable agent of the New York Tract Society in Boston. For the new firm, composed of such men, we bespeak a generous patronage, especially of our ministers, Sabbath schools, superintendents and teachers ordering books from Boston. The business of D. Lothrop & Co., will be transacted in this city as heretofore.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22, '68. The interest in the impeachment proceedings deepens as the trial draws towards a close. It has been interesting to observe the risings and fallings of the political barometer from day to day. One day the hopes of the impeachers would rise high and strong, but on the next, some unexpected ruling in testimony would cast them down. And now and then some flying rumor of the defection of some Senator would awaken the fears of the one side or the hopes of the other. The rulings of the Senate do not appear to have proceeded upon any fixed legal principles, but rather upon a judgment of what was expedient in the particular case. There were three general classes in the Senate upon questions of admission of testimony. First, the Democratic members who were for whatever favored the President, and against whatever was unfavorable to him, all the time. Second, certain Republican members who were for admitting pretty much everything the President offered, from ideas of generosity and magnanimity. And, third, the greater portion of the Republican members who endeavored to apply legal principles to the matter in hand. The votes of the second class have given rise to numerous rumors and suspicions as to what their votes will be on the final issue, and although they do not seem to have any more definite shape and form than they have heretofore had, it is true that they have occasioned much anxiety, and still do so. Among those whose position is so far unknown as to occasion anxiety, Mr. Fessenden is pre-eminent. His acknowledged ability and influence, and his position on the alphabetical list of the Senate is such that his vote can hardly fail to influence others. Meanwhile, if his opinion be formed in the matter he has succeeded admirably in concealing it from others. I do not mean to intimate that he is singular in this respect.

Mr. Stanbery has been absent for the entire week, through illness, and it was announced to-day that he will not be able to make the closing argument for the defense. On Thursday, the proceedings were commenced by a consideration of Mr. Sumner's proposition to let in everything offered by either side not manifestly irrelevant or trivial. The object of Mr. Sumner was to save time by avoiding discussions of counsel as to the admissibility of evidence, but the majority did not believe that Mr. Sumner's proposition would effect that object, and it was accordingly rejected. The President produced Walter S. Cox, a lawyer of this city, to testify that he employed him; after the arrest of Gen. Thomas, to carry his case to the Supreme Court of the United States. This is the earliest period at which there is any evidence that the President intended to raise a legal question. There is a good reason for this. The only proceedings open to him was a writ of *quo warranto* which would not have been determined for months, and was entirely too slow to meet the President's desire for immediate possession of the War Office; but it was supposed that the arrest of Gen. Thomas furnished the means of bringing the matter before the Supreme Court at once, and then the intent to resort to legal means first entered the mind of the President. But this, it will be observed, was after the issuing of the order for the removal of Stanton, and formed no part of the intent of the President when he issued the order. The cross-examination drew from Mr. Cox the facts that his employment by the President, and the purpose for which he was there, were concealed from the court and from the counsel for the prosecution, and also the further fact that Gen. Thomas was discharged upon the motion of his own counsel.

Mr. E. O. Porritt was offered to prove certain conversations the President had with him and a member of Congress, but his testimony was objected to by Mr. Fuller and the objection was sustained. In the discussion of this question, Butler excited much merriment by reading a threatening letter he had received from somebody speaking in behalf of the Ku Klux Klan. On Friday, the President produced various witnesses to prove that the reports of his speeches put in evidence by the prosecution were not correct, but the general impression was that they failed entirely to show any variances or errors worthy of a moment's attention. Next, that "Ancient Mariner," Mr. Gideon Welles took the stand. His appearance created quite a general stir in the crowded assembly, all seeming to be desirous to get a good view of the venerable head of the Navy Department. From his testimony, it seems that he first took alarm about military movements in Washington because he was informed that Gen. Emory required the presence of the officers of his regiment at headquarters, on the evening of the 21st of February; and he communicated his suspicions to the President on the 23d, which, as the defense says, was the occasion of the President's sending for Mr. Emory, and holding the conversation with him put in evidence by the prosecution. It was next attempted to put in evidence by Mr. Welles, the advice the cabinet gave the President while the tenure of office bill was before him. This was resisted strenuously by the managers on the part of the House, on the ground that the President should not be permitted to screen himself behind the advice of his cabinet in any case. The argument was continued over the adjournment, and on Saturday, after a very able argument from manager Wilson, the Senate voted not to admit the testimony. Various other efforts were made to put in the advice of the cabinet, but they were steadily rejected by the Senate; and then, to the general surprise, the President's counsel declared the evidence for the defense was all submitted, and the Senate adjourned till Monday. Now that the evidence is all in, it is hardly too much to say that no fact, not before known to the public, has been disclosed by the testimony on either side.

The colored people of the District celebrated the anniversary of their emancipation, on the 16th, in the midst of a drenching storm, which prevented out-door speaking; nevertheless the procession was very large, and made quite a fine display.

We have an interesting exhibition in the old hall of Representatives just now. It consists of photographic views of the American Department of the Paris Exposition, and also of the crosses of the Legion of Honor, the medals and the diplomas awarded to American exhibitors at that Exposition. The exhibition attracts large numbers of visitors.

Denominational News and Notes.

Our Foreign Mission.

We dislike making appeals through the *Star* for money, and do so only when it is absolutely necessary. Just now we feel that a due regard for the interests of the Foreign Mission requires that its friends should be made acquainted with its financial condition.

To-morrow, a remittance must be made for the support of the mission. Then there are some debts, amounting to about \$700, which must be paid immediately. Most of these were contracted during the administration of our late Treasurer. They are due Baring Bros. and Co., of London, and Mr. Lemon, of Canada, and were allowed to accumulate on account of the high rate of exchange. In addition to the above, the outfit and passage of the newly appointed missionaries are to be provided for, within the next two months. Some of the means for this are needed immediately. We make this short statement, knowing that the cause has many friends who will respond at once,—friends who love the Foreign Mission and rejoice in its enlargement. There has never been so much encouragement as at the present time. Never was there a time when so much could be accomplished as now. We have the office established at Dover, N. H., in connection with the office of the *Morning Star*, and our arrangements made for a vigorous prosecution of the work.

C. O. LIBBY, Cor. Sec. & Treas.
Dover, N. H., April 22d, 1868.

Revivals, &c.

KITTERY POINT, Me. We are enjoying a good religious interest in this church, we have been blessed with a number of conversions during the winter, and four have been baptized and united with us. One has been restored to the church. The church and society are well united, and contemplate a general repairing and enlargement of their house of worship.

B. S. MANSON.

SOUTH BUXTON, Me. A pleasant revival of religion has been enjoyed in this place

the past winter. Quite a number have embraced the Saviour and are happy in his love. The people have purchased and are refitting a commodious house of worship. We have organized a legal society and expect to organize a church soon. And with a little aid from abroad for a short time, and the blessing of God, we hope to establish a strong interest in this place.

L. H. WITHAM.

BUTLER, BRANCH COUNTY, Mich.—The Lord has been pouring out his Spirit graciously in this place. In Sept. last there was a F. W. Baptist church organized, consisting of 18 members. The church has labored under embarrassing circumstances during a part of the time. About six weeks ago there was a meeting commenced here, participated in by our church, and brethren of other churches. We had preaching only a part of the time; but the Lord in his goodness has seen fit to convert nearly all of the community. About forty-five have obtained a hope. Thirty-four have been baptized and thirty-two have united with the church in this place. Numbers will yet come if we are faithful.

MILES WARREN.

SHELL ROCK, Minn.—One year ago last September, I came from Ohio to this place, and have preached occasionally ever since. The people appeared to care but little about the subject of religion until recently. March the 2d, I commenced a protracted meeting which resulted in a glorious revival. Some 15 have indulged a hope in Christ, and old professors have been greatly comforted. The good work still goes on, and what is more encouraging, most of the converts are heads of families. March 23d, the writer assisted by Revs. N. Fessenden and A. P. Walcott, organized a F. W. B. church according to the usages of the denomination, consisting of 8 members, after which we repaired to the water, and 14 followed the Lord in the ordinance of baptism, all of whom united with the church. Others are expected to attend to this ordinance soon. We need a few more efficient ministers in this vicinity who will labor for the salvation of the souls of men. We cannot offer large salaries, but we can promise plenty of work, and God will reward them at last. Will not some of our ministers listen to the call of the brethren here, and come and help us?

J. C. ROBINSON.

April 10th.

The Boston Quarterly Meeting.

As I was permitted to attend the recent session of this body, held at Natick, Mass., I wish to give some account of its present state and prospects. I know of no other Q. M. that has been so prosperous the past year as this.

For several years it had but four churches, Boston, Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill. But it now numbers eight, having received Amesbury, Charlestown, Natick, and Pelham, the last two the past year. Over four hundred members have been added to this body this year, mostly by baptism.

Thus, in the "Old Bay State," where our cause has so long lingered and been feeble and crippled, it is now enjoying great prosperity. And, what is still another encouraging feature, there are several other openings where there are prospects that new churches will soon be raised up, and thus make the Q. M. still larger, and stronger than it now is. The new interest at Natick is a very encouraging one; although the most of the members there were Methodists formerly, yet I found them genuine Free Will Baptists. They need and should soon have a church edifice, as they now have to worship in a hall. One very important reason of the prosperity at this Q. M., is its ministry.

The pastors of the Boston Q. M., are living men, "zealous of good works." Although there are several of them recently from the schools, yet they are real revivalists, feeling deeply and laboring earnestly for the salvation of souls.

But there is another very important cause of success in this Q. M. The churches co-operate with their pastors, and earnestly and heartily labor for the salvation of souls. There is in these churches a working element, sufficient to carry on the Sabbath school and the prayer meetings when their pastors are absent. And this is not all, they have lay workers, who go out into the by places and hold meetings. These churches relieve their pastors from all care and anxiety about their support by giving them an ample salary and paying it regularly. With such help and encouragements, almost any minister would be successful anywhere.

H. WHITCHER.

Donations.

Rev. J. W. Hills and wife acknowledge the receipt of \$200, in presents and donations during the year, from their people, for which they have their thanks.

Quarterly Meetings.

OCEANA Q. M., Mich.—Held its last session with the Oceana church, Feb. 21-23. The delegation was small, yet there was good interest manifested. Any church desiring to entertain the June session will please notify the clerk immediately. H. G. CARLEY, Clerk. North Prospect, Me. April 20.

LAFAYETTE Q. M., Wis.—Held its Feb. term with the Monticello church. The churches were mostly represented by letter and delegates. Some of the churches report a good revival interest among them, and the Q. M., as a whole appears to be improving. Mr. B. Felt from Minnesota was with us, and labored faithfully. The meeting was protracted and resulted in good. The June term will be held with the Fayette church. Wm. M. TOURLE, Clerk.

MEIGS Q. M., Me.—Held its Spring session with the Salisbury church, which resulted in the conversion of a few. The churches were generally represented, and a number of converts were made. The Q. M., as a whole, appears to be improving. The June session will be held with the Salisbury church. H. G. CARLEY, Clerk. North Prospect, Me. April 20.

PROSPECT Q. M., Me.—Held its last session with the Prospect church, Feb. 21-23. The delegation was small, yet there was good interest manifested. Any church desiring to entertain the June session will please notify the clerk immediately. H. G. CARLEY, Clerk. North Prospect, Me. April 20.

PROSPECT Q. M., Me.—Held its last session with the Prospect church, Feb. 21-23. The delegation was small, yet there was good interest manifested. Any church desiring to entertain the June session will please notify the clerk immediately. H. G. CARLEY, Clerk. North Prospect, Me. April 20.

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BOSTON Q. M., Mass.—Held its last session with the Natick church, Apr. 11th and 12th. The churches were mostly represented by letter and delegates. Some of the churches report a good revival interest among them, and the Q. M., as a whole appears to be improving. The June session will be held with the Natick church. H. G. CARLEY, Clerk. North Prospect, Me. April 20.

WISCONSIN & HOUSTON Q. M., Minn.—Held its last session with the Honey Creek ch. March 13th. The churches were mostly represented by letter and delegates. Some of the churches report a good revival interest among them, and the Q. M., as a whole appears to be improving. The June session will be held with the Honey Creek ch. H. G. CARLEY, Clerk. North Prospect, Me. April 20.

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mechanically, once a week; join listlessly in the prayers, perhaps listen to a discourse which we forget promptly, and our duty as "church members" is over.

On the 10th inst. an All-day Prayer-meeting was held in the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia. It was continued without interruption from 9 A. M. till the same hour in the evening. It was well attended, the large church being filled and it being necessary, during a part of the day, to place seats in the aisles. There was more praying and singing than speaking, and much is hoped will result from it.

Prof. Stowe, in a recent article on the Talmud, maintains, contrary to the assertions and wishes of many modern writers, that it is indebted to the New Testament rather than the latter to it; that it has remarkable confirmations of Scripture accuracy, and when more fully known will be found a great bulwark of Christianity. Although a Jewish writer admits the miraculous powers of Christ, and gives an illustration of the raising of Lazarus, with minute details.

The Protestant Churchman speaks with emphasis, and with no uncertain sound, in regard to Mr. Hubbard of Rhode Island: We do not hesitate to record our solemn conviction that Mr. Hubbard is right—in the highest sense right. We think him from our hearts for the stand he has taken. Vast numbers in our own church do not hesitate to say the same. Many more think so, though they have not the courage to utter their thought.

The committee on the Luther monument at Worms informs Protestants in foreign countries that the grand monument to be erected to the German reformer, Dr. Luther, in that city, is nearly completed, and that the ceremony of the unveiling and consecration of this monument will take place on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, 1868. The city of Worms is making the greatest exertions to render this ceremony a national festival for Germany. All the neighboring cities and villages situated at the railway-lines will kindly offer their hospitality to the great number of visitors who are expected from distant countries.

Exeter, N. H., will soon have a first-class college for young women. Mr. Robinson, a native of that town, died not long since at the South, leaving an immense estate; the proceeds of which are to be used to support a literary institution of the highest order. The intent of the donor as expressed in the will is, that the college should be able to send forth "female scholars equal to all the practical duties of life, and to enable them to compete successfully with their brothers throughout the world, when they have to take their part in the action of life."

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £750 and a library of over 400 books. The college was named after him, and the name of William Williams, a soldier of the old French war, Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was President of the first Board of Trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia. Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1806. Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was President of the Board of Trustees for a number of years.

Nobody seems to know much about the Abbe Napoleon, who has just been created cardinal with such unusual pomp, and who will probably be Pope when the present aged and epileptic incumbent dies. He is yet young, and is described as dark, silent, inscrutable; of few words, but of great knowledge and high accomplishments; full of subtle secret counsel, winning other men's secrets, but guarding his own. It is not even known whether he sympathizes with the Ultramontane party; or is desirous to harmonize Papal policy with the spirit of the age. Pius IX. fell down in a fit at the Vatican on the 17th inst., causing much alarm. His medical adviser has forbidden him to fatigue himself by giving audiences and attending ceremonies. He was subject to epileptic attacks in his youth, but they have not returned till of late.

OUR BOOKS IN BUFFALO, N. Y.—A full supply of Free Will Baptist Books may be found at the Book Store of Theodore Butler, Buffalo, N. Y., of whom books can be bought at Bover prices.

OUR BOOKS IN BOSTON.—A full supply of Free Will Baptist Books may be found at Woodman and Hammett's, 37 and 39, Brattle St., Boston, Mass. They furnish our books to all parties desiring them, at our published rates. See their advertisement in another column.

NOTICES AND APPOINTMENTS.—The Unity Quarterly Meeting—Will hold its next session in Dixmont, with the Mountain church at Simpson's Corner, called, June 5. Conference at 10 o'clock, P. M. Clerks are requested to be particular in making out their statistics. BENJ. FOGG, Clerk.

The Union Yearly Meeting will convene with the church in Philadelphia, in the McDonough Q. M., June 13, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Ministers' Conference on Friday, the 12th, at 1 o'clock. Ministers and brethren who live in other Q. M.'s are invited to attend and take part in all the exercises. A. G. ABBOTT, Com.

New York & Penn. Yearly Meeting—Will hold its next session with the Brookfield church commencing Friday, June 12, at 1 o'clock P. M., instead of 10 o'clock, A. M., as was expected. The requirement of the resolution passed at the last Y. M. the several Q. M.'s will have on hand funds necessary to defray the expenses of the delegates to General Conference. G. H. FREEMAN, Clerk.

Change of Time.—The May session of the Henssler Q. M. will be held with the Stephentown church, commencing Friday P. M. May 29. Remember the statistics the Register. I. B. COLEMAN, Clerk.

Susquehanna Y. M. Minister's Conference will convene with the Virgil & Dryden churches, on Friday, June 12, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Ministers' Conference at 10 o'clock, A. M. Clerks are requested to be particular in making out their statistics. BENJ. FOGG, Clerk.

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At our last session the following resolution on the use of tobacco was adopted, after a pretty thorough discussion: Resolved, That we request the ministers and members of the Susquehanna Y. M. to abstain from the filthy habit of using tobacco; and likewise to discontinue its use by others.

Dear brethren in the ministry, would we not do well to strive to make our Conference more interesting than it has been for several years past? Could we not make a course of reading and study that would be of great advantage to us as ministers of the gospel? Come then to this meeting with a mind to work and pray God to give us wisdom to enable us to devise noble plans for the upbuilding of his kingdom. Clerk and Com. of Assignments.

Wisconsin Minister's Institute.—The Minister's Institute of the Wisconsin Yearly Meeting will meet on Tuesday evening, June 9, at 7 o'clock, at the place where the Y. M. convenes. The following are the assignments: TUESDAY EVE. Haven's Mental Philosophy—Lesson from the 15th to the 22d page. Teacher, Rev. D. M. Graham. 7:30. Are the Free Baptists degenerating?—For discussion by volunteers. Sunday Schools—Rev. J. Dismore. Christian Missions—Rev. R. Cooley. 9:30. Work of God in this Generation—Rev. N. Woodworth. Butler's Theology—Lesson from the 35th to the 17th page. Teacher, Rev. R. C. Bradley. 10:30. Exposition of Rom. 8:29-30—Rev. R. W. Bryant. Installation of Pastors—Rev. G. H. Hubbard. Christian Amusements—Rev. H. J. Brown. Work of the Pastor—Rev. K. R. Davis.

WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M. Wayland's Moral Science—Lesson from the 23d to the 17th page. Teacher, Rev. R. C. Bradley. Force of Habit—Rev. A. H. Huling. Six Days of Creation—Rev. G. H. Bradley. The Social Instinct—Rev. H. J. Brown. The Second Coming of Christ—Rev. E. N. Wright. Elements of Power in Preaching—Rev. J. R. Pope. 4:30. Revivals—Rev. F. M. Moulton. THURSDAY, 9 A. M. Kiddier's Homilies—Lesson from the 17th to the 24th page. Teacher, Rev. A. H. Huling. Subtle and Popular Errors of the Age—Rev. S. F. Smith. Apostolic Church—Rev. E. D. Lewis. An Efficient Church—Rev. E. D. Felt. What is Conversion?—Rev. J. R. Pope. Union of all Denominations in One—Rev. G. H. Howard. 2 P. M. Pulpit Eloquence—Rev. S. B. Hayward. By what Means can we all the Talent of the Church be employed?—Rev. A. H. Huling. The Bible against the Annihilation of the Wicked—Rev. R. Clark. 4:30. How far should Man be guided by his Reason in Religion?—Rev. D. M. Graham.

All who failed to read their essays at the last session of the Minister's Conference are requested to prepare at this session, and all whose names do not appear in the above programme, are expected to be present with a sketch of a sermon. Would the friends of the Institute make the occasion one of great interest and profit, let them all come fully prepared. J. S. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Foreign Mission Society.—All persons sending money for Foreign Missions are requested to send to Rev. C. O. Libby, Treasurer, at the residence of Rev. C. O. Libby, 101 Broadway, New York. With this request and not burden others with what belongs to the duties of his office as Treasurer. All correspondence relative to Foreign Missions should be addressed to him at Dover. 330033.

Post-Office Addresses.—Rev. J. L. Parsons, Frazerburg, N. Y. Rev. C. F. Vail, Gilbert's Mills, N. Y. Rev. E. Fisk, Bristol, N. H. Rev. M. Cole, New Hampton, N. H. Rev. N. A. Jackson, Ellipticville, N. Y. Rev. A. M. Tottman, E. Pharsalia, N. Y. Rev. J. S. Norton, Keithsburg, Ill. Rev. J. P. Bates, Rawsonville, Mich.

Letters Received.—T. A. Ashton, J. Ashley, J. Austin, J. Allen, J. W. Brown, S. H. Barrett, D. W. Bell, T. R. Bingham, D. Bates, N. A. Jackson, E. Fisk, Bristol, N. H. Rev. M. Cole, New Hampton, N. H. Rev. N. A. Jackson, Ellipticville, N. Y. Rev. A. M. Tottman, E. Pharsalia, N. Y. Rev. J. S. Norton, Keithsburg, Ill. Rev. J. P. Bates, Rawsonville, Mich.

Receipts for Books.—J. Rand, 10:30. L. S. Glidden, 11:25. Books Forwarded. Rev. D. M. Graham, 11:25. Rev. J. R. Pope, 11:25. Rev. E. N. Wright, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. J. S. Norton, 11:25. Rev. J. P. Bates, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. D. W. Bell, 11:25. Rev. T. R. Bingham, 11:25. Rev. S. H. Barrett, 11:25. Rev. J. L. Parsons, 11:25. Rev. C. F. Vail, 11:25. Rev. E. Fisk, 11:25. Rev. M. Cole, 11:25. Rev. N. A. Jackson, 11:25. Rev. A. M. Tottman, 11:2

Poetry.

Little Feet.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untrodden border
Of life's mysterious land;
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.
Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will eulay away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?
How they will be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untrodden feet—
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's fearful shades?
Or find the upward slopes of Peace and Beauty
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track un-
wounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who
wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude
highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Al! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens,
Will guide the baby's feet.

Florence Percy.

The Family Circle.

A Courteous Mother.

During the whole of one of last summer's hottest days I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so rarely beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares. I remembered afterwards with shame, that I myself had smiled at the first sight of this antiquated ugliness; but her face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color in it; it was thin, and pale, and livid; she was not young; she had worked hard; she had evidently been much ill; but I have seen few faces which gave me such pleasure. I think that she was the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watchmen of souls. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen, with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. Only a word-for-word record would do justice to their conversation; no description could give any idea of it—so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interjections, no contradictions; and the mother's part borne all the while with such equal interest and eagerness that no one not seeing her face would dream that she was any other than an elder sister. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the eldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last, the mother produced with much gleefulness a small orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if it would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence; just the shade of a cloud. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you, and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"O, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with a sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

"O yes! let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and, as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw longing in my face, and

sprang over to me, holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying, "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled, understandingly, when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelled of heat. The oldest boy—the little lover—held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her, and then back at the baby; and at last he said confidentially to me (for we had become fast friends by this time): "Isn't it funny, to think that I was ever so small as this baby? And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself."

The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad-track, picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "O dear," thought I, "how that poor tired woman will hate to open her eyes; and she never can take those great bunches of wilting, worthless flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"O thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they will only try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water; won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers and with delight in the giving of their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers, and then the train came and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep."

How many boys of twelve have such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers? Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her own tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick." In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for this injustice! A few minutes after I passed the little group, standing still just outside of the station, and heard the mother say, "O my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot if I go?"

"O mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said:

"I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will never die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me, and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad! Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy stoutly.

They are sure of their "next summers." I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again raise so many ox-eyed daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. To such souls as these all trees, either here or in God's larger country, are Trees of Life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves for healing; and it is but little change from the summers here, whose suns burn and make weary, to the summers there, of which "the Lamb is the light."

Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.—Independent.

I Can't Afford It.

"Just come and give me a hand's turn at my garden, Jem, of a Sunday morning; will you?" said a workingman, with his pickaxe over his shoulder, to an old hedge-er who was trimming a quick-set hedge.

Jem took off his cap, scratched his head a bit in his own country way, and then said in reply:

"No master; I can't afford it."

"Oh! I don't want you to do it for nothing. I'm willing to pay you."

"I can't afford it."

"Why, man; it will put something in your pocket; and I'm sure you're not too well off."

"That's it; I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it? What do you mean? You don't understand me?"

"Yes, I do; but I ain't quick of speech, do you see. Howsever, don't you snap me up and I'll tell you. I ain't too well off

that's as a true word as ever you spoke. Times be mostly hard wi' me. But if I ain't well off, d'ye see, in this world, I've a blessed hope, my missus calls it—of being better off in the next. My Lord and Saviour said these words with his own lips: 'I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am there ye may be also.' I learned that text twenty year ago; and I've said it over hundreds of times, when things went cross, and me and my wife wanted comfort."

"Well, well! What's all that got to do with your saying, in answer to my offer, 'I can't afford it?'"

"Why, no offense to you; but it's got all to do with it. I can't afford to lose my hope of a better lot in a better land. If my Lord be done to prepare a place for me, the least I can do is to ask him to prepare me for the place. And you see Sunday is the only day that I can give all my thoughts to these holy things. I go to God's house and hear about heaven; and I seems to be waiting at one of the stations on my way there. No! no! man's work for man's day—but on God's day I can't afford it?"

Reader! Poor unlettered Jem had counted the cost of disobeying God's command by breaking his Sabbath. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Birds on the Wing.

The body of a bird does not require to be much lifted by each stroke of the wing. It only requires to be sustained and when more than this is needed—as when a bird rises from the ground, or from the sea, or when it ascends rapidly in the air—greatly increased exertion—in many cases, very violent exertion—is required. And then it is to be remembered that long wings economize the vital force in another way. When a strong current of air strikes against the wings of a bird, the same sustaining effect is produced as when the wing strikes against the air. Consequently birds with very long wings have this great advantage, that with pre-acquired momentum, they can often for a long time fly without flapping their wings at all. Under these circumstances, a bird is sustained very much as a boy's kite is sustained in the air. The string which, with right holds, and by which he pulls the kite downwards with a certain force, performs for the kite the same offices which its own weight and balance and momentum perform for the bird. The great long-winged oceanic birds often appear to float rather than fly. The stronger is the gale, their flight, though less rapid, is all the more easy—so easy indeed as to appear buoyant; because the blasts which strike against their wings are enough to sustain the bird with comparatively little exertion of its own, except of holding the wing vanes stretched and exposed at proper angles to the wind. And whenever the onward force previously acquired by flapping becomes at length exhausted, and the ceaseless, inexorable force of gravity is beginning to overcome it, the bird again rises by a few easy and gentle half-strokes of the wing.

Very often the same effect is produced by allowing the force of gravity to act, and when the downward momentum has brought the bird close to the ground or to the sea, that force is again converted into an ascending impetus by a change in the angle at which the wing is exposed to the wind. This is a constant action with all the oceanic birds. Those who have seen the albatross have described themselves as never tired of watching its glorious and triumphant motion—

"Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow—
Even in its very motion there was rest."

Rest—where there is nothing else at rest in the tremendous turmoil of its own stormy seas! Sometimes for a whole hour together this splendid bird will sail or wheel round a ship in every possible variety of direction without requiring to give a single stroke to his pinions. Now, the albatross has the extreme form of this kind of wing. Its wings are immensely long—about forty or fifty feet from tip to tip—and almost as narrow in proportion as a riband. On the other hand, birds of short wings, though their flight is sometimes very fast, are never able to sustain it very long. The muscular exertion they require is greater, because it does not work to the same advantage. Most of the gallinaceous birds (such as the common fowl, pheasants, partridges, etc.) have wings of this kind; and some of them never fly except to escape an enemy, or to change their feeding ground.—*Duke of Argyll.*

Literary Review.

Instead of the usual formal and elaborate notices of books, this department in the present issue will be devoted to periodical literature, giving brief extracts from several Quaterlies and Monthlies.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY for May comes to us with its usual rich and varied table of contents. Among the more noticeable articles are, "Instinct Demoralized," "Feminism—Why is it?" "Woman and Work," "The National Finances," "The Editorial Chair of the Tribune," Horace Greeley; with a sketch by Nast. The article entitled "Woman and Work" deals with a vital subject and contains features of marked interest. Speaking of the distinctions in sex, the writer says:

"Man is cautious, woman impulsive. Into her reading and studies, she brings more of her heart; and though, on that account, somewhat liable to be led astray, yet she avoids the danger of man's experiences from his logical tendencies. For, while he summons his faculties, as it were separately, to the thorough sifting of any subject, she, on the other hand, brings her whole mental and moral nature to bear upon it at once. Thus the same intuitive judgment that helps her to a quicker and more accurate discrimination of character than man's, assists her to many correct general conclusions as to subjects about which, theoretically or analytically, she knows far less than he. There is no need of drawing boundaries to denote their respective provinces. Besides, there is frequent occasion for a passing over into each other's territory."

Respecting the manner in which woman's functions may be solved, he observes:

"After all, however, the remedy lies mainly in the hands of woman herself. Let every girl, in

the higher as well as lower classes, be trained to the idea of some object or vocation by which she shall have a man of Palestine as accurate as that of Jerusalem, to which reference has already been made."

"They have as many differences as men. The violet varies from the lily, as far as oak from elm."

In spite of Mrs. Grundy's dicta, let every young woman understand that it is just as respectable for her to labor as it is for man; nay, that there is the highest dignity in work. Let the sphere of household duties, involving a knowledge of chemistry as well as of some other sciences, be exalted, if you please, as one of the fine arts. Whatever artistic or scientific taste or discovery, whether for painting or astronomy, music or botany, writing or geology, give it full development. Then, when she appears on the stage of life, she will not find or will not take a false step, and is thrown upon her own resources, let her have the instruction to strike out a course for herself. If she chooses to forsake the beaten paths, already so crowded, of teaching, writing, or heretofore, let her exert some of her own powers, qualifying herself as a nurse, housekeeper, dairy-woman, book-keeper, bee-trainer, saleswoman or hop-picker; or let her cultivate seeds, fruits or flowers, or some of her own kind of work, let her make good her claim to an honorable living, and she will make a position for herself, and secure universal respect.

The writer concludes with the following paragraphs respecting certain false notions which need to be corrected:

In accordance with the sentiment of the day, our minds look upon marriage as the one sphere to which they were born and brought up. Every gift of nature, every grace of culture, is estimated at its market-value, and turned into a single channel; as if there were for women only one blessing, one purpose, one possible destiny in life. And as though there were not already enough who deprecate this sacred ordinance, some of our public teachers join in this cry of marriage as the great exalted for women, pressing on them their duty to become wives and mothers, and mercilessly shutting them out from every thing else. What a low, business view is this taken of that which was designed to elevate both man and woman! To be a wife is, in itself, no virtue; to be a mother is none. Mere maternity does not refine or exalt the character; it is the woman who, with no more made purer and better by it. Yet in this sacred relation, a mother may be just as earthly in her affections, as selfish in her instincts and purposes, as another woman. If, however, maternity is forced upon her as the alternative, starvation, it loses its sweetness, its grace and its glory."

In some breath in which women are denigrated to marriage, we are told of the boundless extravagance of modern *trousseaus*, of the fits of desperation to which young husbands are driven, by the reckless and perpetual drafts on their pockets by their fashionable wives, and of the many, who, consequently, perpetrate themselves into incorrigible bachelors. And is there any reason, pray, why our young women should not be extravagant? What they grow up with no other aim in life than a good settlement; when, by many of the teachings of the day, marriage becomes a mere selfish, mercenary arrangement, it is not surprising that they sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. In such a case, the man and woman who profane the name of husband and wife enter upon a career of separate interests, in which, in return for ministering to his material self-interest, she spends all of her money she can get. For the privilege of bearing his name and sharing his purse, she has paid a terrible price, and she will seize on all possible compensation. True marriage, which is the only one in which there is nothing left but its wretched ghost.

THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY for April is a number of fair excellence. Its first article, "The Philanthropic Life of Christ," will interest theologians; and its sixth, "Dissent on the Communion Question," will gain attention by the evidence it affords that the tendency to open communion is steadily gathering strength and finding forcible and significant expression within the pale of the Baptist body. But the third article, "The Ordinance Survey of Jerusalem," is of special interest, as it exhibits, in a small space, a very clear and adequate view of the extent and results of the recent excavations in and around the Sacred City. These results are thus summed up by the Secretary of the Society recently formed in England, in aid of these explorations:

"The result is that outside the walls of the sacred city, there has been a discovery of a wall, almost, if not quite, as important as any that have ever been made in or about Jerusalem, and which cannot fail to be the fruitful parent of secrets which Lieut. Warren is now endeavoring to uncover. He has found that the wall of the Haram, which rears its venerable face to a height of eighty feet above the soil, descends at no less a depth than fifty-three feet below the solid rock of Mount Moriah, on which it is founded, being covered with the debris of a thickness of debris. This wall must originally have stood at a height of one hundred and thirty feet above its foundations, fully justifying the opinion of those who say concerning it, that if any one looked down from the top of the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth." (Am. B. 2, 3.)

The foundations and the unbroken masonry of the buried portion may be expected to disclose many a secret affecting these venerable walls—secrets which Lieut. Warren is now endeavoring to reveal. But this is not all. He found two other things. He found, first, that the eastern wall is prolonged beyond the southern wall, and continues in the general direction of Sion. How far it continues, or where it ends, exact direction and extent, I cannot say, but shortly from Lieut. Warren. He found, secondly, that below the debris, a second wall exists, twenty feet distant from the known one, and of slighter workmanship. How far this wall goes, what its purpose may have been, its relation to the triple gateway, and the staircase which Mr. Warren believed that he had discovered, descending from the triple gateway, how this discovery may effect the piers of the arches below the southeast corner of the enclosure, are questions to which we await further information.

The difficulties in the way of fixing localities is well and justly indicated by the following statements:

"In speaking of the wall, gates and churches of the city, Capt. Wilson makes frequent reference to the accumulation of debris in many places. In the neighborhood of the Damascus gate, he speaks of debris as covering the ground of an older foundation over which the present one is built." The rubbish rises to the springing, and part of the modern gateway is built in front of the arch, so that only a portion of it can be seen. Near the Jaffa gate there is such an accumulation of debris "as entirely to conceal the natural features of the ground." North of the Bab el-Salam (Gate of Peace) one of the western gates of the Haram, the rubbish rises nearly to the level of the Haram area, while still further to the north, near the Bab al-Kattanin (Gate of the Cotton Merchants) it has a depth of seventy-seven feet.

Over the whole ground occupied by the present city of Jerusalem there is a large accumulation of rubbish which attains its maximum in the center, running down from the Damascus gate to the Dung Gate, where it is not less than fifty to seventy feet deep, and in places perhaps more than this. Where the Armenian Gardens are situated, near the Citadel, there are from twenty-five to thirty feet of rubbish, and in other places more or less.

The Via Dolorosa, according to Capt. Wilson's estimate, is forty feet deep, and the Via Crucis, in the time of Christ, so that one need not linger long at the numerous stations which are now shown to devout pilgrims. There is the same accumulation of debris beneath the walls of the city, and especially on the southern side.

For a time this work seemed in danger of coming to an end, not only from the difficulties in the way of getting the consent of the authorities to go on with it, but from the failure of the funds. But there is now likely to be no lack in the latter respect, as the following statement indicates:

"We are glad to know that the response to the appeal of the Palestine Exploration Fund is a great one. It is now certain that the work will not be interrupted. By the first expedition of the Palestine Exploration Fund as many as forty-nine places in different parts of the Holy Land have been economically surveyed. The second has surveyed the whole plain of Philistia, the mountain region and valley of the Jordan from Jebel Usdan to Jezreel, and a section of Moab and Gilead extending from the Jordan to the Dead Sea, with requisite measurements and field-notes, there-

fore will soon be deposited in the Ordnance Office at London; so that in a short time we shall have a map of Palestine as accurate as that of Jerusalem, to which reference has already been made."

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW for April is a strong number, and presents some features of special interest. Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Belfast, Ireland, contributes an able article, entitled "Recent Improvements in Formal Logic in Great Britain," in which he refers somewhat largely to the different philosophical systems of our times. Dr. Van Orsberg, of the University of Utrecht, has one on "Jean Baptiste Massillon," and Dr. Francis Lieber one entitled, "Nationalism." One or two of the remaining articles are devoted to matters which especially interest the Presbyterian church. The article by Dr. Lieber is a marked specimen of brevity and comprehensiveness, and is an embodiment of much learning and extensive research. We give it entire:

As the city-State was the normal type of free communities in antiquity, and as the Federal System was one of the normal types of government in the middle ages, so is the National Polity the normal type of our own epoch; not indeed centralism.

Large nations have been formed out of the fragmentary peoples of the continent of Europe, England alone dating the blessing of a national polity over a thousand years back; others are in the net of forming; others, already existing, are carrying out more distinctly or establishing more firmly the national element of their politics. For this reason, and because the existence of many nations deeply influences our civilization, the present period will be called the National Period. It began plainly when so many other great things began—in the middle of the 15th century, but the process of Nationalization concerning the languages and the literature of the different countries commenced at an earlier time.

The three main characteristics of the political development which mark the modern epoch, are:

The National Polity;
The general endeavor to define more clearly, and to extend more widely, Human Rights and Civil Liberty;
And the decree which has gone forth that many Leading Nations shall flourish at one and the same time, plainly distinguished from one another, yet striving together, with one public opinion, under the protection of one Law of Nations and in the bonds of one common moving Civilization.

The Universal Monarchy, whether purely political or coupled with the Papacy; a single Leading Nation; Confederacies of petty sovereignties; a Civilization confined to one spot, or one portion of the globe—all these are obsolete, insufficient for the demands of advanced civilization; and attempts at their renewal are ruinous.

In ancient times one people always swayed and led. Hence the simplicity of chronological tables presenting the events of that time, and all ancient states were short-lived. Once declining they never recovered. Their course was that of the projectile, a rise—a maximum—a precipitate descent. Modern nations are long-lived and possess recuperative energy wholly unknown to antiquity. They could neither be the one, nor possess the other without national extinction, and comprehensive politics, and without the Law of Nations, as we know it now, which is the main element of Self-Government applied to a number of independent nations in close relation with one another.

The civilized nations have come to form a community of nations under the restraint and protection of the Law of Nations which rules *vis à vis* of them; they draw the charter of civilization abreast as the ancient steeds drew the car of victory.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA for April contains its usual number of able and elaborate articles, as follows: Free Communion, by Rev. Sereus D. Clark; The Natural Theology of Social Science, by Rev. John Bascom; Revelation and Inspiration, by Rev. E. P. Barrows; The Irish Mission, in the Early Ages, by Rev. Rufus Anderson, D. D.; The Kingdom of God, or of Heaven, by Rev. Oliver S. Taylor. Passages in several of these articles deserve to be reproduced. The Bibliotheca is published by Warren F. Draper, Andover, Mass. Terms, \$3 per year in advance.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May comes to us with the following interesting table of contents: The Turf and the Trotting Horse in America; On a Pair of Spectacles; The Clear Vision; A Gentleman of an Old School; Our Roman Catholic Brethren; Lagos Bar; The European House Sparrow; A Modern Lettre de Cachet; Did he take the Prince to ride? By-Ways of Europe; After the Burial; The Next President; Reviews and Literary Notices.

LITFICOTT'S MAGAZINE for May, is as interesting and inviting as usual, showing that its career is upward and onward. It contains, Dallas Galbraith; Passing Beyond; John Neagle, the Artist; Valdemar the Happy; A Night School in Germany; An American Fishing Trip; Loyal en Tout; The Talmud; Court of the Tuileries; Communication with the Pacific; Willie's Wife; Bostonian Wit and Humor; From the Woods; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the day.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY for May is the first number of the third volume of this publication. It appears in a dress somewhat changed, and is filled with choice and varied reading. Respecting its future course it says:

"Our province is distinct, definite, and determined, although the scope of our purpose is as yet but partially foreseen. We shall be as daring in the future as in the past. The living interests of the nation shall be our interests. Vital questions, discussed from all worthy aspects, but candidly and generously, will fill an important place in our pages. A certain freedom and abandon will be accorded to contributors, and our three inquiries regarding all articles will be: Is the writer honest in his convictions? Does he trespass beyond the limits of fair discussion? Are his views fresh, pregnant, opportune, and ended with vigorous thought? Beyond this we make no inquisition. The freedom vouchsafed to divergent opinions on the street, and in the drawing-room may safely be permitted between the covers of a magazine."

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Execution of Charles I.

The following is from the first chapter of "On Both Sides of the Sea," the latest work of the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family."

Since England was, such an event was never witnessed within sound of her seas, as that which darkened London on the fatal 30th of January, 1649.

In the recollection of such moments it is difficult to disentangle feeling from fact, what we saw with our eyes and heard with our ears, from what others told us, from what we saw with the imagination and heard with the heart.

In my memory that day lies shrouded and silent; as if all that happened in it had been done in a city spell-bound into silence in a hushed, sunless, colorless world, where all intermediate tints were gathered into funeral black and white, the black of the heavily draped scaffold and the whiteness of the frosty ground from which it rose into the still and sea-air; whilst behind the palace slept, frost-bound, the mute and motionless river, imprisoning with icy bars the motionless ships.

From early in the day the thoroughfares and squares and open gathering-places of the city were filled with the Commonwealth soldiers. I remember no call of trumpet or beat of drum; only a slow pacing of horsemen, and marching of footmen,

silently to their assigned positions, the tramp of men and the clatter of the horse-hoofs ringing from the hard and frosty ground; and echoing from the closed and silent houses on the line of march.

It was no day of triumph to any. To the army, and those who felt with them, it was a day of solemn justice, not of triumphant vengeance. To the Royalists it was a day of passionate hushed sorrow and bitter inward vows of retribution; to the people generally a day of perplexity and woe.

Old Mr. Pryne, who owed the king nothing, as he said, but the loss of his ears, the pillory, imprisonment, and fines, had pleaded for him generously in the House, before the House had been finally "purged." And the most part of the men, and well-nigh all the women, I think, would have said "Amen" to Mr. Pryne. If the king's captivity and trial and condemnation had been a solemn drama enacted to win the hearts of the people back to him, it could not have been more effectual. Political and civil rights, rights of taxation and rights of remonstrance, seemed to the hearts of most people to become mere technical legal terms in the presence of Royalty and Death. Pillories and prisons were dwarfed into mere private grievances beside the scaffold on which the king, son of so many kings, kings of so many submissive generations, the source of power, the only possible object of the dreadful crime called treason, was to die the death of a traitor.

The trial brought out all that was most pathetic in royalty and most noble in the king. The haughty glance which had been resented on the throne, was humbly majestic when it encountered unflinchingly the illegal bench of judges on whom his life depended.

The Parliament, mutilated to a remnant of fifty; the High Court of Justice, who could not agree among themselves, whose assumption of legal forms sounded (to many) like mockery, whose trappings of authority sat on them (many thought) like masquerade robes, yere a poor show to confront with that lonely majestic figure defying their sentence and their authority, a captive in the ancient Hall of Justice from which, throughout the centuries, not a sentence had issued save by the sanction of his forefathers.

The royal banners which drooped from the roof above him, taken from his Cavaliers at Edgehill, Marston Moor, and Naseby, seemed to float there rather in his honor than in that of his judges. Many felt that adversity had restored to him his true royalty, and that he sat far more a king now, arraigned at the bar, than when, eight years before, at the last trial those walls had witnessed, he sat as a helpless spectator of the proceedings which brought Stratford, his greatest minister, to the scaffold.

It was well for his adversaries that those days of the king's humiliation were not prolonged. Irrepressible veneration and pity began to stir among the crowds who beheld him, and the cries of "Justice! Justice!" were changed more than once into murmurs of "God save the king."

But the pity was a slowly-rising tide of waves now advancing and now receding. The determination for "justice on the chief delinquent" was a strong and steady, though narrow, current; and it swept the nation on irresistibly to its end.

The soldiers, foot and horse, had taken up their position. Mr. Rogers, Roger Job Forster, were posted opposite Whitehall. Roger waved his hand as he passed our windows. His face, as was his wont in times of strong emotion, was fixed and stern. He was riding in a funeral procession which for him led to more graves than one.

At ten o'clock His Majesty walked through St. James's Park to Whitehall, passing rapidly through the bitter cold, under the bare branches of the silent trees, through a crown in appearance as cold as silent. His face, now said, was calm and majestic as ever, although worn, but he had become gray, and his form had a slight stoop, although he was not fifty years of age, but his step was firm. He disappeared through the Palace gates, from which he was never to step forth again. Then followed six hours of suspense and terrible expectation, crowds surging to and fro, unable to rest, repelled and yet attracted by the terrible fascination of the empty, expectant scaffold, whose heavy funeral draperies fell from the windows of the Banqueting Hall on the frosty ground beneath.

There were whispers that the ambassador of the United Provinces was pleading not hopelessly with Lord Fairfax; that the Prince of Wales had sent a blank letter signed by himself, to be filled with any conditions the Commons chose to demand; but that the king had burned this letter, and refused the ministrations of any but the clergy of the Episcopal Church of the realm;—so that if he was indeed to die, it would be as a martyr to the rights of the Crown and the Church.

And through these sober reports ever and anon rose wild rumors of approaching deliverance, of rising in the royal castles, of avenging fleets approaching the Thames, of judgment direct from heaven on the sacrilegious heads of the regicides.

But to us who knew of the purpose which had been gathering force in the army, since that prayer-meeting at Windsor six months before, those mid-day hours were hours not of doubt or suspense, but of awful certainty, as minute by minute the hour approached when that scaffold was to be empty no more.

We knew that within the still and deserted halls of that palace, the king was preparing to meet his doom; and (all political questions and personal wrongs for the time forgotten) from a thousand roofs in the city went up prayers that he might be sustained in dying, and might exchange the earthly crown which had sat on his brow so uneasily, for the crown of life which burdens not, nor fades away.

At length three o'clock, the moment of doom, came. "It was the ninth hour," as the Royalists fondly noted. Save the guard around the scaffold, and those who attended his dying moments on it, none were near enough to hear what passed there. It was all mute; but the spectacle spoke. In most royal pageants, the thing seen is but a sign of the thing not seen. In this, the thing to be seen was no mere sign, but a dread reality, a tremendous event. The black scaffold, the royal silence, the vast awe-stricken crowd gazing mute and motionless on the inevitable tragedy; a few plainly dressed men at last appearing on the scaffold around the well known stately figure of the king, richly arrayed "as for his second bridal;" "the comely head" laid down without a struggle on the block "as on a bed;" the momentary flash of the axe; the severed head raised an instant on high as "the head of a traitor;" a shrouded form prostrate on the scaffold;—and then, as good Mr. Philip Henry, who was present, said, "at the instant when the blow was given a

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