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THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1868.

"If Thou Wilt."

"If thou wilt."—The leper's plea,
Wanderer, well befitting thee:
Early was thy name enrolled
As a lambkin of the fold;
Yet those hallowed vows fulfill—
"If thou wilt," the Saviour "will."

"If thou wilt," thou mayest be clean:
Seek the humble Nazarene;
Seek Him at the gate of prayer;
Seek and thou shalt find Him there;
Yet the door is open still—
"If thou wilt," the Saviour "will."

Alien from the household band,
Haste to kiss thy Father's hand;
Hasten to secure the prize,
In the passport to the skies.
What to thee earth's good or ill—
"If thou wilt" and Jesus "will!"

Missionary Correspondence.

MARYANGOR, India, Sept. 30th, '68.
Mr. Editor:—My writing day finds us on the old pilgrim road, twenty miles from home, en route to Santipore. Our semi-annual Association comes a fortnight hence, and we are going down early as there is a little special work to be done. We continue having heavy rains. More than double the usual amount has already fallen this year. In many places the rice crop has been lost, but I think that on the whole but little will be sacrificed. The *Aus* crop, or that grown on high lands, is just being reaped and turns out finely. It is the low-land crop now on the field that will suffer. This will be ripe in December. If the land be properly managed and the rain falls regularly in season, farmers here can raise three crops of rice during the year. Some of them are very industrious and enterprising and tax the soil heavily, putting in another crop so soon as one is off. Many of these fields are naturally very fertile, but the frequent crops very soon exhaust the strength of ground that is not properly tended. A few bushels of dry manure, scraped up in and about the dooryard where the cattle stay at night, is as much as most of the fields get in the way of fertilizers, if you except bones of men and animals, plenty of which are seen on some fields along the main lines of travel. Did the natives take pains to bury these bones, some good might accrue from the phosphate of lime which they yield on decomposition, but superstition is still stronger than science in rural India.

This month I have made another trip to Degadga, which has cheered me much. The people are turning away from their idols and looking for help on every side. I assure you it is no little done when a Hindu gives up his idols. This is the hardest thing of all. O, how firmly he clings to them, as if his very life depended on their devotion to the blocks of stone and wood, and how long it takes to weaken, much less sever, an attachment so unnatural and yet so terrible. On this excursion into the country I was glad to mark several very encouraging indications that the people are forsaking the idols. I will cite a single one. A young man of education, having graduated at the Calcutta Sanscrit College, came to my palanquin at noon one sultry day as my bearers were resting. He conversed freely, even fluently upon many topics bearing upon the social and religious habits of the people. He took not a little pride in telling me the names of several eminent gentlemen whom he had instructed in the Bengali and Sanscrit. And after we had talked a while he remarked that it would be greatly to my advantage to read the ancient *Shasters*, particularly those that have never been rendered into the Bengali. He spoke of a number of points relating in the main to comparative philology, and then very quietly added, "Besides these there is another important benefit to be derived from the perusal of these *shasters*—you get a fair view of the real weakness and absurdities of the Hindu religion." It is a good sign to see scholarly natives pointing in this way to the manifest errors and empty pretensions of the faith of their fathers. It shows that a spirit of inquiry is

springing up in the land, and this is cheering.

You cannot conceive, Christian reader, how glad we are to find a man who thinks for himself and dares to hold an opinion of his own. The mass of these natives may be said to have no ideas of their own. They have inherited certain confused notions about life and religion from their forefathers, and these they cling to as their sole stock, and hand them down to their children. The wily Brahmins hold the masses in complete, yea, cruel bondage, but now and then a man rebels, flings off the iron yoke, and asserts the right of every human being to think for himself. O, how I admire to see a common man pitch into a priest downright roughly in the noisy debates of the bazar. This sort of indignant reproof works wonders in a congregation, and the party attacked is usually glad to take leave.

Last week all India paid special homage to the goddess *Durga*. This is the most popular festival of the whole year, and many thousands of rupees are expended on it. Some rich babus spend from one to ten thousand per annum on this foolish superstition. The *pooja* proper lasts but three days, but so extensive are the preparations and so general the commotion in Hindu society that all public business has to be suspended for at least a fortnight. The banks, the courts, the schools, and all Government offices are closed. A vacation of well nigh a month is taken by all; the natives visit their friends and devote themselves to worship and pleasure, while the European population enjoy a fine holiday. Many young civilians go off for a hunt to the jungles, and some seek the fun and frolic of the giddy circles of Calcutta. Everything in the line of regular work is given up, and so it is that all India celebrates the wonderful exploits of one of her most popular deities. The city of Midnapore made a greater display than usual this year. Would you believe it, that even America contributed to the grand effect of this imposing worship? And what do you guess there was from Yankee land? Kerosene oil lamps furnished brilliant light for the evening entertainments in several places. One of these outshines fifty of the poor miserable lamps in the shops. This product of the "oil *rejuin*" sells in our bazars for about 25 cts. per quart, which is certainly cheap enough at this distance from the wells. The goddess is made of wood, bamboo, twine, straw, mud and paints. She wears a string of human skulls about her neck, and stands on the prostrate body of a vanquished foe. Her face is streaked and her hands drip with blood. She is a fierce, frightful creature. For these few days in the year she is adored, and the people drag her off to the river and fling her in to float down to the sea.

In connection with this annual festival, immense sums of money are given as alms to the poor. Wealthy babus, who are tight-fisted and stone-hearted enough throughout the twelve months, now at once become liberal and indulge in royal munificence. Food and clothing are bestowed bounteously upon the needy, and into these three or four days are pressed the sum total of the benevolence of the year. One Hindu of wealth, a merchant of high standing in our bazar, took a new and rather singular way of exhibiting his good will. Not content with distributing gifts among the poor of his own race, he must outstrip all his neighbors by giving a grand dinner to all the European residents of the station. Mind you, reader, this could be no common dinner, for then how could the illustrious Gunga Ram get to himself a great name? No matter if strict Hindu law prohibits the use of all animal food and all intoxicating liquors, law must yield to love of applause, when Englishmen are to be feasted by a Bengali. Next week, again as many times past, the babu and his friends will take us to do for eating flesh, still during *Durga puja* holidays no one asks any questions.

This native gentleman can not invite the white people to his own house in the bazar, so he prevails upon an Englishman to manage the whole affair and give the dinner at his own house at the babu's expense. At the appointed hour upwards of a score of pale faces meet to honor the generous donor. No grace is said at this table, of course. Course after course comes on, and two full hours are passed around the festive board. There is pork, mutton, chicken and fish, besides several kinds of game. The side dishes and many delicacies of the season I will not speak of. And there were liquors in abundance. This was a Champagne dinner, but many other intoxicating drinks were freely served out to the joyous party. And while over twenty white people were taking their fill of food and drink, making silly speeches and indulging in merriment, a crowd of natives stood on and about the large verandah gazing intently on and eager to catch every word. We shall hear from this dinner in the bazar, and I am curious to know what capital the Hindus will try to make out of it. Say what they please, the fact cannot be gained that the natives of India are rapidly riding over the regulations of their religious and social life, and breaking up the strong bonds of caste.

But in the midst of all this change the serious question comes often to mind. Will the Hindu, after renouncing his old ways, be willing and ready to accept Christianity? Once out of caste will they come into the church? Having left Jugganath will they

cleave unto the Saviour of the world? These are questions that now claim our attention and they drive us to the mercy seat in earnest prayer. Kind reader, will you too pray for us and our work?

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

Beecher on Prayer-Meetings.

The subject of Prayer-Meetings is becoming an interesting one in many circles, and the true methods of conducting them are legitimate matters of inquiry by all who see the wants of the churches, and would aid in meeting them. For these reasons we give the fuller report of Mr. Beecher's remarks on this subject as furnished by our New York correspondent. Mr. B. said:

I am going to speak of prayer-meetings—the one great week-night meeting, in New England phraseology, prayer and conference meeting. A common idea of its stupidity is not without occasion. Yet it is susceptible of interest and power in some respects greater than any other meeting. There ministers can say things they may not say in the pulpit. There is the place where you find the fire and secret too of the pulpit. One of the first things the young church-member has to learn, is, that Christians have to learn, as in the elements of their education. Christian performance is not spontaneity. Few creative endowments—all susceptible of development. As a school-master, here is the pastor's school—his business the development of Christian character and life. If he is not qualified for it, what is he a pastor for? It is a wrong idea that development is all to be in one way, that of rapturous adoration. Liberty should be given the inexperienced to express their foolishness as well as their understanding. There is too much fear that such a one or somebody will say something not so proper. If one can get up and say, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* he makes an eloquent prayer. The best prayers in my congregation are women's prayers—the more shame that the churches do not know how to use this power. They gnaw the bones and fling the fat away. There are opinions of liturgies—but no such liturgy as the Hymn-Book. No such praying as in the hymns of Christians in all ages. Witness, such praying as this: [Reads portions of several hymns from Plymouth Collection, in spirit as well as in word.]

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!"

And this:

"If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus leave not me."

And this:

"Weary of this war within," etc.

When a man says, I have a voice, but cannot pray, let him sing prayers. Music is the highest expression of Christian devotion and experience, and a prayer-meeting can be carried on in great part by singing. A topic started by any one, the minister may give it impulse, and bring an appropriate hymn to bear upon it. But singing is not to be made an expedient for filling up time.

The best speakers in the world are often the worst, and the worst the best. Genuine feeling and experience stammered out is more effective than cold polished oratory. New beginners must necessarily say many crude things. How can a seed get up out of the ground without lifting dirt? The power of the church is in its members, and they should be encouraged to develop themselves. They should help one another in it. If ministers should teach, so also should the brotherhood. Taste and order are good, but sincerity and fervor are better. Grammar is good, but something for grammar to carry is better. Get men to think what they feel, and say it. The mistakes in a child's prattle are the most interesting parts of it, repeated by brothers and sisters to parents, by parents to aunts, by aunts to grand-parents, and by all to neighbors.

Of hindrances, one of the greatest in prayer-meetings, is the old priestly idea that something is to be conferred by the priest on the people, as the blessing in the meeting. I never yet saw a priest that I thought had any more grace than he needed for himself. [Mr. Beecher's acting the manner of the formal minister, opening the meeting with a voice and manner of speaking "never used by him on any other occasions," is beyond any description the reporters can give by words. The congregation are thrilled with the compound feeling of ludicrous amusement and solemn conviction.] The meeting should be conducted in a conversational way. Often the true meeting takes place after the formal one breaks up, the people gathering around the stove and speaking in a natural way what they feel. A church is a family, and its meetings should be conducted on the principle of household familiarity. The prayer-meeting should be in a small room, or the attendants gathered to contiguity in a large one. There is great power in contiguity. I don't so much as care how few, if they will sit together. Some are afraid of a smile in a meeting. I love to see one sometimes pass over a congregation, as I love to see a ripple of sunshine over a field of wheat. I do not believe God ever gave a faculty to man that he is not permitted to use. If I wanted to make an auditory weep, I would first make them laugh. If you

are carrying a pan of milk and it spills over one side, it will spill over the other quicker! Conventional prayers are staid and unaffectionate exhortations. The same prayers descend from minister or class leader to members for generation after generation.

There is too much praying in general, too little in specifics, as, verdure in winter, when there are many trees in general and few leaves in particular.—The meeting should be short and promptly closed on time. I would close at the instant, if I cut a man in two for it. The fault is oftener in the pastors than anybody else for poor meetings. I know what it is to have poor meetings. We began with very few persons; the number how in our prayer meeting in Plymouth church averages eight hundred—sometimes there are eleven hundred.—I feel a need of more preparation for prayer meeting than for preaching. The minister should be the candle to light all the tapers. Live prayer meetings purge the pulpit if it is in heresy; strengthen it if in weakness; if dead, give it life.

Chips.

—He who arms the clouds with lightning will give to his own ambassadors the elements of true eloquence.

—Ants may as well attempt to overthrow the Alps, as may skeptics attempt to overthrow the Bible.

—When you meet a man who is fully satisfied with himself, you may be sure that he has good reason for discontent.

—The Christian in this world of evil, sometimes becomes like the quartz which contains a small percentage of gold; therefore the Lord causes him to pass through the crushing mill to bring out the gold from the very common incrustations of spiritual pride and self righteousness. There may be those who contain too small a percentage of gold to reward crushing, therefore they are "without chastisement," and "are bastards and not sons."

J. HAYDEN.

Events of the Week.

THE MOVEMENTS.

of Gen. Grant, who has been on a visit to Boston and vicinity, have attracted no little attention. Arriving in the city early Wednesday morning, he took all necessary precaution against making his visit the occasion of unnecessary public display, and he exhibited in all his intercourse, whether in public or private, his characteristic good sense. To obtain a better knowledge of the state of public sentiment in reference to his future policy is doubtless one of the objects had in view by Gen. Grant in visiting our leading cities. It is proper to state in this connection that the General's Annual Report which has appeared during the week is a model for directness and precision. While it is a document shorter than the shortest paragraph of most of our official reports, it embraces a comprehensive national policy. While we are writing, the last scene in the notorious farce, known as the

TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

is being enacted at Richmond, where Chief Justice Chase is holding a session of the Circuit Court. During the earlier part of the week Robert Ould, counsel for Jeff. Davis, made a motion in the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, to quash the indictment against Davis on the ground that the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution prescribes a mode for punishing participation in the rebellion, which is dishonourment, and no other punishment is prescribed. The argument on the motion was made on Thursday and Friday. The motion was supported by Ould and O'Connor, while Richard H. Dana and others relied in behalf of the government. Whatever decision may be rendered, the case might as well be dismissed unless it can be discussed in real earnest. The statement of last week that the proposed basis for the settlement of the

ALABAMA CLAIMS.

is unsatisfactory to Mr. Seward, proves correct. It seems that the State Department does not like the classification of the claims, but desires that all claims since 1853 be put in one class, and settled under one head. It is not deemed advisable that we shall agree to let a majority of the proposed commission decide upon one class of claims, and then require a unanimous decision of the commission on the Alabama claims, our view being that a majority vote should decide in all cases. The Department also requires that the selection of the arbiters by the two governments shall be subject to ratification by our Senate. So it appears that the settlement of this difficulty is not so near at hand as was supposed. The most significant intelligence from

ABROAD.

is that of the resignation of the Disraeli Ministry. The Premier publishes an address defending the resignation of the Ministry, and announcing the course that it will pursue in the future. They are ready to support reform in the Church of Ireland, but will still offer uncompromising resistance to the policy enunciated by Mr. Gladstone. The new Parliament was to meet to-day, but it is probable that it will adjourn to afford time for the formation of a new Ministry.

The Mission Field.

MEXICO, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

The *Am. Messenger* speaks of these portions of our own continent as a field for missionary effort, not only having stronger claims upon the Christians of the United States than any other, but also as more needy and more hopeful than all others at the present hour. Its thirty millions of people are covered with a pall of ignorance and superstition dense and dreadful. The proportionate number of educated, efficient missionaries is less than one to a million of souls. In Mexico, with its eight millions, it is said there is not so far as is known, a single ordained evangelical minister or a single Protestant church. The ground for hope of success consists, in part, in the fact that thousands, especially the more intelligent, having lost all faith in the unsatisfying forms of the Papal religion, and disgusted with the corruptions of the priests, are inquiring for the "better way." In several important centers of the republics there are little companies of devout seekers after truth, who meet upon the Sabbath, read the Bible and religious books, discuss the great truths of salvation, and long for some one to show them more perfectly the way of life. These are sending of their number one after another to visit societies and churches in the United States and plead for books and tracts to be sent among them. Christians should hasten to possess those lands for Christ, for they are "fully able."

RUSSIA.

The Baptists have planted several missions in Europe. Rev. Mr. Ondra, one of their missionaries, under date of June 23, speaks of the "wonders of God's grace in Russia." The stations at Xander and Soldiren have been visited by the outpouring of the Spirit. He says, "Many enemies of the truth have found peace in the blood of the Lamb. Our church meetings of late have been entirely engrossed with hearing the experiences of converts. I have often been almost inclined like David to dance for joy before the Lord; at least my heart bounded and leaped for joy." Since April 28, forty-eight converts have been baptized.

FRANCE.

The November number of the *Missionary Magazine* has a letter from Rev. Mr. Crutten, giving some accounts of a missionary tour through a portion of France. In Marseilles he was gladly received by an Independent evangelical church to which he preached on the Sabbath. The pastor, he says, is a *Pedo-Baptist*, but there are several Baptists among his flock, though of the free communion stamp. A Bible colporteur (Baptist) has become an open communionsist. Mr. M., whose father and brother are pastors at B., has followed the same path. The father and brother, on learning his views, told him to follow his convictions. "I saw," he adds, "besides these, other open communion Baptists. Baptist views make headway with difficulty, but in the end, little by little, they conquer the mighty prejudices in their way. In places where we have no church and no representative, it is easy to see how those who adopt Baptist sentiments naturally become open communionists. At the present time the strongest opposition we have to encounter is not in regard to baptism, but in regard to our strict views of communion."

BURMAH.

Mr. Van Meter states, in the same Magazine, that, during the year 1867, he made eighty visits to the jungles in Bassein district, during which he traveled 2941 miles, 343 of which were on foot. He preached or conducted religious exercises about five hundred times, and baptized forty-five converts. He distributed books and tracts, established schools and prescribed for the sick; and in addition to this labor abroad, he had the care of the city school and all the mission property at the station, edited the *Pwo Herald*, and visited and printed the gospel of John.

CHINA.

In this land, says the late Report of the American Board, are gathered one-half of the heathen inhabitants of the globe—a nation long inaccessible, but now open in every direction to the preachers of the word. Wonderful is the contrast between the time when religious meetings were held in secret, with locked doors, and the present, when open chapels are rented in the thronged thoroughfares of populous cities, and men from a thousand miles in the interior seek out the missionary, asking for religious books to carry to their far distant homes. But in this immense and crowded field, we are told, that as yet there is only one missionary for each three millions. Meanwhile China has been drawn towards us. The Pacific railroad, in its wonderful daily progress, is hastening to make this largest of mission fields almost the nearest. Soon the cities, to reach which once required a perilous voyage of half a year, will be within thirty days of our Atlantic coast. While we are delaying to help these benighted millions, they approach us by their embassy, saying through their chief ambassador, "China invites your missionaries. She tells them to plant the shining cross on every hill and in every valley." Strange words are these from the envoy of a pagan monarch.

CENTRAL TURKEY.

This mission continues to be blessed with remarkable success. The converts, with a self-devoting devotion not unworthy of apostolic times, in their earnest efforts to build churches and sustain the means of grace, have given not only the labor of their hands and their hard-earned money, but even the clothes on their backs and the copper dishes on their tables. "This mission," says one of its supporters, "constitutes one of the most beautiful gems in our American Board's crown of rejoicing; and if we do our duty, our children may live to see the regions once pressed by the feet of the apostle to the Gentiles again ablaze with the light of the gospel."

INDIA.

At the recent anniversary of the English Church Miss. Soc., it was stated that the late Mr. Tucker, who sailed to India in 1847, and returned on account of poor health in 1864, baptized 3,500 converts, aided in building 64 churches, and had the joy of seeing 13 of his native converts ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. Among the examples of heathen liberality for the support of idolatry spoken of at the same anniversary are the following: A wealthy native sent as his contribution to one of the great festivals 80,000 lbs. of sweet-meats, 80,000 lbs. of sugar, 1,000 suits of cloth, 1,000 boxes of rice, plantains and other fruits. Another gave \$100,000 in addition to an annual contribution of \$50,000.

THE FIFTY YEARS.

Fifty years ago the Am. Board had a single church, with five Indian and four African converts. Now they have more than two hundred churches, with a membership from the beginning of more than 70,000, of whom a long and bright

procession has crossed the flood and passed within the veil. Fifty years ago there was no native agency; now there are 100 native pastors, 300 other preachers and nearly 600 additional helpers.

Temperance Convention.

The Temperance Convention, held for two days in Boston last week, was a spirited and doubtless profitable gathering. Prayer meetings were held at the opening meeting on Wednesday, and at other times during the stay of the delegates, and the large attendance and active participation of clergymen indicated how strongly the cause has taken hold of the thought and the conscience of Christian men.

Rev. Dr. Chickering, the veteran Secretary, called the meeting to order, and at his suggestion, Hon. Henry Wilson was made temporary chairman. At the call of the meeting he spoke briefly and effectively. He said he came to work in the cause, and was willing to do his part. He was glad to see the churches of New England here represented. They had come in the true spirit, and were ready to forward God's work and to aid their fellow men. They should devise some mode of action by which all the influence of the church might be used. He believed in laws, and spoke of the pain which the action of the people of this state on the temperance question last year caused him. He was sorry to see the commonwealth shingled over with licensed drunkard-recruiting stations. The fruits were to be seen all around them. He had faith in this people, and believed that they would reverse their last year's action. During the past year he had traveled nearly ten thousand miles in this country, but he had nowhere seen so much drunkenness as in Massachusetts. He wished all the clergymen to interest themselves in this subject and to preach upon it at least once a month; and he wanted the pledge introduced and signed in all the Sunday schools and churches in the country.

Hon. W. A. Buckingham, of Conn., was elected permanent President, with a long list of Vice Presidents from the several New England States. After the preliminary business had been attended to, and a few brief addresses made, Rev. Dr. Blagden offered, among others, the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the course adopted by such a convention respecting total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and the enactment of laws respecting their manufacture and sale, ought to be one which shall most effectually and permanently promote such temperance.

Some of the delegates hoped Dr. Blagden was going to acknowledge his mistake in taking ground in favor of the license law passed last winter, and asked him to speak, anticipating the enjoyment of his public confession; but he expressed his preference to defer his remarks to a later stage of the meeting. During the afternoon session, when the report of the Committee on resolutions was under discussion, he made a long, frank, but impatient speech in opposition to the following:

Resolved, That as temperance is produced and perpetuated by the social and moderate drinking customs, total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is a Christian duty.

Dr. Blagden said that total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks may be urged and practiced as one means of promoting temperance, but never as a matter of absolute right. It is a matter for each individual or each class of individuals to judge of for themselves before God in the circumstances in which they are placed. There were temperately temperate men in this movement. They condemned those who drank wine on festive occasions, and alleged that they were not only drunkards themselves, but they were making other drunkards by their example. Such talk was wrong.

The temperance people had made great mistakes in their work, and he had doubtless aided them in that direction. We must put it on a basis where the gospel places it. He referred to the words of Paul in relation to people who would forbid marrying and command abstinence from meats. The Romish church had fulfilled the first decree of those who were false to the gospel, and the temperance people were trying now to fulfill the latter—to cause abstinence from meats. Temperance societies were imposing unscriptural tests, and were departing from the teachings of the gospel. They were grieving the Holy Spirit by their actions. They were trying to do something better than Paul and Jesus did.

The resolution ought not to pass if they wished to further the interests of temperance. By enunciating such doctrines they do a great wrong. We had no right to legislate and prevent men from selling liquors. We had no right to say that they were hurting their fellow men. Some were, and they should be looked after. But the majority should not be condemned because a few were doing wrong. He wished a law that should condemn all kinds of intemperance, and execute and take hold of the guilty. He would have the radicals and conservatives united. The radicals should be conservatively radical, and the conservatives radically conservative.

This speech was received with some restiveness and not a few murmurs of dissent, and when it was ended a large number of eminent men uttered themselves in protest or reply. Among these were Dr. Manning, the associate of Dr. B. in the pastorate of the Old South Church, Boston. The Dr. B. was handled with some dignity but more severity.

Wednesday evening there were more formal and elaborate addresses by Gov. Buckingham, Rev. Dr. Kirk, Hon. Henry Wilson and Rev. Dr. Miner. These addresses were calm, able, earnest, effective and convincing.

On Thursday A. M. a prayer meeting was held from 8-9 to 10 o'clock, when the public meeting was called to order, and the resolutions previously reported by the Committee were taken up and considered in their order, both at this and the subsequent sessions. These resolutions asserted the necessity of effort among the youth; the duty of the Christian Press and Pulpit to aid in forming a right public sentiment; the grave responsibilities of physicians who prescribe alcoholic stimulants in their practice; the mischief of license and the need of prohibitory laws; they expressed gratitude for the triumph of prohibition in the late election in Mass., and commended the issues of the Nat'l Temperance Society and Publication House. The P. M. session was held at Music Hall, and the assembly was treated, not only to eloquence from able advocates, including E. H. Unwin and John B. Gough, but to music from the Great Organ and from that fine vocalist, Miss J. E. Houston. The evening session was spirited, and the utterances full of hopefulness and good temper.

On the whole, in spite of some friction and unexpected and undesired episodes, the meeting was well calculated to unite and concentrate and energize temperance men, and make the way plainer to victory.

Communications.

The Ideal City.

When the inspiration of God was upon the gifted bards of Israel, common things were often viewed by them in the sublime form and coloring of a glowing faith and a transfiguring imagination. Isaiah saw Jerusalem a quiet habitation, secure and immovable, where the Lord was to the people a place of broad rivers and streams. The psalmist saw Jerusalem as a city of God, watered by a full and flowing river, and made glorious and secure by the divine presence. This is an ideal and not the actual Jerusalem. No river flows through that ancient city, and only springs and small brooks are anywhere near it. But really and truly God was its safety, its glory and defense, and the river of his grace gladdened its people. Jerusalem is thus idealized to represent the church of the living God, which stands securely and shows herself immovable in the wildest commotion, and through which streams of life and blessing are ever flowing.

As the bard idealized Jerusalem to make it fully represent the church of God, so we must idealize the church as we know it to make it equal to its representation. That is, we must consider this great Divine Society as we often have to consider our own humanity, not as we see it in the perverted and marred features of it in which we exhibit ourselves, and in which others whom we refuse not to own as our brother men exhibit it, but in its divine ideal. It is only thus we can take the true view of our human nature. We estimate it most correctly when we consider it, not in its defects, but in its wonderful faculties, in the essential value of the soul that dwells within it, in the infinite possibilities of greatness and glory within its reach, in the divine image in which it was formed, and which, by the grace of God, it is still open to us to regain. So the great Father viewed it when he commended his love to us in that while we were, yet sinners Christ died for us. So the Son of God viewed it when he loved us and gave himself for us. So we are induced to view it when, in the spirit of our Lord and Master, we freely give our toil, our thought, our life to seek and to save the lost.

As we idealize humanity so it is proper for us often to idealize the church of God on earth. This great divine society among men we may consider, not as it appears in its broken and scattered form, in its defective life, in its admixture of human methods and human imperfection, in the dust and grime of man's own making; but as it is in its true and glorious ideal, as it is in its divine origin and destiny, in its heavenly model and pattern, in its highest intention and purpose, in its noblest character and life, in that large, distant and idealized view which hides its common-place and its minute detail of defect. The near view of a city does not give the true and complete view. Its streets and buildings never glow more grandly nor present a truer idea of their fair proportions than when seen from a little distance, as the morning sun flames upon the tops of the heaven-pointing spires, and the morning light bathes all things in its golden splendor, and the blue heavens arch above with their clear and infinite depths.

So must we view the city of God, the church he gathers and rules on earth, not regarding too minutely its detail of imperfection, not looking, so to speak, at the crookedness of some of its streets, at the dinginess of its blind alleys, at the stucco of its fair mansions, nor at the dusty, grimy common place of its every day life; but as it stands in the true glory of its divine ideal, beautiful for situation, the pride and glory of our earth, with its foundations on the holy mountain, its towers and bulwarks reaching to the skies, and all bright with the light of truth, echoing with the praise of God, and o'er-canopied with the heaven of infinite love.

Are you a citizen of this divine and glorious city? Realize your favored position and walk worthy of your high privilege. It is the greatest privilege you can enjoy on earth. Rome called herself the eternal city and the mistress of the world. The honor belongs only to the city of God. "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved." "Out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem;" and "all nations shall flow unto it." Obey the laws and rules of life which this divine citizenship lays upon you. Never tarnish its honor, or defile the purity of its fellowship. Drink of the streams which make glad the city of the saints. The waters of grace are healing waters, the medicine of life; with joy partake of them. No willows grow by the banks of the river wherewith the city is blessed, on which to hang your harps that they may mingle their murmurings with your sighs and groans. It was Babylon, not Jerusalem, that furnished these groves of complaint. No frogs croak their dismal note of discouragement in these clear, pellucid waters. It was Egypt, not Canaan, that had its plague of frogs. The joy of the Lord is your strength, and in that strength seek to advance the power, to maintain the interests and promote the universal extension of the city of God.

But are you not a citizen of this divine city? Why not? You are not drawn and attracted by its spirit and life. You cannot understand what is its privilege and its glory. You see it in its common-place, every day life, in the human defects it includes, in the imperfect Christian character it acknowledges and exhibits, and you stand aloof. Do you act so in other things? Do the errors and follies of political agitation keep you out of it? Do the defective moralities of business lead you to abandon it? Do the stains and shadows upon many a home induce you to shun the family relationships? Do the degraded exhibitions of humanity which you see move you to re-

nounce your nature and acknowledge your brotherhood? Then why should the imperfections of our Christian Society keep you away from its fellowship? If you are not in the church are you not in the world? Is there a better, purer, holier life outside our church organizations than can be found within? My friend, do not forever glance at the least attractive aspects of the church as it is now to be seen. Remember its origin, its ideal grandeur and glory, its sublime privilege, its glad and divine fellowship, its magnificent future. "The scientific life is less noble," says the accomplished author of *Eccle Homo*, "than the Christian; it is better, so to speak, to be a citizen in the New Jerusalem than in the New Athens." T. G.

The Lord's Supper.

THE POSITION OF BAPTISTS.—APPLICATIONS.

Members of the F. W. B. church have the constitutional right, and therefore the privilege, to receive the Lord's Supper at the altar of any church celebrating this ordinance and extending to them the invitation. They have the same right and privilege, also, of inviting all who love God to unite with them in observing the eucharist. But when either of these indications of "open communion" exists, it is with the distinct understanding that this sacrament is not the rite nor the institution of any church, but it is emphatically the Lord's Supper; and as it is the Lord's Supper, all the Lord's children are not only cordially but earnestly invited to partake of it. By coming around the paternal board in this fraternal manner, the different branches or separate groupings of the family of God indicate that they are "one in Christ Jesus."

But while the F. W. B. church is heartily inclined to recognize in this manner, the different divisions of the praying army, it does not follow that every communicant must give satisfactory evidence that he is a member of some evangelical organization before he can unite with them in yielding to this command of Christ. A. F. W. B. must feel the importance of persuading every sinner to become a child of God, and when such are converted, of urging them to unite with some Christian church, among which, of course, he gives his own preference; and while a member, of using all the faculties at his command to "grow in grace."

To the Lord's Supper the Christian is invited; and if any who are "wolves in sheep's clothing" partake of this sacrament under this invitation, the responsibilities and consequences are theirs, and the church is free from censure. In their own churches the F. W. B. have authority, and there no convert can become a member until he is immersed; and when a member from another church is received by letter, they always prefer to have him duly baptized unless he already has been. So far they require their communicants to go before they deem them qualified to receive the Lord's Supper. But what other churches or individuals shall do they do not pretend to say, only as may be inferred by their "contending for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

Hence, when the F. W. B. receives the Lord's Supper at the altar of another church he does it "without asking any questions," expecting, of course, that they will administer this sacrament according to their "faith and usage."

And so when ministers of other denominations administer the ordinance in a F. W. B. house, whether at a Q. Meeting, General Conference, or at any other gathering, it is expected that they will appear as the representatives of their own organizations, and distribute the bread and the wine "to all intents and purposes," as if they were in their own churches. They assume to be evangelical clergymen, and Christian fraternalization invites them. In this there is no sacrifice of conscience nor evasion of Christian responsibility.

Now if a F. W. B. church has not an ordained minister, and no one is accessible, and they wish to have the Lord's Supper administered to them, they can invite a suitable clergyman of another denomination to meet this responsibility; but let him come from what church he may, it is but the F. W. B. receiving this sacrament at the altar of the church which the minister represents. Nothing more, and nothing less. A change of location but not a change of fact.

And no F. W. B. church is authorized to call upon any minister to represent her, either in administering Baptism or the Lord's Supper, where such a call must of necessity involve a loss of identity. If a clergyman belongs to a church which warrants infant baptism, no matter what may be his theology, the fact of his membership makes him an endorser of that administration, even if he demurs to any extent imaginable. An ordained minister is presumed to be intelligent, and to be in full fellowship with a church while rejecting an important part of its creed and practice must be placing piety at a ruinous discount. In either case, such parties could not be expected to represent the F. W. B. church. From the days of Randall to the present hour the identity of the F. W. B. church has been distinct, and no shadings have allowed any compromise. A Baptist is a Baptist at home and abroad. By preserving his latitude and longitude clear and distinct he meets the demands of his mission; to obliterate these lines is but to trail his banner in the dust.

F. GEORGE, M. D.

A CLERGYMAN, happening to get wet, was standing over the fire to dry his clothes, and when his colleague came in he asked him to preach for him, as he was wet. "No sir, I thank you," was the prompt reply; "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

Tough and Stable Christians.

"Therefore have I set my face as a flint." Isa. 50:7.

Probably some allusion is here had to the Messiah, of whom in another place it is said, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth." His life was to be followed as far as possible by others. "Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps."

Flint is a sort of quartz stone, of a yellowish, blueish gray, or grayish black color. It is impregnated with iron, is very hard and strikes fire with steel. When the prophet Ezekiel was called to his work, to bear testimony against the sinful, God influenced him. "He had made his face strong against their faces, and his forehead strong against their foreheads. As an adamant, stronger than flint had He made his forehead." Ezek. 2:8, 9. Adamant is a stone, imagined by some to be of impenetrable hardness. The name is given to the diamond and other substances of extreme hardness.

The mention of the flint being set, in the text, has no reference to its use in firearms; for muskets were not invented till the year 1370, more than 2000 years after Isaiah prophesied. Let us apply it to the Christian.

1. The Christian is a person of decision. His mind is made up, he knows what to do and is bound to do it.

"Unshaken as the sacred hills,
And fixed as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee."

2. Determination. The plan of life is formed and the purpose is established and so resolute that the power of earth and hell combined cannot move it much from its course. The Psalmist says, "I shall not be greatly moved."

3. Straight-forwardness. "So run that ye may obtain." "I press towards the mark." Impediments may be in the way. Trials may attend. But onward he goes. Hope lights up his countenance; faith stimulates him; and he is heard

"Shouting as he journeyeth,
Deliverance will come."

4. A power for good. The flint breaks other substances, but is not injured itself. It kindles a fire that consumes. The people of God apply the truth, and strong hearts are broken. The fountains of sin are broken up; established systems of wrong overthrown so that in effect the world seems "turned upside down." God's word is like fire. The wood, hay and stubble are consumed before it. Christ came to "send fire on the earth." Sin is destroyed by it. The dross consumed, the good comes forth as gold tried in the fire.

Thank God for the church on earth, and for what he enables his people to be. Their faces set like a flint, they will persevere, do good and never be confounded. H. N.

Rev. Arden Cobb

—Died in Middlesex, N. Y., August 10, 1868, aged 66 years and 5 months. He was born in the town of Blenheim, Schoharie Co., N. Y., Feb. 14, 1802. His parents moved to Almond, Allegheny Co., N. Y., when he was but a child. And as this was a new part of the country his religious privileges were very limited in early life. In 1868 he was married to Miss Betsey Ogden, with whom he lived until his death. He gave his heart to God and consecrated himself to the cause of Christ in 1833, when about 31 years of age. This he did in the town of Burns, in a meeting held by Revs. V. Beebe and S. Griswold. Two years after this he moved to South Danville, and remained there some seven years. Soon after moving to Danville he was impressed that God was calling him to the gospel ministry. And though distrustful of his own ability, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. And at once, though with trembling, he commenced improving his gift. His labors were blessed and many were brought to Christ in his meetings.

In 1848 he moved to Middlesex and became the pastor of the church. The cause of Christ was very low, but under his labors a good revival was enjoyed and many were led to the Saviour. He labored in this town some eight years with commendable success. His preaching was characterized with zeal, earnestness, comprehension of his subject, and with unbounded love for souls. He was strongly and conscientiously attached to the people of his choice. He preached a few years to the North Potter church, also to the Sparta church; then to the Italy and the Scots Bay churches. For the last few years of his life he labored with the Jerusalem church.

He was consecrated to the great work of faithfully preaching Christ. All was laid on this altar. The service of Christ he made the supreme work of his life. It was not only first in all his plans but all else was secondary to this in life. His first and continued inquiry was, "How can I render the most efficient service to Christ and his blessed cause of righteousness?" His Christian life he commenced with this inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and he always lived and worked on that line of action. He made no reserve as to what station he should occupy, what fees he should meet, or what labor he should perform. All was yielded up to Christ; to hear and obey him was his meat and his drink.

He had a more sacred regard for duty than everything else. He could say with the apostle, "What things were gained to me, those I counted loss for Christ." "Yes, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." It was not the things of no value to him he counted loss for Christ, but those of great value, even all things were sacrificed for the excellency of Christ.

When his friends would persuade him to desist from his holy work he would reply, "I must preach Christ to sinners if I do not receive a penny for it." "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel of Christ." His watchword was labor; his motto, activity; his armor, the truth; and baptized with divine love, he went forth to do good. He was highly esteemed by all the citizens of his town, and all acknowledged him a man of God.

In his last sickness he was calm and resigned. He was not considered dangerously ill until within a few days of his death. The same gospel he had seen to be the power of God in the salvation of many souls, during his life labors, was now the anchor and joy of his soul. His last words were, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the Righteous Judge shall give me at that day." L. B. STARR.

Potter, N. Y.

Selections.

A Christian's Creed.

I believe in dreams of duty,
Warnings where they can't control,
Fragments of the glorious beauty
That once filled the unfallen soul:
In the godlike wreck of nature,
Sin did in the sinner leave,
That may still regain the stature
It hath fallen from—I believe.

I believe in human kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censorious keen ken:
In the gentleness that slowly
Sanctions what others grieve,
In the trust that, deep and holy,
Hopeth all things—I believe.

I believe in self-devotion,
And its secret throbs of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy:
In those fond and full believings
That, though all the world deceive,
Will not let its dark deceptions
Wake suspicion—I believe.

I believe in man's affection,
Tender, true, unselfish, high;
Infancy's almost perfect vision,
And in woman's purity:
In his lofty soul-sustaining
That can to one purpose cleave:
In her gentle, uncomplaining love,
Peace and patience—I believe.

I believe in self-devotion,
The long sacrifice of years,
Noblest fruits of deep emotion,
Man's blood-shedding, woman's tears:
In the pure prevailing passion
Human hearts by God conceive,
Which, despite the world's cold fashion,
Live and die for—I believe.

I believe in human weakness
Trying to be strong and true,
Owning in impassioned meekness
What it would, but could not do:
In its consciousness of failing,
Which, the less it doth perceive,
Doth the more leave unavailing
All its efforts—I believe.

I believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remolding,
In the grace of its reprove,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection—I believe.

I believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that's deeper still:
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph—I believe.

—Good Words.

How to Save a Drunkard.

Mr. Parton, in his last essay in *The Atlantic* on the Ruin of Rum, thus describes how Dr. Day, the father of the curative process, had his first patient and cure.

"I once heard Dr. Day relate the occurrence which produced in his mind the conviction that drunkards could be rescued from the domination of their morbid appetite. One evening, when he came home from his work, he found that a certain Jack Watts, the son of the neighborhood, was starving with his wife and three young children. After tea he went to see him. In treating this first patient, Albert Day hit upon the very method he has ever since pursued, and so I beg the reader will note the manner in which he proceeded. On entering his cottage he was as polite to him, as considerate of his dignity as the head of a household, as he could have been to the first man of the village. "Mr. Watts," said he, after the usual salutation, "I hear you are in straitened circumstances." The man, who was then quite sober, replied: "I am, my youngest children want to bed crying for food, and I had none to give them." "Spent my last three cents over there," pointing to a grog-shop opposite, "and the bar-keeper said to me, as he took the money, says he, 'Jack Watts, you're a fool, and so I am.' Here was a chance for a fine moral lecture. Albert Day indulged in nothing of the kind. He said, 'Mr. Watts, excuse me for a few minutes,' and he went out, returning soon with a basket containing flour, pork and other materials for a supper. "Now Mrs. Watts, cook something and wake your children up and give them something to eat. I'll call again early in the morning. Good night."

Perfect civility, no reproaches, no lecture, practical help of the kind needed and at the time needed. Observe, too, that the man was in the condition of mind in which patients usually are when they make the confession implicit in entering an asylum. He was at the end of his tether. He was to use the language of the bar-room—"dead beat."

When Mr. Day called the next morning, the family had had their breakfast, and Jack Watts smiled benedictions on the man whom he had been wont to regard as his enemy, because he was the declared enemy of Jack Watts's enemy. Now the time had come for a little talk. Jack Watts explained his circumstances; he had been out of work for a long time, and he had consumed all his substance in drink. Mr. Day listened with respectful attention, spoke to him of various plans for the future, and said that for that day he could give him a dollar's worth of wood-chopping to do. Then they got upon the liquor question. In the softened, receptive mind of Jack Watts, Albert Day deposited the substance of a rational temperance lecture. He

spoke to him kindly, respectfully, hopefully, strongly; Jack Watts's mind was convinced; he said he had done with drink forever. He meant it, too; and thus he was brought to the second stage on the road to deliverance. In this particular case, resting from labor was out of the question, and unnecessary, for the man had been resting too long already, and must needs go to work. The wood was chopped.

The dollar to be paid for the work at the close of the day was a fearful ordeal for poor Jack, living fifteen yards from a bar-room. Mr. Day called round in the evening, paid him the dollar without remark, fell into ordinary conversation with the family, and took leave. John stood the test; not a cent of the money found its way into the till of the bar-keeper. Next morning Mr. Day was there again, and seeing that the patient was going on well, spoke to him further about the future, and glided again into the main topic, dwelling much upon the absolute necessity of total and eternal abstinence. He got the man's mind, and so helped him to complete lasting recovery. Jack Watts never drank again. He died a year or two ago, having brought up his family respectably.

Theater-Going.

The *Advance* reviews a sermon recently preached in Chicago by Rev. R. L. Collier in defense of theater-going. It says:

We would not do him (Mr. Collier) an injustice, and therefore assume that he meant only to commend a high moral drama, as some of his remarks would seem to imply. But as reported, his discourse contained passages practically contradictory to such a purpose, while he was far from dealing fairly with the evangelical clergy whose condemnation of the theater and opera he assailed. What is their ground? That the opera is inherently sinful? Not at all. That dramatic compositions are wrong? Certainly not. That an actor or actress is always an immoral person? No. That attendants on the theater and opera are of course vile? By no means. They simply affirm, as a matter of fact, that the theater as an institution has always been against true religion and good morals, in despite of occasional plays of unexceptionable character, and a few attempts at reform which proved failures. They claim that the reputation of actors and actresses and of opera singers has not been good, notwithstanding the fair fame of some, among whom are not to be included all the names mentioned and endorsed by Mr. Collier. They point to the known indecency of the most popular and usual stage exhibitions. They think it not wise, nor safe, to accustom the young to places, where possibly one performance in a hundred may be unexceptionable. They reason that such is the necessary expense of the theater—in buildings, performers, dress, music, scenes, etc., etc.—that rigidly moral, truly intellectual plays would not support it, and therefore, that no prospect as yet appears, of its being rescued from the control of the vile to whose taste it must pander. Are these positions indefensible and extreme? We think not. They evince no narrow-mindedness, but only Christian caution and sobriety, a proper subordination of pleasure to principle, and a wise regard for the teachings of experience which no rhetoric can set aside. It is not without reason that Solomon asked, "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?" Mr. Collier has come far short of proving that "the theater" and "the opera," as they exist, can be safely visited by the mass of the people, or wisely patronized by any. Dramatic poems and private or occasional public exhibitions, or imaginary theaters are not to the point.

A Protest.

I am a minister's daughter, grand-daughter, wife, and so on, through almost every shade of clerical relationship and connection.

From an early age (say my sixth year, when I was presented with a pair of No. 7 ladies' kid gloves—black at that, if bitter memory does not mislead me—in which my little claws were, perforce, sheathed every Sunday, in certainty that should the donor, whose paw adjoined the minister's, miss the graceful vision of ten limp fingers ending dangle abjectly to his honor, it would be a *casus belli* in the parish) I have intended to publish, the day before my death, a folio containing some of the things I have wanted to say, but have been prevented from saying by the fact that I was in the ministerial succession. But the date of this prospective issue being uncertain, I venture to speak now on a single point of interest to minister and parish.

The publicity of the life of a clergyman and his family requires no proof. The sanctities of birth, marriage, and death, when known to be, or to be anticipated, beneath his roof, are sanctities no longer. The last farthing of detail is rigorously exacted for common circulation in the parish, and any reluctance thereto is ascribed to a sinful pride or want of confidence. "He don't seem to throw himself onto the parish," was one of the gravest charges which a disaffected faction in a certain church were able to bring against their young pastor. He had done his "work bravely and devotedly, as all admitted, but too reticently for their liking. They wanted to hear from his own mouth just how many pounds of flesh he was losing weekly in their service, and how many pounds he had not bought in the market which he needed to have bought; and had they heard these and other like pathetic statements from his trembling lips they would doubtless have made up a purse which would have figured in the columns of a religious paper among the "Sunny-side items," Heaven destroy the mark!

But offensive and torturing as the household proclamation of a minister's domestic concerns and most sacred interests may be, I desire that it may continue, and, if necessary, increase, till the obtuse majority shall perceive the absurdity and the wickedness of "settling a minister" upon an inadequate salary, to be, at the best, eked out by gratuities and hap-hazard "donation parties," and supplemented, by way of sop to conscience, by a subscription to the fund for superannuated clergymen and the widows and orphans of clergymen.

If any minister is the recipient of a donation-party, "surprise" or otherwise, let all its items appear, prefixed by a statement of just how much of the salary was over-due at the time of the free-will offering; how much money was jingled in the winning pastor's ears by the jocose brother appointed to the presentation; how many of the "material comforts" remained undevoured, or ununsold after the stated flock had departed; how abundant and how suitable to the average taste of cultivated men

and women were the odds and ends of apparel and ornament left behind. And yet by no alchemy of print or photography could that be reproduced which often transforms gifts, in themselves desirable, into insult and a curse. I mean, the tone, the accent, the general expression and intent of the giver—his indelible impression is the one secret of many a minister's life.

How would you, who are a merchant, receive a company of your most obstinate debtors who should "surprise" you some evening by assembling at your house with the gifts of a few dollars, a few eatables (I am assured by a truthful friend that her father received during one week of a depressed pork season fifty spare-ribs), a light blue dress for your brunette wife, and a bizarre hat for your dainty little daughter, "The Prince of the House of David," and a few other works of like inspiration, for your library, etc., etc., and all offered as so much supererogatory charity? The overflow of benevolent souls upon whom you had no claim? Why, if you were a poor man, and had no expectation of justice from them, you would—at least after a little experience—receive them as many a minister is obliged to do. Those few dollars are little compared with the man's rightful due, but they may purchase a new life-lease for his worn-out self or his wife, or supply some absolute need. He learns to bow his thanks courteously, and tell his thoughts to no one but his God.

But these gratuities are often given in earnest affection, and with gracious delicacy—this I can testify after much experience and observation; but better known, a gift from friend to friend, be he minister, or layman, is one thing, and a gratuity from parishioner to pastor quite another. Let the salary itself frankly express all that the parish are able to do for the man of their choice, and let him buy his own food and clothing, manage his living, and bury his dead how and where he please, with no restrictions save those which bind any Christian man, and let him do something (more or less as the parish and he are able) to provide for the future of his wife and children, which every man who is a man claims as his right and privilege.

Having entrusted to a man the cure of souls, you surely can trust him not to waste his substance in riotous living.—*Cor. of The Nation.*

Out of the Ruts.

The people of a certain parish in France were complained of for their lack of zeal in benevolent enterprises to which they replied, "We have no priests to take the lead, and tell us how to act. Our priests are excellent men in their way, but they cannot step out of their routine."

Such ministers there are in America, who go through their round of professional work in a humdrum sort of a way. There is nothing in what they do that you can particularly complain of. They keep a-going, like the horse in the mill, round and round, day after day—*one day* is a pattern of another. It would almost seem that they had been wound up, to run so long, in just such a way, they go through their work so very mechanically. What they say is well enough, what they do is very proper, but there is such a lack of freshness and life about it all, that you would almost pardon a little heresy or a little indecency, for the sake of something new. It may be they are too diffident, or too dignified—they think either too little or too much of themselves. Now, modesty is a very good thing, and as to dignity, it is always excellent where it is natural. But a minister must be courageous; not only as Thoreau says, "good, but good for something," for he is by his very calling a leader, to "go ahead" and carry his people with him. He must force himself to the front, and in all meekness but all boldness, summon his church to the onset. But better make some mistakes than die of dignity. Dignity is a thing which can best take care of itself. Let it alone. Don't nurse it. Simply do your duty, in the fear of God, and you will be respected by all whose good opinion is worth having.

By all means get out of the ruts, avoid mechanical routine. Be ever on the lookout, not for a new gospel, but for new methods of applying it, of bringing it home to the hearts and wants of the people. Remember that one great part of your work is the training of your flock to personal effort in doing good. Seek to infuse an enterprising spirit among them. This you cannot do if you are tied to your routine. Shake yourself out of it. Dare to be original. Never fear to do right, and to do good. Strike out right and left, and let your people see that you are terribly in earnest. They will catch the spirit.—*Examiner & Chronicle.*

The True Hiding-place.

A teacher relates this incident: One morning I went to my school-room and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars, who had been with us a few days before, lay cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease, the children were crying bitterly as I went in, and some of them ran quickly to me, saying, "O teacher! Minnie and Georgie are dead! What shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die?"

I touched the bell gently as a signal for the opening of the school, and when they had all taken their seats, I said: "Children, you are all afraid of this disease. You sorrow for the death of your mates, and fear that you may also be taken. Many of you have asked me, 'What shall we do, I know of but one way to escape this trouble, and that is to hide from it. If you will listen I will read you of a hiding place.'"

All listened eagerly while I read the thirty-first Psalm. I made no comments, but in a few words asked that the Lord would carry his message to their hearts. They all seemed hushed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a little girl named Lizzie came to me and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diphtheria?" "No," I answered. "Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?" "No, dear, I trust not." Lizzie looked me full in the face for some minutes, with thoughtful, wondering eyes; then her face brightened a little. "Oh, I know now," she said. "You are hiding under God's wings. Oh, what a nice place to hide! I thought of that as you read the chapter. I wish I could hide there too. Then I should not be afraid of the diphtheria or anything else. Is there room for me there too?"

"Yes, Lizzie," I said—"room for you, and for every one who wishes to come. Oh, he longs so much more to you can think to hide you in his arms, to clasp you to his heart!"

And this is the true hiding-place for all—old and young—in any and every fear and trouble; a hiding-place in which there is always room and to spare.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1868.

GEORGE T. DAY.

Editor.

J. M. BREWSTER.

Junior Editor.

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

New Subscribers.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

To every new subscriber sending us, before January 1st, 1869, the regular price for the next volume, *two dollars and fifty cents*, we will send the remainder of the present volume FREE. The sooner the names are sent the larger return will the subscribers secure for their money. Send in the names!

THE LIST OF PREMIUMS. For the last time we call the attention of our readers to the list of premiums offered for new subscribers to the *Star* on another page. These offers will be withdrawn on the 31st inst. And yet there is time enough for the prompt and earnest workers to secure almost any of the choice things that are offered. The books are all very valuable; the very best Sewing Machines in use are here held out as stimulants; and the Cabinet Organs have no superiors anywhere,—being adapted to parlor, vestry or sanctuary. No matter where the subscribers are obtained, nor to how many points the papers are sent, nor to how many separate times remittances are made. We wish simply names and money. Shall we not have them?

Power of Conscience.

Looking over the despatches from Washington the other day, in one of the journals, we came across this brief paragraph:

A conscience fund account has been kept at the Treasury Department since Nov. 1863, since when there has been paid into it, in various ways, from various unknown persons, and in various sums, from a single cent upward, \$36,692.

That item is full of meaning. It suggests much more than it tells. It sets one thinking; and the thought widens out like the concentric wave-circles when a pebble is dropped into a still lake. What is this conscience that wields such a power in the human soul and discloses its fruits in conduct? It has no voice for the outward ear. It has no external badge of office. It flourishes no magistrate's warrant. It draws no policeman's billy. It carries no sword at its side. It opens no prison door. It jingles no keys that fit into the locks of cells and dungeons. It whispers no syllable of accusation against the criminal into the air. It leaves every friend as trustful as though nothing had occurred.

And yet its discipline meted out to the transgressor is real and often terrible. There is nothing else so hard to bear as the perpetual reproach of this inward monitor. The suspicion of friends is trying; but this internal charge is worse than that. An open attack upon character is a grievous experience to suffer; but it can be endured better than this fierce sting of conscience. A human witness may be bought off; but gold will not silence this testimony that comes from the mental court-room. An advocate may be hired to pervert judgment and twist facts by means of sophistries; but this voice within keeps up its clear assertion of the unvarnished truth. The judge may take a bribe and mystify the meaning of the statute he is set to apply; but the sentence from the tribunal in the soul rings out through all the confusion like the voice of God through the murmurs of the camp at Sinai. The populace may smile; but the frown of the avenger in the bosom neutralizes all the sunshine in the air and makes men's faces seem somber with the aspect of reprobation. In spite of an acquittal from the jury-box or the bench of the magistrate, this condemnation from the heart sends the man forth to apparent freedom as though he were moving to the scaffold keeping step to the Dead March in Saul. What a power is this invisible, impalpable, noiseless thing which we call conscience! And how wondrous is the spiritual mechanism wherein it plays this significant part! How firm and sure must be the moral government of the universe which it represents! And how transcendent in wisdom and infinite in power and resources must be the whose eternal rule and omnipresent influence this ever-active symbol of his authority and justice suggests!

One is struck with the fact that this inward monitor takes note of what are termed small offenses. Sums of only a single cent are returned! Even the penny is too heavy a load for this sensitive servant to carry in silence. It looks not so much at the outward magnitude of the offense as at the majestic statute that has been set at naught. And it is not content with mere regret. It demands restitution. It does not tolerate tears; but it accounts them the proper prelude to something more vital. To repent in its view involves the virtual pledge to restore. And so these offenders find no real quiet till they have offered the species of atonement involved in the return of what they have appropriated. Mere inward penitence will not suffice; something is due to the law of rectitude which has been broken, and to the government which represents that law before the world. This is what conscience asserts; and in asserting it, it exalts and partly interprets the great transaction that culminated at Calvary.

One is also set thinking of the personal character, circumstances and history of these restorers of what was not their own but the nation's. Who are they? Some of them perchance are young men, who "borrowed" a

trifle from the coffers of the government, to gratify a youthful pride, or buy a doubtful pleasure, or escape a sneer from companions who were plainly on the way to perdition.—The young clerk, fresh from a Christian home in the country, is one of these penitent servants. His mother's prayers and his occasionally opened Bible would not let the memory of the pitiable deed die; and there was no true inward rest till the money was mailed to Washington, and the sad story was sobbed out in his astonished but grateful mother's ear, or openly confessed to heaven as he knelt in anguish upon her grave. After that the heart gained a chastened buoyancy, and out from the inward discord came strains of peace and thanksgiving.—Others are old men, toil-worn, disappointed, half-broken with calamities, perhaps the victims of other men's misdeeds, and eager to get something where-with to light up a home that is becoming shaded with anxieties, and to lessen the load of toil that is beginning to make the feeble and heavily taxed spirit stagger.—Some have yielded to a sudden and mighty temptation that swept away their hesitating and poorly-organized resistance at the first onset; others parleyed long with the idea of getting gain dishonestly, until the familiar thought at length paved the way to the once distant and dreaded deed.—Here is one whose sense of shame and dishonor trod on the very heels of his transgression, and the sun that went down upon his speculation rose to find him hastening to repair the wrong that had haunted his sleepless pillow like a troop of furies; there is one whose conscience seemed to sleep long over the iniquity, but at length woke in its might and pressed its claim and intensified its clamor day after day and year after year, till the man capitulated and bought back quiet by restitution.—The sender of that package took but a mere item out of his annual income to fulfill the duty to which his conscience summoned him; the man who indited that other epistle, lying cold at hand, made himself penniless and doomed his children to harder toil and scantier fare when he wrote himself down loyal to the sense of right.—Some of these refunders of what was not their own stopped short with this one act of fealty to conscience; there are others, and of these not a few, whose deed of honor toward the government accompanied or sprang from their cordial acceptance of the will of God as the law henceforth of the whole heart and life.

Those who have paid this tribute to conscience constitute a small part of those who ought to pay it.

If it is meant to withhold and noble to yield what is due to the government, how criminal is resistance and how sublime is submission to the infinite claims of God!

The restless conscience, voicing the law of duty, is not an enemy of our peace, but God's good angel sent to find us in our senseless straying and eager to lead us home where only abide purity and joy. To condemn the plea of such a conscience, or cheat it with sophistries, or bribe it to silence, or overmaster it with violence until it leaves us unreprieved in our wrongs, is to cut the last cord by which God's wisdom and mercy would lead us to himself and redemption. After that comes the death of hope. A soul perpetually restless and self-satisfied in its sin is like a planet swinging beyond the attraction of the sun, to be a wandering star to which is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

Congress and its Work.

Congress is again at Washington. It did not find that the necessity for assembling earlier was urgent enough to overcome the objections to an extra session, though the conditional adjournment was not without value. Affairs in the South have not been in all respects such as might have been wished, and the White House is not yet the temple of dignity and honor. But so long as there was hope of electing Seymour the spirit of misrule and defiance was likely to be somewhat rife. The presence of legislators in Washington would not have insured loyalty in conduct where it had been shut out of the heart.

The triumph of the Republican ticket will do more than anything else to induce good behavior. Already the tone of the Southern press is improving. The orators suppress their fury. The Ku-Klux-Klan begins to use apologies and disclaimers. Professions of submission and loyalty supplant the notes of defiance. Wade Hampton tries to explain away his treacherous speeches. Howell Cobb begins to be reasonable. The Charleston editorials do not bristle as they did with terrible epithets. Albert Pike swears under his breath instead of vexing the air of the streets with his oaths. Virginian pride is less explosive and no more sullen than it was. The murders and confagurations that have made Georgia red and lurid grow fewer and fainter. Mississippi is ceasing to brag of being out of the Union, and even Texas seems at last to discover some meaning in the silent captain's pointed and pregnant sentence,—"Let us have peace."

If Mr. Johnson is still as much out of humor as ever, he vents his spleen less in the public ear, and does not so wildly foam and fret at the limitations that keep their hold upon his mischievous tendencies. He is chained if not tamed; and he does not so fiercely fight with his fate as he did, nor storm so wildly at his keepers. Report says he is intending to offer a long and elaborate vindication of himself and his policy in his message, which is not made public while we write. That his sorry record sorely needs a vindication is obvious enough; but the surest as well as the simplest way in which he could operate to win charity and esteem is to make a brief and hearty confession. With that he would be followed to private life by the sympathy of good and charitable men; without it, he will be quietly dismissed to ignominy or forgetfulness. It is a griev-

ous thing that a man with such a splendid opportunity should fling it away in a fit of morbid egotism, and then keep up a puerile spite and a dogged willfulness that forbid him to regain it. More in sorrow than in anger the nation has abused will open the door for his welcome exit, lamenting that he has so tarnished his high office, but grateful that a real man has been found for the chair which Washington's virtue made illustrious and Lincoln's martyrdom made sacred.

Congress comes back from its fresh conference with the people now. It has heard their voice, it knows their wishes, it cannot mistake their temper. It can no longer plead ignorance, nor doubt, nor incapacity. The power is again put into the hands of those who for eight years have had the fashioning of our legislation. There need be no more maneuvering for a stay in office. Nothing can now be offered as an apology for neglecting the proper and imperative work that waits to be done. It is not worth the while to get up or be provoked into another fight with the President. There is more important service than this. Scrambling for divided spoils will be simply despicable. The people ask for practical and patriotic work.

Affairs in the South will still need attention.—The currency question cannot innocently be ignored or left without an earnest effort for its solution.—Whatever is really needful to give the negroes protection and opportunity must be done; after that they must work out the problem of their future by industry and heroic endeavor, relying on themselves and God.—And if it is practicable, according to the theory of the government, as we believe it is, we trust that some decisive steps will be taken, before the 4th of March next, to guarantee equality of suffrage throughout the Union. It is quite time that the taunt from Southern men that, while we make the negro a voter in South Carolina we deny him the ballot in Connecticut, were silenced forever by investing him with all the prerogatives of citizenship wherever the flag he fought for is the symbol of sovereignty.

Let Christians remember Congress in their closets, for it needs God's guidance and blessing; let them encourage it to the heroic service for which Freedom is calling, for its enactments are almost certain to embody the expressed thought and purpose of the people whose commissions it is pledged to execute. Earnest prayer may bend the heavens in blessing above the Capitol; true words out of a brave heart may lift the Capitol itself nearer to the serene height where passion ceases its clamor and eternal justice is framed into law.

The Quarterly.

The fourth number of the sixteenth volume of the *Free Will Baptist Quarterly*, now out of press, contains nine articles, together with notices of recent publications, as follows:

Christ's vital Relations to men; Woman's work in India; The First Chapter of Eph. or Personal Predestination; The book of Job and its Lessons; Pulpit Eloquence; The Resurrection; Personal Christian development; Doctrine and Polity of the Free Will Baptists; Art in Instruction.

In the first article, the doctrine suggested by the figure of the vine and the branches, contained in the fifteenth chapter of John, is very fully and correctly stated, and its lessons are practically enforced. The second article, from the pen of one of our missionaries in India, whose communications are always welcomed by the readers of the *Star*, is a well written and entertaining paper, and is especially valuable in view of the bearings it is calculated to have on our Foreign Mission work. The third article contains a scholarly and elaborate discussion of the doctrine in question, in which the Arminian view is well sustained. The fourth, sixth and seventh articles contain discussions of more or less interest and importance, and are adapted to convey both pleasure and profit to the reader. The fifth, eighth and ninth articles appear as anonymous, but they are able and well written. The denominational character of the eighth renders it particularly valuable. We would gladly see this statement of our Doctrine and Polity published in such a form as will insure it a wider circulation.

The volume of the *Quarterly*, of which this is the closing number, is, we believe, as able and interesting as any which has preceded it. None has contained more live and instructive articles, and to the editorial supervision of none has more care been given. Is the work to be cut short in the strength and vigor of its manhood, or is a further lease of life to be given it? Such is the question now awaiting an answer. Shall not the *Quarterly* live and ample support be given it?

Revivals.

The harvest is over, the rush of summer business is nearly past, long evenings and leisure have come again. Now is the time to win souls to Christ and salvation. Men have time to think; will they consider their duty to God, or plunge into dissipation? That depends very much upon Christians. The church is sent to make men think of God. The ministry have power to enlist their minds. The gospel will attract attention if urged with love and energy. Sleepy, common-place sermons will do little good, but words which come with the ring and fervor of earnest hearts, the appeals of men who thoroughly believe and are alarmed for sinners, will not return void.

Our ministry in many respects is greatly improved. In mental culture, fitness of words, power of argumentation, excellence of style, the present ministers excel the fathers. But have they earnestness, power with God and the people, and skill to win souls? Success is proof of endowment for any work. It is not the man whose armor

glitters most brightly in the sun that is crowned, but he who does best execution. A rusty sword in the hands of a brave and skillful man is worth scores of pretty weapons and flourished by amateurs without souls devoted to the strife. Fancy soldiers and preachers are equally worthless.

There is real strength among our ministers; there is heart, love of sinners, skill to work; many of them have more power than they believe or dare to confess to their own hearts. They need the inspiration which comes from success to set them on fire. If they would attempt great things, they would succeed. One winter of earnest campaigning for souls would do them more good, in developing power, courage, skill, than years of close study. They need field work, the experience of the battle-field, the joy of winning souls by scores. Now is the time for them to strip for the conflict. If they could venture, determined to have revivals, a glorious work would be done.

Many good men have become discouraged. They are not educated, have been crowded into the back ground, are doing little or nothing. That is not right. They have power if they will use it. Destitute fields await their labors. If they will arise, go forth, work, pray, exhort, take hold of God's arm, appeal to sinners, they will see former days return, and success will gladden their hearts. Once more, before they die, let them "go forth weeping," once more prove God, once more bring sheaves into the garner. Now is their time, the time for all. These passing months should be made glorious through victories for the cross.—G. H. B.

Current Topics.

—BEHIND TIME. The last issue of the *Watchman and Reflector* contains an appreciative article of considerable length upon the *Free Will Baptists*, setting forth, as is its wont, the special features of interest in the developing life and passing experience of a sister denomination. The peculiar thing about it is that it represents us as just now eagerly discussing the question whether we shall or shall not retain the "will" in our name; and as trying to determine whether we shall encourage the publication of the *Christian Freeman*. It pretty fairly exhibits the state of things as they were three or four months since, but seems to have quite overlooked or forgotten the fact that we have had a General Conference, and that these issues now seem to us like antiquities, it is so long since they were disposed of. It also strangely fails to distinguish between the voice of what it calls "the denominational organ" and the expressed opinions of its correspondents. Hence it represents us as strongly tending towards episcopacy, because one writer in the paper suggested that the Gen. Conference control the papers and appoint Professors in our theological schools; and then it intimates that the *Star* has at length come to look with a fraternal eye upon the *Freeman*, because another correspondent had expressed his conviction that the Conference was likely to do for that paper whatever was really necessary to its welfare. Possibly this article has been lying a long time in the drawer, waiting for room in the columns of our contemporary, and so needed revising in order to bring it up to the times. The *Watchman* is a live paper, and usually marches abreast with the leading ideas of the age; and hence fossils like this appear peculiarly out of place in it. If one were to express his full thought, it might be said that the devotion to restricted communion would perhaps raise the query whether it is thoroughly wide-awake in its discernment of all the latest phases of truth.

—A CHURCH DIFFICULTY. As is well known, the *Congregational* church in Washington is seriously divided, the majority being led by Rev. Dr. Boynton, the pastor, and the minority by Gen. Howard, and that an *ex-parte* council in the interest of the minority was recently convened. The grievances of the minority against Dr. Boynton, as we find them stated by a contemporary, were substantially these: Removing the whole board of deacons at one time, because they were not acceptable to him; opposition to certain members of his church; unrelenting opposition to Gen. O. O. Howard, even having his name stricken out from the act of incorporation of the church; calling Gen. Howard an amalgamationist from the communion table; preaching caste in his views against the admission of blacks to this church; so examining colored applicants for admission to the church that they were forced to withdraw their application; not governing the church in accordance with *Congregational* principles; suspending a member from the church without trial and without specifications; only allowing members to join the church who were favorable to him; doing business by caucuses; and conducting and dismissing cases in church meeting, while still occupying the chair.

These are certainly grave charges to be made against the pastor of a Christian flock, but it seems that they were sustained before the Council. The Council also made a statement showing the necessity of a mutual council to consider the question of the continuance of the pastoral relation, and advising that the minority seek to be fairly represented before the council called to meet Jan. 13th. It appears also that the minority constitutes the chief strength of the church, the books of the society showing that its members have obtained for the church building, fifty-eight thousand dollars, including \$13,500 loaned by the American *Congregational* Union; while the majority has obtained only two thousand one hundred and twenty. The whole affair is very unfortunate for the interests of *Congregationalism* in Washington.

—ANOTHER VIEW. The utility and propriety of holding large Christian Conventions, such as the one of which quite an extended account was given in our last issue, have been called in question by high au-

thority; and the one in question has not escaped criticism, notwithstanding the views very generally entertained. The *Christian Advocate*, of New York, the leading organ of Methodism, referring to it, says that the attendance was large, and it comprised many able and eminent ministers and laymen, earnest and successful Christian workers—and the proceedings were spirited, and characterized by a purpose to bring out practical results of real value. But after having said so much in its favor, it adds:

There was seen in not a few cases a disposition to despise and decry the divinely appointed agencies of the church—the ministry, and its functions and labors, and the church—God's ordinances for the spiritual edification of believers; and to exalt in their stead certain modern agencies of man's invention; and no other expressions were so loudly cheered as innuendoes, or open onslaughts upon the church and ministry as inefficient, and unsuited to the demands of the age. "Doctrine" and "doctrinal preaching" were especial objects of attack from such men as Moody of Chicago—a man quite guiltless of theology—whose modesty and lack of self-confidence are not likely to injure his usefulness; and Dyer, of this city, the John Allen man. It is among the infelicities of such gatherings that mountebanks of all grades cannot be kept out of them, nor hindered from occupying an undue share of the time; it was the further misfortune that such men were in this case the most applauded, and, therefore, representative speakers.

Some of this is doubtless just. The *Advocate* also volunteers a few remarks in reference to the utility of these Conventions and the manner of conducting them, which have their ludicrous as well as serious side. It seems difficult for the *Advocate* and other Methodist journals to rid themselves of the notion that all good has its origin in Methodism. To our mind the concluding paragraph in the *Advocate* savors not a little of egotism. It says:

We heartily welcome every form of agency for the increase of Christian efforts that does not oppose itself to God's own order; but we are satisfied that Methodists have very little to learn from others in these things, and it may be well to examine the sources from which suggestions for changes come, and to try the spirits whether they be of God.

—REV. DR. MATTISON. Many of the readers of the *Star* will regret to learn that this eminent clergyman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his residence at Jersey city on the 25th ult. One of our Methodist exchanges, speaking of him, says:

Dr. Mattison was an able preacher, and a writer of marked ability. His published works make a considerable catalogue, consisting chiefly of scientific and theological treatises. He was a keen and earnest controversialist, and at different times had engaged freely in the public movements in favor of temperance and in opposition to slavery and Romanism.

At the time of his death he was one of the Secretaries of the American and Foreign Christian Union, and as such was waging a strong fight with Romanism. It will be recollected that he was at our recent General Conference in Buffalo, and gave a lecture on this subject.

—MR. GOUGH'S WEDDING. The recent silver wedding of John B. Gough, Esq., the distinguished temperance lecturer, was a decidedly pleasant affair.

Between six and seven hundred friends were present on the occasion, and letters were received from well-known persons in all parts of the country. The five adopted children of Mr. and Mrs. Gough were present on this happy occasion. Elegant presents, amounting to over three thousand dollars in value, were made by his friends in Worcester, Boston and Chicago. Clergymen of various denominations were present, yielding their willing tributes to the interest of the hour.

Mr. Gough is still doing excellent service in the cause of temperance, and it is the earnest desire of its many friends that he and his excellent wife may live to enjoy a golden wedding, and that their influence for good may never be less. In view of the value of Mr. Gough's presents it is suggested that others besides liquor dealers have money.

A CHRISTIAN CONVENTION. A Christian Convention is called to meet at the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, at 10-1-2 o'clock A. M., on Tuesday, 8th inst. Meetings will be held during the day and evening. The subject to be considered is REVIVAL OF RELIGION, which will be presented in various aspects. Clergymen and laymen of various denominations, residing in this vicinity, are expected to participate in the proceedings. A large attendance and a profitable session are anticipated. These Conventions are being held in many places, and their religious value is proving to be large and peculiar.

A NEW PAPER. Messrs. Pettingill, Bates & Co., announce their intention to start a new Rural and Family Paper at the opening of the new year, to be issued weekly, under the immediate editorial charge of Donald G. Mitchell, with Mrs. H. B. Stowe as supervisor of the Home and Fireside Department. An extended and pleasant acquaintance with Messrs. Pettingill & Co., as advertising Agents, and the high literary position of the persons who are to stand as sponsors for the new Journal, assure us that the undertaking is not likely to want skill and enterprise in its business department, and that it will be especially attractive on its literary side.

—TOO LATE. A writer who signs himself "Reporter," sends us a somewhat detailed account of the meeting of the electoral college of Maine, but it arrives too late for insertion. As is well known, the College was composed of seven members, two of whom, Rev. E. Knowlton, of South Montville, and Mr. Perry, of Mars Hill, are F. Baptists. Hon. Amos Nourse of Bath, the oldest member, was chosen President, and Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta, was appointed chaplain, but he was unable to serve in consequence of sickness from which he is slowly recovering. Of course the

vote of the state was given to Grant and Colfax.

The same mail brings us a communication from Bro. Knowlton, in which he alludes to our remarks of last week advocating the appointment of Mr. Sumner as Secretary of State in Grant's cabinet. While he is of the opinion that Mr. Sumner is deserving of all that was said of him, he strongly favors the appointment of Hon. E. M. Stanton to the position. As considerations favoring this view, he urges Mr. Stanton's eminent qualifications, the value of his past efforts in the cause of liberty, and the fact that his appointment would take him from private life and again secure his services to the country. Mr. Sumner on the other hand will be re-elected to the Senate where he is greatly needed. While these arguments are not without force, it is proper to remark that, if a statement in our news column is correct, it is idle to expect that Mr. Stanton can be induced to accept the position in question.

THE REGISTER. The Register for 1869 has been delayed by various causes, but is now ready for delivery. Orders for it will be promptly filled. For terms, etc., see the Advertisement in another column.

Spirit of the Press.

The *Christian Register* (Unitarian) has a brief article entitled, "What Think ye of Christ," in which is presented the views entertained of Christ by the more evangelical portion of the Unitarian body. Though coming short of our views of the person and character of Jesus, yet we insert it as indicative of the fact that there is conservative and saving element in the Unitarian body. The *Register* says:—

If any fact of history was ever established, it is that Christianity had its origin in Jesus Christ as an actual historic person. Moreover, if we treat the gospel records as in any sense historic, these declare that Jesus felt himself "sent" and ordained of God in a peculiar and exceptional sense. He uses language respecting himself which no ordinary human being would employ. This we must believe unless we deny to the gospel narratives every historical element. Even Strauss fully admits the personality of Jesus, and Liemann declares "that the consciousness of God in Jesus" exceeded that of all other men.

We furthermore believe that, in consequence of the peculiar relation of Christ with God, he received a greater fullness of the Divine Spirit than any other being who ever trod the earth. We regard him with special reverence and authority on account of his position and character. Moreover, in our view, the spirit of Christ is the great central source of inspiration to all believers, because it is the fullest expression which the world has ever witnessed of the spirit of God. Our faith, aspirations and hopes gather round the person of Christ. The establishment of the religion he taught among men would make a better life on earth, build up a true church and fill us with the profoundest hopes of another life. He it is who reveals to us most full the Father. In him we see the most beautiful illustration of humanity. Him we love, both for what he did and what he was. Such is a very brief statement of our faith in Christ.

The *Christian Freeman* (A. H. H.) deals with the present state of the communion question among the C. Baptists. The closing paragraph not only indicates the general drift of the article, but it may also be regarded as expressive of the minds of F. Baptists generally:

We are glad for the agitation of this question at this time, for we believe that out of the conflict will be born a genuine and broader tolerance grounded in a clearer comprehension of the truth, and a more effective unity of all believers in the "one Lord, one faith and one baptism." All we ask of our C. Baptist brethren is to state the issue plainly, and meet it squarely in candor. Do they rest the practice of close communion on apostolic usage exclusively? If so, where is the evidence of that usage? And, if a large portion of the Christian world fail to find satisfactory evidence for the exclusion of other Christians from the communion, who shall be regarded as the true church of Christ? We wait for argument, not assumption; for evidence, not supposition.

In answering the question, Will the heathen be saved? a contemporary remarks:

There can be no doubt that the same view of God's plan of grace which assures us that those who die in infancy in Christian countries are saved, applies also to those who thus die in heathen lands. There will no doubt in this way be gathered out of the ruin of heathenism great multitudes of precious souls, and in so far as these go we may see and be thankful for an efficacy of the Gospel realized even there. When, however, a heathen arrives at years of responsibility, he comes under the binding claim of such law as he has "within his heart" just as those in Christian lands come under that far more perfect law which is revealed in the written word. By that law they are judged, and by that law, as a part of God's holy administration, their final doom must be fixed. Ignorance may serve for a mitigation of doom; but we have no reason to think that ignorance is, or ever can be, a means of salvation.

Denominational News and Notes.

[We invite our brethren generally to forward freely and promptly items of interest connected with the life of our churches for this department of the *Star*. Whatever marks the real progress of the good work in connection with our congregations and Sabbath Schools will be acceptable. The items need to be stated in the briefest and simplest way. Many things are wanted; not a prolix and detailed statement of anything. Frequent budgets and pithy paragraphs are what is wished. We hope for many and cheering responses.]

Maine Central Institute.

The time has come when the friends of this school must become more fully acquainted with its necessities. The cost of the work under contract will be about \$33,000. To meet this outlay we expected from Pittsfield, \$10,000, and from the Penobscot Yearly meeting \$10,000. This would have left us \$13,000 unprovided for, which amount we

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Poetry.

The old Wedding-Ring.

Alice, my youngest daughter,
Wedded with Ralph to-day;
The morning air was balmy
With the breath of new-mown hay.

The sky was flooded with sunshine,
And blue—as blue as the deep—
Their white wings folded together,
The clouds were fallen asleep.

The air-harps of the forest
Were tuned to the sound of a psalm,
And their distant music touched me
With a thrill of infinite calm.

She stood in her bridal whiteness,
A lily pure and pale,
The gold of her ringlets shining
Through the mist of her floating veil:

And her lover, strong and stately,
In the pride of his gracious youth,
With a voice both deep and tender,
Plighted his manhood's truth.

He put the ring on her finger—
A hand of virgin gold,
Broad and heavy; it beamed her
His to have and to hold.

May it never change to a fetter,
Breaking her heart to wear;
May it be as dear as her mother's,
Is her mother's earnest prayer.

They have gone their way together,
And I sit in the summer night
Alone, with the thoughts of beauty
That flit through the soft moonlight.

I am turning on my finger
My own dear wedding-ring,
And the memories of a life-time
To a narrow ephemerling.

It is not so broad as my daughter's,
And the years have worn it thin,
But it clasped two hearts together
Its blessed bond within:

Hearts that but knit the closer
Through life, in woe or weal—
That, present, were ever loving,
And, absent, were ever real.

The years fall back like a curtain,
And my husband comes once more;
I see his form in the moonlight,
I hear his hand at the door.

And it's—"Oh! my darling, I'm weary,
You tarry so long above;
When will you come to take me,
Oh! my love, my love?"

I feel his touch on my forehead;
It falls like a seal of rest;
And my heart forgets it was tired
As I lean my head on his breast.

Yes, yes! I know he is lying
In the moonlight on the hill;
But the thin, worn ring hath magic,
And it binds my darling still.

And oft, when I'm very lonely,
I dream of the home above;
And it's—"Oh! my love, I'm coming;
Come, my love, my love!"

Alice and Ralph lamented
That the mother was called away,
Swiftly and suddenly, from them,
On the eve of their wedding-day.

But they never knew how gladly,
At the beck of an angel hand,
She had left our waning moonbeams
For the light of the Better Land.

With the word old ring on her finger,
And her pale hands crossed on her breast,
They bore her out to the hill-side,
And by him they laid her to rest.

The Family Circle.

Robert Lester, the "Trapper."

Coal, you know, is dug out of the earth.
Should you like to visit a coal-mine? We
come to a great hole in the ground, and get
into a big basket hung by stout chains to a
windlass. Down, down we go. It grows
black and blacker, and is quite dark by the
time we touch the bottom. Here passage-ways
run off in every direction, often crossing
each other like the streets of a town. On
each side of these are caves, where the coal
is left between, to hold up the roof. The
men who hew out the coal are called
"hewers". The coal is put into tubs run-
ning on wooden wheels, and dragged to the
foot of the shaft. Those who do this are
called "putters". It is hard work pulling
these heavy loads through the long, low,
dark passages. Besides these, are the
"trappers", whose business is to sit cooped
up in little black holes, to open and shut
the trap-doors which lead out of the pas-
sages. This is boys' work. Often little
boys of nine or ten are employed. It is not
hard, but very dismal and tiresome. And
they have to stay all day long! How
should you like it, children, who go to
school, and play on the grass in the sun-
shine?

Then, there are dangers down in the mine
which do not happen to people above
ground. Foul air sometimes chokes the
men to death; water sometimes spouts up
and drowns them; and sometimes a part
of a mine "caves in." This is called a
"crush."

One morning, while the pitmen were at
work in a mine in the north of England,
they heard a noise like thunder. In a mo-
ment every lamp was out; for the men
work by lamps. There is not a spark of
daylight there. "A crush! a crush!" cry
the men; and all throw down their tools,
and run.

It is Tuesday morning. The men gather
at the mouth of the pit, and count their
number. Five are missing—two "hew-
ers," two "putters," and one little "trap-
per." Robert Lester. People above hear
the noise, and rush to the pit's mouth. The
workmen are taken up. Oh, the agony of
the wives and mothers of those who are
left behind! Brave men go back to their
rescue. They light their candles, and reach
the "crush." There is nothing but a heap
of ruins. Were the poor miners instantly
killed, or are they hemmed in, to die of

starvation? It is a dreadful thought. They
called and shouted; but no answer. They
begin with pickaxes and shovels to clear
the way. It is hard work and great risk.
The news of the accident brings help from
far and near. Men flock from all quarters
to offer their services. How they work!
Towards night they have something. Listen!
It is not a voice, but a tapping. It
can just be heard! Clink, clink, clink,
clink, clink! five times, and then it stopped.
Five more, and then a stop. What does it
mean? One man guessed that, as there
were five missing, the five clinks showed
all five were alive, waiting for deliverance.
A shout of joy was raised in and above the
pit.

Among the foremost of the workers was
the father of little Robert, the "trapper."
Night and day he never left the mine, and
hardly quitted his work.

"You'll kill yourself, Lester," said a fel-
low-workman; "go, take a little rest, and
trust the work to us."

"No, no, Tom," cried the poor father.
"I promised Robert's mother we'd come up
together, and so we will, if it please God,"
he said, wiping the tears from his rough
cheek; and he hewed away with all his
might.

How does it fare with the poor prisoners?
They were frightened, like the rest, by that
sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left
his door, and ran to the men, who well
knew what it meant. Waiting till every-
thing was quiet, they went forward to ex-
amine the passage-way Robert left. It was
blocked up. Oh, fearful thought, they
were buried alive! The men went back to
the boy. "I want to go home; please do
let me go home," said poor Robert.

"Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out,
my little man," said a miner called Tru-
man, in a kind yet husky voice.

The air grew close and suffocating, and
they took their oil-cans and food-bags to
one of the galleries where it was better.

The two "hewers," Truman and Logan,
were pious men. "Well, James, what shall
we do next?" asked Truman.

"There is but one thing that we can do,"
said Logan. "God says, 'Call upon me in
the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and
thou shalt glorify me.'"

They told the boy their danger. "But
we must keep up a good heart," said these
believing men; "and the way to do so is to
put our trust in the Almighty God more
than in man. He heard Jonah cry to him
from the whale's belly, and he can hear us
from the bottom of the coal pit. Let us pray
to him."

They all knelt down, and Robert cried
bitterly. But, as the pious pitmen prayed,
—first one and then the other,—their hearts
grew lighter, and even the little "trapper"
dried his tears.

When it was time for dinner, they ate
sparingly, in order to make the food they
had last at least three days, for it might be
full that time before they could be dug out.
Meanwhile, what should they do for water?

A trickling noise was heard. "Water, wa-
ter!" Yes, it was water, dropping from the
rock. "It seems," said Logan, "as if this
water was sent on purpose to put us in
mind that God won't forsake us; for don't
you know the good Book says, 'When the
poor and needy seek water, and there is
none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I
the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel
will not forsake them?'"

Soon the imprisoned men got their pick-
axes; but what a hopeless task it seemed
to cut through the mass of earth and stones
to day-light! Their hearts beat with hope
and joy when they first heard the sound of
their friends working on the other side. It
was then they made the clink, clink, with
their pickaxes, which was heard, and so
encouraged their deliverers.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and no
rescue. What dark and dreadful days!
Worse than all, the sounds they had heard
did not appear to draw near. And yet
prayer and songs of praise might have been
heard in that dismal cavern. By Friday
morning their food was gone, and by Fri-
day night their oil too.

"Our food is gone, our light is gone, but
our God is not gone," said Truman. "He
says, I will never leave you, nor forsake
you." As for little Robert, he was so weak
he could not sit up. His mind wandered;
he talked about the sun and the grass as if
he saw them; and once he repeated what he
had learned at the Sunday school:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
Saturday came,—the fifth day,—and the
men at work outside knew there was not
an instant to lose. They were too anxious
even to speak. For hours they heard no
signals. Were their poor comrades dead?
Suddenly the wall was pierced, a hole was
made through it; feeble voices were heard.

"Truman, are you there?"
"Yes all here."
"All living?"
"Yes, thank God, all living."

"All living, all living!" shouted the men;
and the shout went up to the top of the pit.
When Robert's father heard that his little
son was alive, the good news was too much
for him, and he fell down senseless.

One hour more, and the rescuers reached
their comrades. Who can describe the
meeting? I cannot; nor the joy and grati-
tude of wives, mothers, and friends, as one
and another were brought up to the sur-
face. At last came Lester, with Robert in
his arms. What a huzzah rent the air as
they came in sight! "Safe, safe! God be
praised!"

My little reader, is there not a lesson in
this story for you?

It matters not what a man loses, if he
saves his soul; but, if he lose his soul, it
matters not what he saves.

Sinful security is the forerunner of sudden
destruction to nations, as well as to fami-
lies and individuals.

Crooked Jack.

A queer fellow was Jack Grip. Queer
because he never got enough money, and
yet never seemed to know the right use of
money. His family had the bare comforts
of life, but his wife was a drudge, and his
children had neither books nor pictures,
nor any of those other things so necessary
to the right education of children. Jack
was yet young, but he was in great danger
of becoming a miser. The truth was, he
had made-up his mind to get rich. It took
him some time to make up his mind to be
dishonest, but he was in a hurry to be rich,
and lately he had been what his neighbors
called "slippery" in his dealings. Poor
Jack! He was selling his conscience for
gold, but gold could never buy it back.

But on a certain night in November, the
night that his story begins, Jack was not
at ease. His accounts showed that he had
made money. He was getting rich very
fast, but something troubled him. Shall I
tell you, what it was?

Just next to Jack's farm was a perfect
beauty of a little place, on which lived the
widow Lundy. Her husband had bought
the farm and borrowed money of Jack Grip
to pay for it. It was about half paid for
when poor Lundy was killed by a falling
tree. There was some money due him, and
he had a little property besides, so that the
widow sent word to Mr. Grip that if he
would only wait till she could get her
means together, she would pay up the re-
mainder. But times were hard, and Jack
saw a chance to make two thousand dollars
by forcing the sale of the farm and buying
it himself. It just fitted on to his lower
field. It went hard to turn the widow out,
but Jack Grip made up his mind that he
would be rich. He tried to make it seem
right, but he couldn't. He had forced the
sale; he had bought the place for two thou-
sand less than it was worth.

The widow was to move the next morn-
ing. She had a little left, and it was a sad
night in the small brown house. Poor lit-
tle Jane, only ten years old, cried herself
to sleep, to think she must leave her home,
and Harry was to go to live with an aunt
until his mother found some way of mak-
ing a living. But the good woman did not
lose her trust in God. That night she knelt
down between her two children and com-
mended them to the care of Christ. She
prayed for Jack Grip, that God would have
mercy on him. Trusting in Christ, they
lay down helpless that night, for the lit-
tle brown house belonged to hard-hearted
Jack Grip.

Poor Jack could not sleep and dare not
pray. He kept thinking of something in
the Bible about "devouring widows'
houses." He could not forget the face of an
old Quaker who had met him on the road
that day and said: "Friend Jack, thy ways
are crooked before the Lord." "Yes," said
Jack, "but my money is as straight as any-
body's, and my farm is a good deal nearer
straight than it was before I bought the Lun-
dy place." Jack could not sleep, however, for
thinking of the old Quaker and his solemn
words. He tried to think that his posses-
sions were straight anyhow. When he did
sleep, he dreamed he was the young ruler
that gave up Christ for the sake of his money;
then he thought he was the rich man in
torment. At last he opened his eyes, and
thought the sun was shining in at the win-
dows, he thought things looked curious.
The chairs were crooked, so was the bed-
stead. The window was crooked. The whole
house seemed to be crooked. Jack got up,
and found he was old and crooked himself.
The cat and dog on the crooked hearth
were crooked. There was nobody in the
house but Jack. He took his crooked
stick and went out through the crooked
door, down the crooked walk, among the
crooked trees, along the wall into the crook-
ed cemetery, where were crooked graves
with the names of his wife and children
over them. As crooked Jack, with his
crooked stick followed by his crooked dog,
took his crooked way back, he met the old
Quaker, who said again: "Friend Jack,
thy ways are very crooked." He went in
at the crooked gate, and up the crooked
walk among the crooked trees, in at the
crooked door, and sat down on a crooked
chair by the crooked hearth. The crooked
dog lay down by him and the crooked cat
mewed. He opened his crooked money-box
and the gold coins were all crooked. "Here
I am," said Jack, "a crooked old man, in
a crooked old house, with no friends but
this crooked old dog and crooked old cat.
What is all my 'crooked money' worth?
What crooked ways I took to get it!"

Crooked old Jack felt sick and lay down
upon his crooked old bed. Somehow, his
crooked old money-box got up on his
breast and seemed to smother him. Then
his crooked ledgers piled themselves upon
him, and it seemed impossible for him to
breathe. He tried to call out, but his voice
died to a whisper, and the only answer he
received was a low growl from the crook-
ed old dog. Then the crooked old cat
mewed. Poor, crooked old Jack was dying;
and he thought of the Lundy farm, and
wondered if his account on God's book was
not very crooked.

Just then Jack Grip awoke, and found
that all this was a crooked dream; but the
perspiration stood in beads on his brow,
and though it was broad daylight, and his
wife and children were about him, Jack
thought things were indeed crooked. In
the first place, Jack was sure that his farm
was crooked in the sight of God, for his
new addition was little better than stolen.
His home was crooked, for he had not
made it a pleasant home. His children
were crooked, for he was not educating
them right. And then at bottom, he knew
that his own heart was the crookedest thing
of all. And so he crept out of bed and pray-
ed God to straighten his crooked heart.

The Lundys were all packed ready to
start that morning. Bitter were their tears.
But a messenger from Mr. Grip brought
them a deed to their farm and a note, say-

ing that, as some amend for the trouble he
had given them, Mrs. Lundy would please
accept the amount still due on the farm as a
present.

There are many crooked people in the
world; some in one way, some in another.
Is your heart crooked? Are you growing
more and more crooked? And when you
get to be a crooked old man or a crooked
old woman, will your life look as crooked to
you as crooked Jack's did to him?—*Little
Corporal.*

A Thorn in the Pillow.

How pleasant it is when night comes and
we are weary, to lay our heads on a soft pil-
low and go sweetly to sleep.

But it often happens that our pillow con-
tains a thorn! I have just read a paper
about a child who found a thorn in her pil-
low and it hurt very much. Shall I tell you
about it? Well, here is the story:

A little girl went to visit her grandmoth-
er, who lived at some distance from her
mother and father's home. She seemed hap-
py all day, for she had everything to make
her happy. But when grandmother went to
look at her after she was asleep, she saw
tear-drops on her eyelashes.

"Ah," said the old lady the next morn-
ing, "you were a little homesick last night,
my dear."

"O no, grandmother," Mabel replied, "I
could never be homesick here."

It was just so the next night, and the
next. At length grandmother thought, as
the child seemed troubled, that she would
sit in the next room until she went to sleep.
Presently, although Mabel was tucked up,
she began to rustle the quilt and shake her
pillow, and her grandmother heard a little
sob, so she went to her and said:

"Mabel, my child, you have a thorn in
your pillow; what is it?"

Then the little girl hid her face, and be-
gan to cry aloud. Her grandmother was
very much troubled. At length Mabel an-
swered:

"O grandmother, when I am alone here,
I cannot forget how I said, 'I won't, moth-
er,' and I cannot unsay it; and mother is
good, and loves me so much, and—I was
so naughty!"

And the tears streamed a-fresh down the
child's cheeks. Here, then, was the thorn
in her pillow, and she could not withdraw
it. And so it will be, by-and-by, with the
little boy who is selfish and unkind at home.

When he is away among strangers, he will
think of the home of his childhood, and the
recollection of some unkind word or action
will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires
at night. And the little girl who does not
care to help her mother now will find a
thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps
in the grave.—*Selected.*

Literary Review.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE: Including
Reminiscences of American politics and poli-
ticians, from the opening of the Missouri con-
test to the downfall of slavery; to which are ad-
ded Miscellaneous "Literature as a Vocation,"
"Reforms and Reformers," etc., etc.; also a
Discussion with Robert Dale Owen on the Law
of Divorce. By Horace Greeley. New York:
J. B. Ford & Co. Boston: H. A. Brown &
Co. 1868. Royal Octavo. pp. 624.

Mr. Greeley is one of the noted men of the
country. He is a peculiarly American product.
In no other country in the world, perhaps,
could a man who began life amid such disadvan-
tages and hindrances have risen up to the dis-
tinction and influence which he has attained.
His record is instructive and stimulating. He
is no copyist. He took no man for model, and
he has probably gone forward at the call of cir-
cumstances rather than in accordance with any
definite plan. No other man could imitate him
or seek to reproduce his characteristics without
running into many follies.

In this volume he has made a frank revela-
tion of his own inward and personal life. His
toils and hopes, his plans and triumphs, his
trying experiences, his service in support of
great principles and his contests with leading
public men, his methods of reaching his political
conclusions and his paths to success as a jour-
nalist, his views of national measures and of
the leading men who have figured in our civil
history for the last twenty-five years—all these
and many more features of interest enter into
this goodly and unique volume of autobiography.

He speaks of it as containing really more of him-
self than anything else which he has written or
is likely to write. His opinion is doubtless cor-
rect. The book is what it purports to be. It
is crammed with Horace Greeley as Horace
Greeley himself could only have crammed it. It
is, in many portions, as entertaining as a romance.
There is no offensive egotism in the constant
reference to what he said and did. The use of
the pronoun of the first person singular is full
of naïveté. He simply takes the public into his
confidence and tells them whatever he supposes
they would like to know. And though it is very
likely that most readers will feel that he might
very well have omitted more or less of the items
and details and peculiar opinions that are
wrought into his desultory narrative, yet he is so
genial and self-interested, and for the most part
so thoroughly entertaining, that he is listened
to with an interest that often rises almost into
enthusiasm and admiration. The portrait which
faces the title-page is an admirable one—a credit
to the artist and a most perfect representation of
the man in his most natural mood. The volume
is a real contribution to the literature of the
period, and will be widely sought, enthusiastically
read, leniently criticised, frequently referred to,
and carefully preserved in libraries both public
and private. The mechanical features of the
work are of a high order, and not the least
among its attractions is the page covered with a
specimen of his notorious and enigmatical chi-
rography.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. The Common Version
revised for the American Bible Union. With
Explanatory Notes. By Thomas J. Conant.
New York: Am. Bible Union. 1868. Octavo.
pp. 209.

This translation of Genesis by Dr. Conant,
with the notes attached, is a real contribution to
the philological and exegetical literature which
the scholarship of two hemispheres is seeking to
give us. Dr. Conant's name is a sufficient guar-
antee that the work of translation is most criti-
cally, conscientiously and ably done. And an
examination of the volume not only justifies the
expectation, but has afforded ample and grateful
evidence that his studies and labors have here
found a fitting field in which to operate. Many
passages, part with their obscurity in the light
of this fresh rendering, which is at once faithful,
vigorous and chaste; and the Notes, even when
brief, indicate that the author has distinctly per-

ceived the office of the expounder and given his
help just where and just as it is needed. We
most heartily commend this volume as one of the
choicest fragments among many choice things,
which the Bible Union has been instrumental in
giving to the public.

UNDER THE WILLOWS, and other Poems. By
James Russell Lowell. Boston: Fields, Os-
good & Co. 1869. 16mo. pp. 286. Sold by D.
Lothrop & Co.

The poetic flowers of Mr. Lowell deserve a
choice vase in which they may blend their beau-
ties and intensify their fragrance, and they find
it in this rich volume that so well embodies the
highest art and the purest taste that are concern-
ed in book-making. Rich but not showy, finish-
ed but not finical, artistic but not in the least
metreless, we have a book in which the eye may
luxuriate while the spirit is refreshed and kindled
by the strength of thought which he has here
truly married to the sweetness of expres-
sion. The opening poem, first published in the
Atlantic, is worth the full price of the volume;
but it is followed by not a few choice things that
are scarcely inferior. Lowell always sings to
some purpose, and the briefest of these strains
is the voice of the soul that is sure to wake
echoes and set the air trembling with melody.

RURAL POEMS. By William Barnes. Boston:
Roberts Brothers. 1869. Square 18mo. pp. 158.
Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

No title could have been more fitting than this.
Almost every theme smacks of the country, and
half the lines are radiant with the tints and frag-
rant with the breath of forest, field or garden.
Mr. Barnes knows rural scenery, influences
and life as only one who has dwelt among and drunk
into the spirit of the homes of the country can
know them, and he can picture them as only an
artist knows how. Nothing escapes his notice,
nothing fails to get set off in colors that every
observer confesses to be full of verisimilitude;
and the whole dialect of the field and fireside,
of the sport and the labor, of the outward experi-
ence and the inward suggestion, is as familiar to
him as the child's prattle to the true mother's
ear. Simple in style, elevated in tone, pure in
every suggestion, with strains as rapturously joy-
ful as the lark's morning hymn, and others as
sweetly tender as the nightingale's vespere melody,
the poems in this volume deserve to be fa-
vorites with all who can appreciate the beauty
of the country and its free glad life, or have an ear
for the music which a useful bard knows how
to put into his rhythmic speech.

MODERN WOMEN, and what is said of them. A
reprint of a series of articles in the *Saturday
Review*. With an Introduction by Mrs. Lucia
Gilbert Calhoun. New York: J. S. Redfield.
1868. 12mo. pp. 371. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

This is, in some sense, the most remarkable
series of popular essays on the possibilities and
peculiarities, the noble and the ignoble as-
pects, the attractive and the contemptible phas-
es, the seriousness and the silliness, the showiness
and the shams of modern women that has yet
seen the light. They seem, when judged by
their contents, to have had at least a double
authorship; and perhaps still more than that
number of hands have wrought at this unique
mosaic. They are brilliant, witty, pungent, au-
dacious, and sometimes almost terrible in their
satire. But many of them are overdue. Jus-
tice is at times sacrificed to point, good taste
gives way to effect, ridicule goes quite over
to malice; and the rebuke loses all its value
when the writer gives up the function of the
critic for the sake of framing lampoons, and il-
lustrates the spirit of the common scold who
has learned how to employ literary art in the
fiercest tempests of wrath. But the essays richly
merit a reading and will get it. They contain
much simple truth whose severity only makes it
wholesome; and the women that prefer sense
to flattery, and are willing to look the follies of
their sex in the face, cannot well afford to leave
this book unread at the bidding of prudery or
pride.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Vol. IV. Messrs. Tick-
nor & Fields, Boston (now Fields, Osgood & Co.),
the publishers of this excellent Magazine, send
us the volume which has just ended, bound up
in neat and substantial style, which exhibits
even more clearly than when seen in the month-
ly numbers, the variety and excellence of this
popular juvenile. It is a beautiful octavo vol-
ume of 764 pages, and its contents merit un-
equivocal compliments. Still better things than
these are promised next year to the subscribers.

RUBY'S HUSBAND. By Marlon Harland, au-
thor of "Hidden Path," "Miriam," etc. New
York: Sheldon & Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 384.
Sold by E. J. Lane.

Mrs. Harland has been a very successful writ-
er in a certain field of literature. She has vig-
or both of thought and of style; her mastery of
plot and incident is that of strength and skill;
she portrays the workings both of the higher
and lower elements of human nature with an al-
most dramatic vividness and effect; and the tone
and teaching of her books are wholesome if not
especially elevated or striking. This last vol-
ume is not inferior to any of its predecessors in
interest, and in some respects it marks an ad-
vance upon the best of what she has heretofore
accomplished.

MADAME THERESE; or the Volunteers of '92.
By M. M. Erekman-Chatrain. Translated from
the thirteenth edition. With ten full
page Illustrations. New York: Charles Scrib-
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calm, quiet tone; the sentiment is pure and
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is portrayed as beautiful, heroic, an eloquent lib-
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cian whom she converts to her political views,
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less than hideous daubs.

PLANCHETTE'S DIARY. Edited by Kate Field.
New York: J. S. Redfield. 1868. Paper cov-
ers. 12mo. pp. 95. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

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aimed; but the mingled servitude and defiance
which are concerned in introducing the hideous
deformity are likely to tolerate and defend it in
spite of sarcasm and sober protest.

DR. HOWELL'S FAMILY. By Mrs. H. B. Good-
win, author of "Madge," etc. Boston: Lee &
Shepard. 1869. 12mo. pp. 361. Sold by D.
Lothrop & Co.

