

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

1-13-1869

The Morning Star - volume 44 number 02 - January 13, 1869

Freewill Baptist printers

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

The Morning Star.

Volume XLIV.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1869.

Number 2.

THE MORNING STAR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment,
At No. 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

LESTER B. BURLINGAME, Agent.

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

TERMS. For one year, \$5.00; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.

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

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1869.

Stand like an Anvil.

THE MESSAGE OF IGNATIUS TO POLYCARP.

"Stand like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

—Bishop Doane.

The Quarterly.

Nearly sixteen years since the first number of the *Freewill Baptist Quarterly* appeared. For several years before, and at two or three General Conferences, the question of commencing such a publication had been agitated. Two or three prospectuses had been issued, and at last two selections of editors had been made—one of them the occasion of a number of ballotings and of not a little interest, to provide a sponsor for a child that never was born.

At length, in 1852, the project of starting such a periodical by the Printing Establishment in Dover and under the auspices of the General Conference, was definitely and decidedly abandoned, and it was said in influential and official quarters that the agitation of the question, for a considerable number of years to come at least, was at an end. Every possible effort had been made, and failed.

Thereupon an individual one day walked into the study of the late Dr. Noyes, at Providence, and declared that then, for the first time, the way was open, and the time had come for the establishment of a *Freewill Baptist Quarterly*. The Dr., with some surprise, asked an explanation. He was told that the plans hitherto proposed were inherently inefficient, and had necessarily resulted in failure; but that while they were under trial, nothing really effective could be inaugurated. Now that they were abandoned and out of the way, there was a clear field for what would succeed—and that, in reality, what seemed the utter prostration of all hope was actually the promise and pledge of success. The plan was then outlined, substantially as afterward adopted, and received the listener's approval. Others were consulted; and in a short time, Eli Noyes, Elias Hutchins, Geo. T. Day, D. M. Graham, M. J. Steere, and A. D. Williams, were associated in the "Quarterly Company," and "The *Freewill Baptist Quarterly*" made its appearance.

The company carried on the *Quarterly* for three years, and then turned its publication over to the Printing Establishment. During those three years it paid its way, giving however very little compensation to its writers, and achieved a success and acquired a momentum that it was believed insured its perpetuity, but which, it is hardly too much to say, has not since been greatly exceeded, until to-day we have again before us the question of its existence, with the chances against it.

During this time the denomination has increased somewhat in numbers and much more in culture—in the ability both to appreciate and to produce such a publication. Its lack of a proportionately increased success is conclusively indicative of a failure properly to command the new, or even to retain the old, conditions of success.

1. In my judgment, the transfer of its publication to the Establishment has worked to its injury. In individual hands, its character and success were a first and par-

amount object. To its conductors it was as an only child. To the Establishment it has been a secondary consideration. The *Star* and other objects have necessarily been of the first importance and received first and principal attention. It has really been nobody's child—a stray waif, accepting whatever good offices chanced to come to its aid.

2. I believe, too, that the dropping of its individuality, in publishing the names of the writers of its articles, has tended in the same direction. It is now conceded that, had we at first so published them—had we told the public that what was published were simply individual utterances, instead of the collective and individualized voice of "The Quarterly"—we should have failed at the outset. I cannot see that the case is sufficiently altered yet to prevent a similar influence now. There is, and there was, a clamor for the authors' names. But the very curiosity that prompted that clamor whetted an appetite for the Quarterly's utterances, that, when the names are given, almost causes to exist. When no names were given every article was read by every reader. Now, in the case of any and every writer, some readers will not read their articles, and, when read, they will be judged not alone by their merits, but by the prepossessions or prejudices otherwise attached to the writers.

3. A still more unfortunate influence was the action of the General Conference, in 1856, reducing its subscription price, and by implication, and in fact, lowering its intellectual and scholarly standard. The move, whether so intended or not, was a real attempt to popularize the work, and induce "intelligent laymen," &c., to become its patrons. A Quarterly Review is not, and from its inherent character cannot be made, a "popular" work, to go into the hands or the appreciation of the masses. It is as inherently and necessarily for the few as is a university. Who would think of remodeling Harvard or Oxford university, so as to induce the "intelligent" common school boys of Massachusetts and of England to attend them?

The reduction of the price of the Quarterly made its death only a question of time; while the reduction, or popularizing, of the character of its contents only made it less valuable to the few for whom alone a Review is designed, without popularizing it enough to make it attractive to the many. It is the old story of trying to ride two horses and falling between them—of trying to be two things at once and of being neither. Thinkers and scholars found little that was peculiar in the Quarterly, and they found essays and mere fine writing enough elsewhere, and so dropped the Quarterly. And the masses found what suited them better in the newspapers, lectures, and in their Sabbath school libraries, and so they did not patronize it.

4. Another thing that has harmed the Quarterly more than those who are responsible for it imagine, is the admission of articles containing questionable or undenominational sentiments. It is true that in most instances the editor has entered a caveat. But this is not unlike a physician defending the giving out of poison to his patients upon the ground that he gives an antidote at the same time. Most patients prefer to omit both.

So much for the past. What of the future? Can the Quarterly live, or must it die? Chronic diseases are not easily cured, and are often fatal. Sometimes there is a remedy.

If the Quarterly is to continue an efficient life, it would seem that its character should be elevated. Sermons and essays and lectures are good and all right in their place; but their place is hardly in a Quarterly Review. Who expects to read or would tolerate them in the North American Review, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, the Bibliotheca Sacra? A Review should be something more than the exponent of even the average ability, culture and scholarship of the denomination. It needs to be the out-speaking of the very highest elements, leading rather than accompanying or indicating the average body. To it we look for guidance, not companionship.

Then we must make up our minds to pay for what we get. In other words, having a Review, we must pay the price of a Review, and this for our Quarterly cannot be less than two dollars and a half per single copy. There is no use in trying to keep it up at the recent price. The single alternative is—pay the price or let the Quarterly die.

And lastly, it must have a responsible editor, one who will give hand and heart to it—willing to let his reputation live or die with it. "And about the same may be said of publishers. It is very doubtful if it will flourish in the hands of the Establishment."

A. D. W.

Freedmen's Schools.—A Letter.

The encouraging condition of the schools for freedmen at the present time is worthy of the attention of your readers. The earnest and faithful efforts of the missionaries and teachers, for the past few years, have been crowned with remarkable success. Viewed from this standpoint, it is easy to perceive that their "labor has not been in vain in the Lord." The philanthropist who aided this cause in its darkest hour, who heaved the field where his gift have been scattered, does not feel like becoming weary in well-doing. But like one who returns in the evening, rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him. We can mention only a few of

the cheering signs of progress in our work.

The faults of pronunciation in the southern districts in our pupils is fast disappearing. They read and declaim with correct articulation, inflection and emphasis. They are quick to discern bad elocution and ready to improve the gift of oratory which God has given them. The compositions of our normal classes often contain many deep and correct thoughts. These pupils are good in grammar and mathematics, as well as geography and the natural sciences. They are self-sufficient and seem capable of a high degree of culture. Some have already proved themselves to be competent teachers and leaders of their race. They are discarding tobacco and ardent spirits. They are aiming at a higher morality and a holier religious life. Sabbath schools, weekly prayer meetings, and all the other means of grace are well attended, in comfortable places of worship, instead of the "bush" as formerly.

In the courts in this vicinity, the colored men now receive justice, and conservatives declare they will not refer their cases to such a tribunal. Half of the lands in this state will be offered for sale at cheap rates during the next six months, on account of the expected repeal or modification of the stay laws.

A. B. CORLIS.

Almance Co., N. C.

Congregationalism.

STATISTICS FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The minutes of the 59th annual meeting of the General Association of Congregational and Presbyterian churches in N. H. is before me, and as fraternal Christian denominations are benefited by a knowledge of each other's condition, I send a brief résumé of the matter contained in it. There need be no jealousy or unpleasant rivalry between our sister denominations, but it is desirable to know each other's numbers and progress to incite one another to effort. There are 192 churches reported, of which 6 are Presbyterian and the remainder Congregational, embracing 19,053 members; of whom, however, 3,673 are "absent," i. e. not residing in the places where they have their church membership. Some of these are doubtless lost to their churches, by distance, but others are away only for a limited period, or reside in places where no church is found, or have gone West and have not yet taken their letters to other churches. Four new churches have been organized during the year, and one Presbyterian church dissolved, or at least it has disappeared from the list.

The changes in membership during the year have been as follows: admission by profession, 495; deaths, 408; thus showing that 87 more converts have been made than professors have died. There have been 411 received by letter, and 558 have been dismissed by letter, thus showing that N. H. churches have sent to other states 147 more members than they have received from their churches in return. It is consolatory to the benevolent to see that they are doing good, and hence, though emigration may diminish some of our churches, we rejoice that these members help churches in other states. The exclusions have been 174, but many of these have been occasioned by a revision of the lists of members, and dropping those whose residence is unknown. Thus, though 905 have been admitted to the churches, yet deaths, dismissals to other states and exclusions have amounted to 1,140.

The Sabbath schools connected with these churches embrace 23,650 attendants, and the benevolent contributions, reported only in part, amount to \$35,171.

The total number of ministers, including the infirm, the aged, ministerial professors in college, and others not in ministerial work is 191; of whom 74 are settled pastors, 75 are steadily supplying churches, leaving 42 without pastoral charge, but many of them have teaching or other business for their occupation. There are 38 churches destitute of stated ministers, some being very weak, and others among the strongest in the state. Eight Conferences of churches have annual meetings in different counties, and the ministers unite in 12 district Associations, according to their locations, for mutual improvement, usually meeting four times a year.

The narrative of the state of religion reports some revivals and religious interest in many places, but the year has not been marked by these much desired occasions; yet there has been harmony, and progress in many things, particularly in improved meeting houses, in vestries, parsonages and similar conveniences for the society. Deaths of several ministers are mentioned, and the pastoral letter urges members to faithfulness, particularly to the local churches where they reside. A review of these minutes suggests the wide reach of influence from the churches of New England. Members are continually going forth to other portions of the land. We train up the young and they leave us. But it is important to keep the religious ordinances in constant operation, for the education of those whose lives are to bless others. Many churches exist not only for their own good, but for that of others. Neither is the result of these churches of N. E. to be measured by the members in the Congregational churches of the country, for by their union with Presbyterians, the larger portion of those going West have formerly thrown themselves into the work of building up churches

of that order. Or, not being sectarian, they have helped other evangelical denominations in places where they settled. The 2,819 Congregational churches in the U. S., with their 278,708 members, embrace only a part of the fruits of the Christian labors of the Congregationalists of N. E. For many years, the Presbyterians took all their emigrants to the West, and they have rejoiced to aid the Freewill Baptists and others in many places, loving Christ above all names.

GENERAL VIEW.

This review has both encouragements and discouragements. There is growth in some places, a manifest gain in the power of Christianity, but not so much advance as is to be desired and sought. All our denominations in N. H. feel the draw of families and members to the West, and the influx in their places of foreigners, or of those destitute of religious habits. The excitement following the war, and attendant on political changes, have also kept the minds of many from giving due attention to religion. But to maintain the gospel is worth much, and is occasion for thankfulness. And so many souls hopefully converted is encouragement for prayer, faith and labor.

These facts also show that there is room enough and a call for various denominations. Quite a number of towns along the eastern and northern portions of the state have not and never had Congregational churches; and many persons in other towns have preferences and affinities for other forms of faith. All Christians may then work together faithfully to make our state fully a Christian community. It is impossible for one denomination to do all, situated as we are, therefore each needs to know the condition of the others.

R. M. SARGENT.

Female Suffrage.—White Heat.

The movement in favor of female suffrage has been often disfigured and rendered ridiculous by the extravagant style of speech employed by many of its advocates. Considerate elsewhere, they have seemed to become monomaniacal as soon as they approached this phosphorescent topic. While Margaret Fuller, and Caroline Dall, and Julia Ward Howe, and even Gail Hamilton and Lucy Stone, have used good sense and real argument, the lesser lights have been chiefly noted for their intensity. Lately we have been treated in the Conventions to much deliberate and forcible speech, and the movement has been developing the elements of dignity, power and promise. This has been grateful, and has led us to hope that the era of vehement harangue, rhetorical hyperbole and furious accusation was giving place to the stage of wiser methods, and sober argument and rational pleas.

We think, in the main, that this is the case, and rejoice in the assurance that a right principle is not to suffer as it has done from the distrust awakened by its headlong advocates. But the spurts of extravagance are not all things of the past. Most of the Conventions have now and then volcanic episodes. They are to be expected. But we confess to some surprise; more regret and abundant amusement, in looking over the following, issued as an address by the Universal Franchise Association to the Women of America. Utterly unable to describe the document, we copy it entire as the only way of doing justice to so remarkable a manifesto. As the client said to his lawyer at the end of his plea in court, that he never had an idea before that he was such a splendid fellow, or that he had been so terribly abused; so we think our mothers and sisters and wives will open their eyes for the first time to their great opportunities and their terrible wrongs, when they look over this fearfully vivid pen-picture. In its own line it is unrivaled, and may safely challenge competition. We trust the author escaped "brain-fever," and that the readers may not find its perusal inducing apoplexy. Here is the document:

WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES:
You sleep surrounded by sufferings, you dream amid dangers!

You are called the weaker sex—and your weakness is forced to bear the heaviest burdens.

Taxation without representation, and despotic government without the consent of the governed—wrong against which your fathers triumphed on many a blood-soaked field—are still in force against you, despite their victory.

The liberty which they thus won, and which they transmitted to their sons, is yet denied to you—their daughters.

Cruel laws cramp and crush you; powerful prejudices prevent your growth, and shut you in with walls of iron.

Few professions are open to you; and in most of these social degradation attends your entrance.

When you enter them, you crowd them; and must toil for less than your labor is worth.

To those of you who lack wealth and friend—a misfortune which may at any time fall upon any—there is no escape from this condition but by marriage, death, or a life worse than death.

To her, therefore, who must earn her own bread, and whose affections do not prompt her to married life, there are but three alternatives: Squalid Earnings, Unloving Wedlock, Death or Nameless Shame.

If you enter the married state, your chil-

dren, your property, yourselves, may be foully wronged by changed or false-hearted husbands, without redress from the laws which you must obey. If other men wrong you, you are far from certain of redress.

If public officers are unjust to you, you cannot remove nor punish them.

Laws are enacted; public measures are ordered, of the gravest importance to you; and you are allowed no voice in their consideration or their passage.

Nor are you even allowed to decide whether you will take such part.

Hence your wishes and interests are not important to the politicians who make and administer the laws. They neither know nor respect those interests and wishes; nor do they fear to disregard them.

In a word, your safety depends wholly on the good will of your rulers!

Arouse, then, women of America! Sleep no more while your sisters suffer; dream not yourselves secure while dangers lie in wait!

Though weak be wise! While fortunate arm yourselves against misfortune!

Demand that society cease to make your weakness woe.

Claim the freedom which is at once your right and your education. Insist that the ballot box be open to you, to use if you will. Command thus the respect of the politicians; oblige them to open the professions to you; raise by this means the remuneration of your toil; reform the laws, and let the holy state of marriage be to none a mere means of bread!

Can this good work be done in a day? No; it needs time and toil from you all.

Gather, then, mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the Nation, at the Capital of the Republic, in January next, and demand from Congress and the country freedom to exercise your rights!

Events of the Week.

CONGRESS.

As was expected, reassembled on Tuesday of last week. The work of the session has now, doubtless, commenced in good earnest, but thus far the time has been consumed largely in debate, no action of special significance having been taken. The more important questions discussed are noticed in our Congressional summary. On the day that Congress reassembled, the report of

COMMISSIONER WELLS

on the Internal Revenue was read. He estimates the surplus revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, at from twenty to thirty millions, and for the next fiscal year at from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five millions. The latter estimate he bases as follows:—ten millions from increase of population and wealth and twenty-five millions from the fact of settlement of all bounties in that sum last year, and seventy-five millions from a thorough reform in the revenue service under the passage of the civil service bill. With such a surplus at command the Commissioner believes that the return to specie payment at an early day should be assumed as the measure of all others which will be a relief from taxation. The Revenue, he thinks, needs but slight amendment, but its administration needs thorough reform; and he proceeds to specify some of the changes which should be made. The report is long, and derives importance from the considerations that it is the work of one of the ablest financial minds in the country, and that it shadows forth the great financial issues upon which parties are soon to divide. The week has been specially noted for the assembling of

STATE LEGISLATURES.

In fact the states, in which the annual sessions of the legislatures do not commence on the first week in January, are the exceptions. In connection with the proceedings of these bodies but few things of special significance have occurred. In New York a Republican Governor is succeeded by a Democratic one. In Pennsylvania Gov. Geary in his message estimates that 75,000 children in the state are without school facilities, and he very properly urges an improvement; and in Massachusetts a license legislature is followed by one strongly favoring prohibition. In this state the election sermon was delivered by the noted license law preacher, Rev. B. F. Clark, who took the advantage of his opportunity to present his views on his favorite theme. He would doubtless have had a more friendly hearing could he have delivered his sermon to the audience that elected him.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS

will soon take place in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Nevada, and West Virginia. In some of the states the nominations have been made already, while in others they will be made in a few days. From Massachusetts Mr. Sumner will be returned without opposition. In Michigan and Nevada, senators Chandler and Stewart have been nominated as their own successors. In New York the contest is between Senator Morgan and ex-Governor Fenton. There are multitudes of candidates for the succession to Senators Doolittle of Wisconsin and Hendricks of Indiana. Carl Schurz and General Loan are the candidates to succeed Senator Hendricks of Missouri, who does not abandon all hope that he may be chosen himself. In Maine the contest between Senator Morrill and ex-Vice Presi-

dent Hamlin has been warm. An effort was made to settle it in caucus on Thursday evening, but not with very satisfactory results. Mr. Hamlin having 75 votes to 74 for Mr. Morrill and one blank, the caucus adjourned *sine die* without declaring in favor of either. Such a close vote may prove quite as unfortunate for the successful as the unsuccessful candidate, though the latest advices indicate a general support of Mr. Hamlin.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1869.

New Year's day was spent here much as usual. The President and other high officials held the customary receptions, at which the great body of army, navy and civil officials presented themselves and performed the usual hand-shakings and greetings. The public servants who are condemned annually to endure this infliction in order to certify that this is a government of the people, by and for the people, may well envy even the town pump for this day at least. They were somewhat favored, however, this year, by the drenching rain which prevailed and somewhat reduced the number of visitors. Among the callers upon the President was Gen. Butler. The General has a reputation for doing odd and audacious things, and this is his latest performance in this line. Just imagine the scene. The great impeacher, who but just now was so fiercely demanding the political decapitation of Andrew Johnson for crimes and misdemeanors against the people of the United States, now enters, hat in hand, and, advancing to the President, grasps him by the hand and expresses his anxious solicitude for the present state of his health, and concludes by wishing him a Happy New Year! Shall we not "have peace" verily? The General is reported as being full charged with a speech on Finance, in which he argues that we are not only unable to resume specie payment at any assignable period, but that it is not desirable to resume it at any future period;—that, in fact, the present paper currency, based upon the credit of the government, is superior in all respects to a specie currency.

The transportation of the Overland mail to California, and the recent doings of Postmaster-General Randall in relation thereto, promises to be a matter of considerable interest. In June last, a contract was made with Carlton Spauld, of Chicago, to carry the Overland mail for \$335,000 per annum, with a *pro rata* reduction as the Pacific Railroad was completed and opened for carrying the mail. Service was to commence Oct. 1, 1868. Bad faith on the part of the government annulled this contract. On the 1st of October, therefore, the mails came to a halt. The Postmaster-General thereupon requested Wells, Fargo & Co. to take charge of transporting the mails. Among the documents in the case is a proposal of Wells, Fargo & Co. to carry the mails for \$1,750,000 per annum, subject to a proper reduction as the Pacific railroad progresses. This proposal is dated Oct. 1. On the 21st of October, Randall, by the advice, as he says, of Horace Greeley, Senator Morgan, and others, closed the contract with Wells, Fargo & Co., at their proposals, and putting the commencement of service at Oct. 1. But the most interesting part of the story remains to be told. Wells, Fargo & Co. are in the habit of carrying letters as an express company, for 12-1/2 cents each. Their interest lies in having the mail as unsafe and uncertain as may be. To commit to them the carrying of the mail is to commit the lamb to the keeping of the wolf. And it appears that since they have carried the mail it arrives at Salt Lake city drenched with water, having lain on the ground for days without any protection, exposed to all storms, and on many occasions having been dragged through creeks tied to the poles or reaches of the carriages. And not only this, but large quantities fail to arrive at all. Letter pouches are ripped open and the letters strewn along the route. Bags of newspapers and pamphlets are thrown or dropped off by the way and left to be picked up or destroyed as the case may be. Yet in a letter addressed to the House of Representatives, and accompanied by the official reports of Post Office agents showing the above facts, Randall has the *nerve* to say, "The contract made has turned out a good one for the department." It will probably cost the Company from \$100,000 to \$200,000 more to carry the mail. I understand that an application will be made to Congress for their relief! I am inclined to think that Gen. Butler will have to yield the palm of audacity to Randall. He asks for a committee of investigation, "so that in case an application is made for relief, Congress can act understandingly on the subject." There's richness for you! Meanwhile, some members of Congress don't seem disposed to wait "for an application for relief" before they move in the matter. Yesterday, Mr. Washburne, of Ill., offered a resolution directing the suspension of further payments to Wells, Fargo & Co., and Mr. Eli a resolution for a committee of investigation which were laid over under the rules.

Senator Ferry proposes to inquire into the power of the President to grant amnesty to rebels. In the debate in the Senate a distinction was taken between the pardoning power and the power to grant amnesty. The power to pardon any particular rebel designated by name, was conceded on all hands to belong to the Executive, but it was claimed that the granting of amnesty to all offenders, without any designation by name, was an exercise of sovereign power, and did not pertain to the Executive. In a monarchy it was done by the King, because he possessed the sovereignty; but here the people are the sovereigns, and therefore their representation must participate in a proclamation of amnesty. In short it must be done by law, and not by mere Executive proclamation.

Another subject of great practical importance is now before the Senate, that is, the payment of claims for property used, or destroyed in the rebel states during the war, and belonging to loyal people there resident. Senators Frelinghuysen, Howard and Conkling yesterday addressed the Senate in opposition to the payment of such claims, and the attention given to the debate attracted much attention. Mr. Wells has given his whole attention to matters of internal revenue and customs for several years, and his views, if not conceded to be correct, are received with a large degree of respect, as coming from an unusually well informed source. The thin and extra copies have been ordered by the Senate and will be sent out in the country.

We are cheered, again by the bright sunshine after an eleven days' absence thereof.

Communications.

Religious Thrift.

There is a religious thrift which redeems the time knowing that the days are evil; and there is a religious thrift which seeks to serve God with that which is without cost. No words of reproof can too strongly condemn and satirize the miserly habit that sometimes appears in the religious life. It says in effect, "I will, if possible, unlike David, be content to offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing. I desire to get to heaven at last, and to enjoy the ineffable splendors and rapturous blessedness of the Celestial City; but it shall be, if God permit, at the very minimum of personal cost. I will travel to this grand and glorious goal at as steady a pace and at as low a rate as I can. I shall cost me only just what is absolutely necessary. I will do it as cheaply as I can, and with as much economy of zeal and effort and substance as I may be able. I will spend as little time as possible in prayer, as little time as possible in meditation. I will as rarely as I find practicable attend a prayer meeting or a week night service. I will withhold from God whatever I may be able of affection, of love, of self-devotion and of faith. I will give myself no more pains than a mere decent and passable piety demands to keep myself in the love of God, in the practice of righteousness, in the service of my Saviour. I will suffer as little inconvenience as I can in my obedience; I will make no open avowals, no distinct and unequivocal professions, no public and solemn commitments of myself to the Christian life and calling. It is possible to be saved without them, and so they are an unnecessary risk and expenditure of energy and power. I will lose no credit with the world that I can possibly retain. I will slip every privilege and opportunity I can of contributing in service to God's staff of workers, and in wealth to God's sacred treasury. I will merit no reproach of fanaticism, and bear no cross of shame or scorn. No one shall charge me with being righteous overmuch, or liberal beyond my necessity or my means. No one shall be carried beyond himself by the contagious power and enthusiasm of my example; and no one shall be inclined to excessive praise or be tempted to pronounce a vain eulogy over my dust. I will serve God as cheaply as I can. I will seek to win the crown of life, but it shall cost me if possible less than any one else to win it. I will aspire to wave the palm of triumph, but I will shrink when I can from active warfare. I will gain the rich rewards of everlasting life, but it shall cost me nothing or next to nothing to gain them."

Who does not feel that all this is utterly alien from the spirit of the gospel and the temper of Christ? Who does not see that this spiritual parsimony is a virtual denial and renunciation of the very genius and essence of our faith? Who will not at once admit that it is altogether unworthy and unbecoming in disciples of Him who gave His own divine nature to humiliation and scorn for us, who gave His own pure life to unwearied, self-forgetting service on our behalf, who gave His body of humiliation to be nailed to the cruel cross and His own large heart to be crushed and broken for our sin?

In this luxurious and effeminate age, when on every hand the endeavor is made to avoid inconvenience and discomfort, and secure the ease and indulgence which wealth and enterprise bring to our command, there is need to beware lest our religious profession become a softly cushioned service, and our Christian life of self-sacrifice an empty and unmeaning name. With great good sense and the clearest Scripture to back us, we repudiate all ideas of penance and voluntary infliction of pain as a moral discipline and a means of spiritual grace; but better a hair shirt and spiked shoes than downy beds of ease and pillowed slumber and indulgence; better a religion that costs a little if it is only physical pain, than a religion that costs us nothing in holy service and sacrifice.

In this time of wide-spread universal business engagements, when the common habit of mind and thought is formed and fostered by a self-regarding, if commercially sound and ethically unobjectionable economy, there is need to be careful how we allow the principles of trade to dominate in the religious life. To drive a close and hard bargain may be good in commerce, but it is bad in religion. A piety which gives to God no more than can be possibly helped, and keeps to itself all that can possibly be kept, a piety of bargain and compact, is of a very questionable and very doubtful character indeed. To desire to render cheap service, and to offer cheap sacrifice, and to gain the richest and largest results, is to cherish a religious thrift contrary to the spirit of religion, and is sure in the end to defeat itself. That which costs nothing in religious experience and duty is commonly worth nothing. That which comes without labor and sacrifice goes without blessing and reward. He who sows sparingly reaps sparingly. He who will save his life shall lose it. God loves a cheerful giver of sacrifice and offering, not one who gives grudgingly or of necessity and constraint. Largely and freely has God blessed us, bountifully has he bestowed his gifts and liberally has he lavished his love upon us. Shall we be niggardly and parsimonious in our return to him? Or shall we not rather abound in the work of the Lord, and give our best service, our best affection, our best toil, our ripest thought, our highest effort, our most glowing love to him to whom we owe our life, our joy, our salvation, our all? Shall we not rather say, "I will not offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing?"

T. G.

Experiences in India.

Our cold season has at length fairly set in, and is thus announced in the *Friend of India* of the 22nd inst: "The cold season fairly set in on the 15th. The fall of rain up to that date this year has been 91.12 inches, against 65 in the corresponding period, on an average of 14 years."

To us who are on the spot, the interesting fact was abundantly evident even without this public announcement. When the long months of hot, scorching, blistering, dry weather, followed by the equally tedious months of damp, cloudy, rainy, sultry weather at length gives place to the advent of the cool, bracing, exhilarating breezes of "the cold season," the prospect becomes delightful indeed, yes, almost transporting. New life and vigor begin to course through the veins, and the step to be more firm and elastic. One could hardly fail to recognize his whereabouts in the year by his feelings at this season, even though he should suddenly awake from a six months sleep.

It is cause for devout gratitude that all the members of our mission have been preserved to see this season in a good degree of health and vigor, and active preparations are being made for our cold season excursions among the people, "to testify the gospel of the grace of God." And oh! that grace may be given us to teach and to preach Christ that many may believe and turn to the Lord!

Notwithstanding the excess of rain, on the whole, this year there has been a failure of the latter rain in many places which seems destined to create something like a scarcity. The advantage of our irrigation arrangements is set in a prominent light this season. Our people were able to begin their cultivation nearly a month earlier than their neighbors. The consequence is, they are already bringing home the golden sheaves of an abundant harvest, while their neighbors are distressed at seeing their crops withering up before their eyes, for want of the latter rain. Deputation after deputation has been to us the past week, to beg for water from our bauld, or dam; and our fields have been fully supplied we are able to spare them all; but to parcel it out to half a dozen or a dozen villages is a task from which one might well wish to be excused. The water thus far being free, the difficulty is to settle who shall have it first, how much, how long, and who next, &c.

The bauld has now stood the strain of two rainy seasons and done excellent service. It has however become somewhat injured and needs to be repaired and protected, at an outlay of several hundred rupees. The hope is that our neighbors, having now seen the benefit of it, will be glad to invest and secure a rightful share of the water. It has been the making of our own village in an agricultural point. From being the very tail, our people now take the lead and are become the envy of their neighbors; and, as for the Padre Sahib, why, he is "the preserver of the people, the salvation of the country." Language fails to tell his "qualities." No farther any doubt. He does good and only good! "He is our God, we want no other," &c., &c. What greater proof of the depravity and solid blindness of the human heart? Acknowledge a temporal favor with such *et alia*, and then turn a deaf ear to the messages of divine mercy from the same source!

Still, "The Lord reigns," and the heaven shall become his inheritance. Change after change follows in quick succession. The old order of things is being broken up. Therefore let no one's heart fail him. We shall reap in due time if we faint not.

Santipore, Oct. 29.

J. PHILLIPS.

Rev. Wm. C. Byer.

Rev. Wm. C. Byer, of Fabius, N. Y., died of paralysis, Oct. 30, 1868, aged 54 years and 5 months. He was born in Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., May 8th, 1814. His early education was such as was afforded by the village school a few months in the year. The remainder of the time he wrought at the anvil in his father's shop. His religious education commenced among the Methodists. At the age of 18, his parents settled near Clinton: Oneida Co. Here, during the winter, he attended the village school, and formed the acquaintance of Miss Samantha Ward, whom he afterward married.

Bro. Byer dated his first lasting religious awakening to a meeting held in Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Burchard. He was converted under the labors of Rev. Isaac Puffer, Methodist, and united with that denomination. When the varied influences that combined to lead our brother to Christ are known, among them—and not the least influential probably—will be found hers who, while young, had consented to share with him the fortunes of life. He always acknowledged himself greatly indebted to her deep piety and ardent zeal for his conversion.

Previous to his conversion, he indulged the idea, that, if converted, he would find the path of duty in the ministry. His interest for souls soon made it manifest that God designed him as a chosen vessel, to testify the gospel of grace to sinners. He was licensed by the Methodists to preach in 1839. On a careful examination of the Scriptures, he became convinced that the immersion of believers is the true mode of baptism, and this, together with the position the Methodists then took upon the question of American slavery, led him to ask a dismission from them and he united with the Free Baptists. He was ordained by the Free Baptists in 1842. He labored much in protracted meetings, and often with marked success. In some instances from 50 to 70 were hopelessly converted. Among the fruits of his labors are several ministers, some of whom are now preaching. He baptized, during his ministry, about five hundred.

May the 20th, 1866, he received his first shock of paralysis, which rendered him unconscious for several weeks. He gradually recovered and was enabled to visit some of

the churches among whom he had gone preaching the word, to attend Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, and preach a few times. From the time of his first attack, he felt as though the gates were standing ajar for him, and was accustomed to say, "I want to go over the river, and see how it looks on the other side." He received his last shock Oct. 28th, was conscious about 24 hours, during which time he said, "I am going home, and am not afraid." Oct. 30, at six o'clock in the evening, the Master called him up into the mount to show him his glory.

Our brother could boast with Paul, "these hardships have ministered to my necessities." He never received a competent support, which compelled him to devote more or less of his time to manual labor. Many of his sermons were forged at the anvil, and there wrought into form. Notwithstanding this, the love of Christ constrained him to preach, that gospel to others which saved him. His field was mostly with feeble churches, and he did not seek ease nor wealth. As a preacher he was warm-hearted, emotional, threw his whole soul into his sermons, and sought to convert men's hearts as well as their heads. If the conversion of souls constitutes a man a great preacher, our brother ranked high above many whose names are more widely known than his. He was liberal, and knew by experience that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He never feared to rebuke sin in high or low places, and his bold, outspoken manner led the timid to pronounce him injudicious, while the wicked anathematized him. Beneath his roof the trembling fugitive found repose, and his wounds made by pursuing hounds were there bound up. A faithful and devoted wife, who shared with him the joys and sorrows of many years, supported him with warm prayers and hearty exhortations, and six children mourn him as husband and father. One passed on before him. Our brother rests from his labors, and his works will follow him. Who will take his mantle? G. P. RAMSEY.

Cling to Jesus.

Christian love does not demand that we give up the plain teachings of Jesus as found in the Scriptures for the purpose of clinging to those whom we may recognize as amiable and in possession of many elements of Christian character, and who in some directions may be even better than ourselves. It demands simply that Christian love recognize the true and the beautiful, and co-operate with it as far as it is practicable. True, the central idea of Christianity is love. This is the propelling power of all our actions toward all men. Without this permeating our whole life, our religion is vain.

But in carrying out this love principle there are many things and many interests involved. Christ was the embodiment of love. He could teach nothing to nor enjoy anything upon his followers, except that which he conceived in love and saw for their highest good and truest religious development. His love to us was not to be a hindrance to his obedience to his Father, neither is our love for Christ or others to prevent our teaching and obeying the truth. Our love is not to be perverted so as to disobey the declared will of Christ, or to encourage the practical disobedience of others, whether the disobedience comes from ignorance, error in judgment or wickedness of heart. Truth and error are both in the world, and in the end truth will triumph. To assume that we cannot learn the truth from the word of God, or that we cannot understand it as to make it a rule of action, is virtually saying that Christ failed to speak intelligently, or that we are in a condition not to understand him. If language expresses nothing in particular, then there is nothing to be understood; but if Christ meant anything, or the Scriptures mean anything, there must be something specific uttered.

Mr. Beecher's Font and Baptistry side by side, is a confession on his part that either the language of the Bible fails to convey the truth clearly on the subject of baptism, or he fails to comprehend the truth. It is quite clear that they stood not thus together when Christ was baptized of John in Jordan. It may suit his fancy or his convenience, but it is certain one or the other is out of place. For if Christ was sprinkled he was not immersed; and if immersed he was not sprinkled. If we cannot understand the language of the Bible on this subject, we may despair of understanding it on many others. Of what avail is the commission, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," if we do not know whether baptizing them, means sprinkling or immersing them in these names? "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." But how can we do this if we cannot understand our Lord any nearer than to mistake a Font for a Baptistry, or a Font for a River? Would it not be better not to attempt to expound or teach what we by such confessions acknowledge we do not understand or are not willing to practice? And straightway coming up out of the water. This certainly was not coming up out of or from a Font; for it specifies that "he was baptized of John in Jordan." Would Mr. Beecher place his Font side by side with the river Jordan? It is well for even a man of his influence to remember that the servant is not above his Master.

While, therefore, we may respect and love such men as Beecher for the many noble traits of Christian character which they represent, we must learn to love Christ and his ways more. Indeed the highest Christian love demands that we keep the truth, teach the truth and practice the truth, while we act generously towards those whom we believe to be in error. It is our Christian duty to cling to Jesus in all things and abide the result, and in the end truth will triumph. UNION.

Winter Morning Thoughts.

Dec. 30th, 1868. Bright sunshine floods the earth this morning. "Old Mt. Blue" rests high up against the southern sky, while the ancient forests, dark and vast, repose dreamily and suggestively on the rugged sides of this grand old monument of creative power and goodness. Down the valley in Avon, and on the lesser hillsides, may be seen, now covered with thirty inches of snow—the "openings," where cultivated fields well repay the tilling, and pastures nourish the numerous flocks that clothe the farmers, yield them food and fill their coffers with gain.

Previous acquaintance with this community gives the power to locate, in conception, the numerous residences among the surrounding hills and along these romantic valleys, and so successive and varied experiences follow the eye. How touching to the heart are the memories of the past in connection with the church and people of this community. I confess also to feelings of joy mingled with sadness, when I reflect upon my present inefficiency, from the shattered condition of my "outer man." I see the whitening fields, and hear the cry often reiterated, "Come over and help us." I long to be able to thrust in the sickle as in former years.

Dear young brothers in the ministry, while you prosecute your chosen work with zeal, do not forget the value of health. It is a necessary condition to a long and successful life in your calling. Nor, on the contrary, be too fearful of exertion. Care is the essential condition of continuous good health. From my own experience, permit me, for your encouragement to say that, even after the fires of youthful zeal and the romance of early labors have failed to transmute every metal into fine gold, and the prophecy that every seeming victory must result in permanent success proves to be a lie, still the inestimable blessings of the gospel to any community are a thousand fold remunerative for all the labors of the faithful preacher. Age and experience prepare one more fully to discern between the seeming and the real, the dross and the pure gold; but one thing is certain that, wherever the gospel in its purity is proclaimed, some real good will follow, some fine gold will be produced.

Be of good courage, my young brothers, in the Lord and he will give you souls for your hire here, and a crown of glory in his heavenly kingdom. A. H. MORRELL.

Phillips, Me.

An Angel's Visit.

An angel desirous of becoming acquainted with the signs of the times and the indications of the approaching millennium, descending to our world, first came in view of a lofty steeple to which he bent his flight. Here he found a very costly and nice edifice, and it being Sabbath day, he lingered here awhile to become more particularly acquainted with the manner in which mortal worship the great God.

A large assembly of worms soon filled the house, wrapped in various gaudy articles of finery, borrowed from beasts and birds, of which they appeared to be somewhat proud. A large plump worm soon appeared upon the stand, and all the worms rushed their finery and greeted his appearance with applause. Then several worms that had crawled into the singing gallery, sang as only those could sing who had well trained voices which they delighted to display; and another rustling of finery among the worms as the last strain of music were dying away, indicated that they felt very much gratified that they had the best singing worms in the place.

And then the plump worm on the stand stood up and read the Scriptures, as only one could read who felt that he was master of his business, with an admiring audience at his feet. And then he prayed as only one could pray who felt fully satisfied with himself and in need of nothing, but yet deemed a form of sound words essential. Again the singing worms lifted up their voices, and many of the worshippers thought the music to be almost equal to any thing they had heard at theaters or other like places. And then the plump worm on the stand commenced his sermon, which happened to be on the millennium. The aim of his sermon was to show that the world was soon to be converted, and the following arguments were used in the case:

1. The present great number of professed Christians, including Papists, Spiritualists, Mormons, Universalists, Free Masons, with many other fast growing branches of Christianity. He showed that such heavenly institutions were multiplying very fast, and therefore the millennium could not be far distant.
2. He showed that railroads, telegraphs, rifled cannon, needle guns and iron plated vessels of war, all proved the millennium nigh.
3. He showed that ministers were now more highly honored, flattered, and fattened than formerly, and he felt like singing, "The morning light is breaking," as his salary became enlarged, and he looked forward to the time when he might have nothing to do but to laugh and grow fat over a salary three times as large as the present one.
4. There is really less notice taken of little faults, such as adultery, perjury, stealing, &c., than there used to be; such things don't trouble society as they formerly did;—the world is progressing, and the good time is coming when such trifles will not be counted worthy of notice, but all will be allowed to do as they please, with none to molest or make them afraid.

"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And bring that welcome day."

Improvements in church building show that the world is moving in the right direction. The time was when the poor of this world were the called and chosen, but such

progress has been made that the rich and respectable now take the lead, and the poor are left so far in the rear that in many cases they are unable to occupy a seat in church.

Who that observes these facts will doubt that we are progressing towards the good time coming? The church can boast of having some of the most costly and extravagant buildings in the world, and the time is at hand when it will no more be said that the weak and foolish things of this world be long to the church, but that it has the most splendid edifices, the most stylish and showy congregations, the smartest speakers, its ministers shall have higher salaries and honors than the officers of state; and in that day many will have "a call to preach."

The angel spread his wings and left before the close of the scene. J. HAYDEN.

Evangelists and Revivals.

The encouraging words in the *Star*, telling us that every minister can be an evangelist, were fully spoken. When the Spirit of the Lord was in Samson the Philistines could not budge him with cords, and so it is with the Christian; but when he lacks faith and the Holy Spirit, the adversary can bind him with a straw. If the Christian, whether minister or layman, will "only believe," and try according to the gospel, he can do much good. Some suppose an evangelist must be by nature an orator and an enthusiast, but that is a mistake. Bro. Earle, a most successful revivalist, who has been the agent of reviving thousands of Christians and leading tens of thousands of sinners to Jesus, is not an enthusiast, but only a plain, moderate, pious man, who believes Jesus will save all who come to Him. Any minister or layman sufficiently pious can be a successful evangelist. Every church should have at least one protracted meeting a year, calling on neighboring pastors to act as evangelists. The Jews had protracted meetings with great spiritual profit. The first Christian protracted meeting is recorded in the first six chapters of the Acts, and is a good model.

It is poor policy for a church to forbid their pastor the privilege of aiding a sister church; rather should they encourage him to go abroad that by labor in a revival he may be refreshed. No means of grace is better suited to restore the joys of salvation to a backslidden minister. We all know how our hearts are refreshed by attending the Anniversaries and other great religious gatherings, but my experience has been even more blessed in protracted meetings. I never attended a protracted meeting without receiving a blessing. If our churches would this winter avail themselves of the appointed means of grace, preaching and praying, with a persevering effort according to the Scripture example, thousands of happy converts would be added to the Lord and to the church. Why may not every church have a protracted meeting of prayer and labor, and the ordinary result of many souls saved? S. C. K. Newmarket, N. H.

Selections.

Bab and Babism.

In the last number of *Hours at Home* Prof. Evans gives an interesting account of a new religious system which has sprung up in Central Asia during the last twenty-five years, and has now millions of adherents, embracing great numbers from the most intelligent and influential classes of society. The following extract gives a brief outline of the origin and early promulgation of the new faith:

In 1843 a young man about twenty years of age, named Mirza-Ali-Mohammed, and claiming to be a descendant of the prophet, was pursuing his studies at Kerbela, under one of the most famous teachers of the mystic and cabalistic lore of Persia. His father was a silk-merchant of Shiraz, and had intended that the son should devote himself to the same commercial business. But the young man had no taste for the life of the bazaar, grew hypo-chondriacal, sought solitude, became ascetic in his habits, and attached himself to several religious sects of the East distinguished for the austerity of their discipline. With a bold, sincere and open mind he welcomed the light of truth, no matter from what source it might come.

During this time, he read the gospels in the translations of the Protestant missionaries and also portions of the Old Testament, which he obtained from the Jews of his native city, familiarized himself with the teachings of the Guebres, and the writings of the Persian free-thinkers, in whose months the name of Voltaire, metamorphosed into Valater, is quite common. The philosopher of Ferney was introduced to the Persians by the Russians, but the oriental imagination has so transformed him as to render the Frenchman of the 18th century scarcely recognizable. The pilgrims who came to Kerbela hastened with reverence to the young student whom they regarded as inspired, and on returning to their homes spoke of him with such enthusiasm that his fame soon filled the whole land. He was called "the elect of God," and was supposed to have the gift of working miracles.

When, therefore, Mirza-Ali-Mohammed came back to Shiraz, his native city, he was welcomed as a reformer and a prophet. His extreme youth, the wonderful charm of his countenance, the sweetness of his disposition, the simplicity and purity of his life, his exemplary piety, and the fervor and eloquence of his discourses, produced the profoundest impression upon all who approached him. About this time he made a pilgrimage to Mecca, but the holy city and the sight of the sacred Kaaba served only to alienate him still more from Mussulmanic orthodoxy. Soon after his return, he began in earnest the work of his mission. He never openly assailed the fundamental principles of Islam, but directed his public discourses against the vices and corruption of the clergy and their perversions of the primitive truth, as announced by the prophet. He dismitted his adversaries, and continued them with the Koran in his hand; he took especial delight in showing to the people how far the conduct, pre-

cepts and dogmas of the priests were in flagrant violation of the very Book of which they claimed to be the consecrated guardians and only authorized interpreters. The pungency of his wit and the audacity of his sarcasm made such an impression that the orthodox Mohammedans who listened to his preaching still retain an ineffaceable recollection of it, and after the lapse of a quarter of a century cannot speak of his discourses except with a shiver of terror.

It is the unanimous confession that the eloquence of Ali-Mohammed was of a kind which no words can describe, and which can be fully appreciated only by those who heard it. Whenever he appeared in the mosques, in the colleges or on the streets, he was surrounded by throngs of enthusiastic disciples. In an upper room of his house he gathered together a few of his most ardent and intelligent followers, and organized a little church, bold, zealous, fanatical in the noblest sense of the word, i. e., each member willing to sacrifice all his property, and even to give his body to be burned for the sake of the truth. It was here that the new teacher assumed his religious or prophetic title by proclaiming himself as the *Bab* or the *Door* by which alone one can attain to divine knowledge. This name, by which he has ever afterward been known, even among his enemies, was probably suggested by the words that Jesus applies to himself in the gospel of John, x. 7, 9. At a later period the word *Bab* was used by the Babists as a generic term signifying prophet, and the original *Bab* was called *Heset-e-Ata*, or Sublime Highness, to distinguish him from the multitude of inferior *Babs*.

Orthodox Poetry.

Miss E. Stuart Phelps, who has always breathed the air of Andover, prefaces a genial critique upon Lucy Larcom's new volume of poems with a bit of complaint. A thorough Congregationalist herself, she keeps a charitable spirit when dealing with earnest minds that cannot readily rest in the confession of faith to which she or they may subscribe, and utters her rebuke freely even when speaking through the *Congregationalist and Recorder*, as follows:

"You Orthodox complain that so many literary folks are heretics, but when one rises up among you, sets the Five Points of Calvinism to sweet music, you don't appreciate them at all, and leave to outside barbarians the discovery of their merits." Thus writes a friend, himself a great poet, and an "outside barbarian." Is the accusation true? Perhaps. As a sect, more than some others—less than others, yet—we are apt to be shy of originality. We gain nothing by denying or slurring over this tendency. Our faults, like the faults of most people, have their roots in excellence; but let us be honest with them and with ourselves. We are apt to run after our denominational virtues like turkeys after scarlet. It is mainly, as well as Christian, to be on the watch for one's blemishes. Sects, no less than individuals, are judged by their manhood.

Perhaps the charge in question if it be a true one, is more noticeable outside than inside of the poetical gitt. Gail Hamilton is a sincere subscriber to our Congregationalist; but verily, she has received better things at the hands of the "barbarians," than of her brethren in the faith. "I wish," she pleads in her own protest against the poem which she has written, that the Orthodox were half as ready to keep me, as the Unitarians are to claim me." Mrs. Stowe may believe in Christ, in the atonement, in heaven, in hell, but because, in a fictitious story, and for a story's sake, she points with a quivering hand the agony of a mother facing the eternal loss of her eldest-born, should we gather our skirts away from her forehead, and let her, among us, but not of us, pass on her condemnation and condemnation way? "Have charity among yourselves," the old words read. Life, and Death, and eternity, are not such simple problems that we can afford to drop the hand of a brother who trips upon them—let him slip, if he will, and walk our sterner lights without him.

"The letters of the sacred book Glitter and swim beneath the look" of the best and wisest of us in blinded instances. God knows we need, no hindrance, in our calling after Him, when "He answers us not a word."

Religion Talked in Europe.

Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*, writes that the Christians of Europe converse much more freely and often on the subject of personal religion that we do in this country. His remarks are worthy of a reading:

Without the slightest violation of the most sensitive delicacy, but in harmony with the sweetest graces of the Christian character, the subject of personal religion is more frequently and fully conversed upon by the good people in foreign lands than in our own. They glide into it as naturally as our men do into politics and business, or our women do into the prices of dry goods and the fashions of the season.

It is not of set parties, or meetings, or tea-drinkings, though these are delightful reunions among Christian people, that I am now speaking. It is of the every-day meetings, or the walk in the street on the way to business, or the chat in the car, or the friendly half-hour call. Foreign Christians are more apt to improve such occasions to refresh one another's souls with spiritual communion. They have a sense of being pilgrims meeting casually for a moment, soon to part, and they love to talk of that which to them is the life and strength and highest joy of their souls. They do converse on the religious subjects more freely than we do.

I do not say that they are more religious. But I believe they enjoy themselves in their religion more. They live in it, for it, by it, more than we. They do not thrust it upon others. Indeed, there is a consideration for the feelings and opinions of others that we might imitate to our advantage. But they speak out of the abundance of their heart. Their conversation is of heaven, because their heart and treasure are there. Are not ours also? And would we not help each other in the divine life if we put our hearts more closely together, and often talked of the progress we were making, of the obstacles in the way and the means of overcoming? I meet many Christian bankers and merchants and heavy business men from America, who are driving over Europe in search of lost health. They pursued the world too steadily, too anxiously, too intensely. They broke down. It would have saved them if they had confined business to business hours. It would have saved them if they had kept the religious life warm, bright, beautiful, by daily intercourse with Christian friends. I believe that thousands of our countrymen would find joy in their companionship, by day, if they knew that their desires would meet a cheerful response from congenial hearts. It would. Try it and see.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1869.

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

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

The Week of Prayer.

From the evidences which have reached us we infer that the Week of Prayer has been even more generally observed than usual, and that an earnest spirit and a positive, practical planning for Christian results have distinguished the gatherings. It is well to begin the year with this spiritual inventory, that our resources may be known and our lack not be hidden from our eyes. It is well, too, that the great field of effort spread out by Providence be steadily surveyed, the open doors discerned, the calls listened to, the demands measured, the prospects apprehended, and the work waiting to be done undertaken with intelligence and a sense of our responsibilities and needs. According to our faith and our plans so is likely to be our success,—or at least, the success is not likely to exceed the plan, the purpose and the confidence.

The motto of a man eminent for his Christian usefulness was, "Attempt great things for God; expect great things of God." Nothing could be more fitting as the watchword of Christ's people to-day. It is a time when vast undertakings abound in the world of business. Great projects that would have bewildered the last century are now multiplied and successful, and they scarcely excite surprise. The power to achieve has been proved by experience, and men's most obstinate doubts are scattered by success. The Thames is tunneled, Niagara is bridged, the continents talk to each other across the ocean by means of the telegraphic cable, the cars dash through the ways that underlie the busiest streets of London, the Suez canal is hastening to marry the Indian ocean to the great sea, Mont Cenis is being bored to make a highway along which the locomotive may dash from Switzerland into Italy, and the Pacific railroad is to bring San Francisco within a week's travel of Boston before another harvest is over. Men look at these results and declare that the future achievements of men in the fields of scientific thought and resolute enterprise are almost unlimited. They plan broadly, work with persistence and will, and look only for a triumph.

The children of light may well learn a lesson from the children of this world. Broad plans should mark the life and service of Christian workers. Their field is the world. Their achievements should satisfy only when they bring in the universal triumph of their Master and Lord. And they have great reason for confidence. Looking upon the persecuting Sauls that have been transformed into mighty apostles,—at the wildernesses that have been made to blossom as the rose,—at the barriers to the truth, higher and stronger than Chinese walls, that have crumbled and melted before the assaults of the gospel and the beams of the sun of righteousness,—at the open fields into which the great Husbandman invites both the sower and the reaper,—listening to the songs of salvation that swell from lands so lately idolatrous and from islands where Christ has been so triumphantly enthroned since the century dawned,—gazing upon the millions at the South who have so lately thrown off the chains of servitude and taken the attitude of men;—looking at all this, and remembering that these are, but the first fruits of that creative Spirit under whose quickening touch we are assured that a nation shall be born in a day, a Christian may well take home the saying of Christ, "All things are possible to him that believeth," gird up his loins for a larger service, and look up in his prayer with a sublimer confidence that great things shall come back to crown his effort.

If the Week of Prayer shall thus broaden the plans, and intensify the effort, and confirm the faith, and consecrate the effort of those who are called by the name of Christ, and whom he knows as friends, this will be a year of large Christian achievements. Reader, what are you attempting, and what pledges are made by your faith?

Dr. Burns and Palestine.

A pleasant private letter from Rev. Dr. Burns, of London,—in which he expresses his heartiest interest in whatever relates to the welfare of the Free Will Baptists in America, and his intention to visit this country after the Pacific Railroad is completed,—contains the following statement of his plans for the coming spring, besides the invitation and pledge which those who know him will understand mean something. He says:

I expect in Feb. next, about the 20th, to leave Paris for Egypt, Palestine and Turkey, and to return to London about the first week in May. Now if any of the F. W. Baptists brethren or sisters desire a tour to the glorious East, let them come and go with us, and I shall be glad to do the kind and amiable to all who will place themselves under my care. The expense of the tour from London and back, first class hotels, rail and steamers, under my old friend Mr. Cook's superintendence, will be 105 guineas, [about \$330 in gold], and to comprise 10 weeks' travel, including Holy Week and Easter in Jerusalem. The route will be by Mont Cenis to Italy, thence to Brindisi, Alexandria, Cairo, the pyramids, through Palestine to Jerusalem, then north by Lebanon, Damascus, Cyprus, Ephesus, Constantinople, Trieste, Venice, and home via Switzerland.

If any of our readers can avail themselves of this opportunity to see the Orient, we shall congratulate them on the joy and the profit which are in store for them. They will have the best season of the year for the

trip, and at least one man in the company who will keep off the blues and forbid the life of any ordinary American to stagnate. If we had a tougher set of muscles and a less lean-pocket book, we should find the temptation to run away,—for the sake of a second lesson in the lands where the scripture history was long ago lived and written, and where it is so impressively illustrated to-day,—one not easily fought down. As it is we must stay at home, and leave our brethren of the more plucky purpose and plodding purse to make the visit and report its experiences at this office.

Our Subscribers.—A Chat.

Our subscribers make up a large family. They are widely scattered. They represent many spheres and planes of life. They embrace the aged and the young. Among them are the vigorous toilers in the fullness of maturity, and the enfeebled sufferers to whom life itself comes each day as a heavy burden. There are those who have shared the high and effective culture of the schools, and those who have struggled with many a difficulty in order to acquire even a moderate education. Some have decided literary tastes and crave the graces of style; others love plain, homely speech, full of Saxon pith and point. Here is a dreaming poet; there a seeker after solid facts. A fresh and vital thought kindles one nature into enthusiasm; a piece of rigid logic that explodes some popular fallacy yields immense satisfaction to another mind that is fashioned after a judicial pattern. To supply what all these varied readers demand and need, in one and the same paper, is not a very simple task. To give everybody satisfaction is quite out of the question. An editor that is never complained of must be either something more or something less than human. If he wholly escapes the arrows which dissatisfaction shoots, it must be because he is either above criticism or beneath hostility.

We have a good subscription list. The names on it are often fruitful in pleasant suggestions. To look them over is to be touched with tenderness or stirred with gratitude and courage. Some of them have a whole history which the memory reads off whenever they appear. They have been ministering strength, and rebuking heedlessness, and stimulating devotion, and lessening anxieties, and rewarding effort, and making self-denial a privilege, for many years. He who served here so long carried these names in his heart as a treasured blessing, and they are doubtless dearer to him now than while he was toiling as a faithful servant of his brethren. They are becoming fragrant to those who succeed him in the work which he so suddenly laid down when he heard the great Master bidding him "Go up higher." May the number of such names be multiplied and their cheering influence abide.

Yet we have,—or at least have had,—more or less subscribers who are less happy in their relations to us than they might be. They could send fewer shadows and more sunshine here than they are sending, and have more of real light themselves after the budget is despatched. Their letters might be dipped in honey with mutual advantage. Though the number is small, it is larger than it needs to be. They seem to have forgotten some things that it is well to remember, or failed to learn some things that are profitable to be known, or neglected to apply some principles that are meant for daily use. They surely do not really mean to be unreasonable in their demands, nor unfair in their criticisms, nor unmanly in their policy. They must certainly prefer being right to being wrong. In their eyes straightforwardness must stand above trickery, honor above shrewdness, and magnanimity above self-seeking. Possibly all these persons have dropped out from our list with the passing away of the old year, or have been genuinely converted, so that the list is now a thoroughly clean one, and the names in it stand only for full integrity in dealing, for charity in judgment, for courtesy in intercourse, and for co-operation in the work which the *Star* aims to help forward. It is pleasant to hope that this may really be the case. Such an improved list would tend to make better managers in the office, and could hardly fail to result in producing a better paper. The number of these imperfect subscribers has always been limited of course; it is to-day an unknown quantity; and we shall be glad to have it represented by a 0 as soon as may be.

That we may not deal in generalities and mystery too much; that we may not leave anybody to apply a remark to himself which was wholly meant for his neighbor; and especially that we may not attach any blame to our present model subscribers that belonged only to those of other days, or to those who are now converted clean through, we will specify a few of the apparent imperfections that have appeared. We use the third person rather than the second.

Bro. A. seems a little impatient because he now and then finds in the *Star* an opinion different from his own. It may be that a point of doctrine is not stated to his satisfaction, or a principle belonging to political life seems to be misapplied, or a public man gets a compliment instead of a censure, or is frankly criticised rather than blindly endorsed. And so, instead of sending strong argument and clear evidence, he folds up a bitter or biting sentence that runs off into some thing like a threat of withdrawing patronage, wastes a three-cent stamp in addition to his time, and sends what convinces nobody, and leaves the impression that he is afraid of counter opinions, and is unwilling to listen to anything except the echoes of his own thought. The *Star* fully concedes Bro. A.'s right to differ from it; it makes no pathetic plea for its patronage; it invites fair argument, it never quarrels with manly dissent, and it believes the truth is more sacred than consistency and stronger than falsehood; but it cannot appreciate bad temper, it does not know how to surrender to a menace, and it never trades in the

market where convictions are bartered for greenbacks. Let brother A. try good natured logic instead of impatient protest, and he may quite convert us from the error of our ways,—or, which might be equally well, be thus converted himself.

Bro. B. has been inclined to fret and scowl because the solid meat of strong thought has been lacking in more or less of the articles. He thinks the poetry a misuse of room; the Family Circle department appears to him full of childish things; the items of denominational news seem often frivolous and prompted by immodesty, and more or less of the communications and editorials are pronounced "chaffy" or "thin." Possibly, nay, probably, he is right in part, but not wholly so. The heart-poem that has no message for him may set his wife's spirit sidgling into the air that has suddenly become peopled with life; his children may be struggling after God under the impulse of the story that has awakened a longing that will not rest in earthly things; the account of a quickening in some church that seemed ready to die may have filled his anxious pastor with new fervor and faith; and the article that yielded no magnetism for his brain, may have been like God's special message to some perplexed inquirer or some baffled soul. Bro. B. is a good thinker; but he might find real profit in anything that served to idealize his philosophic world, that rendered him more like the little child he was when Christ first gave him a welcome, that made him find in the genuine conversion of a soul something grander than appears in the discovery of a new planet, and that taught him to rejoice even in the truth that is revealed unto babes. The vigorous brain is good, but the simple and trustful heart is even better.

Bro. C. has found an opposite fault. He complains that the reading is more or less dry, hard and heavy; that it taxes his thought, puzzles his mind, compels him to stop and reflect, or sends him to his dictionary. He wants something that touches his feelings at once in every paragraph,—something that makes the tears start and sets him afire with glory and hallelujahs. He thinks the paper is too learned and too cold; that it has too much reasoning and too little fervor; that it deals too much with this life and not enough with the life to come; that it defers quite too much to reason and taste, and does not savor enough of the conference meeting and of Christian experience. Possibly. But there are some people who especially need to be taught to think and classify; to apply right principles to conduct; to learn something new in the great field of knowledge which God has spread out; to explain the things of the kingdom, and to give a reason for their hope to others. It may be less pleasant to study and grow wise than to give themselves up to mere stimulants and get happy; but a fresh and quickening thought might be really worth more than half a dozen spasms of emotion. It would not be amiss for him to pray:

"Not what I wish, but what I want.
Do thou, O Lord, in mercy grant."

It is a good petition, and Bro. C. would probably find the answer in harder brain-work and a new influx of ideas that added both to his wealth and his usefulness.

Bro. D. wants all the news in his paper, including fires, accidents, shipwrecks, robberies and murders; though to give it would fill the 48 columns with solid minion, and tire and perplex and annoy the reader with an excess of isolated incidents, that chiefly whetted curiosity but left the heart barren and the ideas in chaos.

Bro. E. seems to feel that he lays the denomination under immense and lasting obligations by taking the *Star*, instead of obtaining a great quantity and variety of reading matter for a very small price. He seems to forget how many persons are constantly at work to make up a paper that shall be a blessing to him and his family; that shall tell him of the progress of the gospel among his own people and in the world generally; give to him the best thoughts of many minds; render his Christian path more plain; stimulate his interest in religious things, and make him a stronger and truer man in all the higher relations of life. We are glad of Bro. E.'s patronage,—are obliged to him for every wise suggestion, and respect his honesty when he unfolds his ideas of newspaper management with such refreshing self-reliance, and flings out his criticisms as though they could not possibly rebound or fail of doing execution. But he has not bought dictatorship with his \$2.50,—he has only paid a moderate price for 52 papers. He means well even when he criticizes badly; but if he were modest enough to suggest respectfully where he is wont to complain dictatorially, he would probably say wiser things, and certainly be heard with more deference.

Bro. F. carries his habit of bantering over prices into his dealings with the *Star* office; and his unfortunate habit is plainly contagious. He wants his paper for \$2.00, and looks surprised and writes unamiably because he is told that the terms have been conscientiously fixed as low as possible; that we have but one price, and deal with all alike.—His next neighbor, Bro. G., delays payment till the end of the year, and then pretends to be wounded because he is reminded of his debt, and says some things that prudence never dictated and that charity will not repeat, because he is charged \$3.00,—just as he was told he would be.—Mr. H.,—who is Bro. F.'s cousin,—sends \$2 to renew his subscription for the year, knowing the terms to be \$2.50, puts in a stamp and says: "If you are ready to take what I send, all right; if not, return the money and take my name from your list." There is a little shrewdness in this proceeding, a bit of desperation, and a good deal of something else which we will not now call by its real name. The expedient fails; the money goes straight back.

Mr. I.,—brother-in-law of Mr. H.,—whose earnest Christian wife has found such

a comfort in reading the paper and has offered to do almost anything rather than lose its visits, finds that there was a failure to change the figures on his label the week after he had renewed his subscription, though everything was right on the books; and so he sits down while his vexation is active and writes,—"Stop my paper." Fortunately he was too excited to date his letter or sign his name; the sober second thought and the grievous face of his mock wife make him ashamed of what he has done; and the arrival of his paper the next week finds him frankly confessing his folly, countermanding the nameless order, asking an explanation which is promptly made and proves satisfactory, and then he shows himself a man, brave enough to utter that hardest of sentences,—"I was wrong." He doesn't repeat his error, and we count him a fast friend of ours without hesitation after this. His example of punctual pre-payment is likely to profit his relatives, since he makes no secret of the added pleasure which he finds in reading a paper for which he does not owe, and whose label looks out upon him from the margin every week like a silent congratulation.

It is but a handful of such trying subscribers that we have when compared with the whole number. Even these grow less. We are daily looking for the conversion of the last member of the company.

Of the great host who send words of thankfulness along with the money; or mention some article that did the heart good; or express the hope that we and they may meet in the flesh, or if not, assure us that they will hasten to inquire us out the first day we are both in heaven; or write us that our names are spoken in their prayers; or ask us to pen something that will meet the case of a friend for whose salvation they are longing; or treat us to a piece of thoughtful criticism; or courteously not inquire whether some new feature would render the paper even better than it is; or send in a list of new names that have been secured by a little resolute effort; or tell how the money which pays for the paper was laboriously earned or economically saved; or mention the satisfaction with which a sick friend, ripening for heaven, has listened to the weekly reading of the *Star* for years;—of these subscribers, and such as these, we cannot speak without husky voices nor think of them without dimmed eyes. May they be spared long to us and the world; may we deserve to have the number multiplied; may the paper bear to them a blessing that shall make them prize its coming like a messenger of good, and prompt them to seek a place for it in every home where such a visitor is needed.

Shall we Compromise?

The different views entertained upon the subject of plagiarism by the English and American pulpits are well known. In this country the preaching of other men's sermons, or any portion of them, without giving credit, is done rarely and then usually stealthily; in England the practice is common, and no special attempt at concealment is made. Here the least suspicion of plagiarism is resented, while he who is proved guilty of the practice, loses caste and quite as often his place; there, no particular sensitiveness is manifest, and no one seems disposed to cast the first stone at the offender. Whether the English or the American view of the subject is the preferable one, and calculated to contribute most to the glory of God in the salvation of souls, does not, from our stand-point, admit of a question. With the volume of inspiration in our hands, the book of nature all unfolded and the Holy Spirit as the interpreter, the minister must have low notions of his facilities and capacity, who fails to bring forth for himself constantly things both new and old from God's great storehouse of truth. He who does less than this scarcely fails to sin against God and himself. So decided indeed were the convictions of the American clergy on this question, and so proud were they of their position upon it, that it had come to be considered as definite and finally settled.

In view of these facts, we were not a little surprised to find in the initial number of *Heart and Home* an article by Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., of New York, in which he revives the discussion of the question and proposes what may be termed a compromise between the English and American practices. After referring to the opinions held concerning it in the two countries respectively, and complimenting the high standard and conscientiousness of American preachers, he inquires:

But while adhering to this standard of clerical and literary honor, may it not still be possible and proper for clergymen to use occasionally the sermons of others, for their own relief, and to the advantage of their congregations? If this is done with an open acknowledgment, all offense against honor is removed; and if done with judgment and timely adaptation, might not the reading of borrowed sermons give a pleasing and useful variety to the preaching, especially in parishes where opportunities of hearing strangers are infrequent?

To make these carefully stated and well guarded queries appear the more plausible, Bro. Thompson instances the example of one of the most popular preachers of Boston who recently read in course, to his congregation, on an extra week-day service, Liddon's Bampton lectures on the Divinity of Christ. The inference which he would have drawn is, that if this experiment was successful, a similar thing may be attempted upon a more extensive scale, and that what was done under extraordinary circumstances, at a special week-day service, may be attempted on the Sabbath. As we view the subject the inference is illegitimate, and the practice to which countenance is sought to be given would be unwarrantable and mischievous.

What assurance have we that if the method proposed were once adopted, the practice could be confined within the prescribed limits? If ministers plagiarize now, when

public opinion is so strong against such a course, what might they not be expected to do then? If, under these circumstances, there should be a slight gain in the literary quality of sermons, what assurance have we that there would not be a corresponding loss in the effectiveness of them? Would not the inevitable tendency of such a course be to destroy the present character and standing of the American pulpit? Would not study come to be regarded as less necessary, and reliance upon God and the aid of the Spirit less indispensable? And would not the more intelligent portions of our congregations soon desert the sanctuary, choosing rather to make their own selection of sermons and read them at home?

These are only a few of the many questions which might be asked in reference to this subject, but they are sufficient to indicate that the adoption of the practice recommended would be not only unsafe, but positively dangerous. We are not prepared in this day of progress and high culture to exchange our present and efficient pulpit for the common-place, if not, "imbecile," one of the church of England. We are not yet ready to abandon the present "good old way" except for one promising larger and better results. And that a proposition to do so should come from him who has been considered one of the ablest and most efficient of American clergymen, is something which we cannot well understand.

Current Topics.

DEFECTS IN MANUSCRIPT. While bad spelling and bad syntax are among the more common faults of newspaper contributors and correspondents, they are not always the more perplexing and annoying. Some writers will persist in abbreviating certain words, making *t* stand for *the*, *a* for *and* and *ch* for *church*. Others sometimes commence a sentence with a word expressing a number with figures, instead of writing the word in full, as 25, instead of *twenty-five*. There is still another class, far too numerous, who, we should judge, are not aware that there is more than one punctuation mark, or at least they seldom use more than one, and this is a *dash*. It takes the place of the comma, semi-colon, colon, period, interrogation point and all. However slight these defects may be when each is considered by itself, yet in the aggregate they occasion much labor and perplexity on the part of the editor, which might be avoided should writers seek to acquire habits of greater accuracy. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

AN UNWARRANTABLE INFERENCE.—From the fact that a man who was immersed in the Platte River, some time since, died immediately after the ordinance was administered, some pedit-baptists are disposed to draw the inference that immersion is not approved of God. A moment's reflection, however, will lead all unbiased minds to see that such a conclusion does not follow. Individuals have been known to die while sitting, standing and walking. Ministers have died in the pulpit while preaching or immediately after the conclusion of their sermons; and in view of these facts would it seem at all strange that a man should die immediately after immersion? As instant death in the one case is no argument against preaching, why should it in the other be cited to prove that a particular mode of baptism is not of divine origin?

PRAISEWORTHY. Referring to the anti-tobacco reform, the leading Baptist organ of New York city states that, notwithstanding the common use of tobacco among ministers of the gospel has been frequently deplored and protested against by brethren of a reforming turn of mind, it has heard of no organized or combined movements among the ministers of its denomination for the suppression of tobacco or its use. It says however:

But we do know of a remarkable number of heroic personal conflicts with old tobacco habits among these brethren, and of some decisive victories won, within the last four or five months,—victories which have given freedom to those who had been in bondage for half a lifetime, besides adding many pounds of an improved quality of flesh to their weight, and a larger number of joys to their reanimated spirits. We must not give names just at present; for some of our friends are in the first stages of the emancipating movement, and two or three of them, we are sorry to say, seem to be in doubt whether to go forward or to go under. But we hope for the best with respect to them, as we have better reason to do of the much larger number who have put their hands to this new plow. Before long we expect to announce the formation of the No Tobacco League, with the Lee avenue pastor for its president, the First Brooklyn pastor for its vice-president, and the Hanson-place pastor for its secretary—three brethren who only need a little more time to complete their own freedom to be every way fitted for the honorable positions to which we hope to see them called.

This looks decidedly encouraging, and it is possible that there are pastors in other denominations who would do well to follow the example set by these Baptist pastors. The prize to be obtained is well worth all the effort it costs. What Christian minister would not strive to free himself from bondage to a filthy habit? The fact that nearly eighteen million dollars of Internal Revenue tax has been collected on the sale of tobacco, during the past year, is a sufficient occasion of alarm.

WORK AND ITS METHODS. Mr. Moody, of Chicago is awake, awake, energetic man with his sympathies fully enlisted in the service of the Master. While his methods of labor are in some respects peculiar to himself, they are nevertheless effective in producing results. The following paragraph which we copy from an exchange, presents a vivid picture of the man, and is at the same time suggestive of the expedients to which he resorts. Many a Christian laborer would do well to imitate more of his spirit:

D. L. Moody said that in Chicago, by the help of the churches, every family was visited once in thirty days. We have, said he, more Sunday-school scholars in proportion to the size of the city than can be found in any other place in the Union. Our churches—many of them—are too fine. You can never reach the masses with operatic singing. Three or four unconverted people singing in a gallery are enough to make any one keep away from church. A man who knows how to preach can draw a crowd, and where there is a crowd poor folks will come. When Mr. Spurgeon preached at Agricultural Hall in London, men came barefooted to hear him preach. In Chicago we send out men with cheap handbills, inviting the people to come to church. I had rather preach to those who hang around billiard saloons, said he, than to hardened sinners who have heard theology for fifteen or twenty years.

AM. COLONIZATION SOCIETY. Rev. J. K. Converse, agent of this Society, sends us a communication, too lengthy for publication this week, stating that 2,300 Freedmen have applied to that society for the means of emigrating to Liberia, where they prefer to find a home, and share and contribute to the civilizing agencies that are now effectually at work in that African colony. The society is in need of funds that it may respond to these calls, and enlarge its facilities for sending out those who desire to settle in the land from which their ancestors came. The calls for aid multiply and grow urgent, while the society has a treasury nearly empty. Liberal contributions are solicited, which may be sent to Dr. Lowe, Dover, to John S. Rand, Esq., Portsmouth, N. H., or to the Agt., Rev. J. K. Converse, Burlington, Vt.

THE AM. ECCLESIASTICAL AND EDUCATIONAL ALMANAC for 1869, prepared by Prof. A. J. Schemm, will appear during the present month. It is a work of great value, epitomizing all the important religious movements of the past year, giving the statistics of the prominent religious denominations, a view of missionary and educational undertakings, &c., &c. It is a treasure of information such as ministers and intelligent laymen will find of great practical value. Published by F. Gerhard, 15 Dey St., New York. Price, 50 cts.

Denominational News and Notes.

The Mission in Cairo.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR IT?

Since the loss of our buildings in Cairo by a wicked incendiary, as published, we have received from the friends of the mission many words of encouragement. Several have written, "Don't give up Cairo: go forward; and you shall have our prayers and money." For such inspiring words in this time of trial we are truly grateful. We give an extract of a letter from Bro. Hayes, dated Dec. 29, that will inform the reader of the present condition of the teachers and mission:

"My hand is so far recovered from the burn, that I will try to write you a line. Bro. Telford is recovering from his burns. Miss Carroll is also improving, she was burned very badly. Our neighbors have been very kind to us, bestowing many acts of kindness, from those unknown to us before. Our thanks are due to them all, especially to Mr. Reed's family, who kindly opened their doors to us on the night we were by fire turned out of our own houses. Mr. T. has been with them ever since, and no mother could excel their care for him. And in addition to this they have helped us to many household articles. The Rev. Mr. Morris's family very kindly cared for Miss C. even to the giving up of their own bed. The Rev. Mr. Dodge rendered us a very great assistance, and the families of Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Wardner and others have proved themselves friends in time of need.

Now that the smoke has cleared away, and the excitement is over, we can better estimate our loss. Our books, charts, maps, globe, and S. S. Library and the bell to the school-house are all lost. All of our household furniture, chairs, tables, stoves, refrigerator, carpet (a present from the ladies of Hillsdale) crockery, &c., &c., are also lost. The teachers suffer a great loss. Bro. T.'s loss is some \$100.00, Miss C.'s not less than \$60.00, and ours about \$100.00. The amount may appear small to many, but to us it is great. The fire spread rapidly, both buildings fell in less than forty minutes. The glass was broken by the heat in less than fifteen minutes after we were awakened.

Bro. Manning is at work on the old building we have bought, and will have it ready for school in a few days. Pray for us. May God move the people to give largely to this mission."

It is impossible for agents to visit but a few of our churches; hence, we rely on the pastors and the Quarterly Meetings to do it, hoping that no one will find an excuse for not doing something. The amount necessary to be raised is large for us in the West, but the West is accustomed to do great things, and a mission that has already added more than a thousand members to the denomination, the churches will never let die.

Dear friends, don't wait until a more convenient time to give, but attend to it the first opportunity. Those that intend to send boxes of clothing, provisions, &c., will please remember that every day delayed in forwarding, our teachers are suffering for the want of them.

Direct to Mr. P. C. Telford, Cairo, Ill., and if possible prepay the freight. Our correspondents are requested, for the present, to direct their letters to Cleveland, O.

A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

Winthrop—Boston.

Winthrop is a beautiful township, almost an island, and presenting many rare inducements as a summer resort. It has a population of about 900 inhabitants scattered over as many acres. At present there is but one organized church (Methodist) in the place, while individuals from several evangelical churches have united and are now holding union services in the town hall. The meetings are well attended. Rev. E. N. Fernald supplies the pulpit for

Poetry.

A Thanksgiving.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no ax may fall;
For the red leaves dropping like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the flocks of snow-white lilies
Firm-anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the eod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Where mighty waters nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high hearts prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'er written
With one dear name above;
For the heavenly in the human;
The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

—Lucy Larcom.

Gone Before.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amiable air,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel, but cannot hear.

The dimpled hands and ringlets of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a stainless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cold lead down in the dust;
There's a smile where once a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dark eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But O, it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

The Family Circle.

My First Tiger Hunt.

In the month of January, some few years ago, I was the guest of a hospitable East Indian coffee-planter, whose estate lay in the bamboo country of Coorg, some distance from the village of Veerjendpet, and thirty miles from the pretty hill-station of Mercara. He had again and again pressed me to visit him; and, at last, I had accepted his invitation, in the vague hope that I might, perhaps, find myself, for the first time in my life, taking part in a tiger hunt. Do not suppose for a moment that I was over anxious to indulge in that perilous sport. Had I been invited with the express purpose of taking part in it, I should in all probability have promptly declined the proffered honor; for, added to a wholesome dread of every kind of savage beast, I have a peculiar horror of the tiger tribe. At the same time I considered it to be the thing to have had experience in tiger shooting; and I think I had a floating notion that, if I could by any possibility be drawn into the sport at unawares, I should be relieved of all responsibility as to consequences, and rather enjoy it than otherwise. As it fell out, fate favored the half formed wish. One of the estate dogs had disappeared the week before, leaving a trail of blood, and a bullock had been killed on the road to Buttlawaddy. Our friend Fairfield's opinion that there was "big game" in the neighborhood seemed to be well founded. Upon the strength of that opinion, he dispatched a messenger to ask a neighbor seven miles off to join us with any hands he could spare, and such shikarees or hunters as were in his locality, to assist in beating the jungle.

In two days, Mr. Blank of Kuttalokoda, arrived with a dozen beaters and three shikarees. The latter had been footprints near Buttlawaddy, but were uncertain how far the beast had advanced in the jungle. Di-

recting them to take up the trail, and to report progress early, Mr. Blank joined us for the rest of the day in discussing the best mode of warfare to be pursued, should the shikaree be lucky enough to spot a tiger's lair. He, like Mr. Fairfield, was a strong, able man, a good shot, and experienced in hunting. Three rifles charged with ball, and three smoothbores with slugs, were laid aside ready for use, with spare charges and belts, to which were attached long Coorg knives—curved, broad-bladed weapons of the most formidable description—and the minor requirements of the chase. As far as weapons went, we felt equal to any occasion, if not separated or surprised, and hoped for the best, whatever might take place.

It was not till the afternoon of the next day that the scouts returned, bringing the intelligence that a tigress had been seen by a party of estate coolies entering a gap below the summit of a hill about five miles off, and, on examination of the locality, were certain that the brute with her young lay concealed where the coolies had pointed out. No time was lost in getting the beaters together, and starting for the spot.

The jungle was very thick, and for the greater part of the way we had to walk in Indian file. The low ground was swampy, and covered with bamboo leaves, and the higher rocky and uncertain. But, spite of an occasional tumble, to say nothing of tears and scratches, we got on in moderately good spirits, the shikarees leading, and Fairfield in the rear. It was a relief at last to come to the opening, although some distance had yet to be traversed. At a quickened pace we trudged along in the direction of a hill-side, where it was supposed the game lay, and after again enduring a tussle with branches and prickly vegetation generally, reached the spot just as the moon had risen, as if favoring our movements at the wished-for hour.

A little way above where we were, the ground was very rocky, and looked dangerous. The gaps pointed out by the coolies below the summit of the hill seemed covered with stones, tall grass, thick bushes and stumpy trees; and on inspecting closer, we could just see a cave mouth, in front of which a huge boulder from above had apparently fallen, and, breaking in twain, formed an admirable defense against attack from without. So narrow was the passage, indeed, that before one could have wound himself into it, a stroke of the inmate's paw, had he been there, would have laid him silent forever. A few yards off was another mass of rock, piled high up on the right, and in front lay the jungle. The ground was not to say steep, but stony and uneven, sufficiently so to make our footing uncertain.

To face our prey in the narrow limits of the den was not to be thought of. Setting the beaters to watch below, we warily ascended the hill-side until within twenty paces from the cave, when crouching behind the huge boulder that lay near the entrance, we waited with pieces pointing in its direction, while one of the shikarees imitated the cry of a kid—faintly at first, but gradually louder, as though the little animal was straying close at hand, and, innocent of danger, was offering itself as a tempting mouthful to whatever savage beast might pass that way. It was to no purpose; the tiger was either away, or lay asleep gorged with food in some dark recess in the cave.

We must have spent an hour in trying to frighten or coax her out, with no success. At last, Fairfield declared he would go forward, if a look-out was kept to prevent surprise from behind. Blank engaged to see to this, and I elected to join Fairfield. Advancing cautiously, and in readiness to fire, we crept behind the plants over the rocks at the entrance to the cave, and for a moment listened, to detect, if possible in which direction the inmates lay; but nothing could be heard. In stepping forward, Fairfield slipped, and caused a few loose stones to roll inside the den, the sound of which was followed by a low whine and scratching of the earth, indicating the proximity of something which, I confess, made me for a moment wish myself miles away—a feeling which I did not overcome until the excitement of penetrating the cave itself further rendered me more careless of consequences than I think I ever had been before. From a fissure at the upper end there came a distant sound of breathing, though scarcely such as a large beast would have made. It was too dense to see at the distance, so going forward about six yards, and taking a position right in front of the passage, we waited until one of the shikarees, under cover of our guns, crept a little way forward, and endeavored to ascertain what was really within.

"Baghan nabin, Sahib, bachcha hai," (Tigress gone, sir, but the young is here), he reported, and on working our way up to the passage we soon found, as he had said, two cubs about six weeks old lying together amongst a heap of bones, off which the absent parent had evidently been breakfasting not many hours before. To drag the little beasts out and leave the place before the mother returned was the next move, which was accomplished satisfactorily, although the whelps struggled, scratched, and bit with a fury which astonished me. The shikarees took them in charge, and placing them in a hollow farther up the hill, again prepared themselves to receive the mother on her return expedition.

Our intention was to give her a deadly welcome before she discovered her loss, which we knew would drive her into a reckless frenzy, and perhaps lead her to charge in the direction of the coolies, and, despite consequences, seize and crush whoever came first. These coolies numbered twenty, and were directed to proceed to a portion of the jungle some distance off, where one of the hunters thought it likely the tigress lay in wait. They were then to beat in the direction of the cave until the beast was seen or heard returning, when they might descend; but on no account were they

to lose sight of the trail. One of the shikarees headed the party to examine the ground, and warn us if the game were discovered.

As the cave led probably to some subterranean passage opening out in another direction, as is the case with several of these hills, it was advisable to cut off this way of escape, as well as to prevent a retreat to the jungle, where the odds would be against capture either dead or alive. To attain these ends, Fairfield and one of the hunters stationed themselves at the entrance behind a boulder, ready to fire on the first sight of the animal's head; while Blank and I, with the other shikaree, remained a few yards to the left, facing the direction in which, if frightened by the beaters, the tigress would approach. And there we sat watching. It was a full hour before the sound of the beaters was heard. For a little while it was faint and irregular, manifesting uncertainty as to procedure; but suddenly the "tom-tomming" grew louder and louder, denoting success, and continued for, I should say, half an hour in unabated vigor, when the sharp crack of a rifle sounded through the jungle—either the warning signal, or a rash attempt to bring the game down prematurely. We had all been on the alert, and were now doubly so, as the crisis, apparently, was close at hand. In a few moments the keen ear of the shikaree caught the sound of a rapid movement in front of us, and as he spoke I could myself hear the approach of a heavy body forcing its way through the jungle. Then there was a rush and a crash of branches, and a gigantic tigress sprang on to the rock at the cave's mouth. In a second three barrels were discharged, and sent her reeling back from the entrance with an appalling roar. A volley of slugs followed. Though staggered, however, the little beast was by no means brought down. Recovering herself in an instant, she turned to bay, and with flaming eyes and gleaming jaws, was rushing straight upon us, when she was sent reeling and rotting back again with the contents of the remaining barrels in her body. Not yet discomfited she turned to the cave's mouth, when her quick eye detected Fairfield and the shikarees behind the boulder, and, with a wild shriek of pain and passion, she fell upon them.

To rush in with knives and ax was the work of a moment; but already the planter had been seized, and was borne down in the brute's grip; while his companion, blind with blood and fury, had thrown himself on the tigress and dealt blow after blow with his broad Coorg knife wherever it would pierce. We joined him, but it was long doubtful who had the mastery. The brute turned now upon one, now upon the other, and in the mean time was being stabbed and lacerated in all directions. We almost wallowed in blood. How long it lasted I know not; but there came a pause, and the struggle was over.

Fairfield lay motionless, with torn arms, and his light hair and face thickly coated with gore; a huge paw fixed to his shoulder, his hands mangled and one leg under the carcass. Across the body lay the shikaree, still clutching the handle of his knife, which was buried to the hilt in flesh. An ax was deep in the brute's skull—the work of Blank who with the others sat breathless by the body, looking terror-stricken and speechless at the hideous heap that lay there.

On recovering from the shock, we extricated Fairfield, and as gently as possible laid him on a bed hastily prepared with every garment we could spare. The insensible shikaree was then laid at his side, and the others set out for assistance. Blank was not much hurt, neither was I; but, as far as we could judge, Fairfield and his companion, if not dead, seemed to have little life left. It was past midnight before the doctor reached the place, and by that time the patients were sensible but unable to move. On examining the wounds, he expressed himself satisfied that, although both cases were serious, hopes might be entertained of recovery. He was right; but it was full two months before either Fairfield or the shikaree could get about to their work again.

The Little Lamps.

I know two or three boys and girls who have, I hope, repented of their sins and given their hearts to God; and I want them to remember now that they are like little lamps that hold the precious light of God's grace.

In ancient times, lamps, with oil in them, were lighted and placed on candlesticks. Some of these lamps were costly and beautiful, and rested upon tall, golden candlesticks adorned with precious stones; others were small and plain, and placed on coarse, cheap candlesticks; but all were for the same purpose—to give light to those around them.

Now every child, who has grace in his heart is a lamp. He may be a very plain and humble one, and his situation in life may be very plain and humble too; but he is to give light to those around him—not by talking and preaching, not by reproving others, but simply by a living right. He is to show by his own conduct that he has light in him; he must be humble, for he is simply the plain little lamp; but he has the grace of God in his heart, and he is to "let his light shine," that "others, seeing his good works, may glorify not him, but God."—*Children's Friend*.

A Mother's Influence.

A college student, not a professor of religion, was accustomed to kneel down and pray before retiring to bed. His roommate, who was prayerless and profane, speaking of it, said:

"It's on account of a promise he has made to his mother. I suppose!"

Of his room-mate's praying, he spoke thus sneeringly; but his conjecture was probably correct.

Happy are those sons whose mothers

teach them to pray, and whose influence over them, on account of a pious example, is so powerful that they are constrained to do as they have been taught.

The young man who was not ashamed to pray, even in the presence of his irreligious room-mate, has been for years a member of the Presbyterian Church, was joined in marriage to a pious lady, and fills with honor a high station connected with one of our state governments.

The other who made light of a mother's holy teaching, was a young man of talent and a good scholar, but after leaving college he failed to occupy a prominent position among men. He died a few years ago probably as he had lived, a scoundrel.

To a pious mother's influence many of our best men trace their elevation in the world.—*S. S. Times*.

Literary Review.

GREATER BRITAIN: A record of travel in English-speaking countries during 1866 and 1867. By Charles Westworth Duke. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1868. 12mo. pp. 561. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The demand for books of travel must be very great, or else there must be an over-supply that keeps the market constantly glutted and the shelves of bookstores loaded with unsalable material. Every year brings us many new volumes. But stories of travel are always entertaining when told with vividness and spirit and skill. Travelers multiply, and they who have seen much of the world have generally acquired an appetite for such narrations, and are wont to read with special interest the record which other tourists have made of their feelings and impressions in familiar fields. Mr. Duke has run over a large part of both continents, has seen most of what is notable, has always carried with him a keen eye, a genial spirit, an independent judgment, a habit of rapid generalization, and a mental vivacity that apparently never gets exhausted; he writes with a pen that paints when it touches the paper, and makes a response whenever its products come in contact with the reader. He has no dull pages. Every paragraph is alive. He is always crisp, racy and exhilarating. He deals very rarely with statistics or with grave and philosophical questions. He is varied, versatile, self-reliant and capricious, and means always to hold attention. He is not uniformly careful in his statements, and every now and then sins against exactness. He is too fond of superlatives. His determination to make every character, scene and experience supply something in the form of entertainment for his reader, predisposes him to use high colors, to make heavy drafts upon superlative terms, and to deal rather freely in exaggeration. The very opening chapter illustrates this tendency. Sailing through Hampton Roads to Norfolk, in the spring of 1866, he says, "We nearly ran upon the wrecks of the Federal frigates Cumberland and Congress; . . . soon after, by a sort of poetic justice, we almost drifted into the black hull of the Merrimack herself." Walking the streets of Norfolk, "not a white man could be seen, but hundreds of negroes were working in the sun." Going up the James River, they sail "almost between the very masts of the rebel privateer Florida." But in spite of this quality the book is one well worth reading; and the accounts of life in Polynesia, Australia and India, through which Mr. Duke will supply not a little information of just the sort that pleases and entertains while it answers the inquiries of the thoughtful.

Tobacco and Alcohol. I. It does pay to smoke. II. The Coming Man will drink Wine. By John Fiske, M. A., LL. B. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869. 12mo. pp. 163. Sold by E. J. Lane.

Parton has found a confident critic and an open and resolute antagonist in Mr. Fiske, and the general verdict of medical men and the experience of hosts of victims are boldly challenged in the name of science, and assailed with logic and evidence. That Mr. Parton wrote somewhat loosely upon the subject of Tobacco was obvious enough on reading his essay; that Mr. Fiske is a much better physiologist than the latter is undoubtedly true. There is an ingenious argument advanced here in favor of a careful and discriminating use of Tobacco and Alcohol in the form of indulgence; much learning and considerable logic are arrayed against the total abstinence; but we suspect fallacies and inconclusiveness where we do not feel competent to argue the question from the physician's plane. We are sure that this wise and healthful use, if there is any such use, of the two articles in question, for which Mr. Fiske pleads, is for the great mass of men, simply impracticable and impossible;—first, because there is a lack of knowledge; and, second, because there is a lack of self-control. To tell men that moderate smoking and drinking are safe and wholesome, is to put them on the path along which all the drunkards of the century have walked to their present sottishness, and which leads to delirium tremens and a terrible grave that opens before its time. The Massachusetts Legislature framed the very opinion which this book advocates into a law less than a year since; the result is that the State became so demoralized and the work of ruin went on so rapidly as to strike terror into the hearts of brave men, and raise the cry for reform in the very circles where license had been glorified. Mr. Fiske has shown real ability in his book, as Gov. Andrew did in his plea; but the reputation which the author may acquire will not probably be more desirable than that which accrued to the advocate. There is no lack of courage in either case; the wisdom displayed will be held at a decided discount.

THE PROVERB SERIES. I. Birds of a Feather. II. Fine Feathers do not make fine Birds. III. Handsome is that Handsome does. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Sheward. 1869. 16mo. pp. 285, 174, 323. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The publishers have here given us three most excellent juveniles, uniformly bound, and constituting the first installment of a new set of books to be known as the Proverb Series. When completed the set will comprise six volumes; and, judging from what is before us, they are almost sure of a prompt welcome and a rapid and prolonged "run." Mrs. Bradley, who is well and favorably known as a writer for the young, is the author of two of these books, and Kate J. Nelly, who is by no means a stranger to the children, puts her best qualities of brain and heart into the other. They are books to be cheered on their successful way with hearty and grateful words.

A RAINY DAY AT SCHOOL. Illustrated. By Mada. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1868. 18mo. pp. 194.

HOWITT'S PICTURES FOR THE YOUNG. Liberal. Illustrated. Same Publishers. Quarto.—pp. 68.

Our readers will not fail to recognize this new publishing firm as one sustaining intimate relations to our Printing Establishment. The members of it have had a long and successful experience in the book-selling business, and now they enter upon a still more important department of labor at 33 & 40 Cornhill, while withdrawing no attention from that portion of the work wherein they have heretofore shown their efficiency. These two juvenile volumes are pleasant and

attractive. The Rainy Day at School is a collection of wholesome stories, strung upon the thread of a school-life narrative, in which quite a company of children figure, where various sorts of characters appear, and through which wholesome lessons are taught and noble traits exalted. It ought to beguile the tediousness of many rainy days and add to the pleasantness of many bright ones. When it is said that Pictures for the Young was written by Mary Howitt, that it is in her happiest vein, that the illustrations are large and many and full of spirit, and that it is got up in a style such as the Holidays call for, it will have received sufficient praise from us. The compliments of the eager and bright-eyed children who look it over and read it will do the rest.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE RADICAL for January appears somewhat enlarged, it is printed with new type, its mechanical excellences are many and obvious, it shows the fruit of brain, its grit is unquestionable, its quiet assumptions do not lessen in number, and it does not appear to increase at all in reverence for what most men hold sacred. Now, as heretofore, the only thing which its contributors have in common is a spite against whatever is specifically Christian, and a settled purpose to dislodge Jesus Christ from his position as the recognized Lord and Redeemer of mankind, and to substitute Theism or the Absolute Religion for the Christianity of the New Testament. They are one in their protests and denials, but when they would define a positive theology one might well be pardoned for thinking that chaos had come again. The magazine represents a phase and type of thought that is, however, neither uncommon nor insignificant; and the Christian philosopher and scholar is not wise or safe when he ignores its existence, or sneers at its challenge, or fails to ask whether it is drifting, or what deposits it is likely to leave. Neither a dignified silence nor a gesture of horror will suffice. It shoots above the heads of the masses now, but it is likely to be brought down to their level at no distant day. At present they are chiefly emboldened by its denials; hereafter they will seek to fortify themselves by employing its logic.

Its cool, egotistic criticism would be simply amusing if it were not for the scolding and the mischievous which it carries. The leading article in this issue is a lengthy protest against Christ's claim to be the center around which the religious faith and service of men must cluster. The writer will have no such centrality for human thought and love. He says, "this intermediary is thrust in to forbid the natural contact of the spiritual faculties with their innermost resource." That may be hard to understand; but there can be no dispute about his meaning when he adds,—"it would seem as if there was need his [Christ's] very name should pass into silence, till man can free himself at least into self-respect." But it is not likely that "the name which is above every name" will soon die out from the air of the world which is being saved by the grace for which it stands. And they who have been quickened from the death in trespasses and sins by the power of him who bears that name, are not in much danger of sympathizing with the somewhat bitter and wholly extravagant statement, that the undue exaltation of Christ "has ended in rejecting to the side of evil and the doom of wrath every natural faculty of man."

An indirect but conclusive reply to this plea, that Christ's work of purchasing forgiveness and inspiring hope and effort is neither real nor needed, appears in the beautiful and touching poem which follows this egotistic essay, entitled "Failed," and which we would quote without abridgment here and now if we had space for it. It shall find room soon, and so show how even The Radical's heart, in its hour of introspection, bursts out in a prayer that overthrows in an instant the strongest logical fortifications that the defiant brain can fashion during years of audacious reasoning over the things that are too high for it. We deplore the base which appears in the essay; we rejoice over the antidote carried by the poem. An evil spirit seems to trouble Mr. Samuel Johnson; the music of the nameless singer seems well fitted to drive it away. There are some good articles full of seed thoughts, though these are likely to be packed in among scepticisms that are smutty and give out bad odors. Boston: Adams & Co.

THE NEW ECLECTIC MAGAZINE commences its fourth volume with the issue for January, improved in appearance, and showing even an added skill in giving us a good resume of the higher class of literature. The selections are mostly from foreign periodicals, though some of the brief papers originated on the other side of the sea. It is a good thing, richly deserving patronage on the ground of its own intrinsic merits. Baltimore: Turnbull & Murdoch.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for Dec. appears in good time and keeps its well-known qualities. Its lighter and its more solid articles are always written with vigor, point and skill. Its sketches of the reign of George III. are admirable pictures, full of color, tone and spirit; the clever and bantering satire of Corneilus O'Dowd has a flavor of a rare sort; and its formal reviews are, in their way, of a high order of magazine literature. New York: L. Scott & Co.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY opens its new volume in a way that challenges competition. Always excellent, it is now larger, better and more beautiful than ever before. With 18 large quarto pages of excellent reading matter, 25 pages of choice music, and 48 pages in all, even execution should say "It is enough," and economy could hardly find fault with the payment of \$3.00 per year. There is nothing in its line that compares with it. New York: J. L. Peters.

THE THEOLOGICAL ECLECTIC enters upon its sixth volume with the issue for January; it will hereafter appear monthly, and the price is reduced to \$2.50 per year, in advance. This number has 52 pages, and they are filled with solid meat. New York: Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE enters upon its One Hundredth volume with this issue of January 2, with an increase in its solid attractions, if that is possible. That it is a thesaurus of literary information and excellences, every one who reads it will be forced to concede. No other publication attempts as much as this, and of very few is there room for so little complaint of the disparity between the promise and the performance. A collection of its volumes would richly deserve to be called a library. Boston: Littell & Gay.

EVERY SATURDAY is secure against dullness and unpopularity so long as it is made up with the good judgment and good taste which provide over the work of selection. Dickens, Froloffe and other names eminent in literature lend their aroma to its mental dishes, and impart a real charm to the weekly feast which is spread by drawing upon the choicer sources that lie in the fruitful land beyond the sea. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE has been dressed up afresh, so that its appearance is greatly improved; and if it was not as good as it could well be before, it is good enough to satisfy every reasonable demand now. Boston: Joseph H. Allen.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Sights at the Capital.

The letter of our Washington correspondent came too late last week for insertion, but we print below the most of it, which is devoted to objects of general interest found in Washington. Thus he writes:

NEW ORNAMENTS IN THE CAPITOL.

Let us walk into the rotunda of the Capitol and take a look at Horatio Stone's statue of Hamilton. This is a recent accession to the ornaments of that building. It is of life size, cut from the Italian marble, and finished with great care. It represents Hamilton with more stoutness of body than we had supposed he possessed, and the outline of the face is squarer than represented in his portrait in the President's room. The costume is that of the revolutionary period—big waisted coat and small breeches—and seems a little too much elaborated in the matter of wrinkles. He must have had a poor tailor if his breeches wrinkled as badly as the artist represents. The chief difficulty, however, which seems to beset this artist is the management of the arms of his figures. He has succeeded better in this attempt than in his statue of John Hancock (also in the Capitol), but there is something more of ease and naturalness of position of the arms to be desired in both statues.

THE NEW BRONZE DOOR.

Bidding adieu to Mr. Hamilton, let us proceed to the east front of the Senate wing and examine the new bronze door just put in position. We have now a bronze door in each wing of the capital costing thirty or forty thousand dollars each. That on the House side was designed by Randolph Rogers, and cast at Munich, Germany. This on the Senate side was designed by Thomas Crawford, and was intended to be cast abroad also. The models were shipped for this purpose in the early part of the rebellion, but the rebellion occasioned such distrust of our solvency that the foreign founder would not undertake the work unless the government would first deposit the gold for the payment. The models were therefore ordered to be re-shipped, and arrived in this country greatly injured by reason of improper package. After they were restored as well as might be, the casting was undertaken and performed at Ames's Foundry, Chicopee, Mass. These doors are naturally enough contrasted to ascertain the comparative excellence of foreign and American founders. The door on the Representatives' side is more elaborately ornamented, and has greater utility of design than the new door. It presents but a single subject—the history of Columbus. The Senate door, on the contrary, presents a variety of subjects. One panel or valve represents the death of Warren at Bunker Hill. Another the reprimand of Lee, by Washington at Monmouth. Another the gallantry of Hamilton at Yorktown. Another, the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol by Washington in his Masonic capacity. Another, the first inauguration of Washington. Another, the ovation to Washington at Trenton, N. J. Two others represent War and Peace. It will be seen, therefore, that the design lacks the perfection which springs from the unity of the parts, and in an artistic point of view, must take a lower rank than that of the other. So far, however, as the mechanical execution of the design is concerned it is nowise inferior, and demonstrates that we are not under the necessity of going abroad to procure the execution of designs of this character.

THE MEDICAL MUSEUM.

Now for the Medical Museum. This institution is principally the product of the war of the rebellion; and is still under the control of the medical Department of the army. It is kept in the building formerly known as Ford's Theater. Here Lincoln was assassinated. Immediately upon his assassination the government took possession of the building, and subsequently purchased it and entirely remodeled its interior. In the basement are kept so much of the rebel archives as were captured, and the upper portion is occupied by the museum. It is probably much the most extensive medical museum in the country. Here are specimens and illustrations gathered from all the army hospitals during the war, demonstrating that the advancement of surgical skill during the war kept pace with the advancement in other departments. Here are thousands of specimens illustrating the effect of shot or shell upon every important bone of the human frame, and the peculiar effect of each kind of missile. In many cases the missile is still sticking in the bone, or is mounted with the specimen on which it wrought its work of destruction. Diseases of the bones, of the digestive, secretory, respiratory, circulating, and all other organs, are exemplified by specimens, casts, photographs and drawings. The illustrations of what has been done to remedy and alleviate the casualties and diseases incident to war, are equally full. Here are models of the best arranged hospitals, of the best ambulances, and of every instrument and appliance of the surgical art, which most approved themselves. Here are hundreds of plaster casts exhibiting the results of particular operations. Here are hands carved, down to a single finger and thumb, arms, legs, and feet, exhibiting every degree of loss by amputation and the degree of success that attended the operation. The medical man could spend weeks and months in this museum with interest and profit; but the effect of a visit upon one not of the profession is saddening. These poor relics of mortality are the representatives of an untold sum of human agony and misery. Upon the battlefield and in the hospital, for weary days and nights, their possessors were racked and tortured by pain till poor human nature could endure no more, and gave up the contest. Nor is it agreeable to perceive how open to assault at every point is this tenement we occupy, and how numerous and deadly are its foes. W.

Rural and Domestic.

Victoria's Model Farm.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE Philadelphia Bulletin writes from London

During the long drought, when every blade of grass was burned to a dead brown, and the cattle had no herbage to feed on, milk and butter were scarce, and the famous Devonshire cream could not be found. But we Americans went to head-quarters. The model farm laid out and completed under the supervision of the late Prince Consort, is about a mile from Windsor Castle. At the main lodge we received from the daughter of the keeper a permit to visit the dairy.

Approaching a beautiful cottage, as we supposed, in the center of a large garden, near the bottom of a hill, under a hazel tree, by a running stream, we could not imagine a dairy on a dry, level plain. But entering the vestibule, lined with marble half-way, and frescoed above with beautiful designs, we rang a bell, which was immediately answered by a woman past middle age, and neatly dressed, one of the queen's favorite servants. She ushered us into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly-carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with May blossoms, daisies, buttercups, and primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort, and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the Royal family and bas-reliefs of agricultural design, representing the Seasons, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All around the walls ran a marble table, and through the center two long ones, supported by marble posts, resting on basins through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the slabs of table are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is kept, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in from the metal buckets, lined with porcelain. The Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland; so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the "coming of the butter" without disturbing the cream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole was turned, made the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more are out grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners, more than dissatisfied to see rolls of golden butter and cans of cream sold from the model farm, for saving money for the Queen! I know the butter is sold, for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy.

A Battle Among The Bees.

A writer in the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* lately witnessed a battle between a mauling bumble-bee and the occupants of a hive which the former attempted to rob of their stores. The relation ran thus:

There are some very pretty stories told about the domestic bee swarming the honest bumble-bee, and robbing him of his hard-earned gains. Such tales are evidently the product of a warm imagination. I find several bumble-bees have forced themselves into my hives this season, doubtless for the purpose of plundering. Several were killed, and after a time, nothing was found but the bumble-bee, whose hairy covering was in general entirely removed, either during his fight with the bee, or by subsequent attempts on the part of the bees to remove him. On one occasion I saw a bumble-bee enter a glass hive, and, being curious to know how he would be received, I uncovered the glass, and had a pretty good view of the fight. He was attacked by dozens, perhaps hundreds of bees, who attempted to bite and sting, but apparently with very little effect. The bumble-bee, on the other hand, by means of his powerful mandibles, succeeded in killing or mutilating nearly a couple of bees before he succumbed. I, of course, felt very strongly inclined to move to the rescue; but my desire to see what the result would be, overcame my interest in the bees. After a time, however, my patience was exhausted on the bottom of the hive, which was completely strewed with the legs and wings of the occupants of the hive. I then covered the glass, and left the hive till next morning. By that time the bees had carried out their dead, so that I had not witnessed the fight, I should not have known that any damage had been done. Remedy. Never use large holes or wide slits as entrances to your hives. A long slit which just gives space enough for a drone to squeeze through, will keep out the bumble-bees, as well as mice and other large depredators.

Walking Horses.

The best gait a horse ever had for every day use is a good walk. It is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are not trained to walk in all of the Eastern States. Young America wants more speed. Kentucky has more good walking horses than any other state, for there horseback traveling has long been in fashion for men and women, over a country where muddy roads at times render any other gait impossible, and so horses have been bred for the saddle and trained to a walking gait. This is also the case in all of the Western States, and perhaps might have been so in New England when our grandmothers rode to meetings on a pillion behind our grandfathers. But one-horse wagons have put horseback riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare than one that can trot a mile in 2.40.

At the Springfield, Mass., Horse Show of 1890, the writer was one of the committee to award prizes to the two best walking horses. Out of seventeen entered, the committee found but one which was considered a first-rate walker. This was a Morril mare, which walked five miles an hour with ease. Two others were fair walkers, and the rest knew no gait that could be called walking. At the New York State Fair the same state of facts was again developed. A letter from Wisconsin says: "I think horses trained to walk fast would be a greater benefit to our farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk." I once knew a man in Massachusetts who, before the railroad was built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait, if he kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained. Will farmers think of this, and pay more attention to walking horses?—*Farmer's Home Journal*.

Lunar Photographs.

A correspondent of an exchange writes: On entering a Third Avenue street car in New York one morning last winter, at the Sixty-sixth street depot, I was pleased to find the floor strewn with rye straw. This car had stood up on the track during the latter part of the night, while the straw was in it. The frost upon the windows gave a perfect photograph of the straw, and every passenger looked with wonder and admiration upon the beautiful frost paintings. A few evenings since, in passing a water trough which stood under a young elm, I noticed—the moon being full—that the shadow of the tree was thrown upon the water. The next morning the trough was slightly frozen over, but behold, there was a perfect photograph of the drooping branches of the beautiful elm. Can you tell me how this was done? Has the moon gone into the photograph business for a long time past?

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending Jan. 6, 1898.

CANDLES.		MOLASSES.	
Moulds.....	17	Cuba, test.....	40
Sperm.....	50	do sweet.....	42
Adamantine.....	22	do Muscovado.....	43
COAL.		Cientago.....	47
Canal.....	50	New Orleans.....	52
Picton.....	50	NEW CASTLE OIL.	
Anthracite.....	11	Lard.....	24
COAL.		Linseed.....	27
Canal.....	50	American.....	27
Picton.....	50	Crude Sperm.....	27
Anthracite.....	11	do Whale.....	10
COAL.		Reined oil.....	15
Canal.....	50	SPECIALTY.	
Picton.....	50	Extra.....	15
Anthracite.....	11	Extra.....	15
COAL.		Neatsfoot.....	13
Canal.....	50	Paints.	
Picton.....	50	Lead.....	12
Anthracite.....	11	Am. dry, pure.....	12
COAL.		Ground, pure.....	12
Canal.....	50	No. 1.....	12
Picton.....	50	Zinc, ground in oil.....	14
Anthracite.....	11	No. 1.....	14
COAL.		Spanish.....	14
Canal.....	50	Vanilla.....	30
Picton.....	50	Yerba.....	30
Anthracite.....	11	Whiting.....	30
COAL.		Boston.....	30
Canal.....	50	French.....	30
Picton.....	50	Vanilla.....	30
Anthracite.....	11	Whiting.....	30
COAL.		Putty.....	30
Canal.....	50	Glue.....	30
Picton.....	50	Superfine.....	30
Anthracite.....	11	PETROLEUM.	
COAL.		Crude.....	18
Canal.....	50	Refined.....	18
Picton.....	50	Kerosene.....	18
Anthracite.....	11	Naphtha.....	18
COAL.		Beef.....	18
Canal.....	50	West.....	18
Picton.....	50	Eastern.....	18
Anthracite.....	11	Pork.....	18
COAL.		Clear.....	18
Canal.....	50	Mess.....	18
Picton.....	50	do other.....	18
Anthracite.....	11	Prime.....	18
COAL.		Lard.....	18
Canal.....	50	Lard.....	18
Picton.....	50	Hams.....	18
Anthracite.....	11	Pickled.....	18
COAL.		Hogs.....	18
Canal.....	50	PRODUCE.	
Picton.....	50	Apples.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13
Anthracite.....	11	do.....	13
COAL.		do.....	13
Canal.....	50	do.....	13
Picton.....	50	do.....	13