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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR.
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1868.

The Sure Refuge.

"Trust in Him at all times." PSALM lxxviii.
O! I know the hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light;
And I know that all biding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is rilled with a golden life;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.
When faints and falls each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
O! I know where to find the honey-drop
On the bitter chalice brim.
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete;
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.
I can wait till the dawning shall overflow
The night of pain and care;
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, I feel that the hand which is holding me,
Will ever hold me fast;
And the strength of the arms that are folding me,
Will keep me to the last.

—Crescent.

The Contrast.

"Now I know in part," says Paul. We do well to remember this. Those who know the most have read a few pages only, while infinite volumes remain unopened, with even their titles unknown. We know something of existence, action, thought, volition, affection, enjoyment, suffering, and are told in revelation something of God, Christ, salvation, heaven and hell. But a child can push the wisest beyond their depth by a dozen questions.

We only in part discern what is laid before our eyes. Occasionally one perceived beauties, forces, principles, utility and excellences which had been before all eyes for ages, but no one could see them. Beethoven heard harmonies and wrote them which others had never suspected. Newton saw a natural law to which the whole world had been blind. Morse saw a servant in lightning when others saw only a terrific enemy. Stephenson discovered capacities in steam of which others had never dreamed. Some have beheld moral beauties, sublime excellences of character, of which the masses of men were totally unaware. What does this suggest? That there are beauties in nature and revelation which the wisest have not perceived. If our eyes could be opened, we might see new truths as the prophet's servant saw the mountain tops covered with angels.

Our theories are doubtless at fault, through partial knowledge of facts. We have a Babel in the world of speculation. Are all right? Are any right? Do any see all sides and all the conditions of the subject discussed? Men dogmatize about God, incarnation, atonement, death, resurrection and eternity, as if all the facts were before them, and they were liable to no mistake. But they know only in part and are much more likely to be wrong than right. God has declared great facts touching these matters and we do well to receive them, expecting that when more light dawns upon us our views will be greatly changed and many difficulties solved.

But Paul assures us that there is a day coming when "we shall know as we are known." This is a remarkable saying. It is a flash of light from eternity. It suggests wondrous things in the future. Shall we know God, and all the hosts of heaven, as God now knows us? Shall we understand the great mysteries of being, law, sin, redemption? Will all facts lie before us, and clear vision be given then to discern what is now hidden from us? What beauties, truths and glories will be likely to dawn upon our souls! Short-sighted persons, who had never seen the stars, nor the golden colors of sunset, have been enraptured when sight was aided by a glass. We have a prospect of infinitely greater revelations when we no longer see through a glass darkly but behold face to face. The glass of revelation helps us greatly; vision in heaven will do infinitely more.

We speak of knowing each other here, and we love and admire the good, wise and

true. How much better is a man than a sheep? But we now know not the glory of human nature. We are amazed that Christ should die for us. We shall probably then see a beauty, value and capacity in the soul of man which will account for it all. That child friend, or neighbor, that has "gone over the river," will awaken an admiration in our minds beyond expression, when we see him again. We shall be surprised that so much of worth, glory and interest dwelt, conversed and lived with us, and we knew it not. The effect of grace upon the soul will be magnified. The Scriptures speak of being "changed from glory into glory;" of being presented to Christ as a "glorious church;" and we shall see that no human language could tell, and no mind in the body could receive the full sense of what the Spirit had in view. He uses the loftiest words and awakens the loftiest ideals, but both fall so far below the reality as to justify the confession that we know only in part, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

"Then shall we know as we are known." Does this mean that we shall know by intuition; by direct, immediate vision? Thus God knows us. Thus some human minds seem to know. Blind Tom knew music without learning it. One mind was master of mathematics without learning them. Who can say that mind, delivered from mortal restraints, will not see all truth. Know the past, discern the future and penetrate the mysteries of the universe with ease? Why may not the redeemed souls, from vital union with the Divine mind, possess peculiar endowments of this character even above angels? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Our poor, fettered souls cannot soar much now, though they do sometimes plume their wings and feel the inspiration of something higher and better. We shall ere long be free.

As we know, we shall be happy. The thought of such a life, the soul so active, vision so clear, beauties so transporting, no weariness nor sleep, no mental darkness, to break the rich, varied and joyous experience is now thrilling to our hearts. It will be "joy unspeakable and full of glory" to know as we are known.

To this the saints are invited. Through Christ we can enter this bright experience and dwell in light. Out of Christ darkness is our doom. Who can endure that eternal night? Who will risk the loss of knowing and enjoying all that is true, beautiful, divine and glorious? The one is eternal life, the other, eternal death.—G. H. B.

Baptism and Salvation.

A brother requests an explanation of Acts 2:38; "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." Also 1 Peter 3:21; "The like figure whereunto, even baptism doth also now save us, (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." Though the explanation is sought to be used in a controversy with Campbellites, there is a general interest in the import of these texts, which raises the question above any mere local application. We shall enter into no minute verbal criticism, either of the original or the common version; since the meaning of the passages would not thereby be materially affected. Brevity requires that results rather than processes should be stated.

1. The sentiment of both the passages is that baptism is connected with our salvation. In the former it is connected with the remission of sins; in the latter we are taught that in some sense or way it saves us. Now no man is saved without doing his duty. God saves us conditionally. Salvation is through the merits of Christ alone. But the Gospel condition is repentance and consecration to Christ. In order to be his disciples we must deny ourselves, take up the cross, confess him before men, and devote ourselves to his service. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Baptism is a professional or confessional ordinance, and as such is enjoined upon every believer.

2. In one sense baptism is essential to salvation. It is essential in the same way that any other duty is. No one can obtain pardon or salvation while in disobedience. First comes the duty of repentance, then of baptism. Water baptism is the outward sign of the inward work of grace. The sign is nothing without the spiritual work which it symbolizes. Both must go together. We must profess what we possess. But the profession must be made in obedience to the express command of Christ.

3. Still it is not baptism but Christ that saves us. He dispenses pardon; his is the only name given under heaven or among men whereby we can be saved. It is his blood, not the water of baptism, that cleanses from sin. Baptism is not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience. This interpretation from an inspired apostle is the key to the unfolding of the whole subject. Christ has given us the ordinance of baptism. In submitting to it we do our duty, and thus meet the demands of conscience, on condition of which we enjoy the benefits of Christ's provision. Nothing that we do or can do is the procuring cause or the ground of our pardon, regeneration or salvation, which are all of and through Christ. Yet, as before remarked, he makes obedi-

ence on our part essential as a condition to the bestowment of his blessing. But to make submission on our part to baptism or any other ordinance or duty the ground of pardon or salvation is to exalt our works above the works of Christ, and to put ourselves in his place.—J. J. B.

Birds Again.

We wish to add an appendix to the excellent article of J. F. in behalf of the birds. The writer mentions the voice of the Blue Jay as "one of the earliest harbingers of grateful Spring." Possibly this may be so in New Hampshire; but in this state (Conn.) the Blue Jay is one of the few birds that remain with us during the entire winter; and, although, when pressed with hunger, he will, like almost any other sensible bird, sometimes eat corn, if he can find it, yet I confess that the beauty of his plumage and his familiar presence when most other birds have disappeared have made him a favorite with me. Even his voice is not disagreeable to me, but rather has a sort of fascination about it, and is so associated with the old homestead and scenes of my early childhood that I never hear it without a thrill of pleasure.

The Crow, also, for whom alone, of all the birds, J. F. has not one good word to say, remains with us during the winter. helps to relieve the desolate loneliness of that season, and is otherwise a very useful bird. His services as a scavenger, in removing what is offensive, are by no means contemptible, and he is a most voracious devourer of mischievous worms and insects. His bright, glossy plumage, although black, is positively beautiful,—and then his intelligence is admirable. He is doubtless the smartest of the feathered race with which I am acquainted; and considering how many "plumless bipeds" depend entirely upon their smartness for the admiration, and even the high honors and emoluments which they enjoy, it seems hard that he should not be held in some estimation on that account.

He has, to be sure, an unfortunate habit of pulling up the young corn in the beginning of summer; but even in this case he is probably searching for the worms rather than for the corn, and can be easily kept away; and the damage which he does in the course of two or three weeks when he is mischievous is but small compared with the benefit of his services during the remainder of the year.

One year ago a bird of beautiful appearance, and of apparently mischievous habits, and which I do not remember ever to have seen before, made its appearance in small numbers in this neighborhood. It was about the size of the common Hang Bird, with a very large and powerful beak, and its mischievous habit was to pick off the cherry blossoms. Seizing them so as to retain the germ, or embryo cherry, it would cut off the calyx of the flower as with a pair of shears, and dropping the upper part of the calyx and the corolla, appeared to swallow the incipient fruit. One of the birds was shot while in the act of committing these robberies, but nothing was found in its crop. In fact it hardly seemed to have any crop. But in the gizzard along with gravel, was found a quantity of comminuted green vegetable matter,—also a fragment of a cherry was found in the throat.

I could find no one in this community who had ever seen such a bird before, and we have seen none since. Perhaps some reader of the *Star* can give the name and character of this stranger; and if any one will do so, he will confer a favor.

W. C.

Events of the Week.

IMPEACHMENT AND CONGRESS.

As was anticipated, the proceedings of the court of impeachment on Tuesday of last week resulted in the acquittal of the President, on the second and third articles. The vote stood precisely the same as that on the eleventh article, the position of no Senator being changed. The court adjourned sine die, without acting on the remaining articles. This course, it seems, was favored by the friends of impeachment and opposed by its enemies, the former wishing the responsibility of the President's acquittal to rest, where it properly belongs, on the seven Republican Senators who separated from their associates. Although impeachment as a matter of fact is dead, and the President remains in the White House, yet in the judgment of mankind he is condemned, and the political fortunes of the men who are responsible for his acquittal are virtually ruined. The people, however, are wiser in consequence of the things which they have suffered; the efficiency and unity of the great party of freedom remains unimpaired, and a brighter day evidently awaits the cause of humanity and civil liberty. Impeachment being disposed of, Congress is now manifestly inclined to address itself to general legislation, which is now urgent in its demands for attention. The question of adjournment begins to be agitated, but it seems idle to talk of that matter at present.

THE WAR OFFICE.

In consequence of the failure of the Senate to convict the President, Secretary Stanton has felt compelled to relinquish the war office, and on Tuesday he addressed a note to the President, making known his decision and stating that he had left the

office, together with the books, archives, papers and property heretofore in his custody, to the care of Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, subject to the President's direction. It was expected that Adjutant General Thomas would immediately appear, and taking advantage of his *ad interim* appointment, take possession; but such was not the case. In fact, during three days of last week the war office was closed and begging for an occupant. It is probable that Gen Thomas failed to take possession through fear lest he, by so doing, should involve himself or the President in difficulty. The nomination of General Schofield for the secretaryship, made some time ago by the President, is before the Senate and it is probable that he will be confirmed. Mr. Stanton retires from the war office, which he has occupied during the most eventful period in our history, with the best wishes of the loyal people and with the reputation of being the ablest man that was ever at the head of the department. He will not be forgotten.

THE PRESIDENCY.

The nomination of Grant and Colfax is everywhere well received, and the indications are that the Republican party, including the senators who voted for the President's acquittal, will be a unit in their support. Ratification meetings are both numerous and enthusiastic. It now seems probable that the Democratic nominations will be closely contested. Hancock and Pendleton appear to be about equally strong; but both failing, we should not be surprised if the nomination fell on Chief Justice Chase, who is becoming quite popular with his new friends. It is said that some of the leading men of the party have already declared their preference for him. Surely, strange things happen in these days!

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26, 1868.

Impeachment breathed its last yesterday. The question of greatest interest was whether the Senate should then proceed to dispose of the matter or postpone it to some future day. The majority held a caucus to consider the matter, but were unable to arrive at a unanimous result. The most of those present were for delaying action for a while, but some were of the opinion that the matter had better be finally disposed of, that undivided attention might be given to other matters. But the conclusion arrived at by those favorable to postponement, was that they would make the attempt. This was entered upon by a motion of Mr. Williams to rescind the rules and orders previously made, which required that to proceed to vote. The Chief Justice intimated that the motion was not in order, but without deciding the question submitted to the Senate. The Senate decided it was in order. This decision was probably technically wrong and gave occasion for a sharp thrust at the Senate, by the Chief Justice, at a little later stage of the proceedings. The motion to adjourn to the 25th of June failed by a tie vote, and the Senate then proceeded to vote on the second article.

The only Senator whose vote excited any particular interest was that of Ross. Some rumors had been afloat that he would vote for impeachment on some of the remaining articles, and when he voted "not guilty" a murmur ran around the chamber. All the Senators were in their seats and the vote on the second and third articles was the same as the eleventh, 35 to 19, and then on motion of Senator Williams the court, without taking action on any other articles, adjourned without day. Such was the end of impeachment.

Meanwhile the managers on the part of the House have been busy, and are still engaged in investigating the cause, manner and instrument of its death. On Monday, Mr. Butler made a partial report to the House, of the results of their investigation so far as they were connected with one C. W. Woolley, a witness before them who refused to answer interrogatories, and whose answer was sought to be obtained by the action of the House. The main points disclosed are that there was a ring formed relative to the impeachment matter. That some of the President's counsel, Cooper, the acting assistant secretary of the treasury and formerly private secretary of the President, Thurston Weed, Collector Smythe and collector Shook of New York Woolley and other members of the whiskey ring were connected with the matter more or less intimately. From the telegrams it would seem that a "small number of friends" occurred during his operations at Washington, and Weed was sent for, or in case he could not come, Shook was desired to be sent. In telegraphing, fictitious names and other devices were employed to conceal the real purposes of the parties. It appears that Woolley drew from the banks here \$20,000 or \$25,000, and he refuses to state what he has done with the money, and it was for this refusal that he was brought before the House, and he was finally ordered into the close custody of the Sergeant-at-arms till he purges himself of contempt by answering. There is no doubt upon the evidence that Woolley and others were engaged in a corrupt scheme to secure the acquittal of the President. How far their schemes were put in operation does not appear, and perhaps never will.

The first effect of the decision of yesterday was the retirement of Mr. Stanton from the War Department. He did not technically resign, but placed the office in charge of assistant adjutant General Townsend and withdrew. He addressed a letter to the President, informing him what he had done, and assigning as a reason for it the failure of the Senate to sustain their resolution of Feb. 21st, by a two thirds vote on impeachment. The President was visited by many of his friends last evening and was jubilant as he might be, over his acquittal and the retirement of Mr. Stanton. He is said to have remarked "I have at last got rid of the man who was the cause of all my trouble."

And now we enter upon a new epoch of American history. The decision made upon the issues presented has given a scope and license to executive power never before attained. How far this new current is to bear the Ship of State, in to what harbor it shall carry it, or on what reef, rock, or shore, strand it, is known only to the Infinite One. But it would seem certain, at all events, that this proceeding must exert a powerful influence upon our future national destiny.

General Grant and Speaker Colfax were the recipients of a serenade on the next evening af-

ter their nominations at Chicago. General Grant made a brief speech indicative of his acceptance of the nomination, and Speaker Colfax a little longer one, expressive of his gratification and gratitude for the honor conferred upon him.

Boston Anniversaries.

The third anniversary of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, was held Saturday evening, May 23d, at Tremont Temple. A very large audience was present, and some fifty or sixty of the children of the Home contributed to the interest of the occasion with their sweet songs. The number received into the home the first year was 450, the second, 319, and last year 335. The present number of regular inmates is 94. A Sunday school, under the care of A. K. Gibson, is attached to the Home. The expenses of the institution have been \$25,310 the past year, with \$3,000 additional for repairs. Addresses were made by Rev. William B. Wright, pastor of the Berkeley St. Church, and by Rev. R. G. Toles, superintendent of the Home.

The Seventeenth Anniversary of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association was held in Tremont Temple Sabbath evening. Addresses were made during the evening by the retiring President of the Association, Mr. O. T. Taylor, and by the President for the coming year, Mr. W. G. Brooks, Jr. The total receipts of the Association for the year have been \$181.86, and the expenses \$7993. The building fund now amounts to \$20,172. The library numbers 4450 volumes. During the year 71,000 cards, with different inscriptions of a religious character, and 6000 hymn books, have been distributed. A course of twenty-four Sabbath evening discourses has been preached at the Old South Church, and there have been five lectures to the members at their rooms, besides two lectures from John B. Gough, which netted the Association \$1080.

The 54th annual business meeting of the American Tract Society was held in the Old South Chapel, the president, Mr. William A. Booth of New York, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Copp. The treasurer, Mr. Henry Hill, made his annual statement, which showed that the total receipts for the year were \$145,568.10; expenditures, \$163,063.25—an excess of \$17,495.15 over the receipts. The assets of the society are valued at \$181,608.58—subject to mortgages that will reduce its availability to \$151,221.57. The general report was read by Rev. L. P. Warren. The published catalogue now numbers 910 volumes; 2,019,000 tracts have been printed, and 47,000 stitched books comprising 44,000,000 pages. The *Banner* has been issued to the extent of 354,000 copies. The number of other papers issued was about 2,000,000. During the past nine years the society has issued 14,951,250 tracts, 3,641,927 stitched books comprising 34,000,000 pages, and 27,787,700 papers. Addresses were made by Rev. W. B. Wright of Boston, Franklin W. Smith, Esq., Rev. J. C. Holbrook of Homer, N. Y., and Rev. H. H. Jessup, a missionary to Syria.

The anniversary of the American Missionary Association was held in Tremont Temple, the president, Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., presiding. Rev. Mr. Woodworth, the New England secretary, said that six years ago the association established its first school at Fortress Monroe, and he then thought that ten years would complete its work, but now it appeared doubtful if the next century would witness its accomplishment. He referred to the bitter feeling among the whites at the South against the colored race, and said they welcomed the Romish church there as being also opposed to republican principles; he declared that this year \$600,000 in gold would be spent by that church in establishing its missions in that portion of our land. In view of that fact he considered it doubly important that evangelical churches at the North should enter that field.

The association has expended yearly to supply physical wants more than \$100,000. About five hundred laborers have been employed annually in the work of teaching 40,000 pupils, at an annual expense of about \$250,000. Between 70,000 and 80,000 persons have been taught to read with more or less facility.

The religious work the speaker considered the most important, and affirmed that by next October fifty young men will be needed to enter that field as ministers. For all departments the association needs \$400,000 this year.

The Am. and Foreign Christian Union met in Tremont Temple, Rev. Dr. Kirk, vice-president, in the chair.

Dr. Kirk made a few remarks, stating that this society and its objects had not been appreciated by the churches of the country in the past; but there had been a change in the administration at New York which gave much hope that the great work would be more effectually accomplished in the future.

Rev. E. S. Atwood, of Salem was then introduced. He enumerated the great questions which have been settled in the past, and said there was one question looming up in the American republic to day, in regard to an organization that lived and smiled and grew strong apace, and which was a most dangerous foe of free institutions. It was that power which once reduced all Europe to barbarism, and which blighted everything it touched,—the mighty power of the Papacy. He spoke of its decadence in Europe, quoting Disraeli to enforce this point, and then spoke of the spread of Catholicism in the western and southern States. He said the Catholics carried New York by 50,000 majority, and Boston and all the larger cities and towns in the United States would eventually be under their control through the medium of naturalization, unless the Protestants awoke to a sense of their duty. The Catholics had obtained grants from the New York Legislature and Legislatures at the West to support their schools, and something must be done to prevent free America from becoming the great bulwark of Papacy. The Protestants must fight to the death if need be (applause) and not cease their efforts until it is demonstrated that Protestantism is to rule.

An abstract of the annual report was distributed through the hall, from which it appears that the income of the society was \$128,000 in eleven months of the year which has just closed. The work in Greece, Hungary, Italy (the main field), Paris, South America, and Mexico is progressing. The home work has gone forward with its usual prosperity, and there have been some additions to the working force.

The seventh anniversary of the American Revival Association was held in Tremont Temple. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, and began with singing the hymn—"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake."

The following resolutions were presented for discussion:—

Resolved, That in view of the multitude of conversions through special revival efforts and by evangelistic labors, in recent years, as well as in centuries past, we feel called upon, as members of the Church of Christ, for the immediate and general use of the same means for the salvation of the unregenerate millions of earth.

Resolved, That as individual Christians we respond cheerfully and heartily to these callings from the past, for a more vigorous and effective use of the means within our reach, to secure similar results.

The meeting was addressed by Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D. D., of New York; Rev. S. R. Dennen, Rev. J. H. M. Dow, and others. The remarks of the speakers were designed to show the value of special seasons of religious awakening, and to answer objections urged against revivals. Hymns were sung at intervals in the speaking, and after the adoption of the resolutions the exercises were closed with a benediction.

The Mission Field.

INDIA.

The May number of the *Missionary Herald* contains a very interesting account of the Madura mission in the southern part of India. It has 14 stations, 11 missionaries, 14 female assistant missionaries, 30 churches with a total of 1,250 members. Of these churches 13 are at the station centers, and are usually under the special care of a missionary; the other 17 with 70 members are in the villages, and 7 of the number have native pastors. The field occupied by this mission contains nearly 2,000,000 of inhabitants. It has 162 village congregations and there are 255 villages in which Christians reside. An itinerancy is connected with the mission, and every missionary is expected to take his turn in the tent, for a longer or shorter period, with a corps of native helpers. "During the year," says one of the missionaries, "we have visited about 800 villages, some of them many times, and have traveled on missionary tours nearly 10,000 miles. Our catechists have visited half as many thousand villages as we have hundreds, and the gospel has been preached, at least once, to not less than 150,000 people. More than 300 girls have enjoyed the privileges of the Girls' Boarding School, many of whom are now the wives or the mothers of the mission helpers. It is thought that the highest usefulness of this school is only just begun—that it is yet to be a powerful instrumentality for good in the whole Madras district.

The *Missionary Advocate* presents what it calls "glorious news from India." Rev. T. S. Johnson, in a letter dated at Shalghempore, Dec. 30, advises us of the baptism of 87 persons in one day, mostly by families; and that the leading spirits in this unusual and glorious work were men of high caste, of respectable families, and landholders. The most marked and significant feature was the public appearance and baptism of the women, mothers of families. Within two weeks, 12 more were baptized, chiefly promising boys in the orphanage, making 99 baptisms mostly adults, within ten or twelve days.

JAPAN.

A writer in the *Miss. Herald*, alluding to changes now transpiring among the nations—changes effected to no small extent by missionary effort—speaks thus of Japan: "A very few years ago, utterly shut up and exclusive in their policy, the Japanese are now adopting foreign customs, habits and manners, eager to make progress in all useful knowledge, quick to appreciate the advantages of foreign improvements of all kinds, anxious to perfect themselves in our arts, and to study our institutions, and sending choice young men to this country, to England, and to France to be educated."

CHINA.

A very successful mission has been recently established in the north part of the Chinese empire, called the North China Mission. It has 4 stations,—one of which is Peking,—7 ordained missionaries, 11 female assistant missionaries, 1 physician and 1 printer. The missionaries, writing through the *Miss. Herald*, say, "The country is all open, the climate is very healthful and the people are kind and accessible. This whole section of country is ready for the gospel sickle, but where are the reapers? What we need is a hundred men full of faith and zeal and love, to preach Christ to the countless multitudes who fill up this great plain of northern China."

The Foochow mission, of the Am. Board in south-eastern China has 2 stations, 9 out-stations, 3 clis., 4 missionaries, 12 native preachers, 5 catechists and 2 boarding schools. The Girls Boarding School was started in 1857, "with but one pupil." "At first," writes the missionary, the people feared that we wished to carry their daughters away to some foreign land, or to destroy them, or by some occult art convert them into opium; but prejudice is giving way before facts and results. "There is abundant evidence that the ancient and mighty empire of China, including, it is said, one third of the inhabitants of the world is now seeing the dawn of a glorious spiritual revolution and even now feels the mighty impulse borne in upon her from the Christian west."

TURKEY.

The following is condensed from a letter written to the *Boston Journal* by "Carlton," who was traveling in Turkey. He quotes from statements given him by the Rev. Isaac G. Bliss, of the Am. Bible Society. Twenty years ago, the Am. Board of Foreign Missions had here 5 stations and 4 churches with 116 members. In 1857, ten years later, the mustard seed had become quite a tree, with 18 central stations, 37 out-stations, 28 churches with 800 members, 51 preaching places, 50 schools with 1,500 pupils. Step over ten more years to the present hour, and you may count 21 central stations, 138 out-stations, 132 preaching places, 56 churches with 2184 members. The congregations have an average attendance of nearly 11,000 persons. There are 165 schools with 5,500 scholars, 4 theological seminaries and 4 female seminaries. About 30,000 copies of the Bible are sold per annum. It is estimated that not far from 300,000 Bibles are in use every day in the Turkish empire.

Mr. Bliss, not long ago, made a journey through Eastern Turkey—the oldest country in the world, the land of mount Ararat, of Noah, and Abraham—where, after centuries of degradation, almost of oblivion, the light of Christianity is dawning, bringing civilization in its train. He passed twenty three nights in the country, stopping with the peasants, and in twenty one of the houses he found Bibles! In the town of Caesarea, three native women, employed as Bible-sellers, out of 800 families found the Bible in 761! There is great desire among the people to learn to read. The old opposition to the instruction of women has ceased, and there is now no obstacle in the way of their elevation.

Communications.

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

BY REV. SELAH W. BROWN.

So much has been said during the last fourteen years about this world-renowned preacher, that it may seem needless to write anything more respecting him. But having listened to his sermons and watched his continued success, we would add our testimony to his well-deserved popularity. No other pulpit orator since the days of Whitefield or Irving has attracted such crowds. He has the largest congregation, the widest personal influence, and has built up a church numbering more members than any other Protestant minister in Europe, and probably in the world.

He was born June 19th, 1834, was converted through the influence of the Wesleyan Methodists, and commenced preaching before he was eighteen years of age. In 1854 he was called to the Park Street Baptist church in London. The chapel, which held about twelve hundred persons, was soon crowded, and the congregation removed to Exeter Hall. This proving too small, Surrey Music Hall, the largest public room in London, was engaged. In 1861 a new church of great size, called the "Metropolitan Tabernacle," was completed for the use of his immense congregations.

The question is often asked, What is the secret of his wonderful popularity? It is not in his great learning, for of this he cannot boast. He is neither a logician, nor in the modern sense of the term a genius. Wherefore, then, his great success? It probably depends on the following items. 1st. His voice. This is often described as "grand," "strong," "musical," "full," "rich," "clear," "excellent," "magnificent," &c. He can be distinctly heard in every part of his great tabernacle. 2d. His intense earnestness. His one great purpose seems to be to gain souls for his Master. He preaches like an evangelist, greatly burdened for sinners. 3d. His deep piety. He clings closely to the cross of Christ, both in his own experience and in his pulpit ministrations. He is humble and devoted; though some have charged him with egotism.

In addition to the above, his preaching is experimental, spiritual and evangelical. His illustrations are abundant, apt and happy. His style of preaching is often dramatic, and his appeals pungent. Like Paul, he uses "great plainness of speech."

The tabernacle is a very large edifice, elliptical in form and built of stone. It will seat five thousand five hundred persons, and hold when crowded six thousand five hundred. Two deep galleries, one above the other, extend entirely around the building. It cost \$180,000, and was all paid for before the pastor would consecrate it to God. The rear part is divided into four stories, in which are many rooms used for various church purposes, mainly, however, for the "Pastor's College." Mr. Spurgeon has no pulpit, but in one end of the church, projecting from the lower gallery, and on a level with it, is a large semi-circular platform, enclosed with a light open railing. On this the preacher stands, his whole person in full view of every one in the house. There is a sofa on the platform for the accommodation of the minister, and a small table on which is placed his Bible, hymn-book and "notes;" to the latter, however, he seldom refers. During his preaching he stands next the railing, occasionally grasping it with his hands and leaning over it, as he addresses the people.

By the courtesy of an officer of the church we were admitted by a side door sometime before the hour of morning service. A lady sexton showed us to a good seat on the first gallery, near the platform of the speaker. Although it was ten o'clock in the forenoon the church was lighted with gas. We had a "London Fog" that morning. Sometimes these fogs come on so suddenly that noon is changed to midnight in a few minutes. The street lamps are lighted, and the police are very busy informing people of their whereabouts. The steamers stop running in the river, and there is not a cab to be found in the streets. Old residents are found inquiring their way home when within twenty feet of their own doors. The fog of that Sunday morning was not what the Londoners call a "Pea soup fog." With the help of the gas-light I could see the immense concourse come in, first in rills here and there, and then in swelling streams through every door, until the pews, aisles and galleries of the vast tabernacle were filled to overflowing.

At precisely the time for commencing the service, Mr. Spurgeon came from his private room to the platform. His personal appearance is not prepossessing. He is short in stature, stoutly built, with a full, round face, coarse features, low forehead, bright black eyes, and black, glossy hair, parted in the middle. His upper teeth are always visible, and generally a pleasant smile lights up his countenance.

A short prayer of invocation opened the services, then a hymn was announced. As Mr. Spurgeon read this, I noticed the remarkable sweetness and compass of his voice. In a rich, full, clear, ringing tone, he read the whole hymn and then read each verse again before it was sung. The singing was congregational, led by a choir which occupied a platform just before and below the preacher. There is no organ or musical instrument in the church. The preacher exhorted the people to sing lively, saying, "We are not at a funeral, and I hope our friends will not adopt a slow style of singing." And they did sing gloriously. It was a grand outburst of praise, the blending voices of that great multitude went up like the "sound of many waters."

Mr. Spurgeon accompanied the Scripture lesson with running comments, which were rich in thought, instructive and edifying. The second or "long prayer" was fervent, appropriate, comprehensive and

spiritual. Another hymn concluded the preliminary services, and then came the sermon, earnest, Scriptural, and practical. It would have been called a revival sermon in America. It was a grand sight to see that congregation of six thousand people, with eager attention listening to the man of God that Sunday morning.

It chanced to be the monthly communion Sabbath, and I heard and accepted the cordial invitation extended to all who were members of other evangelical churches, to partake with him and his flock of the Lord's supper; for he, like most of the English Baptists, practices open communion.

Connected with the church is a Sunday school, in which are nine hundred scholars; a young ladies' Bible class numbering seven hundred persons, conducted by a Mrs. Bartlett; and a young men's Bible class with two hundred members. Mr. Spurgeon has under his management a theological school, called the "Pastor's College." This "school of the Prophets" is an institution designed to prepare young men for the gospel ministry. A dozen teachers are employed, and nearly a hundred persons are in constant attendance.

The church numbers thirty-eight hundred communicants, and the number is increased at the rate of three hundred on an average every year. Mr. Spurgeon made the statement not long since, that not a year of his ministry had passed without his hearing of at least one thousand persons brought to Christ by his sermons. His Sunday morning sermon is reported by a stenographer and printed during the week. These again are gathered into bound volumes which have been largely circulated in England, France, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Canada, the United States and Australia, and thus his discourses are more extensively read than those of any other living preacher. He is one of God's favored instruments for good, and multitudes will no doubt rise up in the day of judgment whose feet he guided into the way of life.

Missions in Southern Africa.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

WORK OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

While Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Edmonds proceeded to Kafirland, Messrs. Kicherer, Kramer and Edwards bent their course to the Zak River, and commenced a mission among the despised and outcast Bushmen. Probably in all the earth there is no tribe of people more brutish, ignorant and miserable than this. They have neither flocks nor herds, neither house nor shed. Their homes are in the barren desert. Their food is scanty, and such as dogs might refuse. Yet even they had rights, of which their stronger neighbors did not scruple to plunder them. They had their hunting grounds, their fountains and their honey nests; and when these were wrested from them, the spirit of revenge transformed the stupid brute into a demon, and they became the scourge and terror of the Colonists. It was among these people, who knew nothing of God, nothing of immortality, and had but the faintest ideas of moral responsibility, that these missionaries attempted to introduce the gospel. The government encouraged them in this undertaking, and the farmers on the border treated them with kindness and hospitality; but had not their faith been strong in the promises of God, and their zeal for the salvation of souls a consuming flame, they would have shrunk from the very thought of making the attempt.

The country in which this mission was planted was extremely sterile, and seldom visited by rain. This of course occasioned great suffering. The Bushmen gathered around them for a time, but their wandering habits were too strong, and they could not be retained. Good was doubtless done, "for the word of the Lord shall not return unto him void," but the missionaries, after enduring great hardships and privations for six years, felt that it was best to abandon the station. One of them, on leaving, wrote, "This day we leave Zak River, the place which has cost us so many sighs, and tears, and drops of sweat—the place in which we have labored so many days and nights for the salvation of souls."

The London Mission Society was not discouraged by this failure, but determining to give to this despised people the means of grace, in 1814, they established another mission among them at Colesberg. Here the spirit of the Lord accompanied the word preached in a remarkable manner, and many of these poor barbarous people believed and were baptized. A Christian church arose, extensive gardens were laid out and cultivated, and the children were gathered into schools, and taught to read and sing. Several other stations were established among them with encouraging success, but from the unsettled state of the country they have all been broken up, and at present the scattered fragments of this people are gathered as much as possible to the mission stations among the neighboring tribes.

While some of the missionaries of this society were preaching to the Kafirs, Hottentots and Bushmen, others, with equal courage and self-denial, had crossed the Orange River and established a mission among the Namaquas. The pioneers in this mission were the brothers Abraham and Christian Albrecht. They left Cape Town—Abraham Albrecht accompanied by his wife,—and after a perilous and difficult journey of five hundred miles, over barren sands and rocky mountains, they crossed the Orange River, and in January, 1806, pitched their tent on a spot which they called Happy Delivrance; but soon after removed to the station since known as Warm Bath. The spot was sterile, and the supply of water scanty, but as their object was to gather the people around them, it seemed to suit them better than any other. There they commenced their labors of love, and the Divine blessing attended them. Though forced to encounter the severest privations—to live in a hut of reeds, to subsist on scanty and unwhole-

some food, and to endure the caprices of filthy and disgusting savages, yet they were joyful in the Lord, and triumphed in the trophies of grace which they won through the name of Christ.

Not long after the establishment of this mission, it was visited by the well known chief, Africana, who came a hundred miles "to hear the Word." This man had been, like many of his people, enslaved by the farmers. He bore the yoke for a while with seeming patience, but repeated acts of unprovoked cruelty aroused the fierce spirit of revenge in him and his brothers, and they killed their master, and fled beyond the colony. The Government attempted to punish this outrage. Rewards were offered, and Commandos were sent forth, but Africana gathered his people in the desert and defied their power. Every effort made against him he returned with terrible fury on the Colonists; and the neighboring tribes who regarded him as an intruder, were made to tremble at his name. He was endowed by nature with those qualities which make a man a leader in any society. He was bold and sagacious; and the great passions which stirred his heart, made him eloquent, and gave him power over his followers. For years he had been the terror of the border, falling in the most unexpected moment on the settlers, murdering men, women and children, burning houses and driving off cattle. The missionaries had felt, in entering the country, that he was their most dreadful enemy, but he came to them with professions of friendship and for a while listened attentively to their teachings; but while men were his deadly enemies, the oppressors and robbers of his race, and he could not be certain that his labors were unselfish or their professions of love sincere. On the other hand the missionaries and their people could not look on him without suspicion. These mutual jealousies led to a separation, and Africana returned to his people.

Abraham Albrecht, after four years of unremitting and self-denying toil, found his health giving way. Hoping to be benefited by medical advice, he took an affectionate leave of the flock which he had labored to gather in the desert, and accompanied by his wife and brother, proceeded towards Cape Town. The journey, in an ox wagon, through such a country, was tedious in the extreme; and the sick man felt day by day that the sands of his life were rapidly running out. He lived to reach the house of a friend, where he received the tenderest care and the warmest sympathy. As his last hours approached, his soul was filled with the divine presence and glowed with the raptures of heaven. He had finished his work, and the Master called him to receive that exceeding and eternal weight of glory with which He crowns the faithful.

Sorrowful but undismayed, his brother proceeded to Cape Town, where he was united in marriage to a lady who had come from a home of wealth and refinement, rejoicing to lay her high endowments on the altar of Christ. Accompanied by the widow of his brother, they returned to Great Namaqualand with renewed zeal took up their arduous work. But a heavy cloud began to gather over them, which in a few months darkened all their prospects. Circumstances occurred which aroused the vindictive spirit of Africana. His cattle were stolen, and other wrongs inflicted upon him; and he was made to believe that the missionaries were in league with his enemies. Their situation became most distressing. They were two hundred miles from civilized men, and between them lay a barren desert, and the Orange River seldom fordable by wagons. Even if they could insure their own safety, their souls revolted at the thought of leaving their defenseless people. But a way for their escape too was opened. A chief, dwelling northward at the foot of the Karas mountains, invited them to take refuge in his domain. They turned away from that spot in the desert where they had suffered and enjoyed so much with unutterable sorrow. They had scarcely escaped when Africana fell upon the place and laid the whole settlement in ashes.

After many hardships, the missionaries reached Cape Town, where they remained a short time to recover their strength, and then with unabated zeal they turned their faces again towards the desert. They reached Silver Fountain, having suffered extremely from hunger and thirst, and there Mrs. Albrecht was called to her eternal rest. To the last her heart was fixed on her work, and she rejoiced that she had been counted worthy to do and suffer something for Christ.

Mr. Albrecht continued his lonely journey, and resumed his work at Pella, south of the Orange River. Here he was soon joined by 500 of the Warm Bath people; but the sorrow of bereavement, in addition to the toils and hardships which he was forced to encounter, sapped the springs of his life, and he too left his work to rest in the grave; leaving behind him a history of love, of zeal, and of self-denial seldom equalled. "It is impossible," says Mr. Moffit, "to take a survey of the lives and labors of these missionaries without concluding that there were giants in those days."

Christ a Teacher.

Many doubts and fears, and perhaps much wandering from the "narrow way," would be avoided, if Christians would study more carefully the relations which Christ sustains to them. This study is sweeter than the converse of bosom friends. Jesus dwells not in a distant, unapproachable majesty, but as an intimate friend walks and talks with us.

One of these relations of exceeding preciousness is that of a loving Teacher. He is ever striving to elevate us to the highest type of virtue and to the most exalted degree of happiness. He is a practical teacher who knows when to give and when to withhold assistance, and just the amount of aid to render. He is a real teacher who would speak to us in an audible voice or

move us with physical power, if in his perfect wisdom he saw that it was for our highest good. He is a present teacher, too, on whom we may always rely with the fullest confidence, and who will make our lives a perfect success, if we but follow his instructions.

The proof of this relation is not only found in the Bible but in every Christian's experience. The Christian finds himself possessed of a yearning, passionate love of his race. Once he was indifferent to the welfare of his fellow men. No amount of study even of the Bible, no teachings of nature or of friends, no amount of self-discipline, nor all of these combined, could have changed that indifference to this love. It is the effect of the real, personal, quickening teachings of Christ. Once he saw no beauty in the character of God; now how surpassingly beautiful and glorious is that character! Once purity and holiness did not win his attention; now he is drawn to these by the strongest attractions. No educator could accomplish these results save the living Christ. If we philosophize upon the subject, we find this act of teaching by Christ to be in accordance with the principles of our nature. It is absurd to suppose that God made an intelligent being with whom he could not communicate. And it is equally absurd to suppose that an infinitely benevolent God would not communicate with his weak and suffering creatures.

Through these teachings Christ is sometimes instantaneously perceived, the mind is moved at the moment of their reception to an irresistible conviction that Christ is instructing it. More generally Christ and his teachings are discernible in the results upon the mind or heart rather than in the process of teaching, like the subtle influences of nature. Let a person in a sad and gloomy mental state go into the country on one of the dawning days of summer, and before he is aware that any influence has reached him, his heart will gambol with the lambs in the pasture and sing with the birds in the forest. So under the influence of the teachings of Christ, often before we recognize the presence of the teacher, the soul is rejoicing in the smile of God and glowing with an enthusiasm to benefit the world. The apostle John calls these teachings "an unction from the holy One," teaching all things, "and is truth and is no lie;" not indeed inculcating the theories of philosophers or settling the speculations and differences of theologians, but instinctively pronouncing upon the essential questions of right and wrong, of truth and error, and perceiving the practical relations between man and man, and man and God. These teachings do not dispense with either reason or conscience, but stimulate and enlighten both, acting on and through all the faculties of the soul, in perfect harmony with all the laws of our being. Nor do they take the place of the preacher, the missionary, the Sabbath school or the university, nor preclude the necessity of earnest study and thorough investigation; but they are the inspiration of the heralds of the gospel, the animus of all seekers for the truth.

The honest, the earnest, the meek and lowly, feel their influence opening the deeper meaning of obscure passages in the Bible, making the dark ones flame with light, and binding the truth more closely to the heart. They are given not only in the day of conversion and in the hour of prayer, but are more and more vivid through all the Christian life. Whenever love and duty combine to call, then we may expect to meet them. These teachings furnish the best rules of individual action, the best policy of a government, and the best laws of nations. They are the elements of all right life, the principles that express the spirit of heaven.

It is sadly strange that so few seek Christ's instructions, and that any, having once received them, should practically live contrary to their dictates; yet men are so unconsciously stupid in selfishness, and their souls so painfully weak in sin, that they neither clearly see nor strongly feel the influence of these teachings. Still over these weak and stupid ones bends evermore the patient and pitying Christ. S. H.

Chips.

—Sinners sometimes say they would be Christians if they thought they could "hold out;" but do they ever think of whether they will be able to long "hold out" in the course they are pursuing?

—During a cold untimely snow storm in April, I heard a little sparrow singing as sweetly as the true saint may sing amidst the rudest storm of adversity,—"God careth for me."

—As Paul shook off the viper, feeling no harm, so will all true servants of God be able to shake off the vipers of slander that may sometimes fasten upon them, and stand before God and the world with an unimpeachable moral character; while a base character, however nice its coverings, will in time receive its deserved exposure and infamy.

—The earth in consequence of sin became somewhat like man's fallen nature, more inclined to produce weeds than good fruits; and the Christian like the farmer must carefully cultivate the plants of grace or the good seed will be choked with thorns.

—The law of Christ like a mirror clearly reveals our characters; but too many keep this mirror in their parlors to be seen only on special occasions, often forgetting what manner of persons they are or ought to be. The true saint will always "keep the Lord before him," and will have frequent sorrows that he is no more like his Saviour, while false professors go carelessly along the road to destruction. J. HAYDEN.

Guard well the door of your heart, lest sin should come in disguise and seek to enter. Let virtue keep the key and Christianity be the sentinel.

Selections.

The Constitution of Man.

HOURS AT HOME, for June, has an article from the pen of Rev. S. T. Spear, D.D., entitled "Earth's Greatest Marvel," in which the physical Constitution of Man, his mental structure, his moral prerogatives and obligations, and his spiritual nature are described in an admirable manner, and their relations to each other shown. After speaking of man's physical structure, the writer proceeds:

Man's body, however, is but the beginning of the wonder. Leaving this, and rising to the more intricate region of our MENTAL life, we receive an ample compensation for all the toil of sight in the richness and splendor of the vision. One cannot apply the critical dissection of a spiritual anatomist to the faculties of the human mind, without impressing himself with the marvelous grandeur of man as a spirit. We forget his body when dwelling upon this superlative glory.

Let us dramatize this glory by investing each of the human faculties with the attributes of personality, and then supposing these mysterious persons to be congregated on a given day for the purpose of narrating, and comparing their exploits in the kingdom of mind. The day has come; the convention is assembled; and by special invitation we are present, prepared to take brief notes of the colloquy as it proceeds.

Perception through the bodily senses—a sturdy, solid, and matter-of-fact looking character—thus opens the conference: "My office is to make men acquainted with the outward world. I am a sentinel posted on the watch-tower of material nature. By me the eye sees, the ear hears, and the hand touches. I rock the cradle of the first human thoughts. With me begins all knowledge. The physical sciences come to me for all their facts and all their observations. When I am in action, men are awake; and when I cease to act, they sink into sleep, perhaps dreaming of what I have told them. In my own sphere I am supreme; and whoever disputes my authority in that sphere, is simply a fool, with whom it will be a waste of words to hold any argument."

"Yes," says Conscience—a much more delicate and ethereal personage, now becoming the speaker: "This is indeed your work, and all honor to you for the same; but let me tell you that I have an eye that you have not. If you see matter, I see mind. I am a soul-seer; and for me men would know nothing about themselves. What they call mental science is simply the inscription of my pen. By me the soul works in an atmosphere of pure light, and bathes itself in the limpid stream of self-knowledge. I am the sun of the interior world, and shed my beams on all its parts."

"Very true," responds Memory, heavily laden with a large budget of long preserved treasures: "yet bear in mind that I am the keeper of knowledge. I am the historian and antiquarian of the soul. I tread the walks of the mysterious past, and connect that past with the present. By me the sage of three-score years and ten converses with his childhood. Without me there could be no education, no mental progress, and no well taught experience. Ideas at my command become suggestive of each other, returning in regular trains by laws which express my power. My name is Memory.—Though not a muse, a poet's lines may tell you what I think of myself."

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain, Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain: Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise! Each starts its image as the other flies.

Intuition next comes forward, having an eye blazing with the very whitest light, and thus addresses the Conference: "Wait a moment! I have not yet spoken. I have a sharper eye than all of you. I am absolute sight. I deal with all primitive ideas, and affirm all self-evident propositions. I am after all, the ultimate authority, needing no staging of premises, and depending on nothing but myself. I hold no disputes, and I hear none. When I speak, all men believe. My opinions are laws. All absolute certainties must have my endorsement. My signature must be affixed to every draft on the great bank of truth before it can be safely paid. Philosophers claim me as their special favorite; yet I am the teacher of all men."

"All right," says Reason, bearing the distinctive marks of being a very hard worker; "but I suppose you have all heard of me. Argument is mine, and syllogism my formula. Conclusions are my creations, and premises my instruments. I pass from truths known to such as but for me would not be known—crossing the gulf between the two, and ascending from nature up to nature's God. The grandest intellectual achievements of men owe their being to their birth to my power. I make the Websters, the Bacons, and the Newtons of the race; and even the most common people can do nothing without me. The demonstrations of mathematicians are mine. The calculations of the astronomer are mine. I take facts, and find the conclusion which they prove. Having an end, I plan the means. Seeing an event, I look till the cause appears."

Imagination, having patiently waited her turn, now spreads her plumes, and scents the air with fragrance. She walks forth in long and shining robes, arresting all eyes by her elegance, and gracefulness of attitude. This she proceeds: "I am the creative faculty, reconstructing the relations of thought, gathering nectar from every flower, culling all the beauties that exist in the garden of nature, and so combining them as to delight the children of men. At my touch the passions burn. The Cowpers and the Miltons are my pupils. I am the genius of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. The diction of the orator is but the charm I have lent him. A common object in my hands shines like a gem. I know where men keep their hearts, and how to reach them. The world may thank me for no small part of its enjoyments. Reason, until warmed by my inspiration, is cold, passionless, and unimpressive."

And who is that grave, sedate, dignified, and imposing character, that now rises, and speaks as conscious of authority? Hark! "I am Conscience. That is my name. I am the sense of the right and the wrong in human action. I enact and publish laws for the government of men. Of their duties I judge. I am the great comforter of the good, and the unifying tormentor of the bad. My smile is peace, and my frown is woe. Those who dispute my authority do so at their peril. Those who keep my laws are safe. Both the virtue and the happiness of the world depend on my sway. Though men call me by different names, and some seek to deny my existence, still I have a power which they can neither evade nor destroy. The wretch that groans for deeds he should not have done, and trembles over the ill he expects to suffer, is in my custody. I hold him in spite of all his evils.—The incisions of my lance go to the seat of

life. My whisper is a thunder-note. The God who made me, made me a monarch."

Here comes a character, seemingly little else but bone and muscle, having sharp features, and putting on the air of great solidity and sternness. Thus he speaks: "I am the Will, the free, the sovereign, the choosing power. When I tell the hand to move, it moves. When I bid the reason to think, it thinks. I am the commander-in-chief of all these forces. Ends adopted, and plans pursued, are my choice. I say yes; and I say no. Energy is simply the steadiness of my hand. But for me these other speakers would be a mere mechanism of rigid and unelastic fate. Philosophers have long disputed whether I am a freeman or a slave; yet I have always assumed my freedom. If there be chains binding me, I have never felt them. To my knowledge, I have never been incarcerated in the cell of irremissible fate."

Just at this point we hear a general and sudden rush, as of a vast crowd in violent motion. A sort of universal buzz salutes the ear, and seems for the moment to mar the good order of the Conference. "Here we are!" shout the Feelings, all appearing anxious to speak at the same moment. "Yes! here we are, all the Desires, all the Propensities, all the Emotions, and all the Affections, that figure so largely in the history of earth. True, we do not think as does the Reason, nor choose as does the Will; yet we are the steam-power of humanity, both heating and moving its thoughts, and furnishing the ultimate seat of all its joys and sorrows. We form the impulsive electricity of human life. We magnetize souls. We constitute alike the attractions and the repulsions of men. We have been known in all hearts ever since God made man of the dust of the earth. We shine in the eye, and blush on the cheek, and weep in the falling tear. We paint the purest characters of time, and with our own glow adorn all that is human. We can make a hell or a heaven in any bosom."

In this personification of the mental faculties, we have a scene of fancy founded on fact. It is a metaphysical drama. The human mind as thus presented in its different capacities of action, thinking, feeling, and choosing—in the relations which its several powers sustain to each other—in the endless diversities of its specific types—in the law of progress by which it may be indefinitely enlarged—in the positive power which it can exert or receive—in the business it may experience, or the woes it may suffer; yes, this strange and wonderful mind is a stupendous picture-gallery of marvels—a vast empire of powers, blended and compounded to enrich the existence of one being. It is a pyramid, glorious when erect, and showing its original stateliness even when lying in the dust. Though a body be its present home, angelic gifts proclaim its dignity, and prophesy its destiny.

The Moralist taking up the case where the pure analyst of mind leaves it, proceeds to construct an ethical system of humanity. His theses are essentially these: first, that man is and must be a creature of rights; secondly, that he is and must be a creature of obligations. These are the comprehensive categories of Ethics.

In this ethical view of human nature, we see men as moral agents, endowed with rights, and pressed with obligations, holding the position of a winged seraph, and soaring upon the firmament of their own gifts. Human beings are not heaved like beasts, but linked like angels. Separated by an impassable gulf from brutality, and all forms of merely mechanical force, they move into that sublime region where virtue becomes a possibility, where law speaks, and destinies are to be gained. While capable of a terrible disaster, they are also capable of becoming shining gems to adorn the diadem of existence. Their faculties, so wonderful in themselves, appear in robes of light, when we study their prerogatives and uses.

A step in advance of the Moralist brings us to the anthropology of the Theologian; and here we see man in the absolute zenith of his being. The creed of the theologian leaves all other creeds in the shade. Two or three of its salient points deserve a passing notice.

Man was not only made by God, but also made for him. He is so constructed, that piety towards God is but the normal exercise of his faculties, the one great condition, which, in itself and in its result, makes all the elements of virtue, and all the foundations of good. "This piety is really the law of his own harmony, giving health to his capacities, guidance to his agency, moderation to his impulses, a genial fervor to his moral feelings, safety to his career, and a grandly worthy end to his whole being. In devoutly revolving around the Primitive Source, his destiny of good is complete. This is his highest function and highest blessing. Discovered from God, he is not and he cannot, in any proper sense, be himself. He is at best a half-man, certainly not more than half developed."

Thus constituted, man is immortal. Death touches nothing but his body. It is merely a transit from this earthly house of our tabernacle to a future and endless scene of being. It is but a second birth of souls, introducing them into new relations, and greatly augmenting the range and activity of their powers. In death nothing perishes that is essential to the man. His faculties and his character still live. He goes into the after-state mentally the same as he was when he thought and acted upon these mortal shores. The mighty future opens its gate, and he passes through, wearing the robes of immortality, and chanting its majestic hymn. What utterance of earth can adequately represent the grandeur of this thought? Immortality is an idea so great that it lends significance to whatever possesses it. An immortal bird would be a marvel; and if so, then an immortal man must surely be a greater marvel.

To man thus religiously constituted, and thus immortal, the theologian always assigns a moral character. . . . Somehow, he is apostate from his primitive condition.—To meet his wants in this respect, revelation pours upon him its celestial music. The God who condemns him and sternly charges upon him the follies and sins of faculties perverted and self-abused, is nevertheless placable. Before him Jesus walks as the perfect model of purity and the teacher of all virtue. For him this Jesus bleeds and atones and redeems sinners. In his Christianity whosoever is law of life for sinners, as laid in his doctrine of grace, and qualified by its doctrine of repentance and faith. To him it speaks of heaven and hell—taxing all the figures of nature and all the powers of language in the utterance, and assuring him that when these fugitive hours shall be gone, he will find his eternal dwelling-place in one or the other of these worlds.

These are the great conceptions of the Theologian. We meet them in the essay "We read them in the religious literature of all Christendom. We proclaim them when we pray, and verse them as we sing. We hear them on every Sabbath day from the Christian pulpit. They salute us in every hour of sober reflection. They are written in the Word of God. In closest intimacy they will gather round us, when the shadows of life's evening shall be covering our earthly sky.

The Soul's Anchor.

In the calm peaceful sunshine,
When all is hushed and still,
And not a breath is stirring,
The languid soul is rapt;
When the wide-spreading ocean,
Like a glassy mirror lies,
And fleecy clouds hang motionless
Along the tranquil skies.

In the deep rest and quiet,
Of sunny hours like these,
When the sailor knows no danger,
And lolls in careless ease;
The strong and ponderous anchor
Hangs quietly aside,
While the good ship swings lazily
Upon the lazy tide.

But when the angry tempests
Across the ocean sweep,
And gloomy darkness settles down
Upon the rolling deep;
When the dread war of breakers
Comes at the midnight hour,
'Tis then the sailor learns to know
The anchor's mighty power.

On such a night of terror,
By Adria's savage coast,
A weary band of mariners,
When other hope was lost,
Driven helpless in the darkness,
And knowing not their way,
Cast their four anchors to the deep,
And waited for the day.

So with our life, in spring-time,
When all is calm and bright,
When storms of sorrow come not,
To cast their withering blight;
When fancy, in soft radiance,
Gilds all the coming years,
And no dread tempests threaten
To fill the soul with fears.

In these still days of pleasure,
We live at ease and rest,
With earth-born thoughts and fancies
The soul is filled and blest;
We live on hopes that vanish
On dreams that rise and fade;
We float about securely,
And feel no need of aid.

But when our years grow weary,
And waves of trouble roll,
When the dark night of death draws on,
And gathers earthy cordage
Break like the spider's web,
And toward an unknown ocean
We drift in fear and dread.

'Tis then we need an anchor,
That anchor sure and strong,
Which grasps the Rock eternal,
Through winds and loud and long;
We need that hope abiding
That Jesus only gives,
Which enteth in with the veil,
And wildest storm outlives.

Cong. & Recorder.

Spare Moments.

Spare moments are the gold-dust of time.

When Queen Elizabeth lay upon her dying bed, she cried in the deepest sorrow and anguish, "Millions of money would I give for an inch of time." At that moment he who would have given her gold, diamonds, or power, more than she ever before possessed, who would have made known to her the news of a splendid victory, or paid the most delicate compliment, would have been thrust aside to make room for any one who could have prolonged, even for an hour, the life of the dying queen. Time is a priceless gift of God to weak humanity. We are placed in this world for a purpose; and time is given us to fulfill our allotted task. If we act in unison with the Almighty, we find that not one moment need be unemployed. The service of God, the improvement of our talents, and the bestowal of charity upon those less favored than ourselves, will fill up every inch of time. As the minute particles of which gold-dust is composed glitter in the light of the sun, so shall the apparently insignificant actions which occupy but a moment, brighten the page of our lives, when the powerful light of the dissolving elements shall expose it to the scrutiny of the All-seeing Judge. In view of such a time should we not gather up the fragments, the minutes—aye, the seconds? As short a time will suffice to say that which may save another from committing sin, as would be occupied in momentarily gratifying ourselves. We cannot calculate the ultimate value of hours and minutes, but we know that as gold-dust, carefully gathered, becomes valuable, so we may expect to become the happy recipients of an invaluable treasure-harvest, if we faithfully garner and cluster time's golden fragments.

Zeal for Souls.

A traveler was journeying in the darkness of night along a road that led to a deep and rapid river, which swollen by sudden rains, was chafing and roaring within its precipitous banks. The bridge that crossed the stream had been swept away by the torrent, but he knew it not. A man met him, and after inquiring whether he was bound, said to him in an indifferent way—"Are you aware that the bridge is gone?"

"No," was the answer. "Why do you think so?"

"O, I heard such a report this afternoon, and though I am not certain about it, you had perhaps better not proceed."

Deceived by the hesitating and undecided manner in which the information was given, the traveler pushed onward in the way of death. Soon another, meeting him cried out in consternation—

"Sir, the bridge is gone!"

"O, yes," replied the way-farer, "some one told me that story a little distance back, but told it I am sure it is only an idle tale."

"O, it is true, it is true!" exclaimed the other. "I know the bridge is gone, for I barely escaped being carried away with it myself. Danger is before you, and you must not go on." And in the excitement of his feelings, he grasped him by the hands, by the arms, by the clothes, and besought him not to rush upon manifest destruction.

Convinced by the earnest voice, the earnest eyes, the earnest gestures, the traveler turned back and was saved. The intelligence in both cases was the same; but the manner of its conveyance in the one gave it an air of a fable, in the other an air of truth.

So it is only through a burning zeal for the salvation of the soul—a zeal glowing in the heart, and flashing out in the look and action and utterance—that the confidence of unbelief can be overcome, and the heedless travelers of the broad way won to the path of life and happiness. Love is the most potent logic; interest and sympathy are the most subduing eloquence.—Dr. G. B. Ide.

Religion of the Beautiful.

How many are there whose religion is nothing more than a shallow, and sometimes pretentious, sense of the beautiful? Their religion is made up of deencies, if not gayeties, in the house of God—velvet, gilt, fine carpets, with hymn-book, prayer-book and clothing to match. Their rapures are transports of aesthetic feeling over operatic music, and a finely intoned

liturgy. Their interest in the sermon is rhetorical; it has its hold on forms of expression, on figures of speech; on tones of voice. And even when Christianity is more broadly and profoundly viewed, it is to be feared that sometimes even then its strength is only admired as sublime, and its revelations of heaven as beautiful. In such a case it is only a wretched, sterile, critical taste, handling the word of life. Multitudes of such people attend fashionable churches, of whom the Prophet might repeat his words, "They come as my people come; they sit as my people sit; thou art to them, Son of Man, as one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play skillfully on an instrument for they hear thy words, but they do them not."—Methodist.

Suffering.

So much, in our mourning for the friends we have lost,—our little children, or our strongest or our best,—do we gain in having the word of God come to us by his lips, in a human life. It is not the cold comfort of dead words carved out in some table of stone; it is the loving sympathy of a weeping Saviour. It is not the calm, oracular direction of a high-priest, who does not partake of our infirmities, but the blessed love of one who weeps with us, hungered with us, thirsted with us; whose heart-strings were strained as ours; and who passed through all he begs us to do. It is not, again, the poor human demonstration of one who has worked out a system by which he thinks death can be explained, and who demonstrates to the last, as poor Socrates did,—till the hemlock came; it is that triumphant utterance of that Son of God who died, as he lived, in the full presence of his Father, and to whom the agony of his death was, as the countless agonies of his life, only a part of the suffering which he was eager to share with us, that we might know how to bear ours. So Christ needs have suffered. So we, if we will do our duty here, and if we will be trained to higher service there, must needs suffer too.—Rev. E. E. Hale.

Deaconesses of Strasbourg.

This institution is formed chiefly by the members of the Lutheran Church. In accordance with the spirit of Protestantism the personal convictions and liberty of the members are recognized. The candidate must serve an apprenticeship which is limited to one year. Then if accepted she can become a permanent member or not as she chooses. No deaconess, however, enters upon a life-long engagement like the Sisters of Charity. Any one at the end of the year is free to return to her family, and resume her ordinary domestic life. She is also free to marry. These women after being trained, labor among the sick in hospitals, orphan asylums and prisons. They care for the sick, cheer the sad, speak words of strength to the dying, and pray with the contrite sinner. Throughout France and Switzerland these devoted Christian women carry the blessing of cheer, and the benediction of loving hearts to the sick soldier and prisoner. The House at Strasbourg now contains three distinct institutions,—an infirmary for the sick, an asylum for repentant women, and a school for children. About 150 persons of every age are under the care of these three institutions. It also provides, at low prices, economical soups and other necessary articles of food to the poor.

A Sharer with Christ.

It is a sweet, a joyful thing, to be a sharer with Christ in anything. All enjoyments wherein he is not, are bitter to a soul that loves him, and all sufferings with him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; his afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, his "reproach" more glorious than their honors, and more rich than their treasures, as Moses accounted them. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in the hardest and harshest things, which have not anything in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love. What does the world by its hatred and persecutions, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like him, give me a greater share with him in that which he did so willingly undergo for me? "When he was sought for to be made a king," as St. Bernard remarks, "he escaped; but when he was brought to the cross, he freely yielded himself." And shall I shrink and creep back from what he calls me to suffer for his sake?—Yea, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up of my will to my Father's.—Archbishop Leighton.

A Sublime Faith.

Faith rests with confidence in the word of God, assured that his promises cannot fail. When one has right views of the divine character, he feels that he could sooner doubt his own existence than doubt the promises of God. The Bible itself furnishes no finer illustration of a sublime faith than the following reply of a poor Scotch woman to Rev. John Brown, of Haddington.

Mr. Brown had been pressing her with hard questions, to test her knowledge of the Scriptures, and the strength and depth of her piety. At last, he asked:

"Janet, what if God, after all he has done, should break his promise and drop you into hell?"

The poor woman promptly replied, "Let him do as he likes. If he does, he'll lose more than I do."

It would be hard for any one to go beyond this in right conceptions of the faithfulness of God.

A Simple Explanation.

The late Mr. William Greenfield was once in company at the house of a friend, with a gentleman of deistical principles, a stranger to him, who put him the following, among many other questions:

"Can you give me the reason why Jesus Christ is called the Word? What is meant by the Word?" It is a curious term.

Mr. Greenfield, unconscious of the motives or the skeptical principles of the inquirer, replied with the plain simplicity and decision by which his character was marked:

"I suppose the words are the medium of communication between us, the term is used in sacred Scriptures to demonstrate

that he is the only medium between God and man; I know no other reason."

The deist's mouth was shut.

Minister or Priest.

The minister and the priest are not one and the same. The priest is a mediator, the minister an instrument. The minister is a man, the priest is more than a man; that is to say, he is not a man at all. The priest is grace personified, a permanent miracle; the priest is God! This is either admirable or horrible. This must have immense consequences, good or bad. Good or bad—Catholicism is pregnant with them all, for it is the religion of the priest, it is priestcraft, neither less nor more. And priestcraft is in religious matters what the divineright is in politics.—Ninet.

Varieties.

THE ONE great poem of New England is her Sunday! Through that she has escaped materialism. That has been a crystal dome over head, through which imagination has been kept alive. New England's imagination is to be found, not in art, or literature, but in her inventions, her social organism, and above all, in her religious life. The Sabbath has been a nurse of that. When she ceases to have a Sunday she will be as this landscape is—now growing dark, all its lines blurred, its distances and gradations fast emerging into sheeted darkness and night.

WHAT A beautiful example for all of us is the resolution of the old lady, who from a crabbed and anxious body became quite the opposite. When asked what had induced the change, she replied: "To tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and have finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

THERE was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he timed himself by an old watch which he carried about. He stayed seven years with his master, and when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of one hour each day. It would be 2,555 hours, which, at the rate of eight reading hours per day would be equal to 319 days; equal to 45 weeks; equal to 11 months—nearly a year's reading.

It is a peculiar kind of expression where the apostle prays that they might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." We may know that experimentally, which we cannot know comprehensively; we may know that in its power and effects which we cannot comprehend in its nature and depths; as a weary person may receive refreshment from a spring, who cannot fathom the depths from whence it proceeds.—Owen.

IF MEN have been termed pilgrims and a journey, then we may add, that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others in the following important particulars:—In the goodness of the road,—in the beauty of the prospects,—in the excellence of the company,—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveler when he has finished his course.—Colton.

THE SAME inspiring influences are about the soul of the sinner, which when received, bless and elevate the mature Christian. The heavens are rich enough for us all; not one is forgotten, not one is overlooked in the distribution of the divine gift. But, if the same gift is bestowed upon all, what makes the difference which we see in different persons? They receive it differently. When, yesterday, the shower so gladdened the earth, though it fell upon all alike, there were some spots upon which it did absolutely no good. They are to-day just what they were yesterday. It called forth an answering smile from the green lawn, but the ledge of rock lay as before, hard and as before. It fell as gently on the dead tree as on the beautiful maples; but the unsightly wood sent forth not a single leaf in gratitude.

Advertisements.

Restore Your Beauty.

HOLLOW CHEEKS, Emaciated Forms, Dark Circles under the Eyes, Puffed and cured by the use of VEELEAU'S VITAMINE. Was never known to fail. However thin you are, the VITAMINE will cause the hollow cheeks and shrunken form to fill up with healthy flesh, restoring beauty of form and color. It is harmless. Satisfaction given or money refunded. \$1.50 per box, sealed by mail. Address, Wm. VEELEAU & Co., L. Box 15, Troy, N. Y.

WANTED, AGENTS in all parts of the U. S. for our New Work, "PEOPLE'S BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY," containing over eighty sketches of eminent men and women, and a full and complete history of the world. A handsome octavo book of over 600 pages, illustrated with beautiful steel engravings, written by JAMES FENTON, the most popular of living authors, whose name will ensure for it a rapid sale. Send for descriptive circular and see our EXTRA AGENTS. A. S. HALE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

Notice.

WILL our brethren and all readers of the Star who come to Portsmouth to trade, please remember that the best bargains in Boots & Shoes may be had at Bro. S. B. Plummer's, No 29 Market St. L. L. HARMON.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

BEFORE purchasing the Metropolitan Organ, or any Organ, Melodeon or Piano, you may learn how to save money in purchasing and also how to preserve your instrument and always keep it in good tune, by addressing of L. L. HARMON, 30 Market St. Portsmouth, N. H.

"Economy is Wealth,"—Franklin. When you buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes! Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers are informed that the numerous friends that "FRANKLIN" and "DIAMOND" Machines can be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with Tack, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is especially the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address, C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 12W15

CHILDREN.—All parents should understand that children's shoes, with metal tips, will wear at least three times as long as those without. The new Silver Tip shoe is especially ornamental, and is being extensively used on children's first-class shoes. Sold everywhere. [86]

BACHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and a beautiful black or brown.—Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly applied at Bachelor's Wig Factory, No. 16, Bond Street, New York.

OLD DR. JOSEPH SWETT'S (The Great Natural Bone-setter's) HEALING SALVE

Attends every one who uses it, by its wonderful cures of Burns, Felons, Breeches, Rashes, Stings, Bruises, Chapped Hands, Old Sores, Itch, Sore Nipples, Piles, and Sores of every kind. All Druggists sell it. Wm. A. PEASE & Co., New Bedford, Proprietors. Wm. A. POTTER & Co., RUST BROS. & Co., Boston, Agents.

Advertisements.

ROOM & POWER FOR RENT.

ROOM WILL BE DIVIDED UP AS DESIRED. THE Subscribers have sample carriages running and established routes in New York and New England, and will by this medium and through salesmen in New York, make sale for desirable articles made in our buildings.

RAND MANUFACTURING CO., Westfield, Mass. [copy 17]

Pyle's Saileratus

Is Acknowledged the Best in Use, Always put up in pound packages, FULL WEIGHT.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

[copy 174]

THE WILCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE. During the last six years, the undersigned has had in use for family sewing the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine. For the simplicity and perfect finish of the machinery, the ease with which it is operated, the noiseless manner in which it does its work, and the elasticity and durability of the seam, he believes it well worthy a first rank among Sewing Machines.

Dover, N. H. Jan. 27, 1868. L. B. LINDSAY.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE. At the Paris Exposition, 1867, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., President of the Howe Machine Co., was awarded over eight-hundred competitors, the TWO HIGHEST PRIZES, the only "Cross of the Legion of Honor," and the GOLD Medal, for the Sewing Machines Exhibited.

J. E. GOODWIN & Co., Agents, DOVER, N. H.

The American Button-Hole. OVER-SEWING AND Sewing Machine.

Button-Hole Making and Sewing Machine Combined, that has made its advent in this or any other Country.

This machine is warranted to execute to the greatest degree of perfection, all kinds and varieties of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Binding, Binding, Gathering and Quilting, &c., that is, can be done by any machine now in use.

It is a novel in its celebrated over-sewing stitch, by which edges of different fabrics are sewn together as by hand sewing.

It also has no rival in its Button-Hole and Eyelet-making, and embroidery on the edge, which is done with equal beauty and perfection on all kinds of fabrics, not excepting Leather. It is one machine doing the work of many.

It is simple, noiseless, and easy to manage, combining in one the merits of all others. It is the only Sewing Machine now known that can make a perfect, finished and beautiful Button-Hole, besides doing many varieties of work not done by other Sewing Machines.

The ease with which it is managed, recommends it especially to all Families as a most pleasant and agreeable adjunct to the domestic circle. It is free from the disagreeable features of other machines, and its operation is free from tediousness, noise and fatigue in operating, &c., which make up the defects of other machines.

They will stand the test of the severest criticism, and elicit the encomiums of all who admire real ingenuity, and even extort praise from jealous rivalry.

All who have tried them, have freely given their testimony, and unite in recommending them as the best and most perfect machine now offered to the public.

Samples of work will be sent to all who may desire to see them by inclosing return stamp. For sale by Geo. W. Drew, Ag't.

Opposite Phoenix Hotel, Concord, N. H. Sold also in Dover, N. H., opposite American House, and 178 Elm St., Manchester, N. H. [copy 152]

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE. THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE ILLUSTRATED. (Publication authorized by the Imperial Commission.)

By their skill, universally recognized, Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson added to Howe's system of sewing machines important modifications, which have placed them in the front rank of manufacturers.

Elegance, perfection of work, simplicity, solidity of mechanism and facility of management, such are the essential qualities united in the Wheeler & Wilson machine, constituting a superiority which the jury has, with unanimity, recognized and proclaimed.

To these gentlemen the gold medal was awarded as manufacturers of machines; to Mr. Elias Howe a similar medal was awarded as promoter. The distinction made by the jury explains itself.—Evening Mail.

HUMAN HAIR GOODS. A L kinds of Ladies and Gents Hair Work manufactured by the most skillful and experienced workmen, and the most life-like appearance. No dyed hair used. All articles warranted to fit. We are constantly receiving fresh supplies from Europe the best quality of German and French Human Hair. Wholesale & Retail. Also a great variety of rich Toilet Goods, &c. R. P. Babcock & Son, Established 1848, 9 West Street, Boston. Our "Crystalline" for the Hair is the only article of the kind that is recommended by persons well known and of high standing. See Circulars round about.

DR. BABCOCK'S HAIR DRESSING, FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

Scientific research cannot furnish an article that will compare to this. State Assayer's Office, 20 State Street, Boston, October 11, 1867.

Dr. George W. Babcock: Sir—I have analyzed and tested the Hair Dressing received from you, with the following results:

It is free from silver, lead, sulphur, acids, alkalies and injurious substances of any kind. It is skillfully prepared, containing valuable medicinal ingredients, which are known to stimulate the growth of the hair; and I can recommend it as a superior preparation, and one that may be used with entire safety.

Each bottle contains twelve fluid ounces. Respectfully, (Signed) S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer of Massachusetts.

It stimulates the growth of the hair, keeps the head cool, moist and clean, does not soil the dress or the skin, and its effect upon the appearance of the hair is everything that can be desired.

It not only promotes, but preserves a luxuriant, handsome growth of hair in its natural color through life.

PREPARED ONLY BY DR. GEORGE W. BABCOCK, Scientific Dermatologist, AND SOLD BY HIM AT 25 WINTER STREET, BOSTON, And by all Druggists throughout the United States. [174]

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, 100 Bowdoin Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are authorized to contract for advertising in the Star.

Advertisements.

Advertisements.

STRAW MATTINGS.

White, Black and Fancy. To which the attention of the Trade is invited.

SOLD BY GEO. W. CHIPMAN & CO., CARPET COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND MANUFACTURERS OF NEW YORK CARPET LINING, 57 MILK & 78 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON. [12W2]

A WIG FOR 35-CENTS! Abram W. Truax, of Rotterdam, N. Y., said: "Am seventy-five years of age, and was bald twenty-five years; have used J. R. KELLY'S SPALDING'S ROSEMARY, and my hair is now two inches long." The ROSEMARY is sold by all Druggists at 35 cents per bottle. Prepared at the old stand, 27 Tremont St., (opposite Museum), Boston. [12W2]

ETNA SEWING MACHINE. SHUTTLE & LOCK-STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE! THIS Machine possesses eminently the following qualities: Durability, Strength, Beauty, Simplicity, Ease of Management, Speed.

The ETNA is entirely adjustable, is adapted to every species of sewing, is noiseless; and, while combining the merits of all other first-class Machines, is especially superior in the use and application of improvements belonging only to it. Agents wanted. H. S. WILLIAMS, Agent for N. E. States, 318 Washington Street, Boston, opp. Boston Theater. [12W2]

PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE USING AFTER USING

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

Has stood the test of seven years before the public, and no preparation for the hair has yet been discovered that will produce the same beneficial results. It is an entirely new scientific discovery, combining many of the most powerful and restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR. It makes the scalp white and clean; cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair; and will make it grow upon bald heads, except in very aged persons, as it furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the cheapest preparation ever offered to the public, as one bottle will accomplish more and last longer than three bottles of any other preparation.

It is recommended and used by the First Medical Authority. The Wonderful results produced by our Sicilian Hair Renewer have induced many to manufacture preparations for the hair, under various names, and in order to induce the trade and the public to purchase their compounds, they have resorted to falsehood, by claiming they were former partners of Mr. Hall, and their preparation was similar to ours. Do not be deceived by them. Purchase the original: it has never yet been equalled. Our Treatise on the Hair, with certificates, sent free by mail. See that each bottle has our private Red Wax Stamp over the top of the bottle. All others are imitations.

R. P. Hall & Co., Prop's, Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. [copy 172]

SWAMSCOT Machine Company, AMOS PAUL, AGENT, SOUTH NEW-MARKET, N. H.

MANUFACTURERS OF Plain and Galvanized Wrought Iron Pipe; Steam and Gas Fittings of all kinds; Brass and Iron Valves; Steam Whistles; Locomotive, Marine, Tubular, Flue and Cylinder Boilers; Barlow's Patent Bleaching Kiers; Steam Boxes for Print Works; Lap Welded Boiler Tubes; Quinry's Patent Expansion Furnels for Repairing Boiler Tubes; Ship Tanks; STATIONARY AND

Portable Steam Engines, Shafting, Turning Lathes, Iron Planes, Machinists' Tools of every description, Mill Work, all kinds of Saw Mill Machinery, (both circular and upright.) Iron and Brass Castings, Gasometers and [151] Gas Works.

POLAND'S PLANTAIN OINTMENT.

This is the best article yet put before the public for the relief of all kinds of Sores and Eruptions upon the Skin, as SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, BROKEN BREAsts, STINGS OF INSECTS, VEGETABLE POISONING, &c. Fully upholding Dr. Poland's reputation as an originator of valuable remedies.

IT IS THE Great Panacea For Burns, Scalds, Frost Bitten Parts, Chapped Lips and Hands, Cracks in the Feet, (with which old people are troubled,) Styes upon the Eyelids, and in fact for everything to which a Salve is applicable.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. Manufactured under the supervision of the Originator, Dr. J. W. Poland, and for sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and at Country Stores.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., and RUST, BROTHERS & BIRD, Boston, General Agents. (Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.)

C. H. POLAND, Proprietor, Box 5111, Boston, Mass.

Also, Agent for Medicines Manufactured by Dr. J. W. POLAND, viz.: Cedar Plaster, Diarrhoea Pills, Indian Pile Remedy, Cathartic Pills, &c. [copy 30144]

Advertisements.

HARTSHORN'S BITTERS.

KEY TO HEALTH!

Cost refunded if it fails to relieve every Biliary or Dyspeptic Symptom. 132 Water Street, Boston. [12W2]

TRY WELLCOME'S Great German Cough Remedy! It is acknowledged to be the best in the market.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1868.

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

Romanism and Free Thought.

There seems to be no end to the inconsistencies of genius and the audacities of unbelief. One of the latest examples appears in Mr. Parton's voluntary and zealous attempt to defend and exalt the Catholic Church, though whether he be really a man of genius is at least debatable. That he represents an almost mocking unbelief he does not allow us to doubt. He is a vigorous writer; though he is in great danger of exchanging his vigor for voluminousness. His best literary products are admirable in their way; his poorest are certainly poor enough for an unskilled and self-reliant sophomore. His "Life of Andrew Jackson" is a piece of biography that even hostile criticism is compelled to respect; his two recent articles in the *Atlantic*, entitled "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," are partial, weak and discreditable. They are readable and somewhat taking, like every thing else which he writes; his facts are worth reciting, though, as he states them, they are very liable to mislead; and some of his suggestions deserve pondering, even when they indicate an incomplete knowledge or a vicious logic. We have space for only a few words by way of specification.

There is something little less than amusing in the terms chosen by Mr. Parton as the title of his essays. "Our Roman Catholic Brethren" is the heading which stands above numerous pages of description and apology and compliment. We hardly know whether there is more of sycophancy or satire in the last word. Perhaps he means to patronize Pius IX., or his humble coadjutor, Father Hecker, whom he can hardly praise enough. But it is certainly curious to see an egotistic and irreligious American, who makes up faces at the superstitions and exclusiveness even of the "liberal" sects of Protestantism, turn round and flatter with words of fellowship the great tyrannical hierarchy of the ages.

The Catholics are in no danger of being cheated. They laugh in their sleeves at this hint of fraternity. If Mr. Parton chooses to help them in their aggressive work in this country, and to blur over the sorry record which they have made in every country of Europe with the best blood of God's saints, by lifting into view the zeal of their priesthood and the artistic beauty of their ceremonialism, they will doubtless be very ready to profit by his service and may even smile upon him kindly in a discreet and irresponsible way; but in their eyes and creed he is after all only a wretched heretic, with whom it is not needful even to keep faith any longer than the Church can be served by faith better than by treachery. Brethren indeed! A zealous priest, working for the universal supremacy of the Pope's power both as a temporal and spiritual sovereign, and a rash iconoclast of the nineteenth century entering into alliance in the city of New York, and publishing the fact in the *Atlantic Monthly*. That is a sight to titillate quite as much as to astonish. The marching of Massachusetts and South Carolina arm in arm into the Philadelphia Convention; with Andrew Johnson shedding tears over the scene, was scarcely more touching. Where are Solomon, Paytinge and Petroloum V. Nasby? Surely here is something worthy of the illustrative pencil of the one and the descriptive pen of the other!

But pleasant as it is, there are some statements made by Mr. Parton that disappoint us. He asserts with much emphasis that the Romish Church is not intolerant of heretical opinions, but is especially the champion of rational inquiry in the sphere of religious thought. He quotes Father Hecker to prove that this Church does not at all demand that men should submit their reason to her teaching and authority. We are surprised at Mr. Parton's prompt endorsement of this statement. And, indeed, the passages quoted from Father Hecker may all be interpreted so as to escape conflict with dogmas and practice of the Catholic Church. For example, Hecker says: "Religion is a question between God and the soul. No human authority, therefore, has any right to enter its sacred sphere." That looks very well at first view. But does not Mr. Parton know that it is not a human authority, in the theology of Romanists, that utters itself through the lips of the Catholic Church, but a superhuman and divine authority instead? They claim that the Pope, as such, is Christ's Vicar and God's Vicegerent. That makes all the difference in the world, though Mr. Parton appears not to have perceived or cared to recognize it.

And which is to be taken as the more reliable exposition of the Catholic faith, Father Hecker's little volume, "The Aspirations of Nature," written in New York, or the Pope's Encyclical Letter issued from the Vatican for the express purpose of defining the Catholic faith, and of setting forth the opinions which are hostile to it? There would seem to be but one answer to that question. And on the 8th day of December, 1864, the Pope sent out a most significant and unequivocal statement of this sort. The Encyclical Letter was accompanied by a Syllabus of opinions and doctrines which are declared to be "altogether reprobated, proscribed and condemn-

ed." And what are some of these heretical opinions and pernicious heresies that are thus solemnly singled out and condemned in the name of the Catholic Church? Here are a few of them, which we especially commend to the attention of Mr. Parton and his friend Father Hecker.

Art. 15. "Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which he, guided by the light of reason, shall believe to be true." Art. 24. "The Church has not the right to employ force." Art. 47. "Science ought to be exempt from ecclesiastical authority."

These are simple specimens of the opinions which are thus solemnly put under ban. Was Mr. Parton ignorant of what the Pope had said in the name of the church, or was he content to ignore it that he might not be hindered in the development of his theory and the free use of his complimentary rhetoric? Whether it be explained in one way or the other, it is not very creditable to him. If he wishes to turn Romanist, there is nothing in the Protestantism at which he is willing to sneer that would prevent his doing so; but he will find that he must leave the mental independence in which he glories at the outer door of that ecclesiastical temple.

The Latest Word of Radicalism.

The New England Anti-Slavery Society held a convention as usual in Boston during Anniversary Week, and it not only maintained its reputation for capacity to say severe and radical things, but fairly outdid itself in the employment of savage rhetoric and brilliant invective. There will of course be no lack of ability and severity in the speech of that body so long as Wendell Phillips remains its chief representative and mouthpiece. Beyond all other living men he has the power of compressing accusations into a resolution, loading a paragraph with satire, and making an epigram throb with concentrated scorn. And he always has a sort of reason for his censure, a basis of fact for his terrible verdicts, a method and cool deliberation in his vocalized wrath, and a quiet and restrained element in his manner that suggests still more terrible thunderbolts held in reserve. All this adds to his effectiveness, and forbids those who differ from him most widely in opinion and sympathy to think of him as a mere oratorical rafter. He is nothing if not radical and denunciatory, and the Society would die of stupor if there were not some foe, imaginary or real, upon which to open its mighty annual cannonade.

The views which find expression on that platform are extreme and one-sided enough to be really false; though there is unfortunately too much ground for the caustic criticism that would blister ordinary lips. As an offset to the conservative timidity that controls so many of our public men and throws partial paralysis upon our government, these extreme radicals, who scoff at all policy and assert the eternal authority of naked and abstract principles, may be in some sense serviceable and needful. They have done some excellent work in the past along with much that was mischievous, as most sensible persons are now free to confess; and the recent developments at the Capitol indicate that, their joints watch and two-edged criticism may be still needed.

At the meeting held last week Mr. Phillips reported a set of resolutions, and then supported them in one of his most effective speeches which flowed for an hour, glowing and scorching like a steady current of lava from Vesuvius when it lights up the Neapolitan night with a terrible splendor, and drives sleep out of the villages at the base of the mountain. Of the speech we make no report, and we have space for only one of the resolutions. Those who have listened to the speaker can partially imagine what would be the character of his sermon when they have read this single clause of his lengthy text. We quote the third resolution which may safely challenge competition:

Resolved, That in the drunken man, the dishonored magistrate, the vagabond brawler, the treacherous chief, the stirrer up of sedition, the mobocrat, the patron of counterfeits, the pardoner of murderers, the usurper of dangerous powers, the conspirator against the peace of the nation, and the execution of its laws, the Liberator of Congress, consorting with rebels, in all these, the nation finds a President guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors," and recognizes in those who vote him innocent only his comrades or tools.

We suggest that none of our readers attempt to imitate this scathing intensity of Mr. Phillips; for nothing less than a gentleman, a scholar and a genius could string together such a collection of epithets without becoming a retailer of Billingsgate or degenerating to the level of a common scold; and even he approaches perilously near that character and function when he utters his bottled verbal fury. The sword is indeed a needed weapon, and nitric acid has its uses; but the healer of wounds is to be appreciated even more than he who opens them, and Christ came not to add to the refinements of torture but to give rest to the weary and life to the dying. In the long run it is not the destroyer but the builder who does most in setting up the kingdom of God. The sudden crash of an overthrown wrong may shake a continent and win the attention of the world, and the living truth may go up slowly without the sound of ax or hammer; but the downfall is symbolized by the shriek of terror, the heap of rubbish and the mournful silence, while the work of the builder is celebrated in the psalms of a worshipping, prosperous people that send their music and inspiration through the centuries.

Mr. Phillips has his mission, but it is exceptional as well as important. The dispensation marked by the reproof of the prophets was only preparatory to another that opened with the beatitudes, that has love for its inspiration and salvation for its end.

Impeachment and Bribery.

The drama of Impeachment is ended. It is well that the Senators decided to test the question fairly, to admit no needless delay, and so to end the feverish anxiety of the country. Its straightforward policy was the only creditable one. It called every man to his duty, laid upon him the responsibility of a direct and open vote, compelled him to put himself on record before the country, swept aside all the pleas for an equivocal method, and then struck the deeds of our legislators into adamant by adjourning the Court *sine die*.

The Senators who have disappointed their constituents and grieved the country, must now answer before the tribunal of the people for their procedure. Some of them are rather nervously attempting to justify their action, and they put in a tremulous plea for an arrest of judgment. They are not delinquent but conciliatory—a good symptom and a politic course. If they were thoroughly honest, they can afford to be calm, and if they are reasonable, they will defer even to the grieved surprise and indignant reproof of men who cannot see anything less than a great criminal in the White House, and who believe that he stands as really in the way of the pacification and prosperity of the country as Lee's army did while entrenched at Richmond. But if there can be a settled conviction that there has been no sacrifice of honor and good faith, and if these men prove themselves true patriots and reliable friends of freedom in the struggles that are still impending, the sober second thought and instructed conscience of the masses will follow severely with generosity.

The question of bribery and constraint is fairly up. It seems obvious that there were plans on foot in New York for buying votes,—it is intimated that there were also plans on foot in Washington for selling them. Most of the Senators who have been mentioned as swayed by improper influences have denied the reports either with dignity or vehemence, and the most generally suspected one called for an investigation. Rumors crystallize into newspaper paragraphs very rapidly. Those that have used the names of the Chief Justice and of two or three prominent Republican Senators very freely have doubtless overstated the truth. Time will probably develop the facts, and every man must stand where his character and acts have placed him. We trust that the investigation already commenced will be carried steadily, impartially and resolutely through. If no man is guilty, we hope that suspicion may be swept away from the least trusted Senator by this scrutiny. If any man has allowed his honor to be tampered with, no matter who he may be, let his wrong or his timidity be exposed. The Senate Chamber is not the place for either an unprincipled wickedness or a compliant weakness. The men needed there to-day are those who have both conscience and nerve. Valor must supplement virtue in this contest, and only the tried leaders should carry the commission of the Republic at the present hour.

What Mr. Johnson will do or refuse to do remains to be seen. The bonds under which he is put to keep the peace are surely heavy ones. He is suspected of lacking the capacity to learn from experience; if he goes on now as heretofore nursing his hatreds, parading his stubbornness, and opposing his theories to the plainest statutes, he will prove himself incurably egotistic, superlatively selfish and distinctively desperate; and he will also involve the half dozen men who left their political associates to save him from a deserved fate, in the same political ruin which he is plucking down upon his own head.

But in spite of all, the Republic will live; for the strong purpose of a people who reverence justice and love liberty pulsates in its heart, and the strength of the infinite arm is given for its defense.

The Quarterly.

It is due that a few words be said in behalf of the second number of the current volume of the *Freewill Baptist Quarterly*, the appearance of which was announced last week. The articles, nine in number, are necessarily brief and the topics discussed are of such a character as to afford a very pleasant variety. If other numbers of the *Quarterly* have been stronger, few have been more attractive and readable.

In the first article, "The Blessedness of Giving, as Compared with that of Receiving," we have an important theme well discussed, and a strong plea in behalf of practical benevolence. Were the subject here presented thoroughly pondered by both ministry and laity, we feel quite sure that our benevolent operations would not fail for want of material support.

The second article, "The Hebrew Lawgiver," is the continuation of one in a previous number. It evidently cost the writer much labor, and he has succeeded in compiling a large number of facts which will be interesting to those who have no access to the authorities with which he seems to have made himself familiar. We cannot but feel that the Jewish economy is a subject too much neglected and consequently too little understood.

The third article "The Age of Louis XIV. in Church History," is well written and evinces a very careful study of this important period. We commend the writer's method of studying history of which this article is an exhibit, as possessing numerous advantages.

In the fourth article, "Cowles's Exposition of Daniel," we have a thoughtful review of some of the points discussed in "Cowles's Notes on Ezekiel and Daniel," recently published. The reviewer disagrees with his author in some very essential partic-

ulars, but he is never at a loss to state the reasons for his position. This article will be valuable as an aid in studying the commentary.

In the fifth article, "Regeneration," is presented a brief and fragmentary, but suggestive discussion of one of the most vital and important of theological questions from an Arminian standpoint. The several positions assumed are stated with great clearness, and the conclusions arrived at are such as challenge respect.

The sixth article, "Esther," presents a brief outline of that period of sacred history in which Esther acted a most important part. Any treatment of the subject can scarcely be devoid of features of interest. The one here presented certainly is not.

The seventh article, "The Millennium," is properly the conclusion of the one in the January number, entitled "Christian Growth." What we said in our notice of that article is equally applicable to this.

The eighth article, "Philosophy of Divine Worship," is well prepared, pleasant and cannot be read without profit.

The concluding article, "Contemporary Literature," is unusually full and interesting.

Brevities.

CO-OPERATION WITH NATURE.

In all our efforts to improve the body or mind, we must regard the laws of nature and act in conformity with them. If we force or contradict them, instead of improving we shall degrade ourselves below the brute which is governed by an instinct in harmony with nature. The lady who compresses her chest, violates nature as much as the Chinese who bandages the feet of her child to stop their growth; nay, more, for she is operating nearer the fountain of life, upon herself instead of another and in the midst of greater light, and she is responsible for her own deformity and its consequences upon herself and posterity. We cannot infringe upon nature's laws with impunity. All improper exposure, tacking the body or mind beyond its power of endurance, and violating the laws of rest and recuperation, bring their legitimate retribution. To make the most of ourselves as we are in duty bound to do, physically, intellectually and morally, we must avoid all these and train the body, intellect and heart in such a way as to bring out their highest powers, and to develop all their resources.

INSPIRATION OF A GOOD CAUSE.

When a man knows that he is engaged in a good cause, that knowledge strengthens him for his work, however arduous. There is an inspiration in it which makes him bold as a lion, filling his heart with courage for any emergency, and making his hand strong for any encounter. With this inspiration he goes forth to do battle for the right with unflinching purpose and indomitable heroism; and he is sure to do efficient service. On the other hand, when a man is conscious that he is engaged in a bad cause, he will find his guilt paralyzing his efforts. His heroism, if he ever has any, is seen only when in his own estimation his bad cause is transformed into a good one. Then he takes advantage of his inspiration which is based upon a self-deception. Then let us be engaged in a good cause which stands upon its own merits and whose inherent value shall prompt us to earnest and noble action.—J. M. B.

Current Topics.

—REV. MR. MALCOLM ON FREE COMMUNION. Among the speakers at the meeting of the American Congregational Union, held at Brooklyn, during the New York Anniversaries, was Rev. C. H. Malcolm, of Newport, R. I., and his address was one of the most interesting features of the occasion. We have already taken occasion to speak of the position of Mr. Malcolm on the communion question, and of the course pursued toward him by the R. I. Baptist State Convention. At Brooklyn he uttered some strong words in his own behalf, and we are glad to reproduce in the following extracts some of the more important of his statements. All free communists will rejoice that they have in him so bold an advocate of their principles. He said:

Never since the beginning of the 17th century, I am profoundly persuaded, have such deep and strong tides of ecclesiastical influence been setting in this land, and in that direction as to-day. After the 16th century, it seemed as if disintegration was the law of Christendom. Philosophy fell into fragments and disjointed parts; but now everywhere we see tokens and signs of rallying together, of a union, hand to hand and heart to heart. Presbyterianism is sounding the call for the gathering of the clans. Methodism draweth nearer and nearer those parts of its great ecclesiastical body that heretofore have been separated, one from the other. And so in different communions we behold these manifestations of unity and of brotherhood. We behold also another tendency, to put greater emphasis, by the spiritually and religiously minded, upon the great vital, cardinal points of our whole faith, and less emphasis upon points of mere ceremonial or ordinance. In the denomination to which I belong there is, unquestionably going on to-day, in this country, this very work. Dream not that high churchism belongs to the Anglican sect alone. It belongs to ours also; with this difference only, that, instead of putting the emphasis upon ordination, and all that logically springs from that dogma, it puts the emphasis upon baptism, and all that logically springs from that dogma, so that, instead of having an apostolic succession in the ministry as to ordination, they claim an apostolic succession in the membership as to baptism. It is a very strange and significant fact that this extreme High Church movement in this country commenced, so far as my denomination is concerned, in the south and southwest; in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and in the Gulf States; the very men who did not stop at slavery, and who plunged into reason, were paying little of "mint, anise and cummin" in sectarian matters. But there is also another movement going on in this denomination. Shall

we call it a Low Church movement? We think we may justly term it such. A large number of those who are coming to see more and more the odiousness and the hatefulness of the dogma of close communion, are resolved to recognize at the Lord's table the Lord's people.

I solemnly, here to-night, affirm that, after eleven years of quiet, patient, industrious investigation, I hold in my possession the unquestioned true evidence of a deep and wide spread movement, both among clergy-men and in the laity, setting in this enlarged, more liberal, and catholic direction. And, although the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention, a week or two ago, solemnly pronounced the Second church and all other churches practicing open communion to be irregular, yet, so far from stopping that movement, I believe it will prove to be the best help which it has ever received.

We need in the church a confederation, an alliance, which shall give to the church a battle-field of Waterloo, and shall send Satan—as was the First Napoleon sent—into exile; and which shall more and more build up holiness, and justice, and love. Chains of ecclesiastical tyranny may be forged; but they shall be as vain as were those which Xerxes cast into the sea. For the Lord is with his people, and shall more and more bring them to see eye to eye, and their hearts to beat pulse to pulse.

—RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES. Last week was not a little remarkable for the number of religious bodies in session. In addition to the Boston Anniversaries, of which brief reports may be found in another column, the Methodist General Conference was still in session at Chicago, the Calvinist Baptists held their anniversaries in New York, and the Presbyterian Assemblies, both Old and New School, were in session, the former at Albany and the latter at Harrisburg. The Boston Anniversaries appear to have been well attended and a good degree of interest was manifested, they being in a decided advance in these particulars of those held in New York. The Methodist General Conference is busy at work, but judging from the reports of its proceedings it has as yet grappled with but few of the more important questions claiming its attention. The Baptist Anniversaries were manifestly pleasant, and the usual routine of business was successfully transacted. The question of re-union was prominent before the Presbyterian Assemblies, but no definite conclusions have been reached.

—WELL APPROPRIATED. The friends of education everywhere will be glad to learn that the Massachusetts Legislature has passed a bill appropriating \$40,000 from the state Treasury to Mr. Holyoke Seminary,—an endowment of which the Institution is said to be in great need. It is, however, very tardily bestowed, it being the first appropriation ever made by that wealthy Commonwealth to an Institution that has no superior of the kind in the country and which has furnished the state not less than a thousand of its most valuable teachers. Why do so much for the education of young men and no more for that of young women? This is a question not only for Massachusetts, but for all the states to consider. It is quite time that female education be made more prominent.

—ANTI-MASONIC. The action of the Anti-Secret Society Convention recently held at Pittsburg, was in some respects significant. Among other things a resolution was adopted cordially inviting "all those engaged in promoting the cause of temperance to take away the veil of secrecy and come into the light, that all temperance men may unite with them in earnest effort to destroy one of the greatest scourges of the land." Some of the utterances also were strong. Rev. Mr. Baird, a Free Mason of the seventeenth degree, asserted that the Masonic order was un-Christian in its character and teachings. Rev. Mr. Crooks, of New York, also addressed the Convention, saying he understood the Masonic order to be anti-Christian and advising all Christians to meet together and pray against it. Is it probable that such men as these and Prof. Finney, of Oberlin, are either dishonest or deceived?

Denominational News and Notes.

Correspondence.

Friend Star:—You look well, speak with increased vigor, and have grown in interest and value as you have grown in size. All live Free Baptists feel stronger, more hopeful, bold and zealous to work than before the enlargement. If you were now removed to a metropolitan city, we should be satisfied. We want our organ to "stand at the places of chief concourse," and speak there for a higher spiritual life and Christian freedom. We have work to do in this direction.

Our good brethren, the Regular Baptists, whom we love, but who sometimes seem to dislike to have us love them, need our influence. The less they desire it, the more we ought to give it. We ought to help them cast out the spirit of intolerance. They put their churches and members into the strait jacket of close communion, and make the name of Baptist signify exclusiveness and bigotry. The hammer is held in terror over the heads of all who dare to so love "the brethren" as to wish to celebrate their Saviour's death with any not of "the same faith and order." Brother Sawtelle, of San Francisco, and brother Malcolm, of Newport, R. I., bravely protest and stand for freedom. They are only the van of the emancipated. It is only a question of time; close communion must die. Baptists have too much soul and the true spirit of religion, to wear always this yoke of ritualism. And our Star ought to be published where we can more readily help these friends, and where, if they so please, be helped by them. Their cause and ours is in an important sense one and the same.

Indulge a word about Holland Purchase Y. M. Since its organization as many churches have died as now stand upon its roll. These last churches were generally located at needful points, and ought to and

might have been sustained, with proper care. We have twenty more that are ready to die, and will die, if not rescued by vigorous measures. We ought now to have at least eighty churches, and five thousand members in our body; but we have only thirty-eight churches and two thousand members. Shall we continue to "live at this poor dying rate?" We shall unless we make more efforts "to strengthen the things that remain." We can change the whole aspect of the field. Prosperity is within reach, if we have the courage to seize it. For eight years the churches in Erie Co. M., with one exception, have had no revivals, and have gradually declined. Last fall Elder Taylor was persuaded to engage as an evangelist, and has preached to the churches as such during the winter. Large gains in strength are the result. But for this, some churches would probably have become too weak to support preaching, and sunk down in sleep. There was the Ashford church, in Cattaraugus Co. M., in precisely this condition. Bro. Taylor was persuaded to go to their help—a revival followed, the pastor was retained, and the whole Co. M. encouraged. The same work can and must be done in the other weak churches.

Two hundred churches in the State are in a similar condition. If a few able men could be employed to visit them and hold meetings they could be revived and made efficient. But if we go on as we are going, pastors preaching when they can be paid, and many churches without pastors, and many pastors without churches, we shall lose as much or more than we gain. We have men who can do this work, and are anxious to do it, if they can live. Is there any way to pay them? That is the question. Money will do the work. Without money we can do nothing. An evangelist will starve to death if he depends upon those to whom he preaches. In many cases where he is needed the most they will pay nothing.

Now will the brethren help in this work? Will they give us some money with which to employ evangelists? Who is willing to pay ten dollars a year to save these dying churches? Who will pay five dollars? Who will pay anything? Let them send on the cash, or subscriptions. A few have sent in their names, but we must have a general move. We want money enough before the first of September to employ an evangelist for every Y. M. in the state.

Bro. D. G. Holmes resigned his pastorate at Fairport this spring, and Bro. Robert Cameron has accepted a call to that place. Brother Holmes has toiled long and successfully in that field, and now that his poor health and that of his worthy wife forces them to seek rest, we are all deeply impressed with the value of their labors. The church at Fairport is one of the best in the state, and has become such through patient, faithful, constant, long-protracted effort,—a striking example of the value of a good and long pastorate. Bro. Holmes has succeeded because he has worked hard, cultivated and enforced peace among brethren, has been active in Sunday schools, was unselfish in aims, a good visitor, and attentive to all the little interests of the church, as well as a good preacher. He made it his business to take care of the church, rather than scheme to get the church to take care of him; hence the church grew strong, and was able and willing to take care of him. We hope that many will follow his worthy example. Many prayers are offered for his restoration to health, and for another decade of effective labor.

Bro. VanDuzee has resigned his pastorate of the Springville church. Bro. A. H. Barker, from Oswego county is his successor. They have a good prospect of erecting a meeting house in Springville. Considerable revival has been enjoyed under the labors of Bro. Wm. Taylor. The prospects are that Bro. Taylor will settle with the church at West Falls, and preach also at Griffin's Mills and Potter's Corners, a large field. G. H. BALL.

Our Denominational Name.

Having noticed the discussion lately in our excellent western paper, the *Christian Freeman*, it has led me to query whether a change of our denominational name from Freewill Baptists to Free Baptists would probably gratify as many as it would grieve.

Suppose our name was given us by way of reproach. Have we not well and truly outlived that reproach, and made for ourselves a reputation before the world, to be coveted rather than abandoned? Have we not a record upon the subject of American slavery, as well as upon our early exposition and defense of Scripture doctrine, that we, as Freewill Baptists, cannot afford to lose? And shall we not practically lose at least a part of the value of our record upon all important matters by this proposed change of name?

We must apply to the legislatures of several of our states to change the names of our Printing Establishment, Home and Foreign Mission and Education Societies. Then, to prevent confusion and have uniformity, our churches, Quarterly Meetings, Yearly Meetings and General Conference must change their names and records. These legal and ecclesiastical bodies are now well and favorably known as Freewill Baptists. Must it not necessarily be a long time before they could be as well and favorably known by the name of Free Baptists?

But would all our churches and Quarterly Meetings adopt the change? Would not the effort to change our name diminish our denominationalism and mar our family affection? And if we are to live and grow as a religious body in the future, have we not too little denominationalism even now? Nay, has not this agitation and itching to change our name lessened our denominational attachment already? May not our

no competition. For clergymen, ladies, and all who wish to sell a religious work, it has no equal. Dress, with title of book, L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Conn. 411

Poetry.

Sleeping and Waking.

My wife had left her home to seek
The glow I worshiped in her cheek,
Like Persian old; my sky had paled;
A letter every day I mailed,
And often said, in cheerful vein,
"The baby slept all night again."

All hallow'd by her tears and prayers
He staid with me, he less'n'd cares,
The nestling, slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too;
And so I wrote her now and then,
"The baby slept all night again."

One morn he languished at my side,
Death-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still,
So wrote I in my wonted strain,
"The baby slept all night again."

But when, in turn, she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With artless talk about the bed
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen,
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious bloom away,
And grief met grief, while of the dead
We thought within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it case her pain,
"He wakes to sleep no more again."

Mary Gray.

In a low and lonesome cottage
Dwelteth aged Mary Gray,
Rarely doth one come to cheer her
Through the long and dreary way.
Yet she saith, "I'm never lonely;
Christ is with me all the day."

In a widow's garb she robed her,
Full a score of years ago;
And her last child sought his slumber
Mid this winter's drift of snow.
Yet she saith, "I do not murmur;
Christ hath taken them, I know."

Sometimes, spite of all endeavor,
Want comes knocking at her door;
Hungering, shivering, without fire,
Gone the last of her store.
Yet she saith, "The help is coming;
Messengers of Christ are sure."

Nights of sad unrest she watcheth
While the weary hours go by,
Or her frame is racked with anguish,
With no soothing help nigh.
Yet she saith, "I will may bear it;
Christ hath suffered, why not I?"

In her low and lonesome cottage
Dwelteth aged Mary Gray;
Through her crosses ever drawing
Nearer to the Heavenly stay,
Shall we deem ourselves the richer,
Walking on our easy way?

Zion's Herald.

The Family Circle.

"Not Lost, but Gone Before."

A PARABLE FROM MRS. GATTY.

The sun shone softly down upon the
Hillside Cemetery, where Mr. Bell and his
children were standing amid the fresh clover,
strewing a new-made grave with roses
and violets from their garden. It was only a
little mound, and the weeping mother sat
at its head mourning for her youngest
born.

"Papa," said Arthur, "where is heaven,
that my little brother has gone to? It is
not up in the sky, for I can't see anything
there." The little boy looked sorrowfully
up into the far-off blue, and then turned to his
father for a reply.

"Heaven is not in sight, Arthur," answered
his father. "We cannot tell where it is. It
might be very near without our being able
to see it with our eyes."

"But, papa," said Helen, "if heaven is
near, isn't it strange that Willie cannot just
come back one minute to tell us he is
happy?"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Bell, "it is all
strange to us. We can only trust our Father
in heaven about it, and wait till we go
to him. If we love him here, we shall be
where he is hereafter, and with dear little
Willie, too, I think."

They lingered awhile beside the precious
grave, and then turned homeward through
the pleasant cemetery grounds. As they
passed a little pond fringed with flowering
shrubs, Mr. Bell said to his wife, "Anna,
let us sit down beside this pond while I tell
the children that parable of Mrs. Gatty's
which sister Alice read to us,—'Not lost,
but gone before.'"

"O yes," said their mother, "I should
like to have you."

Mr. Bell placed his wife upon a rustic
seat, and sat down by her side, with Arthur
on his knee and Helen at his feet.

"This parable," said he, "tries to teach us
how near heaven may be to earth, and how
the holy people may remember us and know
where we are, and yet not be able to return
or speak to us. I will tell you all I can
remember of it."

"Once there was a beautiful pond in the
center of a wood. Trees and flowers were
growing about it, birds sang and insects
hummed about it. Under the water, too,
there was a little world of beings. Fishes
and little creatures that live in water filled
it full of busy life. Among them was the
grub of a dragon-fly, with a large family
of brothers and sisters."

"What is a dragon-fly?" interrupted Ar-
thur.

"It's just a darned-needle," said Helen.
"Yes, you children call it a darned-needle-
swift creature, with a long glittering blue-
and-green body and brilliant gauzy wings.
Now, before he became a dragon-fly, darts-
ing through the air and flashing back the
sunshine, he was a dark scaly grub, and
lived down in the forest pond. He and his
family were born there and knew no other
world. They spent their time in roving in
and out among the plants at the bottom of
the water in search of food."

"But one day this grub began to talk
among his mates about the frog. 'Every
little while,' said he, 'the frog goes to the
side of the water and disappears. What
becomes of him when he leaves this world?
What can there be beyond?'

"You idle fellow," replied another grub,
"attend to the world you are in and leave the
'beyond' to those that are there!" So said
all his relations, and the curious grub tried to
forget his questionings. But he could not
do it; so one day, when he heard a heavy
splash in the water and saw a great yellow
frog swim to the bottom, he screwed up his
courage to ask the frog himself.

"Honored frog," said he, approaching that
dignified personage as meekly as possible,
"permit me to inquire what there is
beyond the world."

"What world do you mean?" said the
frog, rolling his goggle eyes.

"This world, of course; our world," answered
the grub.

"This pond, you mean," remarked the
frog, with a sneer.

"I mean the place we live in; I call it
the world," cried the grub with spirit.

"Do you indeed?" rejoined the frog.

"Then what is the place you don't live in;
the 'beyond' the world, eh?"

"That is just what I want you to tell
me," replied the grub brisily.

"Well, then," said froggy, "it is dry
land."

"Can one swim about there?" asked the
grub.

"Dry land is not water, little fellow,"
chuckled the frog; "that is just what it is
not."

"But tell me what it is," persisted the
grub.

"Well, then, you troublesome creature,"
cried the frog, "dry land is something like
the bottom of this pond, only it is not wet,
because there is no water."

"Really," said the grub, "what is there
then?"

"They call it air," replied the frog.

"It is the nearest approach to nothing."

"Finding that he could not make the
grub understand, the good-natured frog offered
to take him on his back up to the dry
land, where the grub might see for him-
self. The grub was delighted. He dropped
himself down upon the frog's back and
clung closely to him while he swam up to
the rushes at the water's edge. But the
moment he emerged into the air the grub
fell reeling back into the water, panting
and struggling for life. 'Horrible!' cried
he, as soon as he had rallied a little; 'there
is nothing but death beyond this world. The
frog deceived me. I cannot go there, at
any rate!'

"Then the grub told his story to his
friends, and they talked a great deal about
the mystery, but could arrive at no explana-
tion."

"That evening the yellow frog appeared
again at the bottom of the pond."

"You here!" cried the startled grub.

"You never left this world at all, I sup-
pose."

"Clumsy creature," replied the frog,

"why did not you cling to my back? When
I landed on the grass you were gone."

"The grub related his death-like struggle,
and added, 'Since there is nothing but
death beyond this world, all your stories
about going there must be false.'"

"I forgive your offensive remarks,"
said the frog, gravely, "because I have
learned to-day the reason of your tiresome
curiosity. As I was hopping about in the
grass on the edge of the pond, I saw one
of your race slowly climbing up the stalk
of a reed. Suddenly there appeared a rent
in his scaly coat, and after many struggles
there came out of it one of those radiant
dragon-flies that float in the air. I told you
of. He lifted his wings out of the carcass
he was leaving, and when they had dried in
the sunshine he flew glittering away. I
conclude that you grubs will do the same
thing by and by."

"The grub listened with astonishment
and distrust, and swam off to tell his friends.
They decided that it was impossible non-
sense, and the grub said he would think no
more about it. He hurried restlessly about
in the water hunting for prey, and trying
to forget. But not long after he began to
be sick, and a feeling he could not resist
impelled him to go upward. He called to
his relations and said,—

"I must leave you, I know not why. If
the frog's story of another world is true, I
solemnly promise to return and tell you."

"His friends accompanied him to the
water's edge, where he vanished from their
sight, for their eyes were fitted to see
only in water. All day they watched and
waited for his return, but he came no more."

"One of his brothers soon felt the same
irresistible impulse upward, and he also
promised the sorrowing family that, if he
should indeed be changed into that glorious
creature of which they had heard, he would
return and tell them. 'But,' said one,
'perhaps you might not be able to come back.'"

"A creature so exalted could certainly do
anything," replied the departing grub. But
he also came not again. "He has forgotten
us," said one; "he is dead," said another; "there
is no other world."

"And now a third brother felt the same
inward necessity driving him upward. He
bade his friends farewell, saying, 'I dare not
promise to return. If possible I will; but
do not fear in me an altered or a forgetful
heart. If that world exists, we may not un-
derstand its nature.'"

"His companions lingered near the spot
where he disappeared, but there was neither
sign nor sound of his return. Only the
dreary sense of bereavement reminded
them that he had once lived. Some feared
the future; some disbelieved, some hoped
and looked forward still. Ah, if the poor
things could only have seen into the pure air
above their watery world, they would have
beheld their departed friends often return-
ing to their borders. But into the world of
waters they could never more enter. The
least touch upon its surface, as the dragon-

fly skimmed over it with the purpose of de-
scending to his friends, brought on a deadly
shock, such as he had felt when as a water-
bug he had tried to come upward into the
air. His new wings instantly bore him
back.

"And thus divided, yet near; parted, yet
united by love, he often hovered about the
barrier that separated him from his early
companions, watching till they, too, should
come forth into the better life. Sweet it was
to each new-comer to find himself not alone
in his joyous existence, but welcomed into
it by those who had gone before. Sweet
also to know that even in their ignorant life
below, gleams from the wings of the lost
ones they had lamented were shining down
into their dark abode. O, if they had
known, they would neither have feared nor
sorrowed so much!"

Mr. Bell sat in silence a few moments af-
ter finishing this parable, and then said,—

"Do you see how the other world may
be out of our sight and hearing, though
very real and near?"

"Yes, father, I do," replied Helen. "It
makes it seem as if Willie might be close
beside us."—Household Reading.

Bears and Bear-hunting.

"Notes of a Hunter," by Henry Clapp,
call to mind some personal experience
about bears and bear-hunting in Texas. "I
was much in the company of Mr. Benjamin
Burke, a very observing, intelligent, and
truthful man. He imparted to me many
items of information respecting the habits
of the bear. Some of these habits I had
the opportunity of observing myself, and
I have full confidence in the truth of his
statements relative to the others."

I had read in my youth, in some great en-
cyclopedia, that the bear goes to his win-
ter's sleep very fat, and awakes from it in
the spring very lean. I was surprised then
to learn that, so far as can be judged
by appearances, he loses none of his fat
during hibernation. Of course, in his wild
state we cannot weigh him before going to
sleep and after he wakes. The hunter says
he goes to his winter-quarters "full fat,"
and comes out "full fat." Now that he is
fat when he begins to travel in the spring;
but he becomes lean rapidly, not with-
standing he may find plenty to eat.

At this period, he is destructive to hogs;
indeed, all the summer, till the return of
mild (acorns, grapes, and other autumn
fruits) offers him better food. Mr. Burke
had a very large gentle bear (he was raised
as a pet) which was caught by a bear; but
he broke away, and came to the house with
a gaping wound just over the middle of
his back. A gang of hogs will rally, in
self-defense, against a wolf, a panther, or
any other animal of this country that I
know of, except a bear. If you want to
scatter a gang, throw among them a bit of
flesh-bark-skin. Apropos of this a story is
told, for the truth of which I do not vouch,
though I think it not improbable, that a
man's hogs being in the habit of breaking
into his neighbor's field, the latter caught
one, sewed it up in the skin of a bear nearly
killed, and turned it loose among its fel-
lows. These ran for dear life, and the
bear-hog followed from social instinct till
both fell, if not dead, at least quite ex-
hausted.

I was not aware that a bear can climb a
tree so small as that mentioned by Mr.
Clapp. The hunter knows whether the
animal is in the hollow of the tree above by
the marks of the claws. In ascending, he
leaves only the puncture of the claws. In
descending, he makes long scratches. They
climb in order to "lap," as the hunter
says, described by Mr. Clapp as drawing
in branches to get the fruit. I feel inclined
to doubt whether they break off the branches
for the purpose of throwing them down and
then descending to eat the fruit. It looks
too much like human reasoning. If the
branch breaks, he may not be able to hold
it; and when he goes down, he may
eat the fruit. This would be all nat-
ural enough. In the South, acorns form
the principal mast. They are fond of per-
simmous too, and grapes. When mast is
not plenty, they lap black-gum berries
(*Nyssa multiflora*), and these impart to
the flesh, not a bitter taste as would be
supposed, but the peculiar savor of fish; so
that, for a person of delicate taste, only
severe hunger will force him to eat the
meat of a bear that has lapped black-gum.

The female commonly climbs a tree to
find a hollow for her winter-quarters,
where she has her cubs. I was present
at the taking of one from such a
hollow. It was necessary to climb
a neighboring tree; then a piece of
dry rotten wood set on fire, loosely at-
tached to a pole and thrust into her nest,
soon forced her to turn out. Old, large
bears do not like to climb, and generally
hibernate in a thick bunch of cane or bush-
es, or among some fallen tree-tops, or in a
hollow log, making a bed of leaves, grass,
brush, or other stuff. During winter, if
a warm day occurs, bears will sometimes
go out and walk about, and perhaps drink;
but they, probably, do not eat. One killed
during the winter has nothing, or only a
little mucus in the stomach and intestines,
and the plug in the vent, as mentioned by
Mr. Clapp. This results, probably, from
the hardening of the last fecal matter,
mostly mucus, which comes from the intes-
tines. But the idea that it is composed of
gum,—an idea that I never heard of in
Texas,—entertained by some, reminds me
of another custom of bears, probably con-
nected with the sexual heat. In some lo-
calities, particularly on a high bluff near a
stream, a pine tree is occasionally seen,
from which the bark, at a certain height,
is plainly torn off by the teeth of some animal.
It is said to be done by the bear in this
manner: he rises on his hind feet with his
back to the tree, and, turning his head to
one side and to the other, rips off the bark
with his tusks. The size of the animal is
known, approximately, by the height of the
marks he leaves. The same tree is visited
year after year by bears of various sizes,—

none very small, however. I would say,
trusting to memory, that the average height
may be about four feet. I have seen sev-
eral such trees. I think Mr. Burke had never
witnessed this performance, but received
his information from Indians. I never saw
any other than a pine thus marked.

Bears are fond of honey, and will rob
bee-hives, if within reach. They also dig
up "yellow-jackets," wasp-nests, for the
larvæ. The account of this is amusing.
The animal digs rapidly, and when the in-
sects sting him too fiercely he quits for a
moment, rolls over and over on the ground,
scurrying the while, and returns again to the
attack, perhaps to go through the same
movements several times before he bears
off the prize.

It is exciting sport hunting bears with
dogs. These come to be almost as fond of
it as the hunter himself. Most of them, in
the beginning, fear to attack, and some
never get the better of the dread he in-
spires. A fierce one is apt to spring at the
ear, to his sorrow. But the dog that has
courage and prudence combined bites him
behind, which he will by no manner of
means tolerate, but will wheel to fight. I
doubt if he ever properly strikes with his
paws. He makes his own instinctive effort
to seize the attacking party, and to put him
in the place of the lowmest dog in the
fight. Then he bites, and if he gets the
dog by the back, and if this be a lean thin
dog, woe be to the dog. A fat one has a
better chance. The bear cannot so well
get his broader back into his mouth, and
the skin slipping, he generally escapes with
only a flesh wound. Dogs, at first, often
refuse bear-meat, but come to prefer it above
all others, as does the hunter.

When hard pressed, the bear will back
into a dense patch of cane or into a bunch
of bushes, and, standing erect on his hinder
parts, make the best fight he is capable of.
This is the time for the hunter, when his
attention is absorbed by the dogs. Occa-
sionally one's started, which runs steadily
on and escapes. Females and young com-
monly climb, or "tree" in hunters' dialect.
Generally, they are then easily shot; but
sometimes, on the hunter's approach, they
will drop from the tree and run on again.

I once met a female and two cubs. I
shot the mother fair in the breast, aiming
at the white spot. The cubs treed, and I
killed them; I then went in search of the
old one, fully expecting to find her, close
by, dead. As she ran away she bled pro-
fusely, but the blood grew less, and finally
stopped entirely, and I never found the
bear. How she could go quite off with such
a loss of blood, was a mystery.—*American
Naturalist.*

Literary Review.

THE VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS
UNDER DOMESTICATION. By Charles Dar-
win, M. A., F. R. S., &c. Authorized Edition,
with a Preface by Professor Asa Gray. In
two volumes. With Illustrations. New
York: Orange Judd & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp.
494, 568. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The contents of such a work as Darwin has
here given to the public are to be learned and
estimated by careful and patient study, not by
a mere paragraph of characterization. A man
of the keenest observation, of eminent scientific
habits and attainments, a philosophic thinker
less than a laborious collector of facts, ashamed
of ignorance and crudity but suffering no dread
of being accounted singular, he has put into these
volumes the results of that wide observation and
patient study upon which he bases the theory of
the "Origin of Species" so frequently coupled
with the mention of his name. Whatever may
be thought of his theory, there can be no question
respecting the practical value of his many, curi-
ous and well classified facts. These last are
spread out on the pages of these volumes; and
no intelligent man devoted to stock-raising, or
anxious to put a scientific element into his agri-
culture, could fail to find this work fruitful in
suggestions and instructive at every step. Those
who are interested in the author's speculations
will find ample opportunity to study them as they
are brought out in the latter portion of the second
volume, but whatever degree of importance may
be attached to these, the work must be set down
as one of the most important contributions to
this department of literature which has yet been
made. The index is one of the most copious,
comprehensive and complete that we have any-
where seen, and will enable the reader to turn
at once to any specific topic or illustrative fac-
tial with the least possible difficulty or delay.

The American edition is every way equal to the En-
glish, and is sold for only a fraction of the price
charged beyond the sea.

A SUGGESTIVE COMMENTARY ON THE NEW
TESTAMENT. Vols. I. & II. St. Luke. By
Rev. W. H. Van Doren. New York: D. Ap-
leton & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp. 329, 348. Sold
by D. Lothrop & Co.

It was hardly necessary to prefix "Rev." to
the name of the author on the title-page of these
books, for the whole plan and method exhibit the
homilet and preacher. The "Homiletical and
Practical" division of Lange's great *Biblewerk*
may have suggested the plan of this Commentary;
but in that work this department is carefully
separated from and subordinated to the critical
and expository, whereas in these volumes a
proper Exegesis is made wholly incidental and
is rarely satisfactory. The Commentary has its
value, as sketches and plans of sermons have
theirs. It will enable the ordinary reader, who
is devout rather than critical, to find food for
meditation and suggestions for practical use
where the word of Scripture has before seemed
dry and barren; and it will afford superficial
preachers abundant material out of which to
make sermons that are not wholly worthless, in
the absence of the hard study which they are
inclined or unable to give. Indeed it will not be
wholly valueless to a higher order of minds, fur-
nishing much condensed information, saving the
time that would be employed in consulting au-
thorities, and offering now and then bits of gen-
eral meat among its abundance of milk and wa-
ter. But a Commentary in the higher sense it
is not. Its theory is to take up each separate
passage or clause of Scripture, and see how much
of history, custom, doctrine, experience, duty,
etc., etc., each successive word may be made to
suggest, without regard to natural order, and al-
most wholly ignoring the comprehensive thought
or argument or lesson which the Great Teacher
aimed to develop. It reminds one of a maxim
attributed to the Jewish Rabbi, when he said,
"Mountains of sense hang on every letter of the
Scriptures." We must add that the brief and
condensed form of expression employed, the use
of hints rather than statements, the uniformly
short sentences adopted, make the rhetoric a
mortal offence to Blair and Whately, and give the

pages the appearance of chapters in the Prov-
erbs, or a limited collection of lawyers' briefs
or clergymen's sketches. And yet in spite of it
all the volumes have a sphere and a mission
which they will not wholly fail to find and hon-
or.

THE HOUR WHICH COMETH AND NOW IS; Ser-
mons preached in Indiana-Place Chapel, Bos-
ton, by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Wan-
y. Spencer. 1868. 12mo. pp. 364. Sold by
D. Lothrop & Co.

A second and an enlarged edition of Dr. Clarke's
sermons here appears to testify that the interest
felt in the preacher's words does not always begin
and end with the announcement of the text and
the utterance of the benediction. Dr. Clarke is a
straightforward and vigorous thinker, and his
style unites rugged thought, rhetorical graces,
and a simplicity that half conceals and yet exalts
literary art, with a clearness that is almost crys-
talline and an individuality that makes it a per-
petual mental photograph of the man behind it.
All these qualities appear in these sermons, which
are varied in topic and merit. There is much in
them that is excellent in tone and Scriptural in
sentiment; there is also much that is peculiarly
Unitarianism, and which, though courteously
and dignifiedly stated, seems to us to strike di-
rectly across the track both of Paul and of Paul's
Master. The appreciation and apparently partial
acceptance of evangelical views which mark his
"Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy" will be mis-
sed in this volume, as will also not a little of
the perpetual freshness and matured strength
which render that work really noticeable and
stimulating.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. Im-
pressions of Europe in 1867—1868. Vol. I.
New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 454.
Sold by E. J. Lane.

We have shown our appreciation of the letters
of Dr. Bellows, which the publishers have here
in part collected into a volume, by quoting from
them frequently as they have appeared in the
Liberal Christian. After making allowance for
the fact that they treat of the same topics as
those with which tourists are perpetually deal-
ing, that they are sometimes diffuse, now and
then a little stilted in their rhetoric, and occa-
sionally become the medium for preaching
Unitarian theology,—it must be confessed that
they possess an ability, an intrinsic and abiding
interest, a fruitful suggestiveness, a breadth of
view, and a manly vigor of tone that will surely
give them one of the highest positions in the
class of literature to which they belong. What
is seen and learned by a tourist depends far
more upon the observer than upon the objects
which pass in review. Dr. Bellows is a keen ob-
server and a rare interpreter, and so the Old
World becomes a striking revelation when he
sketches it with his facile and obedient pen.

KING SHAM, and Other Atrocities in Verse;
including a humorous history of the Pike's Peak
excitement. By Lawrence N. Greenleaf.
New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 140.

The wit of these poems would never be mis-
taken for that of Holmes, Lowell or Saxe. It
moves on a lower plane; it is on the surface rather
than in the depths; it snacks of the dinner ta-
ble and the declamation rather than of the higher
literary estates; it would be popular at the vil-
lage lyeum or in the Freshmen's club at Col-
lege rather than on Commencement Day or at
an authors' Reunion. Still there is wit here,
though lacking a subtle delicacy; and humor is
not wanting, though its flavor be not the choic-
est, though it is sometimes strained out by ex-
travagance and contortion, and is more likely to
be welcomed by an explosion of laughter than to
be recognized by the delicious zest which it dif-
fuses. It is the somewhat artificial and boisterous
fun of young America forcing itself into rhyme;
and while it may help in digesting a dinner, it
will hardly scatter itself in quotations through
our higher literature.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND SKETCHES BY BOZ:
Illustrative of Every-day Life by Every-day peo-
ple. By Charles Dickens. With six color-
illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.
Sold by E. J. Lane.

Another volume of the Charles Dickens edi-
tion of Dickens's Works, which approaches com-
pletion, to the high satisfaction of those who ap-
preciate convenience, elegance and cheapness in
a set of books which neither England nor Amer-
ica will soon put into obscurity or forget.

ROBERT LINTON; and what life taught him.
By the author of the "Win & Wear" Series.
New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1868. 16mo.
pp. 395. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The imprint of the Messrs. Carter guarantees
the elevated tone of any book which carries it;
and whoever has read even one of the "Win &
Wear" Series of volumes will feel sure of some-
thing thoroughly excellent when they meet an
other installment from this pen. It is enough to
say that the publishers seldom do better in this
department than they have done in the issue of
Robert Linton, and the authors has brought a
combination of her best gifts to enrich this at-
tractive and quickening story. It can hardly
miss popularity or fall of usefulness.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS; or Pleasing better
than Teaching. By the author of "The Little
Mitten," etc. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1868.
18mo. pp. 173.

A quiet story, true to life, which it ought to re-
buke and improve.

We can only mention the following by their ti-
tles. They are pleasant, wholesome, elevated,
and will carry a blessing into every juvenile cir-
cle that they may visit. They are sold by D. Lo-
throp & Co.

THE NEVERS, and Other Stories. Boston: Hen-
ry Hoyt. 18mo. pp. 134.

LIVING JEWELS. Diversities of Christian Char-
acter suggested by precious stones. With six col-
or illustrations. By A. L. O. E., author
of "Young Pilgrim," etc. New York: Robert
Carter & Bros. 18mo. pp. 177.

MAGGIE AND THE SPARROWS. By the author
of "Little Kitty's Library," etc. Same Pub-
lishers. 18mo. pp. 180.

DOLLY'S CHRISTMAS CHICKENS. Same au-
thor and Publishers. 18mo. pp. 180.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April
was somewhat late in reaching us, but it came
bringing all its usual solidity of appearance and
its wonted interior vigor and value. It opens
with an excellent article on Sanitary laws, and
the perils and wrong of setting text in the Report
of our great cities,—finding its title in the Report
of the New York Metropolitan Board of Health,
and finding facts enough in the condition of things
in that city to illustrate the argument, excuse the
indignation and put emphasis upon the plea—
Of Mr. Norton's article on "The Church and Re-
ligion" we commented last week. It is overdone
in its fault finding and defective in its proposed
remedy,—but it has some hints that deserve to be
pondered.—The article on Hegel is one of real
value in leading to a comprehension of the aims
and methods of that metaphysician; the paper on
the "Translation of the Veda," by Prof.
Whitney, is learned and lucid, like everything
emanating from him; the second article on the
commercial relations and possibilities of Boston,
was a needed supplement to the paper which ap-
peared in January, and opens an apparent door
of hope to the

The Flood of the Nile.

In Sir Samuel Baker's new volume, "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," we have the following account of the sudden rise or the unheralded annual birth, of the Atbara river, whose waters contribute so largely to produce the regular inundation of Egypt. It seems now to be conclusively proved that, while the equatorial lakes are the regular feeders of the wondrous and life-giving river, the annual flooding rains of Abyssinia supply both the extra water which makes it irrigate the Delta, and the immense deposits of mud which keeps the soil so fruitful. The rainy season frequently commences very suddenly, and a few hours suffice to fill the sandy and dusty river-bed with a majestic stream. But our author must be allowed to tell the striking story in his own words. Here they are:

On June 23d, we were nearly suffocated by a whirlwind that buried everything within the tents several inches in dust; the heat was intense; as usual the sky was spotted, but the sun was more overpowering than I had yet experienced. I accordingly took my rifle and went down to the pool, as any movement, even in the burning sun, was preferable to inaction in that sultry heat and dust. The crocodiles had dragged the skeletons of the hippopotamus into the water; several large heads appeared and then vanished from the surface, and the ribs of the carcass that projected, trembled and jerked as the jaws of the crocodiles were at work beneath. I shot one of very large size through the head, but it sank to the bottom; I expected to find it on the following morning, floating upon the surface, when the gas should have distended the body.

I also shot a large single bull hippopotamus late in the evening, which was alone at the extremity of the pool; he sank at the forehead shot, and as he never rose again, I concluded that he was dead, and that I should find him on the morrow when the crocodile, tired with the heat, I trudged homeward over the hot and fatiguing sand of the river's bed.

The cool night arrived, and at about half-past eight I was lying half asleep upon my bed by the margin of the river, when I fancied that I heard a rumbling like distant thunder; I had not heard such a sound for months, but a low, uninterrupted roll appeared to increase in volume, although far distant. Hardly had I raised my head to listen more attentively, when a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, with a sound of many feet, and in a few minutes they rushed into my camp, shouting to my men in the darkness, "El Bah! El Bah!" (The river! the river!)

We were up in an instant, and my interpreter, Mahomet, in a state of intense confusion, explained that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant thunder was the roar of approaching water.

Many of the people were asleep on the clean sand of the river's bed; these were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of my two hippopotami that were exposed to dry. Hardly had they descended, when the sound of the river in the darkness beneath, told us that the water had arrived, and the men, dripping with wet, had just sufficient time to drag their heavy burdens up the bank.

All was darkness and confusion; everybody was talking and no one listening, but the great event had occurred, the river had arrived "like a thief in the night." On the morning of the 24th of June, I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day. The wonder of the desert! yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; and now, even in Nature's poverty, was most poor; no bush could boast a leaf; no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums cracked upon the stems of the mimosaes, the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the simoom. In one night there was a mysterious change—waters of the mighty Nile—an army of water was hastening to the wasted river; there was no drop of rain, no thunder-cloud on the horizon to give hope, all had been dry and sultry; dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream, some 500 yards in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dry desert! Bamboos and reeds, with trash of all kinds, were hurried along the muddy waters: Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool? The prison doors were broken, the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara.

The 24th of June, 1861, was a memorable day. Although this was actually the beginning of my work, I felt that by the experience of this night I had obtained a clue to one portion of the Nile mystery, and that, as "coming events cast their shadows before them," this sudden creation of a river was but the shadow of the great cause.

The rains were pouring in Abyssinia! these were sources of the Nile!

Fishes of the Amazon.

In writing an autograph letter to the Emperor of Brazil, at the close of his exploration in that country, Prof. Agassiz thus sums up a portion of the remarkable results of it:

It is very difficult for me to familiarize myself with the idea that the Amazon nourishes nearly twice as many species of fishes as the Mediterranean, and a larger number than the Atlantic, taken from one pole to the other. I can no longer say, however, with precision, what is the exact number of species which we have procured from the Amazon, because, on retracing my steps as I descended the great river, I have seen fishes about to lay their eggs which I had seen at first under other conditions, and had seen at first without consulting the collections made six months ago, and which are not now accessible to me, it is often impossible for me to determine from memory whether they are the same species, or different ones which escaped my observation in my first examination. However, I estimate the total number of species which I actually possess at eighteen hundred, and it may be two thousand. But it is not only the number of species which will astonish naturalists; the fact that they are for the most part circumscribed within definite limits is still more surprising, and cannot but have a direct influence on the ideas now prevalent respecting the origin of living beings.

That from Tabatinga to Para, in a river where the waters differ neither in temperature nor in the nature of their bed, nor in the vegetation along their borders—that under such circumstances there should be

met, from distance to distance, assemblages of fishes completely distinct from each other, is indeed astonishing. I could even say that beneath this distribution, which may be verified by any one who cares to take the trouble, must throw much doubt on the opinion which attributes the diversity of living beings to local influences. Another side of this subject, still more curious perhaps, is the intensity with which life is manifested in these waters. All the rivers of Europe united, from the Tagus to the Volga, do not nourish one hundred and fifty species of fresh water fishes; and yet, in a little lake near Manaus, the surface of which covers hardly four or five hundred square yards, we have discovered more than two hundred distinct species, the greater part of which have not been observed elsewhere. What a contrast!

Peter Cartwright.

The Editor of *Zion's Herald*, writing from the midst of the excitements and notabilities of the Methodist General Conference, thus sketches one of the notable pioneers of that denomination:

A corrugated man is he, tall, strong-limbed, broad-headed, broad-tailed. His face is as thick lined with wrinkles as that of his eastern prototype; in wit and wisdom, Father Taylor. Great ridges are piled up over face and forehead as if the spirit within had upheaved its fiery lava into these mountainous lines. His remarkable face may have been to his hearers a refreshment; the flat face of their country having been pleasantly contrasted with the rugged face of their favorite. These shaggy features are crested with more shaggy hair. It is yet but slightly gray, and almost rustles as it seems to fly around his head in his wild confusion. From under the heavy covered brows and from within a mass of ridgy flesh flash out two sharp black eyes. "Like to an owl in ivy bush" those eyes might compare themselves, only they are anything but owl-like in their character. Even in their ashes of eighty years live their wonted fires. He is the oldest member of the Conference, both in years and as delegate. Since 1816, with one exception, he has been a member of every General Conference. Bishop Morris is his only rival in this honor. He takes but little part in debate, and his presence is rather a reminiscence than a prophecy; a tree of grand proportions whose growth and fruitage are largely accomplished, than one which is yet sending forth new shoots and producing fresh harvests. Yet his branches are not without some new fruit. His progress is more marked in this respect than that of some younger men. He sees events and God in them with a growing clearness of vision, and on many rising questions shows a soundness of wisdom that is likely to give his closing hours a brighter radiance than his mid-day glory. The noon was clouded with the darkness, not of slavery which he always hated, but of the duty of the church toward it. But at eventide is light.

The Ostrich.

The Arabs call the ostrich the camel-bird, because its neck and head are somewhat like a camel's. Like the camel it can live a long time without water. On the under part of its feet there is a soft pad or cushion, like that of the camel, for the same purpose—that it may tread more easily over the sand. The ostrich has very small wings and cannot fly, but as it runs it spreads these short wings, and they are like little sails, and help it along so wonderfully that it moves faster than a horse can gallop.

"What time she lifteth up herself on high, She scorneth the horse and his rider." Job 39:18.

The ostrich is much hunted for its feathers, which are very beautiful and valuable. They are worn by ladies and children in their hats and bonnets.

A company of Arabs do not often try to pursue the ostrich, because it would lead them too far out of their way. But two of them frequently ride forward and look carefully in the sand near the place where the ostrich was first seen.

When the ostrich sees them dismount they clap their hands for joy, because they know that the nest of the ostrich is found, and they will have a nice omelet for supper and plenty of fresh eggs for some time. The eggs weigh about three pounds each. They are so large that one of them will serve a whole family, and the shell is so thick that they keep quite fresh a fortnight or three weeks. The men dig in the sand with their hands, and soon bring up a number of fine eggs. There are often twenty-five, or even thirty, in a single nest.

The ostrich is easily frightened away from her nest. She frequently wanders far in search of food, leaving the eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun. There is a description of the ostrich and her nest in the book of Job (39:13-15):

"Gavest thou wings and feathers unto the ostrich, Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, And warmeth them in the dust, But forgetteth that the foot may crush them, Or the wild beast may break them?" S. S. Visitor.

Obituaries.

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

SALLY, wife of Charles Hodgdon, died in Farmington, April 9, aged 83 years.

Mr. HENRY COLLINS died in Fremont, April 23, aged 74. His residence was in Danville till a few months ago. He professed a hope in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. M. Cole about ten years since, and lived a faithful life after this. In sickness he was well resigned, and in his last days was anxious to depart and be with Christ. He left a message for his neighbors as a warning to prepare for death, to be delivered at his funeral.

LOUIZA, wife of Samuel Rines, died on board steamer, on the passage from Norfolk, Va., to Boston, Mass., May 13, aged 64 years and 4 mos. Bro. R. had been living with his family some two years at Portsmouth, Va., but having decided to return to his native town, Milton, N. H., was on his passage thither with his family when he was taken suddenly ill, and in twenty-four hours from the time of embarking, amid the raging of the storm, her soul was borne upward to its home in glory. She leaves a husband and children to mourn her loss, and the assurance that her loss is her eternal gain.

NANCY, wife of Stephen T. Davis, died in New Durham, April 1, aged 72 years.

CHARLES E. son of Samuel and Vienna Berry, was scalded to death by falling into a tub of water, April 29, aged 15 months.

JANE, wife of Don. A. M. Connor, died in Raymond, Wis., May 13, aged 30 years. Her sickness, of consumption, was long and painful, and for a time her mind was depressed in the anticipation of leaving this distribution, which she thought of leaving her children, two little girls, to feel a mother's loss; but ultimately she was able to leave herself, her husband and her dear babes in the hands of a covenant-keeping God. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends.

ALFRED A., eldest son of Frederick and Emily Lockwood, was killed instantly by lightning, May 6, aged 18 years, 8 months and 29 days. Alfred was a promising boy, and his parents and friends anticipated much for him in the future, but in a moment all their hopes were blighted. About two years since he made a public profession of religion and joined the M. E. church. He was formerly a member of the F. W. Baptist church, but as there was no church of their choice in the place where they resided, they united with another branch of the church, but still adhered strictly to their mode of baptism. He possessed a kind and loving disposition, and was beloved by all who knew him, and especially his young associates, by whom he will be greatly missed. He was punctual in his attendance at church and Sabbath school. We deeply mourn his sudden and unexpected death, but not as those who have no hope, for we read in the Bible, "In Jesus, God will bring with him; we comfort ourselves with the thought that although he can never come to us, yet we may go to him. He has gone to be with his mother and three little sisters, who have preceded him to the spirit land, and who no doubt welcomed his coming at the portals of heaven. He leaves a deeply afflicted father, two brothers and one sister, grandparents and numerous relatives, to mourn his early death.

MARY A., wife of Mr. Henry M. Haynes, of Monson, died at the residence of her father, Mr. S. C. Silver, in Dexter, Me., April 10, aged 90 years. Her funeral was attended on the 12th, by a large circle of relatives and a crowd of friends of people from several towns, which shows how much beloved and deeply lamented was she who has left one of the kindest of husbands to mourn her sudden death, and a crowd of friends to mourn the loss of their children in the grave. One brother and two sisters remain. Remarks at the funeral by the writer.

ARCHIBALD KNIGHT died at his residence in Abington, Pa., Nov. 8, in the 73d year of his age. For many years he was a member of the M. E. church, and was a devoted Christian. He was a man of great faith in Christ. It was under striking circumstances this profession was made. While the writer was laboring in a protracted meeting at Wallsville, Pa., he was called to visit him. He was a man of great faith in Christ. It was under striking circumstances this profession was made.

MARY N., FLANDERS died in New Hampton, April 7, of lung fever, aged 16 years. More than a year and a half ago, she embraced religion and was ever ready to take an active part in the social meetings, and always engaged in vocal prayer with her parents at the family altar. She frequently expressed in prayer that a seat was waiting for her in heaven, which the Lord has called her to fill. Her death was a great loss to her family and friends. Her funeral was held on the 10th, and was attended by a large circle of friends. Her remains were interred in the cemetery.

DEA J. D. OLIVER, of the North St. Baptist church, died at his residence in Bath, Me., April 30th, aged 49 years. The faithful laborer among the children of men; full in presence but not in life in Christian duties, his death was a great loss to the church and his family. He was a man of great faith in Christ. It was under striking circumstances this profession was made.

BRO. ALDEN BOOTHBY died in Kennebunk, Me., March 15, aged 25 years. Bro. Boothby was a most excellent young man. He became a devoted Christian about two years since, and was ever ready to take an active part in the church. He was a man of great faith in Christ. It was under striking circumstances this profession was made.

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AND

Nos. 55 and 58 K STREET, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Sold by

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Spinal Diseases, Weakness and Curvature of the Spine, treated by a new invention, with success hitherto unequalled. Henry J. Bigelow, M. D., Winslow Lewis, M. D., Henry J. Clark, M. D., J. W. Warren, M. D., and others, of Boston, say: "We have examined Wilson's Spinal Curvature, and recommend it as efficient, and comfortable to the patient." My Illustrated pamphlet explaining the same, sent free to any address. DR. N. WILSON, 228 WASHINGTON ST., Boston, Mass.

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Family Knitting Machine

Will knit 20-000 stitches of perfect work in a minute. It is the only machine that can knit a stocking together with any article needed in the School Room, perfect heel, without taking the stocking from the machine, and will knit any form, size or shape required. It is operated with a treadle, in the same manner as a sewing machine. Good agents wanted in every city and county in New England. Enclose stamp for circular.

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LOSS OF HAIR.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO. 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 off, until I was in danger 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, whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week of June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall; and I have now a thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly, SUSAN H. FORD.

