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The Morning Star.

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DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1869.

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THE MORNING STAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1869.

True Love Immortal.

Not o'er the flower-dad graves alone
Of those we've loved and lost,
Can true affection best be shown,
When missing them the most.

The choicest flowers we nurture there
As symbols of our love,
When cherished long, like amaranths fair,
Our constancy will prove.

But souls, with heaven's true love enshrined,
Above all grief on earth,
Will, like the amaranth, thus find
Renewed, immortal birth.

Spirits in that celestial sphere,
With memory's bliss in store,
Freed from all mortal cares and fear,
Will love as we before.

Then here keep memory's mirror bright,
Each loving, happy pair,
That it reflect in heaven's pure light
No stain your bliss to mar.

Wisely the Christian course begin;
Your self-love share with all;
The world enjoy, but without sin,
Prepared to stand or fall.

—Christian Register.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, Feb. 17, 1869.

Parliament opened yesterday and the dull season of newspapers closed. Cautiously and benignly the opposing parties surveyed each other in the "Lords" and "Commons." With manifest self-restraint the first words of the conflict into whose shadows we are entering, were spoken on each side. The Queen did not present herself before her new parliament. She is unable to bear excitement and is away at her marine palace on the Isle of Wight. Not much that is noticeable occurred on the first meeting of the Reformed House of Commons. There is some little freshness in the phraseology of the Royal Speech; there was more popular interest exhibited outside the walls of Westminster than usual; there was a subdued and quiet reserve within. When it begins to snow gently and in an easy, leisurely way, they told me in Canada, they knew they were in for a long, heavy snow-fall. By the same token we shall have a smart and copious shower of words, nay, a set in rainy season in Parliament between this and next August. Surprise was expressed that the subject of education was not mentioned in the speech from the Throne, but, as Gladstone well observed, the government will do great things if it carries to a successful issue the Irish church question this session, without undertaking other matters so important as education as well.

The Irish Bishops, as in duty bound, are going to use all their influence to maintain their position as the chiefs of a dominant sect. They sought for a revival of convocation; but to revive now what has so long fallen into disuse would be equivalent to a new creation; and government will not be blamed for declining to sanction the assembling of a body that desired to meet only to thwart and hinder its own projects, and to hamper its action in the discharge of a public duty. For that the Irish Church must be disestablished and disendowed the voice of the nation has declared, and what remains is only a matter of detail. It was gratifying to find Lord Monck quoting his experience in Canada in favor of all disestablishments, and asserting that as a churchman he desired disconnection from the state both for the Irish and the English branches of his church.

Amid all the expectations of coming changes, a new archbishop of Canterbury is enthroned. The pageant was simple and but it was very largely attended. The Cathedral at Canterbury was filled, not with ladies and clergymen only, but numbers of laymen were present. Dr. Tait has the good wishes of all classes and denominations. He is an able, industrious, indefatigable churchman, and he will use his high position wisely and well. But what if he should be the last Primate of all England, presiding in the name of the state as well as in the name of God over the ancient see of St. Augustine? It is remarkable that the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Alford,

whose liberal sentiments are widely known was a prominent man throughout the ceremony; and it is putting the church of England in a position to go alone when such men control and influence its religious life.

At a recent banquet at Fishmonger's Hall, London, after the Bishops were toasted, came the toast "the ministers of all denominations." There were several Bishops present and among them the Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Binney in reply to the toast remarked that he and his friends represented "Three denominations;" and the Bishop knew well that in his church there were three schools of thought, or denominations. Three young men, Mr. Binney went on to say, commenced their careers in the Isle of Wight together, and their names were Walker Farguhar Hook, Samuel Wilberforce, who was a nice looking promising young man, who made a good speech at one of his (Mr. B's) Bible meetings, and Thomas Binney. One had become a Dean, the other a Bishop, and the other was on what some might term the shady side of the hedge; but he did not regret it. Mr. Binney with his rare power of quaint and quiet humor greatly amused the audience, and even the Bishop of Oxford himself heartily joined in the laugh which was evidently at his expense. Sir Robert Lush at this same banquet spoke of a matter that has much occupied public attention of late—the new law in relation to election trials. Formerly a committee of the House of Commons decided all questions relating to the election of its own members, questions arising from charges of bribery and corruption. The new law makes the trial local, in the place where the offense is alleged to have occurred, and assigns the duty of superintending investigations and deciding upon the validity of elections to the common law judges. Mr. Justice Lush expressed his satisfaction with the way in which the country had regarded the service that the judges had rendered in recent trials. He could not help acknowledging, he said, with some degree of professional pride, the favorable opinions which had been uttered, and which he trusted would continue to be justified. The judges at first dissented from the view taken by the government that it would be proper to remit to them the onerous duty of trying charges of bribery and intimidation of voters; but the government persisted in their proposal, and everywhere in discharging their duties, the judges have won the admiration and gratitude of the country for their patience, courage, discrimination and impartiality. In one or two cases, in which large sums of money were expended in securing the election of a candidate, the judges have laid it down as a rule that excessive expenditure would compromise the seat held and be insufficient to vitiate an election. The sum of £7000, as in Bradford, or £16,000, as in Dublin, could not be legitimately spent by a candidate for Parliament.

The revelations of "Overend and Gurney's" banking affairs show matters worse than could have been anticipated. As early as 1859, this house, supposed to be as safe as the bank of England, was so shaky that measures had to be taken to keep up the appearance of prosperity; and yet five years after, a new company starts, takes all the whole company's liabilities, issues shares which are eagerly bought by a too credulous public, and then comes at last the inevitable crash. Faith in public companies has received a serious blow by this failure, and the more that is heard of the whole affair the worse it appears. The public was cheated, and the heirs of a great name and a large fortune descend from their pride of place to stand with criminals at the old Bailey.

A trial for conspiracy to expel a sister from a nunnery is just now exciting much interest. It shows up the weaknesses and jarings of these holy sisters in their religious retirement, and dispels the dream of devout and blessed repose which a sentimental piety indulges about convent life. The Contemporary Review considers "inaccuracy and pretension" great blots upon Huntington's new book, and it looks upon the amount of "fine writing" in it as "perfectly appalling."

The weather continues open, mild, wet, stormy. Vast masses of rain-clouds sweep over us almost daily from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The fields are green, birds building and singing, flowers blooming, trees covered with blossoms; and now and then a bright morning cheers us with Spring sunshine.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Extremes.

Society is very much like a pendulum which swings to one extreme only that it may swing to its opposite. If one generation is conservative, the next is sure to be radical. The characteristic of the Carolingian age was centralization of power, and following close upon it came the feudal system equally characterized by a thorough want of unity. The golden age makes way for the iron age, the age of romance for the practical age, the age of reverence for the age of infidelity. Devotion to the church is followed by devotion to the state. The temple of Janus is closed only that Mars may open it. Fortunate is he who lives when the great century-swinging pendulum crosses the meridian, and extremes meet in a golden mean.

Our forefathers of a hundred years ago

were God-fearing men. They believed in the ten commandments and taught their children to reverence age. The Sabbath to them was a holy day. The church bell summoned all, from the aged sire to the lisping babe. Their dress, too, was marked by the absence of all ornament; only bright eyes and rosy cheeks captivated in those days.

We are told that they revered stern justice more than gentle mercy, that by their grave tones and measured words they made the good unlovely and forbidding. We do not question this; we only say that we of to-day are not in danger of falling in to their faults, and we had almost added, or their virtues.

Of the millions who now inhabit the United States, not one in eight can be called a church-goer. In many places the Sabbath means only a recess in the daily routine, and is the gala day of the week.

Amusements are now sanctioned which once were looked upon with holy horror, and reverence for either God or man is at a high premium on account of its great scarcity. If wild bears now devoured all the children who mock at helpless age, many a Rachel would mourn for more than her first born.

Taking the evening train from Toledo to Chicago last week, we saw a painful illustration of this truth. At a way station an old man came into the car; his form was bent beneath the weight of years; but something else made his step tremble; his blood-shot eye too plainly told that he was under the influence of that "which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." He was not disposed to be noisy, and, after finding a seat, would doubtless have sunk into a heavy sleep, had it not been for a young man who sat behind him, and who began at once to readjust the old man's hat, pull his coat, call him insulting names, and in various ways rouse the sleeping demon within him. And for what? Only that he might hear that white-haired old man, whose feet had almost reached the river, take the name of his God in vain. The terrible oaths which we heard for two hours still ring in our ears. The car was well filled, but not a man there uttered a word of remonstrance or reproach; and the loud laugh from various parts of the car told that many enjoyed what they doubtless called, "such rare sport." May we not hope that the extreme has been nearly reached, and that even in our time the return movement will begin? How refreshing it would be to see youth standing uncovered in the presence of age, children listening while parents talked, or, better yet, hearing the words of instruction given. How encouraging to ministers, if the members of their congregations would exchange their full opera dress for sober apparel befitting the house of God! How cheering to all lovers of virtue if this morbid desire for questionable pleasures would give place to a willing acknowledgment of needed restraint!

We do not wish to be classed among that company of croakers who are always sighing "for the good old times." On the whole we greatly prefer the present to the past. We believe each swing of the pendulum makes advancement, and we envy those who will live a hundred years to come, rather than those who lived a hundred years ago; but this does not make us blind to the faults of to-day, nor less earnestly desire their speedy correction. N. F.

Chips.

—Infant sprinkling must acknowledge the church of Rome as its parent. Before the days of that scarlet beast it was unknown; and whoever will take the trouble to read the histories of the Waldenses, who were the witnesses of God through the long bloody night of Papal dominion, will learn that these faithful witnesses regarded such practices as the innovations of anti-christ.

—When a church decks herself with the gay adornments of worldly pomp to win admirers,—when she makes the things of religion as stock in trade a means of gain,—when she rests in forms and ceremonies for justification,—when she seeks the honors, emoluments and offices of State,—when she denies to man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience,—when she is governed by the laws and regulations of the church rather than by the plain word of God,—when her leaders in direct opposition to the plainest teachings of Christ, seek for and delight in high sounding titles,—when these with lordly airs domineer over the household of faith, "and my people love to have it so,"—when church independence, the great safeguard to religious liberty and purity, is sacrificed to the domination of ecclesiastical councils, bishops or disguised popes; then may such church be said to have many of the marks of the beast rather than the characteristics of the spouse of Christ.

—I have walked along upon the smooth sands of the ocean beach, looking in vain for the beautiful shells of the sea; but have found them at last among the rocks on craggy shores; so, as we look over the history of the church, we find not its brightest pearls upon the smooth sands of its worldly prosperity, but among those rough and bloody times which tried men's souls.

—Who can read the history of true righteousness on the earth, without acknowledging the hand of God in all its varied for-

tunes? And who can survey the records of the kingdom of wickedness, without admitting the generalship of Satan? This world, during high six thousand years, has been the theater of a mighty conflict between Christ followed by the armies of heaven, and Satan with the legions of hell. And we are all necessarily participants in the strife. We stand with Christ, with him to triumph and eternally reign, or we are with his enemies to finally feel the flames which never shall be quenched.

J. HAYDEN.

Caring for the Minutes.

Success in life depends far less upon the dashing energy which is now and then put into a single task, than upon the diligent use of the odds and ends of time that may be found almost every day. The *Christian Banner* selects a list of striking examples to illustrate the value of using wisely these little intervals. We extract the following:

Seneca says, "It is a virtue to be covetous of time;" but it is of this that men are most inclined to be prodigal. Many who would esteem it wrong to waste large portions of time allow the smaller fragments to pass unimproved.

When Madame de Genlis was a companion of the Queen of France, it was her duty to be at the table, and waiting for her mistress, fifteen minutes before dinner. These fifteen minutes she faithfully improved each day; and a volume or two was the result.

A writer of the present day, whose power is felt, says of himself, "Very nearly all that I have ever attained or done, out of the regular routine of my professional duties, has been by taking up those odd moments that are so easily thrown away."

Of Cicero it is said, "He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be lost." Applying himself thus vigorously to the pursuit of knowledge, it is no marvel that he became one of the most learned men of his age.

Alfred the Great, one of the brightest lights of history, performed an amount of labor truly amazing. The affairs of his kingdom were so complicated as to require the wisest legislation, and a personal inspection of each province of his dominions; but so carefully did he husband his time, that he was able to apply himself vigorously to literary pursuits, and produced twenty original and translated books; and, with all this, he devoted eight hours out of the twenty-four to the exercise of devotion.

Luther, amid all his travels and active labors, presented a perfect translation of the whole Bible; and this was accomplished by doing something every day, and allowing no interval of time to pass unimproved.

Elith Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," by persevering study in the intervals of labor, became one of the most distinguished linguists of any age.

It is related of Daniel Webster, "the intellectual giant of his generation," that, while assisting his father at the saw-mill where he worked, he always carried with him some favorite author; and while waiting for the saw to pass through the logs, which occupied about ten minutes, he employed these brief intervals by eagerly devouring the contents of the volumes, and, in the last year of his life, he was able to repeat large portions of the books with which he had in this manner become familiar.

Dr. Livingstone began life as a poor factory-boy. When but ten years of age, he was obliged to go to the factory at six o'clock in the morning, and remain until eight in the evening, with but brief intervals for breakfast and dinner. The hours from eight to ten he passed in an evening school; and not infrequently his studies were continued until midnight. By this continued application, at the age of sixteen he had become a good Latin scholar. Scientific works, and books of travel, were his peculiar delight. "My reading," he says, "while at work, was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence at my work. I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of machinery."

John Kitto, the eminent biblical scholar, when fifteen years of age, was sent, a poor, deaf boy, to the workhouse, because his parents were unable to provide for him. Two years later, he was apprenticed to an unreasonable and cruel master, who often required him to work from sixteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. But, under all those disadvantageous circumstances, young Kitto found time for the pursuit of knowledge. Every leisure moment was devoted to mental improvement. When his circumstances in life were more comfortable, he did not at all relax his industry; of this he writes, "I can not accuse myself of having wasted or misemployed a moment of my time since I left the workhouse." This wise improvement of his leisure moments laid the foundation of his great usefulness and world-wide fame.

In the experience of all, there are intervals of time which lie between the usual engagements of life. If these fragments are carefully husbanded and wisely improved, how much may be accomplished, not only for ourselves, but for humanity and for God!

"The Well is Deep."

In Rev. Dr. Macduff's new volume, "Noontide at Sychar," there are many admirable instances of making a simple incident or an apparently casual expression, connected with that famous talk at Jacob's well, lead the mind out into the broad fields of religious thought, and impress the heart with the great truth that the infinite touches the finite at almost every point. Here is a sample of his method of dealing with that striking narrative:

"Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." These words may be affirmed with reference to the veiling of the future. Standing by the mouth of that well, looking down its unsounded cavity, "The well is deep." The future,—that dark, unguessed, unfathomed future, how many a thought it costs! Yet it is a vain musing, a fruitless conjecture. "Thou hast nothing to draw with." Even to-morrow has no pitcher that can be let down for a draught: thou knowest not what a day may bring forth! The past we do know about, and there are special times when it comes before us with fresh vividness. Memory follows group on group, coming through the glades of the olive-forest to draw water; some with elastic step, and ringing laugh, and joyous song; some with mourning attire, and tearful eye, and broken pitcher; ay, some, unknown to themselves, to draw their last draught, to fill their last flagon; we lose them among the twilight shades; they are never again to return. But from the standpoint of the present, who can forecast the doings at the well's mouth? who has rope or pitcher or plumb-line to fathom the depth? Some may now be gazing, as the writer did from the literal Well of Jacob, on golden vistas, bars of glorious amber-clouds stretched across the luminous horizon, lighting up with parting radiance Gerizim, the mountain of blessing; but ere another week or month or year measures out its course, every such vista may be curtailed by mist and thick darkness, Gerizim obscured from view, and Ebal alone, with its dark, gloomy basalt, meeting their eye.

But it is well for us we cannot anticipate the future. Thank God for the gracious provision, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." Were the morrow unveiled, this world would be hung with curtains of sackcloth; there would be fewer happy hearts amongst us. Inevitable trials, of which, by a wise and kind arrangement of Providence, we are kept in ignorance, would then project their long deep shadows athwart life's bright sunshine, and make existence itself one protracted period of anticipated sorrow. It is a meretricious thing, when, ever and anon at solemn anniversaries, we attempt to cast a glance down the future, to hear Him who has that future in His hand saying, "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

Ay, but this is our comfort. Though too deep for us, it is not too deep for Him. He has the rope and pitcher in His hand; and whether, in drawing up the vessel from the unseen depths, it reach safely the well's mouth, or be broken in the transit, all is appointed and ordained. "The Lord reigneth." "Trust me," he seems to say; "that Well is mine. Trust me; that white, unwritten scroll of the future is mine. It will be filled up by me, whether in gleaming letters of vermilion and gold, or with the dark lettering of sorrow." "Although thou sayest thou canst not see Him, yet judgment is before Him, therefore trust thou in Him."

Extemporaneous Preaching.

Dr. Shedd, in his Homiletics, makes the following remarks, as indicative of the accuracy which may be attained in unwritten discourse:

If it be supposed that unwritten discourse is incompatible with accuracy and finish, the history of literature disproves it. Some of the most elaborate literary productions were orally delivered. The blind Homer extemporized the Iliad and Odyssey. Milton, in his blindness, dictated to his daughter the Paradise Lost. Walter Scott often employed an amanuensis when weary of composing. Caesar, it is said was able to keep several amanuenses busy, each upon a distinct subject; thus carrying on several processes of composition, without any aid from chirography. The private secretary of Webster remarks of him, "The amount of business which he sometimes transacted, during a single morning, may be guessed at, when it is mentioned that he not infrequently kept two persons employed, writing at his dictation, at the same time; for, as he usually walked the floor on such occasions, he would give his chief clerk in one room a sentence, to be incorporated in a diplomatic paper, and, marching to the room occupied by his private secretary, give him the skeleton, or perhaps the very language, of a private letter." A writer in the *Quarterly Review* remarks that "it was in the open air that Wordsworth found the materials for his poems, and it was in the open air, according to the poet himself, that nine-tenths of them were shaped. A stranger asked permission of the servant, at Rydal, to see the study. 'This,' said she, as she showed the room, 'is my master's library, where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors.' The poor neighbors, on catching the sound of his humming in the

act of verse-making, after some prolonged absence from home, were wont to exclaim, 'There he is; we are glad to hear him boozing about again.' From the time of his settlement at Grasmere, he had a physical infirmity, which prevented his composing pen in hand. Before he had been five minutes at his desk, his chest became oppressed, and a perspiration started out over his whole body; to which was added, in subsequent years, incessant liability to inflammation in his eyes. Thus, when he had inwardly digested as many lines as his memory could carry, he usually had recourse to some of the inmates of his house, to commit them to paper."

Events of the Week.

THE CABINET

and its constitution have excited no little interest during the week. Although the nominations made by Gen. Grant, as published by us one week ago, were immediately confirmed by the Senate, the Cabinet question remained unsettled until Thursday last. Of those first appointed, all but Mr. Stewart took the oath of office, and, we believe, entered upon their duties. Mr. Stewart would have gladly accepted the place assigned him, but after his confirmation by the Senate, it was discovered that he would be debarred from taking the oath by an old law, passed in the early days of the government, forbidding a man engaged in commerce to hold the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Various expedients were resorted to in order to meet the necessities of the case and, allow Mr. Stewart to give his services to the country. The President sent a message to Congress requesting the repeal of the law, but this being deemed inexpedient, he withdrew it. Mr. Stewart then offered to relinquish the profits of his immense business to be devoted to charitable purposes during his term of service, but as it was thought that such a course would not be in accordance with the law, he declined to accept the position, leaving it for the President to fill the vacancy by another appointment. It has been understood that Gen. Schofield only retained his place at the head of the War Department temporarily; and, as we stated last week, Mr. Washburne's appointment, in consequence of the state of his health, was considered complimentary. For a few days the excitement over the subject ran high, but on Tuesday last the President, having received Mr. Washburne's resignation, sent the following nominations to the Senate, which were immediately confirmed: For Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, of New York; for Secretary of the Treasury, George S. Boutwell of Mass.; for Secretary of War, John A. Rawlins, of Ill. On the same day Mr. Washburne was nominated and confirmed minister to France. These changes give general satisfaction. No man could be more acceptable to New England, and perhaps the country at large, than Mr. Boutwell. Gen. Rawlins, the new Secretary of War, is a man trained under the President's own eye, having acted for a long time as chief of his staff. Mr. Fish, an Ex-Governor of N. Y., and also an Ex-United States Senator, has been but little known in public life for a few years past, but his appointment by Gen. Grant speaks well for his ability and honesty. The continuance of Judge Hoar in the Cabinet is regarded as doubtful. Although the constitution of the Cabinet has been thus unsettled,

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

has already done much reformatory work. As was expected, Sherman has been made General in the place of Grant. Sheridan has been made Lieutenant General, and sent again to New Orleans; Gen. Hancock has been assigned a place among the Indians, and the notorious Blodgett has been dismissed from office. What, however, is especially gratifying, is the fact that among the first acts of the new Secretary of State, was the revocation of some of the pardons granted to certain infamous scoundrels during the closing days of the last Administration. These and other acts speak volumes respecting the spirit and purposes of the new President and his subordinates. The business of

CONGRESS

during the week has not been large. In addition to the work of confirming the new appointees of the President, the Senate has passed the District of Columbia Equal Rights Bill, and has had under consideration the bill to strengthen the public credit and the Tenure-of-office bill. It will be recollected that the two first named were pocketed by President Johnson. The chief work accomplished by the House has been the repeal of the Tenure-of-office act. How long Congress will continue in session is uncertain.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

held on Tuesday of last week, resulted in a complete Republican victory. Mr. Stearns is elected Governor by about four thousand majority, and Messrs. Eli, Stevens, and Benton are returned to Congress by increased majorities. The Legislature is substantially the same as last year. The election was attended with but little or no excitement.

CUBA.

Dispatches from this island give intelligence of a government success and the landing on the coast of the island of an expedition from the United States, bringing arms, ammunition and recruits for the revolutionists.

Communications.

"Those Days."

"In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea," Matt. 3: 1.

"Those days." To what days does the evangelist refer? In answer to this question, the commentators will go on to tell you that John the Baptist came in the reign of Herod, in Galilee, and in Judea. But little did the old apostle care who was emperor at the Eternal City, or who was up or who was down in Palestine. His mind was fixed upon other matters; his thoughts dwelt upon scenes far removed from court life; he was thinking upon John the Baptist, upon the baptism of Jesus, the descent of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, and the voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" of the time when he gathered throngs along the shores of Lake Gennesaret; of his call to the apostleship; of the teachings and miracles of Christ; of their journeyings; of their high hopes of a temporal kingdom, accompanied with all the wealth and honors of a powerful monarch,—all of which were dashed in pieces, when Jesus gave himself up to be crucified. Upon what else could an old disciple of Jesus be meditating? Upon what other days could he dwell?

But just as all was given up for lost, there came a whisper that He had risen. Then, like a flash of lightning or a transfiguration, he stood in the midst of them and said, "Peace." After this came the ascension, and Pentecost, and persecutions, and triumphs, and deaths, and victories. Such were the days, and such the scenes, which more and more absorbed the mind of the apostle as he advanced in years. When at last he sat down to commit to parchment the story of the cross, as he had experienced it, with both head and heart full of the theme, "those days" are worth mentioning but "those days,"—those never-to-be-forgotten days, in which he had seen the display of God manifest in the flesh. Hence, whether introduced in the beginning, middle, or at the end of his story, none can doubt as to what days he refers whenever he mentions "those days." Yes, dear old apostle, we thank thee for thy recollection of "those days." There is something in this phrase that has long held a sacred place in my memory, like the recollection of some old psalm, sung by a sweet voice, long since silent in the grave. We meet with some old school-fellow, whom we have not seen for years; we fall to talking about the things that were done at school,—the exciting games on the old ball ground, the eager chase across the fields, the master's call when the game was the most exciting, the lessons learned, the prizes won, and the prizes lost;—ere we are aware of it, we are boys again. The old school-house is a living reality, with its rude form and whitened benches; and the school-master stands before us, a full-length portrait, with curly hair, and a bunch of goose-quills sticking through his matted hair just above his ear, waiting their turn to become pens. In the enthusiasm kindled at the retrospect, we instinctively use the apostolic words—"Those days."

A few years ago there lingered on the shores of mortality a few surviving heroes of the revolution. Their talk naturally turned upon scenes which transpired in the morning of their lives. To them Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Trenton, Valley Forge and Yorktown were names which called up the most stirring recollections; and Warren and Putnam, and Lafayette, and Washington, were more real, living men to them than any that had appeared in later times. And whenever, in their day dreams, you overheard from their lips the expression "Those days," you know to what days they referred, without asking.

There are some now amongst us, who will come year by year to be more and more esteemed by their fellow citizens. A few years hence they will be sought out and honored; and when one of these, having lost an arm or a leg in the war for the Union, shall be heard to speak, if nothing else is said but "those days," all will at once know that he means the days that showed who were men and who were not. But those days to which the apostle referred will be fraught with blessings to the race of man, long after the monument of Bunker Hill shall have enriched the soil at its base; and Saratoga, and Yorktown, and Vicksburg, and Richmond, and the names of Washington, and Lincoln, and Grant shall have ceased to be spoken;—long after the art of war shall have been forgotten, and the empires for which men fought have passed away.

In those days the eyes of the blind were opened, and the ears of the deaf were unstopped. Then the lame man leaped as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sang; in the wilderness waters broke out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground became a pool, and the thirsty land, springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, there was grass with reeds and rushes. And there was a highway, and it was called the way of holiness; the unclean did not pass over it; but it was for those; the wayfaring men though fools, did not err therein. No lion's whelp was there, nor any ravenous beast went up thereon, nor was it found there; but the redeemed of the Lord walked there. And the ransomed of the Lord returned, and came to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they obtained joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing fled away. (Isaiah 35.)

O that those days might return to earth again; that the intensity of thought and feeling, the depth of conviction, and the thoroughness of consecration, which characterized those days, might lend their influence to these days!

As surely as water glides onward to the ocean, and as fast as time can move, we,

each of us, are approaching that period when we shall turn our eyes from the setting sun of life and look towards the place of its rising, and another generation gathering around us will hear us repeating these significant words "Those days." Brothers, shall there be any meaning in them? Shall they contain lessons of value to those who come after us? S. D. C.

A Father's Letters. No. 7.

MY DEAR SON:—You are about entering upon an untried path, and engaging in arduous and responsible duties. It may be an interesting and important inquiry, where shall you devote your energies, or commence your labors. You may be strongly, and, perhaps to you, strangely impressed with a conviction of duty, or drawing of mind, toward some particular place or people. If so, seek an opportunity to become acquainted with them, and, if you are adapted to that field of labor, your gift will make room for you. Or you may feel that God has called you to his work, but you have no particular evidence where he designs you to labor. Do not entertain the idea that you have spent many years and much money to fit yourself for your profession, and of course you must have a large and important position; that you cannot afford to throw yourself away in some obscure village, or country place. You have no more grace or knowledge than can be used to good advantage in the less important fields of labor. You may be worthy of a commanding position, but your talent will never be developed in idleness. Go to work any where when opportunity presents. Make full proof of your ministry, and your gift will make room for you. And if adapted to a larger sphere of action, you will be called to it in due time.

Do not seek an easy place. If you do, you will be sadly disappointed. Some places may be comparatively easy, but there is no place without difficulties, such as will be hard to any one, who desires an easy life. The very work itself is arduous:

"Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands."

You are to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Do not shun a place because there are difficulties to encounter. If the providence of God, and the voice of the brethren with whom you may take counsel, point out that as your field of labor, accept it as the will of God, and gird on the armor and go to work for him. Let your trust be in him, and your labor in the Lord shall not be in vain.

Do not seek a place that is already supplied. It may be a desirable place. It may not have so good a minister as it ought to have. Few places have. There may be some that desire a change, and would be exceedingly glad to have you for their minister, and you may wish to go there; but give them no encouragement that your services can be had, until it is certain there will be a vacancy. Be not a candidate, while another is a candidate for the same place. It will be likely to create division in the church. Be not a candidate for two churches at the same time. It will look like trying to see where you can make the best trade and get the most money. Let it be distinctly understood what you are to receive for your services, and what privileges you are to enjoy. It may prevent serious difficulty hereafter. Be content with a reasonable compensation. R. N.

Freewill Baptists.

For many years some of our dear brethren have been trying to make F. W. Baptists like other people; or, in other words, have been pressing hard "to keep up with the times;" and some of these have progressed so far in this direction that they now begin to feel as though there were no very good reason for our distinctive name or order.

If we had labored as hard to be like Jesus as we have to be like somebody else, we should undoubtedly have been far stronger and more prosperous than we now are. The peculiar spirit and principles of the early Freewillers would, if in exercise, command the admiration of the Christian world to-day. The working of the laity was to them what the working of Young Men's Christian Associations is to the world to-day, with this difference,—the church with them was such a working association, but embracing old and young, male and female. Had we been true to this vital element of success we should have been far in advance of our present line; but we may rejoice that this principle is now becoming the most popular and successful of Christian agencies, and that our own dear people are again waking to its importance.

Another element of success with them was the principle that none were worthy to preach unless they had faith enough in God to take him at his word, and love enough for his cause to suffer if need be, for its sake, and to go wherever bidden, trusting him for support in worldly things, as well as for the greater and better riches of spiritual assistance. They went forth, not like pedlars exhibiting their wares for sale, but as the messengers of God,—like a flaming fire." The difference between them and ourselves is like the difference between Sherman's grand march to the sea, and the quiet of the army of the Potomac during a certain period of the war.

It may seem very strange that those ministers who appeared to sacrifice so much that they might preach Christ to perishing sinners, should have their wants supplied, and besides, have a competence for declining years; but such was the fact, so far as limited observation has been able to extend. From this standpoint I look upon those about me who are receiving the highest salaries and hear this sad complaint:—"My best days are passing or are passed, and I have nothing laid up for declining years." It is very certain that none of our good ministers receive too much, but the ques-

tion arises whether we may not do well sometimes to strike out into the heart of the enemy's country, believing that "there shall be no want to those who fear God," and that "according to our faith so will it be done unto us."

What urgent calls we have for missionaries; Q. M.'s try to employ and sustain such; but how much handling of "red tape," how much begging and pleading for money to sustain it, and after all, the movement goes under without much fruit. If each of us as ministers had an eye single to the glory of God, and were resolved that, let others do as they might, we would do all in our power to bring souls to Christ, knowing no gospel but Christ crucified, and no model but Jesus our example; if we would adopt the spirit, and to a greater extent the methods, too, of the fathers, the tramping of our hosts might soon move the continent, and good reasons would appear for retaining our denominationality.

We may rejoice over all the good which has been accomplished by our various schools and other agencies; but it must be apparent to all that our greatest need, is that abundant influence of the Holy Spirit, promised to all who seek, which shall incline all our efforts to this one point,—the present salvation of perishing souls. This should be the burden of every prayer, the special object of every sermon and every meeting. Each Quarterly and Yearly meeting should be recorded a failure when it fails to be a mighty agency in turning sinners to God. Who can fail to see that all our efforts in this direction are the sure means of securing the proper discipline and health of the flock? Do you suppose that the spirit and methods of the fathers would in this day fail of similar results? This is a ruinous mistake, and wherever the trial is made it will so appear. All the appliances of art, not under the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit, will as signally fail in turning men to God as did the cries of Baal's prophets to bring the fire to consume the sacrifice.

On many of our languishing fields refreshing showers are now falling; and if, throughout our borders, the proper spiritual effort was put forth, he who answers by fire would show us that F. W. Baptists have something to do besides grappling with political evils or defending a particular tenet. HERMON.

On the Way to India.

BY REV. B. D. SMITH.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL:

[Continued.]

Oct. 8th. The wind came up from the north-east this morning, and has been blowing a hard gale, accompanied by frequent squalls of rain all day. This evening the sky looks dark and threatening, and the wind is blowing at a fearful rate; but we will trust in him who controls the winds and waves, and holds the waters of the sea in his right hand.

Oct. 9th. Were awakened last night by the voice of the first mate calling "Captain Burwell, the wind has drawn around a head." It was evident from the sound of his voice that he was excited, and we feared that the wind, which was blowing a furious gale, might prove to be, what is so much to be dreaded at sea, a cyclone. We could not sleep, as a matter of course, and were thankful to find, when the morning appeared, that the wind had gone around into the south, and the ship, instead of being carried around with it, was on her course.

Oct. 10th. The ship rolled, and the cabin creaked fearfully last night; but we committed ourselves unto the Lord, and laid us down and slept. This morning the wind abated and the sea went down, so that they hoisted more sail, and we began to indulge the hope that the gale was about over; but this afternoon the heavens are gathering blackness, and we are anticipating another storm. Thus it is in this life; ere one tempest is over, another bursts upon us. Our only safety is in the Lord; and in him will we trust.

Oct. 12th. The wind has been light all day, and a part of the time there has been almost a calm. We have been knocked about so much during the gale through which we have just passed, that it seems good to have a little time for rest. Still we are wishing to go on as fast as we can; for our passage is beginning to seem long. Already fourteen weeks have passed since we left our native shores, and we are anxious to hear from dear loved ones at home.

Oct. 19th. Last evening, by the Captain's permission, we had a social meeting in the cabin. Were rejoiced to see most of the sailors present. The captain followed in prayer, and made some remarks which, he said, were the first that he ever made in a religious meeting, though he had been a member of a Christian church for several years. This morning the cabin boy came to me and said "what a good meeting that was, which we had last evening." And in a little while afterwards he came again, and asked me if I would not write him out a prayer, so that he might learn it, and repeat it when we should have another social meeting. I referred him to the Lord's Prayer, and told him to go away by himself and ask God for just what he felt that he needed. I told him if he felt that he was a sinner he must ask God to forgive his sins, and give him a new heart, and help him to be a good Christian. Probably this poor simple hearted boy never had a pious mother to teach him to pray, or if he had she, like thousands of others, failed in this duty which she owed to her child.

Lord's day, Oct. 25th. Had a full attendance at our services this morning; all seemed to listen with good attention and we have reason to hope that some seed has fallen on good ground, which will spring up and bear fruit to the honor and glory of God. Our prayer meeting in the evening was also well attended. Several choice hymns, selected by the sailors, were sung. Our captain spoke and prayed, and two of the men,

and the cabin boy prayed for the first time. The Captain said, at the close of the meeting, that it was the best meeting he ever attended.

The next morning the cabin boy told the captain that the old cook said that he wished to come into our meetings; but the steward had told him that we did not want any black folks there. The steward seems to be a very wicked man. He will not serve God himself, and tries to keep others from his service. He told the carpenter tauntingly that "all on board of this ship are getting religious." O that these words spoken in jest were true, and that these poor seafaring men were all engaged in the service of the true God!

Oct. 28th. Have again crossed the equator, and were at noon to-day, thirty miles north of it. Our next way-mark is the Sand Heads, and we hope to be there in a very short time, as the distance is not quite thirteen hundred miles.

Oct. 30th. Saw some birds from the land. Were glad to see them though it seems strange why they should come out into this wide waste of water. Have just caught one of these dear little creatures and Mrs. Smith has him in her hands, and is trying to persuade the poor thing that she is his friend; but I fear she will not succeed.

Nov. 8th. Last evening was dark gloom. The wind was blowing hard, and the waves rolling high, when we heard the sound of something heavy fall into the water, and the cry "A man overboard." The captain called out "Who is it?" and the mate answered, "It is little Joe, the man who always attends church on the Sabbath." He was right; it was John Griffith, whom they called little Joe, the young man who has always shown the greatest interest in our religious services, ever since we came on board of this ship. Poor fellow, how much we miss him, and how sad we feel!

It has been so squally that we have had no meeting until this evening, when the men came in with sad hearts, and I endeavored to impress upon their minds the importance of having their peace made with God so that they might be prepared to go, if called suddenly away like him who had just been taken from time into eternity. Two or three of them expressed a determination to commence the service of the Lord without further delay.

The young man who had been so suddenly called from time into eternity, was sent up in the time of a hard squall to furl the main royal sail, and fell from the yard into the sea. O what a comfort it is to think that he was prepared to die!

Nov. 9th. Came to the pilot station, at the Sand Heads, this morning, about 10 o'clock but there were so many vessels waiting for pilots, that we did not get one till almost night. O how glad were we to see the pilot come on board; for we felt that our long voyage was almost completed, and we should soon be permitted, as we hoped, to pluck our feet again on the land.

Nov. 14th. Weighed anchor this morning, about six o'clock, and started up the Hoogly by steam. In a little while came in sight of the trees waving their green tops, on Sagar Island. Were truly glad to be approaching the land once more. God be praised for all his loving kindness to us during our long voyage on the sea, and for bringing us so near our destined port. We feel ourselves under renewed obligation to love and serve him as long as we live.

Nov. 15th. Arrived in Calcutta this evening after a voyage of four months and nine days. O how good the Lord has been in sparing us through our voyage, and in permitting us to land once more on the benighted shores of India. Praise his name forever!

Punctuality.

To be punctual is to be prompt. It is one condition of success, and so important is it that little is ordinarily achieved in its absence.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality. So that the poor man, whether he be a clerk at the desk, a farmer at the plow, the man of medicine, or the minister of the gospel, may enjoy the confidence of those with whom he mingles. Punctuality is not only a moral, but a religious virtue; it partakes of the nature of Christian veracity, while its opposite, tardiness, indicates the want of veracity.

Punctuality as related to church-going is of special importance, and it is the main thought we had in mind. It is conceded that God's service is most sacred, and in order that real benefit be derived from a participation in it, we need to be calm, thoughtful, prayerful. To rush into God's presence is irreverent; and yet how many enter the sanctuary, hurried, nervous and mortified over their tardiness! Such, having neglected Paul's advice to Timothy,—"Be instant in season, and out of season,"—are wholly unprepared for what may follow, and frequently lose a blessing.

Not only is the tardy worshiper unable to enter into the spirit of the services himself, but he disturbs the tranquility of earnest souls striving to bring themselves into a devotional state. He introduces more or less of confusion into God's house. It is reported of a mother in Israel, that she uniformly took her seat in the house of worship fifteen minutes before service. Hot or cold, pleasant or inclement, she was punctual. When asked why she was so exact in her habit, she replied,—"It is a part of my religion not to disturb the devotions of others."

So should it be with every one. Especially is the minister embarrassed, and his efforts to introduce the service properly, crippled by the noise and confusion occasioned by these late church-goers. The invocation of the divine blessing upon the service is drowned by tumult, and the reading of the introductory hymn is meaningless unless it be taken as a signal for attention. The service thus far seems like a book with the preface and first chapter torn out.

Not a few are able to sympathize with the old divine whose righteous soul was vexed from Sabbath to Sabbath with this unholy practice, when he prayed,—*"O Lord, bless all in divine presence; bless all who are on their way to the place, and those who may arrive in time to hear the benediction."*

Is it important that we attend public worship? Be in time. Do not make the holy Sabbath a garret in which innumerable items of business are crowded. Punctuality should be regarded a sacred obligation, coupled with our vows to God and the church, and when it is thus considered the habit of tardiness will soon be overcome. Boston, Mass. N. L. R.

There.

When my heart is tossed with tempest, when the billows o'er it roll,—
When the load of lonely anguish presses heaviness on my soul,—
Then to Christ, the pitying Saviour, often would it gladly come,
Pouring forth his tale of sorrows;—but my trembling lips are dumb.

Utterance is all withheld;—heaven above looks darkly down;
I seem doomed to faint and languish 'neath Jehovah's angry frown;
While in sin's but-half-loosed fetters, my heart toiling to and fro,
In rebellious mood doth question of God's purposes to know.

Tell me, Oh, thou mighty Ruler of the universe so vast,
Why these cruel, crushing burdens on my sinking soul are cast!
All the wisdom, all the justice, of thy chastening, let me see,
Then I'll bear the strokes more bravely;—but no answer comes to me.

Though a gloomy, brooding silence in deep darkness shuts me in,
While I wage an unseen warfare with the mighty powers of sin,
Scarcely can I save the whisper from increasing to a cry—
As 'I've nothing left to live for, it were kind to let me die—"

Ah the thought may be unholy, yet forgive me, if 'tis so;
For my suffering soul within me, yearningly doth long to know,
If, within the land where pleasures fair, eternal, have their birth,
There will be one heart to love me even as I have loved on earth?"

Scarcely are the wild words spoken ere I feel a breath of balm,
Stealing o'er the troubled waters, soothing all my soul to calm;
Breath of balm that, floating, whispers,—*"Earth is but a trial place,
Here, you 'see through a glass darkly;—there you'll see as 'face to face.'"*

Here, the heart is torn and troubled, in affliction's furnace tried,
Oft its best affections kindled to be rent and cruelly dried;
There, within the veil, the spirit nevermore with grief shall thrill,
But of love divine and holy drink its everlasting fill.

Here, the mortal body wasteth with its load of toil
Bending 'neath the weary burdens sin and death hath on it laid;
There, 'tis raised a "glorious body," free from every stain of clay,
Ne'er to waste, or weary, through the long, eternal day!"

Listening to these tones so hopeful brings my sad soul to rejoice;
Well I know the gentle breathings of my Saviour's loving voice;
And the "Comforter" comes near me, angel wings stir in the air,
Broken words and tones are given while I bend in humble prayer.

Solitude has lost its terror, heart no longer aches so sore,
As the gleams from that bright country, where it ne'er shall hunger more,
Shine in warm and tender radiance o'er the darkly troubled deep,
Soothing all the slaving waters to a calm and blessed sleep.

Yet I know again and often will these waves arise and swell;
May the "still small voice" of Jesus ever thus their raging quell,—
Oft as o'er life's dearest longings low must toll the funeral knell,
Oh, God, give me grace to utter from my inmost soul—"Thy will!"

Incident in Christian Experience.

"A little child shall lead them."

Mrs. C.—was a woman of prayer and great benevolence, and for long years her prayers and alms had gone up, like those of Cornelius, as a "memorial before God;" but she understood not yet the nature of the simple faith and child-like trust that claims the promise, "whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." So when a beloved brother was sick, and apparently near death, she went mourning about her domestic duties as though all refuge had failed.

Her little son, five years old, noticed her grief and inquired its cause. After hearing her reply, that it was occasioned by his uncle's illness, he mused a while and then said, "Mamma, should we not ask God for what we want?" She replied, "Certainly, my son." "Then," said he, "why don't you ask him to cure uncle Samuel?" The question, so brief and artless, opened her heart to a new revelation of the exceeding richness of the promises to believers, and the simplicity of the way whereby they are fulfilled, and though she had presented her brother's case with her husband that morning in a general manner at the court of heaven, yet she now felt she had not complied in the true spirit with the injunction,—*"Call upon me in the day of trouble,"*—and she could not claim the promise, "I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

And with a heart throbbing with an enlarged sense of the sweet union between the soul and God, consummated by Jesus the great intercessor, she hastened to her chamber and there wrestled in spirit, like Jacob with the angel, for the restoration of that dear brother to life and health, and the guardianship of his large family of helpless little children, so dependent on his care. And feeling the witness within, that the Spirit indited her petition,—that she asked according to his will, (1 John, 5: 14, 15,) she left her kneeling-place assured that she was heard, and should receive.

The next morning her brother was better, and as she retired to her chamber to give thanks and glory to God, the question presented itself, "Why did I not ask also for the salvation of his soul?" (for he was not a Christian). Then with the same intense earnestness she prayed that his sins might be blotted out, and his name written in the Lamb's book of life; and in this likewise God heard and answered, and her brother arose from his sick bed a new man in Christ Jesus, erected a family altar, and taught his children the way of holiness as commanded in Deut. 6: 7. He now rests from his labors, as do most of his children; but sister A., nearly fourscore, is waiting her summons home, and, "strong in faith, giving glory to God," still refers to this instance of being led by a little child to use the "key called promise," as a blessed aid to the land Beulah, where a sweet sense of divine union so delights the soul, that simple trust in the "exceeding great and precious promises" seems but the spontaneous outgrowth of the heart.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." S. S. C.

Indulgences.

These are audaciously granted in the Romish church, and wickedly purport to save the person from the punishment due to sin, and the dinner from purgatory. They were first invented in the eleventh century, by Urban II., to raise money for the accomplishment of the designs of the Pope. Pope Leo published indulgences with a plenary remission, to all those who would contribute money for the erection of the magnificent structure of St. Peter's at Rome. He gave Albert, elector of Mentz and archbishop of Magdeburg, the benefit of the indulgence of Saxony. And finding that the project took like wildfire, he mapped out other countries and sold them to the highest bidders, and these, desiring to make the bargain a big thing, procured the ablest speakers and sent them throughout their entire territory to proclaim in favor of indulgences, and abundantly advertise the value of the wares.

They pretended to pardon the most enormous sins for a mere pittance. The book called the "Tax of the sacred Roman Chancery," contains the exact sum to be paid for the pardon of each particular sin. The following are specimens of the fees paid.

For the sin of simony, 10 shillings 6 pence; for sacrilege, 10 shillings 6 pence; for taking a false oath in a criminal case, 9 shillings; for robbing, 12 shillings; for burning a neighbor's house, 12 shillings; for murdering, 7 shillings 6 pence; &c. The catalogue of the fees extended to all the sins it is possible for depraved humanity to commit. For twelve pence they pretended to redeem a soul from purgatory, and even said that as soon as the money tinkled in the chest, it,—the soul,—immediately escaped from torment and ascended to heaven.

Who so stupid as not to see that the whole system of indulgences is an outright insult to God and man, a perfect cheat to all the victims of the system, invented by the soul-destroying fiends of the pit, and carried on by their sin-steeped agents on earth?

Christ alone hath power on earth to forgive sins. Yet the great system of indulgences is being carried on in these United States of America to an alarming extent. Not only by the descendants of those who practiced the system in the old country, but, strange to say, by native born Americans. Very many of the states have incorporated into their laws a system of indulgences for sins in their legitimate results. For a few paltry dollars, in almost every town, village and city in the Empire State, indulgences are granted in the form of liquor licenses, by petitions being signed by a certain number of so-called respectable citizens, to breed disease, debase reason, break up families and enormously bleed, by the way of taxes, all tax-paying citizens, without the least reasonable equivalent.

It should be distinctly understood that every tax-payer who signs such a petition, signs a petition to be aided in the form of pauper and criminal taxes, and in favor of incendiarism, broken-hearted wives, shivering, starving children, theft, robbery, murder, poisoning and burning.

It is an old maxim that the partaker is as bad as the thief. If this be true, we should be mindful that He whose eye is ever on us, and keeps a strict account of all our acts, has pronounced an awful word upon him that giveth his neighbor drink, and, by implication, upon the manufacturer of the same, and those who give their influence in favor of the nefarious traffic. And just as truly as that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God, neither can those who give their influence in favor of drunkenness.

We are ashamed to be obliged to say that multitudes of citizens, church-members, and professed temperance men are so stupid and delinquent in duty, that hundreds are selling liquor, inflicting untold evils and misery on communities, and ruining the bodies and souls of men, without having paid the indulgence fee. There was found not long since, 1838, of this class in one county of the Empire State. This is only a drop in the bucket; and where rests the responsibility? Landlords and keepers of these low grogeries are not alone responsible. Nor does it lessen their guilt in selling liquors, nor ours if they pay the indulgence fee. O! Consistency! Hast thou fled forever?

Delinquent church members and professed temperance men, is not there a feeling of alarm at the inner gate of the temple of the heart?

A. M. RICHARDSON.

It is an awful thing to feel that all that we possess is continually wasting away, and at the same time to set our hearts upon it, without inquiring after something more solid and durable.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1869.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.
J. M. REEWESTER, 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.

A Personal Word.

The editor of the *Star*, yielding to advice, and in some sense to physical necessity, will be mostly absent from the office for some time to come, planning an escape from utter prostration, and in quest of positive vigor. In addition to the work performed by the junior editor, the Corporators have secured the aid of Rev. J. M. Bailey, who will serve temporarily in the editorial capacity. He is already in the chair, and the chief work at the office will be carried on with only a very general supervision on the part of the editor proper. He hopes, however, to be able to speak his own word now and then through these columns. We are assured both of fidelity here in the editor's sanctum and of appreciation in the homes of the readers.

Letters and communications may be addressed to the editor, as usual. If there is any need or wish to communicate with him directly, letters addressed to him, and marked "Private" on the envelope, will probably reach their destination without serious delay.

Premiums.

We invite special attention to the list of PREMIUMS offered for subscribers, found in another column. They are somewhat changed from last year, though chiefly in the way of additions. They are eminently liberal and attractive, and every article is of substantial worth. We hope to receive many and long lists of new subscribers, as well as prompt renewals on the part of many old ones.

An Invalid's Crosses.

An earnest life must needs be something else than a pastime. It has its burdens, its trials, its crosses. The deeds that are sung in epic were not parts of a quiet and soothing psalm when the hero was putting them into his daily history. They may soothe us as they flow out through the poet's rhythm, and make us feel that he who now stands before us, transfigured, must have always walked with shining face and garments, and that his spirit daily brimmed over with gladness. But we have only to open the autobiography of such a man, if it has been written, to find that there was not a little of storm and tempest in the soul that we had expected to find the seat of perpetual serenity. There is no hiding from hardship. There are rude jars even on the smoothest roads. Only a stagnant spirit keeps free from pressure and struggle and conflict and pain. They who are really alive will find the strength thoroughly tested again and again, and the largest fund of patience will often be found quite small enough in the strains that are sure to come.

An invalid is not simply a trial and a burden to others. The sufferer's heart knows the keenest pangs and feels most sensibly the weight of the load. The mere physical pain is perchance the lightest of the crosses. That can be endured, and sometimes it is a stimulant more than a disheartener. The cross of debility appears in other features. Bodily weakness works its largest mischief in uncoiling the mainspring of the mind. It takes the energy out of thought, robs feeling of freshness and fervor, and makes the acts of the will hesitating. It narrows plans and delays their execution. It forbids cooperation in many a noble project that appeals to all that is best in the heart; and when the roused spirit is rising to respond to the beckoning of a grand cause, it lays a chilly hand on the pulses and utters its stern mandate, "Thus far, but no farther!" It is a petty but overmastering mortal fetter, laid upon those that claim kindred with beings whose nature is immortal and whose energy is tireless. To be held in tether by such a clog is one of the hardships laid on those who know bodily strength only as a fact illustrated in other lives, or as an indistinct memory of early years that seems more and more like a dream.

Men are often tempted to complain of hard work and heavy responsibility. Somebody has said that human nature is inclined to be as indolent as circumstances will allow. The inward plea does sometimes come out strongly for ease, and the severe task is often approached with shrinking and sighs. Many think of heaven chiefly as a place to lay down the implements of toil, to fold the tired and unwilling hands and inhale the luxury of rest. But, however repose may be longed for by a tired worker, the yearning for the power and the privilege of work, felt by a willing invalid, is a source of deeper disquiet, and the baffled attempts to do something are still bitter disappointments.

It is often accounted the proof of a right heart, a rare faith and a sublime courage when one looks death in the face with a steady light in the eye and a quiet smile on the lip; and a Christian's trustful or triumphant departure is something to stir the heart even of a heedless observer. But there is often far more real bravery and a much deeper trust required in order to make an invalid cheerfully willing to stay on in this world and take its discipline and burdens. It would be easy enough to die; in-

deed it would often be really felt as a relief. But to consent cordially to live, and struggle on with a hopeful heart, in spite of weariness in the flesh, and dullness in the spirit, and the perpetual sense of inefficiency;—to go about, day after day, longing for working vigor but failing to find it,—aching to lay hold of some heroic and promising service and yet hardly allowed to touch it with one of the fingers,—to sow a little seed hopefully in the morning in some fruitful field, and then before noon to be driven out fainting, without the hope of going back to complete the sower's task or share the reaper's exultation,—to be ashamed of owning to sickness and accepting its quietude and confinement, and yet unable to gain the vigor or undertake the service that an active worker is supposed to represent;—to do and bear all this with a cheerful resolution, ready to live instead of praying to die, eager still to scatter sunshine in this clouded world, rather than impatient to get off to dwell in the celestial light of that land which has no need of the sun because the glory of God floods it with splendor, and whose inhabitants are neither sick nor weary;—to do all this, is to develop the highest sort of heroism, to exercise the divinest faith, and to carry a burden that may be called a cross without weakness or presumption.

There are many such burdened ones scattered through the land, who have long carried the load, and who may have years of similar service before them still. But they need not feel forsaken. He who was "tempted in all points like as we are," and who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," never overlooks one of these heavily-laden ones, and neither they nor their crosses were forgotten when the promise was penned,—"All things work together for good to them that love God." From this discipline may yet come forth the matured strength of Christian character, and beneath this cross, as it is meekly lifted, a bright crown may sparkle, to be worn by him who has become victor through abiding faith and patient endurance.

Organize the New Forces.

The reports from the churches indicate that many new members are to be welcomed into the Christian circle. Many, and perhaps most of these recent converts are young. They have the ardor of youth,—its stirring activity, its high hope, its large confidence, its vigorous elasticity. They will not be staid and formal, and they are ready to have the fresh energy which they bring directed into serviceable channels. If no proper sphere of activity is provided for them in the churches, there will be a double loss.

Their own religious life will become feeble for lack of the nutriment on which it thrives, and the churches will suffer from the inefficiency and anxiety which their resolute service would have relieved. If there is no proper work appointed them in the fresh sphere, their activity is sure to expend itself elsewhere, and it may be in ways that hinder the gospel instead of helping it to victory, and grieve Christian hearts instead of cheering them. Bid them "Go, work."

Prayer Unanswered.

Is prayer ever unanswered? This is a question of great interest to every prayerful heart. Which is true, the affirmative or negative? Does true genuine prayer ever fail? We are sometimes inclined to think it does. We pray and perceive no immediate result, and give up, it may be, in despair. But does it follow that we are correct? When God answers prayer, he does not always answer it according to our preconceived opinions, or imaginary expectations, still he answers it in his own way and time, as it ought to be answered, just as a wise, affectionate father would answer the prayer of his child. The little girl who had picked the plums of the deadly nightshade thought it hard to have her father take them from her,—every one, they were so beautiful and she desired them so much. But when she found that they were poisonous, and that her father consulted her highest good, she felt very different. She rejoiced that her father knew better than she did what was for her good, and really consulted it in a manner more effective than she could possibly do herself. In this way he answered her prayer.

Our Heavenly Father, understanding our wants better than we do ourselves, may in a similar way answer our prayers by denying us the specific thing which we desire, and thereby doing just what we should wish him to do if we only understood it, and at the same time bestowing upon us something far better for us. We may not always see it at the time, but we shall see it sooner or later.

With this explanation the question returns, Is prayer ever unanswered? Much that is called prayer is of course unanswered, because it is not prayer in the gospel sense. Praying to a congregation, or for the amusement of a congregation, without interest or faith in the specific request, is just no prayer at all. Every form of supplication for what we do not expect or even desire, amounts to the same thing. But prayer mingled with faith and hope is a very different thing. It is the antecedent of a consequence—a cause which, through the favor of God, will have an effect. We have reason to believe that the genuine prayer of faith will always be answered sooner or later. It may not be, in the lifetime of the suppliant; or it may not be to his knowledge. He does not see it or he cannot know it.

A well-authenticated incident is before us which illustrates this point. Pious parents prayed for the conversion of their wayward son. They were importunate in their prayers, and yet he only grew worse and worse. It seemed as if their instructions and supplications were lost. He became more and more reckless, was pointed at as evidence of the uselessness of religious train-

ing, and after going from one degree of profligacy to another, he broke away from all parental restraint, and finally went to sea. Here the hand of God overtook him. He was swept overboard, and it was with great difficulty that he was rescued and resuscitated. His captain thought that he was past recovery, but the surgeon of the ship persevered in the use of restoratives, until at length there were indications of returning consciousness, and just as soon as he could speak, he exclaimed "Jesus Christ has saved my soul." This astonished them all. If he had not recovered there would not apparently have been the least ground for hope.

It was some time before he could give a consecutive account of his experience in the brief moments of consciousness while in the water. It appears that he immediately had a view of his great guilt in the sight of God, and while he thought of his hopelessness, a moment seemed an age. But in his mental agony, bordering on despair, his early parental training came to his relief. A passage of scripture which his father had often repeated to him suddenly occurred to him: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." Through this instrumentality, Jesus Christ was revealed to him as an all-sufficient Saviour, and was accepted; and he calmly and hopefully sunk into a state of unconsciousness.

Contrary to the general rule of late repentance, his *after life* confirmed the genuineness of his hope. He returned to his parents, proved a great source of comfort to them, and became a minister of Christ. If he had been drowned, the prayers of his parents would have been answered, nevertheless. They would not have known it only by faith, and others would have disbelieved it, yet the future would have revealed it.

The Bible confirms the doctrine that no prayer is lost. It could not well make it stronger. "Ask, and it shall be given you." "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." These, and many other like passages, lead us to believe that Christ intended to teach us that no true prayer of faith will always remain unanswered.

Now for the application. Do we pray with this encouragement, or do we doubt the efficacy of our own prayers? "Oh," says one, "I can't have faith in prayer—that is the trouble!" But do you not pray honestly, sincerely? If you do, what is the difference? Could you be honest and sincere in your prayers to a God that you knew did not exist; or if he did, would not hear you?—But you are conscious of your honesty and that honesty necessarily implies faith; and yet you say you can't have faith. Away with such inconsistency! "Be not faithless but believing."

Manner of Preaching.

A writer in the *Christian Quarterly* styles manner "of secondary importance." This may be so, but it should not by any means be put in such a way as to detract from its importance. Being only a secondary matter, it is too often neglected almost, if not quite, entirely. The consequence is, the preacher who neglects it fails to make that impression which the true merit of his preparation deserves. He may have spent much time in disciplining his mind and in fortifying himself with the doctrines of theology, and then fail in practice simply for the want of giving due attention to the manner.

He must have thought to begin with. If he attempts to preach he must have something to preach. He should be profound in his knowledge of the word of God. He should be acute and discriminating in his exegesis, so as to bring forth out of the treasure of the Lord things new and old. These should not only be brought forth in his own mind, but effectually transferred to the minds of others, so as to instruct and mold them for a better and higher life. To do this successfully, much depends on the mode of communication. There should be a manliness in his utterances of divine truths. He stands as a man to preach to men the truths of the living God, and he is not to mince, to mouth, to twine, or in any way caricature or degrade them; but he is to utter them in such tones as their character and his position demand. Can he do this without giving especial attention to the matter? Will he accidentally fall into a happy manner? By no means. If he would be natural and conform to the laws of emphasis and of speech in general, he must give the matter all that consideration which is necessary to make his enunciation manly and expressive of the truth which he intends to convey.

He should remember that he is speaking to men, and bring his message directly home to their hearts so as to stir up their dormant powers, arouse their emotions, and insure their immediate, considerate action. That directness of speech, which brings the blood of Christ before the mind as the sovereign remedy for the sin-sick soul, and brings the sinner "up to the point of immediate surrender to God is what is demanded.

He should also consider that the truth which he utters is of such momentous interest as should warm his own heart into life and vigor, inspiring him with its spirit and leading him to such earnestness of intonation as shall bring that truth home to the hearts of men in all its native power and efficacy.

To preach well then means something more than a dull, lifeless communication of truth. It embraces good matter and manner, and all that is necessary to render the gospel effective. The truth preached is an energizing, life-giving power brought home to the heart of the dead sinner to arouse, convict, renew, justify, sanctify and save it. To do all this without corresponding emotion and action—without feeling it and showing it in the eye, in the tone of voice, in the expression of the countenance, is impossible.

Moral Courage.

It requires nerve to face a cannon's mouth, or to resist a bayonet charge. If any one turns and runs in the hour of danger he is ridiculed by his companions, if not shot by his officers for desertion. Thus cowardice may be the result of physical organization without any moral culpability; and yet in emergencies where valor is demanded, the timid man is required to overcome his constitutional tendencies, or else be branded as a "coward," and meet the jeers and insults of his comrades.

Courage is demanded elsewhere, as well as in war. It is demanded to enlist in the army in the time of war, especially when there is a prospect of immediately going to the front; and more is required to meet the enemy in battle array, and engage in the conflict, with shot and shell whizzing and shrieking all around; but more still is necessary to meet successfully the temptations of the camp and the vices of private life. Many who were brave in battle have fallen in camp or in the quiet retreats of home. Intemperance, or some other vice, has overwhelmed them with disgrace, sorrow, and hopeless ruin. Their physical courage was sufficient for the emergency, but their moral courage proved inadequate. But few young men in camp are like the one who knelt every night by his place for sleep, and commended himself to God, amid the sneers and ridicule of his fellow soldiers, until they were conquered; acknowledged the greatness of his moral courage, and said, "That fellow is made of the right stuff; let him alone."

Such examples of moral heroism are altogether too rare. Instead of this we find that many of our young men, and women also, are base cowards without backbone or principle. They readily yield to temptation; they cannot brook opposition; they do not know how to say "No" in the hour of danger. Thus they show themselves wanting in true moral courage. Intemperance, profanity, and vice in many of its attractive forms, assail them; and conscience utters her disclaimer in vain. The path of duty is made clear, but they have not the resolution to walk therein. They are easily led astray by vile, pernicious associates, and corrupt, fascinating amusements. Under these influences they have not the pluck to stand up and maintain their ground in accordance with their own convictions of right. Dishonesty and extravagance, instead of frankness, retrenchment and reform, control them in their business and their pleasures, and prevent their enlisting in the service of Christ, and making an open profession of religion. If they do enlist they find that courage is still necessary to fight the "good fight of faith" and win the victory over death and the grave.

We have seen an account of a boy who some thirty years since united with the church and partook of the Lord's supper. The next day after, at school, his associates formed a ring around him and said, "Here is a Christian boy."

Instead of being provoked and retaliating, he looked his persecutors in the face and said, "Yes, boys, I am trying to be a Christian. Isn't that right?"

They knew that it was right, felt ashamed of their conduct and let him alone. Thus moral bravery conquered as it usually does. There is many a man who could storm a fort or withstand a charge, who could not meekly withstand the scoffs of vile companions, be a Christian, and maintain his profession.

Those who fail here are the most foolish of all cowards. They have not courage enough to be saved by the way of the cross. It costs too much; so they sit down, fold their arms, and forego a kingdom and a crown. Above all things have moral courage to do the right. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

A Mistake Corrected.

"If I could give my entire time and strength to Christian work, I should enjoy it; but hard work, temptations and trials unfit me for spiritual efforts."

Thus replied a brother, when urged to greater activity in Christian labor. He desired to do good, but thought he must leave his business, preach, visit, give his whole time to it, or he could not be useful. This is a common feeling. The reply to him may be useful to others. It was this:

My brother don't, by any means, leave your business to engage in Christian effort, but prove that you can be "diligent in business and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The cause of Christ needs Christian laymen who live and talk religion amidst secular cares, more than it needs preachers. The temptation is subtle and often fatal, which leads laymen to feel that preaching is the most effective way for them to work for Christ. Lay talking is vastly more useful than lay preaching. Laboring people need proof that active, joyous, religious life, is practicable amidst work, rough and trying. You can furnish that proof. Now you are one of them, and with them subject to the same trials, standing on the same level, and you can appeal to them from their own standpoint, you can speak directly into their ears and hearts; your life is an unanswerable argument, that they can serve God if they will. But the moment you leave your business and give your whole time to religious labors, you open a gulf between you and them, you are no longer one of them; the argument from your own lips is lost; they will say, that you were forced to leave secular cares, in order to live a Christian life, and your appeals will hence be thrust aside.

If Christian mechanics, merchants, and farmers, would make it a point to speak of Christ and duty, in their every-day intercourse, just a word here and there, they would do ten-fold more good than by all turning preachers. Long arguments, set appeals, are not the most effective; they are

often regarded as impertinent, intrusive and excite resistance. But a friendly invitation to the house of God, a familiar mention of some interesting points in a sermon, a kind expression of interest in their spiritual welfare, make a deeper and better impression. The Christian who makes it his study to do this every day, will gain great strength from it, himself, and do immense good. Every time he commends Jesus directly or indirectly, to his business friends, he fortifies himself against temptation and draws them to the fountain of life. The chief reason why you, my brother, find it so hard to live well, and do good, is that you are dumb. Open your mouth for Christ. Don't overdo it by saying too much, but keep saying a little; don't assume to teach and dogmatize, but confess Christ, declare your love, invite sinners in kind terms, and you will see glorious fruits. Don't leave your trade, but carry Jesus into your shop, honor him in your speech, relate incidents of his mercy, and illustrate his power to save before your fellow workmen.—G. H. N.

The Outgoing and Incoming.

The valedictory and the Inaugural. Never was there a greater contrast. Johnson's last bears marks of a desperate attempt at outdoing one's self. But it failed. Johnson had reached the bottom long before, and so we have mainly the old story. Will thwarted, ambition disappointed, intensified meanness held in check, and that's all.

Johnson's public papers for the last three years have been an awful affliction to the American people,—venomous, undignified, always indicative of low breed and low nature. On this account we have not felt so indignant as we have felt humiliated in the sight of monarchical and aristocratic nations. To be a sovereign among them, one must be princely born and princely cultured without as much as a taint of plebeian rank on him.

And so on reading Johnson, they have thought they have had occasion to say, "That comes of making rulers of tailors." But God is good and has hedged in this bad man, and unworthy magistrate, as all confess him to have been, by a refutation of the implication in the wise and triumphant administration of the raftman, on the one side, whose name will have place among the proudest kings of earth, and on the other by that of the tanner, which promises to be equally illustrious.

The Inaugural is admirable both in matter and manner—indicative of breadth of view and wisdom of council, expressed in language, brief, comprehensive, and incisive. Not a word too much, and only one word too little, if we may criticize a document so nearly perfect. To say that we can never have peace, "so long as the privilege of suffrage is withheld from the citizens of any State," is well; but to have said "that equal suffrage is the unalienable right of every American citizen" would have been better. But as it is, we have read it over again and again, with most inspiring exhilaration. It comes to us, after the long "winter of our discontent"—like the health and life-giving breezes of Spring. It is like the sight of springs of water after dreary wanderings over barren wastes.

How auspicious is the fact too that when Gen. Grant, standing in the presence of the nation, was asking its prayers to Almighty God for the consummation of the wise and just ends of its administration, the nation, by previous concert of many of its best men was at prayer for this very object.—J. V.

Current Topics.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH. The "Metropolitan Memorial M. E. Church" at Washington, some account of the recent dedication of which, may be found in our last issue, is a grand and imposing structure. According to the description of it contained in the Methodist Almanac for 1869, "the building is of brown stone, in the Gothic order, capable of seating 2,000 persons, and will cost over \$200,000. Pews are set apart for the President and his cabinet, the judges of the courts, generals of the army, and other distinguished persons. All the windows are memorial or historical, commemorating the great men and events of the age. The spire will rise to the height of 220 feet, and contain a full chime of bells. The altar and pulpit furniture are made of cedar and olive wood, brought from Mount Lebanon and Gethsemane expressly for this purpose. The vestibules are paved with marble, portions of which came from Solomon's Temple. There is a fire-proof vault for the preservation of valuable records; church parlors and supper room for social gatherings, with many other modern improvements, rendering it one of the finest churches in our land." It adds that the church has "a silver communion service—the richest and costliest in America."

An exchange publishing the above, description, calls attention to a question and its answer in the Methodist Book of discipline, which are as follows:—"Question: Is anything advisable in regard to building churches? Answer: Let all our churches be built plain and decent, and with free seats wherever practicable; but not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable, otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us. But if so, we must be dependent on them, yes, and governed by them. And then farwell to Methodist discipline, if not doctrine too."

The reader will not fail to discover the point of contrast. Preaching and practice do not always agree.

A CONTRAST. Much has been said of late respecting the alleged failure of Protestantism, which is supposed to imply the success of Romanism. In opposition to assumptions of this character, it may be said that the Roman Catholics have one great missionary organization, the Society for the Propagation of the faith; it is powerful, and

very extensive in its ramifications, but its actual receipts are very small in comparison with those of Protestant societies. Its income the last year, drawn from 195,000,000 people, was nearly \$1,000,000. The eighty Protestant missionary societies, with a constituency of perhaps 100,000,000 in all, contributed in the last year \$6,000,000. The contrast is most marked and gratifying, as it shows where real vitality and efficiency exist. It is Romanism, and not Protestantism that is the failure.

THE IRISH CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT. A week or two since Mr. Gladstone made a speech before the British House of Commons, in which he divulged his plan for the disestablishment of the Irish church. A statement of this plan is as follows:

It proposes to appoint a commission to sit for ten years to arrange for the transition. The Irish Episcopal peerage is to be abolished, and all ecclesiastical courts and corporations. Provision is made for the clergy, who are to receive life annuities. All private endowments are to remain intact. The Church is to be handed over to the Council for religious purposes. Grants are proposed for St. Patrick's and eleven other cathedrals—these structures being regarded as national property. The church buildings, no longer required, are to be handed over to the Board of Works for the benefit of a fund, and the burying-grounds are to be placed under charge of guardians of the poor. The Presbyterian clergy are to receive annuities, instead of *regium donum*, and the Roman Catholic colleges are to be granted capitalized sums of money. Further legislation is to be had in relation to Trinity College. A tithe rent charge will be offered to land owners at 22 1/2 purchase. Church leases are to be sold, tenants having the first option. The capitalized value of Church property is estimated at \$50,000,000, of which \$30,000,000 is to be appropriated to compensation, and the remainder, in the words of the preamble to the bill, is to be employed for the advantage of the Irish people—not for the purposes of any church or class, nor for the teaching of religion, but for relief in cases of unavoidable calamity or suffering; while, at the same time, it is not to cancel the obligations laid upon property for the relief of the poor. Grants are to be made to provide for the care of lunatics, for training nurses, and for the support of county infirmaries.

This contemplated measure for the benefit of Ireland, if successful will doubtless be followed by a similar one for the benefit of England. The contest may be warm and protracted, but the character of the final result is not doubtful.

PASTORAL CHANGES. There are often many things in pastoral changes exceedingly trying. There is danger of a pastor's being too sensitive, and suffering more than he need to at such times. What if he is abused for the sake of his Master? It will not essentially injure him if he keeps his integrity—"a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward man." Ministers have been misused before him—distinguished ministers whose names will live as long as time endures. Then let no minister fret if he is ungenerously ejected from his pastorate. If he is patient it will do him good. To suffer wrong improves him, to do wrong degrades him. Let him think of the experiences of others, and be comforted. At such times the history of Christ, of the apostles and of the martyrs will come to his relief; and he will find such examples as the following peculiarly refreshing:

Human nature is no better, and we hope no worse than it was in 1750, when Rev. Jonathan Edwards was dismissed from his pastoral charge in Northampton. Though he was one of the holiest men that ever lived, and one of the ablest and most successful ministers, there were divisions in his church which caused his dismissal, he was ejected from the pulpit with nowhere else to go, and no pecuniary means for the support of his family, and when the stated supply of the pulpit having failed, he wished again temporarily to occupy it, a formal vote was passed by the church forbidding him to do so. If any minister of the present day thinks himself shabbily treated by his parishioners, let him consider this case of President Edwards, and be assured that "no strange thing has happened unto him."

Denominational News and Notes.

Our Benevolent Societies.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORTS.

The Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Society, after speaking in brief of some of the results of past efforts, continues:

But in carrying on the work in Orissa it may now be necessary to adopt a plan different from that which has been heretofore pursued. Hitherto nearly or quite all our energies have been expended in sending out missionaries from this country. The time may have come when we should rely more on native workers, and less on foreign help—keeping only missionaries enough in the field to train and superintend the native forces. A short time since we hoped a large harvest would be gathered, if a sufficient number of reapers were sent into the field. But we find that quite often, when one is sent out, another returns home on account of ill or failing health. This suggests the idea that Providence may be teaching us the better way now presented. It really seems that after more than thirty years of toil and expenditure, even in spite of the slow progress of foreign missions in the early stages of the work, we ought to expect and see greater things accomplished than we have yet seen. The large harvest ought to be nigh. But this may depend somewhat upon the manner in which we labor. When we pursue the course which the Lord of the harvest approves and labor according to his will, we may look for larger ingatherings. Relying more on native assistance we may do all that is needed for Orissa and have means left to establish missions in other lands. This may be necessary to the full development of our contributory strength as a denomination. The people have heard only of the Orissa mission, and it has become a familiar and almost powerless name,

Poetry.

Waiting for the Spring.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
The streams fling off their fetters;
Moveless the trees and bare;
Yet unto me the stillness
This burden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."
Strong ash and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
And even the guilty aspen
Hath ceased her quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.
I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand,
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thrush, why dost not sing?
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."
O heart! thy days are darksome;
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Let them be silent waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

—Once a Week.

Six Little Feet.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mold;
Gilding the steam of the kettle;
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening,
Its measure of drowsy mirth.
Because of the three little shadows
That freckled that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet!
When the first dash at the window
Told of the coming rain—
O! where are the fair young faces
That crowded around the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.
Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving them by the way;
There was fresh dash on the fender
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From the grave on the bright hill's height.
O! why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet alone on the hearthstone,
O! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

The Family Circle.

Grumbling.

"Well," said Mrs. Price, as I went into her cottage, "you are come to see me at last. I thought that you were never coming again."
"Why, Mrs. Price, I was here last week!"
"Oh, last week was it; I'm sure I'd forgotten when it was, the time goes so slow. I've been very bad, very bad indeed; I'm full of aches and pains. I don't think you could put your hand where there is not a pain, and I haven't got anything to ease it. Others have things given them; I haven't any comforts, nothing nice. I'm sure there must be many who, if they knew, would send a little something, and, coming in unawares like, it would just tempt the appetite."
"I thought," said I, "Mrs. Rose sent a basket yesterday, or the day before, with something nice for you."
"Oh, yes, she's very good, Mrs. Rose is, but she's young. She's got the means, but she hasn't got the thought. It was a very tender chicken she sent, but a little bit of ham would have made it ever so much more acceptable; and what I need is something strengthening, a little wine or porter, anything to keep me up, the doctor said."
"Didn't you get an order for some port wine?" I asked.
"Oh, I had a bottle, but a bottle don't go far; it only lifted me up, to let me down again. I think 'tis the hot weather tries me; if I could get a breath of air for a change. But that is out of the question, for I've next to nothing coming in."
"The doctor told me," I said, "that you couldn't do better than remain where you are."
"Ah, that's because I'm so nervous and weak; that's where 'tis. The children outside do play and make such a noise, my poor head seems fit to split, and this is such a drafty house—so hot in summer and so cold in winter; and when it rains, the wet comes in like a stream. I think that is how I caught my rheumatics."
Here I was obliged to say, "Well, Mrs. Price, I know you are an invalid; but really things are brighter than you make them to be. Just think how much worse off you might be in bodily health and comfort. Think of the many daily blessings God gives you." And then I repeated this text—"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
I tried to show her the duty of resignation, and patience, and contentment with what God in his wisdom thinks best to send. I reminded her of where true happiness

and lasting peace are to be found, namely, in Christ, the Saviour from sin and its results.

I prayed that her eyes might be opened by the Spirit of God to see the sin of murmuring and discontent, and that godliness with contentment is indeed great gain.

As I left Mrs. Price's cottage, farmer Seymour passed by on horseback.

"Well, farmer," said I, "how are the crops?"

"Oh, bad," said he, "very bad. We haven't had any rain to speak of for such a time; nothing grows. We want a downright four or twenty hours' rain."
"But it's good weather for the corn, is it not?"

"Yes, the corn is pretty fair, we shan't get any turnips unless we have a change before long."

Soon after, I passed by the garden of Mr. Williams, the florist, and Mrs. Williams was among the flowers.

"You seem very busy this hot day," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Williams; "I am afraid we are going to have a thunder shower, and it's heart-rending to see it when it does come, the rain knocks the blossoms about so. I'm cutting the best to send to town; but the sun is very burning just now, certainly."

"Wherefore doth a living man complain?" thought I, as I walked on. "Oh, for the spirit of patience, in which to possess our souls!" "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" "I was dumb," said David, "I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it."

I must have a few words with old White, the stone-breaker, before I go home, I thought; and I turned to the heap of stones where I was sure of finding the old man at work, for he could not leave it, poor fellow, if he wished, without help. He was brought there in the morning, and carried back again in the evening; for he had lost the use of his legs by an accident at sea.

There he sat raking up the stones, and breaking them with his hammer, as cheerfully as ever; for he was one of the few who have learned, in whatsoever state they are, to be content. Therefore, it was a real pleasure to have a few words with old White. I put a few questions to him for the purpose of drawing out evidence of his patience, as a refreshing contrast to the grumbling spirit shown by those I had lately spoken with.

"Are you not lonely sometimes?" I asked.

"No, sir; I have my work to do, and plenty to think about."

"But," said I, "what will you do when you cannot work?"

"I can't say, sir; but I never wanted yet. The Lord will provide. I cast my care upon him, for he cares for me."

"You have borne a deal of suffering in your time?"

"Yes, sir, I have. It was God's will, and now I can thank him for it. It was his way of teaching me, and I learned the lesson. I can say with Job, 'I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more; that which I see not, teach thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do no more.'"

But I have an evil heart, sir; I am often inclined to grumble; but that does no good, and besides it is wrong. The growth in grace is going on, I believe, but it is not finished. We can't be perfect here, sir, can we? I must wait God's time. His Holy Spirit is still striving to make me more like my Master. God grant I may not hinder the good work. I am much better off than many;

"Not more than others I deserve, yet God has given me more."

Above all, has he not given his own dear Son to die for me, such a sinner as I was? He has redeemed me; he is rich in mercy. My Father in heaven knows what is best for me. His name is Love. If he so loved us sinners that he spared not his only begotten Son, but gave him up for us all; surely, sir, we need not fear but that with his Son he will give us all needful things. I cannot be cast down, whatever befalls me, unless I fall into sin."

This was the substance of the good man's talk, and I learned a lesson from him by precept and by example, that truly "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Oh, for more of the Spirit of Christ in us, who in the midst of his suffering on our behalf could cry, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!"

How Window-Glass is Made.

"There is another process," continued the gaffer, "by which our common window-glass is made. By the way, if ever you visit Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, you must go into the window-glass factories there; you will find them very curious. Their furnace, in the first place, is built in the ancient style; it has no chimney, and the smoke from the bituminous coal they burn, pours out in a cloud into the room. There are openings in the roof for it to escape through, and a continual draught of air from the doors carries it upward, so that it is not so bad for the workmen as one would think. Besides, they do not begin to blow until the smoke is all burnt off."

There are five pots on each side of the furnace; and you will see five men in a row, blowing all at once, with the regularity of a file of soldiers exercising. Each gathers thirty or forty pounds of metal on his pipe, which is very long and strong. They stand on platforms, to get room to swing the glass, as they blow it. The five men begin to blow and swing all together. Each blows a great globe of glass, which is stretched out gradually by the swinging motion into a cylinder, or roller, as it is called, five feet long. Then the five rollers are swung up towards the furnace holes, and five other soldiers spring forward with their guns,—which in this case are iron bars, that they set upright under the five blowing pipes to support them while the rollers are being reheated in the necks of the pots. The blowers blow in the necks of the pipes with all their might, then clap their thumbs over the holes to prevent the air from rushing out again; in the meanwhile the end of the roller is softened, so that at last the air, forced in and expanded by the heat, bursts it outwards.

The glass is then a cylinder, open at one end. It is whirled in the heat until the edges become true, then brought away,—the five iron supports dropping to the ground with a simultaneous clang. The cylinders are laid on tables, where the imperfect spherical end about the blowing-pipe is cracked off from the rest by a stripe of melted glass drawn around it. The cylinder is then cracked from end to end on one side by means of a red-hot iron passed through it.

In an adjoining building is what is called the flattening oven. The cylinders brought there are lifted on the end of a lever, passed in through a circular opening just large enough to admit them, and laid on flattening stones on the oven bottom, with the crack uppermost. The oven bottom is circular, and it revolves horizontally. As the glass softens, it separates at the crack, and lays itself down gently and gradually on the stone. The long cylinder is then a flat sheet, three feet wide and nearly five feet in length. There are four openings around the sides of the oven; at one the glass is put in, through another a workman sweeps the stone for it, a third workman smooths it down with a block as it comes round to him, and a fourth, at the last opening, which is close to the one at which it was put in, lifts the sheet—partly cooled by this time—upon a carriage in the oven. This he does by means of a lever furnished with sharp, broad blades at the end, which he works in under the glass. When the carriage is full, it is run through an annealing oven beyond.

The opposite end of the annealing oven opens into the cutting-room. There the carriages are pushed along a central track, and unloaded at the stalls of the cutters. The cutter has a table before him, with measure-marks on its edges. He lifts one of the sheets, lays it on the table, and commences ruling it faster than a school-boy rules his slate. His ruler is a wooden rod, five feet long, and his pencil-point is a diamond. Every stroke is a cut. Not that he cuts the glass quite apart; indeed, he seems scarcely to make a scratch. Yet that scratch has the effect of cracking the glass quite through, so that it breaks clean off at the slightest pressure. In this way the sheets are cut up into panes of the requisite size."

"I should think the diamonds would wear out," said Lawrence.

"I remember," replied the gaffer, "one workman told me that a single diamond would last him two or three years. It has fifteen or sixteen different edges, and when one edge is worn out he uses another. South American diamonds, such as he used, cost, he told me, from six to thirty dollars each; and when they are worn out for his purpose, he sells them for jewels to be put into watches."—Our Young Folks.

Our Children Copyists.

I took up a sheet of my own manuscript, an article hastily scribbled in pencil, and carelessly left unfinished upon my table. The space which I had left vacant about the title at the top, I found all filled up with writing; and a glance told me that my little boy had been copying the title over and over many times, imitating as accurately as possible the bad as well as the good points of the writing.

"You mustn't do so again," said I to the boy, as I pointed to his writing. Any careless scribbling of mine that you happen to find, is not fit for you to copy; it will get you into bad habits of penmanship."

"Why, mother," cried the child, "father said the way for me to learn to write well was to keep practicing, by copying all sorts of good writing; and I am sure anything you write is good enough."

"No, my love," said I, decidedly; "I will set you copies whenever you wish; but my ordinary, hasty writing is not for you to imitate. See, now, if I had thought of your copying this, I should have written it thus"—writing very carefully. "See how differently it looks from the other!"

"I see," said the boy; "and I will do as you say. But if I get my best as well as your worst, I shall be satisfied."

My son went away, but I sat and thought—not of penmanship, but of matters far more vital to his welfare. Those thoughts were helpful to me, in trying to live aright before my child; and perhaps they may help others as weak, if such indeed there be.

Literary Review.

WHERE TO EMIGRATE, AND WHY. Describes the Climate, Soil Productions, Minerals and General Resources. Amount of Public Land, the quality and price of farm lands in nearly all sections of the United States; and contains a description of the Pacific Railroad, the Homestead and other land laws, rates of wages throughout the country, etc., etc. With maps and illustrations. By Frederick B. Goddard. New York: F. B. Goddard, 432 Broome St.—1868. Octavo, pp. 391.

The author of this volume has undertaken a large and eminently practical work in the compilation thus presented, and has carried it through with a good degree of success. Beginning with California, the most western of our states, and extending the survey steadily eastward, he gives us an immense amount of information of just such a sort as the mass of our people who propose emigrating need to possess. The work of compilation seems to have been carefully done, and the most trustworthy sources that were accessible have been drawn from in order that accuracy as well as amplitude might be attained. The numerous maps, statistical tables, and items from official documents add greatly to the interest and value of the volume. Nowhere else, within the same compass, can there be found such a mass of varied information touching the resources and peculiarities of the several sections of the country. The book has merits and practical bearings such as may properly awaken a general interest in it, and create a large demand. Sold by subscription.

THE GENERAL, or, Twelve Nights in the Hunter's Camp. A narrative of real life. Illustrated by G. G. White. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868. 16mo. pp. 268. Sold by E. J. Lane.

Here is something pleasant, racy, entertaining, full of wholesome stimulus, and free from the artificial heat and passionate extravagance that vitiates so much of the literature that is meant for the boys of America. We think the author is a clergyman, but he knows how to handle a rifle as well as to preach a sermon, and rejoices in a bivouac in the forest and a free chat around the blazing camp-fire, at the proper time, as well as in the conference meeting and the singing of psalms by the worshippers in the vestry. It is the story of a western hunting-party, whose members are vividly photographed, whose experiences are pictured with life-like colors, whose adventures and whose primitive modes of life are now and then admirably set off by the aid of a little imagination. It is a book to put one in love with the chase, the majesty of the wilderness, the rough but many types of life that have been found leading the vanguard of civilization, and with the robustness of muscle and spirit that are so sadly lacking among students and clergymen. "The General" is such a leader of a hunting party as would find little difficulty in getting a brigade of followers. His evening stories are admirable, such as boys might well be invited to hear or to read, and they would not probably be in haste to go to bed till a late hour so long as they were allowed such entertainment as that offered by this king of the camp and master of the hunter's business.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH: or, Maid and Widow. A matter-of-fact Romance. By Charles Reade. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. 16mo. pp. 440.

PEG WOFFINGTON, CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, and Other Stories. Same Author and Publishers. 1869. 16mo. pp. 333. Sold by E. J. Lane.

These two volumes complete the Household Edition of Reade's works, an edition every way worthy of the author, creditable even to the fine taste and enterprise of this well-known House where poor work is an abomination, and furnish the admirers of that author a set of volumes that must almost shut an habitual flounder up to silence by disarming his criticism.

HISTORY OF A THREEPENNY BIT. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 1869. 18mo. pp. 246.

We have yet to meet the first poor or indifferent book bearing the imprint of this House. It is furnishing us a temperance literature for the Sabbath school and the family that sets forth the mischiefs of strong drink in a most striking way, urges the duty of manliness and self-denial as essential to a genuine success in life, and never forgets to press home the supreme claims of a real Christian faith. This volume, just issued, is one fully up to the average in point of both interest and ability.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE BROOKLYN MONTHLY is a new magazine, commencing its existence with the month of March. It is a fairly printed but not remarkably attractive pamphlet of 88 pages, and its contents, though varied and entertaining, show a lack of ripeness and skill in the editorial management. A wood-cut of Henry Ward Beecher from the title-page, which hardly suggests the immense mental vigor that distinguishes the famous preacher and saturates his speech; and this is followed by a sketch of the man, which is appreciative and well written, but hardly adequate to the proper portrayal of this many-sided son of genius. It is said that Mrs. Beecher edits the Monthly, though that statement does not appear in the magazine itself. It has a show of enterprise; and is capable of something better than has yet been attained. We wait for subsequent issues before pronouncing over it any decision.

clined verdict. Terms, \$2 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Horace W. Love & Co.

THE SABBATH AT HOME is gaining in varied interest and solid merits. The articles upon the sacred localities in Palestine, entitled "Studies in Bible Land," by Rev. W. L. Gage, are especially valuable; and the highest moral tone is maintained throughout the work. It may be commended to all who wish an excellent magazine for either week-day or Sabbath reading, as certain to aid in impressing the lessons of the Sabbath school and the pulpit, instead of diverting attention by offering something foreign to the legitimate themes of the day of worship.—Boston: Am. Tract Society.

THE AM. NATURALIST commences its third volume with the issue for March; and promises, if possible, to be even better than heretofore. If any of our readers wish a periodical at once scientific and popular, beautifully printed, admirably illustrated, having no worthless pages, and much curious information that unveils the wonders of the world of science to the ordinary observer, they can hardly do better than to subscribe for this magazine. Salem, Mass.: Peabody Academy of Science.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY comes to us from the publisher with twenty or more pieces of music for the piano,—some of them exclusively instrumental, others are songs with piano accompaniments. The paper used is such as one gets in purchasing ordinary sheet music, and the compositions are those that have real merit. How this amount of matter can be furnished for thirty-five cents is a secret with the publisher. But he proposes to sell it for just that sum, and to issue a similar budget every month for a large amount of money. He probably looks for large sales, and is likely to effect them. Boston: Elias Howe.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Mountain Vegetation.

Mr. Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, the companion of Mr. Colfax in his western tour, thus describes the vegetation which marks the mountains in Colorado:

In spite of these great elevations, the traveler carries summer skies as he keeps summer scenes with him at this season in most of his excursions among the mountains and their parts in Colorado. We borrow our ideas of mountain travel and mountain heights from Switzerland and the White mountains of New Hampshire. Among them both, vegetation ceases at about five thousand feet above the sea level, and perpetual snow reigns among the Alps at seven thousand to eight thousand feet, and would in the White Mountains if they went as high. But here in these vaster mountain regions than either of Western mountains, the hills themselves only begin to rise from the plains at an elevation of five thousand and five hundred feet. And at that height, though the nights are always deliciously cool, the summer's days are as warm as, if not warmer than they are in the valleys of the New England States, and snow enough for sleighing or to force the cattle to shelter or other food than the prairie grass is only a rare chance, a memory of the oldest on a dream of the youngest inhabitant. At six thousand or seven thousand feet, in the valleys of the mountains, the small grains and the tender vegetables are successfully cultivated, and at seven thousand five hundred and eight thousand five hundred feet, potatoes, turnips, and cabbages thrive.

The Middle Park ranges from seven thousand seven hundred, to nine thousand feet high in its level sections, and the South from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand five hundred, while the higher ten thousand and even eleven thousand feet. Yet grass grows richly and abundantly through both; hay is a great natural crop, and is cured already for all the wants that can be reached; and in the lower parts of the South Park, cattle winter out of doors, and the smaller grains and hardier vegetables are grown with great success and profit. Flowers are beautiful and abundant up to ten thousand or eleven thousand feet, so beautiful and abundant that I must reserve them for special description—the largest and best timber grows at nine thousand and eleven thousand feet, and trees do not cease till you pass above the real, absolute and perpetual snow line—such snow and ice as are found universally in Switzerland at eight thousand feet—is not reached at all in these mountains. At twelve thousand feet, it begins to lie in great patches on the shaded sides of the hills, or in deep ravines, and goes on to multiply in such form as the mountains rise to their greatest height at fourteen thousand to fourteen thousand five hundred feet.

But it absolutely covers no mountain peak; the tops of Gray's Peak and Mount Lincoln, the highest points in the whole region are dry and bare, at least at mid-day through August, though in reaching them you may go over snow-fields twenty or thirty feet deep and miles long, though nearly every morning's sun may glance brilliantly off the freshly whitened peaks of all the high mountains in sight, and though it makes everywhere and at all times a significant feature in all the landscape visions of the country. The full mountains of snow and the vast rivers of ice that belong to Switzerland are not here, and are certainly missed by the experienced mountain traveler; but for their absence we have many compensations—a more varied and richer verdure, a wider range of mountains, with greater variety of form and color, these elevated Parks, that have no parallel anywhere for curious combination of landscape feature and beauty and practical use, a climate in summer that fosters comfort and makes high mountain travel both much more possible and agreeable, and an atmosphere that, in purity and dryness, in inspiring influence upon body and mind, can find no match in any part of Europe, nor elsewhere in America.

A Juggler's Trick.

Rev. Norman McLeod, in an account of a visit to Bombay, gives a description of a juggler first known as the "bamboo trick." He says:

While the tom-tom was beating, and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed to have come for the detective's eye! So, just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. The juggler cheerfully complied. I examined the basket. It was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering. It was thin, almost transparent, and certainly

there was nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intensity that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on. I felt perfectly sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; he then lifted the basket off the ground, and, behold, a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured by those who had seen the trick performed before that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done" without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unperturbed. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing. One of his companions just then chuckled a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk twenty yards or so in length. But this was not all the discharge, for the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decenter stoppers, two shells, a spinning-top, stone, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire!

The Romance of the Rhine.

Rev. N. J. Burton writes from and of this river, in one of his letters to the *Hartford Post*:

I should like to shoulder my knapsack, and spend a month or two in leisurely walking, and day-long dreaming on this beautiful river, in the right season of the year, sitting down on every stone I came to, trudging up every valley, climbing every castled height, reading all the Rhine legends, stories and poems that were ever written, steeping myself in the delicious historical atmosphere of the river, repopulating the many castles of its winding, unparalleled, romantic maidens that used to live in them, as thick as morning glories around a cottage door, tilting with the knights and having duels with them over the maidens, reproducing the thousand and one marvels of that picturesque old time, the river nymphs, and forest nymphs, and I do not know what else, till at last the tired had all gone out of me and I didn't care any more for the nineteenth century and its stir, and did than a man asleep in his bed, lapped in gorgeous dreams, doors for the wind that roars, and furies, and breaks up a dust outside of his locked window. Pretty tired people sometimes long for what they call "the rest of the grave," but that is going into it a little too deeply; the wide-awake semi-languor, the retrospection and reverie, and snake-lying on a sunny rock of a Rhine sojourn, as set forth above, would be nearer to my mind, I think.

I would have, though, a very congenial friend or two alongside if I could, or perhaps about forty rods behind, for fear that they might speak to me or I to them at the wrong moment some time, and break up some golden dream of theirs or mine. I fear that if I had such a chance as I should never be seen in Hartford any more, but that the last you would hear of me would be to the effect that an old man with long white hair and dreamy, loitering step, whose history nobody knew, but who for some two hundred years had been seen slowly journeying to and fro, up and down, in the valley of the Rhine, familiarly known by all the children in all the cottages along, for generations, and not unmoved for his peaceful and meditative air and slow speech and low-spoken kindness (for I think my natural acidity could be sweetened even to that if only I could get Rhine enough into it) had suddenly disappeared from his haunts and customary rounds, and was popularly believed to have been taken up into heaven, long gray hair, staff and all. I am in hopes that is about the way things will go in the coming golden age, and that men instead of fretting themselves to death and dropping down at about forty years old, will stay, and stay, and stay, growing riper and riper, and more and more benignant until in some little flurry of wind some day like that which shakes down the perfect apple in the still autumnal sunlight, they will be shaken off into the Eternal without a twist or a brush or a shudder.

Model Lodging-Houses.

Mr. Charles L. Brace read a paper before the late Social Science Convention, at Albany, in which he presented the following interesting facts: In no city of the world is the population more densely packed than in New York. In it there are 480,000 persons living in 15,000 tenement-houses, giving 192,000 population to the square mile. This average is much higher than the worst district of London, and nearly double that of Manchester. Such overcrowding created indecency and prostitution, bred crime of all sorts, gave great opportunity for concealment of criminals, and gave rise to an exceedingly high death rate. Whereas, in the Fifteenth Ward, the rate was only 17 in 1000; in the Sixth Ward it was 50 in 1000, the most entirely owing in the deaths among the tenement-houses. It was true that many artisans had gone to reside out of town, especially so the printers, but he knew that this was unpopular with the mass of working men, who, after a hard day's labor, objected to the journey by the cars.

England has been the only country to build model lodging-houses on an extensive scale. He would, however, speak rather of their results than their history. In 1841, when the cholera was epidemic in London, the proportion of deaths among the working classes was eighty-one per cent, but not a single case of cholera occurred in the lodging-houses. Typhus fever, diarrhoea and cholera are almost unknown in them; and the ordinary death rate which in their neighborhood is 27 in 1000, is only 13 in 1000 in them. The great difficulty was to persuade owners of real estate that it will pay to construct houses of a suitable character for the poor. The public advantage does not cease with the actual erection of the houses, but these same houses invariably exercise considerable influence for good, by leading the poor living in the neighborhood to endeavor to improve their own homes. A large company had been started by Sir Sydney Waterloo in London for the sole purpose of building improved dwellings for the poor. It has already erected 773 tenements, capable of containing 3000 families. The Company pays 6 per cent interest, and has a surplus of funds in reserve. He did not think the Continental system so successful as that of England. The Emperor of the French had made many efforts to start model lodging-houses in Paris, but had found the workmen unwilling to occupy them. He was exceedingly anxious to see three or four model lodging-houses erected in New York on the English system.

