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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR.
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1868.

Communion Season.

Cool waters to the thirsty soul
How sweet!
The parching earth looks up with eager eyes
The first bright drops that glitter from the skies
To greet.

A cooling draught has cheered me
On life's way;
My soul is strengthened to begin anew—
My spirit moistened with a heavenly dew
To-day.

Father, I thank thee for the joy
Of meeting here;
Oasis on life's desert strand,
To cheer us in a weary land
So dear.

Dear Saviour, here thy dying love
I taste—
Here I each solemn vow renew—
O! keep me faithful all my journey through
Life's desert waste.

I know that storms and shadows still
Must dim my way;
The fire must burn, the tempest beat;
But still I know my Saviour guides my feet
Along the way.

The thorns and briars have torn
Thy weary feet before;
Thou knowest how much I need sweet heavenly dew
To cheer me on my journey to
The golden shore!

Be thou my strength, my guide, my stay—
My daily light—
And when death's portals I have passed,
Ah! crown me with the white-robed throng at
last.

In mansions bright.
—Central Presbyterian.

Denominational Unity.

Our denomination now extends twenty-five hundred miles, into at least five states beyond the Miss. River, and yet is well united in doctrine, polity and spirit. A large number of interests are local and must be sustained as such, but there are great departments of work and means which are emphatically general, and ought to be held under the control of the denomination. In other bodies, general institutions have to be located so as best to accommodate all the sections embraced. This is done either by selecting a central locality, or by dividing the institutions and locating them in different localities. Thus in states, although some have supposed it was very appropriate to have Penitentiaries, and Asylums located near Legislative Halls and Court Houses, yet different localities are generally selected for such general institutions, while counties and towns attend to local affairs. So in our own organization, Churches, Academies and Colleges are local, and must be sustained by local enterprise. But our Printing Establishments, Theological Schools and Missions are emphatically general, and ought to be under denominational control. These are vital and general interests of the whole body, and without harmony upon these subjects we may as well relinquish all idea of unity, if not of existence itself. In these causes all localities have an equal interest and responsibility. To attempt to keep these institutions and their funds and management all in one extreme point, and yet hold other localities responsible for equal sympathy and support, will probably be found about as practicable as to persuade a Western farmer to take stock in a fishing fleet. And if we are to have the press now as mightily as the pulpit under local control, our Theology taught by sectional direction, and our Mission work accomplished by different Societies, what will become of our denominational unity? Will not the localizing of these enterprises require for their support and success separate combinations and organizations? If these institutions are to be forced out upon personal responsibility then there will probably be local feelings and organizations created to support them. Why may not all these subjects be placed under the control of General Conference, the only body in which all the denomination participates, and which would then do

something more than to discuss resolutions, and leave the real work to local committees?

Could not the Missionary Boards receive their appointment or nomination from the General Conference and answer to that body. For the sake of legal form the incorporated Societies could continue their existence and confirm the appointments? Three years instead of one would give the Boards more experience and more time for executing their plans. Different Boards could be appointed for different purposes, or, if preferred, one large Board with different sections or sub-committees, with an annual meeting for general consultation.

The Committee having in charge Theological Education could be appointed in the same manner, and thus the arrangement of studies and appointment of teachers could be placed directly and properly under control of General Conference. This would give us uniformity of instruction, greater security against error, and stronger denominational sympathies and unity.

It would seem still more important for the press to be placed under the same general control. Indeed, the General Conference has undertaken to furnish the periodical literature, and the purchase of the Star and the publication of periodicals not self-sustaining prove that their object was not money but the general good. If money is the end, then one paper and the discouragement of all others is the true policy. But if general usefulness is the end, then the questions are: How many, and where, and how? So long as we pretend to be a unity and in that united capacity to employ the press in our great work, let the General Conference have entire control of this whole subject. To do otherwise would lead to serious evils.

1. If there is one "organ" and other independent papers, it seems to place individuals and corporations in opposition to the denomination. And an existing company which assumed the risk and commenced a work which the General Conference seemed unwilling to assume until its practicability was proved, has suffered from such an imputation, although its fundamental principles and declarations are to the effect that the whole enterprise and funds were to be placed at the disposal of the denomination.

2. The organ will of course claim the largest degree of sympathy and patronage, and thus give one section the advantage over others.

3. This would probably result in unpleasant feelings and divisions. It will not be considered equal justice to all. If all the printing establishments could be placed upon the same footing, and the property of that kind now owned by the whole connection be sold, as it could be, and the money appropriated or funded by General Conference, then no one section would have reason to complain, whatever might be thought of the propriety of such a course. But the Conference will probably have to furnish all or none of our periodicals. The number and location of these papers must of course be decided by the body that publishes them, and if the General Conference decides that only one is needed, let others gracefully submit or take their chances in an opposition line. But to pretend to approve or remain neutral, and then keep up a state of things to everybody else antagonistic, to praise and yet to do it so faintly as to be worse than censure, is to compel those doing the work approved to organize, if not produce, a local feeling to do the work so coldly neglected by those who ought to make it their own. Let the questions then come squarely before the General Conference:

1. Can we do our whole duty, to ourselves, East and West, and to the world, with only one paper? 2. If not, is there any reason why one paper should be especially supported and controlled by General Conference more than the others? 3. If we are really one people, why has any one section any more claim to funds held in common than another?

Neither charities nor "appropriations" are expected or asked by equal partners. Appropriations must be made to individuals or to organizations. If General Conference is not prepared for appropriating "liberally" for increasing personal property then "appropriations" would imply the necessity of a general organization for receiving the funds, &c., &c., &c.

If such measures are really desirable, let them be adopted, and Abraham and Lot occupy the field without any strife among the herdsmen.

I have no desire to discuss any of these questions further. The Freeman was resolved upon in my absence and without my knowledge, approval or disapproval, and in its management and editorial I have had just as little to do as with the Star.

If it is not needed, let the Conference say so. If the demand and practicability of its existence is demonstrated let the Conference manage it.

We are evidently approaching some serious denominational questions. My intense anxiety for perpetual and actual unity, something more than mere sympathy and generosity, together with the advice of others, emboldens me to venture these suggestions which are offered in the kindest of feelings and with the prayer that we all may be one, and that the world may believe in Christ.

R. DUNN.

Frederick W. Robertson.

Among the articles in the July number of the Quarterly is one, entitled "Robertson and his Sermons," delineating the character of this able English preacher, and pointing out the leading characteristics of his sermons, published by Ticknor and Fields. We make the following extracts for the benefit of the readers of the Star:

Brighton is the Newport of England; but the transatlantic Newport boasts a far more self-complacent and perhaps a more intellectual aristocracy than its copyist at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. Fashion, wealth, fast-living and free-thinking are thoroughly represented in that noted seaport, as also are conformity and intellectual routine. It has its full share of gossip as well as of gluttony, and both assume airs and play off their dignity. There are many in such a town who are perpetually on the lookout for a fresh sensation, and every new phenomenon is promptly reported and vigorously discussed. Mr. Robertson was such a phenomenon. His first public work broke like a prophet's voice; his Sabbath services were generally sufficient to stir the currents of thought, and nearly every sermon sent the blood leaping through the veins of his crowded congregation and furnished material for not a little criticism and discussion.

The six years spent here were eminently laborious. He devoted himself earnestly to every department of the work connected with his sphere as a clergyman, and took a deep and active interest in whatever had to do with the more general welfare of the community at large. He was the counselor of the working-men and most heartily entered into their plans and efforts for self-improvement. Literature and science were by no means overlooked by him, and there was scarcely one of the great practical questions that came up in social or political life that he did not effectually grapple with and on which he failed to have something of real significance to say. His powers seemed to burst at once into full blossom in this Brighton air. His sermons were weighty with thought, fresh in style and method, and not less marked with boldness than with beauty. They never ran into commonplace, nor followed routine, nor suggested an ambition merely to be a popular preacher. Familiar passages of Scripture became like new revelations as he drew out their deeper lessons, and the platitudes of the mere clergyman were exchanged for the vital and practical speech of an earnest man intent upon reaching and profiting his hearers. His life was too intense and his labors too abundant and taxing to last. He used up his vital resources much faster than they could be accumulated, and so he was early consumed in the flames wherewith he lighted up the community in which he lived and labored. Constituted as Mr. Robertson was, his inner life was certain to be intense and earnest and weaving; surrounded as he was by men who often touched him only to stimulate or sting him into an intense activity, it was inevitable that he should be often roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and the very climax of effort. He was thoroughly alive in every nerve of soul and body. His sensibility was quick and powerful. His intellect was thoroughly wary and critical even when it seemed to leap to its conclusions, but his heart was set aflame by the friction that would hardly be noticed by many other men. All public questions interested him and enlisted his attempts to understand and solve them. The struggle between capital and labor was one that drew out his effort. He made politics a study. He saw and felt the antagonism between the formal teaching of the church and the drift of public thought, and sought to mediate between its hostile and contending representatives.

He seemed also to have a presentiment that his work would be a brief one,—that its very intensity which he could not escape would kill him in a few years. And so he addressed himself to it with an energy that is rarely equalled, and that often seemed little less than desperation itself. And the tax which he laid upon his brain was such as few men could long endure. In December, 1849, he preached sixteen times, the sermons being all fresh and strong, special and striking. At least eight of them were written out for a friend, from memory, soon after they were delivered, and are found among those embraced in these volumes. Such strains were enough to break down the toughest and most elastic constitution. There was almost an inward fierceness connected with his work, and his attempt to repress its outward manifestations only added to the wear. His Mondays brought a reaction that sometimes ran into heavy melancholy or keener torture. He writes in one of these moods: "I am not fit for ministerial work. I want years and years to calm me. My heart is too feverish, quivers and throbs too much as flesh recently cut by the surgeon's knife." Such an intense service could not be a protracted one, and such a nature could not wholly escape the eagerness that is sure to overstrain the system, and the agony that wears out the life before its time.

Like many other marked characters, he seemed made up of obvious and active antagonisms. His real tastes were often at war with his settled principles. His sympathies gravitated strongly toward the aristocratic elements in society, while his deep

est convictions allied him to the interests of the masses. The chivalry and culture and prestige of Toryism drew him in that direction with a powerful magnetism, but he so hated oppression and honored the rights that were being sacrificed in the persons of the ignorant and crushed poor, that his whole moral nature bound him to their side and made him a most valiant soldier in their defense. He discerned this discord in himself and bewailed it as a calamity and a weakness—not distinctly recognizing the fact that while it brought him disquiet and pain, it enabled him the better to understand both parts of the great social problem, and saved in a measure his vehement nature from excesses on either side.

It is not difficult to perceive in him the traits of a profoundly earnest, sincere and magnetic nature, and find ample reasons for believing that his preaching would be attended with obvious and decisive results. He was thoroughly independent, and yet delicately appreciative; stern and uncompromising as an old Hebrew prophet when sin was to be rebuked or a principle contended for, and yet as tender and pitiful as the father of the prodigal son when a wayward and straying heart was seeking its real home, though clad in rags and torn with passions. The gospel was far less a system of doctrine or a list of precepts to him than it was an inward force coming to harmonize and interpret a warring experience and fashion character into a heavenly likeness. He had a broad, inward life which enabled him to understand the struggles of many classes of men, and so they trusted him and sought relief through his aid. He had felt so much of the power of Christian truth that he charged it with life when he proclaimed it to others, and so it quickened the hearts on which it fell. He lived it before he preached it, and so it came home to his hearers not as feigned dogma but as translated experience. He never contented himself with copying other men's thoughts, or reproducing their methods. He kept clear of accredited commonplace, and he thrust away platitudes that he might supply instead with intense and throbbing convictions. He spoke always with a definite end in view, and every sermon seems charged with the forces of both brain and heart. His insight into Scripture was often marvelous, and his skill in unfolding the deeper and fresher meaning of a passage, long since grown trite and familiar, is almost unequalled. While his sermons are crowded with instruction, and the thought is developed in such an order as shows the well-trained logician, he often suggests, even more than he states,—stimulating the mind instead of overburdening it with material.

The results were natural enough. Men listened to him as to one who knew their mental conflicts from having fought through similar ones in his own soul, and were at first startled by his revelations and afterward won by his ready and practical wisdom. And the multiplying thousands of readers who pore over these volumes, even when least satisfied with his statement of some special points in theology, can do no less than acknowledge their deep obligations to him as one of the most fruitful and quickening of preachers, and admire the depth of a character and the nobleness of a life that cannot be studied without admiration and gratitude. These seven volumes may well be commended with a special emphasis to the attention and study of every man who is in earnest to make the most of his ministry, who is capable of receiving stimulus and suggestions without attempting to turn copyist, and who can separate the abundant gold of precious and saving truth from the alloy of an occasional theological dogma that will not satisfy an orthodox critic. He is surely to be pitied who could read this history without being powerfully stirred to a nobler Christian life, and that must be a dull and shallow preacher indeed to whose ministry the diligent study of these books fails to bring an elevation and a gain. Preaching will appear a higher art and become a sublimer function in proportion as the work of Robertson is studied and understood; and so far as it is repeated and perpetuated there is no danger that the pulpit will cease to be a recognized force in society or fail to be the power of God unto salvation.

Events of the Week.

COMMISSIONER ROLLINS

Does not seem to be quite at ease again in his position, and it is rumored that efforts are being made to bring charges against him and thereby secure his removal. Senator Fowler, of Tennessee, is reported to be among those engaged in the foul conspiracy. Mr. Rollins is said to take the matter very coolly, and will doubtless be able to maintain his position against all opposition. Gen. Burbridge is the man who has an eye on his position.

IN THE SOUTH

The general situation remains substantially unchanged. Gen. Schofield has issued an order designed to meet all proper demands that may come from that quarter for aid. It is framed with a view to afford assistance with the shortest possible delay. Not only are the military commanders expected to keep themselves informed as to the general condition of affairs in their districts, but all their subordinates will carefully

watch and report any indications of trouble. District commanders will, on their own authority, move their troops to such points as they think most need their presence, and both district commanders and their subordinates will act in case of emergency upon their own responsibility. It is believed that this order will do away with the necessity for State militia at present, and effectually prevent any very serious outbreak. This is as it should be. The ex-rebels of the south, if they wish to carry their points, would do well to keep as quiet as possible until after the election, and certain parties are admonishing them to this effect. It is possible, however, that they may not see the subject in this light, as it is difficult for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots.

A CONFERENCE

has taken place during the week at Sulphur Springs, West Va., between Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. Lee, Hon. A. H. Stephens and other southern generals and civilians, and various rumors have been afloat respecting its character. At first it was supposed that its objects were of a political nature, and that an attempt was to be made to fix upon some plan by which a reconciliation might be effected between the North and the South. But later reports are to the effect that the conference was in reference to a Southern Pacific Railway, several of the leading ex-rebel officers being Railroad Presidents, and Gen. Rosecrans being the representative of a large and influential company of capitalists interested in railroad matters. This may prove to be correct and may not. The affair calls to mind the Niagara Conference, in which Horace Greeley figured conspicuously.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

presents but few new features of interest. The same general characteristics of the campaign, to which we called attention last week, are still manifest. New and valuable recruits are joining the Republican ranks daily. A spirited gubernatorial contest is going on in Massachusetts within the Republican party. The State Convention will be held on the 9th inst., and the impression prevails that it will be of a very spirited character. Lieut. Gen. Claflin and Dr. Loving are the rival candidates. Both are worthy men, but the former is the special favorite with the prohibition wing of the party, which is now especially active and seems intent upon redeeming the temperance reputation of the state.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY

now on a visit to Boston and vicinity, is attracting much attention and is everywhere favorably received. A banquet was given to it by the city government of Boston, on the 21st ult. Mayor Shurtleff presided, and addresses were made by Mr. Burlingame, Gov. Bullock, Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. Caleb Cushing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Gen. Banks, Chas. G. Nazro and Edwin P. Whipple. The Orientals are said to have been very much gratified with their entire journey in America; and no one who witnesses their minute and critical inspection of everything offered to their view, can doubt that they mean to profit by the opportunities of the visit.

Mission Field,—India, &c.

MIDNAPORE.

At this station the working power of the church has been increased the past year; there is a growing disposition to study the Scriptures, and the young people are making personal efforts for the salvation of those around them. They also go out into the villages to converse with their heathen neighbors, and encourage them to attend the Sabbath school. A degree of success has attended their efforts. The average attendance of the Sabbath school has been 100, and there have been several conversions. Whole families come together to study God's Word in company. A Biblical class, or school of several young men, having the ministry in view, is taught by Rev. J. L. Phillips.

The Zenana work continues to be encouraging. One of the women having committed to memory portions of the 5th chapter of Matthew, exclaimed, while her face was radiant with delight, "Oh how beautiful! It is nothing but love and forbearance! How much sin and sorrow would be avoided if all would follow these precepts!" The tyranny of the old mothers-in-law, however, often interposes serious obstacles. Many times the young women have said to the missionary: "When the old folks are all dead, then we will be Christians like you, but as long as they live we must do as they do."

The work of printing at this station has so increased that it has been necessary to add a new press to the establishment. Printing has been done in four languages, viz.: Bengali, Santal, Oriya, and English.

Thirty schools, comprising 639 pupils, are sustained among the Santals in connection with this station. Portions of the Gospels are read in them, and the Lord's prayer in Santal is repeated daily. New schools are called for by these children of the forest, and their interest in education is continually increasing. A school for training Santal teachers is in operation which has had 70 different pupils during the year. These carry the seed of the kingdom to many a distant jungle home, and during the late trips of the missionaries in the Santal country, they were repeatedly surprised to find that Gospel truths had been received where the voice of the missionary had never been heard.

JELLASORE.

God has greatly blessed this station the past year. Thirty-one in the girls' asylum, under the care of Miss Crawford, have been baptized, nine of whom were female orphans, and a goodly number more of these orphans indulge the hope that their sins have been forgiven. The school has 125 pupils, and the Sabbath school 150 regular attendants. The church numbers 50 members,

though it has dismissed 18 to form the Santipore church six miles distant.

SANTIPORE.

The residence of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, is more favorably located for access to the Santals than any other in our mission. The village has much improved, a large and commodious school house has been erected, and quite a number of private dwellings constructed on the newly laid out streets. The church recently organized has 24 members, the school 115 pupils, and the Sabbath school has an average attendance of 100. The children are fond of committing the Scriptures to memory, an exercise in which the Santal boys and girls greatly excel. Seven of the scholars have been converted.

BALASORE.

has a church of 44 members, and a Sabbath school whose average attendance is 120. The inmates of the orphanage number 90. Nearly all are famine orphans. Mission Vernacular and Industrial schools are sustained at this station. A dark cloud is hanging over Metrapore, its Christian village. The Rajah refuses to renew the lease of the land on which it is built, and it is feared that the native Christians will have to leave their houses, gardens and fields, nor will the law allow them to remove any portion of their houses.

* Gleaned from the last India Report of the F. W. Baptist Mission.

Rev. J. L. PHILLIPS.

of Midnapore, India, has written an article for the F. W. B. Quarterly on "Work for Women in India," from which we select the following interesting facts respecting Zenanas and the work connected with them.

ZENANAS

are the women's department in a babu or native gentlemen's house. They are closely barred against intrusion, and are as secret as a nunnery. Upon entering the house of a respectable Hindu, you never get sight of the women of the family. All are imprisoned within the close inner apartments, and know little or nothing of the outer world. So far is this privacy carried, that even a physician cannot see his lady patient when summoned to one of these first class families. He has to make a diagnosis of the case as best he may from the statements of her friends. In an extreme case, by much urging and a movement to leave the house, he may be permitted to put his hand far enough through a heavy curtain to feel the pulse of the patient; or, in a desperate case, she may be constrained to protrude the tip of her tongue through a shaded screen. The only persons of the opposite sex the wife is allowed to see are her husband, her sons, her husband's younger brothers, and her men servants.

This Zenana system is not of native origin. Nothing was known of it in India before the great Mohammedan invasion. The name Zenana is of Arabic or Persian origin, and belongs to the Mussulmans. It is wonderful how binding this foreign custom has come to be throughout India. Until recently, female missionaries have had to confine their labors to the women of the lower class, who are compelled to pass their lives in tilling the soil, carrying wood and produce to the market, and working out as day laborers. For long years every effort of the missionaries to gain access to the women of the higher class imprisoned in the zenanas was unsuccessful; but at last the undermining influence of the gospel has drawn the bolts of the mightiest barrier that opposed the progress of truth in India.

KEY THAT UNLOCKED THE ZENANAS.

Entrance to these dark households was gained warily and gradually. The lady missionary first succeeded in getting the consent of the husband for just a short call. After a little acquaintance, attractive specimens of needle work, and some handsome worsted patterns were introduced. These greatly interested and amused the zenana women. A gay cap or slipper has been shown the wife, which she would exhibit to her lord; he would be so entirely led captive by it as to yield a ready consent to the regular visits of the missionary lady. But the regular visits this lady can make only on the condition that she takes the Sacred Scriptures with her and teaches them to her pupils. Very rarely have the Hindu husbands been able to resist the fascination of the fancy work, and this, by God's blessing, has been the key to throw open, as if by magic, many a secluded zenana, to the healing beams of the great Sun of Righteousness.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

The work of zenana visiting has been opened under auspicious circumstances in several large cities in India, as Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Allahabad and Benares, in the northwest provinces. At our own station in Midnapore, upwards of thirty zenanas have been entered, and the Bible carried into them all. In Calcutta and its vicinity, three hundred are now visited by missionary ladies of different societies, and about a thousand women are under instruction. One hundred and fifty of these Calcutta zenanas, including 450 women, are visited by missionaries of the Am. Ladies' Miss. Society. Glorious results must follow.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A call has been issued at Honolulu for a convention of evangelical missionaries from different parts of the island world of the Pacific, to be held in Honolulu in 1870, when a half century of missionary labor at the Sandwich Islands will have been completed. What a story of the wonderful triumph the gospel has achieved in those isles of the sea will these missionaries have to relate!

In proportion to its population, the province of Nova Scotia is the wealthiest and possesses the greatest resources of any of the British American colonies. It has splendid harbors, valuable forests, inexhaustible coal mines, productive gold diggings and quartz ledges, fair agricultural lands, fisheries, a very tolerable climate, and until lately, its people were contentedly and almost absurdly loyal to the British crown. The New Dominion enterprise has of late, however, effected a surprising change. Debt, taxes, stagnation of business, and a host of other evils, have come upon the luckless provincials, and their loyalty is ebbing fast. They celebrated last Fourth of July, with a good deal of energy in some places, and freely discuss the relative advantages of their present position, and what they would enjoy under the stars and stripes. They reason that all their taxes would be paid by a restoration of their New England coal market and other commercial advantages, while if they must be a minor member of a confederation, they would rather belong to a powerful nation like the United States than to a "pony affair" like the New Dominion, which can confer on them no advantage but heavy and unnecessary taxation. The discontent seems, by all accounts, to be on the increase.

Communications.

"The Other Side."

In the article signed "Androscoggin" in the *Star* of Aug. 5, there is doubtless some truth as in all sweeping statements; but because it seems to me to reflect too severely upon some of God's dear servants, whom may he forbid I should ever forget to love and honor, I would say a word in their defense.

Instead of churches of other denominations, of the same pecuniary means, paying double the salaries which ours pay, I am convinced, generally, and in many cases know, that their poorer churches do not pay, of themselves, much, if any more than ours of about the same wealth; but all such are assisted according to their need by old and rich churches which our weak churches have not to fall back upon. Young, and comparatively poor, yet self-dependent, most of our churches do nobly and deserve praise. The time was when we labored under a blind and ruinous mistake, an extreme of reaction from older errors, and such rebuke was needed far more than at present. But so have our ministry faithfully preached, till I think our people are awaking, though far too little, yet it must be admitted when all circumstances are fairly considered, as well as other denominations,—to the spirit and the duty of systematic benevolence. Let us encourage progress.

If any fail to ask for their services all they would command, or to occupy fields as important as they are fitted for, let them be prompted and encouraged; for the greater the field the greater the usefulness if one be fitted for it, but I do not think that such is the tendency. Our ministers generally are too truly men not to have a fair and sensible appreciation of themselves.

Of course every one knows that the labors of poorly educated preachers can never be so acceptable to congregations, especially refined and educated ones, as they would be with more liberal culture; but none know it more thoroughly or feel it more keenly than do they who are obliged by the force of circumstances to enter the field with meager preparation. The writer of the article would, it seems, say to such that they ought not to have entered the work thus. Does he forget that God calls men to preach? He cannot deny the fact that he has sometimes called men, (mostly in the infancy or youth of our denomination,) to whom circumstances and duties actually forbade the acquisition of the culture usually so desirable, and he probably will not deny his wisdom in so doing;—besides, experience has justified it. Rarely, if ever, have they failed to educate themselves since, so as to be practically useful and acceptable to many parts of God's vineyard, and certainly as much as has seemed to them possible. Of course the training of the schools would have taught them better how to study, and so have made greater improvement possible; but I feel sure that none would receive or use more thankfully any assisting hints than they. Doubtless stronger faith might in some instances have increased the privileges and also sometimes the paying capacity of churches. If any are failing in this regard, may they improve, as "they that must give account."

Bro. A. complains that they sometimes labor with their hands nearly as much as others, and speaks as if it was covetousness which led to it. "It may be so in some cases, but I know not where. But let the brother answer himself where he says, speaking of the competition of cheap men, 'some come from the farm, shop or school, having a few hundred dollars which they are willing to sacrifice,' to the truth of which statement I can bear witness. They commence giving far more of their time to toil for the poor struggling churches, left by Providence to their care, than those churches can possibly pay them for. This they do willingly, freely, till those precious savings, the hope of declining age, are gone; then of course they must work more and more, yet all the time they dare to take is given to preparation for, and activity in, their beloved Master's work. Unfitted through lack of advantages for the better fields, they humbly remain where he places them, trying to live double lives and bear double burdens, that the 'poor' may have the gospel preached to them." God forbid we should forget to honor their labor of love, for if all cultured men had their humble spirit of sacrifice how would God's kingdom hasten!

Having said that their preaching was worth nothing, Bro. A. goes on to answer his own argument by telling that these cheap men often outrun better educated men in competition, while the reason he gives for their doing so fails to appear a reason. They do not deceive their congregations. They have homes at which they labor, never going very far from them. The people know and understand them; and only under certain circumstances would they be preferred. Every one knows that their lack of early training, and want of freedom from manual labor rob their sermons of interest, and of much of their power. Yet with many of our churches it has been, through the infancy and youth of our denomination, and with some is still, the question of having partially self-sustained preaching or none at all.

I know an instance where one dear brother, God bless him—has borne many such taunts as those of Androscoggin, and has labored cheerfully with his hands while sorrowing that he could not give more time directly to God's work, yet shrinking not for thirteen years. During this time he has maintained his family, at first wholly and still partially, that he might preach to, and sustain, a church that must otherwise have died. Of course his pulpit efforts

were robbed by his toil; but God saw his self-sacrifice and enriched his heart, and blessed his labors, till now the little church of his care bids fair to become strong and important. Let none feel that these dear brethren are in the way, but let all bid them God-speed in their self-forgetting toil.

Doubtless the tendency, among all is to gain as good places as they can command. Certainly there is a great pressure on the part of churches for the best qualified men; and none would accept any other could they peculiarly help it; for all know that other things being equal, it is easier to raise a good salary for an educated and able man than a moderate one for an ordinary man. But suppose the other things are not equal,—suppose the spiritual life of the educated man to be so poor that he should be capable of uttering or feeling a sentiment like that quoted from the "good brother" by "Androscoggin," as if "religious experience" is a poor shallow subject that could be exhausted in from "three to five sermons," while it needed the light of science, art or literature to interest and benefit an audience, or who had a poor opinion of a reliance upon the work of the Spirit or personal experience to illustrate and explain the Bible. I would ask what man really comprehends, it any otherwise or further than he is so taught? His power as a student always should make him a deeper student of God and his works, and a better learner of Christ, but it does not always. What wonder is it if such a man should be rejected, when compared with the poor half-learned brother who has the true greatness to understand that the gospel is all the really inexhaustible subject, and that all other teaching is comparatively too trifling to claim the effort of God's ambassador; and who, sacrificing much for God, is beloved and deeply taught of him. Some may think it strange that truly live churches always prefer spiritual to mental riches; but they always will where but one can be had; and if the poor brother is ever preferred to the other, it is not on the account of his cheapness, but in spite of it; while it never fails to be the case that the man of fine and highly cultivated powers, who has truly conceived the Gospel's infinite worth, is successful in winning souls and is in consequent demand by the true Christian church, just in proportion to his culture and actual power.

We need our poor, rough-hewn brethren, but rich in faith—all that God has sent us of them, and if any feel their competition as a burden, there is nothing for them to do but to get up and out of the way by a stronger and more spiritual life. Daniel Webster once said of the demand for lawyers, "There is always room in the upper story."

If fathers Phineas, Coffin, Chandler and Fairfield were living, probably the brother would not advise the withdrawal of their "unsanctified feet from the pulpit," yet these were of the class in question. In the strength of God strive ye to do better whose privileges are better.

To be sure, we need greatly increased benevolence, but let us take courage. The churches are beginning to move in the right direction, and I see by faith the day when all true Christians will feel, as many now do, that it is a duty and blessed privilege to consecrate one-tenth of current incomes to God. Then will the Millennium begin to dawn.

Our advantages, though too small, are greatly increased from those of former days. So far as I know, our young men when pressed with the Divine call, feel deeply the need of every possible help and training, and are working heartily for it. If any do not so feel, or through indolence or covetousness are not so working, may the words of Androscoggin sting them till awakened from their dream of self-conceit, and send their folly to judgment before the time.

Prospective and Retrospective.

II. FIRST STAGE.

From the high ground in the journey, so near its end, the traveler looking back over its course saw its distinguishable beginning on a small plain, beyond which he could see nothing. His way anterior to that point was totally imperceptible. He remembered that when there his thought was that he had come from a world above the stars and the sky. How he came by that idea he did not know. That he had any remembrance then of experience of that world could not be remembered now. Nor was there memory of his having been told of it. Only it was remembered as a then known fact. And with the idea of his derivation from the world above the sky, was also the idea of his return to it, as his ultimate destination. That world he thought was his true home, whence for some indefinite term he had been sent to this. The sojourn here accomplished, he would be recalled to the everlasting abode, the home of the Father of all that world—his Father, beyond his father of the earthly, temporary home. How the translation of descent had been, as that of ascent was to be at return, was mystery too deep for his questioning. Only the fact he knew—or thought—not the manner, only as the horizon, the boundary of all that was this world to him, might be the ladder of descent and ascent between that world above and this below.

But the idea of this celestial origin, indubious for awhile, became shadowed with apprehension that it might not be true, that it was an illusion of his fancy. No mention of it he heard by all the persons he knew. All conversations and speech were of the persons and things of this world. All interests, plans and prospects were of this world, with no respect to any other. No sign, no intimation of any other could he see in all his observation of persons

By misapprehension of the sense of the title of the former article, the types, instead of I. POINT OF OBSERVATION, as it should have been, made it FIRST POINT OF OBSERVATION.

and things of earth below and the sky above. Either there must be, he thought, no such world for people to speak of, or it was one too sacred, too mysterious to be spoken of, that only silence was the fit expression of its greatness, its glory and sacredness. He had felt it to be too great and mysterious for him to speak of it to any one and thought nothing of its being otherwise with everybody; but since his doubt had arisen, he thought if there were really such a world from which all persons had come to this, those older than he, especially his parents and other persons whom he regarded as knowing everything and could speak of everything, might speak of this. And now that he was not sure there was such a world above the sky, or that he had come from another world to this, or would ever go from this to another, he dared not ask if he could at all speak of it to any one, as such an inquiry would betray his foolish conceit if, as he now suspected, his idea was but a conceit.

The doubt increased and the conflict between his hope and his fear became painful and unbearable. He wished he could know the truth in the question. Even confirmation of his doubt were better than the suspense between it and his hope. But how could he know? He dared not ask, and all voices continued their silence for this the greatest of all themes to his feelings. Though at any moment he might know by asking his parents or his elder brothers, he could not risk the shame of asking such a question of them, nor dare to speak of what no one else ever spoke. But he had, an associate more familiar than parents or brothers a cousin, his senior by a year or two. They were spending an evening together by themselves, by the blaze of their little child's fire-place and chimney built in the side of a grassy bank of the brook of the pasture. It was an evening of early autumn. All was dark and still around them, and above arched the starry sky, in the beauty, glory and mystery of its limitless depth and silence. In vain had the inquirer gazed into it, asking the solution of the question torturing him with its doubt and belief, its hope and fear. He feared no shame in any answer it would give. But it gave no answer. If the world of his hope were there, it was in the light beyond the stars, beyond all sight, all call. If the stars knew of it, they gave no answer, made no sign. The conversation with his cousin guest, by his little out-door fire-side, had ceased for some moments, as his gaze had fixed on the starry sky, and his visitor's on the blaze of the little child's hearth, when the inquirer determined to endure the suspense no longer, but yet cautious of the dreaded shame, would put the question to his oracle in a manner not to betray his vain conceit, if vain conceit the world of his hope was, and yet obtain the knowledge he wanted. Turning his look from the heavens to the tall grove on one side of their little firelight brightening the leaves of its lower branches, he said to his cousin, in interrogatory disclamation, "I was never up higher than the tops of the trees, was I?"

"No, you could never have been higher than the trees," was the decisive answer. It was received as oracular—death to his hope, confirmation of what he feared. He was of earth, and only earth was for him!

Had he found true answer—assurance that he was from a higher world than this, hither sent for a term to prove if he would his celestial origin, in doing the will of his heavenly Father here, so qualifying himself for his eternal heritage there,—and had he been shown the way from that plane of the beginning of his earthly life, for return to the heavenly home, he had been saved from much error, danger and evil following the fall by the idea of celestial origin and destination. Parents, teachers, Christians—consider, and judge if for all in the beginning of their life's journey, there be not the same need of instruction as in the case of this traveler.

Rev. W. C. Witham.

Another of our beacon lights has been extinguished. The honored head of Father Witham is laid low, and another has been added to the number of those who have "overcome," and have the promise of sitting down with the Saviour on his throne. Out of his seventy-five years, forty-five were spent in the service of his Heavenly Master. None who have heard his prayers, his expressions of filial trust and confidence, could doubt that he loved that service, and patiently waited the sure reward. We remember him when in middle life, he urged his hearers to choose whom they would serve, when he was relating his own Christian experience, with tears telling his joy in Jesus and his assurance that he was called to preach his Gospel. His simple unquestioning faith in all God's threatenings and promises made, what such a faith always makes,—a deep impression on his fellow men. His educational advantages were few, but perhaps he has done as much with his own peculiar talents, and in the destitute places where he was often called to labor, as many with a broader intellectual culture. Wanderers have been reclaimed, Christians strengthened, sinners won to Christ through his travels and toils. We doubt not that in the world above there are many who will be stars in the crown of his reigning.

From a brief autobiography we learn that Rev. William C. Witham of Buckfield, Me., was born on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, in 1794; was converted in Paris, Me., in 1824, and was ordained by the Free Baptists in that town, 1829. The record of his travels in the thinly populated parts of the country; his patient self-sacrifices; his perseverance in preaching through poverty and domestic affliction, remind one of the days of Peter and Paul. It is sad to think that a faithful laborer should travel miles from home, and preach half the year with

a contribution of 10, 12 or 14 dollars as his only compensation. Yet he has a reward of which we can have no definite idea.

On the 18th of July, he was thrown from a load of hay, and received injuries which caused his death on the 22d., having survived the wife of his youth only eight months. A good man has been taken from our Israel. Funeral services by L. Cumming.

Life With Christ.

BY L. M.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

Let me his presence know;

And in the humble paths he trod

Let my feet love to go.

Let his dear presence in my soul,

Shine with unclouded ray;

O may his love my heart control,

And lead me day by day.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

When storms becloud my sky,

And when I feel the chastening rod,

O may he still be nigh;

When heaviness is brooding on

My spirit like a pall,

O let me think where Christ has gone,

And trust to him my all.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

And when my faith grows dim,

And doubts press as a heavy load,

Still may I look to him.

O in the hours of deepest gloom

To him still may I turn,

And for the joys beyond the tomb

May my whole spirit yearn.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

Let my heart not cling

To houses, home, or earthly sod,

Or any mortal thing.

But O, with faith's clear vision, let

Me turn my eyes away,

And have my best affections set

On things that ne'er decay.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

Let me not fear earth's frown:

Free me from every heavy cloud

That weighs my spirit down:

Create in me a willing heart

My Lord to serve and fear,

And cheerfully perform the part

Allotted to me here.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

Let me fear him alone

Who rules the heavens with slightest nod

From his eternal throne.

O let my soul for aye rejoice

To do his blessed will;

That I may hear his heavenly voice

Say to me, "Peace be still."

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

My quivering heart O aid,

Till idols, which there make abode,

Are on his altar laid.

If there's one dearer than the rest,

O may I hasten fast

Forth from my all but bleeding breast

The wicked thing to cast.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

O fix my heart above,

Help me to pass beneath the rod,

Sustained by his dear love.

O let me triumph over sin,

Through him who died for me,—

Let heaven within my soul begin,

This side eternity.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

O Holy Spirit shine

Upon the path my Saviour trod,

And let that path be mine.

O lead and guide me to the end,

My soul from sin to save,

And O, be Christ my precious friend

When I approach the grave.

O hide my life with Christ in God:—

And make my soul secure

'Tis written in his blessed word

His promises are sure.

O let me humbly bear the cross,

And follow him while here;

And counting all things else as dross

With him at last appear.

Canterbury, N. H., Aug., 1868.

Chips.

Men wonder that God allows wickedness to exist, and will sometimes attempt to justify the wicked on the ground that God suffers them to live. Contrary to the plain declarations of God that "the wicked shall be turned into hell," they assert that God loves men so well that he will take them all home to heaven together irrespective of character. There is not a sinner on earth but that deserves to be in hell and would be there, even now, did not mercy's intercessions for a while stay the avenger.

If there was a church numbering many millions, embracing all the D. D.'s, and all the learning and talent of the world, they could be no standard for my conscience; it would not be excusable in me to swerve a hair's breadth from my convictions of right at their bidding.

The saints below and the angels above rejoice over the conversion of one sinner, yet fears may mingle with their joy; but when the Christian victor leaves the battle field and rises to the perfect blessedness of the saints in light, the whole family of God on earth and in heaven may rejoice that all his dangers are past.

J. HAYDEN.

Selections.

Supply of Ministers.

We take pleasure in presenting the main portions of the inaugural address of Rev. J. L. Taylor, recently chosen to the Smith Professorship at Andover Theological Seminary, created especially to provide for the shorter course of study. The views presented are discriminatingly just, appreciative and free from all one-sidedness and extravagance; and hence deserve to be pondered. The new Professor is evidently well chosen and thoroughly adapted to his sphere and duties. He says:

It has been a common remark, for a quarter of a century, that our excellent theological seminaries are too widely estranged from common sense—that, somehow, while their graduates are learned and zealous, it

takes five or ten years to rid them of bookish and scholastic habits, and get them into fairly contact with men.

What is the use, we are asked, "of so much Philology, Theology, History, Rhetoric, if at the end of it all one neither knows well what to say, nor how to say it, so that men will listen? What does it mean that one fourth or one third of your students are expensive failures, educated by charity to be nothing but eiphers in the ministry, and spoiled for the old occupations which they should never have left? Is there not some fatal defect in your system?"

There is, if we do not keep it in full harmony with the ways of God's providence, as an instrument for doing his work! There is not, if its working is well adjusted and flexible! Queries like these are too sweeping. There may be an element of truth in them, but they make strong points instead of opening broad and candid views. A heavy percentage of failures is not a peculiarity of the ministry. Let the critics tell us where it does not occur! Is there none of it among lawyers, physicians, teachers, editors, merchants, mechanics, farmers? Nor are we to set down every man as a failure in the ministry who fails to be prominent; many a quiet, retiring, humble, faithful pastor in obscurity is doing a great work; and God will honor him for it, if men do not.

We shall receive a powerful impulse in the work of ministerial training, certainly, in two opposite directions; opposite, yet not conflicting nor inconsistent with each other.

I. We shall see that we must do whatever is possible to provide a far greater supply of thoroughly educated ministers.—Taking due care to keep the long discipline of such men always in earnest sympathy with their work; devising all wise methods of bringing them into contact with men, so that they shall not by any mischance be educated away from the people or the times, nor in their spirit away from the most self-denying fields or forms of labor, we shall find a demand for more of them than we can furnish; and the better we can educate them the greater will be the call.

WANTS.

The great work can never outgrow this want; on the contrary the more it expands and varies in this free atmosphere of secular life about it, the more imperatively will it ask for leaders;—for wisdom, talents, piety, ripened and refined by whatever the best discipline can impart.

There must be such men to carry forward the great work of Foreign Missions. We need such men, as well, for all the most important points in the Home Missionary field. Such men, too, are indispensable at all great centers of influence in the older communities of the land.

There need be no fear that we shall over-estimate the value here of the highest culture. We shall find occasion rather to correct and enlarge our views of education itself in its widest scope.

DISCIPLINE AND CULTURE.

A technical routine of discipline—so many years here and so many more there—is quite too little. Make the strictly professional training as complete as possible; critical, tasteful, broad, varied, enthusiastic, besides adding to this everything within your reach before and afterwards, and the clergy for such communities in such times will not be spoiled for their work, but just so much the better fitted for it, and the more effective in it. Nor is it in all cases indispensable that one go, by regular stages, through Academy, College, and Seminary; in order to that high education of which there is such need. Education is not the mere knowledge of books—nor the drill and discipline of our faculties in the schools, so that we may have the power to think or to speak. The mind is often as effectually quickened, sharpened, expanded, made expert, by such schooling as liberalizing commerce or thoughtful travel, or careful reading, or earnest Christian work will give it.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Education in the spirit of the schools merely, however thorough or afterwards in the line of the schools chiefly, is not a liberal education now; but a narrow one-sided education, and neither in our theories nor our practice should we help in the least to foster so hurtful a bias. But after we have sought to give our students the best preparation in the schools for the great University of life, in which, like other men, and beyond other men, they shall be shown, candid, eager, wise learners while life shall last; will there be enough of them for the great harvest before us, at even its chief centers of interest?

But when we have insisted, with the most earnest emphasis, on such a demand for the best educated ministry, another great aspect of our problem remains untouched; for,

II. We shall also see that we must provide in addition to this, as largely as possible, for some adequate ministry, less carefully disciplined, to carry the Gospel to immense masses whom the best educated clergy will not reach.

We have already alluded to the strong drift of currents in our country toward the rapid formation and the gigantic growth of ignorant and neglected classes. Careful inquirers estimate that in this old Puritan Commonwealth of Mass. not less than thirty per cent. of the people never attend, even occasionally, any church! In the other New England states, facts will hardly warrant a more cheering conclusion. In other sections of the country we shall find still less to brighten the scene. It is doubtful whether at this hour one half of our forty millions are in any proper sense supplied with ministers, or in any considerable degree reached by even the most casual and the ignorant who thus live untalented and untaught, without God, or even a form of godliness. Yet it is chiefly these, in both city and country. Why will not our best educated clergy reach them?

OBSTACLES.

Three things, at least, will be in the way. They are not fitted to labor well among such men; they could not be adequately supported in this work if they are adapted to it; and every one of them is imperatively needed elsewhere, needed, as we have already seen, where the culture will be one great element of his strength; and he will go, ought to go, to the field for which he is best prepared. So long as more congenial communities call for such ministers faster than they can be supplied, they will not, in any considerable numbers spend their lives among the freedmen or the poor whites at the South, nor among the rude pioneers of the West, nor in the small, declining, almost extinct, churches of the East, nor among the lumbermen, the miners, the fishermen, the navvies, the throngs of immigrants, the thousands of boatmen and sailors whom we are anxious to save. Nor shall we have any right to question either

their common sense or their piety, if they do not. If you hold out to highly educated men, who have invested thousands of dollars, and many golden years of their life in study, the prospect of such spheres, the attraction to other callings—already too strong—will only so much the more surely allure our sons from all serious thought of the ministry. Are these growing masses, then, to be left without a ministry?

SYMPATHY BETWEEN MINISTERS AND PEOPLE.

One thing which now saves us from some of the evils incident to the system of training men so largely in the schools, away from the people, is the fact that most of our theological students come up from the people to whom they will soon preach, and therefore quickly become identified with the communities in which they labor; there is no need here of repeated attempts, ending in repeated failures, to establish a bond of sympathy between pastor and flock, like the laying of an Atlantic cable—the bond was long since laid and waits only for the magnetism of responsive hearts! And something answering to this must be true of the pastors who shall labor in these other communities all about us, if we would hope to see them laboring with the highest effect.

Mr. Gough tells us, in his inimitable way, of a collier in England who followed him in a speech at a temperance meeting. We think Mr. Gough can speak well on this subject, at least—especially for one whose early education was so limited. He himself tells us that he does not pretend to be much interested in other subjects, but on this he feels with all his power of feeling. We know, too, that he is in a wonderful degree master of many varieties of style in speech and action, chiefly because he is so emotional and sympathetic—yet he says on that night he seemed to address the rough colliers in vain; but, when he had done, that reformed drunkard, their fellow workman and neighbor, came forward and stirred them with his quaint words and homely illustrations, so that more than fifty rushed to the platform and signed the pledge.

Here was a power of adaptation, of fellowship, which touched the hearts among the colliers, for once could not fail! So "the first shall be last and the last first," and when we are debating how to fit a ministry to a people, the very nicest of all points in our question is, how far shall we educate the ministry above the level of the people?

The one element of sympathy between speaker and hearer—sympathy well rooted, quick, demonstrative, impulsive, excessive even, sometimes in its manifestation, but always present, a living under-current on which they move together, will atone for a thousand faults besides.

Cooler and more careful men—men far greater and more laborious—will often wonder what can be the secret of such a minister's power; but their surprise is his commendation. He hits the golden mean—moving neither too near nor too far from the level of his people, borne on the tide of deep kindred feeling in his own heart and theirs, and they hear him as the common people, to the vast astonishment of the Rabbis, heard Christ, "gladly."

Do we then, in this stating the problem, advocate a new era of invidious caste in society, and of exclusive caste among the clergy? Shall one of these orders in the ministry be shut up to the ignorant masses, and the other shut out from them? Far from it; we want no such result, and we could not have it if we did. We shall find the earnest workers of both classes, in both spheres, often crossing hands, often interchanging fields or forms of labor. We shall still have a per centage—perhaps a large per centage—of poor ministers in each class, that will do little good anywhere, but spend their years chiefly, like the invalids at Bethesda, waiting for some moving of the waters for their relief. But, if any grave perplexity is to arise with regard to the distribution of laborers, or the incompetence of some who have run before they were sent, that

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

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

The Temple of the Lord.

To the early Christian thought there was no more striking symbol of the society of the faithful than that magnificent structure on Mount Zion. The word "church" expresses the meaning of the older words, congregation, assembly, by this figure. It is "the Lord's house." Such is the blessed privilege and distinguishing glory of the faithful. They are built up a spiritual temple for the habitation of God through the spirit. The Lord's house was once on the sacred hill at Jerusalem. Here he showed his glory and dwelt with his people. Again in the temple of the body of Jesus was his habitation, for "in him dwelt all the fullness of the godhead bodily." Now through the Spirit he dwells with his church in all lands, and they are built up a holy temple to show forth his praise. The church is the Lord's habitation, the house of his glory.

The foundation of the Lord's temple is Christ, apostles and prophets, martyrs and saints of all time are built on this one foundation. He is the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, and as the revealer of God and the Redeemer of man. He is the only possible basis of this superstructure of living souls. The corner-stone is also Christ. He is built into this spiritual edifice by his life and death. Denied and rejected by his own, he is yet in God's wondrous plan raised to his true place in the temple and built into the post of honor and power. "The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner. It is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes." As the corner-stone, Christ invites and binds together the separate walls of the building—Jew and Gentile—making both one; and is the means by which all the building "is fitly framed together" and all the work squared and ruled. He is the headstone of the corner and his people are built into the temple evenly and squarely with him and held firmly together by him.

This temple of living stones is said to grow as well as to be built. The work is very suggestive. The actual process of the building being a spiritual work is like growth unseen. You may see that a tree has grown, but you do not see it grow. You may mark that a man is regenerated and sanctified, but the process is spiritual and unseen. You see that the believer is built into this temple, but you do not observe the steps of the process. Unseen hands have hewn and chiseled the stone, an unseen power places it on the foundation. It is a spiritual house and it is spiritually upbuilt. Moreover as in growth its progress is gradual. It rises almost imperceptibly, but it rises. There is no hurry or haste. All God's great works are gradual. Solomon's temple was seven years in building. Herod's forty-six, the temple of Diana at Ephesus two hundred and twenty; this spiritual temple of the Lord is building through all time. Destruction may be rapid; creation/upbuilding and growth proceed with steady pace. Nor is it noisy progress. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation—outward show. Men do not say, Lo! here and lo! there. There is no beating of drums and blowing of trumpets and waving of banners. All God's grandest and mightiest works are silent. Who hears the rush and whirl of the planets in their orbits, or the murmur of the waves of light as they break every morning in new and living tide on the shores of a thousand worlds? Silence is the music of the spheres. God's work in the upbuilding of the church is mighty and wondrous, but it is silent. As the leaven works in the meal, as the morning breaks in the east, as the forces of nature and life unfold, as the lily or the cedar grows, so the work of the Lord in the renewal and conversion of the souls of men, goes on silently. The temple grows. So did Solomon's temple. It arose in silence. It was built of materials made ready before they were brought thither—neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron was heard in the house while it was in building.

Nor workman steel, nor ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung
Majestic silence!

So the church of the living God grows like the palm tree, silently yet grandly amid the babble and confusion of the world.

Thus the society of the faithful in the Lord is the most glorious and secure institution of which we have any knowledge. Men despise it, ignore it, hesitate to belong to it, but it is the one stable and eternal institution open to man's fellowship. It is built on a sure foundation. It has withstood many a storm. It will stand through all changes and decay. The old temple was destroyed and rebuilt. This spiritual house cannot be destroyed. No power on earth can stop its growth, or shake its walls, or undermine its foundation. It standeth sure, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The second temple was not equal in splendor to the first. Men wept when they saw its meaner proportions and lessened grandeur. It will not be so with this mystical temple. Like the body of Christ it will see no corruption and know no decay. The fires of the last conflagration will not touch it, save as they may burn down its scaffolding. It will only

be glorified in the splendor of eternity. It is built up in the night of time; it will stand complete and glorious in all its fair proportions, when the morning of the eternal day shall dawn upon it. It is the great work of God in all time. Empires and kingdoms are nothing, the great globe itself and all that it inherits, are nothing to this spiritual temple. Nature, the blue dome of the sky, the eternal hills, the wonder-teeming myriad-peopled earth; Providence, and all its far-seeing wisdom and veiled mystery and mighty power; the events and circumstances of all the ages of the world and man; all these are only the outward scaffolding; they shall dissolve and pass away, and this great work, the church of the living God, shall stand complete, filled with his praise and shining with his glory, the chief work of time, the wonder of eternity.

A Day Abroad.

On Tuesday of last week, we, the Junior, enjoyed the luxury of a day's vacation from the use of "the pen and scissors" and the irrefragable call for "more copy"—a thing the beauties of which, but few outside of the editorial fraternity are supposed to appreciate. We went, however, neither to "the seaside" nor "the mountains," nor did we even visit the old homestead on the eastern shore of the far-famed "Smile of the Great Spirit," either of which we would have gladly sought. We were charged with a graver mission—that of bearing the Christian salutations of the oldest and largest of the thirty Annual Conferences of our own denomination to the oldest and largest of the evangelical denominations intrenched among our Granite Hills.

Leaving Dover in the early train, a few minutes before eleven o'clock found us in the Old North Church in Concord, where the Gen. Association of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of New Hampshire had already commenced its session. The opening sermon, by Rev. Mr. Duntan, of Peterboro', from John 15:4, was able, earnest and practical. Christian vitality, growth and productiveness were shown to depend upon abiding in Christ, and it was very truthfully and forcibly asserted that the preacher who draws his instruction from Christ will neither be dull nor unsuccessful, doctrines which now demand a practical exemplification. The sermon is worthy of a larger audience than the one which filled the pews of the North Church.

The "Narrative of the State of Religion," which occupied the earlier portion of the afternoon presented a brief exhibit of God's dealings with the churches during the year. Revivals were instanced, changes noted, accessions recognized; interesting incidents narrated, and the condition and prospects of the several churches and local conferences stated. Then came brief biographical sketches of the ministers and minister's wives who have closed their earthly pilgrimage during the year, a feature which added both interest and solemnity to the occasion, causing many to look forward with fond anticipations to the blessings attendant upon a life of self-denying and consecrated labor. The call for delegates from corresponding bodies received responses from Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and distant Ohio and Illinois, bringing cheering intelligence of the progress of the cause and kingdom of the Redeemer. As may be inferred, we gave some account of our own condition and prospects, and as we thought of such men as Lewis, Storer and Bates, we could not forbear to tell those in whose presence we stood, that in all our efforts and struggles in behalf of denominational upbuilding, we had found no better friends than among the Congregationalists. May God reward them not only for their sympathy and encouragement but also for their benefactions.

Our account of the day would be sadly deficient, did we fail to call attention to the sermon in the evening by Prof. Bartlett, of Chicago Theological Seminary, favorably known to many of the readers of the *Star* as the author of "Life and Death Eternal," in which very damaging blows are dealt to a class of modern Adventists. From Psalms 72:11 was declared the theme, "Christ the central object of history." This was shown, in a manner both natural and suggestive, by the preparations for his coming, the propagation, preservation and extension of his kingdom, the complication of it with all the wants of the past and the central relation it holds in the present. The question for us is, "What think ye of Christ?" We utter only a partial truth when we say that the sermon was a masterly effort.

The General Association of New Hampshire, composed of the representatives of twelve district associations, some one hundred and eighty churches, and a membership nearly double our own in the state, is a grave and dignified body. The proceedings of this meeting were conducted in accordance with the strictest rules of propriety, and no one could fail to be stimulated by coming in contact with the piety and culture of its members. Its ministry are for the most part earnest and God-fearing men in the prime of their usefulness. We observed, however, a few such men as Drs. Wallace, Young and Bouton, now on the shady side of life, but who have come to be regarded as among the human Monarchs, Kearsarges and Washingtons of the Granite State, and some who led us to call in review the profitable days spent at Dartmouth and Andover. We regretted that we could not have tarried longer and seen the close of a meeting of such an auspicious commencement.

The mention of a pleasant interview with one of the fathers in our ministry, whose name has for years been among us a household word, and his companion for many years an invalid, and the hospitality enjoyed in the family of one of our brethren whose

praise is in all the churches, completes the narrative of a pleasant and profitable day abroad.

Study of the Scriptures.

For more than fifteen centuries the Bible has been acknowledged as the only written revelation from God to man by the whole civilized world. To immortal beings enjoying a brief probation, exposed to endless ruin, it unfolds the way of salvation through Christ. It is a chart to the tempest-tost mariner on the sea of life, a lamp to the feet and a light to the path of those who walk in darkness; it shows those laden with ruin and guilt where alone they can find rest to their souls, cheers our passage to the tomb, and consoles us when dear ones are removed by death by pointing to a glorious hereafter. What indeed would our condition be without the inspired word!

Yet the Bible is not read and studied as such a book should be. We refer not to the neglect of it in Catholic countries both of ancient and modern times, withheld as it has been from the people, abused and perverted by a corrupt priesthood. Protestant communities, though professing to receive it as the only authoritative rule of faith and practice, have shown that their adhesion to its doctrines has been mainly nominal. True it is expounded every Sabbath in the churches, copies have been multiplied by the million and scattered broadcast among the heathen, and through the labors of missionaries a great work is in progress. Still when we think of the interest at stake, the worth of the soul, the frailty of life, the enticements of evil, and the necessity of labor, the deficiency is appalling.

What are we doing as individuals with reference to the personal and study of the Scriptures? How many have a record like that of the old Bereans, study them diligently and daily, "search" them as Christ exhorted, to learn the way and obtain eternal life? How many of us make the Bible our choice book, above all human philosophy and literature—the priceless treasure of wisdom and truth?

How is it in the family, even in Christian families, where precious children are fast forming their character for time and eternity? What occupy on book-cases and center-tables—Bibles and works illustrating and commending their principles; or those of skeptical tendencies, fiction, and folly? If the latter, and our youth become demoralized under such influences, is it a marvel?

Sabbath schools are a noble institution, and are doing much, but only a little compared with what they might do if they would honor the Bible more. Many of them make the sacred volume altogether secondary, or lower, or practically discard it altogether. Something else more interesting is substituted in its place, and other themes than it suggests, and the library books are often any thing but biblical. This is all wrong and a fearful loss. Let the sacred volume with appropriate helps to the understanding of it be made the center of attraction in all the exercises and provisions of the schools, and they would generally, as such do now, become the nurseries of the church.

There is a lack also in our literary institutions. Why should they study almost every thing else, and use the Bible, if at all, little more than by way of compliment? If, as the most profound have admitted, the Bible is the book of books, it should have high and large places in our seats of science. Religion is to-day suffering immeasurably throughout Christendom from this very omission and defect, and infidelity gaining. Nor can we stop in this matter short of the pulpit. Much preaching is profound, or eloquent, or tasteful, or smart, or witty; but not adapted to the vital wants of the soul—it leads not to repentance and salvation. Smooth things are spoken which many like to hear; but divine truth is neglected, sin abounds, and souls are lost. There must be a change. If we would see the refugees of skepticism and infidelity swept away, sinners seeking the way of life, revivals multiplied, we must return to the sacred word, which shall inspire our sermons, and pervade the minds of the people. Paul and Peter, Luther, Whitefield, Edwards, Randall would not, if on earth now, be as successful in winning souls as they were, except through the same gospel which they preached.

What then can we do to promote the reading and study of the Scriptures in every department of society? This is an inquiry of great practical importance in connection with our various plans and labors in the cause of benevolence. A subject so vital, especially in the present state of our country and the world, is worthy of the most earnest consideration and action on the part of every friend of Zion.

Current Topics.

REGULAR, OR IRREGULAR? A writer in the *Watchman and Reflector* argues that the Second Baptist church in Newport, R. I., of which Rev. C. H. Malcom is pastor, is not a "Regular," but an "Irregular," Baptist church. The chief reason urged in support of this view of the case is simply because this church does not regard immersion as an essential pre-requisite to communion. As we view the case all such reasoning is far-fetched and irrelevant. If the second church in Newport adheres in practice to the Scriptural mode of baptism this is enough to constitute a Regular Baptist church, but if it does not it is Irregular. Calvinistic and close communion sentiments are not necessarily connected with immersion. What is also worthy of mention, this writer in the *Watchman* is no other man than Rev. F. Denison, of Westerly, who exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Hubbard last winter. Why should a man who is so ready to aid in extending liberal sentiments and practices in another denomination, be so tenacious in maintaining

those which are obnoxious in his own? We believe the true spirit of liberality operates in all directions.

PARKER IN INDIA. The Deistical and Pantheistical tendencies of the better educated Hindoos is a subject often referred to by our missionaries in India. "Carleton," of the *Boston Journal*, who is just completing a tour "round the world," speaks in a recent letter of the same tendency. Referring to the fact that no modern writings have exerted a greater influence among the class specified than those of Theodore Parker, he says: "It involves no loss of caste to believe in him, but to become a Christian, to attend church and receive the rite of baptism, to believe in Jesus as a Saviour, is to become an apostate, unclean and impure. No man can become a Christian without being cast off by his dearest friends; wife, children, father, mother, all hate and curse him; but no such consequences follow when idols and Shasters are rejected, and the theology of Mr. Parker is accepted instead." But in spite of this unfavorable feature, "Carleton" says that it is evident to the most casual observer that the country is making great progress, and that for the two hundred millions of this land it may be truly said,

"The morning light is breaking."

A RETIREMENT. We regret to learn from *Zion's Herald* that Franklin R. Esq., who has been connected with that paper some thirty years has been compelled to retire in consequence of ill health. Speaking of his retirement the *Herald* says:

Through his unsurpassed faithfulness it has kept steady pace with the prosperity of the church and the land. It was not much larger than one-fourth its present size when he assumed its financial management. It was deeply involved, and had to rely on the personal credit of the brethren of the Association for its support. It has grown in size, in appearance, in circulation and in funds. A practical printer, he delighted in the beauty of his craft, and every issue was anxiously made correct and complete and was a source of pride to him as it came to the perfect ideal. He was the first to suggest its present form, and devoted himself beyond his strength to the great and costly though minute details necessary in effecting the change.

It is due to add that Mr. Rand was an old and tried friend of the deceased Editor and Publisher of the *Star*, they often counselling together respecting matters in which they were mutually interested.

THE REASON WHY. The reason why Rev. Mr. Pynchon, the great Methodist preacher, resides in Canada has now become manifest. It appears that he recently consummated a marriage in Toronto, with his deceased wife's sister, a thing which would be regarded as illegal in England. Should he return to England, which he proposes to do, it is believed that his marriage would be pronounced invalid. It is stated that but a few years since a case was on trial in which an Englishman had gone to Sweden for the purpose of marrying his deceased wife's sister; but the marriage was pronounced invalid, and the children incapable of asserting their rights of property. England would do well to revise some of her laws and the one in question among them.

A STRIKING PORTRAITURE. Wendell Phillips gives, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, the following portraiture of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens. It will be found to be both vivid and characteristic, and for the most part just: A clear, broad comprehension; a long, sure foresight; a soul that knew not the fear of men; fearless to attack, and with a faith that no defeat could tire out; utter disinterestedness; entire loyalty to justice; great knowledge of men; rare power to mold them—surely these are the qualities that make a great man. Mr. Stevens adds one more. His whole life was of a piece. Beginning, middle and end were one harmonious whole. Our "Great Commoner's" life was no patchwork. Gliding must yield to him in intellectual ability and the qualities of a leader. Adams's life was a patchwork of selfishness and servility crowned with ten years—ending the eighty—when his soul rose to serve his country and his race. But the GREAT COMMONER won his title by the simplicity of his life, the wholeness of his devotion, his unmatchable ability and the proud success Heaven accorded him. If in 1861 he had been fifty years old, instead of close on seventy, the war would have had, we think, a different complexion. We should have had, at the start, what we have lacked all through, a leader, whom Congress would have been willing to follow. With a President who sought only to follow, and a Congress of jealous equals, the nation drifted on like a ship with no wind in the sails and no hand on the helm. Encumbered with years, worn out with long and weary conflict, Mr. Stevens could put forth but half his power. But for this burden of years, his name would stand as far above most of his contemporaries as Clay, Webster or Calhoun's above theirs. As it is, no single mind has done more to shape this era.

Denominational News and Notes.

Raising Money.

The task of raising money for benevolent purposes is in itself, evidently very taxing, vexatious and undesirable. The goodness of the object prompts and urges the sacrifice. All involuntarily admit the necessity of funds, in carrying forward worldly enterprises. None ever questioned the wisdom of raising money for railroad building. Any considerable attempt to do so without funds would be considered madness, still when money is asked for great benevolent enterprises, too many shrink at the idea as almost unchristian and speak of those who plead for assistance, as beggars. Hence great reluctance is felt in asking for aid, even in the clearest case of imperative duty, and the cause is often left to suffer rather than forego the painful undertaking. Bates College through its President, has sent forth an earnest appeal for \$25,000 to meet conditions which will give the College \$100,000, and for \$25,000 for the permanent establishment of the M. S. Semina-

ry \$50,000 in all, which sum, the President proposes to raise as soon as practicable.

The question is often asked, "Will this large outlay, including all that has been done for the College and Seminary, making an aggregate of some \$300,000, when completed, pay?" In other words will the end justify the outlay?

If the end sought was personal honor, mental culture, social and literary distinction, temporal or even moral improvement, instead of spiritual life and salvation, it would not justify this immense outlay of money and the exhausting labors necessary for the achievement. But when the end claimed by the President, Professors, and its true friends who ought to know the best, is the "Eternal Life" of the human soul, there is no outlay, however large, which does not find justification in such an end. Outlays for material improvements, for educational purposes and moral restraints alone, are to a certain extent justifiable. The sacrifice of human life and treasure to a very large extent, was justified in saving the life of the nation and 4,000,000 from perpetual bondage. The object as here defined is the salvation of immortal men from everlasting ruin, the same great object Christ came to secure, and for which he gave his most precious life, and for which the Apostles and primitive Christians suffered the loss of all things earthly.

Now if the College and Seminary shall in coming years, fail in reaching directly or indirectly this momentous end of "saving souls from death," the responsibility will not belong to the donors of the Institutions, but to those then having them in charge.

What profits has the College and M. S. Seminary to show, that this end has been reached to any considerable extent in the past? Please examine their records and find revival following revival, from term to term, and year to year, whole classes graduating believers in Jesus, and some already preaching Jesus to the edification and salvation of many souls. If saving men is the great, distinctive, overshadowing work of the College and Seminary, the outlays though ever so large will pay.

The burden of raising this last amount of \$50,000 is of no ordinary character, especially so soon following gigantic burdens already borne. Backs do break though ever so strong sometimes. There was an assurance expressed in the *Star*, as the settled conviction and belief of every body that the money would be raised. As though backs never broke, and hearts never fainted, and nobody's help in particular was needed—"yes it would be done somehow, because Pres. Cheney had undertaken the task." Such a spirit, though unintentional, or one over sanguine of success, often works mischief rather than good. Mr. Cheney cannot raise this sum from his own resources, nor from simple confidence, nor well expressed praises of "distinguished ability," but from the funds of the people. Various persons must contribute as they have ability, or the money will not be raised. If dozens, or rather hundreds will say, with the President, the amount shall be raised, our co-operation with him shall be vigorous and persistent till the work is done, it will be done and no backs broken, while all shall be happy in the achievement of a work, which both for its educational and Christian power, shall be felt, and loved and honored and sanctified by divine goodness to children and to children's children in all time to come.

J. S. B.

Green Mountain Seminary.

A visit to this place which bids fair to be the seat of Free Baptist learning for western Vermont formed no part of our original programme. An urgent request, however, from our previously mentioned friend, D. S. F., and a desire to acquaint ourselves personally with this important enterprise prevailed on us to tarry over a single day for this purpose. A drive through nearly all the streets within a mile of the institution site, a hasty trip to Waterbury "street" some three or four miles away, where is the nearest rail-road station, a brief but pleasant call on Bro. F.—r, pastor of the church, living some two miles away near the present meeting house, which of course is to be given up for a new one yet to be built in the village, a careful study of the site, so far as the prospect from it, and also to it from various surrounding points are concerned, have given us, we think, considering the limited time spent, a somewhat correct idea of the "lay of the land," both literally and figuratively.

The site is well chosen. The locating committee, who amid the snows of winter selected it, would, we think, be confirmed in their judgment could they see it now amid the bloom and freshness of summer. From it there opens up to the admiring eye a panorama of lofty mountains, green trees and sunny vales—rarely surpassed for extent and beauty even in any part of this romantic state. To the right some fifteen miles away, rises Mansfield mountain, the highest elevation in the state, piled up to the height of more than four fifths of a mile, largely a place of summer resort. To the left, and at about the same distance, stands Camel's Hump, vying with Mansfield, its height being only a few hundred feet less. These are of course in the Green Mountain range. The whole line between and so around to the right and left, and even in the rear, are hills on hills in wild profusion. The soil in the vicinity is excellent, the houses though not large are almost without exception neat and tidy, and the whole aspect of the neighborhood is one of thrift and good taste. There are scores on scores of the most beautiful house lots within easy distance of the Institution. The people in the vicinity have subscribed nobly for the school, and there seems to be felt a general and most lively interest in the enterprise which promises to be a large success. The main building, now in process of erection, 90 by

some 50 feet, three stories high, when viewed from the main thoroughfare, will present, we think, an imposing appearance and with the wing building for boarders, &c., to be erected sooner or later, will furnish ample accommodations.

But between this and the actual running of a first class school there is work, to which we trust our people in that part of the state will prove themselves adequate, as they certainly have the ability to do.

Funds are to be furnished in order to man it with a faculty of suitable experience and ability, and to lay at least the foundation of a good library and an adequate supply of apparatus. The school must be of the first class or it cannot live and flourish. This whole section swarms with small academies and precarious high (?) schools. The faculty of the Institution must be of a high order so as to draw patronage, if need be, even from under the very eyes of these schools, giving to it a power that shall be widely felt and acknowledged. This can be done, must be done, will be done.

Having now stood on the sites of two embryo schools in Vermont, and listened to the earnest and determined words of their founders, though not quite prepared to adopt the language of "good old Simoom," we can say at least, that a long cherished desire has been realized. For more than twenty years we have felt that our cause would make but little further progress in Vermont, till the inauguration of some great home, undertaking that should command itself to the intelligence and enterprise of the people, and furnish a field for the development and activity of the energies of our young men and young women there. Live Green Mountain Seminary, and Lyndon Lit. & Bib. Institution! J. F. Waterbury Center, Aug. 19.

Maine Central Institute.

Now is the time for the friends of this Institution to show their interest in the enterprise. The building is under contract to be finished in six months and to be paid for in six monthly payments. Its cost is to be \$32,000, not including the finishing of the inside of the two upper stories. The foundation is completed. The corner stone was laid Aug. 17, Revs. E. Knowlton, N. F. Weymouth, D. Waterman, S. McKeown, R. W. Files, Esq., and others taking part in the ceremonies. The brick work is progressing rapidly. One of the wings is raised to the top of the first story already. The question with us now is, Shall we pay as we go? The means we now have will not more than meet two payments. Brethren and sisters, let your responses come to us in a substantial way.

The trustees at their late meeting empowered their agent to appoint others to aid him in collecting funds to meet these payments. Revs. N. F. Weymouth and L. L. Harmon will act with us in forwarding this work. Will our ministers and leading members stir up an interest in their various localities, collect what they can, and forward to me at Pittsfield? The time is short, the work is great. But it can be done. Will our friends say it must be done? Fourteen hundred and twenty dollars in cash and personal pledges were received at the late session of the Penobscot Y. M. This speaks well.

The school has been in operation only two years, and yet many of the towns and villages in this Y. M., are beginning to feel its influence. With the hearty co-operation of its friends, it is to become a *Star* in the East which shall not only cheer the traveler ascending the hill of science, but shall ever mark the spot where heavenly influences cluster, the place where Jesus discloses himself to our youth and they enter into an abiding alliance with Him. Shall this work for God and our children be accomplished? A. L. GERRISH, Agent.

Pittsfield, Aug. 25, 1868

Reports of the Home Mission Society.

According to a vote of the General Conference, all organizations of State, Y. M., or Q. M. Home Mission Societies in our denomination, are requested to make an annual report of the amount of funds raised and number of missionaries employed, and of the amount of mission work performed by each of such organizations during the year preceding the first day of Sept., to the Corresponding Secretary of the parent Home Mission Society, that the amount of all Home Mission funds and Home Mission work in the denomination may be embodied in our Annual Home Mission Report. Will the Treasurers and Secretaries of all such Societies immediately forward their reports to the subscriber so that he can have them by the first week in Sept?

Also all churches which have been aided by the Home Mission Society are hereby requested to send reports according to a circular which will be sent to the pastor of each of those churches, immediately on the reception of the circular. Brethren do not forget nor delay to answer this request. All reports should be received before the 7th day of Sept.

SILAS CURTIS, Cor. Sec.
Concord, N. H., Aug. 20, 1868.

Revivals, &c.

LAWRENCE, Mass. God is again visiting us in Lawrence by his grace. During the past week ten or twelve have expressed their purpose to live a godly life, and there are indications of an extensive revival. As the result of the revival last spring, in which Rev. H. Perry of Andover, N. Y. assisted, about forty have been baptized. Bro. Perry has been a very efficient laborer in leading souls to Christ. Several thousands through his efforts have found hope. It was in a series of meetings which he was holding that I was made acquainted with the way of life. E. G. CHADDOCK.

Poetry.

A Sea-shell.

Cool lips of shell, sing, sea-shell, warm and sweet,
Of ripples curling on the creamy beach,
Of soft waves singing in each other's ear.
Small wavelets kissing one another's feet,
Where flakes of foam make music, a low speech
Tenderly sad to hear.

Tell me of half-formed little broken words,
Sung by the ripples to the still sea-flowers
In silent sleeping tideless dunes of sea;
For there the flowers have voices like to birds,
That sing full-throated in this world of ours
On each melodious tree.

Not now, not now, sweet shell, some other day
Tell me of sighings on the lonely shore,
And seas that sob to birds that scream above;
Tell me not now of earth grown weak and gray,
Nor longing for the things that come no more,
Nor any broken love.

To me thy breathing bears another tone.
Of fresh cool currents running under sea,
And happy laughter of the sunny spray—
Ah! heaviest thou the words that are thine own.
Know'st thou the message that they bear to me,
The things they seem to say?

Ah, sea-shell, it is this—"The soft blue deep,
Which thrills with a heart that knows thee and
is kind.
Sighed for thy sorrow, now it laughs with thee:
Love is a secret which man cannot keep,
Hide it from heaven and the heedless wind.
But trust it with the sea!"

Hymn for the Young.

There is no child without a grief,
Or never feels a pain;
Where shall he go to find relief,
And ease and comfort gain?

Not to the haunts of noisy play,
Or paths of tempting sin;
There is a better, surer way
The crown of peace to win.

In patience find one constant friend,
And trust in God above;
The darkest night will have an end,
And He afflicts in love.

In contemplation seek for aid,
And muse on heavenly things;
The soul most tried is not afraid,
If hope within it springs.

Dwell on the suffering He endured,
Who wrought salvation's plan,
Whose pain and grief our peace secured,
And proved them good for man.

The Family Circle.

Women's Worries.

I think men have the advantage over us women in this respect, they are not so much on edge for worries. A man, when a misfortune befalls him, however much it may worry him at the time, makes up his mind that it can't be helped, and "what can't be cured must be endured," and has done with it. But a woman's worry is like a rat in the wainscot, there is no getting rid of it.

Did you ever hear of the Irishman, who was making his way to Tipperary fair, with his inseparable shillelagh, as the thick stick is called which an Irishman carries with him for chance action? On the outskirts of the fair he passed a tent with the head of some one bulging out against its loose canvas walls in a beautiful and defined bump. It was quite irresistible to the Irishman's mind; up went his shillelagh, and down it came with a whang on the obtruding head, which instantly disappeared with a groan. Out rushed a crowd of wild fellows, but on perceiving who it was that had fetched the untimely blow, they exclaimed in amazement: "Och, and did ye know it was just Stephen O. Rorke, who always fought on yer own side?" "Och," said the Irishman, ruefully scratching his head, "and I am sorry; but troth, it looked so tempting, that an it had been me own feyther, I couldn't have helped it!" Now, I am afraid we women are all of us more or less like that Irishman. In every family there almost always springs up from time to time some subject or other, something, the more you think and the more you speak of it, the more it worries you and those about you, and with regard to which, the less said and thought of, the better. But like the Irishman and the bulging head, it looks too tempting to a woman; and though she knows it is the certain way to upset temper, and cause home strife, she cannot keep her tongue off this one unlucky spot.

A man by some act of carelessness loses some money. Well, it is careless and aggravating, just as the witer was setting in and work certain to be slack. But the thing is done, the money is gone, and all the worrying in the world won't fetch it back. The man's wife knows this as well as you and I do; she knows also that if her husband's temper has a sore and irritable point, it is just that money, and yet, for the life of her, she can't let it alone. Whatever the man says or does, and whatever happens, that lost money is sure to come uppermost on her tongue. The shoe bill comes in. "Ah," she says, "if you had only not lost that money, we could have paid it with ease." He mislays his cap; she joins in the hunt for it. "Wherever is it gone? You can't have lost it, like that money." He proposes a day's excursion to see her friends, to please her. "Ah, if we had that money we could have done it nicely," she graciously remarks. He is late for his work. "I've lost my time somehow—I must make haste and be off." "I wish that was all you had ever lost," his wife says with emphasis, as he gets up to go. He complains that a bill has been run up at the draper's. "Yes it's all very fine, you may lose as much money as you like, but I am never to spend a penny in clothes for me and the poor children." Run and think and double as he may, at home she takes care that that east wind always blows in his

face, till at last she fairly nags him into the public-house, where he takes shelter behind a good can of beer. The money was lost, that couldn't be helped; but home-peace was flung after it, and double the sum was thrown into the publican's pocket, and that might have been prevented.

Or else it is that the man has been trying to turn over a new leaf. Poor chap, he has been trying very hard, and he really is very much better than he was, as his wife has reason to know best of any. But unfortunately he makes one slip. Under a sudden temptation, meeting, perhaps, with an old mate he hasn't seen for years, he is drawn into the public-house, comes home a little the worse for drink. He had overcome many such temptations, he has yielded to one; but his wife takes care he shall not forget it. She makes as much fuss over that one fall as a hen does over one chicken. It becomes a kind of new-year's day from which she dates everything. No chance for her husband to obey the blessed hopeful Scripture words, "forgetting those things that are behind, press forward to the mark of your high calling in Christ Jesus." A dispute takes place as to when something or other took place. "Don't you know?" says the wife. "It was the day after you got drunk. I remember it by that." He comes home from his work tired and out of spirits. "What do you think?" says his wife; "I met Bill Smith as drunk as you were the other night. I pity his wife, that's all." She comes back from church or meeting. "The minister preached against the drink; I shouldn't wonder if he was thinking of you." She did not mention that he preached against an unbridled tongue as well, for it had never occurred to her to wonder if he was thinking of her. The man hears some preaching, and comes home deeply impressed. "My girl," he says, "I mean, with God's help, never to get the worse for drink again."

"What's the use of your talking like this?" you said that twenty times before you go; so drunk that night. You are so weak, you'll be as bad as ever again." Now granted that it was a grievous fall, yet surely his wife's faithful arm should have been the one to help him up again, and point him afresh to that Saviour in whom is endless hope as well as endless life for a man. Surely his wife, whom God had given to that man to be his help-meet, was the one who ought to have encouraged him, and pointed out that the one fall did not undo the many overcomings; that the tide may rise, even though the water ebb, and that she for one was not so unreasonable as to expect him to overcome all at once; and when she saw that his heart was open to new impressions, if only, like a true wife and help-meet, she would have prayed with him that he might be more than conqueror through him who loved him, all might have been well. I don't suppose she meant really to discourage him; it was only the old impulse to worry, which was too tempting; and so the wife's prophesy, like many another one, fulfils itself, and the man becomes worse than ever. And then she turns round and says, "I can't think how it is, Marian, that he will go on so; I am sure I do my best; I never keep him waiting for his meals, nor nothing, and yet this is how he serves me." She cannot see where her fault lies, that she has worried and discouraged him back into his old sins and vile habits.

Now, my sisters, I have given you two out of many instances of what I mean; and I can only beseech you to guard against this habit of worrying, of nagging; for no other word exactly expresses what I mean; which tells so fatally on the comfort and happiness of a home. There are some subjects in every family, and a sore subject is like a sore place; let it alone, or apply some soothing ointment to it, and it soon heals over; but let it be constantly knocked and rubbed, it festers and becomes a running sore. You best know what is your husband's sore point; and it would take such a very little prayerful resolution, such a very little watchfulness on your part, to "give it a wide berth," as sailors say, and avoid irritating the already inflamed spot. I have known homes positively worm-eaten with these small worries; and I dare not think how many men annually are "nagged" into public-houses, by their wives' tongues.

Perhaps you've heard of the two men who were sentenced as a penance to walk to a distant shrine with peas in their shoes. One of the two, being a canny fellow, boiled his peas previously, and performed his pilgrimage, comfortably enough on two warm soft poultries. The other, not being so quick-witted, went howling and grunting and groaning all the way, on his execrable raw peas; and was laid up at the end of his journey. Now, we all of us have to travel this life more or less with peas in our shoes, vexatious worries and every-day troubles; with this difference, that some of us boil the peas and some of us don't; nay, I have even known wives who, at the end of the day, will empty the peas in their shoes out into their husband's boots, and insist on crippling him with their allowance in addition to his own, tormenting his heart out when he comes home with their household worries and squabbles, and the scrapes of his children; making him endure all that forms the woman's portion of the burden of life, with a good wife will bear, and keep from pressing on her husband, turning the bright side of things towards him, when he returns, weary and fagged with work.

Now, my sisters, I say, let us boil the peas; let us try and make the best of things. We women were meant, I think, to be lumps of sugar to sweeten the cup of life, not lumps of camphor to make it more bitter—helps meet for the man along the road to heaven. Seeing, then, that we have this duty as women, there ought to be some sweetness in us to make home a pleasant place. If there was so much money in the

bud when we were children, there must be some left in the flower.

And if thorns and thistles are part of the curse under which we all lie, and will spring up in the happiest homes, let us remember that in Christ—Who was made a curse for us that we might no longer be under the curse, but under the blessing—our very thorns may be blessed and sanctified. Did He not wear them on His own head, piercing His blessed brow, that they might not pierce our feet? If we would only take these thorns, these small worries, these home troubles, to Him who numbers the hairs of our head, and who certainly, therefore, numbers the smallest sorrows of our hearts, casting all our care on Him, for He careth for us, would not the very thorns in our lot be the means of driving us more constantly home to our God? If, instead of worrying over them, you would only pray over them; if, instead of grumbling over them in the ear of man, you would pour them out into the ear of God—you would find care's sharpest thistle crowned with the softest down of peace; and as the nightingale in the old fable is said to sing sweetest with a thorn against her breast, the very thorns in your lot would teach you some of God's sweetest songs in the night.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Yea, verily, touched by Him, our thorns can bear the fruit of the true Vine—prayerfulness, patience, cheerfulness, unselfishness, love, and above all, this precious lesson, "This is not your rest."—*People's Magazine.*

Sowing Little Seeds.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"O! I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"O, no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day," Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said—

"Yes I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before His throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

The Hospital Parrot.

For many years there lived in the porter's lodge of the old Pennsylvania Hospital a distinguished and venerable citizen—a parrot, of rare cleverness and intelligence. This famous bird belonged to the porter, and was one of many feathered pets, the chief favorite and familiar. A remarkable affection and sympathy existed between these two friends; yet, I am sorry to say, their relations were not altogether pleasant and peaceful. Innumerable were their quarrels and make-ups. The bird was very knowing, and almost supernaturally gifted as a talker—especially like some human orators, in the language of railing and taunting. The old man, his master, had one deplorable weakness—he would occasionally drink too much bad whiskey; so much that, getting quite beside himself, he would leave his lodge and his innocent feathered family, and go off on a desperate spree, which sometimes lasted for days. Now Master Paul Parrot thought his weakness, through which he suffered in loneliness and neglect, very reprehensible, and not to be winked at; and when the fit of dissipation was coming on his master, it is said, would remonstrate with him; in a friendly way, like a very mentor. When this proved in vain, and he saw the misguided old man leave the lodge for some of his disreputable haunts, he would endeavor to put a good face on the matter, would hop about on his perch in great excitement, and call out to the other birds, "The old man has gone on a spree! on a spree! He won't be back for a week! Let's have a high old time. Ha! ha!"

When the old porter came home, this naughty bird would be very apt to mock and taunt him, calling out, "So you've come back, have you? O, how drunk you are! Now we'll have a row." And there always was a row; for the indignant porter never failed to beat Mr. Paul for his impudent soundings. Then the bird, seeking the dignified retirement of the darkest corner of the lodge, sulked and muttered till, the old porter's good humor returning, he made

friendly overtures. The two were reconciled, and "everything was lovely" again.

At length there came a time when the porter, bowed by years and infirmities, yielded to the stern law of nature and went on his sprees no more. He was dead. As his successor was no bird fancier, the feathered family at the lodge was broken up and dispersed. The clever parrot was kindly treated in a new home; but he never seemed happy. He evidently missed his old master—missed his caresses and his scoldings. Or, perhaps, he found the steady goings-on of a moral household too dull for his taste. He refused to be reconstructed, grew sullen and morose, rejected food and died.—*Grace Greenwood.*

Literary Review.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF EDUCATION: demonstrated by an analysis of temperaments and of Phenological facts, in connection with mental phenomena and the office of the Holy Spirit in the process of the mind. In a series of Letters to the Department of Public Instruction in the city of New York. Second Edition. By John Hecker. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868. Octavo, pp. 227.

It is a significant title which has been chosen for this volume. It does not simply call attention to the need of a scientific basis for education, nor merely indicate where and how such a basis may be formed or laid; but it brings forward what is termed the scientific basis, as though it were here and nowhere else—this and no other—was the alternative way to adopt the theory and method of Mr. Hecker or go on without any rational system at all—striking at random and meeting more of failure than of success.

But putting aside the assumption which thus meets one at the very threshold of the volume, and looking fairly at the facts and the theory from which the treatise springs, one finds much that deserves attention. Mr. Hecker has carefully studied his subject, he is a man of keen observation, of somewhat logical habit, independent and yet deferential, intensely strong in his convictions yet still waiting for more light, full of enthusiasm and faith, though having a reason for every opinion which he advances. He confesses his great obligations to Gall and Spurzheim, accepts in the main the classification of faculties brought forward by Phenology and uses much of its nomenclature. But he keeps wholly clear of its materialism, pleads for special divine influences as required by the human mind to give a real royalty to the spiritual nature, and makes as much of the doctrine of moral freedom as any evangelical Arminian could desire. The chief value of the book is found in the views presented respecting the different temperaments that mark children and pupils, and the need of classifying and training them in our schools in accordance with the temperamental peculiarities and requirements. The information imparted on this point is often clear, fresh and interesting, and the suggestions made deserve special attention. Teachers have much to learn on this point, and the work of the school-room would be better and more efficiently done if the knowledge which Mr. Hecker has presented on this subject were possessed and used. The volume is well worthy of a careful reading, and will not fail to stimulate inquiry and put it upon promising lines of thought.

Like most other men who believe themselves to have struck out a new scientific theory, our author makes a hobby of his scheme of education and drives it quite beyond its proper domain. He imagines that he has found the solution of the great problems which the Christian Church has been so long struggling to solve. He has his explanation of conversion, furnished by his theory of the human mind and the classification of its functions; he undertakes to point out the essential features and the actual radical defects in the church as an organization, and proceeds to assure us that if it were constituted in harmony with this scientific basis, it would speedily grow up into spiritual majesty and regenerate our social life. On this topic he writes with great confidence, but he is often as weak, indefinite and fanciful as he is original. His meaning is frequently doubtful, and when it is obvious, he often provokes a start and a smile of surprise by the crudity and superficiality which mark it. Thus he says,—"In order to possess the powers which Christ authorized his Church to exercise, his disciples should be united in households of twelve, in the internal subjective unity of the spirit, and that thus united, they should receive the external objective authority to teach, which should properly be derived through the most legitimate order of succession from the apostles whom he commissioned." That sounds more like a faint and confused echo of Swedenborg than like the vigorous and mature statement of an instructed scientific Christian. Bating such extravagant pretensions as this, and separating the illegitimate from the authorized suggestions which the author's facts are made to offer, the book may be read with real profit and set down as a fresh and genuine contribution to our educational literature.

NOTES, CRITICAL, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the New Testament," etc., etc. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868. 12mo. pp. 374. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The general characteristics of Mr. Barnes's Notes on the Scriptures are too well known to require any detailed argument. Though not a ways thorough, sometimes jumping the real difficulties and spending too many words on what is easily understood, yet he is always manly and wholesome. He may be said to have introduced a new era of Scriptural exposition with the preparation of his Notes on the New Testament. He struck a happy medium between the learned, critical and scholarly commentary and the superficial expositions and devotional aids which had previously appeared. For ordinary use in the family and Bible Class, they have proved, on the whole, thoroughly acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic, they have been multiplied in foreign tongues, and have done not the least important part of their work in prompting many other eminent scholars to enter the same field. He announces in the Preface that this is his final effort as an expositor. Increasing age and infirmity, and especially the failure of his vision, will not allow the further prosecution of a work which wonderfully illustrates what may be done in the course of years by an early riser and a laborious student, who uses the ante-breakfast hours according to system, and lays the Christian world under many and great obligations.

Mr. Barnes shows, in this latest of his works, that he has kept himself familiar with the accumulating results of Biblical Criticism and that ability grows by use. His Notes on the Psalms indicate a skill and vigor as an expositor that his comments upon Matthew fail to exhibit. He is broader, deeper, richer, ministering more abundantly to the understanding and more gratefully to the heart. His Introduction is, concise and plain, but suggestive and valuable; so are the accounts given of each Psalm in order to embody the most of what information has been gathered by the research of scholars and the inquiries of critics. The authorship, dates, and the general

character of these compositions are concisely set forth, but the main discussion is devoted to the imprecations found in the Psalms, a topic which has called out much inquiry and controversy, and which Mr. Barnes has here dealt with in a manner that will not fail to interest inquirers and relieve more or less minds from perplexity. This last of the author's work will be welcomed with general satisfaction and will be sure to meet an extensive demand. The mechanical features of this volume are decidedly superior to those which appeared in the Notes on the New Testament—a fact we are glad to announce.

LESSONS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY: designed as a basis for instruction in that Science in Schools and Colleges. By J. T. Champlin, President of Colby University. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp. 219.

The main facts and principles which are essential to make Political Economy appear a true science, to exhibit its bearings upon the real welfare of the state, and to lay the foundation for fuller and more detailed inquiry, are presented in this small volume in a method at once clear, forcible and just. There is nothing abstruse or obscure. Any pupil of eighteen years, having an average mental capacity, could readily understand it; and yet it contains enough for use in a mere text-book for any collegiate class. There is a happy union of simplicity and comprehensiveness.

LITTLE DORRIT. By Charles Dickens. With eight illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868. 16mo. pp. 522. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The Charles Dickens edition of the works of Boz has here another illustration, and the purchasers will find in this instalment one of the most characteristic of his stories.

DONAT CLARE, THE MANUSCRIPT MAN. From the Sunday at Home, London. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 333.

MARK STEADMAN, OR SHOW YOUR COLORS. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Same Publishers. 16mo. pp. 255.

LINK, AND OTHER STORIES. By Cousin Zilpha, author of "Twilight Stories." Boston: Am. Tract Society. 18mo. pp. 136.

These juveniles are of unquestionable wholesomeness in tone and spirit. "Donat Clare" gives us many pleasant pictures of Irish life, along with some that are sad and depressing; it brings out some interesting information touching the old Irish language, and especially sets forth the successful results of judicious and patient missionary labor among a discouraging population. "Mark Steadman" impressively sets forth the nobility and the advantages of fidelity to principle and conviction, and standing up firmly and openly for the right. "Link" is a touching story of fidelity, affection, patriotism and self-sacrifice, in which a dog's devotion and a boy's heroic self-mastery divide the young reader's admiration. The other stories are worthy companions.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins, author of "Armadale," "The Woman in White," etc. With many illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868. Octavo, pp. 223. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Wilkie Collins has unquestionable talent, which he uses as capriciously at some times as he does effectively at others. His stories multiply too rapidly for his own reputation or for the highest satisfaction of his readers. But in spite of literary oddity, unreasonableness and a provoking disregard of the accepted canons of structure, movement and style, he is sure to win readers and pretty likely to hold them, in spite of their dissatisfactions and protests.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

The reprints of the English Quaterlies, just received, are generally less strong than they sometimes prove, but are alive with interest and taking from their variety; while the Magazines of the Month appear unusually early and supply easy and entertaining reading, as though there were a general ambition among the publishers to gratify the tourists and idlers who crowd the public conveyances or indulge their indolence and suffer ennui at the watering places. We can do little more this week than mention them by their titles.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July has eight articles—not one of which is dull and heavy, and all will repay a reading. The seventh, entitled, "Sir Roderick Murchison and Modern Schools of Geology," is almost the only one of a learned and scientific sort. New York: L. Scott & Co.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW is much more solid in its contents, but its topics are generally those that are occupying the attention of the public mind, and they are able if not always satisfactorily treated. New York: L. Scott & Co.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW presents us with ten articles, and, as usual, they lack neither learning, criticism nor self-confidence. They are not meant so much for the mass of readers as for the students and scholars who read to be stimulated and taught. New York: L. Scott & Co.

BRAITHWAITE'S RETROSPECT OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY. Part LVII. July. New York: Townsend & Adams. pp. 598.

This is a semi-annual publication, and it is the first copy which we have examined. The amount of various medical and surgical information crowded into its pages is positively immense. It seems intended to epitomize the best written thought and the most marked and instructive reports of cases in medical and surgical practice which the profession supplies in both hemispheres. It does, in this department, very much such a work as the "Annual of Scientific Discovery" does in another. To medical men its value must be very great; and to the general reader it is eminently suggestive and fruitful.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. September, 1868. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. September, 1868. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

LITTANCIOLA'S MAGAZINE. September, 1868. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. September, 1868. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ARTHER'S HOME MAGAZINE. September, 1868. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur.

HOURS AT HOME. September, 1868. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

THE SABBATH AT HOME. September, 1868. Boston: Am. Tract Society.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. September, 1868. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. For Young People. September, 1868. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THE PHENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. September, 1868. New York: S. R. Wells.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. September, 1868. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son.

THE NURSERY. A Magazine for Youngest Readers. September, Boston: John L. Shory.

THE LIVING AGE. Boston: Little & Gay.

EVERY SATURDAY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

James Russell Lowell.

The friends of Professor Lowell who are privileged to see him in his house and to sit at his table, are often delighted by sparkling impromptu, the thought of a moment suggested by a passing incident; epigrams follow each other in quick succession, none of which fail of pith and humor. We have heard it said that the "Biglow Papers" were mostly composed thus quickly, on the spur of the moment. The poet seldom writes, and his manuscript usually goes to the printer with hardly an erasure, as it was first jotted down. Occasionally one finds in the printed copy indications of haste, then again there is a freshness and point which more than make up for the delinquency, and which is far better in its effect than if it had been the subject of deliberate revision. This can never be said of the productions of Longfellow, which appear with their last finish. The mental and moral contrasts between Longfellow and Lowell are in harmony with the contrast of their personal appearance and social character. While Longfellow appears venerable, and looks to be much older than he is, Lowell is youthful in manner and appearance. Both are remarkably prepossessing. Longfellow inspires veneration, Lowell admiration. The latter who is verging on fifty seems not more than thirty-five; in his way, too, he looks the poet. His hair is of a rich glossy curling auburn, long, parted over the middle of the forehead, and without perceptible gray hair. The features have the regularity of an Apollo Belvidere, the forehead is beautiful—high, white, broad, and gently receding; the nose straight, thin, sensitive; the mouth covered by thick, white, sensitive mustache, a shade lighter than the hair, full and amiable in expression; the chin is round and even, wherefrom extends a long beard of auburn. But the poet's eye is his best feature, large, dark, blue, gentle, full of sentiment, sparkling, a true poet's eye. Lowell is rather below middle height, is straight and well-built, has the small hands and feet which are supposed to come of aristocratic descent. In dress he is jaunty, studiously prim, every garment is exactly fitted and quite in fashion. To see him at a little distance, your guess as to his age would wander downwards at least twenty years. His step is so brisk, so easy and buoyant, that his gait adds to the deception. He is one of the most social and genial of men; easy of access, always bland and courteous, quite devoid of any stiffness, fond of talking, and always talking charmingly, he entertains a stranger as handsomely as if he were an old acquaintance. One never is tired of his conversation, once introduced into his society, and you can hear the constant flow of his witticisms and descriptions for hours without a thought of weariness. He always has something to say, is never at a loss for a thought or a phrase, or an apt illustration, is well primed with quotations from all books and tongues, yet uses them without ostentatious pedantry, always with effect. Thoroughly human in his tastes and proclivities, not ethereally disdaining a pipe or a merry meeting now and then, but enjoying them to the fullest, like smaller men; fond of ease, yet practicing the theory that all work that is worth doing, is worth doing well. He is, equally with Longfellow, free from all snobbish affectation of the oddities of genius, whether of the graver or the smaller sort. It is a rare privilege to visit Lowell in the congenial privacy of his study. It is a small room at the rear of the house, the windows looking out upon the shrubberies and garden, and shaded with trees. The walls are covered with book-shelves, laden with the treasures which the scholar-poet's taste has collected. Rare editions of the old poets and philosophers, English, Italian, and German, are not wanting. There are histories, books of sketches and travel, political, and literary pamphlets, evincing the variety of the professor's interests. A large, open, old-fashioned fire-place, surmounted by a high mantel-piece takes up nearly the whole of one side of the room; before this is a writing-table, whereupon are scattered books, pamphlets, letters, scraps of manuscript, blank paper, pens, and inkstands, by no means primly arranged. On the mantel-piece is a miscellaneous collection of little ornaments, souvenirs, and utilities; and you will not fail to observe that pipes, cigars, and other convenient apparatus for smoking are distributed about here and there, hinting to you that Lowell is wedded to "the weed." In this connection, he says that his friends, and indeed all who call upon him; and there are not a few who recollect the hours passed there before a blazing fire as memorable.—*The Broadway.*

A Continent Covered with Ice.

Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice a mile in thickness, hereby agreeing with Prof. Hitchcock and other eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-wood to the very top, except a few points which are above the level of the ice mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which, glacier marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head above the desolate waste of ice and snow.

In this region, then, the thickness of ice cannot have been made much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kinds of evidence in other parts of the country, for when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plow, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more acid and unproductive granite districts, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural use of man.

Facts for Travelers.

The Courts have decided that applicants for tickets on railroads can be ejected from the cars if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change. All railroad tickets are good until used, conditions "good for this day only" being of no account. Passengers who lose their tickets can be ejected from the cars unless they purchase a second one. Passengers are bound to observe decorum in the cars, and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show their tickets. Standing on the platform or otherwise violating the rules of the company, renders a person liable to be put off the train. No person has a right to monopolize more seats than he has paid for; and any article left in the seat while the owner is temporarily absent, entitles him to his seat on his return.

Mosquito Scourge in England.

A discussion was once carried on among scholars as to which of three well-known and similar passages of malice ought to be considered the most terrible. The first occurs in the "Prometheus Vinctus" of Æschylus, in a splendid outburst of menace where the chained demi-god is told that he "shall pray to see the star-spangled night end the day, and pray to have the frosty morning end the night." The next is Lord Byron's, "And to thee shall night deny all the quiet of her sky; and the day shall have a sun which shall make thee wish it done." The third, and undoubtedly the most forcible of all, is that intense foreshadowing of constant misery with which Moses threatened the Israelites—the sublime verse, "In the morning thou shalt say, 'Would God it were even,' and at even thou shalt say, 'Would God it were morning.'" We do not, however, quote these parallel combinations because we wish to decide upon their relative depth of terror, but because the public really seems to be in pretty much the quandary which they depict.

What with the heat, as to which there can be no mistake at all, and with the mosquitoes, which are alleged to have come over and settled amongst us, our days and our nights, this summer, it appears are to be equally trying. If these "pernicious bloodsuckers" have indeed visited us, and if the sultry weather does not give way to rain and cooler skies, Lord Byron and the Hebrew legislator exactly describe the kind of language which thousands of Britons will need to employ,—perspiring by day and desperately persecuted by night. We have our share of nuisances already in this "right little, right little island." There are east winds, and fogs, and colds in the nose, country justices, game laws, the income tax, Fenians, and Mr. James Follen; but as yet we never suffered from mosquitoes. Britannia had the advantage of Columbia in this one point,—"the skeeter" never vexed her majestic rest. She could sleep in her island home—unlike her transatlantic child—without fear of waking to find her august nose bitten into a shapeless lump, or one eye irrevocably and ludicrously closed. She even talked contemptuously in her English idiom of a "gnat bite" as the equivalent for a trifle, and never knew or cared for that insect Macbeth of other latitudes which "doth murder sleep."

The "mosquito net" of the East and South is the first thing which warns the unbidden traveler of the happy slumbers which he has left behind him. He is surprised, and a little scornful, to behold the four curtains of his boudoir twisted together and hitched up. In the fidelity and dexterity, however, with which that seemingly careless arrangement has been made, lies his chance of blissful repose. Thrice fortunate he who, despising no lesson, inquires what it all means, and humbly studies the art of going to bed in the haunts of the bloody-minded *culex*. The rash stranger does not comprehend that in those looped-up curtains of gauze he has a cherished vacuum—an ingenious sanctuary. Instead of waving a towel in all directions, and then defiantly letting the curtains fall around him so as to exclude the mosquito, he madly takes down the fold after fold, and compels himself to a forbidden sleep. In that fatal act, however, the vampire insect has marked him for its own. Rejoicing in his well-fed and plethoric condition, it sounds its trumpet of war, now in his ear, now under his nose, now about his weary eyelids.

The victim is annoyed, but calm; he waits till the little buzzing noise is hushed, bears with fortitude the prick which tells him where to wreak his vengeance, and wreaks it on his nose, but also, as he fondly hopes, upon the mosquito. Again he composes himself to slumber, exulting in the imagined death of the intruder. The intruder! He is aroused by a chorus of tiny horns, and finds that his foot, haplessly exposed, has suddenly become on fire with bites; madly he rubs, and even lacerates it against the bed-post—he would almost amputate it to get rid of the intolerable itching; and now he vows pitiless revenge, and waits with fierce patience for his foes. Over and over again he thinks he "has them," but the mosquitoes dance off into the air, humming a "Millebello" of contempt. He tosses and frets, and too often swears he rises to cool his incipient fever with cold water, letting into the betrayed fortress a squadron more of the small moss-troopers; and now, too late aware of the purpose of his defenses, he lies wretchedly awake listening to the fan-fare of a dozen blood-thirsty, bugles. By-and-by he sleeps a broken sleep, while *culex* sucks his fill, and in the morning he rises to find his face like a Christmas pudding, while his gorged persecutors hang from the inside of the net, fuddled with his blood, and an easy, but by this time useless, prey to his savage resentment.

The English mosquito is to the foreign bloodsucker merely what a fox is to a tiger. The Indian and Egyptian variety, and also that of Bermuda, if they preserved their appetite in these latitudes, would soon teach us to talk seriously of a "gnat bite." They have an extraordinary and detestable habit, like the Emperor Hellogabalus, of dining several times by getting rid of the stomachful of blood which they have taken, and then beginning again. They raise a swelling like a nut on the spot attacked and cause really excessive pain, and some times fever. A strange fact is that the blood not only grows proof against them, but they cease to bite those who have resisted amidst their haunts, as if part of their demoniac pleasure was the pain they inflict. We sincerely trust the entomologists are right and that Woolwich itches with nothing but the *culex pipiens* of the English marshes. If we can't sleep henceforward without mosquito-curtains, nor baffle a drop of rain for the root crops, we really might as well "except for the honor of the thing" live in Madagascar as in Great Britain.—*London Daily News*.

Thorwaldsen's Gallery.

We first turned our pilgrim feet toward the museum and mausoleum of Thorwaldsen. It is a square building, in imitation of the center of a tomb inclosing a court, in the man whom the city most delights to honor. The grave is marked by a simple parallelogram of ivy-covered earth, its best monument, the labors of a lifetime, are shown within the walls that surround it. Here are gathered casts of all his works, and many copies in marble from his atelier, bequeathed by him together with his private collection of paintings and antiquities to his native city.

As you may remember, Thorwaldsen was the son of a poor ship carpenter from Iceland born here. He early showed a passionate love for art, made his way to Rome, where he found employment in the atelier of Canova; and after some years he took a studio of his own, and soon after modeled

his statue of "Jason and the Golden Fleece." Failing to procure an order for it, and in obtaining other employment, he was on the point of returning in despair to Denmark, when Mr. Hope, an English gentleman, chancing to see the statue, was so struck with its beauty, he ordered it to be marbled; from that time, wealth and honors poured in on the friendly youth.

He continued to reside at Rome, until in 1838 he returned to Copenhagen, where he was received with the most extraordinary honors. A suite of rooms was given him in the royal palace, in which he resided until his death. Among other relics in the museum is the bust of Luther, begun by Thorwaldsen the day he died. After working with his usual industry through the day, he attended the theater in the evening, and while sitting quietly listening to the play, was stricken down by apoplexy, dying immediately. While going through the museum it seemed impossible that it could all be the work of one man, although he reached the age of seventy-three. From the museum you naturally turn your steps to the church of Notre Dame, the recipient of the finest efforts of his immortal genius. Ranged on either side, next to the wall, stand the twelve Apostles, wonderful embodiments of character and thought. In the apex, with his arms extended in benediction, is the most sublime conception of our Saviour, vouchsafed to man. The majesty and beauty of the figure are superhuman. In the tribune in front is a most exquisitely beautiful figure of a kneeling angel supporting a baptismal font. Large and small bass-reliefs from the same imitable chisel adorn the church. When the statues were given to the church Thorwaldsen valued each figure at \$20,000; now their value is inestimable. Copenhagen is so thoroughly permeated with pride and delight in this one man, it is difficult while there to be entirely free from the consciousness of his presence. He has but one rival, the famous Scandinavian Museum—the glory of the North. The collection illustrative of the different ages of civilization is remarkably fine and complete, worth many days of careful study. In connection with the "Age of Gold," one thing struck me as remarkable, that it should have had precedence of the use of silver, the latter metal coming into use much later, about the period of the discovery of the art of making glass.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Primary Meetings.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached by Henry Ward Beecher, July 5th: "Christian men must learn their duty to their country in regard to politics. If we are to leave the administration of public affairs to the men that most naturally take to it, we leave ourselves to be governed by dishonest men. There is no hope, if professional politicians are to take the management of primary meetings, and of general elections; if they are to select the candidates, then manage for their election, and then manage them when elected. There can be but one termination to such a course as that. We shall certainly sink under the corruption that will ensue; we are sinking already. There is but one remedy, aside from those I have already indicated; and every Christian man is to consult, not his ease, nor his taste, nor his conscience, but his duty. You were sworn when you were born into this great nation. Birth is oath, in America. And the man that sits at his ease, and refuses to think, or vote, or act as a citizen-politician in this country, is a perjurer, and violates his most solemn practical oath. There is no man so pious that he should not have much to do with primary elections. There is no man so busy that he is not bound to take time to attend them. It is the business of every ward, it is the business of every precinct, it is the business of every citizen, to see to it that uncorrupted and uncorruptible men are, first, nominated for office; secondly, elected. And whatever is necessary to do that becomes your duty, if it requires you to go to noisy places, you must go there. If it requires you to meet bad company, you must meet bad company. If it requires you to take time to manage wriggling knaves, the faithful housewife cannot say, 'I have no time to exterminate the pests of the bed and closet and pantry; she is bound to see to it that the food, and raiment and children are kept clean. It takes time, to be sure. It is a disagreeable task to comb out children, and wash them, and care for them at all times, and cure them from a dozen disagreeable diseases that are incident to them; nevertheless, love does it, and you have got to comb, and wash, and clean the community in the same way. You are, all of you, guardians and parents of the common weal; and Christian men, with their laziness, or their unwillingness to go into the inconveniences of these primary meetings; that neglect these things, and see matters going from bad to worse, and think that they have no responsibility, and nothing to do but rail at thieves and politicians, would do well to ask themselves the question, 'What have I done to prevent or cure corruption?' Are you not a free-born citizen and a voter? What is it that makes it the duty of any man in this country to devote his time to this matter, that does not make it equally your duty?"

The Obelisk in Paris.

Our dragoonman was at Luxor when the French were taking down and getting off the enormous obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, and of which the magnificent mate is still in place before the temple at Luxor (the finest obelisk in the clearness of its hieroglyphic figures in the world.) The French sent a vessel with three captains, three ship doctors, three engineers and two hundred men to effect the transportation of this obelisk. They got there purposefully at the height of one inundation, and getting as near as possible to the obelisk—they stranded a ship, took out a large part of one side of the vessel, and went to work upon the obelisk. Having hung it from the ropes, slowly lowered it to the ground. An inclined plane of timbers was made down to the ship, and on this it was slowly shoved on greased ways until it landed in the hold of the vessel. It took one year to accomplish this, with the aid of a vast force of natives. The inundation had risen just ready to sail with their treasure. They were three months getting from Luxor to Cairo, and how long getting home I could not find out. It is not strange that Louis Philippe, who ordered this national enterprise, should have had the various engineering expedients by which it was accomplished, engraved upon the pedestal he executed to receive the obelisk. England, to whom the mate was given, took warning, and never attempted to move it, much to the joy of all travelers in Egypt. There is

abundant evidence in the sculptures of Egypt that the heavier stones were not moved on the Nile. They were put on sledges, ways of wood layed down and greased, and then they were drawn by an immense force of men, sometimes six and eight hundred miles, over the level country. Nothing short of a universal religious passion among the people can account for the extent of the sacrifices, the persistency of the efforts, the immensity of the scale on which their temple-building was carried on for at least two thousand years.—*Rev. Dr. Bellows*.

Silvering Glass Mirrors.

The process we propose to describe has for its author Prof. Henry Draper, and may be divided into five operations, viz., the cleaning of the glass, the preparation of silvering solution, the warming of the glass, the process of silvering, and the polishing. The description is for a 15 1/2 inch mirror.

1. Rub the glass plate thoroughly with aquafortis and then wash it with plenty of water and set it on edge on filtering paper to dry; then cover it with a mixture of alcohol and prepared chalk, and rub it in successively with cotton flannel.

2. Dissolve 500 grains of Rochelle salt (tartrate of soda and potassa) in two or three ounces of water, and filter; dissolve 800 grains of nitrate of silver in four ounces of water. Take an ounce of strong ammonia of commerce, and add nitrate solution to it until a brown precipitate remains undissolved. Then add more ammonia and again nitrate of silver solution. This alternate addition is to be carefully continued until the silver solution is exhausted, when some of the brown precipitate should remain in suspension. Filter, and wash before using, mix the Rochelle salt and add water enough to make 22 ounces. The vessel in which the silvering is to be performed should be a circular dish of ordinary tin plate, and coated with a mixture of equal parts of beeswax and resin. At opposite ends of one diameter two narrow pieces of wood are cemented to keep the face of the mirror from the bottom of the vessel.

3. The glass is slightly warmed by putting it in a tub or other suitable vessel and pouring in tepid water to cover the glass; then hot water is gradually stirred in.

4. Carry the glass to the silvering vessel, into which the silvering solution has been poured, place the whole apparatus before the window and keep up a slow rocking motion. Leave the mirror in the liquid 20 minutes or half an hour, and wash with plenty of water.

5. When the mirror is perfectly dry, take a piece of the softest buckskin, stuff it with cotton, and go gently over the whole silver surface to condense the silver. You may use some of the finest rouge. The best stroke is a motion in small circles, rub an hour. The thickness of the silver thus obtained is about 1-200,000th of an inch.—*Scientific American*.

Unity from Diversity.

The diverse directions into which a stream is broken up by the hindrances distributed through it, and along its shores, are remarkable. Here a portion of the water, arrested and twisted by a rock, will run at right angles with another portion that is maintaining the direct line of advance; and there another part, caught by some barrier and turned back, will pour itself for a little space in a direction which is the exact retrograde of the normal current. Nevertheless, the stream is in harmony with itself. The entire body of water, working out a thousand side issues and results by these apparent contraries, arrives, without defeat or waste, at its goal, in a sublime exultation. Is there no lesson here for man? In the march of events, in the scheme of Providence, as it transpires before us, are there not apparent contraries which seem to be thwarting each other, but which, under the guidance of the Mind that sees the end from the beginning, are really working in unison to produce those great results which shall cause the universe to exult with God in perfected beneficence?

And I, too, in my littleness, may yet catch here a thought of joy. If I am in sympathy with God, the conflicting currents of my own life shall work out a unity of bliss for me.—*Rev. Henry M. Scudder*.

Grant's Silence Illustrated.

When the gold medal, which was voted by resolution of Congress to Grant after the campaign of Chattanooga, was finished, a committee from the two houses went down to City Point in a special steamer to present the elegant testimonial of the nation's gratitude to the illustrious soldier. The members of the committee waited upon the Lieutenant General, and arranged with him that the formal ceremony of the presentation should take place on board of the headquarters steamer, where ample accommodations were made for the party who were to witness the impressive scene. At the appointed time, the committee with a few invited guests, appeared. The Lieutenant General was attended by his staff, and a few other officers of the army, on duty at the post. One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the presence of General Grant's family, including his wife, his son and daughter. The youngest of the group was Master Jesse, a bright, handsome lad of six summers, who attracted no inconsiderable degree of attention, not only from his relation to the mighty man of the nation, but on account of his personal attributes. The guests were gathered together in the cabin of the steamer where the ceremony was to take place. The spokesman of the committee now stepped forward, and in a neat and appropriate address presented the medal.

Gen Grant's time came then, and as usual on similar occasions, he was greatly embarrassed. He could stand undisturbed while five hundred cannons were thundering in his ears, but he seems to have been afraid of the sound of his own voice. All present were anxious to know what he would say, and how he would say it, for he had never made an impromptu speech. The General appeared to be slightly agitated as soon as the Congressman's speech had been concluded. He began to fumble about his pockets, just as a schoolboy does on the rostrum. He was evidently looking for something and he could not find it. The delay became painful and awkward in the extreme, not only to the General but to his sympathizing audience; and little Jesse, his son, seemed to suffer the most in this prolonged silence. At last his patience was exhausted, and he cried out: "Father why don't you say something?"

A burst of applause from the assembly greeted this speech, and it was plain that Jesse had said the right word at the right time. Inheriting some of his father's military genius, he made a demonstration which turned the attention of the company for the

time from the embarrassed General, who, taking advantage of the diversion, renewed the onslaught upon his pockets and brought forth the written paper for which he had been searching. He then read his "impromptu" speech, which was a simple expression of his thanks, set forth in good solid phrase, for the distinguished honor which had been conferred upon him. The assembly were then invited to the spacious between-decks of the steamer, where a substantial collation had been prepared for them; and Jesse was not least honored and petted by the party.—*Life of Grant, by Oliver Optic*.

Obituaries.

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

JOHN F., son of James C. and Maria L. Chesley, died in Boston, Mass., Aug. 15, aged 1 year and 9 months. His remains were brought to Bangor, N. H., the former residence of his parents, and buried from the house of Mr. Clark Robinson, on the 16th inst. J. MEADER.

OLIVER HILL died in Concord, April 10, of congestion of the lungs. Painful though brief was his last trial. During the period of his sickness he was unusually tranquil and resigned. He was born in Northwood, May 20, 1816, professed an interest in the Redeemer when young, and became a member of the F. W. Baptist church at Meredith Center. Here he remained his membership till he united with the church in Concord. He was a man of blameless life and unusual piety. During the past winter, in a special effort made by the church, himself and his companion were constantly among the willing worshippers and his fervent prayers and earnest and melting exhortations, were remarkable for all being full of the Holy Spirit. They will be long remembered in time and no doubt to all eternity. A lonely companion and daughter and other relatives mourn their bereavement. A. K. M.

HARVEY HULL died in Concord, N. H., March 28, aged 28 years. Mr. Hull was born in Warren, N. H., in 1840, and in early life removed to Chateaugay Co., in that state, where he identified himself with God's people by giving his heart to Christ, and his name to the F. W. Baptist church. In 1861 he removed to Crawford Co., Penn., where he continued to evince his devotion to his Master by an upright Christian deportment. About three years since he removed to Concord, where, after a protracted illness he closed his earthly career and was transferred to the church above, the land of the blessed. He died as Christians only die, in great peace. His remains were taken to the place of his former residence in Penn., where the writer pronounced a funeral discourse to a large concourse of sympathetic friends. A companion survives him. H. E. ANDERSON.

ALBERT L. JONES died in Holden, Me., July 10, aged 28 years and 4 months. This dear brother suffered for many months with severe pain, supposed to be rheumatism brought on by exposure upon southern battlefields, and no doubt, in part at least by a rebel's ball which was lodged somewhere in the body. He never regretted his course in volunteering in the defense of his country's liberty. He made a public profession of his faith in Christ about two years since, was baptized by the writer, and united with the F. W. Baptist church in S. Berwick, Me., of which he was a worthy member when he died. All of us feel conscious that the church has lost a bright jewel, an honest man, and a true Christian. His piety was deep, intelligent, steady and active. He began his Christian life by daily prayer in his family, and by the same in the house of God, which he kept up constantly as long as he was able. He possessed an amiable disposition and an even temperament. But he has passed over the river and gone to his heavenly rest and every call upon him to be the Holy Spirit, will mourn his departure. But we hope to meet again safe on the other shore. W. T. SMITH.

BRO. W. C. STRATTON died in Greenbush, Wis., April 1, aged 40 years. Bro. S. was a member of the Greenbush F. W. Baptist church and always labored in its success and prosperity. He was strongly devoted to the *Star*, which he has taken for years and rejoiced in its prosperity. He was converted under the labors of Elds. Wright and Whiting, in April, 1852, and was baptized by Rev. W. Whiting. He remained a worthy member. As a church we miss him much. He was a kind neighbor, a good citizen, a good husband and father, and beloved by all. He leaves a wife and three children, a sister, and the church to mourn. We all hope to meet him again in the better land. Sermon by the writer. W. A. POTTER.

Mrs. ANN G., wife of Thomas Worcester, died in Pelham, Aug. 2, aged 39 years and 6 months. She was for a long time a member of the Free Baptist church, which relationship was dissolved only by death. A consistent Christian, she was worthy of a place in the church, and by her exemplary walk from day to day she honored the name of Master and exalted the Christian profession in the esteem of men. She was one who, by her kind address and gentle manners won many friends, and endeavored herself to many outside of the people, love does it, and you have got to comb, and wash, and clean the community in the same way. You are, all of you, guardians and parents of the common weal; and Christian men, with their laziness, or their unwillingness to go into the inconveniences of these primary meetings; that neglect these things, and see matters going from bad to worse, and think that they have no responsibility, and nothing to do but rail at thieves and politicians, would do well to ask themselves the question, 'What have I done to prevent or cure corruption?' Are you not a free-born citizen and a voter? What is it that makes it the duty of any man in this country to devote his time to this matter, that does not make it equally your duty?"

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WILTON SEMINARY. THE FALL TERM of Wilton Seminary, Wilton, Iowa, will commence on Wednesday the 3rd of September. Prof. S. E. Manning and Lady, Principal and First Teacher. Address, O. E. BLAKE, 4718 Wilton Junction, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

Advertisements.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement, June 22, 1868. Trains leave Dover for Portland at 10.10 A. M., 5.45 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.12 P. M. For Great Falls, 10.10 A. M., 2.45, 5.45, 7.40 P. M. For Alton Bay, 10.10 A. M., 2.45, 5.45, 7.40 P. M. For Wolfboro and Centre Harbor, 10.10 A. M., 2.45 P. M. For Lawrence and Boston at 5.45, 8.20, 10.30 A. M., 4.00 P. M., and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 7.38 P. M. Leave Boston for Dover at 12.10, 2.20, 12.40, 3 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 P. M. WM. MEIKRITT, Supt.

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