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## **The Morning Star - volume 44 number 08 - February 24, 1869**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLIV.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1869.

Number 8.

## THE MORNING STAR.

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Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment,

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

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1869.

### Drawing Near.

My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks  
Of friends and kindred dear;  
For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks,  
The crossing must be near.

I've almost gained the heavenly home,  
My spirit loudly sings:  
The holy ones, behold they come!  
I hear the noise of wings!

### Missionary Excursion.

After eight months' labor and toil at home, often amidst anxious and perplexing cares, confined very much within doors, either by the sun or the rain, it is refreshing to break away, for a season, from all cumbering cares, and rough it, even in an Indian jungle. Nor is it the less refreshing because we are able to take along with us a portion of our ordinary arrangements. If change be rest, we shall stand a chance of securing rest and invigoration while we rusticate, and still have the happiness of publishing among our heathen fellow men the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Redeemer.

The weather, usually fine at this season, has been prime throughout the month and a half we have been abroad. The air, clear and bracing, is just cool enough to make a woolen suit agreeable by day, and a pair of blankets by night. The rain suddenly ceased about the first of October, since which time not a shower has fallen; the transparent brilliancy of our moon at night has been almost enchanting.

The face of the country, through which we passed along the banks of the Subarn-reka, and to the west and north west of Midnapore, is far from being uninteresting. Its general features are those of a rolling prairie, interspersed with numerous villages of mud houses, strips of low wood-land, streams and rivulets. Occasionally you come upon a broad plateau, or table land, at this season waving with a golden harvest, and anon you emerge into a more rough and broken section, strongly resembling "the oak openings" of Iowa, while the plateau reminds you of the wheat fields of Illinois.

The soil is fertile and productive, though its cultivation is greatly abused. Rice is the great staple produced, but cotton, sugar cane, various kinds of pulse, mustard, and many other oil plants are all successfully cultivated. A small patch of wheat is now and then seen, the same of Indian corn, during the rainy season. Tobacco, the weed on which so many millions are worse than wasted in Christian lands, is also cultivated for domestic use.

Domestic animals abound, the chief being horned cattle of a small, hard breed, herds of which are usually seen connected with every village of any importance. These are kept for the milk, draw the plow and cart, and carry burdens on the back. Buffalo are common and kept for the milk and labor. Goats are common, sheep more rare. Among the Santals, pigs are seen, and their villages are alive with brood hens and crowing cocks.

Wild animals are more or less common, such as bears, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, foxes, and different species of deer. Wild fowls abound, as the duck, pigeon, snipe, widgeon, &c., &c., affording considerable inducement to the sportsman. An hour or two now and then spent with the gun has afforded exhilarating exercise, a pleasant variety for the table, and occasionally a treat for our coolies. The want of roads compels us to use coolies to carry our tent and other traps. We had eight men regularly employed as carriers, with two or three extra added, as occasion required. These also supplied the camp with wood, water, &c., and enabled us to keep up a weekly communication with home, and made themselves useful generally. We encamped in 15 different places, seldom moving more than 12 miles at a time, gen-

erally less, and remained from one day to a week in a place.

Weekly Markets, held all through the country, offer favorable opportunities for securing congregations. The attendants, at these places of rural commerce, vary from two or three hundred to as many thousands. In the present state of society, the destitution of roads, &c., these rude markets answer an invaluable purpose. Of the 18 rural exchanges that we visited, the largest was held in a magnificent Mango grove, at Sildagoda, about 45 miles from Midnapore. Here, at an early hour traders begin to gather, bringing their wares, some on small carts, some on bullocks and ponies, and more still on their own heads, shoulders and backs, and by 12 o'clock the grove resounds with the hum and buzz of trade. Brass, iron, stone, earthenware, wood and basket wares, cotton, yarn, bales of cloth from English and American looms, together with the usual produce of the country, grain and vegetables, spices, and trinkets too numerous to mention, are spread out to invite purchasers.

We, too, (i.e. self, James, Dula and Dina Nath), had our wares. Sufficiently removed from the place of trade to avoid the noise, we took our stand where we were attended by a good number of hearers, to whom, for hours, we held forth the word of life, distributed a good number of tracts, and sold a few single gospels. The opportunity was a favorable one, and we endeavored to make a good use of it. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, listened to the good news, while scores carried away the printed page, which they may consult in their distant homes, where the voice of the living teacher may never reach them. Thus daily have we labored to publish salvation in the name of Christ, to our perishing heathen fellow men.

A few words on the matter and manner of our teaching may not be out of place here. For instance, while the substance of what we aim to teach may be contained in a single text, viz.: "There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time," yet still, before these grand and sublime truths can be comprehended by the dark, deluded, superstitious minds of the heathen, there is often a large amount of rubbish in the shape of ignorance, popular error, and deep rooted prejudice, &c., to be removed.

To add to the difficulty it must be borne in mind, that, on the one hand, the great mass of our hearers are persons grossly ignorant, and unaccustomed to reflection and investigation, and on the other, a class of self-conceited, captious, sometimes subtle disputants, whose main object is display and interruption. Under such circumstances frequent interruptions, explanations and discussions are inevitable. Happy he (but O how impossible without divine aid and guidance!) who, amidst all these obstacles, is able to wield the sword of the Spirit so to produce conviction in steel-cased hearts. "Who, alas, is sufficient for these things?" How weak and futile are human reason and human logic! But for the "Lo am I with you," and "My word shall not return unto me void," we might well give up all hope.

Take the following, as a specimen of the questions and objections with which we are pelted, viz.: "Where is God? Where is heaven, and where is hell? What is God like? Who is Jesus Christ?—How can he be both God and the Son of God? If he is God, who ruled in heaven when he was on earth? If I worship the Supreme God, what need have I of Jesus Christ? If what you tell us is true, where has your Bible been all these years that we never heard of it before? Why has it been kept from us? Our fathers from time immemorial have worshiped these gods; why should not we? We cannot forsake the customs of our country. We cannot abstain from lying, stealing, uncleanness, &c. Are you holy? Have you no sin? Why do you take life? I do not worship the images but only the deity in them. God may be acceptably worshiped in anything, provided one sufficiently abstracts the mind and applies it thereto. If there has been no former birth, what has caused all the difference between people in the present? If no birth hereafter, then why should we not eat and drink and make the most of this? I do worship one God. Why need I break caste in order to be saved?"

But I must defer the rest of the story.  
Dec. 24th, 1868. J. P.

### New Hampton Institution.

The spring term has opened favorably, and is now fully under way. All the departments of instruction are adequately manned, and in successful operation. The Faculty, owing to resignations and changes of position, was newly organized at the opening of the year in early Autumn. It is composed of seven teachers, all of whom, with one exception, received their education in our schools. They bring to their respective departments experience, ability and devotion, which, when fully known and duly appreciated, as they surely will be, cannot fail to command general confidence, and secure to the institution at least its share of public patronage.

The Commercial Department has just been furnished with an ample Bank arrangement. This set of furniture formerly belonged to a commercial college, which is

now suspended. The original cost was some \$800. It was purchased for \$200, and is as good as new. It is to be paid for by a subscription raised mainly in the school and village. With the use of this, and other kinds of appropriate furniture, the department is amply provided for, and with its extended and thorough course of study furnishes as good facilities for a practical business education as can be procured in the average of Commercial Colleges, and at less than half the expense.

The Trustees meeting, on the 10th inst., was one of marked encouragement. A fair representation of the trustees abroad was present, though less than it would have been, had not the meeting conflicted with an important meeting elsewhere. The spirit of the meeting was excellent, and was in exact accord with the tenor of the letters received from several Trustees who could not be present.

The obvious and pressing wants of the school were thoroughly canvassed, and plans inaugurated to meet them. The unanimous resolve seemed to be, that the New Hampton Institution must not only live, but advance. The wants of the school and the purposes and plans of the Trustees will, we suppose, be officially made public in due time.

It will suffice, at present, to call the attention of the friends of the school to a few facts respecting its past patronage and its future prospects in this respect.

During the first years of its existence under F. Baptist auspices, the average annual attendance of different students from Maine was some fifty or more. This patronage has been nearly all absorbed by the institutions inaugurated there, since that time. We say nearly, because we have still a respectable sprinkling from that State. Latham has stripped us entirely of patronage from Rhode Island and Connecticut, which at one time constituted an observable element in the school. The annual attendance from Vermont has been for the last few years between twenty and thirty. But little dependence can be put upon any considerable portion of this patronage, when the two schools now projected in that state shall go into operation. So it will be seen that the school hereafter is to depend almost entirely upon New Hampshire and Massachusetts. We speak of Massachusetts particularly, because from the first opening of the school at New Hampton, forty years ago, till the present time, for some reason it has been liberally patronized by residents of that state.

These are the facts; and it is obvious, in view of them, that to keep up the patronage of the school to the high figure it has hitherto enjoyed, its friends must be aroused to a higher degree of activity. That it can be kept up, and even handsomely increased, there is not a shadow of doubt. The number of students in these two states that naturally belong to this school, is amply sufficient to make it one of the largest and most flourishing in New England. It is remembered in warm affection by as large a number of persons as any other school whatever. It needs to be remembered at the same time in corresponding deeds.

And now the attention of our public men, who can exert a large influence in this direction, and the friends of the school generally having been fully called to this subject, we hope renewed efforts will be put forth to arouse a new interest with a view to an increase of the patronage of the school. We would that the school might be crowded to its fullest capacity, so that the present just demand for more room and larger facilities might be resolved into a clamor that would at once be imperative and irresistible. —J. P.

### Specie Payments.

Just now the leading question before the people of the country is, how to manage the currency of the country so as to prevent a financial crash. Everybody knows and feels that the question is beset with difficulties, in appearance at least, and that whatever policy is adopted must involve more or less risk or experiment.

Every politician or statesman that volunteers to enlighten the community on this point gives us the benefit of his opinion. One of these opinions may be just as good as another if both are founded on guesses or imperfect data. Opinions are valuable only as they rest on solid facts. Former experience is valuable and should not be wholly ignored. Other nations have been in a similar pinch, and it is well to find out how they got out. So in listening to what is said, or in reading what is written on this point, we should always go down to solid rock if we can find it.

Among the various propositions that have come before us for bridging the chasm from a purely paper currency to its redemption in specie, none strikes us more favorably than that of Mr. Lynch of Maine, in a speech recently delivered in Congress. There are afloat at the present moment three hundred and fifty seven millions of dollars in greenbacks, about thirty millions in scrip, and about two hundred and seventy millions of national bank currency; or somewhat less than seven hundred million dollars in paper money authorized by act of Congress. The specie actually in existence as coin is probably not far from three hundred millions of dollars. The result is that, having two dollars of paper in circulation for every dollar of specie, and because of several other causes put in operation by the recent civil war, it now requires one-third

more paper money than specie to pay a debt. In other words, a paper dollar is worth but about seventy or seventy-five cents in gold or silver.

Now the problem is, how to bring paper money up to the par value as specie without producing a convulsion in trade; for the moment the purchasing power of our paper is suddenly increased, prices must recede and wages fall. Mr. Lynch has a very simple plan intended to avoid this, which is substantially as follows:

After July 1, 1869, let the government retain in its possession all the greenbacks paid in for taxes, (as the first step must be towards the diminution and redemption of that class of paper money.) and issue, instead thereof, new notes running one year, and then to be redeemable in gold. Supposing that a half million dollars are paid in daily, in a year there would be over one hundred and fifty million dollars to be redeemed, but only at the same rate at which they were received, say half a million a day. The gold that is now held idle in the treasury can then be applied to the gradual redemption of those new notes, if offered for redemption; and if they are paid in for taxes, they can be retained and new ones issued running another year. In this way, in due time, and very gradually too, the greenbacks will be removed from circulation, and the new notes as gradually redeemed with specie. In a few months, perhaps weeks, after July 1, 1870, there will be no demand for gold by the presentation of the new notes; for as they will bring gold on call, nobody will care about redeeming them; they will have the full value of specie and be less burdensome to handle.

This plan strikes us as feasible. It is certainly worthy of study. W. R.

### Chips.

—The value of time can be weighed only in the scales of eternity.

—Light to the dove is darkness to the owl.

—Glorying in ourselves, or in "our church," is an indication that we are ignorant of the transcendent glories of Christ.

—Sometimes those who have the greatest occasion for humility have most pride; those who have most faults to deplore boast most of virtue; and those who have most ignorance boast most of knowledge; while the greatest criminals are sometimes the most unmerciful judges.

—The slanderer's heart is the devil's paint-shop, his tongue the devil's brush, and his false accusations the portraits of his own corruptions.

—Humility is a shield, while pride exposes us to the greatest dangers and deprives us of God's protection, leaving us the helpless victims of fiendish foes.

—There are some Christians whose loving spirit and heavenly mind we most cheerfully follow, though we detest some of their minor tenets. There are others whose creed we fellowship, but whose practice we despise.

—Hypocrisy marked with truth is far more abominable than honesty in error.

—A fruit tree, with diseased trunk, represents errors of the heart; while errors in judgment are like a nest of caterpillars on a healthy tree. The former is death, and the latter may lead to the same result unless promptly removed. I have seen a healthy branch destroyed by the torch that was applied to the caterpillars, and thus folly sometimes attempts to cure error.

—Fallen man pursues the paths of wisdom only when led by the Spirit of Jesus. Without this he will be much inclined to extremes. He will adopt the obstinate bigotry which will reduce him to the dignity of a donkey, or rush to the other equally fatal ditch of so-called liberal Christianity, which fails to distinguish saving truth from destructive falsehood. His charity will count all saints, or his perversity will recognize virtue in none. He will be a prodigal or a miser, a self-willed disturber of the peace or a feeble-minded slave to public opinion, with as little independent manhood as a weather-cock. He will glory in disbelieving the most glorious truths which God has revealed, or he will regard himself as a saint because he merely assents to their correctness. He will regard it as his right to consider all others his inferiors, or he will be one of the proudest of mortals that he is so humble. "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." J. HAYDEN.

### Gen. Grant's Response.

As we stated last week, Gen. Grant was officially notified of his election to the Presidency on Saturday, the 13th inst. His response to Senator Morton, chairman of the Committee which waited on him, abounds in characteristic good sense. What he said respecting his Cabinet attracts much attention and meets with the approval of sober minded men in all parts of the country. Addressing the Committee he said:

"I can promise the committee that it will be my endeavor to call around me as assistants such men only as I think will carry out the principles which you have said the country desires to see successful—economy, retrenchment, the faithful collection of the revenues and the payment of the public

debt. If I should fail in my first choice, I shall not at any time hesitate to make the second, or even a third trial, with the concurrence of the Senate, which has the confirming power. I should just as soon remove one of my own appointees as the appointee of my predecessor. It would make no difference. There is one matter that I might properly speak of here, and that is the selection of a cabinet. I have always felt that it would be rather indelicate to announce, or even to consult with the gentlemen whom I thought of inviting to positions in my cabinet, before the official declaration of the result of the election was made, although I presumed that there was no doubt about what that declaration would be. But after consideration, I have come to the conclusion that there is not a man in the country who could be invited to a place in the cabinet without the friends of some other gentleman making an effort to secure the position. Not that there would be any objection to the party named, but that there would be others whom they had set their hearts upon having in the place. I can tell that from the great number of requests which come to me in writing and otherwise, for this particular person, or that one, from different sets and delegations. If announced in advance, efforts would be made to change my determination, and therefore I have come to the conclusion not to announce whom I am going to invite to seats in the cabinet until I send in their names to the Senate for confirmation. If I say anything to them about it, it will certainly not be more than two or three days previous to sending in their names. I think it well to make a public declaration of this to the committee, so that my intentions may be known."

It is stated that since the above speech was made Gen. Grant has made many inquiries in a quiet way about the standing of various persons, and has asked how the appointment of such and such men would be received by the country. And it can be properly inferred from the remarks he has dropped, that his cabinet will be made up of men who stood stoutly for the government during the war, and who have strongly supported the Congressional policy of reconstruction since the war.

### Events of the Week.

#### CONGRESS.

It will be seen by reference to our summary, on another page, that the attention of Congress has been occupied with a great variety of subjects, but how much real progress has been made we are unable to say. The Tax bill which has passed the House is what is left of the unusually elaborate and carefully prepared bill presented by Gen. Schenck shortly after the impeachment trial last spring; and it is thought to be capable of adding many millions to the annual revenue, especially if properly enforced. We trust, therefore, that it will receive the endorsement of the Senate. At the time of our writing the two Houses have failed to come to an agreement in respect to the proposed Constitutional Amendment. The Senate has had the subject under consideration again, and has receded from its first position. But the form in which it has now passed differs from the House Amendment in putting the right to hold office with the Constitution. While there appears to be opposition among the members of the House to the form in which the Senate has left it, the difference is not serious, and we hope to be able to state in our present issue that the amendment in some form has been passed. Whatever is done must be done quickly, as it is doubtful if an Amendment of the kind can pass the next Congress.

#### GOSPIR

Respecting various matters is abundant. At a recent meeting of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Sumner was instructed, by a unanimous vote, to ask the Senate to reject the Alabama treaty. The San Juan boundary treaty was then discussed. Two or three members disliked its terms, but the committee finally agreed to recommend its ratification. There is a possibility that measures may be taken at this session of Congress for the re-admission of Virginia, but Mississippi will be left out a while longer. In spite of the statements made by Gen. Grant in his speech of acceptance, the constitution of his cabinet continues to excite curiosity on the part of the many and anxiety on the part of the few. Some think that Schöfield and Evarts of the present cabinet are quite sure to be retained by Gen. Grant, but it is possible that they will find themselves mistaken.

#### ENGLAND.

The formal opening of the new Parliament, which was postponed in consequence of the resignation of the Disraeli Ministry, took place on Tuesday of last week. The speech from the throne, contrary to anticipation, was not read by the Queen in person, but, as has been the custom of late years, by royal commission. As usual, she refers to quite a variety of subjects, but expresses no very decided opinion about anything. She says, however, that the foreign relations of Great Britain are satisfactory, the war-cloud in the East having been dispelled and the pending treaties with the United States promising an amicable settlement of all difficulties; the suspension of the *habeas corpus* is no

longer regarded necessary, the forthcoming estimates will be framed on an economical basis, and it is hoped that the legislation of the Irish church question will allay all ill-feeling and discontent which have grown out of the attempted reform. The great debate on disestablishment is to begin on the 1st of March.

#### CUBA.

The revolution on this island, one of the results of which, if successful, will be the abolition of slavery, is manifestly gaining ground and moving steadily toward Havana. Every step during the last week or more has resulted in conquest. The Spaniards with the government behind them offer but a feeble resistance; and multitudes who have been waiting to discover the strength of the tide are flocking to the standard of the revolution. Havana in a state of siege, and under Spanish rule, cannot beat the best a pleasant residence for Americans whose sympathies are for the most part with the revolutionists. The question is, What is to be done for their protection? B.

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1869.

The debate upon Butler's resolution of censure of the Senate, for the proceedings in counting the electoral vote, was warm and able. The terms applied to him were not very complimentary, and the vote by which his resolution was rejected was very decisive. But now that the heat and excitement have passed by, it is apparent to all that there is a weak spot in our Constitution just here, in the matter of counting the electoral votes, which needs careful consideration and remedy before it shall prove fatal. It is also evident that the rules of procedure heretofore adopted fail to meet the case properly. Had there been any present practical interest involved, it is easy to believe that the scene of last Wednesday would have speedily culminated in a physical contest.

This struggle has also turned attention to the dangers that are incident to the machinery of elections. The original design of the framers of the Constitution was that the electors should select as well as elect a President and Vice President. But nominating conventions have taken from the electoral colleges the duty of selecting a candidate, and they now assemble as mere automata to register the will of the people already expressed. Indeed, an elector who should now exercise his own judgment in casting his electoral vote, would be deemed guilty of a very glaring breach of good faith if he voted for any other person than the nominee of his party. Now, although this machinery of electors has utterly failed to carry out the design of its inventors, it is still retained, and experience has developed some dangers connected with it. When Buchanan was elected, the electoral college of Wisconsin could not assemble on the day appointed in consequence of a snow-storm. The vote of Georgia, presented last Wednesday, was cast a week after the appointed day. The Constitution requires that the electoral votes shall be cast on the same day throughout the United States. Could the votes of Wisconsin and Georgia be counted in the face of this Constitutional requirement? It would seem not. But shall a state be thus disfranchised by accident? If an election turned upon the vote of such a state, what a dangerous contest would probably arise over it. Four years ago one of the electors of Nevada died after election but before casting his vote. No law existed to remedy the matter, and but two votes were cast by Nevada, though she was entitled to three. Last Wednesday the certificate from Nevada stated that the electors voted for "U. S. Grant for President," but no other designation was given to indicate who "U. S. Grant" was; nor was it stated that the voting was by ballot, as the Constitution requires. Could his vote be counted, these defects appearing upon the record? The defects of the certificates cannot appear till the day of counting, for they are kept sealed till then. How can it then be remedied? Or if the proceedings of the electoral college were in fact informal, for want of proceeding by ballot, shall the vote of the state be rejected? These dangerous questions all grow out of the antiquated machinery of electors. Why not abolish the whole machinery, vote directly in each state for President and Vice President, and let the vote be certified by the Governor of the state, and so escape the dangers and mischiefs that spring from the electoral machinery? The interest excited by the scenes of Wednesday last, will lead to a careful consideration of the whole matter, and so good may spring from evil.

Gen. Wilson to-day offered a resolution calling upon the Attorney General for a list of persons convicted of violation of the Revenue laws and for counterfeiting, and also a list of such of them as have been pardoned. It will be an interesting document when furnished.

Andrew Johnson has sent in one veto which will probably stand. Congress passed a law placing the superintendence of colored schools in the hands of the same authorities as manage the white schools. A portion of the colored people held a meeting and protested against the change, and in obedience to their wishes, Johnson vetoed the bill. He is "swinging round the circle," and has come again to the point whence he started as the "Moses" of the colored people. There is no disposition to force the change against the wishes of the colored people, and the veto will probably become effectual to defeat the bill. The Constitutional amendment is suspended between the two Houses, and may fail to pass. There is a great hostility to it on the part of Democratic members of the Senate, and it is unlikely that it may be talked to death. The Committee of Conference are not yet appointed on the part of the Senate, and some time is likely to be spent in talking before this can be done. The House succeeded in passing the tax bill last evening, but there is not a very bright prospect of its passing the Senate. There are so many things before the Senate, and each Senator is so anxious to get up his particular bill, that much time is lost in debating what shall be taken up.

The committee of Congress has notified Gen. Grant and Speaker Colfax of their election as President and Vice President, and their acceptance is before the country. The little speech of Gen. Grant was very much to the point, and gives great satisfaction to all who are hoping and longing for an honest and economical administration of affairs. W.



## Communications.

Rev. Richard M. Cary.

BY R. W. BAYANT.

(Concluded from last week's issue.)

About this time he received a call to preach in Buffalo. His heart in all its fullness went there, but he was deterred from entering personally upon the field because of work on hand, and the feeble state of health consequent upon excessive toil. But notwithstanding all the premonitions of disability he continued his labors. Most of his traveling was done on horseback, as the country was new and facilities for travel were not then as now. He received no stipulated salary, but accepted such donations as the friends had a mind to bestow. His supplies were mostly obtained by his manual labor, as he seldom received more than a hundred dollars a year for preaching. But he did not wait for a promised salary nor for an urgent call from some wealthy church, but in his zeal for God pressed forward, enduring poverty, pain and persecutions, counting not even his life dear unto him, that he might win souls to Christ.

Aug. 24, 1828, his family circle was again broken by death. A sweet little daughter, about three years of age, was taken suddenly away. This was a most afflictive dispensation to the family, as she was the idol of the household. Immediately after the burial of this little one, Aug. 28, he attended the Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting in which Rev. J. Bignall was ordained, and Bro. C. gave the charge to the candidate.

The Y. M. was one hundred and thirty miles from his residence, and, worn with so long a journey, together with the sorrow of his bereavement, he was taken severely ill before reaching home. After his health began to improve he learned of the severe illness of Rev. A. C. Andrus, at Little Valley, and wished very much to visit him, but was too feeble to endure the journey; he started, but after riding a few hours, was compelled to return. This attempt caused a relapse, and he was again prostrated. Before he had fully recovered he commenced to preach in Boston. Unable to stand during the delivery of a sermon, he occupied a chair, as he was afterwards obliged to do for many years. Notwithstanding this debility his mind was buoyant, the congregations large and attentively solemn. The disease was stranguary, and he used every form of medical treatment at command to no purpose. He went to Saratoga for treatment in the summer of 1831, but received no benefit. In the autumn of the same year, soon after his return, he rode fifty miles on horseback, poor as his health was, unable to stand during sermon time, to attend the Erie Q. M. While at the meeting he grew worse and remained very feeble a great length of time. During the autumn of 1834 he enjoyed a number of precious revivals, and because of his ill health, he employed Bros. Hiram Whitaker and A. C. Andrus to baptize the converts.

In 1835, he with others raised money, built and dedicated the Boston meeting-house. The sermon was preached by Bro. D. M. L. Rollin; it was at that time the only F. W. Baptist church west of Attica. This building cost \$2,200, leaving the church so heavily burdened that for a time it embarrassed and retarded their religious prosperity. Noble-hearted and true, Bro. Cary from his limited means afforded considerable aid, and also gave sixteen months of gratuitous labor in the pulpit. He then had a family of eight children, and was not worth more than one thousand dollars. Soon after the dedication his health improved considerably, and he regained his strength so as to stand in preaching. Not many months subsequent to this, however, a great storm of adversity came upon the church, and the building for which he had sacrificed so much time and money passed into other hands. The Universalists had paid considerable for the erection of the house, and now they claimed their right to it, brought in their minister and commenced their meetings. The church, however, under Bro. Cary's labors and care, remained united and steadfast; but in after years he frequently referred to it as one of the most unpleasant and trying events of his life. After a long and severe struggle, however, the difficulties were adjusted and the F. W. Baptists obtained peaceable and full possession of the property. He commenced a revival meeting in Springville, in the autumn of 1836, and the efforts were greatly blessed.

There he immersed 22, and in West Concord 37, as the fruit of his labors that season. In 1837 he also baptized his eldest son, Calvin. This was a happy hour, as it rejoiced his heart to see his son walking in the ways of righteousness and peace. In July, 1838, he received a call from the church in Byron. He went to their aid and labored to good acceptance a few months, but resigned on account of failing health. After leaving there he spent considerable time in meetings with Bro. Marks. In Oct., 1841, Bro. Ransom Dunn held a series of meetings with him in Boston, but little apparent good was the result, and Bro. Cary became very sad and discouraged with reference to Boston. During the following winter, in company with Bro. Dart, he held meetings in West Concord where they met with most encouraging success. The same winter he spent a number of weeks in Collins, had a very gracious revival during which he immersed twenty-five converts and added them to the church.

In the spring of 1842, he contemplated a change of location, and opened correspondence with the H. M. Board with reference to the West. "In May he set out on a journey to Wisconsin, at that time the 'far off West,' and almost beyond civilization. While on his journey he preached on board a steamer, and although somewhat disturb-

ed by the action of the boat, felt that God was with him and blessed his efforts. He performed his journey in safety, and on his arrival found his expectations more than realized in the beauty and fertility of the territory. He remained four Sabbaths and then returned to make arrangements for his removal.

After his return to New York, he took a letter from the Boston church, to him a most trying event, as he had intended heretofore making that his residence during the rest of his life. Here also, more than in any other place, he had labored for others' salvation. With a heavy heart he visited the Little Valley, Ashford, East and West Concord and China churches, all of which, except the last, he had planted, and even here had preached eight years and seen many souls born into the kingdom under his ministrations. His leave-taking was painful and much lamented by his people, and their many tears and prayers for his success witnessed their strong attachment to one who, under God, had done so much for their eternal welfare. In Sept., 1842, he preached his farewell in Boston. He had taken leave of the graves of all the buried loved ones and of the dear friends about to be left behind, and on the morning of the 16th, with feelings known only to God, he left the scenes so dear, and started on his journey. They were about four weeks on the road, and after making the tour he published an account of their travels in the Star.

He settled in Johnstown, Rock Co., Wis., which place, up to the time of his death, continued his only permanent home. There were no meetings of any kind in the vicinity, and there was labor needed in the new and yet sparsely settled neighborhood. He commenced preaching in Johnstown and other places immediately, and before the close of the year had gathered some into the fold of Christ. In Oct., 1843, he writes: "This has been the most laborious year of my life. I have traveled several thousand miles, and have preached a number of hundred sermons. Two churches have been gathered under my labors, twenty have received baptism at my hands, besides much other missionary labor performed." This was his first year in Wisconsin. During the autumn of this year an interesting revival commenced under his labors in Johnstown, and on the 23d of January he organized the Johnstown church, assisted by Rev. F. P. Augur.

In February, 1843, after a few days' absence from home, he returned, finding his eldest daughter, Orinda, dangerously ill. After a few days of extreme suffering, she died on the 10th, and her funeral sermon was preached on the 11th, by Rev. A. C. Coombs. This afflictive occurrence only pressed him on to greater zeal in proclaiming the gospel, and soon after he took charge of the Sharon and Pike Grove churches, where he labored alternately a part of the time for two years. In 1845, he held a series of meetings in Johnstown, in which a goodly number were converted. However the Unitarians came in and commenced to sow dissent, causing division and contention, and he baptized only two of the converts. This caused much sorrow to Bro. Cary and brought great grief to Zion. On the same ground, however, the Johnstown church continued to increase, and it now stands to perpetuate the memory and tell of the thorough devotion and piety of its founder.

In June of the following summer he went three hundred miles to attend the Ill. Y. M., which, at that time, embraced all the F. W. Baptist organizations in that state and Wisconsin. At that meeting the Wisconsin branch received dismission in order to form the Wis. Y. M. This consisted of what is now known as the Honey Creek Quarterly Meeting. Bro. Cary received an appointment from the H. M. Board in 1843, to act as missionary for Ill. and Wis., and continued to act as such until 1846, performing much labor in different parts of the country, to the great comfort and edification of the settlers.

In the autumn and winter of 1849 he enjoyed a thorough revival in Johnstown, in which he saw much of the glory of God; large numbers were added to the church. He also commenced labor sometime previous to this, with a branch of the Johnstown church, near Turtle Creek, on Rock Prairie, now known as the Bradford church, where he bestowed considerable care for a series of years. This was a place which ever remained dear. From this time till the year 1853, his health was very poor, and although he performed more or less work in the ministry, the data are not very complete from which we have to draw information. In the year 1850 he wrote in his journal, "I am now in my fifty-seventh year, am in the thirty-fifth of my ministry, have preached during this year fifty Sabbaths, have been confined by sickness two." He was at that time pastor of the Johnstown church. In Sept., 1851, his rapidly declining health caused him to resign his charge, and Bro. Andrus, his former associate, was called to supply the vacancy. In his diary for that year, under date of Sept. 1st, he writes: "This is the second Sabbath I have been confined by sickness, and I have great reason to fear my work on earth is done."

During the year 1852, his feeble health forbade his doing much in the Gospel. This year he married two of his children in one day, Richard and Lydia, to Julia and Ferrin Osborn. He commenced the year 1853 in feeble health, and at the close, in his journal, marks it as one of unusual suffering and sorrow. His throat was badly diseased, and it was a hard struggle for him to give up preaching. He says: "It has been a blessed work to preach Christ, and if I had a million of lives to spend I would gladly give them all to the cause of my Master." For a number of years his throat difficulty proved troublesome and severe, until he utterly despaired of recovery from it, but it finally yielded to medical treatment.

In 1854 we still find his health very feeble, and thinking himself it might perhaps be

his last, he made the following record: "The circumstances of my health have been such as to prevent me from baptizing for a period of over seven years of my ministry, but according to my best record, about five hundred have received baptism at my hands." He planted twelve churches and also assisted in the organization of a number of others. He assisted in forming four Quarterly Meetings and two Yearly Meetings. He assisted in ordaining above twenty ministers, and preached about six hundred funeral sermons. During the years 1856 and '57, he preached some in McHenry, Ill., and traveled by R. R. from home also, when the state of his health would permit, in 1858, but with what encouragement and success we are not informed. This year, in the month of Nov., his eldest son, Calvin, (who left a widow and orphan son that had settled near his father,) died in hope of a glorious and blessed immortality. This was a severe affliction to all the family and to the community. He was highly esteemed as a man. Calvin's son, a fine, talented young man, afterwards deceased, and Aug. 26, 1868, his widow went to heaven. She was an ornament to the family whose name she first bore, and afterwards was loved and esteemed as a very precious child by Bro. Cary and his wife; and when the last of their eldest son's family was gone it left an aching void in their hearts never to be filled.

In 1859 he preached most of the time at Johnstown Center, also at the Poor House, and at Old Johnstown. This year his health was good, and his journal states that he lost not a Sabbath from ill health, and also preached twelve funeral sermons. In the year 1860 he moved to Cherry Valley, Ill. He was then sixty-six years of age. As the results of his labors that year he baptized six, also preached ten funeral sermons and married four couples; he remained with this church two years. With reference to the results of the second year we are not informed. In Feb., 1862, he returned to Johnstown.

In 1863 he was confined with sickness from June till November, and although so ill and feeble, we find the following in his journal for that period: "Grace has been sufficient while I have coasted along the banks of Jordan." From this time he did not undertake any pastoral labor. However, he preached and lectured, and was especially zealous in efforts for the Freedmen; he also acted as Quarterly Meeting agent for collecting funds. For a great length of time his feelings had been much tried that so little was done for the Southern mission field, and now that the way was opened for the bondmen to receive the gospel, he was anxious that the denomination should devise liberal things for the hitherto despised and oppressed race. No more earnest friend was found for this people than he ever proved himself. In these efforts he made practical the preaching of his earlier life, for, from the commencement of his ministry, he had ever been hostile to American slavery. Oppression in every form, either of white or black, was repugnant to his feelings. In Feb., 1868, during the session of the Rock & Dane Q. M., in Johnstown, he received the exceedingly painful intelligence of the death of his son, Roswell, who died in Nashville, Tenn., very suddenly of brain fever. And so in the same year of his own death, God seemed cutting off all human ties that he might be translated the more easily from his earthly to his heavenly home. On the 15th of Sept., 1868, accompanied by his wife, he left home for a visit to his youngest daughter in Kalamazoo, Mich. He arrived there on Wednesday, the 16th, in usual health. On the following Monday he complained of feeling unwell, and thought a tumor was gathering. The family examined and treated it for a few days, thinking it no sufficient cause for alarm. On the 5th of Oct. they called a physician, he called it a carbuncle, thought it a serious thing for one of his strength to endure, but hoped it would yield under treatment. But the powers of life were nearly exhausted, and the disease bore him on towards the grave. On the 8th he addressed the writer of this letter, and wished some portion of it read to the brethren assembled in Conference, as we were then in Buffalo. After dictating this letter it was soon apparent that the effort was too much for his strength, and he failed rapidly.

His family in Wis. received a telegram on the 9th, announcing his precarious condition, and his son Benjamin, and his daughter, Lydia Osborn, went immediately to see him. He was suffering from exhaustion when they arrived, and although deranged mentally nearly all the time, he recognized them for a moment. With great affection, during a lucid moment, he drew his wife close to his face, and with the seal of death almost upon his lips, imprinted his last pledge of affection, and distinctly said, "I wonder who will take care of you now?" On Friday morning, at one o'clock, Oct. 16, he calmly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged 73 years, 10 months and six days. His remains were brought immediately home for interment, and on the 18th the funeral sermon was preached by Rev. G. H. Hubbard, at an unusually large and solemn congregation.

Almost the entire community felt like saying, with the family, "Our father is dead." He had been called "Father Cary" by all classes, and regarded as a father in Israel by all who knew him in this country. It was found that in 1866, in view of the uncertainty of life, he had made his Last Will and Testament to the entire satisfaction of his family. Amongst other wishes expressed, it may be proper to notice the following: "I wish that a plain, marble stone mark the place of my final rest, on which shall be inscribed these words,—Richard M. Cary, born Dec. 10, 1764, entered the ministry, 1816, departed this life in 1868. Jesus, my all, on thee I fall. The avails of my teeth set in gold plate, whatever it may be when disposed of, I give the Western Freedmen's Mission, that as they have aid-

ed me in preaching Christ, they may still preach the gospel to the poor."

Elder Cary was a man of much more than medium intellect, of unbiased judgment in making estimate of men and things, and carried more of dignity in his bearing than is usual amongst ministers and men. In person he was tall, slender, and of very fine and graceful figure, with mild yet expressive blue eyes. He became prematurely gray, and for the past thirty years, from ill health and other causes, appeared much older than he really was. Few men carry stronger conviction to the minds of all that they are entirely honest and sincere. If it be true that an honest man is the noblest work of God, then surely he was among the noblest of them all. His preaching was eminently Biblical, and partook largely of the solemn and impressive character of the man, being replete with scriptural illustrations and incidents. His spirit and manners were cordial and kind, yet he never assumed too much familiarity, and was careful and reserved in conversation. Though unlearned in the schools, he was a man of no ordinary amount of practical information, and was as refined and gentle in all his deportment as the most accomplished.

He was a most excellent man. His work was done and well done. His last sermon was delivered in Johnstown Center meeting-house, the Sabbath before he left home for Mich. His aged companion and seven surviving children daily feel their bereavement. He had found a large place in our own heart, and with his children the tear-drops mingle over his sainted dust. May God grant that we all meet him in Heaven!

## A Father's Letters. No. 4.

MY DEAR SON:—I wish to call your attention to a delicate subject, but one of great importance to young men in the ministry, and one where caution and advice are somewhat likely to be considered gratuitous, and so rejected. It is the rock on which many, who promised much for Zion, have made shipwreck, and brought irretrievable disgrace upon themselves and dishonor upon the cause of God. Do not think that I have any misgiving as to the purity of your heart or the correctness of your principles; but witnessing as I do the terrible results of imprudence, not to say of crime, bear with me in a few plain suggestions.

Take heed to your intercourse with the fair sex. The Methodist Discipline, in its instruction to young ministers, says: "Converse sparingly and cautiously with young women." This is sound advice. Your intercourse with the ladies of your society will be closely watched and severely criticised. Do not suppose that your position places you above suspicion. There is no position that can do that. You will be judged by your conduct, not by your position. If you allow yourself to give particular attention to some one or more of the ladies in your parish, or make frequent and lengthy calls on ladies who are much of their time alone, or if you frequently offer the courtesies which a gentleman may occasionally show to a lady, or seek to be as often as possible in their company, or are often seen walking or riding with them, or in close and apparently private conversation, you must not think it strange if the purity of your motive is suspected. The plea that they are respectable ladies will not shield you. Ministers of high position have fallen, and respectable ladies have been led aside from the path of virtue. Churches have been rent asunder, and almost destroyed by clerical imprudence.

"TAKE HEED TO THYSELF." Take heed to thy health. The work of the ministry will require all the energies of body and mind which you may be able to command. God does not want you to commit suicide, by over-taxing or neglecting your physical nature. Do not confine yourself too closely to your studies in a heated room. Your physical and mental constitution require exercise in the open air. If, as Dr. Shepard once said, "Oxygen is a means of grace," it is no less a means of health. If you have a "golden spot," do not be afraid of the spade or hoe. Garden work will not interfere with your private studies or pastoral labors. It will invigorate body and mind, and prepare you for the better discharge of all your duties. Your people will take a more lively interest in your welfare if they see you are willing to work with your hands as you have opportunity. But if your garden is full of weeds, you will be thought to be lazy—a poor recommendation for a minister, especially in rural districts. Besides, a well cultivated garden will furnish many luxuries for the table which you will relish all the better if they are the fruit of your own labor. "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

## Christian Faithfulness.

BY R. H. BARKETT.

We should be faithful in enterprises of usefulness and plans of benevolence. A great amount of labor is requisite in promoting the common interests of humanity and religion. The call from every quarter is for help. By concentrated effort the world, the whole world, may be changed into a different spirit. The present time, more than in any previous period of the world, seems to offer special opportunities for elevating the physical, mental and moral condition of man. Shall these golden opportunities be lost or unimproved? Shall men quietly console themselves with the idea that they have nothing to do while the world is sinking to perdition? No; for by a little effort in the proper direction, much, to our astonishment, may be performed. Then let a specific portion of time be devoted in some way, by word or deed, that will augment the happiness of mankind.

Faithfulness is required in all the person-

al and relative duties of life. How numerous and important are these! How great are the obligations under which we are to friends and relatives! How dependent we are upon others for what we enjoy, especially upon God, the giver of every blessing. Even by our own firesides, in the midst of our own friends, there is much to do. As our predecessors have labored for us, so we in turn should labor for our successors. That is indeed a parsimonious spirit that seeks our own good and not that of others. He who indulges it can not be happy.

There should be faithfulness in acquiring of Christian virtues. Man is a progressive being. He is capable of indefinite improvement. The powers of the mind may grasp intricate subjects. But in the Christian graces especially may one reach a degree of perfection that astonishes the idle worker in the Lord's vineyard. It is the duty and privilege of believers to make visible attainments to progress, though step by step, in the life that is in Christ Jesus. When it is remembered that this life is only preparatory to the one to come; that attainments made here are to be perfected in the future state; that we are living, not for time but for eternity, who can be indifferent? How much more desirable to a rational mind, destined to live forever, to be constantly engaged in those employments which are in harmony with the will of God! But to live beneath our most exalted privileges, is to deprive ourselves of the richest blessings which God can bestow.

All should be faithful in the use or improvement of Christian privileges. In and of ourselves we merit nothing. Good deeds alone can not obtain the favor of heaven. But by trusting in the name and merits of Christ, we have peace, hope, joy; trusting in ourselves, we are poor, wretched, lost. By a confident trust in Christ, by faithfulness in his cause, we secure every desirable blessing. There are many Christian privileges, to secure the benefits of which, soul, body and spirit must be consecrated upon the altar of God.

In a word, faithfulness to God and man is required. There can be no half-way, partial service. Both God and mammon cannot be served at the same time. It must be heart, not head, service—a panting and thirsting after righteousness. It must be a faithfulness, a stability of purpose that falters not, nor yields to obstacles. It must continue until death—a life-long service, a war that knows no release until released by death.

## "My Prayers will Follow You."

This was the last expression of a good and pious mother, to her daughter just leaving home for a distant city.

The daughter had been carefully and religiously trained. She was one in whom centered parental hopes, and for whom had been fondly devoted, care, anxiety and prayer; life itself would hardly have been too great a sacrifice if necessary, for the safety and salvation of one so deeply loved. The daughter had found it necessary, with the mother's consent reluctantly given, to repair to one of our manufacturing towns for employment.

These words were not easily forgotten: "Remember, my daughter, when on your journey, when in the busy city, the street, the mill, the boarding-house, wherever you are, my prayers will follow you."

The daughter left, and the utterance followed her. Its workings were so deep and tender as to preserve her from many and dangerous temptations; and finally aided to bring her heart into living sympathy with the God whose blessing was daily and earnestly sought. How different might have been the life, character and fate of the absent one, if no mother's prayers had gone after her! Daughters, and sons too, have left, and are continually leaving home, for our large towns and more populous cities, for purposes of labor or education. In many instances they are entirely unacquainted with the customs and habits of such places, with the lure of vain fashion and display there exhibited; with the artful wiles and deception lurking and leering at every corner. Should not such be ever followed by prayer?—by the availing prayer of a loving mother's heart?

Excellent churches and Sunday schools, and many valuable Christian people, are found in our cities, engaged in almost every kind of pursuit; these are safe and honored places; safe and invaluable associates. But they are not always found, not always at hand to invite strangers to the sanctuary, Sunday-school and desirable companionship. Hence many who would at first gladly avail themselves of such places and privileges, are turned away from them and sometimes forever.

A mother's prayer following such, asks for the house of God, the place of prayer, Sabbath instructions and Christian society. It opens effectual doors for useful, safe and companionable resort; inspiring confidence and homelike enjoyments. Feet will mostly follow such prayers to the place of worship, to the "House of God and gate of heaven."

Thousands of generous but adventurous youth in our cities have been seasonably restrained from the fashionable saloons, drinking places and the theaters which abound almost everywhere, by home prayers. Some, even while standing upon the very verge of ruin, have turned squarely and firmly about, retracing false and dangerous steps, till, reaching the lines of God's elect, they have made good soldiers of the cross of Christ, and mainly from the power of home prayers following children wherever they go.

How well and richly furnished is the daughter who carries with her from her quiet home, the sweet remembrance of deep affection embodied in deeper maternal remembrances before the throne of grace! She may be plainly and unfashionably attired, unschooled in letters and etiquette, unused to what many people call genteel so-

ciety, without friends, wealth, or high social standing to command attention; but she brings with her the devotions of the warmest heart that lives on earth; she is the subject of treasured hopes, ascending daily to heaven. She realizes in every footstep a divine atmosphere breathed from sainted lips at the altar of prayer at home. She is enriched more and more as life passes, and duties are well done, and the great work of life finds its appropriate rewards.

"Remember, my daughter, the prayers of your dear mother shall follow you." O how precious the utterance, and how sweet the memory which the expression brings! Many of us, very many, of both sons and daughters, have been continuously followed by the dearest of all earthly friends in the tenderest of all human appeals to God. A mother in tears and holy audience with Deity, who cannot give up the salvation of absent children, says, "I cannot let thee go." Multitudes can testify to the grasp of God which has come to the soul through such channels. To the value of a mother's legacy of prayers, though she now sleeps and has long slept beneath the sods of the hillside or valley, how many can testify! To their value in youth, manhood and age; in the city, country, among strangers or friends; on the ocean, in the mine or on the mountains; as teacher, preacher, missionary; or soldier in the tent, fortress, or charging the enemy in the heat of battle and carnage, at the cannon's mouth; when sick, wounded and dying, there are witnesses on every side. A mother's holy pleadings with God can find no a legate or approximate symbol of value in all the riches of earth. Thy prayers, dear sainted mother in heaven, follow us.

J. S. BURGESS.

## Rum-Selling.

If I constantly sell a man an article, knowing that the use he will make of it may endanger and will certainly shorten his life, am I not guilty of his untimely death?

If this article weakens him, thereby disturbing and hindering his business so that he cannot provide for the present and future wants of his family, am I not responsible for their losses?

If this article debases him, rendering him an unsafe member of society, and unfit to govern his family or educate his children, thereby debarring them from good society and from the social and business advantages of the same, am I not a party in causing all these miseries?

We pity the man who finds his oft-broken resolves to reform too weak to contend single-handed with the foes without and the foe within. He might escape if his enemies did not entice him at every corner of the streets; but how should the good citizen, and especially the Christian, look upon him who for a few dollars ruins his fellow men? Communities protect themselves from other evils; why should they not from this? If a swindler is practicing on the people, officers hasten to arrest him; if a pestilence appear, efficient means are taken to control it; or if an invader approach, men leave their homes and cast themselves in his path;—but when the evils of all these combine and are made permanent in a rumshop, men look on with indifference, or wait for "public sentiment" to control a class of men who have for ages increased crime, misery and death in the world. It is not their strength but our weakness which continues the evil. Would a man be permitted to turn loose a barrel of serpents into the streets? Yet the rumshop builds up habits whose approach is more subtle and whose grasp is more fatal than that of the serpent. Why does not the state restrain the men who impoverish its people and slaughter its citizens? Alas! it is because men are familiar with the vice. From infancy we have breathed the stupefying poison with which the great serpent of intemperance has tainted all the moral atmosphere. That serpent that will not be charmed, but charms its victims, luring them within its coils where none can save them, is among us. The victims are falling on every hand. Who can measure the amount of evil or the depth of woe? Take any locality in your town or village for instance, and count the number who died during the four years of rebellion in consequence of war? Then count the number of those who have died, during the four years since the war in consequence of intemperance. Shall we allow the rum-seller to destroy as many more during the next four years?

## Sunday Rain.

A writer in the *Christian Era* thus describes the difference between the influence of the rain on Sundays and week days. Many pastors will doubtless appreciate the remarks of the writer and thank him heartily for making them. He says:

A week day rain has no power to keep a single man from attending to his business. The exposure required, the distance to go in the storm may be twenty times as great, yet it never occurs to an active business man that the rain in this case furnishes any reasonable ground for neglect of duty. So glaring is the contrast between the effects of the Sunday and the week day rain, that one might almost suppose that the former contained some peculiarly subtle and injurious qualities that were wanting in the latter—that it was laden with some peculiarly deleterious influences, capable of endangering health and constitution. A Sunday rain! What is there of all the phenomena of nature so potent? It need come in no blaze and furious torrent, with the sound of thunder and the lurid glare of lightnings. Let it but drop from heaven in the gentlest distillations, and hundreds of people stop in their purpose to go up to the house of God; the aisles of worship are empty; the songs of praise are feeble, and instead of the inspiration and power of a great congregation, there is presented the uninspiring spectacle of a meagre band of worshippers struggling to carry on the service, to keep alive the dying devotion and the languishing hallelujahs.



## Selections.

## Finish Thy Work.

Finish thy work, the time is short;  
The sun is in the west;  
The night is coming on—till then,  
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;  
Till then, rest never;  
The rest prepared for thee by God  
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;  
Ungird thee from thy toil;  
Take bread from each weary limb  
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down  
On some celestial hill,  
And of thy strength-reviving air  
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,  
Life's battle fought and won;  
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,  
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,  
Give praise to God above;  
Sing a new song of mighty joy  
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up  
In all thy path below;  
Who made thee faithful unto death,  
And crown thee now.

## Not to be Unscrewed.

Dr. G. B. Ide sends to the *Watchman & Reflector* the following little story and its significant applications. It is worth reading, for while it tells much it may suggest still more. He says:

In the family with which I reside is a five-year-old boy, a great pet of mine whose mind, like the minds of many larger boys, has lately been much exercised about velocipedes. To possess one has been the very heaven of his desire. He has talked velocipede, and dreamed velocipede, and trotted out velocipede, morning, noon and night. Whatever the place or occasion, velocipede was always in the foreground of his thought, and he has tried to make small coaxing of his wish. Until last week he was the only child of the household; but then a little brother came to join him in the nest. O the wonder, and the mystery, and the rapture of the event to our five-year-old! A little brother, coming from some dim, far-off land into the loving arms which had hitherto fondled only him—wee and helpless now—but soon to grow to be his companion and playmate! O the strangeness! O the delightfulness! Velocipede paced swiftly away in the background, out of sight. Yesterday, at breakfast, observing the full of the new theme, I said to him that if he would give "little brother" to me, I would buy him a velocipede. For a moment or two he pondered the question with the grave, intent look of a judge; and then all at once a flash of light broke over his face, like that which beams from the countenance of a statesman or a philosopher when some mighty problem has been solved. "No," he answered, "little brother won't unscrew; but a velocipede might." The day before his sled had got "unscrewed," or in some other way fallen to pieces; and he had begun to have some vague idea of the breakableness, the unreliability, and general tendency to get loose, of all man-made things. And so the fact that his little brother, fashioned by God, would not disappoint him in this respect, settled the matter, and gave to the tiny twinkling a value beyond that of the most splendid toy which mechanic skill could produce.

"A little brother that won't unscrew." The boy was right. This quality of unscrewableness is of infinite importance in all departments of life, and especially in religion. The great want of our churches at the present day is "brothers," whether little or big, "that won't unscrew." There is a vast deal of velocipede Christianity rattling around and breaking down among us. We desire to increase the number of professing Christians, a desire in itself commendable and holy. But instead of laboring to secure this object by deeper consecration, more intense personal effort, and a larger measure of active trust in the power of God's Spirit, we resort to artificial means, and employ some practical manipulator to conduct the operation. The machinery is started, the wheels buzz, the steam hisses, the shop waxes hot, and out come the religious velocipedes, and go tearing away at a rate which leaves far in the rear all who have only the legs which God gave them, and threatens to outstrip the "White Horse" of the Apocalypse. Sma-h! halt! what is the matter? O, "there's a screw loose," and the rapid career is at an end. These manufactured, automatic Christians are moved only by outside pressure; and when that ceases, they fall prostrate, and cumber with their dead fragments the path of living walkers.

And many, very many, whose religious character was formed not by any outward force or mechanical process, but in the hidden laboratory of the Divine Renewer, have yet become more or less "unscrewed." In all the branches of our Zion there are brothers not a few, the screws of whose faith, and love, and zeal have come out; and they are lying round loose and useless. One has lost the screw that attached him to his pastor; another the screw of the sanctuary; another the screw of the prayer meeting; another the working screw; another the giving screw; another the screw of interest in the welfare of any church but his own. And O what multitudes have lost or weakened the great screw of devotion to Christ and his cause! Look where we will, how seldom do we find a believer in whose religious experience there is not some broken bond dangling, impairing their symmetry, and barring their free outflow. And if we glance abroad over the entire host of God's regenerate people, what an awful "unscrewing" meets our eyes! We see different bodies of Christians, acknowledging the same Lord, sanctified by the same Spirit, and holding the same glorious faith, yet occupying positions of alienation and antagonism, because of disagreement respecting mere ritual or external order; while the broad, mighty links of their common fraternity are ignored or severed.

O brothers of every Protestant name—brothers, because begotten by one Father and washed in the blood of the one Son—screw up closer to each other! Screw up to Jesus, till your hearts touch his heart, and the hearts of all his redeemed. Screw up to truth, to purity, to love, to unity, till you become one compact army, pervaded by one soul, and marching onward with one impulse to the rescue of a perishing world.

The greatest of all societies among men is the church of Jesus Christ.

## "That Prayer."

R—H— was an active business man in the city of W—. He had been a professed Christian; but since his removal to the city, and constant association with a worldly class of persons, he had gradually turned farther and farther into the broad pathway, and in the busy scenes of life forgotten the vows once earnestly breathed.

In a time of unusual awakening in the churches, he was roused to a sense of his exceeding sinfulness, and once more found peace in believing. Among the resolves and promises fervently made, he determined to erect a family altar, and though conscious of great weakness, thus to show before his large family circle his reliance on an all-helping Hand.

As the time for family worship drew near, he felt more and more uneasiness as to the result. "It was such a cross to take up!" But the thought would come again and again, "I have promised and I must fulfill!"

At last the moment came when he must show his willingness thus to own his need of daily help; but just as he took his Bible in his trembling hand, the door-bell announced a visitor; a friend from a distance, dearly beloved, but well known for his infidel unbelief of holy things, was ushered in.

Now the struggle in Mr. H—'s heart was at a climax, and fear well nigh gained the mastery; but "I have promised to God" was triumphant, and he read from the sacred page, and then knelt in prayer, "O Lord!" fell from his trembling lips, and then came a pause. Again the words, like a sigh from an overburdened heart, "O Lord!" and then a second silence. The third time the same words fell into the stillness—and that was all his prayer.

The next morning his cross seemed more like a harp of praise, and he found difficulty in expressing the emotions that filled his soul. From that time the hour sacred to family worship was a blessed one indeed, and he often reverted to and regretted the failure of that first prayer, fearing for the influence it might have had on the mind of his unbelieving friend.

In a few weeks this fear was merged into a great rejoicing. "That prayer," so his friend wrote, "has haunted me the earnestness of those two words, 'O Lord,' deeply affected me. All I could do, I could not get them out of my mind. I think you have done what you could, with about a dozen words at your command, and I might have gone away unmoved; but it seemed such a reality to you—your heart seemed so full that common expressions came not quickly, and your simple, yet yet powerful, 'O Lord!' said more to me than ordinary volumes could have done. Blessed be his holy name, I too can say 'O Lord!' and feel that he is my Father, the 'prayer-hearing, prayer-answering, and sin-forgiving God'—the one Lord over all, ever blessed, ever merciful, and full of all gracious compassions."

Mr. H— found in this letter renewed encouragement for a faithful fulfillment of duty, and more firmly than ever did he believe in the constant help God gives to those who amid weakness and fear, strive to obey and honor him.—*American Messenger*.

## Mr. Gough and his Bible.

In one of his touching addresses, in Exeter Hall, Mr. Gough said: "After a speech in Boston, a short time ago, a lady came to me, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Choules, and said, 'My father is dead, but he was always collecting curiosities, and he has bequeathed to me a copy of your mother's Bible in Bristol.' I had resided there twenty-five years ago, and pleased was I to hear the Bible was found. I had it sent to me by express-train. There were the names: 'Jane Gilbert,' that was my mother's name before marriage, 'born August 12th, 1776.' 'John Gough, a present from his mother, on his leaving England for America.' 'John Gough, born August 22, 1817.' I held my Bible in my hand. I remembered how I had seen that mother with her lips white with hunger, and I recollected how she took her iron-rimmed spectacles from her nose to wipe away the tears as she turned page after page. I saw her marks—'When none and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, then I the Lord will help them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them,' with hundreds of passages more like that, all blessed promises, marked in that book. That mother's Bible brought her history before me. There remains no token to mark her last resting-place, no hearse and mourners followed her to the grave; she was followed by myself and sister alone, and without a prayer was consigned to the dust. But she left her children the legacy of a mother's executor of her last will and testament; and though that poor little body of a school-mistress has gone before, and her spirit has taken its flight to its eternal home, I stand before you to-night to declare that if I have ever accomplished anything in the world, if I have ever done good of good, what I am and what I have done, by the grace of God, has been through the influence of that mother."

## The Moment of Peril.

More than a quarter of a century ago two vessels, in a gale off the Southern coast, were sailing towards each other. The commanders knew it not until suddenly, from the deck of one of the ships, rang out the trumpet-shot, "Hard-a-starboard!" The officer had caught sight of the approaching craft through the gloom when near the prow of his own. Instantly was heard a response in the thrilling words, "Hard-a-starboard!" Every heart on those ships was still, as the white-robed arms of the levitarians of the sea-wave seemed to interlock in a terrific struggle, their part for ever. Each swept onward towards its destined port, bearing the pale spectators of the scene.

Those ships had doubtless often been in danger but never before nor afterwards was such threatened destruction warded off by a breath through the speaking-trumpet, and escaped by so small a margin of deliverance.

We believe that in heaven every ransomed soul will see in the life-voyage, among many dangers encountered, some single peril of decisive interest. It may have been the avoiding of a meeting with a dangerous companion, or stopping at the entrance of a theatre, when the forces of evil were at bay for him, turning as it were a hair-breadth aside, because upon the inward ear fell just in time the tones of the silver trumpet borne by them of whom it is written: "And He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

That escape will have a solitary importance in all the earthly past, and will set up to the throne a strain of highest thanksgiving. Such was its relation to life, to

have failed of deliverance then was certain ruin forever.

Some Christians can now look back upon this moment of dark and awful peril. Multitudes are daily passing safely, or making shipwreck, at such critical moments in probation.—*American Messenger*.

## The Won't Workers.

A shrewd but cynical old friend of ours used to say: "It written on every man's brow, I won't work if I can help it." We pastors often see that inscription graven very clearly on the brows of some of our members; and then the only way is to put such a pressure on their conscience that they "can't help it." The most pungent preaching from the pulpit will not avail unless it is followed up with close personal appeals to delinquents; and as a pastor cannot do all of this, the officers of a church should each take a certain number of the "stragglers," and apply to them a sharp appeal made red-hot by brotherly love. The eldership and deacons should be worked up to the full intent and scope of their offices; this plan can be made to yield blessed results. O is it not passing strange that a blood-bought child of Christ should need to be pulled or pushed into the service of such a Master, who offers such an overwhelming reward?—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler*.

## "I Must Think of God."

A noted infidel of Germany, who passed his life in revelry, wine, and excess, upon coming to the dark river of death, raised his eyes despairingly to heaven, exclaiming, "I must, then, think of God also!" His whole life had been passed with not a serious, earnest thought of his Heavenly Father. Worldly gaiety had absorbed his attention, occupied his time. He had supposed it was easy always to forget and neglect God. But when death came, a new view of life, of his own immortal life, broke upon him. Now he must think of God. There was no escaping from it. No worldly company, no cup of indulgence, no scene of mirth could hide him from his presence. And what a thought to a dying worldling! Breaking in with its iron necessity, in all its awful terror, upon a soul which has ever been a stranger to it! How must it take possession of the whole being, causing the deepest agony of spirit.

Worldly man, careless man! man of business, or pleasure! remember you must think of God! There is no avoiding it. The only choice permitted to you is, when will you think of him? Will you think of him now, while the Saviour offers mercy, while he invites you to immortal blessedness and glory, and while health and strength remain? or will you wait till the last hour of death, when hope though it lingers still, yet lingers with a dying radiance, and is almost hopeless? or till eternity has sealed you, everlasting doom? When, O worldly man, will you think of God? You must think of him. It is part of your life to think of him for as his creature, he has surrounded you with himself, and made himself indispensable to your highest life. The best time, be assured, the very best time is this very moment, as your eye glances on these words. Think of him now.—*Evangelist*.

## Varieties.

GUIDED BY the star of truth, no man was ever led into error. It is by turning from the light that is within and around us, that multitudes fall by the way and perish.

THE WORDS of the angry are like sparks of fire; when they fall among combustible matter, desolating conflagrations will follow.

SINCE GOD will bring every secret thing into judgment, vain are all attempts to hide our sins from ourselves, or from our fellow men.

THE WRITER of "Ecce Homo" observes, that if Socrates were to appear at the present day, he would form no society, as the invention of printing would render it unnecessary. But the formation of an organized society was of the very essence of the work of Christ.

THE MOST unpunctual people, are pretty sure to be in time when they travel, which proves that their want of punctuality is out a habit. "Brethren," said a minister once to his congregation, as he rose to read the notices just before preaching, "I have been thinking that if this church were a steamboat, leaving the dock at half-past ten, a good many of the passengers would have been left this morning." Some of the late "passengers" looked as if a new idea had entered their minds. And if Sunday-schools were steamboats, starting on time, how many teachers and scholars would be left on the wharf?

A PLAIN man in the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, a straightforward, untutored mechanic, without even a good common school education, has gathered around him, every Lord's day, three hundred and fifty scholars in a Bible-class, which he teaches with an interest and effect that is truly surprising; and he will go through the driest parts of the Scriptures, and invest them with a meaning, and draw from them practical lessons of instruction, that astonish all who hear. In 1866, there were one hundred and six conversions in his class. The secret of his success is earnestness, and the skill that earnestness gives. The only true success must come from a thoroughly earnest soul, and without this, the strongest culture, the most careful teacher-training will be of no avail.

A RARE but admirable trait is that which Mattieu defines as "a deliberate intellectual conscientiousness which, scornful to take advantage of accidental weakness, will even help an opponent to develop his strength, that none but the real and decisive issue may be tried."

DR. ARNOLD once lost all patience with a dull scholar; when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak so angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can." Years after, the doctor used to tell the story to his children, and say: "I never felt so ashamed in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

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All orders and remittances for the paper should be sent to L. R. BURLINGAME, Dover, N. H.

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1869.

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

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

## The Religion of Beneficence.

A correspondent writes us that he is clearly seeing and deeply feeling the need of making our religion, more than it has been or is now, a service of blessing for the poor. He wishes the *Star* to be a preacher of the gospel of sympathy and doing good. He fears, not exactly that we put too much emphasis upon a sound theology, but that we put too little upon a helpful life. He would not have the experience of the heart less deep than it is, but he would have the hand scatter its beneficence more freely over the broad field wherein suffering has plowed deep furrows and tears have fallen like rain to moisten the soil. He has not withdrawn his confidence from the preaching which Christ commanded, but he has special faith in the going about doing good which Christ illustrated while living out the example that we are summoned to imitate. He would have the wealthy and self-complacent sinners called to repentance with no less unction, but he would have the smitten men and women about us lifted into hopefulness and courage by feeding their hunger, lightening their burdens, and assuring them that they are cared for, and that they will not be left to fight the fierce battle of life unaided and alone.

The view thus taken is just. The dreary type of piety that is only intent on gaining an inward quietude; that finds its greatest joy in a rapturous vision; that dreads a contact with the stirring, suffering, sinning world, lest it defile its garments and experience a jar upon its sensitive nerves; and that shuts its eyes to the deformities of the race because the light is painful, and stops its ear that it may escape the apprehension of discord,—such a piety as this is steadily and not too rapidly falling into disrepute. Our religion needs to be made of humaner as well as sterner stuff. It is meant for practical life. Its cry of "Glory to God in the highest" is at once followed by the expression of "good will to men." It comes as a light for darkened homes and hearts. It is doing its true work when it relieves want, cheers despondency, lifts up the lowly, turns the sigh of the widow into a song, helps the orphan find the way to the great Heavenly Parent, and sends sunbeams into the spheres of trial and despondency. The fact that there are sin and suffering in any lot is the reason for its undertaking a ministry of mercy and aid. The picture which Job gives of his work is one that ought to represent the life of God's people under the new dispensation, not less but more than under the old: "I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth." And when John's disciples went to Christ to inquire whether he were the true Messiah, he only referred them to the works of beneficence which he was performing for the unfortunate, and left the evidence springing from this life of doing good to speak for itself. It seems to have satisfied inquiry, both by the proof afforded that a divine power lay behind the miracles, and that a heavenly spirit animated the helpful service that was dispensing healing to the lowly and hope to the soul. A true piety serves as well as prays.

Till the primary wants of the poor and wretched are met, it is not easy to fasten their attention on spiritual things. It is a God of pity whose grace they crave, and they are won by the quality in men which symbolizes his stooping and helpful sympathy. A warm garment in winter will especially help them to see the blessing of the robe of Christ's righteousness. An ample loaf will give emphasis to the words that tell of the living bread from heaven. A dollar will render doubly attractive the scriptural picture of the treasure which neither wax nor is stolen by the thief. The prayer and the exhortation will not lack unction or power when they follow, instead of being substituted for, the generosity that lifts a load from the heart. Men may defy logic, and resist authority, and mock at fervor; but they cannot well stand out against real sympathy, nor keep up a distrust against a self-forgetful love. The doors of the poor and the sinful may be closed against the mere preacher, but the bolt slides without much delay when the genuine missionary or the true Sister of Mercy knocks for admission. Religion seldom meets a repulse when philanthropy introduces her.

We need to go to the bottom of society if we are really to lift it on to a higher plane. Reach and save the lowly and the weak, and every other class is sure to feel the influence and be blessed by the service. Redeeming influences always work upward and affect all that appears above them; just as the heat applied at the base of the water, rises and is distributed through the whole mass. And when Christian love and effort are seen going down, in the Great Master's spirit, to the wretchedest and the most hopeless, earnest to save them because they especially need to be saved, there need be no fear that the rest of the community will remain unreachd and unprofited.

These lowly and smitten ones especially need the influence of the gospel because they are lowly and smitten. The earthly lot is hard; they need a heavenly element to brighten and glorify it. Life brings them heavy burdens; they need a special strength

that they may not be crushed. Weary with taxing toil, they need the rest imparted by faith to the spirit. Suffering earthly trials and worried with earthly cares, they need the grace that renders trials purifying and turns care into a precious discipline. With only slight and doubtful possessions in this world, they need the stimulus of great hopes and sure possessions in the world to come. Getting little from men, they need to find the more abundant supplies in God. And so by their great and pressing necessities the poor and wretched render their plea so urgent that the hearts of Christ's friends may well respond to it with a quick sympathy and an earnest prayer.

And some of the richest experiences and noblest workers are found springing from these lowly spheres. A rich piety not unfrequently appears clad in tattered garments, and a face radiant with saintliness may be found beaming out through the darkness of a dwelling into which the sun is seldom permitted to throw his beams. These are God's jewels; and though their setting is just now far from attractive, they shine with an unearthly luster, and they will surely find a place of honor when semblance gives way to substance, and character is seen as it really is. And they who are reached by the grace of God in these lowly places, and brought up through the hindrances of hardship to be God's special servants, are apt to be strong, grateful and earnest in the work of preaching Christ to others. They especially realize the stoop of God's love; they know by experience the might of that grace which has saved them; they love much as having had much forgiven; they appreciate the largeness and the light of the sphere into which Christ has lifted them; and they know how, through their own vital sympathy, to deal with those who still suffer on in the worldly darkness, or who cry out from the depths of the internal midnight and fear for light and redemption.

While we do not forget the special temptations that beset the prosperous, and keep up the work of crying, "Behold the Lamb of God!" into the ears of a philosophizing and skeptical generation of thinkers who walk abroad proudly in their fancied self-sufficiency, it should still be our ambition to lift up the lowly, our joy to carry relief and hope to sufferers, and our glory, as it was our Master's, that "the poor have the gospel preached to them."

## Feeble-Minded Children.

Among the efforts which embody the scientific thought and philanthropic spirit of the age, the education of feeble-minded or semi-idiotic children is not the least interesting, significant and successful. There is lying before us a pamphlet, detailing the methods adopted at the Institution in Barre, Mass.; and the results, as stated in the reports of quite a number of individual cases, are interesting, instructive and even touching. The Institution is under the supervision of George Browne, M. D., who has made this department of study and effort a specialty for nearly twenty years,—reading whatever he could find that furnished him aid, and bringing all his individual skill and enlarging experience to bear upon the work which he has chosen. Similar efforts have been made in a somewhat incidental way, by Dr. Howe and others, but the Institution at Barre stands out with special prominence in this sphere of effort. Here the number of pupils is quite large, the appliances are ample, the best assistants are employed, the study of varied cases is close and careful and protracted, the management is reduced as far as possible to system, and the results which have been reached in many cases are as wonderful as they are cheering.

An obvious but important principle is accepted and acted on by the managers at Barre, which is this: the lower the grade of the pupil, the higher must be the intellect and experience of the teacher. Music and varied recreation are furnished, and the special companionships are regulated with constant reference to the wants of each pupil. These pupils present a remarkable variety of symptoms, temperament and capacity. In some cases the mental development is slight and unpromising at every point; in others, there will be found great activity in one direction with an almost complete stagnation or stupidity in every other. Here there is a tendency to excess; there the will is feeble and the entire mental life is dragging and heavy. In one case there are absorbing fancies; in another the whole life appears to revolve around a few simple facts. Some are so far on the way to idiosyncrasy that nothing but skillful and persistent effort succeeds in reaching the simplest results; others blossom out speedily in the warmth of this sunny gymnasium. A whole hour was spent by Dr. Browne in endeavoring to make a boy of sixteen comprehend the effort required to pick up an article from the floor. Not all the losses suffered by these unfortunate are likely to be made up to them by this careful training, but most of the patients may anticipate an improvement that is both large and grateful.

And the success actually achieved, in many cases that were very unpromising, is something to wonder at and rejoice over. The sealed minds have been made to find the way out of the cell, and gradually to lay hold upon the facts of the living world. Thought has been developed, the taste has shown both activity and gratification, the conscience has assumed its proper function, and the soul has gradually swelled with the consciousness of God and the sense of his love and fellowship. It is something to impress one with the progress of science and philanthropy when we see the fruit of such undertakings for the weak and helpless; and it is also something to awaken great expectations touching the future and better life when the hindrances of an imperfect organization shall be removed, and the love and the lore of heaven shall be called into exercise for the schooling of liberated and docile souls.

## Home Missions.—The Facts.

The full statement of the Secretary of the Home Mission Society, found in another column, deserves to be carefully read, then thoughtfully pondered, and then practically applied. The wants are not overstated; the opportunities are so ample that to look at them sets every earnest heart throbbing; the pleas that come up on all sides have both urgency and pathos; the losses which will be suffered if these beckoning fields cannot be speedily entered will be serious; and without a liberal supply of funds the great gains that offer themselves will certainly and soon pass beyond our reach. Funds promptly sent will do a double work for Christ's cause and for the progress of the denomination. Both the larger and the lesser gifts are needed, and the laborers and the sufferers alike wait for them with anxiety and hope. Shall not their anxiety be changed to confidence and their hopes to fruition? The published receipts in the *Star* from week to week will answer that question.

## Q. Meetings on Sunday.

Do they pay? Some good, some evil, is the result. It is very enjoyable to meet, visit, pray, sing, exhort and rejoice together. Some who seldom attend church turn out on these occasions. The congregation is somewhat larger on Sunday than on a week day. Sinners and worldly Christians will not leave business on secular days. So that more good is done in some ways on Sunday.

But there is another side to the case. While a few more turn out where the meeting is held, there are hundreds left in the several congregations without the preached word. For every increase of ten at the one place, there are more than a hundred in the many congregations, left to wander here and there and fall into temptation and sin. The great danger which the congregations suffer from these Sunday Q. Meetings cannot be easily told.

The congregations are broken up, the pastors and the most active members are absent, the Sunday school is scattered or crippled by the absence of the working forces, and a general disorganization ensues. How often have we heard pastors and earnest, experienced brethren, declare, "It takes me three or four weeks to repair the injury of absence at Q. Meetings." There is a class of ministers and brethren who never realize these evils, because they never have learned to give this constant, every-day attention to the growth of Zion. They are spasmodic and fitful in their modes and measures, and hence have no Sunday schools, or systematic plans depending upon them to suffer. Moreover churches do not grow strong under Q. Meetings, but rather decline, and everything goes at loose ends.

Where pastors attend Q. Meetings they cannot do justice to their churches. They are absent four Sabbaths to Q. M., one to Y. M., three or four on vacations, and some on exchange, on account of sickness or other causes, so that from ten to twelve Sundays are lost. Our churches are suffering severely from these absences of the pastors. But the Q. Meetings are worse than the ordinary absence of pastors, for it also takes working members away. The results are unstable congregations, feeble Christians, the best materials absorbed by more regular and stable denominations, meager support of ministers, short pastorates, declining churches, general discouragements.

Our most experienced and systematic workers see the evil and long for a remedy. In many cases the Q. M. is changed from Sunday to week days. In more instances, working laymen and pastors return home on Saturday, and leave the Q. M.'s to run themselves. Would it not be better to hold them on secular days altogether? All Baptist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian meetings of the kind are held on week days. Why cannot we practice economy? There are only fifty-two Sundays in the year; we need them all for the culture of our congregations. Our Q. Meetings will be nearly as large and more interesting, if held on week days; for all the ministers can be present and remain to the close; the Sunday school workers can be present, and they are the salt of the churches and the life of Q. Meetings. Thus we shall gain much in the interest of these meetings and lose but little, and gain vastly more in the stability and growth of the several congregations, by the change. Is it not wrong to continue to hold Q. M.'s on Sundays?

G. H. B.

## Current Topics.

PRAYER FOR COLLEGES. To-morrow is the day set apart, by Evangelical Christians of nearly all denominations, for prayer for our schools and Colleges. The inducements which should lead to the general and punctual observance of the day, must be obvious to all reflecting minds. It is from our institutions of learning that must come the great majority of those who will hold the most important positions in both church and state, and the question is, What will be the future destiny of our country and the world, unless God converts them? And he will convert them in answer to prayer. We are glad to observe that the attention of Christians has been quite generally called to the object for which the day has been set apart. For instance, the Presbyterian Board of Education has issued an appeal to the churches, suggesting the religious condition of the youth in our schools, as a subject which ought to awaken in every thoughtful mind the deepest concern. There are, they say, six millions of scholars in the schools of all kinds in the country, upon whom its future of honor or of shame depends. In Dec. last, the usual circulars were sent out by the Society of Inquiry at Andover, to thirty-four colleges

in the N. E. and Middle States, making inquiries, which have been answered by eighteen colleges. They report 2,674 students, of whom 1,445 are professors of religion. Of this last number, 518 are preparing for the ministry, and 48 have been converted during the past year. This last number is unusually small. We hope to have a better report next year.

INAUGURATION PRAYER MEETINGS. In view of the importance of the inauguration of Gen. Grant, which is to take place on the 4th of March, the suggestion comes from various quarters, that Christians, in all parts of the country, spend the hour between twelve and one on that day, in prayer. In cases, however, where it is not convenient to meet at that hour, it is thought that a meeting might be held either on the evening before or the one after the inauguration. No one who loves God and his country will fail to apprehend the importance and desirableness of such a concert of prayer. In the language of another, "Will it not be most acceptable to God, and grateful to the feelings of the man about to assume such grave responsibilities, to know that millions of prayers have gone up to God for him, and that he has a place in the sympathies of the people of God?" Besides, the nation is, on that day, to experience a great deliverance, and ought not Christians to thank God for it?

"FREE RELIGION." As is quite extensively known, a series of discourses is being preached in the interests of what is termed "Free Religion," on Sabbath afternoons, in Horticultural Hall, Boston; and the leading advocates of the new faith are among the preachers. The discourse on Sunday, the 14th inst., was by Rev. F. E. Abbot, of this city. His discourse throughout, if correctly reported by the *Advertiser*, has not been surpassed in radicalism by any thing which has yet come from his pen or fallen from his lips, at least. The following paragraph will speak for itself:

All the possibilities of this Messianic faith, he said, had been realized, and it was destined to be supplanted by a deeper and broader faith. Christianity was a perishable form; religion an imperishable substance. The mistaken Messianic ambition of Jesus was the "last infirmity of a noble mind." The ambition of reigning to serve was less noble than the ambition to serve without reigning, for which Socrates had lived and died. Christianity was the utmost development of Judaism. The Messianic faith had constantly declined since the Reformation; and those sects who dreamed of adapting it to modern life were unconsciously officiating at its funeral.

All this and more may be perfectly clear to Mr. Abbot, but many who have examined the subject referred to in the light of reason and revelation, aided by the Spirit of God, will either fail to understand it or beg leave to differ from him.

SEED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1869.—M. O'Keefe, Son & Co., the celebrated Seed Importers and Growers, of Rochester, N. Y., have just published their annual "Catalogue of Seeds and Guide to the Flower and Vegetable Garden." This new and valuable work contains full descriptions of about fifteen hundred varieties of flowers and vegetables, with instruction for their cultivation, and directions in regard to the best use to make of them in laying out parterres, gardens, etc. It will be sent free on application to M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO., Seedsmen and Florists, Rochester, N. Y.

## Denominational News and Notes.

## Home Missions.

The applications to our Home Mission Society, from almost every part of our denomination, for some pecuniary aid in sustaining feeble churches in important places, and in establishing new interests where a little aid is indispensable to success, are very numerous and urgent. Never has there been a time since the organization of this Society when the claims upon it for aid in promoting the interests of the denomination were so large and so pressing as they now are. This fact we state from our own personal knowledge, obtained by an intimate acquaintance with the business operations of the Society for more than thirty years.

Never was there a time, so far as human view can discover, when the Society, if it only possessed the means, could accomplish more good than at the present time. During the last three years, as every person may see by reading the Annual Reports, the Society has been more prosperous and successful, in many respects, than in any equal number of former years. At the last session of General Conference, the Society was taken more directly under the control and direction of the denomination, by having the officers of the Society nominated by that body. The Conference also recommended that missionary agents of the Society be appointed in each Y. M. or state, to aid in raising funds and in carrying forward our Home Mission work. The Executive Committee are making arrangements relative to these agencies as fast as they can. But it is no small matter to ascertain who are the most suitable men for this work, and secure their services, without any funds in our treasury upon which they can depend for compensation.

It is truly affecting and soul-stirring to read the appeals that are made for a little aid from so many feeble interests which will die without it, and which, with such aid, might live and prosper, and soon become permanent, self-sustaining churches, and auxiliaries in our mission work; and yet they cannot be assisted while our treasury is empty. Every church which applies for help, seeing and feeling its own necessities, and not seeing those in other places, thinks its own peculiar case is the most worthy, and has the strongest claims upon the Society for help. The committee would

rejoice to make appropriations for all such requests which are properly made and endorsed, if they had the funds.

The great and most important question in relation to the future work of our Home Mission Society is, How shall we raise funds to carry forward our work? How shall we meet the claims and demands now made upon our Society from feeble churches which will be lost without aid—from new and inviting fields in the East and in the West, where strong and prosperous churches may be established, and from the great whited fields in the South where the poor Freedmen by thousands may be gathered into the heavenly garner?—What is the best and most feasible way of raising these funds, without which our work must stop? It is a very easy thing for one who has a vivid imagination and a good warm Christian heart, fired with missionary zeal, to say what ought to be done, what might be done, and what can be done; and yet it is quite another thing to do it, or to have it done.

The propriety of employing traveling agents to visit the churches and raise funds for our treasury at the present time, is a questionable policy in the minds of not a few. This method of raising funds, under particular circumstances and in some localities, may be very proper, and has been successful; but is there not a better and more excellent way? one that is far less expensive for our Society at this time? If every pastor and every minister in our denomination would only feel the importance of this subject—become personally interested as he should, and act as an authorized agent of the Society—present and enforce this subject in his congregation from time to time, and by the circulation of cards, or some systematic method, urge all his hearers to do something steadily for this cause, and consider it a part of his Christian and ministerial duty, in every consistent way, to increase the funds of our mission societies, should we not have a large increase of funds in our treasury, and save all the money for the mission work which otherwise would be paid for the salary and traveling expenses of a collecting agent?

We know that ministers who have small salaries and labor with poor churches are tempted to think that whatever their people give for missions will reduce the amount which they hope to receive for their own support. Say they, "If my people are unable to give me a comfortable support they are not able to do anything for missions, and should they do anything for that cause, they will do just so much less toward the support of their own minister." On this ground, we doubt not, many of our ministers have honestly thought it was not their duty to make much effort in their congregations to raise funds for missions. But such brethren are certainly mistaken. The fact has been fully demonstrated by observation that those churches which give the most liberally for missions, according to their ability, do the best also for their ministers.

One pastor in the New Durham Q. M. informed us, a few days since, that, during the past year, his church had paid seventy-two dollars for missions, without the aid of any agent out of the church, which is a much larger sum than it ever raised in one year before, and the church had agreed to raise his salary one hundred dollars for the ensuing year, and a glorious revival was now progressing in his congregation. Strange as it may appear, we have no doubt, if all our ministers would act according to the suggestions made in this article, they would not only have the great satisfaction of seeing our mission funds largely increased and their own financial affairs greatly improved, but they would have the unspeakable joy of an approving conscience, the favor of God, and a great increase of spirituality in their own souls and new life and revival interest in their flocks. The surest way of proving the truth of these statements is to try the experiment. Will you do it?

Will not many of our brethren in the ministry immediately resolve to present this subject to their flocks, and awaken an interest among the brethren and sisters to do something for our Home Mission cause, and forward the money raised to the Treasurer? Let the effort be made to induce persons to pledge a certain sum—ten dollars, five dollars, more or less,—to be paid yearly for a certain number of years into the Home Mission treasury. Some can make themselves, their wives, their children or some other persons, life-members of the Society by paying \$20 for a male and \$10 for a female. A certificate, suitable to be put in a frame, shall be sent, free of expense, to all such life-members who desire it. Some will see it to be their duty, by inquiring of the Lord, to bequeath some of their property to this Society, that it may be doing good while their bodies are slumbering in the dust. The children and those of little means can cast their mites into the treasury of the Lord. Here is a great field for Christian effort and activity, and the person, minister or layman, brother or sister, who actually engages in this work from right motives,—to do good, to glorify God and advance the interests of his cause, cannot fail of receiving a great blessing, and this very effort may be the beginning of a great revival in the church where it is made. Do, brethren, try it, and report the results for the encouragement of others, who will go and do likewise.

Before closing this article we wish to state four facts which we hope will be remembered by all who are interested in our Home Mission Society.

1. At the present time our treasury has been overdrawn to the amount of several hundred dollars, which we have borrowed to pay the expenses of our mission among Freedmen, and to meet our quarterly appropriations which became due in January.

2. The following vote was passed at the last meeting of the Executive Committee: "That when the receipts of any quarter do not meet the amount of the appropriation for that quarter, whatever amount there may

be in the treasury shall be divided *pro rata*;—that is, all the appropriations shall be diminished at the same rate.

3. All applications from churches to the Home Mission Society for pecuniary aid must be approved by the Q. M.'s to which said churches belong, in order to insure attention from the Executive Committee.

4. All Legacies to this Society should be made in the following form:

"I BEQUEATH to my Executor (or Executors) the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars in trust, to pay the same in \_\_\_\_\_ days after my decease to the person who, when the same is payable, shall act as Treasurer of the Freewill Baptist Home Mission Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New Hampshire, to be applied under the direction of the Executive Committee of that Society to its charitable uses and purposes."

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, (in some states three are required, in others only two), who should write against their names, their places of residence (if in cities, the street and number). The following form of attestation will answer for every state in the union: "Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said (A. B.), as his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at the request of the said A. B., and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses."

SILAS CURTIS, Cor. Sec. & Treas.  
Concord, N. H., Feb., 1869.

## "Amicus" and Theology.

It is believed that *Amicus*, in last week's *Star*, mistakes the statements, arguments, numbers and motives of those who advocate the union of theological schools with our colleges. The object is not, by any means, the diminution of theological training, but to furnish more instruction to a larger number for less money. And even if termed a department, that no more implies an inferior place than the fact that our government is constituted of three departments implies inferiority in one or all of them. Harvard University has several "core" departments which are not appendages. And if at Lewiston and Hillsdale there were classical and theological departments, why is one to be superficial and inferior? Such departments or institutions might and probably would have separate Boards.

Would not such a disposition of the Theological School be profitable and right?

1. It would be economical, and we have no funds to waste.

2. It would give the theological students the benefit of college libraries, lectures, associations, &c.

3. It would furnish a good opportunity to theological students for religious labor, with a class readily accessible, whose circumstances, prospects and responsibilities would move to effort in a manner peculiarly calculated to benefit the laborers as well as the subjects.

4. The association would naturally direct the attention of pious students to the ministry, and thus increase the number of theological students.

5. The danger now is that classical students upon graduating will be diverted from the ministry, enter the work without any theological education, or go to some other school and denomination. The acquaintance and associations with a theological school and all the circumstances would be calculated to save a man from these liabilities, and continue him upon the course of study until fitted for his work.

But "*Amicus*" seems to have no objection, after all, to the location of the Seminary with the college as at Cambridge. The only difficulty seems to be in having the work and the funds shared by two localities.

But all that is desired is to have this whole matter so arranged as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number; and to have funds, owned just as much by any locality and by one member as by any other locality or member, disposed of according to common justice and equity. Justice.

## Theological School.

It appears that this wandering child of ours is still without any certain dwelling place, and its location is yet a subject for consideration. Where it shall be put, is a matter of some importance to us as a denomination. I have read the articles of "*Amicus*," and confess myself surprised to see him proposing to transfer the school, which is designed for the greatest benefit of the denomination, to an extreme of it. One objection that has been raised against its present location, is its inaccessibility. Does *Amicus* think young men will go from N. Y. and the West to the extreme East, to attend that school? We have young men from N. Y. in western colleges, who want to study Theology at our school, but they will not go to Nova Scotia to do it. The school should have a central location and be made a rallying-point for all sections. This should be done as a matter of economy. A good faculty can instruct fifty students as well as ten. Establish the school in Me., and the fates cannot prevent one in the West. Multiplying schools is a heavy and useless tax upon the churches. Costly buildings must be erected, a full corps of teachers is needed; and the means to secure this must come from the churches. To locate at Lewiston will have a tendency to foster an eastern and western feeling, which should be avoided as much as possible.

Nothing will have a greater tendency to bind the denomination together than one good Theological School, where our young men can rally and fit themselves for their mission. From this point they would go out disarmed of the prejudice resulting from being educated East or West, and would enter fields of usefulness, feeling that they belong to God and his cause, and not to any one section of the country. Why not have a convention composed of men filled with the spirit of wisdom, and from every part of the denomination, who shall locate







## Hannah Binding Shoes.

Dont Stay Late To-night.

The hearth of home is beaming  
With rays of rose light;  
And loving eyes are gleaming,  
As fall the shades of night;  
And while thy steps are leaving  
That circle pure and bright,  
A tender yeave, half grieving,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest  
Is busy, brave and wide;  
The world of her thou lovest  
Is at the angle side;  
She waits for thy warm greeting;  
Thy smile is her delight,  
Her gentle voice, entreating,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, cold and inhuman,  
Will spurn thee, if thou fall;  
The love of one pure woman  
Outlasts and shames them all;  
Thy children will cling round thee;  
Let fate be dark or bright;  
At home go shaft can wound thee,  
Then, "Don't stay late to-night."

C. L. Lockwood.

## A Visit to Japan.

up. Keep quiet. The worst sounds cannot last forever, and a group of jugglers are waiting to reward our endurance. O Charlie, it is of no use to try to learn their wonderful tricks. I think Satan himself, or some one equally intelligent, must have been their teacher; and you don't want to learn of him. Should you like to live in one of these Japanese houses? There is one thing very pleasant connected with them; each one has its own little garden, and the air is so mild and sweet that it is delightful to stay out of doors. Indeed, the houses are so open that it is much like living in a tent. There is only one room in a house, but it can be divided into three or four by movable paper screens. The floor is covered with soft mats with gray silken borders. These mats answer for sofas, tables and bedsteads. When they want to clean house there is no fuss over moving a heap of useless furniture. They just shake the mats and the job is over. A Japanese don't see the use of filling a room with ugly four-legged wooden things to sit on, when his heels are always at hand. He would never think of lumbering up his house with big bedsteads when he could sleep just as well on the soft matting. I suppose that Miss Ella there, may sometimes have an idea under her bright curls, that when she is older she may undertake a little house-keeping of her own. I think children seldom play at housekeeping without an occasional long look ahead. I used to plan the muffins for my future husband's breakfast when I was not more than ten years old. This is natural, and therefore proper. So you will be interested in knowing that the Japanese young folks go to housekeeping with scarcely any fuss or expense either; just a quick apiece for the coldest nights, a pan to cook rice, a tub for washing and bathing, and a lacker cabinet to hold everything, and they are equipped for the race of life. Their parents do all the matting and courting, and the young people have really nothing to do but to accept their fate and enjoy themselves. I suppose the young ladies find this easy enough in a country where the men look so nearly alike with their queues and long eyes and yellow skins, that there is no choice of evils. My pretty Lucy, you are but fourteen years old, but if you had been born in Japan, you would probably have been married a couple of years ago. And as soon as you were married you would have set to work to make yourself look as hideously ugly as possible. You would have pulled out every hair from those arched eyebrows, dabbed your face and neck with rice flour, and then varnished your teeth till they were as black as jet. You would have painted your lips and cheeks a staring red, and strained your hair back very much as you do now. If your Japanese husband should die, you would have to follow him to the grave with an iron pot on your head, and if you married again, and again became a widow, you would be obliged to wear two iron pots. Almost any woman would take excellent care of her husband in sickness rather than to risk wearing this head-dress, and so the custom makes masculine life more secure than with us.

Are you tired of Japan? We will go home whenever you please. The odd things here would employ us many days if we were to examine them all. There is no other civilized nation so entirely different from ourselves. You have all heard of the little feet of the ladies, and how the poor babies have to suffer in order to acquire them. There can be no happy baby-life or childhood for the little girls who belong to the upper classes, for they can never run about in careless play. Don't you pity them?

There is one thing that makes me very sad when I think of the Japanese children. They do not know anything about Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. They have never heard of his love for dear little children. If they knew about him, I think they would never forget him as you often do. Ah, little ones, never cease to thank God for his goodness to you in giving you Christian teachers and friends.

Journeying is hard work, but we will soon be rested again and ready for a new start. I am planning a trip for you that will make you open your eyes. In the meantime, study all your lessons well, so as to get leisure for travel. Good-bye.—*Zion's Herald.*

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### How the Twig was Bent.

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"If you would like to earn some money, Guy, here is a chance," said Mr. Cowan. Guy's eyes twinkled like little stars.

"Yes, sir, I do. How is it?" he asked.

Mr. Cowan pointed towards the window as the snow, falling flake by flake upon the brown earth.

"This is the first snow of the season, but it isn't going to be the last. Now if you will take it for your work to keep a path open from the back door to the barn all winter, I will give you a quarter of a dollar. There will be a great many snows, and some pretty deep ones, perhaps; and I want you to understand that if you take the job, it will be yours. I shall expect a good path every day, and you mustn't expect to be reminded to make it; you must take the care as well as the work."

Guy looked up at the gray sky, down at the gray earth, and out into the driving snow. He thought of the cold, of the heavy shovel, and of the warm bed he should have to leave wintry mornings. And then he thought of the shining silver. He had never had half so much money at a time before in the whole ten years he had lived upon this round earth, and it looked pretty large to him.

A quarter of a dollar was more money in those old-fashioned days than it is now, with our scrip and our high prices, but I do think Guy's father was driving a pretty sharp bargain, don't you? However, if Guy didn't complain, we needn't. And he didn't. No, he jumped at the chance, and thought he was going to be rich as the

Rothschilds, or at least as Esquire Ashton (who lived in the square stone house on the hill), right straight off.

"Perhaps I will put it on interest, and keep a saving and a saving up all the money I get, till I have enough to buy me a colt, or a watch; I don't know but what I had rather have a watch that will tick, and has a real chain to it," said he. He was carrying a small turnip, with a dial painted on it, and a common iron trunk key hanging from it by a bit of cord. This answered every purpose of bunching out his pocket, but it was not worth much for telling the time.

That winter the skies had no pity for Guy. One storm after another fell heavy and white, and when at last Guy hopped out of bed one February morning, and saw, for the eighth succeeding day, the little dancing flakes still sifting downward, as though they had the storehouse of a universe at their back, he came very near repenting of his bargain; but not quite. Guy was not one of your backing-out boys, and as he had begun for the winter, he meant to hold on. So he made three very low bows, toward the stormy north-east, saying, "Please, pretty snow, not to fall any more. Thank you, thank you, thank you to stop!" and he laughed, instead of scowling.

February can't last forever, as we all know, seeing it has but twenty-eight days, anyhow. O, yes! It did have twenty-nine that year; but it snowed its life away finally, and then March took up the story where February left it. And it snowed, and it snowed, and it snowed, and it snowed. However, the earth, in its yearly race around the sun, was turning more and more toward it, so at last it was daylight at six o'clock, the time when Guy had to start about the path, that it might be ready for his father at milking-time; and after that it did not seem so hard. Then presently April came, and there was only one more snow of any account, and so the piece of silver was fairly earned.

I do not know which was the roundest, or which shone the most, the quarter, or Guy's eyes; the eyes I guess, for that was before Guy had spent a whole evening in polishing up the money with wood ashes and a bit of flannel which he tore off the mop.

Then I expect there was never a happier or richer boy than Guy for the next few days, and every half hour or so he had to run to his red box, where he kept his fish-hooks, his catechism, his peacock-book, and his ball of string, open the small green baize bag his sister Ann had sewed on purpose for it, and make sure he was really the owner of such a sum of money.

"I hope you won't spend it foolishly, my son," said his father, when he gave it to him.

No danger. There was more danger he would turn into a little money-worshiper, I should think.

The hours went on and on, until Guy had looked and felt, of the coin at least five hundred times, and Saturday night had come. Mr. Cowan's family began their Sabbath like the Jews, at sunset, instead of midnight, and then all work was put away, not to be even talked about until after sunset on Sunday; and this was the best time of all the week for the children, because their father always gave up part of the evening to telling them Bible stories.

That Saturday night he brought in a soft buffalo skin from the sleigh, and spreading it upon the floor before the fire, which blazed and sparkled on the wide stone hearth, "camped down like the Indians," as he said, with Guy on one side, and little Ralph and Sophy on the other. A flaming knot of pitch-pine, leaning against the fire-stick, made the room cheerful and rosy from floor to ceiling, so they did not need gas-light, if they could have had it.

"Away off on the other side of the world from us, where there is never any snow or cold," began Mr. Cowan, "live some people who don't know any better than to think God is pleased when they give him their children, and even themselves, before he calls for them. When God calls for our children, either by taking them at once to live with him, or by sending them far away from us, he is pleased to have us willing to part with them. And so of ourselves or anything which we have, for we have nothing only what came from him; and came with the express understanding that we shall give them up just when he is ready. So if it is money, or friends, or health or life, we must not object a word when he sees the time has come, that it is best we do without them. And he wishes us to keep them and be happy with them till then. But these poor black people are so ignorant, that they believe they please God by throwing themselves under the wheels of a great heavy iron car, or by throwing their babies into the river, or into the arms of a red-hot iron image. Of course they cannot have any such kind, loving God in their mind as we worship; so don't you see somebody ought to go and tell them better? I am sure of it. But those who go have a very hard time, besides having to leave their home and friends; that is what they are called to give up. And then everybody cannot go, and those who stay at home, I should think, ought to feel called of God to give of their money to buy Bibles, and send the teachers who are willing and able to go. Shouldn't you, Guy?"

"Do you mean my quarter, pa?" asked Guy in reply.

"I don't mean anything, Guy. There is to be a collection taken up to-morrow, in church, for the support of schools and teachers in this far off country I have told you of; but it is not I who calls for the money. Neither is it the minister; it is the Lord, to whom all the money in the world really belongs, no matter whose box it is in.

Guy was troubled. Every time he looked into the fire, instead of Joseph with his eleven brethren making obeisance to him, or Daniel in the lion's den, he could only see pictures among the burning coals of this dreadful red-hot image, of the mighty car of JERUSALEM, of great hungry

monsters, waiting with open mouths for the helpless babies. And even after he had gone to bed and stuffed the bedclothes in his ears, he could seem to hear the cries of the children.

But he did not quite make up his mind to part with the precious hard-earned quarter, until it was meeting-time. Then he heard Sophy, who was going to stay at home with a cold and her cat, talking to Ann, standing at the glass to tie on her bonnet.

"The mothers throw their babies into the water, and the alligators backbite them," Father said so. "Do you know it before?" said she.

Guy began to laugh, then he looked very sober, and turning around, ran up stairs, took the money out of the little bag, kissed it once, slipped it into his pocket, and when the plate came around after the sermon, he dropped it in with a sigh of relief, glad the trial and temptation was fairly over.

It was pretty hard on the little fellow, now that is a fact, but don't you want to know what came of it? This was not the last quarter Guy earned, by a many, nor the last one he has given away.

For just let me tell you; he lives now in a house twice as handsome as Esquire Ashton's, with a great garden all around it; grapes, and peaches, and flowers, and everything growing there; while his pockets are getting fuller and fuller of money, all the while. But he gives as generously as he gets, and he says he thinks this is all the way he has been kept from growing hard, and cold, and grasping. Thus I expect his first gift to the heathen did him really more good than it did them: and so he found it after all, as we always do, more blessed to give than to receive.—*Congregationalist & Recorder*.

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## Two Faces.

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I know a little girl who has two faces.

When she is dressed up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue-kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would wish to kiss her.

For she knows that company is coming to call on her mother; and she expects that the ladies will say, "What a little darling!" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "What a sweet mouth!" then she kisses her little red lips, and perhaps give her some sugar-plums.

And the ladies who praise her think that she is very ladylike too. For she always says, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she ought; and says, "Thank you," so sweetly when anything is given her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. If she cannot have what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes, then she will pout and cry and scream; and no one could ever think of kissing such homely lips.

And no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaved so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress; the other she wears when she is alone with her mother.

I know another little girl that has only one face; and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when alone with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The one with two faces, or the other who has but one? And which will you be like?—*The Nursery*.

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## Literary Review.

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THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY, with an Introduction on the Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul. By Ebenezer Dodge, D. D., President of Middlebury University. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1869. 12mo. pp. 244.

The author of this work has not figured *agery* prominently in the sphere of authorship, but this volume will at once give him a position which many men who write abundantly never acquire. Though the subject discussed is one which has enlisted the service of many of the best scholars and most critical thinkers for a long time, yet Dr. Dodge has something fresh and significant to say, and he says it with a directness and force that would be anywhere noticeable. The book has grown up in connection with the author's labors as an instructor of young men during the last fifteen years, and it has therefore no marks of haste and imperfection. It is constructed on a thoroughly philosophical plan, and the clear, self-poised thinker appears on every page. The method adopted is one which students will appreciate, and which indicates that the author is a man of mental comprehensiveness and critical habit. He sees truth on its various sides and in its several relations, and he beholds many truths in their mutual dependence and their connection with a system. As he says in his preface, the governing idea of the book is, that "Christianity is its own witness. The nature of Christianity, its influence, its relations to Divine Providence and to human progress, and its historical triumphs, constitute the best evidence of its divine origin." With the exception, therefore, of forty pages devoted to a consideration of the Historical Character of the New Testament, he occupies himself chiefly with what are very properly called the internal evidences. Among the separate though related topics, he considers Christianity as a Supernatural Fact, then as a Divine Life, &c. His last two chapters will be found specially interesting even to those who may find the close logic and rigid philosophy of some earlier chapters taxing to the thought;—he discusses in these Christianity a Fulfillment, and Christianity a World-Power. His critical insight, his power of analysis, his mastery of the art of reasoning, his ability to penetrate to the very heart of an idea and separate the husk from the kernel of an argument, find illustrations throughout the entire discussion. He excels in compactness and accuracy of statement. There are no overloaded sentences, and when a point is fairly made it is left for another. There is more vigorous thought in this volume, and more that will compel and energize thought in the reader than in many a score of pretentious treatises. To those who know how to think, and are willing to call the brain into vigorous service, this book will offer a real and a rare stimulus, and its argument for the divine origin and the all-conquering power of Christianity will add something both to the intelligence and the restfulness of faith?

**LIGHT AND TRUTH:** or, Bible Themes and Themes. The Gospels. By Horatio Bonar, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1869. 16mo. pp. 422. Sold by D. Lothrop &

Dr. Bonar is well known as one of the sweetest and most fervid hymnists now living. Full of fervor, of faith in Christ and his words, penetrating by means of a vital sympathy with evangelized truth to the very heart of those passages and thoughts in Scripture which deal with the deeper life of the soul, his natural dwelling-place is close by the cross, and when he sings, the music seems to have something of the qualities which we naturally attach to the harmonies of the upper sphere. His studies in the gospels for the purpose of drawing out lessons for the head and heart from simple incidents or familiar passages, have been peculiarly fruitful. He is direct, simple, unambitious of originality, and he finds what is very suggestive and very stimulating in the words which may have been read an hundred times without special attention or interest. The themes treated briefly in this volume are seventy-six in number, suggested by as many different passages found in the gospels, and, while treated in a familiar way, they are made to yield much that opens the wondrous richness of Scripture and imparts its lessons on the heart. The volume will at the same time add both to the knowledge and the devoutness of the reader.

**OUTLINES OF COMPOSITION:** Designed to supply and develop the principles of the art by means of exercises in the preparation of Essays, Debates, Lectures, and Orations. For the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Students. By H. J. Zander, and T. E. Howard. A. M. Boston: Robert S. Davis & Co. 1890. 12mo. pp. 203.

The authors of this volume have hit the true method of instructing pupils in the rudiments of Composition. In the selection of simple and familiar subjects, in suggesting a natural and orderly arrangement, in subordinate heads, in giving examples of the method in which the continuous essay grows up from the elements that are obtained by analysis, they provide for putting the pupil upon a definite line of progress that will surely lead him to a distinct goal. This method will not make brilliant writers out of all the dull members of any school, but it will do not a little to take composition out from the mist and put it into the sunshine, and lessen the hopeless dread with which so many of the young set about the tasks of composition-day.

**IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.** A matter-of-fact History. By Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osmond & Co. 1893. 16mo. pp. 405. Sold by D. Lohpoff & Co.

**LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.** Same Author and Publishers. 1890. 16mo. pp. 230.

Two additional volumes of the Household Edition of Charles Reade's works have reached us from the publishers, who are pressing the edition rapidly to completion. The volumes are beautiful to the eye, convenient to the hand, and they make a very moderate draft upon the pocket;—three positive recommendations.

**SELECT ORATIONS OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.** With explanatory Notes, by Geo. Stuart, A. M., Professor of the Latin Language in the Central High School of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1869. 16mo. pp. 334.

We have heretofore spoken of the series of classical text-books which this Publishing House is issuing, as combining many rare excellences. They are of convenient size, admirable in printing and reasonably cheap; and the editing seems to have been done throughout, both in securing purity in the text and otherwise, with eminent care and judgment, skill and care. This volume contains again the varied selections from the orations of Cicero; it presents the peculiar qualities of that leading mind of his age, and sets forth what is most characteristic in his noted public addresses. The variety is unusually great, as the fourteen orations embrace four against Catiline, one for the Poet Archias, one for the Mævian Law, one for Marcellus, one for Milo, one for King Delotarus, one for Ligarius, and his first, fourth and ninth Philippics. The Notes are valuable and judicious, rendering real aid where it is needed, but never relieving the pupil of the necessity for study. The series may be most heartily commended as one which may be used without the fear that an inferior and taking set of text-books is shutting away something materially better.

**THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY** is a new publication, issued under the auspices of the religious body whose members call themselves Disciples, but who have been more generally and popularly known as Campbellites. The work opens encouragingly. There is a directness, a pith, an incisiveness, and a practical aim about it that constitute a safeguard against dullness and dreaminess, and a frank self-reliance that forbids it to speak problematically or with bated breath. The scholarship evinced is fair, the literary culture, though not noticeable, is still such as to give the articles something of æsthetic value, and while the discussions are neither very broad nor very thorough, yet they do not lack thought, freshness or vigor. Its themes are vital ones, and the treatment which they get shows that the writers who deal with them work for their own stirring generation. They are men who appeal to experience rather than to philosophy, and sometimes deem the deep problems of the age solved by a simple process, when they do not themselves always appear to see precisely what the problem really is. But they have really something to say; they have faith in their own theories; and when they call the world to their platform, it is with an honest desire to afford a firmer place for its feet and a richer experience for its heart. The new Quarterly deserves to live, both for what it is and for what it promises to be. Its table of contents will indicate its practical and vital character. It discusses: 1. Modern Preachers and Preaching; 2. The Fellowship; 3. An Infallible Church or an infallible Book; 4. Religion and Science; 5. Indifference to things Inherent; 6. The Secret of Roman Catholic Success; 7. The Disappointment of Christians,—How can it be accomplished? 8. The Union Movement,—What will come of it? 9. Bishops—Overseers; Literary Notices. The work is beautifully printed, the paper is good enough, and the whole mechanical features highly creditable. It has 144 pages per No., and is furnished at \$4.00 per year. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

**THE BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD** is an engraving that preaches against intemperance with wonderful and almost terrific force. It is executed with not a little artistic skill, and would be both an ornament on the wall of a family sitting-room and a silent but impressive sermon against tampering with the cup. Rev. S. W. Hanks, 13 Cornhill, Boston.

**ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY** continues to appear in regular installments, and its real merits make it truly welcome. Part VII. is received. Price, 10 cts. Phila.: T. Ellwood Zell.

**CONYBEARE AND HOWSON'S LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.** R. W. Bliss & Co., of Hartford, Conn., are calling for the press a new and beautiful edition of this most excellent work, from new plates, with numerous maps and engravings, and an Introduction by Rev. Dr. McCosh. The work will embrace 1000 octavo pages, and be sold by subscription at the low price of \$3.50. The specimen pages received indicate that the mechanical excellences are to be of a high order. Of the great value of the work to every biblical student it is quite superfluous to speak. It deserves and has received almost unqualified commendation from all quarters.

## Hints to Young Writers.

There are many young persons who are ambitious of authorship. Some of them have the elements of the successful writer, others are so well satisfied with their supposed abilities in the line of literature that there is very little ground of hope that they will ever accomplish much. Because they can use set words freely without seriously abusing syntax or thoroughly repudiating rhetoric, they offer their wares as though the market must be specially attractive because their fabrics occupy a place on the shelves. They forget that effective writing must have positive and solid qualities, and that it is usually the product of hard and patient labor. Mrs. Stowe deals with this subject in a recent issue of *Hearth and Home*, making "Nellie" stand for a large number of young persons of both sexes. We copy the main points and commend the words below to the attention of those who are needing the suggestions:

The fault of this composition, my dear Nellie, is that there is no point in it. Does not show anything or prove anything. The incidents in it are all of a very commonplace nature, and there are dozens of stories like it in every newspaper. It shows that the writer is very young and very immature. What she needs is to study something which will track her to think deeply and earnestly, so that she may have some object in view more than the mere writing of a pretty composition.

We need to be kept not to read magazine stories or novels, but to form a taste for the very highest class of writing—such writings as those of Prescott, Motley, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

If a young person resolves never to read anything second-rate, it will be a step toward never writing anything second-rate. A great many young girls' minds are all washed away by a constant dribble of dishwasher stories.

My dear Nellie, you have life before you, and we probably are old enough to be your grandmother; and old people, you know, are fond of telling how things were when they were young.

When we were—younger than you probably—ten, twelve, or thirteen years of age, in those leading passions of our heart were reading and writing. We were in a school where great attention was paid to composition, and we wrote one every week, without praise and without encouragement—without anybody to express either admiration or approbation, or to put it into a newspaper. We were not praised and admired, simply because what we wrote was commonplace, and crude, and green. All fruit has to go through the green stage, and people who have met with success as writers have been, and for a long time, very poor scribblers.

At the same time that we were writing, we had literally nothing to read except grown-up people's books. We were in a library—*Boyrin's Children's Friends* was the only story-book that we remember in our childhood. There was but one copy of it in our village, and, with many entreaties, we used to borrow it, with leave to keep it two days; read it through and return it, and borrow it again two days, the next week, and so on.

When we were twelve years old *Ivanhoe* by great good luck, found a place in our family; so that we had unlimited access to it for six months. During those six months, I read it through seven times, so that we knew every word there was in it, and a great part of it by heart.

Besides this, as an amusing reading-book, we had the Bible, which we read hour after hour, for mere amusement, and we had a compendium, called *Elegant Extracts in Prose and Verse*, containing extracts from Milton and Shakespeare and all the standard classical English writers. It was an elegantly bound book, and the lady who owned it allowed us the reading of it sometimes, as a reward for good conduct.

No girl now looks with more delight at an opera-ticket than we then looked on the permission to go into the north b-droom, and on three hours reading the *Elegant Extracts*. How calm and still and d-lightful that shady room seemed!—the sun without, shining so pleasantly on the distant woods; the birds afar off, singing and calling in vain to us to come out; and there, spread out before us this perfect mine of reading!

But all that comes to houses from week to week now—magazine stories, and articles, and lectures, had then no existence. We read a few things a great many times over—read and thought and re-read, until the words and the sentences were fixed in our minds, and we could say them over and over, as we tramped the lonely woods after hony-suckle, apples, and cherries; and in that slow way we were twenty years in learning to write—older than that before we ever thought of having a piece in print; and for years our first pieces were always given away—asked for by one and another, and given.

Come now, Nellie, that is the way we learned, and we found it pleasant to learn so, because we liked writing even when we did not write well, and we loved study, and reading and thinking for themselves, and without a dream of any use we might make of them or of what other people might think of us.

Now, my little girl, it is kinder to put you upon some such course of self-improvement than to accept the green fruit of your mind, and thus make you satisfied with what ought not to satisfy you. If you once get to publishing stories like that, and having them praised, and feel satisfied with them, it is all over for you as a writer.

## Social Equality.

It is usually asserted that blood will tell, but nothing under heaven "tells" like performance. In 1790, nobody in Europe believed that armies could be led by *mountains*, but a few charges by Murat, the stable-boy, and a few bursts of desperate valor from Lannes, the dyer, dispelled that ancient delusion. When a few negroes have displayed the ability to break a bank, and a fair number of them have shone in the operating-room or laboratory, and the lecture-room or pulpit, we may depend upon it we shall see negroes at rich men's dinner-tables, and in fashionable pulpits, and on bank and railroad boards. But until this has been done, no amount of stump-speaking, and no number of demonstrations of his physiological or ethnological equality will help him to a place in the front rank, or even give him more than the world's pity. To hope for social equality for him in any way but as the reward of his own exertions, is to hope for a miracle—for the suspension in his favor of the laws of the moral universe.



## Accidents of Speech.

Pat has long labored under the imputation of making more accidents with the tongue than any of his fellow-mortals; but it can be very easily shown that the "bull" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, as follows: "My dear friend—I left my knife at your lodging yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, Calion. P. S.—Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which reads: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fall to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

It is said of some character, that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark, as at first.

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no ear marks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate, who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's fortunate for your wife."

At a prayer meeting, in New Hampshire a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard, and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

An American lecturer of note solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

Those two observing men, one of whom said that he had always noticed when he lived through the month of May he lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding, that he had remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen.

A Western editor once wrote, "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the Christian era?" We answer, it did.

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that State grew so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement was only equalled by that of the Hoosier who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them.

## The Oldest City.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert—a "presidential capital" with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Sarat, in which it is said "he prayed" still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy these with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring hill, and was afraid to enter "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah—"the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco-damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous for the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture, called damascening, with which boxes, bureaus, words and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the rivers of gold still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian gardens.

## A True Marriage.

I believe there are few thoughtful men who have not come to regard as one of the least explicable among the great riddles of the earthly economy the rarity of well-assorted marriages. It might be so different, one cannot help thinking. The adaptations for harmony so wonderful. The elements of happiness so manifold and so rich! Yet how often—how miserably sometimes—do all miscarry! The waters of Paradise turned to fountains of bitterness—the gifts of heaven perverted to curses on earth!

I do not mean that there are few unions yielding reasonable comfort, friendly relations, a life free from open quarrel or secret heart-burning; but I speak of every marriage, without flaw or jar—a mating alike of the material, with its intangible affluence and its wondrous magnetism, and of the immaterial principle within, that survives the death-change. I speak of heart-home pervaded by harmony not only unbroken but immutable as that of the spheres; felt to be so by those whom it blesses, calms, satisfies; a social state to which, when man and woman attain, there remains nothing in the way of earthly need or acquisition, save daily bread, to be coveted or prayed for.

Some think that, in this trial-phase of our existence, no such state of harmony and happiness is to be found. Among the few who do find it none of these skeptics will have place. No entrance into that temple except for those who believe!—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## Iceland.

The scene in an Iceland church on a Sunday is said by a traveler to be of a singular and interesting kind. The little edifice, constructed of wood and turf, is situated, perhaps, amid the rugged ruins of a stream of lava, or beneath the majestic snows which are covered with never-melting snows, in a spot where the mind almost sinks under the silence and desolation of surrounding nature. Here the Icelanders assemble to perform the duties of religion. A group of male and female peasants may be seen gathering about the church, waiting the arrival of their pastor, all habited in their best attire, after the manner of the country; their children with them, and the horses, which brought them from their respective

homes, grazing quietly around the little assembly. The arrival of a new comer is welcomed by every one by the kiss of salutation; and the pleasures of social intercourse, so rarely enjoyed by the Icelanders, are happily connected with the occasion which summons them to the discharge of their religious duties. The priest makes his appearance among them as a friend; he salutes them individually, each member of his flock, and stoops down to give his most paternal kiss to the little ones who are to grow up under his pastoral charge. These offices of kindness performed, they all go together to the house of prayer.

## Ventilation in Churches.

Mrs. Stowe, in the *Chimney Corner*, gives an illustration of the imperfect style of ventilating churches, which may stir up sextons or church committees to effect some changes greatly needed in every part of the church.

A certain rural church was somewhat famous for its picturesque Gothic architecture, and equally famous for its sleepy atmosphere, the rules of Gothic symmetry requiring very small windows, which could only be partially opened. Everybody was affected alike in this church; minister and people complained that it was like the enchanted ground in the Pilgrim's Progress. Do what they would, sleep was ever at their elbows; the blue and red green of the painted windows melted into a rain of diamonds of heavy confusion, and ere they were aware they were off on a cloud to the land of dreams.

An energetic sister in the church suggested the inquiry whether it was ever ventilated, and discovered that it was regularly looked up at the close of service, and remained so till opened for the next week. She suggested the inquiry whether giving the church a thorough airing on Saturday would not improve the Sunday services; but nobody acted on her suggestion. Finally she borrowed the sexton's key one Saturday night, and went into the church and opened all the windows herself, and let them remain so for the night. The next day everybody remarked the improved comfort of the church, and wondered what had produced the change.

Nevertheless, when it was discovered, it was not deemed a matter of enough importance to call for an order on the sexton to perpetuate the improvement.

## Educated Eyes.

When a traveler is fresh among the Alps, he is constantly deceived in his reckoning. One Englishman declared that he could climb the Rigi in half-an-hour, but after several panting hours the summit was still ahead of him; yet when he made the boast, some of us who stood by were much of his mind—the ascent seemed so easy. This partly accounts for the mistakes men make in estimating external things; they have been too used to mole-hills to be at home with mountains. Only familiarity with the subtleties of revelation can educate us to a comprehension of their heights and depths.

## A Singular Couple.

The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy old town of Hexam a lasting place in my memory, was our taking lodgings with an extraordinary pair—an old man and woman, husband and wife—who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bedrooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and tea, we were puzzled to understand this double attendance; and I remember my brother irreverently wondered whether we were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins. On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared, as usual—the wife carrying the bed-room candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast the following morning, when her husband from the door quickly answered for her.

"Depend upon it, she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bed-room, when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said: "There's no offense meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber; he's stone-blind."

"Poor man!" I exclaimed; "but why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?"

"It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband; she can't hear you; she's quite deaf."

I was astonished. Here was a compensation! Could a couple be better matched? Man and wife were indeed in the loveliness of their eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me, ever after, to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivations as nothing.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided; but that either might be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.

## The Capitol at Washington.

Yet whoever may find much to blame in the body of the building, the architect and his taste, and his pride in the loveliness and grandeur of the dome. It is something unsurpassed; it springs into the sky as lightly as a bubble—as resplendently; it rests there as easily as a cloud; it seems, as it should, to be only a part of its airy surroundings. Art could do no more in its construction. That its effect is sadly impaired by the bronze Colossus, which, instead of merely accentuating it as a final would do, crowds it down to earth, is no fault of the dome pure and simple.

It is due to that aviar which first planted the city in a swamp that the Capitol does not rear its white majesty on some hill crowning a compass vast as Rome's; and yet, though erected on comparatively low ground, go where you will, for miles on miles, that dome haunts and follows you; now as you see it from the heights of Arlington—while you stand in the midst of the acres of graves there and picture the terrible moment when some trumpet shall call all this army of ghosts from their trenches—rising like a guardian genius still overlooking these white head-stones that stretch

away across the rolling land on every side, like the crests of mighty and melancholy waves; now as you cease treading down the purple hyacinths in the grass, and wandering under the magnolia-trees, and between the breast-high hedges of fragrant box at Mount Vernon, and, turning the bend of the river almost twenty miles away, meet its great shadow resting like a film upon the air, opening slowly on the gaze like a vision, with its phantom-like length of lustrous column and setting of wind-tossed greenery. When you behold it thus remote it seems like a dream of the past—too beautiful a thing for the common use of daily life; only men in sweeping Grecian raiment and phylactery purple should move slow and meditative through its halls—never these hurrying black beetles, these rough garments and rude gestures of the modern generations. It is possibly for some such reason that in the beginning the Capitol turned its back upon the town, rather than because the family that owned the land in front set too high a price upon their property and drove purchasers to lots in the back-ground, which, after all, is perhaps well, as otherwise we might not have the long vista of the Avenue closed at the end by these walls rising on their grassy terraces, lifting their shining colonnades over the tree-tops, and sending the dome soaring upward into heaven.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Bryant, Poet and Editor.

A correspondent writes: Looking in at the office of the *Evening Post*, the other day, I saw Mr. Bryant sitting in his sanctum, writing. Going up town late in the day, I saw a gentleman pointing out a person to the lady he had in his arm, and looking, saw Mr. Bryant again—walking briskly homeward, his day's labors done. The venerable poet-editor is now in his seventy-fifth year. He was born on the 3d of November, 1794. His hair is white as snow; but his step is alert, his eye is still bright, though perhaps a little milder than in his more contentious younger days—for the oldsters in New York remember and sometimes speak of the days when Bryant wielded the sharpest pen on the New York press.

I am told by one of Mr. Bryant's personal friends that his health has been remarkably good during the present year. He is addicted to out-door exercise, and is still a great walker. During the summer and fall he lives at his country place, a charming spot at Roslyn, on Long Island; in winter he comes to town. His pen is still vigorous; and he maintains a strict editorial oversight over his paper, though he avoids, as is proper, the mere drudgery of the editorial life, leaving that to younger men. But he writes a good deal, and guides the course of his journal as ever. When I was in the *Evening Post* office the other day, I noticed that the proofs, not only of his own articles but of others, were sent to him, and by him carefully read. You will notice from poems of his in the *Atlantic*, *Putnam's*, and other magazines, that the poetic fire still burns brightly in him; and that age has not robbed him of any of the qualities which make him the great poet.

It is cheering to see this hale old, vigorous, erect, active man, in 1869, the vigor of the hour, and in full accord with the times. May he long retain his strength, and remain to guide the journal over which he has so long and so ably presided; where he has fought with such sound judgment, for so much good and against so much evil.—*Transcript.*

## English Cathedral Towns.

Vice and brutality are the rank weeds that grow under the shadow of cathedrals in England. And one always feels, in seeing the filthy tenements, with their miserable occupants, which cluster about a great cathedral in England, that these grand buildings were never reared by the people around them. We do not need the Norman tower and the fleur-de-lis to remind us that both the religion and its domes were imported. Mr. Ruskin, in his recent lecture at Manchester, assured the people that there could never be a real English cathedral until there were beautiful English homes. He exhibited there some drawings he had made of several of the finest old cathedrals of France, in which he showed that their finest architectural traits are traceable to the features of the houses of the people around them. Their most beautiful spires are but the up-raised elongated cottage roofs; their most exquisite windows are French dormer windows; and the chief ornament is a kind of mail, evidently suggested by the tiles on the surrounding houses. But in these English cathedrals, every part is a sharp contrast with the dismal square huts in which the common people live; and, indeed, the mansions of the wealthy, in the cities, are still dismal and square boxes, differing from the others only in the costliness of materials. At the time I was in Exeter the people were especially hungry and surly on account of the unusually high prices of bread and meat, and the want of employment. The beautiful cathedral, looking down upon the hordes of idlers around it, reminded one of the poor boy in Squeers's Dotheboys Hall whose mother sent him a tract. If a man or woman starves here it will not be for want of tracts and churches. The Exeter people, however, concluded, a few weeks ago, that they could not live on spiritual any more than on material bread alone; and they smashed the windows of nearly every butcher's and baker's shop in the city. "Bread-rioting" has been a constitutional infirmity in that region from early times.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## 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 specially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

J. HERMAN, youngest son of Dea. Asa and Maria Severance, died of scarlet fever in Sandwich, Jan. 17, aged 5 years. Ella was a beautiful little girl, a good reader. She delighted to sing her favorite S. S. songs. The change came after a brief sickness, and it has pleased the good Shepherd thus early to gather this lamb to his bosom.—*P. S. B.*

BRO. DANIEL C. BROKER died in Avon, Me. Jan. 10, aged 65 years. He was a native of Wales. He was born in Wales and had been a resident of Avon 34 years, but his membership was in the church (F. W. B.) at Phillips village.

A family consisting of the widow and nine children survive him. Bro. Broker leaves a good name. Let his deeply afflicted family be comforted in prayer. A. H. MORRELL.

PHINEAS BACON died in Sandwich, Jan. 13, aged 68. Bro. B. was a worthy member of the F. W. B. church in S., having many years served with ability as clerk. He was variable in his religious feelings, having some real eccentricities, yet few, we think, have possessed a more sincere love for vital godliness. During the past year he seemed impressed that he was finishing up his work, and was active and earnest in the Master's cause. For the last few weeks of a distressing illness, he was unconscious; yet his widow, children and friends, are consoled by the belief that death to him was great gain.

AUGUSTA A., wife of John Tappan, Jr., departed this life in Sandwich, Dec. 11, aged 39 years. Some ten years since, sister T. publicly professed her hope in Christ, and during the pastorate of Rev. L. B. Baker, united with the 2d F. Baptist church in S. The influence of her quiet and trusting spirit was felt in the home circle, when she could not meet with the people of her choice. Two little ones are left motherless, while the husband and a large circle of friends mourn their loss. Her sudden call to a higher sphere.—*G. W. B.*

ELLA B., daughter of Benj. and E. Brackett died in Avon, Me., Jan. 13, aged 17 years. Her sufferings were very great, yet they were borne, especially in her last days, with great patience. She had like many more neglected her health, and her health (consumption) was the result of approaching dissolution. Under the guidance of Christian friends, she was led to Christ and enabled in patience and faith to go to her rest. Her hope was not at first a strong hope, but in her last hours she was enabled so to trust in Christ as to meet the king of terrors with calmness and to invite her young friends, when leaving them forever, to love and serve our dear Saviour. D. W.

ELIZA, wife of William Atkinson, died in Madison, Me., Dec. 10, 1868, aged 63. She experienced religion nearly forty-five years since, and joined Rev. Mr. Butler's church (C. Baptist) in Winthrop. Soon after she died, her husband, and becoming dissatisfied with the restricted communion of the C. Baptists, requested a letter of dismission which was the occasion of Butler's letters and his famous *Super* description of the faith, and the first Free Will Baptist church in Madison, remaining a consistent member till death. She leaves a husband, brother and other relatives. Funeral services by the F. W. B. M. MEIRILL.

BRO. JOSEPH WEARE died of strangled hemorrhoids at Whitefield, N. H., July 20, 1868, aged 64 years, 3 months. He was born in Lisbon, experienced religion when about 21 years of age, and soon after became a resident of Whitefield and joined the F. W. Baptist church in Whitefield. For the last few years of his life, he was earnestly devoted to religion, and he ever manifested a deep interest in whatever pertained to Christ's cause. When living in the village he was a constant attendant upon all the social and more public means of grace. A few months previous to his death he removed from the village, which he much regretted, because it deprived him of so many of his religious privileges. His last sickness was short and distressing, but his death was a complete triumph of grace over human weakness and fear. The loss to the church and his family, is, we trust an eternal one.—*G. H. PINKHAM.*

SARAH, wife of Benjamin L. Knight of Starbuck, N. H., died Feb. 2, after a short but painful illness, aged 64 years. Sister Knight experienced religion in 1822, was baptized by Elder Maynard, and united with the F. W. Baptist church in Starbuck. In this Christian relation she has ever manifested a deep interest for the welfare of the church by precept and example. Her home was a very pleasant place of rest for the weary and pilgrim. To this truth many of Zion's faithful sons and daughters can most cordially attest. In this sudden bereavement the family sustains an irreparable loss. Brother Knight feels it most acutely. His adopted daughter and husband unite most cordially in the sympathy for the bereaved husband and father. The church feels most seriously that their loss is great. The deceased possessed a desirable disposition, but with all those desirable qualities she was selected as the shining mark for the last enemy. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. M. E. Church. A very large number of relatives, were present and manifested a true Christian feeling on the occasion. J. TUCKER.

DEA. DENNIS HAYNES died in Smithfield, Maine, Nov. 24, 1868, aged 84 years. He went from Haverhill, Mass., his native place, to Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, when about twenty-three years of age. He embraced the Saviour soon after, and was married. In 1829, he moved to what is now called Smithfield, N. B., where he was united with the F. W. Baptist church. In 1838 he was set apart to the office of deacon, in which capacity he faithfully served until death. He ever rejoiced when Zion prospered, and mourned when she languished. He was a true friend of the oppressed and earnestly prayed and labored for their liberation. He lived to see it and rejoiced. He was very kind in his habits and of an even temper. He was a good neighbor, a kind parent and an affectionate husband. He leaves an aged widow and seven children who are looking forward to the time when they shall meet him in his better land, never more to part. The church deeply feels its loss, yet it is conscious that its loss is his gain. Funeral services by the writer, assisted by Elders J. Wilbee and S. B. MERRILL.

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