

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

9-9-1868

The Morning Star - volume 43 number 25 - September 9, 1868

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Volume XLIII.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1868.

Number 25.

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

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

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

Subscribers in Canada and the other British Provinces, will be charged 20 cents a year in addition to the price of the paper, to prepay the postage to the line.

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1868.

Dedication Hymn.

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord, from thine almost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Securely by thy side.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passions dies.

—Bryan.

Habits of Study for Ministers.

It is not necessary at this age that we should advocate the importance of study to the Christian minister. Paul settled this question long ago when he said to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." "Give attendance to reading—meditate upon these things—take heed—unto the doctrine," &c. No one can doubt the import of such injunctions; and we imagine that the ministers are very few who do not feel the necessity of study; but it is a very different thing to carry out this conviction and apply the mind to its appropriate work. This cannot be done successfully without the habit of study.

Here is where many fail. They have minds capable of bringing out of the treasury of the Lord things new and old, or of producing "beaten air for the sanctuary," but they do not do it, because they have never formed the habit of study. This must be learned like any other habit. This is one of the great objects, nay, we may say the great object of a "course of study," and if it is not formed—if one goes through a course nominally and gets his diploma without forming it, as too many do, it all amounts to nothing—Isaiah is written upon his future career. He who has formed the habit of study without the schools and without the self-sufficiency which an undeserved diploma begets, is sure to outstrip him in the end.

It should be remembered that the power of concentrating the mind at will on one specific subject consecutively is required. Close application to hard study becomes a habit—a faculty. Study, like work, is not natural. No man naturally loves work. Necessity or the desire for its benefits prompts him to it. It may become a habit and he enjoy it, so that he does not feel right without it. Such a man makes labor profitable. But take a man who has always lived in idleness like an Indian, and give him a good opportunity to earn a livelihood by labor, and he will fail. He does not know how to work. The first requisite to success is to form the habit of work, which is no easy task under the circumstances.

So it is with study. He who has not learned to study will not do anything, until he forms the habit. We know ministers in precisely this predicament. For the want of this habit, time passes, and they content themselves with spending a few moments Saturday evening or Sunday morning in preparing for the pulpit! Is this the way the minister of Christ shows himself "a workman rightly dividing the word of truth?"

Let it be borne in mind especially by every young minister that a habit of study is to be formed which shall make his work pleasant and prompt his usefulness through all subsequent life. It can be done, but not without decision, application, and perseverance. Every one who has succeeded, knows how difficult an operation it is. Some little insect, curious in its habits, a leaf of flower, attractive in its beauty, some amusement, fascinating in its power, or some stray thought, impudently insinuating itself, does the mischief. Before he is aware he is off on a long and pleasant re-

orie. He has forgotten what he is about. Now it will not do to give it up so. The mind must be made to work in obedience to his mandate. To give it up is to fail to form the habit. His best way is to fail to give himself for a desperate effort and succeed. If he is alone, an iron will will greatly facilitate his success. I can but admire the young man, who, studying alone, was very punctual to recite every day to a post, and was actually grieved if he had a poor lesson. Such application would overcome obstacles and insure success.

I. This habit is necessary to preserve and perfect one's theology.

We do not mean to preserve the volumes of theology which he may have purchased, but to keep in a fresh and practical condition that knowledge of theology which he may have acquired, and to increase its acquisition. Men are always forgetting. The strongest impressions of the mind and the most vivid pictures of the imagination will gradually grow dim, and completely fade away unless efforts are made to renew and retain them. His theology is to be the soul of his preaching through life. By theology we mean the doctrine of God—his relations to us and our duty to him, embracing the whole science of Natural and Revealed religion. The clearness of his perceptions in these things, and the interest he has in them, will give character to his preaching. Hence if he wishes to be efficient and preserve his usefulness to the end, he must calculate to study faithfully as long as he preaches, thereby preserving in his mind the truth in its freshness, and perfecting his knowledge therein. He cannot at once learn all there is to be learned from Nature and Revelation, but he will here find a field which will continually open to his vision with new and varied thought and interest to his own soul, and through him to the souls of his hearers.

II. This habit of study is necessary to our own mental and spiritual energies. No one will deny that intellectual and spiritual knowledge is demanded to satisfy the cravings of our intellectual and spiritual natures. This knowledge is not acquired without personal application; and in this personal application there is something which invigorates, as well as illuminates, the mind. Some may suppose that spiritual life is communicated independently of effort, and especially independently of study. But this is a mistake. The Spirit does not accomplish its work independently of truth—of theological truth. It accompanies the word of God, impresses it on the heart, thereby renewing and sanctifying it. We do not say that it cannot act on man independently; but we do say that we have never heard of individuals being regenerated or churches built up without the instrumentality of the Word. The question is not what God can or cannot do, but what does he do? what instrumentality does he employ for the renovation of man?

If this be so, then we are right in classing spiritual things with mental, as having their foundation in acquaintance with truth—in study. To keep ourselves vigorous in these respects, we must not only study to qualify ourselves for our profession, but we must study in it, to vivify our minds, habitually to the end of our professional career. We have heard of a supernaturally gifted man who continued to write his two sermons a week for the benefit of his spiritual father.

The more profound the subject to which we apply our minds the greater will be the benefit derived from it on account of its disciplinary effect. The more the mind grasps, the more it is capable of grasping and comprehending. But what themes are nearer the infinite and incomprehensible than those which the Bible offers for our consideration? Though we cannot comprehend the infinite, yet the nearer we can come to it, the better. The more we can comprehend of the mysteries of the gospel, the more clearly shall we be able to explain them; and the clearer our apprehension of spiritual truth, other things being equal, the more spiritual we shall be. Clearness of apprehension is the minister's direct object, that he may vindicate divine truth, and "be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Energy, industry, and enthusiasm should be manifest in our studies. The old Roman Gallus was said to be so abstracted in his studies that the day would be gone before he knew it; and if he took his pen in the evening, before he was aware the morning light would surprise him. John Scotus, Wickliffe, and Luther were close students, else they would not have accomplished what they did. The first, we are informed, wrote hundreds of volumes. The last, notwithstanding his arduous, active labors, translated the whole Bible; and he tells us how he did it—"Nulla dies sine versu"—no day without a verse. It was his every day study—his habit—that was the secret of his success.

Newton rose at four o'clock, studied until twelve, exercised until one, gave attention to music for a short time, continued his studies until six, entertained his friends till eight, supped, smoked, drank a glass of water, and went to bed. Whether the minister should rise at four o'clock, depends on circumstances. He must have sleep—what his constitution requires—so that he can be awake when he attempts to study. He would gain nothing to rise at four if he were drowsy all day. And if he can retire early enough to get all the sleep that nature requires before that hour, it is a good arrangement, especially for summer. From

eight to ten in the evening is worth more for sleep than from four to eight in the morning; and the latter period, as a general rule, is worth three times as much as the former for study; so that it becomes a very economical course to adopt.

He only will improve the hours allotted to study with wakeful enthusiasm and delight who has the confirmed habit. Then the hours of thought and composition may be very pleasant. As Buffon expresses it, "These are the most luxurious and delightful moments of life—moments which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours at my desk in a state of transport. This gratification more than glory is my reward."

The author of such enthusiasm must have an object, as well as a habit. When a lady said to Johnson, "If I could write like you, I should be always writing merely for the pleasure of it," he replied, "Pray, madam, do you think Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?" It was the object that prompted him. So the minister should always have a soul-engrossing object in view, which should inspire his zeal and insure the strictest studiousness and perseverance, and renew from time to time his spiritual vigor.

—J. M. B.

Gleanings.

We have with pen and ink cursorily run over our recent vacation trip of three weeks' duration, moralizing when we could, and simply describing when nothing else was left us. A few fragmentary items are all that remain to be given.

WORLDLINESS.

We had occasion last spring to spend a week in Boston, and to visit a large number of the leading business houses of the city. We were struck with the almost terrific energy with which worldly men drive worldly business. And what most arrested our attention was the fact, that in many cases the proprietors seemed to toil as hard, early and late, as the clerks. Money, money, inspired it all!

We innocently supposed that away in the quiet country, especially among well-to-do farmers, some degree of ease, leisure and contentment might be found. Not at all. The eagerness for accumulating, the greed for gain there, is quite equal to the like in the town and city. Hard work and a keen eye to the prices current of butter, stock, &c., met us everywhere—whilst general intelligence, we fear, is destined to suffer a too sad neglect, and religion, life's chief concern, must fare even still worse.

THE DARK SIDE.

At Johnson, the Sunday before we were there, a clergyman from Ohio preached in the Congregational church, on the evil effects of the late war on the morals of our people. It was said to have been a dark picture indeed. The next Sunday, an aged minister read in the same church, in the forenoon, a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, setting forth in his vigorous and fervid style the social and political corruptions of our times. In the afternoon, the aforesaid Ohio clergyman preached at the same place, on the deplorable want of good morals and manners on the part of our youth, and especially of the young men of our country. If this be a specimen of the "stated means of grace" to which the good people of Johnson are invited from Sabbath to Sabbath the religious services there must wear rather a gloomy aspect! It is not true that all the "former days were better than these," or that the world is wholly bad. As for instance, the latter preacher set forth in unmingled colors the delinquencies of our youth in the matters of respect for, and obedience to, parents. Such a state of things as described may be general, we admit, but there are many, even very many, happy exceptions. There are yet left us well regulated families, not a few of which have fallen under our observation during our recent travels.

FAMILIES—HOW SCATTERED.

Now-a-days, a family of any considerable size, when all are settled in life, will be found scattered over the country, perhaps from Maine to Oregon or California. It was not so a generation ago. We had an uncle, long settled in Vermont, who some twenty-five years since died, leaving then living four sons and six daughters. The sons were all farmers, and all the daughters were married to farmers, and what was a little remarkable, the ten lived within four hours' ride of the old homestead, and all but one within two hours' ride. And though settled so near home, instead of seeking fortunes abroad as so many do now, they are all independent, and most of them for farmers may be regarded as rich.

"WHO WAS NEIGHBOR?"

On our way home an incident occurred in the cars which most impressively brought to mind the above question. As the train started from the depot at the White River Junction, a young woman, seated alone just opposite us, burst into crying and fitful sobs. A lady in the seat behind her commenced inquiry respecting the cause; and amid much talk on the one hand, and hysterical sobs on the other, we gathered the following particulars. The said young woman was a maid-servant, and had started from somewhere in Vermont, with a man who promised to get her a place in a factory somewhere below. But at this

point he had deserted her, taking her ticket with him. Upon being asked his name and where he was from, she replied she did not know, and hoped she never should know! She then proceeded to lay on his devoted head certain maledictions not particularly creditable to herself or flattering to him. The lady having worked up the case to this hard-featured point, subsided, saying she could do nothing for her. At this point a well dressed lady in the seat directly in front, turned and quietly asked these two questions only—"Have you any money?" "No." "Will you go with me to my home in Charlestown, Mass. (we were then some 150 miles from Charlestown) and stay till I can find you a place?" "Yes." The transaction was completed, so far as we have any knowledge of it, with the conductor who happened along just at that instant. "Who was neighbor to her who fell among thieves?"

"HOME AGAIN."

Refreshed in body, inspired in mind, and in better humor with the world in general, we find ourselves back at our accustomed work again. The three weeks passed in visiting old friends, in rambling from town to town, in breathing fresh air, and enjoying the kindest attentions from all, have put us back some ten years in feeling, hope, and ambition. But how long will it last? Aside from these three precious weeks our vacation of a term and a half has not been particularly enjoyable—and though two more terms are due us, we, for the present, choose teaching. Indeed, we should choose nothing else, God granting health and strength.

The Theological School has opened as well as we expected. The attendance from term to term for a half dozen years or more has been remarkably uniform, not varying more than by two or three in number. New students, to the exact number of the recent graduating class, have applied for admission and been accepted, all but one of whom will, we hope, be able to complete the full course of study. Two or three others have made application, but have been advised to pursue preparatory studies awhile longer elsewhere.—J. F. New Hampton, Aug. 25.

"Building Eras in Religion."

Under this head in the September number of *Hours at Home*, Dr. Bushnell discusses in his usually able and interesting manner, the structures which have been reared at different periods for the worship of Jehovah. After noticing several actual and prospective changes, he continues:

There is also yet another change to be anticipated, when the promised day of the Spirit arrives, that will naturally bring together immense conventionals of a kind more severely grand, because of the stupendous intellectual consolidation supposed. I refer to the final reconciliation of science and religion. There is no real discord between them. The natural and the supernatural, science and faith, have a unity of relation as complete as any right and left hand. And yet it has not hitherto been easily discovered; for we have just now a large dissent on hand that disallows all miracle, takes away the possibility of prayer, and weakens and chills, in a thousand ways, the faith of religion itself. It is partly the fault of a narrow-minded way in the disciples and professed champions of religion, and partly the fault of an over hasty and falsely tempered intellectual conceit, in the forward teachers and expounders of nature. The schism is an old one, really as old as the world; viz., a conflict between thinking and believing; only the strife is now being drawn closer as the system of science and the habit of thinking in the terms of causes are more stringently set. Many are greatly concerned lest all faith and all supernatural truth should be subsiding now into final contempt. Christianity they fear has come to its limit and is ready to die. Far from that as possible. On the contrary this fearful closing in of the conflict is but a convergence towards the settlement of it. The point of comprehension is now being reached, where it shall be seen that nature and the supernatural are joint factors, *ab eterno*, in God's kingdom, complementary one to the other and not contrary. And when the conclusion is fully established, entered into the mind both of science and religion, they will be forever atoned and reconciled to each other, in a solid and compact unity. They will now be forward to recognize each other in the great fraternity of God, and will want occasions where they may say, "all hail," to each other, and set forth their common revelations. No fact ever took place in the world at all comparable to this reconciliation of science and religion, save the reconciliation of the great world-schism made by sin itself; and indeed this other reconciliation is never completed and set in the dignity of reason, without the other. Faith henceforth will not be timorous any more, for it is now become the congenial of all reason. It will even be scientific to believe, and there will be a vaster, broader enthusiasm kindled for the great brotherhood of religion, than has ever yet been conceived. It will be the Creator-worship and Redeemer-worship joined, and the assemblies will want spaces and symbols in which the brotherhood of all fact and truth may be fitly acknowledged.

What occasions there may be for great assemblies, and what vaster structures may be wanted for their use, appears to be now sufficiently shown. If any should ask at this point, by what precise uses, or modes of use, these structures will be occupied, we shall be much at fault of course. I have already suggested a possible use of the telegraphic instrumentation, throwing out sentiments in printed forms which the vastest conceivable assemblies may respond to in thunders of assent; petitions of prayer set forth to which the common Amen will make answer as by the sound of many waters; anthems, and chants, and hymns, and public *te deums*, that will command the common voice of as many organs and choirs as will be wanted for whole acres of assembly. Holy processions too may be timed by hymns and marches in the galleries of walls that are alive with worship. We know nothing of all this. It is not for us to appoint these matters. We only see that there will be great movements of brotherhood, and great feeling wanting expression, and the men of the times will know how to find it without help from us. Enough to know that there are great days yet to come! Would that we could see them!—and perhaps we shall.

We see then—for this is the sum of all we have been saying—that the Holy Spirit organizes, himself, the communion of saints, and will as certainly make places or build houses for it in his times. Building for religion is no such carnal thing, in this view, as many think; and if we build well, what else should we do, when we are building for God? We so far put ourselves in connection with a great instinct of religion, and with eras to come, when the grandest dogologies, and most hallowed prayers, and widest human brotherhoods, will be mounting into stone by the upward lift of their altitudes. Far be it from us to reflect, in the suggestions here offered, on the dignity of our common audience chambers, or preaching stands, called churches. Still farther be it from us to stir up any puff conceit; as if, in the building of these, we were doing something very magnificent, such as belongs to the last great day and final glory of our religion. We need, first of all, to understand that this is the day of small things, and not despite the day of small things because a greater is to come. Probably never, in the most advanced age of religion, will our small structures, called churches, be dispensed with. They are, and are always to be, our synagogues, standing in the succession of the synagogues, and not in the succession of the temple, as many are forward without right to assume.

Events of the Week.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE

imbroglio still continues, and the emissaries of evil are busy at work in endeavoring to produce charges against the Commissioner. The notorious Binckley, and others, pretending to act under the authority of the President, have visited New York for this purpose, and claim to have discovered evidence of corruption on the part of Mr. Rollins. A warrant has accordingly been made out for his arrest, but according to late accounts it had not been served. It seems that the affair was undertaken in behalf of the whiskey ring and of Gen. Burbridge who is anxious for Mr. Rollins's place, without the knowledge of Secretary McCulloch. It is stated that the whole affair is treated in Washington by honorable men of both parties with the utmost contempt, and even the President denies having anything to do with it. If reports can be relied upon, the relations between Mr. Rollins and his superiors are likely to be somewhat more pleasant in the future, a compromise having been effected by which supervisors are to be appointed from both parties in equal numbers.

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

affair is still in mystery. On his return to Washington Gen. Rosecrans published a card in which he said,—"My mission was one of my own conception, and was inspired by a most earnest desire for the welfare of the nation for which I am as willing to lay down my life as any one who lives beneath our flag. No party had anything to do with it; no individual. I alone am responsible." But this declaration on his part, does not remove all curiosity respecting the end had in view. One report is to the effect that the Southern Generals were inclined to sneer at him and his overtures. Missions and undertakings of this character usually amount to but very little. During the past week,

VERMONT

has spoken to the country by means of her annual election, and, true to her past history, her utterances are firm and decided. She elects a Republican Governor and three Republican Congressmen and her Legislature is nearly unanimously of the same political character. But the best of all is that in one of the most spirited campaigns which has occurred for years, the Republicans have increased their majority on the popular vote by from eight to ten thousand, electing their candidates on the general ticket by nearly thirty thousand majority. Such a result at this juncture is most gratifying, and will tell upon the elections in other states.

IN MAINE

the campaign is being conducted with in-

creasing interest and vigor. Among those who are laboring for the success of the Republican cause in this state is Senator Fessenden who spoke for the first time, in Portland, on Monday night of last week. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. He declared himself to be in full sympathy with the Republican party, and as hostile as ever to the Democrats.

"The Wickedest Man" Again.

After the lapse of a few weeks, a noted character, John Allen, who has been extensively advertised as "The Wickedest Man" in New York, has again come prominently before the public. It is now believed that he has resolved to reform, and he seems to have commenced the work in good earnest. On Saturday night, Aug. 29, he closed his infernal den, and placed upon the door a card to the effect that no gentlemen would be admitted unless accompanied by their wives who wish to employ Magdalens as domestics. There are some things of interest concerning his history and the means by which he has been induced to abandon his business and to attempt to lead a different life, and we give a few extracts from accounts as they appeared in the New York dailies of last week. We hope his reformation will prove thorough and genuine though fears are still entertained.

MR. ALLEN'S HISTORY.

He went into the dance-house business 17 years ago he said, "merely as a lark—just for a little fun, you know?" intending to stay in it only for a month or so, and there he has been ever since.

His father, his brothers and his sisters, who are all good Christian people, and of whom he seems to be proud and fond, on finding him out, sought by every means in their power to win him from his nefarious business, and they have clung to him, and followed him with their tears and their prayers during all those 17 hopeless years—a remarkable instance of family affection and faithfulness.

HIS REFORMATION.

Mr. Dyer, in his explorations of the shady side of New York, first came upon Allen about two years ago. He at once became interested in him, recognized him as the bell-wether of the whole dance-house flock, and set at work to study him up, determined if possible, to rescue the interesting wretch, and get him to help break up the dance-house business. When he got ready, and opportunity offered, Mr. Dyer wrote his first "Wickedest Man" article for *Packard's Monthly*. He aimed the arrow directly at John Allen's heart—at whatever of family pride and parental affection there might be left in him. It was a dead hit. It filled the "Wickedest Man" with terror and shame. He wept over it in rage and mortification. His family came down on him afresh. He learned that his aged father was stricken to the heart by the article, and that his favorite son had fainted away on reading it. His pet son came crying home from school, saying he wouldn't go any more because all the boys said his father was the wickedest man in New York. His den was overrun with respectable visitors to such an extent as seriously to damage his business, and so he cursed the visitors and the "miserable Dyer" who had sent them there, and raved, and swore, and to use his own words, "run on run heavenier than ever."

At last, Mr. Dyer's second "Wickedest Man" article came out in the August number of "Packard," at the close of which he gives Allen's promise to quit his business by the first of May next, expresses his belief that he will keep his promise, and winds up by saying that the Wickedest Man in New York "shall yet win a name of which his children, whom he so passionately loves, need not be ashamed, and shall yet establish a character which will suffer those children to plant flowers upon his grave without blushing for the memory of their dead father lying beneath the sod." When Allen read these lines he wept again, not with rage and shame, but with remorse and repentance. Fortunately, this man had sagacious Christian friends to encourage him in his good resolutions. Dr. J. M. Ward, of New York, N. J., a gentleman of wealth and culture, has been unremitting in his efforts to win Allen from his career of sin; and Mr. Albert C. Arnold of the Howard Mission has labored to the same end with enlightened zeal and invincible hope. Two weeks ago Mr. Arnold accompanied Allen home to the "Wickedest Man's" father's house, where a family council had been called for the purpose of making a determined effort to induce him to quit his shameful business. The result was hopeful. Allen returned to the city deeply impressed with a sense of his duty to his true-hearted, faithful relatives, if not to God and decency. His friends in the city followed up the attack.

HE ATTENDS MEETING.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 30th, Mr. Allen attended religious services at the Howard Mission. At the close of the service it was announced that Allen had shut up his dance-house, and that he would make a few remarks. Coming forward with diffidence and hesitation, he expressed a purpose to lead a different life. His manner was modest and straightforward, and he seemed to be sincere in his intention to reform. Many gentlemen shook him cordially by the hand, and promised to stand by him in his efforts to atone for his past life. The dance-house girls were in attendance, and so was Allen's wife. Allen himself seemed to enjoy the meeting, and joined heartily in the singing of every hymn. There was considerable excitement outside, but the police kept everything quiet.

NOON-DAY PRAYER MEETING.

On Monday, Aug. 31st, the first noon-day prayer meeting was held in the dance-house. A few minutes before twelve o'clock the doors were opened and a few persons entered. Allen, who is not a bad looking man, gave them a hearty welcome. Seats were arranged at the sides of the room, but they were soon filled, and by twelve o'clock the place was densely packed by a motley crowd.

At twelve o'clock Dr. Ward opened the exercises with a few remarks, alluding to the wonderful change Mr. Allen had made in his business. A series of short prayers were then made, interspersed with popular revival hymns. More than half the persons present joined in the singing. One of the speakers related some incidents in connection with his efforts to secure a change in Mr. Allen's business. Allen himself stepped forward and made a few remarks. There was an evidence of frankness about the man that won the sympathy of his listeners. The exercises continued for an hour, and although the room was small, and the air close, all the spectators remained until the close.

Communications.

"Our Denominational Papers."

The spirit of "Observer's" article is admirable, and it seems to us that his propositions are very reasonable in the main. Yet on this point we would not be so positive, as we are not certain that we understand him, and we are very sorry he has so much difficulty in understanding us. Had it not been so, we should have no need of this additional word. We will present what we now have to say in a direct business way.

1. We hold that it is best for the conference to purchase and conduct the *Freeman* as it does the *Star*. The *Freeman* will doubtless be offered to the conference at the bare cost price.

2. A way in which the conference may conduct the *Freeman* is to nominate a Western Board of Corporators, that shall appoint agent, editors, &c., as the Eastern Board to the *Star*. For convenience, to speak now of no other reason, the members of the Western Board will be residents of the West, at least in as large a ratio as the Eastern Board is of Eastern men.

3. The conference will of course be guided by its best judgment of denominational welfare in deciding what portion of its present funds will serve the Western Board as a working capital. If the conference shall undertake the work of purchasing and conducting the *Freeman*, we have no fears that it will lack in generosity to its rapidly increasing interests in the West.

4. As to the proceeds of the *Freeman*, for the time will not be long till there will be proceeds to spare, they will be disposed of like those of the *Star*, the conference deciding what portion it is best to fund as a reserved capital, and what portion shall be appropriated to objects of denominational beneficence.

Another way by which the conference might conduct the business, is to adopt the Board of Stockholders of the *Freeman* as its agent. The former plan we deem the better one in itself, and it is more according to the precedent in purchasing and conducting the *Star*. We think we have made the meaning of the phrase, "the same relations," plain to "Observer."

We deem but one remark more necessary to a proper understanding of our intention and spirit.

Our remark in the former communication that a mere appropriation to the *Freeman* would not meet the case, we do not wish to be understood as proceeding from any spirit of dictation or discourtesy, but simply a frank expression of a deep conviction that such an act however well intended and however grateful we should be for it, will entirely fail in making the relation of the *Freeman* to the conference sufficiently organic and vital. Neither would it be sufficient to prevent the raising of the question of a division of funds between the East and West.

Mr. Editor, we are grateful for your past courtesy and this may be our last communication on this subject. But you will allow us to say that you attributed too much importance to our former communication in regarding it as "official." It was just because there was no "official" action on the subject by the stockholders, that we made the attempt to give expression to what we think are the prevalent views and feeling among the stockholders and the friends in the West generally.

P. B. P.

Coal Tar.

At the commencement of this lecture the Professor said that he proposed to illustrate by a very remarkable example, the utility of science in an economical point of view, to show how it enables us to turn to practical account substances apparently worthless, and to discover valuable products where one would be least likely to look for them. Said he: This black, sticky, disagreeable substance, with a most disgusting odor, is called Coal Tar. It is a waste product, obtained in the distillation of Coal in the manufacture of illuminating gas, and was formerly considered worthless. At length, however, it began to be used in the manufacture of common Shoe-Blacking, and, finally, to be mixed with sand, &c., for pavements and waterproof coverings for roofs. It was also found serviceable as a cheap varnish for rough iron work, such as chains, coal hods, iron fences, &c.

Only a very small part, however, of the article produced could be used for these purposes, and not till it had been subjected to chemical analysis did its real value begin to be suspected. But on resorting to distillation at various and carefully regulated temperatures, this loathsome stuff is found to yield a most wonderful variety of useful and valuable, and even agreeable and beautiful, products.

1. A considerable quantity of Ammonia, mixed with other gases, is obtained, which being absorbed by water is employed in the manufacture of Sulphate of Ammonia for manure.

2. A "light oil," equal in bulk to one twentieth of the original tar, is produced; and this, being re-distilled and otherwise purified, becomes ordinary Naphtha, which, under the name of Kerosene Oil, and other fanciful designations, is very extensively used for illumination and sometimes for fuel. It is this which produces the clear and brilliant light that beautifies our halls; but the limpid transparent fluid in our lamps shows little resemblance to the smutty Tar from which it was derived.

The Naphtha is also very serviceable as a solvent for india-rubber, gutta-percha, and other gums used by the varnish-makers. For particular purposes it is re-distilled or rectified, two or three times over.

Being purified and deprived of its smell by some secret process, it becomes the very useful fluid known as benzine, and is employed to remove grease from our garments and for other like purposes, especially for removing oil from wool that has been colored in the manufacture of carpets, &c.

3. After the production of the "light oil," a heavier substance called "dead oil" is obtained, equal in bulk to one fifth of the original tar. This is a dark colored fluid with a very offensive odor, but is very valuable. It possesses in a high degree the antiseptic properties of creosote, and many thousand gallons of it are sold every week to the Railroad companies for the soaking of sleepers or other timber to prevent rotting. It is also used in the manufacture of Lamp-black, being burnt in curious little furnaces connected with huge brick flues for that purpose.

The pure creosote being separated from the extraneous matters is of great value in Dentistry and in the preservation of meats, &c. It is serviceable in checking hemorrhage, and is sometimes given as a medicine. It is also employed by the liquor manufacturers to give the peculiar smoky flavor to what is called "Irish whiskey."

4. After the production of the "dead oil," the residuum in the retorts is found to be simply common pitch, extremely useful to the ship builder, and for a great variety of common purposes.

5. From the "light oil" there is separated a peculiar greasy matter called Paraffine, which is not yet extensively used for any economical purpose.

6. By certain complicated processes there is obtained from Coal Tar a white volatile solid called Naphthaline, resembling camphor in appearance, and emitting a faint agreeable odor, and also a white crystallizable substance called Paraffine, closely resembling spermaceti in appearance, which is used in making candles, and also for rendering cloth and leather waterproof.

7. Another valuable product from Coal Tar is a heavy lubricating oil for machinery, called Paraffine Oil, which is by some of the cotton manufacturers preferred for this purpose to sperm oil.

8. Again for the crude Naphtha there may be eliminated a heavy oily substance, with very little odor and a pungent taste, which is called Benzole. (This name is sometimes applied to the Naphtha itself.) This Benzole, in a separate state, seems to be of little use, but, combined with Nitric acid, it forms the very useful article called Nitro-benzole, a fluid precisely resembling in smell and taste the oil of bitter almonds, but with less poisonous qualities.

This cheap and comparatively harmless substitute is very extensively employed instead of the oil of almonds in the manufacture of perfumery, confectionery, toilet soaps, &c. This, to be sure, is very astonishing, but it is not all by any means; for this filthy, fetid, loathsome Coal Tar is made to yield not one delicate perfume, merely, but many. And not only perfumes, but the most delicious flavors are obtained from this unpromising substance.

The so called fruit-essences are merely alcoholic solutions of certain others, and these others are nearly all obtained from Coal Tar. In this manner are produced the essence of Pine Apple, Melon, Strawberry, Raspberry, Gooseberry, Grape, Apple, Orange, Lemon, Pear, Cherry, Black-cherry, Plum, Apricot and Peach!

9. Not only the others, but Alcohol itself is among the products of this wondrous modern alchemy. The Alcohol indeed is not produced directly by the distillation of the tar; but a process has been patented in France for making Alcohol from Coal Gas, and this Gas may be obtained from coal tar. In fact the separate gases, Hydrogen, Carburetted Hydrogen, and Bi-carburetted Hydrogen, have all been eliminated.

10. Another substance of great utility which is solely derived from this very peculiar compound is called Phenic Acid, or Carbolic Acid.

This, in a crude or impure state, is very extensively used as a disinfectant, and seems to be the most thoroughly efficient one which has been found, and, at the same time, is not very costly. It is also employed to drive insects from the garden, to preserve skins for stuffing, bodies for dissection, &c., &c.

11. Some of the products derived from coal tar have medicinal properties. One of them called Kerosene is employed as an anesthetic, and another, Carbazotic Acid, is an efficient remedy in cases of fever and ague.

12. But one of the most wonderful and important results of the chemical analysis of this offensive looking stuff is the discovery of a number of new, beautiful and extremely valuable coloring matters.

The Carbazotic acid gives a splendid and permanent yellow, the Chloronaphthalic acid gives a brilliant red, and the Kyanol, or Aniline, gives a beautiful blue, and from the combination of these primary colors, the whole scale of intermediate tints has been obtained, besides an excellent black.

These are all embraced under the name of Aniline colors, and are extensively employed as dyes, especially for silks and woolsens, are employed as pigments in coloring Photographs, and have even been prepared for the use of artists in oil painting.

The results are already important in a commercial point of view, and are rapidly becoming more so.

One of the coloring matters obtained from the tar is identical with that of the madder plant, and, being cheaper, will take the place of that, thus effecting a considerable revolution both in commerce and agriculture.

England and the United States, hereafter, instead of importing dye stuffs from various parts of the world, will probably export them, as well as the fabrics to which they have been applied.

Very many other substances, liquid, fol-

id, and gaseous, have been derived from Coal Tar; but as they are not generally of great utility, they need not be here mentioned. W. C.

Every-Day Incidents.

Monday, April 20. Last Friday morning Jugo concluded to enter the English class. He is a fine lad, about sixteen, a graduate from one of the jungle schools, and came into Midnapore to finish up a little preparatory to taking a school; but he seemed so unusually quick and promising, we thought, if he fancied it, he might learn English. Friday noon he did not know a letter of the alphabet. This morning I heard him read, and he had every letter at his tongue's end. It should be said that each English letter has the Bengali pronunciation opposite it. Two have been dropped from this class and two admitted; so that the number is still ten. They all fully appreciate the great privilege of learning English and make progress accordingly. We have reason to expect much of them in after years.

Chietun, who went from us a few weeks ago to start a new school thirty miles away, came in Saturday to get a supply of tale pencils. He is a wide-awake young man, six feet in height. He reports a flourishing school of twenty-five scholars.

From thirty miles in another direction, some men came in, on Saturday, to request a school in their village. So the doors are opening to let in the light to those who sit in the region and shadow of death.

May 13. So many days have passed and no Journal; and so many little things have happened in the meantime, that it is difficult to select. A number of new Zenanas have been opened, and the Mussulmen ladies are getting more interested. They are very different from the Hindu ladies. Buried up in haughty bigotry, they utterly refuse to learn the Bengali language, and none of us can speak the Hindustani, though J. is thinking of learning it.

There is a great wedding now in progress. Preparations have been going on for some time. The parents of the bride and bridegroom are among the highest families in the city. The pageantry is really wonderful. Among other things for show is a mountain, twenty feet high, and otherwise proportioned, covered from the base to the top with figures of men and animals, rocks and trees, all in gorgeous colors. Two huge cobras wind round and round among the trees, animals, and rocks. This is all made of the pith of water lilies lighter than cork. We went into a bazar today, to buy some vegetables, and then turned into a cross lane to get into the large bazar. When we were fairly within the windings of this lane, closely enclosed by houses and shops, one of the elephants belonging to this wedding came behind us, having the same object that we had, to get into the large bazar by a short route. The large drums across his back filled the lane, so that the driver turned back, and went down school-bazar street, round Jugurnath's temple, and came into the large bazar at the lower end. It seems that they were in a hurry; for by the time we had emerged from the lane, the elephant was close behind us again. We drove on, though the natives told us that the wedding procession was ahead and we could not get through. Soon we saw the elephants and the road before us wholly filled, and the one behind us had now come up. There was no turning round. The din was awful. The elephants were uncomfortable, and gave angry snorts; and the thought that a part of them were not wholly tamed, was a little startling. M. was greatly frightened, and jumped out and squeezed into a narrow veranda. I followed, and Rama put a cloth over the pony's face, and led him and the little buggy into a side gully, while the elephant passed us to join the company, after which he and Peter backed out in great haste. Just at that moment a baboo who could speak English, hearing M's screams, came from the crowd, and said, "Don't fear little girl, you won't be harmed, — come along." And he led the way along a little dark passage to the rear of the veranda, at the end of which was a barred door. He shouted, and an old man on the other side took down the bars, and we found ourselves in a little open court. The baboo told us we could go up on the outside if we liked; so he took us up some narrow stairs, the steps of which were far apart, and soon we found ourselves on a terraced roof, in the open air far above the noise and danger, while we could see all that was passing. The roofs up and down both sides of the bazar were full of the eager faces of women and children, and some of whom looked very much like Zenana ladies.

The surging mass below, with all its pageantry and noise was so strictly Oriental that any description of it would give a foreigner no good idea. The elephants, large and small, with their faces painted, and gaily caparisoned, and with immense drums at their sides, — all being beaten with a quick, low sound; the "Mountain" borne aloft on the shoulders of a large quantity of men; the open saloons fancifully draped, occupied by the dancing girls in full performance, — these also borne aloft in the same way; the marriage car, containing the Bridegroom (a lad of twelve) and his suite; the brass band of Scotch Highland musicians from Calcutta in full Highland costume; and behind all, an old, black, dirty, palanquin, carried by four bearers, containing the Bride, a girl of eight years; and mixed and mingled with everything, filling up every chink before, behind, on every side, the jostling, dancing, shouting crowds.

Saturday, 16. The wedding is all over, and we can sleep at night again. There have been fire-works and explosions for a week or more. Mr. B. was talking with an intelligent baboo this morning, who told him that this wedding cost the parents nothing, as it, and all such expenses were met by an extra tax levied on the tenants. These rich baboos have villages which they can control. The property in this country is in the hands of a very few, and the masses are oppressed in ways incredible to foreigners.

Monday, 18. Encouragement in the Mussulmen Zenanas. Two of the ladies are now reading regularly twice a week, and the young widow has commenced working a pair of slippers for her little boy, the heir to all the estates. The change in this woman since I first visited her is wonderful. In any position, she would be considered a *character* and, if she moved in a large sphere, would be a ruling genius, on account of her great mental strength and independent thought. As yet she utterly ignores Bengali and English. As we were coming home from the Zenanas the other evening, J. said, "No description, however worded, could give to home friends a true picture of the places and things and people, we see in these isolated little worlds." Each one is different from every other one in the details, though all of them have some things alike; as, the covered passages; the windings and turnings, the steps up, and the steps down, and lastly and beyond all, the ladies' open court, with their rooms opening into it. The style of their jewel-wearing is different from ladies in Christian countries, but is really more sensible and effective in appearance, always excepting the nose-jewels. Now this journal may stop a little — oh, just one word more! The Midnapore hyena visited us last night, taking a goat from the veranda a few yards from our bed. This creature lives in the station the greater part of the year, and seems to be familiar with all the European houses. Nobody can catch him, and he has it all his own way, — a bad neighbor.

S. P. B.

Practical Thoughts.

NOT TO BE LEFT OUT. In selecting ministers to become pastors, it is common to be solicitous as to their preaching talents and their ability to draw good congregations, and to interest and profit them. — There is no objection to this but other things are important also. Is the one about to be obtained of deep-toned piety, of faith and prayer? Is he religious and exemplary out of the pulpit? Is he industrious, economical and judicious, so that the cause of truth shall not suffer reproach at his hands?

TRUST IN TRIAL. Christian, art thou sad? Have reverses and afflictions come? Is opposition encountered? Trust still in God. His strong, loving arms are still beneath thee, and thou shalt be upheld. So our Heavenly Father has promised. Say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

SHOULD BE CHRISTIANS NOW. There are hosts that purpose to be Christians sometime in the future. But now is the time. God made us to serve him and enjoy good. He lets us live, gives us temporal blessings and the blessed Gospel, that we may live and glorify him. Engage, O engage in this work now, ye, who are in unbelief and away from Christ.

A GREAT POWER. The trembling lip, the moistened eye, the choked and broken utterance of one who feels for Zion, desires the conversion of sinners and the salvation of some members of the family or relatives and friends, are potent as to their influence. Those for whom this interest is felt, feel as scarcely anything else can make them. God causes this anxiety in their behalf to melt them down. Let us cultivate this sympathy with Christ, his cause and for the souls of the perishing. Then there will be more conversions.

AN IMPORTANT DUTY. Many duties are important, but scarcely one is attended with such blessings to the soul as the faithful performance of the duty of secret prayer. — It is a duty, for our Lord has commanded it. In places of secret prayer, the heart is true and sincere. It is earnest in its pleadings with God. It holds converse with heaven and communion with the blessed Saviour. Salvation, strength and victory are obtained. Young Christians, cultivate the habit of drawing near to God in this way. And you, who have been long in the service, do not neglect it.

Chips.

Our vanity may incline us to desire to see some good that we have done; but when we see what Christ has done for us we fall in the dust and exclaim, "Unprofitable servants are we." Our pride like Jehu cries "Come, see my zeal for the Lord;" true humility says, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only."

The only real obstacles to our Christian progress are in ourselves. If our hearts are right before God, and the controlling purpose of our souls is to do the will of God, then will he cause every thing to work together for our good; every wind that blows shall wait us homeward.

The Christian virtues are more precious and beautiful in the sight of God than the costliest gems; but that which is most lovely of all is that tenderness of spirit which fears before the Lord always.

Our capacities for wretchedness equal our capacities for happiness, and those things which afford us greatest pleasure, if abused, cause greatest sorrow.

The rites of the Old Testament as well as the plain precepts of the New, have over and over again taught to succeeding generations this great truth, that not one of all of Adam's race is good enough to be justified of God save through the "shedding of blood for the remission of sins."

In all the infinitude of space there is not a distance unmeasured, a point unseen,

a thing lacking Omnipotent care, or a creature unprovided for by him, who numbers even the hairs of our heads.

The servants of God often in weariness feel that their fields of labor are peculiarly hard; but they do not well to look for easier fields, for they will find Satan strongly entrenched at every point in this fallen world. "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," nor dream of ease until thy Master calls thee home.

An unrighteous ambition often destroys men of great talent, while men of moderate abilities are sometimes rendered useless by the same cause. Aspiring to that for which heaven never designed them, after unsuccessful attempts they give up the race in disgust. If such were animated solely by a desire to honor Christ and do his will, they would never lack opportunities to be useful; and being content with the position to which God has assigned them, they would be taking the surest road to happiness and honor.

J. HAYDEN.

Selections.

The Conscience.

The first article in the July number of the *Quarterly* is entitled, "Nature and Functions of Conscience." The writer, after referring to some of the views entertained in reference to the subject in question, and showing what the Conscience is not, proceeds: —

Our formal definition of conscience is, that it is that emotional susceptibility of mind which is gratified and confers peace, or is shocked and occasions remorse, according as he conforms to or violates his personal convictions of right.

The difference between this view and that most generally taken consists in the fact of the exclusion of the intellectual and critical function. And in its favor we are able to cite the authority of some eminent names. The more common view, which is well expressed by Dr. Wayland, [Moral Science, p. 49] is, that conscience is "that faculty by which we discern the moral quality of actions, and by which we are capable of certain affections in respect to this quality." This makes conscience a compound, consisting in a union of the judgment, the will and the sensibilities, thus including two elements which are utterly devoid of moral quality. It makes it refer not to relative but to absolute right. Moreover we do not discern by conscience, but by the understanding. Conscience does not modify our discernment, but prompts us to act as we have already discerned.

Dr. Mahan says [Moral Phil. p. 36.] When the mind "is conscious to itself of having really obeyed or disobeyed the law of right, it knows absolutely that it will and must be the object of the corresponding approbation or disapprobation of the conscience of every moral agent in existence, to whom its conduct may be known. The reason is, that each moral agent cannot but be aware that his own moral judgments are but the echo of the conscience of the moral universe." But no finite being can ever be conscious of this; and it is not true that he who has the approbation of his own conscience is sure of the approbation of others. Was the conscientious slaveholder conscious of universal approbation? This view makes conscience not only judge but an infallible one.

McCosh propounds [Intuitions, p. 298] this difficulty: "How are the existence of sin and the wrong decisions of conscience consistent with the necessity which attaches to our moral convictions? But the only necessity there is, is that of the naked subjective intuition of right and wrong, and it is this conscience, but our finite, fallible judgment, that decides as to what acts are right. In another place, however, the same author virtually admits that the judgment is not included in the conscience, for he says [p. 300]: "The conscience, it is to be remembered, is a reflex faculty, judging of objects given to it by the other powers, and the representation given it may be incorrect." Now what but the powers of the judgment are these that are other than, and present objects to, the conscience? When, therefore, he speaks of conscience as judging, he must mean feeling.

But how does our definition, as above proposed, harmonize with good usage, with the conception usually embraced under the term conscience?

In Euripides, a murderer, when asked what disease was destroying him, replies: "My conscience; for I feel that I have done wrong." In Cicero we find the expressions: *grave conscientia pondus, conscientie peccata, and avar conscientie*, which evidently refers simply to the unhappy feelings arising from violated convictions. Seneca speaks [Ep. 45] thus of the scourings of violated conscience: "If thou dost well, all know it; but if evil, what profit it that no one knows it since thou thyself knowest it? O wretched man! if thou despise this witness." Elsewhere [Ep. 97] he says: "It profits not sinners to remain undiscovered, for even though while undiscovered, they may have prosperity, yet they cannot have peace." In Horace this peace-giving approbation of conscience is described as a "brazen wall," and the condition of its enjoyment as "being conscious of no sin, trembling for no crimes." In the Old Testament, the idea of conscience is often embraced under the word heart. Job says, 28: 6, "My heart shall not reprove me so long as I live." 1 In Sam. 24: 6, we read that "David's heart smote him because he had cut off Saul's skirt." In the account of the fall, the shame of Adam and Eve, before God and each other, is simply the fruit of a condemning conscience.

In the New Testament the conscience is often mentioned, though it is curious that it never occurs in the words of Christ, and only once in the four Gospels. When accused of the accusing Jews as had no consciousness of sin were invited to stone the guilty woman, they are said all to have been "convicted (condemned) by their own conscience." In the expressions, Heb. 10: 2, "conscience of sins," and 1 Pet. 2: 19, "conscience toward God," the word is evidently used in the senses of consciousness and conscientiousness. Elsewhere in Paul's letters the term is used variously, usually in its strict sense, but sometimes, as in 2 Cor. 4: 2, in that of judgment. But of the many predicates of conscience in the New Testament, such as *good, pure, void of offense, weak, scared, defiled, evil, convicting, witnessing*, not one confounds it with the understanding, or makes it anything more than a consciousness — a feeling more or less clear and intense as to our moral condition, —

the harmony of our life with our convictions.

Wherever we turn, therefore, whether it be to the classical, the biblical or the popular use of the term, we find confirmations of our proposed view of the conscience. What ever does not clearly harmonize, is readily reconcilable, with the submitted definition. Moreover this view of conscience escapes many difficulties and contradictions which are involved in other theories.

Those views which include in the conscience a dialectic process, deprive it of its sacred character and make it partake of all the uncertainties and follies of individual opinion. If conscience was designed to discover to us the moral qualities of actions, it signally fails in its purpose. For it teaches no two individuals precisely alike, and guides whole nations into contradictory practices. While the Christian feels bound to practice charity toward, and fellowship with, all men, the Brahmin regards it as in the highest degree abominable to act thus toward any one outside of his own caste. And it cannot be doubted that in both cases the conscience is equally followed; for vast and entire societies of men do not for centuries cling fast to opinions which shock the general conscience. But when the dialectic function is excluded from conscience, and it is viewed as simply a varied form assumed by our consciousness according as we perform or violate believed duty, all these difficulties totally vanish.

Furthermore, this view tends more than others to awaken a consciousness of our dependence on God. It sets a boundary to intellectual presumption and reduces man to that state of moral poverty which is everywhere assumed in the Bible. Man possesses in himself an intellectual framework and a consciousness of right and wrong. But left to himself, he is but an intellectual pigmy, and when unaided from without, can obtain of the infinitely varied and infinitely enduring relations which he sustains to God and his fellows but little and very indistinct knowledge. And he finds himself in infinitely varied conditions for obtaining such information. The Christian scholar stands in the mellow dawning of moral day. The savage of interior Africa gropes in seemingly utter intellectual and moral night from birth to death. But in both cases the moral phenomenon is actually present. None has ever been found so benighted that tradition has taught him that some things are right and some are wrong, and, in his God-given nature, the comforting or discomforting feeling of a gratified or violated conscience will assuredly arise according as he follows or neglects his feeble and perhaps erroneous convictions. And suppose that in fact he does practice conscientiously, as whole nations have done, some things which in themselves are monstrous, such as human sacrifice, infanticide, the murder of aged parents, etc., what does this prove? Not that his moral consciousness leads him to crime; but that his conscience is at fault; for this does its duty — prompts to follow conviction; but simply that he understands erroneously his relations to the universe; that his judgment needs more light. But the most learned and pious Christians are also often in the wrong conscientiously; for no two of them ever absolutely agreed as to every point of practical duty. And what does this prove, but that the most enlightened needs ever to struggle upward into higher light? He who best fathoms the mystery of his destiny and delves deepest into the divine Word, will come nearest to a perfect understanding of the moral law.

But all, the most gifted as well as the most benighted, must ever lean on the arm that is stronger than they — must ever be helped by something outside of themselves, to bring their moral apprehensions in closer conformity to the absolute standard.

But another circumstance in favor of the proposed view of conscience is, the cheering light which it throws over the dark problem of heathen salvation. It does not require impossibilities of the helpless pagan, namely, that in order to salvation, his conduct must conform to an absolute law; but, on the contrary, it leaves open to him such a practicable path to salvation as would be presupposable from the justice of God. It does not make of God a respecter of persons, but places all men under a like equitable moral system. The most degraded has but to follow the impulses of his conscience, feel higher nature, that is, to inquire what is, and to practice what he comes to believe is right. And the most enlightened has but to do the same. The question no longer merely concerns the formal outward act, but demands whether it conforms to convictions — not whether it is absolutely, objectively right, but whether it is so subjectively, that is, intentionally or morally. Thus, in some sense, each is a law unto himself. And what Christian shall presume to measure the deserts of all men by his own objective standard. And to say what, and what outward conduct, in those who live under a different dispensation, shall exclude them from among the children of God? The inestimable blessing of Christianity is for such as have, or might have had, a knowledge of it. Others are differently taught and differently judged. When Christians violate conscience and are penitent, they are forgiven, and though they repeatedly sin still they may repeatedly be restored. Suppose a Gentile sins also, and under the compunctions of conscience is truly sorry; may not God, in some way, give also to him renewal inward peace? What can justice require of each but that he shall be a true man under his peculiar circumstances — that he shall follow the behests of his inner monitor? Nor can it be justly objected, that this view derogates from the importance or sacredness of the divine standard of objective right. There is in fact such an immutable and divine standard; but none save God knows it to perfection, and every inference of reason and revelation emphasizes the truth that God judges human actions not so much by their outward form as by the spirit that prompts them — not so much by their body as by their soul. And, finally, it might be urged in favor of the proposed definition, that it divests conscience of a perplexingly complex character and reduces it to a simple primitive activity of the soul. And should it be objected that the only difference between this and some other definitions lies simply in the more or less restricted sense assigned to a word, still then the importance of the difference is not annulled. For words are the caskeys of ideas, and so long as they are falsely labelled they will communicate their own erroneousness to the thinking of whatever minds they enter. If, according to the definition proposed, the emotive nature includes, and explains all the phenomena usually embraced under the word conscience — if the judgment, the logical faculty, as such, has no moral quality, why then confound the two? Why include an element that may as well, and even far better, be excluded?

Dr. JOHN OWEN happily uttered this: "It is will, and not power, that gives rectitude or obliquity unto moral actions."

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1868.

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

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

A Rhode Island Chat.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 4, 1868.

This goodly city holds firmly to its attractions. Even a casual visitor is ready to confess that it is "beautiful for situation," and that must be a strong prejudice which does not surrender or soften before the quiet elegance and unquestionably good taste which meet the eye. Its enterprise is of the steady sort, its growth is the result of expanding vital force; and while its wealth steadily accumulates, it keeps clear alike of miserly narrowness and showy prodigality. It encourages neither the boor nor the braggart. It does not hasten in its changes,—it gives up the old for the new only when the new is manifestly better. Whatever diseases may have fastened themselves upon the body politic and social, they do not often exhibit themselves in spasms. Settled by radicals the city is always discreet. It glorifies the independence and heroism of Roger Williams in symbol and speech, but it has at least a fair share of the distrust that is generally meted out to modern revolutionists. Meaning to respect conscience and be loyal to truth, it defers to tradition and forgets not to ask what is reputable. Not deficient in self-reliance and pluck, it has a natural tendency to maintain the cause of moderation and orthodoxy.

Like other cities, it both provokes the criticism and stirs the pride of its own citizens. There is a deal of plain speech indulged when abuses are attacked and reforms demanded at home by those dwellers at the head of the Narragansett. Still they who leave it for other localities remember it always with interest and return to it when they may, with satisfaction. They who have shared its best home influences and felt the heat of its warm heart, are sure to carry pleasant memories through life and dwell on its sympathetic experiences with moist eyes. It is not perfect in any respect. There are many other cities whose citizens would readily put their attractions and merits in competition with the best things which Providence has to offer; but an old resident may be freely pardoned should he sing, "Sweet Home" with a deeper unctation than usual when he had crossed its threshold and sat down among those who fill the air and ear with the old familiar tones.

The city is growing pretty rapidly just now. The crowded population that has been pleading and clamoring for houses to live in for five years, are carrying their point at last. Capital owned and borrowed solidifies freely now into brick and lumber; it nerves the arms of carpenters and masons, and flowers out in a multitude of dwelling houses, modest or pretentious. Old streets are changed in appearance by the busy builders, and new streets multiply and gather attractions where there were recently only cultivated fields, or unwinning commons, or desolate stretches of sand, or deep ditches crammed with debris and made unsavory by bad odors. But recently a liberal slice of Cranston has fallen within the city limits, bringing several additional thousands to its population and furnishing an area for ampler growth.

"Commencement Day" has just passed. It is at least a marked nominal tribute to letters that the authorities and the people should join in making the annual festival of Brown University a legal and actual holiday. Strangers from the country round about crowd into the city; the old First Baptist church, where the young graduates take their public farewell of college life, receive its honors and good wishes, and introduce themselves to the living world, is crammed to discomfort; the steamers are loaded with excursionists who rush down the bay to sniff the sea-breeze and assist at the clam-bake; and labor must stand and wait till Learning has received its ovation, and merriment has filled up one day with light-hearted recreations and wholesome laughter.

The exercises of the college have been somewhat peculiar and noticeable this year, though lacking some of the usual elements of public interest. Dr. Caswell, so long and so well known as Professor, actual and retired, appeared for the first time as President. He is himself always, when sitting erect under the square cap, or giving to the graduates their diplomas and a brief statement in Latin, or mixing up his gravity and his good nature at the dinner table in the tent,—not less than when teaching the higher mathematics in the class room, or making out his monthly meteorological report for the Journal, or accosting an acquaintance in the street, or commenting upon a set of resolutions in a popular assembly. If one missed Wayland's majesty, and Sears' eminent scholarly manliness, he was sure of an affable self-reliance and an unflinching fund of smiling satisfaction and beaming hopefulness, when the new President donned his classical garb and stood up before the hundredth class that had left the University, as its chief officer and representative.

But there were some things missing.—The Literary Societies had no public meeting and address this year. The Alumni had only a special meeting of a business sort, held on the day preceding Commence-

ment proper;—and this, with a sermon before the Society of Missionary Inquiry in the evening of that day, were the only general gatherings in which the public took an interest. Some new measures were proposed for identifying the graduates more fully with the institution, for adding to its funds, improving its buildings, enlarging its educational plans and giving it an impulse upward, and these things were openly and boldly declared to be indispensable to its true and proper success. The discovery and confession of these needs, and the coming forward of several gentlemen with generous pledges of money and co-operation, were the most cheering features of the occasion.

The Roger Williams church hopes soon to have an efficient pastor settled and joined with it in its large and responsible work. The Park St. church expects to enter the main audience room of its new, beautiful, commodious and well located house of worship, by the first of October. The friends of that undertaking are at work with faith and courage and enthusiasm, and they deserve the success which they seem to be actually winning.—Lapham Institute will open the work of the new Academic year on Monday next, with a corps of teachers that promises a most interesting life and a thorough mental training to the pupils that go there with a purpose to study rather than to play. New Hampshire contributes to this faculty so largely as to suggest that she has skilled brain in abundance and to spare;—perhaps some cynical critic, looking on from outside, might be disposed to quote the saying of a distinguished man, born and reared among the White Hills, but who had won a national reputation elsewhere, when he said that *New Hampshire was a splendid state to emigrate from!* That is either a compliment or a sarcasm according to the interpretation which it receives. There is no doubt that it will get a generous translation at North Scituate. Prof. Ricker believes in patient and faithful work, and his associates believe in both it and him.

EDITOR.

The Quarterly.

The appearance of the third number of the current volume of the *Free Will Baptist Quarterly* has already been announced. Although it is given to the public somewhat late, its articles are almost without exception of a superior character, and will repay a thorough perusal.

The first article, "Nature and Functions of Conscience," is able and well written. While the subject discussed is one in which there is much difference of opinion among metaphysicians and theologians, yet the position assumed is well sustained. The writer's style and method of treatment are such as are well calculated to quicken and strengthen the discriminating faculties of the reader. The more important portions of this article may be found on the second page of our present issue.

The second article is entitled "The Sinner's Work in his Salvation." The subject treated is important, involving some of the fundamental principles in reference to which, several of the different evangelical denominations are divided. While the Calvinistic doctrine of inability and irresistible grace is unreasonable and repugnant to the better feelings of our nature, the Methodist doctrine of gracious ability is scarcely less free from objections. We are consequently led to seek for the true and Scriptural theory which is free from the difficulties of both. To state and develop this is the aim of the writer in the article before us. We cannot but feel grateful to him for the able and satisfactory manner in which he has accomplished his undertaking.

In the third article, entitled, "Does Moral Agency Continue after Death?" is also discussed an important subject. Able and logical, the conclusion arrived at cannot fail to be satisfactory to evangelical Christians generally; and we cannot see why the writer's methods should not be equally satisfactory, as they are well sustained by reason and Scripture. The declaration of the wise man, "Where the tree falleth, there it shall be," expresses a truth which cannot be overthrown.

The fourth article, "Binding the Dragon" is not without features of interest. It evinces much research on the part of the writer and no small amount of enthusiasm. We are glad to witness the appearance of this article and articles on kindred subjects from time to time in the *Quarterly*, for we believe that they are well calculated to awaken a spirit of inquiry respecting portions of scripture now sadly neglected.

The fifth article, "Jesus Christ," contains a review of a pamphlet, written some time since by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., and published by the American Unitarian Association, of Boston, on the title page of which is the question, "Was Jesus of Nazareth identical with the Almighty Creator?" As might be expected the article is written in opposition to the Unitarian view of the subject and in the interest of the Trinitarian. Able, argumentative and Scriptural, heavy blows are dealt to the theory combated, and it is a matter of regret that the article could not have been presented complete in the number before us. Although the subject treated is an old one, yet it is important that the argument adduced in favor of the doctrine of the Trinity should be well understood, as this is the point which skepticism usually assails first.

In the sixth article, "Robertson and his Sermons," is given a brief outline of the life and labors of the able English preacher, Frederick W. Robertson, and a delineation of the leading characteristics of his sermons. An important portion of the article appeared on the first page of our last issue. The well prepared, department of "Contemporary Literature" contains as usual notices of many of the more important works of recent publication.

Inspiration of the Scriptures.

What is it that exalts the Bible above all other literary productions—makes it emphatically the Book of books? Not its elevated style. Paul rejoiced that he came not to the people with excellency of speech or of wisdom declaring unto them the counsel of God. The style of the Scriptures is no better than that of many other works. It presents the language of common thought, common conversation, common life. Nor is it in its subjects. These are treated in other works, and treated with great candor, truthfulness and power. The Bible does not claim to be a universal repository of knowledge. It furnishes very little instruction in various departments of the arts, sciences, history, philosophy, &c.

Yet it is the best of books, and more essential to man than all other books. And why? Because it is God's book. It is given by divine inspiration, and therefore is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work. God does nothing in vain; all his works are in infinite wisdom and goodness. It was not enough that he should make the world all adapted to benevolent purposes. When sin had wrought its fearful ravages, he gave his Son to redeem the lost race, and the Holy Spirit to convince men of the error of their ways. But all this was not sufficient. He stops not with asking what have I done, but presses on to inquire what more can I do? And so he gives us the revelation of his word. He speaks to us not only in nature, in providence, by messengers, by his own Spirit, but writes a book for our instruction and salvation.

True the Bible comes to us through human instrumentality, and shows throughout the evidences of this fact. To be adapted to the needs of man, it must be in human language, and have the characteristics that would be imparted to it by its being transmitted through men. We would not limit the divine power; but we have a right to infer from the fact that it has had such a transmission as it has, proves that it is the best for us. Man then had a part in the production of the Scriptures. Moses, David, John, Paul and others wrote various portions of the sacred volume, they used their own faculties in their production, and we see the same diversities in their works as in those of other men. But this in no measure removes the divine agency. Could the sacred writers have composed the Bible without special help from God? No more than they could create or redeem the world, or regenerate a soul. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; that is, God is its author. He who spoke abacutely by the prophets, and afterwards by his Son, speaks also to mankind through his written word, and through the whole of it.

We will not here discuss the question of manner. Part of the Bible, as prophecy, in its authorship entirely transcends human faculties; part of it rests wholly upon divine authority; other portions, as narratives, are within the scope of human powers. But the sacred volume has unity, and completeness as a whole, so that nothing needs to be added to or taken from it. Of course no man of himself could prepare any part of such a book. Who but God could decide what and how much to put in or leave out? It is His book, He selected the instruments of its production, furnished the matter, superintended it, guarded it from error, so that throughout it bears his impress and authority.

Do we properly estimate the value of the treasure thus committed to our hands? The burdened, guilty, despairing sinner may find in its pages instruction fully adapted to his case; showing him his condition, where and how he may be delivered from condemnation, and obtain peace and hope; the wandering may be directed to a sure refuge, those hungry, athirst, and fainting may be led into green pastures, by the side of refreshing fountains, under the shadow of the Almighty. Those who have passed from death to life, yet are but babes in Christ, knowing but the rudiments, may here learn how to grow in grace and in spiritual knowledge, becoming strong in the Lord and pillars in his temple. What individual makes the Bible, as he should, his constant companion?

What a treasure is the Bible to the family, the Sabbath School, the church, the pulpit! In this day, when there is no end of multiplying books, the best of all books is too much neglected. The minister of Christ occupies his true position only when he opens the heavenly message, proclaims and enforces its truth upon his hearers. Alas for him and them when human philosophy usurps the place of the sacred word!

J. J. B.

Mr. Stevens's "Baptism."

Among the incidents of the evening previous to the death of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was what is termed his baptism. Concerning this, there are some things which claim a passing notice.

As is well known, the rite was performed by a Sister of Charity of the Roman Catholic church; but whether with, or without, Mr. Stevens's consent and approval remains in dispute. The former view, as might be expected, is held by Catholics. There is reason, however, for believing otherwise. From one account, it appears that "about nine o'clock" on the evening of his death, "two colored clergymen, both of the Israel Methodist church, arrived, and requested permission to see Mr. Stevens and pray with him. Mr. Stevens was asked whether they should be admitted. He replied, and these were probably the last connected words that he uttered: 'Certainly, certainly.' From the same account, we learn that two Sisters of Charity entered the room, and remained with Mr. Stevens until his death, and that about ten minutes before the occurrence of

the event, one of them, obtained Mr. Stevens's consent to receive the rite of baptism at her hand. This is a marked discrepancy and one needing reconciliation. We see it stated elsewhere that it was Mr. Stevens's nephew, and not Mr. Stevens, who allowed the rite to be performed, which seems to us to be the true explanation.

From this circumstance it would appear that the largest latitude is allowed by Romanists in the performance of the rite of baptism, that it can be performed not only by clergymen and laymen, but even by women. But the most obvious thing connected with the procedure was its absurdity. Omitting to call attention to the mode employed, the circumstances under which the rite was performed implied a belief in it as a saving ordinance. Mr. Stevens had never professed to experience regeneration, and according to one account he was in an unconscious state. The idea must have been that some good could be imparted by the performance of the mere physical act upon his person,—a relic of the barbarous superstition of the middle ages.

The procedure also presents to view some of the methods which the Catholic Church takes to multiply the number of her converts. The rite of baptism has been simplified so as to adapt it to the death-bed, and all who receive it are regarded as dying in the faith of Romanism. The fact of Mr. Stevens's baptism will doubtless be extensively published, and no pains will be spared to make it tell for the advancement of Catholicism. We regard it as an unfortunate circumstance in the closing scenes of the life of the great statesman.

Current Topics.

—IS IT SO? Speaking of Rev. F. E. Abbot, the Theological minister in this city, the counsel of his party, in the case to which we referred a week or two since, says in his argument before the Supreme Court:

In the practice of the Christian virtues, in a pure and holy life, in reverence for God, and devotion to the eternal principles of truth, it cannot be claimed that Mr. Abbot is excelled by any man now living.

We have seen statements similar to this respecting the same individual from the pen of radical writers and in radical journals. And it is true that this young apostle of radicalism is not excelled in the characteristics referred to by Emerson, Frothingham, Weiss, Burleigh and other worthies distinguished for their devotion to the same cause. But to be serious, all such talk respecting men now living, is not only out of place, but it is mere twaddle and nonsense. To be sure Mr. Abbot has some good personal qualities, but "in the practice of Christian virtues, in a pure and holy life, in reverence for God and devotion to the eternal principles of truth," we consider him, from our acquaintance with him, inferior to scores of men who walk the streets of our quiet city of Dover. Christ says, "I am the way the truth and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by me."

—THE PRESBYTERIAN REUNION. The movement in favor of re-union between the two great branches of the Presbyterian church does not seem to be making much progress at present. The whole thing was injured at the recent meeting of the Old School Assembly, it taking a new position at too late a day for the other assembly to act on it. After the adjournment of both, the *Pittsburgh Circular* was issued, urging union on the basis of "the standards in their simple and obvious sense." Some prominent leaders of the Old School also urge the abandonment of the tenth article, which gives to each presbytery the right to examine every minister that comes into it, and which has given so much offense to many of the New School men. It is urged that such an arrangement is unknown in other denominations; that its tendency is to produce evil surmises and strife. In some other respects, the opponents of reunion seem to have the advantage; and if all do not agree with Dr. Hodge and Dr. Breckinridge, that the New School tolerate "not only a different theology but a different religion," they are yet disposed to urge and exaggerate the differences between the two divisions.

—NEWSPAPER INDISCRETION. The *Church Union* which professes to aim to promote a higher tone of catholicity, and a more all-embracing and fervent style of Christian love is frequently guilty of some of the most glaring indiscretions. A few weeks since it published the Prospectus of the *La Crosse Democrat*, for the purpose, it alleges, of showing the friends of liberty and right what they must prepare to contend with. The liberality of this movement providing the *Union* gets no pay for inserting the advertisement—is certainly extraordinary. A late number has also the following concerning one of the Professors in Union Theological Seminary: "If anybody has ever been converted by the preaching of Roswell D. Hitchcock, he will confer a great favor upon the writer of this review, by leaving his name at the *Church Union* office, and giving some little account of so remarkable an event." The *Union* is evidently acquiring an unenviable reputation.

—A CALL FOR AID. The secretaries of the American Missionary Association have issued a stirring appeal in behalf of their work among the freedmen in its present emergency. They say: The increased expense of the ordinary schools, the heavy cost of establishing normal schools, the inability of the Bureau to furnish return transportation for the teachers, and the falling off in the receipts for the last four months, have created a debt; which, unless removed, must cripple the operations of the coming year, just at a time when to withdraw the helping hand will be most discouraging and most dangerous. They say further that \$50,000 in September, which closes their fiscal year, will be absolutely required to meet their present emergency. What is true in these particulars respecting the American Missionary Association, is in a sense true of our Freedmen's Mission. It must have aid. Who will furnish it?

—OPEN AIR MEETING. An open-air meeting was held in Touro Park, Newport, recently, when Rev. Charles Howard Malcom preached to a very large and attentive audience, on "Christ our Example and our Redeemer." Mr. Malcom was assisted in the services by a Congregational and a Methodist clergyman. Such out-of-door meetings, even in gay and fashionable Newport, may do much good.

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THADDEUS STEVENS. In an article in a late number of the *Independent*, Grace Greenwood reproduces the following characteristic anecdote, related to her by Mr. Stevens.—Speaking of President Lincoln, Mr. Stevens said:

He was eminently a frank man. He once rated me soundly for a speech I made on the conduct of the war, saying I was too fast, and would ruin all. I, of course, thought him too slow; and we had a pretty hot discussion. Just about a year later, he sent for me; and I went to him. It was a hot day, and he was lying about on sofas and chairs, in a disjunct way he had, I knew him by the fragments, and so was able to reconstruct him. "Mr. Stevens," said he, "I have just been reading a speech of yours." "I am flattered, Mr. President," said I; "but I am not aware that I have made any speech lately." "I know it," he answered; "but this is a speech you made last year—the one I scolded you about, you remember?" "Oh, yes, Mr. President," said I; "one don't easily forget your scoldings. I remember perfectly." "Well, Mr. Stevens, you were right, and I was wrong!"

Denominational News and Notes.

"Will."

Mr. Editor:—The dropping of this part of our denominational name seems to some of us as unjust to the past, unjust to the present and useless in relation to the future.

1. *It is unjust to the past.* When the division took place in the Baptist ranks of America in 1779 in respect to Calvinism, our Fathers refused to adopt any distinctive name. They persistently adhered to this position for nearly twenty years no doubt thinking that they had quite as good a right to the old, time honored, scriptural name as their opponents, and they thought correctly too. Hence they said and wrote, "Baptist church," "Baptist M. M." and the like. But as one thing had really become two, distinctive names of necessity had to be adopted. Hence after nearly twenty years demurring, our Fathers began at first to call themselves "General Provision Baptists," or "General Provisioners." But this name for some reason was not generally adopted. Nor was it just to the other party, for they would admit that the means of salvation in the atonement are general. But there was one point on which the contest waxed the warmest, viz., the freedom of the human will. Randall came out strongly against the doctrines of foreordination, election, &c., as then held by many, and rendered himself especially obnoxious to his opponents on the will question. While he admitted that the race by sin had fallen into a state of complete helplessness, in which man had the ability of himself, or could have it, to come to God and live, however great and free the provisions of the atonement, he still contended that God, in addition to providing the atonement simply, sent forth that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. By this means he raised the race from that helpless state, unshackled the human powers from their thralldom to such an extent that every one, on coming to the years of accountability, finds himself possessed of the full ability to decide within himself, when motives are placed before him, which to follow, in religious matters as well as others. Thus he finds himself to the fullest extent a free moral agent, and wholly responsible for all his acts. He can will to follow truth and live, or to follow error and die. Because Randall thus advocated the complete freedom of the human will, his opponents taunted him with the name, "Freeviller." Finally the name was accepted and hence we have "Freevill Baptists."

By this taunt, these religionists testified to all time that they disbelieved in the freedom of the will, acknowledging that they held it to be swayed by necessity, by outward controlling forces, or what is extraneous to itself, which testimony is repeated in every use of our name. The term "will" then is a monument in our denominational name there erected to testify of a doctrinal contest of the past. It is a mile stone along the world's great thoroughfare, showing clearly the progress of religious truth. Its testimony in its behalf is just as clear as that of Bunker Hill Monument in behalf of political freedom.

Would it be just to the past to tear down the latter, just to the revolutionary fathers with all the toil, suffering, blood and treasure they consecrated to the cause, just to the world at large even? No. That hand lives not, that would be suffered for a moment in the ruthless work of demolishing that noble structure. And shall any of us be guilty of a real injustice to the past in demolishing that other monument? Many a heart responds, "Not I." Yes, they will ever thus respond.

2. *It is unjust to the present.* In dropping "will" as proposed, we virtually take a new name. So we adopt that of "Free Baptist," it being, as some say, more discriminative than F. W. B. But what right have we now to that name particularly to distinguish us from other Baptist sects? Nearly all of them can claim it just as truthfully as we. The C. Baptists, as we call them simply for convenience, are, to a large extent, as free in respect to their views of salvation as ourselves. And they are rapidly outgrowing their close commun-

ion. Then there is that denomination, of which the religious world has complained with so much reason, for its want of modesty and justice even in arrogating to itself, as its distinguishing appellation, what belongs equally to every believer in Christ. They are certainly as "free" as we, and have been very much more so in some particulars. Surely they will have reason to turn and cast in our teeth the same want of modesty and justice that we have so loudly charged against them. And so we might go on with the numerous Baptist divisions, all of which are as "free" as ourselves.

"But," says one, "it is unjust in us then to call ourselves Freevill Baptists at this day. It certainly would be, had we put off taking a name till the present time. We should have had no more right to it than any other of these Baptist families. But every man has the undisputed right to use the name given him in his infancy. Who then can justly complain of us for using this name? Surely none among the C. Baptists; nor can any others, especially as they have all or nearly all, come into being since we, as a people, took our rise.

3. *It is useless in relation to the future.* True, we are promised almost unbounded prosperity in the future, if we will but send that part of our name adrift. Denominations will flow into our ranks, our sails will be wafted by breezes more propitious than we had ever dreamed before. Perhaps it may all be thus. But some of us have not eyes keen enough to see it. Suppose we do drop the word, go over to the denomination called Free Baptists and become merged with them, will other sects be more likely to meet us there than come to us with our old name? We do not understand why. Should we go into this move as a whole, all the change resulting to the religious world will probably be found in the merging of us as a people into the Free Baptists, leaving one name less on the list of denominations. But can we go as a whole? That is by no means certain. Probably we shall lose more than we shall gain. Difficulties will come up, hard to be overcome. Probably large numbers of our denomination will not go into the movement if many others do. It may result in dividing the living child.

H. Q.

Meeting Houses for the Freedmen.

Friends of the Freedmen:

Our churches among the freedmen of the Shenandoah Valley are struggling with a noble self-sacrificing purpose to build houses of worship. The one at Charlestown is so far completed as to afford them shelter for the Sabbath in warm weather at least, and the one at Martinsburg has its vestry walls up, and is ready, when the means can be obtained, for the superstructure.

Lots also have been purchased at Berryville and Winchester with hope of building thereon the present year. Our colored brethren and sisters are intensely in earnest in this good work, and are willing to make the most praiseworthy sacrifices for its accomplishment. Who will help them lift the burden? Who will not spare something in aid of their precious enterprise?

Our churches at home are expending large sums for the erection of new, or the adornment of old, houses of worship. Will they permit me to suggest a little less expense in some instances, at home, and thus have a part left to bestow on the meeting house building enterprise in connection with our mission in the Shenandoah Valley?

I must confess to a growing conviction I feel, that some of the churches—of all denominations—are expending too much for the adornment of their places of worship. How often, when passing churches of very costly structure, have I thought of the destitute districts all over the land, and especially of the lack of convenient houses for worship among the poor Freedmen, and said within myself, "would that some hundreds or even some thousands of dollars piled up there, in excessive and useless adornment of God's temples, could have been expended for the benefit of those destitute localities."

Brethren, who are about to build new churches, or to reconstruct old ones, please think on these things. But let no covetous mind take advantage of these remarks and advocate a mean, contemptible offering to the Lord in the building of what I only question the propriety of what so naturally strikes the thoughtful Christian as superfluous.

Let us put up with a little less at home and help the needy abroad.

A. H. MORRELL.

West Farmingdale, Sept. 1, 1868.

Ridgeville College.

Dear Editors:—Allow me through the *Star*, to answer briefly some of the questions so frequently asked concerning Ridgeville College. But first permit me to express our gratitude that so much interest is already felt and manifested by our people in this enterprise.

The school has been established in the interest of the F. W. Baptist denomination, and of course we expect from it a liberal patronage. We are grateful for the expressions that have already reached us, and hope for a yet fuller sympathy and a still more generous support.

Nor are we less thankful for the warm sympathy and generous aid given us by friends not specially interested in the denomination. A large share of our strength has, thus far, been from this latter source.

"Where is Ridgeville College?" I am not surprised at this question, for the village itself is less than two years old. It is not two years since the first steam car passed through this place; and the village has been almost wholly made since then. It now numbers 500 inhabitants. Ridgeville College is situated in Ridgeville, Ind., on the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Agents, 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are authorized to contract for advertising

Poetry.

Rain.

From all this vital orb of earth
A breath exhaleth to the air,
That, heaven-distilled to equal grace,
Falls, a fresh bounty, everywhere.

The dark mold drinks the sunset cloud,
And tastes of heaven; unconsciously,
Green forest-depths are stirred to catch
A far-off flavor of the sea.

No drop is lost. God counteth all.
And eye crests, in glory crowned,
With faint rose-petals yield and take,
And so the unwasted joy goes round.

One spirit moveth in it all;
One life that worketh large and free,
To each, from all, forevermore,
Giving and gathering silently.

God's stintless joy goes round, goes round:
No soul that dwelleth so apart
It may not feel the circling pulse—
Outwelling from the Eternal Heart.

Ah! ah! ah! The sandy soil
Bears no glad trace of leaf or tree;
No grass-blade sigheth to the heaven
Its little drop of ecstasy;

Yet other fields are spreading wide
Green bosoms to the bounteous sun;
And palms and cedars shall sublime
Their rapture for thee, waiting one.

It comes with smell of summer showers,
To stir a dreamy sense within,
Half hope, and half a pained regret—
It may be, or it might have been!

The joy that knows there is a joy;
That scents its breath, and cries, 'tis there!
And patient in its pure repose,
Receiveth so the holier share.

I know a life whose cheerless bound
Is like a deep and silent chasm
Left dark between the daylight hills,
In time long past, by fiery spasm.

The mocking sunlight leaps across;
The stars with Levitate gleam go-by;
So vainly doth its dreary dead
Plead to the far-off, pitiless sky.

Yet ever from the flinty margin,
And down each rough and cavernous side,
Trickle the drops that bear their balm
From ferny bank and pasture wide.

It drinketh—drinketh—day by day;
And still, within its bosom deep,
The waiting water filtered clear,
Doth in a crystal vessel sleep.

Waiting and swelling, till it find
God's outlet, long while placed and planned,
Whence, strong and jubilant, it shall sweep
Down, with a song-burst, o'er the land.

—Christian Register.

Make thy Soul Beautiful.

Make thy soul beautiful, child of the morning,
Bright as the clouds that encircle the dawn;
Giving the tree-tops their beautiful awning,
And taking their glow from the king of the morn.

Make thy soul beautiful; wait not for shadows
That surely will come with departure of day;
When the chill mists of evening encircle the
meadows,
Obscuring the joy, with the light of the way.

Youth, with its freshness, will fade like the
morning;
But, unlike morning, will not return again;
Give the soul beauty, of pure, loving feeling—
For the noble to live—of the holy to learn.

Then will thy life be expanding in beauty;
Slowly, but surely thy crown will be given;
Joy will illumine the pathway of duty—
The evening of life be the morning of heaven.

—Boston Traveller.

The Family Circle.

A Story for the Children.

BY AUNT ETTA.

My little niece, Carrie Maynard, like many other children, is very fond of stories. The *Star* is a weekly visitor at Carrie's home, and she always greets it with joy, for she is much interested in the stories that fill the children's department, and many a useful lesson does she draw from its columns.

Sometimes these are copied from "The Children's Hour," or "Our Young Folks," and when this is the case she is greatly disappointed, for she is a subscriber to both these excellent monthlies, and you may be sure does not lay them aside till she has read every page. Not long ago I made her mother a visit, and as you will readily suppose, I had to unfold all the memories of my childhood days which were packed away in my brain, and bring them forth for Carrie's benefit.

One day after I had nearly exhausted my whole stock, she suddenly exclaimed: "Aunt Etta, I wish you would write some stories, and have them printed in the *Star* so that I could read them. Wouldn't it be nice?" and at the thought she clapped her hands with delight.

At first, I did not think much about it, but she spoke of it so often, and coaxed so hard, that I began to think of other dear little children scattered up and down our land who love the *Star* as well as Carrie does, and that perhaps they would like to read my simple stories too; and I came to the conclusion that if the editor thinks them worthy to be printed, I will grant Carrie's request, and, from time to time give an account of the sayings and doings of some of the little people whom I have known.

Of one thing you may be sure. They will be true stories of real little boys and girls. I shall think of you all as my nephews and nieces, for though very many of you I have never seen, yet I love you every one, and hope you will love Aunt Etta as well as Carrie does.

Now what shall I tell you first? I think I may as well relate how a little friend of mine, whose name is Willie Graham, overcame evil with good. He is a dear boy, so quiet and gentle, that many people say "Willie must be a Christian." He would scorn to tell a lie, and as for taking for his

own use the smallest thing that belongs to another, he would just as soon think of jumping into the river. No profane or wicked word is ever heard to fall from Willie's lips, neither does he spend his Sabbaths as some of the village boys do, in wandering about the woods and fields and along the shores of the pond, but in church and Sabbath School his bright little face is always to be seen, and good Mr. Leslie finds amid his whole congregation no more attentive listener than our friend Willie. The Sabbath School is his especial delight. His lesson is always carefully prepared and well recited. Indeed, before his infant lips could plainly list those sweet words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," his mother's hand had led him to the holy place, and at her knee he would repeat the blessed words her gentle lips had taught. This is the secret of Willie's goodness. The teachings of that faithful Christian mother, and the sweet lessons of the Sabbath School, have been as good seed sown in his youthful heart, which has sprung up and put forth fair blossoms, promising at some future day a rich harvest of noble deeds. And yet, strange as it may seem, the boys of the village school were not always Willie's friends. They could not help respecting his straightforward, honest ways, but these were a constant reproach to their own wicked habits. So after trying in vain to get him to join in their sinful talk and plays, they became very angry, and in many ways tried to tease and make him unhappy, so that he really became one of those whom the Bible tells about, that are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Yet Willie had one friend, Freddie Howard, who lived just across the street from Mr. Graham's. The boys were nearly of the same age, and many happy hours had they spent together in coasting down the long hills or skating upon the little pond; and when summer came, many a nice ramble did they take in field and wood in search of wild flowers and berries. They flew their kites, and rolled their hoops, and tossed their balls in company. Their hours of study as well as those of play were passed together, for they went to the same school, and sat at the same desk. Yet though they loved each other dearly, Freddie had one fault which caused them both many hours of sorrow. He was too easily influenced; and when the other boys would take some new offense at Willie's firm resistance to their wicked plans, and unite to torment him, Freddie did not always prove a true friend; for though he did not join in the cruel taunts and sneers of the others, he would leave the poor boy to bear them alone, instead of standing by his side, as he should have done, to cheer him by his love and sympathy. Like many older ones, he had not the moral courage to stand up for the right when it had more foes than friends, but was too apt to go with the current. Of course this grieved poor Willie very much, but Freddie would afterward be so sorry for his conduct, and so anxious to atone, that he would gladly forgive him, though he couldn't help wishing that Fred wasn't quite so timid.

Thus matters went on, Willie's heart growing sorer and sorer under the cruel treatment which he received until it seemed to him that he could not bear it any longer. One day his tormentors had been unusually severe. The school-house was in one end of the village and Willie's home in the other, and all the way from school they had amused themselves by saying the most provoking things they could think of. They said he had no courage, and was nothing anyway but a little cry-baby tied to his mother's apron strings. They mocked his dear father and called him many insulting names. As usual Freddie said nothing in Willie's defense. He even laughed when those wicked boys said anything which they thought very funny. Willie, though a very good boy as I have said, was far from being perfect, and his heart was filled with wild, angry emotions. He clinched his little fist, and notwithstanding he stood alone, while they were a dozen strong, would have rushed into their midst and proved his courage then and there in a hand-to-hand fight. But just then, like a flash of light, these words came into his mind: "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord." His hand dropped by his side. What was he about to do so mean and wicked a thing as to fight! The anger was all gone from his heart now, and sorrow for his own sinful thoughts took its place. Without a word he turned his steps towards home. While these thoughts had been passing through his mind, the boys had stood silent with surprise, for this fighting movement was a new one on his part, but now that he was going, as they thought, overcome with fear, they followed him with loud shouts of mocking laughter. Willie kept on till he had reached his father's gate, then looking around he saw that all had gone with Freddie into Mr. Howard's yard, where they had stopped to have a game at ball. This increased his grief; his dear friend had turned against him and joined his enemies. O, if he only knew how, how gladly would he make them all his friends. What could he do? His dear mother had taught him with all his troubles to go to Jesus. He would do so now; and going to his own little room, he fell upon his knees and asked his Saviour to forgive his sin, to give him a new, clean heart, and teach him so to act that he might overcome the ill-will of his playmates and gain their love. He arose calm and peaceful, feeling that Jesus was his friend and all would be well. As he passed through the kitchen his mother was taking from the stove a large pan of baked sweet apples. A bright thought came into his mind. One of his Sabbath School verses was "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." He thought of this. He knew he must be a Christian. He would scorn to tell a lie, and as for taking for his

ings after the long afternoon at school. He knew too that they liked apples; for had they not often stolen them from his father's orchard? Here was a fine chance to prove the truth of this text—if only his mother would give him the apples. He would ask her—"O Mother!" he exclaimed, "Wont you please give those to me?" She looked at him with surprise as she said, "Why, Willie! what a question! I baked them for our supper!" "But Mother, I want them so much! Do give them to me!" "This is very strange Willie! What can you want of all these apples? There are enough for a dozen boys like you!" "I know it Mother, and that is why I want them. I will tell you all about it, only I can't stop now. But please do let me have them." She looked into his flushed, eager face and saw that he did indeed want them very much. She had confidence in her boy, and would let him have the apples and explain afterward. So she said, "Well Willie, since you want them so much you may have them, and I will bake some more." With a loving smile and a hasty "Thank you, Mother dear," he took the apples and bounded away across the street, nor did he stop till in the midst of the group of boys in Mr. Howard's yard. Then he said with a pleasant voice "Boys, wouldn't you like some baked apples? Mother gave me these to do with as I please, and as I know these splendid sweeties don't grow in every orchard, I thought perhaps you would like some of them." The boys were silent, looking at each other in astonishment, but as Willie passed the apples to one and then another, the temptation was too great to be resisted, and they each took one, hanging their heads, and looking very sheepish indeed. When these were eaten, he passed the pan again, reserving only one of the smallest for himself, until all were gone. Then the boys could endure it no longer. "We've been just as mean as we could be," Willie Graham cried to Tom Barton, one of the foremost among his persecutors. "We've treated you shamefully, and I for one am sorry for it." "So am I," and "I," and "I" echoed, and re-echoed among the group till all had crowded round and asked his forgiveness, Freddie exclaiming with tears in his eyes, "I do really think, Willie, I never will be so cowardly again!" Of course Willie forgave them every one from the bottom of his heart; and when he found that their repentance lasted not only for a day, but for many days, that they did seem really ashamed of their conduct and anxious to atone for the past, he learned that his text was indeed true, and praised more than ever the blessed Book from whence it came. Dear little reader, do you not think that Willie's prayer was answered? And will you not like him love and cherish his holy Book and make it your guide through life?

Anecdote of Mr. Lincoln.

In a late number of the *Independent*, Rev. E. Eggleston gives the following before unpublished incident in the life of President Lincoln.

Mr. Eggleston says:—A respected townsman and old acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln was the narrator of the story to my informant, and himself a participant. According to that habit of familiarity so prevalent in the West (by means of which a man is made to prolong his boyhood throughout his life), this gentleman is known among old friends by the name of "Jim," as Mr. Lincoln was always called "Abe." For the sake of my story, I shall have to call Mr. —, "Jim," as one of his fellow citizens would in telling it.

This gentleman relates that, soon after Mr. Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, he saw a notice in the *New York Tribune* that Hon. A. Lincoln of Illinois had delivered an address to the Sunday School at the Five Points, which was very well received by both teachers and pupils. Knowing that Mr. Lincoln was not a professor of religion, it struck him that it was a good subject for banter; and so, seizing the paper, he started for "Old Abe's" office. Bursting into the room impulsively, he was startled to find a stranger in conversation with Mr. Lincoln, and turned to retrace his steps, when the latter called out,—

"Jim, what do you want?"
"Nothing."
"Yes, you do; come back."
After some entreaty, "Jim" approached Mr. Lincoln, and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye,—

"Well, Abe, I see you've been making a speech to Sunday School children. What's the matter?"

"Sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you all about that."
And with that he put his feet on the stove and began:—"When Sunday morning came, I did not know exactly what to do. Washburne asked me where I was going. I told him I had nowhere to go, and he proposed to take me down to the Five Points Sunday School, to show me something worth seeing. I was very much interested by what I saw. Presently Mr. Pease came up and spoke to Washburne, who introduced me. Mr. Pease wanted us to speak. Washburne spoke, and then I was urged to speak. I told them I did not know anything about talking to Sunday Schools; but Mr. Pease said that there were many of them friendless and homeless, and that a few words would do them good. Washburne said I must talk. And so I rose to speak; but I told them, Jim, I didn't know what to say. I couldn't talk about Christ and religion, for I didn't know much of either; but I remembered that Mr. Pease had said they were homeless and friendless, and I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty. And so I told them that I had been poor; that I remembered when my toes stuck out through broken shoes in the winter; when my arms were out at the elbows; when I shivered with the cold. And I told them there was but one rule; that was, *Always do the very best you can.* I told them that I had always tried to do the best I could; and that if they would

follow that rule they would get along somehow. That was about what I said. And when I got through Mr. Pease said it was just the thing they needed. And when the school was dismissed all the teachers came up and shook hands with me, and thanked me for it, though I did not know that I was saying anything of any account. But the next morning I saw my remarks noticed in the papers."

Just here Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket, and remarked that he never heard anything that touched him as had the songs which those children sang.
"Did you ever hear any poetry like this, Jim?" And he began to read a piece, with all the earnestness of his great, earnest soul. In the middle of the second verse his friend "Jim" felt a choking in his throat and a tickling in his nose. At the beginning of the third verse he saw that the stranger from the East was weeping, and his own tears fell fast. Turning toward Lincoln, who was reading straight on, he saw the great blinding tears in his eyes, so that he could not possibly see the page. He was repeating that little song from memory. How often he had read it, or how long its sweet and simple accents continued to reverberate through his soul, no one can know. How much influence may that little child's song have had in bringing him to that characteristic of him during the weary closing years of his life!

Literary Review.

THE SEVEN GREAT HYMNS OF THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH. Third edition. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1867. 12mo. pp. 134. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

These gems of song have found an appreciative and worthy setting in the beautiful volume which they are here allowed to occupy alone. They deserve the distinction which is here accorded them; and the lovers of sacred poetry which has been hallowed by the associations of many generations,—which has borne out and borne up the deepest emotions of great and reverent souls, and which is to-day the wonder and admiration of those whose culture is sanctified by piety—these admirers of what is sparkling with genius and saturated with devotion, will welcome this book gladly and turn its pages again and again. The Seven Hymns are: The Celestial Country; Dies Irae; Stabat Mater; Veni Sancti Spiritus; Veni Creator Spiritus; Vexilla Regis; The Alleluia Sequence. The authorship and history of each of these hymns are given, the original Latin verse is reproduced, and this is followed by one or more translations into English. The *Dies Irae*, which, by general consent, is assigned the first position among the hymns of the age, has here eight different translations, all of which have merit; but one must read that marvelous production in the original Latin in order to see and feel its full beauty and power. The taste for such deep-heavened songs that called for this volume is a cheering indication. The response made to the call by Mr. Randolph is one that only a Christian poet would have yielded, and few can listen to such profound religious experiences as here voice themselves in measured and majestic rhythm without a deeper consciousness of want in the soul, or without finding added earnestness in the cry of the spirit to heaven.

HOPEFULLY WAITING AND OTHER VERSES. By ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. Square 16mo. pp. 101. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Mr. Randolph here exhibits his poetic taste and abilities in a more direct and unequivocal form. He is himself the singer, instead of reproducing the melodies of other bards. His strains are earnestly pure, chastened, sweet, grateful, trustful and elevating. His "Little Bessie" has long been a favorite with thoughtful and susceptible children, and there are others in this modest collection pitched in the same key and adapted to stir a similar pathos or minister to the same sort of peace. A mere intellectual might easily get up a quarrel with these effusions as deficient in genius and fire; but those who delight in the gospel and epistles of John, because of the tenderness and trust and adoration which they express, will find this volume ministering both sympathy and strength.

THE TEACHER'S GUIDE TO PALESTINE: containing a complete list of the names of all the cities, etc., of Palestine mentioned in the Scriptures, whose sites are actually known, with their most approved pronunciations and significations; their historical interest and all the references to their most important Scriptural passages. With lessons and illustrations derived from them. Prepared from the best and latest authorities and from personal travels and examinations. By Henry S. OSBORN. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigue & Co. 1868. 18mo. pp. 136.

An admirable little work of its kind, arranged after the usual method adopted in Dictionaries of the Bible. The information has been carefully obtained and is well compiled. The included map would be every way admirable if the type used in designating the names of towns, &c., were not so fine. A magnifier is needed to aid the strongest and keenest eyes.

ANDREW DOUGLASS. By the author of "Madelaine," etc. New York: National Temperance Society & Publication House. 1868. 18mo. pp. 232.

An excellent temperance story; striking, without extravagance, and like a transcript from the book of actual life. The issues of this house are uniformly of the best sort, and the whole list of books should go into every S. S. and Home Library.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE COMMISSION ON THE SUBJECT OF CHRISTIAN BAPTISM. By R. INGHAM. London: Elliot Stock. 1868. Octavo. Paper Covers. pp. 114.

The author of the excellent "Hand-Book on Christian Baptism," issued a few years since, has here given us what may properly enough be regarded as a sort of appendix to that work. Confining himself in this pamphlet to the special question touching the proper subjects of Baptism, he has so arrayed and arranged the direct and indirect testimony of Scripture, the replies to Pedobaptist interpreters, and the recorded opinions of an immense number of eminent theologians, expositors and scholars, as to make out a thoroughly strong case in favor of the Baptist view. The work exhibits careful research and its candor, courtesy and eminently Christian spirit are worthy of all praise. The arguments are as tough as a controversialist's need-desire, but the words are fully saturated with brotherly kindness.

We are told by the *Watchman and Reflector* that the best and most scientific physicians admit that intelligent and careful nursing is better than medicine. One of Boston's oldest and ablest, and healthiest physicians abstains wholly from medicine.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Life in San Francisco.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* thus pictures life in the city of the Golden Gate:

San Francisco is an expensive city to live in, not so much on account of necessity, as because we Americans will do in Rome not only as the Romans do, but as the richest of the Romans do. Rent, it is true, is high. Butter, eggs and poultry, are about as dear as they are in Rochester. Flour is cheaper and better. Beef, mutton and pork much cheaper and much better. Vegetables and fruit, from potatoes to cauliflowers, from strawberries to peaches, infinitely better, and infinitely cheaper. In clothing the difference is not worth speaking of. The year's fuel is a great deal cheaper, and though whiskey is, perhaps, higher, and just as bad, good wine is a great deal less expensive. But the fruit shops, the drug stores, and the whiskey shops are scattered, or rather congregated in the greatest profusion, and they must live, or they would close. Yet you do not see as much drunkenness here as in cities of the same size East. Why, then, should there be so many drug shops in a city as healthy as this unless swallowing drugs promiscuously is healthy, it is difficult to say. The prosperity of the fruit shops may be better understood, for Californians eat fruit as if they lived on nothing else, and yet they eat everything else as if they had never touched fruit. Restaurants, too, are infinitely more abundant than in any other city, and so cheap that they carry an old New Yorker back to the days of Clark & Brown, with the exception that the dishes were all twelve-and-a-half-cent dishes, while here you are met fifty times a day by the announcement on some restaurant sign or window "Three, twelve-and-a-half-cent dishes for twenty-five cents." A very good breakfast, consisting of coffee or tea, and muffins or hot cakes and butter can be had for fifteen cents, a good lunch for twelve-and-a-half cents, and a very excellent dinner for twenty-five cents. Everything in the small line here is sold by the two bits (i. e. 25 cents) worth. A bit is twelve-and-a-half cents, but as we have no cents, a man in change for a half dollar gets ten cents back for his quarter, and yet dealers do not much like to take a dime for a bit. In consequence of this you will see on placards "3, 5 or 8 pounds of peaches for two bits."

On Sundays all seem to be abroad, and, of course, the restaurants are thronged in the afternoon, and yet after the meal at the restaurants you will see numerous family groups carrying away from the fruit stores one or more paper bags inclosing from 3 to 6 pounds of fruit. There are confectioners here too, with tempting displays in their windows, but the fruiterers seem to have kept their numbers much lower than in Eastern cities. The San Francisco fruit market deserves a letter by itself, but now, as Mr. Weller says, "fruits is out," we having only Oranges, Bananas, Pineapples, Pears, Apples and Strawberries. In a few weeks we shall have some variety, and in August and September, and October too, and even away into November, the varieties are so great, and the specimens so excellent that even the Californian with his immense power of fruit consumption is absolutely despairing what to select, and very often how to get through with what he has selected. Fish also are very cheap, very abundant, and very various. In no other part of the world are delicious salmon so constantly seen in market. Oysters and clams are not as fine as at the East. Crabs are as abundant as brokers in Wall street, and much better (not that brokers) than the crabs at the East. Mussels are excellent, as good as Eastern oysters, and there is a large species of prawn here, called lobster, weighing from five to ten pounds, and much more delicate than an Atlantic lobster. Shrimp are abundant, and then there are soles, rock cod, and a great variety with names that don't belong to them and a still greater number with names I never heard of before, most of them cheap, many of them very cheap. And yet this is an expensive city to live in. No one seems to consider two bits anything at all, and the number of two bits spent in the course of a month tell upon an income. Healthy people will wait ten minutes on a fine day for a street car to carry them three blocks, or walk two blocks to a car to carry them right home, when the original distance was not over five blocks. Theaters are well patronized, being only four bits for admittance, and there are plenty of shows, and gardens, and retreats at only two bits. Free lunches, too, abound, where you get, for one or two bits, according to fashion and excellence, a glass of whiskey, or ale, or wine, and as much as you choose to eat thrown in, but as the majority of the lunchers generally "hoist in" more than they drink, it may be doubted whether the profit is not more to the free giver than to the free taker.

Men dress extravagantly too, very extravagantly, and from the great variety of silks, and fringes, and furs, and flowers, and feathers, I have some suspicion that women do too, but this is mere suspicion. One thing, however, is certain; they are more independent of fashion in this city than in any other in America, and in consequence are dressed with far better taste than anywhere else in our land. There, I have told the truth and got out of that scrape about extravagance.

You will say that I have described a place where people may live cheaply and yet enjoy all the comforts they can ask. Well, perhaps they might, but they don't. With all its cheapness it is an expensive place. Where so many good things are cheap, so many good things are consumed that the sum total figures up largely, and where the whole community gets into the bad habit of looking with great contempt upon two bits, the chances are that after a short time the two bit pieces will get their backs up and call no more upon those who held them in such utter contempt. For a man with abundant means, San Francisco is a delightful place, but where means are limited, it is as well to avoid its temptations.

Paris, it used to be said, is France, and a great many think San Francisco is California. No greater mistake can well be made. Once get well out of the city, out of all the cities, and in the country, and you find yourself entirely away from that flood of luxuries and comforts. Go among the ranchos on the coast, or in the hills, or in the valleys surrounded by hills, where wheel-carriages are no more, and where everything you get is packed over the steep hills on the backs of animals; you will then begin to find that luxuries can be dispensed with in California. The rancheros are not so particular as dress. Floors are carpetless; beds are hard. Saddle blankets are in requisition to sleep under. There is abundance it is true, but there is a great variety even at the table. Still, venison and fish lose the flavor they possessed in the city. The railroads do not yet radiate to all parts of the country. Yet among those hills and in those secluded valleys are

the places where independence is most sure to be realized. These men may and will be economical, at least until they are independent, and where they are so, every acre they redeem from the waste is so much solid capital for themselves and their children. Then men can live without temptations to expense, even though they pay more for many of the necessities of life than in the city. Still, any man who can earn a good living in any city in the Union may do so here, if he is resolute to avoid any unnecessary expense. I have said they do not do so as a rule, and I repeat it; but one great reason for the great expense of living here does not now exist, and it is time men should be governed by the change time has made in the circumstances of the place.

A few years ago the placer miners thronged the city, throwing their money to the right and left without thought or reason. That class of men has passed away, and the city is no longer overflowed with their coin. Then, too, there were few to earn money by hard labor and wages of all kinds were enormously high. Now the city is filled with men seeking employment. It may be only for a time, but they fill the requirements for labor, and if the most of them spend it as fast as they earn it, they do not earn the sums that were formerly earned and cannot make money so plenty to the public. Many have not yet learned that the times call for economy although they have a suspicion of it and are going to learn it the next time they make a pile. Their example is contagious, and the new-comer rapidly gets into the habit of spending what he has, with the hope that he also will make a pile. The man who spends little in a city of comparative spendthrifts will make a pile, but he must expect to do it slowly at first. He who succumbs to temptation is not bettered by coming here. He who comes and resists temptation, will be able in time to enjoy the luxuries of San Francisco without fear of losing what he has made.

We Pass for What We Are.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear for remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—knows that he can do better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is judged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says: "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow." — Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Living by Rule.

Living by rule, as a Medo-Persian law, is inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. We have given a great multitude of counsels on the subject of health and disease, and in connection with them have stated a mechanism of not lost an hour from our office on account of sickness in a quarter of a century and more, many have inquired, with a good deal of interest, "Do you live up to the rules you give others?" Certainly not; man is not a machine, that must be turned in a certain direction, or it will be destroyed; nor like a locomotive, which must run on one fixed track, or not run at all. The Architect of all worlds made us for acting under a great variety of circumstances, and in infinite wisdom and benevolence has given to man a mechanism of wonderful adaptability, by which he can live healthfully on land or sea; in the valley or on the mountain top; in the tropics or at the poles; on the barren rocks or in the rich savannas. Our modes of life must be adapted to our age, our occupation, and the peculiarities of our constitution. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating; should have all the sound sleep which nature will take; should be in the open air an hour or two each day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and an encouraging remunerative occupation, which keeps him a little pushed, and they are the happiest who are in this last category; at the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clock, he need not break his neck or get into a stew if circumstances occur to keep him up an hour or two later now and then; and so with eating, exercise and many other things. No one ought to make himself a galley-slave to any observance; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial; they impart a pliability to the constitution, give it a greater range of healthful action. Don't go into a fit of dinner is not ready at the instant. Deliver us from a machine man, a routinist, "for which we ever pray." — *Halt's Journal of Health.*

Smoking Manners.

The street is not a private smoking-room. One man has no more right to void his tobacco smoke into the face of another man than he has to void his saliva. If he has, why, in the name of sense? Because the smoke is less disagreeable? That is a matter of individual preference; and, besides, a man has no right to do the least disagreeable thing. Why may not a man appear on Broadway with a stick strapped horizontally across his back, or an open package of assafetida in his pocket, or a polecat in his arms, or a clothes-dripping with kerosene oil, or a rattlesnake around his neck, with as much right as he may smoke there? Because it is not customary to carry assafetida in the pocket, nobody thinks about it; if it only were the custom, we should hear a fearful cry from the tobacco-smokers themselves. If a man reads upon another's foot he apologizes; but he will carelessly void offensive smoke into his very throat, and never think that he does anything reprehensible. If a man dislikes smoking, he can keep out of the street. But the right of the tobacco hater in the street is equal to that of the tobacco-lover; to refrain from smoking in public places is not granting a concession, but not to refrain is violating a right. Upon actual right, without reference to the sanction of custom, a man would be perfectly justifiable in resenting the smoking of tobacco near him as a personal affront. — *The Round Table.*

THERE NEVER was a hypocrite so disguised but that he had yet some mark or other to be known by.

News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The expediency of the meeting of Congress on the 21st instant, as contingently provided for at the adjournment in the summer, depends upon events yet to transpire. That there should be an earnest demand for it from the South, as the election approaches, is very natural; but what remedy Congress could give for the difficulties which threaten does not so clearly appear.

Secretary Seward, who has been in correspondence for some time on matters connected with a new Reciprocity Treaty with the Dominion of Canada, has been informed by the Canadian authorities that the Hon. John Rose, has been empowered by that Government to arrange a treaty on the basis agreed upon in the correspondence subject to lawful ratification, and that he will arrive in Washington in a short time. The treaty will embrace many points covered by the old one, with some provisions to prevent the smuggling of foreign goods common along our northern frontier, and will be ready for the action of Congress next December.

Many letters are being received in Washington respecting the increase of the public debt during the month of August. It is stated at the Treasury, as the cause of the increase, that the first two months of the fiscal year were forced into August by reason of the Appropriation bill not being published until that month. Many of the requisitions from the War and other departments were for contracts which were due sixty or ninety days previous, and not paid because last year's appropriations did not cover them. For example, the Indian Bureau will exhaust nearly one-third of its entire appropriation for the present fiscal year in the August requisitions.

Gov. Smith of Alabama has issued a proclamation convening the Legislature in extraordinary session, on the 16th inst., for the purpose of passing a Registry law.

Returns from 134 towns in Vermont give a majority of 30,167, and a net Republican gain over last year of 6,190. The remaining towns will increase the net gain to 10,000, and give a total majority of 30,000.

More than 250 persons have within the last three weeks sworn before a committee of the Tennessee Legislature that they and other Republicans—white and black—have been subjected to the most shameful outrages; that in portions of West and Middle Tennessee there has been no safety for Republicans, and that since the New York Convention there has been a great increase of bitterness against Southern loyalists and an increased confidence of ex-rebels that they would yet attain all the objects sought by rebellion and secession.

A well informed writer in Ohio makes a careful survey of the political prospects of the West comprising the States of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, making thirteen States, and giving 121 electoral votes.

He comes to the conclusion that Kentucky alone will go Democratic, and that of the 121 votes given by these States, 111 will be given to Grant.

With them, his election by a large majority is certain.

The lower house of the Georgia Legislature has decided that negroes are ineligible to seats in that body, and accordingly twenty-five colored members have been expelled.

The New York Democratic State Convention met at Albany, on Wednesday last week, and nominated Hon. John T. Hoffman for Governor, and D. C. Beach for Lieutenant Governor.

The Massachusetts Democrats have nominated their last year's State ticket, with the exception of a Mr. Noble for Lieut. Governor, in place of Mr. Stearns, who declined.

The Chinese Embassy has of late made several visits to Cambridge, Lawrence, Chelsea and Charlestown. They have also visited Gov. Bullock, at the State House, and visited some of the governmental institutions in Boston. It is understood that they will go to Europe next week.

Thomas F. Morrison, a Wall street broker, had \$21,000 in government bonds stolen from his office a few days ago, and two men have been arrested on the charge of being the thieves. They were taken from a desk while he was in another room.

Samuel W. Mason, for many years associate of the Boston press, died at the residence of his father, Hon. Larkin D. Mason, of Tamworth, N. H., on Saturday at the age of 82. He served his time as a printer in Manchester, and was for some time connected with the *Mirror* in that city, and afterward with several papers in Boston as reporter, and during the war he went South, partly for the benefit of his health, and published papers at Port Royal and at Savannah, Georgia, where he had a proprietary interest in the *Herald and News*.

The cotton crop in Texas is very heavy, and it is believed that 175,000 bales will be received at Galveston this season.

The S. J. Court of this State, has decided the "act in relation to naturalization of aliens," passed at the last session of the Legislature to be constitutional, and the Governor has issued a proclamation to that effect. This cuts off naturalization in the police courts of the State, and regulates materially the testimony in the cases.

The New England Agricultural Fair was held at New Haven last week. Dr. Loring of Massachusetts presided and gave the opening address. The weather was for the most part favorable, the attendance was large and the whole thing is regarded as a success. Gov. English delivered the annual address.

The cattle disease seems to be on the increase in the West, but strenuous measures are being taken to prevent its spread. In New England the disease has abated and the price of beef and other meat has consequently advanced. This last fact is unfortunate for beef-eaters. We recommend that the practice of abstinence be tried.

FOREIGN.

President Juarez has written to deny that he is negotiating for the sale of any part of the States of Sonora and Chihuahua to the United States. He neither sells nor buys. If America wishes for any part of Mexico it should seem that she must use steel, not gold to compass her purpose.

General Santa Anna, Losada and Marquez are said to be league together for the purpose of deposing President Juarez and assuming the control of the Mexican Government.

The Hon. John Bright publishes a long address to the voters of Birmingham, giving his views on nearly all the great questions at issue. He explains to his constituents the defects in the late reform bill, reviews at large the question of suffrage, and repeats his desire for such an extension of the franchise as will call into exercise more of the enlightened intelligence of the country. He denounces the principle of three-cornered constitutions, as applied to Birmingham. He believes that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church would strengthen both the cause of Christianity and the Constitution of the country. Mr. Bright closes by announcing himself a champion of the principles above set forth, and offers himself as a candidate for re-election to the House of Commons in the approaching general election.

The royal family of Belgium have a fresh and deeper sorrow than that occasioned by the insanity of "poor Charlotte." The only son of the King, ten years old, is dangerously ill. He and a brother of the King are the only male heirs to the throne.

The Italian Government is increasing the number of its military posts on the frontier of the Papal States.

News from South America is to the effect that Humaita, the strong hold of the Paraguayans has fallen. The besieged held out to the last moment, and, on the 24th of July, when their stores were exhausted, evacuated the position. The allied forces marched into Humaita on the next day. Two hundred and fifty cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and small arms, which the Paraguayans were compelled to abandon were captured by the allies. The retreating Paraguayans were pursued, and although a portion of them were captured, the main body refused to surrender. To them the blow is a severe one. For more than two years the republic has given its strength and resources to the defense of the fortress. This powerful siege so bravely resisted has no parallel in the annals of modern warfare; and the sacrifices freely offered and the perils bravely run are among the most romantic incidents of their kind. Lopez had not, however, risked everything on Humaita; and, though sadly weakened by the disaster, will doubtless try again.

Paragraphs.

SOME EIGHT years ago Hon. Anson Burlingame was defeated for Congress in his district in Massachusetts. At the short session following his defeat he introduced a proposition to recognize the Kingdom of Italy, which was carried through Congress and a Mission of the first grade was provided for it. The friends of the first grade endeavor to get Mr. Lincoln to appoint him to that mission, but the very respectable foggy gentlemen of the Republican party opposed him because of his sympathy with Garibaldi and the Italian Liberals, and succeeded in getting Mr. Marshall of Vermont, a gentleman not remarkable for sympathies with anything liberal, appointed to that position. Mr. Burlingame was then appointed to Austria, but that despotic Empire would not tolerate his presence at its Court; and a few months afterwards he was appointed to the Chinese Mission, which he recently resigned to accept the appointment, from China, of the present Embassy. Thus we have an instance of what was intended for evil working for good, and of efforts against a man retreating to his best interests.

RESPECTING the excellencies Chih-Tai-jin and Sui-Tai-jin of the Chinese Embassy, it is enough to say that mental requirements are even more thought of in the great Chinese empire than they are in New England, and that profound learning and high mental abilities second to those of no statesmen in the world are to be found among the ruling classes of China. The members of the Embassy which is now with us have long occupied a distinguished position among the eminent men of the empire, and were selected by the Emperor on account of their diplomatic ability, learning and intellect, for the great duties of associate ambassadors to the nations of the world. When these gentlemen return to their native land, with their teeming multitudes, their report of what they have seen will have a vast influence on the future commercial relations of their country, and it is therefore a matter of no small moment to us that they have as their friend and chief one who is so noble a specimen of the true American. The words of Chih-Tai-jin and Sui-Tai-jin will come to the Chinese people with the same weight and influence with which the words of Webster and Everett and kindred leaders of the people have always come to us. It is from such men that the multitudes draw their highest inspirations, and the mighty Chinese empire will be no exception to this law of mind.

THE WHITE democratic voters of Charleston have put forth an address to the colored voters of that city and of the State, which is a curiosity in literature. It is one of those shrewd mixtures of wheedling and threatening which a cowardly man might be expected to use toward an inferior whom he wished to get under his control. These amiable Caucasians threaten, among other things, that they will not pay their taxes. But the ready answer of the black voters is that they with their strong hands can better dispense with the government than the property holders, if it comes to that. But, as they are no friends of anarchy, they will first try to collect the tax.

WHEN THE SULTAN of Turkey heard of the success of the Egyptian expedition, he could not help contrasting it with the long protracted Cretan war; and he told his minister of war that, if Great Britain had undertaken the "Cretan job," he would have sent an army of men, who would have leveled the whole island and cast it into the sea before this.

THE RESULTS of the reform bill in England, so far as relates to the actual increase of electors, are beginning to appear. Several computations were made at the time the measure was before Parliament, but they were only guesses. The Tory chiefs had persuaded their party to accept the change, were interested in representing its extent as limited, and the liberals made use of the same statement to disparage it. But there will clearly be a vast number of new voters, however limited the effect may be as regards a modification in character of the legislature. In one London borough alone, the constituency it is believed, will number 40,000.

THE LIBERAL journals of Paris are jubilant over the election for the Department of the Jura of M. Grevy, the opposition candidate. The total number of votes cast at the election was 82,718, of which the Government candidate obtained 10,290, and M. Grevy 22,428, the majority being thus over 12,000. What makes the result the more noteworthy is the fact that at the election for the same Department in 1863, when there was no serious opposition, the candidate of the Administration received 28,000 votes out of 30,500 cast on that occasion; and to this may be added the hardly less significant fact, that the Department of the Jura being almost exclusively rural, the votes by which M. Grevy has been elected are the votes not of the towns, but of a population belonging to that class generally regarded as most warmly in favor of the Empire as it is. The Liberals of France accept the result of the election as a triumph for the cause of free government in that country, all the greater from the circumstance that the Government employed every means at its command to insure the defeat of M. Grevy.

THE NEW, and as we believe, a Liberal Parliament, will assemble on the 10th of December. The canvass is conducted with spirit throughout England, and can scarcely fail to result in the return of a large majority against the Ministry. The wise policy of Mr. Gladstone, which only failed because of the hostility of the Tories in the House of Lords, will then triumph, and we will be able to look forward to a long season of happiness for Ireland. In view of the great interests to be finally settled by the next Parliament, the present canvass is the most exciting that ever transpired in the British Isles, and loses none of its importance from the fact that the suffrage has been extended to many subjects of the Crown who were before disfranchised. To those who are disposed to consider universal suffrage an experiment, the November elections in both Great Britain and the United States will furnish a fitting opportunity for the study of the cardinal principles of freedom.

Rural and Domestic.

Fall Plowing.

Without elaborating the many strong points in favor of Fall plowing, a few of the more prominent benefits may be briefly stated as follows:

1. August and September is a good time to turn over bound-out sod land, and manure and re-seed it at once to grass, obtaining a crop of hay the following year.

2. October and November is an excellent time to break up sod land for planting the following spring.

3. The weather is then cool and bracing, and the team strong and hearty for the work; while the weather in spring is more relaxing and team less able; and spring work being always hurrying, it saves time to dispatch as much of the plowing as possible during the previous autumn.

4. Sod land broken up late in autumn will be quite free from growing grass the following spring, the roots of the late overgrown sward being so generally killed by the immediately succeeding winter that not much grass will readily start in the spring.

5. The frosts of winter disintegrate the plowed land, so that it readily crumbles in fine particles in spring, and a deep, mellow seed bed is easily made. The chemical changes and modifications resulting from atmospheric action during the winter, develop latent fertility in the upturned furrows which together with the mellowing influences, materially increase the crop.

6. Most kinds of insects are either wholly destroyed, or their depredations materially checked, by late fall plowing; especially the common white grub, and the cut worm.

7. Corn stubble land may be plowed late in fall, and thus be ready for very early sowing in the spring, thereby going far to insure a good catch of grass; the roots of the new seedling getting well, or being well established before the droughts of summer come on.

8. Most land in New England needs deeper plowing than has generally been practiced. Where the subsoil is fine grained, and uncultivated, and close, or where there is a hard pan of good quality, deep plowing may be at once resorted to, with decided advantage. Where the subsoil is poorer, plowing may still be advantageously deepened by degrees, say an inch at each new breaking up. But in by far the majority of cases, deep plowing may be practiced at once. Indeed, it may be the rule, with safety, while shallow plowing may be the exception. Plow say nine, ten, eleven or twelve inches in November. The subsoil turned up will grow evergreen shades darker by spring. The frosts and atmospheric influences of winter will mellow the soil, the inorganic elements and all latent fertility will be made more active for benefiting the crop. In spring, spread the manure and plow it in, or otherwise work it in or mingle it with the soil, to the depth of four inches, or a little more or less, and you have the very best attainable condition for realizing good crops. Deeper plowing may thus be practiced than would at all times be safe, or expedient, if the plowing is delayed till spring.

When to Eat Fruit.

Chamber's Journal says—Fruit should be eaten alive, before the reaction begins to set in from its severance from its life-carrying stem. It is in some kind of magnetic correspondence with the powers of nature; it has sunshine in its veins, and dew in its cells. Cut it off, and in time it dies, corrupt, and unwholesome, and every moment in its progress from life to death is marked by a decadence of that essence which makes fruit delicious. Therefore, supposing that you pluck it ripe, the sooner that a plum is eaten the better for you. This of course applies most to tender, thin-skinned fruit. A firm apple does slowly. A nut holds out long against the debasing influence of separation from its source of life. But plums, peaches, apricots, figs and strawberries begin to suffer directly after they are gathered. This is the case with pines, which are susceptible of bruises, but they contain such an apparent surplusage of flavor, that the first stages of their decay are not perceived, except by a cunning palate. I think the morning is the best time for fruit, if I am not quite sure. The afternoon is good. But I don't recommend fruit with the dew on it. Let the fruit get its own breakfast before you eat it yourself. It breaks fast on early sunshine and dew. It takes these good things in, and smiles upon itself and the world just as you do a half hour after a pleasant breakfast. Eat it while it is in this humor, by no means in the raw and early morning. You have the young freshness and virgin flavor of the fruit. It has another character later in the day, when it is filled with sunshine; then I think it is sweeter. It does not express, perhaps, the same exquisite characteristic flavor, but its capacity for richness is then at its fullest stretch. Its pulp is not less juicy, though it is more general than special in its character; and moreover it impresses you with a sense of the contrast between the light, weary air of the day and the reserve of freshness latent in the hanging plum.

The Butter Season.

The business of cheese-making will soon be over and that of butter in order. The cool of autumn is the most favorable season of the year for making butter, and it should be the aim of every farmer or dairyman to produce the best possible article for market purposes. There is no disguising the fact that, with good cows, ample feed and much experience in butter making, many persons succeed in making a villainous compound of grease, milk and hair, designated by the name of butter, but having no legitimate relationship to it. Much of the butter of commerce is of this character—a fact for which there is no excuse.

Clean milking, clean pails, pans, crocks and churns are the first requisites to the production of a good article of butter. This every body knows, without being informed of it, but the trouble is the practice is not up with the information possessed. Here is where reform, in many cases should commence—followed by a kindred amendment in the manner of converting the cream into butter. If the buttermilk is not thoroughly worked out a good article cannot be produced; if the salt used is foul, of poor quality and injudiciously applied—too much or too little—the butter will not be of good quality nor command a fair price in the market.

Sometimes all the prerequisites to success are observed, and still a failure ensues from neglect in putting the butter down. This is important, if any considerable time is likely to intervene between the manufacture and use. It is safest and best to put down as though months were to pass before consumption, as the trouble and expense are little, if any, increased by the precaution. Press closely in the tub, which should be well cleaned and brined before being used, and as far as possible, exclude the air from the

mass. When a crock or tub, is well sprinkled with pure salt and cover till wanted, and the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that the butter will do credit to the maker months after being put down. Nothing new is claimed for this, but it is sometimes profitable to be reminded of things with which we have long been conversant, but, for the moment, forgotten. —*Rural New-Yorker*.

Weevil in Barns.

I have seen a number of inquiries as to how weevils can be driven from grain bins or barns. I have found, after about fifty years' trial with them in several different places, that after newly-taken sheep skins are dried and put into the bins of grain, the weevil has always disappeared very shortly, and to prevent its return, I always keep the sheep skins in the bins on top of the grain, and stabling sheep in a barn for a week or two will drive them entirely off.—*Country Gentleman*.

Fresh Eggs.

The *Gazette des Campagnes* gives the following directions for testing the freshness of eggs: "We may observe, in the outset, that when an egg is fresh it is always full, that the shell is very porous, from which we draw conclusions that in time a portion of its contents must evaporate, being replaced by a portion of air, which surrounds and presses the shell on every side. This air goes to the large end of the egg, because it finds there more surface than at the other end. Now, the liquid contained in the egg is a better conductor of heat than the air. If, then, the egg is fresh, the large end will be full of liquid, and we shall feel a sort of coolness on placing the large end in the hollow of the hand, because the liquid of the egg carries off a portion of the warmth of the hand. If, on the contrary, the egg is old, the air collected in the large end, being a bad conductor, will not attract the warmth from the hand, and we shall not feel the coolness. It requires, it is true, a little practice and certain recollections, to be true, in using this delicacy of touch to avoid error. In the process, but that can be acquired much more promptly than may be imagined, and we have seen people capable of trying in this manner thousands of eggs without committing the slightest mistake, whilst the method of the mirage of the eggs by light gave deplorably fallacious results.

A Large Vine.

On the seacoast midway between Tyre and Sidon is a very ancient mulberry-garden, surrounded by some enormous olive-trees, whose hollow trunks attest their great antiquity. By the garden-side stands a cool fountain, fed by one of the mountain-streams, so welcome to the traveler for his noontide rest when traveling through that thirsty land. After resting a while at this pleasant spot we ramble through the garden of mulberry-trees, partly for the sake of taking the fruit, but more with the intent of learning something about the rearing of silkworms, which was there in full operation. Whilst admiring the great size of the fine old mulberry-trees I happened to notice the bark of a tree which appeared so unlike in its character that I stopped to examine it, and, to my surprise, found that it was really a vine of most enormous dimensions; it rose by two main stems, and fairly rested upon six or eight of the large mulberry-trees around. I measured the two stems a few inches above the ground; the larger one was fifty and three-quarters inches in circumference; the smaller, forty inches. I endeavored to trace out the area covered by its branches, but could not obtain an exact measurement; for the branches had rambled most irregularly. It had a splendid crop of very large bunches of grapes then, but in an early stage of growth; and I was told that it is a black variety. My impression is that it is one of the largest vines in the world; and it would well repay a visit to "Ein-el-Kantarah," for that is the name of the spot, if it be sought for by any of your readers whose rambling propensities may carry them along that seashore.—*Journal of Horticulture*.

Carlyle's Farm.

A Scotch parson gives an account of a recent visit to Thomas Carlyle's Scotch farm at Craigenputtock, Dumfriesshire—a farm which came to the philosopher with his wife. The farm-house is a plain, two-story building, surrounded with venerable ash trees, whose branches were filled with swallows. It was here that Emerson came to see the landlord, and Professor Wilson promised to come. Carlyle describes the place in a letter to Goethe, of September 25, 1828. He resided here, for the most part, from 1827 to 1834; and although his friends generally boded no good of his strange, lonely retirement, it will be found from the list of books published by him in that term that it was a fruitful one. His tastes made him unpopular with his few neighbors, who looked upon him as unsocial or crazed. When the recent visitor knocked for admittance, he found the tenant farmer at home, and had the gratification of discovering that he thought much of his landlord. He showed letters about cutting and felling trees, etc. from his landlord, written in a neat hand, well punctuated. The smoke of Carlyle's pipe seemed to curl much in the memory of his tenant, whom he had visited twice during a long term of years, entering up from Dumfries, on a pony, in homely clothes, and talking the plainest Scotch. It would appear that this was only the second visitor who had arrived out of sheer respect for the former occupant in the present tenant's lease of more than a dozen years. It is a curious circumstance that the Scotch national poet (Burns) should have had his farm in the same parish as Carlyle. Apollo has twice visited the district in a rustic garb.

How to Make Hogs Fat.

Hogs well fed and kept clean will fatten rapidly. If true economy be consulted the grain will be ground and cooked. Hogs have good appetites and a powerful digestive apparatus. It is a well known fact that the appetite will fall long before the hogs' ability to digest well is impaired by surfeiting. Though swine in thin flesh slowly, very rapidly, eat hogs increase in weight slowly, often greatly to the disappointment of their feeders. This is due usually to the failure of the appetite, and in case we want hogs very fat, we seek to remedy the difficulty by varying the food and stimulating a desire to eat, in various ways, feeding little and often in order to make the animals eat as much as possible. A good story was lately told us of several neighbors who year after year did with one another in trying to produce the fattest hog each taking a pig from the same litter, or in some way starting fair and square with pigs of the same age and size, and doing his best to make it as fat as possible before Christmas. One of the farmers invariably beat the others out and out, so thoroughly that his good luck could never be accounted for as accident. The secret he kept to himself, but being watched by some one determined to find it out, the discovery was made that jealousy is a grand appetizer for hogs. First the pig master was allowed to fill himself to his heart's content, and

when his appetite was satisfied, a half-starved shoat was let into the pen by a side door. The fat one would at once begin to fight it off, and meanwhile, to gorge himself, simply to prevent the poor squealing victim of unsatisfied cravings, getting any food. This was a daily programme, and the result was as stated. The fact is worth bearing in mind, for in preparing hogs for exhibition, or for some reason, we are often desirous of expediting the fattening process.—*American Agriculturist*.

Warts on Horses.

To remove warts from horses, the *Maine Farmer* recommends passing a considerably large needle with two threads through the center of the wart, and tie the threads securely on each side of its neck, and let the threads remain until the wart can be rubbed off.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending, Sept. 2, 1868.

CANDLES.	MOLASSES.
Moulds, 14 lb. 17	Cuba, tart., 41 45
Sperm, 45 47	do sweet, 45 50
Adamantine, 32 35	do Muscovado, 50 55
COAL.	Cienfuegos, 48 52
Canal, 18 00 20 00	New Orleans, 48 52
Piston, 8 00 8 25	Olive, gal, 3 40 2 50
Anthracite, 25 00 30 00	Linseed, Eng., 30 35
COFFEE.	America, 1 00 1 07
Java, 32 34 35	Crude Sperm 1 50 1 00
St. Domingo, 20 22	do. Wm. 1 50 1 00
Rio, 21 22 23	Refined, 2 15 2 20
COGNAC.	Sperm, 2 15 2 20
N. O. & Mobile, 23 24	Lard, Western, 1 10 1 15
Ordinary, 23 24	Extra, 1 10 1 15
Mal to good, 23 24	No. 1, 1 10 1 15
Ordinary, 23 24	No. 2, 1 10 1 15
DOMESTICS.	Neatsfoot oil, 30 35
Sheetings and Shirtings.	
Heavy, 44 17 18	Lead, Red Am. 11 12 13
Medium, 44 14 16	Am. dry, 10 00 11 00
Drills, brown, 12 13	Ground, 10 00 11 00
Print Cloth, 30 35	No. 1, 10 00 11 00
Cotton Flannels, 15 16	Zinc, ground in oil, 14 15
Cotton Jeans, 12 13	No. 1, 14 15 16 17
Prints, 13 15 16	Paris Whites, 3 00 3 10
Shirting Stripes, 15 16	Spanish Brown, 14 15
Shirtings, 12 13 14	Shirtings, 14 15 16
Cottons, 21 22 23	Vermilion, 28 29 30
Denims, 15 16 17	Whiting, 2 25 2 30
Shirtings, 12 13 14	French Yellow, 2 25 2 30
Mons. de Laines, 20 21	Varnishes, 1 10 1 15
Carpetings, 20 21 22	Putty, 1 10 1 15
Lowall sup. 3 ply, 1 10	Glass, 14 15 16
Extra super, 1 10 1 15	
Superfine, 1 10 1 15	

FISH.

Crude, 35 40 45

Refined, 35 40 45

Kerosene, 35 40 45

Soybean, 35 40 45

PROVISIONS.

Beef, 21 00 22 00

Western, 21 00 22 00

Eastern, 21 00 22 00

Pork, 21 00 22 00

Clear, 21 00 22 00

Mess, best, 21 00 22 00

do. other, 21 00 22 00

Prime, 21 00 22 00

Lard, 21 00 22 00

Lard, 21 00 22 00

Ham, 21 00 22 00

Pickled, 21 00 22 00

Hogs, dressed, 21 00 22 00

PRODUCE.

Apples, dried, 14 15

do. sliced, 14 15

do. new, 14 15

Butter, 21 00 22 00

Beans, 21 00 22 00

Small, 21 00 22 00

Marrow, 21 00 22 00

Blue Pot, 21 00 22 00

Cranberries, 21 00 22 00

Cape, 21 00 22 00

English dairy, 21 00 22 00

Land N.Y., 21 00 22 00

Western, 21 00 22 00

Peas, 21 00 22 00

Canada, 21 00 22 00

Potatoes, 21 00 22 00

Nova Scotia, 21 00 22 00

Jacksons, 21 00 22 00

Onions, 21 00 22 00

Poultry, 21 00 22 00

Eggs, 21 00 22 00

Clover, Northern, 14 15

West and South, 14 15

Herb, 14 15 16 17