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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1869.

Rest.

Thou hast made us for Thyself; and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in thee.—St. Augustine.

Made for thyself, O God!
Made for thy love, thy service, thy delight;
Made to show forth thy wisdom, grace and might,
Made for thy praise, whom yea, angels laud!
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to thee!

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams!
Chasing illusions melting day by day,
Till for ourselves we read on this world's best,
"This is not rest!"

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One, who can guide our aching wayward feet,
To find himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace,
In him the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet!
(Would I were shared by all the weary world!)
'Neath shadowing banner of his love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet;
Then lean our love upon his boundless breast,
And know God's rest!

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, Jan. 8, 1869.

Faith renews her youth and hope turns her lamp anew at the opening of the year. From the farewell to the Old Year and the greeting to the New we address ourselves to new duties and march on in patience on the old lines of divine command. The united Prayer Meetings are very generally observed. In three provincial towns it is difficult to blend the Dissenting and the Established church elements. There is a slight approach to it, but it is a gloved hand the State clergy give to us, and a formal, official and effeminate shake. There is not much heart and soul in the professed union or the "Evangelical Alliance" platform. In large cities there is less of the provincial narrowness and caste, but nowhere, all England over, can we expect Episcopalians and Congregationalists to unite cordially in anything till all are alike free churches.

The "Watch Meetings" were much more general this year than in former years. In churches of all denominations they were held; and even High Church people were not afraid to be considered "Methodistical" by announcing a watchnight service. There was a large congregation assembled at Spurgeon's Tabernacle. It is said that not fewer than about 7,000 persons met there to see the Old year out, and the New year in. It was an imposing spectacle when, a few minutes before twelve o'clock, every voice was hushed, every hand was bowed, and all seemed engaged in silent prayer. The New Year Hymn was sung with "dramatic" effect, so says the reporter, by that vast assembly. These midnight services are peculiarly acceptable to some Londoners. The habits of a large class of people in that great city are owl-like. Birds of night and gaslight, they affect strangely all entertainments and even some religious services that take place deep in the hours of darkness. Probably hundreds of the attendants at the watchnight services will not go into a place of worship again until the next New Year's Eve.

There is a kill in our Irish Church storm to allow the Christmas festivities to pass off pleasantly. The country will soon be in the midst of excitement again. The pleasantest item of political news at Christmas was Mr. John Bright's reception at Court. The Tories were loud in asserting that the Queen would never hand over the seals of office to a demagogue, a radical, a fire-brand of revolution, and so on. But all the world now knows that Her Majesty received the distinguished Quaker with great pleasure, allowed him to dispense with the usual ceremony of kneeling and kissing her hand, thanked him for his words of sympathy about her in her bereavement, and even treated him with special grace. The Princess of Prussia also sought an interview with Mr. Bright; and the "Friend at Court," was shortly after spoken of in the *Court Journal* as having the honor to dine with

Her Majesty and the Royal Family at Osborne. So the great commoner is feted in high quarters, and the Conservatives are dreadfully chagrined. It is a great blessing to this country that the Queen is patriotic and identifies herself with no party. Your old revolutionary war was occasioned by His Majesty, the Queen's grandfather, selling himself to the Tory party in its stupidest and "unconstitutional" days.

The recent defeat of the Ritualists in their endeavor to reverse the decision of Sir R. Phillimore against them has created a flutter of excitement in their churches. The judicial committee of the Privy Council not only endorses the hostile decisions of the court below, but reverses those that were not hostile. No departure from the rubric is allowable. In celebrating holy communion the priest may no longer elevate the paten and the cup as in the Romish mass; may not kneel or prostrate himself before the consecrated elements; may not use incense; may not mix water with the wine, and may not use lighted candles when not required by natural causes. The decision is a severe blow. It is precisely in the things mentioned that the Ritualists pretend to set forth their power to cause the body of Christ to be really present in the elements, and seek to make themselves "sacramental" priests. The matter of vestments remains yet to be decided. The Ritualists are now holding a series of special services, and they invite prayer for the guidance of Almighty God during the present attack upon the Church's ritual and doctrine. Dr. Pusey says this exposition of acts of Parliament does not affect the consciences of churchmen; the loss of modes, of outward expression of belief only drives pious souls more inward, and the inward devotion shines forth the more. He considers, too, that the Judicial committee play fast and loose, "loose" in matters of faith as in the "Essay and Review" decision and their dealings with Dr. Colenso, but "fast" in this and other cases; and he says broadly for the twentieth time, "If the union of church and state involves this ultimate laxity and more than rigidity in the construction of our formularies, involving the denial of true doctrine and the prohibition of practice which represses doctrine, it certainly will be the earnest desire and prayer of Churchmen that the precedent now being set as to the Irish establishment may be speedily followed as to the English."

The friends of the Orissa Mission have held a Conference at Derby upon the condition of the society. It was held in St. Mary's Gate chapel, the scene of the labors in his last years of the Rev. J. G. Pike, the founder of the mission. About 200 ministers and delegates assembled. Papers were read on the state and needs of the mission, on native agency, and on our home plans and organization. A free discussion was had on the topics brought forward, and several resolutions were passed. The questions of economy in expenditure, of efficiency in methods of obtaining funds, and of the practicability of increasing the number of our missionaries to seven were very fully considered. There can be no doubt, and it may be useful to American churches to know it, that our Mission has suffered because ministers, from a mistaken and perhaps too much self-regarding policy, have not sufficiently interested themselves in its work, because laymen are not pressed to appear on the platform at missionary meetings and give their voice and counsel in the good cause, because efficient speakers well read in mission intelligence and missionary operations are not secured as advocates, because too little attention has been paid to the attitude of the modern mind upon the whole question of missions, and too much of the pleasant anecdotal speech-making auxiliary, with a good staff of collectors and an enthusiastic secretary. A public meeting of a model character closed the proceedings in the evening. The very best missionary meeting that was ever held in all the world could scarcely be favored with better speeches than were delivered at that meeting. It is hoped the Orissa mission will make a new start forwards, and that disaster and death will by God's good providence stimulate the society to new life.

The London Freeman (Baptist) quotes from the *Watchman and Reflector* a paragraph about "our Freewill Baptist daughter working into the Methodist system," and giving great powers of control to the General Conference. The quotation is given without comment. THOMAS GOADBY.

Tilton's View of Oberlin.

Theodore Tilton is one marked phenomenon; Oberlin is another. The two have some things in common; they would perhaps meet in each other quite as many points of antagonism as of sympathy. Brought together, there would of necessity be a marked activity on both sides. Each would affirm and deny, give and take. In a late leader in the *Independent*, Mr. Tilton tells us what he thinks of Oberlin. It would perhaps be equally interesting to know what Oberlin thinks of Tilton. We print below some paragraphs from the editor's leader, and would be equally glad to print something from the other side should an opportunity be afforded. Here are some of Mr. T's most characteristic sayings:

It is less than forty years since a space was cleared in a dense forest in the West-

ern Reserve for the planting of a colony, a college, and a church—all three in one—under the revered Swiss name of Oberlin; a name which now, on both sides of the sea, is a synonym for self-denying zeal in the Master's cause. The same tough hands which in their brawny prime cut down the trees to make an opening for the new settlement, now, in trembling age, bear sacramental bread and wine to a thousand communing souls under one roof.

Ex-President Finney—the talking oak—is still in green leaf. He plunges into a sermon as a strong swimmer into the sea. He finds, now as ever, a serene delight in terrifying human souls. Few men in this country, at the age of 76, have in them so much of "the spirit of '76" as Charles G. Finney. Straight as an Indian and fiery as an Arab, he excommunicates like a pope, and yet pleads like a child. Notwithstanding his intolerance of other men's opinions; notwithstanding a certain asperity of character, produced by that unrelenting theology which so unlovingly interprets God's love; notwithstanding the semi-ludicrous familiarity with which in public prayers he inveighs against Andrew Johnson as "a piece of rottenness under the nose of God;" notwithstanding the graceful infelicities with which he blurs out a loud direction to the sexton at a moment when the colleague pastor is on his feet reading a hymn—notwithstanding these, and all other eccentricities of thought and mien, Mr. Finney (who disdains to be a Dr.) is now, as he has been for forty years, one of the most earnest, most eloquent, and most useful of American preachers. One cannot help fervently disputing with and yet warmly loving such a disputations and lovable man. If he were more highly gifted with wit and fancy—the two qualities in which he is least masterful—he would have been as great an intellectual genius as ever made eloquence what Lyman Beecher called it—"logic on fire." The contrast between the ex-president and the president is striking. Finney is tempestuous, Fairchild calm; Finney radical, Fairchild conservative; Finney a fighter, Fairchild a teacher; Finney a Fresnel light, Fairchild a student's lamp. It falls to the lot of few college magistrates to elicit from their students as much ardent enthusiasm as Finney, or as much gentle affection as Fairchild.

Arthur Tappan's early confidence in Oberlin—a confidence which he expressed by giving \$10,000 toward its endowment—showed how much more Christian wisdom a layman could possess who placed religion above theology than the hot Gospelers who place theology above religion. The Oberlin type of theology is of small account in comparison with the Oberlin type of religion. The Oberlin opinion concerning the freedom of the will is of far less consequence than the Oberlin opinion concerning the freedom of the negro. The good people of that world-famed settlement have proved themselves such practical Christians, so zealous in every good word and work, so devoted to the uplifting of the lowly, so diligent in building up the Kingdom of Heaven on earth that liberal-minded Christians everywhere ought to love Oberlin, wholly irrespective of the Oberlin form of faith. One thing is certain: the "Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West" will prove itself a Levite, rather than a good Samaritan, by passing by this institution "on the other side."

Oberlin was the first of American colleges to give a degree either to a negro or a woman. The joint companionship of both colors and both sexes in the same institution is itself one of the most useful lessons for American students to learn.

On the whole, if one looks for a striking outward monument of the Christian progress of the country, he will find it at Oberlin: an institution founded like a log-cabin in the woods; remote at first from all civilization except what itself created; poverty-stricken to such a degree that once it could not afford to publish its catalogue; despised because it admitted the hated negro to his heaven-ordained equality with all the rest of God's children; persecuted for heresy by many theological Pecksniffs, who to this day continue to twaddle against it in the same old rapid way; yet an institution which from such beginnings, amid such discouragements, and in the face of such obstacles, has come to be in many respects the most influential seminary of learning in the United States.

New Hampton Institution.

Reports have been somewhat prevalent that the New Hampton Literary Institution would soon be removed to Haverhill, Mass., or to some other place. Knowing the falsity of all such reports, it has been thought best to state that there has never been any effort, desire, or intention to remove the Literary Institution.

The Trustees consider the location a very favorable one. It is situated in a beautiful valley, retired enough for study, and as healthy as any place in New England. It is only five miles from the Northern R. R. at Bristol, and seven from the Montreal R. R. at Ashland; and the prospect now is, that a Railroad will soon pass through this Village, connecting it with the great business centers of the East and West. The friends of the Institution do not desire a better location. The expenses at this Institution are very low for an Institution of so high a grade, and the temptations to idleness

and vice, are less than in most localities. Since the Institution came under the control of the Freewill Baptist Denomination it has received a greater share of the public patronage than could reasonably have been expected, and it has been the constant endeavor of the Trustees to increase the accommodations, to improve the facilities, and to provide thorough and efficient instructors.

The Classical, Mathematical, Physical, Metaphysical, Commercial and Ornamental Departments are all in successful operation; and it has been proposed not only to increase the efficiency of all these, but to introduce an Agricultural Department for the special training of those who are to cultivate the soil, and a Normal Department for preparing young men and women for teaching, as soon as a suitable amount of funds can be secured for these objects. The friends of the Institution have no desire to change it into a college, but make it a first class Seminary, where young people can thoroughly prepare themselves for the household, the farm, the shop, the counting-room, the school-house and the college.

The Trustees are fully aware that healthy growth is the only condition of vigorous life—that stagnation and fossilization are certain death. Hence they would remind the friends of the Institution, that much yet remains to be done by the F. W. Baptists of N. H. for the only Literary Institution in the state which is under their control.

There is an imperative demand for a Female Boarding House, and a part of the money is already subscribed for its erection. The permanent fund also needs to be increased in order to meet the expense of introducing new departments which the public seems to demand. The number of students ought to be more than doubled; and this could be done by a very little effort on the part of the friends of the Institution throughout the State.

There are many children of F. W. Baptists who attend second class schools, where the expenses are nearly or quite equal, and the advantages decidedly inferior to those at New Hampton.

There is not a minister in the State who cannot influence one or more students to attend this Institution. The Trustees consider that it never has had better prospects, and never has been more worthy of confidence than now.

Still much remains to be done. But, in order to secure harmonious action, there is need of consultation. Hence it has been thought best to issue this call for a meeting of the Trustees and other friends of the New Hampton Literary Institution to be held at Chapel Hall, Wednesday, February 10, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

A large attendance is desired, as business of importance is to come before the meeting. J. FULLERTON, Pres. of Trustees.
New Hampton, Jan. 26, 1869.

Events of the Week.

CONGRESS.

This body is manifestly beginning to wake up to the importance of more work and less talk. Nearly two-thirds of the session have already gone, and comparatively little has been accomplished; but we are glad to observe that already the sessions are longer and more numerous. The conviction seems to have become a settled one with various parties, that it is now or never with them, and consequently an unusual number of private claims and interests are being pressed. All this speaks well for the popular conviction respecting the integrity and purposes of the incoming administration; and we sincerely hope that the country is not doomed to disappointment. Among the

SUBJECTS OF GENERAL INTEREST

which have come upon the surface during the week, are the universal suffrage amendment of the Constitution, proposed by Mr. Boutwell, and designed to complete the work of reconstruction; the case of the admission of the Georgia senators who will in all probability be rejected, in consequence of the position of their state in reference to the reconstruction acts; the petition of Mrs. Lincoln, now before both Houses, asking for a pension in consideration of the loss she sustained in the assassination of her husband; and the action of the Republican senators refusing to confirm any more of Mr. Johnson's nominations, unless the exigencies of the case absolutely demand that this should be done. The propriety of such a course will be seen from the fact that the present incumbent is manifestly seeking to embarrass his successor, by sending into the Senate the names of Republicans for prominent places, as if to forestall him. But few, we believe, will regret the failure of the Central Pacific Railroad bill in the Senate on Wednesday. Mr. Sherman's financial speech, delivered on the same day, was a marked effort, and has been widely published. His argument was designed to give definite form to the plan proposed in the bill of the Senate Committee on Finance. In Maine a large

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION

assembled at Augusta on Tuesday evening of last week, and continued through Wednesday. Rev. E. Knowlton, of South Montville, was temporary Chairman, and Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston, was permanent President. The discussions were animated. The question which received the most attention was that of a state

police, and resolutions favoring one were at length passed, though they met with opposition. It remains to be seen whether the Legislature will adopt the course suggested by the Convention. We trust that in the exercise of its wisdom it will do the best thing.

THE WEATHER

For the season, through which we are now passing, is unusual. January has gone and such a thing as cold weather in our section has been scarcely known. With but a few inches of snow the sleighing has been excellent, and the woodmen and lumbermen have been especially favored in the prosecution of their work. By the continuance of such a state of things the usual amount of destitution and suffering among the poor must be greatly diminished. It is possible, however, that our pleasant winter may be followed by a cold and backward spring. The principal item of

FOREIGN NEWS

relates to the assassination of Gov. Burgos at Madrid. It seems that the Spanish Government has laid claim upon all the libraries, archives and works of art belonging to the churches as the property of the State, and this wholesale confiscation of their property has of course aroused the opposition of the church authorities. And it is supposed that the deed was committed while Burgos was engaged in taking an inventory of the property at the Madrid Cathedral, and while he was acting under the orders of the Government. The church authorities probably thought that so bold an act as the assassination of a Government officer would strike terror upon both Government and people, but the effect of their bold criminality is more likely to be the cordial union of all parties, except of course the ultra church party, in denunciation of the deed and in full approval of the course of the Government.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 1869.

Ever since the election of Gen. Grant certain opposition journals have been prophesying, laboring and praying for a quarrel between him and the representatives of the party that elected him, after the manner of Andrew Johnson's administration. First, we were told that Grant would be the President of the people, and would select his Cabinet advisers from the prominent men of both parties; and the ridiculous idea was advanced that even ex-rebels might be invited to take a seat at his council table. Well, Gen. Grant has so kept his own counsel upon the matter of Cabinet appointments that nobody seems, or is believed to have any definite knowledge upon the subject; but somehow the confident assertions of these oracles have died out, and nobody doubts that, whoever may be invited to take seats in the Cabinet, they will be of, and from, the party that elected him. The next attempt to embroil him with Republican leaders was the publication of pretended conversations, in which he was made to criticize prominent men of the party somewhat freely. This audacious, or mendacious, attempt to put words in his mouth was well calculated to excite some heart-burnings, and so Gen. Grant departed from his usual silence and authorized the publication of his denial of having uttered any such remarks as were attributed to him.

Gen. Wilson, the other day, saw fit to introduce into the Senate a bill for the amendment of the Tenure-of-office act, and forthwith these sapient scribblers announced the fact as the commencement of hostilities between the Senate and Gen. Grant. It does not seem to have occurred to these writers that there are men in the Senate who supported the Tenure-of-office act from a conviction that some such measure is wise and necessary at all times, and not merely as a convenient bribe for Andrew Johnson. Gen. Wilson was among the earliest to name Gen. Grant for the Presidency, and has been his constant supporter at all times, and if he or the Senate shall think, as perhaps they may, that it is not best to repeal the act in question, hostility to Gen. Grant will have nothing to do with bringing them to that conclusion. If the act be not repealed it will be so modified as to be open to no reasonable objection.

The last attempt to sow dissension has been the statement that while Grant was besieging Vicksburg, an order was issued from the War Department, at the instance of prominent Republicans, removing Gen. Grant from command and ordering Gen. Banks to take command in his place; that Gen. Banks refused to obey the order, and that the immediate fall of Vicksburg shielded Banks from the consequences of disobedience, and saved Grant. Ex-Secretary Stanton declares that no such order was ever issued by him or by the War Department. Meanwhile Gen. Grant is winning increased respect by his simple, straight-forward manner of life, and his evident intention to carry these habits into the White House, so far as he can consistently be done. Quiet and efficient business men will be in favor with him. His recent letter requesting that, so far as he is concerned, there may be no inauguration ball, has raised him in the estimation of all sober minded persons.

Congress has proceeded thus far at a very slow rate. How not to do it seems to have been the study thus far, and there is but little prospect that any important legislation will be perfected this session beyond the appropriation bills.

The case of Joshua Hill brings out a majority and a minority report, and will doubtless lead to lengthy discussion. Senator Trumbull makes the minority report. The majority report is adverse to admission, and goes into a lengthy exposition of the state of affairs in Georgia. It states that three hundred and thirty-six cases of murders and assaults were reported by the Freedmen's Bureau in that state from Jan. 1st to Nov. 15th, 1868, for which there was no redress and scarcely an attempt at any.

In the House Mr. Boutwell opened the discussion of the suffrage question, making a lengthy and able argument in support of the power of Congress to regulate suffrage in the states by Congressional enactment. This view has considerable support in Congress so far as election of Presidential electors and members of Congress are concerned, but in the election of state officers there is more question of the right to interfere. The present drift of opinion is decided-

ly in favor of constitutional amendment instead of Congressional enactment.

The petition of Mrs. Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, praying for a pension, was presented to Congress during the past week. Before the presentation of the petition, Senator Morton had introduced a bill granting her a pension of \$5000 per annum, the passage of which the petition may accelerate.

The Republican members of the Senate, in caucus, have resolved to confirm no nominations at the present session, unless in cases of public necessity.

Mr. Beverdy Johnson's Alabama treaty stands little chance of being acted upon also. Indeed a "masterly inactivity" seems to be the general policy of Congress for the present session.

The Mission Field.

INDIA.

Last July, fifty or sixty Hindus from various villages came to Oungle, a Baptist mission station in the Madras Presidency, most of them anxious about their souls. Some of them came to be baptized, the others to hear about Jesus. After a careful examination fourteen of the number were baptized.

The American Board employs, in the same Presidency, over 100 native preachers, 20 of whom are pastors. The time for great changes in India cannot be far off. English laws, schools, railways, telegraphs, 550 Christian missionaries from many religious societies, and 50,000 adult communicants in Christian churches are the forces at work for its moral renovation.

BENARES.

Several leagues northwest of Calcutta on the Ganges, is Benares, the religious metropolis of India, containing a population of nearly 300,000 souls. According to the *London Missionary Chronicle*, there is no city in the pagan world that awakens so many sentiments of interest as this; and the fascination it exerts on all Hindus is something akin to the old love of the Jews for the once holy city of Jerusalem. It is filled with idols and temples, and has not fewer than 25,000 priests. Its massive turrets, its numerous temples with their picturesque pinnacles and domes, its balconies, its prodigious ghats (or stairs) leading down to the sacred river, combine to produce an effect of surpassing grandeur. During a very long period India has been pouring its riches into this sacred city. Every year Hindus of rank come to Benares on pilgrimage and bestow prodigious sums for idolatrous purposes. Only a short time since, a single pilgrim presented to the priests not less than a quarter of a million of dollars. For a period reaching back more than seven centuries before the advent of Christ, this city has been achieving gigantic results for evil in sustaining the most pernicious form of idolatry that ever existed. Should it become a Christian city, it would produce an effect on the Hindu race similar to that on the Roman empire when Constantine and the city of Rome became Christian.

In this great center of Pagan influence, the English church, the Baptist, and London Missionary Societies have planted missions, the first two as early as 1817. About 600 converts have been baptized and over 1,000 pupils are receiving Christian instruction. These, however, are but a small part of the results of the labor expended. The seed of truth has been sown broadcast for years over the city, and the minds of many have been powerfully agitated respecting the claims of Christianity. Christian education is doing much in Benares to sever the fetters of Hinduism. Said a learned Brahmin in a lecture before a native literary society, "Is it not the greatest insult we can offer the Almighty to represent him in any shape? Can we represent him? We lie, we steal, we deceive,—and early in the morning we bathe in the Ganges whose filthy waters wash away our sins, and then we worship our idols who pardon us! Preposterous and absurd! All this nonsense is the fruit of the endless and superstitious priestcraft under which we groan."

SOUTH AFRICA.

The *Record of the Free Church* (Scotland) notices the recent sending forth of eight natives from Natal, "to tell the wonders of redeeming love" to their heathen countrymen. Soon after, on the 10th of August, six more left the training school for the same purpose. Thus fourteen native evangelists have gone forth to the Barmulapana. Fifty-three other young men of this nation are still under tutelage of the missionary.

EASTERN TURKEY.

On his return from a recent visit to America, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, author of "Ten years on the Euphrates," received a very enthusiastic welcome on his arrival at Harport, his field of labor, supposed to be to the site of the "Garden of Eden." Some distance from the city he was met by a large train of native pastors and Christians, and on approaching the city he found a large crowd assembled on the hill near it with a white flag waving. Drawing nearer, the theological students were drawn up in a line with their flag inscribed, "Welcome," singing "Happy greeting," &c. On entering the mission house, he was saluted by inscriptions, "Welcome to Eden," "Paradise Regained," &c. This reception was wholly the prompting of the love of the native Christians for this faithful laborer. In the crowd were representatives from twelve places. Such a manifestation of appreciation and Christian affection they had never before exhibited.

MADAGASCAR.

Nearly thirty years ago, the wicked Queen of Madagascar drove all the missionaries from the island, but she could not uproot the seed they had sown. Scarcely fifty native Christians were left behind and they possessed but very small portions of the word of God, some little tracts and a few hymns; still, converts multiplied. The native Christians were then persecuted with Satan cunning and Satanic hate. They were fined, imprisoned, made slaves, poisoned to death by tanga-na-water, speared to death, cast over lofty precipices and burned at the stake. Still the work grew, and at the end of twenty years, by the blessing of God on the labors of these native Christians, the number of disciples had increased from fifty to five thousand.

There are now in the capital seven large churches and two smaller ones, and on the Sabbath day the heathen crowd to them in such numbers there is no room for them, and the Christian worshippers turn out to give them admission. In four of the churches one side was taken and temporary sheds erected, and still the congregations suffer great discomfort. It is estimated that every Sabbath more than 10,000 are present at public worship in that city alone. At the end of last year there were 5,500 church members and 25,000 professed Christians on the island. During the twelve months following, it is thought the number will increase to 50,000, so rapidly is the work progressing.

Communications.

Fast Bound.

BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

"What do you think was the matter with the prayer meeting last night?" asked Bro. Smith of Bro. Brown, as the two sat in their ship the following Sabbath after Bible class was over.

"I don't know," was Bro. Brown's thoughtful response, "our meetings have been lively and interesting for some weeks past, but now and then there will be one of those dull ones. The brethren and sisters don't come in as prayerful, devotional frames as they ought,—or they all get weary one for the other, and the result is, nobody moves."

"But last night was far more than dull,—it was fast bound, its very atmosphere was oppressive. I felt as if stifling in the few words I attempted to say, and yet felt urged to rise and open my lips lest I should be standing in somebody's way."

"Was that your sole reason for rising?" asked Bro. Brown. "I believe it was; I felt nothing in particular on my mind. Indeed I was conscious of lacking Christian fervor and hoped to get somewhat revived by speaking for Jesus."

"But you did not?"

"No, I had no liberty,—nothing came to my mind which I desired to say, and I sat down, conscious of having made a miserable failure, and feeling worse than before I rose."

"Might not your experience be that of others?" again asked Bro. Brown.

"Very possibly it might; but there is a diversity of states in the minds of Christians, you know. When one is dull, another will be in a glow, when one is pressed with trials and wails forth his complaints with tears and groans, another will be shouting aloud for joy and singing songs of rejoicing. It is rarely that we find a score of professors of religion 'all on one dead level. But that seemed to be the case last night; the few that occasionally broke the chilling intervals of silence were stiff, constrained and lifeless."

"It was as you say, Bro. Smith; I never went to just such a meeting before, and hope I never may again. I confess it almost seemed to me that there was some special cause for God's thus withdrawing his Spirit and presence from the little gathering."

"That was also my thought," answered Bro. Smith, "and I questioned of myself whether I was hiding any sin in my heart which it was my duty to rise and confess before the brethren. But I found only my lukewarmness and barren state; those I strove to acknowledge as best I could."

"It will sometimes chime in a meeting to have the minister come in late, and wear a distant, formal manner when he does come, especially when there are young trembling converts, who are wonderfully helped by a cordial grasp of the hand, and an encouraging word. Anything like distance chills and alarms them; they feel that they are not well received, or fellowshiped it may be; and feeling thus, they cannot rise in the social meeting to give utterance to the thoughts and desires of their hearts." Thus spoke Bro. Brown.

"This is true," Bro. Smith responded; "it is well for him to be early at his post, and greet all comers, whether professing Christians or otherwise, in a hearty manner. It is also desirable to give a meeting a good start; read a few verses of Scripture, and make some remarks apposite to the point and capable of touching the hearts and understandings of all present, the humble as well as the better taught in divine life. Then a short prayer, beseeching the Spirit's influence to lead and guide the meeting; then a familiar hymn in which all can join. Thus started, a meeting is very apt to run free and clear. You have generally noticed this, have you not, brother?"

"Yes,—a long winded, rambling prayer, and six or eight verses of a hymn in which only the pastor and one or two other voices can join, often prove a damper to a meeting which might otherwise have been profitable to every Christian present; but it is a query in my mind whether we ought to be so easily put out by externals? We profess to have the true life within us,—should we not always be ready to testify of it under all circumstances?"

"Perhaps we should," answered Bro. Smith; "but there are various stages of Christian life and experience represented in a weekly prayer meeting, you must remember. There is the veteran and the raw recruit. Meat for men, milk for babes, you know. It is natural for all of us to be more or less depressed by outward circumstances; the infirmities of the flesh drag heavily; we are all below what we should be in the divine life. We who have traveled years in the good way, as we hope, have by no means traveled evenly, or made the advance we should. We have often stood still, apparently; we have retrograded perhaps, we are not established, rooted and grounded in gospel soil as we ought to be, or as we might have been had we better improved our privileges and used the talents given us. Here is, I believe, another cause of death in our social meetings; we do not maintain habits of prayer and exhortation. There are times when we are backslidden and our voices are not heard for months. Then when we start up afresh, we feel that we have lost by such backwardness; we cannot speak to edify, or even command utterance to free our own burdened souls. God is justly angry with our slothfulness, and the Spirit, often grieved, will not come at our beck and bidding. Willingness to wait on the Lord will generally bring liberty."

"That is true," answered Bro. Brown. "I begin to think we shall find reasons enough for last night's 'fast bound' meeting without laying it to some special sin

which a brother or sister had committed and ought to have risen and confessed."

"I incline to that opinion," said Bro. Smith; "and there is another depressing influence I will name; I overheard two converts speaking on the point. It is a habit some old leading professors have of getting into some far-off corner, generally a comfortable one, where they settle themselves in easy attitudes, and remain apparently unmoved through the exercises. They may be paying very good attention,—far be it from me to insinuate that they ever fall asleep,—they are men that have worked hard all day, and came to the prayer-meeting to rest;—they hardly thought they could come at all, but had rather a longing to hear the voice of prayer and praise, and so dropped into their distant corner. To them, place is nothing; if they are within the sanctuary it is enough. But to the convert, place may be much; spiritual things are new to him; he reaches toward them with a tender, trembling clasp. His steps incline to the altar, to the desk, from whence he first heard the sound, 'Come unto me.' He wonders that all Christians don't gather closely there.—But he looks around, there is Mr. So-and-so, such an old, experienced Christian, away over in that corner alone and silent,—doesn't even sing when 'Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove'—is struck by the minister, and all the sisters' voices join in clear and sweet; and on the other side of the house is Dea. Barn perhaps, in his family pew with his good wife by his side. But why couldn't he for once abandon his Sunday seat and come right up in front? Why can't all the scattered groups consolidate in those floor pews, where they will come more directly under the preacher's eye, and where, the little convert thinks, the Spirit's influence will run more easily from heart to heart."

As I was saying, I heard two young Christians talking on the point. They said, 'We are discouraged going to prayer meeting; for we look round and see so many old professors sitting off by themselves with never a word to say. How can we, when our experience is so small, and our words so faltering, rise up before them to try and testify for Christ? We wait for them to lead the way, and we cannot help it. This we often go away in gloom, feeling that we have disobeyed and displeased God; so we think it better not to go to prayer meeting.' True, you may say they ought not to wait for us, but ought we to permit ourselves to be stumbling blocks for their tender feet?"

"It is as you say," returned Bro. Brown; "we who have traveled years sometimes forget how feeble and easily obstructed were our first steps heavenward. Why, I recall now the struggles I had to get up my first crosses, and unless every outward circumstance was favorable, I invariably failed. If I couldn't sit by a young friend who started about the same time I did, and have him move first, I was quite helpless. Then there was a colored brother who would sometimes sing a peculiarly inspiring hymn in a voice of much melody and strength, and I would be able to totter to my feet at its close, perhaps, with my little trembling exhortation and word of appeal to careless sinners,—and there was one stalwart man who had a mighty voice, which he strained to its utmost compass in prayer meetings. It gave offense to some, but it helped me. I could often follow in its wake, and make myself heard a little better than ordinarily, too. It seemed as if he had stirred up all the waves of sound, so it would do for me to make a little more noise than usual without being unduly noticed."

"I recall experiences similar to those you have narrated," said Bro. Smith. "There was a sister I almost invariably followed in exhortation for months after my conversion, but it was not her strength I leaned on; rather her weakness, and the evidence which her manner gave of the mighty cross she had borne in rising before the little assembly of saints and sinners. I would think, if that weak one lifts her cross, should I not be ashamed to shirk mine? That sister is strong now, few have a broader or deeper experience than she; there is no better exhortation than she gives, and none more frequent. She says it is all because she never dared to disobey God. She tried it a few times and found herself in such darkness that she was likely to lose all hope in his saving mercy, and though she often rose when her timidity was so great that she could not free her mind, still by rising and making the effort, she escaped the feeling of condemnation."

"I know the sister to whom you refer," said Bro. Brown, "and well remember her early weakness. Though well versed in the Bible, she could not correctly quote the most familiar passage, and though well educated, could not even use good grammar. I have heard her say that language left her, and heaven and earth seemed swimming together when she got on her feet in a prayer meeting; but still she persevered, and all that is passed now. No one is calmer, or more collected than herself, a convincing proof that God giveth grace to the lowly. Well, brother, our conversation seems to have been somewhat desultory and rambling, but I feel refreshed by it. I believe it is good for us to speak often 'one to another' on this; the world is too apt to be our topic when we meet; there is a holding back as to spiritual things. If they are in our thoughts we don't seem to know how to broach the subject. How much better we are acquainted with each other's worldly views than with each other's Christian thoughts and sentiments. By such reticence do we not lose a fruitful means of growth in grace?"

"I think it is but too true," said Bro. Smith; "and it is my opinion that it will lead to good results if we go early to our next prayer meeting, and have a few words of Christian conversation with the brethren and sisters generally before the service opens. It will bring us on a more familiar footing, and, as I believe, help break

the bands that bound so tight at the last evening meeting."

"I am of the same opinion," responded Bro. Brown, "and will heartily join you in the experiment. Let us also leave the world behind as much as possible, and have our hearts possessed by a willingness to do our Master's will."

"Amen, brother,—I am persuaded if we thus go, our souls will be blessed, and our Redeemer's name glorified."

A Father's Letters. No. 1.

MY DEAR SON:—You are about to enter the sacred work of the ministry, to be set apart to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ as a messenger of grace to dying men. To this work you believe you are called by the Holy Spirit. "For no man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." To this work you were dedicated to God, not in any formal and open service, but in the deep recesses of a father's heart, before you could lip a mother's name.

No higher position was ever desired for you than to see you a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Full well I knew it was not a post of ease or worldly prosperity, but a position of great responsibility, where one might secure respect, or by some unwelcome bring upon himself lasting disgrace and reproach. Full well I knew that trials and difficulties would beset your path, and that even poverty might be your lot. Full well I knew also that there was a glorious reward awaiting those who should turn many to righteousness, and that the harvest was great and laborers were few. And when you decided to acquire a good education, I hoped it would be consecrated to God's glorious work of preaching Christ, with such advantages as would qualify you to discharge the duties of your station with pleasure to yourself and profit to others.

And when, in early life, you gave your heart to Christ, and enlisted in his service, my heart was full of joy and gratitude. I looked forward to the time when you should go forth as a fellow laborer in the gospel field, winning souls to Christ. With this object in view, I cheerfully endured the privations necessary to render what little aid I could to hasten the consummation of my cherished hopes. Gladly would I have seen you when you left college enter immediately upon your direct preparation for the great work of your life, but poverty forbade. It seemed necessary that you should earn something to defray the expenses of the past, that you might enter the ministry free from pecuniary embarrassment. And perhaps the discipline and experience of teaching will prove of great service in after life. The labors and trials of a faithful minister are so numerous and various, that the experience of almost every other occupation may suggest profitable instruction. The magnitude of the work can be at best but partially comprehended by finite minds. Yet something may be gathered from the teachings of the sacred volume. Paul says, "they watch for souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief." Heb. 13:17. And when he parted with the Ephesian Elders at Miletus, he took them as witnesses that he was "pure from the blood of all men." 1 Cor. 9:17. From this we learn that the blood of souls will be required of the unfaithful ministers, who shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

"Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
It filled the Saviour's hands."

Such is the greatness of the work that Paul exclaimed, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But our sufficiency is of God.

R. N.

On the Way to India.

Extracts from the Journal of Rev. B. B. Smith.

July 7, 1868. Anchored last night off Boston Light-House, with the pilot still on board. Did not weigh anchor until four o'clock this afternoon. As soon as the pilot took us out into the open sea, he bade us good bye, took our letters which we had written to dear loved ones back to our native shore, and we turned our eyes away toward the land of our adoption, offering up the silent prayer, that God in his infinite wisdom would direct us, not only on this voyage, but through the voyage of life, and land us safe at last in the haven of rest.

July 11th. The sea has been somewhat rough, and both Mrs. Smith and myself are suffering from sea sickness. I had hoped to escape this wretched disease; but alas! how disappointed. We had been exposed so much to the hot sun, during the few days we spent in Boston, that we had become bilious, and it was in vain for us to attempt to avoid it. Capt. Burwell spoke to me this evening about conducting religious services on the morrow; but unless I am better in the morning, I shall be obliged to decline.

Sabbath, July 12th. This is our first Sabbath on board, and I am suffering too much to think of conducting religious services. Hope to be able to preach by next Sabbath, for nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to present the truths of the gospel to these poor seamen, whose home is, so much of the time, on the ocean.

July 15th. The weather to-day is fair, and we are moving on finely. Have made one hundred and forty miles during the last twenty-four hours. Exchanged signals with a schooner bound for England.

July 17th. The wind is light; still the sea is so smooth that we are gliding along very well. Although not fully recovered from sea-sickness, have commenced study, and hope to accomplish much during the voyage. A bark has been in sight all day,

which reminds us that although upon the sea, we are not entirely alone.

July 19th. This is a beautiful Sabbath day, and we have had services in the afternoon. Most of the men were present. Preached from John 1:29, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c. All seemed attentive, and we hope good was done. The wind, though fair, has not been very strong to-day; but we must be patient, for light winds are always expected at this season of the year.

July 30. North latitude, 21 degrees 27 minutes. West longitude, 33 degrees 51 minutes. Although within the Tropic Zone, the weather is very fine, and as yet comfortably cool. We have thus far had a plenty of ice water, which is truly a great luxury, but one that we do not expect long; for though our ship is laden with ice, it will do us no good, as we should not be allowed to use it excepting from stern necessity.

Saturday, Aug. 1st. We are now having the "trade winds," and are making good progress. Our thoughts to-day have voluntarily gone back to our native shores, and have lingered around dear loved ones there, and our sincerest prayer has been that God would be with and bless them with every needed grace; and if we meet them no more in this life, prepare us all to meet in his kingdom above, where we shall never again be called to separate. In taking a retrospect of the past week, we find ourselves under renewed obligations to the Author of all our mercies, for the loving-kindness and protecting care that he has vouchsafed to us.

Aug. 2d. This is another beautiful Sabbath, and we have tried to improve it as well as we could. Preached a sermon this morning founded on Joshua 24:15, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." The sailors were not all present; but those who did attend the services seemed to listen with good attention. In the afternoon commenced a Bible class for ourselves, which I have no doubt will be of much interest during the voyage. This day has seemed like a Sabbath at home, all being so quiet, and reminds us of that Sabbath of eternal rest after the toils of life are over, and we are safe in the haven of bliss.

Aug. 6th. It is just one month to-day since we bade adieu to our native shores and came on board this ship. We have met with as good success thus far on our voyage as we could reasonably expect, and have the greatest reason for thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for all his protecting care over us.

It has been very rainy to-day, and they have caught a great deal of water.

Aug. 8th. Were started last evening by the cry on deck, "A light on our port bow!" We rushed on deck to see what was the matter, and it looked to us just as though we were coming "in collision with another ship. But the captain immediately turned our ship off from her course, and all our fear subsided.

The wind has been ahead to-day, and we have made but little progress; still we have no reason to complain; for God will conduct us through to the end of our voyage, just in the right time, if we put our trust in him.

Signaled a vessel ninety-five days from Bombay, bound to Liverpool. Our captain asked to be reported, and the reply was, "With much pleasure." Hope that the report may reach our dear friends in America, who may be anxious to hear of our safety.

Sunday, Aug. 9th. This has been another quiet Sabbath, and we have had our services as usual. More of the sailors were present to-day, and they listened with good attention. Had our Bible class this afternoon. The captain, though invited to do so, has not yet joined. Do not know whether he will join us or not. Trust he may.

Aug. 12th. North latitude, 2 degrees 28 minutes. West longitude, 29 degrees 18 minutes. The distance is constantly widening between us and our native shores; but every day is bringing us nearer and nearer to the land of our choice. We sometimes long to be there, that we may be engaged in our work; still we try to exercise patience, believing that there is as much virtue in suffering, as in doing the will of the Lord. Our prayer is that God would help us to do his will in all things, and in all things, patiently wait his appointed time.

Aug. 18th. Tacked ship last evening so as to steer clear of "St. Paul's Rocks." Passed those Rocks this morning, about six miles to the windward of them, and had an excellent view of them. At first they seemed like a small rocky island with all its parts connected; but as we drew nearer, we saw that the island, as it is sometimes called, was composed of separate rocks, some of which were high and rugged, with numerous cave-ways for the water of the ocean to pass between them. These rocks serve for a resting place for birds that stray from their native shores, and lose themselves on the wide waste of waters.

Benevolent Giving.

It is quite certain that nearly all persons, however poor, might have something to give for benevolent objects, would they act upon the same grounds and adopt the same rules of conduct which they employ in the lower spheres of life.

For example: Does the desire which parents feel for the welfare and respectability of their children, demand the expenditure of money for school buildings, books, and efficient teachers? Then in all ordinary cases the school-house is reared, the books are purchased and the teacher employed. Does one desire the enlargement and remodeling of his residence? Having the means, that desire at length prevails, and convenience and beauty are added to the dear old homestead. Does the appetite crave food of any particular kind or quality, ordinarily we find a way to procure it, even though it belongs to the list of luxuries.

People sometimes ask how it is the poor freedmen can raise so much money for their schools, meeting-houses, &c. My general answer is, because they want to just as they want bread for their tables. It is clear that when a man's desires to do good are as strong as his desires for other things, he will try to find a way to gratify such desires, and the result will be, acts of benevolence according to his means. Perhaps the truth may be expressed more accurately in the following brief proposition: He who cherishes the disposition will perform acts of benevolence.

A. H. MORRELL.

Rev. G. G. Durfee.

Died, at Greenville, Mich., Dec. 24th, 1868, Rev. Gilbert G. Durfee, aged 49 years. Bro. Durfee sought and found the Saviour and identified himself with the M. E. Church when about fifteen years of age. Some three years since, looking to a wider field of usefulness, he transferred his relation to the Fifeville Baptist church and received license to preach. He was subsequently ordained an Elder in the church, and devoted himself to preaching the word as he was able, till failing health compelled him to retire from the field. The last few months of his life were attended with great suffering, but through all the weary hours he was sustained by an unwavering trust in God, and when at last the summons came, he was ready.

G. S. B.

Chips.

The varied experiences of the past have taught me this lesson, that undue anxiety for worldly things brings no compensation save unhappiness, while an unshaken trust in the promises of God is the remedy for a thousand ills.

When I but partially appreciate God's mercies to me, I find no occasion for complaining save this, that I am no more useful in the service of so kind a Saviour.

A minister retired to his study to prepare for the approaching Sabbath. He turned over the pages of the sacred volume but could find no text or theme upon which his thoughts could center. Closing the Bible, he turned to several volumes of sermons and plans of sermons, but here no hint, or thought, or theme could he find that would suit his purpose. Closing these, his mind ran over the varied questions of moral reform and the popular topics of the day, but his mind could no more fix itself upon these than the needle can rest at any point save the pole. After such fruitless attempts he betook himself to self-examination and prayer, and O how much he found in his heart that was unlike Christ! Down came his self-esteem, overboard went his spiritual pride, and had it not been for previous manifestations of grace he would have feared that he had never known the ways to life. What griefs and bitter rejections! But now the scales were fallen from his eyes, and he began to see truths enough to fill many a volume; and the next difficulty was from the mass to make the best selection; but this matter was easily settled by the inquiries: What do my people most need to hear? and what truths would my Lord be most likely to declare, were he to speak in my stead?

So total and universal is the depravity of man, that we may despair of turning the least sinner to God without the agency of the Holy Spirit.

The most potent of human agencies, unless in cooperation with God, can no more break the slavish chains of sin than could the sons of Seva cast out devils.

You may as well attempt to batter down a strong fortress with pop-guns as to convert men to God by cold, lifeless, half-hearted efforts.

All workers in the vineyard of God who are not in possession of the Holy Spirit, are the greatest obstacles to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom;—blind guides, entering not into successful labor themselves and hindering those who would,

Where the Holy Spirit does not reign, there carnal, blinded self controls. All ministers, or deacons, or rich men, or poor men, who walk not in the Spirit, will be dead weights, stumbling blocks and curses to the flock.

J. HAYDEN.

Selections.

Over the Line.

No snare is so subtle, constant, and perilous to the follower of Christ as conformity to the world. Nothing sooner saps his spirituality; nothing hinders a revival in the church more effectually. Conformity implies resemblance. And when a professed Christian begins to look like a worldly man, and live like a worldly man, how dwelleth the love of Christ in him? For there is a complete and irreconcilable antagonism between what the Bible calls the "world" and the service of Christ.

The chief end of a Christian's life is to glorify God. Is this the chief end of life with the people of the world? Ask any one of them; and he will answer, No! I live to enjoy myself, in promoting my interests, in gratifying my tastes, and in taking my comfort. The worldly common-sense delights most in what a consistent Christian finds to be forbidden fruit on forbidden ground. That forbidden fruit is poison to the Christian.

Bear in mind that every pure pleasure which an unconverted heart can enjoy, such as the joys of home and of friendship, the love of letters or art, the sight of beauty, or the delights of relieving sorrow, all these the Christian can have and enjoy likewise. They are not sinful, and the child of God can partake of them with a clear conscience. But just where a Bible conscience tells him to stop, the license of the world begins. The Word of God draws a dividing line. Over that line, lies the path of self-indulgence. Over that line,

he self-pampering, frivolity, slavery to fashion, often called line, God is ignored, and often defied! Christ is wounded there and crucified afresh. Over that line, the follower of Jesus has no business to go.

Over that line which separates pure piety from the world, the Christian, if he goes at all, must go as a participant in the pleasure of the world, or as a protestant against them. If he goes to partake, he offends Christ; if he goes to protest, he offends his ill-chosen associates. Christian! if you ever attend a convivial party, a ball-room assembly, a theater, or a gaming company, do you go as a partaker in the sport, or to make your protest against such amusements? If you go for the first object, you offend your Lord; if for the second, you offend your company. They do not want you there. We are quite sure that no bevy of merry-makers would be the happier over their cups, or their cards, or their cotillions, if all the elders and deacons of our church were to come in suddenly among them. Brethren! the "world" don't want you in their midst, and Godless pleasures are you are willing to go all lengths with them. And if you walk on mile with them over the line, they will "compel you to go with them" twain.

Where does the dividing line run between true religion and the world? We answer that it runs just where God's Word puts it; and a conscience which is enlightened by the Word and by prayer does not commonly fail to discover it. Where Christ would be likely to go if he were on earth, is the right side; but where a Christian would be ashamed to have his Master find him, there he ought never to find himself. Wherever a Christian can go, and conscientiously ask God's blessing on what he is doing, there let that Christian go. He is not likely to wander over the line. And when a church-member can enter a playhouse, or into a dancing-frolic, and honestly ask God's blessing on the amusements and come away a better Christian for it, then let him go; but not before.

But should not every good man be a "friend of the world?" Was not the divine Jesus a friend of the world when he so loved it that he gave himself for its redemption? Did not Paul love the world when he endured "hardships, humiliations and martyrdom to lead sinners to the cross? Ah! yes—very true; but what the Redeemer and his apostle were after was 'not sinners' sins, but sinners' souls. And they sought to save the world not by conformity to it, but by transforming it to a higher and holier ideal of life.

Nor is it by going over to the world that we can save the worldling. If we are to impress the world, we must live above the world; if we would save sinners, we must, in the same sense that Jesus was, be "separate from sinners." The moment we go over the line to "curry favor" with the votaries of sin, we never reach them; and only run the risk of ruining ourselves. Would to God that in trying to draw the world into conformity to Christ, we did not allow the world to drag us down into conformity with itself!—*Evangelist.*

One Talent Workers.

It was doubtless not undesigned that he who had but a single talent is represented as the one of all others who went and buried it,—hid it in a napkin. Such a one has most temptation to do so. He naturally thinks that he has so little to invest for God, that it is scarcely worth while to invest it. If he had only higher endowments, such as are worthy of "large pay," he would then he might well employ them for God, but the yield of his little investment would be so insignificant that it would amount to nothing, either for God or himself; it would scarcely honor either. In fact, he reasons, it would be better to let those who can work better than he. His feeble efforts, his ungodly words, his pittance of charity cannot amount to any thing in swelling the aggregate of heavenly successes. So the devil helps him to wrong his Master of his due, to rob his God, and thus also secures the inaction of a large part of the church. It is a horrible lullaby hummed by fiends in Christian ears. But we must awake. Ten talents scattered among ten individuals can in some respects yield more than ten talents concentrated in one. If all Christians were busy for God, each to the utmost of his ability, the church would at once increase an hundred fold her power. The giants are working, but the waste of power is with the masses; the eloquent are speaking, but the stammering tongues are silent; the rich and able are giving, but the men of moderate means have not learned as yet to the motto of the Lord. Before the millennium can reach its noonday, the consecration and activities of the church must become universal.—*Northwestern Advocate.*

Pressure of City Life.

The country youth who thinks of trying his fortune in the city would do well to study the vital statistics of boards of health and life-insurance companies. He would there learn that rural occupations stand highest in the list of longevity; that the probabilities of a vigorous health, long life, and a cheerful age are decidedly in favor of the farmer. Now, though the success of a life is not always in the ratio of its duration, but he lives longest who lives to the best purpose, yet no man is warranted in throwing away his chances of long life upon visionary attempts to make up for brevity by a more brilliant career. Nor does any such motive commonly inspire the youthful emigrant from country to city; he is more likely to be quite heedless of the question of health, under the allurements of pleasure or gain. But one should consider whether a gain which is acquired by an expenditure of vital force that greatly reduces the time or the ability for enjoying it, is really worth what it costs; whether a fortune won by the sacrifice of health is so good a thing as a modest competence with health wherewith to enjoy it; whether, seeing that one can go over the course of life but once, it may not be better to amble along pleasantly, taking the comfort of the way, than to rush for the goal, there to pant and die.

City-life is life at high pressure. The young clerk, manufacturer, merchant, lawyer, editor, in the arduous struggle to be established, to keep down competition, to work as hard as the farmer, and taking the year through, works more hours upon an average for the day. And while the farmer's work is in its nature and surroundings healthful and invigorating, that of the citizen is toilsome and enervating, often performed in a vitiated atmosphere, and with little relaxation. The pressure of necessity or of competition makes a constant draft upon the vital forces of the system, which shows itself in the alarming frequency of brain diseases among business men.—*Dr. Thompson.*

CALUMNY is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

Death.

Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Out of the light of the Blest—
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of Rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Land of the dead and dying—
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest swept off as the ocean,
Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it—
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
Out of the land of decay—
Into the Eden where flowers
Of flowers, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguish and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever tornful,
Out of a land very mournful,
Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joyland above us,
Where there's a Father to love us,
Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."
—Father Ryan.

So Much to Give Up.

"Yes, I know I ought to be a Christian, and at times I wish very much to be one."
"Well, why are you not?"
"Oh, there is so much to give up."
"What must you give up?"
"What? Why everything. Doesn't the Bible say we must leave all?"
"Yes, all that is wrong, all that would hinder us in following Jesus. Let us see what this is in your case. I have often heard young people say, 'I cannot give up dancing.' Perhaps this is one of the things it would be hard for you to part with."
"Oh, no; I do not care for dancing. I do not know how to dance, and a foolish reason keep me from being a Christian."
"I trust so, my friend, and I am glad you have a better excuse. Perhaps then, (pardon me for naming it,) you may have acquired a love for the social glass or a game of cards, and feel that it would be hard to give them up for the Water of Life, and pleasures that never will fade away."
"No, I love not either of these. I am thankful I have no such bad habits."
"You have, probably, dear friends whom you would fear to give up, or who would sneer at you for being a Christian?"
"Yes, I own that of that sometimes, although some of my friends are themselves Christians."
"Are those whose ridicule you fear, the companions you value more than Christ? Are they friends in whose love you can always trust? Are they better, more lovable than your Christian friends? Would you choose their society always?"
"No, I own I should not, and since you press me so closely I must say I respect them less than other friends. In my heart I feel that they are not worth caring for, if they would sneer at me for choosing the right."
"Probably they would not sneer. You say you have Christian friends. Did you esteem them less for choosing the narrow way? Did you ridicule them?"
"No, I honored their courage and longed to follow their footsteps."
"So might it be in your case. Your friends would esteem you more. Perhaps they would follow your example."
"Forgive me for suggesting another objection. Many men think they cannot do business in a Christian way and have a hope of becoming rich. So, loving money better than their own souls, they sell themselves for a few hundred or thousand dollars."
"Say no more. I grant that like most men I have a desire to be rich, but I want to be so honestly. My common sense, too, teaches me that a Christian is as likely to be wealthy as a wicked man. I do not think a desire for unlawful gain is one of the things I should have to give up."
"What great thing then do you give up? You say it is not pleasure, bad habits, nor friends, nor money. What then are the allthings which are worth more than your immortal soul, more precious than Christ's love?"
"None, none. I am without excuse."
"Then come to Jesus now. Give him all your heart—yourself. You will find he will give you back all that is valuable and infinitely more he will freely give you. You will be joint-heir with Christ. Give your heart to him, and he will give you a new one. Give your friends, and he will give back all that are worthy keeping, and there anything else you would keep back?"
"Nothing."—*Congregationalist and Recorder.*

A Revival at Sea.

About twenty-five years ago the whale-ship *Uncas*, Capt. Gillet, of Falmouth, Mass., left home for a three or four years' cruise. In due time they rounded Cape Horn, passed through the Pacific, and far up amid the Arctic solitudes lay in their gigantic prey. The summer of 1845 was spent in cruising in the Kamshatka sea. Thus far on the voyage no one had been known as a Christian, although the second officer and one of the men, as was afterwards learned, had formerly been professors of religion. But the captain's wife was devotedly pious, and in her quiet home was sending up earnest prayers for the conversion of her husband and his crew. Nor was she satisfied with simply praying. In the letters which from time to time she sent, she showed her husband very plainly what was the burden of her soul, and constantly aimed to lead him to the Saviour. In due time her prayers and efforts produced their appropriate effect. The Holy Spirit came to that captain's heart and showed him that he was a poor, lost sinner; and there, thousands of miles away from all religious counsel, after a mighty struggle, he gave his heart to God and consecrated his life to the service of the Redeemer. When the love of Jesus took possession of his soul, he felt at once that he must do something for those who were with him, and he called the officers of the ship together in the cabin for a prayer meeting. The second mate, who had once professed religion, was melted into penitence and, before the hour closed, joined with the captain in calling upon God.

The next evening the captain appointed a meeting in the fore-cabin, and some of the men were deeply convicted of sin. From that point the work of God went forward with great power. There were thirty-two men on board the vessel, and in two or three weeks, more than twenty of them

were hopelessly converted. Almost continually the voice of prayer and glad songs of praise sounded over the cheerless sea. They had been accustomed to take whales on the Sabbath, but with one consent that was given up. They chose to spend sacred time in worshipping God, and could trust him to take care of them. Nor was their trust in vain. Though deeply interested in religion they did not neglect the business on which they had gone forth, and while they sought the Lord he made them to prosper. At the close of their voyage they reached home in safety, with thirty-nine hundred barrels of oil. And what a change had come over that ship's company! How gladly were they welcomed home by their Christian friends. How wonderful did the power of God appear to all who looked on.

Is there any follower of Jesus who has not the opportunity of doing as much as that Christian wife did? Is there a true disciple who would shrink from any effort by which results so glorious might be attained?—*Advance.*

The Bible.

Viewed merely as a human or literary production, the Bible is a marvelous book and without a rival. All the libraries of theology, philosophy, history, antiquities, poetry, law and policy, would not furnish material enough for so rich a treasure of the noblest gems of human composition, wisdom and experience. It embraces works of about forty writers, representing the extremes of society, from the throne of the king to the boat of the fisherman. It was written during a long period of sixteen centuries, on the banks of the Nile, in the deserts of Arabia, in the land of promise, in Asia Minor, in classical Greece, and in imperial Rome. It commences with the creation and ends with the glories of the Apocalypse, after describing all the interesting stages of the revelation of God and the spiritual development of man. It rises to the highest heights, and descends to the low depths of humanity; it measures all states and conditions of life; it is acquainted with every grief and every woe; it touches every chord of sympathy; it contains the spiritual biography of every heart; it is suited to every class of society, can be read with the same interest and profit by the king and the beggar, by the philosopher and child; it is as universal as the race, and reaches beyond the limits of time into the boundless regions of eternity. Even this matchless combination of human excellences points to the divine character and origin, as the absolute perfection of Christ's humanity is an evidence of his divinity.

But the Bible is, from first to last, a book of religion. It presents the only true, universal, and absolute religion of God, both in its preparatory process, or growth under the dispensation of the law and the promise, and under the dispensation of the gospel; a religion which is intended ultimately to overturn all the other religions of the world. It speaks to us, as immortal beings, on the highest, noblest, and most important themes which challenge our attention, and with an authority that is absolute, irresistible and overwhelming. It can instruct, edify, warn, terrify, appease, cheer, and encourage as no other book. It seizes man in the hidden depth of his intellectual and moral constitution, and goes to the quick of the soul; to that mysterious point where it is connected with the unseen world, and with the great Father of spirits. It acts like an all-penetrating and all-transforming leaven upon every faculty of the mind, and every emotion of the heart. It enriches the memory, it elevates the reason, it enlivens the imagination, it directs the judgment, it moves the affections, it controls the passions, it quickens the conscience, it kindles the sacred flame of faith, hope, and charity, it purifies, ennobles, sanctifies the whole man, and brings him into living union with God. It cannot only enlighten, reform, and improve, but regenerate and create anew, and produce effects which lie beyond the power of human genius. It has light for the blind, strength for the weak, food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty. It has a counsel for the wise, a comfort for every sorrow, a balm for every wound. Of all the books in the world, the Bible is the only one of which we never tire, but which we study and love more and more in proportion as we use it. Like the diamond, it casts its luster in every direction; like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines; like a healing herb, the harder it is pressed the sweeter is its fragrance.—*Dr. Schaff.*

Hope for the Lost.

At a prayer meeting, prayer was asked for a young man who was drunkard. He often tried to reform, but could not. He was present. After prayer was offered in his behalf, a middle-aged man arose and said he could fully sympathize with this request, for he had just escaped from a similar thralldom. He had known what it was to be a drunkard—a slave to the burning, consuming appetite. "Some two or three weeks ago," he said, "I went on a fishing excursion, and met a young man on the grounds who appeared to be a fisherman. His happy face attracted my attention. He took pains to show me attentions, and how to bait my hook, and how to fish. Finally, and by way of ordinary compliment, I took out my flask of liquor, and offered it to him. He looked at me with a peculiar expression, which I shall never forget, and said, 'I never drink liquor.' His manner was so kind and courteous that it greatly impressed me. I asked him, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'and I have asked the Lord Jesus to keep me from ever taking ardent spirit, and I have not the least desire to touch it.' 'Well,' I inquired, 'could he keep me as well as you?' 'To be sure he could,' he answered, 'if you would put your trust in him.' This incident was like an arrow in my heart. I found no rest. I cast myself on Jesus Christ. I besought him, despairing of any strength of my own, to take the accursed appetite away. He has heard my prayer. Now I want to say to that young man who has requested prayers, that my Saviour will be his Saviour, if he will go to him for strength."

As soon as the speaker had concluded, another gentleman arose. He was from a southern city. He desired to tell the despairing young man what Christ had done for him. He had walked in the light of his countenance now for two years. "Before that," said he, "I was a most beastly drunkard, cast off by my family and friends. As for being lost, none was ever more so. I had lost all confidence in myself. With strength against the intoxicating draught; but I no sooner came where it was than I fell; and so often that I said, 'It's no use to try any more.' I was given over, and

gave myself over to perish. After a long debauch, I one day found myself alone in a field, shivering, because no one would trust me for anything. Then I came to myself. I fully realized that life and death were set before me. I felt cast down and ruined, and I went to Jesus and told him so, just as I would tell one of you. I told him I was a gone case, unless he would now, once for all, undertake for me. I besought him with all my heart, that I might be saved from myself. What do you think my Saviour did for me? I declare, in the most solemn manner, that Jesus took me at my word, and I have not drunk any intoxicating drink since. Now I would commend that young man to Christ for help. Oh, come to him!"—*Geo. Trask.*

Varieties.

WICKED MEN stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

It is adversity which is the real touchstone of morality; it is the breath of affliction which lays bare the human heart.

NOTHING is so much a failure as some successes. People often think they win when they only lose. Chesting may seem a gain, but the one who makes it is a loser. Success in wrong doing is a failure.

THE PRESBYTERIAN church at Lower Brandywine, Pa., is rejoicing in the outpouring of the spirit. Twenty-two have already united with the church and many more are inquiring the way of life.

IN OLDEN times, when pastors spoke right out in meeting, a clergyman in Scituate thus addressed the late Mr. Bryant: "Neighbor Bryant, it is your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by coming late, living as you did within a mile of this place, and especially so, since here is Goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in good season."

THE FIRST wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher was Roxana Foote. She was not inferior to her husband in vigor of mind or range of knowledge. Often was Dr. Beecher heard to say, that he was more indebted to Roxana for any skill in dialectics, and any power in preaching, than to Dr. Dwight, his President, and all his instructors.

THE MAP in common use among the learned in India was prepared by an educated Mussulman. India is represented as covering one-third of the globe, China another third, Arabia and other Mohammedan countries nearly the whole remaining third. England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark are crowded in the northwest corner, and represented by a territory smaller than Iceland. South of these, Africa is exhibited as a small island, of which America is one of the principal towns.

THE MAN who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of a man, must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, a sister, or an older daughter, in watching over the physical, mental and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience, a vigilance that never tires, and adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight, may all find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even a humble home.

REV. ROWLAND HILL used to ride to and from his church in a carriage. This gave offense to one of his members at least, who went so far as to hand in among the notices one requesting "the prayers of this congregation for the pastor, who, yielding to pride, is in the habit of riding in his carriage, not content like his divine Master to ride upon an ass." It was not until Mr. Hill had read the paper, and observed the sensation created, that he noticed its import; then laying it down he said, "It is true, brethren and friends, I ride in my carriage, but if the author of this notice will appear at the door at the conclusion of the service, saddled and bridled, I will do my best to ride him home."

REV. MR. TRASK, of Mass., a Congregationalist, said: "Our denomination says that woman may think and breathe and sing. The Baptist and Methodist brethren believe that she may do all that, and also stand up and say she loves the Lord. Out west, in a certain church, the women spoke for Jesus. As the deacons interfered, they promised to keep silence, provided the deacons and their allies would do all the singing. The deacon's music, however, was soon too much even for their own ears, and they were glad to let the sisters talk and pray as they pleased."

The Myrtle.

This semi-monthly, published by the Breewill 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. All orders and remittances for the paper should be sent to L. R. BURLINGAME, Dover, N. H.

TERMS.—Single copy, 30 cents a year. Ten copies or more sent to one address, 20 cents each, payable in all cases in advance.

POSTAGE.—The postage on a single copy of the *Myrtle*, under the new law, is 24 cents a year; and no more on 8 copies, or any number between one and 8, when sent to one address, than on a single one. The postage is payable at the office of delivery. The volume begins with the first number in April. Orders are solicited.

No percentage is allowed on money sent us for the *Myrtle*.

Sample copies will be sent free on application.

F. Baptist Register for 1869.

This work is offered for sale, cash on delivery, without the privilege of returning, at 10 cents, a single copy, 94 cents per dozen, or \$7.00 per hundred.

Persons wishing it sent by mail, will remit the amount of postage in addition to the price. The postage on a single copy is 2 cents, six copies, 6 cents, twelve copies, 12 cents, fifty copies, 48 cts.

This Register has a blank page for memoranda for each month; also a fine cut of the Star Office Building on the cover. Orders are solicited from all parts of the country.

Advertisements.

First Letter Foundry in New England. COMMENCED IN 1817.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY.

ALWAYS NOTED FOR ITS HARD AND TOUGH METAL.

And its large varieties of BOOK AND JOB TYPE.

And lately for its unrivalled NEWSPAPER FACES.

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A DELICIOUS AND PLEASANT REMEDY IN Catarrh, Headache, Bad Breath, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoax, Cough, and all Disorders resulting from COLD IN THE HEAD.

THROAT AND VOCAL ORGANS.

This Remedy does not "Dry up" a Catarrh, but loosens it; frees the head of all offensive matter, quickly removing Bad Breath and Headache; allays and soothes the burning heat in Catarrh; is so mild and agreeable in its effects that it positively CURES WITHOUT SNEEZING.

As a Troche Powder, is pleasant to the taste, and never nauseates; when swallowed, instantly gives to the Throat and Vocal Organs a DELICIOUS SENSATION OF COOLNESS AND COMFORT.

Is the best Voice Tonic in the world! Try It! Safe, Reliable, and only 35 Cents.

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FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE. 6m29

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Sewing & Embroidering Machine. AGENTS WANTED—BOTH MALE AND FEMALE—to sell the improved BOSTON NOTION SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE—the largest and most complete Machine for the price ever offered for sale. The Machine will STITCH, HEM, FOLD, TUCK, QUILT, CORD, BRAID, BIND and EMBROIDER in the most superior manner. It makes the "elastic" lock stitch, that will not rip or break if every third stitch is cut. It is durable, very simple, and not easy to get out of order. We warrant, and keep in order one year free of cost. Good Agents wanted in every town and country. Address, with stamp, J. M. MASON & CO., 210 Washington Street, Boston.

P. S.—All kinds of Machines bought, sold, exchanged and repaired, and to let. 3m40

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Guinea Coffee, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, and other places, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in this article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at 25c per lb. for 30c per lb. and 35c per lb. for 40c per lb. perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Ground), 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, best 40c per lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, best 40c per lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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MANUFACTURERS OF Plain and Galvanized Wrought Iron Pipe; Steam and Gas Fittings of all kinds; Brass and Iron Valves; Steam Whistles; Locomotive, Marine, Tubular, Flue and Cylinder Boilers; Barlow's Patent Bleaching Kettles; Steam Boilers for Print Works; Lap Welded Boiler Tubes; Quin's Patent Expansion Furnaces for Repairing Boiler Tubes; Ship Tanks; and

STATIONARY AND

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Shafting, Turning Lathes, Iron Planers, Machinists' Tools of every description, Mill Work, all kinds of saw Mill Machinery, (both circular and upright), Iron and Brass Castings, Gasometers and Gas Works.

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WANTED—Buyers and sellers for the BICKFORD FAMILY KNITTER, the most reliable and best household ever made. It knits 30,000 stitches a minute, runs back and forward, and sets up its own work. Parties are making from \$100 to \$200 per day at their homes. Our Book of Instructions is plain and explicit. BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE CO., 22 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. 12m40

Advertisements.

MAINE STATE SEMINARY.

THE SPRING TERM at this Institution will commence Thursday, Jan. 28, and continue ten weeks. For any information desired, address the Principal, ANTHONY GIVES, Lewiston, Jan. 1869. 343

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

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NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

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Board from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week. Rooms will be furnished to those desiring to board themselves. E. S. TASKER, Sec. of Trustees.

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The Spring Term will open Feb. 22, 1869. Complete courses of study for both sexes. G. H. RICKAR, Principal. North Situate, R. I. Jan. 1869.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK AND NATIONAL REGISTER FOR 1869. Astronomical, Political, Financial, Commercial, Agricultural, Educational, Religious. This work contains a vast fund of latest and valuable information respecting the United States and Foreign countries, including every department of the General and State Governments, which all classes will find invaluable for daily reference. Address O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn. 414

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North Amherst, Dec. 2, 1868. Messrs. D. J. DEMERITT & CO.,—

Gents:—For the last ten years I have been a great sufferer from Catarrh, got no help until I used your remedy for that disease. When I commenced using your Catarrh Remedy, I had lost all power of urination, and was nearly dead and had lost all hope of recovery. I can now hear as well as ever I could, and my sense of smell is completely restored to me. I consider it the best remedy in the world for the Catarrh, and as such earnestly recommend it to all.

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This testimonial is a sample of what you will receive. We warrant it to give immediate and permanent relief as can be attested by thousands who have used it. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c a package.

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HOOP SKIRTS

To Fit Nicely.

That demand is now met by RAND, LEWIS & RAND, 36 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

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PAINTS FOR FARMERS and others.—The Grafton Mineral Paint Co. are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest and most durable Mineral Paints, and will sell them in mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, blue, red, or any other color, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Cart makers, Pail and Wooden-ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Yachts and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Single Roofs, (it being Fire and Water proof), Floor Oil Cloths, (one coat will put on mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, blue, red, or any other color, to suit the taste of the consumer. 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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 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.

God With Us.

The two names of Christ,—Immanuel, and Jesus,—are full of deep meaning. Each, when standing alone, has its own special lesson and promise. Taken together, they express what our Heavenly Father specially desires to unfold and what we equally need to know. "God with us" is the truth that he would cry out to us when we walk with heedless steps, or long to pierce the sky that we may find the Lord of Hosts, or look upon the footprints of the Messiah as though they only marked the path of some strange human traveler. "The Saviour," able to save even to the uttermost, is the word of hope that he would utter in our ears when we tremble before the majesty against whom we have sinned, and are ready to give ourselves over to despair. That God is ever at hand, is the great fact that must become real before we wake to the most important of our relations; that he is the bringer of redemption, is the truth that alone puts us into vital fellowship with the grace that pledges us life eternal in him.

The human soul needs God. It has other needs, but this stands as chief. It may have every other thing, but it is weak and poor, perplexed and baffled, liable to break down under its burdens and reap chaff in its field of effort, so long as it lacks the wisdom and the might that are supplied through its living hold upon God. The keen intellect is a power; the fervid heart is a source of magnetism; the resolute will trends down to conquer and puts many a foe to flight; position yields influence; wealth secures esteem and a character for integrity rallies followers and hedges a man in with unselfish friends. But till life has been exalted by the idea of God who supplies its law, and duty has been rendered sacred by a mandate from heaven, and faith has taken hold upon the unseen, and hope has cast her anchor within the veil, and purpose has borrowed strength from the promise of unfailing help, and the tired and wounded heart has learned how to find rest and healing in the ministry of a personal and ever-present God,—any day may witness the defeat of the human wrestler with difficulty, and leave the prostrate sufferer crying out of his fear like a child straying in the forest at nightfall, or tearfully musing over the desolations on every side like Marius among the ruins of Carthage.

There are those who are seemingly content to go on without God. They do not see him in his works nor hear him in his word. They talk of law and nature. They discourse of forces and affinities, of natural selection and progressive development.—The daily miracle of the morning kindles only admiration; they do not bare their foreheads, bow down and worship. The wondrous scripture traced upon the rocky volume at their feet does not awe them as though the finger of Jehovah had been busy writing lessons for their study. The coming of a fresh life into a home does not bear back their thought to the Lord of life, and when they hear the good-bye of a spirit at the grave, they do not follow it on and up to the temple across even whose portal death casts no shadow, God is not in all their thoughts. They are without God in the world. They are orphans in experience, having none of that filial affection and rapture which cries "Abba, Father." They perceive natural law, but they are strangers to spiritual love. They walk by prudence, but they lack the light of faith. They hear the warnings against transgression that fill the air, but they do not catch the pledge of pardon from the lips of him who frames and guards the statute. They do not pray, nor trust, nor give thanks. The world is perhaps a splendid temple in their eyes, but it has no illuminated altar to speak of sacrifice and consecration, there is no anthem pealing through its aisles in which love is borne to the eternal gates, and the atmosphere has none of the fragrance which is diffused like incense where the breath of God has consciously fallen. It is a defective experience that is thus developed, and not less but more so when the soul seems unconscious of its poverty, and is content to do without the deeper, richer and loftier life which the consciousness of God comes to kindle and maintain.

Sooner or later, by one means or another, this insensibility to God's presence must cease. A sudden flash or a gradual dawn, a great grief or a mighty joy, ends the stupor and shatters the fallacy. The scales drop from the eyes; the dull ear catches the majestic tone it has so long failed to hear; the soul is aware that an infinite observer is peering into its deepest and most secret life, and measuring everything by a perfect law. God is a near person at length,—not a distant force or an all-pervading principle of life and order. He is not now a mere sovereign throned in a remote heaven, but a personal ruler whose work goes on evermore in every sphere of human life. He can no longer be forgotten or escaped. The overborne intellect accepts the conviction it has long resisted, and the awakened heart feels the pressure of the hand it has long essayed to throw off. "Immanuel" is interpreted by the soul rather than by the dictionary. "God with us" is the outcry of the personal consciousness, which at length echoes and emphasizes the word of inspiration.

How shall this sense of God's presence affect us? That question turns upon another,

er, viz: How will we deal with it? It is sometimes as welcome as the flush of morning on the sky to a bewildered wayfarer. There may have been a longing for the revelation, and so when it comes the spirit claps its hands and breaks into singing.—Frequently it is otherwise. Men often come to the light reluctantly, fearing that their deeds will be exposed and reproved. They are forced to repeat the confession of the psalmist, "I remembered God and was troubled." And this trouble abides. They do not reach that later experience which finds expression in the words, "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth." That last statement is the highest evidence that the true use had been made of this idea of God. It had ceased to fret and annoy and trouble the heart that had once found it a grief and burden and fear, and it had become the glory which rose higher and shone out brighter than the sun in the heavens. It had become his habit to gaze steadily upon it, and the constant vision was a perpetual gladness in his heart and a triumphant song on his lips.

This is not a thought for an old saint or a remote land alone. It is especially a truth for this age of scientific inquiry and materialistic tendencies, of intense outward activity and dull spiritual sense. There is life for us in it. It has a restraint for our passions, a stimulus for our conscience, a precept for our perplexity, help for our frailty, peace for our tumult, a promise addressed to our penitence, the pledge of a harvest to every true laborer in the vineyard, and an assurance of victory to every earnest soldier however sorely pressed in the battle of life.

"The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Happy are they who can interpret "Immanuel" from the preciousness of such an experience as this.

Now.

"Now is the accepted time." That is a statement that cannot be too strongly emphasized. Now is a short word, but its influence spreads widely, and it has a message for many classes of hearers. It makes the call of duty urgent and imperative. It is a note of warning pealing upon the ear of the trifler and the delinquent like a fresh voice out of heaven. It is a stimulant to the courage that is growing faint. It is the promise of peace to a storm-tossed soul. It is the day-star telling that the sun is hastening to scatter the shadows.

Now. It tells that God is ready with gifts of grace. He is not afar off. His ear is bending to catch the voice of prayer. The pledge of forgiveness already trembles on his lip. Christ waits with his welcome. The Spirit is at the heart's door. Whatever the infinite love can plan and the infinite grace bestow is ready and waiting.

Now. It is a word for the pastor, eagerly waiting for the favored hour to speak his strong, hopeful, faithful word for his Master's honor and the good of his flock. Let him open his lips and crowd into his message all the yearning of his soul and the energy of his conviction. The time has come and he need not tremble and delay.

Now. It is a word for the earnest disciple. "Stand up for Jesus." Testify of the grace he has given you. Confess how gracious, and faithful, and patient, and forbearing he has been. Speak of the strength he has granted, of the peace he has shed within, of the dark hours he has lighted, of the guardianship he has maintained, of his ministry for the heart just as it was needed; and then ask the friend toward whom your heart goes out, to take that Saviour for the unfailing portion. The word shall not return void.

Now. It is a word for those who have strayed and grown cold, and whose hearts are sad and uneasy as they recall broken vows, and think how others may have stumbled over their inconsistencies, and how their brethren have been disheartened by their faltering, and how Christ himself has been grieved and wounded by them in the house of his friends. Let them rise and go to their Father like the prodigal, carrying his confession with them. He will never be readier than he is to receive them, and they will never find it easier to hasten homeward.

Now. It is a word for the heart that is sorrowing over its sins and longing for oneness with its conscience and its Lord. There is no need of tarrying. Delay is an added sin and a wider straying. Waiting is worse than useless. No deepened conviction and no added wretchedness on the one hand, no terrible struggle for self-mastery and self-purification on the other, will bring the needed relief, or pave the way to the Redeemer's feet, or deepen his sympathy, or increase his readiness to welcome and forgive and bestow life upon the smitten and baffled soul. It is only to go to him at once, bow at his feet, yield the heart to his claim, trust his promise, and to-day is sure to be the day of salvation.

Now. It is the word meant for those who have been heedless, hard, worldly, selfish, and who are putting off the great duty of submission. The waited-for tomorrow may never come, or if it does, it may dawn upon the transgressor whose disregard of the work of repentance has left him holden with the cords of his sins, joined to his idols, and given over to believe a lie.

Now. It is a word for all who have duties remaining undone, or glimpses of a better life which they have not begun to live, or feel the burden and tyranny of fetters which they long to break, or catch the faint breath of a peace in whose air they would daily breathe, or discern the beckoning to the blessed life where only the spirit rests at home.

Let this word now be heard and heeded, and life will be found in it.

Berea College, Ky.

It is grateful to hope that this institution is at length to have deserved attention, and friends who will prove their faith by their works, get the funds it has long needed, secure a President that shall give it character in the eyes of the community, and go on to do the good and great work which it has ever had at heart.

That college at Berea has had a history and been a power. It was born of strong anti-slavery conviction and deep Christian sympathy. It has known what suffering for Christ and for his persecuted and oppressed poor means. It drew upon itself the hatred of Southern slaveholders and Northern conservatives soon after its birth; it has been compelled to struggle for life year after year, with the power of numbers and social influence forever against it, and little besides courage and faith and patience to stand up for its defense. Rev. John G. Fee, who has been most widely known as its representative, has been forced, like Paul, "to fight with beasts at Ephesus" in its behalf. Its teachers have been pinched by poverty, threatened and mobbed. Its students have lived under a reign of terror. Desperate men have more than once threatened to suppress the whole affair by desperate measures. Personal safety has sometimes demanded a temporary suspension of the school and the concealment of its managers. But it has lived on for nearly a score of years. It would not die, and God has more than once disappointed the hopes and rebuked the headlong madness of its enemies. It lives yet, and the day of prosperity and open triumph seems both assured and near.

A public meeting in its behalf was held last week at Cooper Institute, New York, at which earnest and effective addresses were made by H. W. Beecher, Dr. R. S. Storrs, Howard Crosby, and President Fairchild of Oberlin, who is henceforth to take the Presidency of the Institution. Fifteen thousand dollars are needed at once for buildings,—a very moderate sum which we trust will be speedily secured, and open the way for five times \$15,000 more. The public sympathy granted it according to its deserts, and President Fairchild giving direction to its internal affairs, Berea College will prove a large and growing and precious blessing to the state whose half-tamed rebellion will be educated out of her as surely as such a school and such men as are to work through it, can get the public ear and hold it.

Bro. Fee has long been pleading for one or more earnest and strong and well-trained Free-will Baptists to go down and take hold of that work; and it has been a sad response that we have been repeatedly compelled to make to his appeal, when we have replied that we knew not where he could look for just the aid he needed, or have kept silence to save his feelings and ours. We rejoice that the skies brighten above that band of workers, and congratulate them on having got their wants voiced in New York through the lips of Beecher, and their vacant Presidency filled by such a Christian gentleman and scholar as Fairchild. May God's blessing crown their noble service and justify and render victorious their sublime faith.

The Civil Service.

Hon. T. A. Jenckes, of R. I., member of the lower branch of Congress, has devoted much time and attention to a bill providing for making the appointments to spheres of civil service dependent upon the fitness of the candidates, as that fitness shall be brought out by the formal examination of a competent and carefully appointed Board. The arguments in favor of such a method are many, strong and obvious. The abuses to which such a system would be liable are far less than attend the method, or perhaps it were more proper to say the no-method, which now prevails. At present these appointments are virtually made by the members of Congress,—each member having a share of the offices largely at his disposal. To be sure, members of Congress do not absolutely make any appointments, but they make recommendations, and it is expected that these recommendations will generally be followed. If they are not followed, there is likely to be complaint, friction, jealousy, charges of partiality and bad faith, and more or less of bitter and long-lived quarrels. If they are followed, it is almost inevitable that many men will be found in the various spheres of trust who lack the capacity, adaptation and character that are required. The representatives are constantly beset by office seekers who claim a reward for services rendered, or insist that, as the spoils belong to the victors, they are entitled to receive a liberal share of the booty which they fought so desperately to gain.

The plea is hard to resist. The representative or the senator is perhaps earnest to be true to his conscience and his country, but he is a man. He has a human love for power and place. He knows that he holds his position because his fellow citizens have secured it for him. He has the usual sense of gratitude and of obligation. He is inclined to reciprocate kindly service. His personal friendships are ordinarily strong. It is agreeable to him to do a favor. And so when the place-hunter comes to him and asks his name to an application for an office, or his personal influence with the Head of a Department, with an air that says as plainly as words could say it, "I helped you to your coveted high seat; now I expect you to aid me in reaching the lower distinction with which my ambition will be satisfied, and then we will call it even;"—when such an appeal is made to him by a personal friend of fair ability and character, it is hard to resist. The applicant may mean well, but he may lack the special qualifications for the sphere, and so the public interests may severely suffer. And taking the position as a right that has been earned, rather than as a responsibility to be

honored, the work is not likely to be done as well as though there had been a special training for the sphere, and the occupant were made to feel that he was directly answerable to an impartial and faithful Board of officers who would not tolerate incapacity and had no mercy to show to unfaithfulness. He now loses a part of the motive that would then aid in developing skill and fidelity. He expects to hold his position unless flagrantly remiss, so long as he has an influential party friend at Washington. And so also, expecting to lose the place whenever the opposite political party gains the ascendancy, he is in danger of working in the interest of himself and his political allies, rather than in the interest of the government and of the people whose public servant he really is.

Mr. Jenckes's bill proposes a real and needed reform. If it could be effected it would do something to neutralize the great and growing mischiefs of that policy which was formally inaugurated by Gen. Jackson, and which gave currency to the maxim,—"To the victors belong the spoils." Capacity and character would thus be set above intense partisan zeal in the candidates for civil office. The political guillotine would not be freshly set up every four years for the decapitation of every man who could not fully utter the latest party shibboleth. The great army of office-seekers would gradually melt into the spheres of quiet and profitable industry, or be driven there by necessity. Multitudes of men who have no hesitation in pressing their claims upon a representative whom they have helped to his seat, would take care to keep away from the impartial scrutiny of a Board who refused to see a qualification where real merit was wanting. Incompetents would take warning and retire. Representatives would escape perplexity and keep easier consciences. Our political canvasses would probably gain in manliness and lose in partisan zeal and intense self-seeking. Money would be saved in many spheres and ways. We should be represented with more dignity and credit abroad, and served with more skill and fidelity at home. Peculation and lobbying would be less rife. Rings would be less common, and they would not so effectively shut in corruption and shut out honor. We should not become a perfect people, and the government would not run without some friction, even then. The frailties of human nature would still find ways in which to show themselves. But it would probably lead to the correction of many abuses and add something to the efficiency of our civil administration, and these are results that are well worth striving for.

We hope, therefore, that Mr. Jenckes's bill will command the requisite vote in Congress, as it has already won the strong and emphatic approval of the best men of the country. Its passage would be a credit to any Congress; and we trust that the one whose work is so nearly ended will crown itself with honor by making the bill a law.

The "Daughter" of Neither.

A recent number of the *Watchman & Reflector* contains a pleasant article suggested by the claim preferred by *Zion's Herald*, some time since, that the F. B. Baptist denomination is the daughter of Methodism. It has nearly as many sides as there are faces to a polyhedron. At one time it chides the *Herald* for its arrogance in claiming our denomination as the daughter of Methodism, and at another it becomes somewhat arrogant itself; then it compliments us till we blush and wonder what it is driving at. In speaking a good word for us, however, it does not forget to recognize itself; and more than once its utterance performs the part of a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. In preferring the claims of its denomination to maternity, the *Watchman* says:

Now we have been wont to regard her as ours, and surely we ought to know our own child. We remember all the circumstances of her birth,—what mother can forget them?—and we fondly recognize our own maternal likeness in her, with an individuality that may have caused us some trouble, but which we do not now particularly regret to see. She seemed a little self-willed with that free will of hers, and a little wayward withal, when she quit the maternal roof to set up for herself. But we cannot forget that we ourselves were pretty stiff and exacting in those old times, and possibly, if we had had a little more of the breadth and mellowness that years have since given us, our daughter would never have left us.

All this sounds very well, and we are heartily glad to see our would-be penitent mother acknowledging her errors, but we want her to make a clean breast of the matter, and not only acknowledge but forsake as well. But we have some knowledge of the circumstances of our birth, having learned them from sources quite as authentic as the *Watchman*; and we protest that we are neither the daughter of the Methodists nor of the C. Baptists.

Our origin was the result of no schism, but it is rather *de novo*; and came from the exigency of the times. While Benjamin Randall was at first connected with the Congregationalists and afterwards with the C. Baptists, he was never fully in sympathy with either body, and was constrained to found a new denomination.

Though we thus deny the claim preferred, we can't help feeling a little flattered that two matrons of such good repute are so anxious to claim us as their offspring. The whole affair is decidedly enjoyable. Especially so are the closing words of the Baptist dame to the Methodist, "We think, therefore," says the *Watchman*, "that our neighbor is a little too forward in this matter. We feared unless we checked this facile tendency of his, we might find him, by-and-by, claiming that John Wesley was the grandfather of the whole great Baptist family. As this would involve an anachronism of more than seven hundred years, we thought we would be on our guard beforehand."

Current Topics.

RESULTS OF PROHIBITION. One of the fundamental principles upon which the thriving community of Vineland, N. J., was founded, was that there shall be no grog-shop, lager-beer saloon, or other place licensed or permitted to sell Alcoholic Liquors, unless the people at a regular election, shall otherwise decree—a thing which has never been done. The settlement is now some twelve years old, and has about ten thousand inhabitants—all of them, but some half a dozen families, immigrants in moderate circumstances, including widows with young children, and the usual proportion of disabled or infirm persons. Most of the people live by tilling the soil, which is a part of the well known "Jersey barrens," formerly devoted to the production of charcoal, and covered, from time immemorial, with a thin growth mainly of stunted pitch pines and scrub oaks. Under these circumstances it would be expected, if there should be pauperism anywhere, we might reasonably expect to find it here. Yet the overseer of the poor reports the following facts which tell their own story in behalf of the cause of prohibition. He says:

Though we have a population of 10,000 people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has required relief at my hands as overseer of the poor. Within 70 days, there has been only one case among what we call the floating population, at the expense of \$4.

During the entire year, there has only been one indictment, and that a trifling case of assault and battery among our colored population.

So few are the fires in Vineland that we have no need of a Fire Department. There has only been one house burnt down in a year, and two slight fires, which were soon put out.

We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent. on the valuation.

The Police expenses of Vineland amount to \$75 per year, the sum paid to me; and our poor expenses are a mere trifle.

I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the golden age, to the industry of our people and the absence of King Alcohol.

Let me give you, in contrast to this, the state of things in the town from which I came, in New-England. The population of the town was 9,500—a little less than that of Vineland. It maintained forty liquor shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, six policemen. Fires were almost continual. That small place maintained a paid fire department of four companies, of 40 men each, at an expense of \$3,000 per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost \$2,500 per annum. The debt of the township was \$120,000. The condition of things in this New-England town is as favorable in that country as that of many other places where liquor is sold.

A NOBLE UNDERTAKING. The name of Henry Varley, the converted butcher, is already favorably known in this country. It is only about six years since he commenced working at Notting-Hill, in a small school-room, amongst the very poor in the potteries. His efforts were so greatly blessed that the Tabernacle was erected; and although it has accommodations for 1,200 persons, it was soon filled to overflowing. Yielding to the demand for increased accommodations, he has secured a site for a new building, capable of holding nearly fourteen hundred persons. On its basement there will be eight large rooms, fitted up like railway-station waiting-rooms, where Christian men can have the advantages of classes for reading, writing, elocution, the study of the Bible, temperance, scientific and other lectures. There will be a good library and a commercial room always open, in which tea and coffee may be had, and in which the associations of a Christian club may be enjoyed. Mr. Varley's great desire is that the home element may permeate the Institution, and that the social Christian life may be developed by the church. It is intended to make this portion of the new building a center for missionaries, Bible-women, voluntary helpers, and for philanthropic work generally. The main building will be about 135 feet long by nearly eighty broad. He has hitherto borne the whole cost of the enterprise, having spent more than £3,000. For his present undertaking he has received over £2,000 from others, including £1,000 from the congregation. Will not some one be inspired by his example to go and do likewise?

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. Our two able and excellent contemporaries, the *Independent* and the *Watchman and Reflector*, have recently had a serious falling out with each other. The *Independent* of a recent date had among the editorial notes quite a complimentary notice of the *Watchman*. In the next number, however, the editor explains that the paragraph was written some weeks ago and alleged to be in response to a private note from the editor of the *Watchman* asking attention to his paper; but that just before it was put into the form of a copy of the latter paper for Dec. 24 came to hand, in which the *Independent* was spoken of as having "fallen" and as lost to "evangelical religion," with other observations of like damaging character; and the "favorable notice" was suppressed. But by an oversight it was retained in type and got into a later issue. This accident gives the editor of the *Independent* occasion to quote what the *Watchman* said of him and to characterize it as "discourteous, impertinent and false." The *Watchman* thereupon replies at length and explains its part in the affair, saying in substance that it did not directly solicit a notice, and that the one accidentally published was not such a one as it would have solicited, and that it never would "have troubled the *Independent* at all, had it been supposed that, false utterly to its name, to its early history, to the religious principles which it first espoused, it had also at the same time abnegated all

the manliness, in making it the condition of a reference—such a miserable one as it may be seen it gave—to a paper that has seen fifty years of 'evangelical' service—that it must say only its 'shibboleth,' and actually sink to the level of the journals in France, which speak only by imperial consent." These are hard words for two leading religious journals to say about each other, and we would suggest that they both manifest less worldly wisdom, and more of that which cometh from above.

Denominational News and Notes.

Our Theological School.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since our Theological School, now located at New Hampton, had its origin. Its history during this period is quickly told. From Parsonsfield where it existed in connection with the Seminary at that place, it was removed to Lowell, Mass.; and after a brief sojourn it was removed from thence to Whitestown, N. Y.; and from thence, some nine or ten years later, to New Hampton, where it exists as a distinct institution, though located at the same place with a literary school. For the most of the time its faculty has consisted of two Professors, and the number of students has rarely exceeded twelve or fifteen. Only three times, we believe, has the graduating class exceeded five. It has had no buildings of its own, and its library has been meager.—While, as these facts indicate, the school has been weak and has made but few pretensions, yet the work which it has accomplished has been far greater than with which it is often credited. Its graduates constitute an important portion of our active ministry and fill many of the more responsible positions in the denomination. They are found in both the East and the West, in the city and in the country, in the Professor's and Editor's chair, and even in distant India; and through their labors for the Master the influence of the school is being felt. And still it is doing its silent yet effective work.

It is, however, the settled conviction of many of the more earnest and thoughtful men of the denomination, that the school must undergo some change in order that it may receive greater patronage and accomplish greater good. To this end two widely different expedients have been proposed. One of these contemplates the division of the educational fund,—a portion of it going to establish a Theological Department in connection with Bates College, and the remainder going to strengthen the Theological Department at Hillsdale. The other is to remove the school to some point easier of access than the present location, erect suitable buildings for its accommodation, and maintain it as a distinct and independent institution with its facilities greatly increased.

The arguments urged in behalf of the former plan, as far as we understand them, are expediency, economy, and that the existence of a Theological School on an independent basis is not demanded by the wants of the denomination, it being alleged that a few months is all the time that is absolutely required for the mastery of the leading principles of doctrinal theology, to which theological study should be largely confined. When the demand for gospel laborers is so great, it is asked, why spend three of the best years of a lifetime at the Seminary? In support of the other view it is justly contended, that in this age of error and skepticism, a preparation for the ministry cannot be too extensive and thorough, that more instead of less prominence should be given to a distinctive theological education, and that the end sought cannot be reached by the work of any mere department. In a denominational point of view we believe that such a policy would be ruinous. While some students would be contented with the limited advantages afforded by a department, the better class would seek the benefit to be derived from connecting themselves with the schools of other denominations, and more or less of them might be ultimately lost to us. Our past experience should serve as a warning in the future. Happily those who advocate the former plan are comparatively few, while the latter view is the prevailing one especially in New England; and in accordance with it, the Education Society voted, some one year and a half since, to remove the school from New Hampton to Haverhill, where it was expected it would have a permanent location and its facilities be increased.

Owing to causes wholly beyond the control of those having the matter in charge, it now appears that the Haverhill movement has proved a failure, and the whole subject of the location of the school is again opened; and it would seem that the demand that something decisive be done in its behalf at the earliest day possible, is imperative. The question of the independent existence of the school being settled, that of its location is all important. All should seek at this juncture to know and do the best thing; and let it be understood that the independent existence of the school does not necessarily imply that it must be located at a place where there is no other institution of learning. The Episcopalians, for instance, have founded a Theological Seminary at Cambridge in connection with Harvard College, and while it derives advantages from its close proximity to that old and renowned institution, it is independent of it. We might do the same thing if we chose, and yet our schools have no real and dependent connection with the College. The question, above all others, should be, What place, all things considered, affords the best location for the school? This is a subject respecting which we have definite views, and we will seek to present them in another article in the clearest and most direct manner.

Poetry.

Learning to Walk.

A mother's lip that runneth music sweet,
And in low cadence woos the tiny feet
To tread the light and shade,
The autumn sun and vine above the door
Have softly thrown upon the cottage floor,
How bright the tints are laid!

As if the timid darling could discern
The flow of speech its lips have yet to learn,
Like silvery waves do run
Low spoken words. O, mother-love! the tone
Hath wooed the feet to try the great unknown;
I see the little one

Plant its small feet among the shadowy leaves,
The shirring carpet that the sunlight weaves;
With white hands lifted so,
And eyes that only watch the mother's face,
It walks; nor sees beyond its feet one space
Whither they softly go.

One step! one only! at a time, those eyes,
If lifted, scarce could see the way that lies
Between them and the checked sill;
And yet so bright—so full of trustful love—
The child-face lifted to the one above!
Trying the distance still!

"One step; one only!" O, my child, thus we
Tread our life path! Our peering eyes can see
As little way as thou!
O would our palms were lifted, white and pure
As thine, my child; our soul, trusted just as sure
As thine is even now!

And that our soul's sense were as pure and fine
To catch intonings of the voice divine:
To know it calls us on
To walk by faith, and with a love-like eye,
Although we see not what may even lie
"One step" our feet beyond.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

"Found Dead in the Street."

The labor is over and done;
The sun has gone down in the west;
The birds are asleep, every one,
And the world has gone to its rest—
Sleepers on beds of down,
Neath cover of silk and gold,
Soft, as on roses new-blown,
Slept the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mothers' breast,
Sleepers happy and warm,
Cosy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Beggings or stealing to live, and whirled
Like waif on an angry sea.

Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night-air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without ever a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city
In this most Christian land,
Without ever a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

The Family Circle.

Radiant Carl.

"And Moses wist not that his face shone."
This was the verse that came suddenly
into the mind of Carl Christy's teacher as
he sat watching little Carl, one bright Janu-
ary morning, just as school was about to
close.

To be sure the sunshine was pouring in
at the window near which Carl sat, and
forming a sort of halo around his head,
but it was not that alone that suggested
this verse.

You see Carl had been, for several weeks,
rather a puzzle to Mr. Rider. For two
years Carl had been in the school, but had
very little to show for it. Not that he was
at all a stupid boy; O no! He was too
bright, and merry, and roguish; that was
the trouble. So bright, that he was always
seeing all sorts of droll things, outside the
pages of his books; so merry, that he was
continually laughing at what he saw; and
so roguish, that if there was nothing to
laugh at, he was sure to get up something.
There was nothing malicious, or ugly
about Carl; he did not play to tease his
teacher, but he was such a little "budget
of fun" that it was like trying to compress
steam, to check his laughter, or keep him in
any sort of order.

And Mr. Rider himself could not help
smiling, at times, behind his handkerchief,
or the great dictionary, as he caught a
glimpse of those eyes brimming over with
fun, those merry dimples, and that catching
smile. "Ah," he would say to himself,
"the child is not so much to blame; such
rivers of merriment must overflow at times;"
and he loved the boy in spite of the trouble
made by his roguery; for, after all, little
Carl had such a winning way with him; was
so swift to do a kindness; was so loving and
gentle (his mother would have told you)—
that he somehow stole into your heart, and
made a warm little corner there, in spite
of yourself.

But in these several weeks, aforesaid, it
gradually came over Mr. Rider, that there
was a change in Carl. He seemed to try
to study, and, when, in spite of himself, he
saw droll things, he would stuff his hand-
kerchief into his mouth, and make a great
effort to apply himself to his lessons; and
though—when the handkerchief was taken
out the corners of his mouth would twitch,
and the dimples would come and go, and
occasionally the merriment would come
back again with a rush, and he would put
his head down on the seat, and laugh for
about five minutes—yet he persevered.

And on this particular morning, when a
difficult grammar lesson had been safely re-
cited, and a long geography lesson was ap-
parently being mastered, Mr. Rider ac-
knowledged to himself that Carl had cer-
tainly changed. And he knew the reason.

For Mr. Rider occasionally called of an
evening to see his pupils and their parents,
and the evening before he had called at the
Christy's. So he told Mrs. Christy of the

apparent change in roguish Carl, and asked
the reason.

To his surprise the tears fell Mrs.
Christy's eyes, and she could not speak for
a minute; but then she told him that her
dear little Carl was trying to be a Christian,
and that it made her heart glad, that he
was really showing in his school life, as
well as at home, that he was sincere and in
earnest.

And so it happened that as Mr. Rider
looked at little Carl that bright January
morning, and saw the halo of sunshine
round his head, and thought of what his
mother had told him the night before, and
looking more carefully—for Carl was dili-
gently studying—saw the earnest, quiet,
happy expression of Carl's face, that a sort
of awe crept over him—for he was not a
Christian—and suddenly there stole into his
mind the words that he had read so
long ago—"And Moses wist not that his
face shone."

But Mr. Rider's meditations were soon
brought to a close by the striking of the
town clock. No one was more happy than
Carl, as the twelfth and last stroke fell on
his ear, and Mr. Rider dismissed the school.

Now he might be as merry as he pleased;
and he ran, and jumped, and tumbled, and
leaped, and threw snow-balls, and laughed,
and shouted, in the overflowing of his happy
heart.

At length he subsided into a walk, he
and his friend Phil Fulton.

"Wednesday afternoon," cried Phil;
"what shall you do, Carl?"

"What do you think?" laughed Carl.

"Saw wood,"

"Saw wood!" echoed Phil, in great sur-
prise. "Why Carl! All Wednesday after-
noon?"

"No, not all; but, see here, Phil"—and
Carl put his arm in Phil's, and lowered his
voice—"You know Mrs. Sims."

"What, that woman with such a brush of
a head?" cried Phil, laughing. "I guess I
do. She was at our house washing win-
dows the other day, and I thought I should
die laughing. Why, she looks as if she
had taken a porcupine for a wig. Do you
suppose her hair is real? Such bristles!
And how it stands out. I told mamma
that Mrs. Sims had better take her head for
the window brush; it would have been a
great deal better than the one she had."

"Poor thing," said Carl, "I fancy she
would be better off, if her head were a
window-brush, and her body in the grave.
She has awful times, Phil; three small chil-
ren, and a husband about as old as Methu-
elah, who does nothing but sit in the corner
and make up faces, and scold. I guess if you
could see him you wouldn't think much
about her. He looks like a patch-work
quilt all rolled up in a bundle with eyes to
it. She tries to keep him neat, you see, and
so she patches his clothes up with whatever
she can get. And there he sits and stares
at you, if you go in, like an Egyptian mum-
my, and he never earns a single cent,
mother says."

"Well," cried Phil, "never mind about
him, but tell me about sawing wood. I
didn't know you knew how."

"I don't very well," said Carl, laughing,
but I'm learning. I'm going to practice
some this noon. I'll tell you how it is, and
I'm sort of in hopes you'll learn too. Don't
you know, Phil—and Carl's bright face
grew earnest and serious—"that Jesus
went about doing good? And if we're go-
ing to follow him, seems to me we ought
to try to go about doing good too; and
mamma says that Mrs. Sims has a whole
cord of wood given her, but she doesn't
know how she can get it sawed."

"Let that old patch-work husband saw
it for her!" cried Phil, with indignation.

"But he won't," said Carl, and mamma
says that perhaps he really isn't able to, for
he is over eighty."

"Well, I'm too punky to saw wood for
a lazy man," declared Phil.

"But it's for her, Phil; and mamma
says that she's a member of our church, and
she gave me this verse, 'For whosoever shall
give you a cup of water to drink in my name,
because ye belong to Christ, verily I say
unto you, he shall not lose his reward.'
And wouldn't it be like giving a
cup of water, to saw her wood for her, be-
cause she belongs to Christ?"

Phil was sober by this time, for he loved
Christ too, and wanted to follow him.

"Well, Carl," said he, "I'll get my saw,
and come and practice this noon, at any
rate."

So that afternoon as poor Mrs. Sims came
home from a hard day's work, tired and
cold, to the three poor children and the
patch-work bunch in the corner, the first
sight that met her eyes, as she glanced out
into her small back yard, was a nice little
pile of wood, carefully sawed and split;
and as she looked again, and saw the
bright-eyed, happy-faced boys, still sawing
away cheerily, certainly her face shone, if
they did not; and it was no small part of
the boys' reward, to hear her heartfelt
thanks, as they told her they were coming
again Saturday, and to see the happy look
on her care-worn face.

And Mrs. Sims did not lack for wood all
winter; for when that cord was gone, the
boys begged another, and sawed that too,
and so on, till the pleasant, mild weather
came, and Mrs. Sims could get along with
the chips, and shavings, and bits of wood,
that the children could pick up on the
wharves and about the town.

"And mother," said Carl, "as he was
telling his mother all about it one evening,
—'I don't think I ever should have per-
severed, if it hadn't been for Phil; he was
always so bright, and lively, and so strong
about the large folks. How thankful I
ought to be, oughtn't I, mamma, for such a
dear good friend as Phil?"

But his mother thought in her heart, as
she kissed the beaming, upturned face, that
whatever Phil Fulton might be, there was
no boy in the world quite equal to her
loving, happy, faithful Carl.

But Carl "wist not that his face shone."
Congregationalist & Recorder.

A Bad Fire.

Jones, have you heard of the fire that burn-
ed up the man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a
good house?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home
for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire take?"

"The man played with fire, and thought-
lessly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was
burned, too?"

"Yes, lot and all; all gone, slick and
clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a
terribly hot fire—and then I don't well see
how it could burn the lot."

"No, it was not a large fire, nor a very
hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it at-
tracted but little attention, and did not
alarm any body. The man for whom it did
so much mischief saw it all the while, and
thought it a little matter. A few drops of
water would have put it out at any time. In
fact, it often went out of itself, and the man
lighted it again."

"What for, I should like to know?"

"Oh! he didn't seem to think what harm
it was doing. He liked the smell of the fire
and amused himself with the pretty smoke."

"But how could such a little fire burn
up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty
years. And, though it seemed to consume
very slowly, yet it wore away about one
hundred and fifty dollars worth every
year, till it was all gone."

"I can't quite understand you yet. Tell
me where the fire was kindled, and all
about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled in the end
of a cigar. The cigars cost him, he him-
self told me, twelve and a half dollars a
month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a
year, and that, in twenty-one years, would
amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest.
Now the money was worth at least ten per
cent, and at that rate, it would double
about once in seven years. So that the
whole sum would be more than ten thou-
sand dollars. That would buy a fine house
and lot, even in Chicago. It would pay for
a large farm in the country. Don't you pity
the family of the foolish man who has slowly
burned up their home?"

"Weigh! I guess now you mean me,
for I have smoked more than twenty years.
But I didn't know it cost so much as that.
And I haven't any house of my own. Have
always rented—thought I was, too poor to
own a house. And all because I have been
burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

"There is still another idea."

"What is that?"

"You may live twenty years longer, and
burn up another home."

"I see. I ought to leave off smoking."

"Yes, many smokers feel that they ought
to leave off."

"But I mean to give up my cigars, and
quit."

"Yes, I have known many to quit—the
same man at least half a dozen times."

"Friend Smith, I tell you I am deter-
mined to quit once and forever, and break my-
self of the bad habit. I am resolved to put
out this fire, never to light it again. I won't
burn up another home that my family so
much need, and that I shall need in my old
age, and my children after I am dead and
gone."

"Well said, Jones! now I trust you will,
if you are fully resolved you can, though
I promise you a severe struggle. If you
are not fully set in your purpose, the old
habit will be too strong for you, and your
second house and lot also will vanish in
smoke."

The boys had better never set a fire
which costs so much, and which, though it
might be so easily put out, is yet so likely,
if once kindled, to keep burning all the rest
of their lives.—S. S. Scholar.

On the Other Side.

"Who took him on the other side?"

A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness
and tears, looked up into mine. Sorrow lay
on the lips that questioned me.

"On the other side! What do you mean,
my darling?" and I looked wonderingly at
the child.

"Baby, I mean." The little one's voice
trembled. "He was so small and weak,
and had to go all alone. Who took him on
the other side?"

"Angels," I answered, as steadily as I
could speak; for the child's question moved
me deeply. "Loving angels, who took him
up tenderly and laid his head softly on their
bosoms, and sang to him sweeter songs than
he had ever heard in this world."

"But every one will be strange to him.
I'm afraid he'll be grieved for mother, and
nurse, and me."

"No, dear. The Saviour, who was once
a baby in this world, is there; and the an-
gels who are nearest to him take all the lit-
tle children who leave our side, and love
and care for them just as if they were their
own. When baby passed through to the
other side, one of the angels held him by
the hand all the way, and he was not in the
least afraid; and when the light of heaven
broke upon his eyes, and he saw the beauty
of the new world into which he had entered,
his little heart was full of gladness."

"You are sure of that?" The grief had
almost faded out of the child's countenance.

"Yes, my dear, very sure. The Lord
who tenderly loves little children—who
took them in his arms and blessed them
when he was on earth—who said that the
angels do 'always behold the face of my
Father,' is more careful of the babes who
go to him than the tenderest mother could
possibly be."

"I'm so glad," said the child. "And it
makes me feel so much better. Dear baby!
I didn't know who would take him on the
other side."—Children's Hour.

A Happy Heart.

A little boy came to me this morning with
a broken arrow, begging me to mend it for
him. It was a very handsome arrow and
was the pride of his heart just then, so I
did not wonder at his lip quivering, and the
tears coming into his eyes.

"I'll try and fix it, darling," I said, "but
I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few mo-
ments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma; if you can't fix it,
I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunny heart?—
And that made me think of a dear little girl,
only three years old, whom I once saw bring-
ing out her choicest playthings to amuse a
little homesick cousin. Among the rest was
a little trunk, with bands of gilt paper for
straps—a very pretty toy; but careless
little Fred tipped the lid too far back and
broke it off. He burst out with a cry of
fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes
full of tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a
cunning little cradle the top will make."

Dear little Minnie went to live with the
angels, a few years ago, but we have a
great many such sweet memories to keep
of her.

Keep a happy heart; little children, and
you will be like sunbeams everywhere you
go.—Little Corporal.

Literary Review.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: His Life and Teachings;
founded on the Four Gospels, and illustrated
by reference to the manners, customs, religious
beliefs, and political institutions of his times.
By Lyman Abbott. With designs by Doré. De
Larocque, Fennu, and others. New York: Har-
per & Brothers. 1868. Crown Octavo. pp.
622.

The interest over the question of Christ's real
character, mission and claims was never greater
or more general than now. Men perceive that
he is the center and soul of the gospel. If he
was really the Messiah, and if the New Testa-
ment record of him is trustworthy, the super-
natural and authoritative character of Christian-
ity are put beyond question. Hence the interest
felt by skeptics to reconstruct both the record
and his own character, and the interest felt also
by evangelical believers to render that record
luminous and that character effective.

Mr. Abbott has given us a valuable volume. It
shows the fruit of much study; there runs
through it a spirit both of free inquiry and of gen-
uine reverence; whatever in sacred geography,
or chronological order, or ancient custom, or
eastern temperament, is adapted to invest the
narrative with added interest or force, is care-
fully developed and effectively impressed. The aim
is high, and the effort is not at all fruitless. Not
a few readers who perhaps find it difficult to
form a clear, adequate and satisfactory image
and biography of the Lord Jesus from the frag-
mentary elements given us by the evangelists,
will be aided by this book to comprehend that
wonderful life which has been for so many cen-
turies the light of men, and which is still to be the
hope of the world. Even this portrait will not
satisfy. Mr. Abbott himself was not content
with the pictures which other men had painted,
or he would not have undertaken this task. It
is not probable that even this result will leave
either others or himself wholly content. The
ideal is too high for embodiment, and it rises
with study and meditation and effort. Scarcely
one of the old painters but sat down with his
pigments and canvas that he might embody his
conception of Christ's face. But among all the
hundreds of portraits that hang on the walls of
galleries and churches throughout Europe, there
is only now and then one that can be inspected
without a measure of pain. The subject seems
belittled by the representation. Words are gen-
erally as impotent as colors, and the historian
and the artist may well feel that their success is
only partial and that difficulty baffles the highest
skill. But in presenting vivid pictures of the
life and land where Jesus lived and labored,—in
throwing added light upon many passages of the
New Testament,—in making the significant inci-
dents set forth by the evangelists stand out
with new freshness and deeper human interest,
—in giving the aspect of nearness and precious-
ness to what may seem far off and cold,—
Mr. Abbott has really accomplished enough to
render his volume richly worth a careful reading
and a frequent reference. The publisher has
done their part of the work with unusual lib-
erality, skill and care.

THE NEW TESTAMENT: Translated from the
Greek text of Tischendorf, by George R.
Noyes, D. D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew
and other Oriental languages, and Dextor Lec-
turer on Biblical Literature, in Harvard Uni-
versity. Boston: Am. Unitarian Association.
1869. 12mo. pp. 570.

To review such a work as this in any detailed
and critical way, belongs to the more scholarly
worker, theological Quarterly, &c. We can only
speak of it in a few sentences, in a general and
gratuitous way. Of Dr. Noyes's eminent scholar-
ship, and impartiality there is room for but one
opinion. It is a field with which he has made
himself familiar. His translation of Job has
been generally acknowledged one of the very
best that modern scholars have supplied, and the
other portions of the Old Testament which he
look in hand have been highly esteemed by
many earnest students of the inspired Word.

The work before us is just what it purports
to be,—as accurate a translation of the great sch-
olar, Tischendorf, as Prof. Noyes could make.
Even when he differs from Tischendorf in opin-
ion, he follows him. It is free from many of the
peculiar ancient idioms that abound in the Com-
mon Version, though in the main it follows that
version quite closely. We accept it as something
of real value, and as an important contribution
to the revised version of the Scriptures that is to
be brought out and generally accepted hereafter.

It was the latest of Dr. Noyes's labors. His
death occurred while engaged in revising the
proof-sheets of one of the epistles, and the re-
mainder of the work of supervision was carried
out by Ezra Abbott, Esq., whose eminent fitness
for the service is conceded on all hands. We cor-
dially commend the work to the attention of
clergymen and scholars. It will well repay it.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE to her
daughter and friends. Edited by Mrs. Hale,
author of "Woman's Record," &c. Revised
Edition. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1869.
12mo. pp. 438. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY MONTAGU. Edited
by Mrs. Hale. Revised Edition. Same
Publishers, &c. 1869. 12mo. pp. 408.

Nearly everybody who has taken a special in-
terest in what is known as "polite literature,"—
a phrase by the way that is in danger of pass-
ing out of use for want of something to which it
may be properly attached,—nearly every person
knows something of the famous women whose
letters are collected into these plainly elegant

volumes. As books, speaking at once by their
outward aspect to the mind through the eye,
they are worthy of the enterprising House whose
well-known and significant imprint they bear.
And in the good judgment, taste and skill that
have been called into play by Mrs. Hale, who has
acted as editor, we have a pledge that nothing
would be left undone which could give special
value to this edition, and the peculiar excel-
lence of these volumes are in no small degree owing
to her service of painstaking and sympathy.

It is decidedly the best and most satisfactory col-
lection of these famous letters that we have any-
where seen. Of the letters themselves, or of the
women who wrote them, it is quite superfluous
to speak at length. One might almost as well
praise Shakespeare and attempt to describe his
Hamlet or his Lear. The authors were persons
of rare personal excellence, they lived in the
midst of a society that deserved the name, and
they so painted the passing events both in the nar-
rower and the broader sphere, photograph the
many-sided life that passes in review, invest or-
dinary experience with such a rare interest,
make friendship yield so true a satisfaction, and
afford such admirable models of epistolary inter-
course, that the letters possess a subtle, exqui-
site and almost indefinable charm. They have
enjoyed a wide and long popularity, and the end
of it is not yet. This admirable edition will both
testify to the worth of the Letters, and make the
reading of them a new pleasure to more or less
who have yet to make their acquaintance.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. Impres-
sions of Europe in 1867-1868. By Henry W.
Bellows. Vol. II. New York: Harper &
Brothers. 1869. 12mo. pp. 628. Sold by D.
Lothrop & Co.

We have indicated our estimate of Dr. Bel-
lows's Letters by quoting from them freely as
they appeared from week to week in the columns
of the *Liberal Christian*, and by commending
the previous volume when it appeared. Who-
ever read the other installment will feel it needful
to obtain this. On some accounts this second
volume will be more interesting than the first.

It opens with an account of Venice, deals with
Rome and Naples, Egypt, the journey up the
Nile to Assouan and the wonders of Thebes and
Karnak, the tour through Palestine, the Levant,
Constantinople, Greece, and then back to France,
Holland and Belgium. These are something
more and better than the hurried sketches of an
ordinary tourist or superficial sight-seer; they
are the carefully executed pictures of what is
most worthy to be seen, and the matured opin-
ions of a man whose mind is as philosophic and
reflective as his eye is keen and his spirit genial.

LITTLE MEG'S CHILDREN. By the author of
"Jessica's First Prayer." Boston: Henry
Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 215.

A pleasant and inspiring story of a brave-
hearted and trustful child, left with younger
children to care for, while she grieved over the
departure of her mother that left her for heaven,
and waited the delayed return of her father from
the sea. But patience and grace triumphed, and
the sacred promise of God found a striking and
natural fulfillment. Good for all children, as Mr.
Hoyt's books usually are.

SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE, Part
XV., is received, carrying the great work for-
ward to the Lord's Supper, and to the 1869th
page. All its early promises are kept. There
are no marks of haste, but most abundant evi-
dences of care and thoroughness. New York:
Hurd & Houghton.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNI-
VERSAL DICTIONARY goes steadily forward and
promises to be a work of abundant, varied and
well-classified information. Parts 3 and 4 have
come to our table, and meet a welcome as they
deserve to do. Price per number, 10cts. Phila-
delphia: T. Elwood Zell.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY for January con-
tains eight articles, well written and splendidly
printed. "The Education that we need" is a
thoughtful paper by Rev. H. L. Wayland, who
seems to believe in the regular college curriculum
even less than his father did, and who expresses
his dissent and the reasons for it with the most
thorough frankness and with no little force.

Prof. Arnold discusses "The Difficulties of In-
fant Baptism" in a very calm and vigorous essay,
that can be complained of more easily than it can
be answered. Prof. Robinson's paper on "Ritual-
ism in the Church of England" is a thoughtful
and excellent discussion of a topic that has many,
wide and varied bearings. The remaining arti-
cles are of fair interest. The editorial work is
not prominent, but it is well done.

POTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE of Literature,
Science, Art and National Interests. Feb., 1869.
New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.—One of the
most entertaining numbers yet issued. Its solid
value is always guaranteed by its past history as
well as by the character of its managers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Feb., 1869. Bos-
ton: Fields, Osgood & Co.

ONWARD, Mayne Reid's Magazine, for Feb., is
full of intense life, and exciting adventure, and
portraits of daring men, as any lover of the
nervous and terrible could possibly desire. It is in
apparent danger of mistaking feverishness for
force. A dose of nerve large enough to in-
duce quietude might be well for it, and vigor in
the brain instead of spasms in the throat would
add to the real effectiveness of its utterance. It
has power enough to accomplish something if its
resources can only be used wisely. New York:
G. W. Carleton.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Feb., 1869. Boston: Fields,
Osgood & Co.—Growing in interest, variety
and value.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC is crammed as full of
the information that it always supplies and that
every thinking and intelligent man wants, as it
ever was or well can be. Its 88 pages are sold
for 20 cts. New York: Tribune Association.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDERS is a new
monthly publication, intended to supply a full
and fair view of the great industrial interests of
the country, and so become a stimulant and
guide to workmen. It is a large quarto of
32 pp., abounding in practical information espe-
cially valuable to the various classes of mechan-
ics; and in its beautiful letter-press and splendid
eng

Lake Scene in Brazil.

As we were taking coffee under the trees around, having yielded our places in the primitive dining-room to the Indian guests, the President suggested a sunset row on the lake. The hour and the light were most tempting, and we were soon off in the canoe taking no boatmen, the gentlemen preferring to row themselves. We went through the same lovely region, half water, half land, which we had passed in the morning, floating between patches of greenest grass and by large forest trees, and blackened trunks standing out of the lake-like ruins. We did not go very fast, nor very far, for our amateur boatmen found the evening warm, and their rowing was rather plain than work; they stopped, too, every now and then, to get a shot at a white heron or to shoot into a flock of parrots or ciganas, whereby they wasted a good deal of powder to no effect. As we turned to come back we were met by one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. The Indian women, having finished their dinner, had taken the little two-masted canoe, dressed with flags, which had been prepared for the President's reception, and had come out to meet us. They had the music on board and there were two or three men in the boat; but the women were some twelve or fifteen in number, and seemed, like genuine Amazons, to have taken things into their own hands. They were rowing with a will; and as the canoe drew near, with music playing and flags flying, the purple lake, dyed in the sunset and smooth as a mirror, gave back the picture. Every tawny figure at the oars, every flutter of the crimson and blue streamers, every fold of the green and national flag at the prow, was as distinct below the surface as above it.

The fairy boat—for so it looked—floating between glowing sky and water, and seeming to borrow color from both, came on apace; and as it approached, our friends greeted us with many a "Viva," to which we responded as heartily. Then the two canoes joined company, and we went on together, the guitar sometimes being taken into one canoe and sometimes into the other. While Brazilian and Indian songs followed each other. Anything more national, more completely imbued with tropical coloring and character than this evening scene on the lake can hardly be conceived. When we reached the landing, the gold and rose colored clouds were fading into soft masses of white and ashen gray, and moonlight was taking the place of sunset. As we went up the green slope to the sitio, a dance on the grass was proposed, and the Indian girls formed a quadrille, for thus much of civilization has crept into their native manners, though they throw into it so much characteristic movement that it loses something of its conventional aspect. Then we returned to the house, where the dancing and singing were renewed, while here and there groups sat about on the ground laughing and talking, the women smoking with much enjoyment as the men. Smoking is almost universal among the common women here, yet it is not confined to the lower classes. Many a senhora—at least in this part of Brazil, for we must distinguish between the civilization on the banks of the Amazon and in the interior and that in the cities along the coast—enjoys her pipe while she lounges her hammock through the heat of the day.—*A Journey in Brazil.*

The Last Council.

Mr. Davis reached Aberville on the first of May. Here he resolved upon a council of war. It was composed of the five brigadier commanders, and Gen. Braxton Bragg (for the year past the "military adviser" of the President) was admitted to this last scene of the deliberations of the Lost Cause.

In the council Mr. Davis spoke with more than his accustomed facility and earnestness, inspired by hope, but without volubility or extravagance. He made a statement of surpassing plausibility. The South he declared, was suffering from a panic; it yet had resources to continue the war; it was for those who remained with arms in their hands to give an example to reanimate others; such an act of devotion, besides being the most sublime thing in history, might yet save the country, and erect again its declining resolution. "It is but necessary," he said, "that the brave men yet with me should renew their determination to continue the war; they will be a nucleus for rapid reinforcements, and will raise the signal of reanimation for the whole country." No one of the council answered him at length; the replies of the commanders were almost sunk to whispers; the scene was becoming painful; and it was at last agreed that each in his turn should announce his decision. Each answered slowly, reluctantly, in the negative; the only words added were that though they considered the war hopeless, they would not dishonor their men until they had guarded the President to a place of safety.

"No," exclaimed Mr. Davis, passionately. "I will listen to no proposition for my safety. I appeal to you for the cause of the country." Again he urged the commanders to accept his views.

"We were silent," says General Basil Duke, "for we could not agree with him, and we respected him too much to reply."

Mr. Davis stood erect, raised his hands to his head, as if in pain, suddenly exclaiming, "all hope is gone," adding haughtily, "I see that the friends of the South are prepared to consent to her degradation!" and sweeping the company with a proud and despairing glance, he attempted to pass from the room.

But the blow was too much for his feeble organization. His face was white with anger and disappointment, and the mist of unshed tears was in his eyes—tears which pride struggled to keep back. The sentiment that all was lost went through his heart like the slow measured thrust of a sword; as the wound sunk into it, it left him speechless; loose and tottering, he would have fallen to the floor, had not Gen. Breckenridge ended the scene by leading him fawning from the room. In a dead oppressive silence the deserted leader, the fallen chief, secured a decent retreat for agonies which tears only could relieve.

—*Packard's Monthly.*

A Bank Director Alarmed.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the following incident was a fact, and was told to the editor by the individual himself:

He was a staid, active business man, a member of the Society of Friends, and like the most of that unobtrusive sect, rarely took part in affairs outside his own store. Being a man of means, and keeping a good bank account, one of our oldest banks solicited him to become a director. It being a grave question with him, he said he would think of it; and after consultation with his

wife, who, being a little ambitious, insisted that he should accept it, he did. At the first meeting of the Board thereafter, he took his seat, and after the disposal of the business before it, some cigars, as usual, were brought in, and those who desired helped themselves and smoked, leaving, at the time of the adjournment, a dozen or more in the glass tumbler containing them. At the Board was another quite straight-laced old Friend, who remained a little behind his fellows; our new director saw him give a quick glance around the room to assure himself that he was unobserved, and then stealthily whip the remaining cigars into his pocket. In alarm, our new director or walked directly home; and to the surprise of his wife, informed her that he meant to forthwith resign his office, and relating what he had seen, said he thought there must be something in the air of a bank to create an itching palm and make men dishonest. True to his word, he did resign, and has never since taken a seat at a Board of bank directors.

Sunshine for Consumptives.

BY DR. HENRY L. BOWDITCH.

We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write, two cases come to mind, strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending, at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive, the little creature neither spoke nor moved, and ate only on compulsion. One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm rays of the sun impart in the early cool weather of Spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us," when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street, and entered that northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiring influence the girl had never experienced in the slightest degree during the whole of her sickness, as, owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber.

We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a downward tendency, this delicious sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior. This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognized the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtains raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed that the easy chair, in which she was propped, should be so placed as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was a tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renewing influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analogous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lungs. Her house was well situated, and on the side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching, and rules were to be given. Having full faith in these divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit out on this piazza every day during the winter, unless it was too stormy. It was so arranged as to shut out the cool air from three sides, and to admit the full blaze of sunlight in front. Here, according to our directions, she used to sit, wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results. She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lungs with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by the daily sun and air bath were so grateful, her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some sceptics that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses that sometimes are the precursors of fatal phthisis.—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

A Harem.

Mary J. Safford gives a short account of a visit to a harem in the *Woman's Advocate*. She says:

We were shown into an ante-room, where we waited until our guide had announced us. We then followed him into a small room, with alcoves upon three sides. In these alcoves, reclining upon couches, were the inmates of the harem. They were variously occupied, one in adding an extra touch of henna to her finger nail; another in cutting the designs from bits of flowered silk; a third was at her favorite occupation—preparing candy. A brazier stood upon a tripod before her couch, and she was lazily shaping the sweet compound, with more the air of a time-killer than that of one desiring to accomplish anything.

Their gross, uncouth figures were covered with ill-shaped robes of thin material; the braids of their black hair were disheveled; the barbarity of barbarism was typified in the massive appendages that dangled from their ears; bracelets were upon both wrists and ankles; rings in profusion were upon their fingers; their bare feet were carelessly slipped into sandals—making a *tout ensemble* indicative, in the highest degree, of vulgar, low-bred luxury. Upon being presented to them, they expressed much cordiality, and beckoned us to sit beside them on their couches. The

red hair of one of our party gained for her the greater share of attention. They were curious to know if any application would convert their own jet black locks into so beautiful a color. From the surprise and admiration they manifested, it seemed they had never looked upon the like before. Our complexion, features, and dress were marvelous to them, and we thought to add to their surprise by telling them we were from America, but the name had evidently no significance for them. They made no inquiries respecting our country, our homes, or our customs—only our apparel excited their inquisitiveness.

The effect of this aimless life was visible upon all the inmates of the harem. Not a countenance was lighted with intelligence. Large, lustrous eyes; long, silken lashes; arched eye-brows, pearly teeth, alabaster complexion—these fairest daughters of Circassia were to me, compared with thinking women, as wax fruit to nature's own sun-ripened. Had our journey been direct from busy American homes, whose labors and interests are shared equally by women, the sense of these luxurious surroundings, so wanting in all that make of life living, would have seemed even more appalling; but a sojourn in the center of so termed European civilization had prepared us to meet more stoically serfdom of soul as well as body. Swaddled in the wrappings of ages of degradation, of ignorance and superstition, shall we ask of these women, bought with a price, if they will accept freedom and education? And if they say No, must they still bear the sacred name of mother when every tendril they give forth adds to the Uras shade that makes the whole land pestilential?

Yet, with heaven's own approval stamped upon its face, this Eastern land only awaits a regenerated government to become an earthly paradise. And this it will be when mothers worthy of the trust rear noble sons; a principle holding true with Christian as well as Mussulman nations. Yet who would have the stream pure, so make ye also the fountain.

Singular Preservation.

The London Herald tells this singular and touching story:

Not many years since, certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared by the labor of the surface, and for a while, it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get up coals or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured into its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast; the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young those long years ago; but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

Goldwin Smith.

A correspondent of the *Transcript*, writing from Cornell University, says Prof. Goldwin Smith is tall and slim in person, of dark hair and complexion, with a thin, spare face and large nose, and partially bald head, and of feeble constitution, possessing in his physical and mental powers, a very little. He sits in lecturing, in his delivery, which is extemporaneous, has a very concise, epigrammatic style, using no amplification, but words that are exact and to the point; very didactic, but little rhetorical, little oratorical. He presents what may be termed the science of history. But he fails not a little in effect and attractiveness as a lecturer through indistinctness of speech. It is only through the closest attention he can be understood, and then not fully, he articulates so indistinctly; a defect not easily explicable in one trained as a student and professor in Oxford University. In his general and devotedness of regard for the rising University, he accepts no salary for his services.

Weddings in Borneo.

On the wedding day, the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous as the metal may attend the pair. A cigar and betel leaf, prepared with the area nut, are next put in the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the Union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared sir leaf and the cigar into the mouth of the bride, when she does the same to him. She thus acknowledges him as her husband. The fowls are then killed, and the blood caught in two cups, and from their color the priest foretells the future of the newly-married. The ceremony is closed with a feast with dancing and noisy music.

Warm Clothing.

In choosing a warm dress get it as light as you can. Think how lightly animals, which have to endure great cold, are clothed. What is lighter than feathers and fur? A bear can teach us a lesson of civilized science, and a goose can impart wisdom. The principle of the advice given by the wise man, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," might well be extended to the example of the way in which the Creator clothes the dumb animals he has made. They are not heavily laden, unless, indeed, it is necessary to protect them with armor, but for its combination of lightness with strength. The tortoise is shielded more by the arched shape of its shell than by its thickness. There are some animals which float in water which are covered heavily, but the weight of their clothes facilitates their movement in the element in which they are intended to live, inasmuch as it

enables them to sink to the depth necessary for them to subside in. But for warmth weight is needless, and for equal warmth and weight is a positive hindrance, since a heavy dress adds the heat of pressure to that of protection to those more prominent parts of the figure upon which it rests. If you want to be warm, choose a material that is not only thick but light, and when you wish to be protected from wind as well as still cold, wear under or over a woolen or furry fabric, the thinnest imperious texture you can get. Then you have an arrangement similar to that with which the animals of cold climates are provided—namely, thin skin and thick feathers or hair.

New Words.

New words are coined for the filling up of gaps in the language. Thoughtful men comparing their own language with some other, become conscious of this and that which is worth expressing, which, it may be, it highly imports to express, and for which other languages have an adequate utterance, but not their own; and with more or less success proceed to supply the deficiency. For example, that sin of sins, the undue love of self, postponing of the interests of all others to our own, being a sin as old as the Fall, had yet for a long time no word to express it in English. Help was sought from the Greek, and 'philauty' (*philautia*) more than once attempted by our scholars; but it found no popular acceptance. This failing, men turned to the Latin, one writer proposing to supply the want by calling the sin 'suidism,' and the man a 'suidist,' but this with no better success; and our ethical terminology was here still incomplete, till some of the Puritan divines, drawing on native resources, devised 'selfish' and 'selfishness,' words to us seeming obvious enough, but which are little more than two hundred years old.—*Trench's English Past and Present.*

A Rage for Fiction.

"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else."

Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life, at the present rate. She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her times, nothing intellectual; nothing but newspaper novels! Empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousand sheets of shallow, insipid and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and vanity. There she exhibits her chief excellences. Her social powers enabled her to interest the old and young. She was faithful in prayer, being often so engaged when in her room. Ten children now in Me. Mass. were her cousins and California felt her good influence, which will last perhaps through life. In her last illness she said, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." "I have loved my life," she said.

JACOB H., son of Thomas J. and Vienna Fennell, died Nov. 4, aged 9 years, 6 months and 11 days. He was sick only 4 days.

LINCOLN, son of Stephen and Almira Ricker, died Nov. 14, aged 2 years, 8 months, 17 days. He was sick only 2 days.

CLARENCE H., son of Charles C. and Mary Ricker, died Dec. 6, aged 4 years, 11 months and 12 days. He was sick nearly four weeks.

GEORGE H., son of Henry H. and Nancy J. Ricker, died Dec. 14, aged 3 years and 5 mos. He was sick one week.

This is that fatal disease, putrid distemper and scarlet fever, sweeping our loved ones away in North Lebanon, Me., in a fearful manner. The skill of our excellent physician is baffled. The most of those who have gone were among the most healthy and promising children in the place.

A Good Story.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris a short time ago, where three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon. These distinguished persons were the Emperor of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia. One day, having thrown aside all state ceremonial, they determined to see the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go incognito, so as not to be recognized by the people. However in their stroll through Paris they went astray, and meeting a gentleman-looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith and that I will my boys," says Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys." "This way, my hearties," and so they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace, and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what son of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness), as by his naïveté and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask you who you were, and before I answer you, perhaps you would tell me who you may be."

After some further parleying, one said, "I am Alexander, and they call me Czar or Emperor of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to coddling me a bit"). And might I make bold to axe who ye may be, my flower?"

They call me Francis Joseph, and the Emperor of Austria."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," says the Irishman, who, thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despairing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived out of any of them, turned to the third one and said: "Who are you?"

"They call me Frederic William, and I am King of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation and mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered: "I am the Emperor of China, but don't tell anybody."

Obituaries.

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

MARY A. NUTE, died in Farmington N. H., Dec. 12th, aged 49 years, 3 mos. She leaves a husband and one daughter to mourn her loss.

SOLOMON EMERSON died in Barnstead, N. H.

Dec. 15, aged 89 years. He was faithfully cared for in his last days by his son and family with whom he lived.

BRO. HANSON LIBBY died in Pownal, Me., Jan. 14, aged 71 years. Bro. Libby was a devoted follower of Christ. He was baptized by Rev. J. F. Hamilton about 20 years ago, and maintained his Christian course until death.

EUNICE, wife of Solomon Foster, died in Gray, Me., Jan. 16, aged 51 years. Sister Foster was a good woman and an excellent wife and mother.

ABRIE, wife of Enoch Bagley, Jr., died in Topham, Vt., Apr. 18, 1868, aged 29 years 2 months. She was very interesting in her personal appearance and possessed many virtues. She became happily connected with one from whom she was separated even in the Christian religion and died with a good prospect of better rest. She has left a husband and a young child.

MR. ENOCH BAGLEY, father-in-law of the above, died in Topham, Vt., Dec. 2, 1868, aged 66 years. He was first seized with the palsy, and this, in connection with the pneumonia, terminated his life. He professed faith in Christ in early life and united with the original B. Church in Topham, of which he remained a worthy member until it became invisible. In life he was respected, and died peacefully.

ALBERT A. ROCKS died in Lincolnville, Me., Dec. 2, of consumption, aged 38 years. He was born in Union. He was a man of steady habits and an affectionate husband and father. He never made a public profession of religion. Last spring his health began to fail. In August he went west, hoping thus to improve his health, but in a short time expired. He has left a wife, two children, a mother and two sisters to mourn their loss.

CLARISSA EVERETT was born in Euenburgh, Vt., Dec. 10, 1788, married to John Baker in 1808, and fell asleep in Jesus Oct. 20, 1868, in Newbury, N. H. She became the mother of five children, two of whom died in childhood, and all the rest have, it is hoped, found pardon in Christ, of whom eight are living. Nearly fifty years ago she, with her husband, joined the Baptist Church, of which she lived a faithful, loving, and devoted member until her death. Her love was to Christ and his church in all its branches; and she lingered here as one of the precious few from past generations, whose memory is a precious perfume poured forth. At a meeting held at her house a short time before her death, she said at its close, "I could enjoy it all night." Her work is done, and "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

FANNIE S., daughter of George N. and Nancy M. Horne, died in this city Jan. 13, aged 21 years. Quick consumption wasted the earthly tabernacle, and opened the door for the departure of its tenant to the heavens, much earlier than we expected. But when the summons came, Fannie was not afraid to go, for her trust was in Jesus—Fond parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, say that deeply in view of their loss, yet feel that the Hand that hath stricken them doth ever all things well. Funeral services by the writer.

MRS. ELIZABETH SHERMAN died in Lebanon, Me., Dec. 3, aged 68 years. Experiencing a saving change in 1849, she was baptized by Rev. John Brooks and united with the 2d F. Baptist Church in Acton. She was active in her profession, a lover of meetings and of the ordinances of religion. Her piety in the home circle, her social powers, her cheerful and cheerful excellences. Her social powers enabled her to interest the old and young. She was faithful in prayer, being often so engaged when in her room. Ten children now in Me. Mass. were her cousins and California felt her good influence, which will last perhaps through life. In her last illness she said, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." "I have loved my life," she said.

JACOB H., son of Thomas J. and Vienna Fennell, died Nov. 4, aged 9 years, 6 months and 11 days. He was sick only 4 days.

LINCOLN, son of Stephen and Almira Ricker, died Nov. 14, aged 2 years, 8 months, 17 days. He was sick only 2 days.

CLARENCE H., son of Charles C. and Mary Ricker, died Dec. 6, aged 4 years, 11 months and 12 days. He was sick nearly four weeks.

GEORGE H., son of Henry H. and Nancy J. Ricker, died Dec. 14, aged 3 years and 5 mos. He was sick one week.

This is that fatal disease, putrid distemper and scarlet fever, sweeping our loved ones away in North Lebanon, Me., in a fearful manner. The skill of our excellent physician is baffled. The most of those who have gone were among the most healthy and promising children in the place.

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