

Bates College

**SCARAB**

---

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

---

5-6-1868

## **The Morning Star - volume 43 number 07 - May 6, 1868**

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scarab.bates.edu/morning\\_star](https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star)

---

# The Morning Star.

Volume XLIII.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1868.

Number 7.

## THE MORNING STAR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment,

At No. 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

LUTHER B. DURLING, Agent.

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

Terms: For one year, \$3.00; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.

Subscribers in Canada and the other British Provinces, will be charged 30 cents a year in addition to the price of the paper, to prepay the postage to the line.

All Ministers (ordained and licensed) in good standing in the Freewill Baptist Connection are authorized and requested to act as Agents in obtaining subscribers, and in collecting and forwarding money. Agents are allowed 10 per cent. on all moneys collected and remitted by them.

Agents and others should be particular to give the Post Office (County and State) of subscribers for whom they make remittances, &c. Remember, it is not the names of the towns where they reside that we want, but the names of the Post Office at which they receive their papers.

All obituaries, accounts of revivals, and other matter involving facts, must be accompanied with the proper names of the writers.

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1868.

### The Christian Soldier.

The archer's arrow smote me sore,  
Sped by a skilled fowman's hand;  
And, though I bled at every pore,  
The faith within me bade me stand.

The MASTER plac'd me; and he knew  
His order was my only law;  
And 'twas no time, when arrows flew,  
That I should cowardly withdraw.

The soldiers in the Christian war,  
With much to do, and much to dare,  
Preclaim, in every bleeding scar,  
Their faith in him who placed them there.

Great Chief and Leader of the strife!  
Thy death has taught us how to die;  
And if we shed these we yield our life,  
Then death itself is victory.

—Prof. Upham in the Congregationalist.

### English Correspondence.

LONDON, ENGLAND, March, 1868.

While America is dealing by the way of impeachment with one of its great present difficulties, President Johnson, England is discussing in Parliament and out of it, one of its chief pressing problems, the condition of Ireland. The Tory Government fails to appreciate or understand the gravity of the crisis. Lord Derby, disabled by gout and advancing years, has retired from the Premiership, and Disraeli has succeeded to his post. It is a great triumph for the versatile and dexterous statesman, who by dint of perseverance and tact, has been raised from obscurity and even reproach to the position of First Minister of the Crown. Mankind is not slow to accord its sympathy and admiration to successful and self-asserted public men. He who climbs to the highest pinnacle of place and power must possess qualities of character and gifts of genius above the common order. Disraeli is undoubtedly a man of more than average ability. As a novelist, an orator, and a politician, he has won laurels which only the churlish partisan will grudge him the honor of wearing. Still there is much truth and there is some justice in the words of Goldwin Smith. "Once in my life I have felt the sensation of loyalty. It was when I stood in the presence of Abraham Lincoln. But the illustrious working-man of Illinois had risen to the height on which he stood by treading steadily the steep path of honor. Mr. Disraeli has risen by a far different road. His triumph is a triumph over public morality, and over the self-respect of the nation. . . . His name has never been connected with any generous sentiment, much less with anything practically conducive to the public good. . . . He has risen by personal motive, by conspiracy, by using the arsenic which kills noble reputations. . . . This is a Palmerstonian and Hudsonian era, the era of political as well as of commercial imposture, and it is well that such an era should see itself truly represented and reflected in its chief. . . . If anything of old English greatness still lives in the heart of the nation, it will feel the spur of reproach and begin henceforth to amend."

From all that has at present occurred it does not seem probable that the government for the time being, under Disraeli's leadership will find its way through the Irish difficulty. But the difficulty nevertheless, it is certain, will be met and fairly grappled with; and one thing gives us much hope. Mr. Gladstone has committed himself to a thoroughly radical policy in relation to the Irish Church. Unable for some years to defend this institution in principle, he now attacks it with strokes that must tell, laying the axe at the very root of the tree. He urges its separation from the state, its complete and entire disestablishment. On Monday, the 30th of March, he introduced in the House of Commons, resolutions to this effect; the debate upon them goes on, and will continue during the week; and it becomes plainer every day that the Irish Protestant establishment, so offensive to the majority of Irishmen, is doomed and must fall. Protestantism will gain and not lose by the change; a real grievance will be removed from among the Irish people; and another important step will be taken towards the pacification of

Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has already succeeded in getting his bill passed for the abolition of compulsory church-rates in England; sooner or later the policy he now espouses of disconnecting the Irish church from the state must succeed also. With him are Bright, Mill, Lowe, all the Non-conformists and Radicals, and hosts of the workingmen of all shades of opinion in England. It will be a hard fight; but the people who made Catholic Emancipation, Corn Law Reform, Church-tax abolition necessary and carried them, are equal even to this great task of establishing religious equality in Ireland.

The established church of England stands on a somewhat different footing from the established church of Ireland. It is not alien to the sentiments and feelings of the majority, or at least of any large majority, and it has not been foisted upon us for political ends. It is the church of the people still, though nearly half the people have become Nonconformists. The attempt to make it appear that the establishment in Ireland and England stand or fall together will throw dust in the eyes of some zealous churchmen, but it will not succeed, and is only of a piece with the tactics of the government in meeting Mr. Gladstone's resolutions by admitting that "modifications in the temporalities" of the church may be expedient, but the question of disestablishment or disendowment ought to be reserved for the new Parliament. The new Parliament, elected on the basis of the new Reform Bill, will when it meets next year, have enough to do; and no doubt the carrying out of the disestablishment policy will be part of it; but it will be salutary in this Irish crisis if the present Parliament pronounce decisively in favor of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions.

The turn of the English establishment will come, but not yet. Public opinion is not advanced, not ripe enough for Free Churchism in England. Meanwhile it is gratifying to find that the subject of the relation of churchmen to Nonconformists is receiving attention in high quarters. Episcopacy in America is intolerant as the celebrated Tyng case shows. Established Episcopacy in England is doubly intolerant, and uses its connection with the state to support its arrogance and assumption. Churchmen and Nonconformists exist apart in hostile camps, and hitherto have had little in common. Even social intercourse between the clergy of the Establishment and the ministers of Dissenting churches has been impossible or looked upon with suspicion and distrust. Now, however, as a development of that growing spirit of union for which the churches everywhere are yearning, a change is taking place. The Dean of Westminster, Dr. Stanley, has more than once showed a kindly and liberal feeling towards Nonconformists. The Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Alford, has again and again confessed, "we are verily guilty concerning our brethren." In a recent number of "Good Words" Dean Alford says, "It seems to me that there is no justification for the present alienation of affection, the present virtual suspension of intercourse, the present depreciating tone and manner which prevail on the part of English churchmen towards Dissenters and towards churches which differ from ourselves in organization." "The manifestation of private social sympathy" he adds elsewhere, "is every one's power. It is in every one's power also, to lay aside all those disparaging epithets and insinuations which unfortunately are now so plentifully cast about in the discourse of churchmen in reference to Dissenters." In reply to this, the Rev. John Stoughton, a Congregationalist, and a writer of some repute in ecclesiastical history, says, "English society has thus been rent asunder for two hundred years. Is it not now time to seek to close the gap, to fill up the gulf? We cannot so check the aspirations of a benevolent humanity, so disbelieve in the sympathetic influences of Christian faith, so dishonor the character of Englishmen whose highest boast is 'that they are of one heart and mind as to pronounce impossible some social religious union of differing sects that shall heal the divisions of ages and obliterate the resentments of persecution. Call it a dream; but we will cling to it till our dying hour."

The Annual Banquet in connexion with Mr. Spurgeon's College was held last week with the customary interest. Over a thousand pounds were given at the supper table, for the support of the Institution, and about £300 were presented to Mr. Spurgeon for his orphanage, by the students. Mr. Binney, Mr. Brock, and Mr. S. Martin were there, and addressed the assembly with much wisdom and kind counsel. Mr. Binney had invited himself and while acknowledging that he had not always thought so highly of Mr. Spurgeon as he does now, he warned the students against inflation of their great principal. He said that "in the zenith of his popularity, Robert Hall had many imitators. Mr. Hall said of one of these, 'Why, sir, I am told, sir, that the man actually imitates the pain in my back.' A gentleman had once told him that a young man who had preached for the church of which he was deacon made a good many pauses in the course of his sermon. 'Don't you like it?' said the young man, 'why that's the great secret of Mr. Binney's popularity.' Imitators always imitated what they thought not. He wished them with all his heart much success in their work."

THOMAS GOADBY.

### Brevities.

REVENGE.

It is the study with many how they shall revenge some real or fancied injury. They wish to give as good as they get with compound interest. This they wish to do in a manly way so as not to sully or impair their own characters. This we can tell you just how to do. The very best way to revenge an injury is to forgive it. In this way there is no danger of injuring your own character, while in any other it stands in the greatest jeopardy. You will be sure to improve it. It may be man-like to return the same in kind augmented, but it is God-like—it is Christ-like—to forgive. "Father forgive them," and he adds an apology for them. "If thine enemy hunger feed him. If he thirst give him drink." You will thereby heap coals of fire upon his head. This is the best way to be revenged.

TEMPERATION.

If you pray "Lead me not into temptation," then keep out of it. Prayers here amount to nothing when we take measures to thwart the answers. What would it avail to pray as above, and then go deliberately and put ourselves in the way of temptation, when, knowing our weakness we expect to yield? How many there are who instead of fleeing from temptation, resist it and asking God to keep them from it, court it! God does not even preserve their lives without their co-operation—their use of means, or afford them a single enjoyment without making it dependent upon their own action, and how can they expect such a prayer to be answered? Nay, how can they be honest and offer such a prayer?

AMENDMENT.

If there is anything which should be carefully revised and amended, it is the volume of one's life. If it were written with ink, who would not wish to correct it? But it is written with a diamond, or with the tool of an engraver, not on stone or metal, where an erasure might be possible, but it is written in the facts of life and in those books that will be opened at the judgment. Our daily lives are making the record; and as there is so much pending, how important it is that we make every emendation possible! Provisions are made for this; and every one will find who makes the attempt that God is on his side with all the rich resources of his grace to assist him. If he will avail himself of these he may so amend his works as to have his name written in the "Lamb's book of life." Then when he is "judged out of the things written in the books according to his works," he will find of what intrinsic value—of what incomparable benefit—is his amendment! J. M. B.

### The In-dwelling Christ.

The Bible teaches of an in-dwelling Christ. In some passages he is represented as leading the soul into all truth. In other passages as governing the will and the affections. These are "hard sayings" to many professed Christians. Some pass them by as mysteries, only to be explained in the future world. Some imagine the in-dwelling Christ to be a seed, folded within the wrappings of the soul, remaining undeveloped until carried to the more congenial climate of heaven. Others represent it as a spark of celestial fire, necessarily smothered by the passions, and the cares and labors of life, yet at the moment of death to kindle the soul into a glorious effulgence.

A young stranger is visiting in this community. Her mother was born here, and lived here until womanhood, then she moved to the west and never returned. The daughter is greeted with the utmost cordiality. Old women gather around her and exclaim, "How much like her mother!" "She is all mother!" "See her mother in her eyes and in her laugh, and they kiss her and cry over her, and talk of their girlhood years with her. No one seems to misunderstand these expressions. The mother in giving birth to her child and in her constant association with her through the formative years of her life, gave to the daughter that mother's character, that mother's self. She is the embodiment of their loved and lost friend. She has her features and her ways; her conversation reveals the same thoughts and her eyes and lips the same affections. There is no mystery here.

As that mother dwells in her daughter so Christ dwells in the Christian. As the Christian gives himself to Christ and continues to associate with him he comes to think as Christ thinks, to purpose as Christ purposes, to labor as Christ labors, and to love as Christ loves; not indeed with the infinite powers of the Godhead but with his own weak finite powers. He becomes an embodiment of Christ, yet he loses none of his own accountability or identity. He has perfect liberty, yet Christ worketh in him both to will and to do. In him Christ watches by the couch of the sick. In him Christ toils at the forge and in the field, builds ships and rail-roads, bays and sells, votes and makes laws. When did Christ ever cheat? When did he ever lie? When did he ever overreach his neighbor? When did he ever cheat to vice, or license the rum-seller, or grasp the fruits of unpaid toil, or shut his ears to the cry of the oppressed, or gloat over accumulated riches? When was Christ ever selfish? In him Christ preaches to the heathen, teaches the poor freedmen,

gathers the Sabbath school. In him Christ suffers pain and weariness, is tempted and overcomes temptation, meets and conquers death.

How glorious is the in-dwelling Christ! How impotent is language to express the power and influence upon the world, of its realization! Naught but the indwelling Christ can save. The heart faints in sadness over the false hopes to which men cling. "That experience," precious as a hid treasure, that we have kept from the hour of our conversion against the hour of our necessity, will not avail. That good profession that we made by the limpid stream and its oft renewal at the "feast of love" will not avail. Our prayers and our exhortations, our tears and groans will not avail. Naught but the in-dwelling Christ can save. S. H.

### Two Poems.

Prof. Park, of Andover, thus compares the fifty-first Psalm with Gray's Elegy, one of the highest wrought literary productions of modern times, and deduces from the comparison a strong argument in favor of the authenticity of the Scriptures.

Since the publication of Gray's Elegy, the fifty-first Psalm of David has been translated into all the languages of the civilized world. New versions of it in the English, French and German tongues, have been multiplied beyond all former precedent. So soon as the language of a pagan tribe has been reduced to writing, it has been made the vehicle for carrying this Psalm to the pagan mind. When the "Elegy" is translated, it parts with many of its original beauties; but this Psalm retains its glow and power when it is transferred to even the rudest language of the rudest men. It is the favorite Psalm of slaves and freedmen, the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned. Some of the most beautiful passages in modern literature have been suggested by it; some of the choicest hymns in our devotional poetry are founded on it. Its words have been repeated by men as they were dying on the battle-field, in prisons, on the scaffold, and also by the kings of the earth as they were breathing out their life in their palaces, and by the ministers of religion as they were bidding farewell to their churches. It was the sacred poem of the Jews; it has been the still more sacred poem of Christians; it promises to be more and more the fresh utterance of good men in all times and all places.

On what theory shall we explain this difference between the ancient and the modern poem? Various theories have been invented, but that one which most easily explains the disparity, is that the modern poet wrote under the impulse of his own genius, and under the influences of his multifarious learning; but the ancient poet was elevated above his own ingenuity by communion with the divine mind, and his powers were spiritualized by the inspiration of God, more than they could have been by the largest human erudition.

### Household Revivals.

Rev. G. G. Phelps thus admirably develops, in the *Advance*, a very important theme too often overlooked:

Why should we think of the soliciting knock of the Heavenly Guest as resounding at the broad-folding gates of a church or community, and not as well at the humble parlors of our homes? Could you pray or labor for any other refreshing so heartily and hopefully as for a household revival, if you only thought of it often as a possible and practical reality?

There is your Willie, what would you not give to see him a Christian! Noble boy that he is, your eldest, to whom you already begin to look for manly words and deeds; fast getting through his teens, launched already, or soon to be, perhaps, on the danger-whitened waves of a business life, to toss amid temptations—numberless. Ah, you tremble to think of what and where he is, and "Would that he were a Christian," rises to your lips time and again, that so through grace you might hope to see him stand secure where now he is liable at any hour to be swept away.

Or Mary, your daughter of the busy school days, what a gentle spirit for Jesus to rule—"If he only would," you longingly whisper to yourself. And Jessie and little Robert, too! "Suffer the little ones," sounds sweeter than ever when you look on those two, your own! Are you going to prove its abiding sweetness by taking your heart-treasures in your own arms to the One who uttered for every anxious mother's encouragement and faith, those melody-breathing words?

Or your life companion is it? He or she that is always first in your thoughts is as yet unconvinced? No father's voice at a family altar in your home? Or worse, if possible, no mother's secret prayer and watching to follow up the pleading of each morning?

A home revival! Ah, when we have prayed for the Spirit of God to descend, we need not go out from under our own roof-shadows to watch and wait for his coming. Invite and expect Jesus to call at your home as well as to visit your church. Read once again, too, of that Roman Centurion who could not wait for Christ to pass that way, but went out to find him, saying, "Lord, my servant lieth at home, sick!" Not worthy are you indeed to have him come under your roof? Yet you would love to have him there, nevertheless, would you not? Trust him at least, then, to speak the

word only, that you may have a genuine household revival. He honors faith.

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29, '68.

"Words, words, words," exclaims my lord Hamlet, and so may we who sojourn at the nation's capital, for such has been the entertainment of the past week. The Senate at last yielded to the pressure and rescinded the rule confining the argument to two on each side, and permitted as many of the managers or of the President's counsel as chose to do so, to file an argument or address the Senate orally. I think they begin to regret having opened the gates, but the floods are pouring through, and cannot now be stayed till the reservoir is exhausted.

Mr. Logan, who was quite strenuous for the enlargement of the rule, had the good sense to file his argument. Mr. Manager Boutwell first addressed the Senate. His argument is regarded as an able, compact and effective presentation of the views of the prosecution. He argued that the action of the President was unwarranted by the Constitution, that the *ad interim* appointment of Thomas was, upon the President's theory, unauthorized by any law, and that his whole action in his willful violation of the tenure-of-office act, which it was his duty to execute and not to violate. Next came Mr. Nelson, one of the President's counsel. Mr. Nelson is a townsman and friend of Andrew Johnson; and is supposed to represent his feelings, views, and wishes more than any other one of his counsel. His argument is supposed to have been largely directed at its scope and topics by Johnson himself. It was this that gave his effort its chief significance. Mr. Nelson rehearsed Andrew Johnson's life from his youth up, very much in the manner that that "humble individual" himself has been accustomed to do in his public efforts. The history of "Alta Vela" and Judge Black's quarrel with the President concerning the same was rehearsed, and the fact disclosed that Gen. Butler and others of the managers had endorsed the claim as valid. The intimation was thrown out that there is a huge speculation on foot, and that an attempt was made, under pressure of the impeachment proceedings, to induce the President to aid the speculation by an improper use of the power of the government; that Johnson refused to do so, and Black thereupon withdrew from his defence. This matter was further ventilated in the course of the proceedings. Gen. Butler explaining the circumstances and refuting the intimations of Mr. Nelson so far as the managers were concerned.

The most significant portion of Mr. Nelson's argument was that in which he put forth a claim for the President, of such astonishing audacity, that it immediately arrested the attention of the Senate and caused the interchange of significant looks. Mr. Nelson declared that the President was honestly of the opinion that the House of Representatives as now constituted in the absence of representatives from ten states, was not competent to prefer articles of impeachment, nor the Senate, in the absence of senators from those states, competent to try them; and he claimed to be entitled to great credit for forbearance in peacefully submitting to be tried by them, instead of resisting them by force of arms, as he might easily have done. One of the articles of impeachment charges him with attempting to bring the just authority of Congress into contempt by declaring that it was not a legal Congress but was a body "hanging, as it were, upon the verge of the government." With defiant audacity he comes into court and makes answer, "I still believe you are no Congress at all," for if not competent to originate and try an impeachment, they are competent for nothing; "and it is owing to my forbearance that I have not dispersed you by force of arms." It would seem as if Johnson had some ulterior purpose in view in putting forward such claims as render it impossible for any Senator to vote for his acquittal, without voting that he shall be dictator. He must know that such claims can only prejudice his case before the Senate, yet they are boldly thrust into their faces. Does he mean to intimate that he will not abide by their decision if adverse? Is he preparing the way, in case of acquittal, for putting a forcible end to the "usurpations" of Congress, as foreshadowed in his last annual message? But little attention was paid to Mr. Nelson's argument as a whole, but this passage formed an exception. His argument was very lengthy, so much so, that it was reported that the President had conspired with him to talk till the end of his term in March next. But all things earthly have an end, and so Mr. Nelson closed his argument.

Next came Mr. Groesbeck of the President's counsel. Mr. Groesbeck hitherto had preserved unbroken silence during the trial. But his argument on this occasion showed that it was from no lack of ability to speak well. His manner of delivery was deliberate, grave and impressive, and by general consent, in an oratorical point of view, his effort is regarded as the finest yet delivered in the course of the trial. The closing portion of it was in the nature of an appeal to the Senate to pass by the offence of Andrew Johnson, if offence had been committed, on account of his former patriotic services and the trivial character of his offense. It was very effective in the delivery, however ill it will bear the test of calm reason and the application of the facts of the case. On Monday, Manager Stevens attempted

to read his argument in support of the eleventh article, which was introduced upon his motion. Great desire was manifested to hear him and senators and members took seats near the desk from which he spoke. His speech was read from proof sheets. For a few minutes he proceeded standing—then sat down and preceded a few minutes longer; and then, unable to deliver the remainder of his argument, it was read by Manager Butler. His argument is close, compact and conclusive in support of the eleventh article though containing some sentences that are in bad taste. Mr. Stevens was followed on Monday and Tuesday by Mr. Williams in a long and able argument for the prosecution but the diminished attention testifies that the senators begin to tire of hearing argument, upon the matter. Mr. Evans of the President's counsel followed speaking for about two hours yesterday. He will doubtless occupy the entire session to-day. Mr. Stanbery is preparing an argument, although it is not quite certain yet that he will be able to deliver it. If he does the arguments of counsel and managers will hardly be closed this week. As to the final disposition of the matter there is sufficient uncertainty to awaken the deepest interest.

The President has sent to the Senate the nomination of Gen. Schofield as Secretary of War vice Stanton removed. The motives for this movement have been variously conjectured. Some have supposed (and this is most probable) that he desired to put before the Senate such a nomination as would be acceptable in the hope of, inclining Senators towards acquittal.

Sometime since, in some remarks upon an appropriation bill, Senator Cameron let fall some words reflecting upon the official integrity of Hon. J. W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate, as a disbursing officer, and moved a resolution directing the Committee to audit and control the contingent expenses of the Senate, to investigate the accounts of the Secretary. It was well understood in the Senate, that unfriendly relations existed between Mr. Cameron and Mr. Forney, growing out of local political rivalry, and that the resolution was the offspring of this unfriendly feeling. Nevertheless the Senate promptly adopted the resolution. The committee, in obedience to the resolution, have investigated the matter and their chairman, Hon. A. H. Cragin, is now ready to report. The committee find that during the last year the financial clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Senate, without the knowledge of the Secretary, converted to his own personal use some \$30,000, or more of the funds under his charge and keeping. As soon as the matter came to the knowledge of Secretary Forney, he immediately raised the amount of money necessary to cover the deficit and paid it into the treasury of the United States. His accounts with the government are balanced and correct. The government has not lost, and is not liable to lose a dollar. The Secretary himself may not be so fortunate as to escape loss, but stands completely exonerated from all blame in the matter. W.

### Carpenter's Painting.

In his argument on the impeachment the other day, Mr. Boutwell made the following interesting allusion to a picture which has acquired a remarkable celebrity:

Carpenter's historical painting of Emancipation is a fit representation of an event, the most illustrious of any in the annals of America since the adoption of the Constitution. Indeed, it is second to the ratification of the Constitution, only in the fact that that instrument, as a means of organizing and preserving the nation, rendered emancipation possible. The principal figure of the scene is the immortal Lincoln, whose great virtues endear his name and memory to all mankind, and whose untimely and violent death, then the saddest event in our national experience, but not now deemed so great a calamity to the people who loved him and mourned for him as no public man was ever before loved or lamented, as is the shame, humiliation, disgrace, and suffering, caused by the misconduct and crimes of his successor. It was natural and necessary that the artist should arrange the personages of the group on the right hand and on the left of the principal figure. Whether the particular assignment was by chance, by the taste of the artist, or by the influence of a mysterious Providence which works through human agency, we know not. But on the right of Lincoln are two statesmen and patriots who, in all the trials and vicissitudes of these eventful years, have remained steadfast to liberty, to justice, to the principles of constitutional government. Senators and Mr. Chief Justice, in this presence I venture not to pronounce their names.

On the left of Mr. Lincoln are five figures, representing the other members of his Cabinet. One of these is no longer among the living; he died before the evil days came, and we may indulge the hope that he would have escaped the fate of his associates. Of the other four, three have been active in counseling and supporting the President in his attempts to subvert the Government. They are already ruined men. Upon the canvas they are elevated to the summit of virtuous ambition. Yielding to the seductions of power, they have fallen. Their example and counsel, whether given to this tribunal or to him who is on trial before this tribunal, cannot be accepted as the judgment of wise or of patriotic men.

## Communications.

### Early Opposers of Christianity.\*

BY REV. ENOCH POND, D. D.

#### JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

Julian was the fourth and last of the old heathen philosophers who wrote against Christianity. He was born in the year 331 of the Christian era, at Constantinople, and was the son of the Emperor Constantius, the brother of Constantine the Great. When his father's family were put to death, only Julian and his brother Gallus escaped, on account of tender age or infirmity, and the reigning uncle Constantius, had them educated in a manner befitting princes, yet denying them their liberty. The preceptor of Julian was Eusebius, the bishop of Nicomedia (not Eusebius the historian). From Caesarea, Julian, at the age of fourteen, was sent to Cappadocia, where he remained within the castle walls under the instruction of Eusebius, until he was twenty years of age. His confinement was distasteful to him as was also the rigid formalism of the religion of the age which was approaching asceticism. About this time he was sent into Bithynia, and at Pergamos, associating with philosophers and infidels, he became an infidel himself, though he did not renounce his religion formally until he ascended the throne; and his change from Christianity to heathenism gained for him the title of "Julian the Apostate." He even continued in his studies, was admitted to the inferior orders of the priesthood, and was appointed a public reader, which he continued after he was secretly initiated into the mysteries of paganism.

By the favor of the Empress Eusebia he was allowed to go into Greece, and studied at Athens, where he met with Gregory Nazianzen. At the age of twenty-five he was made Cæsar and sent into Gaul, having married Helena, the daughter of the reigning Emperor. He was very successful and very popular with his soldiers who elected him Augustus, though against his will. The title Cæsar was given to those who were appointed by the reigning sovereign, but who had no partnership in the throne and were dependent upon the will of the sovereign. The title of Augustus was given to those who were associate monarchs.

When Julian was elected Augustus he wrote to Constantius of the fact, who commanded him to renounce the title before the army, which he did, but was sustained by the soldiers, which fact also he communicated to Constantius. This was in the year 360, and in the same year Helena died. Julian hastened with his army to Vienna, but no hostile meeting took place for Constantius died, and Julian was made sole emperor of Rome.

He now made known his infidelity, and in 361 avowed his purpose of changing the whole religion of the Roman Empire. He reformed his court, dismissing his former attendants, and collecting about him mystics, jugglers and philosophers. He retained his ascetic habits in food and clothing, and even boasted in his writings of his long nails, his ink-stained hands and long beard filled with vermin. His philosophy was an improvement upon paganism. He believed in one supreme being and professed himself to have visions. He sacrificed to Jupiter, Minerva and Apollo, used divination and worshipped the sun. His persecutions were not bloody like those of Nero and Diocletian, yet his treatment of Christians amounted to persecutions. He deprived the clergy of their support and subjected them to military duty. He took away their chance for promotions, and neither allowed them the benefit of schools nor the study of the classics, but compelled them to assist in the building of heathen temples. He ridiculed their dissensions, plundered their houses of worship, and confiscated their goods. By him Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, was banished.

He assisted the Jews because in so doing he hoped to destroy the Christians. He proposed to rebuild for them the temple at Jerusalem, but both the workmen and their work were scattered by balls of fire issuing from the ground. The fact of such explosions is well attested, but it is not necessary to suppose the phenomenon a miracle. Probably inflammable gases exploded, or phosphorescent matter uncovered among the ruins, was the cause of the destruction and defeat.

Julian established the temples, gods and priests and military guards at the public expense, and sacrificed bulls and lambs, until it was feared that the species would become extinct. From the coins he struck the Christian symbols and substituted the pagan ones. Morning, noon and night he sacrificed to the sun, moon and stars, turning his palace into a temple and slaying the victims with his own hands. The morals of Christianity he endeavored to engrave upon the philosophy of paganism. He prohibited obscene books and unlawful trades, and theaters, and enjoined charity, chastity and simplicity in clothing. He established hospitals and held up Christians as worthy of imitation in matters of charity, while the heathens, he said, did not care for their own. His attempts to give such pure morality to paganism have been said to be like galvanizing the dead, or sowing seed upon a rock, or putting new wine into old bottles.

In his own time even, his efforts were not always successful. When he proposed to dedicate a temple to Apollo at Antioch with grand processions and great sacrifices, so little attention was paid to it that he found only one priest, and for sacrifice only a single goose. He could perform an immense amount of labor, conversing while he wrote and dictating to others what to write at the same time. He planned an expedition against the Persians and crossed the Tigris

where the banks were steep and lined with soldiers and protected by elephants. He did not attack the Persian capital, but marched up the Tigris, became entangled in the recesses of the country, discouraged by famine, and was attacked and routed, receiving his death wound from a Persian lance.

Of his death, Theodoret says that he caught the blood in his hand and cast it in the air, saying, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" Others say that he was angry at the sun, as heathens are often angry at their gods, and as Julian himself was once angry at Mars, calling upon Jupiter to witness that he would never sacrifice to Mars again.

In character he was ambitious, but not a sound statesman nor had he far-seeing common sense. In morals he was purer than the heathens generally, perhaps owing to his early Christian education, yet he spent ten years of his life in a false profession, and considered himself destined by the gods to overthrow the Christian religion. His writings are of small account. His attack upon Christianity was replied to by Cyril. It was hastily written while at Antioch. He is especially bitter against Paul, accuses Moses of saying that God is the God of Israel only, but Paul says first that he is, and then that he is the God of the Gentiles also. He thinks that Paul was a juggler. He says Moses promised no Messiah, but a prophet like himself. He complains of Christians and justly too, for not following the teachings of Christ whom they call divine. In baptism, Christians suppose that sin is washed away, whatever sins they are guilty of up to the time of the baptism, and after baptism, when they have beat their breasts and thumped their heads they can boldly proclaim themselves innocent of any crimes committed.

Julian was right in objecting to this early step toward Romanism. He ridicules the veneration of the tomb of martyrs, the monastic habits and vows, for he says man is a social animal. He forgot that monasticism was a pagan invention. He objects properly to calling Mary the mother of God, and improperly to the divinity of Christ, saying that only John, of the four evangelists, taught that Christ was divine, but he concedes that a great multitude believed in John's day. He ridicules Christians as persecuting others for mourning the dead man in a different manner from themselves. His book was full of the ribald hate of his apostasy.

With all this Julian has performed a glorious service for the church, though against his will. He attests to the books of the New Testament and the miracles of Christ, who lived, he says, in the reign of Augustus, and our faith in religion is confirmed by him against his friends in modern times, and few were moved by him, even in his own times. Providence removed him just in time to save the church from another bloody persecution. Opposition to the Christian Scriptures ceased with him and slumbered for a thousand years, while its controversies were going on within the church, and the New Testament was not called in question during that time. Appian's objections to the antiquities of the Jews lie in the same plane as these objections, and are announced as the subject of the only remaining lecture of the course.

### Missionary Work in Africa.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

#### EASTERN AFRICA.

Eastern Africa, according to McCulloch, comprises Somali, Zanguebar and Mozambique, extending from the Southern confines of Abyssinia and the gulf of Aden on the north, to the Zambezi river on the south. The Portuguese discovered this coast in 1497. Prior to that period, its history is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. It was probably peopled by migration from the north, but when that migration began and how it proceeded none can tell. Wars may have desolated the land, and the weak fled before the strong, seeking new homes in the trackless wilds. Famine and pestilence may have driven the wretched wanderers on; but of all they did or suffered tradition even is silent.

Though this coast was discovered more than three and a half centuries ago, yet, till within a few years our knowledge has been confined to a narrow belt along the shore. The same was true of the western coast, and all the vast region lying between was a land unknown. Dr. Livingstone was the first man who crossed the continent south of the equator, and revealed to the civilized world a glimpse of the interior of Africa. He traveled from Angola on the west to the mouth of the Zambezi river, reaching this point after three years of perils and hardships in May, 1856. In 1861 Messrs. Speke and Grant solved the mystery which had so long hung over the Nile. They followed the river to its source in Lake Victoria, the largest body of water in Africa, lying directly under the equator. These travelers have contributed much to our knowledge of the country, and of the tribes which inhabit it; but we are under still greater obligation in this regard to missionaries.

When Dr. Krapf was forced to leave Abyssinia he turned at once to this unoccupied field, and having obtained the approval of the Church Missionary Society, under whose auspices he labored, he and his devoted wife sailed for Zanzibar. After a distressing and perilous voyage, they reached that place Jan. 7, 1844. They were well received by the Imam of Muscat, who resides on the island of Zanzibar and governs a wide territory along the coast; and were permitted to choose a place for the mission. The Imam addressed this letter to the Governors of the provinces which owned his sway. "This note is given in favor of Dr. Krapf, a good man, who desires to convert the world to God. Behave ye well towards him, and render him service everywhere." Having spent a few weeks in exploring the

country, they determined to settle on the Island of Mombas, in about four degrees south latitude.

They were scarcely settled in their new home when Mrs. Krapf was called from the work she loved so well. She had forsaken her native land and all the comforts of civilized life, counting it joy that she was permitted to suffer for Christ's sake. She had shared her husband's labors with undaunted courage and a heroic faith. Her life of fervent devotion and consecrated toil, which so reproves our selfishness, lukewarmness and lack of faith, was in her own estimation, poor and unworthy. She felt the personal necessity of that salvation through Christ, which she had so earnestly commended to the heathen. To her husband she said, "Do not praise me in your account of my last hours, but tell our friends, that the Saviour has pardoned me a poor miserable sinner."

Her bereaved husband felt this heavy loss most bitterly, but the interests depending on him, left no time for idle mourning. Heart-sore and solitary, but sustained by divine grace he took up his work, giving his first attention to the study of the languages of that region. As soon as he was able to be understood, he began to make excursions among the Wionia and Wakamba tribes on the continent, declaring to them the good news of salvation through Christ, and surveying the ground with reference to future operations. He found them extremely degraded. The Portuguese, for many years, have had trading posts along the coasts, and Catholic missions have been established at some points. They found the natives poor and ignorant, and their influence has tended to make their condition more hopeless and deplorable. Their cupidity was not satisfied with the spices and ivory, the gold and precious stones which the land afforded them; they must traffic in "slaves and the souls of men;" and this accursed trade has undermined the very foundations of society, dissolving the bonds of friendship, extinguishing the natural affections, and setting every man's hand against his brother. As if this was not injury enough, they have introduced alcoholic liquors, so that if the slave trade left a spark of virtue, it might be extinguished in the intoxicating cup. The missionary found that habits of drunkenness prevailed to a fearful extent, parents frequently selling their children to obtain the means of indulgence.

It was very disheartening to Dr. Krapf to find that civilized men had been before him and laid such great obstacles in his way. It is a lamentable fact that the greatest obstacle to the introduction of the gospel among the heathen has often been the influence of men educated in Christian lands. Dr. Krapf had faith in the power of the gospel to save the chief of sinners, and was not discouraged; rather he felt that the lower souls were sunk, the greater his efforts must be to raise them, and the greater would be the triumph of Christ in their salvation. Considering it indispensably necessary to give them the Word of God in their own language, he applied himself earnestly to the work of translation, and in three years from the commencement of the mission, he had translated Genesis, Acts, Romans, Galatians, Peter, and 1 John into the Soahalee language; and Luke and John into both the Soahalee and Wionia. He had also compiled a dictionary containing 10,000 words of these languages.

In 1846 Rev. J. Rebman was appointed to this mission. Immediately on his arrival, arrangements were made to remove from the Island of Mombas to the continent, and New Rabai was chosen for the station. While they were making preparation for this movement both the missionaries were seized with fever, and brought very near the grave; but so great was their anxiety, that before they were fully recovered, they set out for the new station. Dr. Krapf saying, "The mission must be commenced, and should death or life result to me, I can now have no regard for sickness whatever." Here after thirteen months of hard labor, they reported that they had established a small school, and erected a small house for public worship.

From this point they have extended their work far into the interior, making themselves acquainted with tribes hitherto unknown to the civilized world. In the prosecution of their work, they have suffered hunger, thirst and nakedness, and have forced their way over burning sands, through thorny jungles, and malarious swamps. In these tours they have obtained geographical information of great value to the world; but it has not been in the cause of science that they have jeopardized their lives. The zeal of the Christian, nor the curiosity of the traveler, nor the ambition of the scholar, has impelled them on.

They found the interior of the country much more inviting than the coast. They discovered a range of snow capped mountains and beautiful table lands, where the salubrious air and fertile soil present facilities for missionary labor of the most encouraging kind. They found the natives less degraded than those who had been corrupted by contact with civilized men.

The mission has been reinforced from time to time, and this band of resolute and indefatigable workers have set before themselves the object of establishing a chain of missions across the continent.

In the following extract, Dr. Krapf gives us a view of the great results to which he has looked forward in all his perilous toil. He says:

"When once the time has fully come, that the Hamitic race shall be received into the family of God's children on earth, the high roads of Africa will take every observer by surprise. It will then be manifest that the facilities of communication on the African continent are not inferior to those of Europe, Asia or America. God's providence has certainly paved the way for the speedy accomplishment of his sublime designs. The Niger will carry the messengers of peace to the various states of Nigritia. The Tshadda and the

Congo will convey them to the western center, towards the northern tribes. The Nile and its branches will lead them in from the north. The Jub, the Dama and the Kilimani will give them entrance from the east and the south. Shall we purpose therefore, and undertake the formation of a mission chain, linking together the eastern and western coasts? Or shall we follow up the water courses of the continent, by establishing missions at the sources, and estuaries of these great rivers? If the communication with Central Africa be so easy, why should we question the speedy spread of Christianity, and Christian civilization on this continent?"

It may be many years before this great work shall be accomplished, to which this excellent man has looked with such undimmed faith. Others are working with equal zeal for the same purpose; and though their progress may seem slow, and the obstacles in their way appear insurmountable, yet we believe that God is directing their efforts to the advancement of his merciful designs toward this suffering and neglected race. It is this hope of opening the interior of Africa to the light of the gospel and to the blessings of civilization which has inspired the intrepid Livingstone in his perilous and his toilsome journeyings. The world awaits with anxiety the scientific knowledge which it expects from the expedition in which he is at present engaged; but the church has a deeper solicitude in the result, as it affects the destiny of immortal souls, and the progress and glory of the kingdom of Christ.

Though the number of missionaries engaged in eastern Africa is small, and the work which they have accomplished may appear insignificant to the world; yet it is important and interesting to the Christian, who regards the faintest dawn of gospel light as the precursor of a glorious day.

### Rev. J. W. Darling.

Rev. J. W. Darling departed this life at his residence in Eleroy, Stephenson Co., Ill., Apr. 3, 1868, after a short illness of five days. His disease assumed the remittent form at first, but terminated in congestion of the lungs. The day before his death he arose in the morning and prayed with his family for the last time. He was born in the town of Gloucester, (now Barrillville), R. I., Nov. 22, 1800.

In early childhood he was susceptible of religious impressions, and during the youthful period of his life he was subject to deep convictions of sin, and often prayed for forgiveness. The 25th of July, 1820, dates the happiest day of his life. The seal of the Holy Spirit was then given to his salvation, and he became an heir of heaven. Soon after, he was baptized by Eld. Joseph White, and united with the church, organized by Eld. John Colby, Dec. 15, 1812. A few weeks after his conversion he was requested to lead the devotions of a prayer meeting, and from that time to the day of his death, he continued to conduct religious services as one called of God to the work. Four years after his conversion, he was ordained to the ministry by the Rhode Island Q. M. April 2, 1826, he was married and removed to the state of New York. The larger part of his life was spent in the Susquehanna Y. M. Twice he represented that body in the General Conference, the eleventh session held in Topsham, Me., 1841, and the fourteenth in Prov., R. I., 1850. Of him it may well be said "in labors more abundant." In our history it is recorded of him, he "went forth in his Master's service without purse or scrip, and traveled more than three thousand miles on foot before he was able to purchase a horse."

He devoted much time to reading and reflection. Possessing a fine memory, he stored much that was useful for edification and profit, and his sermons gave proof that he had matured his subject. His appearance in the pulpit was well adapted to produce seriousness and awaken the conviction that he felt the solemn responsibilities of his mission. In character as a man he possessed a well developed combination of benevolence, wisdom and modesty. Through a long life he was a friend of the oppressed millions of our race. A spirit of good will toward his fellow men was breathed in all his actions. While the maddening tempest of party strife swept over the land during the great struggle to put down rebellion, he was true to principle, calm, firm, forbearing and loving. In discussion and conversation he was free from ostentation, and despised jangling. His whole conduct seemed to spring from the promptings of sincerity and goodness.

"He hath gone To sit down with the prophets by the clear And crystal waters; he hath gone to list Isaiah's harp and David's, and to walk With Enoch and Elijah, and the host Of just men now made perfect."

He leaves a wife, several sons and daughters, and a large circle of friends to mourn his death.

One of his sons at Prairie Center, Ill., follows the calling of his father, as a herald of the gospel. While his father was dying, before the sad tidings could be exchanged, grandfather and grandson met in heaven. May these afflictions work out "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Ministers representing several Christian churches assisted in the funeral services. E. D. LEWIS, Rock Creek, Ill., Apr. 10, 1868.

### Gathered Rays.

By barricading the approaches to conscience and entrenching the heart in prejudice, one loses the essential elements of truthfulness.—Independent.

The misstatements of men are caused not by a failure to perceive the truth, but by the want of a conscience which adheres to it. The guilt is not intellectual but moral. Even witnesses under oath and professed Christians sometimes compromise with conscience by telling a partial truth in such a way that in effect it is a total lie.—Watchman.

That is the most unmanly form of doubt which will not reason, which declines to think,—which denies only out of its willing ignorance,—which answers arguments with cavil,—which turns away from testimony that would convince if honestly weighed.—Star.

Whatever attempts to claim immunity from inquiry or criticism, does thereby only awaken doubts respecting its real character.—Star.

I may forgive an injury done to myself, but to forgive one done to another before restitution is made, is to be benighted of another's capital. Confession without restitution is hypocrisy.—Mr. Kenzie.

Charity is never to be extended towards the guilty at the expense of the innocent.—Star.

We cannot falsely elevate one man or set of men without correspondingly depressing and injuring the influence of another.—Star.

—GLEASER.

## Selections.

### The Fellowship of Sufferings.

Thy cruel crown of thorns! But where, O Lord, is mine? Are there for me no scoffs and scorn, Since only such were thine?

Or having named thy name, Shall I no burden take? And is there left no thorn, no shame, To suffer for thy sake?

Unscourged of any whip, Unpierced of any sting— O Lord, how faint my fellowship With thy sad suffering!

Yet thy dread sacrifice So fills my soul with woe, That all the fountains of mine eyes— Well up and overflow.

The spear that pierced thy side Gave wounds to more than thee. Within my soul, O Crucified! Thy Cross is laid on me.

And as thy rocky tomb Was in a garden fair, Where round about stood flowers in bloom, To sweeten all the air,

So in my heart of stone I scuduler thy death, While thoughts of thee, like roses blown, Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my dead! As one whom Mary sought, And found an empty tomb instead, Her spices all for nought.

O Lord, no so depart From my enshrining breast, But lie enshrined in a heart, That by thy death is blest.

Or if thou shalt arise, Abandon not thy grave, But beat it with thee to the skies, A heart that thou shalt save!

—Theodore Tilton.

### God and Nature.

To shut God out of his own universe, would seem to be the chief ambition of a certain class of writers, who are just now, very much in vogue. Some of these, Spencer, Mill, and other Positivists, are able men, and are read widely by the thoughtful. Positivism is, at bottom, only atheism with a change of dress; but as the world is not yet ripe for this, some of its advocates permit that God may exist, if he may be kept from doing anything and shut up to eternal quietism! Others, whose tendencies are in the same direction, aspire to be men of science; and have perhaps won some degree of reputation in a particular line of observation, or experiment. Still others are devotees of speculative philosophy, who, on a priori grounds, assume principles destructive of all knowledge. All of them alike exhibit a lack of the grand characteristics of true wisdom—moral susceptibility, candor, and a love of all truth. Instead of asking, in the spirit of true philosophy, what are the essential facts of nature, of Providence and of divine revelation, they decide beforehand what these ought to be, and then wrest the actual to make it sustain their theories. But too much of the same habit of mind is exhibited by some who profess to be Christian in their style of thought.

Not a sparrow falleth without your Father, and even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. It was thus that Christ asserted the universal and all-directing agency of God. It is on this basis that Christian teaching grounds the obligation and the encouragement of prayer, and exhorts to quietness and hope under all the painful experiences of life. The skeptical spirit contends, whether it has the courage to express its contempt, or not, the Christian belief that prayer, or anything else, within the power of man, can secure a divine interposition, to modify, or change the course of events as produced by natural law alone. God, if one exists, is tied up by laws so fixed that they now move on inexorably, allowing, even by him, no interference. It would destroy all science and render impossible any such thing as knowledge, it is affirmed, to concede—not miracles, they are out of the question—but any results as possible, beyond those wrought out by the natural forces moving on in their unchanging course. To imagine that God, by any interposing agency, should produce, or avert a storm, or a pestilence, or any natural catastrophe, or should give fertilizing showers, or fruitful seasons, a golden harvest, or any similar blessing, in answer to human petitions, is childish weakness, quite beneath a person of philosophic insight.

But pray, most astute sages, step down with us to one of the great railway stations. You would be men of scientific thought; come and look at what human genius has achieved. Here then we have before us what is certainly one of the most imposing objects on which we can fix our attention, a steam engine that moves off with its mighty load at the rate of forty miles an hour. It is a wonderful thing, is it not? You and ourselves examine it with a common admiration. But now, O philosophers, be so good as to explain to us how this really noble machine ever came to be. What law, or force of nature, unassisted, has constructed it? What concurrence of natural forces, left to themselves, has fashioned it so cunningly? The well-known natural forces of gravity, of cohesion, of heat, and the like, are all there and operating after their normal manner. But which of them made the locomotive? Did all of them together make it? You admit that this engine is not a natural product. It is supernatural, above the range of natural forces. The intelligent, reasoning, efficient mind of man—itsself, as rational and free, not under nature but above it, has been able to take hold of natural causes without impairing their laws of operation, to combine them at its will, and to make them subserve its ends; and this new complicated instrument of motion, the like of which was not to be found, and never would have been found in the universe of nature, stands before you.

Man, in his wisdom and power, has so mastered and used material nature and her laws.

Be candid, now. If the finite and comparatively feeble mind of man, can so wield the forces of nature that by them he can reach results far higher than any included in the range of nature herself; if by these, without subverting any of their laws, he has made the steam-engine and applied it to his uses; be pleased to say what should hinder the Infinite, the Almighty Intelligence from so comprehending, adjusting, directing and applying the entire forces of nature, according to his pleasure, as to effect by them—not in subversion of them—any result within the range of conceivable possibility. Is it harder for him to determine the fall of a sparrow, or a hair, without overthrowing the constancy of nature's laws, than for man to make the complex and admirable machine? How is it so incredible, that by his power in and over nature, God should produce, at a particular time—say, if you choose, in answer to human supplication—a tempest, a calm, a salubrious atmosphere, or any supposable natural phenomenon? Why should he not, without violence to nature, do what as far transcends man's work of skill to which we have referred, as his omnipotence transcends mere human power? How utterly contrary, to sober reason, and all right thought, to entertain the notion that it is beyond the power of God to do what we ourselves are doing every day! What right have we to set a limit to his power of combining and directing the forces of nature, acting severally according to their laws, for the production of specific phenomena which are to be ascribed wholly to his will?—Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer in the Congregationalist.

### Christ the Fountain.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "If any man thirst! Ah! the Saviour knew it of these rejoicing Israelites, that glad and grateful as they were for the land that they had entered into out of the wilderness—no dry and thirsty land, but one of springs and rivers, of the early and the latter rain—there was a thirst that none of its fountains could quench, a hunger that none of its fruitage could satisfy. And he knows it of us, and of all men that a like deep inward thirst dries up our spirit, a like deep inward hunger gnaws at our soul. Are there not desires, longings, and aspirations in these souls of ours that nothing earthly can men, and satisfy? Not money, not honor, not power, not pleasure, not anything nor everything this world holds out—they do not, cannot fill our hearts—they do not, cannot quench that thirst that burns within. Can any one tell us where we can carry this great thirst and get it fully quenched? From the lips of the man Christ Jesus the answer comes. He speaks to the crowds in the Temple of Jerusalem, but his words are not for them alone. They have been given to the broad heavens, to be borne wide over all the earth, and down through all its generations: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Thirsty we know we are, and thirsty shall remain till we hear these gracious words, and hearing come, and coming drink, and drinking get the want supplied. Yes, we believe—Lord, help our unbelief—there is safety, peace, rest, refreshment, joy for these weary, aching hearts in thee—the well-spring of our eternal life.

He that believeth shall not thirst and alone have his own thirst assuaged, but I in him, by my Spirit given, moulding him into my own likeness, shall turn him into a separate well-head from whose depths rivers of living water shall flow forth to visit, gladden, fruitfully some lesser or larger portion of the arid waste around. Let us know and remember then, that Jesus, the divine assuager of the thirst of human hearts, imparts the blessing to each who comes to him; that he may go and impart the blessing to others. He condescends with a sense of his presence, guidance, protection, sympathy, that we may console others with that same comfort where-with we have been comforted of him. He never gives that we may selfishly hoard the treasure that we get. That treasure, like the bread that was broken for the thousands on the hillside of Galilee, multiplies in the hand that takes it to divide and to distribute.—Rev. Dr. Hanna.

### Two Classes Only.

There were two classes in the day of Noah's flood, those who were inside the ark, and those who were without—two in the parable of the gospel-net, those who are called the good fish, and those who are called the bad—two in the parable of the ten virgins, those who are described as wise, and those who are described as foolish—two in the account of the judgment day, the sheep and the goats—two sides of the throne, the right hand and the left—two abodes when the last sentence has been passed, heaven and hell.

And just so there are only two classes in the visible church on earth—those who are in the state of nature, and those who are in the state of grace, those who are in the narrow way, and those who are in the broad—those who have been converted, and those who have not been converted, those who are with Christ, and those who are against him, those who gather with him, and those who scatter abroad, those who are wheat and those who are chaff. In to these two classes the whole professing church of Christ may be divided. Besides these two classes there is none.—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

### The Watchword.

In one of the great rock-galleries of Gibraltar, two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the tunnel. One was a Christian, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it. It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the Word, which had brought peace to his soul; the other brooding over his own doubts and fears. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword.

"The precious blood of Christ," called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and unconsciously uttering the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on.

But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery, and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes, that was peace. His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message.

\* Lectures at Bangor, reported by S. E. Root.

## Strength of the Enemy.

The following, from one of Dr. Bellows' last letters in the *Liberal Christian*, respecting some of the powers that dispute with Protestant Christians the conquest of the world, justifies, in view of its facts, the question which the writer strongly puts. Can Protestantism afford to allow divisions, antagonisms, sectarian quarrels and antipathies to use up its strength and divide the bundle of faggots, irresistible in its unity, until twigs by twigs the whole is broken?

Musliman power becomes appalling as we approach the shores where Africa and Asia meet Europe. Here one begins to realize the vast superiority of numbers under which Christianity staggers. There are, by the best authorities I have been able to consult, about 260,000,000 of Christians in the world, leaving nearly a thousand millions of heathen, among whom, in Africa and Asia, there may be at least 260,000,000 of Mussulmen. Of the 260,000,000 Christians, only 95,000,000 are Protestant, 175,000,000 being Roman Catholic, and 90,000,000 Greek Church. So far as superstition and ignorance are concerned, there is not so much to choose between the peasant in the Roman and Greek churches, and the common Mussulman. Indeed, I should think in point of morality and self-respect the Bedouins and Algerines superior to Spanish mendicants, Russian beggars and Italian lazzaroni. What a task Protestantism has to balance and overcome the dead weight of ignorance, fanaticism, priest-craft and servility which now loads more than three quarters of the globe!

Roman Catholicism, weak in every member, is prodigious in its total effectiveness, because it is a unit. It is quietly seizing America, piece by piece, state by state, city by city. In a new state like Wisconsin, for instance, it has the oldest college, the largest theological school the best hospitals and charities, the finest churches; and what is true of Wisconsin is equally true of other Western States. Protestantism, with a hundred times the wealth, intelligence, public spirit and administrative ability, by reason of its sectarian jealousies and divisions can have no parallel successes, and is losing rapidly its place of legislative grants and in public policy. The Irish Catholics vote the members of State Legislatures who vote against the Appropriations they call for, and are able in our close elections to defeat their return. Representatives become servile and pliable, and Romanism flourishes. A Quaker gentleman of wealth in the West (the story is exactly true), married a Vermont girl who had become Catholic in a nunnery where she was sent for her education. It was agreed that if children were given them, the boys should be reared in the faith of their father, the girls in that of their mother. The Vermont mother gave her husband ten girls, but never a son! Eight of them grew up Catholics, married influential men and brought up their children Catholics, and in some cases brought over their husbands, and so the Roman church was recruited with Protestant wealth and Quaker blood to a vast extent. So much for sending Protestant girls to Roman Catholic seminaries, and then complaining that so many Protestants are lost to the superstitions of Romanism! There is an apathy about the Roman Catholic advances in the United States among American Protestants, which will finally receive a terrible shock. There is no influence at work in America so hostile to our future peace as the Roman Catholic church. The next American war will, I fear, be a religious war—of all kinds the worst. If we wish to avert it, we must take immediate steps to organize Protestantism more efficiently and on less sectarian ground.

## Early Culture.

Mothers, take into your own hands the early instruction of your children. Commence with simple stories, from the Scriptures, from the varied annals of history, from your own observation of mankind. Let each illustrate some moral or religious truth, adapted to convey instruction, reproof, or encouragement, according to your knowledge of the character and disposition of your beloved child. Care and study may be requisite to select, adapt, and simplify. But can any do this tentatively as a mother, who feels that her listening pupil is a part of herself? Cultivate in your children tenderness of conscience, a deep sense of accountability to God, a conviction that their conduct must be regulated by duty, and not by impulse. Read to them books of instruction, selected with discrimination, or make use of them as texts for your own commentary.

## Lost Time.

Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep, or gets up in the morning, with its state some other day, when he has spent a few hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself by careful examination, of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true, and he will find a great difference between the looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and time spent in self-improvement. He will find in one case, listless and dissatisfied; in the other, comfortable and happy. In the one case, if he did not appear to himself humble, at least he will not have earned any claims to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having by his own exertions become a wiser and, therefore, a more exalted creature.—Brougham.

## A Crown Without Stars.

"I don't want a crown without any stars in it," was the language of a little girl whose heart glowed with love to the Saviour. She had a desire, as others have who first inverted, for the conversion of others, and immediately commenced effort on their behalf. She was doubtless moved to do this chiefly by the love which divine grace had kindled in her heart. But in conversation with her Sabbath-school teacher gave the above as a reason for her activity. It is a beautiful sentiment, and deserving of consideration. We are taught that each one of those who love Christ and serve him on earth, shall have a crown in heaven. Sometimes this is called a crown of righteousness, sometimes a crown of life, then a crown of glory, and a crown of rejoicing. It shall indicate victory gained by the conflict with sin. And the opinion prevails to a wide extent, that each one who is successful in winning souls to Christ, or instrumental in saving others, shall have these as

stars to adorn his crown in heaven, and that the stars in our crowns shall be in proportion to the number converted through our instrumentality. This was the idea in the mind of that little girl. She did not want her crown to be "without any stars in it." Who does not sympathize with her in this desire?—*Zion's Advocate*.

## Christ Crucified.

"We preach Christ Crucified," said Paul, as the representative of the Christian ministry. He regarded it as the great world-fact, constituting the foundation and pervading the entire realm of truth. He could, consequently, preach on no other subject belonging to the system of redemption; which did not derive its significance and force from Christ Crucified. In other words, he proclaims it as the great and all-comprehensive theme of the Christian pulpit. The ministers of Christ may, therefore, associate themselves with Paul and the Apostles, and, like them, declare: "We preach Christ Crucified," as the consummation of the plan of redemption; as a prophecy fulfilled; as a fact established; as the antetype of all types; as the center of all truth; as an exhibition of wisdom inscrutable; as a recovering power invincible; as an atonement acceptable; as a mystery unfathomable; as an achievement most wonderful; as a glory unutterable; and as the dispenser of salvation eternal. Let us, therefore, with Paul, determine, in our pulpit ministrations, not to know anything among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.—*Lutheran Observer*.

## "Jehovah Shammah."

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend a special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter into some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared from every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah Shammah*, "The Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth, and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage, by the brook in Genesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel rested, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hillsides where the Man of Sorrow prayed all night, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven, the landing place of mercies because the starting-point of prayer.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton*.

## Money.

Men work for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, and die for it, and all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question, "What shall I eat a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiable Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in the human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

## Varieties.

PRAYER is a religious representing of our will, and pouring out our hearts before God; it is the soul's pulse, and shows the state of the heart; if spiritual life be weak in us, our prayers will be so too. Prayer is in all ordinary cases, and it always ought to be, a calm and peaceful exercise, not an agitating one.—*Abbott*.

Dr. PAYSON's advice to a young minister was, "Paint Jesus Christ upon your canvas, and then hold him up before the people, but so hold him up, that not even your little finger can be seen." There is nothing more hateful to the pious hearer in the sanctification than the sight of a preacher laboring to conceal himself, to display his own learning, and learning, and concealing the Lord Jesus, and his redeeming and purifying sacrifice. The sermon is useful and saving in proportion as Christ can be seen in it. The less there is of the preacher, however gifted, and the more there is of Christ, the more perfect is the medium of divine power to the souls of the hearers.

I WOULD not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.—*Spurgeon*.

A GOOD WOMAN in London, who had consecrated herself to labor for the conversion of souls, was one evening passing by a tea-garden, and seeing a young man standing, came up to him and said, "I suppose you are waiting for some one." "Yes," said he, "I am waiting for a companion to go with me to the garden." "Come," said the old lady, "go with me and hear Mr. Spurgeon." The young man consented, and this sermon was the means of awakening his attention to the subject of religion. That young man became the missionary Williams—a man who has done more than all others to give a lodgment to the missionary cause in the higher minds in England.

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE wealth of the Bible is strikingly presented in the following paragraphs: It is the book of law, to show the right and wrong. It is the book of wisdom that makes the foolish wise. It is the book of truth, which detects all human errors. It is the book of life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It contains the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It is a perfect book of divinity. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is the best covenant ever made—the best ever written. It is the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's best instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing.

I WANT, and we all want, a religion that not only bears on the sinfulness of sin, but

on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from cotton bags and sugar, rocks from wool, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine and water from milk-cans. The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches on the top and all the bad eat the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced in bottles.—*Uncle Nick*.

IF HALF the pains were taken by some people to perform the labor allotted to them that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hear much less about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

REV. DR. PARKS, in a sermon recently preached, said that an eminent physician having been called to a case of chronic dyspepsia, recommended to the patient as a prescription, Philippians 4:4; "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice."

## 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.

More than TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS have been expended in the work, and the CONSTRUCTION RESOURCES are ample for the remainder. They consist of

1. UNITED STATES BONDS to the extent of \$35,000 per mile, average, delivered as the work progresses.

2. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount issued also according to the progress of the road, and having the preferred claim—superior to that of the Government.

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 rate 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., 1865 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

Par Value and Accrued Interest, in currency, a limited amount of the

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

bearing six per cent. per annum—both INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL—being explicitly made "PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN," conformably with the special laws of the Pacific States.

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.

W. H. SCHEIDT & CO.,

FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE C. P. R. R. CO.,

No. 54 Nassau Street, New York.

Office of the Company,

No. 54 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Nos. 56 and 58 K STREET, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Sold by

Stratford National Bank, Dover, N. H.

Subscriptions received through Banks and Bankers, generally.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

## Advertisements.

## BURNETT'S COCAINE.

For Promoting the Growth of and Purifying the Hair, and rendering it Dark and Glossy.

The COCAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCAINOL OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

LOSS OF HAIR.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.: I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own case, of your excellent Hair Oil—COCAINE. For many months my hair had been falling out, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain.

By the advice of my physician to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; my hair ceased to fall, and I have now thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO, Mass. June 9, 1864.

MESSRS. BURNETT & CO.: I send you a statement of my daughter's case, as requested. She will have been six years, if she lives until the 1st of August next.

When her hair came she had been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used, during that time, many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pain, burned her hair so badly that, in October, 1861, it all came off, and for two years after, her head was as smooth as her face.

Through the recommendation of a friend, she was induced to try your COCAINE, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft and fine, and of a darker color than formerly. She still continues to use the COCAINE, and we have little fear of her losing her hair. With respect, WM. S. EDDY.

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the BEST and CHEAPEST hair dressing in the world. It promotes the GROWTH OF THE HAIR, and is entirely free from all irritating matter.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors.

For sale by Druggists everywhere. (3m6)

A VALUABLE GIFT.—Dr. S. S. FITCH'S "DOMESTIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN" describes all Diseases and their Remedies. Sent by mail, free.

Address DR. S. S. FITCH, 711 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED! everywhere, to sell JOHN C. ABBOTT'S "Life of Gen. Grant." New York. "People's Edition." Ready for subscribers.

Address B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass. (4m)

OLD DR. JOE SWEET'S (The Great Natural Bone-setter's)

HEALING SALVE. Astonishes every one that uses it, by its wonderful cures of Burns, Eruptions, Boils, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Old Sores, Itch, Scalds, Ulcers, and Sores of every kind. All Druggists sell.

WM. A. PEASE & CO., New Bedford, Proprietors. Wm. A. PEASE & CO., Boston, Proprietors.

Cancer, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., CURED. A Book of 100 pages, sent free to invalids. Address R. GREENE, M. D., 10 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. (4m)

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

Is the proper time to take cleansing and purifying medicines, of which

SWAIN'S CELEBRATED PANACEA

STANDS PRE-EMINENT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WHITE SWELLING, RHEUMATISM, DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND SPLEEN, AND ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD AND THE EFFECTS OF MERCURY.

Swain's Panacea has been for nearly a half century celebrated in this country and in Europe for its extraordinary cures, for the certificates of which reference is made to the directions and books (which may be had gratis) accompanying the Panacea, some of which give the particulars of cases too frightful for general publication, where the patient, however, has almost eaten up with Scrofula, and were deemed incurable by physicians.

It has been used in Hospitals and private practice, and has been recommended by the most celebrated Physicians and other eminent persons.

The wonderful cures effected by SWAIN'S PANACEA have for many years made it an invaluable remedy. The Panacea does not contain mercury in any form, being a innocent preparation, and it may be given to the most tender infant.

BEWARE OF IMITATION. Swain's Panacea is in round bottles, ruled longitudinally, with the following letters blown on the glass: SWAIN'S PANACEA—PHILADELPHIA.

Having the name of J. S. SWAIN stamped on the sealing wax and written on the Internal Revenue Tax Label covering the cork, and a splendid engraving on the side of the bottle, by Dr. J. S. Swain, and note engravers, in the center of which is a portrait of the late Wm. Swain, (copyright secured.)

Persons purchasing the Panacea will be careful to observe that the name SWAIN is correctly spelled, they need not be imposed on.

A valuable Family Medicine, being a highly approved remedy for all diseases arising from debility of the blood, and impurities of the system, such as Scrofula, Worms, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Fever and Ague, Bleeding Piles, Skin Diseases, &c. See the Pamphlet, "Proving Swain's Panacea," sent by mail, free.

The Standard Seventh Street, below Chestnut, Philadelphia, and sold by all Druggists in the United States. General Agents, W. H. SCHEIDT & CO., 170 William Street, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED

To sell orders for Dr. WILLIAM SMITH'S DIGEST OF THE BIBLE. THE ONLY EDITION PUBLISHED IN AMERICA, CONDENSED BY DR. SMITH'S OWN HAND. In one large octavo volume, illustrated by colored engravings, and containing the most complete edition of Dr. Smith, and do not be imposed upon by juvenile editions, nor by cheap imitations.

The Springfield, Republican says, this edition published by Messrs. Burr & Co., is the genuine thing. The Congressional Union, which we have just got, in the cheapest form, the best Dictionary of the Bible, should buy this.

We employ no General Agents, and offer extra inducements to Agents dealing with us. For descriptive circulars, with full particulars and terms, address 406 J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

THE CHURCH UNION.

THE largest and most Catholic paper in the world. The organ of the Union of Churches in the whole Church. Rapidly increasing in power. Publishes Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons. Advocates Union in Church and State. Offers Premiums for Books, Sewing Machines, Watches, Piano Organs for Churches, &c. Send for copy, enclosing 10 cts. to HENRY E. CHILD, Publisher, Box 6, 128 N. Y. City. (4m)

MINERAL DROPS.

Concentrated Mineral Springs. Nature's remedy for Cancerous, Scrofulous, Cutaneous and Kidney Diseases, etc., at comparatively small cost. Address, WM. WARD, Agent, 43 Franklin St., New York.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.

Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures Catalogues sent for 20 cts., twice as many 30 cts. MANSON & ANG, 97 Columbia St., New York City. (4m)

\$10 A Day for All—Stenciled Post Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. (4m)

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. FOR HOWLAND'S LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT. THE ONLY EDITION PUBLISHED IN AMERICA. An accurate History of his Military and Civil career. One large octavo vol. of 656 pages, finely illustrated. Agents will receive 25 per cent. on the present time. The largest commission given. We employ no General Agents, and offer extra inducements to Agents dealing with us. For descriptive circulars, with full particulars and terms, address J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn. (4m)

GEN'L GRANT.—AGENTS

best and most reliable Life of the Greatest of Living Soldiers. By Hon. J. T. Headley, the popular Historian of Washington, Napoleon, Sacred Mountains, etc. Secure the Agency at once, before the field is taken by inferior books. With this our Agents can sell six of Headley's standard works. Our terms unexcelled. E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, 63 Broadway, N. Y. (4m)

PHILIP PHILLIPS & CO.,

37 UNION SQUARE, Broadway, N. Y.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Smith's Unrivalled American Organs.

Also, Superior Pianos and Publishers of

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

N. B.—We will rent our Organs by the month, letting the rent pay for them.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

## Advertisements.

## Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned have formed a Copartnership under the style of

D. Lothrop & N. P. Kemp,

for the purpose of carrying on the Publishing and Bookselling business, and have taken the store here before occupied by the American Tract Society.

No. 38 & 40 Cornhill, Boston.

They will give special attention to the sale of

English and American Bibles

of all sizes, both cheap editions and those in the richest styles of bindings, ranging in price from fifty cents to fifty dollars.

Theological Works, Commentaries and Bible Helps, Music Books, Pictorial Cards, Question Books, and all other requisites for the Sunday School.

Libraries for Clergymen, Families, and Sunday Schools.

All will be sold on the most favorable terms, and every effort made to accommodate and please those who may favor us with their patronage.

D. LOTHROP, JR., N. P. KEMP, Boston, April 15, 1868. (4m)

Prices of Freewill Baptist Books,

Single and by the dozen; also Postage on the same.

Psalmody, 18mo. in Sheep, single, 1.00, dozen, 9.00. Embossed Morocco, single, 1.50, dozen, 12.00. 32mo. single, .85, dozen, 7.00. Butter's Theology, single, 1.00, dozen, 8.00. History, single, 1.25, dozen, 10.00. Christian Baptism, Bound, single, .25, dozen, 2.00. Do do Paper Covers, single, .15, dozen, 1.00. Little Marks, 100, single, 1.00, dozen, 8.00. Church Member's Book, single, .20, dozen, 1.60. Treatise, single, .25, dozen, 2.00. Thoughts upon Thought, single, .25, dozen, 2.00. The Book of Worship, single, 1.00, dozen, 8.00. Story of Jesus, (Que's Book), single, .15, dozen, 1.00. Lessons for every Sunday in the Year, (Que's Book), single, .20, dozen, 1.60. Appeal to Conscience, single, .20, dozen, 1.60. Communionist, single, .08, dozen, .64. Choralist, single, .75, dozen, 6.00. Dialogues and Recitations, single, 1.20, dozen, 9.60. Minutes of General Conference, single, .75, dozen, 6.00. There is no discount on the Minutes by the dozen.

The Original

ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE.

Brokers' Sale of Rich and Valuable Goods, comprising a great variety of VALUABLE AND USEFUL ARTICLES FOR SALE AT

One Dollar for Each Article.

For additional terms and conditions of sale sent for circular. The Stock consists of every variety of Dry Goods, Silver-Plated Ware, Albums, Carpets, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c. We commenced the sale of Goods at one dollar in the fall of 1863. Our Goods are obtained by cash advances made on merchandise, or are purchased direct from the commission houses, manufacturers and importers. We are selling goods at less prices for retail than are sold by any jobber in New York or Boston at wholesale. By offering such inducements to the public, we have increased our sales to the amount of about one million dollars a year, as we have made seven returns to the U. S. Assessor of one hundred thousand a month. Every exertion on our part will be made to give satisfaction to those who may favor us with their patronage. Address

# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 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.

## Error Resisting Error.

A week of two since, two experts, one a spiritualist and the other a materialist, held in this city a formal discussion on the alleged claims of their respective doctrines. The war of words was fierce and continued for five successive nights; good audiences were in attendance, and each of the combatants treated his subject with all the skill of which he was capable. At the conclusion, no one with whom we have conversed professed to be particularly instructed or gratified; no formal decision was rendered; and neither of the parties acknowledging himself vanquished, the famous Kilkenny legend does not seem to have been repeated. In short, it was a decidedly negative affair. No good apparently being accomplished and no victory won, it was a useless expenditure of time and strength.

From one point of view the spectacle presented by the discussion was somewhat peculiar. All errors are in a sense allied, having a common origin, a common cause, and a common enemy. The mutual affinity existing between them has caused their advocates to form societies, stand together upon the same platform, and to combine in various other ways for the overthrow of truth. The formation of a free religious association in Boston in May last, by men holding sentiments very diverse, affords a marked instance of the kind. But here we had error resisting error. The doctrines advocated by each of the parties being so monstrous and unscriptural that no orthodox Christian could take any particular interest in the discussion, or express any preference respecting which of the parties he would prefer to see the victor. The triumph in either case must be that of poisonous error.

But is it not possible for two opposite errors, like spiritualism and materialism, to counteract each other that good may be the result? A pertinent question, surely, but one to which we feel constrained to give a negative answer. To suppose that an errorist is likely to be convinced of the untenability of his position by the presentation of an opposite error is unreasonable. If he does not see the fallacy of his own reasoning, he is quite sure to see that of the reasoning of his opponent, and conclude that he himself is right and his opponent wrong. In this way he becomes strengthened in his position. Sabellianism and Arianism have existed side by side for fifteen centuries and neither has conquered the other. Antinomianism and Socinianism have stood opposed to each other for a less period, and whatever victories have been gained over the one have not been owing to the superior character of the other. Quakerism and Ritualism are extreme opposites, yet no one would think of setting the former off against the latter, and suppose that the true and tenable ground would in this way be reached. No wonder then that spiritualism and materialism are not capable of destroying each other. For the destruction of any error some other way must be devised than the arraying of error against it.

It must not be forgotten that God's great and only effectual weapon for the accomplishment of his purposes is truth. Strong, it cannot be vanquished; built upon a firm foundation, it cannot be overthrown; impartial, it is the touchstone by which the nature of all questions is tested; transparent, it is adapted to convince; and mighty, it prevails. Its power is manifest by the work which it accomplishes. It prepares the way for the Holy Spirit to accomplish his work in the heart, confirms its votaries in the right and drives the false and deceitful from their refuge of lies. The weak and the strong alike are unable to resist its influence. A weapon of such a character, no other instrumentality can be substituted for it. It is especially the only means of any kind by which error can be successfully resisted.

In this view of the case, the duty of the Christian, becomes obvious. It is neither to abandon the field to errorists holding opposite views, nor to sit down at ease and preserve a quiet indifference. The battles of the Lord of Hosts will never be fought in this way, nor will any victories be won. So long as error, whether it be spiritualism, materialism, Theism or Catholicism, stalks abroad in the land, the standard of truth should be elevated, and all true men should flock to it. It may not always be necessary or expedient to engage in formal controversy with errorists, but truth should be presented so clearly and forcibly and its excellencies made so manifest, that there shall be no place for error to gain a foothold.

There is a point where truth is attacked, where we should rally to its support. Is the genuineness of the Scriptures assailed and their authenticity called in question; their claim to be an inspired record must be vindicated. Are miracles declared to be impossible; it must be shown that with God all things are possible. Is the divinity of Christ disputed; his equality with the Father must be demonstrated. Is the immortality of the soul denied, and the future eternal punishment of the wicked sneered at; the grounds upon which these doctrines rest must be clearly and conclusively stated. Or is the regenerating and saving power of Christianity disputed; the gospel must be

made to appear as the only power of God unto salvation.

It is quite time that Christians of America should realize the greatness and importance of the trusts committed to them, and rise and gird themselves for the fight. With the weapon of truth properly wielded the victory cannot be doubtful. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

## England.

England, as well as our country, presents a scene of intense political excitement. This state of things in the two leading nations of the globe is both novel and interesting. While, however, it is due in the one case almost to a single cause, it is attributable in the other to a variety of causes, each of which is well calculated to agitate the public mind.

The subject now uppermost in English politics is the unsettled condition of Ireland. In dealing with this question, English liberalism seeks to retrieve at once the wrongs of ages, but English Conservatism pleads for delay. The controversy becomes intense. In the meantime, Derby retires from the ministry and Disraeli, humble in origin and crafty in policy, is placed at its head. The question is pressed to an issue, and conservatism weakened by the change is thoroughly defeated. But contrary to all precedent, the Disraeli ministry still refuses to yield its place to the victorious opposition, and thus adds fuel to the flame. Simultaneous with these causes of excitement and kindred to them are the Clerkenwell explosion trials, the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland and their reception, and the transfer of Lord Cranborne from the lower to the upper House of Parliament. This last event is important at this juncture in view of the influence it may have upon the fortunes of Disraeli, Lord Cranborne being both a Tory and a bitter enemy of the Prime Minister. All things considered, it must be confessed that the home politics of England are decidedly complicated.

While, however, there is darkness at home, light comes from abroad. The Abyssinian expedition, undertaken in behalf of humanity, but which bid fair to cause great waste of life and property, has been brought to a sudden and successful conclusion. A single blow sufficed to accomplish the object for which it was undertaken, and England rejoices in the triumph of her arms and the punishment of barbarous cruelty. Although the victory was dearly purchased, she has a right to experience a sense of commingled pride and gratitude at her achievement.

English politics are manifestly in a state of transition. But this disturbance of the elements betokens good. The present storm is sure to be followed by a calm, and the present clouds and darkness will in due time give way to sunshine. Already do favorable omens appear. With an extension of the elective franchise, with the relief of oppressed Ireland, and with her authority respected by the most distant heathen prince, England will keep pace with the progress of the age and will continue to occupy a place worthy of her history and her fame. May she never lose sight of the grandeur of her mission among the nations.

## Unitarianism and Spiritual Life.

Unitarianism which had existed in a partial and fragmentary state from the fourth century, assumed a systematic form in the sixteenth, some time after the Reformation. The fundamental principle adopted, in reality if not in form, by its adherents at that time, was that "the sense of Scripture, which they professed to believe to be the only source of divine knowledge, is to be investigated and explained by the dictates of reason," or right reason, as they somewhat pompously phrased it. By reason they obviously meant the natural understanding of man, unaided by any extraordinary divine illumination. To this touchstone every Christian doctrine and all Scripture facts were to be brought, and if it tested. All such doctrines and facts as seemed contradictory to it, inconsistent with its dictates, or out of the reach of its grasp, were to be rejected as untrue, or modified or curtailed in such a manner as to bring them within its comprehension. The Trinity, involving a mystery transcending all human apprehension, was at once and unqualifiedly rejected; the doctrine of the divine nature and offices of Christ substantially shared the same fate; the atonement, especially so far as it involves an expiatory sacrifice was denied; inspiration more than called in question; regeneration by the Spirit of God wholly ignored, and practical religion naturally enough reduced to mere external morality. Such in general was Unitarianism then, and such essentially has it been ever since, with slight modifications in fact, though many more perhaps in mere form of expression.

From the leading principle above named, it was easy to predict at least two practical results, both of which have marked all its history for three hundred years. First, a great diversity of views and sentiments among its adherents; and second, the existence of very little religion among them, and that little a religion of the head, rather than of the heart. In the very nature of the case the former of these results must occur in a marked degree, since the opinion is made to depend upon the degree of intellectual comprehension practically modified perhaps by natural credulity; and also from the fact of an extraordinary degree of liberality, a matter of persistent and vehement boasting. Hence on some of the doctrines, all degrees of belief have been entertained from the highest spiritual point to the lowest of mere naturalism. Recently there has been manifest an increasingly strong tendency to the lower and material view. Christ is by some accounted but a mere man, wise and good, but imperfect

and of course fallible; the Bible, a strange mixture of truth and error, whose contents are to be judged of, accepted or rejected, as those of any other book, practically treated with a higher degree of freedom and license; the Christian miracles, are denied, if not ridiculed; and in fact all religion is transferred from the divine to a merely natural and human sphere. That practical religion, thus induced to a downward tendency, should keep pace with this degeneracy of intellectual belief, is a natural and inevitable consequence; and that this state of things should be looked upon by the wiser and better portion of this community of religionists with solicitude and alarm, is nothing strange or unexpected.

Seeing that Unitarianism in its present aspects fails to supply a force adequate to better the character and life of its adherents, and in an equally marked degree blasts every hope of reforming the world through its agency, both its pulpit and press have uttered at least occasionally cries for a higher degree of spiritual life as a source of power and influence,—a state of things which evinces the great spiritual want of the human soul and the need of a living and divine Christ adequate to meet it.

Exactly what these men regard as the signpost for spirituality, or by what process they propose to reach it, we have no very intelligent information. If, however, it be a state of the affections artificially excited or a more serious regard for sacred things, inducing a deeper heart interest in religious matters, they will doubtless fail of even the attainment of either, or should they succeed, it will be far from satisfying the soul-want and demand of which they speak. But if on the other hand, they mean what Paul had in mind when he speaks of "Christ formed in us." Or elsewhere of "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us," then we do not see how it is to be obtained by other than the usual evangelical processes of repentance and faith. But how can we successfully pass through these with so low and inadequate intellectual views of Christ and of the truth and power of the inspired word, may be a problem of difficult solution. Perhaps there may be more practical force than is usually allowed, in the saying of Christ, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine;" and that of Paul, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Holding to the spiritual nature of man, may it not be true that sometimes the heart in its experience gets in advance of the head in its faith, or to state it within safer bounds, comes to its relief. In at least solitary instances Unitarians themselves have seemed to pay divine homage to Christ, whom their theory strips of the essential elements of the Godhead. Their hearts may have worshiped him in a higher character, than their intellects have admitted, or ever consciously conceived of.

Now then suppose one may reach this signpost for boon, an inner spiritual life, through soul experience irrespective of intellectual speculations or even beliefs, could he, urged by conscious want in all sincerity and self-abasement, come to this only fountain of life; and there learn by experience what this means, "born again," "raised from the dead" to a "newness of life" by the resurrection power of Christ, he would at once with the purest spontaneity hasten to the cross and "crown him" suspended thereon "Lord of all," and would "honor the Son even as he honors the Father." It would then remain for him to say whether having become orthodox in fact, he might not as well assume both the form and the name. To all this they must come, or the want complained of must remain unmet and unrelieved.

Such is the testimony of all Christian history. In every age, the men most distinguished for piety, whose whole lives have manifested a high spiritual experience, have in a corresponding degree exalted Christ in his nature and offices, and magnified the truth and power of every word that "proceeded out of his mouth." Let them begin then by admitting that those men and women, who in all the Christian ages, have been compelled, not from the evidence, of probing the mail-prints of his hands, but from hiding their very souls in the rent in his side, and in the cleft of a rock, to cry out "My Lord and my God," have not been compelled to it by mere blind enthusiasm.

Let them so far hold in abeyance all pre-judgment, as sincerely to pray, "Help thou our unbelief," and thus go in the prescribed way in search of Christ, whoever he may be, as the sinner's present help, and the dawn of hope will be upon us. But so long as they persistently resist the evidence of his divinity, derived from the appellations, attributes and work ascribed to him in the Scriptures, confirmed by his unquestionable miracles and strengthened by the testimony of millions that have believed on his name, so long as they reject the doctrine of regeneration, and ignore the processes by which it is reached, what is there or can there be left to them, but to lament a fatal want of reformatory force, and to sigh for a spiritual attainment never to be realized?

We have even these complaints growing more frequent and decisive, springing as they do, from a real conscious want, as omens of good. But to see a plenitude embracing so much wealth, intellect, learning and social refinement, making an actual move to wheel into the evangelical line its fact, if not in name, would constitute a marked feature of our times, and fill every pious heart with inexpressible joy.—J. F.

DELAYS. Owing to circumstances beyond our control, the first two numbers of the *Myrtle* and the April number of the *Quarterly* have been unduly delayed. Some of the obstacles with which we have had to contend have been insurmountable. In addition to the radical changes which

have been going on in the office, three of our compositors have been sick at the same time, and with all the help we could obtain, some of the force on the *Myrtle* and *Quarterly* had to be transferred to the *Star*. In view of all the difficulties the only wonder is that we have done as well as we have. We are now pleased to announce that matters are so well regulated that we hope to avoid delays hereafter. The April number of the *Quarterly* is nearly out of press. The first number of the *Myrtle* has been forwarded to subscribers, and the second number is printed and ready to be forwarded.

## Events of the Week.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL. The first four days of last week and a part of the fifth were occupied by the arguments of Messrs. Stevens and Williams of the managers and Mr. Evans of the counsel. It was, at the time of our writing, thought that Mr. Stanbery would be able to speak, and if such proved to be the case, he probably concluded on Saturday, leaving only the argument of Mr. Bingham to be presented. It was expected that he would commence Monday and conclude perhaps yesterday or to-day. The Senate will probably require two or three days for deliberation before the result can be reached. So it does not seem probable that the trial will be terminated before Saturday. The arguments of Mr. Stevens is justly characterized as brief and characteristic, that of Mr. Williams as strong though a little heavy, and that of Mr. Evans as brilliant, the speaker making a fine exhibition of his oratorical powers. Rumors respecting the character of the result are still abundant, but we see no reason for a change of the views which we expressed respecting this point last week. In connection with the impeachment trial there has been some unpleasant sparring respecting the connection of certain parties with

THE ALTA VELA AFFAIR. It appears that Mr. Nelson, of the counsel made some allusion to it in his argument, and cast some severe reflections on the course of Gen. Butler. On Tuesday, the last named gentleman brought the matter to the attention of the Senate and stated his connection therewith, alleging that he wrote out his opinion respecting it before the trial commenced. Mr. Nelson replied in an unbecoming manner, using language that might be construed into a challenge to a duel. Mr. Sumner subsequently introduced a resolution censuring Mr. Nelson, but for some reason the Senate did not see fit to pass it. If nothing else has been accomplished, the affair has afforded a sort of an episode to the impeachment trial. It turns out that the recent elections in

NORTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA have resulted in the adoption of their respective constitutions and the success of the Republican state tickets. The majority in each state has not yet been ascertained, but it will probably range from five to ten thousand. As we intimated last week, the first reports from these states were unfavorable to the Union cause, and indicated very strongly that the constitutions had been defeated. The result goes to confirm the belief that the telegraph at the south is largely under the control of the enemies of reconstruction,—a state of things which should not be tolerated.

THE PRESIDENCY. As the time of holding the National Conventions approaches, the interest in the question respecting who are to be the standard bearers of the two great political parties, deepens. It now seems to be a foregone conclusion that Gen. Grant is to be the Republican candidate for President. The large number of candidates for the office of Vice President on the ticket with him, is now reduced to three or four; and it seems probable that either Wilson, Colfax or Wade will be the man selected. The former would be especially acceptable to New England. The Democratic nomination for the Presidency manifestly lies between Gen. Hancock and Mr. Pendleton, the east favoring the former and the west the latter. Everything indicates that the contest will be a lively one.

## Current Topics.

A VITAL SUBJECT. We are pleased to learn from the *Congregationalist* and *Recorder*, that the topic, "The best means of promoting personal piety," was discussed by some of the Congregational ministers of Boston, at a recent meeting. No subject is at the present time more vital and important, and it seems to us that the view taken by the speakers was the correct one. They are represented as "inclined to the idea that the piety of the present age, though as good perhaps, on the whole, as that of any previous age, is after all superficial,—that it is too bustling in its manifestations, and not enough fed by the Scriptures, by meditation and secret prayer." It is quite time that this subject should receive more serious and prayerful consideration. The *Congregationalist* well remarks, "It is obvious that before the Redeemer's kingdom shall be fully and firmly established upon the earth, as marked a progress almost is to take place, in respect to the type of piety which shall prevail in the church, as in the conquest of nations now sitting in darkness."

CATHOLIC AGGRESSION. One view of Roman Catholic aggression is well presented in an extract of a letter of Rev. Dr. Bolands found elsewhere. It is evident that Romanists do not neglect to employ any means by which their cause may be advanced. "They," says an exchange, "employ fanaticism and reason, ignorance and learning, the Bible and tradition. They seize every instrumentality, from secular and Sunday schools upward; music, painting and the arts; the strength of man and the devotion of woman." The same exchange speaks of a kind of protracted meeting held by the Redemptorist Fathers, continuing from ten days to three weeks, one of which was re-

cently held in New York. These fathers are represented as very intense in their efforts. "As a professed evangelist strives to bring sinners to Christ, these fathers try to bring heretics into the church. Children, misses and students are taken from school. Homes are invaded. The ties of social life and friendship are employed to bring the young under the influence of these impassioned preachers." There is, however, another side to this question. Romanism in this country has to contend with the progress of the age and the spirit of our free institutions, which are secretly undermining its influence. It is also divided into rival factions and clans, destroying its essential unity. But this view of the case, affords no ground of excuse for Protestant indifference, in view of the aggressions of Rome. Its encroachments should be resisted at every step.

LAY PREACHING IN LONDON. Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, who is delivering a course of lectures in Boston on this subject, states some very interesting facts. It appears that there are three thousand lay preachers in London, who go out each Sabbath and preach the gospel in all sorts of places, and under the most adverse circumstances. This manner of preaching the gospel has not grown out of any mistrust of ordained clergymen, but to fill a want which an insufficient number of clergymen has created. These laymen enter on and perform their work with such earnestness and vigor that they are more than a match for any other body of Christians, Catholic or Protestant. Their discourses are of a moral and original character, not entering into the discussion of abstruse metaphysical subjects, but taking the simple truths of the Bible for their texts, the preachers favor their hearers with good, sound, practical common sense discourses. Most of them are reformed men, and know how to talk to their class with good effect. Prominent among them are Lord Shaftsbury, Henry Varley and Richard Weaver. Would that God might raise up such men among us.

A PROSPEROUS CHURCH. In a recent anniversary sermon, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue church, Brooklyn, said, "Eight years ago our membership was a little over one hundred; it is now one thousand one hundred and thirty-two communicants. We have received one hundred and eighty-five this year, of whom forty-one were on profession of faith." This almost unequalled instance of growth speaks well for both pastor and people. We believe it safe to say that, under God, it is attributable to the labors of an earnest and faithful pastor and a co-operating people. Under like circumstances, is there any reason why similar results may not be witnessed everywhere?

SHUNNING RESPONSIBILITY. A recent act of Gov. Bullock, of Mass., betrays a strong disposition on the part of his "Excellency" to avoid responsibility. He sent a brief and pertinent message to the Legislature, pointing out very clearly the objectionable features in the license law passed by that body, and stated the reasons why he could not approve it. He nevertheless allows it to become a law without his signature, and seeks to throw the responsibility of its evil effects upon the Legislature alone. The question naturally arises, Is this the proper position to be occupied by the Chief Magistrate of a great Commonwealth? The Boston *Traveller* gives it the following very just answer:

The office of Governor is one of responsibility, and its dignity is lowered when the occupant of the position seeks to retain its honors while shirking its duties. The attempt to hold the Legislature responsible for a law which he does not approve, and which it is in his power to defeat, adds credit neither to the officer nor the office, and the plea that he has not approved it, and the explanation of its bad features, which he now gives, will hardly excuse him when the character of the bill shall have been shown by its operation, and the evils he predicts have been realized.

## A Special London Letter.

The following friendly epistle will be recognized as one recognizes the fresh tone of an old familiar voice. Years since the writer was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Star*. Out of regard to his peculiar relations to our readers in other days, let us aside modern methods of address, let modesty take its risk, and print his letter just as it is written. It is a pleasant reminder of the past, and we shall only do him proper justice by letting him speak in his own way.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Apr. 11, 1868.

My Dear Brother Day.—Having received the dear old *Star* in its original costume and form for more than twenty years weekly, I was pleasantly impressed with its new appearance, and felt constrained to offer to you and all "Star Friends" my hearty congratulations. I think the change in form will make it more convenient as a family paper, and enable you to arrange your material to greater advantage and much to the convenience of your readers. Your editorial conduct of the *Star* is in the highest degree satisfactory. I have marked the varied changes, and additions with much pleasure, and I am sure, if you progress as you have done during the last six months, your paper will take a place in the very first rank among the numerous and talented journals in your country. Surely the paper, under the sunny beams of Day, and ushered in every week by the early *Star* of Morn, ought to be a felt power of light and joy in all your churches.

My connection here is mainly with the "Morning and Evening Star" of London,—a journal which has ever been an enlightened advocate of American union, liberty and progress. From the breaking out of that wicked rebellion to its subjugation, our "Star" stood forth the champion of your constitution, and has ever been the avowed friend of America and her institutions. Our "Star" I have twice a day, at breakfast and

at supper, so that I ought to have "Star-light" enough for every purpose of life.

The other day I joined a deputation to your most esteemed and excellent Minister, the Hon. Mr. Adams, to present an address to him chiefly from the friends of "The Freedmen's Aid Society." We had several members of Parliament, a number of ministers of different denominations; and a large sprinkling of friends, who all joined in expressing their admiration of Mr. Adams and declaring their deep regret that he would so shortly leave our shores. It is felt here that if you made him your President, he would fill that high position with great ability and honor to your government and nation.

And now my dear Bro. Day, I would like to be at your next Triennial Convention; but when I next land in your country, I am desirous of seeing how big it really is, and wish to traverse it from the sea-board of the Atlantic to the Pacific; and therefore I think I must wait till your great Railway is finished by which great facilities will be afforded for its accomplishment. One of the members of my congregation has just returned from California on a visit to her mother, having effected the journey alone between the months of November and March. One of our great friends, an intimate personal friend, Jno. Everett, Esq., is now in your Southern States seeing how monetary arrangements could be made for supplying British capital, at reasonable interest, to the planters and others, and thus establishing friendly trading relations between those States and England. I will send you this day's "Star," in which you will see a long letter from him on the subject, written at Memphis. You have territory and immense agricultural resources; Europe has surplus workers, and England plenty of capital. A conjunction of these elements, and general good would be the result.

Two things I most ardently long for—an "Ocean Penny Postage" and a "Reciprocal Author's Copyright," by which brains shall be paid for by whomsoever and wheresoever they are appropriated. I tell you that I feel it to be a severe wrong that about eighteen of my volumes, if not more, have been republished in your states without ever having yielded me one penny of recompense. Now a very small percentage would satisfy authors on either side of the Atlantic; and would certainly be a matter of the sheerest justice. Besides, I have suffered greatly by my works having been smuggled from the United States into the colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the whole of the Canadas. Well, I hope when you get all your other matters right, and get a President worthy of you, that you will be ready to act with our government in the establishment of an international Copyright Treaty. If ever I get anything in this way, I will cheerfully spend it in your country.

The great question of the day with us is the Irish Disestablishment, and one worthy of a Parliament elected by a largely enfranchised people. We are looking for great things, and I have no doubt we shall accomplish greater reforms still, especially in legal and social questions.

And now with the most pleasing remembrances of every dear friend I associated with in 1847, twenty-one years ago,—though several have gone home,—when I was with you, and hoping to see many faces again in the flesh, and wishing you a plenitude of all good things denominationally and nationally, I am, dear Bro. Day, Yours most affectionately,

J. BURNS.

## The Next Register.

The near approach of the close of another statistical year should remind all concerned that the time to prepare for the publication of the FREEWILL BAPTIST REGISTER for 1869 has fully come. In accordance, therefore, with the usual practice, *Blanks*, to be filled with the desired statistics, have been forwarded to the clerks of the several Quarterly Meetings. These *Blanks* are of two kinds:

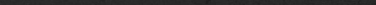
1. Those designed for the use of the clerks of the churches. These have been sent to the Q. M. clerks, who are expected to forward one of them immediately to the clerk of each of the churches connected with their respective Q. M's. The church clerks are to fill these blanks and return them at once to their respective Q. M. clerks.
2. Those designed for the use of the Q. M. clerks. These are to be filled from reports of the church clerks and returned to the Agent of the Printing Establishment as soon as possible after the first of June, when the statistical year closes. All should be returned by the middle of July.

Promptness, accuracy and personal interest will be necessary on the part of clerks of both churches and Q. M's, in order that the returns for the next Register may be full and correct, and that its publication may not be delayed.

## Denominational News and Notes.

### F. Baptist Theological School.

The plan for aiding young men engaged in preparing for the gospel ministry was formed in the autumn of 1859. It resulted, in Jan. 1860, in the Acton convention, when the F. Baptist Education Society was organized to take the oversight of this object, and incidentally of our Seminars, as contributing to the same purpose. Under its direction a library was collected and a department of instruction opened with a teacher of Parsonsfield Seminary. In 1864, the Biblical School, as it was then called, was removed to Whitestown, N. Y. and two instructors employed, though it was at that time without funds and several hundred dollars in debt. The number of students was largely increased.



## Poetry.

## An Angel's Work.

So fair before me rose the heavenly streets,  
So near me seemed to lie those shining ways,  
Onward pressed to open the pearly gates,  
And join the dear ones in their songs of praise.

But, while my heart almost with longing broke,  
These came the voice of One, my chosen Guide;  
In tones of unapproaching love he spoke,  
And bade me think upon those ways untried.

"Wert thou e'en now in highest heaven to stand,  
And drink of all its pure delights thy fill,  
Wouldst thou not ask at length to join the band  
Who strive on earth to do their Master's will?"

See now upon her couch, thy daughter laid;  
The joyous summer months unnoticed flow;  
Fast by the stream of death her steps are stayed,  
And day by day faint life doth fainter grow.

What favored voice shall charm the weary hour?  
What privileged hand for her a servant be?  
What angel downward stoop from heavenly bower?  
Wouldst thou not crave this precious boon of me?"

Low at his feet I bowed my tear-stained face;  
"Dear Lord, I only seek thy will to do;  
But since thou givest me an angel's place,  
O give me angel love and patience, too."

—The Independent.

## The Sorrowful Good Night.

She went to bed without her mother's kiss;  
This, this is grief—O, anything but this!  
The tears were in her eyes, her step was slow;  
She bade good night with voice so sad and low,  
Like one whose little heart was full of woe.

She had done wrong, and so her mother said  
That she must go without her kiss to bed;  
O, how she wished that she had always been  
Good as she ought, and that the stain of sin  
Had never come to soil her heart within.

Sadly and wearily she laid her head  
Upon the pillow of her little bed,  
Without the kiss that always made her glad—  
The kiss that chased away all feelings bad;  
Alas! for her poor heart—tearful and sad.

—Western Presbyterian.

## The Family Circle.

## A Cripple for Life.

"Have you noticed that poor little fellow  
on crutches at the white house in Marion  
street?" said one of three ladies who were  
spending an afternoon together.

"Yes, and it was just in my thought  
to speak of him," was answered. "I noticed  
the child yesterday. What a sweet, patient  
face he has! He can't be more than ten  
years old."

"And a cripple for life!" said the third  
lady.

Her two friends turned their eyes upon  
her with looks of inquiry.

"You know him?" remarked one of them.  
"Oh, yes. His name is Albert Owings;  
son of Mr. Edward Owings, one of the best  
men in our town."

"Has he been long a cripple?"

"About a year."

"How did it happen? Had he a fall?"

"I will tell you about it if you care to  
listen. The story is a sad one, and but for  
its lesson and warning, I would not revive  
it now."

The two ladies drew closer to the speaker,  
and she went on:

"Little Albert was a favorite with everybody  
who knew him. He had a sweet temper,  
and artless, winning ways from the first.  
When but three years old he was the pet  
of the neighborhood. But, nothing seemed  
to spoil him. As he grew older he did not  
become rude and boisterous like too many  
children; and yet he was full of life,  
and loved to romp and play as well as any."

"Year after year was added to his life. The  
birthdays came and went until he was nine  
years old. The children's birthdays are  
always kept in Mr. Owings's house. I am  
intimate with the family, and was one of  
the few outside friends who were invited to  
drop in after tea. I promised myself a  
pleasant evening, for I knew the charmed  
circle into which I was going."

"It was early in autumn, and the days  
were growing shorter. Darkness had fallen  
when I stood at Mr. Owings's door. I found  
the family in much distress and alarm. Albert  
had gone with a neighbor's son to visit  
a friend of his mother who lived half a  
mile from the city, and word had been received  
that he had fallen from a tree and was  
too much hurt to walk home. Mr.  
Owings and his mother had just left in a  
carriage, taking the doctor with them."

"For over an hour we waited in painful  
anxiety. Then the father and mother returned,  
bringing the poor boy with them. A bed, on which  
he was lying, had been placed in the carriage.  
He was helpless, and in great suffering. It took  
us a long time to get him out of the carriage and  
up stairs to his bed, for the slightest movement  
of his body made him cry out with pain.  
No bones were broken, but the doctor said  
there were serious internal injuries. From  
the hips down he was paralyzed. He could  
move his arms, but not his legs."

"Oh, that was a sad, sad night! Albert's  
suffering was so great that anodynes had to  
be given before he could get ease or sleep."

"How did it happen?" asked one of the  
ladies. "He fell from a tree, you said?"

"I will answer your question as nearly  
as I can in Albert's own words. One day,  
about a week after the accident, I was sitting  
with the poor boy, who lay helpless in bed,  
free from pain, I am glad to say, when I  
asked him to tell me just how it all happened.  
A slight color came into his pale face,  
and a look I could not understand into  
his eyes. His mother, who was sitting by,  
noticed this change in his countenance."

"Tell us all about it, my son," she said,  
as she leaned over him. "I don't know yet  
just how it was."

"He put his arms around her neck and held  
her face close to his own for over a minute.  
On releasing her, I saw that his eyes were  
wet and had a look of doubt and trouble."

"You were not doing anything wrong,  
I hope, Albert?" said his mother.

"No, ma'am," he answered quickly.

"Nothing that I knew to be wrong. But  
maybe somebody else was."

"Who?"

"He did not reply, but looked from his  
mother's face to mine in an uncertain way."

"Who was doing wrong, dear?" asked  
his mother.

"Mrs. Kline, maybe."

"How?"

"When she gave me that glass of cur-  
rant wine."

"A glass of currant wine! You didn't  
tell me of that before."

"No, ma'am."

"Why, Albert?"

"I don't know, mamma. It seemed as if  
I couldn't."

"I shall never forget the sadness of his  
large, bright eyes as they rested on his  
mother's face."

"Tell me all about it now, darling.  
Don't keep back anything."

"I won't keep back a word, mamma," he  
said. "It was just this way that it hap-  
pened: We went out to Mrs. Kline's, Willy  
Lawson and I, as you said we might. And  
Mrs. Kline seemed so glad to see us. I  
told her it was my birthday, and then she  
seemed more pleased, and kissed me, and  
stroked my hair, and patted my cheeks,  
and said I must have something in honor of  
the day. I didn't know what she meant  
until she brought in a waiter with cakes  
and three glasses of wine. 'It won't hurt  
you,' she said. 'It's only currant wine. I  
made it myself.' So I took one glass and  
Willy another. 'Here's to your good  
health, and many happy returns of the  
day,' said Mrs. Kline, taking the other  
glass and drinking. We drank too, and  
ate just as much cake as we wanted. Then  
we went out of doors to play."

"Was it a full glass of wine?" asked  
Mrs. Owings, choking in her voice.

"Brimful," answered the boy.

"And you drank it all?"

"Yes, ma'am, every drop."

"And what then?"

"Oh, it burnt all down inside of me like  
fire, and made my face red, and set my  
knees trembling. It got up into my head,  
too, and made it feel so large and strange!  
I was hot all over. So I went down to the  
spring-house and washed my face in the  
cool water; and that made me feel better.  
We sat there, Willy and I, playing in the  
brook. We built a little dam, and sailed  
bits of wood and bark on the water. After  
a while Mrs. Kline came out and said she  
was afraid we'd get our clothes wet and  
muddy, and told us there was a chestnut  
tree in the wood, back of the house, and  
she thought the burrs were beginning to  
open and drop the nuts. So off we ran to  
the woods and found the tree. But though  
we saw the great bunches of chestnut burrs  
hanging up on the limbs, not a single nut  
could we find on the ground. We threw  
stones and sticks, but didn't knock any  
down they were so high. 'If it wasn't  
such a big tree, I'd climb it,' said Willy."

"I'm not afraid," said I feeling just as  
brave and strong as if I'd been a man. So  
at the tree I went, Willy helping me, until  
I could get hold of the lowest limb and pull  
myself up. I don't know what made me  
do it, for I never tried to climb a big tree  
like that before in all my life. I've thought  
about it since lying here ever so much,  
and think it must have been the wine that  
made me do it. I heard papa say once that  
when wine was in the wit was out. And I'm  
sure the wit was out of my head, or I'd  
never have gone up that chestnut tree.

When I got on to the limb, which was al-  
most as big as a tree itself, I felt as hot all  
over as when I drank the glass of currant  
wine. My arms and legs were trembling,  
and my head buzzing and turning round.  
I had to shut my eyes and hold on to the  
limb to keep from falling."

"After a while I felt better, and then  
stood up on the limb and reached to one  
above, pulling and scrambling until I got  
to a higher place. Then the trembling and  
turning in my head came again, and I had  
to hug my arms about a limb to keep from  
dropping right down. I was way up now,  
ever so far from the ground, as high as a  
second-story window. Then it came over  
me, all at once, how I was to get down;  
and I felt so scared and weak, and my head  
went round so, that I couldn't hold on.  
One of my feet slipped and I felt myself  
going. Oh, it was dreadful! I didn't  
know anything after that, until I found my-  
self in bed at Mrs. Kline's, and she crying  
and going on; and then it all came back  
to me."

"We sat, Mrs. Owings and I, for a good  
while after the child had finished his story,  
not speaking a word, until he said, 'I'm  
sure it was the wine, mamma. I'd never  
thought of climbing the tree if it hadn't  
been for the wine. Somehow I wasn't just  
myself after I drank it. But don't be angry  
with Mrs. Kline; she wanted to honor my  
birthday, and didn't think it would hurt  
me.'"

"We looked at each other for a few mo-  
ments. Mrs. Owings tried to speak, but  
her voice choked in the effort. Her boy  
crippled for life lay before her, and the  
hand that had struck him down was the  
hand of one who loved him. It had been  
lifted in kindness—alas! what mistaken  
kindness!"

"The lady ceased. Over the faces of her  
two friends there fell shadows of pain.  
Both of them sat, with eyes cast down for  
a long while."

"That a cause so light should work so  
sad a disaster!" said one of them at length,  
sighing deeply as she spoke.

"A cripple for life! And all from a sin-  
gle glass of currant wine, offered in honor  
of his birthday!" said the other, echoing the  
sigh of her friend. "Why," she added,  
the color coming suddenly into her face and  
then as suddenly fading out, "I did that

very thing to a dear little nephew only a  
week ago! And now I remember that he  
came near being run over by a horse on his  
way home; and that when I asked him  
about it he said he couldn't just tell how it  
was, but he kind of forgot himself and  
didn't think about taking care, as he always  
did when crossing a street. It never came  
to me until this moment that the wine had  
confused his little brain."

"If it has power to confuse the brains of  
strong men," answered the lady who had  
told the story of Albert's fall from a chest-  
nut tree, "how much more the weak and  
delicate brains of children!"

"What a warning!" exclaimed the other.

"I will never give even the lightest wine to  
a child again."

"Men as well as children have been made  
cripples for life through a glass of wine  
offered by a friendly hand," said the lady.

"There is no safety when the brain is stimu-  
lated above its healthy action. No one can  
tell the moment when life or limb may  
depend on the cool head and steady hand,  
when the slightest confusion of mind may  
bring terrible disaster. Let us, then, who  
have so much influence over the customs of  
society, set our faces against this thing of  
offering wine to our friends. We can work  
a great reform if we will. Taking this  
poor, crippled child as a text, we may  
preach temperance sermons to men, women  
and children of such force that none can  
withstand us. What say you, friends?"

"And they joined hands, promising to set  
their faces against a custom so full of dan-  
ger. Many bottles of currant wine, and  
blackberry wine and cherry-bounce were  
emptied on the ground by these ladies, and  
also by others to whom they preached their  
temperance sermons. The text whenever  
announced, was sure to gain attentive  
listeners.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

## Faith.

"Mother, does Susan tell me right; are  
there fourteen bones in my toes?" Mrs.  
More smiled, as she turned around to  
see Kitty with her little gaiter and stock-  
ing off examining the five little pink and  
white tips that were perched upon the op-  
posite knee. "I shouldn't think there was  
more than one little bone—it seems like  
most meat," she continued, as she twisted  
a flexible little toe round, and pulled it  
first one way and then another.

"Susan is right; you have as many bones  
in your toes as in your fingers," said the  
mother as she took her little girl's hand and  
showed by the joints how she could count  
them. Kitty was pleased, and immediately  
drew on her stocking and gaiter without  
further examination of her little pedal.

She was going about something else when  
her mother asked—

"Why didn't you examine your toes long-  
er?"

"Oh, I knew you told me right."

"Do you know why you believe me?"

"No, and I do not know why I feel so  
satisfied when you tell me things. 'Oh,  
yes,' continued she, recollecting herself,  
'I do know; I have faith in you. My Sab-  
bath school teacher says we believe those  
in whom we have faith.'"

"And why?" asked her mother, "do you  
have more faith in me than in Susan? She  
has never deceived you, has she?"

"Oh, no, Susan never deceives me; but you  
are older and know so much more. My  
teacher said we children have faith in those  
older and wiser than we, and that old peo-  
ple, like you and father and grandma, have  
somebody to trust in just as we children  
do,—you have God, and we children have  
God, and you older folks, too. I guess  
mother, you were thinking of my Sunday  
school lesson. 'Have faith in God,' when  
you asked me why I believed you."

Kitty guessed right.

New Anecdotes of Wordsworth.

First, let me give you some idea of this  
venerable and good man, who in many  
things resembled Milton. There was the  
same austerity of life; the same rigid mor-  
ality, honesty and independence; and de-  
spite his great genius, the same narrow-  
mindedness in high, he was tall, being  
over six feet and gaunt and straggling in  
his person. His clothes were always too  
large for him, and seemed as though he had  
thrown them on loosely. His forehead was  
not high, his nose was large and slightly  
aquiline, and his lip and chin were droop-  
ing. He had straggling whiskers, which  
were all the hair he wore on his face. His  
eyes were deep set and abstracted, and of  
brownish gray. Leigh Hunt said they al-  
ways reminded him of the prophet Jeremi-  
ah's, being generally fixed in a dreamy  
musing, as though he was looking within  
himself, rather than out at the world. His  
voice was deep, and sounded as though it  
came from his chest; this was eminently  
characteristic of the man's nature, which  
was most emphatic and earnest. Indeed  
he seemed as though he was always talk-  
ing under oath, and giving evidence in a court  
of law, rather than joining in a conversa-  
tion. He was entirely destitute of humor,  
and could not understand a joke, unless it  
was logically put, and then proved. If any  
one wished him to appreciate one, he would  
have to put it in a mathematical shape. In  
fact, he saw no more fun in Joe Miller than  
he did in Euclid. In telling the common-  
est occurrence, he would be painfully pre-  
cise as to whether it happened on Monday  
or Tuesday, and thus he often destroyed  
the spirit in preserving the letter. Cole-  
ridge once told him to his face that he loved  
fact better than truth; and Wordsworth  
told me, very gravely, when speaking of  
Coleridge, that he could see no difference  
between them. Let us while at this point,  
relate a short anecdote, which will give a  
better idea of Wordsworth's want of sym-  
pathy with humor than a labored disquisi-  
tion.

He was dining in 1840 at the table of that  
fine specimen of a Christian jurist, Thomas  
Noon Talfourd, equally distinguished as a

lawyer and dramatist, when one of the com-  
pany, Robert Browning, the poet, made an  
allusion to Moore's wit. Wordsworth, who  
was chatty when in the society of those he  
liked, said, "Well, I don't think that I am  
a witty man by any means. Indeed, I do  
not think that I was ever witty but once in  
my life!" Of course there was a great  
desire to hear this solitary wittrism. Thus  
importuned the old bard said, "Well—  
well, I'll tell you. I was standing one eve-  
ning at my gate at Rydal Mount, when a man  
came up and said, 'Sir did you see my wife  
pass by?' Whereupon I replied, 'My good  
sir, I did not know till this minute that you  
had a wife.'" Here he paused. We all  
saw that he had told all he had to say, and  
the whole company laughed heartily at this  
specimen of Wordsworth's wit. The dear  
old gentleman always took the merriest  
story provoked as a genuine tribute to his  
wit.

One morning he called, and asked me to  
accompany him to an adjoining street,  
where he was told a cheap tailor lived.  
The address he had received from his friend  
was so precise that we found it without  
trouble. In we walked.

"Is this Mr. Jones's?" asked the poet.

A man coming forward said, "Yes sir."

"Are you Mr. Jones, the tailor?"

"No, sir."

"Then I want to see Mr. Jones himself."

Jones was up stairs, but he was sum-  
moned. Wordsworth, having made cer-  
tain that he had now got hold of the verita-  
ble Jones, then very solemnly informed  
him that he was a friend of Lord Montague,  
the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that  
he was on a visit to him and that Lord  
Montague's butler, who was a very reli-  
able and decent man, had recommended  
him to Mr. Jones as being a very reliable  
tailor who sold cheap for cash. Jones  
bowed deferentially.

"I now want you, Mr. Jones," contin-  
ued the poet, "to measure me for two suits  
of clothes; one for Sunday, and the other  
for walking about in the country. I ought  
to have told you, Mr. Jones, that I live at  
Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, Westmore-  
land, and that I am a great wanderer about  
the fields and hills there."

Jones bowed, and was about to measure  
him, when Wordsworth said:

"Stop a bit; let me show you how I  
walk in the country. You will then see  
that I want the clothes made very loose,  
and the stitches made very strong, so that  
I may throw my arms about in this fashion,  
without splitting the garments."

Saying this, Wordsworth commenced to  
walk up and down the shop, taking long  
strides, and flinging his arms about as  
though he was a windmill in a gale of wind.  
By this time the people employed there  
seemed much amused at the scene. When  
the old poet had sufficiently impressed up-  
on the tailor the necessity of making his  
clothes very strong, in order to resist his  
gyrations, he walked up to the somewhat  
obfuscated Jones, and said with great ear-  
nestness, "You have seen how I walk; now  
measure me."

Jones measured him, and we departed,  
Wordsworth telling the tailor to send on to  
me if he wanted anything further. Next  
morning the tailor called on me; and, af-  
ter a little humming and hawing, inquired,  
with much mystery, and in a subdued tone  
of voice if he was really to make the clothes  
ordered by the old gentleman.

"Certainly. Why do you ask?" was my  
rejoinder.

"Because, sir," said Jones deferentially,  
"I thought he was a little crazy, and that  
you only had him measured to humor  
him."

I then informed the sceptical Jones that  
the gentleman in question was a very dis-  
tinguished man, being no other than Mr.  
William Wordsworth, the great poet.

I am sorry to add, for the reputation of  
all tailors, that Jones was no wiser than he  
was before, never having heard of the au-  
thor of "Peter Bell" till that minute. Up-  
on my assurance, however, that the old  
gentleman was no more mad than either  
Jones or myself, he made the clothes, sent  
them home in the care of Lord Mon-  
teagle's butler, with whom Wordsworth  
had left the money to pay him.—Our Boys  
and Girls.

## Literary Review.

## Pamphlets, Magazines, &amp;c.

THE GALAXY appears according to promise,  
enlarged, improved, and apparently enter-  
ing upon a new and higher career of prosper-  
ity. One hundred and fifty pages of racy, vigor-  
ous, varied writing are offered at a very reason-  
able price. Less scholarly than the Atlantic,  
less select and elevated in contents than  
Putnam, less select and elevated in contents  
than the Atlantic, it is nevertheless entertain-  
ing and always thoroughly alive. It has no  
pages, though it does have some that are  
seasoned and sensational. Not wholly lack-  
ing solidity, its leading quality is point. A  
little extravaganza now and then appears,  
and the following paragraphs, which open  
one of the articles in the present issue, run  
to the very verge of literary outlandishness  
and bathos:

To Democracy, the leveller, the unyielding  
first principle of the average, is surely joined  
another principle, equally unyielding, closely  
tracking the first, indispensable to it, opposi-  
te, (as the sexes are opposite) and whose exist-  
ence, confronting and ever modifying the other,  
often clashing, even defiant, paradoxical, yet  
never of highest avail without the other, plain-  
ly supplies to these grand cosmic politics of  
Republicanism, the analogic counterpart and  
offset.

Still the Galaxy shines with a light that does  
not wholly cheat. New York: Sheldon & Co.

THE NEW ECLECTIC for May commences  
the second volume of this new and valuable  
periodical, which has speedily and amply proved its

rightful claim to an honorable place among  
current periodicals, and to a generous patronage  
from the lovers of an elevated and unexception-  
able literature. We are happy to mention it as a  
most creditable and grateful exception to the  
general statement made a few weeks since re-  
specting the literature hailing from certain lo-  
calities. Issued at Baltimore, it wholly lacks  
the crudity and the bitter sectionalism which  
we felt compelled to point out in "Southern So-  
ciety." The New Eclectic is really an excellent  
resumé of the very best contributions to foreign  
periodicals, and it is served up in a style and  
taste that deserve only commendation. We  
would rejoice to see it circulating freely and read  
attentively in every section of the country, for in  
character it is above all the limitations of locality  
and belongs to the whole republic of letters.  
Baltimore: Trumbull & Murdoch.

HOURS at HOME for May is as inviting and  
instructive as usual. With this number this  
publication enters upon the third year of its career;  
and it gives us pleasure to say, that by its hon-  
orable and straightforward course, it has well  
earned the position which it occupies, as one of  
the first and best monthlies in the land. The  
contents of the May number are: The Chapter of  
Pearls; The Prospects of Poets; Napoleon and St.  
Domingo; A Glance at Spain; Dies Irae; Cam-  
ille; Raphael's Madonna Di San Sisto; The  
Climate of the Mississippi Valley; Home and  
Woman; Three Meetings; The Leper of the City  
of Aoste; Distinctions of Color; Peace; The  
Jews in China; Books of the Month. The ar-  
ticles of Drs. Palmer and Bushnell are especially  
interesting and valuable. New York: Charles  
Scribner & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for May is a number of  
fair excellence, and will be found especially  
interesting to juvenile readers. It contains: Hol-  
day Romance; One Saturday; Dotty Dimple  
Making a Call; The Peterkins at Home; How  
John found Mass Linkum; About Me and the  
Big-Sea Water; Princekin; Rain; Cast away in  
the Cold; "Frightened Eyes;" Music; Round  
the Evening Lamp; Our Letter Box. Boston:  
Ticknor & Fields.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for April presents  
its usual appearance and contains: Horace;  
the causes of his popularity; Linda Tresselt; His-  
torical Sketches of the Reign of George II.; No. II.  
The Minister; William Edmondstone Aytoun;  
Cornelius O'Dowd; Charles Keane and the Mod-  
ern Stage; The New Nostrum for Ireland—A  
Song; The Battle for Place. Republished by L.  
Scott. New York.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, edited by T. S.  
Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend; May, 1868.  
Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. A Magazine for the  
Little Ones. Edited by T. S. Arthur. May,  
1868. Same Publishers.

Arthur's publications, always readable and  
good, need no commendation.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. May 2, 1868. Pub-  
lished every Saturday. Littell & Gay, No. 30  
Broadfield Street, Boston.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## The Dickens Banquet.

The dinner given to Mr. Dickens on last  
Saturday evening by the representatives of  
the American press, has many attractive  
features. The great novelist expressed the  
feeling of deep gratitude at his reception  
and his high appreciation of the value of  
the services performed by the press. To the  
wholesome training of severe news-  
paper work, when young, he constantly  
referred his first successes. He has been  
astounded at the amazing changes that he  
has seen on every side, "changes moral;  
changes physical; changes in the amount  
of land subdued and cultivated; changes  
in the rise of vast new cities; changes in  
the growth of older cities, almost out of  
recognition; changes in the growth of the  
graces and gaieties of life; changes in the  
press, without whose management no ad-  
vancement can take place."

While declaring that nothing could induce  
him to write another book on this country,  
he says, "I have resolved, on my return to  
England, in my own English journal, man-  
fully, promptly, and plainly in my own  
person, to bear for the behoof of my coun-  
trymen, such testimony to the gigantic  
changes in this country as I have hinted  
at to-night. Also to record that wherever  
I have been, in the smallest places equally  
with the largest, I have been received  
with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy,  
sweet temper, hospitality and considera-  
tion; and with unsurpassable respect for  
the privacy daily enforced upon me by the  
nature of my avocation and the state of my  
health. This testimony, so long as I live  
and as long as my descendants have any  
legal right in my books, I shall cause to  
be republished as an appendix to every  
copy of those two books of mine in which  
I have referred to America, and this I will  
do and cause to be done, not in mere love  
and thankfulness, but because I regard it  
as an act of justice and honor."

The point of chief importance in Mr.  
Dickens's speech was the emphasis he placed  
on the mutual friendships, interests and  
aspirations of England and this country.  
His language is in striking contrast with that  
we sometimes hear from ardent politicians  
who would fan the flame of hatred. Mr.  
Dickens puts the case so strongly that we  
give this part of his speech in full:

Points of difference there have been,  
points of difference there are, points of dif-  
ference there probably always will be,  
between the two great peoples—but the  
broadest in England is sown the senti-  
ment that these two peoples are essentially  
one, and that it rests with them jointly to  
uphold the great Anglo-Saxon race which  
our President has referred to, and all its  
achievements before the world. If I know  
anything of my countrymen—and they give  
me credit for knowing something—if I know  
anything of my countrymen, gentlemen,  
the English heart is stirred by the  
fluttering of those stars and stripes as it is  
stirred by no other flag except its own. If  
I know my countrymen, in any and every  
relation towards America they begin not  
as Sir Anthony Absolute recommended  
lovers to begin, with "a little aversion," but  
with a great liking and profound respect,  
and whatever the little sensitiveness of the  
moment, or the little official policy, now  
or then or here or there, my word for it  
that the first, enduring, great, popular con-  
sideration in England is a generous con-  
struction of justice. Finally, gentlemen,  
and I say this subject to your correction,  
I do believe that from the great majority  
of honest minds on both sides, there can-  
not be absent the conviction that it would  
be better for this globe to be riven by an  
earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by  
an iceberg and abandoned to the Arctic  
foxes and bears, than that it should present



