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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1869.

Failed.

My days I offer thee—
No chapel round and fair,
But broken, stained with tears, and threaded on despair.

How could it be, dear God,
A failure so complete
As this my life, which here I lay before thy feet?

Nothing from me withheld,
Not one good gift of thine;
And yet what offerings I place upon thy shrine!

A voice thou gavest me,
That I should speak thy praise;
Hands that should work for thee, feet that should walk thy ways;

And youth and strength and hope:
Work for my hands to do:
Days with thy opportunities filled through and through.

And no work done for thee!
My days no chapel fair,
But broken, stained with tears, and threaded on despair.

And as I offer it,
In deep humility,
My happier fellow-workers everywhere I see,

Through whom thy glory shines,
With lives all honoring thee,
And lives not half so rich as this thou'st given me.

And yet, I too would fail—
Ah God! thou dost require
That men should work for thee, and I—I but aspire.

Too many prayers, and still
Too little work—I stand
Before thee, God, to-day, my failure in my hand.

But take it—take it, Lord,
With useless tears though wet;
So, haply, it may win some use, some beauty yet.

—The Radical.

Matters in Europe.—A Letter.

PARIS, December, 1868.

There is but little news of importance to communicate this week. The Emperor, Empress and Court are still at Compiegne, surrounded by the third series of guests who have partaken of the Imperial Hospitality. Patti, before leaving for St. Petersburg will, it is said, give a concert, the profits of which are for a nucleus for the erection of a monument to Rossini. The baritone Gragiani who has been unwell for some time, fears returning to St. Petersburg; he will be replaced by Stella. The theaters are now attracting large audiences; chestnuts are being roasted at the corners of the streets; Soup Kitchens for the poor have been opened; Pere Hyacinthe has commenced his course of sermons at Notre Dame; old fancy dresses are being renovated by costumiers for the bals costumés during the carnival, all of which are sure signs that we are at that period of the year when extravagance and want, religious display and unchecked vice, are exposed to public view. At this season of the year the disaffected refrain from agitation; so that for weeks to come we are not likely to have much political excitement. Neither the musical nor financial worlds had recovered from the shock caused by the deaths of their idols, Rossini and Rothschild, when Paris was startled by the sad news received from Augerville, that the distinguished orator, M. Berryer, had breathed his last. By profession an Avocat, he was respected on both sides of the channel. In 1863, the 50th anniversary of his having exercised the profession of a barrister, a banquet was given in his honor by the Bar of France, and he was invited to a similar demonstration by the Barristers of England. Greatly to his own detriment in a pecuniary point of view, he left the Bar for the Tribune; but by all parties, friends as well as political opponents, he was respected and beloved.

It has often been remarked that the American traveler possesses a greater amount of comfort when visiting this capital than the Englishman, although the latter may be considered as within a stone's throw of Paris. The American Bankers offer their compatriots every facility for reunion, reading and writing rooms, an address for their letters, and other conveniences. For the Englishman there does not exist a place where these advantages are combined, and to which he can resort without fear of being considered

an interloper. That which the enterprise of the English has failed to effect, an American now offers for their acceptance. Col. Norton, the American Banker, has an English partner, so that English travelers will find themselves at home in Messrs. Norton and Co's new offices, at the corner of the Rue Scribe and the Place de l'Opera. The new offices are splendid, and fitted up on the American and English plan; the reading room, which is perhaps the largest on the continent, is supplied with newspapers from every part of the globe.

ITALY. Since the execution of Monti and Tognetti, the liberal press has been loud in reprimand. The Garibaldian journals have opened subscription lists in aid of their families. General Menabrea, President of the Council, has protested in parliament against the unforgiving rigor of the Pontifical Court, and indignation is general throughout Italy. The heir to the throne, Prince Humbert, when on his road to Naples, stopped at Perugia; he was received at the station by the authorities and is reported to have made a speech of much significance. He said: "I have been forced to change my route, so as not to find myself at Rome, where probably they will execute an iniquitous sentence of death, passed on patriots for political motives." The church property sold up to November 1st amounted to 155 millions francs, of which 73 millions have been paid.

PRUSSIA. M. Bismark will not return to Berlin for some days. The Council will be opened under the presidency of M. de Friesen. It is reported that Prussia and Austria joined France in urging on Prince Charles at Bucharest the necessity of respecting international treaties and the abandonment of an adventurous line of politics, a course of action which can alone insure the existence of the Danubian Principalities and secure the sympathies of Europe.

SPAIN. Notwithstanding the recent manifestation made by about 12,000 republicans at Madrid, on the 29th of November, and announced for repetition on the 13th instant, with the addition of deputations from the provinces, it is doubtful if the Spanish nation will establish a republican government. Victor Hugo has addressed a letter to Spain, urging the immediate abolition of slavery; he declares that to be complete Spain should have Gibraltar and relinquish Cuba. There are many candidates for the vacant throne, the Lisbon journals declare that the Duc de Montpensier is sure of success, the provincial journals favor the cause of Espartero. There are always persons willing to accept the good things of this life;—a respectable German has sent his portrait to the provisional government, together with a flaming description of his merits which, in his own opinion, are calculated to confer perpetual bliss on the people of any country which, by the blessings of Providence, may be confided to his paternal care.

TURKEY. There has been a great inundation at Medlin, nearly all the houses have been destroyed. The Ottoman government regards the change of ministry at Bucharest, with great satisfaction.

A Question.

Ought ministers to swear? "Who ever heard of one that did?" is the Yankee reply, indignantly uttered by every reader of this question; and we almost feel condemned for making the inquiry.

But if swearing consists in taking the name of the Lord in vain, then we greatly fear that those who frequent bar-rooms and saloons, who walk our streets with unsteady steps and pollute the midnight air with blasphemous words, are not the only ones at whose door lies this great sin. May we not become so accustomed to an evil that it shall cease to offend us? and may not good men thoughtlessly fall into error? Do we not often hear prayers from the pulpit, and sermons too, in which the name of the Deity is so often repeated as to lose all sacredness of meaning, and become merely an expletive or vocalized dash?

We are constantly told that the great want of the age is reverence. We believe it; and when we look for the causes we find, prominent among them, this flippant and irreverent use of God's name by those who are, or ought to be, "living examples, known and read of all men." We are far from saying that this is a fault of all ministers; we only claim that it is a fault, a crying fault of many. We have often noticed that those fall into this error most easily who, in their youth, spent little or no time in preparing for the sacred duties of their office, and who now are seldom found in their study.

No one can become a close student of the Bible; can wonder over its rich imagery or stand awe-struck before its bold denunciations; can trace the analogy between the Law as written upon the tables of stone and upon the fleshy tables of men's hearts; can understand the great plan of salvation, or drink even in finite draughts of the infinite depths of love as there revealed,—without being filled with reverence for its author. It is said that when Dr. Wayland uttered the name of the Deity, it was as if he stood in the very presence of the great white throne. And who that has ever listened to the wonderful pulpit eloquence of Prof. Park, the profound thinker and close student, but has felt, whenever he addressed his Heavenly Father, as if he heard the command, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,

for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

We have already said enough, perhaps too much; and we close as we began, "Ought ministers to swear?" N. F.

Chips.

Did you ever wonder that a sour, crabbed fruit tree became entirely changed by engrafting a little bud or scion therein, so as to produce sweet and delicious fruits? Even so the word of saving grace, engrafted into our depraved natures, makes us entirely new creatures, producing the peaceful fruits of righteousness. But did you observe the care of the fruit-grower to keep down the shoots of the old tree that are so sure to spring up, and if allowed to do so, to choke the tender engrafted scion? Even so must we keep our earthly natures in subjection, or the engrafted word becomes choked. With all the graces of a Paul he confesses that he has to labor unceasingly to keep his body in subjection, lest, after all, he be a castaway. Have you observed, too, how much easier it is to convert the young tree than an old one? See the workman with little labor graft the young tree, and it soon grows to appear as though it had always been good. But just look at the workman in that old gnarled tree. How much cutting away it requires to convert it. Just so, the earlier one seeks Christ the easier and better it will be. But does it not indeed appear singular that all the sap and strength of the tree which formerly went to produce the unprofitable fruits should now as readily support the graft producing good fruits? Even so all our powers, once enslaved to sin, now become subservient to the godly life and the reign of righteousness.

Devils once prayed that they might not be sent out into the deep; yet they entered the swine which ran into the deep, and thus all their prayers seemed to amount to was a roundabout way to that which they sought to shun. Even so the prayers and religious pretensions of wicked men will prove to be but a roundabout way to perdition.

Jonah, in disobedience to God, "took ship," but met a tempest which caused him to be cast into the sea. The disciples "took ship," in obedience to Christ, and though a great tempest came upon them, he who bade them go was present to still the tempest and calm the waves.

Some men have no faculty of employing themselves successfully only as driven by necessity, and then they must work under many disadvantages; while others so employ their leisure moments as to be never the slaves of necessity. The minister whose note-book is always at hand, and whose mind is always on the alert for facts, suggestions and illustrations, will thus avoid many a tedious hour of exhausting and fruitless study.

A man without a purpose is like a cistern that will hold no water. If he has no purpose to get wealth or wisdom, a thousand prices are put in his hand in vain. If he has no purpose to serve God, all religious helps and means of grace will fail to save him.

J. HAYDEN.

New York Wretchedness.

It has been truly said that one half the people in the world do not know how the other half live. That the higher classes, and especially the Christian element in these classes, are seeking out and trying to save those who are lost in the depths of degradation, is a cheering symptom. But while the effort at rescue is gaining in intensity and skill and sympathy, the influences that tend to destroy multiply and increase in strength. Sad as the picture of crime and wretchedness may be, it is needful sometimes to look and study them. For this reason we make the following extract from a letter sent to a Cleveland paper by one of the literary attaches of the N. Y. Tribune, who visited many of the dens of Water St. under the escort of a police officer. We have room only for the brief paragraphs below:

Imagine yourself descending through a sort of trap-door entrance into an underground cellar, only seven or eight feet high, its dingy walls and blackened ceiling dimly lit up by the filthy kerosene night-lamp which the old hag, who is proprietress, holds over her head to enable you to look around. At first you can see but little, but becoming accustomed to the gloom, you find that you are standing in a perfect maze of beds. Ranged round the room, as closely packed as possible, with a narrow open space down the middle, are 13 filthy dirty beds, all full. Look at the one nearest you. It contains an elderly man and a woman of at least five and twenty years of age. The old hag, who is inclined to be communicative, tells you that they are father and daughter. You shudder and pass on. In the next bed lies a fine, handsome-looking laboring man of 40, his brawny arms stretched out at right angles on the dirty bundle which does duty for a pillow, the head of a sleeping boy resting on each arm. Neither the father nor his boys have any other covering on them than the bed clothes. He is awake, and, in a tone of voice, which implies a certain feeling of shame at being seen in such a den, he informs you that he once had a comfortable home of his own. "But my

wife, sir, took to drinking; she sold my little bits of furniture one after another; then all my clothes, with the exception of what I had on; and, finally, she stole my tools—and here I am. But, fortunately for me, she died last 30th of July." And with a deep sigh, he added—"Ah! sir, she was a bad woman." Beyond this poor fellow are three strapping young men, all sleeping heavily. And then there is another shocking sight—a man, his wife, and their grown-up son, fast asleep in the same bed. But why continue this dreadful tale of misery and unnatural degradation? It is the same sad story all around the room, and all around the neighborhood—men, women and children, many of them in a state of nudity, sleeping indiscriminately together.

While thinking over this scene, a perfect mass of mud and tatters, with a baby in her arms, came up and told a piteous tale of starvation and distress. How she had once a home of her own; how her husband had been ill for months; how this one misfortune had been the sole cause of their present condition. The woman's eye and chattering jaw told their own sad tale; she showed no apparent signs of being a drunkard, in fact her whole demeanor seemed to substantiate her statement. I asked her where she lodged. She replied that she lived in one of the underground cellars. "Let me see your husband," I said. We followed her into a hole in every way similar to those we had already visited, and a pitiable sight met our eyes. On one of those filthy beds lay a poor, emaciated fellow, who looked as though death would claim him in a few hours. My friend said to the woman, "If I give you some money, will you promise me not to spend a cent of it in drink?" She simply replied, "I will." He took a dollar bill from his pocket and placed it in her hand. She looked at it, she stared at it, she clutched it, and ejaculating, "My God," with fearful emphasis, rushed up the steps into the street without offering any thanks. Her poor husband, in weak tones, apologized for his strange behavior, saying, "We haven't seen the sight of so much money for weeks." This was certainly the most touching and heart-rending scene we witnessed in our wanderings that night. That dollar was, I feel sure, well spent.

Spain and Republicanism.

George W. Smalley, writing from Madrid to the New York Tribune, gives an interesting statement of the political situation in Spain, and thus states the arguments which have persuaded Gen. Prim, who is a Republican at heart, and others who would be glad to have a Republic established, that it will be expedient to have a monarchy rather than a Republican form of government:

There is to be no Republic—none by the aid of Prim or his colleagues, none if they carry through the policy on which they are bent. I am sorry to say this, but say it I must, for neither the knowledge nor the sincerity of my informant is to be questioned. Prim left England pledged to a Republic, he is still a Republican, yet he is beyond doubt going to establish a Monarchy—if he can. His friends and advisers, some of whom were more Republican than he, coincide with or perhaps suggest his anti-Republican policy. They all treat the question as one of necessity, not of expediency. They avoid their preference for a Republic, but declare it impossible. They insist on the Prim epigram, "You cannot have a Republic without republicans," as a sober statement of an incontrovertible fact. But there are Republicans I replied. You had to put them down at Cadiz. In many of the municipal elections last week they have beaten you. It is doubtful whether they have not an actual majority of the important towns. Yes, is the rejoinder, but a Republic implies intelligence. These men have voted from sentiment, from instinct, from horror of what they have suffered under a monarchy, from the dictation of leaders who put into their hands a ballot they could not read. When we say there are no Republicans, we mean no intelligent ones. Not ten in a hundred Spaniards can read. They know nothing of government, of politics. They must, of all things, be educated. Give them a Republic to-day, the same votes are likely to upset it to-morrow, when the first unpopular but necessary measure is passed. We mean to pass a law that after a fixed time, three or five years, no man over 30 or 35 who cannot read shall retain the franchise. We mean to set up schools, which shall make a Republic possible, for we do not admit that in postponing the Republic we are unfaithful to the democratic idea.

Europe will not tolerate a Spanish Republic—that is what Prim and his associates really believe, and they are not ready to throw down their glove in the face of the coalheaved monarchs north of the Pyrenees. The assassin of the Tuilleries, he who betrayed the French Republic dare not allow a Republic in Spain. Would he send 200,000 men to cut its throat—re-enact in Spain the tragedy of the Boulevards on the 3d of December? Probably not—if he did we should beat them," exclaimed the haughty Spaniard. But he would open the frontiers to the partisans of Isabella, to the Carlists, to the agents of Rome, to the malcontents of every party. With money and arms they would swarm over the north-

ern mountains and all across the line of Portugal. There would be an insurrection every week; no province would be quiet, commerce would languish and a reform of the finances become impossible. No government, and least of all an experimental administration such as a Republic must be at first, could be firmly established while they went on with the active assistance or the connivance of Napoleon. His means of mischief are incalculable, and he would use every one of them. A Republic would be a red flag flared in his face. Spain dare not enter on such a contest at this moment. She needs repose. Her finances are in a disorder which nothing but a settled government can restore. Any government will be intrigued against, but against a Republic all parties would unite. To maintain it in the face of such an opposition, backed by such support from without, is what no man who knows Spain would attempt at this moment. Numerous as the Republicans are, they include few or no men accustomed to affairs, able to administer departments, or whose names would command respect at home or abroad.

Events of the Week.

CONGRESS.

As usual, the more important subjects which have come before this body, are noticed in our Washington letter and our Congressional summary. The speech of Mr. Washburne is regarded as significant, since it is supposed to foreshadow in some degree the policy of the incoming administration. The speech of Gen. Butler in favor of inconvertible paper is eminently characteristic of its author, and will doubtless receive a wide and attentive reading, but it will, we believe, make but few converts to the startling and revolutionary doctrines advocated. Besides, it is possible that the voters of the General's district may repent too late of their folly in re-electing him. Among the remaining things of significance which have occurred in the House is the repeal of the famous tenure of office act, by the decisive vote of 121 to 47. All those who voted in the negative were Republicans, as also were a large majority of those voting in the affirmative. Washington correspondents nearly all agree that it is doubtful if the bill can go through the Senate in the shape in which it has passed the House. It is highly probable, however, that some measure will be adopted substantially relieving Gen. Grant of the restrictions which it has been found necessary to put around President Johnson. The case of Mrs. Murphy which has occupied so much of the attention of the Senate has derived prominence from the principle involved. If relief is granted in the case in question, why not in all cases? Where shall the limit be placed? The speculations respecting

GEN. GRANT.

and the formation of his cabinet continue, although nearly everybody is still in the dark. It is quite generally conceded that Secretary Schofield will remain at the head of the War Department, but even this is not absolutely certain. Rumor has it that Senator Sumner does not want to be placed at the head of the State Department. The fact that certain newspaper correspondents have published statements purporting to relate conversations or furnish opinions of Gen. Grant in regard to public men and public matters, has compelled him to authorize a denial of their truthfulness. Gen. Grant, it is affirmed, would not deem it becoming in him to contradict the articles in question if they simply affected himself. But as they are evidently written with a view to embroil his relations with prominent gentlemen, most of them his personal or political friends, or at least to outrage their just sensibilities, he deviates in this instance from his usual course. The anxious, it seems, must wait a little longer. Official reports of affairs in

LOUISIANA.

bring some startling facts to light. The officers who investigated the riot of the 28th of September, at Opelousas, in St. Landry Parish, submit evidence, showing that two whites were killed and four wounded, and twenty-five negroes killed and one wounded, and that fourteen or fifteen negroes who had been arrested and put in jail, were, a day or two afterwards, taken out, secretly and murdered deliberately and designedly. The officers who investigated the riot in the parish of St. Bernard on the 25th and 26th of October also show that two whites were killed and one wounded, and nine negroes killed and 16 wounded. General Hatch reports the crimes for the month of November as two whites killed and four wounded or beaten, and nineteen negroes killed and fifty-three wounded or beaten. He says that all the negroes were killed by whites, and the most of the outrages were committed on persons whose only offense was that they attended republican political meetings. We trust that the end of such lawless procedure is not distant.

THE SENATORIAL CONTESTS.

to which we alluded last week, are in process of settlement. It is determined that Senator Stewart is to be his own successor from Nevada. The close conflict in Missouri has resulted in the nomination of Gen. Schurz as successor to Senator Henderson. It is quite generally conceded that Senator Ramsey will be his own successor from Minnesota, and Wisconsin advances indicate that Mr. Matt. H. Carpenter will receive the nomination for Senator from that State.

to succeed Mr. Doolittle. Lieutenant-Governor Cumback of Indiana has been nominated by the Republicans to succeed Mr. Hendricks, while the state affairs in Maine remains substantially unchanged.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1869.

The prediction so confidently made by the supporters of Gen. Grant, that, if he was elected, the white men of the South would cease further opposition to negro suffrage, is in course of verification even now. We have here at the present time a committee composed of some of the most influential men of the democratic party of Virginia, who are in conference with members of Congress with a view to the restoration of civil government in that state on the basis of negro suffrage. They are opposed to the so-called "Underwood constitution," because it requires every officer to take the "iron-clad" oath that they never gave aid or comfort to the rebellion, and thereby excludes nearly all the white men from office. This constitution is supported by the more extreme Republicans for the reason, among others, that they are the only white men who can take the oath. But there are many of the more moderate Republicans of that state who think the exclusion is carried too far, and that the "Underwood constitution" is unwise in this respect, and many Republican members of Congress concur in this view. On the other hand, the more virulent rebels oppose the new movement because it accepts negro suffrage. The war of words among the different parties waxing warm, and threatens the breaking up of present parties in Virginia and the formation of a new one. The committee are receiving a careful scrutiny by prominent Republican members of Congress, and are much encouraged. If a satisfactory understanding can be arrived at, they avow their determination to go forward, regardless of former political affiliations, and so doing are very likely to succeed.

There are several here to-day a national convention of the colored men to take into consideration such matters as affect the interests of their race, and especially to memorialize Congress to take such action as will give them the right of suffrage in all the states. Many of the ablest men of the race are delegates, and their deliberations can hardly fail to be beneficial in their influence upon the future of the colored man in this country. Such an assemblage will promote that self-respect necessary to all advancement, and will create more respect for them among white men.

Mr. E. B. Washburne, Chairman of the House committee on appropriations, saw fit to preface the introduction of the appropriation bills with a short speech, which attracted unusual attention because it was supposed to be a quasi exposition of the policy of the incoming administration of Gen. Grant. It would be going too far, probably, to hold Gen. Grant responsible for everything Washburne uttered, but it doubtless was intended to express, and did express, the substance of Gen. Grant's views, and as such gave immense satisfaction to all who have no pet scheme of plunder to push through, and are desirous of an economical administration. The figures which are embodied in the speech are highly encouraging. The total expenditures of the government for the year ending June 30, 1868, were \$377,000,000. For the current year (based upon actual expenditures and estimates) \$336,000,000. The department estimates for the year ending June 30, 1870, are \$303,000,000, but Mr. Washburne proposes to reduce this amount by \$15,000,000. With proper economy and without any increase of taxation, he estimates the surplus of revenue over expenditures for the last named year to be \$150,000,000. This is an encouraging exhibit, and the fact that special commissioner Wells has arrived at substantially the same conclusion, after long and careful study of the subject, would indicate that it is not a wild or improbable estimate. Such a result would most materially improve our credit and help us out of our financial difficulties.

Gen. Butler developed his financial scheme yesterday by introducing a bill and explaining and sustaining it by a speech, which is the subject of much remark and criticism to-day. As might be expected, his views are strongly marked by his characteristic boldness. There is no half-way, no namby-pambyism about his theory. He boldly grapples with the prejudice in favor of gold and silver, and declares a metallic coinage to be a relic of barbarism, the instrument of tyrants and despots, and totally unsuited to the wants, necessities and convenience of our country to-day. He boldly takes his stand in favor of an inconvertible and irredeemable paper currency as a permanent medium of exchange. And inasmuch as the present greenback bears on its face a promise to pay, and for fear that some stupid person, thinking the promise to pay means something else than replacing it by another similar promise, might call on the Treasury to redeem them, and filling therein might declare the greenback "failed paper," therefore Gen. Butler proposes to call in the entire issue of the present greenback and issue in its stead a "certificate of value," which should bear no such promise on its face, nor ever be redeemable. He proposes further to call in all the issues of the National Banks and make the "certificate of value" the only currency of the country. These certificates are to be a legal tender for the payment of private and public debts, unless the law creating such claim or demand requires payment in coin, and are to be receivable for all taxes, duties, excises and imposts. Any amount of "certificates of value" may be issued by the treasury. Any person or association holding a 6 per cent. gold interest bond may leave it at a designated depository as a pledge, and receive 90 per cent of its par value in "certificates," allowing 3 1/2-100 per cent. coin interest, per annum, for such time as he retains the "certificates." On the return of the "certificates" his bonds are to be delivered up. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Butler's scheme. It throws John Law entirely into the shade, and is the grandest scheme of paper financing ever propounded. If carried out it would convert about two billions of bonds into "certificates of value" inconvertible, irredeemable, and bearing no interest. How much "value" they would be a "certificate" of, would hardly be worth calculation.

The House have repealed the Tenure of Office bill with headlong haste, and the Senate will probably follow at a little more leisurely pace. In the Senate the discussion of the Sue Murphy claim continues and is hotly contested. The senators from the southern states generally favor the claim because of the large number of their constituents similarly circumstanced, and who will make a grand onslaught upon the Treasury if this claim shall be allowed. The fate of this bill in the Senate is doubtful, but it is believed it cannot pass the House if it gets through the Senate.

Communications.

Idea of Eternity in Scripture.

The Scriptures prove themselves in manifold ways to be a divine echo of the human heart as well as a unique revelation of the will of God. Jehovah often interprets, better than we can ourselves, the thoughts, yearnings and hopes which sway our souls, and his voice finds a response from the profounder depths of our spiritual nature more readily than any other we are privileged to hear. Not only is this the case with the truths he communicates to us, but even in the mode and degree in which some of those truths enter into the structure of the Bible there is a striking resemblance to, in fact an almost perfect transcript of the experience of men.

The conception of the immortality of the soul crops up in the field of inspiration as it does in that of every day life, now so abruptly as to compel every traveler's gaze, and now so unobtrusively that only practiced and sympathetic eyes can discover it. As the idea is not always, perhaps only occasionally, strongly felt by men, so it is not luminously present on every page of Scripture. But as the shadows of eternity are ever falling on the common scenes of daily duty and daily care, so that the pages of God's word there are glimmering of the light of the unseen world. Doubtless some portions of the book and the life do not immediately betray the presence of the powers of the world to come, but it would be extremely hazardous to declare that their influences are absolutely absent from any page of the former or fragment of the latter. For as men living in the very centers of worldliness, in an atmosphere saturated with time and sense, often catch glimpses of eternity, so there may be seen enigmas and symbols of the invisible world in the biographies of Haman and Mordecai, the skepticism of Ecclesiastes and the whirlwind of doubts that rushes through the book of Job. The imperious instinct of immortality which persists in asserting that our individual existence is not closed when the curtain falls on the stage of our earthly activity, long ages since urged the Hebrew to a similar anticipation in the wilderness, gave him a joyful song in Zion's temple, and an unflinching solace by the waters of Babylon. Natural religion has always intimated a coming day of retribution. The children of a "loose-earner past" have ever looked forward to the rich harvest of an all-compensating future. The logic of the conscience has generally conducted men to the belief in a time when the discords of sin will be hushed in the harmonious music of a regenerated world. Suffering and wronged man has learned to project his being into another and rectifying state, and in his dying hours has been sustained by a vivid faith in brighter and never-ending scenes. The descendants of Abraham enjoyed all the results of such a training, and possessed in addition the special revelation of God.

Hence on the pages of Hebrew literature man is seen fervently desiring the eternal. His soul thirsts for the living, the ever-living God. Oppressed with a sense of weakness and weariness, vexed with the vanity of life's intensest struggles, and threatened with the speedy and irresistible approach of death, he seeks a refuge that can never be invaded, a home that outlives all generations, and a portion that continues to satisfy when heart and flesh shall have failed forever. Everywhere the Old Testament reveals the immortal God. He is the same and his years change not. His being abides unaffected amid exhaustless vicissitudes. He is the Lord Jehovah in whom there is everlasting strength. His counsel stands fast forever and ever, and the thoughts of his heart to all generations. His laws know no change. Made with an infinite foresight, they embrace the necessary adaptations to all the varieties of human circumstance and the exigencies of different ages and climes. On the solid rock of his eternal truth men anchor in safety and are never moved. On his infinite purity they confidently gaze, for its glory can never be dimmed. From his power they constantly draw, for it is as inexhaustible as it is gentle and tender. In the midst of his mercies they dwell full of peace and hope, giving thanks with a glad heart because his mercy endureth forever.—The God of the Hebrew is always the Eternal and Almighty Leader of his people.

But the idea of God's eternity generates in the atmosphere of inspiration, and as by a natural law, the conception of man's illimitable future. Because he lives we shall live also, is an axiom to the Christian consciousness. The notion, not the fact, of our enduring existence springs in a nature like ours out of the knowledge of his immortality. There is a heaven for us because there is a God, and we have a personal subjective eternity of being because there is a personal, real and eternal Deity. The roots of all life are in God, and man soon learns to see his own immortality clearly when he has seen God's. The book therefore that discovers to us the "I am that I am," will scarcely be barren concerning the future of men.

Nor is it. The creation of Adam in the divine image is the audible whisper of this fundamental fact of man's spiritual nature, and though the first sin defaces, it does not completely efface the stamp of eternity impressed on his brow. The victory of Abel's faith was not eclipsed by his cruel death, but forthwith proclaimed by means of angels in a cloudless land. Enoch walked with God and was not. But why? Because death had seized him with relentless grasp? Because the grave held him with tightening grip? No: God took him to be with himself. Abram, cheered by promise, eagerly looked for a city whose foundations were firmer than Zion's and whose builder was God. Job, cast down but not destroyed, bravely battled with hosts of objections, taunts and insinuations, marshaled by his friends,

and victoriously sung of his faith in the everlasting Redeemer who could not fail him in the latter day. Moses, reared in the lap of Egyptian plenty, dowered with the riches of Egyptian learning, flushed with the bright hopes of an Egyptian Crown, boldly casts all aside, preferring the care and society of the people of God because he has respect, not to the pleasures of sin which are but for a season, but to the recompense of an enduring reward. Elijah ascends to heaven, not as a death-vanquished captive, but as a living victor in a fire-chariot of triumph. David drew abundant comfort from the well of expectation, and sung at once of his Lord's ascent from the grave and his own satisfaction in conscious resemblance to God after death. Daniel taught the captive Jews that "the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever." The fact still lives in the book of Wisdom. Jesus met with it amongst the current conceptions of his day, brought it to the light of his life and illuminated it, carried it to its stable throne by his resurrection; and since then it has ruled without intermission the faith of the Christian church, and given an unprecedented dignity and value to man all over the world.

To say, then, that this fundamental fact of man's spiritual nature "is not taught in the Old Testament, is to commit two mistakes. It confounds in the most glaring way the definitions of a creed with the declarations of truth, and dogmatic representation of a belief with its existence in and dominion over the soul. It forgets that truths which powerfully affect the springs of human action, coloring thought, controlling emotion and directing will, often fail to put themselves obtrusively forward in the noisy talk of the senate, the market and the street. Read the more ancient Scripture in the light of every-day experience, and it will be seen that as Nature nowhere formulates her laws but incessantly obeys them, moving along with an almost unbroken quiet, so the revelations of God and man in Scripture are all cast in the mold of the idea of Eternity.

J. C.

Mission Experiences.

This is our fourth day among the Santals abroad. They suffered terribly by the late famine. Whole villages have been depopulated or deserted; one huge market we find entirely broken up. Oppression from their Hindoo neighbors, more destructive than the famine even, pursues them ever, and must until they become enlightened and prepared for self-defense. Multitudes wander about faint and like sheep having no shepherd. To many the gospel seems a welcome message, they listen and appear to understand and approve. The chief reply they make in defense of their practice is, "Our fathers worshiped these gods, hence we do the same." The argument is by no means new or singular, or used only by ignorant Santals.

This morning scores gathered about our tent and listened for hours, but alas for the darkness and blindness that shroud their heathen minds! Scarcely conscious of possessing a soul, with little or no clear idea of human responsibility, it is not strange that they ask, "Who and where is God, what is he like, and where can we find him?" Full of prejudice, as ignorant people usually are, wedded to their superstitions, witchcraft and intemperance, their case might well be pronounced hopeless were human means our sole reliance. But, the Lord be praised,—"The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise." That faith which works by love and purifies the heart, "comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." There is in the gospel, an adaptation of means to a given purpose, just as much as there is in light to the eye, seed to the soil, drink to thirst, food to hunger, &c. The proof of this is seen in the results that follow the preaching of the word. The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, lepers are cleansed and the dead are raised. The moral transformation is no less real, no less apparent than the physical. That these results are not more frequent, more abundant and more uniform may be matter of surprise; it certainly is cause for earnest and searching inquiry. Of the fact of these beneficent results there can be no dispute.

Last Sabbath I spent with our people at Jellasee, and baptized four more of the famine orphans. My visits and labors there the past eight months have been the source of much sacred joy and encouragement. To look upon fifty rescued orphans, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds," and remember their former condition, when many of them were naked and diseased, and all filthy and perishing for want of food, utterly ignorant of God and Christ, the slaves of many disgusting vices, does one's soul good. This good work has now been in progress over a year and a half, and still it continues, and the results are both real and apparent. Not less so, though it may be on a smaller scale, have salutary results followed the labors put forth at our other stations. Small and feeble as our mission churches still are, they nevertheless afford great encouragement. It will be a day of rejoicing when we can see churches among the Santals equal to those now advancing among the Oriyas. We trust the day is not very remote.

Evening. This P. M. was the weekly cock-fight among the Santals of the neighborhood, and was attended by a large crowd of men and boys; the women very properly stayed at home. Why the women are excluded from sports of this kind, while they take the lead in public dances, I am unable to say. The Santals are passionately fond of cock-fighting, and make a business of it. There were probably over a hundred cocks on the ground, and the cutting and wounding was something dreadful. Numbers were carried dead or dying from the circle. They fight in pairs and are supplied with long,

sharp steel spurs. Dula and I took our stand near the crowd and for a time drew off a goodly number of hearers, though the excitement of the occasion but poorly prepared the people to attend to the weightier matters of the salvation of the soul.

J. P.

Winning Souls.

The work of winning souls to Christ is not the peculiar province of a few. Evangelists should not be allowed to monopolize the work. Laymen should go forth, weeping, bearing precious seed. Pastors should enter the whitened fields with sharpened sickles. Pastors too often content themselves with leading the flock until by removal and death the flock disappears. Many shepherds remain idle, having no longer sheep to watch and guard. Many churches are now dying or dead. These disastrous results are not the necessary fruits of the Congregational polity. Methodism prospers by teaching all her pastors to be wise in winning souls. Episcopacy itself is no blessing, else the Episcopalians would prosper.

The question, Can pastors be successful as revivalists? is with the writer no longer debatable. Successful efforts have convinced one skeptic. The process that makes a fiery, impulsive evangelist out of a steady-going pastor is neither long nor difficult. Intense love for souls, a will strong enough not to yield to failure and ready to try again, lifting earnest prayer for help from above—behold the pastor of yesterday the revivalist of to-day! Faith will bring success. The trial made, success is with God. The pastor has every weapon which the evangelist uses, but the pastor has perhaps duller weapons. Grind the weapons and dare to use them. Move men by the law of retribution draw them by the gospel of love. Use all the weapons that Christ and the apostles used, and success will crown the efforts.

The selection of a series of sermons demands attention. You have a few sermons, born of intense convictions of the nature of sin and the love of Christ in saving sinners; sermons wrought out in anguish of heart with many tears;—sermons that moved you and will move others. Select, study, condense, pocket your notes for reference, but keep them out of your Bibles. You have church members who weep over sinners. To them you can safely impart your plans and obtain their co-operation. Get such to be ready to render a reason for the hope that is within them. Among the pastors of your own denomination, or of some other, is one who will enter into your plans with hearty sympathy. Change work with that man. Expect great things of God, and you will not be greatly disappointed. Among our successful evangelists there are two whom, in the early part of their ministry, no one would have selected for that work. They are excellent pastors as well. One of them stated, some years since, that he had no talent for exhorting until after he had committed Alleluia's Alarm and Baxter's Call to memory, quoting, as occasion required. What follows is written for your encouragement. Otherwise it would never have found its way to the Star. We send you a word of cheer from Chataque Q. M., N. Y.

Last winter the Villanova church spent two weeks in union meetings with the M. E. church. Several were reclaimed from backsliding. Five united with us by baptism, one by letter. Several placed themselves under our watch and care. Later in the season the Cherry Creek church determined to arise and build. Meetings commenced with us. A few sought salvation. Soon all the churches, four in number, shared in the work. Union at first, afterwards rivalry. Many backsliders were reclaimed, four united with us by baptism, some by letter, and others under watch and care. This church have secured Rev. A. P. Cook as pastor, and since the Q. M., December 12, have been enjoying a precious work of grace. Some fifteen up to date have been converted or reclaimed from backsliding.

Last spring the Ellington church secured Rev. R. E. Cornell as pastor. This fall about four weeks extra meetings were held in connection with the term of Q. M. A few mercy drops have fallen. Some, long in the background, are reclaimed. God is still with them and they hope for better things. This Q. M. reports her seven per cent., and hopes to make a better report next year.

Hamlet, N. Y.

J. C. STEELE.

More Money for Missions.

This was earnestly and ably asked at the late session of the Bowdoin Q. M. That we need larger funds in carrying forward mission work is too obvious for argument. There is no good reason for having less than \$50,000 in the treasury this year for Home mission purposes alone. In many exceedingly promising fields of usefulness, this would aid immensely in giving permanent existence to churches where now we have none, or but a feeble life at best. As we look at the whitened harvest fields, East, West, South, and Central, we are forced to exclaim, Where are the reapers? And where are the needful funds to sustain even the few we have? In whose hands has God entrusted the means for gathering the ripened harvests? And in whose hearts has he placed the word of life and reconciliation, with the commission, "Go ye into all the world," and the promise, "I am with you?"

Interests lately planted, in various localities we have, needing some pecuniary assistance to render permanent, more independent and useful Enterprises, that cannot be surrendered except in dishonor, which must not fail, but be raised to larger life and power, by the aid of our churches and Home Mission Society. What will aid us in raising more money for Missions?

or what specific line of policy shall be pursued in securing this object? is the question.

We have a few suggestions which we beg leave to make in all kindness:

1. A larger confidence is necessary. Confidence in the Missionaries, and in those who have the funds at their disposal. Not that the integrity of any one is questioned. All are undoubtedly honest. Confidence in larger measure in the piety, wisdom and efficiency of the men employed is needed.

In paying money into the Treasury, we want to follow the same with prayer to God, and the happy assurance that God shall be glorified thereby, especially in the salvation of souls.

Work and wisdom, in using money and winning sinners, are so necessary, that the evidence of both must be clearly manifest, on the part of our brethren having this matter in charge, or confidence remains at a discount.

2. The subject must be brought to bear with greater weight on our hearts and consciences. The conscience of a Christian is an engine of tremendous power in setting all things right. When we are made to feel as we ought, that a good conscience, or union with Christ, cannot be sustained without giving liberally of our means for building up Christ's kingdom outside and beyond our own immediate limits, we shall then begin to open our pockets to the Lord. When we are made to see, as we ought long ago to have seen, that for every failure in establishing permanent churches, where a commencement has been well made, we are personally responsible to God, and will be held answerable therefor at the last day, we shall have more care in making donations that shall render certain the work begun.

When we bring home to our own doors, and hearth-stones, the hard, struggling and half-sustained missionaries, in many fields of labor, making their toils and sacrifices our own, we shall place more money to their account, and less, very much less, to outlays for dress and diet, and useless luxuries and ornaments. We must be placed in a closer relation and sympathy with mission wants and work than we have been, or we remain unmoved in more generous contributions for its present and ultimate triumphs.

3. We must be made to realize what it is to be a Christian, to bear Christ's name and honor. Is Christianity doctrinal simply? Emotional and experimental simply? Is it not practical also? Have we not its embodiment in Jesus? Is not Christ Jesus our model? How do our lives compare with His, in benevolence, self-denial, sacrifice, labors, tears and cries, resisting sin unto blood and giving His all? Did He teach expensive outlays for the body? That the kingdom of God would come by selfish gains, and large possessions held too closely and lovingly for consecration to Him?

The Christian name and claims are too poorly understood. To be a Christian means something or nothing. "Saving souls from death" is a mere whim, a phantom, a farce, or it is an infinite and unspeakable reality. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost; and what are we seeking to save—lost fame, lost dollars, or lost political honors?

4. This whole subject of Missions, especially of Home Missions, must be more fully, earnestly and frequently set before the minds of our ministers and churches, by the living voice of our best and ablest men. The press has its work, the ministry theirs, while the H. M. Society should see that the whole is well and thoroughly done. Bro. C. O. Libby is pleading for Foreign Missions and not in vain—traveling, preaching and talking missions everywhere. But who is pleading from house to house, or from church to church, for Home Missions? What has become of our highly esteemed Secretary? Who hears his trumpet voice as in other days, calling the sacramental hosts to battle? "Line upon line and precept upon precept" is the word of God's command. If our good brother cannot take the field himself, shall he not employ some efficient and most godly man, who will spare no reasonable pains in making us all feel the claims of God upon us to the utmost verge of our ability? Direct, personal appeals from a heart warm and alive, setting forth the magnitude of the cause, will produce hearty and most generous responses.

J. S. B.

Repudiating Sin.

Some years ago a member of a church, not very well informed as to the science of Christianity, caused trial and labor by dishonesty. But a revival came and he thought himself revived. As to the difficulty of the church with him he expressed himself on this wise, "Let the past be dropped and let us go on again."

This dropping of past difficulties, without adjusting them, has come into the minds of some others. It looks like an easy way and a very short one; but there is an insurmountable difficulty about it. It is not God's arrangement. Sin is not forgiven till it is confessed. Wrongs must be adjusted, trials removed, and difficulties settled. Church maladies covered up, like wounds in the body slightly healed, will break out again with terrible bad effect. The repudiation of our national debts has been frowned upon by every truly honest person. The repudiation of sin is a dishonest and mean way of attempting to get rid of it.

H. N.

The wind that winnows one man's grain blows the spark on another man's house to an inextinguishable blaze. In rejoicing over our good fortune we should remember the misfortune of others, and keep our sympathies fresh and helpful.

Selections.

Sudden Conversions.

A correspondent of the *Revival*, an English journal, says:

About fifteen months ago I met one of my workmen in the country, a few miles from home. He was a man of about fifty years of age, generally kind and indulgent to his family in the use of the unusually large wages he earned by his trade, but often profane in his language, and subject to fits of violent passion. In one of these he had, a few weeks before, driven his family from the house, and beaten his youngest son, till his Christian wife in fear for the boy's life, had to interpose, and resolutely say that he must strike her before he should again assault the boy. He was a peculiarly interesting, open-hearted man, but had so long withstood the claims of Christ in the midst of a religious community, that there seemed little hope of his conversion.

Addressing him, I said, "John, I have been watching for your soul for two years, and now I want you to become a Christian to-day!"

We sat down, and I again told him as I had several times done a year before, the story of the cross, solemnly pressing the gospel of salvation home upon his heart. He listened respectfully, saying but little; but when we were about to part, and I asked him if he would not kneel while I asked God's blessing upon him he replied with characteristic frankness—

"Well, I am much obliged by your kind interest in me, but, to be honest with you, I am really not now interested. I have sometimes felt these things deeply at meetings, but I have no interest in the subject now. I feel nothing."

He, however, consented to kneel, and a friend joined us, as we bowed before God. The prayer ascended, that as Jesus, in the days of his flesh, had looked upon the faith of those who broke through all obstacles to place their beloved sick before Him, and had said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!" so now He would look upon the poor sick soul whom we brought to his feet and in mercy make him whole. It was a bold request, but God honors our petitions when we ask great things.

Almost immediately the man broke down, weeping and pleading for mercy. His wife, who followed us as we turned aside for prayer, now stood behind us. Soon after our prayer had been answered in his conversion, she received, as he rose from his knees, her now Christian husband with joy better conceived of than described. As he left, he exclaimed, "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus!"

I suppose that hardly ten minutes had elapsed between the time of his expression of entire want of interest and feeling, and his confession of Christ as his Saviour.

I learned afterwards that beside his wife's prayers during probably thirty years for his conversion, some of his fellow-workmen had selected him as apparently the most unlikely to become a Christian, among several hundred who worked together. I also found that the wife of a fellow-workman, a mother in Israel, had been awakened about twelve o'clock the night before, and had found herself so praying in the Spirit for this man, that she could not go to sleep again.

When he came among some of his Christian fellow-workmen, and told what God had so marvelously done for his soul, their joy was unbounded. More than anything that I have ever seen, its expression made me understand how David must have felt when he danced before the ark. They all braced one another, and wept and laughed for joy as they welcomed the poor sinner so suddenly snatched from the snares of the fowler.

About fourteen months, under my own almost hourly observation, of faithful walk, "adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," so far as human observation can discern, have demonstrated, were such demonstrations needed, that the glorious chain of events—the wife's long continued prayers, the selection of this man by his comrades for special prayer, the midnight intercession of the aged saint, the word of testimony, and the laying him at the feet of Jesus to be healed—all these events were but the links in the chain of God's marvelous purposes of grace to the profane sinner.

Lord, increase our faith in the present power and immediate results of thy testimony!

Bunyan on Close Communion.

"A Reason for my Practice in Worship," is the title given by Bunyan to a short treatise of his, in which he gives the reasons why he could hold church communion with visible saints, though they had not been baptized by immersion. He could do it:

1. Because the true visible saint hath already subjected to that which is better even to the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, by which he stands justified before God; and hath made the most exact rule under heaven that whereby he squares his life before men.

2. One Spirit, hope, Lord, faith, baptism (not of water; for by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body), one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, is sufficient rule for us to hold communion by.

3. Because they hold to the doctrine of baptism—the doctrine being that by which the outward sign is presented to us.

4. Because God hath communion with them, whose example we are straightly commanded to follow: "Receive ye one another as Christ hath received you, to the glory of God."

5. Because a failure in such a circumstance as water, doth not unchristian us.

6. Because the edification of souls in the faith and holiness of the gospel, is of greater concernment than an agreement in outward things.

7. Because love, which above all things we are commanded to put on, is of much more worth than to break about baptism.

8. Because for God's people to divide into parties, or to shut each from church communion, though from greater points, and upon higher pretences, than this of water-baptism hath heretofore been counted carnal, and the actors babish Christians.

9. Because by rejecting visible saints we take from them, as much as in us lieth, their very privilege and the blessings to which they are born of God.

10. What greater contempt can be thrown upon the saints, than for these brethren to cast them off, or to debar them from church communion?

Each of these points is ably argued, and abundantly fortified by Scripture.

Bunyan suffered greatly for this work. He had been "assaulted" for more than sixteen years by the brethren of the baptized way, and called a "Machiavellian, a man devilish, proud, insolent, presumptuous, and the like"—before he "set pen to paper," in reply to his assailants. His reply is extended, and exceedingly able, but

written with a temper and meekness truly wonderful for those rough and angry times. He is plain, and thoroughly detects and exposes evasions, and tells his opponent "here you unhandsonably straddled over my argument," but his equanimity is truly remarkable, and his spirit that of a Christian.

The Old Congregation.

The members of the old congregation have gone to loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmothers in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smoothly folded and laid on their arms; the fair-browed girls that sang the alto and the air; the children with their sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon whose beard blossomed like an almond tree hard by the pulpit door; the women that in the winter brought the tin-folded stoves for a solace; the little paper fans that waved when days were summer, like so many little wings about the church; as if the old minister had a family cherubim for the audience; the old doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch, they received—these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer in Sabbath noon do they sit upon the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer do they linger among the old grey grave-stones of the burying-ground, that is since a "cemetery," and contemplate the stone willows that never put forth a leaf; for times have changed, and there is but one sermon a day, and those who brought their dinners of old, have sat down, most of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the tree of heaven, and no poplar is blooming forever. The deaf who sat upon the pulpit stairs in these olden times, can hear the waving of seraph's wings to-day, for the daughters of music have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying. The old blind man whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide, lives now in morning light. And old black Jonah, whose stole softly in, and sat down in a pew beside the door, has been made white at last and bidden to come up higher.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, the old church very near the "house not made with hands"—nearly the graveyard's breath removed. We think that it ought somewhere to be written, "The house that they builded of old, let it remain forever."

Give to time the silencing of the wall they have hollowed; let the wind end the songs the dead singers began, and the rain gently fall on its echoless threshold.—Taylor.

The Great Remedy.

No man, it would seem, gifted, with true insight, can so much as cast a look upon the world or down upon the distempored ferment of his own mind, as Plato himself could not, without perceiving a state of disorder and general precipitation. It was to him as if the horses of the sun were driving madly down the sky, and stirring dust and turmoil everywhere. Christianity, in like manner beholds the whole creation groaning and travelling in pain together, waiting for some redemption of nature that is able to medicate her poisons, and compose the dynamic retributions she is propagating by her laws. She cannot do herself—only visitation supernatural can. No man can so far prevail as to set his own thoughts crystallizing in heaven's order; for he has a nature as well as will, and his nature is too manifold and subtle, and wild in its dispositions, to be curbed by his will, or by anything but a Spirit going through it, and a Divine Love and Truth descending upon it. These we call our gospel, and these can regenerate all. In this supernatural gospel, therefore, we think we have the true progress. And we cling to it because we cling to the progress. No mere mild force of nature brings it blindingly on, but it comes by its own right and is moving surely forward, by the imminent counsel and the supreme sway of God.

A Spirit of Thanksgiving.

The duty of cheerfulness, the obligation of thanksgiving, the majority of mankind do not comprehend and feel as they ought. People say, "How can I be cheerful and thankful when things go awry?" True, we cannot change our mood in an instant from sadness to gladness, but we can make it our duty to look at every bright and blessed thing in our life; we can try to realize our childhood to God, our immortal destiny; we can trace the line of providence in the lives of our fellowmen, in the history of our country, in the progress of mankind. We can look for things great and good and beautiful as eagerly as we search for things troublesome and evil and ugly. We can shake off our selfish whims and gloomy moodiness by doing something helpful to others. We are not the sport of a relentless fate, but our life is in the hands of a celestial Benevolence. We can form a habit of thanksgiving which, like other good habits, will become a part of our better nature and keep us always in the road of grateful obedience. The best things do not come to men in their sleep, and are only found by faithful seeking. Animal spirits are often the gift of nature, but the spirit of thanksgiving comes by grace, and is the highest reward of a consecrated life.

There is a little dingy house that I pass every morning, which has quite won my affection by the cheerfulness of its inner looks. All along the street rise stately brown-stone fronts, resplendent in carving and plate glass; but in the foggy, shivering morning air they repel by their grand and freezing aspect. But through the one little window of this place I see a miniature wilderness of flowering plants, with birds perched upon the hanging baskets, and always beyond, the merriest of blazing coal fires, lighting up the snug interior into a little heaven of radiant warmth amid the ocean of chilly mistiness. The little dull, homely house seems to say, "I have had a pretty hard time of it, and soon the masons will be after me, too, and I shall be a heap of rubbish; but while I do live, the world shall know that I have a warm and thankful heart, and send out my loving salutation to every man that walks the pavement." How often it happens that the spirit of thanksgiving chooses for its home some tried and troubled soul, vexed and get upon by all the contrary winds of life, and makes it glow with such a fervent gratitude that all men look to it as the pledge of human worth and a new demonstration of the invincible immortality of man. It is not necessary that one should be very great or very prosperous or very famous to be greatly thankful, for the Almighty God himself will dwell in the lowliest heart, and no spot on earth is too humble for an outlook through the heaven of heavens. All that is wanted is the will, the firm resolve to look persistently on the God-side of life and force the dearest providence to bear the divinest fruit.—Mayo.

Things that Never die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better things—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a loving arm,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell,
The hard repulse that chills the heart
The hopes that were bounding high,
In an unfeeling record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

Religious Visitors.

The Missouri Presbyterian has the following from the pen of a lady, who is one of the most successful in visiting and laboring among the neglected:

First, and most important: Go to your work directly from your knees. You do not know what needs the day may bring you. God does. It is best not to start with any preconceived ideas of what you shall do, or say, on a first visit at least. You will almost invariably be disappointed in your plans. You can do nothing but trust God's promise, when he says, "The Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say." Ask God to open hearts and homes to you by His Spirit.

Dress plainly; this is important. Rich, gay clothing will seem to mock the poverty of the poor, and hold them at too great a distance; and besides, might lead the unworthy to desire, in the hope of pecuniary benefit. Do not wear anything that you will need to draw away even from the touch of little dirty fingers. A very slight movement of that kind will steel the mother's heart against you.

Do not be too fastidious. Remember that Christ laid his hand even upon the head of a loathsome leper. The most ignorant and degraded sinner is infinitely better and purer, compared with us, than we are, compared with Jesus. We are seeking lost souls for the Saviour, and if he could leave Heaven and come to this sinful earth, to live for thirty-three years, among sinners whose every vile thought was open to his eye, as he walked among them, and loved them and us, well enough to die for us—surely, surely, we can look, for a little time, beyond unpleasant surroundings, and unattractive faces, at the souls of those for whom he gave up his life.

Never speak condescendingly or patronizingly. Go to the impenitent, as a sinner saved to a lost sinner, seeking to win them to a Saviour who loves, and will save them, even as he has loved and saved you.

On your first visit to your district, a good plan is to go seeking Sunday-school scholars. If you can procure cards from your own Sunday-school, or if that is too distant, from some neighboring Sunday-school, it will help you. On first going into homes—a little embarrassed pause sometimes falls both on you and the inmates. You feel that they are wondering what has brought you there. Seeking Sunday-school scholars is a common matter, and does not surprise. Enquiring for them soon after your entry, puts both visitors and visited at their ease, and opens the way for other conversation. Where this is not practicable, a good plan is to become a "Bible woman" for your first visit. Take a few cheap Bibles with you, and offer them for sale. You will not sell many probably; that is not the object, but the Bibles presented give an excellent opening for conversation about Bible truths, and will, perhaps, give you some idea of the spiritual character of those to whom you offer it.

It is wise always to carry with you some copies of such little books as, "How to be Saved," "Come to Jesus," &c., to give to such as need them, or whom you may wish to profit. If smaller tracts are distributed, we should read them carefully first, so that we may be able to know to whom they are applicable. Indiscriminate tract distribution usually avails little.

Never fear repulse or rudeness. You will never meet either, if you approach those you visit in the right spirit, i. e., guided by God's Spirit. If God is with you, He is stronger than all, and none dare molest you or make you afraid, if his controlling hand is upon them, and his protecting arm around you.

Sing.

For we can sing our cares away easier than we can reason them away. Sing in the morning. The birds are the earliest to sing, the birds are more without care than any thing else that we know of. Sing at evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work—when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleaned their bill on a napkin of a bough, then on a topmost twig they sing one song of praise. We know they sleep sweeter for it. Sing dream music; for they sometimes in the night break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch soul all the way through!

O that we could put songs under our burdens! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then these things would not poison so much. Teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go to them with songs. When griefs rise up, sing them down. Lift the voice of song against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven; and among God's people upon earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling. Sing the restless baby to sleep. Sing "Hail Columbia," to express love of country, and sacred songs to express gratitude to God. We may drive away melancholy, and divert the mind from painful subjects, by the

aid of music. We vote for music morning, noon and night. Should a madman attack us, we might sing him down, as did the fiddler when chased by a wild bull.

"Water! Water!"

Perhaps no cry is more striking, after all, than the short and simple cry of the water-carrier. "The gift of God!" he says, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. It is impossible to hear this cry without thinking of the Lord Jesus' words to the woman of Samaria: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink," etc. It is very likely that water, so invaluable, and so often scarce in hot countries, was in those days spoken of, as now, as "the gift of God," to denote its preciousness; if so, the expression would be forcible to the woman, and full of meaning. The water-carriers' cry in Egypt must always rouse a thoughtful mind to a recollection of the deep necessities of the people, of the thirst which they yet know not of, and make him wish and pray for the time when the sonorous cry of "Yasate Allah!" shall be a type of the cry of one bringing the living water of the gospel and saying, "Behold the gift of God!"

Faith.

Every tear that is shed; every groan that is heaved; every loss that is sustained; every disappointment that is borne by the Christian with patience and resignation, will not only be followed by ineffable felicity, but will prepare the soul for its enjoyment, and add something to its weight and its luster. To believe this, to live in hope of it, and by this hope to be sustained under present sorrows, is the work of faith.—J. A. James.

Christ Died for our Sins.

The Bible does not underrate Christian ethics or the spotless example of Jesus; but the sacrificial death of the Redeemer transcends all other truths in significance and saving power. As Dr. Jas. W. Alexander once said, "He who would tear from the gospel the atoning death of the Redeemer would drain away the vital fluid from vein and artery and heart. Of all objects in the gospel, that which stands in highest relief is—the cross. Of all its syllables, the most sacred is—atoning blood." Of all that my Bible tells me of my divine Lord, the most precious and memorable is, that he laid down his life for my sins. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation made up of all the dwellers on the globe, this should be my text: "Christ Jesus died for our sins."

This is the text that has rung round the world wherever pure Christianity has found a voice. This truth that shook pagan Rome to its foundation, and has been an overmatch for the proudest infidelity. This is the truth that has lain warmest and closest to the Christian's heart in every age. This is the truth that awakens sinners and converts souls.—Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler.

A Little Thread.

Payson once gave notice in Portland, that he would be glad to see any person who did not intend to seek religion. About forty came. He spent a very pleasant interview with them, saying nothing about religion, till just as they were about to leave, he closed a few plain remarks thus: "Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and gently attach itself to you. You knew, we will suppose, it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and thrust it away?" He dwelt for a few moments on the idea and then added: "Now such a thread has come from God to you this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion. But by your coming here this afternoon, God has fastened one little thread upon you all. It is very weak and frail, and you can easily brush it away. But you will not do so? No, welcome it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself until it becomes a golden thread to bind you forever to a God of love!"—S. S. Times.

Modesty.

Modesty adorns virtue, as bashfulness ornaments beauty; it harmonizes with just sense of character, as moderation harmonizes with justice. It heightens dignity of character, as simplicity enhances greatness. It adds to merit the same charms which candor adds to the greatness of heart. What is modesty? Is it not a sense of excellence so deep and true that the observance of duty appears a natural thing? Is it not so sincere a desire for what is excellent, that what is much more perceptible than what is already obtained? Is it not so pure a love for what is good, that it forgets the reward reserved for merit in the approbation of others?

To be Happy.

"Since I found the Lord," said Lady Flora Hastings to a young friend, "I have been as happy as an angel." Her words were like an arrow to the heart of her gay and pleasure-seeking companion. From that hour she could not rest amid the empty joys of wealth, and pride, and rank, and pomp, and pleasure. These all had failed to ease the anguish of an aching heart. She sought the Lord; and, since the days of the Marys that wept around Christ's bleeding cross and rejoiced before his opened sepulchre, we shall hardly find such a life of holy, burning, unselfish, useful, Christian love and labor as was lived by that young lady, Celina, Countess of Huntingdon, for so many years the fellow-worker and supporter of Whitefield and his associates. What a blessing was given with that one brief testimony to the joy of God within that Christian's heart!

The Flowers of Palestine.

"The hills in the region of Mount Tabor," says Dr. Bellows, "offer better pasture than any we have met in the Holy Land, and yet there seem fewer flocks upon them. But the flowers have taken advantage of this absence of cattle and people, to spring up in a variety and beauty I have never seen equalled. We gathered bouquets in a few moments by the path, which I defy any London or New York conservatory to equal in beauty and freshness, and variety, or in rarity. Such feathery things, such fairy shapes, such exquisite contrasts were never, it seems to me, combined in any nosegay, and I felt then as I do now, ashamed that my feeble botany could not name

and place them. I make their beauty the amende of a most honorable mention. Could I have sent one of these Syrian bouquets to each of my best beloved friends at home, I would gladly have paid the largest New York prices for a hundred, and a hundred might have been plucked from a rood of ground. But their frailty was equal to their freshness and delicacy. There is a solemnity in the houseless, treeless, unpeopled state of this fine country which is an affecting preparation for the approach to the great center of Jesus' ministry, the Sea of Galilee. Nature seems to say there is no room for any thing in this sacred region but the memory of Him whose glory fills the earth. The hills are green and flowery, and fragrant, but they refuse any meaner service than that of acting as the witnesses of Him who once put their hills above Solomon in all his glory and used them as his altars and his pulpits.

Confession of an Enemy.

Count Montalembert, a French Romanist, bears testimony to the Protestant missionaries of the West Indies as follows:

"These missionaries are of all sorts—Methodists, Baptists, Independents, etc.—and my faith obliges me to regard them as heretics, as strangers to or rebels against the truth which I profess; but it does not make me blind to the immense service which they have rendered to humanity and to freedom. I feel pleasure, on the contrary, in declaring that the labors of the English missionaries in the West Indies is one of the noblest spectacles ever exhibited to mankind. The influence of these missionaries has been spoken of as a reproach to them. Gentlemen, what was the origin and nature of that influence? They reigned over the negroes, it is said. I admit it readily; but by what better title is it possible to reign over men? Why, they found these poor blacks, men and women, naked, and taught them to clothe themselves; they found them living together like brutes, and united them in marriage; they found them in ignorance, and introduced them to knowledge; they found them in barbarous superstitions, and threw on them the light of the Gospel. In a word, they found them in slavery, and conducted them to freedom. And, after this, they are reproached with the influence which they exercised. It is the most legitimate and felicitous influence which can be exercised by man over man."

The Sacramental Theory.

We need not point out what a wickedness all this teaching of the inherent efficacy of the sacrament is. What a blasphemy against the Holy Spirit! What a prostitution of the sacraments of the church! What an outrage upon the Gospel! The Gospel and its institutions it makes to be nothing more than a system of necromancy. The sacraments it converts into so many spells and incantations; and ministers it degrades into a class of diviners and magicians, who move about in society, and by the practice of dark and mysterious arts work, sometimes beneficially and sometimes malignantly, upon the bodies and the souls of men! A more wicked caricature of the church—a more miserable and impious travesty of the whole nature, and design, and ends of the Gospel it is not possible to imagine. And as regards the blessed Spirit, who alone can renew and sanctify the soul, not only does it usurp His functions, but it compels Him, as it were, to a partnership in this unholy necromancy, by assigning Him a part, although a humble one, in it, and by putting Him under the control of a priest, whose will He is bound to obey, and to whom, in fact, the Holy Spirit is represented as having made over all His blessed powers and prerogatives.—Evangelist.

Varieties.

A CORRESPONDENT refers to a Baptist minister who was baptized by a pedagogue, and says: "If he received baptism, ought he to scruple to receive communion, from such hands?"

IN THE case of an inquirer, ascertain whether it is his state of heart, or his outward life, that most troubles him. If it is the former, it is quite clear that the Holy Spirit has begun a good work in him.

DANIEL WEBSTER in a discussion on the influence of the press, spoke as follows: "Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not newspapers. The first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

LUTHER gave as one qualification for a minister that he should know when to stop. The same qualification should be prescribed to all Christians who pray in public.

PELATIAH TINGLEY, a Free Baptist minister of Western Maine, nearly a hundred years since, was a man of short prayers, short sermons, and short speeches. It is said that at a Yearly Meeting, when peculiar responsibilities were about to be assumed, Tingley was asked to lead in prayer. Falling on his knees, he said: "O Lord, teach us each to feel the need of thy grace, and seek it; to know thy will and to do it; to find our place, and keep it.—Amen."

"God," said Henry Scougal, "hath several ways of dealing with the souls of men; and it sufficeth if the work be accomplished, whatever the methods have been."

THE "Doctors of Divinity" are not all averse to a little pleasantry. Soon after Professor Shepard, of Bangor, received the degree of D. D. from Bowdoin College, writing to a friend in Connecticut he said: "We are all well now except myself, I was doctored at Brunswick and I am sick at my stomach." The friend read the passage hastily, and upon being asked: "How are they all at Bangor?" replied: "They are all well except Mr. Shepard, he was taken so sick at Brunswick that he was obliged to send for a doctor."

A FATHER with a handsome son and a plain daughter gave them this good advice: "I would have you both look in the glass every day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonor the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

BENJAMIN RANDALL, like many another convicted sinner, felt constrained to say at

the time of his conversion, in the words of Dr. Watts:

"And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."
For more than two weeks his daily experience was—
"Weeping, woe, and lamentation,
Vain desires and fruitless prayer,
Shame, and hell, and condemnation,
Doubt, distraction, and despair."

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Dover, N. H.

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This semi-monthly, published by the Freeville Baptist Printing Establishment, for the use of Sunday School scholars, was enlarged and much improved about the first of April. It is printed on paper of a very superior quality, and its mechanical excellence is equal to that of any other paper of its class. All communications intended for publication should be addressed to REV. J. M. BAILEY, EDITOR, Saco, Me.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 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.

Honor in Service.

The reply given by Christ to the plea of the mother who asked distinction for her sons must have surprised as well as rebuked her. She had a woman's ambition for the boys she had borne and whom she still loved. Though they were men, and she was verging upon old age, yet she kept her interest in their welfare. Their honors were her joy. She would have them provided for. If Christ was to become royal, she would have them distinguished. If he was to be on the throne, she wished them to have places beside it, so that their luster might fall upon their faces and its strength render their positions secure. Her plea was bold perhaps, but it was not unnatural. She looked through the mother's partial eyes upon her children, and they were noble in her view; she recalled the humiliations of their discipleship, and felt that it was proper that when the Master ascended to honor they should have their share of emolument. Hence her plea: "Grant that these my two sons may sit, one on thy right hand and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory."

The conversation which followed was striking. It brought out some new things to these brethren and to the whole body of the disciples. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The words seem plain, it may be, to us; they must have seemed like enigmas to them. The dream was dispelled. The earthly throne which they had been beholding in the distance faded out of sight, and in its place there was something that gradually took the form of a cross with their Master hanging thereon. The plaudits of the populace, which they were hearing in imagination, changed into clamors of passion and shouts of fiendish triumph. But, little by little, they learned to accept the new idea for the old; saw how much nobler is suffering for the good of others than struggling for the gratification of self; gave up the hope of earthly reward for the sake of spiritual gain; and at last beheld in the life of service and the death of sacrifice the solution of life's great problem and the key that unlocked its deepest mysteries. They had come to know what it was they were asking, and saw that the honor of true and faithful service rose far above that which lay in outward circumstances and was maintained only by the doubtful homage of men. And so they too became servants of many, and while busy with their self-forgetful toil they were winning an everlasting renown.

After all our planning for other sorts of gain, this life of service alone is noble and worthy and fruitful in good. Self-seeking is in the end nothing but a failure; the true toll of the Christian disciple is never lost. We do sometimes, copying the speech of the world, and looking only at the aspect of to-day, give our praises to the mere human shrewdness and skill that win advantage and rise to seeming supremacy. But it is not long. The glitter is on the surface. The gains are unreal. Only the circumstances dazzle; the character wakes no new reverence. The success is of that sort that begets more envy than gratitude in others. And when the proud and self-complacent man falls from his dizzy height, he stirs more silent congratulation than sympathetic pity. When the life of the self-seeker is ended, and men take up his character and life for impartial analysis, they dismiss him to his place with a promptness that shows he has been weighed in the balance, even of their imperfect justice, and found sadly wanting. They who have lived for themselves are forgotten or held up as beacons; while they who have accepted and applied the law of life taught and embodied by Christ are held in sacred remembrance; and, speaking from their graves and their thrones in heaven, while they rebuke worldliness they cheer and encourage every noble nature, and reappear in many a beneficent life.

Most men wish for the easy places and the large human pay. They are hungry for compliments and place. They complain of hard work. They are sullen when they deem themselves unrecognized. They must be petted and flattered and humored, or they decline their part of the work of life. They ask how little heroic and taxing service will answer, not how much is permitted and possible. The task which is God's grant of honor they take as a human hardship which they ought not to endure. Labor is seldom sweet to them or made beautiful to others, because there is no sacred motive which transforms it into a privilege and invests it with dignity. They yield to the call,—"Go, work," when they must, but often wait, like the slave, till scourged by an uneasy conscience or some outward pressure to the unwelcome task. And so the joy of the true servant is unknown, and half the efficiency is lost through lack of sympathy with that high type of life which Christ has exalted forever in his gospel, and which he is perpetually inspiring in the souls of those who draw their daily life from him.

A life of service has real glory. It may not at once appear to the dull and worldly observer, but it is present and real. This life puts down selfishness and calms passion. It disciplines the will into loyalty to its law and its Lord. It wakes the best purposes and develops the hidden resources of the

heart. It fills the spirit with a divine peace. It aids the soul to apprehend Christ, for each consecrated service interprets something in his character or works or words, that was perplexing before. And it does not limit its influence to those who maintain it. It is a living gospel in a community; a perpetual call upward to the heart's better portion; a steady finger pointing to Christ incarnate and Christ glorified; a heavenly perfume in the world's common air; a beneficent ministry that lightens dark homes and lifts up heavy hearts; and every neighborhood is richer because of the gifts which such a life scatters through all its domain.

This is not a mere ideal picture. Such a life is possible. It is not wholly wanting in fact. If it be too rare, it is not entirely absent from the world. The domestic circle often exhibits such service for others as leaves little room for mere self-seeking. In our more specifically Christian circles the same thing now and then looks out upon us with cheer and quickening in its gaze. And the grace which was won for us by the service and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, is able to make even our stupid natures quick with this sacred life, and our flagging service efficient through the steadiness and the strength that are among its most precious gifts. Weak and worldly as we are, we may be sharers in the Master's service, and sharers also in the glory with which it is crowned him forevermore.

Custodians of the Ordinances.

The Christian Secretary presents a marked example of what is called reasoning in a circle. It requires several steps to traverse this circle, but it is fully compassed at length.

When we ask for the ground of restricted communion, as maintained by our C. Baptist brethren, we are told that it embodies "the divine order" of the Christian ordinances. When we demur and ask for the proof that this polity is based on a precept of Christ, we are told that this divine order is shown in apostolic usage. When we rejoin that there is no proper evidence in the New Testament that the apostles insisted upon baptism as a necessary prerequisite to the communion, and that, even if there were such evidence, it does not follow that their usage has now the force of law, we are told that we ought in consistency to admit unbaptized persons to our churches. When we reply that this is defective logic, inasmuch as the less does not include the greater, and ask why our brethren exchange pulpits and join in various Christian labors with Pedobaptists on the ground of a common faith and purpose, and then refuse to unite at the Supper where they behold the great truth that is symbolized by the feast as with a single eye, the answer comes promptly back,—"Because the divine order requires that baptism (immersion) shall precede the Supper." The Secretary thus gets back to its old starting-point, and, of course, is quite ready to repeat the logical journey as often as it is dislodged from its position. The diameter of this circle may be large enough so that a small segment of it appears to be a straight line, but a continued stepping surely describes the circumference. Movement is not here the same thing as progress, and what wears the semblance of reason has only the substance of a fallacy.

There is one remark in the Secretary's latest utterance that deserves notice. It says that "the church is made, in a sense, the custodian of the ordinances." Yes; but in what sense? Not surely in the sense that the church is allowed to deal with the ordinances as though they were left to be managed simply according to its own discretion. Not in the sense that the church is permitted to decide who shall and who shall not have the right to participate in the ordinances, without regard to the right which Christ has guaranteed to all who are really his. Let it be remembered that there was no such regularly organized church as the Secretary has in view when the Supper was instituted. Let it be remembered, too, that Christ bade all his disciples show forth his death at the Supper when he instituted it:—"Drink ye all of it." This act of remembrance was to show forth his death till he should come.

The Supper was therefore put into the custody of the church, not that it might be managed in the spirit of exclusiveness, but that it might be kept spread for the refreshment of believers till the Lord himself should appear a second time. Until the Master of the feast directs that none save those who are free from honest mistakes, in respect to the form of an act which has been heartily accepted in spirit and purpose, shall be shut away from the table, "the custodian" may properly regard itself as set to spread the table for all real disciples, rather than to refuse admission to the guests whose hearts joyfully respond to the "Come" of the Lord Jesus.

Is There not a Reason?

Previous to the "Week of Prayer," the fruits of which have not become fully manifest, the number of conversions reported in our own columns and in our exchanges have been sensibly less than were reported, during the same period, for several years past. Such has been the case too when the public mind has not been agitated by any subject of a particularly exciting character. Inclement weather has not confined Christians to their homes; our streets and highways have not been blocked by drifting storms; the sound of war and the call to arms have not been heard within our borders, and the great political issues of our time are very generally regarded as settled.

Under such circumstances, we should have naturally expected to witness a large ingathering of souls; and if our expectations have not been realized, we are led to inquire, "Is there not a reason?" There is, doubtless; and if we are not able to find the answer in any single cause, we may be

so fortunate as to discover it in several causes combined. Starting upon the warrantable assumption that God is always ready and willing to co-operate in all proper efforts for the salvation of souls, the assignable reasons for the present state of religious interest are numerous, some of which are only temporary in their character, while others are more permanent.

While circumstances have been so favoring, have Christians made corresponding efforts, or have they not rather relied upon these favoring circumstances to accomplish what they should have attempted by the aid of the Spirit? While the gospel has been faithfully preached and its ordinances have been punctually administered, has due prominence been given to some of the special means of grace, as the stated weekly prayer-meeting, the holding of three-days' meetings, and the like? Or, while these have been duly appointed, have not many deserted them to attend the lyceum lecture, the concert, the meeting of some secret society, the political caucus, or even the ball room and the theater? While many have in theory recognized the claims of God, have they not in practice denied them? And has not the love of the world taken the precedence of the love of God, and the love of ease or pleasure of the love of souls?

Without extending these queries further, we doubt not that many a pastor can testify to the extreme difficulty with which a continued and healthy interest is maintained in the subject of religion in communities where there are scores of things, many of which are patronized by Christians, to absorb attention. Under such circumstances it will be in vain that we look for great religious prosperity. The exterior may be fair, but the life-giving power will be wanting. The demand for a reform is imperative. God and his service must be first and other things afterwards. Who will not contribute to the accomplishment of the end sought? And shall not the remaining months of the season be improved in earnest and direct revival efforts?

The Financial Problem.

Statesmanship has its battle to fight, now that the military struggle is over, and the country has refused to turn its back upon its soldiers and upon honor. How shall we manage our heavy debt? Is the question which deserves and receives special attention. We are becoming students of national finance and political economy. Theories multiply on the subject. Almost every day brings us some new statement of our condition and some fresh scheme for relief. Business men are at sixes and sevens, and there is no financial policy that unites the leading men of any political party. Mr. Johnson openly recommends us to cheat our creditors out of a portion of what we owe them, and so escape a part of the burden and the difficulty. Some of the Democratic leaders propose that we substitute promises to pay for payment itself. Mr. Greeley would have the whole wealth of the country pledged for the unequivocal payment of what we owe, begin at once to show our spirit and faith in our works, by giving the gold dollar for the paper promise to pay it, and so take away all fear of our securities and increase their value enough to reduce our debt and put it on the way to extinction. Mr. Washburn, who is listened to as though he were the echo of Gen. Grant, cries out lustily for retrenchment. Gen. Butler would lessen our disquiet by having us deny that gold and silver are of any special consequence, and let certificates that the government owes us stand for so much property.

This financial question needs study. The debts we owe are impairing our credit, inflating prices, making burdens heavy, distorting both currency and business, enabling speculators to work serious mischief, and complicating the question of political reconstruction. If the present or the next Congress can solve the problem, it will have earned the respect of foreign governments and gained the gratitude of the nation. But Congress will generally embody the spirit and will of the people, and so every man does something towards complicating or settling the great question. We have no scheme to propose, for we do not profess to understand the subject in its details. But a few things it is well that we all distinctly comprehend, and the sooner they are accepted the better.

I. The national debt must be paid in fullness and good faith. It must be paid, not simply managed, or slurred over, or hidden beneath a semblance of payment, or shuffled off by some sort of game, or compromise, or legerdemain. Let it be understood, once for all, that the debt is to be paid, every dollar of it, according to both the letter and the spirit of our promises.

II. It cannot be paid without being felt by the great mass of the people. It is so heavy that we must all realize the pressure of it. It was incurred to save all that makes a country dear and nationality a blessing. We who reap the advantages of a free and stable government have no moral right to claim immunity from the service that is to pay for what is so costly and so precious. We shall all feel it when we pay such a debt as ours.

III. There must be economy both in the public expenditures and in the sphere of private life. Needless drafts on the national treasury must cease, or the debt will still be our plague and tormentor. Luxury and extravagance in the style of living, rash speculation instead of honorable trade and patient industry, will postpone the day of relief and add to the embarrassment of the country.

IV. The immense army of swindlers and defrauders of the government, while professing to serve it,—the lobbyists who cheat the confiding and buy the votes of legislators,—the projectors of private enterprises who get the endorsement of the government and then leave it to pay the leagued

and grasping creditors,—this vast army of swindlers must be encountered, attacked, defeated, disbanded, its leaders put beyond the power of mischief-making, and its rank and file scourged back into the sphere of honorable toil by the lash of a better public sentiment.

These things accomplished, and the financial problem would be far on the way toward solution. So much is possible. So much is with the people. So much every man and woman may help in doing. Give us a high honor, a cheerful co-operation, an economical industry, and an end to gigantic frauds upon the government to further private interests, and the debt will as steadily and as surely melt away under the influence of our wholesome and assimilating life as an iceberg dissolves in the Gulf Stream.

The Difference.

"You could not have preached such a sermon as that two months ago." Such was the remark of a deacon to a young pastor as he came down from the pulpit after having delivered, from notes, a plain, spiritual sermon. It was during a revival interest, and the good deacon was full of joy that his pastor had become greatly revived, awakened, spiritualized. The minister took out his manuscript and replied as follows:—"Brother, I have given you a sermon that I preached six months ago, and I remember distinctly that you were present and heard it. I then wondered that you did not appear to take any interest in it."

This occurrence was recently related by the pastor himself in our presence. The change, of course, was attributed wholly to the deacon. Possibly, however, the sermon was on the second occasion read with more of the love of Christ in the heart than at first.—A. K. M.

Current Topics.

—MAINE STATE SEMINARY. At the dedication of the new building of Maine State Seminary on the 7th inst., of which we give an account elsewhere, President Cheney gave a brief and comprehensive history of the Institution. From his statements, it appears that from the flames of Old Parsonfield sprang the educational buildings at Lewiston. On the 23d of Sept., 1854, the idea of the Maine State Seminary was born in the minds of two men riding in the cars by Yarmouth Junction. In November, 1854, the plan took tangible shape before the Topsam Convention. The Institution was chartered March 16, 1855, and an appropriation of \$15,000 secured. In June, 1856, the institution was located at Lewiston, and, June 26th, the corner stone was laid. Sept. 1, 1857, the institution was opened to students. In the financial crash of 1857 it had a narrow escape from bankruptcy, but in July, 1859, the Seminary was dedicated, free from debt. In 1861 came the College movement, and its cause was laid before friends in Boston with great success. In 1862 came a proposition for an independent College course, and in the fall of 1863 there was organized an "advanced class," which the next year became a Sophomore Class. January 19, 1864, the College Charter was secured, and Bates College was a fact. In July, 1865, a separation of the College and Seminary was voted, and the work was finally completed last July, through the acceptance by the Trustees of the College Charter. The conditions of the separation were, that the Trustees of the College should pay over to the Seminary not less than \$40,000, nor more than \$50,000. This has been the work of the College the past year. The Trustees have erected this building by a Committee at an expense, including grounds, &c., of \$30,000, and are now ready to pay over an additional \$20,000 as a permanent fund to the Seminary. The condition of the Seminary at this time is that it has twice the fund that it had under the old alliance—owning this entire building and property, with \$20,000 at interest. Few such institutions are better off than this. Its annual income, exclusive of tuition, will hereafter be about \$2,000. These facts speak well for what has been accomplished in the past, and are promising well for the cause of popular education in Central Maine in the future. We are sorry, however, to learn that the condition and prospects of Bates College are less favorable than those of the Seminary.

—SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCES. The first week in this month witnessed the inauguration of two New England Governors, each of whom took occasion to express his views on the subject of temperance legislation. Governor Chamberlain of Maine, is conservative and cautious. Among other things, he says, "Drunkenness is an evil, and it is the duty of the State to restrain men from it, and protect the innocent from its depredations;"—he adds that all crime and evil cannot be expelled from among men by the severest laws. The most we can hope to do is to intimidate and restrain them—the divine law has as yet achieved no more. Gov. Claflin, of Mass., while perhaps no more decided in his convictions, is more frank and outspoken in the expression of them. After speaking of the effects of the repeal of the prohibitory law by the last Legislature, as seen in the alarming increase of intemperance, he proceeds:

It seems, then, essential to the public good that the present system should be abandoned, and that one should be adopted more in accordance with the habits and experience of the people. In placing a new law on the statute-book, it is of the highest importance that it should meet the acquiescence, if not the sanction of the great body of the people. The evils of drunkenness are acknowledged by all, and the remedy therefore has been sought in vain by the ablest and wisest philanthropists. Experience is gradually working out the problem, and we have much to hope for in the effect of law, assisted as it is by the steady advance of moral sentiment in the community, by the general conviction that

sobriety and good order are necessary to the fullest development of our resources, by the progress of science, and by the inspiration of religious faith.

Maine and Massachusetts have heretofore occupied advanced positions in the temperance reform, and we sincerely hope that the re-act which has recently taken place from a temporary retrogression in both these states, may be genuine and thorough.

—THE PRESBYTERIAN REUNION. The proposed union between old and new school Presbyterians is apparently making but little progress. It would seem, according to the statements of an exchange, that some of the leading organs of the Old-School complain that the other party cannot get beyond the "toleration" principle. "We will agree to tolerate you as you are, if you will agree to tolerate us as we are." Now the Old-School have practically declared that they will not tolerate the doctrines which they have heretofore condemned, by twice rejecting the basis agreed upon by the Joint Committee. On the other hand, the New-School men demand pledges that the maintenance of the views which they have always avowed shall not subject them to ecclesiastical molestation of any kind, and such pledges, it is easy to see, will not be given by an Old-School Assembly, or it given, will simply create a new schism. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" There are some in both Assemblies who would not insist upon a rigorous interpretation of the standards, but there are very many who would.

—BEECHER CRITICISED. In a recent number of the *Congregationalist and Recorder*, Mr. Lewis Tappan reviews Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's two volumes of sermons, recently published, which he thinks "contain errors in doctrine so fundamental as not only to impair their influence, but to threaten serious injury." He selects one—"The Incarnation of Christ"—preached in 1859. At the time it was delivered some of his hearers remonstrated with him, and Mr. Tappan complains that after all these years of reflection it is permanently preserved and set forth under the sanction of his great name to mislead others. Mr. Beecher says: "The Bible teaches that the Divine Mind was pleased to take upon itself a human body. We have no warrant in the Scripture for attributing to Christ any other part of human nature than simply a body." Mr. T. quotes further, and then justly says that the body does not constitute a man—bones, muscles, etc., do not make up a man. He has a higher "part." Jesus then was not a man at all, but only God moving about in a body. That this sermon, once condemned because avowing an ancient heresy, should now be reproduced, is another of Mr. B's defiances.

—FLORAL GUIDE, &c. The illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide for 1869, issued by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., whose advertisement may be found in another column, is a gem in its way, giving an immense amount of information touching vegetables, fruits and flowers, especially the latter. The floral illustrations are both numerous and beautiful, and the information given to those who have a fondness for the beauty of the garden, is ample and specific. It is a thing of beauty and value, and sold for the merest trifle—ten cents. Send for a copy.

Rational Amusements.

Mr. Beecher lectured on this much debated subject at Boston last week, and gave great satisfaction to his audience. His views are those of a matured thinker, who has given much attention to the subject, and who speaks with great deliberation even when his utterances appear spontaneous and the outburst of impulse. We give some of the main points in the extracts below, though using space freely, and at the same time illustrate his marked felicity of speech. We borrow from the report in the *Advertiser*:

Lines have been drawn by various parties on the subject of amusements; and the battle is still going on. Sometimes the battle is against all amusement, sometimes against a particular amusement. The older people are generally engaged on one side and the younger on the other. The new comers will have their way, and the young will prevail in every community if you give them time for it. To-day gaiety is in the ascendant, fashion with its brilliant rounds bewitches society; to-morrow comes a religious rebound, meetings are the fashion, and the laughter is brought to the confessional: and then after a while again mirth resumes her sway and chases the shadows from sober faces. The battles are continuous, victories are transient. Each side alike has traitors in its camp. The laugh lies latent in the most sorrowful, and the tear rests in the eye of the gayest. Each comes to aid the efforts of the enemy. I propose to wed mirth and morality! Who shall forbid the bans?

Amusement is the prerogative and duty of a busy man. In counting men idlers are not to be reckoned; they have no business with amusement; but it is the duty of every sober and earnest man to have amusement; in proportion as he is busy, he is bound to have proportional amusement. Those who make pleasure the business of life, are nothing but honey-seekers, and they seek in vain. By amusement I mean the whole art of extracting pleasure from life, and not the few sources of pleasure which are the generally recognized methods of enjoyment. The elements of happiness range through a long scale, they stretch up through the taste, to reason, and to the highest moral sentiment. Any course by which we exercise our faculties for the sake of being happy is amusement. The propriety and necessity of amusement is obvious, because a certain degree of happiness is as necessary to the well-working of the mind and body as food is. It serves a practical purpose in promoting the health and lengthening the lives of men. The absence of pleasure results in physical disability; joyfulness is both food and medicine.

We cannot keep the faculties all the time at work, and to rest is to economize.

Four hours work by a healthy mind is 'better than twelve hours by one that is not invigorated by rest and amusement. If you look behind the door you will see that the twelve hour man is no student, but a mope! It is with thought as with an ax, the sharp edge economizes strength—if sharp it cuts; if dull it pounds. Half a man's time well put in is better than the whole; it is the concentration, it is the cutting edge that achieves.

A man that has wit has that elastic cushion by which he never gets a violent shock. It is the business of enjoyment to take off the fatigue and care of the actual business of life. Bringing men together for social enjoyment tends to promote good fellowship and true charity; it makes men respect each other more, and love each other better. And if, as we know men more we find fewer saints, we shall find a great deal better class of sinners than we supposed. I would not teach any less that this life is a pilgrimage through a wilderness, but if every pilgrim threw down a handful of flower seeds as he went along and planted a few trees for shade, his children would walk homeward through a garden. Amusement must not be made the object of life, it must be taken only at intervals. Pleasure, mirth, music and wit belong to the class of stimulants; they are good seasoning, but poor food. Of all tedious and tiresome creatures, deliver me from one who gives his whole time to wit. I had rather sleep with the sexton. Amusement is a piece of insertion put between solid fabrics, and is ornamental in connecting them. No amusement is good that unites you for your regular duties in life. It must not be a rival but a servant; it must give an appetite for duty. Amusement is a whetstone; after it the faculties should be sharper than they were before. The gaieties of society are extravagant, unnatural, and unwholesome. Innocent dances under the trees in summer, or at home among friends, closing at an early hour, are to be commended as not only harmless but positively useful. But all night parties and balls set at naught every rational principle; they are condemned before they get half way up to moral consideration. They dissipate, not recreate; they destroy the body, they do not revive it; they are a satire on amusement. Amusement should revive those faculties which regular work leaves dormant; and not tax those powers which are overworked. As the director in a dance tries out "Change partners" so it is with amusements; the still people must stir; the bustling folks must be still; those who stand must sit; those who labor with their hands should use their brains, and scholars should exercise their bodies. For my part I should dearly love to run an express engine for a few hours every day. The engineer could not write a sermon for me perhaps, but he could read one of mine, and if he rides late nights and is broken of his sleep, he would find sweet relief in it.

Amusements must be recognized as God's ordinances; men should be cheerful, try to amuse themselves and others, and soon thousands of unexpected methods of amusement will grow spontaneously. Americans are fertile in mechanical invention, and when their attention is turned to it they will show the same skill in inventing amusements for the people. Amusements as far as possible should be enjoyed at home, and when this cannot be done the whole home circle should go together to the place of amusement. Home should be the very pivot of our lives, the center of our joys. Children should be taught to govern themselves; let them make mistakes if they will, they will learn faster by mistakes than by any other process. Above all they should be made to feel unafraid; when love sits in the household it is God, when fear it is the devil.

Denominational News and Notes.

Maine State Seminary.

The new building of the Maine State Seminary was dedicated on the 7th inst. by interesting services. The building is pleasantly located, about one hundred rods from the College, with ample grounds. Its construction and size are such as to give the best accommodations to both teachers and students, in boarding, rooming, reciting and lecturing. We have never seen better conveniences for educational purposes than are here found. The building, 100 by 40 feet, is of stone and brick, well built, with every modern improvement found in similar constructions.

The dedicatory exercises were opened by singing an appropriate piece to the tune of "Old Hundred." Pres. Cheney then gave a very interesting account of the M. S. Seminary, from its inception to the present hour. Its early difficulties, its many embarrassments, burdens and struggles through which it had come,—all of which were related in a spirit of self-abnegation, gratefully acknowledging the hand of God in its present ability and success over all discouragements. The President passed into the hands of its Treasurer, Bro. Lowell, a deed of the building and lands costing some \$30,000, with Gov. Bonds for \$20,000, amounting in all to \$50,000. The Treasurer, in behalf of the Seminary, cordially thanked the President for the gift, and prayerfully hoped it might be used to glorify God.

The keys were then passed into the hands of the Principal, Prof. A. Given, who was waited upon to the chair, vacated by the President, by Prof. Hayes of the College. Mr. Given accepted the keys and place, with a few modest but pertinent remarks. The dedicatory prayer was offered by your correspondent, when the assembly was dismissed by the benediction from Dr. Cheney. The exercises were well attended and deeply interesting throughout.

Thus we have the two institutions, College and Seminary, completely and finally separated, each with buildings and grounds, libraries and teachers of its own entirely separate. Each is thus thrown upon its own merits and resources, to act for itself, making its own history of success or failure, as time shall determine or God shall approve or condemn.

The Seminary starts with the best of facilities for success, not only in grounds and buildings, but also with a Principal and associate teachers of superior worth. Messrs. Given and Emory are highly esteemed by all,—evidently the right men are in the right place. Misses Hoyt and White are teachers of much experience and ability; as is also Mr. Ballard, teacher

Poetry.

Love lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There are meals to be got for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
And there were puddings and pies to bake,
Besides loaves of cake for tea.
The day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she sat;
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no hurry to wed."

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flash crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,—
"Twas this, my dear, that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
The pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And golden as it could be.

"Just think," all the children called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!"
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"Tis sweet to labor for those we love,
'Tis not strange that maids will wed!"

The Holy Dead.

The autumn rain is falling;
They do not heed its beat;
Past alike the storm and sunshine,
They rest, their sleep is sweet;
Their eyes, that were so weary,
From further tears shall cease,
And see enraptured visions
In the solemn sleep of peace.

Their hands, once swift and skillful,
Still by a grace divine,
Are crossed upon their bosoms
In faith's eternal sign.
Earth's dark and dizzy pathways
Shall know them nevermore,
But a place of light and silence
Waits on the golden shore.

The problem of existence
Is solved for them at last,
And all life's loss made even,
For the former things are passed.
Then comes reward for waiting;
Then joy is born of pain,
In that court where wrong is righted,
And the Judge of all shall reign.

Round us the storm still rages,
To us the noontide heat;
Our eyes with tears are heavy,
And weary are our feet.
But while in God's own wisdom
Our wanderings steps are led,
They wait in solemn pity—
The holy, happy dead.

—N. Y. Express.

The Family Circle.

Incident for the Children.

BY MAY BRADFORD.

Nearly two years ago, I was traveling in the cars through the fertile country of central Maine. At one of the way-stations a woman came on board, carrying a babe of a few months in her arms, and leading by the hand a boy who, were it not for the lesser one, would also claim the title of baby. The woman's clothing was composed of cheap material and made with strict economy; the children also were plainly though neatly dressed. Evidently the trio composed the family of some laboring man who found it hard to make both ends of the year meet.

My attention was attracted particularly to the little boy, by his manly ways, seeming so much beyond his years. Though evidently tired with his journey, he gave his mother as little trouble as possible, seeming to understand that her especial care must be given to his baby sister. He sat or stood upon the seat as seemed to please his momentary fancy, sometimes looking out of the window, sometimes casting a searching glance at the people seated around him.

Presently a lady on the seat directly behind that of the boy, took from her reticule a rosy cheeked apple—just such an one as is always so tempting to childhood—and began eating it. I could see the wistful look in the dear boy's eyes, showing that to him an apple was a rare treat; and I sat very uneasily in my seat wondering that the lady too did not notice it. Evidently she was unaccustomed or indifferent to children, for the little fellow saw the apple grow smaller and smaller until nothing remained. Even then he did not annoy his mother with his grievance, but gave a deep sigh of disappointment and turned away. The sigh drew the attention of his mother, and she took from her pocket a stick of candy and gave him; he looked at it and then toward his sister, with whom he was in the habit of sharing his "goodies," but she was fast asleep in her mother's arms. And now, my little reader, what do you suppose he did? He broke his candy in two pieces, reached toward that same lady who had eaten the apple without seeming to notice his existence, and gave her the largest piece! Such generosity could not fail of being appreciated, and she immediately took another nice apple from her reticule and gave him. It would have done your heart good to see the little boy's eyes glisten with pleasure. The noise of the cars prevented me from hearing him speak, but I saw the little lips frame the words "I thank you," and I know it was a sweet voice that uttered them.

As I passed from the cars I longed to say to the young mother, "Whatever may be your earthly lot, you are far richer in the wealth of your beautiful children, than many a lady who wears fine silks and has thousands of dollars at her control!"

Probably I shall never see the little boy again, or if I do, I shall never know him as the hero of my little story, for he will have grown far from his babyhood; but I know that if he lives to grow up, and continues to exercise such nobility of heart, he will become one of the best men in our land.

Quit Crowding.

I never heard it myself, but they told me out in Illinois, that on still nights, you can "hear the big potatoes scolding the little ones for crowding so." The little fellows are growing, and there is not room for them all in one hill, and so the big ones scold, and bid the little ones keep still. I do not believe all of this story, because potatoes have no mouths, and cannot talk. They have eyes, and if they had mouths they would scold if they could, for potatoes do get terribly crowded sometimes—crowded all out of shape.

My garden is not like an Illinois garden. All my potatoe hills have more stones in them than potatoes. I have seen boys in Illinois who never saw a stone in any field or garden. They would laugh to see what queer shapes the potatoes have when they grow among stones. A little potato gets between two stubborn stones, and grows itself flat as my hand trying to push the stones away. It is all just the same when little Indian papooses have their soft heads between two stubborn boards; they grow up flat-headed Indians. And the Chinese girl babies have their soft little feet squeezed into sore little bumps by tight bandages; the bandages crowd them all out of shape.

There is a good deal of crowding, and worse than crowding going on all around me. A hill of corn came up beautifully and grew a foot high, and then stopped and turned yellow and died, all because there was a maple tree that crowded it and took away its sap and sunshine. The other corn-stalks a little way off saw it, and said it was a shame for that great, big tree to steal a living away from a little corn family not six weeks old. But when those scolding corn-stalks were growing up, I noticed that they spread out their blades and drank up the sunshine and would not let the little turnips grow between their rows; and a squash vine got so mad at the corn-stalks that he came up, and ran away beyond the outside row of corn, before he'd stop to finish out a big leaf or grow a blossom, and then he stopped and grew so rich, and fat, and big leaved, that not a leaf of clover, nor a blade of grass could grow, he covered all the ground so.

There was a crowding and a quarrel going on in my garden all summer long. The thistles quarreled with my strawberries so that I had to go out and hit them with a hoe, and then they would not keep still for more than a week at a time. Then my hens crowded on to my corn, and do all I could, they ate it all up, leaving me not an ear, nor a kernel. The cabbages did well until after frost; then a neighbor's cow came to gnaw at them, and leave them nicely white and open for bugs to creep in. So my cabbages got crowded.

That is not all. One night some sort of an animal crowded my setting hens, and sucked every egg, leaving the poor birds sitting sleepily on the shells. Afterward I got a gun and crowded him off and buried him. But how he hated to go! What an awful smell he made. Then I began to notice and to think, what a crowding, quarrelling world we do live in, to be sure. The bugs and worms are nibbling the leaves away. The robins came and picked off the bugs. The cat came and caught the robins. The dog came and caught the cat and broke her back. What a time!

In the woods the large trees keep the little ones from growing up. In the waters the big fish eat up the little fish. In the air the hawk catches the little bird. On land the cattle eat up the growing grass, and by and by the men eat up the cattle. That's the way it is and always has been in this world. The stronger crowds the weaker and uses him up.

Once a mad elephant came rushing along a village street in India, knocking down the little bamboo shanties, pitching men into the air with his tusks, and slapping down the women into the dirt with his trunk. Suddenly he stopped at a little baby in the very middle of the street, looked at him, picked him up tenderly, and set him in at a house door safely; and then went raging along down the street again. Wonderful! beautiful! to see such a monstrous creature so kind to a little baby.

A doctor in England, had a fine, large, black dog, larger than any dog anywhere around. One day he broke his leg. The doctor set it and took care of him until his leg was quite strong again. A month afterward this great, big dog, fat and black and curly, brought home a little sore, red eyed doggy, running on three legs, and showed him to the doctor to be cured! Wonderful! beautiful! to see a great hearty dog, helping a poor, lame, half-starved cur! It is better than crowding or quarrelling!

Once I knew a tall, stout, good-looking man, go to a picnic with at least eight little children, six women, and some boys and girls. He put up a swing between two trees, a long swing, and then for hours he stood there, giving all the boys and girls, and all the women and children splendid swings—away up in the air. He worked so hard that he could hardly keep awake long enough to get home, and the next day his arms were stiff and sore. But he is one of the best men I ever knew. He is so very strong that he helps everybody and so very kind that he never crowds anybody. He does not scold the little potatoes for

growing; and he says we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. And when I tell him that everybody crowds everybody in this world, he says, we don't belong to this world, but to the kingdom of heaven, where He that is chief is servant of all. I've a great mind never to crowd or quarrel any more!—*Little Corporal.*

Little Faithful.

The child's name was not Faithful at all. Up at the "House Beautiful," where she came every day to carry the refuse of the kitchen away, they all called her "General Jackson," and, for anything I know, that might have been her name. She was about ten years old, if one might guess from her size, though her little pinched face was so careworn, and her eyes had such a tired look, that she might have passed for forty. Down the alley, just a little way from the garden, was the low, little hut, where they all lived—father, mother, and five children. I could see it from my window; see the sandy back yard, with its bunches of thin, scattered grass, and the barefooted children playing about it, or huddled in a group by the door, while little Faithful sang the baby to sleep, and kept them all quiet by the wonderful rhymes she sang over and over, with patience that seemed never to weary.

The father and mother worked in a mill, and were away early and late; so all day long this child, Faithful, was the grave little housekeeper, who cared, as a mother might, for the household affairs, and the poor little ones. There was no play for her, and small chance to be anything but thin, and pinched, and careworn. The first week I was at the "House Beautiful," I only smiled with the rest at the odd little figure. The second week I learned to call her "lassie," as the father and mother did at home; but the third week I could think of no name worthy enough for her but Faithful, and so I always called her from that time. You remember Faithful, don't you?—the Faithful of old John Bunyan's story. Even when I was a child, and lay under the peach trees in the west yard to read it, I liked Faithful better than Christian.

One weary day in August, when we drew the blinds close in the great, cool chambers of the "House Beautiful," and dressed ourselves in the daintiest of muslins for the heat, I peeped out at the little brown house on the alley, and saw how the fierce sun shone hotly in at the door, and how the weary little nurse toiled and sang, and waited for the evening shadows. The baby was crosser than ever that day, and over and over I heard the little shrill voice singing to a monotonous tune the old rhymes of Mother Goose, before the little tyrant would go to sleep. Just at evening, when I threw open my blinds to the night air, I saw little Faithful sitting for a moment in the door, with her head leaning wearily on her hands, but even then a chubby little fellow came toddling up with a broken whip, and Faithful was ready to mend it. Sometime in the night, there came a messenger in great distress to the "House Beautiful," to say that the "lassie" was very sick; and so two of us went down the alley, and stood by the bed where poor little Faithful lay, wild with a burning fever. The doctor came soon afterwards, but he only shook his head and said it was too late. The fever must have attacked her brain hours before.

What a pitiful place it was—so bare, so pinched, so poor; yet as neat as the tired little hands could make it, before they dropped their work. The baby lay in the bed, with his great, white head nestled into his sister's pillow. He stirred uneasily, and they took him away; but, at the first sound of his voice, little Faithful took up the old song, and tried to hush him to sleep. From that moment she seemed to begin her work again, soothing the children, singing them to sleep, and making the house tidy for mother. How it made my heart ache to hear her sing, over and over and over, the same foolish old rhyme, in a voice that grew all the time weaker and more broken.

If you want any more you must sing it yourself,
Sing it yourself, sing it yourself,

until at last the voice died away in a whisper, and the little Faithful lay there white and wan, with the fever all burned out of her cheeks, and the children sobbing around her. Oh, faithful little heart! does any one smile at the foolish old rhyme which was laid upon your lips? To me it has infinite pathos. It is the last despairing cry of hundreds of weary, struggling souls, that keep the battle up bravely, till the heart and flesh fail, and then go down, crying:

If you want any more you must sing it yourself.

"Poor lassie," said the mother, as she closed her eyes with her own hard hands, "she's got her wish at last. She was always fearful of living to be a burden to us because the doctor told us that some day she'd be crippled with her back. I mistrust she worked beyond her strength, but how can folks choose that must work or starve?"
How, indeed! And in my heart I rejoiced over the blessed little Faithful, whose trials and burdens had been so cheerfully endured, and the last song of weariness had been sung. The angels sung to her, I doubt not, and One, in shining raiment, welcomed her to the home where they who have been faithful in a few things are made rulers over much.—*Congregationalist & Recorder.*

Going Home to be Forgiven.

Some boys were playing at ball in a retired place one afternoon, when they should have been at school. They absented themselves without leave, intending to go home at the usual hour. Thus they thought their absence would not be known to their parents and friends.

While thus engaged, Mr. Amos came along. "What are you doing here?" said he. "Your parents think you are at school. I shall tell them know where you are and

what you are about." He passed on and the boys stopped playing. What was to be done? He would be sure to tell their parents. It was too late to go to school, and too early to go home. Their consultations came to no comfortable conclusion; the probabilities of punishment were calculated. Some thought they might escape, but the prospects of most of them were not promising. At length John Roberts rose up and said: "I am going home."

"What for? To get your flogging, and have it over?" said one.
"No; I am going home to be forgiven;" and away he went.

John had never played truant before. He had very kind parents; they would deny him nothing that was for his good, and he felt that he had treated them very ungratefully by acting contrary to their known wishes. He resolved to go home and make a full confession of his fault and ask their forgiveness; he felt sure of receiving it, and he went home to be forgiven. It was a good thing to go home for.

This incident suggests what is the duty of the child of God; he should go to his Heavenly Father to be forgiven. This should be his first object, for forgiveness is his first need. He should go as John went—with a sense of his guilt, and with confidence that he will be forgiven.

Literary Review.

A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES; being the Reflections and Recollections of a member of the Profession. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869. 16mo. pp. 265. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The dominie with us in the rural districts of this country is the minister; in England, and in the lexicon of the author of this very pleasant volume, he is the school-master. This "member of the profession" is one of whom his older and better pupils would probably say only appreciative words, and of whom his brothers of like craft would have mostly pleasant memories. He writes in a style that is charmingly simple, chaste, calm, flexible and accurate. It reminds one of some of the best things of the "Country Parson," Mr. Boyd, who was so popular a few years since. He discourses of the teacher's duties, perplexities, dangers, day-dreams, &c.; of boys whom he loves; of young gentlemen whom he cannot patiently endure; of discipline that includes in his theory the use of the ferule and ratan; of the mischievous influence of injudicious parents upon pupils; of the general character of our schools, pointing out their excellences and defects; of other dominies, whose vivid portraits he vivaciously paints and hangs them up in the admirable gallery furnished by his XVII. chapter; and, indeed, formally or incidentally of many and various other topics that are more or less intimately related to the dominie's sphere and experiences. It is an eminently readable book, frank but genial in the expression of opinions, quite free from cant, robust, cheery, quip-sarcastic at times though never malicious, intolerant of shams but holding out a warm hand to moral honesty even though it be dull and plodding. It will prove a delightful volume to be used in reading aloud in an intelligent home about the evening fire, or dipped into at odd times by those who know by experience something of the life which the author has so fully lived, and whose entertaining sides he has so well portrayed.

THE TROTTER HORSE OF AMERICA: How to train and drive him. With reminiscences of the trotting turf. By Eiram Woodruff. Edited by Charles J. Foster. Including an introductory notice by George Wilkes, and a biographical sketch by the editor. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Boston: H. A. Brown & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp. 412. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

"The Turf" is not a very savory name in the ears of men who keep a delicate conscience, or are anxious for the improvement of public morals; and members of the "Society for preventing cruelty to Animals" naturally enough protest against the treatment meted out to that noble animal, the horse, amid the contests of the race-course. As a fact trotting-parks are often Satan's recruiting stations, and the lower passions very generally hold carnival where the fast horses of the country contend against each other or against time for \$5,000 purses.

But the information touching the horse and his proper training, gathered up by a man of Mr. Woodruff's tastes and experience, may be of great service in many ways; and it has been arranged and offered to the public in a very admirable manner by those who have been concerned in the preparation of this volume. Mr. Woodruff understood the horse thoroughly, he loved him with an affection that was full of a noble enthusiasm, he employed a rare intelligence in training and managing his favorite animal, eschewing all headlong and brutal methods, and carrying science and humanity into all his operations. He made himself familiar, moreover, with the history and peculiarities of most of the noted horses of the time, and his statements and suggestions not only combine to make up a book that is thoroughly entertaining, but one which will yield a real value to those who read for profit.

THE EMPTY CRIB: A Memorial of Little George, child of consolation for bereaved parents. By Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, Brooklyn. New York: R. Carter & Bros. 1869. Square 24mo. pp. 160.

Mr. Cuyler's skill in painting whatever is beautiful in his eyes and dear to his heart is well known; and so it hardly needs to be said that he has given us a most vivid and touching picture of his twin boy who went up to the better life in his beauty and trust a little before reaching his fifth birthday. It was his first bereavement in his own home; he was wont to speak freely and frankly of what is deepest and most sacred in the experiences that are met; and so he talks here of his child with the zest of a fond mother and the freedom that distinguishes the intimate intercourse of friends; and he puts down the various tributes to his child which his death called out with thorough unreserve. It is a pleasant and choice little volume; and the many words of sympathy, consolation and faith which are here brought together, will make it especially welcome to those whom bereavement has smitten, and who have learned amid the darkness to look up for the light that is never quenched.

A CHRISTMAS STORY. By Caroline E. K. Davis. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 138.

Mr. Hoyt brings out a pleasant story in this new volume, adapted to the season, though a little too late to warn the fashionable families like Mr. Leroy's against a proud and selfish exclusiveness on Christmas Day, or to prompt other children to buy luxury through self-denial as the young group at Mr. Lawrence's did in getting up a surprise for the Nells. But as foolish pride is always a guest in many houses, as we have the poor always with us, and as self-denial for the good of others is the law of the whole year and the whole life, the story will never be untimely; and it will do good wherever its lesson is taken home by the reader.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW commences its new volume with the issue of a number for January that shows no falling off in vigor, freshness, variety or interest. Including the Critical Notices, it has ten articles. Of these, the papers devoted to Leibnitz, to the Catalogue of Harvard College Library, to the Tariff, and to Railroad Inflation, address themselves to special classes of readers—scholars and statesmen; while those which discuss The Mental Faculties of Brutes, Sir Richard Steele, Bismarck, The Revolution in England, and our own national condition and prospects—the last under the title of A Look Before and After—deal with topics that are living and vital, and in a way that renders the appeal which they make to the reader strong, skillful and effective. The North American is in the danger of losing its place at the head of the Reviews of the United States, and it need not fear a comparison with the old and leading publications of a similar class beyond the Atlantic.—Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE BIBLICAL THEOLOGY, always able, scholarly, and dealing with topics in the line of ministerial study and experience, opens its new volume with an excellent number, as the following table of contents will show: The Origin of the first three Gospels; Christian Baptism, considered in reference to the Act and the Subjects; Revelation and Inspiration; The Natural Theology of Social Science; What Wine shall we use at the Lord's Supper? Notes on Egyptology; Notices of Recent Publications; Biblical Notes.

The catholic attitude of this noble Quarterly may be inferred when it is stated that the article on Baptism is from the pen of an eminent Baptist clergyman, and the argument for the immersion of believers as the only real baptism, is presented with freedom and vigor.—The article on the wine question is a plea for fermented or intoxicating wine at the Lord's table. It is a plausible argument, but not quite satisfactory. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

THE AM. PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW has shortened its name, improved its costume, shows an appreciation of good typography, and, best of all, has come out with a bill of fare which promises a choice supply of material and does not at all disappoint expectation, unless it does better than it promises. It is a live number, and has rarely been excelled by anything which its managers have sent out. The following attractive list of articles will indicate how many good things are in store for its readers: Burleigh's Theological System; The true character of the Adopting Act; The Union Question in Scotland; The Scholar of To-day; Dr. Baird's History of the New School; The Canon Murders; Interpretation of Bible-Word Pictures; Our Currency and Specie Payments; Christian Anthropology; Assyria and her Monuments; The Theology of Franz Baader; Lay Eldership; Criticisms on Recent Books; Theological and Literary Intelligence. New York: J. M. Sherwood.

THE AM. AGRICULTURIST opens its new volume splendidly. We have many good agricultural papers, but this is the unchallenged monarch in the field which it occupies. So much material and so many rare excellences for \$1.50 per year makes one forget that prices are high and that gold is at a premium. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER would so assert its value to every earnest instructor of a Sabbath school class, as almost to compel the conviction that it is a necessity of life, could this number before us just get itself inspected. We hope to look over every month's issue for our own profit, and shall draw upon its materials for the benefit of our readers. But they need the whole of its contents, which can be had by sending \$1.50 to the publishers, Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD is just entering upon its 65th volume. Its information upon whatever relates to the Foreign Mission work is always ample, well-digested, practical and of great value. Though greatly enlarged and improved, it is still furnished at the low price of \$1 per year. Boston: Am. Board of Commissioners for For. Miss.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Shooting a Gorilla.

Du Chaillu, in his latest book, "Wild Life under the Equator," thus tells the story of his adventure with the terrible animal which he first introduced to the notice of scientific men:

"We had come to a country where we knew that gorillas were sure to be found, for there grew a pulpy pear-shaped fruit, the tonda, of which the animal is very fond. It grows almost upon a level with the ground, and is of a splendid red color. Not only were gorillas fond of the tonda, but I myself liked it very much, as did also the negroes. I am very fond of the subdued and grateful acid of this fruit. The kind that grows on the sandy prairies of the sea-shore is not fit to eat. Many and many times I would have starved in the forest without the tonda."

We were not mistaken, for we found everywhere gorilla marks, and now and then we could see the huge foot-prints of some old monster, which probably would have come and offered us battle if he had been near at hand; at other places we saw where they had seated themselves and been eating the tonda. At another place near a little stream we discovered that a female gorilla and her baby had been drinking, for I could see the tiny feet of the little one."

"There must be gorillas not far off," whispered Malaouen into my ears, and at the same time he looked carefully at his gun. Querlaouen and Gambo gave a chuckle, and looked at Malaouen and at me. We all listened in silence; we were then in one of the thickest and densest parts of the forest; all was apparently still, but the quick ear of Malaouen had detected something, had heard a noise, and he wanted to know the cause of it.

We were so excited that our breathing was loud and distinctly audible. We were all close together and did not move. We at once cocked our guns, for we heard the moving of branches just ahead of us, when lo! the forest resounded with the terrific roar of the gorilla which made the very earth fairly shake under our feet. As soon as the gorilla saw us he stood up, and beat his chest with his powerful hands until it resounded like an immense bass drum. His intensely black face was something horrid to behold; his sunken deep gray eyes looked like the eyes of a demon, and he opened his mouth and gave vent to a roar of terror, showing his powerful canine teeth. How big they were! they were frightful to look upon; the inside of his mouth was so red.

It was a male gorilla, a real fighting fellow, and was not afraid of us. How horrid he looked as the hair on the top of his head twitched up and down, and as he made the

woods ring with his awful roar until the forest was full of the din!

We stood in silence, gun in hand, and I was ready to fire, when Malaouen, who is a cool fellow, said, "Not yet." The monster, according to them, was not near enough. He stopped for a minute or so, and then seated himself, for his legs did not seem well adapted to support his huge body. The gorilla looked at us with his evil gray eyes, and then beat his breast with his long, powerful and gigantic arms, giving another howl of defiance. How awful was that howl! He then advanced upon us. Now he stopped, and though not far off they all said, "Not yet." I must own to having been somewhat accustomed to see gorillas. I was terribly excited, for I always felt that if the animal was not killed, some one of us would be killed.

I now judged that he was not more than ten or twelve yards from us, and I could see plainly the ferocious and fiendish face of the monstrous ape. It was working with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was moved rapidly back and forth, bringing a truly devilish expression upon the hideous face. Then once more he opened his mouth and gave a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder, and, looking us in the eyes, and beating his breast, advanced again. This time he was within eight yards from us before he stopped again. My breath was growing short with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malaouen said, "Steady," as he came up. When he stopped Malaouen said, "Now," and before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket balls were in his body, and he fell dead almost without a struggle. Gambo had not fired; he had kept his gun in reserve in case of accident. "Do not fire too soon. If you do not kill him he will kill you," said friend Malaouen to me—a piece of advice which I found afterward to be literally true. It was a huge beast, and a very old one indeed. Gorillas vary in height like men. This one was over 5 feet 6 inches. Its arms spread out 7 feet and 2 inches. Its bare, huge, brawny chest measured 50 inches round; and the big toe or thumb of its foot measured nearly 6 inches in circumference. Its arm seemed only like an immense bunch of muscle, and its legs and claw-like feet were so well fitted for grabbing and holding on that I did not wonder that the negroes believed that this animal concealed itself in trees, and pulled up with his foot any living thing, leopard, ox, or man, that passed beneath. There is no doubt that the gorilla could do this, but that he does; I do not believe. They are ferocious and mischievous, but not carnivorous.

Mr. Bright at Court.

In certain circles in London conversation for the last few days has been all about Mr. Bright's appearance at court, which was attended by incidents of a very interesting character. Some years ago Lord Derby volunteered a remark, considered at the time highly gratuitous and offensive, to the effect that Mr. Bright could not be "sent for" by the Queen, as he would be a distasteful person at court. A year or two afterwards Mr. Bright resented this in his own effective way, in a speech he made at Birmingham, in which he reminded Lord Derby that there were some persons who stood upon the steps of the throne without being able to add anything to the security of the throne, and the affection of the people for it, and whose presence so near to it was not a national advantage. We understand on Mr. Gladstone mentioning to her Majesty that he intended, with her permission, to offer a seat in the cabinet to the hon. member for Birmingham, the Queen was pleased to say it would afford her the greatest satisfaction if Mr. Bright would consent to serve the crown—that she had read his speeches with great pleasure, and that she was under the greatest obligations to him for the many kind words he had spoken of her, especially for a speech he made about two years ago in a great meeting in St. James's Hall. When Mr. Bright went to Windsor to take the oath of office her Majesty showed her delicate consideration for the great commoner in a very marked way. She sent Mr. Helps, the clerk to the Privy Council, to assure Mr. Bright if it was more agreeable to his feelings to omit the ceremony of kneeling or kissing hands he was quite at liberty to do so.

Mr. Bright availed himself of this consideration, permission, and was very kind and cordially received by her Majesty, who took occasion in the most marked manner to express her gratification at meeting him. It was afterwards intimated to Mr. Bright that her Royal Highness, the Princess Royal of Prussia, had expressed a desire that Mr. Bright should be presented to her. This was done, and the Princess heartily assured Mr. Bright that she greatly desired to be acquainted with him—that she herself and all the members of the royal family were greatly indebted to him for the way in which he had spoken of their mother. She herself, she said, had read all his speeches, and she was very pleased to see him. Mr. Bright replied in very graceful terms, and said if her royal highness would permit him, he would tell her what the late Mr. Buchanan, the American minister, when last in London, said of her to him, "that whenever her royal highness went she shed sunshine over all her path."

Meteor at Sea.

As the schooner Urania was off Crowdy head, Australia, on Monday, August 17th, about midnight, a heavy south-westerly squall came on, and all hands were called to shorten sail. A seaman named H. G. Sales was steering, and at 12.30 a. m. a meteor, like a ball of fire, fell immediately over the vessel's stern, and exploded with a loud report resembling that of a heavy piece of ordnance. Sparks of fire were scattered all about the deck, and the steersman was killed by the shock. Every one on board felt a violent shock like that of a galvanic battery; but none of the crew were injured except Sales, who was at his last gasp when picked up. His body showed no marks, but appeared to be blackened, and some six or seven hours after decomposition set in, and the poor fellow was buried over the side. The fire-ball apparently traveled with the wind, which was from the south-west, and when it burst the flash was so intensely brilliant that the steward, who was lying in his berth below, declared that he saw the fire through the seams of the deck. The cabin at the same moment was filled with smoke, which blackened papers lying about.

The presentation of a pair of "wan-min-gan," or "public umbrellas," is one of the greatest honors which can be bestowed upon a resident of China. The only European who has ever received such distinguished consideration is Mr. Davidson, an English merchant at Ningpo, who has recently returned to Europe.

