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## **The Morning Star - volume 43 number 39 - December 16, 1868**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLIII.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1868.

Number 39.

## THE MORNING STAR.

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

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1868.

### Leaves Only.

The Master will look at his trees to-day  
As he walks by the white road side,  
While the music of pleasure is in the air  
Of the brilliant summer-tide:  
And, as upward he raises those tender eyes,  
With solicitude love made sad,  
What shall be seen on the strong young tree  
To render the Master glad?

He planted them all in their sunny homes  
With loving and skillful care,  
And round about them he caused to breathe  
The warmth of the scented air;  
Shade and sunshine have been freely given,  
And dew, and the gentle rains;  
And what have the trees to show to-day  
For the Master's loving pains?

Tender green of the dancing leaves,  
And strength of branch and limb,  
A home for many a singing bird,  
And a gentle shade for him?  
But the Master is looking for fruit to-day,  
Concealed by the shining leaves,  
For the harvest joy is upon the earth,  
And the fields of golden sheaves.

Alas! for the trees that are straight and tall,  
And covered with leaves of green,  
Lifting their faces evermore  
To be kissed by the silver sheen—  
But who only live to be beautiful,  
And have nothing but leaves to-day  
For lips that are parched in summer's heat,  
For the weary who pass that way.

Alas! for the trees that have only leaves  
For the Master's piercing gaze,  
That live and flourish and bloom in vain  
After these many days!  
What if the Master should say to them—  
"Nevermore shall fruit be seen  
On the trees that cumber the useful ground,  
And have nothing to show but green?"

O Patient Master, be patient still,  
And smite not the trees to-day  
With the blighting word of a stern rebuke,  
That brings in the swift decay.  
Let them linger on a season yet,  
If perchance there soon may be  
Not leaves alone for Thy searching glance,  
But some ripened fruit for Thee.

—Marianne Farmington.

### New York Correspondence.

New York, Dec. 8, 1868.

If any thing can test Mr. Beecher's theory of the correlation of laughing and weeping, Mr. Kennedy's singing of the songs of Scotland should do it. In the national Christian Convention, Mr. Beecher, in justification of a smile in a religious meeting, said: "If I wanted to make people weep, I would first make them laugh. If you are carrying a pan of milk, and spill it over on one side, it spills on the other quicker." The effect in Mr. Kennedy's sharp transition from "My Spouse Nancy" to the "Land o' the Leal," on his full audience at Steinway Hall, should be evidence more conclusive than the illustrative reverse spillings of the milk-pan. This is evidence, not in figurative analogy, but experiment in the thing itself.

Mr. Kennedy aptly heads the programme of his public entertainment for each evening, "Two Hours at Home." Such a representation of the Scottish Home as he gives in his singing and story-telling, well redeems the promise. To such a promise it is not likely any of the family within distance will fail to respond by their presence. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" tells what the domestic home is to Scottish life, and "Scotland Yet!" tells that not the household only, but the nation too, is the home of the Scottish heart, however far-traveled and long-absent in person. Everywhere the emigrant's expressed appreciation of his native land is scarcely less than the Scottish patriarch's in his admonition to his disappointed sons under the emigration fever. "Tha fills o' Scotland ye'll find every whar, but the gude o' Scotland nae whar." Even the blood that "tracks back its parent lake" through Americanizing generations leaps to the notes of the pibroch, and is charmed by the song and melody of its Caledonian ancestry. Their spirit as their names descended to us.

Auld Scotia was grandly represented, as well in auditory as performance, at Mr. Kennedy's first appearance for this winter, last Wednesday evening. "A full house,"

said one, glancing back from a front seat over the great hall, "and it is not Fifth Avenue," he added, in recognition of the garb and personality of the assemblage. No, something better—a people who earn their own living, and whose virtues, not dress, are their adorning. There were the thinking heads and solid-sensed faces of Scotland's children and descendants; and fifty setting off the representation, here and there the plaided wife or lassie, and the bonneted man. Mr. Kennedy is in stature scarcely above the medium height, but greatly beyond the medium capacity of chest. Of the maturity of middle-life, his round, full, fresh face, of pleasing features, is alive with the spirit of the occasion and theme. Why the "hame" costume was not more befitting and would not be more happily effective, I wonder. But with so much of the impersonation of the more essential Scottish life, we can afford to miss its dress, and yet be hardly reconciled to the dress-coat and white-kid substitution.

In the fisherman's song, "Boatie Rows," he brings his auditory into sympathetic participation of the love, hardship and danger of the toil that "buys the parritch meal" and "wins the bairn's bread." "And if to 'a' who wish the boatie speed," he indeed the "happy lot" the chorus wishes, a "happy lot" have we all. In "There's nae luck about the house when our gude man's awa," he takes us into the home and heart of wifely love and care and joy. In the "March of the Cameron Men," he bears us along with them in patriotic triumph. The call of the audience for its repetition is answered with promise that, instead, he will, in the course of the evening, sing "The Land o' the Leal," the promise as warmly applauded by the auditory as the repetition it was to substitute had been called for. In "The Married Man's Lament," he demonstrates a miserable marriage; and by "Roy's Wife," an unhappy celibacy. In "Wattie and Meg," he gives the practical recipe for the cure of a scolding wife. After recess, he gives the order to "March—march!" to the gathering clans, and fired for the "Old Scottish glory," we are borne with "a' the blue-bonneted o'er the Border." Then we have "Johnnie Cope," the general of the English army "Come wi' the news o' his ain defeat," having, at the first breaking of the "din of the bagpipes," left the battle-ground by "a horse in readiness," in prudent regard to "sleepin' in a hale skin." And now comes "My Spouse Nancy," a culmination of the humor, wit and comedy of the entertainment, the concluding line a coal to the powder of the main magazine, exploding to laughter shaking ground and welkin.

"Now," says Mr. Kennedy, while yet the comic echoes have scarcely ceased, "we will have something of a different kind." And with the change of his tone and countenance the mental atmosphere of the scene changes, in the moment, from the ludicrous to the serious. He announces that he will now sing "The Land o' the Leal." In the first lines the auditory come into solemn sympathy with the suffering and hoping, on the bed of sickness, declining to the grave, and in view of life beyond:

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean—  
I'm wearin' awa',  
To the Land o' the Leal."

And the view opens to the contrast of that land, with this earth, as the refuge from all ill:

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
To the Land o' the Leal."

And now are touched the cords of connubial love to the depths of its tenderness, wherefrom up-well sympathetic tears, not only as those of spectators, but tears of many a heart identifying with this its own affection:

"You've been leal and true, Jean—  
Your task is ended now, Jean—

And by the next two lines comes a shock of sympathy too strong for tears, fusing the hearts of the multitude into one feeling, its whole volume a consciousness in the individual heart, filling it with an intensity beyond which the spirit's flesh and blood connection scarcely bears a higher degree:—

"And I'll welcome you  
To the Land o' the Leal."

Now, in variation of affectional domestic relation, the aggregate heart of the multitude answers with scarcely abated intensity of sympathy and self-appropriation to the living imagery:

"Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was bairn gude and fair, Jean;  
And we gruded her sair  
To the Land o' the Leal."

From this the feeling is let down from the intensity of the personal to the more general relations:

"Sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
And joy is cammin' fast, Jean,  
Joy that's aye to last  
In the Land o' the Leal."

Again comes the touch of personality:

"Then dry that glist'nin' e'e, Jean,  
My soul lings to be free, Jean—

And now another shock of the multitudinous heart at the disclosure of shining heavenly personages; over-bending the death-bed, waiting, to bear their charge to its home with the blest:

"And angels wait on me  
To the Land o' the Leal."

I don't know if it can be determined whether

or the pathetic feeling would have been more or less, or the same, if it had not been preceded so immediately by the ludicrous,—whether the weeping had been more or less, or equal, if it had not been by such momentary transition from laughing. As it was, it was enough for the hour. And we may believe it was an inspiration that will live on, a quenchless, heavenly joy in earthly grief, while the laugh of earthly comicality was a flash, dying with its moment.

It was a time and place under the power of that sympathy by Christian faith, to the effect of the heavenly joy in earthly grief, to ask the vaunting conceit of our day, naming itself "The Positive Philosophy," what it will give us, in place of what it bids us deny, by its boasted science, to be eliminated by chemical analysis and anatomical dissection, and demonstrated in figures and combinations on a black-board? What will it offer us more positive, more palpably positive, than the immortality of Christ's gospel, in its word and spirit,—the Land of the Leal, witnessed by that great auditory, a felt reality to all, the accordant consciousness of the whole multitude, as one mind and heart? Not the solid rock it "bores to prove that he who made it is mistaken in the date," is so "positive" as the objects of Christian faith. E. M.

### Down East,—A Plain Letter.

Winter is upon us in substantial earnest,—plenty of snow and capital sleighing. Lumbering business is opening in great activity, from Bangor to Moosehead Lake and the upper regions. The R. R. to connect Bangor and Dover is progressing rapidly, over thirty miles being already graded. The remaining fifteen will be completed by April, and early next season the beautiful valley of the Piscataquis will be open to the rest of the world. Dover, Foxcroft and numerous other villages are building hotels, stores and private residences with great rapidity. Real estate rises from twenty-five to a hundred per cent. All branches of business flourish to the utmost. The railroad from Newport to Dexter, has been recently opened and is running in full blast, bringing the world within twelve miles of Dover.

In our politics we are at peace, satisfied with Grant and heartily seconding you in proposing Charles Sumner for Secretary of State.

This county has recently lost two, of its best men,—both Congregational ministers, Rev. B. C. Chase, of Foxcroft, who died of internal cancer, and Rev. Mr. Perry, of Gifford, who prayed fervently at the funeral of Bro. Chase and the next morning died instantly in his chair while taking his Bible to commence his morning devotions. Bro. Chase was a noble spirit, a leading man in the county, and was cut off in the vigor of manhood and in the midst of eminent usefulness. Bro. P. was a father in the church, an aged man and much beloved.

We are a thorough temperance people, satisfied with the Maine Law, and would gladly have a State Constabulary to put it through. We have a County Bible Society, Sunday School Convention twice a year, a Christian Convention now and then, and other useful organizations for the promotion of human welfare. The religious interest is quiet but steadily onward. Dexter ought to be occupied at once by a Freewill Baptist Minister. Abbott is enjoying a revival. Already eight or ten of the young people have been converted, and more are anxious. One prominent Spiritualist, a man of years, has renounced that scheme of delusion, and is now active in the service of Christ. Here Methodists, Congregationalists, C. Baptists and F. W. Baptists live and worship together in loving brotherhood. Recently Bro. Reddon, who preaches in this place, administered the ordinance of baptism and made additions to the church. Many are the calls for ministerial labor about us, and the laborers are few.

A vast section of country lies north of us in this country, as yet mostly unsettled,—large enough and rich enough to make a state, and all about us lie other almost measureless fields of civilization destined yet to become part of this great world of ours. The mighty state of Maine, larger than all the rest of New England, centers hard this way or even east of this. Who can say that this vast Maine Empire shall not yet rise to the dignity and high importance of other localities which already exhibit a much loftier ambition to be world-centers? Who shall say that there will not speedily arise a becoming ambition from this quarter which shall propose to establish its denominational centers independent of the rest of mankind? With such an ambition may we not hope to buy our swaddling clothes with which to start upon such a race of glory by a gift from the high accumulations of the F. W. B. Printing Establishment? Does not its past generosity bid us look that way? But we will consent to wait until our capacities justify our ambition, and not attempt to set up another luminary till sure that the beams of the Morning Star will not utterly eclipse it.

PISCATAQUIS.

The religions of the world are somewhat like its moneys; but not one of all the varied coins of the world's religious currency will pass in heaven, save such as shall bear the image of Christ crucified.

### Peace.

There is something soothing in the word. Our eyes love to linger over it, for there is repose in its suggestions. Who has not felt the blessedness of peace sometimes in this world of incessant care? Does it not comprehend all there is of rest, and include much of what there is worth living for? How the little child loves it, and when folded closely in its mother's arms it knows the luxury of peace. How beautiful it makes our homes, and yet how easily its charm is broken. One gloomy frown, one impatient action, one hasty word, and tumult takes its place. We do not need to be a guest long in any home to determine whether peace abides there. It cannot exist where strife is, and one jar in the domestic machinery affects the most distant and minute member.

O how we need this element in our homes. Weary husbands and discouraged wives need it, children and servants need it. Peace takes all the sweetness out of life, it cheats us of all its sunshine, it makes our hearts bitter, our homes repellent, it leaves no place for the blessing of peace. Society is but a chaos without peace, where fault-finders feed their gross appetites by slander and contention. This one is censured, and that one hastily accused, and uneasy tongues lash every available subject.

What is society without peace but a dreary waste, no rest, no repose, but one incessant round of warfare. We need it here, that we may not malign one another, that we may not injure the innocent, or do violence to the guilty. Peace will exalt our social position and place us above the groveling spirit of rivalry. Politically we need it. O how greatly in these days of tumult! We plead that brother may not rise up against brother, that oppression may cease, and opposition to just and righteous laws be succeeded by unity.

We, on whom Christian vows, sacred and solemn rest, need above all things to have peace among us. We, on whom Christ bestowed peace and by his most precious blood reconciled us to the Father, should dwell in unity. Peace in our churches! do we justly estimate its value here? The world watches us narrowly, and if the workers and members together abide not in Christ, his cause suffers. Every harsh and uncharitable word, every unchristian action, reflects dishonor on our Master. Though we may suffer, and those of whom we complain, Christ's cause sustains a greater loss through reproach. O how we need the indwelling of the Holy Spirit to keep faithful finding out of our hearts. When we humble ourselves, we shall be exalted, if we have done well and faithfully every duty, we need not fear but we shall be bidden higher. Keeping near the Shepherd we shall dwell in peace. If we wander, gentleness will win us back perhaps; but contention,—will that soften a wanderer?

Peace in our churches! What makes us love the courts of our God more than peace in her palaces? We cannot sustain and strengthen our pastors without it, we cannot pray for ourselves, or for sinners, without this seal of our reconciliation to Christ, this pledge of our adoption into our Father's family.

And now, when the blessed name of Christmas is coming to awaken the echo that filled with gladness, when peace on earth and good will to the children of men was proclaimed, will not our hearts accept anew the great gift that made Israel rejoice then? While the footprints of the Invisible seem fresh upon the earth, and we fancy Christ walking and talking with men, can we, dare we, refuse his offering of peace? While his eyes look into our hearts, can we permit enmity to dwell there? Q. no, rather, may we ever find us enjoying the pleasures of peace and good will to the children of men, that in Christ's everlasting kingdom we may evermore enjoy the gift of eternal life.

H. M. L.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

### Events of the Week.

#### CONGRESS

reassembled on Monday, but its proceedings have not been of special significance. The first day of the session witnessed the introduction of an unusually large number of bills, the questions of the relation which Georgia sustains to the Union, of universal suffrage, naturalization, and finance and other receiving attention. Decided opposition was manifested to the course pursued by Hon. Reverdy Johnson, our Minister to England, and the President was asked to let the House know what instructions have been given him. The proceedings of Tuesday were for the most part unimportant. On Wednesday the

#### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

was sent to both branches. This is an unprecedented document and it received unprecedented treatment. It being in its features a perversion of history in the interest of private revenge, and studied falsification of the condition of the country in the interest of personal animosity, neither House was disposed to endure without protest the insult offered, and each sought in its own way to give expression to the indignation felt, and thus vindicate its honor. The Senate accordingly adjourned before the reading of some of the more objectionable portions had been fairly reached, and the next day when the task was completed most of the Senators vacated their seats. In

the House the document was read as usual, and the customary number of copies was ordered to be printed, but it was not referred to the committee on the whole. The feeling is represented as intense. It is not probable that Congress will address itself to its work in earnest until after the holidays, over which both branches will adjourn.

#### THE REPORTS

of the heads of the several departments have been made and published in due form, all of which possess more or less features of interest. The report of the Treasury Department will doubtless receive special attention. The Secretary is apparently quite well satisfied with the condition of the public debt, although showing an increase of over thirty-five and a half millions on account of the loan to Pacific Railroads and the Alaska purchase. Among the more important of his recommendations is one for enactments by which contracts for the payment of coin can be enforced, and that after the first of January, 1870, "United States notes shall cease to be a legal tender in payment of all private debts subsequently contracted, and that after the first of January, 1871, they shall cease to be a legal tender on any contracts, or for any purpose whatever, except the government dues for which they are now receivable." He also urges upon Congress the propriety of declaring that the principal of five-twenty bonds is to be paid in coin. This explicit declaration he considers necessary to obviate the harm that has been done in depressing the value of these securities by the discussion of other methods of payment. Whatever fault may be found with Secretary McCulloch's political opinions, little or none can be found with his financial. Here his views are in the main sound and his recommendations judicious.

#### THE TRIAL

of Andrews, the Kingston murderer, was brought to a close early last week, when the verdict of manslaughter was rendered by the jury. The trial attracted much attention and possessed features of interest. The principal plea made by the defense was that of insanity. It would seem that to make this plea more effectual, the prisoner felt called upon to give an illustration of his mental aberrations by jumping up with a shriek during the examination of a witness and striking his face with his hands, alleging that some one struck him in the face as the cause of his strange conduct. This trial affords the first instance in Massachusetts, in which a prisoner has been allowed to testify in his own behalf. He stated under oath that Holmes first assaulted him, and that he struck back with a stone in self-defense. His testimony seemed to produce no decided impression either way, though had it come from a disinterested and credible witness it would of course be conclusive. The week has witnessed the formation of a

#### NEW MINISTRY

In England. The audience of Mr. Gladstone with the Queen resulted in his being vested with the dignity and authority of the Premiership, and he has been unusually successful in finding men willing to accept of office under him. Lord Clarendon becomes Foreign Secretary, Mr. Henry A. Bruce, Home Secretary, Mr. Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the remaining offices are filled by prominent members of the Liberal party. Earl Russell, for a wonder, is without office, and John Bright declines to accept it. The British ship of state is thus again launched and commences a voyage upon unknown waters, but whether it will be long or short, prosperous or otherwise, future events must determine.

### N. H. Temperance Convention.

In response to a call previously issued, the friends of temperance in this state met in convention in the M. E. church, in Manchester, on Wednesday, the 9th inst. The Convention was called to order by Hon. J. D. Lyman, President of the State Alliance, who made a brief and appropriate address. The Secretary of the Alliance then made his annual report, in which he referred, among other things, to the many obstacles which had opposed the advancement of the temperance cause within the past year. The future, however, has a brighter look, and there is much to encourage the temperance people of New Hampshire to work. The great trouble in this state arises from the non-enforcement of the present prohibitory law.

While the permanent organization was being effected, there was quite an interesting discussion respecting the relation of temperance to politics. Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Manchester, was of the opinion that prohibition and moral suasion must go together. In the case of every other wrong we try to persuade persons to follow the paths of rectitude. If they do not, we punish them. Why should we not take the same course in the temperance work? He believed in the Constabulary law out and out. The friends of the enactment in the New Hampshire Legislature did not strive for it last summer, because it was no use. It was then hard work for prohibitionists to hold their own. This year has been called the devil's year, and the speaker was glad that it was most so.

J. F. Manning, of Worcester, Mass., believed that the temperance cause had too much sympathy, but not enough work, and was very severe on the Democrats for their action on the temperance question. Col. Henry W. Pierce, of Hillsborough, a brother of Ex-President Pierce, was sorry that any one should bring politics into the meeting. He was a Democrat; but he leaped temperance from his father, who went through the revolution. Mr. Pierce found friends of the cause in all political parties.

Rev. Dr. Wallace said it was absurd to talk about politics in temperance with the city of Manchester as an example before the Convention. Mr. Manning disclaimed any intention of dis-

turbing the harmony of the meeting. He said he was not to blame for the truth. In Massachusetts the Democrats would not help the temperance cause, and if any good could be got out of that party in New Hampshire, he should like to see it done.

In the afternoon a permanent organization was effected by the choice of Col. D. A. Warde, of Concord, for President, and an appropriate number of Vice Presidents and other officers. Col. Warde made some pleasant and acceptable remarks on assuming the duties of presiding officer. An eloquent letter was read from Hon. J. W. Patterson, U. S. Senator, now in Washington, who regretted his inability to be present.

The Committee on Resolutions made a report, presenting a series of resolutions, which were adopted seriatim, with discussions and some amendments. The first advocates the employment of both moral and legal means for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the teachings of the pulpit, the instructions of the Sabbath schools, the earnest entreaty of personal effort and the restraining influence of the pledge should also be employed.

The second recognizes the church of Christ as the most powerful auxiliary in the good work of temperance.

The third advocates the formation of Sabbath school temperance societies, which shall be auxiliary to the State Alliance.

The fourth says it is wrong to support at the polls candidates for any office who oppose our cause, for in such case we support with our votes what we are opposing in all our temperance efforts, literally building up with one hand what we are pulling down with the other.

The fifth favors a State Constabulary.

The sixth declares that it is wrong in principle and demoralizing in practice for candidates for political offices to furnish, either directly or indirectly, intoxicating drinks to those at whose hands they expect political distinction—a practice so abhorrent and degrading as to deserve the severest reprehension of every true temperance man.

The following resolution was introduced by Col. Pierce, of Hillsboro', and adopted by the Convention:

Resolved, That we will support no man for any office, either by our influence or votes, who is, or may be, engaged in the sale and traffic of intoxicating liquors contrary to the provisions and laws of the state.

The evening was devoted largely to short and spirited addresses by gentlemen from various sections of the state. The attendance of delegates was not so large as at some previous gatherings of the friends of the cause, but the lack of numbers was fully compensated in earnest work and deep feeling.

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1868.

The third session of the Fortieth Congress convened in exceedingly good humor. The utmost cordiality seemed to prevail on all sides, and the beholder of the hearty hand-shakings and greetings between members of opposite political faith would have fancied that the era of good feeling had come indeed, and that the political millennium was not far distant. Nor was this all mere simulation. There really was less of partisan animosity and more of real kindly feeling than I have observed since the commencement of the war of rebellion. The questions that divide parties have just been submitted to the great tribunal of the American people for decision, and the hopeful and cheerful spirit in which their verdict is received gives good ground of hope for the perpetuity of our institutions.

The members of both Houses were very generally present at the opening of Congress, and the proceedings of both Houses indicated an intention to enter upon the business of the session at once. A variety of bills and resolutions were introduced in both Houses embracing the topics which are principally to occupy the attention of Congress during the present session. In the Senate the credentials of Joshua Hill, as senator from Georgia, were presented. Mr. Drake, of Missouri, opposed the admission of Mr. Hill, and a debate sprung up upon the condition of affairs in Georgia. A communication from the Governor of Georgia was read in which he alleged that the conditions of the reconstruction acts had not been complied with by the Legislature and that the government of the State is therefore only provisional in its character. A memorial also from a convention of the colored people of Georgia was read. It is an exceedingly well written production, and is worthy of a careful perusal by all who desire to understand the merits of the case.

Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to secure the right of suffrage to all classes in all of the States by Congressional enactment.

Mr. Cragin, of N. H., and Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, severally introduced a constitutional amendment to secure the same end. Mr. Sumner will undoubtedly press his idea of congressional authority over this subject but it will hardly be sustained by Congress, I think. Mr. Sumner also introduced a bill to provide for the resumption of specie payments. Other gentlemen in both branches submitted bills looking to the same end, and I trust some legislation tending to the accomplishment of this object will be perfected before the end of this session.

The message of the President was not received till yesterday, and I presume you are already informed of the treatment it received. The message is characteristic of Andrew Johnson, and demonstrates his utter inability to learn anything concerning any subject upon which his passions or prejudices have been aroused. Railing against Congress and the reconstruction measures has become a cliché complaint with him, and recovery is hopeless. The result of the elections has evidently added to his excess of bile, and he spews forth the whole mass of the bitter and bilious contents of his stomach upon the head of Congress. He ought to feel better after relieving himself of such a mass of bad stuff. The financial portion of the message will, however, attract the most attention. This portion of the message hardly rises to the level of a slow stump speech. It appeals to the lowest passions and prejudices of men, and endeavors to sow the seeds of hostility between the masses of the people and the creditors of the nation. While prating of the necessity of preserving the public faith and credit inviolate, he proposes that all payments of interest on the public debt shall hereafter be accounted as payment of the principal debt! That would be sustaining the public credit with a vengeance! This feature of the message was denounced on all hands and found no defender in the House of Representatives. I have no room to comment further on this remarkable document. Fortunately for the country the opinions of Andrew Johnson have become of little consequence to anybody, and he has obtruded them upon the country for the last time in the shape of an annual message.



## Communications.

### Rise of the F. Baptists.

LATER CHAPTERS OF HISTORY.  
III.

It well became a body of Christians, which took up, at home, the part of the down-trodden with the zeal of one aggrieved, and labored at much expense of human favor for their elevation, and which sought, against many adverse influences, the social and intellectual improvement of its members, not to confine its interest in men to the narrow limits of any one state or country. It still more became a church founded on a belief in the impartial love of God towards men and in an unlimited atonement for sin, to cheerfully accept, as a sacred duty, the work involved in the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

At a time when the cause of foreign missions was yet in its minority, the Freewill Baptist church engaged in the enterprise, and sent forth her representatives to lands across the sea. With a willingness alike creditable to her piety and scope of faith she accepted the work of preaching the redemption of Christ to the lost of India. The condition of so many millions of men, living the life and dying the daily death of idolaters, appealed to the piety of the denomination, and therefore successfully appealed. Its interest in the evangelizing of heathen nations, more than thirty years ago, was expressed by sending missionaries to them. Years have only deepened its devotion to that work; for, although the mass of idolaters among whom its mission began, have not, like those of the Sandwich Islands, been redeemed, nor any distinguished success covered its work with glory, yet relying with steadfast faith on the promises of God, its churches have steadily enlarged their contributions, both of men and money, for this holy undertaking.

Freewill Baptist missionaries that have grown aged in India, are laboring there to-day. Others, who long ago went from us to proclaim to the Hindoo "the unsearchable riches of Christ," sleep beneath the waves of the ocean beating on the shores of that dark land, and others beneath the sod. Young hearts and strong have recently left our schools of training and entered the battle there; more bide their time. In the country lying northwest of Bengal bay, a little colony of our members, partly native and partly American, are seeking to undermine "Satan's seat." They toil with hope.

Letters recently written from India, and from the part of it where our mission is planted, declare the existence of a silent and gradual revolution of religious belief in the native mind. The ancient faith, attacked by the gospel on every side, is slowly yielding to the truth, and the reign of pagan despotism draws to an end. The seed of distrust is sown in many minds not yet ready to receive the word of God. Old prejudices are softened, and the gods are losing their hold on the better classes of society.

In just the same way, in earlier times, did the more enlightened paganism of the Roman Empire yield to the preaching of the gospel. First came a loss of interest in the national worship; a slight stroke of paralysis benumbed the popular faith; the cultivated classes swung off into open unbelief; the power of superstition was broken; then Christianity appeared, at a time when the religious element of man, dissatisfied and famishing, cried out, "O that I knew where I might find Him." "In the fullness of time" Christ came. "The way of the Lord" was "prepared" before Him, and he advanced more rapidly on that account. The most signal triumphs of the gospel were then won.

Yet three centuries passed before Christianity could be said to prevail. Bloody persecutions against Christians, up to the beginning of Constantine's reign, were chronic in the empire. The way cast up for the coming Christ was not free from obstacles. Three hundred years of steadfast zeal and labor, of vigorous work and stalwart faith, did not any more carry the balance in favor of the Christian religion.

Taking a lesson from the analogy of earlier times, it is safe to assert that, as a general rule, it is too soon for the church of our day to look for the prevalence and supremacy of Christianity over the heathenism of the nations among whom her missions have been planted. Protestant missions are scarcely an hundred years old. In 1732 the Moravians, with an entire congregation not exceeding six hundred persons, sent out their first and the first Protestant missionaries. Sixty years later, Carey inaugurated the great movement in England. Since the year 1800 all American foreign mission societies commenced their operations. Shall the modern church, usually considered to be less endowed with power from on high, in the face of active opposition and heavy usages, two thousand years older than the Roman, be expected, in less time than the ancient church, to subvert heathenism and plant the cross on its throne? Prophecy and history agree that it is a work of time to carry the kingdoms of this world to the side of Christ.

But God may make the force of truth, in these latter days, cumulative and increasingly emphatic. At any rate, the influence of Christianity in India is sensibly felt. The presence there of nominal and real Christians, the first as men of business, the latter as apostles of Christ, is preparing "the way of the Lord," and making ready for his reign. Many circumstances show the coming overthrow of idolatry. The walls of Jericho have been compassed not once nor twice. At the seventh time they fall. India is to be a Christian land. Its day of promise, regeneration and salvation comes apace, shedding even now a glim-

mer on the hills of the east, and foretelling the approach of the Messiah.

If the indications to which our missionaries have referred are not delusive, it is in the highest degree important that there be Christians, whom the natives have learned to trust, ready as the dissolution of the present system becomes more and more general, even although two centuries go by before the final downfall, to take advantage of the occasion for presenting to the heathen mind a substitute for his false faith. It is essential that the churches have men that love Christ and the souls of the Hindoos, while the breaking down of superstition goes forward, on the ground, to prevent both a reaction in favor of the old religion, and the taking up of atheism and infidelity,—to fill hands throwing away the Shasters, with the word of God,—to put the cross on the pedestal of prostrate Juggernaut, and to recast character and life under the formative influence of Christ's gospel.

The work we have begun in that benighted land, in view of these sure but perhaps slowly coming events, assumes a very great importance. Our missions have already won the confidence of the natives. During the late famine, hundreds of Hindoos were only saved from starvation by the Christians of our churches. Such philanthropy the heathen can appreciate. The nature of Christianity was never placed in more advantageous contrast with their religion than at that time. By schools, by annual journeys with "healing on their wings," by the press, by Zenana work, by public and private preaching, our missionaries in India are gaining in influence, and securing a position for constantly increasing usefulness. As much as can be, they are hastening the long expected day, and they, or their descendants, will be ready, when it comes, to gather a wide harvest for Christ.

Not so much by what has been accomplished in the actual conversion of the heathen, as by the preparations made, and by results now maturing and ere long to be realized, must our missionary undertakings be estimated. The harvest gives value to the seed-time. Of the husbandman of gospel truth it has been said, he "waiteth patiently." Every year the success of Christianity makes progress, and the redemption of the world draws nigh.

I have sometimes thought that the Freewill Baptist denomination was called into existence to be primarily a missionary church. For this, it has seemed to me, it is better fitted than to compete with older, wealthier and stronger bodies for supremacy at home. Every denomination has some distinctive work. This may be ours. Certainly here is an open field,—white, already for the harvest," having few laborers, into which any denomination entering, and to which giving its best energies, it may hope to be made of inestimable value to the cause of Christ. The Moravians are now the banner church of the world in this interesting and remunerative department of Christian work. Similar unselfish and zealous consecration to Christ would increase our missionary success to a great degree. But while this is not the primary object before us, we may claim, in view of what we have done and are doing abroad, that not the least of the reasons that prevailed, at the first, to give us "a local habitation and a name," is the wide and blessed work which we are to do for Jesus in India. ATLANTIC.

### The Continuing City of Life.

The church of God is the most ancient community in the world. Before Cain, built a city, or Nimrod founded Babel, the foundations of the city of God were laid. Before Rome arose, before Memphis and Thebes flourished, before Nineveh reared its palaces, the city of God was established in the earth. Coeval, so to speak, with man, finding its beginning in the first family and its principle of union in the first promise of a Saviour, the church of the living God is the most venerable of institutions. The most venerable, it is also the youngest of communities established on the earth. It has existed all through the ages; it has seen many vicissitudes; it has been persecuted, patronized, caressed; it has been tried by adversity and tried perhaps with greater peril to itself by prosperity and peace; it has changed its outward form, and again and again taken a new beginning; it has been limited to one tribe, to one nation; to one land, having its central place of assembly in one city and upon one high; it has spread among all nations and people and tongues, and extended to every land and formed for itself many centers of union and association; yet through all its changes its essential character has not been lost, its inward life has had the same general features in all time. What is true of its life and spirit in one period is true of every period, with varying only of degree in all its diverse conditions.

The city of God is thus a continuing city. The church of the faithful is secure and immovable. Everything that man makes may be moved. Everything he creates may be shaken. Empires may be convulsed and broken up; thrones may tremble and totter to their fall; all human systems, all human power may be shattered. The story of the world shows us great things upheaved and established by man. But the story of the world is the story of the shaking of the nations and the overthrow of human monuments of genius, skill and power. Empires, thrones, kingdoms, principalities, powers, philosophies, governments, human faiths, have again and again been shaken and overturned. So shall they be till he shall come whose right it is to reign. But the church of God continues and abides amid every convulsion and change. Its foundations are deep and strong. Its place of defense is the munitions of rocks. It is built upon the Eternal Rock, and the very

gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The church is in the world and it cannot be driven out. It would scorn to surrender; it knows not how to capitulate; it cannot be disclosed or destroyed. However faithful some parts of it may be, in its innermost citadel it is always truly loyal. Whatever convulsions may overtake the earth, whatever volcanic shocks upheave human cities and bury their denizens in the ruins, and whatever social convulsions shake the kingdoms and governments of men, the city of God is immovable, the church of God is secure. "She shall not be moved," says "God is in the midst of her." The resources of omnipotence are hers. "God shall help her, and that at early morn," as when Sennacherib beleaguered the old Jerusalem, and all his myriads of armed men at the blast of the Lord's anger were withered as the leaves of autumn, in the glance of his indignation were melted like snow in the hot noon-day sun, so shall it be in the direct exigencies of the church. Man's extremity shall be God's opportunity, and the most imminent danger shall be turned into signal deliverance and triumph. Never has God abandoned his faithful children, and he never will. All others may forsake us, but not the eternal God, "our refuge and strength, our very present help in trouble."

This continuing city is a city of life and peace and every joy. It is a city which the Hebrew bard beholds made glad by the streams of a river of divine blessing. What an enchanting picture does his inspired fancy create for us! Through an Eastern city with its hot and parched air, its dry and thirsty soil, how sweet and refreshing would be the streams of a pure river of water! How peace-breathing the quiet flow of the stream, compared with the restless tossing and roar of the troubled sea! How life-giving the cool, translucent wave! How the green grass would grow luxuriant and rich on the banks, and the flowers open their golden petals clothed in greater beauty than Solomon in all his glory, and the trees wave their varied and rustling tresses in the breeze, throwing a broad and grateful shadow over the tired and weary citizens reclining beneath! How the bird of radiant plumage, and every living creature would quench its thirst in the waters; and the little child stoop to drink the limpid wave; and the maiden bring her pitcher to be filled; and all the city be gladdened and refreshed by its soft and pleasant ripple and flow! So might it be in many a modern city, but for those commercial and other uses by which in our wisdom we pollute the pure streams of life which God sends us for our good. Through the church of the living God flow such streams of blessing and health. Springing from the eternal fount, rivers of grace flow into and gladden the city of our God. "Everything lives whithersoever the river cometh." Life is there, spiritual and divine life from Him who is its source and end. Peace is there, the peace of God, deep, lasting, untroubled, flowing like a river through the mercy of the Lord. Joy is there, joy unspeakable and full of glory, joy such as the world knows not, the joy of the Lord, the gladness of the ransomed and redeemed. Consolation abounds; all our springs of comfort and blessedness are in God, and streams of sweetest promise and healing flow from Him in upon our life from day to day in this city of His holiness, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

Divine city of life, continue still the ornament and grace of our earth, the dwelling-place of God among men, the source of blessing and salvation to perishing souls! Awake, arise, shake thyself from the dust, thou daughter of Zion; let thy light shine, thy glory be revealed; put on thy beautiful garments; stand ready in maidenly purity and grace, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband!" T. G.

### Revivals.

PASTORS ENCOURAGED TO LABOR FOR THEM.

There is too general an impression that a good pastor cannot be a revivalist, and that a successful revivalist cannot be a good pastor. Both are errors that are working much harm to Zion. Some, it is true, may be better adapted to the work of the one than that of the other. Still the two may be happily blended. Pastors may sometimes need the help of the evangelist. There being, however, but few of this class of preachers, their assistance cannot often be obtained. Shall, therefore, no effort be made to bring sinners to Christ? Must souls for whom Christ died perish because help from abroad cannot be secured?

Many pastors have resigned themselves to the conviction that they have not the ability to labor in revivals, that their commission is to "feed the flock," instruct and discipline the Church, guarding it against error, cultivate the ground and sow the seed, but that others must reap the harvest. They would educate the people almost up to the point of salvation, but not quite; and others must push them into the kingdom. Here their responsibility ceases. On reaching these conclusions they make a sad mistake, yet they evince a spirit of rare self-immolation by being willing to do nearly all the work and even rejoice that other men may gather the sheaves. All this preliminary work is essential. But he that sows must reap.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." There is nothing so peculiar about revivals as that their promotion must be left exclusively to a few evangelists. He has no special style of speaking, no peculiar intonations nor compass of voice, ability to weep, to excite the passions, eloquence, tact, learning, that are essential to insure conversions. If the evangelist be successful he must be a man full of the Holy Ghost,

of much prayer, faith, purity of heart and motive, entirely consecrated to the work, in intense sympathy with Christ and souls. Such a man will always succeed. But may not every pastor have all these elements of success? If not, whose fault is it but his own?

It is the truth in pure hearts and spoken by tongues touched with the prophet's "live coal," that saves men. How often have a few words, uttered by stammering lips, yet prompted by hearts consecrated to Christ, been as arrows in the hearts of the king's enemies! If God use the weakest of the laity, as he often does, to thresh mountains, may he not use you, "O ye of little faith?" It is God's order that ministers should give the "trumpet a certain sound," that the people understand, and they will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Let us come before them fresh from Calvary, all imbued with his tender, melting spirit, in travail for souls groaning to be delivered, and they will catch the spirit and follow where they are led. Was it ever otherwise?

We must conclude, then, that the greater part of the responsibility of declension lies at our door. It will not answer to transfer it to the membership, and say, if they were only in the work we should have a revival! Their "ease in Zion" cannot prevent our "spirit being stirred" within us as we see iniquity abounding. Their unbelief cannot cause our faith to be without effect.

If we are feeling deeply for the salvation of sinners, and are doing all we can for them a revival has really begun. It always commences in some one heart, it is scarcely ever simultaneous in many souls. In whose heart should it more fitly have its inception than the pastor's? But it will not long be pent up there; it will break forth a living flame. Some brother will catch the spirit, and soon another, and still others. It is contagious. Nothing is more so. Deep emotion begets deep emotion. It is the law of our being. Soon sinners will be moved, and call on God for mercy. Such will almost invariably be the result. O that all ministers understood what unlimited power for good they have through Christ! The word preached in the "demonstration of the spirit" to sinners, even though it be over a backslidden church, will "prick them in their hearts." Revivals have often broken out among the impenitent when the church as a body were asleep. And they could only say, "the Lord was in the place, but we knew it not." If God give any one a burden of soul for sinners, a special spirit of prayer for them, they will be converted. "Will he bring to the birth and not give strength to bring forth?"

This waiting to get the whole church enlisted before we make direct effort for the conversion of sinners, finds justification neither in the history of revivals nor the philosophy of truth. It is presumed that sinners are sufficiently enlightened and orthodox. What is wanted is to drop metaphysics, stop generalizing, theorizing, and ply them with those stirring, searching truths that are essential to salvation, making pungent appeals to their hearts and consciences. We must humble ourselves, if it be humbling, and come down from the sermon style and "warn and exhort with strong crying and many tears." When we weep over sinners as Christ did they will be troubled. It will not be long after we can say as Paul did, I have not ceased to warn every one night and day with tears, publicly and from house to house, before there will be the "sound of abundance of rain."

Pastors! you may all have a precious revival during the next three months. Do you believe it? May Christ help you. Talk, pray, preach for it. Make it a specialty, the objective point. Begin at once. Let your next sermon be a revival sermon; name it thus. Give notice that you will preach the next Sabbath on the same theme. Let that be the burden of conversation as you visit your people. Pray revival prayers. You may be pardoned if your soul becomes so absorbed in it that you forget to pray for any thing else till the blessing comes. Read revival portions of God's word. Sing revival hymns. Give revival exhortations. Hold the public attention to this one thing. Let nothing else come in to divert it.

Concentrate all thought, sympathy, logic, power of appeal on this one point. Brood over it till your souls are wrought up to agony. Put in extra meetings; don't hesitate through fear of failure. Put your reputation on the altar. Be willing to become "fools for Christ's sake," and for the sake of souls. Venture all. Trust all. Consecrate all. Do all, not to save your reputation, but directly to build up your church, but the kingdom of Christ, that he may "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied," and God will not withhold the "early and the latter rain." I earnestly none; I sympathize with all, meaning only to speak a word of encouragement. "I believe, therefore have I spoken."

M. H. ABBEY.

### Chips.

—Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but is no excuse for shabby morals.

—It is better to have a thread-bare coat than a thread-bare credit.

—Faith is a cable which holds us to the anchor cast within the veil. Every trial endured, instead of weakening, but adds a new cord to its strength.

—The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light; not in the choice of objects, but in the use and adaptation of means to secure their object. The highway robber may in this respect be wiser than the philanthropist.

—The two aspiring disciples who would sit one on the right and the other on the left hand of the Saviour, were taught

the lesson that all should remember, to wit, that great spiritual exaltation in the kingdom of Christ must follow the baptism of suffering and sacrifice.

—Repentance with some is like throwing overboard a much prized cargo to save a sinking ship. They much regret the loss of sinful pleasures, yet reluctantly let them go to avoid a greater loss; but like Israel they are soon afterwards found craving the leeks and onions of Egypt. True repentance, however, like Peter's, will weep bitterly that sin has been committed, and will mourn, not that it must part with sin, but that the abhorred corruptions of sin are its only possession.

—The Christian must climb many hills and journey through many a vale. After climbing the ascent his trials will be rewarded by far-reaching and glorious visions. While on these heights he sees more clearly his future pathway, and he does well to keep these visions in remembrance, for he must needs go through valleys where observation will be limited and many by-ways will tempt his feet astray. Let the Christian be careful in the hour of trial not to swerve from the course so clearly seen when on the height. J. HAYDEN.

## Selections.

### Aspirations.

Though God's high things are not all ours,  
'Tis ours to look above;  
All is not ours to have and hold,  
But all is ours to love!

Strong aspirations, high and pure,  
He's fired a soul in vain;  
God hears us when we to our hearts  
His answer is least plain!

Climb, O my soul, toward God's high things,  
And He will take thy part;  
Yea, though thou stumble in His hands,  
He'll lift thee toward His heart!

Covet and have great things of God,  
And take them not by stealth;  
Seize on those things that most he loves,  
And covet all His wealth.

Dare to aspire to lofty heights,  
Look up with eagle eyes;  
For, high as thou dost dare to gaze,  
So high 'tis thine to rise!

Dread not the dizzy, icy crags;  
Fear not to pierce the skies;  
Stay not upon the topmost peak,  
But spread thy wings and rise!

They see their God who lift their hands  
With longing toward His throne;  
Who scale the rugged mountain steep,  
And climb the cliffs alone.

God honors zeal; His loftiest gifts  
To those bold souls are given  
Who, Titan-like, pile up the hills  
That they may mount toward heaven!

Have faith; for fearless faith unbars  
God's treasure-house on high;  
It soars to heaven; it grasps His wealth  
And bears it from the sky!

God gives to men His greatest gifts  
With kind, yet jealous care;  
Large gifts are born of large desires,  
And come not without prayer.

He scattereth with lavish hands  
Many good things abroad;  
But of all good he is most content  
With nothing less than God!

—Watchman & Reflector.

### Man's Antiquity and Scripture.

Geologists are just now eagerly discussing among themselves the question, whether the creation of human beings dates back prior to the period assigned to man's creation by the first chapter of Genesis. Some of them insist that the presence of human remains in the strata of the earlier geological periods proves that human beings must have existed, it may be hundreds of thousands of years ago; others declare that the evidence adduced falls far short of proof. In view of this controversy the *Advance* says:

If, at last, the intelligent geologists of whom are Christian men, come unitedly to the conclusion, that the evidence of prehistoric races of men, prior to the present constitution of things, is overwhelming, and must be accepted, let the verdict be recorded and stand on its own proper scientific ground. It will then remain for Biblical scholars to do one of two things, confess frankly, for the time being, a discrepancy between the apparent teaching of natural science and the Bible, and patiently wait till further light shall remove the difficulty, as we are often compelled to do on other subjects; or else, set themselves to review their interpretation of the Bible, and to ascertain whether any mistake has been made there, and whether the laws of language fairly and honestly allow a meaning to be put upon the words, which will be in harmony with the conclusions of science. If the scientific data and reasoning are correct, then the latter will prove to be the solution of the difficulty. Thus before the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, the Christian world had untriedly believed, not only that the sun revolved around the earth, but that the Bible taught the fact. Hence, when science demonstrated that the sun was the stationary center of the system, and that the earth revolved around it, and upon its own axis, the theologians of all schools were alarmed at so plain a contradiction of Scripture. But with a fixed fact of science to start upon a new investigation, the church soon discovered that the contradiction lay in false meaning given to Scripture, and not in Scripture itself. And the whole Christian world, Roman and Protestant, has settled with as much unanimity as before, upon this new interpretation. The same revolution, with the same unanimity in the result, has followed the scientific discovery that the earth did not begin to exist only six thousand years ago, and was not created in six literal days. A parallel change of opinion and interpretation has been going on for the last twenty-five years respecting the universality of the Noachic deluge. Now we seem to come to a difficulty which we confess to be more serious, both in its relation to the laws of interpretation, and the whole scheme of Christian theology. But we borrow no trouble. The crisis always brings its men, and somebody will have the learning and acuteness necessary to harmonize the two divine revelations, each of which stands firm on its own basis of evidence, and the apparent discrepancies of whose teachings are referable simply to our imperfect knowledge of the one or the other, or both. We therefore take

### Second Summer.

We get mistaken sometimes, wise as we are! Now and then things are worse than we expected. We looked for gladness, and have sadness instead; we expected light, and find only darkness. But generally it is the reverse of this. Our father is better to us than our fears, the world is fairer than we know, there are pleasures for us that we had not dared even to hope for. As now, when we are made to understand what an Indian summer is like, when the earth is robed in fresh and unexpected beauty. After the rains had fallen we began to feel almost "disposed to grumble about the cold." "The summer is all over," we said "the skies are dull, the winds are cold, the leaves will begin to fall, and winter will be here directly." But instead we have a second summer. The sun is as brilliant as ever; the skies are cloudlessly blue, the meadows are greener than in June, and instead of anything like winter we feel as if we might go back to midsummer holidays and revel in the beauties of the magnificent summer, and gorgeous sunsets, and calm, clear, moonlight nights. Again the joy of the glad time comes to us, and we drink in the beauty of God's earth, singing praises to his name.

These are not the only summer-times we have—they are emblems. In the world of our lives it is just the same. Some joy has been given us—we have had a glad and a happy time, better than we expected, and lasting longer. And then, as soon as it seems to be nearly over, we let the cloud settle upon our faces and the gloom steal into our spirits, and begin our complainings again. But how often are we mistaken here! The summer is longer than we expected, new pleasures come to us, the sun of prosperity shines again, and the light of God's smile floods our heart. How good he is! We are filled with thankfulness for such undeserved love and goodness. Yes; but how wrong were we to look only for sorrow when he would that we should have only joy.

We are growing old. How sad it is to lose our youth! Never again shall we have the joy that made it so fair to us. We were loved then, but now the friends of our youth are dead, and the strength and buoyancy we knew then have departed from us. And the sadness creeps over us. We let our eyes grow dim with weeping over the past, we waste our little remaining strength in repining and fears. But how often does God send us a second summer even to those who expect only winter. New friends come, once again the sweet sound of a voice intoned with tenderness comes into our hearts, bright eyes look into ours, strong hands, whose touch is kindly, take our own. What then? It is only a second summer come unexpectedly; our Father is better than we looked for—he will not let us grow sad too early.

We go down into a dark valley, where there are shadows that frighten us. Here, at least, we expect only gloom, and cold, and death. But how often God sends His light at eventide! Some find that the end of the day is brightest, the warmth of the last summer hours the most delightful. So may it be with us, and the second summer, which comes when all earthly things begin to fade, be but the introduction to a brighter, fairer summer which we shall spend on the "evergreen shore."—*Christian World.*

### Little Graves.

"God plants his flowers at any time,  
And gathers at any age."

These graves are very small—they are so narrow, deep and dark. They make me shudder with their cold, damp silence. Tread carefully, speak lowly, these little ones may have life.

But innocence has no fears. These little pilgrims have explored the depths of these graves—with no sense other than sleep—with no serious regrets, no tormenting remorse.

Innocence is engraved upon every lineament of those sweet faces—those fair brows, no care wrinkles there, no avicars mark that supernatural beauty.

They drank not the cup of life to its lees, they sipped its nectar sweets. Their spirits were winged ere they left these wondrously fair bodies. They were of heaven. Angels knew them and loved them. We knew them by one name, the angels by another. We watched and tended them with tenderest care; but the angels will minister and care for them evermore. We watched them entering into this mortal life; they wait and look to give glad welcome to our spirit homes.

We are surrounded with the dying and the dead; but they are in that clime where they die no more, and there is "no sorrow there." Let us cover these little graves with forget-me-nots and beautiful immortelles. There is the victory without its battle, the crown without the strife of the race, life without a fear of death.—*Methodist Recorder.*

### What it Cost Him.

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another, with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul!"

A solemn pause followed this brief answer, for the inquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. The person referred to was the son of a pious laboring man. Early in life he professed faith in Christ, and soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He continued to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became partner in the firm. Labor increased. He gave less attention to religion, and more and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the Word. Ere he became old, he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul, that none who knew him would have suspected that he had ever borne the sacred name of him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

At length he purchased the large landed estate referred to, built a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died he remarked,—"My prosperity has been my ruin."

O, what a price for which to barter away immortal joy and everlasting life; yet how many do it. "When I have finished this house," said one man, "then I will seek the Lord." "Years afterwards," said the narrator, "I passed that way; the house was not finished, but the man was dead!"

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—Mark 8:36, 37.



## Experience an Objection.

Churches hate experience. Just so soon as, by thorough practice, the minister becomes qualified for the pastoral and preaching office, he is thrown aside. To know how to preach, to be filled with the wisdom proper to the pulpit, is a fatal maturity. The churches don't want such. Read this, from the *Examiner and Chronicle*:

**THE PENALTY OF GROWING OLD.**—Rev. Dr. Kennedy of the Second St. Presbyterian Church, Troy, has just been dismissed. He is one of the ablest preachers in the state. He has commanded the most important locations. The Troy church was a wealthy and important church. Dr. Kennedy is not sick. His eye is not dim. His physical ability is not abated. But he is not so young as he was fifteen years ago, when he was settled. The demand in some parts of the state for very young men, and to this demand Dr. Kennedy had to yield. He gave the church the best of his life, and goes into a country village, where living is cheap, to wait for something to turn up.

Now *per contra*. A year ago we entered the Boston Court House, where a man, charged with the crime of murder, was on trial. His neck was in danger. We looked at his counsel—two lawyers with gray heads; neither of them less than fifty! The boy-lawyers had back seats, and were looking on and learning law. Hanging is serious business. He who fears it, and would escape, looks for the experienced pleader. Boy-work won't do for that. Among lawyers, beards and gray hairs are at a premium. But so the churches seem to say—preaching is of no account. We want display in the pulpit; and we want a minister who has nothing else.

Said a man of the world to us one day: "You ministers should be lawyers too, for when you know how to preach, and therefore are not wanted, you are just old enough to get your first client." As poor Artemus would have said, that was "narcissical." But there was too much truth in the jest.—*Ambassador*.

## Being his own Pilot.

A bright boy who loved the sea entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. "Anchor! no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot," "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply. Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old bronzed gray-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. The cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the wider course, but he only laughed at their fears and repeated his promise to be in dock at daybreak. He was ashore before daybreak. We need not pause to dramatize a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind and the wild orders to get the life-boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—a toy that the tempest was weary of playing with, and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surly acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

O young men beware of being your own pilots. Take the true and able Pilot on board who can stride upon those waves, who can speak, "Peace, be still," to that rough Boreas, so that "with Christ in the vessel you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain. And, encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again and again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.

## The Fatal Example.

An individual residing at—, who was a promising Christian, universally esteemed a good man by those among whom he resided, and who had been for years superintendent of the Sabbath school there, was away from home, and staying for a short period in a distant city.

With others, he one evening yielded to an invitation to visit the theater, not, however, without some misgivings as to the propriety of his course. These, however, were overcome, and he went; but whether the act was repeated, is not known.

He returned home, thinking that act would never be known to those among whom he lived. But some years after he was sent for to visit a sick and dying man. He went, supposing it was to administer spiritual advice and consolation. As he sat down by the bedside, the dying man said to him: "You, sir, have led me to ruin my soul. Some years since you were staying for a short time in—city. I was then living there, and had often been tempted to visit the theater, but had been deterred by the conviction that it was wrong and dangerous. On a particular evening, as I stood in front of the building, hesitating whether or not to go in, I saw you go up the steps and enter. Immediately I thought, if Mr.—, who is a member of the church, and was my Sabbath school superintendent, can attend the theater, I surely may. I instantly went in, and continued to go till all hesitation was gone, and with all concern for my soul. In this state I am now; dreading the summons to appear before God. I felt I must send for you to tell you the influence of your example."

Are there not other members of churches who are setting such examples? Ponder the result.—*Boston Recorder*.

## The Hidden Light.

I had been riding all night in a close, narrow berth of a sleeping-car, and coming into the city at dawn, began the day already tired; so, before the day was much more than half done, I had to go to my room, ill of a headache.

Under the window, a pear-tree in full bloom filled the room with fragrance; and the voices of the negro servants came from the

yard with the buzzing of the bees about the blossoming tree,—a babbling sort of music, that, joined to the sounds of life in the street, softened by distance, presently soothed me into a half-sleep. Thus the sun slipped lower and lower down the wall while I lay on the sofa drowsing and dreaming, until some sudden silence woke me. The sun had gone quite away from the wall, and the room was already dim with coming darkness; so, as I turned my eyes about the quiet room, with its draperies and niches and deep windows, I saw a light suddenly flame out in the twilight from one of the burners in the great chandelier.

Some departed guest going before daylight had left the gas turned on in this burner, so slightly, that its light did not show while the sun was shining; but now it came out with a faint brightness, as though twilight had been an enchanter who had touched it with his magic wand.

At the sudden light, I felt as if there had been an invisible presence in the room all the day; and then I thought of that presence which, though unseen, is always with us,—the love of the heavenly Father.

When life is bright, and we are content, we may hardly feel it; but, when evil days are upon us, the hearts of his children turn to God; and like light shining in a dark place, his words come to our need.—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."—*Christian Banner*.

## Religion at Home and Abroad.

Dr. J. G. Holland, writing from Switzerland to the *Springfield Republican*, says:

It seems to me that any New England man coming to Europe must feel everywhere around him an enormous letting down of the moral tension and tone to which he has been accustomed. He sees everywhere the Sabbath desecrated. Here, in Switzerland, the business day of the steamboats and railroads is Sunday; and I cannot help contrasting the unbroken stillness—that hangs around the station at Springfield, during all the long Sabbath days of summer, with the hurly and bustle and rush of locomotives and of men, which prevail every Sunday at the station in Lausanne, within sight and hearing of my window. Meeting a distinguished divine here, one expects to see a man in some respects like those one meets at home holding like positions; but one is soon undeceived. Christianity does not seem to get hold of people here, as it does at home. The lack of earnestness, genuine faith, absolute self-devotion, is painfully apparent. Christianity would seem to be adopted by these men as a beautiful system of philosophy and ethics; and, in the meantime, they manage to have a pretty good time. They drink their wine, visit their relations, go to the shows, and forget that there is a world to be converted. There may be something sad and severe in the type of New England religion, but it means something. There is a life-revolutionizing and life-commanding power in it. It is a power of such magnitude that a man needs to get four thousand miles away from it to measure its dimensions. Here I can see, as I never saw before, the intensity of religious feelings that prevails in America; and my respect for it grows with every renewal of the contemplation. It is a thing apparently unknown here, and altogether unappreciated as it exists among us.

## Resist Beginnings.

The trees of the forest made a solemn parliament, wherein they consulted on the innumerable wrongs which the axe had done them; therefore they enacted that no tree should hereafter lend the axe wood for a handle, "on pain of being cut down." The axe travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, oak, ash, elm, even to the poplar; not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briars and bushes, alleging that those shrubs had sucked away the juice of the ground, hindered the growth, and obscured the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to afford him so much. When he had gotten his handle, he cut down them selves, too.

These be the subtle reaches of sin; give it but a little advantage on fair promise to remove the troubles, and it will cut down thy soul, also. Therefore resist beginnings; trust it not in the least. Consider a sin, and indeed it is, a crucifying of Christ; wilt thou say, I may crucify Christ a little? I may scourge his flesh, wound his side, pierce his heart, a little. What man loves the Lord Jesus who would either say it or do it? Consider it a casting thyself into unquenchable fire; wilt thou say, I may burn my soul and body a little? As suffering we think the least misery too great; so sinning let us think the least iniquity too great.—*Thomas Adams*.

## Be Hopeful.

Christ! I if thou art in a night of trial, think of the morrow; cheer up thy heart with the thought of the coming of thy Lord. Be patient, for

"Lo! He comes with clouds, descending."

Be patient! The husbandman waits until he reaps his harvest. Be patient; for you know who has said, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be." If you are never so wretched now, remember

"A few more rolling suns, at most, Will land thee on fair Canaan's coast."

Thy head may be crowned with thorny troubles now, but it shall wear a starry crown ere long; thy hand may be filled with cares—it shall sweep the strings of the harp of heaven soon. Thy garments may be soiled with dust now; they shall be white by and by. Wait a little longer. Ah! how despicable our troubles and trials will seem when we look back upon them! Looking at them here in the prospect, they seem immense; but when we get to heaven we shall then

"With transporting joys recount The labors of our feet."

Our trials will then seem light and momentary afflictions. Let us go on boldly; if the night be never so dark, the morning cometh, which is more than they can say who look but up in the darkness of hell. Do you know what it is to live on the future—to live on expectation—to anticipate heaven? Happy believer, to have so sure, so comforting a hope. It may all be dark now, but it will soon be light; it may be all trial now, but will soon be all happiness. What matters it though weeping may endure for a night, when "joy cometh in the morning?"—*Spurgeon*.

## Clearing the Defiled Temple.

At a little village in Michigan, where the Lord has poured out his spirit of late, and more than four score souls have found him precious, an invitation was extended by one who was conducting the meetings to the young men of the place to meet him at the Court House on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. No one knew for what purpose the meeting was appointed.

Quite a number came together. About half an hour was spent in attempting to prove that our bodies are "the temples of the Holy Ghost," and that it is a sin to defile them with liquor or tobacco. A pledge of total abstinence from both these evils was drawn up and about forty-five signed it.

One convert said, "I have used tobacco for twenty years, but will sign the pledge for my family's sake." Said another, a man of thirty-five years, "I have smoked and chewed for eighteen years, and have a plug in my pocket." His name went down. An earnest Christian who had worked hard all through the meetings, said, "For twenty-two years I have used the filthy stuff, but, boys, I am with you, here is my name." A thorough-going business man who had been the subject of a faithful wife's prayers for years, was moved by the Spirit, came down upon his knees and erected his family altar. Said he, "I am fifty-four years old; thirty-seven years I have used tobacco, but I am done." Said another fine fellow, "It costs me \$1 per week to supply my pipe and my mouth, but I'll stop for Jesus' sake, and give the \$1 a week for the support of the Gospel." Said the pastor of one of the churches, "I have smoked my pipe for thirty-four years, and I have a quantity of it's best in the house now, but I can't go to that young men's meeting next Saturday evening unless I sign the pledge. I'll burn up my tobacco."

## Wesley's Calmness.

The celebrated Robert Hall said, "The most extraordinary thing about Wesley was that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic; he was the quiescence of turbulence." Wesley was not "phlegmatic." He had a warm heart, an active spirit. He said, "I am always in haste, though never in a hurry." He one day remarked to Clarke, "As I was passing through St. Paul's churchyard I observed two women standing opposite to each other, the one speaking and gesticulating violently, while the other, perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up, and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist, and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbor, exclaimed,—

"Speak, wretch; that I may have something to say." Adam, that was a lesson to me; silence is often the best answer to abuse." Sarah Wesley was the daughter of Charles Wesley, the hymnist. She was born in Bristol, and died in that city, Sept. 19, 1828. She had a fertile imagination, had read extensively, was a member of the Methodist society, and departed in peace. The following interesting particulars have been copied from a letter of hers to Clarke.

"In 1775 my uncle promised to take me with him to Canterbury. At this time his wife had obtained by plundering his bureau, some letters which she used to the most dishonorable purposes. She read them to some Calvinists, misinterpreting spiritual expressions, and interpolating words as she pleased. An intimate friend of my father came to induce him, for the sake of religion, to persuade his brother to vindicate himself and stop the publication. My dear father, to whom the reputation of my uncle was far dearer than his own, immediately set off to the Foundry. Never shall I forget the manner in which my father announced his ill success on his return home. He accosted my mother thus: 'He is a most extraordinary man. I placed before him every evil consequence which could result by his leaving London, the stumbling blocks he might cast in the way of the weak, the advantage he gave to his enemies, the importance of his character; and when I had finished, he replied, with the utmost coolness:—

"When I devoted to God my ease, my time, my fortune, my life, did I expect my reputation? No; tell Sally I will take her to Canterbury to-morrow," and to Canterbury we went."—*Christian Advocate*.

## Varieties.

MANY who have wept upon the mountains of Zion, have sung aloud in the valley of the shadow of death.

"It is abominable that a worm should swell with pride when our Lord made himself so low."

"I DIDN'T like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had kept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A. P. Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the speaker."

If a man truly loves God, and has no will but to do God's will, the whole force of the river Rhine may run at him and will not disturb him, or break his peace; if we find outward things a danger and disturbance, it comes from our appropriating to ourselves what is God's.—*Tauter*.

THE LATE Dr. Bogue said: "A minister of inferior talents, who labors to improve them by study, exercise, and prayer, will far surpass one of much superior gifts who allows them to languish for want of culture."

No real greatness can long co-exist with deceit. The whole faculties of man must be excited in order to noble energies, and he who is not earnestly sincere, lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.

PEACE does not dwell in outer things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from an acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.—*Fletcher*.

It is very touching, it brings both smile and tear, to see the eternal hope which always waits like a white dove, from under the shadow of every disappointment, so white, so fresh, as if its wings were cleansed anew, in the darkness out of which it came; the hope that is like a courageous word, like a suddenly thrilling thought of spring-time, like a walk in the cool air on an autumn mountain-side; the hope that something will yet be, that the ocean of purity is filled with pearls for the successful diver, that nature is yet rich, and God lavish, as of old, and one need not utterly overdone.—*Studies in Religion*.

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J. M. BREWSTER, Junior Editor.

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## "The Divine Order."

We have been waiting for the proof from our C. Baptist brethren that baptism (immersion) must always precede the communion, if Christ is to be obeyed and apostolic authority conceded. They claim that the ordinances must be observed only in this way. They at once, through argument, harangue and resolution, declare this to be the divine order. We demur, and ask for proof instead of assumption. We have watched carefully for it week after week, in the editorials and articles from correspondents appearing in half a dozen of the leading papers of the denomination. We have not only failed to find such proof, but failed also to find a serious and direct attempt to search for and present it. Of protest and warning there has been no lack; of strong declarations that restricted communion is vital in the Baptist polity there has been a surfeit; and of statements that nothing must be yielded to restiveness at home or growing liberality and unity in the general Christian community, the columns have been many and crowded. But for the specific thing that is needed to justify all this general style of speech, we have waited eagerly and waited in vain.

It is therefore with some surprise and equal amusement that we find some of these papers now speaking of the argument for restricted communion that has been lately brought forward, as having proved very conclusive to many hesitating minds, very soothing to those who were anxious, and very satisfactory to those who really needed no added light or confirmation. In other words, we are told that the proof has been supplied, and "the divine order," as held by our C. Baptist brethren, has been clearly defined and thoroughly vindicated.

Perhaps so. There may have been arguments where we saw nothing but assertion. The witnesses may have been stating indisputable facts, but we really discovered nothing except unsupported opinions. The only thing that wears the semblance of testimony is this statement, presentable in the following particulars, viz.: that the apostles were as much inspired in their action as in their words; that they invariably insisted upon baptism before the Supper; that the uniformity and emphasis with which they adhered to this order in the constitution of churches and the instruction of disciples, render their practice authoritative and binding upon us not less than though they had said in so many words, "It is the law of Christ that none save immersed believers have any right to a place at the Lord's table." Apostolic usage in this specific thing is, therefore, equivalent to a positive command of the Great Master himself; and they who do not faithfully adhere to this order, thus made binding by the usage of these inspired men, are setting aside the requirement of the Lord himself.

Now that may be proof to others; to us it looks vastly like assumption. It has sufficient emphasis without doubt; but we do not quite perceive where the force of the logic lies. To serve its purpose it must be shown, 1st, that the apostolic usage was thus settled, emphatic and intentional; 2d, that this usage was the result of a special divine suggestion; 3d, that it was meant to be a positive guide in church building and usage for all later times; and 4th, that an honest mistake as to what the outward act in baptism really was, was utterly disqualifies the believer, who has cordially accepted baptism in spirit and intention, for a place at the table where the disciples are bidden to show forth their Lord's death. Can all these points be established?

We doubt it. Certainly they have not been proved by anything which we have met in the utterances on the subject. Well did Dr. Wayland say that restricted communion rested on "an inference." It is an inference, too, hanging upon several doubtful premises. "Nothing is stronger than its weakest point." And the weak points, in this attempted specimen of reasoning are found along the whole line of thought. Our C. Baptist brethren are wont to deal pretty severely with those who sprinkle infants and call it Christian baptism. They protest against the usage as without authority in the New Testament, and insist that to found a church rite on an inference is to take most unwarrantable liberties where no man may properly be wise above what is written. We sympathize strongly with this view; the singular thing is that our brethren should copy the policy in respect to one of the Christian ordinances against which they so strongly protest when they find it pursued in respect to the other.

From the way in which the apostolic usage is spoken of by the advocates of restricted communion, it might be inferred that this usage was very frequently and prominently exhibited in the New Testament. One might expect to find the Acts full of it, and the Epistles abounding in statements and allusions to it. But it is far otherwise. The references to it are very few and slight. And there is, in no instance, any real hint that one must defer going to the communion till after baptism. In Acts 2:42, 46, there is a reference to the "breaking of bread from house to house." But it is very doubtful whether that refers to the Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. 11, wherein Paul deals with the origin, design, uses and abuses of the Supper, and the proper preparation for

it, there is not a word respecting baptism. The only qualifications mentioned are moral; the only barrier referred to is an undiscerning heart. A true faith is alone set down as the passport to a place among the company that unite to show forth the Lord's death. Where is the apostolic usage of which so much is sought to be made? Where is the evidence of "the divine order?"

Here are a few points that deserve pondering, and which we commend to our C. Baptist brethren. 1. As the full commission for Christian baptism, found in Matt. 28: 29, was not given till after Christ rose from the dead, it follows that the Supper was actually instituted before the formal command to baptize in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost was delivered. That this baptism was not the same thing as John's baptism, is clearly indicated by what is narrated in Acts 19: 1-6,—the subjects of John's baptism being rebaptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And there is no clear evidence that the disciples who sat down at the institution of the Supper had been baptized.

2. The only ground for the opinion that the converts under the apostolic preaching were baptized before partaking of the Supper is found in the fact that, in several instances, baptism is called for immediately after the waking of repentance and faith. Not a single statement can be found showing that the communion was ever postponed because it was "necessary that baptism should precede it."

3. Even if it could be shown, that during the apostolic period, the disciples were called on to be baptized as the evidence that they were fully ready to accept the responsibilities of discipleship, before being recognized as disciples elsewhere, it does not necessarily follow that baptism must always, or does now, sustain the same relations to the Christian life as then. To accept baptism then was a proof of the sincerity and earnestness of the subject, for it involved the risk of all earthly good; it is not such a test now. And so if it were proved,—though it neither is nor can be,—that the apostles always baptized converts before welcoming them to the Supper, it is by no means a necessary inference that their example is here an authoritative statute. There is not a syllable of evidence in the record that their usage in this respect has the force of law, and in the absence of such testimony, the claim of our C. Baptist brethren must be disallowed.

4. In the apostolic period there was no mistaking the meaning of the command to be baptized. Every convert knew what the requirement called for. It is not thus now. There are many Pedobaptists who recognize the obligation to be baptized, and who have honestly accepted sprinkling as the way of obeying the requirement of Christ. Shall these disciples be forbidden to find a place at the table of the Lord they love and are anxious to serve, because they have missed the form of an ordinance which they have thoroughly accepted in Christian intention? Is not this a bondage to the letter that destroys the higher freedom of the spirit?

The case then stands thus: There is no clear evidence to show what the apostolic usage was.—There is no evidence that that usage, whatever it may have been, was meant to be authoritative and binding through all time.—In fact it appears that the Supper was actually instituted before Christian baptism.—Baptism is no such test of discipleship now as it was in apostolic times, and so the obvious reason for its former priority does not now exist.—Paul mentions only moral qualifications for the Supper, and these are possessed by multitudes of unimmersed persons.—Following apostolic usage, there is a much more obvious reason for baptizing persons as soon as they give evidence of repentance and faith, for the apostles repeatedly and generally did this; and for "ordaining elders in every church," for this we are told that Paul himself assisted in doing.

If all apostolic usage is denotive of "the divine order," and carries with it the force of the Lord's appointment, there are many other things connected with church building and ecclesiastical life that will come up and demand the acceptance of our brethren, and compel them to modify the pattern of their households of faith. If they will so stoutly fight for a principle, let them be true to it everywhere. If they will see a "divine order" in an inference, let them bow down reverently before every syllogism that has a promise in the Acts of the apostles. If an ancient usage is the same thing as a divine statute, let them not stop till they have embodied the full orientalism of the first century which the sacred writers have described. That will prove their consistency, however it may cover their reasoning with ridicule, and turn the church of the living God into a statue or a fossil.

## What Was Meant?

The Unitarians are very eagerly and somewhat warmly debating the action of their recent Conference in New York, and trying to find out what was really done, why it was done, and what is the real meaning of the action taken. Some are sure that everything really vital in and peculiar to Christianity was pronounced a non-essential; others insist that the Conference said no word and performed no act that compromised its position as a Christian body. Scarcely any two expositions agree. No body appears really satisfied. The Radical taunts and sneers because the action did not go further; the Monthly Magazine protests and grieves because such damaging concessions were made to the unbelieving extremists. Dr. Bellows thinks the Conference saved its character by cutting off the last sentence in Dr. Clarke's resolution; Dr. Elliot is sure the knife did not at all reach the difficulty. The editorial interpreters multiply the pleas for patience and moderation are half earnest and half fretful; and

it seems plain that, in trying to beat things to all parties in that heterogeneous household, the Conference accomplished little in the way of defining Unitarianism or in arresting the repellent tendencies that are so ripe and active in that ecclesiastical circle. The negative theology is thus showing its fruits; and the fierce quarrel with creeds has naturally culminated in this inside impatience over every sort of doctrinal test or formula, and developed into the Free Religion that quarrels with the New Testament, and challenges Christ, and sets science up as the real Saviour. "Liberal Christianity" is rapidly becoming a phrase that will not bear definition, and the effort to organize and spread it serves rather to divide than unify.

## Crime and Insanity.

Scarcely a terrible crime is now committed and dealt with by the courts without an attempt to prove the prisoner insane. The homicide at Albany a year since, after figuring in the journals for a long time, and then being carried before the civil tribunals, ends its formal history by a verdict of acquittal on the plea of insanity. The procedure was such as to divest the case of seriousness and rob the law of its majesty. The jury, after being out for a considerable time, go into court and tell the judge that they believe the prisoner was sane the moment before and the moment after he perpetrated the terrible deed, but doubt his sanity at the instant of drawing and firing the pistol. The judge tells them they may give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and so they hasten to give him his liberty. It seems like a farce that lacks even the element of solemnity. It is like casting deliberate comedy upon the statute; like finding comedy beneath what appeared truly tragic; like turning a trial for life into a piece of pleasantry; like striking out the element of crime from a terrible deed of blood.

Much of what transpired at the recent trial of Deacon Andrews, for the murder of Mr. Holmes, were a similar aspect. The old plea of insanity came up there, and was urged with persistence and skill. There was indeed some seriousness displayed, and crime got itself called by its right name more or less. But the tendency to make deadly violence a misfortune rather than a fault, and to find an excusing insanity in a violent and destructive madness, was prominent enough to arrest attention. And it is a tendency that is becoming general enough to excite inquiry. If a man gets drunk, he is called a victim to an unfortunate nervous organization. If a man forges a note, he is represented as a sufferer from hereditary impulse. If one becomes a reckless spendthrift, he is pronounced deficient in the bump of acquisitiveness. A defiant rumrunner at whose bar a poor sot swallows death, is pictured as a man who is too kind-hearted to refuse a pleading customer the means of an hour's relief and enjoyment. A vindictive southern rebel is set down as a citizen whose early teaching and later disappointment have saddened and rendered him a little cynical.

We all need charity, and it is fitting that we exercise it. We are none of us guiltless enough to be eager to throw the first stone. Harshness is unbecoming. To be ready to meet every weak and penitent brother with help is to remember our own necessities, and to show that we are beginning to comprehend Christ. But there is such a thing as sin and crime, and the attempt to smooth over these things with pleasant names is neither wisdom, justice nor mercy. Guilt is a fact of life; not a mere term in theology. Weakness often springs from wickedness. The highest duty lies in the way of self-control and self-denial. Reason is granted us for the mastery of impulse; the conscience gives tongue to a real decalogue whose prohibitions are full of authority; the will is meant to fight down passion at the bidding of principle; and every man who falls in transgression has done despite to the waiting and adequate help of Him who is ever at hand, and mightier than all evil forces in the heart or in the world. He who runs into grievous transgression in such circumstances is to be dealt with as guilty, not simply as unfortunate. He is not merely a "poor fellow" to be pitied, but a sinner to be summoned to retribution and repentance as well. If it is proper to cultivate sympathy, it is of the highest moment that men's eyes be kept open to the eternal and awful sanctity of law.

## The Ruling Passion.

Mr. Johnson's fourth and last annual message to Congress is by far the worst public document which even he has penned. Instead of yielding to the inevitable, he seems only confirmed in his purpose to contend vehemently to the last. His impudence has culminated at length. The quintessence of his worst qualities seems to have been bottled up that it might be poured out in this final effort. The venom of the man spills over in the first sentence, and the disappointment, spite and malice saturate every paragraph in a long and closely printed column, and tinge and taint every department of his tedious discussion. His accusations do not respect the truth; his use of the figures borrowed from the reports of his Cabinet officers is utterly unfair and misleading; his statements respecting the condition of the country are as exaggerated as they are unparaphrased; and his suggestion touching the method of settling with the creditors of the government, invites the nation to enter upon a course of rascally swindling that would send a private citizen from the counting room to the State prison, and give him nothing beyond his deserts.

We have often felt humbled before now at Mr. Johnson's unteachable stubbornness, his Indian revengefulness of temper, and his pitiable indecencies of speech. But he has shown a capacity for sheer ugliness and insult in this message that leaves him without a rival, and renders it difficult to think of him as the President of the United States without a blush. How far his defeat and his bad passions may have blinded his eyes and perverted his judgment, we do not know. But whether he writes honestly or dishonestly, he has proved himself wholly unfit for his position. If he really knows what he is saying, he is disqualified through lack of character; if he does not know the import of his words, he should be dismissed to private life for lack of sanity. That the end of his official service is so near is a ground of rejoicing, and, considered from a moral stand-point, we trust he is to have no successor.

Whether Congress was not too restive under the message, which the Senate at first refused to hear, may well be a question. It might have shown a true and proper dignity and self-respect if the Senators and Representatives had calmly sat out the infliction and the insult to which they were treated, and then quietly dismissed the document to its fate. The provocation was great and probably unexpected, and men may be pardoned for resenting such a series of audacious accusations, which are only repeated with fresh emphasis and cooler malice the more peremptorily they are denied and the more fully they are disproved. But our legislators can now see the end of this long and fierce and unwelcome conflict with a desperate Executive. May God give them grace to be patient and faithful, and make the wrath of their desperate enemy to praise him.

## Prayer.

Prayer is "old fashioned." This is true in a double sense. 1. Saints of old prayed, and prevailed with God. 2. Many Christians are losing faith in the power of prayer. But few really expect to influence God by prayer. They consider it a Christian duty and a pleasant and profitable exercise to pray; but don't resort to it as Jacob, Moses, Daniel, and Paul did, to move the arm of the Almighty. Preachers philosophize over it, and almost apologize for it and confine its use to the narrow circle of spiritual consolations. A few "old fashioned" people hold fast to it, as a power with God. Will these increase, or grow less and less? Are we not floating into a low, material view of prayer? Is there not a wide divergence between the popular sentiment and the Scriptures upon it?

James asserts that the prayer of faith will save the sick. "If any is afflicted let him pray," says he; just as if solid comfort, substantial relief, was in that way to be found. "Confess your faults one to another and pray one for another, that ye may be healed," he exhorts as if divine power came through this channel to change and save the soul. "Ask what ye will," says Jesus, "and ye shall receive it." Elijah prayed, and rain fell not for three and a half years; he prayed and rain watered the earth. Do not men now hesitate to pray for such changes in nature? Paul attributed his success to prayer, "day and night, with tears." Christ assures us that great results are reached only through "prayer and fasting." John Knox wrestled with God for national deliverance and it came. James declares that the "effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Our faith may be weak, but God changes not. The same believing prayers will bring the same results as in the days of old. Wise men may declare it unphilosophical, but "God sets at naught the wisdom of the wise." The unbelief of his people is the only hindrance. According to their faith it shall be done unto them. Why should not the Lord answer as in former days? Does he not love his church? Has he ceased to be gracious? Have his promises expired by limitation? Is he subject to the material notions of conceited men, who cry out against special providences and answers to prayer? The old foundation standeth sure. If we will cast our burdens on the Lord, he will prove that "his word endureth forever." Will the churches pray for the Spirit? Will they implore divine help for their preachers? Will they wrestle with him for salvation upon sinners? He will surely answer. He waits to vindicate his word. He longs to have his people try and prove him. The heavens are burdened with mercies; the moment the spiritual currents of prayer, fervent, believing prayer, touch the cord, salvation will come to men.—G. H. B.

## Current Topics.

A PLEASANT GATHERING. The Convention, composed of ministers and laymen of evangelical churches in this vicinity, held in this city on Tuesday of last week, was a pleasant and profitable occasion. The brethren came together with a disposition to impart and receive good; the discussions were pointed and earnest, and all seemed to feel that they were one in Christ Jesus. We do not see how such conventions, if properly managed, can fail to be productive of good results; and it is to be hoped that they may be largely increased. It should not be forgotten, however, that their mission consists largely in suggesting the means and methods of revival effort and to create a healthy stimulus for it, but they do not obviate the necessity of the effort itself. The command is, "Go ye into my vineyard and labor."

MR. SUMNER AGAIN. We are glad to observe that other religious journals are taking a position similar to our own in regard to the appointment of Mr. Sumner as Secretary of State. The Independent in a recent leader, entitled "The Next Premier," puts the case very strongly. It says: "The general finger is pointing to Charles Sumner for Secretary of State. His superior fitness for the post is universally acknowledged. Even many of his opponents on the negro question have the man-

liness to admit that no man in the nation, of either political party, has so ripe a knowledge of foreign affairs and so great an experience as chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations as Mr. Sumner. His personal acquaintance with the leading statesmen of Europe, with many of whom he maintains a regular and copious correspondence, is more extensive than that of any other American put together; and his familiarity with European languages, institutions, and laws is so thorough that (if the novel task were set before him) he could with great credit be the prime minister either of England, France, or Spain almost as well as of his own country.

AT A DISCOUNT. The notorious "Brick" Pomeroy edits a notoriously abusive sheet known as the *La Crosse Democrat*, but contrary to what we had supposed he is no friend of rum and rum-drinkers. Alluding in a recent article to the fact that applications are daily made for situations in his office, he says:

The editorial proprietor of this paper is strictly a temperance man, never using intoxicating drinks or tobacco, though he is not a member of any temperance society. It is an old rule of his never to employ a man who is addicted to the use of liquor, or who becomes intoxicated, and no person who is not a sober, temperate, industrious man need apply for any situation in my printing, offices, or other places of business, for they cannot obtain them. Every man has a right to get drunk or not, as we have a right to employ such men as suit us.

The last sentence of course does not receive our endorsement, but if rum-drinkers are at such a discount with such a man as Pomeroy, how ought they to be regarded by people in general?

THEODORE PARKER. The attention of the public has been again called to this prince of modern skeptics by a lecture of Rev. O. B. Frothingham, recently delivered in Boston. It will be recollected that Mr. Frothingham claims to have received Mr. Parker's mantle, and he consequently feels called upon to vindicate his character to posterity. It is no wonder then that he, after having been dead ten years, becomes in the hands of Mr. Frothingham a man of decidedly different traits and aims from what he really was while living. It was as a religious reformer, said the lecturer, that Mr. Parker felt himself chiefly fitted and appointed, and to this he subordinated all other reforms. And while his deep hatred for the popular or evangelical theology was acknowledged, he was held up as no skeptic, but as a profound believer, seeking not to pull down, but to restore religion to its true place and power. While the expression of such views as these are no more than what was to be expected from such a man as Mr. Frothingham, he will be hardly able to bring the Christian public to endorse them. Mr. Parker's views of Christ and his teachings, of the Scriptures and their authority as the word of God, and of many of the religious and reformatory movements of our age, are too well remembered and understood to be winked out of sight by a score or two of paragraphs of polished rhetoric. If such men as he can find apologetics, why not Thomas Paine, Simon Magus and even Judas Iscariot?

WOMEN'S RIGHTS. The movement in behalf of female suffrage has become so decidedly aggressive that the voices of earnest men and women are soon to be heard in the Granite State, rallying recruits for the new crusade. A formal call for the meeting to consider the subject in question, to be held in Concord next Tuesday and Wednesday, has been issued. The names of between sixty and seventy individuals, of both sexes are attached to it, and if high sounding phrases are all that is needed to accomplish the end sought, the success of the movement, as well as the convention, is assured. The subject of women's rights is one that is worthy of consideration, and we earnestly hope that wisdom and moderation will characterize the contemplated meeting. R.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE. A Catalogue of this Institution, located at North Scituate, R. I., gives us the usual information touching its prosperity for the year 1867-8. It has an ample and well-tried Board of Instruction and large and varied facilities for even improving the excellent school which has long been and still is maintained there. Prof. G. H. Ricker is Principal, to whom all inquiries may be addressed by those desiring information in detail.

## 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.]

## Particular Attention.

## THE QUARTERLY.

We fear that our friends do not appreciate the need of promptly forwarding the names of subscribers, that the committee may make seasonable arrangements for the January No., or know whether the publication is even desired. Please send subscribers' names at once; do not delay for another day a matter of so much importance. W. H. BOWEN. Olneyville, R. I.

## West Virginia Mission.

For the satisfaction of the many who wish to know what we are doing here, I would say:

1. we are building a house of worship at Fairview for the church there. It is a

small but very neat and tasteful building, with colored windows and a cupola for a bell. It will do credit to the denomination. The brethren and friends there are doing nobly, but need and must have some help. The building is up and covered, the windows procured, &c; but it is not yet advanced far enough for occupancy for lack of funds. A little more would enable Bro. Powell to use the house for a protracted meeting, which if it is important should be held this winter.

2. We have expended some two thousand dollars upon the School building, and have a High School in operation, with flattering prospects for the coming term. But the building is still unfinished, and some six or eight hundred dollars more are needed to finish it and provide sufficient accommodations for the students, who it is now apparent, will attend if they can be accommodated.

In respect to the name of the Institution, it was given it before it came into our hands, and it was impossible for us to change it. We are having a good High School, with a promising class of students. What it will grow into, time will determine.

The money heretofore subscribed is needed at once to pay present indebtedness; and the additional sum named is also needed at once, to provide necessary accommodations for next term. A. D. WILLIAMS.

## Western Home Mission.

Some more than four years since, the Parent H. M. Society appointed a Western committee to raise funds and organize churches, educate the Freedmen, and do the missionary work as far as possible in the West and in the great valley of the Mississippi. The undersigned, during this time, has acted as agent in collecting funds and having a general supervision of the work. We have traveled many thousand miles, visited very many of our Associations and churches, have found many a warm friend, and received generous donations with words of encouragement in the good cause.

From the time we first commenced our schools in Cairo when we had nothing but faith and hope to build upon, the work has gone steadily forward to the present time. Then Bro. Cooley was permitted to sleep in the "upper room" of the Christian Commission, and labor almost alone in the field of ignorance and destitution. From time to time true and faithful laborers have entered the field, the work has extended until the Cairo mission now numbers the following stations:

Cairo, 2 churches, 130 members, 6 colored preachers, 3 teachers, 140 scholars; Mound City, 2 preachers, 204 members, 1 teacher, 80 scholars; Villa Ridge, 1 minister, 85 members, 1 teacher, 50 scholars; America, 115 members in the church, 1 minister; Caledonia, 1 minister, 85 in the church, 40 in the school; Grand Chain, 53 in the church; Uniontown, Ky., 50 church members; Unity, 58 church members; Carbondale, 50 church members, 45 in the school; New Madrid, Mo., 130 in the church, 60 in the school; Piascott, Mo., 39 church members. Number of churches, 11; members, 990; scholars, 415.

Mr. P. C. Telford is the superintendent and teacher in Cairo, assisted by Rev. H. H. Keyes and wife. Miss E. A. Tuttle is teaching at Mound City, and M. Craig in Villa Ridge. Rev. W. Joy is teaching in Carbondale, and Mr. Hicks in Caledonia. G. H. Jones is at New Madrid. Miss E. M. Carroll is in the field, but we have not learned of the station at which she is to labor.

Rev. J. S. Manning is the superintendent of the churches, and will also visit the meetings of the General Baptists as far as possible.

The mission has also encouraged the interest in West Virginia. We appointed Rev. D. Powell as our missionary, and he has proved himself a worthy and faithful laborer. The number in the churches he has organized we do not know, but he has done a good work, and in connection with the school under the care of Rev. A. D. Williams, will in a short time give us a good influence in that part of the State west of the mountains.

The blessing of God has been upon the prayers and money given for this noble cause. The questions for the ministers and churches to consider at the present time are, Shall this work now cease? Will we as a denomination give up the points we have gained? Is it right to leave those that have identified themselves with us and are at home to the mercy of the enemy? Can we afford to give up the field? These are pertinent questions. They must and will be answered.

## AN APPEAL.

There was never a time when we so much needed funds as at the present. Money is scarce, and the cause of Christ must suffer the consequence. If after providing for every conceivable want of our own personal interest, we have any thing left we will give to the cause of benevolence, is the practice of too many. We are suffering immensely for the want of a few hundred dollars. Our school at Cairo is now suspended, and unless we have the money, we must sacrifice our property and give up the field. The facts are these: The Cairo Land Company gave us three city lots on condition that we erect a house of certain dimensions on them for religious purposes. The house we then owned and moved on to the lots does not meet the conditions, but is sufficiently large for our purposes. We have also a very comfortable dwelling house for the teachers on the lots, making a great saving in rents.

It was the misfortune of the church to receive a colored preacher, who has proved to be as black within as without, as great in ability to make trouble as any man destitute of moral principle. He has been sustained by a class of persons that have no confidence in him at all, and only make







## Poetry.

## What I Gave.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

I had been down to the village,  
The village that sprung like a gourd,  
On the fair green slopes of the river,  
There I listened a while to its lord.

He had opened his coffers so freely,  
Responsive at once to the call  
Of the country, had poured out his treasure,  
And what seemed harder than all—

They had taxed all his broad rolling acres,  
Had levied on flock and on herd—  
Then through the deep silence that followed,  
There fell an answering word:

As if I were in awe of his greatness,  
He counted the stillness of mine;  
I checked on my lip the proud answer,  
And thought of the pearls and the swine—

He'd trample my offering in scorn,  
My soul's hidden treasure to earth:  
O hearts that hold such in your keeping,  
You'll estimate truly its worth.

Thou knowest, O "God of the battle,"  
My lips when their anguish were dumb,  
When they told me death softly had darkened  
The eyes of my beautiful one.

"My youngest," with eyes like his mother's—  
She died when this youngest was born,  
His hair touched with just the soft golden  
That glints of the silk of the corn.

Then my heart's broken tendrils reached up-  
ward,  
Clinging nearer and nearer to him  
Who marked by the side of my Allen—  
Who wept when his young eyes grew dim.

A stranger hand traced the last tidings;  
God had broken the staff of my age;  
I bowed like a tree in the forest,  
Swept down by the tempest's wild rage.

O God! but to hear the young voices  
Ring out in our home as of old!  
Forgive those who murmur before thee,  
And miss but the clink of their gold!

## Joy in Sorrow.

Suggested by the death of Lina D. Pierce.  
BY

When the angels, gazing downward  
From the heavenly citadel,  
Saw the angel we call Lina—  
Saw the one we loved so well;  
And with saddened eyes looked onward  
To the path of life so rough,  
Through which earth-born ones must wend,  
Paused, and whispered—"tis enough!"

Then they hushed their song of gladness;  
Mute their golden harp-strings lay,  
As they left the dazzling brightness  
Of the all-resplendent day;  
Came and took our little angel,  
Took the one we loved so well,  
Bore her on their snowy bosoms,  
To the Better Land to dwell.

O, we weep through all the noonday;  
And we sit alone at night,  
Thinking of our sainted Lina  
In the land of seraphs bright,  
And we hear sweet cadence floating  
Through the larkent air of heaven,  
From the harp of heaven-born sweetness  
Which to her our God has given.

There she wanders with the angels,  
O'er the pave of crystal light;  
They are crowned in starry brightness,  
They are robed in spangled white!  
And the life-tree sheds its fragrance  
O'er the fresh, immortal springs;  
While the crowned and white-robed seraphs  
Teach the earth-child hidden things.

Passed beyond the golden portals,  
In life's fair and radiant morn,  
Where the sunlight knows no changing,  
And the bright flowers have no thorn—  
She will learn the wondrous lesson  
Which to us is mystery now,  
While heaven's bright, translucent halo  
Flows forever round her brow.

Though with mortal eyes we see not  
Through the heart chasms and the tears,  
And the mysteries and doubtings,  
Peeking o'er the waiting years—  
Yet by faith we see the throne-light  
Beaming over the dark abyss,  
And believe the night of sorrow  
Soon will lapse in light and bliss.

## The Family Circle.

## Reminiscences.

BY AIDEN.

"Our Father who art in heaven: hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. God bless my father and mother, my little sisters and brother, my grandparents, aunts and uncles, and all the friends I love, for Christ's sake. Amen."

I was standing partly unrobed, when little Alice's voice reached my ear, and pausing, I listened until the sounds died away, and the prattler of eight summers asked to be lifted into bed. Then lifting her blue eyes to my face, she asked—

"What makes you look so sober, Aunt Amy? What are you thinking of?"

"You, Alice dear, more than anything else," I answered, trying to assume a cheerful tone. She looked thoughtful, and twining her arms about my neck, kissed me, and nestled down into her warm bed. The lids soon closed over the blue eyes, and she slept, little dreaming what a train of thought her prayer had awakened. It was the earnestness and simplicity in the voice and manner that touched my heart. It had been a long time since I had heard that prayer, feeling the whole force of its meaning. Many times I had repeated the Lord's prayer, but the beauty and solemnity of the words failed to inspire me. Short as it is, it comprehends everything.

Several years ago I had occasion to remember it. I had been teaching in the village of M— during the summer, and had engaged for the autumn. Two months

of the latter season had passed, when, one Saturday morning, I received a note from a friend, asking me to come to her for she was in deep affliction. The mile that lay between my boarding-house and her cottage home was traveled very quickly. I had heard, two days previously, that her husband had returned from sea, sick with fever. This was all I knew. When I entered the sick-room I could not but see that the death-angel had preceded me. The once strong man lay feeble as an infant in his grasp. The ravings of delirium were over, and in his dying state his intellect was clear as an unclouded sky at noon. He recognized his wife, as she bent over him.

His little boy came in, asking, Papa to "kiss him once more." "Lift the child up, he shall have the last kiss," said the dying man. We obeyed, and the child, clasping his arms tightly about his father's neck, would not let go until the nurse took him away sobbing as if his little heart would break.

"Emily," said Captain Somers, "I must leave you and my boy; but it will not be long that we shall be separated. And now, will you repeat the Lord's prayer, and like a child in the arms of his mother I can fall asleep, for the music of those beautiful words will be like a soft lullaby."

Mrs. Somers had been weeping for the last few moments bitterly, but trying to choke down the sobs, she began,—"Our Father who art in heaven," and slowly, with great effort, repeated it. "Thy will be done," she said over and over, as if she could not feel the submissive spirit implied in the words. How could she, with the black shadows all about her? The little world in which she had reigned supreme was suddenly darkened.

When she arose from her knees and bent over the couch,—"Emily—God bless you—farewell!" and John Somers began a new life.

Emily, from whose life the light had gone out, came back to the old cares and duties, with an aching heart and weary, sickening regret. She had made an idol and found it clay. Only those who have loved and lost can tell with what trembling earnestness she still clung to the precious casket from which the gem had been riven.

The day of burial came. It was one of the brightest of October days,—the last of the dying month. All nature rejoiced in the sunlight. The frost had turned the green leaves of the maples and beeches into bright orange, scarlet, crimson and gold, with touches of green still lingering as if loth to leave their summer abode. Emily Somers found the gaiety of the outer world coming in painful contrast to the world within. She had prayed without ceasing for strength to carry her through the last trial, and it seemed to have been given her. She sat pale and calm, while the clergyman discoursed solemnly, and with an eloquence born of grace and grief nursed in the lap of godliness,—of man's frailty and the immediate necessity of building upon a sure foundation. He spoke briefly, urging those present to seek God first of all. Then, in a low voice, full of pathos, he said that, on the one hand, we could but regret that so much excellence had been lost to earth, but on the other, looking into the Great Beyond, where the angels were rejoicing over one more freed soul as in the light of the Father's welcome smile it was bathed in the splendor of heaven, we should rejoice. For life is but a moment, and while it is passing we need to watch and pray that we may enter the same haven of rest. Then in his last prayer he appealed to God in behalf of the widowed and fatherless with so much power and feeling that it brought tears to eyes unused to weeping, and Emily's sobs burst forth.

They followed him to the grave, and when the bearers set the coffin down by the side of it, and laid back the lid, that all might see, there was a pause, then a short hymn was sung, and we prepared to leave. Emily stood for a moment, taking the last view of the loved face, when little Eddie, clasping her hand tightly in both his own, cried out,—"O mamma, don't let Papa be put down in the earth!" pointing to the grave. "Why did Papa die? O dear! O dear! What shall we do, mamma? How can we live without Papa?" The child, in that one moment, took in at a glance what his childish mind had failed to see before, and, hiding his face in the folds of his mother's dress, cried passionately. It was a scene long to be remembered. All around the grave wept in sympathy for the bereaved ones. Then the clergyman, clearing his throat, said—"Our Father who art in heaven," &c., repeating the prayer so old, and yet so new.

Though years have passed since then, and the little Eddie is now a young man, strong in the strength God has given him, I can never forget his heart-rending appeal to his mother, or the prayer which followed.

It so happened that I spent the recent Thanksgiving of 1868 with the grandparents of Edward Somers with whom he is living. His mother has joined her husband, and her tried, weary heart is at rest. The children were all invited home, and the rain did not prevent their coming to grandmother's to-day. All wore merry faces, though I fear there were some sad hearts among old ones. The big, square table, with its large mahogany wings, was spread and loaded with good things which grandmother had provided; then grandfather asked God to make us thankful for his many blessings.

I think grandmother must have felt complimented if she noticed the way in which her nice meats, vegetables, light, puffy doughnuts, plum-puddings, and pies were demolished. But as there is an end to all feasting and merry-making, so towards night this ended. Only little Alice was left of all the grandchildren who had come in the morning. Edward does not seem to note the absence of his cousins, but sits reading as usual, evenings. He is a quiet, studious young man. God has called him

early into his fold. The prayers of his parents have been answered. Are such petitions ever unheard? Woolwich, Me.

## With the Children.

BY MARILLA.

The long winter day was fading into a glorious twilight, and all the western sky glowed with gold and crimson, and the glistening icicles began to collect on the outside of the window where Alice Raymond was sitting, when her two little brothers, rosy with health and excitement, came in from their play and sought the sitting-room. The young girl was just then unusually glad of the company of laughing little Clarence and the more inquisitive George, for her thoughts had been far from pleasant.

Alice was only fifteen years old, but two years previous to this she had given her heart to the Saviour, and had been recognized by others as one of the lambs of the sacred fold. For nearly a year after her baptism she had truly seemed to be led by the tender Shepherd in the sacred paths of peace. Then there came a change, the reason of which no one but herself knew, if, indeed, she possessed any true idea of it. She had been thinking how far her feet were wandering from the true fold, and conscience was strongly upbraiding her for neglect of duty, when thus interrupted by her brothers. She cheerfully amused them until the tea-bell rang, but when, after tea, they all returned to the sitting-room, she was glad to hear them call on their mother for a story, and seating herself by the window she leaned her head on her hand. It was with painful emotions that Mrs. Raymond observed the dejected appearance of her daughter.

The story told to George and Clarence that night was the "sweet story of old," which, though it may be heard a thousand times, is always new, always unspeakably precious to the heart of the believer. Alice listened while her mother talked of the blessed Jesus, his great love, his tender sympathy with all our sorrows, and his wonderful forgiveness.

"Remember, my little boys," said Mrs. Raymond kindly, "we are always to follow Jesus in this respect. No matter how cruelly one may treat us, how persistently others may speak evil of us without cause, how often they may wrong us, we must still forgive them, and thus show our love for the Saviour, and our desire to follow his example."

Alice listened to this in silence, while her mother's words upon the work which remained untouched in her lap. The mother noticed this, and when her little boys were tucked nicely in their beds, and she and Alice were alone, she said tenderly,

"Alice, come here. For a long time you have seemed sad and unlike yourself; now tell me what troubles you."

With a fresh burst of tears, she leaned her head on her mother's shoulder, exclaiming,

"O mother, it is dark, and I cannot see the path in which I would walk."

"Call on the Saviour, my child. He will make it light."

"I have called, but my cries do not avail. O my mother, I wish you could know how I feel. I can think of nothing else only that I am in a boat, tossing about on the stormy sea; and it is dreadful!" said the weeping girl, trembling with excitement.

"Yes, my child, our life is much like that of a mariner tossed by wind and wave; but we have a Pilot ever faithful and true who, if we trust in him, will bring us safely to the desired haven. Can you not still trust in Jesus?"

"I could, I did, and I was very happy in his love; but for more than a year I have seemed to be groping in darkness. Ever since Lizzie Mills said so many things about me that were wholly false, there has been a sort of bitterness in my soul. I feel as though Christ did not love me now, and when I pray, I cannot feel as I once did. To-night when you spoke of forgiving our enemies, I felt as though my heart would burst. I have never forgiven Lizzie, and I don't see how I can."

"Ah my daughter," said Mrs. Raymond, sadly, "there is the secret of your unhappiness; for we are assured in his sacred word that if we from the heart forgive not every one their trespasses, neither will our Father which is in heaven forgive us our trespasses. Lizzie may have really believed what she said about you; but be that as it may, I fear you have done her a great wrong in so long entertaining a spirit of bitterness toward her. Let us ask God to forgive you for this and to help you to forgive as you would be forgiven."

For several moments both were silent, then the young girl dropped on her knees beside her mother, and from the deepest recesses of a spirit broken and contrite, she poured out her supplications in the ear that is never deaf to our entreaties, and to the mourning one light and peace were restored.

The next evening when she returned from school she found a chance to whisper in her mother's ear, "I asked Lizzie's forgiveness to-day; when we understood all we freely forgave each other, and I am O how happy!"

Money Creek, Minn.

## God's Influence.

Two boys had been working in a garden since early breakfast time, and had done as much talking as weeding. "Well," said one of them, "if God would really help me, just as mother does, it would be easier to be good; but He don't."

"Why, Hal, how can you say so? He gave your mother to you especially, and made you smart and clever."

"That's no special help. What I mean

is,—see, here is this stone, which I can't turn; now mother would tell the gardener to come and take it away for me; but God says, 'There's the stone, and there's you, Hal.'"

"And I shouldn't want Him to say more," said Frank; "because, when He says, 'I have made you, Hal,' He means that He has given you a strong back and arms and brains, so that you can find out the easiest way to dig up the stone."

"But supposing your back wasn't strong? mine isn't."

"Then the stone won't be very large," replied Frank. "Or, if it is, God will have given you some friend to help you. Let us sit down and talk. You know I'm not particularly good, and don't like stupid talks any better than you do, but this is what I mean. After my parents died, I began to see that some one took care of me, and that when my guardian was cross, yet things didn't always come out wrong. I could feel God telling me to keep still, to count ten before I got angry. If I waited till I was angry, then I forgot all about Him; but as sure as I kept my temper, God did somehow tell me what to do."

"No, Frank, He didn't tell you Himself. Conscience made you keep cool, so of course you acted wisely, and conscience isn't exactly God."

"It is part of God," said Frank. "He put it here in me, and made me know that such a strong feeling of 'yes,' and 'no' could not come from any one else."

"Well, let conscience alone. Your parents used to teach you, and it was from them you learnt, not from God."

"Yes," replied Frank again; "but my parents learnt from God. They told me a great deal, and then, when I began to understand more, God told me through my conscience. Sometimes I know he is helping me directly."

"I don't see how. Of course, I know when my conscience plagues me."

"I think God has made everything work by the ways he likes best, and that some things go on well of themselves, because He started them; but if He chose to say they shouldn't go on, they would all stop in a second. That's the way the sun shines and the trees grow. But then, you see, He has made us boys also, and we can't be left to ourselves; so He put conscience in us. And then He sees it is not enough; so sometimes, when we're feeling half sorry and half naughty, He encourages us by a kind of warm feeling that we can do better. Or else we see something we can do, and when we have done it, we feel so much better that I can't help thinking God put it there on purpose for us to do."

"But you don't know positively."

"No, I don't. Last winter I used to wish that I did. Now I don't seem to care. I often wonder, and I guess He thinks I'm foolish to wonder, because I never shall find out; except when He speaks right out loud in my heart, then I am sure it is He. None of the other boys could make me think that God has not come into my heart more than just through my conscience."

"One does feel braver," said Hal, "for walking a little bit in the dark. Now yesterday, just as I was going to hit little Jo, I saw a lame boy pass by; and I thought if I should make Joe a cripple, what should I do. Do you think that God made that lame boy come near me just then?"

"I think he was going on his errand without thinking of you, perhaps to do something for God; but your eye happened to fall on him, and God made your conscience tingle, and made you look at him till you thought what you were doing. And that's the way God always does, only we are in such a hurry that we don't pay attention. Come, let us go home now; it must be dinner-time."—*Sunday School Gazette.*

## Literary Review.

THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. The Common English Version, corrected by the final Committee of the American Bible Union. Second Revision. New York: Am. Bible Union. London: Trubner & Co. 1867. Octavo. pp. 488.

This edition of the revised New Testament represents the last and best results of the special work with which the American Bible Union has been for years occupied. Of the importance and value of this work we have recently spoken at length. It would be of real service to our preachers and intelligent Sabbath school teachers, if they would procure a copy of this revised New Testament and use it freely. The changes in language from the common version are made as few as fidelity will allow, and there has been a constant aim on the part of the revisers to preserve the same general qualities of style where the language is changed. The translation is sought to be eminently literal and exact, so that the ordinary and unlearned reader may have the precise idea that appears in the original Greek. Accuracy is sought for rather than elegance, and fidelity to the evidence has been maintained throughout. This version is by no means above criticism, but it will render essential aid in putting many readers in possession of the exact thought embodied in the Greek text, who had previously misread it. The type is a clear, full Pica, a benediction to the eyes. The quotations from the Old Testament are indicated by spacing the words quoted,—a simple and excellent method. Poetic passages exhibit the poetic measure, as they should do. The division of the text into paragraphs is a real help, because it respects the sense instead of adhering to a division that is often thoroughly arbitrary; but, for convenience in reference, the numbering of the verses in our common version is also retained. This version is not the work of partisans, tyros or iconoclasts, but of Christian scholars who are in earnest to bring the real word of Scripture in contact with the common heart. It is a noble undertaking, and it has been wrought out in results that should make the Christian world grateful. Again we commend this version to the attention of all who are really anxious to hear the words of the Messiah and of the apostles uttered in clear and unequivocal tones, for it has help to offer them.

THE UPWARD PATH. By Caroline E. Kelley Davis. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 236.

THE CORNER STALL. A New York Story. By Mrs. J. McNeil Wright. Author of "Golden Heart," etc. Same Publisher. 16mo. pp. 247.

Mr. Hoyt's contributions to our higher juvenile literature have been large and valuable for years past; but he has given himself to the work

with fresh energy of late. A new book appears every week bearing his imprint, all of which are good, some of which are of the very highest excellence.

The Upward Path is the story of a family, saddened and burdened by the untimely and terrible death of the husband and father through the influence of the cup, but, animated by the Christian faith and wise affection of the widowed mother, the struggling heroism of the eldest son and the faithful co-operation of the younger members, the life flowed on in steadiness and strength and blessing. The sacrificing efforts to carry Richard through college, and the pictured experiences of the young student himself, grappling with the temptations that every poor Christian scholar has to meet, are full of interest and suggestiveness. It is a true and sacred home-life that is here portrayed, rebuking what is selfish and transfiguring what is high and noble.

The Corner Stall is a telling revelation of the wretched life lived by the neglected and dangerous classes; it assures us, moreover, that there are jewels of character and noble types of religious faith even among the lowliest and most unrefined; and it indirectly presses home the duty and the promise connected with faithful mission work among the vicious and perishing. There is a whole panorama of wretchedness unrolled here; hard characters abound in this collection of personages; there is a surfeit of talk reported that is as rough, crude and ungrammatical as can well be and yet be intelligible and allowable; and yet a most devout and earnest and yearning spirit runs through the volume from beginning to end.

LITTLE ROSY'S TRAVELS; or Country Scenes in the South of France. With twenty-four illustrations by L. Frolich. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1868. Square 12mo. pp. 226. Sold by E. J. Lane.

This is a charming book for children. It is life-like in its descriptions of almost everything that a child finds in the country; the little people who figure in it are painted in an admirable way; the information conveyed is abundant and valuable; the pictures are such as children will delight to inspect again and again, and the clear white paper and full open type will take reading from the sphere of labor and turn it over to pastime. Not many juvenile books will constitute a prettier present than this for the little people during the season of holiday gifts.

PATTY BAILY; or, Who knows best? Philadelphia: J. P. Skelly & Co. 1868. 18mo. pp. 219. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

MARY MORNE AND HER FRIEND. By Mrs. E. E. Boyd, author of the "Little Slave Pickers," etc. Same Publishers, etc. 1868. 18mo. pp. 17.

HAZEL FARM. From the English Edition. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 18mo. pp. 123.

These three additional juveniles belong to the better class of books for the young, whose aim is not simply to amuse but to instruct and profit. They carry the reader's thought steadily and strongly upward, and point out its true resting-place at the cross of Christ and in the fellowship of his sympathy.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT. Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co.'s weekly pamphlet, containing Mr. Beecher's carefully revised and admirably printed sermons, comes to us regularly and is more than welcome. The discourses exhibit marked mechanical excellences, the pamphlet is paged so as to be ready for binding into a volume, and these are henceforth to be the only sermons printed with Mr. B.'s endorsement. The prayer offered in connection with each sermon is usually reported. Terms: 8 cts. per single copy; \$3.00 per volume. Subscriptions received by the publishers at New York.

In Mr. Greeley's Recollections, noticed last week, there are a few passages which we marked while looking through the volume that will not fail to interest our readers. They are full of what is characteristic in the author's mind and philosophy of life, and they possess an intrinsic suggestiveness that impels us to quote a few of them in these columns. Here is a specimen of the unique and blunt independence that marks the man:

The last summer that we lived in New Hampshire, an offer was made by the leading men of our neighborhood to send me to Phillips Academy at Exeter, and thence to college,—the expense being so defrayed that no part of it should fall on my parents. They listened thoughtfully to the proposal, briefly deliberated, then firmly thoughtfully declined it; saying that they would give their children the best education they could afford, and there stop. I do not remember that I had then any decided opinion or wish in the premises; but I now have; and, from the bottom of my heart, I thank my parents for their wise and manly decision. Much as I have needed a fuller, better education, I rejoice that I am indebted for schooling to none but those of whom I had a right to ask and expect it.

Mr. Greeley's great undertaking and achievement is of course the New York Tribune. What it has become as a public journal, and how it has multiplied the labor devoted to it, the following extracts show:

The Tribune, for example, now pays more than one hundred thousand dollars per annum for intellectual labor (reporting included) in its editorial office, and one hundred thousand dollars more for correspondence and telegraphing. In other words, for collecting and transmitting news. And, while its income has been largely increased from year to year, its expenses have inevitably been swelled even more rapidly; so that, at the close of 1866, in which its receipts had been over nine hundred thousand dollars, its expenses had been very nearly equal in amount, leaving no profit beyond a fair rent for the premises it owned and occupied. And yet its stockholders were satisfied that they had done a good business,—that the increase in the patronage and value of the establishment amounted to a fair interest on their investment, and might well be accepted in lieu of a dividend.

"Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a large wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to do the right, though not by a more unflinching readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of the New York Tribune.'"

There is something pathetic and truly touching in the view of such a man as Mr. Greeley, fondly picturing the childish beauty of his dead boy, and bowing down beneath the burden of a grief that bereavement brings to him. There are many readers whose souls will answer to these words out of a shadowed heart that dwells upon the memories of a sainted child and lets the tears have their way un hindered. It is the affection of the real father that voices itself in these words:

Arthur had points of similarity to each of us, but with decided superiority, as a whole, to either. I looked in vain through Italian galleries, or the sunshiny of pictures never glorified it equal; and the delicacy of his complexion, at once fixed the attention of observers like the late N. P. Willis, who had traversed both hemispheres without having his gaze arrested by any child who could bear a comparison with this one. Yet he was not one of those pargous sometimes met with, whose idiotic chatter would edify a Sunday school,—who never do or say aught that propriety would not sanction and punish again. In— but thoroughly human, and endued with love of play and mischief which kept him busy and happy the living day, while rendering him

the delight and admiration of all around him. When at length the struggle ended with his last breath, and ere his mother was convinced that his eyes would never again open on the scenes of this world, I knew that the Summer of my life was over, that the chill breath of the Autumn was at hand, and that my future course must be along the downhill of life.

It is thus that Mr. Greeley ends his narrative. The words are thoughtful, they breathe a sort of submissiveness, and affirm a hope that, perhaps has as much human bravery as scriptural promise in it. He says:

My life has been busy and anxious, but not joyless. Whether it shall be prolonged few or more years, I am grateful that it has endured so long, and that it has abounded in opportunities for good not wholly unimproved, and in experiences of the nobler as well as the baser impulses of human nature. I have been spared to see the end of great wrongs which I once deemed invincible. In this century, and to note the silent upspringing and growth of principles and influences which I hail as destined to root out some of the most flagrant and pervading evils that yet remain. I realize that each generation is destined to confront new and peculiar perils,—to wrestle with temptations and seductions unknown to its predecessors; yet I trust that progress is a general law of our being, and that the ills and woes of the future shall be less crushing than those of the bloody and hateful past. So, looking calmly, yet humbly, for that close of my mortal career which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past; and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit which does not exclude hope, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the Eternal World.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## Deer and Deer Hunting.

The deer's three senses,—sight, hearing and smell,—are neither of them, by itself, quite adequate to advise him of danger. A noise excites his attention and calls in vision to discover the cause, yet both together may not insure his safety, if danger be near. The noise may be made by the leaping of a squirrel or the scratching of a bird among the leaves; or, it may be any other of the thousand notes that a listener can hear in the silent woods. If alarmed by any of these, he recovers confidence when apprised of the cause.

The sense of vision seems to be imperfect in this particular: it takes no cognizance of form and little of color, unless the form and color be those which come most naturally within the sphere of its recognition,—those of its own species. It is motion that draws its attention. When sitting quite still a deer has approached within a few feet of me, and walked quietly away again, unaware, although I was in plain view all the time, that it was so close to one who might have been its enemy. But when a deer smells danger, it needs not to look nor to listen. Hence, the attempt to approach him is useless when the wind is blowing from the hunter towards him. In this sense the least valuable when he is to be windward. Acting, then, on his own knowledge of these faculties of the animal to discern danger, and their limitation, the hunter, by advancing against the wind, or at least, not with it, has nothing to fear from this sense, and has only to deceive the other two. He learns to walk in almost perfect silence, and if he can avoid being seen, his point is gained. Upon a single deer the approach is comparatively easy. He is generally walking slowly, and now and then putting down his head to crop something. In this latter case he cannot see an approaching object; but the moment he raises his head to look about (which he does as often as every half minute or thereabouts), the hunter stops and remains quite still. The deer, at every movement it makes, putting down or raising its head, shakes its tail. Knowing this the hunter knows just when to advance and when to stop. Thus observant of every motion of the animal, he makes an approach of which it is quite unaware; and, should it at length perceive the final movement,—the preparation to fire,—it does not immediately run away, but waits a little to see what the matter is. When two deer are together, it is more difficult to come near them, as they may not both feed at the same moment, unless by accident; and the difficulty is increased just in proportion as the number of the herd is greater; and when there are several together, it is nearly useless to attempt to come within gunshot, but better to go away and look for a smaller herd. This is the mode of hunting where, as in prairies, there is no means of concealment. In woods the hunter advances under cover of trees or bushes.

The best hour for hunting is the first clear daylight of the morning. Just before night again, deer are generally feeding. In the summer time they will get up at any hour of the day if a shower comes on. When flies or mosquitoes are very numerous they keep within the thickets by day, and feed almost entirely by night. At such times, fire-hunting may take the place of still-hunting. It is generally known that when dogs, cattle, horses, and many other animals look at a bright light by night, the rays are reflected; and, to any one in the line passing from their eyes through the light, they look like balls of fire. Deer will, oftentimes, suffer the hunter, with a light, to come very near them. An old fry-jug-pot, having its flat bottom replaced by some curved iron hoops, serves to hold the end of a strip of plank which is borne on the shoulder. The deer gazes at the light, and sees nothing of the hunter who is between it and the fire. Generally, deer can be approached more closely by night than by day. The aim is at the eyes, or straight below them so as to break the neck; or the body is often seen, so that the hunter can shoot where he pleases. A deer rarely falls when shot, where it was standing, but generally dashes away fifty to a hundred paces or more, even if shot through the heart. If he raises his tail,—showing the white feather,—it may be suspected he was not hit. If struck by the bullet, he runs off at his utmost speed with the tail pressed close down. In the daytime, the hunter goes where the deer was standing, which may be known by the deep tracks made at the first spring, and looks for hair cut off by the bullet. If he finds it, he is sure of having hit his game; and following on the track, he soon comes upon the blood, when he can track it more easily. This is where there are bushes or tall grass. In more open places, the deer may be seen to run its race and fall dead. If any part of the spinal column be touched, the animal falls where it is standing, but if the bone be only slightly hurt it may get up again. I have had a case or two of this kind, when just as I was about to bag my game, he has jumped up and taken leg-bail.—*Am. Naturalist.*

Whether your life is to be long or short, let it be a life in earnest—a life that shows religion, not as something among other things, but as absolutely everything.

The highest evidence of a noble nature is that candor which receives the truth without offense, whenever it is truthfully and respectfully told.



## Gordon, the Slave-Trader.

New York was the great center where the slave-traders of the world bought their vessels. Havana was the great center where they laid their plans. Boston, New Bedford, New London, Cadiz, Barcelona, the Western Islands, and I know not where else, were the minor places in the operation. The voyages were arranged at Havana, the ships were partly fitted in New York, thence they sailed to sea, picked up the rest of their equipment, and the right papers elsewhere if New York would not answer, and brought up on the Western Coast. I have seen the record which Mr. Archibald, the English Consul and Commissioner in New York, kept of one hundred and seventy-one of these vessels in three years' time. His secret agents boarded them in New York Harbor, and described them for him in detail, even down to the brand of cigars which the captain had in his cabin. Mr. Archibald sent the description to the Admiralty, and they to the Coast. "Let me go below," said an English officer, on board a slaver in one of the African rivers. "You go at your peril," said the captain, brave in the perfectly regular papers he had, in the Stars and Stripes over his head, in the new coat of paint he had taken at the Western Islands, and in the fact, perhaps, that, though he sailed a bark, he was now a brig. "You go below at your peril," I will take the risk," said the Englishman; went below, and found all the slave-fittings, casks, cooking stove, hand-cuffs and the rest, and of course, seized the vessel. The outwitted captain, white with rage, swore between his clenched teeth, "You would not have known me but for your bloody English Consul in New York." Almost every man of the projectors was known to the English government, through this secret service. But they all ran riot till Mr. Lincoln came in, and then one fine day one Gordon was arrested for slave-trading, another day he was tried, and another he was hanged!

Yes, my friend, he was hanged. "I know about what is called the sacredness of human life. For my part, I believe a man's life is as sacred as his liberty, and no more so. And I believe when his country requires either his life or his liberty, he may use it, if she takes the responsibility. In this case, I am very glad my country took this responsibility. Whatever Gordon's life may have been worth to him or to his friends, I think this country put it to a very good use when she hanged him. A storm of protest was made against his death. Twenty-five thousand people petitioned Abraham Lincoln to spare that man's life, and Abraham Lincoln refused. Gordon was hanged. And all through the little ports and big ports of the United States it was known that a slave-trader had been hanged. And when that was known, the American slave-trade ended. All up and down little African rivers that you never heard the names of, it was known that an American slave-trader had been hanged; and cowardly pirates trembled, and brave seamen cheered, when they heard it. Mothers of children thanked such gods as they knew how to thank; and slaves shut up in barracoons, waiting for the voyage, got signal that something had happened which was to give them freedom. That something was that Gordon was hanged. So far that little candle threw its beams. I am told, and I believe, that when that poor wretch was under sentence of death, his "friends" kept him in liquor to the moment of his death, so anxious were they lest he should implicate some of them by a confession. And when he was dead they celebrated his death in the last great orgy of the slave-trade, in one drunken feast they held together, so rejoiced were they that they had escaped his testimony. Such is the honor among thieves. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

## Light and Health.

The dark side of a street is far more subject to disease than the light side. Sir James Wyllie found three times as many cases of disease on the shaded side of the barracks at St. Petersburg as on the other side. Dupaix is said to have wrought a cure in the case of a lady in a seemingly desperate condition, by simply removing her from her dark quarters to a brighter residence, and keeping her as much as possible in the daylight. There is no better testimony on any such point than that of Miss Florence Nightingale. What she says of the value of light to those who are ill indicates no less its necessity for those who are well:—

"Second only to fresh air, however, I should be inclined to rank light in importance for the sick. Direct sunlight, not only daylight, is necessary for speedy recovery. . . . Instances could be given almost endless, where in dark wards, or in wards with a northern aspect, even when thoroughly ventilated, the sick could not by any means be made speedily to recover."

Very few persons seem to have a due sense of the luxury and benefit of *apportioned*, or immersion in the sunshine bath, which every fair day will furnish gratuitously to all applicants. One ancient man, very poor, and very simple in most matters, whose clay pipe I sometimes replenish for him, is almost the only person I happen to know who seems really to enjoy the sunshine as much as if he were a vegetable. That these humble creatures enjoy it, if they enjoy anything, we may guess by their actions. The passion of the sunflower for "her god" is famous in song. But there are examples of still more ardent devotion than hers. Mr. Jesse tells how a potato, left in a dark cellar with only one opening, sent its shoot twenty feet to get at the light through that little crevice. After this story, the "eye" of a potato seems a well-deserved name for the bud that can see a crack so far off. The feathered bipeds value sunshine more than many of the un-plumed ones appear to. There is a little streak of morning sun which in early spring comes in between two buildings near by me and traverses the open space beyond, as the sun moves up the heavens. The sensible barn-yard fowls of the Infirmary hencoops follow it as it slowly travels along, as faithfully as if their brains were furnished with heliostats. —*O. W. Holmes.*

## A Wife out West.

We have seldom seen any thing more exquisitely womanly and captivating, says the *Home Journal*, than the following letter, not written for publication, but coming from a wife who accompanied her husband to Kansas. The *Portsmouth Tribune*, giving it, says, that on getting to their place of settlement in Kansas, they stopped first in a log-house, where they "had to hold the bed-clothes with their teeth to keep them from blowing away." And thus runs the rest of the letter:

I wish I could give you a drawing of our house and furniture, but I can't do the thing

justice. The house is about as large as your kitchen. The logs are beautifully hewn on the inside—they still retain their natural appearance on the outside. I have the greatest quantity of kindlings just going around the walls and pulling them off. We will have enough to last several years, if we have good luck. We have no window, but something far more convenient, made by simply moving the shingles to one side, as they are not nailed; it answers every purpose. The day we got here, Mr. S. made a table and a cupboard, and two benches—one has a back. As our bedstead has not yet come from "the Ant," we make our beds on the floor. We have two shelves where we put all our pretty things. Three or four bags hanging around the walls help the appearance of them very much. My guitar occupies a friendly position near the meal-bag. I have a nice little cooking-stove, which bakes very well. We have no chairs, or anything that "town people" require.

I wish you had seen us eating our first dinner; we had no dishes. Charley ate off a shingle; Mr. S. took the lid of a shovel; M. ate off her bread; I had a big piece of brown paper. We drank our coffee out of tin cups. D. and Mr. S. have made two of the nicest gardens you ever saw. They fenced them all in three days. I helped D. clear off the garden for three days; and I wish you could see my hands. But I have been very happy—it is so nice to work alone with one's husband. Thursday I did a three weeks' washing. D. is very well, and as happy as he can be. He has a wagon and a yoke of oxen, cow and calf, two turkeys, and two dogs—which, I believe, is all the live stock we have yet. We have not seen butter since we left the boat—it is not fashionable here. D. is going to build a house next week—a frame one, too. How I wish you were here; I long to see you. The country is lovely, and we have a splendid place. I have two beautiful bouquets I gathered yesterday, when I went with D.—after wood. I rode in an ox-wagon. It has been so cold lately that I have worn two dresses. I think the comet does it; what do you think of it by this time? We have the most gooseberries and raspberries you ever saw, all near the house; besides strawberries all around the door, and plenty of wild plums.

## The Chinese.

It is easy enough to see why DeQuincy felt that if he lived in China he should certainly go mad. This artificiality of the Chinese life presently begins to oppress one like a nightmare. Every city is like every other city, and every house like every other house, and every man like every other man. Then there are so many of them that the monotony becomes intolerable. And when one begins to remember how long it has lasted, he has reached the verge of madness. For how many centuries has this human ant-hill swarmed with uncounted myriads, looking just as they look to-day, living just as they live to-day! How long it is since these great cities were completed, and took on that look of changelessness which they still wear! How long and steadily the nation has been grinding at the mill of old routine, till there seems no nature left to it but the second nature, habit! The civilization of this people seems to have become a hindrance to it instead of a help. It binds it hand and foot with grave-clothes, instead of girding it for progress, and arraying it in beauty. One has a hopeless feeling, as he sees such a complex, artificial civilization which has been motionless so long; a social life without enthusiasm or inspiration; a morality well without religion; a scholarship without advancement in learning. And if the thought that they are "no better than their fathers" were, could stir these celestial scholars as it ought to, how full the wilderness would be of Elijahs sitting under their juniper trees and "requesting for themselves that they might die!"

## The Government of Japan.

The government of Japan is unlike any other on the face of the earth. In some respects there is an approach towards the old feudal system of Europe. For a long while we have been in the dark in regard to the politics of the empire. The treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry was with the Tycoon, as also were all subsequent treaties; but last year the foreign ministers, after getting out of patience with the dilly-dallings of the Tycoon about opening the port of Higo, ascertained that the Tycoon was not at the head of the government, and that the real title of the Tycoon should be Shogoon. To understand the organization of the government we must go back several centuries, to the time when the system was more feudal than at present, when there was an Emperor, the Mikado, and the leading princes or daimios each supreme in his own district but owing allegiance to the Mikado. There came a time when one of the daimios obtained great power, became ruler of eight districts, and secured a revenue of forty million dollars per annum. He became the executive officer of the Empire, wielded all power, was in effect the head of the nation while the Mikado became his dependant, was supported by him, obeyed the Shogoon, and signed such documents as he required. No law nor document was valid unless it bore the signature of the Mikado—a fact which was not known when the treaties were negotiated. The Shogoon who first acquired this commanding position was of the Tokugawa family, and the law of succession which was accepted continued it in the family—until Shogoon appointing his successor. The Shogons kept the other daimios under their control, by compelling them to send their wives and children to Yedo, as hostages for their good behavior. Yedo is the Shogoon capital, while the capital of the Mikado is at Kioto, not far from the recently opened port of Higo.

## Proverbial Philosophy.

A correspondent of one of the Journals writes as follows:

I desire to show your readers how it is that Martin Farquhar Tupper, constructs his "Proverbial Philosophy," in "chunks of wisdom," and I desire to give you a few specimens, "made right out of my own head."

The *modus operandi* is this: Take the simplest and most common maxim and spread it out by the use of the longest and most high-sounding words you can find, always bearing in mind that profundity of language is "compounded of many similes," and to "cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter" is the true Tupperian practice.

Partake of a few samples, with the originals prefixed:

"Accidents will happen in the best of families."

Disasters will eventually even in households of the supremest integrity.

"A nod is as good as a wink, to a horse that is not blind."

An abrupt inclination of the head is equivalent to a contraction of the eye to a steady untroubled with obligity of vision.

"He looks two ways for Sunday."

By reason of the adverse disposition of his optics—a natural defect—he is forced to scrutinize in duplicate directions for the Christian Sabbath.

"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *anser*, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.

"Go to the Devil and shake yourself."

Proceed to the arch-enemy of man and agitate your person.

"None so deaf as those that won't hear."

No persons are obtuse in their auricular apprehension equal to those who repudiate vocal incomes by adverse inclination.

## Victor Hugo in Spain.

The fiery and poetic Frenchman whose republican heart and magnetic speech are a perpetual menace and terror to Louis Napoleon, thus makes his appeal to the better spirit that is springing to its feet in Spain:

During almost one thousand years—from the sixth to the sixteenth century—a nation existed as the foremost in Europe, and was equal to Greece in point of poetry, to Italy in point of art, to France in point of philosophy; that nation had a Leonidas of its own who bore the name of Pelago, and an Achilles who was called El Cid; that nation commenced with Viriathus and Riego; Lepanto was to it as Salamis to the Greeks; had it not have lived Corneille would not have given birth to tragedy, and Christopher Columbus would not have discovered America.

Now, that nation is being born anew of its ashes. What is false concerning the phoenix is true when spoken of the people. That nation is being born! Will it come into the world great? That is the question. Spain can reassume her rank. She can again become equal to France and England. Providence makes a grand offer. The opportunity is final. Will Spain neglect to avail herself of it?

Of what use would another monarchy on the Continent be? How belittling a spectacle would Spain, the subject of a King subjected to the Powers, furnish! Besides, to establish at present a monarchy is to take much trouble for a short space of time. The scene is about to change.

A republic in Spain would be a warning to Europe and to kings in peace; it would imply the neutralization of France and Prussia; the improbability of wars between military monarchies; the muzzling of Sadowa as of Austrelitz; the prospect of massacres displaced by the prospect of labor and fecundity; Chassepot dismissed vis-a-vis Jaquart; it would secure the sudden equilibration of Europe effected, at the expense of fiction, by the weight of truth in the scale; it would regenerate Spain by means of that youthful power the people; it would from a marine and commercial standpoint give life to the coast that reigned over the Mediterranean before Venice and over the ocean before England; it would send industry as a substitute for misery; it would render Cadiz equal to Southampton, Barcelona equal to Liverpool, Madrid equal to Paris.

Danger there is none. Citizen Spain is strength; democratic Spain is a citadel. A republic in Spain would be honestly administering a truth ruling, liberty reigning; it would be a truly and sovereign reality; liberty is calm because invincible, and invincible because contagious. Whatsoever attacks it becomes inoculated with it. The army sent against it flies back upon the despot. And, therefore, it is left in peace. A republic in Spain would bring the beams of truth on the horizon, with promises for all and threats for the evil only; it would be a giant—right towering in Europe behind a barricade, the Pyrenees.

"If Spain is born anew as a monarchy, she is little."

If she is born anew as a republic, she is great.

Let her choose!

## Obituaries.

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

GEORGE T., only child of George W. and Mary E. Palmer, died in Charlestown, Mass., Dec. 5, of crop, aged 1 year and 4 months. Our loved ones with Jesus are our treasures in heaven. May our hearts be there also.

S. C. KIMBALL.

SARAH A., daughter of Josiah and Susan Bigelow, died in Burnham, Me., aged 35 years and 6 months. Sister B. united with the 1st Free Baptist church in Lewiston, Me., June 15, 1862. She manifested great respect for the ordinances of religion, and was accustomed to frequent the place of social prayer. She became much endeared to many acquaintances; indeed her great love of life and character could not fail to win the affection of every virtuous heart. Her final sickness found her resigned and trusting in the merciful prospect of so speedily joining the "blessed throng to be forever with the Lord."

J. A. L.

Mrs. BETSEY BURROUGHS died in Corinth, Vt., Oct. 19. This industrious woman had passed a half century at death. She suffered intensely from a cancerous difficulty in the stomach, which caused extreme thirst, satiated only by ice water, and lived months without eating a morsel of food. Her kindness, capability, and readiness among the sick became proverbial. She was a Christian woman and while longed for weeks to reach heaven she thanked God that no disease nor thristy bodies would be there. Some lines of an appropriate hymn fell from her lips, and she died in holy peace.

S. W. COWELL.

MY OWN CHRISTIAN MOTHER died in Litchfield, Me., Oct. 23, at the advanced age of 90 years, after an illness of some five weeks, occasioned by a fall. North Berwick was her birthplace. About forty-three years since, our family removed to L. She was baptized by Elder Nathaniel Purinton, and became a member of the F. W. B. church in L. and died in its fellowship, in joyful hope of heaven. She seemed much animated by religious songs and prayers at her bedside, often responding, "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord." As children (five in all, and all living) we love and revere her memory. Very dear mother, we will try to meet thee in heaven.

A. H. MORRELL.

ISABELLE E. HENDERSON died of quick consumption, Nov. 9, aged 21 years and 6 months. She was a native of Winthrop, Mass., and occupied a large place in the affections of all who knew her. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a large infant to tread life's way alone. Two weeks previous to her death she was much depressed in spirit, felt the necessity of having Christ as a friend, and then she sought, and sought only to find him. Her soul was flooded with

glory. She lost her burden of guilt and felt to say in the face of death "My sins are all forgiven, I have not a doubt of my salvation, &c." Doubtless this young wife and Christian will have a part in the first resurrection, and while tears unbidden flow we feel that our loss is her gain. Services by the writer.

N. L. ROWELL.

SARAH, widow of the late Solomon Clark, of Barnstead, died of dropsy and other complaints, Nov. 10, aged 75 years. She experienced religion in 1818, and has lived a devoted Christian life. She was a pillar in the church and stood firm at her post. She had a great knowledge of Scripture, and very easily called it to her aid on any occasion, especially when met with false doctrine. She was faithfully waited upon by her son and family with whom she lived. When taken by her nurse that she was dying she raised her hand and praised God to whom she desired to go. It was a time of revival interest when she died, and when in course of service a few weeks before her death, I spoke of the interest, she said: "I commenced in this room last June, while I was wrestling with God in prayer." She made choice of the writer to preach on the occasion. The services were held at the residence of the deceased, a very large and solemn. Rev. G. S. Hill, of Deerfield, assisted in the services.

SARAH A., wife of Cyrus Wingate, died in Stafford, aged 40 years, and 9 months. She experienced religion quite a number of years ago, while at Dover, and united with the church there. She was esteemed very highly by all who knew her. She died with great hope and leaves a husband, one child, an aged mother, and many other friends to mourn her loss.

D. L. EDGERLY.

## Advertisements.

**Prices of Freewill Baptist Books.**  
Single and by the dozen; also Postage on the same.

Psalmody, 18mo., in Sheep,	single,	dozen,	Postage,	Total.
do do do	1.00	9.00	2.25	11.25
do Embossed Morocco,	single,	1.10	1.10	1.20
do do do	dozen,	10.00	1.10	11.10
do 32mo.,	single,	.85	.08	.93
do do do	dozen,	8.15	.96	9.11
Butler's Theology,	single,	1.50	.15	1.65
do do do	dozen,	15.00	1.50	16.50
History,	single,	1.20	.20	1.40
do do do	dozen,	11.20	2.20	13.40
Christian Baptism, Bound,	single,	.25	.04	.29
do do do	dozen,	2.40	.48	2.88
do Paper Covers,	single,	.15	.02	.17
do do do	dozen,	1.44	.28	1.72
Life of Marks,	single,	1.00	.20	1.20
do do do	dozen,	9.00	1.80	10.80
Church Member's Book,	single,	.90	.08	.98
do do do	dozen,	8.00	.80	8.80
Treatise,	single,	.25	.04	.29
do do do	dozen,	2.40	.48	2.88
Thoughts upon Thought,	single,	.25	.04	.29
do do do	dozen,	2.40	.48	2.88
The Book of Worship,	single,	1.00	.20	1.20
do do do	dozen,	9.00	1.80	10.80
Store of Jesus, (Quee. Book),	single,	1.10	.10	1.20
do do do	dozen,	11.00	1.10	12.10
Lessons for Every Sunday	single,	.30	.04	.34
do do do	dozen,	2.90	.44	3.34
Appeal to Conscience,	single,	.14	.04	.18
do do do	dozen,	1.40	.48	1.88
Communionist,	single,	.08	.02	.10
do do do	dozen,	.77	.20	.97
Choralist,	single,	.15	.04	.19
do do do	dozen,	1.20	.44	1.64
Minutes of General Confer-	single,	.75	.20	.95
ence,	dozen,	7.50	2.00	9.50
There is no discount on the Minutes by the dozen.				

## THE AMERICAN.

**Patent Elastic Sponge.**

The Best Material

For Church Upholstering.

The Best Material

For Mattresses and Pillows.

The Best Material

For any Purpose

Where Hair, Feathers or their Substitutes would naturally be used.

Elastic, Durable, and Reasonable

IN PRICE.

The particular attention of Church Building Committees, and all others interested, is called to the

The Following Testimonials:

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 23, 1868.

I have examined the Elastic Sponge, manufac-

tured by the American Patent Sponge Co. By their

process I believe that the vital elasticity of the

sponge is permanently preserved, and that the article is

excellently adapted to the uses for which it is offered.

CHAS. T. JACKSON, M. D.,

State Assayer, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

WESTFIELD, Nov. 18th, 1868.

C. L. FOWLE, Esq.,

Most cheerfully do I say that the cushions

you furnished for our new meeting-house are

much more than satisfactory to the Church and Society.

Many strangers and friends from abroad have

been strong in their expressions of praise. The

cushions are remarkable for neatness of appearance

and permanency and elasticity of position.

Yours truly,

JOHN JENNINGS,

Pastor of Baptist Church, Westfield, Mass.

CHAS. L. FOWLE, Esq., 121 Summer St., Boston.

Dear Sir—I reply to your inquiry of yesterday that the

Sponge Cushions in use in the Congregational Church

at Orange, (Rev. Geo. B. Bacon's) give so far as I

know, entire satisfaction. They were selected after

careful comparison and inquiry, with some hesita-

tion, because we were warned by those interested in

other materials of various objections to them. Several

months ago we had, however, shown any of these

objections to be well founded. I never sat on

pleasanter cushions, and so far, at least, they seem to

justify all my claims in their behalf.

Respectfully Yours, LOWELL MASON, JR.,

New York, Nov. 17, 1868.

AUBURNDALE, Mass., Nov. 16, 1868.

C. L. FOWLE, Esq., Agt. Patent Elastic Sponge Co.,

Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to inform

you that the 88 Church Cushions, covered with Green

Ferry, that you furnished for the Auburndale Congregational

Church in July last, are everything that could be desired.

You will remember that our committee

made diligent inquiry of those who had used the

Elastic Sponge Cushions before adopting them. Some

of us were prejudiced against them on account

of their being a new article, and inquiries satisfied

us that we were in error. I am happy to say that

during four months' trial I have never heard any

expression with regard to them other than that of

entire satisfaction.

CHAS. W. ROBINSON, for Com. on Repairs.

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE, New York, July 8, 1868.

Dear Sir—If you would so, or could get it done

without cost, I wish you would send me a Bed

and two Pillows of Elastic Sponge made up for me

and sent by Harlan R. to

Chappaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Send Bill to me here.

New York, Aug. 26, 1868.

Dear Sir—I duly received the Bed and Pillows and

found them all right—at least I could suggest no im-

provement. I enjoy them thoroughly. I am ready

to pay for them and to be quoted as one of their

admirers. Yours, etc., HORACE GREELY.

OFFICE SOUTH BOSTON RAILROAD, CO.,

South Boston, Nov. 10, 1868.

MESSES. CHAS. L. FOWLE & CO., Gentlemen—

About five months since I had a set of your Elastic

Sponge Cushions put into one of my cars. The car

has been in constant use since. The cushions appear

to be as elastic and plump as they were when they

were put into the car. I am satisfied that Elastic

Sponge is far superior to anything now in use for car

seats.

Yours truly,



