

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

9-16-1868

The Morning Star - volume 43 number 26 - September 16, 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 16, 1868.

Number 26.

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 16, 1868.

Upward.

The lake lilies open their tinted bands,
And lay out their gold in the sun;
The little buds cluster around in bands,
To wait till their robes are done.

Under the cloaks that round them fold,
In the silence and the night,
Each heart piles up its perfumed gold,
Each robe grows glowing white.

Away down where their brown feet rest,
In the damp and dark together,
The two buds all their wee cheeks pressed,
Through the radiant glad spring weather.

Within, each held a wondrous power,
That rose up through the wave,
And slowly, surely, hour by hour,
Unto its stature gave.

The waters warm wrapped all about,
Half way down came the sun;
The power within reached up and out,
Till the highest light was won.

Now one by one their cloaks unclasp,
They shake their fresh robes down,
And shedding fragrance from their grasp,
They balance on necks of brown.

From lowest depth to highest light
A rare, sweet life they win;
From darkness damp to clearest light
The upward path has been.

Within each mortal's heart is hid
A power to make life glorious;
Open the caskey, loose the lid,
And climb to heights victorious.

Twill lead you straight to heaven's gate,
Where angels wait to welcome all
Who strive and work from morn till late,
To hear and heed the Saviour's call.

—Christian Register.

Missionary Correspondence.

The Biddford Press.—Death of Bhakari Naik.—Sketch of his life and work.

Midnapore, India, June 30th, '68.

Messrs. Editors:—The Printing Press

presented to the Mission by the Biddford

Church has come and is at work. It will,

we hope, prove a valuable auxiliary in

carrying on this enterprise. Its tracts and

books will soon be in circulation among

the people. Will not the brethren whose

generous gift it is, pray daily and earnestly

for God's blessing to rest upon it, to accom-

pany all its publications, so that his pre-

cious truth shall be published far and wide

by it, and the glad tidings of salvation

carried to many benighted hearts and homes?

I know we shall have plenty of work for it

to do. In Bengali, Oriya and Santal new

books are constantly needed, and these we

have to prepare ourselves, as many of

them are not to be had elsewhere. In San-

tal particularly we have to manufacture all

our material, for the reason that no one

has been over the ground before. This

alone keeps quite an amount of work on

hand for the press.

This month I have to chronicle the death

of our senior native preacher, Bro. Bhakari

Naik of Balasore, who died on the 14th inst.

He was converted from Hinduism in or

about 1835, and baptized by Bro. John

Brooks, of the Eng. Gen. Bap. Mission,

afterwards located at this station. In 1838

he received license to preach the gospel

from our first missionaries, Bro. Noyes and

my father, both of whom were then laboring

at Balasore. Our second mission station,

Jellassore, had not then been occupied. So

you see that our dear brother's career dates

back to the early days of our work in

Orissa. From the first to the very last,—

1867. His text was Hab. 3:2. I cannot recall a single point of the discourse, but very distinctly recollect his closing words, in which he briefly reviewed the years that had passed since he entered the mission. He spoke of every missionary by name who had labored here, of all the native preachers, of the occupation of each new station, and of God's abundant blessing upon the work that had been done. This sounds like the good man's valedictory, thought I, but said it not, as he spoke with true heart eloquence of those who having entered the field after him were yet summoned before him to the rewards of the glorified in heaven. At this time the infirmities of age had taken strong hold upon his large, stent frame, and he was complaining of certain strange sensations which now and then well nigh paralyzed and prostrated him. He had just been relieved from the heavy burden which the care of hundreds of famine stricken creatures at Metrapore had imposed upon him for months. An incident of that period I may have given the *Star* readers before, but it will bear repeating. The Famine Relief Committee of Balasore tried to persuade Bhakari to accept wages for his faithful work of months in ministering as their agent to the pressing needs of the sick and starving multitudes. But this he steadfastly declined to do, saying that he was a preacher in the employ of the mission and could enter into a similar contract with no second party. So abundantly satisfied was this Com. with our brother's management of the relief operations, that when the relief-center had closed they presented him with fifty Rupees. He could not accept even this without conferring with the resident missionary, and upon receiving the money took it straight to his pastor, presenting the whole as a thank-offering to the Lord for his mercies toward his household during the famine. He was afterwards persuaded to give only a tithe of this sum into the Lord's treasury, as the whole was not accepted. The balance will now be of essential service to the bereaved widow.

His mind was of a very practical turn and he delighted in holding up the plain common sense view of Christianity. He was fond of familiar illustrations and these made his bazar efforts not only acceptable but attractive and impressive. The people loved him, and hence he was always heard with respect. His voice was commanding, and his tall, well-built form was itself a power for good, for it gave him dignity and brought him deference in an assembly. As a speaker he was rather powerful than graceful, more fervid than finished, sending earnest words from a warm heart instead of studied sentences from a disciplined brain. His real strength was much more apparent in the bazar than in the pulpit, and I think he enjoyed the out-door effort far more as a general thing. One of the very best and most suggestive efforts of the calmer kind that I now recall was his essay on *How can the native preacher best help the missionary?* This showed no little close thinking and correct analysis.

More than any other native preacher among us, Bhakari had the happy faculty of superintending a community and providing like a true pastor for both its temporal and spiritual wants. Our native brethren lack this ability to manage public interests and plan for the good of all concerned. Our brother had his serious defects in this line, still he was decidedly in advance of all our other native preachers. For some time he was in charge of Santipore, before it came to be the home of a resident missionary. When removed by vote to Balasore the villagers were very reluctant to part with him, and to this day they speak his praise. He proved a father to them and they loved him as such. For the last two years he has been stationed at Metrapore, a little village just at the foot of the Nilgiri hills, eight miles from Balasore. A branch of the Balasore church is located there. His health beginning to fail, he was called into the station, and upon finding that this suited him better it was decided to retain him and send out Sabbath supplies to Metrapore. About the end of May we were at Balasore, and that was the last I saw of Bhakari. I now revert with peculiar pleasure to the few words I had with him at that time. Being myself laid up just then by an accident, the dear old man came to see me several times. One evening I was sitting alone on Bro. Hallam's verandah when he came up for fracts to take to the bazar. He had been suffering from partial paralysis of the right half of his body, and noticed it in his movements, which cost him more or less pain. I hardly expected him to walk to the bazar and there stand and preach an hour, and expressed my surprise at seeing him start, when he answered, "I have strength still to go to the bazar close by, and I do love to preach there, now we find many pilgrims ready to hear the gospel." The evening I was to leave, Bhakari came in, and saying *namaskar*, (the native good-bye) was going out, when something occurred to him and he halted at the door, and then returning, took my hand again. The eyes were full of tears and the voice tremulous with deep emotion as he said, "Do pray much for me that I hold fast to the end." I never saw those lips more after that. Bro. Hallam describes his death as somewhat sudden and unexpected, but very calm and peaceful. At 8 o'clock on Sabbath evening, without a

struggle he answered the heavenly summons and went to be forever with the Lord. And we all pray, and so may you who read this, that the old man's mantle may fall on some young brother in the mission. Another beloved yoke fellow has gone to join our glorified ones before the great white throne. We thought we could not spare him from the broad and busy field, but the Lord called him away to rest. Only for heaven could we have let him go. Kind reader, pity the sorrowing widow and the fatherless children, and whenever you think of the good man whose dust now sleeps beside Rama's in our little burying ground at Balasore, plead, in faith and fervor, with God to raise up a strong and successful native ministry in this land of Satan's possession and power.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

A Trip West.

It is not a vacation by any means of which I am to speak, but one of hard and earnest work. It is necessary to say this in the outset, for vacation-excursions are so numerous just now that your readers would be in danger of mistaking this for one of these *fashionables*, were it not distinctly stated to the contrary.

My first denominational work was the arrangement for the passage of delegates to Gen. Conference, made in Boston. The route is over the Boston and Albany and N. Y. Central roads. We are to leave Boston at 2:30, p. m., on Monday, Sept. 5, and reach Buffalo, on Tuesday, at 11 a. m. The fare will be \$20.50 from Boston to Buffalo and return. Tickets are good from Oct. 5th to the 21st. By any other route we should be much longer on the road, and probably reach Buffalo about mid-night, which would necessarily increase our expenses somewhat. The tickets are for sale at the bookstore of D. Lothrop & N. P. Kemp, 38 & 40 Cornhill, Boston, and will not be for sale at the ticket offices.

The next point aimed at was New Haven, Huron Co., Ohio, where the Ohio Northern Y. M. was to assemble. After a few hours in Buffalo and a night's rest in Dunkirk, the Y. M. was reached about 9 p. m., in company with Bro. Slater, of the Ashtabula Q. M., whom we met 16 miles back, at Monroeville Junction. We found Bro. Irons making a strong appeal to sinners, as we rode up to the church. To say that the sound of gospel preaching was cheering but feebly expresses our feelings, as we caught the good old sound 825 miles from home. The Yearly Meeting is not large, but it is sustained by brethren of warm hearts and strong faith. A cordial reception was given to brethren from abroad. We thought it rather too cordial in the case of one who had to preach four sermons during the meeting besides making a missionary address; but the brethren "meant it for good," though it was pretty hard on the recipient. A good collection was taken for Foreign Missions, and quite an amount contributed and pledged for the new interest at Cleveland. On Sabbath evening three roses for prayers, and Bro. Baker, the pastor of the church, assisted by Bro. Slater, decided to protract the meeting.

We found Hillsdale looking as pleasant as usual, and enjoying ordinary vacation prosperity. After spending one day in this seat of the sciences and theology, surrounded by abundant harvests of the cereals, we wended our way to the great city of Chicago. A hearty greeting met us at the Western F. W. B. headquarters—the office of the *Christian Freeman*. Long may the *Freeman* live and largely may it prosper, is the heart-felt prayer of your correspondent. We will not dwell longer here, as we shall visit this renowned place again, and probably see more of its vastness of extent and its business energy. Leaving here and passing through city after city, every one new, bright and growing, we arrived in Ripon, Wis., a city of seven thousand inhabitants, one hundred and seventy-five miles north-west of Chicago. Here a new interest is springing up under the care of Bro. Lettis, now of Fairwater, and the church is to be dedicated next Tuesday. The dedication is to be preceded by a course of lectures for the benefit of the church by Pres. Fairfield, of Hillsdale. From here we were taken by Bro. Lettis to his home in Fairwater. The Waupun Q. M. commenced its session here the next day. This is one of the largest, if not the largest Q. M. in this section. The Foreign Mission cause received cordial sympathy and a fair support. Ministerially the Q. M. is strong, uncommonly so. If it retains a good proportion of its present clerical strength it must soon be much stronger and larger than it now is. Financially it ought to be, and can be the strongest of any. Wealth is standing all around in the shape of stacks of golden grain. I counted twenty-six stacks from the church steps, within half a mile and including only about eighty degrees of the horizon. The remainder of the circle would probably give a like proportion. So there could not be less than nine thousand bushels of grain within the radii of half a mile. Other sections of the Q. M. will compare favorably with this. Let these farmers consecrate a fair percentage of their income to the cause of God and they can do great things for the cause which many of them love. Attending one more Q. M. in this state, one in Ill., and the Convention in Indiana, and then we hope

to see the hills of New England again, for which we begin to sigh. C. O. L. Green Bay, Wis., Sept. 3, 1868.

The N. Y. S. S. Convention.

The recent meeting of the New York State Sunday School Association, at Elmira, was an occasion of great interest. Eleven hundred delegates, representing all parts of the state, and several religious denominations, spent three days in convention. A large number of delegates from other states attended the meetings of the Association, bringing words of cheer from their respective fields and adding much to the interest of the exercises. The annual report of the Secretary showed a very general organization of the state into county and town associations, and a gratifying increase in the number of teachers and scholars in the schools. More than eight thousand conversions were reported as having taken place among those connected with the school during the past year.

Discussions were held on various subjects of importance, among which were "The Advantages of Uniform Lessons," "The Use of the Temperance Pledge in Sunday Schools," and "The Sunday School Work in Rural Districts."

The general opinion expressed was decidedly in favor of using the same lesson in all the classes of the school. The teachers would, of course, have to adapt the instruction to the varying conditions of their classes. A great interest is developed where all the schools of a town or city have the same lessons. The lesson of the week then furnishes a common topic of conversation among Christian people, and many fresh and valuable ideas are thus gathered. The lessons published in "The Sunday School Teacher" have been used with marked success in many places.

On the Temperance question, there was, naturally enough, but little difference of opinion, though it did appear that there are Sunday school teachers, some of whom are church officers, who have publicly refused to sign the pledge and by their example have prevented whole classes of young men and boys from doing so. There was but one member of the convention who openly opposed the introduction of the Temperance pledge into Sunday-schools as "irrelevant," "foreign to the proper work," and a "side issue." He probably understood the sentiment of those present before the discussion closed.

Very interesting remarks were made by brethren who had been at work in the more remote and neglected rural districts, and by others whose labors had been in the mission-schools of the cities, all going to show that energy and devotion to the work can overcome all the obstacles usually met in any of these places. A model recitation was conducted by R. G. Pardee, Esq., illustrating an excellent mode of teaching any lesson to the majority of our classes. Miss Lee, of Minnesota, gave very fine examples of teaching juvenile classes. Several gentlemen illustrated the proper use of the black-board in Sunday school instruction.

During the session of the convention, several prayer meetings were held daily, children's meetings at different times and places, and several open air meetings by ministers and laymen accustomed to that work.

The interest of Christians in the Sunday school work in this state has been increasing for several years past, and great improvement has been made in the mode of conducting schools and teaching classes. The Sunday School Institute has been found to be an important agency in promoting the interests of our schools, and the Lord has blessed them abundantly.

The spirit of the convention was healthful and its impression good. Several of our ministers were in attendance and enjoyed the occasion greatly. We gird ourselves for the winter campaign with new zeal and courage, and go forward praying God to bless us even more abundantly in the future.

PHILIP.

West Virginia.

We are in the receipt of letters, inquiring concerning the characteristics of the country here, and of the advantages it offers to northern and eastern men. Perhaps it may not be amiss to answer some of the inquiries through the *Star*.

1. In some parts of West Virginia the spirit of secession is still strong, and radicalism and northern men are equally the objects of strong dislike. But the law, and state and local government, are in the hands of the radicals, and are likely to remain there; so that secession hatred is powerless, and northern men, capital, and enterprise are warmly welcomed. In this part of the state this is especially the case; and the hope of inducing northern immigration was a powerful motive in the turning over of West Virginia College into Free-will Baptist hands.

2. West Virginia is the Switzerland of America—hilly, picturesque, grand. The celebrated "Natural Bridge," described by Jefferson, and visited by so many, is just without our limits; but many of the elements of its attraction are possessed by scenery within our borders. Many of the trees of the country are unknown to the north—such as the Judas Tree, the sour and sweet Gum Trees, and the Tulip Tree, (here called "Poplar," but quite unlike the "Popples" of the west and north.) The lat-

tor is one of the most magnificent of all the deciduous trees.

3. The country is especially adapted to stock and fruit raising. Grass grows finely and remains green nearly all the year—obviating the expense and trouble of so much winter feeding of hay and grain. Cattle thrive well; though as yet not much attention has been given to improved breeds. The Baltimore cattle market, perhaps the best in the country, is easily accessible; and the larger part of the capital and enterprise of the country are devoted in this direction.

Very little attention is yet given to fruit culture, though it obviously might be made a source of great profit. Apples, peaches, plums, pears, grapes, &c., are raised with the greatest ease and success. People talk of having peach trees thirty years old and yet in bearing. Yankees with small means, after a little, could live easily and prosperously here by fruit raising.

4. The mineral resources, especially of coal and iron, are virtually exhaustless. The principal coal vein here is about nine feet thick and of the finest quality. The iron ore is said to be of the first quality, but is not worked—at least not in these parts. It might be to advantage and profit. West of here, petroleum oil is found in large and increasing quantities, and the business is enlarging.

5. Land for farming purposes just here is worth from fifteen to fifty dollars per acre. Back from the railroad, and in less settled progressive parts of the State, land is cheaper—in some cases not more than two or three dollars per acre.

6. There are not very many "Freedmen" here. There never were many slaves in these parts.

7. There are openings here for almost all kinds of industry, and especially for enterprise and progress in any good direction.

8. Society is frank, generous, and warm-hearted, but not generally very highly cultivated. The redeeming feature is that there is a strong and increasing desire for improvement. A. D. W. Flemington, West Va.

Events of the Week.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The question of the reassembling of Congress, on the 21st, does not seem to be definitely settled. Respecting it there is manifestly three opinions. Besides those who are in favor of the reassembling of Congress and those who believe such a course unnecessary, there are those who believe that a quorum should be present on the 21st, for the purpose of extending the time of the recess. Whatever conclusion is reached must be reached soon. The recent course pursued by the President toward Gen. Meade is somewhat singular. It appears that the General brought to Washington an official report entirely exploding all the stories about the ill-treatment of the Ashburn murderers, and asked permission to print it. The President got the report into his hands and then had a statement purporting to be General Meade's report prepared, and sent to all the Democratic papers, virtually admitting the ill-treatment and designed to forestall General Meade's full report. Such a procedure is decidedly Johnsonian. The notorious Binckley has returned to Washington, after spending nearly a fortnight in New York for the purpose of procuring evidence of the corruption of Commissioner Rollins.—The attempt was substantially fruitless, Binckley disgracing himself, the country and all concerned.

ROSECRANS-LEE CORRESPONDENCE.

General Rosecrans has published a correspondence between himself and General Lee and other prominent ex-rebels, which took place at the White Sulphur Springs. On the part of Rosecrans, it is a ridiculous piece of toadyism. He states that he has come "to learn the condition, wishes and intention of the people of the Southern States; especially to ascertain the sentiments of that body of brave, energetic and self-sacrificing men, who, after sustaining the Confederacy for four years, laid down their arms and swore allegiance to the government of the United States." He also calls Gen. Lee "a representative man, in reverence and regard for the Union, the Constitution, and the welfare of the country," and says other things equally foolish. The reply of Gen. Lee and his friends is just what might be expected from such a source. It abounds in "glittering generalities" and bitter complaints of the treatment which they have received since the close of the war, seeming to have forgotten all that transpired previous to that date. The state of things in

THE SOUTH.

is anything but satisfactory. The action of the Ga. House of Representatives in expelling twenty-five negroes from their seats in that body is not only contemptible, but is also causing no little solicitude to be felt in all parts of the country respecting what the end will be. A bill is now before the Legislature of the same state declaring negroes ineligible to any and all offices of the state, and that all offices now filled by negroes be declared vacant by reason of the ineligibility of the occupants, and that the Gov. be directed to have such offices filled, in compliance with the code of Georgia. The question is raised whether the thing has

not been carried too far already. If the negroes expelled have no right to seats now, they had none when the vote was taken ratifying the last amendment to the Constitution, and the amendment has not yet been ratified, as the votes of these negroes were necessary in order to ratify. If that be so, then Georgia is not back in the Union, and her Senators and Representatives will lose their seats in Congress. From other southern states we have reports of scenes of confusion and disorder in abundance. We shall look for a better state of things after the Presidential election.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

sailed from New York for England, on Wednesday last, on board the *Java*. According to the statements of a contemporary, the Chinese expressed much satisfaction with their visit among us. Everywhere they have received the greatest possible popular attention, and at the seat of government they received courtesies which have been but twice awarded since the establishment of the government—a formal reception from both Houses of Congress.—In addition to this they partook of the hospitalities of the President, and, both officially and socially, of the same courtesy from the Secretary of State. They visited the great physical curiosity, Niagara Falls, and took a flying trip to Buffalo, and thence to Boston, where they were most hospitably entertained. In no instance has anything occurred to mar or affect the sincerity of the exhibitions of the people's sympathy for the representatives of the ancient empire of the East, and through them their wish for the future prosperity and welfare of the empire itself.

Correspondence.

JOHN ALLEN.

From intimations received from the *Star*, the conclusion is that fears are entertained relative to the honesty of Mr. John Allen, known as "the wickedest man in New York," and the reformatory measures which he has adopted, and which are creating considerable interest, with two classes, the best and the worst, in this city. That very strong religious influences, difficult to resist, have of late been thrown around him, is very evident, and that he is susceptible to the force of such influences is quite as evident. On Saturday night last, Aug. 29th, at midnight, he announced to all who were present, that there would be no more dancing in his house and that it would henceforth be a house of prayer. In accordance with this declaration, a noon-day prayer meeting is now held daily in the old dance hall.

To-day the place was literally packed. The hall itself is small, 30 by 40 ft. may be, but 30 by 30 is nearer to it. It is situated on the first floor, is low posted and dark and dismal. The ante-room is nearly half the size of the hall. Over head in the large room still hangs the tissue paper ornaments of various colors, which from appearances may have been useful as a resting place for flies, and a lodging place for tobacco smoke and dust. Across the farther end of the hall is the old bar, extending three fourths of the distance across the room. The other fourth was occupied by something else, but what we don't know, and dared not risk our reputation to ask, and so we guessed that it was a music stand or loft may be. Behind this stand or loft is a door leading to other apartments not yet open to the public, and between it and the bar is a narrow pass to the floor in front. Should this description prove unsatisfactory, the reader can examine the place if he can find 304 Water St., N. Y.

At twenty minutes before 12, to-day, every seat in the hall was occupied, and as the people continued to come in a few of us took positions inside the bar, and seated ourselves where no doubt the whiskey bottles stood until last Sabbath morning. The meeting was conducted by a lay brother, who read the first 14 verses of the 23d chapter of Matt., and followed the reading with a brief comment and prayer. The principal features of the meeting were requests for prayer. One by a neighbor of Mr. Allen was in writing. He seemed really in earnest for salvation. Another was by Mr. Van Meter of the Howard Mission in behalf of a man largely engaged in mercantile business, on Water St., who was in the meeting yesterday, but could only find time to-day to call at the mission and send his request. After prayer, Mr. Evelyn was introduced as having been a gambler, prize fighter, &c., &c., who spoke principally upon his experience. His remarks were appropriate to the place and the occasion, and came scarcely fall to the ground. He was formerly a companion of Orville Goodner, and in view of the conversion of that man and himself, he said that he had hope for every soul in the world. Among the men who shot Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, He was quite earnest, somewhat boisterous, and closed every sentence with an "or." Many prayers were offered for Mr. Allen and his family, neither of whom profess religion. Mr. Allen said in the meeting that he intended soon to make a public profession, but that he thought his influence would be better with his old associates if he continues as he is, and so he chooses to do so for the present,—a very great if not fatal mistake, we fear. Mrs. Allen was in the meeting and seemed very much affected, weeping at times freely. She is a very quiet, unassuming lady, somewhat diffident apparently, but wears a very pleasant face and looks as if she were the better at heart of the two. The missionaries in this part of the city are hopeful, and men of long experience in this department of Christian labor speak of this work as of God. C. E. BLAKE. New York, Sept. 4th.

The German colony at Valdivia in Southern Chile, have a school for the exclusive education of the children of German settlers, who almost universally profess the Calvinistic belief. The bishop of that department, however, sent a message to the principal to the effect that, in accordance with the laws of the country all of the scholars should receive instruction in the Catholic faith. To this the principal replied that the institution being especially for and supported by foreigners it did not seem necessary, in strict justice, and be declined to comply with the order. So the whole affair has been put into the hands of the Minister of the Interior, who is also Minister of Religion, and will be brought before Congress. A very lively time is expected during the debate.

Communications.

Missions in Western Africa.

BY MRS. V. G. HAMSEY.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH MISSION SOCIETY.

The Church Missionary Society regarded Sierra Leone from the first, as a nursery of missionaries for the interior. No less than two hundred different nations speaking a hundred and fifty different languages have their representatives in that colony. These people have been brought together from a region lying 1000 miles along the coast and extending far into the unexplored interior of the continent. To this end it has been a leading object with the Society to train the native converts as teachers, and to encourage them in their natural desire to carry the gospel to their own people.

Among the native laborers who have distinguished themselves for faithfulness and ability in the work of the Lord, the name of Samuel Crowther should not be forgotten. He was torn from his country and kindred in early life, and was consigned to the hold of a Portuguese slaver, from which he was rescued by a British cruiser, and carried to Sierra Leone. There he was converted, and received Christian training in the schools. His piety and talents were so marked, that he was sent to England and completed his studies in the Theological Institution at Islington. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, and returned as a missionary to his native land.

On the 3d of Dec., 1843, Mr. Crowther preached his first sermon in Africa, which excited great interest; and in January following he established a service at Freetown, in Yoruba, his native language. This made him acquainted with a large number of his own people, who like himself had been rescued from the slave ships. A strong desire was soon manifested among them to return to their native land, that they might make known the unsearchable riches of Christ to their perishing kindred and friends. The missionaries encouraged this desire, and one of their number was sent to explore the Yoruba country, which lies on the mouth of the Niger, more than 1000 miles southeast from Sierra Leone. They found the people friendly and more intelligent than most of the tribes. The chief expressed a desire that his people should return, and appeared grateful that they had been rescued from slavery. The country was fruitful and fair and the climate comparatively healthy.

On hearing this favorable report, the desire of the Yorubas to return to their native land was greatly increased, and hundreds immediately began preparations to leave the colony. In December, 1844, Revs. Messrs. Townsend, Golmer and Crowther sailed from Freetown, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at Badagry. About this time a war broke out between the king of Dahomey and the Yorubas, and they were detained at this place eighteen months; which time they improved in translating the liturgy and some parts of the Scripture into the Yoruba language. Peace having been restored, they hastened to Abbeokuta, where they were received with the utmost kindness by the chiefs and people. Mr. Crowther discovered his mother and brother, from whom he had been torn in childhood by the merciless man-stealers. Their meeting was most affecting, and the mother readily received the truth from the lips of her son and was one of the first converts in the mission.

The Divine blessing attended the mission at Abbeokuta in a remarkable degree. Three years after its establishment, there were five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace, eighty communicants and two hundred candidates for baptism. The truth as it is in Jesus awakened the deep attention of the people, and many were anxiously pressing into the kingdom. But those who chose the darkness and corruption of heathenism were greatly enraged, and the converts in many places suffered cruel persecution.

Towards the close of the year 1850, the parties interested in the slave trade and consequently opposed to the mission, made a combined and desperate attempt to crush the rising Christianity of Abbeokuta, and to drive the missionaries from the land. One Sabbath evening, a large army headed by the king of Dahomey approached the terror-stricken town. The missionaries encouraged the chiefs and people to defend themselves against their merciless foes; and the Christian converts went from their prayer meetings to take their places on the walls. The enemy armed with muskets made a brave and furious attack, but they were repulsed with great loss, and forced to make an ignominious retreat. This unexpected victory was unanimously ascribed to the Christian's God, and its effect on those who had been undecided was very great; so that this deep and bloody plot against the existence of the mission proved of the greatest advantage.

This mission has passed through many trials and vicissitudes, but in them all the blessing of God has rested upon it, and it has grown and prospered. The king of Dahomey has been their persistent enemy, and the memory of his father's defeat in 1850 rankle in his savage heart. He made a vow to avenge himself by the destruction of Abbeokuta. In 1862 after twelve years of preparation, he attempted to carry his purpose into execution. Aware of the impending danger, the Society issued a call for special prayer that the threatened evil might be averted, and a marvelous deliverance was granted them.

The Dahomian army approached within sight of the town and encamped on a hill, their front extending two miles. The king was in the camp, and for sixteen days an attack was hourly expected by day and by night. The missionaries and their people realized fully that their only hope was in the Lord, and they cast themselves on His

mighty arm with a sublime and unwavering faith. Rev. Mr. Buhler writing of this time says, "I overheard one of the women of my congregation praying with a fervency which touched me almost to tears. With agony and tears, repeating her sentences twice or thrice, she cried, 'Oh Lord Jesus lift up thine arm. Oh Lord, our Redeemer, lift up thine holy arm and deliver us. Thou hast sent thy messengers to us with thy holy word! We trust in thee, O Lord our God. Do not thou forsake us. Thou didst deliver thy people from the hand of Pharaoh, and from the hand of Sennacherib who blasphemed thy holy name. Remember us also, O Lord! Remember thy church, remember thy servants, remember our children, and deliver us, O Lord, our God.' I sat in a quiet and dark place. Hundreds of warriors passed without observing me, and I heard these praying ones saying to each other, 'God will deliver us.' And the Lord did deliver us. Suddenly our foes decamped, leaving their huts to cover their retreat. I consider this one of the greatest victories the church of God has obtained by prayer. The king of Dahomey came not into this city, neither has he shot an arrow here. By the way that he came has he returned. There is great rejoicing among the people, and the heathen even acknowledge that it is the arm of the Lord."

Thus in a most remarkable manner has this mission been twice delivered from its savage foe, and the attempts for its destruction have turned out "to the furtherance of the Gospel." Mr. Crowther has been made Bishop, his color and race not debarring him from that high office, which his learning and piety are acknowledged to adorn. His work has grown wonderfully on his hands, and his influence in extending the truth is constantly increasing. New missions have been established on the Neen and the Niger. The truth is taking deep root, and the rays of divine light are piercing the deep darkness of the interior.

Five years have passed since the native church in Sierra Leone was thrown mainly on its own resources for the support of the native ministry and for the education of the rising generation. The voluntary contributions of the people support nine pastors; each of the congregations has contributed largely to repair their churches, and several have commenced to build new stone houses instead of the wooden ones in which they have been accustomed to worship. The schools are well supported, and a larger proportion of the population are under instruction than in any European country. In addition to these local objects, there is a steady increase in the contributions for missions. This money is not raised by large donations from the rich, but every native Christian "gives weekly, according as the Lord has prospered him," and this Apostolic rule keeps the fountains always full. Would it not be well for us to take a lesson from these African Christians, not only in liberality but in the manner of giving?

The Church Mission Society has at present in West Africa 14 stations, 100 preachers and teachers, and 2451 communicants.

Asking and Receiving.

In the *Star* of August 5th, there appeared a short article whose caption indicated that a one-sided view of a many-sided subject was to be taken. In the *Star* of Sept. 2d, some one, who writes over the signature of "Justice," makes an extended reply. This would be all well enough in its way did it not stand over the word, "Justice." It is the absurd thing in the world to attempt to do justice to such a subject in the space allowed in the columns of a newspaper. About the only sentence in which Bro. Justice even approximates to a conception of the design of "Androscooggin" is the last: "So far as I know, our young men, when pressed with the Divine call, feel deeply the need of every possible help and training, and are working heartily for it. If any do not so feel, or through indolence or covetousness are not so working, may the words of Androscooggin sting them till awakened from their dream of self-conceit, and send their folly to judgment before the time."

This sentence evidently contemplates the class of men aimed at by Androscooggin; but it does great injustice to even them. They are not generally very sorely pressed with the sense of a Divine call, however, nor always very young. They generally take life easy; spend more money for tobacco than for books, and more time in smoking and gossiping than in study. They can make a good show in a few sermons, are willing to work cheap, and do not accomplish much good where they bestow their labor. This class is not very large, and at all are tempted more or less to follow in their footsteps. To class fathers Phiney, Coffin, Chandler and Fairfield with them were great injustice to the dead. But even Phiney and Coffin (the others were strangers to me) were more successful as evangelists than as pastors.

Says "Justice," "Bro. A. complains that they sometimes labor with their hands nearly as much as others, and speaks as if it were covetousness which led to it. This sentence was in accordance with justice, if the italicized part were left off. If the circumstances actually demand it, one might be justified even, in leaving the ministrations of the word to serve tables. Paul once did this, but he saw his error afterwards and asked the church to forgive him for it. Those who have followed the apostle in the first thing do well to follow him in the last.

It is unjust to churches and to pastors, for those who have a fortune or a trade to fall back upon to underbid such as are wholly dependent upon their proper work for support. And such churches as join in the conspiracy to rob the pastors of the full value of their labors, come to grief in the end.

But the leading design of Androscooggin was to show that large salaries might be secured by deserving and demanding them. The man who has a Divine call to be a pastor, and is willing to labor and wait until he has established a reputation as such, will find in time an open door and ample remuneration, even though he might suffer long in consequence of such competition as should never be tolerated. It is true that men of such real worth almost invariably underrate their services. One whole man is worth more in the ministry than four half men, i. e., one man wholly devoted to the work is worth more, other things being equal, than four men who devote half of their time to other pursuits.

A few years ago a layman in a certain Q. M. offered a premium for the best tract which might be written upon the "Support of the Ministry." Much was written; more was said. Pastors signed to deserve more; they asked more, they receive more, as the following figures will show: Church No. 1, then paid a salary of \$600 per annum; it now pays \$1500. No. 2, paid then \$700; it now pays \$1200; No. 3, paid \$200; it now pays \$1000; No. 4, paid \$400; it now pays \$1000. No. 5, paid \$800; it now pays \$900. No. 6, paid \$400; it now pays \$1000. No. 7, paid \$200; it now pays \$700. Similar results, no doubt, have been reached in other Q. M.'s through similar means.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, if a pastor needs more salary, let him first see that he is worth more, then let him ask more; being fully assured that "he that asketh receiveth."

ANDROS COGGIN.

Rev. H. Gilman

—Died in Ogden, N. Y., June 23, of apoplexy, aged 58 years. His residence at the time of death was in Parma, where he had purchased a small place, being admonished by failing health and the advice of physicians that rest was needed. But after getting settled in April, he could not content himself with being idle on the Sabbath, and so established meetings near his residence on the "ridge road," once in two weeks. He had also engaged to supply the Kendall church every alternate Sabbath. On Saturday, the 20th of June, he went to Ogden by invitation to preach the next day and baptize ten or twelve converts. He stopped over night at his brother's, and was accompanied by him on Sunday morning to the church, apparently in his usual health. The particulars connected with that Sabbath exercise will be best understood by copying the memoranda made by Bro. James Hill and Mrs. Norton, on their return from the church.

"After Elder Gilman entered the pulpit, he said, 'The choir will please sing after the reading of the Scriptures, the 31st hymn.' He then read the last chapter of Matt., then the hymn,

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.'

The prayer with which he followed the reading of this hymn, was in spirit and manner peculiarly solemn and impressive. He referred with thankfulness to the light bestowed upon man through Nature and Revelation, dwelling with emphasis on the greater blessing revealed through the Word of God. He prayed especially for those who had lately become heirs of grace, and for those who were this day to go forward in the ordinance of baptism—for their usefulness, and steadfastness, and that they might be good soldiers of the cross. He then referred with feeling to the few present who had here served God through many years gone by, and who were still with us in advanced life. He asked for blessings on the ministers of the gospel in different lands; that they might realize the divine presence; that God would prosper the institutions of his own ordaining, and bless the race of man; and closed with joyful expressions of hope and confidence in the blessings secured in the heavenly future for those who claim them through a Saviour's blood.

There was in the prayer clearness of thought and expression, unity and completeness, and warmth of feeling which rose to the last. Immediately after its close, he said: 'My friends, I don't know as I shall be able to go through the services this morning. A strange sensation has come over me. I have been threatened with paralysis; I don't know but my hour has come.' He then sat down, asked the choir to sing, and beckoned to his brother. Soon, looking round on the congregation from his seat, he said, 'I am very sorry not to be able to preach to you to-day; I had looked forward to it. I feel as much disappointed as any of my friends can. I have already lost the use of my left arm. I have been urged to desist from preaching and care for my health; but it has seemed to me that I would rather die in the work.' Soon he partially fell from his chair, and was carried from the house. He was taken to his cousin, Calvin Gilman's, where everything was done that could be done to save him. His wife and family were sent for; but after about three hours he became unconscious, and continued so until the last. He quietly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, on Tuesday at sundown.

He was the son of Edward and Hepzibath Gilman, and born in Vermont, Feb. 28, 1810. When he was four years old, his parents removed to Ogden, N. Y. He was the subject of early religious impressions, arising from the instruction and correct example of devoted Christian parents. He was converted in June after he was twenty years old, and was baptized by Elder Eli Hannibal, and united with the Byron church. He soon began to feel that God was calling him to a higher work; and not wishing to be "disobedient to the heavenly calling," he conferred not with flesh and blood, and soon commenced to hold meetings. Being conscious of God's presence and approbation

when he was twenty-one years old, his father furnished him with a horse, and he started off on a preaching tour, devoting himself entirely to the work which was ever after the joy of his life. During the autumn following he was licensed; and Dec. 4, 1831, he was married to Miss Melissa White, of Byron. He was ordained by the Monroe Q. M. at Byron, in the summer of 1834; the counsels being composed of Elders Samuel Gilman, Eli Hannibal and Hinckley. The thirty-five years of his ministry was spent in the Monroe, Rochester and Genesee Q. M.'s, preaching with the Ogden, Byron, Royalton, Ridgeway, Oakfield, Alabama, Clarendon, Parma and Middlebury churches. He spent eleven years, with the Ridgeway church, nine with the Parma church, and seven with the Middlebury church. In all of these fields he was successful, as scores, if not hundreds, of souls converted through his labors and yet living could testify, besides the many that preceded him to the heavenly country saved "forever by his faithfulness. His whole ministerial life was emphatically a success. Beginning with a very limited education, dependent for many years upon the labors of his own hands for the principal part of the means requisite to support his family, with but few books during his early ministry, yet he acquired a fund of practical knowledge which but few ever acquire under the same circumstances.

With him there was no attempt at display, and consequently many under-estimated the depth of knowledge and amount of ability which he really possessed. Only those who were permitted the privilege of being intimate with him, and of sitting by his side and hearing him discourse upon Bible themes, the atonement, as revealed in the Word of God and completed by Jesus Christ; the duty and work of the Christian church to bring men to the Saviour,—could judge correctly of his fitness to be a leader of the people. He was not eloquent according to the common acceptance of that term; and yet he possessed the eloquence of a soul in sympathy with Christ, constrained by his love, and deeply impressed with the truthfulness of the gospel, the danger of the impenitent, the ability and willingness of Christ to save them from eternal wrath. Many times his sermons would be marked by more than average ability. There would be union and completeness of material, accompanied by a tender pathos in its delivery, springing from a heart pulsating with the love of Christ that would carry conviction to almost every listener.

He loved the church most dearly. The writer has often heard him remark that God had given him one of the best mothers that a man ever had, and he should just as soon think of slandering that mother as to speak lightly or disrespectfully of the church of Christ which gave him spiritual birth. Nothing grieved him more than to see discord and divisions in the visible body of Christ. His love for the denomination of his choice was next to his love for the church. He bore a prominent part in the battles fought against Calvinism in western New York during the planting of our churches, and has always stood up manfully in defense of the doctrine and practice of our denomination, sympathizing and aiding according to his ability, all movements calculated to promote its welfare. He was the friend of the wronged and oppressed everywhere. From the days of Birney until death he cast his votes steadily for freedom. And after the passage of the "Fugitive Slave Bill," his house for several years was a refuge to those who were fleeing from the cruelty of the oppressor, and quite a number owed their safe arrival in Canada to the personal efforts and money furnished by himself, often accompanying them in person to see that the bloodhounds in human form did not intercept them before reaching the line that gave them liberty. He was kind and genial in disposition, cheerful and happy in associations, demonstrating the correctness of the proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." His cheerful smiles and kind words were to the soul like the showers and the sunshine to the parched earth, causing the barrenness to disappear and the plants of hope and joy to spring up all around him. And yet he was not vacillating; but stood firm and uncompromising where duty and the good of men demanded.

A kind and affectionate husband, one of the best of fathers, his death has caused a breach in the family circle that no human arm or sympathy can repair. He leaves a wife and six children, besides a large circle of other friends who sadly mourn his loss. But we are comforted by the thought that he nobly accomplished life's great work, died upon the field of battle, and is saved forever with the redeemed in heaven.

His funeral was held on the 25th of June, in the church at Ogden, where he fell.—Sermon by Rev. D. G. Holmes, from 1 Cor. 15: 57; Theme, The conflict and the victory; after which his remains were borne to Byron and deposited by the side of those of his father and mother, in hope of a glorious resurrection.

S. W. SCHOONOVER.

Convicted Sinner—

Are you hoping to make yourself better before you come to Christ, and thus attempt to save yourself rather than accept Christ as your whole and only Saviour? That is not possible. Your past life of sin is all unpardoned, and Christ alone can pay the debt you owe. Tears and good works combined cannot balance the old account of transgression. Let me illustrate: You are a merchant. Mr. A. has goods of you to the amount of a thousand dollars. He becomes poor, or indisposed to pay, and comes to you with the following proposition: "I acknowledge the debt is justly due, but, if I will pay you promptly for all the goods I take from your store in time to

come, will not that answer for payment also of the old debt? Would you not reply, what has your doing simply your duty in paying for what you have in the future to do with your obligations for the past?

Now is it not plain, that the old debt must be paid or pardoned, or the debtor punished? This is your case, convicted sinner. You must by works of supererogation, pay the old debt incurred by you, be pardoned by Christ or punished. But since works of supererogation are impossible for the reason that the duties of each day demand all our powers in their performance, and since we are "ten thousand talents in debt and have nothing to pay" we must fly to Christ, and all helpless and dependent, trust him for pardon of the sinful past and for grace to honor him in the future by a holy life. Will you go directly to Christ, renouncing all hope of help for yourself? Will you do it now? A. H. MORRELL.

Chips.

—Many evils afflict us, but a large proportion of these are imaginary.

—A servant of God had long been toiling in a field so flooded with evil that his courage at last began to fail. With great depression of spirit, he opened the sacred volume, and his eye rested upon these words, "For we are laborers together with God," when he exclaimed, "Blessed words, though fearful odds are against me, yet I am a worker with God, therefore will I patiently toil on and fear not."

—As our school-rooms are the nurseries of the state, so our churches are nurseries of heaven.

—"But thy commandment is exceeding broad." The monsters of the mighty deep, or minnows of the rivulet; the ostrich "which scorneth the horse and his rider," or the tiny humming bird among the flowers; the king of beasts as he goes up from his thicket, or the smallest insect belonging to the great family of God's creatures; the heaving ocean, or sparkling dew-drop; the smallest atom of matter floating in the infinitude of space, or vast worlds with their steady revolutions; the cedar of Lebanon with its years numbered by many hundreds, or the grass which to-day is and to-morrow perishes; the light of the glow-worm, the glittering rays of distant stars, or golden beams of the majestic sun, all are in perfect obedience to his commandment. And would the greatest enemy to God among men consent to have it otherwise? Only from the moral world would he banish God. True piety crowns Jesus, "Lord of all." Lord of our time, talents, thoughts and desires, and harmonizes what sin has rendered discordant.

—Uniformity of opinion upon all matters may be impossible, but the unity of the Spirit in bonds of peace is indispensable to Christian life.

—Never attempt to cast a mote out of your brother's eye with a pitchfork, nor to cure his corns by stamping them with your thick boots, nor to dress his blisters with an application of thistles, nor to kill a fly on his face by a blow with a sledge hammer.

—The iniquity of fathers stops not with their brief lives, but continues to roll its cursed influence down over generations to come.

—A farmer had a very thrifty orchard of young pear and apple trees, but wishing to drive their growth a little faster he set his workmen to plowing among them. This workman was a very radical character, and so he put the plow to the beam, destroying the best roots of the trees: thus went the team among the trees inflicting injuries from which they never recovered; illustrative of this is the fact that zeal without the guidance of wisdom is a dangerous element.

—True piety begins in the heart, and like good seed deposited in good soil will develop itself into a vigorous plant; while superficial piety is like the mosses which hide a barren soil or cling to dead trees.

—The zeal of many a house hath consumed itself. A proper degree of heat is essential to animal life, but let this become intensified to fever-heat and the fountains of life are destroyed. When wisdom stands at the helm, zeal like the wind may with safety fill the sail.

—Those whom we really love we seldom blame; while the least "root of bitterness" against another, will greatly magnify his real faults, and suspect him of many of which he is not guilty.

—"There is nothing new under the sun." We are living as our fathers lived, with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and plans and purposes like theirs; we are going over the same road which unnumbered generations have traveled, and like them we must soon taste the last solemn experience of mortals.

—Counterfeiting by men is counted a crime, but God says to hypocrites, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

—Better soil your hands with honest labor, than your honor with unpaid bills.

—False gods and false religions are universally the creations of false hearts.

—As we look at the faults of others, the devil will if possible place before our eyes a powerful magnifying glass, which he always carries with him, causing their faults to appear a hundred times greater than they really are, and if we are disposed to notice their virtues he at once so adjusts his glass as to make them appear very mean and insignificant.

—While on the field of battle we were ordered to "lie low," while shot and shell went howling harmlessly over us, so in a world where the fiery darts of Satan are thickly flying, our only safety is in lying low at the foot of the cross.

—When we are really conscious of our own unworthiness, we shall never be grieved that others do not appreciate our worth. J. HAYDEN.

Selections.

Our Best Friend.

(The authorship of the following beautiful hymn of trust is unknown. It was found treasured up in a humble cottage in England.)

In the mid silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek,
O God, be thou!

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviest that comes,
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything besides, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the stillness of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me?
Or whom in heaven shall my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

A Power.

The religion of Christ is a power in the world. This is simply a fact, which may be explained but may not be denied. The skeptic may have his peculiar opinion as to the source of influence, but equally with the believer he must admit its reality. It had a strange power from the first. Any other system, was the life of Christianity—the public execution of its founder as a malefactor. It accepted the stigma, and transformed it into a glory. It found the cross a symbol of weakness and shame; it has made it the symbol of strength and honor. The power of the new faith was not merely in working miracles or physical wonders. It wrought on mind; it revolutionized character. There was a mysterious attraction in the infant churches, which drew men to it in crowds, in despite of all obstacles. Persecution lost its terrors; imprisonment seemed to be coveted; stripes were received with joy, as though marks of distinction; the rich surrendered their property; the poor counted not life dear. The unbelieving spectators said the men were mad; but somehow they never appeared so rational in all other respects, and as they felt sure of success, they preached on, and lived on, till in a few generations the world awoke to the fact that Judaism was dead, and classic heathenism was dead, and that Christianity alone lived! And it has continued to live and to work its wonders on individuals and on nations, on art, science, politics, morals, philosophy, and social economy—always a power in proportion to the opportunity given it to operate, and hindered only by corruption, never by mere opposition.

Skeptics imagine that its power is exhausted. It is not so. There will be tides in intellectual belief; an ebb and flow of public opinion respecting the religion of the cross. The number of professed disciples varies. The time may be at hand when the faith of Christ's disciples will be sorely tested, by the taunts of foes and the fleeing of apostates. But the gospel will not therefore be emptied of power. It has a divine author. Christ is the living head of his church. Salvation is by the cross alone. The wants of men cannot be laughed out of existence, and these wants cry out for a relief which only the religion of Jesus can afford. Science is wise; science is proud; science is potent; but science has no word of comfort for a sinner, and loses all power beside a death-bed. Men must have God brought nigh, out of the infinite distance in which mere reason places him; and Christ is "God manifest in the flesh." Men need a perfect human example; and Jesus is their sinless brother. Men call for an infallible teacher, and Christianity offers one who could say, "I am the truth." Men must have something that can cleanse from sin, and some one who can mediate for them with God; and the gospel tells of atoning blood, of a regenerating Spirit, and of a High Priest who "can save to the uttermost all who come to God by him." Men want assurance of another life; and Christ says, "I am the resurrection and the life." Christianity appeals thus to all that is deepest in human need, and highest in human aspiration, and it will never lose its power so long as men feel that they are sinners and must have a divine Saviour.

Skeptics imagine that the religion of Jesus is merely a creed, and that like other opinions it will have its day and then disappear. It is far more than a creed; it is a life, supernaturally given, and supernaturally sustained. One in a man, it is part of himself, possessing soul and body; it is in his prayers and praises, in his tears and smiles, in his labors and recreations, in his present cares and his hopes for the future. Puzzle him in argument, and he may be silenced for the moment, but he will cling none the less closely to the cross. He has the witness within which no outward cavil can silence. A man at death's door means have been tried in vain. Now prove to him that he ought not to have faith in that herb; demonstrate learnedly that there is no possible curative power in it; bring all the scientific physicians to assure him that he is mistaken; and have you shaken his convictions? Not at all. He cannot doubt his own consciousness. He will not give the lie to his own experience. It is so with the humble Christian. The Pharisees tried the experiment on the blind man whose eyes Jesus had opened. They first expressed doubt whether he had been blind, or whether he never had been so from birth. Next they questioned whether Jesus had anything to do with the bestowment of vision. Then they sagely declared that even if he had, he was but a sinner, and it was only God that acted through him, who was to be praised. But the healed man simply stood and said: I know I was blind, always blind, and that now I see; and I know that I began to see only when his word of power and love was spoken, and I believe in him. Felt salvation is not to be argued down in the weakest saint by the most robust infidelity. Christianity is more than creeds and parchments and printed books, more than ministers and churches. It is the life of God in the soul of man; it is the experience of pardoned sin; it is the power of a new character; it is the foretaste of eternal joy.—*Advance.*

2000

Advertisements.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.
Summer Arrangement. June 22, 1886.

Trains leave Dover for Portland at 10.10 A. M., 5.45 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 P. M. and for Great Falls, 10.10 A. M., 2.45, 5.45, 7.40 P. M. For Albany, 10.10 A. M., 2.45, 4.45, 6.45 P. M. For Wolfboro and Centre Harbor, 10.10 A. M., 2.45 P. M. For Lawrence and Centre at 5.41, 8.23, 10.58 A. M., 6.58 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 7.25 P. M. Leave Boston for Dover at 7.30 A. M., 12 M., 3, 5 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 P. M.

W. C. MCNEELY, Sup.

CLARK'S RHEUMATIC ELIXIR

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA AND GOUT.

*From Mr. John W. Jackson, Monmouth, Me., Dec.
19, 1887.*

REV. W. CLARKE. Dear Sir— I desire to thank you sincerely for the great benefit I have received from your Rheumatic Elixir. I had the Rheumatism over three years and was so lame that I could only walk with great difficulty, and at times had so much pain that I could not sleep, or even lie in bed, and had tried so many "remedies" without receiving any benefit, that I lost all confidence in medicine, but

and as you will remember I offered to pay you double the regular price for it. I can now do as much work as I could before I had the rheumatism and believe

I have proposed to remain here and have a good bot-
 tle of your medicine. I have been suffering from
 in so severe a case as mine, stating that if I did not
 get relief in a few days I would have no objection
 in accepting your offer, and before I had taken the first
 bottles I found it all you had recommended it to be
 and as you will find it all the same, I will pay you
 the regular price for it. I can now do as much work
 as I could before, and the rheumatism and believ-
 ing that I shall be perfectly cured, I will give you
 my wife of Neuraigia to which she has long been sub-
 ject; as I have no other children, I will give you
 Yours truly, JOHN W. JACKSON.

Price, \$1. per Bottle—Six Bottles for \$5.
 PREPARED BY
REV. WALTER CLARKE,
 Proprietor of the celebrated EUROPEAN COUGH
REMEDY, 123 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Sold Wholesale by RUST BROS. & BOND and GOOD-
 WIN & CO., Boston; J. BALCH & SONS, Providence;
 H. L. H. HAY, Portland, Me., and retailed by Drug-
 gists and Grocers everywhere.
 "BURNBANS & VAN SHACK, Wholesale Druggists
 Chicago, General Agents for the West." (Small)

CURE FOR FEMALE WEAKNESS.
 THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE, made from an
 entirely natural and safe combination of ingredi-
 ents, has cured thousands of cases of female
 ailments without supporters. By enclosing this cer-
 tain cure without supporters. By enclosing this cer-
 cent postage stamp, I will send you my Circular,
 containing full particulars of this medicine. Write
 Randolph, Mass. Also sold by G. C. Goodwin, 30

Malver Street, Boston; M^s. Burp & Co., 29, Arc
Mont St. Boston, Mass.; M^s. Lewis & Peck, North
Jury, Me. [feowd39]

Colton's Select Flavors
OF THE CHOICEST FRUITS AND SPICES.

**Their Strict Purity. Delicious Flavors, Un-
equalled Strength and Great Economy** are all
attracting a trade from **Lovers of Choice Flavors**,
which is without a Parallel.

The great secret of their success is they are the true
rich flavors of the fruits of GREAT STRENGTH.

Ex-Gov. **James V. Smith** of Providence, R. I.
says: "My wife pronounces them superior to any
Flavoring Extracts she has ever used."




Ex-Gov. **Wm. A. Buckingham** of Connecticut
says: "For a long time we have used them, and
they are the Standard in all this vicinity."

Dr. **J. G. Holland** (Timothy Titcomb), author of
Kathrina, &c., of Springfield, Mass., says: "They
are the Standard in all this vicinity."

Dealers treble their sales with them.

At wholesale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., and C. S.
Hart & Co., Boston; W. H. Scheffele & Co., New
York. [cows39]

Washing Machines
AND
CLOTHES WRINGERS.
WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

UNIVERSAL
EXTRA
IMPROVED DOUBLE GEAR

CEC. H. HOOD, ACT.
37 WATER ST. BOSTON.

RHEOCKS

Orange Judd, Rev. Bishop Scott, Solon Robinson, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

And thousands of others will tell you that DOTY'S (steam-tight) WASHING MACHINE, and the UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER are a real success and save their cost in clothing every year, besides saving more than half the TIME and LABOR of washing.

These machines, with the latest improvements, are

just now ready to issue in the market, samples of which have been examined by the State of Brazil and INSTITUTE FAIR last autumn. So great were these improvements considered over all other kinds that they were deemed worthy of the award of both Gold and Silver Medal.

Offered as premiums for subscribers, and recommended as reliable articles and the best in the market for the purpose of excavation, by the

American Agriculturist, N. E. Farmer, Massachusetts Plowman, Watchman and Reflector,

and many other of the religious and agricultural papers.

Send the retail price, Washer, \$11, extra Wringer \$9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of charge, and we will also send you a copy of our new sure are we that they will be liked, that we freely refund the money if any one wishes to return the machine. Free of freight, after a month's trial, according to directions.

Large discounter to canvassers and the trade every where. Sent for no extra charge.

GEO. H. HUNTER, General Agent.

97 Water Street, Boston.

P. S. Wringers of all kinds Repaired.

1860wv

TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS

THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, the oldest and largest concern of the kind in the United States, possessing extraordinary facilities for the manufacture of all kinds of Night-Smokeless Tobacco, has recently manufactured a new night-smell, off, blood & dead animals of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey cities, as also the great Commissioned abattoirs, offer for sale, in lots to suit customers.

\$8,000 TONS

DOUBLE-REFINED SPOUDRETTE,

Made from night-smell, blood, bones and offal, ground to a powder.

Its effects have been most astonishing, doubling the crops and maturing them ten days or two weeks earlier. Equal to the best brand of Super Phosphate for Present Crop, although sold only for THIRTY DOLLARS per ton. Packed in bbls. of 226 lbs. each.

BONE DUST.

1—COARSE and FINE. MIXED 2—FINE, suitable for Drilling, 3—FLOURED BONE.

49.—WE WARRANT OUR BONE TO ANALYZE PURE. Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each. For Winter grazing Doubled and Tripled. If Fine Bone, mixed in equal proportions, and *diluted* in with the seed, have produced most remarkable effects. Sold as low as any article of same purity and fineness in the market.

NITRO-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

We offer this Phosphate confidently as being a

good if not superior, to any ever made or sold in this market, containing a larger amount of soluble Phosphate and Ammonia than usual in Superphosphates. For PERMANENT, as well as for immediate powerful effect upon land, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

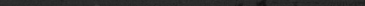
Price in New York, **\$55.00 per Ton** of 2,000 lbs. For Price Lists, Circulars, &c., apply to

J. F. SHORES, JR., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

OR LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
66 CORTLAND STREET, NEW YORK
P. O. BOX, 3139. 6m15

TEACHER.
A Teacher, of long experience and with good testimonials, wishes a situation as Principal or Associate in some first class Seminary. Address, *care of* *W. H. Bond* *St. Louis*

1116 A. M., BOX 272, BRISTOL, CONN.



The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 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 Watering-place and its Life.

NEWPORT, Sept. 9, 1868.

This famous resort of fashion has been thronged during the present season. Hotels have been crowded, boarding-houses have not lacked patronage, private families have welcomed hosts of friends, and the cottages and more pretentious dwellings rented by the owners at extravagant prices have been readily taken and often eagerly struggled for. Among a gay throng of pleasure seekers, whose life is equally superficial and intense, there are some who really come for rest and wisely seek recreation and vigor. The crowd is now daily lessening; but the streets and avenues and drives are still alive with the bright colors and animated chat and splendid equipages that are supplied by the temporary visitors.

It is the one busy part of the year for all classes in this staid old town. Everybody is wide awake now, eager to see and hear and get gain. Life is full of intensity during the brief season, preparatory to an extended dullness. The year of experience here is made up of a short spasm and a long stagnation. One feels the force of the illustrations drawn from the habits of certain animals. It is hardly using a metaphor or framing an accusation to say that Newport is an enormous bear, cramming down summer luxuries during dog days and then hastening into winter quarters to suck its paws until the July sun shall coax it out into activity again; or that it is a huge constrictor, gorging itself through two months of voracity and then stretching itself out through ten months of torpor and slow digestion. It is not easy to decide whether this sort of life is worse for its victims or for itself. It is surely bad enough for both.

But there is no room for a second opinion respecting the natural attractions of this noted watering-place. Bating its sea-fogs, which are sometimes so dense and protracted as to provoke an indignant and waggish visitor into saying that, for a whole week, he had been able to drive a nail into the fog and hang up his hat securely on the nail,—bating these dense and drizzling fogs, there is hardly to be found on the continent another spot where nature and art have combined to produce such attractions as gather about this south end of Rhode Island. The beach, where the bathers gather in crowds, is gloriously beautiful when the blue waves come up in a sportive gentleness to dally with the smooth, hard, shining stretch of sand; and when the storm sends in its couriers from the southeast in the mighty swells that heave in blackness and then break with hurried succession in foam and thunder along whole miles of varied coast-line, it is a scene of sublimity that runs quite to the verge of the terrible. And the newer streets are becoming magnificent. Wealth and skill, imagination and taste, pride and ambition, are all brought into play to render the mansions and grounds attractive along the miles of the famous avenue that stretches from the heart of the town to the shore of the ocean. And now, at an enormous expense, that street has been carried around Bateman's Point, winding in and out among the craggy heights, following in some measure the irregular line formed by the bays and headlands that indent and push out the shore,—here disclosing a shadowy inlet, there giving to the view just a narrow strip of the sea, and yonder opening out till the wide waste of waters carries the vision on and on till sky and ocean meet and mingle in the distance, and leave imagination to picture the worlds that lie beyond and above the point where earth and heaven touch each other. Nine miles of this ever-varying panorama unroll before the eyes of those who take this newly completed drive, and when its end has been reached, he who is not stirred must confess to a stupid soul or a crude taste, and he who is not softened and attracted may be set down as a confirmed cynic.

And there are other attractions. There are excursions and boating,—visits to Fort Adams, a national fortification second among American defenses only to Fortress Monroe,—the Old Stone Mill, which still keeps the antiquarians busy with researches and disputes,—Spouting Rock and Purgatory,—Redwood Library and Orchestral Concerts in Tourist Park,—mementoes of Berkeley and Hopkins and Channing, who passed significant portions of their lives here and feasted their eyes on these same pleasant objects,—and the noted and leading men of to-day, who may be seen on the piazzas of the hotels or heard discussing the grave questions that agitate cabinets and inaugurate revolutions. The rebel Gen. J. B. Magruder, once in command of the Fort, has recently appeared in the city; but his grizzly character and his public treachery were so far kept in mind that he was neither glorified by his old acquaintances, courted by the ambitious fashionables, nor consulted by the politicians. He came without an ovation and went without a protest. The effect of his presence was seen rather in a surface flutter than in a profound sensation. His smile shed little light, his scowl created no terror, and with all his tarnished epaulets and dishonored stars, there were few to pity or do him reverence.

Even fashionable Newport has not got low and conscienceless enough to pet the rebellion which she fought with her wealth and her brave young blood, and she does not choose to waste even her cheap gossip upon a defeated traitor who has not gained the grace to effect a manly repentance.

The religious life of Newport is more or less affected by its relations as a watering place. The tendency to conservatism and timidity became almost chronic when slavery patronized the city, and it has not yet ceased to operate. And a nervous struggle for spoils during a part of every year does not tend to induce a liking for a steady industry that brings slow gains, nor give a Christian delicacy to the sense of honor, nor develop the highest form of what the author of *Ecce Homo* calls the "Enthusiasm of Humanity."

But Newport has its brighter side and its better phases. Among them may be fittingly mentioned the liberal position maintained by the Second Baptist church, and its pastor, Rev. C. H. Malcom. Mr. M. and his people stand calmly but firmly on both conviction and precedent. They do not aspire to notoriety nor feel indifferent to schism; they only ask for the tolerant charity which they offer in return, and insist only upon a Christian liberty. They keep their patience under a pressure that is severe and attacks that are annoying, but they are not likely to retreat a single inch from their chosen position on the communion question. If they are disappointed at the faltering of some friends on whose support they counted, and grieved at side thrusts where they looked at least for open and manly warfare, they are cheered by assurances that reach them from many quarters,—including not a few leading men in the Baptist denomination itself,—that they are only indicating the steady drift of Christian feeling and embodying the growing conviction of the best part of the great Baptist body. They will not falter; and they will not wait long before seeing themselves followed by the host that stands hesitating or clamoring out its remonstrance to-day. EDITOR.

Camp-Meetings.

The season of camp-meetings for the present year is substantially at an end. Opening propitiously, the interest felt in them by those who attend them was steadily maintained to the close. The thousands who have visited "the Cape" and the Vineyard, Springfield and Alton, to say nothing of places less noted, have not only been privileged to listen to stirring sermons, powerful exhortations, fervent prayers and inspiring songs, but they have also been permitted to take pleasant vacation trips, exchange greetings with old friends and enjoy a pleasant pastime. The public generally has not been without interest in these meetings. The crowded train has failed to arrive at some junction or station at the appointed time, and the train with which the intersection should have been made, has gone on half an hour before; the mails are late, and perhaps disarranged; and workmen and employers are disposed to regard a holiday as theirs by right. But in spite of these and other disadvantages, it does afford the lover of excitement, weary of the prevailing dullness of the times, to take up the morning papers and read a glowing if not exaggerated account, therein contained, of one of these meetings, closing with the statement that "the arrangements are perfect and the managers, aided by a large police force, are successful in maintaining good order on the grounds."

That there are elements of good in these meetings we readily concede. Those who originated them were pious men, and the great majority of those who still sustain and attend them belong to the same class, and are prompted in their course by worthy motives. Hundreds and perhaps thousands have been converted at these meetings. Others have been encouraged and strengthened. And then if it is necessary and desirable to enjoy a season of pastime, we like the idea of introducing into it a large religious element, such as is afforded by one of these meetings. Certainly it could do no harm if this element was more abundant at such places as Rye, Hampton, Newport and Saratoga. We would like to see a grand revolution effected in this particular.

The good, however, in these meetings is not unmixed. It is a question whether the same amount of service put forth in home effort would not be more effective in producing the desired results. The Holy Spirit operates most powerfully at the most favorable seasons and in conjunction with the best means properly directed, and it is a serious question whether the most favored season for his work is the sultry month of August, which is eminently conducive to lassitude both bodily and mental. This is not all. Do the servants of the Lord go out to do battle in his name; those of Satan are sure to be on the ground in full force. If the bishop, the elder and the class leader are there; so also are the pleasure seekers, the roughs and the rowdies. Are some strengthened morally and religiously; not a few are weakened. And what is to be regretted, though it cannot be avoided, the "camp-meeting" is held responsible for a large share of the evil which is done.

This disparaging view of camp-meetings derives additional weight from the consideration that they are rapidly assuming a new character. Formerly they were monopolized almost exclusively by Methodists, but now they are held in the interest of modern Adventism and materialism. Formerly they were characterized as seasons of religious activity and zeal, but now they are noted as fitting opportunities for boating, fishing, bathing, ball-playing and various other amusements. The number of conversions is becoming less and less, and the number of fights and knock-downs more and more. Camp-meeting fanaticism is becoming a thing less known, while camp-meeting improprieties are becoming a staple topic of conversation.

"The evil demands a remedy. What shall it be? The most direct and radical one is, of course, the abandonment of the whole system and an acknowledgement that, however useful it may once have been, it has, in consequence of changing circumstances, proved a failure. If our Methodist and Advent friends are not prepared to take this position, they owe it to themselves and the cause of God to restore the 'camp-meeting' to what it was originally. Instead of holding it in the more attractive places and on the great thoroughfares, where the emissaries of Satan are sure to assemble, let them seek some remote and secluded spot where none but the well-disposed will be inclined to congregate. Instead of croquet, base-ball and other sports being the prominent features of attraction, let preaching, prayer and praise be restored to their original place; and instead of making the enjoyment of the passing hour the chief object of solicitude, let it be to save souls. If it seems impracticable for them to adopt either of these methods, let them no longer claim for the 'camp-meeting' what it is not, but let them frankly acknowledge it to be a place of public and fashionable resort and recreation, where religious services are held daily at stated hours. Such a course we believe to be demanded."

How it Was Done.

Too much cannot be said in behalf of systematized and concerted effort in the cause of Christ. Without it strong and efficient forces may be frittered away and destroyed, while with it those which are of themselves comparatively weak may be so concentrated as to accomplish the end sought. Under any circumstances method and concert are eminently desirable. Much can often be accomplished by the union and co-operation of different denominations in the same work. We are happy to be able to state an instance, in which the value of this kind of effort is not only illustrated, but by means of which one of its methods is indicated.

During the past year, a somewhat extensive revival has been enjoyed in Burlington, Vt., as the result of systematic evangelical efforts. Respecting the character of these efforts, Rev. Mr. Safford from that place, in response to inquiries, made some very interesting statements at the recent meeting of the General Association of the Congregational Churches of New Hampshire. It appears that a committee was appointed from each of the evangelical churches, including the Young Men's Christian Association, for the purpose of canvassing the place. This committee in the performance of its duties sought: 1. To learn those who were regular attendants of public worship and with what society they attended. 2. To learn those who were not regular attendants of public worship, and what were their denominational preferences, if they had any. 3. To learn those who habitually neglected public worship and had no denominational preferences. The names of the persons belonging to these several classes were taken, and those of the first and second classes were given to the society to which they respectively belonged or for which they expressed a preference, while the third class was considered common missionary ground. This arrangement enabled each society to know more definitely respecting its own members and towards whom its efforts could be properly directed. The plan was found to operate favorably, resulting, as we have already stated, in a general work of grace.

As we listened to the remarks of Mr. Safford on this subject, the plan seemed to us worthy of special consideration. By the adoption of this plan or a similar one, it is possible for an untold amount of good to be accomplished during the approaching season of special revival effort. Cannot Christians laborers be induced to try it? "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

Ministers' Habits of Study.

The minister's eloquence as to its evangelical character and effectiveness depends on his habit of study. Men may speak without study. They may have a fluency of speech and a pathetic tone which will affect the multitude, but evangelical eloquence is the eloquence of gospel truth, which must take its coloring from the knowledge of the truth and its influence upon the orator himself. This knowledge is to be obtained by critical and persevering application to study, implying the habit. It was by almost incredible effort and untiring application that Demosthenes corrected his defects and perfected his powers of oratory. The means which he employed are familiar to all. He secluded himself from society and submitted to a very rigid daily routine of mental and physical discipline. If we were willing to task ourselves as severely, and to apply ourselves to our tasks as faithfully, we might be as successful as he was. He determined to correct his faults, and he would not yield his purpose until he had accomplished it.

We have a better cause than Demosthenes. The motives which should prompt us are purer, and the object to be gained is higher and more enduring. The truth which we are to wield is given us by revelation. The truth out of which we are to forge our thunder-bolts is provided for us and we are to become acquainted with its nature and adaptation by study. We are to learn to apply its truths to the necessities of man in the most forcible and effective manner possible. This is pulpit eloquence, to preach the gospel so as to induce men to act in harmony with its injunctions. It is not simply to please or to divert. True sacred eloquence moves men, revealing to them, themselves—their necessities and their God—their danger and their duty. Here must be brought into play the orator's

knowledge of theology, without which he will fail to bring the sinner intelligently face to face with his God. Apollonius was commended as an "eloquent man," not on account of his supernatural gifts, but simply because he was "mighty in the Scriptures," which is equivalent to saying, he was a faithful student of the Bible; and therefore "He mightily convinced—or utterly confuted—the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ."

I do not know how any one can be mighty in the Scriptures so as to utterly confute his enemies and the enemies of Christ without thorough investigation—without the most faithful, protracted critical study.

If you have the truth and present it in its own appropriate dress, you will have in addition what the secular orator has not, the accompanying influences of the Spirit, which will often render eloquent the simplest statements of evangelical truth, and make even an ordinary sermon efficient in the conversion of souls. Eloquence, to be what it ought especially in the pulpit, must be based on truth logically presented. As the learned Selden observed, "First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms but no root. Rhetoric is either very good or stark naught. There is no medium in it. If I am not fully persuaded I laugh at the orator." Here the habit of study will accomplish much for the minister.—J. M. B.

An Inquiry.

The following note of inquiry is addressed to the Editor of the *Star* by a correspondent.

Permit me to inquire of you for what reason your denomination makes a distinction between those Christians who have been sprinkled and those who have received the rite of baptism by immersion. You do not, as I understand it, deny that the former are just as truly Christians and as worthy to sit at the Lord's table as the latter; yet you refuse to receive them into your churches unless they will be immersed. It seems to me like a distinction without a difference.

ANSWER.

The statement of a single cardinal doctrine held by F. Baptists will, we believe, remove the difficulty in question, from the mind of "Inquirer." They hold that baptism is not an essential prerequisite to communion. They consequently admit Congregationalists and Methodists, who have not been immersed, to the Lord's table, not because they are members of churches, but just as they admit all "who love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," but have not been baptized according to the Scriptural mode. With equal propriety it might be asked why we admit Congregationalists and Methodists to our pulpits or even to our prayer meetings and not to our churches. It is one thing to sit down in cordial Christian fellowship with a disciple at the Supper; it is quite another thing to ask his assent and aid in building up a Free Baptist Church.

GENERAL CONFERENCE. It will be seen by reference to the letter from Rev. Mr. Libby, found in another column, that an arrangement has been made for reduced fare to the General Conference.

Current Topics.

—WHO IS IN ERROR? A Methodist brother writes us for the purpose of correcting a statement found in one of our paragraphs, under the head of "Religious Miscellany," in the issue of Aug. 19th, to the effect that the Methodists originally came from the Episcopalians. He says that the Methodists never came from the Episcopalians and cites the testimony of the late Rev. Dr. Bangs, in proof of his assertion. "So far from this," says Dr. Bangs, "the Methodist Episcopal church was organized and their ministers were consecrated before the Protestant Episcopal church had an existence." It is possible that this statement may be true, but how our Methodist brethren are able to reconcile it with the plain and obvious facts of history, we do not understand. The Wesleys, Whitefield and others of the early Methodist preachers, were originally Episcopalians, and some of them maintained at least a nominal connection with the Church of England until death. The early history of Methodism is replete with accounts of conflicts between the mother and the daughter.

—AGRICULTURAL FAIRS. The season for holding Agricultural Fairs, which have now become so common, is already upon us. In these gatherings there are things both to commend and to denounce. It is certainly commendable for the people of a state, county or town, to meet annually and exhibit the fruits of their varied industry, and in this way excite a wholesome rivalry. Then too, if the people must meet, it is far preferable that they should meet for this purpose than to witness the revival of the old fashioned muster. It is to be feared, however, that these fairs are degenerating, and that the cruel and wicked practice of horse racing is becoming the leading attraction. By this means worthy objects are lost sight of, and the taste of many of our youth is vitiated, and their morals are corrupted. The managers of fairs would do well to give attention to this subject and banish horse racing entirely from the grounds. If the practice cannot be stopped otherwise, we recommend it as a fitting subject for state legislation.

—THE WICKEDEST MAN. No one will overlook the interesting communication of Bro. Blake on our first page, giving an account of a noon-day prayer meeting in John Allen's dance house, which he attended. The New York *Tribune* states that Mr. Allen has been converted, and says that at the meeting on Tuesday of last week, he said that God had forgiven his sins, and that

henceforth he should lead the life of a Christian man. It was reported that Shanghai Hadden, Sojer Brown and Kit Burns had offered the use of their rooms for prayer-meetings. A religious meeting in Mr. Burns's dog-pit would indeed be remarkable. The religious fire lighted in John Allen's Water-st. dance-house bids fair to become a roaring flame, and spread over the land. The coming Winter will evidently be a season of intense religious excitement. We hope that it may so prove.

—THREE OPINIONS. The Protestant Churchman says that there are three opinions prevailing in the Episcopal church respecting its relations with ministers of other evangelical churches. "The first is that of those who deny the validity of the orders of non-episcopalian ministers and will not admit therefore that they are in any true sense ministers at all;—then there is that of those who acknowledge the validity of such orders, but do not approve of any practical recognition of it; and finally that of those who not only believe these ministers to be truly ministers but are in favor of treating them as if they were such." The *Churchman* holds that of these opinions the first and the last are the only consistent ones. It says, "For a man to adopt the opinions of Liberal and yet adhere to the practice of the Exclusive Churchmen, is a compromise which is utterly untenable and commands no ones respect."

—SUGGESTIVE AND INSTRUCTIVE. According to the *Boston Journal*, it appears that, on Wednesday last, as the train, which carried the delegates to the Mass. Republican State Convention from Boston to Worcester, reached Lake Crossing, the engineer saw a child upon the track and broke up his train just in time to save killing it. The cow-catcher struck it and knocked it off the track but did not injure it. When the little one was picked up she was hugging her doll to her bosom with true maternal instinct. The incident is not only beautiful, but it is also suggestive and instructive.

Denominational News and Notes.

Special Note.

Mr. Editor: The following brief paragraph, sent to the *Christian Freeman* for publication, was declined, and the reasons for the declination not being satisfactory, I feel compelled, in honor and justice to others, to offer a copy of it to the *Star* for insertion. As I have written for the *Star* on this subject over only one signature, I still prefer to retain it, and so sign as before.

OSERVER.

EXPLANATION. My first article on "Denominational Papers" was written over the signature "Observer," because I designed to put the question on its own merits, and leave the reader to judge of those merits without personal influence or local prejudice. But the addition of "Dover, N. H.," made to both of my articles in the *Freeman*, partially defeats my object, as above stated, and suggests to some minds that the *Morning Star* may be connected with, if not responsible for, those utterances. And the omission of the concluding paragraph of the second article that appeared over my own name, leaves the reason for the change of signature, which was therein stated, altogether inapplicable.

Personally I care little about these changes in my copy, but I do care that others, and especially the Printing Establishment, be not involved in a correspondence in which they have hitherto chosen to take no part. My own sense of justice inclines me to make this simple statement of facts: Said article was prepared without consultation with, or suggestion from, either Editor, Agent or Corporator; and I am sure that not one of them had any knowledge or intimation of it till it was ready for publication.

Facts for Freewill Baptists.

That we as a denomination are not doing all that we ought to make ourselves known and to extend our influence, and that we have not added to our numbers during the past quarter of a century in proportion to the spread of our doctrines, must be apparent to all who have given attention to the subject.

A few facts that bear upon this subject may suggest the remedy. It cannot be denied by the most prejudiced opponents of the Freewill Baptists that their distinctive principles of belief and practice have been received into the popular mind in a remarkable manner during the past twenty-five years, and that to-day they are more generally believed by the people of this country than those of any other denomination. Let us briefly glance at some of the facts that prove this last assertion.

Our distinctive principles are freedom of the will, free communion, and baptism of believers by immersion in water. It is not necessary to prove my proposition to point to the additions which have been made to us, but the proof may be as conclusive if it is shown that any other denomination, holding any one or more of these principles, has received great accessions, owing to their reception by the popular mind.

It is well known that the Methodist denomination and our own are in substantial accord upon the doctrine of the freedom of the will. The unparalleled increase of the Methodists in this country is proof positive of the advance of our doctrine of the freedom of the will. I urge the point from another consideration, that Calvinism is on the decline among the churches whose creeds hold it most strongly. Large numbers in these churches repudiate the doctrine, and this feeling of opposition is so prevalent among them, that its rejection has practically ceased to be a test of membership or of discipline.

Free communion, the next of those prin-

ciples, has become the rule of practice not only among the Methodists, but among most Protestant churches; and this belief has become so prevalent that the leading Protestant denominations utterly disregard their creeds to practice free communion with unbaptized (not sprinkled) persons. Abundant proof is at hand to sustain these assertions, but space will not allow us to enlarge.

Our third distinctive principle, believer's baptism by immersion in water, fortunately for the argument, is opposed to the creeds of all the denominations to whom allusion has been made. If this fact did not exist the argument would fail, for, instead of proving the advance of our sentiments among the people, it would only prove that of the other denominations; but if the facts prove that those held in common, and also the one distinctive tenet of the Freewill Baptists, not held in common by others, have advanced,—nay more, if this distinctive sentiment has advanced in spite of the opposition of these denominations, and also among their own churches,—then my position is sustained.

Statistics prove beyond question that "Infant Baptism," is practiced only to a limited extent in the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, while in these churches the immersion of believers is rapidly taking its place. The fact that Mr. Beecher was obliged to use the baptistry of a neighboring Baptist church so often as to compel him to have one erected in his own church, is among the class of facts that prove the advance of our sentiments among the masses. It is well known that large numbers of the adult converts in Methodist and Congregational churches are immersed, instead of sprinkled. "What are these immersed Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Methodists, but Freewill Baptists?" Space will not allow me to multiply these facts, but the reader will readily supply a large number of this class which have occurred under his own observation bearing upon the point,—such as the re-baptizing of laymen, and ministers from other churches both by the Free and Close Baptists.

I now come to the more difficult task of discovering the cause of the smallness of our denomination, or, more properly speaking, the reason why so large numbers of Freewill Baptists unite and remain with other churches, holding contrary doctrines, in preference to uniting with us. Among the general reasons that may be assigned is the policy that was adopted by our fathers in planting churches in the rural districts instead of in villages and cities. But we are to remember that these venerable men were not the rich and learned of this world, but such as the "common people," would hear gladly, and while we do not blame them, yet we deprecate the policy which is followed by their successors, until, as a whole, we have become pre-eminently a pastoral people. Another reason that may be mentioned, is the uniform silence, if the term may be used in the place of ignorance, maintained towards us by the press of other denominations, particularly the Close Baptist. That this is a part of the policy of the latter, for prudential reasons there can be no doubt, but that this policy has not been made an element of weakness, instead of strength, is our own fault; as I shall attempt to show. Having been a constant reader of the *N. Y. Examiner* (and of the *Register* before merged in the *Examiner*) for twenty years, I aver that there has not been one intelligent paragraph in that paper, that would induce a reader to suppose that there was such an organization as a Freewill Baptist church of any considerable influence in existence. A large space is devoted weekly to "other denominations," and liberal extracts are made from their papers, but it is rarely the case that one article is ever copied from the *Star* or *Freeman*. The *Independent* has occasionally copied some denominational item.

When we have the influence, in favor of free communion, of such men as Wayland, Sawtelle, Malcom, among the Close Baptists, and such champions as Spurgeon of this day and Robert Hall of the past, we may well ask the reason why our numbers are not tenfold greater, and our power for good correspondingly increased.

I cannot stop to examine and trace out all the reasons that might be assigned for our position in the religious world, but will name one that in my opinion lies back of all others, and that exercises a controlling power to dwarf the denomination and to keep it back from the position of influence that the success of its distinctive doctrines have achieved.

If the *Independent* had been located in a village outside of New York City, its readers might possibly have numbered ten thousand, instead of two hundred thousand, and no matter what amount of talent was secured for its columns, its influence would have been in the ratio of its circulation. The Close Baptist denomination found it necessary fifteen years ago to remove their "Organ" from Utica, a city of ten thousand inhabitants to New York City, and as a consequence their circulation has trebled and its influence has correspondingly increased.

It is a fact that the denominational newspaper cannot be published in a village, remote from the great centers of commerce and literature, and exercise a healthy, vigorous, inspiring influence upon the denomination. It will not do to say "that a religious newspaper is different from other papers or enterprises." The inspiration of a denomination with regard to its aggressive power, and the respect and influence, it generates, will be measured by its denominational organ, and which the location of its mouth-piece hundreds of miles from the great centers of mind and thought, which give character and reputation to men and enterprises, of itself buries its influence and invites contumely and neglect. It suggests to the public inferiority when compared

Poetry.

Homily of the Trees.

The following lines were suggested by the solemn beauty of the trees in a southern forest, when covered with their long, pendant masses of Spanish moss.

The trees like tall, cowed friars stand,
With pleading hands upraised in prayer.
As if they bore, in masses grand,
The swaying incense of the air.

And from their summits songs of birds
In thrilling madri chorus rise,
Like music to the glowing woods
Of Gloria Patri, in the skies;

While swinging softly in the air,
The weird, gray moss luxuriant clings
To trunk and bough in network rare,
And wide its trailing banner flings.

Thus do our soul's ideals stand,
With all high aspirations fraught,
In growth of generous feelings grand,
In all the glory of our thought.

And winged fancies oft unfold,
And singing, go beyond our reach,
For we can frame no words of gold,
In which to coin the angels' speech.

But dull, dark cares, and clinging fears,
Come creeping o'er us day by day,
And foot-prints of the weary years
We trace along a shadowy way.

O stately trees, that tower so high,
While close each twining fetter clings,
Ye teach a sweet, grave homily,
For ye are types of holier things!

Like Druids of a kingly line,
Ye stand unmoved while winter grieves;
Until your heads transfigured shine,
All tremulous with summer leaves.

So may we stand, when storms are loud,
With grace uplifted to the sky;
For oft the angel of the cloud
Breathes benedictions, passing by.

And if the good we strive to know
Flows out in deeds that may not cease,
Then will our lives in beauty glow,
Transfigured in the beams of peace.

—Cong. & Recorder.

Hymn for a Little Child.

God, whose home is in the sky,
Far above the sun so high;
Far above the moon so bright,
And the stars which shine at night;
Thou art very near to me,
Though I cannot look on Thee.

Yet I know it was Thy hand
Formed the earth whereon I stand—
Made the grass, the flower, the tree,
Everything I love to see;
Thou didst make them all to raise
Even little children's praise.

Though Thy home is far away,
Thou dost watch me night and day;
Thou canst hear my feeble tongue
Sound above the angels' song;
When they bow their golden wings
Unto Thee, great King of kings.

I would love and praise Thee too,
As the holy angels do:
Thank Thee for Thy mercies given,
Pray to guide my way to heaven,
And to join the glorious hymn
Chanted by the Seraphim.

—Children's Friend.

The Family Circle.

The King's Weavers.

"I don't know whether you will think it interesting," said Vernon, "but I'll tell you what brought me down here to-night. Mabel has been looking over a trunk full of old letters she discovered in the garret, and among other things, she stumbled upon a queer little bit of writing, on the yellowest paper—we could just make it out. I didn't think so much of it when I first read it, but, some way, it has been running in my head ever since, and I brought it down to read to you. It seems to me rather good."

"Let's hear it," said Dick pompously, "and we will tell you whether your judgment is good for anything."

"Thanks for your majesty's condescension," laughed Vernon, "but I anticipate the royal sentence, which will be condensed in one brief word—poky!"

"Nevertheless, we will hear it," said Dick, with a gracious wave of the hand.

Vernon unfolded his little worn paper. "It's called," said he, "THE KING'S WEAVERS."

There was once a great king who had the most splendid palace that was ever imagined. The greatest writers and poets had tried in vain to describe it, though they used words which were like apples of gold set in pictures of silver. Indeed they seemed to become almost bewildered in the attempt; their description was a confusion of sapphires and emeralds, and rubies and rain-bows, and in the end they had to leave it to every one's imagination, and he, who imagined most, could never come near the reality.

Now there were some subjects of the king, who lived in a distant province, and knew and cared very little about their Master, although, in all his splendor, he had never forgotten them, and was daily sending them proofs of his interest and care for them.

The principal business of this people was weaving. Night and day they were busy at a wonderful web. They began it when they were mere babies, and they never stopped till the king sent a messenger to take the shuttles from their hands and order them to bring their work home.

Now the king wished these tapestries for the adornment of his palace, and he had ordered that they should be woven after a pattern he had shown in a mount. But as these weavers were very short-sighted, and had such stiff necks that they could not look up long enough to see anything clearly, he sent his patient with them, and sent his son, who, living with the lowliest of

them, wove, right by their side, a web so wonderful and glorious, that the king called it perfect, and gave orders that any web, showing traces of that pattern, should be immediately accepted, and that the happy weaver should have a most wonderful reward.

The king himself provided a great many of the materials for this weaving, and this had often made a great deal of dissatisfaction, for, without any apparent reason, to some he would give golden threads, to others, silver, or purple and scarlet, and again it might be only fine twined linen.

Then many of the weavers would say—"This is unjust. If I had the golden threads, my web should be as clear as the sun, and should hang in the throne room of the king's palace."

And another would say, "If I even had the silver threads, my web should be fair as the moon, and should be draped in the king's audience-chamber; but, as I have only the linen thread, the web is so poor and gray I shall not try at all."

But, whether they would or no, they could not stop weaving. Consciously or unconsciously, the work always went on, and every day they added a length to their web.

Now, although at first sight, it would seem as if the king were a little unjust, as these discontented subjects would have it appear,—if the weavers had only looked more closely, and studied the different webs, they would have been wiser and happier. They would have seen that the king's threads were not the only ones used in the weaving. There was an enemy always watching these busy looms, and cunningly contriving to slip in a shuttle of his own, which never failed to disfigure the fairest web.

And they would have seen that, while neglecting none,—of all the webs he loved the golden ones best, and visited them oftener; and if ever the weaver grew tired and careless, he was sure to throw in his ugliest thread—a thread of most fearful strength, a thread which, once caught in the weaving, it was almost impossible to break, for it was spun from a cord which had once been strong enough to drag a mighty angel down from Paradise! And the worst of it was that,—this thread having been drawn in,—the enemy found it easier to slip in other and baser shuttles, till, at last, the unhappy weaver awoke to find his beautiful pattern hopelessly distorted and the work fit for nothing but the enemy's banners.

Some of the wisest weavers found this out after a time, and then they trembled a little, and were better contented with their lot. If their threads were very quiet and grey, they could follow the beautiful pattern just as well, and their eyes not being dazzled with the gold and purple and scarlet, they were able more quickly to see, and break off the false threads of the enemy.

Besides, in one thing, the king had shown not the slightest partiality. Three threads he had given, without any distinction, to all the weavers alike. And if they were willing to use them, especially the one which was greatest of the three, the web became beautiful in spite of all the enemy could do. It was strange that these weavers, knowing of this virtue, should ever have neglected these threads. But so it was. They seemed to find the shuttles too heavy; they lifted them with the greatest effort, and sometimes let them lie idle for days together. Then the king would turn away his head, for the webs were not fit to be seen. But even yet the case was not hopeless. If these weavers would yet take the day's work to the door of the palace, and would petition the king to dip it in a wonderful fountain in his court, the gold would be pure and dazzling as if it burned in a furnace, and the linen webs shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them.

Still the unhappy weavers did not like to do this simple thing. They were very proud, and one of their number, who had been often to the palace had told them,—

"The door into the great king's presence-chamber is very low; one must go in on his knees."

And they said to one another, "It is very hard to stoop."

Alas! Alas! for the king's blind weavers! Alas! for the ruined webs which are now the enemy's banners, which will never float in the golden light of the king's palace!

"And what does all that mean?" said Margaret. "I always thought allegories, or whatever you call them, very stupid. I wish people would speak plain English."

"Let us explain it to the child," said Dick, patronizingly. "You and I are probably two of the king's weavers, my dear, and our lives are the webs, I suppose. It isn't a brand new idea, Vernon."

"No, but I just read it to-day, and it sets one thinking a little. Don't you think so?"

"What are the golden threads?" asked Margaret.

"Money, I suppose," said Bernard.

"No, talents, genius, beauty," said Carmen, eagerly.

"I think you're both right," said Vernon. "Anything that sets one up in the world, gives rank, position, consequence, and makes a brilliant life; in short, makes one in such danger from pride."

"Ah! that is the ugly thread, is it? The enemy hands 'em a shuttle of pride," laughed Dick. "That isn't so bad. He doesn't hand it twice to most people, that's certain."

"Well, I don't think it is such a dreadful thing to have," said Carmen, quickly. "I could never like a person who hadn't a little pride."

"Nor I either, if it's the right kind," said Vernon. "Every one should have a proper self-respect or he is good for nothing, to be sure; but—"

"Let me give my views," interrupted Dick. "Some one once said to somebody—"

"Luminous so far," said Vernon.

"Some one once said to somebody," persisted Dick, "Remember that you are as good as anybody else, but no better." Now

that pride that makes you feel, even in presence of an emperor that you are every inch a man, is the right kind; and that pride that makes you think you are better, and wiser, and grander than almost anybody you meet and makes you glad to have it so, that's the wrong kind, and"

"What are those three threads?" asked Margaret, languidly; "though I don't know that I much care."

"Why, faith, hope and charity, of course," said Carmen, a little contemptuously. "I should think you would have known when it spoke of the greatest of the three."

"Well, it doesn't make any sense," said Margaret, irritably. "A life wouldn't be perfect with just charity in it."

"It would if you take charity in the sense of love, and remember that all the law and commandments hang on love to God, and love to your fellow-men," said Bernard.

"It means everything, then," said Dick, ruefully. "No wonder the poor weavers thought the shuttle was heavy. I'm afraid I shan't get much in my web."

"I wish one didn't have to choose," said Helen, timidly.

"And I know whatever I choose, it will be wrong," said Margaret, disconsolately.

"And I shall never be contented, unless I have the golden threads," said Carmen.

"Here is every variety of wool, I suppose we might call it," laughed Bernard, "but I suppose the right pattern 'could be woven on it all."

"Everything must depend upon the threads that are chosen for the warp," said Vernon.—Lynde Palmer.

The Little Stranger.

Though a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor and ready wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The Dr. inquired if such a tiny thing was a market man.

"No, sir; my father is," was the prompt answer.

The Doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes," and passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The Dr. told him he was welcome to it; but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such strange manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the boy attentively. He was evidently poor; his jacket was pieced and patched with every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many colors that it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean within. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the Doctor, while holding him at arm's length, and examining his face. At last he said:—

"You seem a nice little boy. Won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoke like a man," said the Doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy, with a bundle, down stairs, waiting to see the Doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else.

"Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes (but no squash himself, as we shall see); he was dressed in a new, though coarse, suit of clothes, and his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the Doctor, saying—

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you, and be a doctor," said the child, with the utmost naivete.

The first impulse of the Doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he vowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At the time he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I told him that you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you were a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother—what said she?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me. And," said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the Doctor were awakened to see the fearless, undoubting trust with which the poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and, above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the Divine Saviour had said, "Blessed be little children;" and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church last year of the fun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and lightfooted herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task? who?"—Dr. Marvel.

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife, "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whoever receiveth one such little child in My name receiveth Me.' Take this little child in His name and take care of him." And from that hour this good couple received him to their hearts and home. It did not

then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age—a protector and more than son to themselves; all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.—Family Circle.

How Little Jennie Fell Asleep.

Little Jennie was lame. She could not run and skip, as you can, my merry darlings light as thistledown, and gay as robin redbreast. Two ugly crutches carried her instead of dancing feet, and her wee face was white as the down of a sea-bird. But I cannot think that even your rosy faces are more kissable than my Jennie's.

Her hair was so golden bright, and it blew away from her face like a soft, soft cloud. And her eyes were brown, and clear, and shyly sweet.

But one day in the summer that is gone, when all the world was full of blossom, Jennie fell asleep—fell into a wondrous sleep of beautiful rest and calm. Shall I tell you about it? Many and many a night of her sad young life, when her poor little body was racked with pain, her dear mother would take her in her arms and try to hush her with sweet lullaby song; or she would kneel by her little bed, and ask God to take away her pain, and send her sleep. And at last the dear God, leaning very tenderly out of heaven, did send sleep to the tired eyes; not such sleep as the mother prayed for—not such as you know, tucked away in your little beds, with mother's kiss warm upon your lips—but a sweeter, calmer sleep, from which pain nor tears can never awaken.

For many days before the coming of this beautiful sleep, our darling suffered much. We could do nothing for her but sit and hold the fluttering hands, and smooth the bright hair, softly crying all the while, "Oh, dear children how patient she was! Although the pains were constant, she never grew peevish or cross, as the dearest of children might; but when she saw us crying around her, would raise her weak hand to dry her tears, and say, "Don't cry for Jennie; by and by she'll go to sleep."

And by and by she did. It was sunset time. A soft breeze fluttered the curtain of the window, and through its folds a trembling spray of sunshine stole, and laid a crown of shifting gold upon our darling's head. She felt the warm touch, and opened her sweet eyes, smiling as at an angel's kiss.

"Take Jennie to the window, please," she whispered; so we wheeled the little bed into the full tide of sunset splendor.

A moment the dear eyes lingered upon the beautiful earth, upon the softly purple hills—the flush of sunset bloom above them—and then we watched the poor lids droop in the coming of the beautiful sleep. Like tired birds the baby hands fluttered a moment, then dropped in folded rest. A feeble kiss, a smile of heavenly beauty about the tired mouth, and Jennie slept. A bird commenced singing a low sweet song of good-night—she did not wake to listen. The last gleam of day faded from the hills, yet never again the long lashes stirred upon the white cheek. And has she never again awakened? Not here, my darlings; but there is a land where God and the angels live, and there, no longer lame, and pale, and tearful, but a shining angel, we know our little Jennie is awake in heaven.

Flowers and Children.

Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much of restraint or too much of forcing, or too much of display, ruins their chiefest charms. I love to associate them together and to win the little ones to a love of flowers. Some day they tell me that a violet or a tuft of lilies is dead; but on a spring morning they come, radiant with the story—that the very same violet is blooming sweeter, than ever upon some far away cleft of the hillside. So you, my child, if the great Master lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—on some richer, sunnier ground.

We talk thus; but if the change really comes, it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She, who loved their search among the thickets—will never search them. She, whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery or of paths, will never open them again. She—whose feet would have danced along the new woodpath, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths—will never set foot upon these walks again.

What matter how the brambles grow? her dress will not be torn; what matter the broken pail by the water? she will never topple over from the bank. The hat that may be hung from a lower nail now—the little hand that might have stolen possession of it, is still—is fast! God has it.

And when spring wakes all its echoes—of the wren's song—of the blue bird's warble—of the plaintive cry of mistle-cuckoo (she daintily called her "mistress cuckoo") from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—lifting the blue eyes—shaking the curls—dancing to the melody? And when the violets repeat the sweet lesson they learned last year of the fun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and lightfooted herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task? who?—Dr. Marvel.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So it is in life.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The London Press.

In a recent letter to *Le Temps*, Louis Blago, who is now the London correspondent of that paper, thus writes of the political penny press of the English metropolis:

I break off here for I have not yet finished with Mr. John Stuart Mill—to inform you of an important fact, the transformation of *The Daily News* into a penny paper. This reduction of price is significant. It is democracy under its commercial aspect. *The Daily News* becoming a penny paper is a natural consequence of the reform, by virtue of which the people are about to become sovereign. The new electors whom that reform calls to the exercise of political power will require an organ with principles more settled than *The Times*, tendencies more progressive, and larger sympathies, and which may acquire an importance equal to if not exactly of the same kind as that enjoyed by *The Times*. *The Daily News* has announced itself beforehand as such an organ.

The paper will continue to pursue the same course it has followed for nearly a quarter of a century. In nothing will it be changed—neither in its politics, which have always been Liberal, nor in its moral tone which has always been elevated; nor in its style, which has always been grave, nor in its willingness to defend the interests of the people, without exaggeration, declamation or flattery. In short *The Daily News* remains *The Daily News*, only it has put itself in the way of being read more extensively, because Parliamentary reform increases considerably the number of those who will require to read it.

It is not that penny papers are wanting, or that they can with justice be taxed with a want of ability. The cheap press commands to-day in England every avenue to public office; it has large resources at its disposal; it wields great power with a moderation greater still; and, in point of talent, it does not yield to the press of the wealthy classes of society. But there still remained a place to take, and that has been taken by *The Daily News*.

The Standard is a well-written journal; its correspondents are generally well-informed and trustworthy, especially its Paris correspondent; and it is remarkable for its size, and for the abundance and variety of its matter. But *The Standard* is thorough Tory, and I doubt whether the food it supplies is agreeable to the tastes of the guests for whom it caters.

The Daily Telegraph, notwithstanding its somewhat ostentatious display of common place erudition and its rather high-flown style, has exactly that kind of merit calculated to draw a large number of readers, and this accounts for its immense circulation. As to its literary features, what is wanted in strength is abundantly made up in coloring. It treats its readers to a profusion of historical reminiscences, seasons its comments on public affairs with spicy anecdotes, multiplies happy quotations without end, and delights in sensation articles. But, strange to say, this liberal and popular journal carries to the point of idolatry the worship of the throne. When they speak of the Queen, the language of most of the English journals, that of *The Daily News*, for example, is always marked by a sentiment of respectful independence; but with *The Daily Telegraph*, respect is invariably becomes exalted into poetical fervor, and clothes itself in forms of enthusiastic adulation. Alas for those who do not comprehend in its largest acceptance the maxim, "Touch not the Queen!" Recently on the occasion of a journey to Balmoral, for which Victoria, it must be admitted, had selected an unreasonable time, a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Reardon, thought proper to ask Mr. Disraeli if the journey to Scotland had been undertaken for reasons of health, and if, in the case, the Government intended to advise the Queen to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales. In putting the question, Mr. Reardon believed that he was but exercising his right as a representative of the people, and at the same time only echoing the discontent which the absence of the Queen from the metropolis at the season of balls and other festivities had awakened among the tradesmen of London. Besides, a political crisis was imminent at the time, rendering the departure of the Queen for Scotland a very undesirable step. It is needless to say that the question was regarded as scandalous. The House of Commons manifested the strongest indignation at it, and Mr. Reardon was severely censured by all the journals. But how did *The Daily Telegraph* on this occasion express its feelings? It was almost furious at the man who dared to put such a question, and among other choice epithets which it applied to Mr. Reardon it called him an insect!

The Daily Telegraph is nevertheless one of the organs of the Liberal party. It pursues the sword in hand; it supports Mr. Gladstone warmly; it has rendered to the cause of Democracy in the question of parliamentary reform incontestable services; and it is stoutly opposed to the maintenance of the State Church in Ireland. Unfortunately, however, the liberalism of *The Daily Telegraph* seems to be somewhat of the hermaphrodite kind, as witness the warmth with which it espoused the side of the South in the civil war in America, which would have resulted, had the South vanquished the North, in the triumph of slavery in the New World. Add to this that *The Daily Telegraph* is a Bonapartist journal, defending in England the imperial regime as the *Constitutionnel* does in France, although it is due to it to say that it never speaks of the proscribed except with reserve, decency, and dignity.

Of quite another kind is the liberalism of *The Morning Star*—a liberalism which contradicts itself, never bends, and never presents matters, and the second toward foreign affairs. No English journal, not excepting even *The Daily News* and *The Spectator*, pleaded with greater energy than *The Morning Star* the cause of the North against the South; it more vigorously denounced the Jamaica massacre, to which the criminal hesitancy of the English magistracy has accorded impunity. *The Morning Star* is honest itself, and it possesses a courage equal to its honesty, proclaiming its conviction without stopping to ask whether its utterances are likely to be well received; reproving those who are false without flinching; giving wrong to England in her disputes with foreign nations when it believes England in the wrong; preaching the doctrine of peace at any price although it knows it to be unpopular; in one word, striving to promote the ends of justice at the risk of offending public opinion, and allowing no opportunity to escape of putting the interests of humanity above national interests. I need hardly tell you that this is just why I am delighted with *The Morning Star*; but I am bound to say that this is just why it incurs the reproaches of a considerable portion of the Liberal party in England, and why its

influence is not greater. It is not sufficient, English—a serious defect in the eyes of the English. They accuse it, likewise, of being extreme—a grave accusation in a country which does not possess the faculty of generalization, which prides itself upon being practical, and which has no disposition to run after the ideal.

Such appears to the mind of the impartial foreign observer the principal penny papers of London. If I have succeeded in characterizing them aright, you will comprehend how that, in the cheap press, there is a place remaining to be occupied between *The Standard*, which turns its back to the future, *The Daily Telegraph*, which deals with it only by fits and starts, and *The Morning Star*, which is absorbed in it. Here is the importance of the transformation of *The Daily News* into a penny paper. More logical and more fixed in its convictions than *The Daily Telegraph*, as honest as *The Morning Star*, but more moderate, more practical, and with tendencies less cosmopolitan, *The Daily News* is the representative par excellence, in the daily journalism of English liberalism. Take note that I speak of liberalism only. *The Daily News*, in fact is essentially for its country; and if I wished to quarrel I could recall here certain articles written, after the battle of Sadowa, in honor of Prussia, and in which our beloved France was very roughly handled. But where are the true patriots to be found who are not sometimes a little too patriotic? Are we Frenchmen never too much Frenchmen? But if there is any journal to which it can be too justly imputed that it puts national interests or its own interests, before justice, that journal is not *The Daily News*. This is proved by a thousand circumstances, notably on the occasion of the American war, when one must have resided in England at the time to have an idea of the disinterestedness and the courage which were required to manifest political sympathy with the North. In avowing its sympathy *The Daily News* risked its very existence, so powerful was the torrent, even with that section of society in which it finds its chief support, which it endeavored to arrest. But *The Daily News* did not hesitate for a moment, and it nobly resolved to do its duty whatever the consequences might be. And what talent did it not then display in the country? *The Daily News* is liberal, France has a friend far-seeing, vigilant, and full of solicitude—in one word a true friend.

The Siberian Exiles.

We now come to the exiles; pure and simple. If a man can forget the deprivation of liberty, he is not under ordinary circumstances very badly off in Siberia. He leads a more independent life—unless under the special eye of the police—than in European Russia, and has a better prospect of wealth and social advancement. If a laboring man, he can generally be more certain of employment than in the region whence he came, and, except in times of special scarcity, can purchase food quite as cheaply as where the population is more dense. Everybody around him is liberal of the fault that led to his exile, and he is afforded full opportunity for reformation. If a farmer, he cultivates the land, sells his surplus crops, and sits in his own house, with no fear that he will be disturbed for past offenses. If he brought no family with him, he is permitted and encouraged to marry, though not required to do so. The authorities know very well that he who has wife and children is more a fixture in the country than one who has not; and hence their readiness to permit an exile to take his family to Siberia, and their encouragement for him to commit matrimony if he goes there unmarried.

Exiles to Siberia, especially those who marry there, and are not cursed by fortune, frequently become as much attached to the country as the men who visit California or the West intending to stay but a few years, and never find a suitable time to return. Many exiles remain in Siberia after their terms of banishment are ended, especially if they have been long in the country, and hesitate to return to Russia to find themselves forgotten. Some men consider their banishment a permanent fortune, as it enabled them to accomplish what they never could have done in the old country. Especially is this the case among the serfs, banished "at the will of their masters." Every exile serf became a free peasant as soon as he entered Siberia, and no law existed whereby he could be re-enslaved. His children were free, and enjoyed a condition far superior to that of the serf under the system prevalent before 1859. Many descendants of exiles have become wealthy through gold mining, commerce, and agriculture, and occupy high civil positions. I know a merchant whose fortune is counted by millions, and who is famous through Siberia for his enterprise and generosity; he is the son of an exiled serf, and has risen by his own ability. Since I left Siberia, I learn with pleasure that the Emperor has honored him with a decoration—the boon so precious to every Russian heart. Many prominent merchants and proprietors of mines were mentioned to me as examples of the prosperity of the second and third generations from banished men. I was told of a wealthy gold-miner, whose evening of life is cheered by an ample fortune and two well-educated children. Forty years ago his master gave him a start in life by capriciously sending him to Siberia; had the man remained in Europe, the chances are more than even that he would have died unnoticed and unknown.

Some of the political exiles—Poles and Russians—who remain voluntarily in Siberia, say they were thrown unwillingly into the land that caused their banishment, and may suffer again in the same way if they go home. In Siberia they are removed from all disturbing influences, while at home they are at the mercy of the revolutionists, and are often led to commit acts they do not really approve. All the Poles now in Asiatic Russia, from the insurrection of 1831, are at liberty to return; I was told that less than half the prisoners liberated by the pardon ukase at the coronation of Alexander II., availed themselves of its privileges. Long absence from their old homes, and attachment to the new, caused them to give preference to the latter.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

God is angry with the wicked just as a loving father is angry with his naughty children. He loves them none the less for his anger. He is angry partly because he loves them. Like an angry yet loving father, too, he is placable, and ready to forgive.

Charles Sumner.

There is no orator in America. Wendell Phillips excepted, whose career is more fruitful of splendid examples, or more flattering to the character of the nation, and especially of the state he has honored by a flawless public life, than that of the greatest advocate of Equal Rights who ever sat in the Senate of the United States. It is needless to name him. For the Senate has not given us more than one man who has never once equivocated, or faltered, or bent the knee to the American Bait of Political Expediency; and everybody knows that this solitary senatorial Cato of our days is the illustrious Republican orator of Massachusetts.

Charles Sumner is the most successful politician in America. His senatorial career has been one unbroken and continuous triumph; and there is every probability that if his life shall be spared, it will be quoted in time to come as the longest as well as the most unsullied career.

How has he achieved this wonderful success? Not by flattery of the people, either personal or political. To those who know him well he is an unassuming and genial friend; open-minded, free in speaking of every motive that has governed him, always ready to give freely and fully of the vast treasures of knowledge he has gathered up, without reservations in describing his associates in frank but kindly terms; a man in whom there is no deceit, no love of deep strategy, no shadow of a shade of belief that it is even unsafe or unwise to dare to enact the highest conceptions of justice and truth. His political strategy is like the military strategy of Grant. "My idea of strategy," said the leader of our armies, "is to get as near the enemy as you can, and then fight him." Sumner has fought his long campaign against political injustice on this theory, and he will fight out on this line if it should take him all his life.

But while to his friends—to men who not only sympathize with him in his political ideas, but whose love of letters enables them to call forth and enjoy his literary stores—he is thus a familiar companion, there is nothing of the half-fellow-well-met in his manners toward them or others; nor does he know how to make a friend for life, as Henry Clay did, by a magnetic reception of a common visitor; there is a certain coldness and pre-occupation in his style, entirely involuntary, which sometimes rather chills than cheers his casual acquaintances. This does not arise from any aristocratic spirit; it is mainly owing, we think, to his scholastic habits, and to several generations of New England training which he has inherited, and which seldom fails to put this distinctive mark on the Yankee to the manner born.

Hundreds of men have reached a high round in the ladder of official life simply by their popular personal manners. Charles Sumner owes nothing to this means. Thousands have gone up higher than they ought by diving lower than they should in the turbid stream of flattery of the people and their prejudices. Charles Sumner never courted his own party even, and never equivocated in the presence of either friend or foe.

He owes his greatness to fidelity to his own soul. Among a huge mob of fawners and Democratic courtiers, the people saw in this orator—a MAN. They soon found that if they applauded him, he received their good-will in good part; but that, if they hesitated to sanction his bold course, he still marched onward to his goal, without haste or rest. He has never "engendered" his own election, and yet he has never failed of an election whenever his name has been put in nomination. He has never even lifted his little finger to procure the highest honors that his state can bestow; and yet there is no office in her gift which he cannot command.

Two incidents of his career illustrate his inflexible adherence to the doctrine that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office. When his election was pending before the legislature for the first time, it needed only a single vote to decide his fate. He was importuned to give private assurances in private life, that he would vote with the majority of the party. The only answer he received was that he stood by every word of every speech he had made on the question of slavery. Again, he was asked simply to go up to the state house, one morning, and shake hands pleasantly with one "shaky" legislator, whom this trifling courtesy would have won to his side. Not a step would he move. Again, after the assault of Brooks, his election was pending, and it was desired to make it unanimous. A Democrat called on him one morning, and told him that he had often said in private life, that he was sorry, although he was opposed to Mr. Sumner in politics, if ever he had a chance to vote for him, he would assuredly do so, as a rebuke to the barbarism of slavery.

"Now," said the Democrat, "I am a member of the legislature; I can vote for you, but my party are very hostile to you. Mr. Sumner what would you recommend me to do?" The Senator did not coax this wavering legislator to abide by his old decision; he only answered: "Sir, your case reminds me of a line in Wordsworth: 'The soul may reach a height it cannot keep!'"

Never was there a public servant indicted into office who so little cultivated the arts of popularity. Appealing always and everywhere to the conscience of the people, his career is a triumph of the moral element in our politics, and should serve as an assurance that the best way to win enduring public favor is faithfully to serve the higher nature of one's constituents.

Next to his integrity of character and loyalty to principle, Mr. Sumner owes most of his success to his indomitable and tireless industry. He is an amazing worker, late and early he is at work, with all the enthusiasm of his youth. Aided by a memory which never fails to keep whatever he once hears or reads, he always brings to whatever topic he deals with a variety and aptness of historical illustration which makes him an almost indispensable authority in every debate. He has probably made more speeches of the character termed by the French *sans réplique*—speeches, like his famous Kansas oration, unsurpassable by solid and unbroken ranks of admitted facts—than any other member of either house of Congress.

Again, he is always at his appointed post—always where a statesman ought to be—in the van of the party, fearlessly, clearly and eloquently urging the duty of the hour. The blind leaders who love to prophesy smooth things—the Fossenders, for example, and the Trumblers—and the false-hearted men who seek to betray their party—the Johnsons for example, and the Doollittes—can readily be pointed out by one unflinching token—a venomous hatred of Charles Sumner. All the trimmers and all the traitors detest him.

Our space does not permit us to trace the many noble lessons which the life of Senator Sumner affords. Nor is it necessary. For, after all, they are all summed up in the first lesson; and the most conspicuous—
BE MANFUL!
—Independent.

Jean Ingelow.

Jean Ingelow is a native of Boston, in Lincolnshire. The history of the old town is full of changes. Its origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity; but its great antiquity and importance appear from the earliest records. It is a seaport at the mouth of the Witham. When the Romans conquered the little island in the stormy North-east Ocean, Boston felt the benefits of their rule. The great canal that stretches through the country, opening into the Witham, and the old sea-dyke, a bank erected to save the drains from the influx of the sea, are attributed to them. In the thirteenth century, under the Norman rule, Boston almost rivalled London in commerce. A great annual fair was held there, and for two hundred years it was a noted rendezvous of foreign merchants. In the sixteenth century it began to decline; and from mismanagement in the drainage soon fell into its present condition—a quiet old town, whose people are divided between agriculture, manufactures and the fisheries.

But the old town has still in its keeping the memorials of its former greatness. It was early a Christian city, and it is supposed to have been the site of the famous monastery of St. Botolph's, built here in 637; the Dominicans, Carmelites, Augustines, and Franciscans had priories in Boston. The present church of St. Botolph was founded in 1300. It is a beautiful building, with a tall tower three hundred feet high, and visible at sea from forty miles' distance. This tower is surmounted by an enormous lantern, which guides mariners in the "Boston deeps." The whole town is saturated with antiquity. Its present calm industrial and bucolic life, the quiet streets, and the rich fields around it, are in strong contrast with the history and the antiquities both of its maritime greatness under the Roman, and of its maritime prosperity under the Norman sway.

In 1204, when the *quintessence* was levied, London paid £386, and Boston £730; now London has three millions of inhabitants, and its quondam rival twelve thousand! And now for the application. Miss Ingelow lived in a low, flat country, on the seashore in an old town full of antiquities and memorials of the past—a city of Roman seawalls and Norman churches; environed with rich English meadows, stretching along a pleasant river; yet with a great light-house always before her eyes, and the sound of the sea in her ears. Might not such a home be guessed at from her first volume? Her poetry is either of the sea or the meadows. Her favorite landscape is peopled even to weariness, is the low horizon which the sky incloses without a break. Mountains seem to be alien to her verse. Here and there they come in, but rather as things learned from books than personal experiences. No long poem is concerned with them. But her largest work is the history of a Deluge, and perhaps the best of her minor poems is a story of the High Tide that so damaged her native city in 1571. "Winstanley," another of her best poems, is the history of a lighthouse. When she writes of the land, she chooses always country scenes and objects; the stir and tumult of a great city are never felt in her verse. In short, she reflects, more strongly even than most of her guild, the image of her youthful surroundings.

Here we might close, feeling sure that our readers could work out the theme for themselves; but there are many interesting particulars that it may please them to hear, and that we may rightly tell, as they do not intrude upon the privacy of Miss Ingelow's domestic life.

Ingelow's father was a country banker, and a highly cultivated man; he traced his descent from a certain Dr. Nathaniel Ingelow, who once wrote a curious book called "Bentivoglio and Urania." Her mother is of Scotch descent; her maiden name was Kilgour, and she was brought up at a place called Kilmundie, high up in Aberdeenshire, a family seat for many generations.

Jean was extremely timid and easily overawed by fear, and would creep into corners to think over her thoughts to herself. The family mansion had a lofty room with round windows used for a nursery. It overlooked the river, and was the favorite resort of Jean and her brother. The coming up of the tides, the ships, the gangs of workmen and their monotonous songs, made a daily delight for them.

Jean was one of eleven children, and, of course, found more liberty for her individual life than would otherwise have been possible. She was not a precocious child, nor remarkable except for her memory. She was carefully educated, and early showed the religious tendencies of her mind.

Jean Ingelow's poetic faculty is a natural gift, say her friends. Her character to the poor seem so entwined with her song that we must not omit this beautiful episode. She makes her talents "twice blessed." Her writings please the happy; her charities comfort the miserable, and a very large proportion of her gains from America are devoted to this good work. One of her kind ways of doing good is so full of thoughtful tenderness that we give a few particulars. We have seen it stated that one-fifth of all who die in London are paupers. What a multitude of sick poor the hospitals of that great city must contain! Miss Ingelow has set up a table for the relief of some of these poor invalids, when they are discharged, and yet not being strong enough to work, would otherwise suffer from hunger. We must give one extract from her own letter on the subject: "We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. It is such a comfort to see the good it does. I find it one of the great pleasures of writing, that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women."

Napoleon and Eugenia.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Star* writes: "We hear that their Majesties will remain in perfect seclusion during their sojourn at Fontainebleau. Every morning court eunuchs are sent to the station to await the arrival of the Minister in attendance on his Majesty, and every evening a dispatch arrives from the Prefect of Police giving the Emperor a general report of what may have taken place in Paris during the course of the day, a copy of which document is enclosed for the perusal of the Empress. Their Majesties go out very early and walk about the English garden till breakfast, which meal they take in the Salle du Conseil at 11 o'clock, in company with their son. Their usual sitting-room is the Salon Chinois, which is furnished with a picture of the Empress seated on the grass, surrounded by her ladies. Opposite to it stands Cordier's statue in onyx, bronze, marble and gold, of the negro boy. This statue contains a perfect museum of Chinese curiosities and amongst other valuable—the necklace brought by General Count Palko to the

Emperor from the famous Summer Palace at Peking.

"The Emperor after breakfast transacts his business with the Minister in attendance, and then either walks into the town or drives into the forest with the Empress and their suite, in char-a-bancs made to convey eight persons in each. The Imperial family dine at seven in the Galerie de Diane, which Louis XVIII three years after the return of the Bourbons, had repainted, a fact recorded by that monarch in an inscription on a marble tablet, dated the 28th year of his reign. The Emperor and Empress occupy the suite once inhabited by Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, reached by the court in which the Emperor took leave of his Guards. The curtains of the Empress's bed-chamber and bed are of green velvet, magnificently embroidered, and lined with white satin, the velvet hangings having been presented to Queen Marie Antoinette by the city of Lyons. The Grand Duchess of Russia, now on a visit to the Empress, is living in Madame de Maintenon's suite of rooms, and the Prince Imperial has a small apartment once belonging to Louis XVI's master of hounds."

Why the Rebellion Failed.

Pollard in his new volume, "The Lost Cause Regained," attributes the defeat of the South in part to the stupidity of the rebel cabinet. He says: "Memminger was a curiosity, a weak example of the pious statesman; Mallory had not even the dignity of private life to support him, and the name of the 'old wharf rat' was suggestive of predatory excursions; Regan had some ability, but all the faults, in coarseness and conceit, of self-educated men, a Texas lawyer who had read Blackstone, whose law was a wagon-master spelling out the difficult words by camp fires and the illumination of nine knots. Benjamin, who ultimately took Mr. Hunter's place, was facile, a rapid and adroit under-clerk, dispatching vast amounts of routine business, but utterly incapable in the higher administration of public affairs. This capacity was not very pleasant or honorable to Mr. Hunter, but the immediate occasion of his resignation from the cabinet was a breach with Mr. Davis. It was in one of the consultations of the cabinet, just after the battle of Manassas, that Mr. Hunter ventured to express an opinion on the conduct of the war. Mr. Davis turned sharply upon him and remarked, 'Mr. Hunter, you are Secretary of State, and when information is wanted of that particular department it will be time for you to speak.' Probably the Confederate President quickly regretted this remark, for he immediately attempted to take the edge off it by a smiling and jocular allusion. But Mr. Hunter showed his resentment on the spot, and the next day sent in his resignation. It was the first advertisement to the public of Mr. Davis's autocratic temper, and his characteristic, fateful disposition to repel, as from a position of rivalry, the company and support of other leading men in the country."

The Clove in History.

In that multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago there were but five in that early period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tyder, Motiel, Makian and Bacia.

Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were to the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the strong composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without teeth, by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odiferous pistil had become the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate woes, of so much vituperation, negotiation and intrigue, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gilly flower. Out of its sweetness had grown so much bitterness among great nations as not torrents of blood could wash away. A common-place condition enough seems to us now easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo, but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, so fertile in producing, and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles.—*Molloy's United Netherlands.*

Obituaries.

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

WILLIAM RICKER died in Farmington, June 21, aged 75 years. He died with a good hope. **JOHN JAMNIE** died in Farmington, July 27, aged 81 years. **WIDOW POLLY CHAMBERLIN** died in New Durham, July 17, aged 75 years. **JOHN JAMNIE** died in Farmington, July 27, aged 81 years. **DEA. ENOCH YORK** died in Middleton, Aug. 22, aged 81 years. He was a good man and died with the armor on. **GEORGE F.**, son of William A. Towle, died in New Durham, Aug. 23, aged 15 months. **D. L. EDGERLY**: **LEUCY A.**, wife of M. Shony, formerly of Vermont, died at the residence of Mr. Cyrus Bachelder, in Hallowell, Me., Aug. 1, in the 53d year of her age. Sister S. had long been an earnest and devoted Christian, and was a member of the F. Baptist church in Albany, Vt., at the time of her death. **T. F. M.**

JANE, wife of the late Joseph Pray, died in Waltham, Aug. 19, aged 35 years. Sister Pray sought and found the Saviour when but 15 years of age, and ever afterwards lived a faithful, consistent, Christian life. Nearly all her relatives had passed over the river before her to the better land, and for the past year she has seemed to be living more there than here. As a church we mourn for one who was ever faithful. Sermon by the writer, from John 11: 25 and 26. **J. P. LOCKY.**

BELINDA C. GORDON died in Northfield, July 8, at the residence of her daughter, aged 57 years. Sister G. was converted many years ago, and joined the F. W. B. church in New Hampton, of which she remained a worthy member till called to occupy a mansion in heaven. She reared a family of children, and was to them a faithful mother. They loved her much, but the last word on earth has been spoken, and while the mourners go about the streets, she has gone to be at rest. **JOHN S. GORDON** died in New Hampton, July 17, aged 38 years. For more than thirty years Bro. G. was a lover of good works. He was a member of the church, and sustained his profession with well ordered life and godly conversation. He was a man that enjoyed the society of

his friends, and during the first of his sickness had a strong desire to be raised up, but as the disease made progress, he calmly submitted to the will of Him who did all things well. He leaves to his deeply afflicted family and friends the evidence of his acceptance with Christ. **E. H. PRESCOTT.**

MARY EYRE, daughter of Richard and Sally Davenport, died in Mt. Pleasant, Wis., aged 15 years and 11 months. Her disease was inflammation of the lungs; but in all her sufferings she was cheerful, and died with a lovely flower from earth to bloom in heaven. **J. S. DINSMORE.**

Advertisements.

First Letter Foundry in New England. COMMENCED IN 1817.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY, ALWAYS NOTED FOR ITS

HARD AND TOUGH METAL, And its large varieties of

BOOK AND JOB TYPE. And lately for its unrivalled

NEWSPAPER FACES. Address orders to

JOHN K. ROGERS, Agent, 55 Water Street, Boston.

The Morning Star type is from this Foundry.

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

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE. At the Paris Exposition, 1867, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., President of the Howe Sewing Machine Co., was awarded the gold medal for his invention, the only "Cross of the Legion of Honor," and the Gold Medal, for the Sewing Machines.

J. E. GOODWIN & CO., Agents, DORSET, N. H.

The American Button-Hole. OVER-SEWING AND

Sewing Machine. Invention.

THE FIRST AND ONLY Button-Hole Making and Sewing Machine Combined, that has made its

advent in this or any other Country. This machine is warranted to execute to the greatest degree of perfection, all kinds and varieties of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Collar, Picking, Binding, Gathering and Sewing on, Quilting, &c., that can be done by any machine now in use.

It has no equal in its class, and is the only machine doing the work of many. It is simple, noiseless, and easy to manage, combining the merits of all others. It is the only SEWING MACHINE now known that can make a perfect, finished and beautiful Button-Hole, besides doing many varieties of work not done by other Sewing Machines.

The ease with which it is managed, recommends it to all Families as a most prudent and agreeable companion, being divested of the perplexities and annoyances of thread breaking, changing of tensions, and all the details in operating, &c., which make some of the disagreeable features of other machines.

They withstand the test of the severest criticism, and elicit the encomiums of all who admire real ingenuity, and even extol praise from jealous rivalry. All who have tried them, have freely given their commendation in recommending them as the best and most perfect machine now offered to the public.

Samples of work will be sent to all who may desire to see them by enclosing return stamp. For sale by

Geo. W. Drew, Ag't. Opposite Phoenix Hotel, Concord, N. H. Sold also in Dover, N. H., opposite American House, and 128 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

Premiums for New Subscribers. We offer the following premiums for new subscribers to the *Star*. Of their character we have no need to speak. That they will be approved as emblems of honor, and that they will be gratefully taken the work of canvassing, we have no doubt.

1. Any new subscriber sending \$4.00 in advance, shall be entitled to a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

2. For two new subscribers, and \$5.00, (with 20 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

3. For three new subscribers, and \$7.50, (with 30 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

4. For four new subscribers, and \$10.00, (with 40 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

5. For five new subscribers, and \$12.50, (with 50 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

6. For six new subscribers, and \$15.00, (with 60 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

7. For seven new subscribers, and \$17.50, (with 70 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

8. For eight new subscribers, and \$20.00, (with 80 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

9. For nine new subscribers, and \$22.50, (with 90 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

10. For ten new subscribers, and \$25.00, (with 1.00 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

11. For eleven new subscribers, and \$27.50, (with 1.10 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

12. For twelve new subscribers, and \$30.00, (with 1.20 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

13. For thirteen new subscribers, and \$32.50, (with 1.30 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

14. For fourteen new subscribers, and \$35.00, (with 1.40 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

15. For fifteen new subscribers, and \$37.50, (with 1.50 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

16. For sixteen new subscribers, and \$40.00, (with 1.60 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

17. For seventeen new subscribers, and \$42.50, (with 1.70 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

18. For eighteen new subscribers, and \$45.00, (with 1.80 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

19. For nineteen new subscribers, and \$47.50, (with 1.90 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

20. For twenty new subscribers, and \$50.00, (with 2.00 additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new *Book of Bibles*, and a copy of the *Star* for one year, and two copies for one year, provided the second copy be sent to the publisher.

Advertisements.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

SECURE A HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA!

The Immigrant Homestead Association, OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the laws of the State, November 30, 1867, for the purpose of

Providing Homes for its Members and thereby increase immigration.

Capital Stock, \$1,000,000. Divided into 200,000 Shares at \$5 each, payable in

U. S. CURRENCY. Certificates of Stock issued to subscribers immediately upon receipt of the money.

No person allowed to hold more than five Shares of Stock.

A circular, containing a full description of the property to be distributed among Shareholders, sent to any address upon receipt of stamps to cover return postage.

Information as to price of land in any portion of the State, or upon any other subject of interest to parties desiring to immigrate, cheerfully furnished upon receipt of stamps for postage. All letters should be addressed,

Secretary Immigrant Homestead Association, Post Office Box No. 80, 3nd22 San Francisco, California.

Wanted! CAP MAKERS; also, Girls to learn the trade, to whom steady employment and good pay will be given. Also, a good Machine Sticher wanted.

PHILTON & HAN, 11 Central St., Dover, N. H.

Steel Composition BELLS FOR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, &c.

Blumer, Norton & Co., Manufacturers of Bells, 4723

These celebrated Bells (Not Cast Iron or "Anvil") give out a pure and full tone, and are more durable, and cost only one-third as much. Send for descriptive circular.

Merchants' Protective Union. Mercantile Reference Register.

THE MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, organized to promote and protect trade, by enabling its subscribers to obtain facility and safety in the granting of credit, and the recovery of claims at such times, have a pleasure in announcing that they will, on or about September 1st, 1868, publish in one large quarto volume,

THE MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER, containing, among other things, the NAMES, NATURE OF BUSINESS, AMOUNT OF CAPITAL, FINANCIAL STANDING, AND RATING AS TO CREDIT, of over 40,000 of the principal merchants, traders, bankers, manufacturers, and public companies, in more than 30,000 of the cities, towns, villages, and settlements, throughout the United States, their Territories, and the British Provinces of North America; and, embracing the names of such of our countrymen as are deemed worthy of any evaluation of credit.

By aid of the MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE REFERENCE REGISTER, the business man can, at a glance, obtain a full and complete view of the financial and credit standing of any merchant, trader, or banker, within the above named territorial limits.

On or about the first of each month, subscribers will also receive the *Monthly Chronicle*, containing, among other things, a record of such important changes in the name and condition of firms, throughout the country, as may occur subsequent to the publication of each half-yearly volume of the MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER.

Price of the *Merchants' Union, Mercantile Reference Register*, \$10.00, for which it will be forwarded to any address in the United States, transportation paid. Holders of five \$10 shares of the Capital Stock, in addition to participating in the profits, will receive one copy of the MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER, free of charge. Holders of ten shares will be entitled to two copies, and no more than ten shares of the Capital Stock will be allotted to any one applicant.

Orders, remittances, or communications relative to the Register, should be addressed to the *Merchants' Protective Union, in the American Exchange Bank Building, No. 128 Broadway, (Rm. 206), New York.*

On or about the first of each month, subscribers will also receive the *Monthly Chronicle*, containing, among other things, a record of such important changes in the name and condition of firms, throughout the country, as may occur subsequent to the publication of each half-yearly volume of the MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER.

Price of the *Merchants' Union, Mercantile Reference Register*, \$10.00, for which it will be forwarded to any address in the United States, transportation paid. Holders of five \$10 shares of the Capital Stock, in addition to participating in the profits, will receive one copy of the MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER, free of charge. Holders of ten shares will be entitled to two copies, and no more than ten shares of the Capital Stock will be allotted to any one applicant.

Orders, remittances, or communications relative to the Register, should be addressed to the *Merchants' Protective Union, in the American Exchange Bank Building, No. 128 Broadway, (Rm. 206), New York.*

Organization and Objects OF THE

Merchants' Protective Union. THE MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, organized and incorporated under the Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, authorizing the formation of corporations, passed February 17, 1867, and approved March 1, 1867, has the honor to announce that it has established for the following purposes, namely:

