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## **The Morning Star - volume 44 number 19 - May 12, 1869**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLIV.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1869.

Number 19.

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1869.

## Drift on.

Drift on, my bark! The sunbeams sleep  
Upon the tranquil tide,  
The lingering waters idly creep,  
And nestle to my side.  
The languid breeze that lightly plays  
Its softest, sweetest air,  
Upon the river fails to raise  
The gentle ripple there;  
And on my breast she is at rest—  
Drift on! drift on!

Drift on, my bark! The day is worn,  
The shadows round us close;  
O'er distant hill and waving corn  
The dying sunset glows.  
The sapphire tide, grown dark at last,  
- Wakes with a dreamy sigh,  
And joins the breeze now rising fast,  
In mournful lullaby.  
But still I hear a whisper near,  
Drift on! drift on!

Drift on, my bark! The night winds chill  
Sweep round; the bittern calls;  
O'er waving corn and distant hill,  
The gathering darkness falls.  
O'er pale and solitary star  
Steals out a timid light;  
The curfew bell chimes out afar  
A musical good night!  
The day is done, we are alone!  
Drift on! drift on!

## Letter from Abroad.

I am watching the progress of a most wonderful house-cleaning, all done by men too. The house happens to be a floating palace and is called a steamer, but it is house-cleaning for all that, and on a most wonderful and ample plan. How it would cheer the hearts of our New England housewives if they could see with what neatness and despatch it is accomplished. How these great, strong, sunburnt, wind-bronzed men seem to enjoy it. What a quantity of water they use; first hot, steaming suds, and then, pumping from old ocean itself, such streams of fresh-stop, it must be salt-clean water, throwing it upon the pilot-house—upon the white sides of the life boat, making it glisten in the sun—upon the entrance to the first and then the second cabin—upon all the mysterious little house which rises along the middle of the boat—and finally setting the whole deck afloat, sending what few passengers are up hurrying back into their state rooms to escape a wetting; all, save one, who has too heartily entered into the scene to be frightened away through fear of a cold bath; and who knows but the realization of the fear might prove a preventive against sea-sickness?

See how the water rushes now to this side, now to that, seeking by every possible means an egress to the sea. Here comes, singing a merry German boat-song, an army of men, furnished with various implements, brushes, sponges, and a curious looking wooden instrument which appears very much like the home-made hoe used on the southern plantations before the war. Aunt Ophelia herself could not find fault with the clear glass, bright brass, and dry white floor. A Broadway belle might walk now on the deck of the Westphalia without fear of soiling her white slippers or long train.

I imagine my strong-minded sisters would especially enjoy this scene, feeling that house-cleaning had for once fallen into its legitimate hands. My best wish for them is that when they come to enjoy all the rights they ask, they may be able to do their work as easily and as well as these bold tars have done theirs.

Here comes our Captain—a Grant-like man, courteous but reticent, and devotedly attached to his cigar. He walks the deck like one born to command and his gold lace and bright buttons give him indeed a military air. It must be a comfortable feeling to command a steamer like this, which measures from stem to stern three hundred and sixty-one feet and whose engine alone requires the services of thirty-two men. With head winds and no sail she makes twelve miles an hour. Perfect in all her arrangements, beautiful in form, and elegant in her adornments, she almost seems a thing of life, as she coquets with the waves in a way that must play havoc with the heart-strings of old Neptune.

Our voyage has not been entirely without

adventure. Last night we narrowly escaped the fate of the Arctic. The fog was very dense, and we so nearly ran into a large sail-ship, that many of the sailors insisted, they could have touched it with their hands. The sudden stopping of our boat brought every passenger out of his berth. An hour after, we struck a French coaster, carrying away her main mast and utterly disabling her. No lives were lost, but the sailors were badly frightened, and called loudly for help. Our own injuries were slight, being a few scratches, the loss of one blind, and a small part of the rigging; but the delay of five hours was considerable. To-morrow we hope to see the chalk cliffs of England, and feel once more that we are a part of the habitable world.

Now, before closing this letter, I must make a confession. These days upon the water have wrought a great change in my opinions. I fear my dear Star will say I have become a heathen, for I do fully believe in water-spirits, and all such things. If I had time, I could tell you, how one day, at just twelve o'clock, when the mist and fog made it impossible to see the water but a few yards from the vessel, I saw, high up among the clouds, a phantom ship, with sails set, and how one night I sat upon the deck from early twilight until midnight, and found that what we hear and see in the daytime is quite different from what we see and hear in the night. That morning, leaning over the railing, I heard pleasant sounds which I thought were made by the water against the side of the boat; but at twilight I found it was the vesper bells of the seamymps calling their sisters to evening prayers. That very afternoon I sat for hours, watching what I called the spray; but at midnight, I saw even by the pale light of the stars, that it was the long hair of the mermaids, floating above the crest of the waves, as they danced "in their coral halls." N. F.

## Still Among the Santals.

CAMP SAHASTRANI, Feb. 13, 1869.

It is now Saturday evening and I am alone in the tent. Mrs. P. having returned this morning to see after our orphan boys and attend to other home work, and be with our people on the Sabbath, I remain abroad. Last Saturday we both went home and attended our covenant meeting and communion service. Returning again on Monday, via Bedhugal, attended that market for the third time in succession. Among others we had two deeply interested hearers, both Santals, and one a *manjhee*, or chief of a village. For hours they sat by us, heard and understood, asked pertinent questions, and made important admissions. Their religion was of no use. It could do them no good. The gospel seemed simple, reasonable, and just what they all needed, but then it was new. Nobody knew or followed it. They must take time to consider it. Repeatedly these men would start to go away and back they would come as if spell-bound. The Lord guide their feet into the way of life!

Tuesday morning, we moved camp from Baligadia to this place, which is about 9 miles west of Santopore, and very much in the jungle. There are two very ancient stone temples here, now crumbling to ruins, in one of which is a large stone image of the fitly Mahadabe. An annual jatra, half fair, half festival, is now on the tapis and attracts both worshippers and traders among the Hindus, dancers and drinkers among the Santals. The large number, variety and beauty of the shade trees make it a pleasant camping ground, and not a bad arena for a grand dance, if dancing must be.

Ere our tent had been pitched, the rain which had been threatening all the morning, began to fall, and for twenty-four hours there was very little cessation. The parched earth became thoroughly soaked, and so did our canvas, but we stood the storm, and came out dry. Our native folks found shelter in a number of booths that had been erected for the occasion, but which were yet unoccupied. Wednesday was a dark, damp, cloudy, disagreeable day, until towards evening it cleared away, the sun came out, and the people began to drop in a little. But the auspicious day had past, morning had been taken advantage of, only by a few devoted females, who, more zealous than their neighbors, having petitions to offer, spent the stormy night of Tuesday in the dismal temple, watching, fasting and burning lamps fed with *ghee*, or clarified butter.

Thursday morning the weather came off fair and bright, and during the day both traders and dancers poured in, the former converting boughs of trees, bushes, &c. into booths, while the latter provided enormous jars of *handia*, on which to stay themselves the live-long night. About evening, the sound of the drum and pipe began to be heard, as deputation after deputation came upon the ground, and for full twenty-four hours, without any apparent cessation. On with the dance, was at once the motto and the order of things,—such a thing as a play, or a tune, with a beginning and end, would seem to be unknown to the Santals. The steady, monotonous beat of the kettle-drum, and the equally staid, uniform shuffle of feet by the half circle of a score or two of women dancers as they join hands and revolve around the circle or ring, in which the musicians perform, forcibly reminds one of Pollock's.

"One man there was—and many such you might have met—who never had a dozen thoughts in all his life, and never changed their course; Who told them o'er each in its 'customed place' From morn till night, from youth to hoary age. Little above the ox which graze the field. His reason rose."

And yet, under the exhilarating influence of their favorite beverage, of which both men and women imbibe freely, this stupid performance is the national sport of which all are passionately fond, yes more, enamored. The enthusiasm is less here now than formerly. From last evening till about noon to-day there was a recess. The roar this afternoon has been tremendous. Just now at 8 P. M., it is dying away. I have no means of computing the number in attendance, but their name is legion. The Santals gather in from 10 to 12 miles around, though many from a distance have been kept away this year on account of the storm at the start. Those living near come and go, and also many of them take some "visiting friends." The Santals are a hospitable people.

Well, amidst all this trade and traffic, drink and dance, but a sorry prospect for preaching, one would suppose. Not altogether so unpromising either. Opportunities for urging the claims of the soul have been found and persistently improved. All do not come to drink and dance or to trade, but to see and hear; and even many, who are thus engaged, find an hour's leisure to look in upon the preacher's stand and catch a little. Our tent stood, for the sake of shade, in a semi-circle, beside two large mango trees and a grand old banyan. Under the latter we cleared away the rubbish, and put down our circle, made by a number of small stakes, united by withes and grass cords. Inside this ring, we took our stand, allowing our congregation all the room they needed, on the outside. The presence of the *Mem sahebe* inside the ring aided materially in securing and retaining hearers. We were thus able to preserve some degree of order, and save ourselves from being stifled and overrun by the crowd, while a much larger number were able to see and hear. On the part of not a few, very good attention was paid and pertinent inquiries were made. Both the Oriyas and Santal languages were used. The great mass of hearers, however, were Santals. These had little to say in opposition to what they heard, their usual plea being, "We are great fools, we know nothing, are in the dark; we can understand nothing about God, but only follow the customs of our fathers." They were much pressed to consider the salvation of their souls by their love of happiness. For a mere momentary pleasure they were willing to spend their time and money and labor, and return home fagged and worn out. Surely it would be far better for them to labor to secure permanent happiness that would be followed by no bad results. The Santals, like most savage tribes, are *fatalists*; Ja-khan ja-nam, takham likham; "When born, then written," is an expression that is often quoted and seems to afford a small pittance of comfort. As their fate was thus determined and written when they came into the world, the wisest thing they can do, is to accept it, whatever it may be, and be content. They are, however, very superstitious and tormented by their fears of ghosts, witchery, and hobgoblins.

Among the Hindus open opposition has wonderfully died out. While a semblance of respect is still paid to the popular idolatry, a kind of deism seems to have seized the minds of the people generally. To the question, Whom do you worship? the common reply now is, "Parameeswara," i. e., the Supreme God. The change is truly wonderful. Should a few leading men renounce idolatry and become Christians openly, it would not be at all surprising to see the people turning *en masse*. The trouble then would be to maintain the purity of the church and prevent people from entering it from unworthy motives. What is needed at present is, a large increase of devoted men, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, to go forth everywhere and preach Christ crucified, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of sinful men. O may the Lord of the harvest send forth many more laborers!

All through where we have been of late, the people, being under the Native Rajas, are far more ignorant, and we find but little use for our tracts and gospels, as few are able to read them. KENDAKUNTA, Feb. 17. Our opportunities for preaching at Sabastrani were pretty good on the Sabbath, but the fair entirely broke up that day, and on Monday general desolation reigned where for a week previous there had been such life and stir. In the A. M. we visited a Santal village, and in the P. M. removed here, five miles distant, and pitched beside the market ground, in the shade of a magnificent banyan. Yesterday we visited and preached in villages, and to-day have had the large weekly market. Here too we cleared up the ground, and stuck our stakes, thus or gananzing for work, and for three consecutive hours we had a good congregation of Santals under the banyan, while Dina Nath and Silas (who joined us to-day) held forth to the Hindus, at another place. Dina did well, and poor blind Adam helped on a little, and Ephraim, my Santal writer, who is an intellectual believer, spake against idolatry and witchcraft as I had encouraged him to do.

Although we are not at present permitted to see many real converts, there certainly is a great stirring-up going on in the minds of the people. There is an awakening from the sleep of ages. Old dogmas, priestcraft and shasters are at a discount. People begin to think and reason, and in private make most frank and full confession of their entire want of confidence in the old system.

To-morrow Silas returns with Dina Nath to attend a jatra near Patna among the Oriyas and on Friday, the 19th, we are to break up camp and go in, impelled thereto by the call of home work, and the approach of hot weather. J. P.

## Lot's Wife.

Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt for looking back with a covetous heart, when she was going from Sodom for safety. I thought that a few words on this subject, would be both timely, and applicable to some professors of religion of the present day, who are going on pilgrimage from the city of Destruction to the Celestial city. We are informed that, "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Many endeavor to temper the love of money with the love of Christ. They go on apparently in earnest for a season, but the end soon makes it manifest what they were. Methinks it would be very profitable for us all, that are going on pilgrimage, to read and pay attention to what Bunyan saw in his dream of Christian and Hopeful and others as they passed on their journey to the Celestial city. Now as Christian and Hopeful had passed beyond Vanity-fair, they overtook others, who were going before them, whose names were Mr. By-ends from the town of Fair-speech, and Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Save-all, and Mr. Love-gain. They all had something to say as they met. Mr. By-ends says, "You will find us fair company-keepers if you will admit us as your associates." Christian answers: "If you will go with us you must go against wind and tide? you must own religion in rags as well as in silver slippers." Mr. By-ends says: "I am for taking all advantage to secure my life and estate. I am for religion only so far as the times and my safety will bear it. I am for religion in silver slippers, in the sunshine and in applause." Then I saw that Christian and Hopeful went on their journey, and By-ends and his companions fell behind. Christian and Hopeful came to a narrow plain called *Ease* where they met with much Content. Now on the farther side of that plain was a little hill called *Lucre*, and in that hill was a silver mine and a man by the name of Demas, who said to Christian and Hopeful: "Ho! turn aside hither and I will show you a thing." Then said Christian, "What thing is so deservous as to turn us out of the way?" Demas said: "Here is a silver mine, some are digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you can be rich." Then says Hopeful: "Let us go and see." "Not I," said Christian, "I have heard of this place before now, that many have been slain, besides, these treasures prove a snare to those that seek for them, and hindereth those that go on pilgrimage. No, let us not go a step thither." Here see the nature of a faithful friend. But how few are there who act so faithfully! How few professors will bear it! What! hold a man back from getting money! Oh! how few are aware that "covetousness is idolatry." Therefore attend to our Lord's double caution to take heed and beware of covetousness. By this time By-ends and his companions had come in sight, and at the first beck went over to Demas. Whether they went down to dig or whether they were smothered in the damps is not certain. But one thing is sure, they never appeared on the road as pilgrims again.

Oh! reader, beware of covetousness. "Remember Lot's wife." R. J. COWLES.

## Freedmen's Mission.

Having attended the last session of the Harper's Ferry Q. M. at Martinsburg, and visited several of the churches and towns in the Shenandoah Valley, I want to say a few plain words to our people in regard to the work and interest over there.

In the first place, there is a wide and open field for missionary labor and church erection in the Valley. A Home Mission Society was organized at the Q. M. and over one hundred and twenty-five dollars pledged to its funds. Its object is to supply destitute places in that section. On inquiry, place after place was named where churches ought to be established at once. Some of them seemed very urgent cases. As many as ten or twelve places were mentioned as being open to Free Baptist work and church extension. All the churches now established are prosperous with perhaps one exception, and in that town our brethren were beginning to build up. Revivals have been and are being enjoyed in most of them. The membership in existing churches has nearly doubled within the last six months. They have erected a good church edifice at Martinsburg, and the one at Charlestown is affording good accommodation to the congregation there. They propose to build at Winchester and Berryville this season. At the former place they commenced work while I was there. The pastors of these two churches are com-

ing north in a few weeks to raise funds towards the erection of their edifices.

The need of more ministers in the Valley was so great that it was really painful to witness, with but little prospect of the need being supplied. Two more men are needed who shall labor as missionaries, but one at least seems absolutely necessary. That one ought to be forthcoming, from somewhere and the money ought to be raised to support him.

Then, in the second place, cannot our denomination supply the funds? Ought we not to do more for the Shenandoah valley than is now being done?

Cannot our Home Miss'ion Board make an appropriation for another missionary in that section and let the brethren there hunt up a man. A colored man is the one needed. If the Home Board have not the funds, why not set some agency to work which shall raise what is needed? Why cannot our ministers and churches set about raising money for this express work? One hundred dollars will do more good this year than five hundred will five years hence.

The School at Harper's Ferry is a most important agency in our mission work in the Valley. It is prospering and doing a valuable work in training young men for present and future work. It needs help from abroad, however, to put the school building in suitable shape. I believe efforts are soon to be made for the purpose of raising funds to repair our building. C. O. LIBBY.

## Sadducees.

A sect among the Jews. It is said that the principles of the Sadducees were derived from Antigonos Socheus, president of the sanhedrin, 250 years before Christ, who, rejecting the traditional doctrines of the scribes, taught that man ought to serve God out of pure love, and not from hope of reward, or fear of punishment; and that they derived their name from Sadoc, one of his followers, who, mistaking or perverting this doctrine, maintained that there was no future state of rewards and punishments. Whatever foundation there may be for this account of the origin of the sect, it is certain that in the time of our Saviour the Sadducees denied the resurrection of the dead, and the existence of angels and spirits, or souls of departed men; though, as Mr. Hume observes, it is not easy to comprehend how they could at the same time admit the authority of the law of Moses. They carried their ideas of human freedom so far as to assert that men were absolutely masters of their own actions, and at full liberty to do either good or evil; and though they believed that God created and preserved the world, they seem to have denied his particular providence. These tenets, which resemble the Epicurean philosophy, led, as might be expected, to great profligacy of life; and we find the licentious wickedness of the Sadducees frequently condemned in the New Testament; yet they professed themselves obliged to observe the Mosaic law because of the temporal rewards and punishments annexed to such observance; and hence they were always severe in their punishment of any crimes which tended to disturb the public tranquility. The Sadducees rejected all tradition, and some authors have contended that they admitted only the books of Moses; but there seems no ground for that opinion, either in the Scriptures or in any ancient writer. Even Josephus, who was himself a Pharisee, and took every opportunity of reproaching the Sadducees, does not mention that they rejected any part of the Scriptures; he only says that "The Pharisees have delivered to the people many institutions as received from the fathers which are not written in the law of Moses." For this reason the Sadducees reject these things, asserting that those things are binding which are written, but that the things received by tradition from the fathers are not to be observed." Besides it is generally believed that the Sadducees expected the Messiah with great impatience, which seems to imply their belief in the prophecies, though they misinterpreted their meaning. Confining all their hopes to this present world, enjoying its riches, and devoting themselves to its pleasures, they might well be particularly anxious that their lot of life should be cast in the splendid reign of this expected, temporal king, with the hope of sharing in his conquests and glory; but this expectation was so contrary to the lowly appearance of our Saviour, that they joined their inveterate enemies, the Pharisees, in persecuting him and his religion. Josephus says, that the Sadducees were able to draw over to them the rich only, the people not following them; and he elsewhere mentions that this sect spread chiefly among the young. The Sadducees were far less numerous than the Pharisees, but they were in general persons of greater opulence and dignity. The council before whom our Saviour and St. Paul were carried consisted partly of Pharisees and partly of Sadducees. Selected.

## Do not do it.

"Do not speak a harsh word and thus make sad the heart of another." Speak gently; it is better.

Do not make the burden of another heavier, when it is in your power to lighten the same.

A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the body healthy and the mind free.

## Events of the Week.

THE WEEK.

like the one which preceded it has not been characterized by important events. The new administration seems to be firmly established, and is manifestly enjoying some repose from the excessive labors occasioned by the necessities of the case and the clamors of hungry politicians. During the past week or more two or three foreign appointments have been made, and there has been more or less gossip concerning matters of general interest. Apart from these things most of the intelligence has been of a local character. A slight ripple has been occasioned upon the calm sea by the inauguration of

GOV. JEWELL.

and a new state government in Connecticut. This took place on Wednesday last. The message of the new governor was devoted largely to the financial and educational interests of the state. These are represented as being in a prosperous condition. While the state debt is diminishing, the aggregate wealth is rapidly increasing. The re-opening of the Normal School, which closed two years ago is recommended, with the addition either there or to the Scientific School at New Haven, of a Polytechnic Institute, for theoretical and practical instruction to young men who desire to become machinists, artisans, civil engineers etc., "and to young women for the many practical arts in which they become skilled." Special attention is called to "the importance of furnishing to women such educational facilities as will fit them for the industrial pursuits which the true progress of the times is opening to them." The completion of the

PACIFIC RAILROAD,

which took place on Saturday last is also an event of more than ordinary interest. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts of our country are now connected by a continuous line of railway. The length of the Pacific Railroad project is set down as eighteen hundred miles, starting at the East from the Missouri river, and terminating West at the navigable waters of San Francisco. While the greater part of the country has been favorable to the construction of such a road, immense obstacles have had to be overcome, in crossing the two great mountain barriers, the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges of mountains. One of these had to be surmounted at an elevation of more than eight thousand feet, and the other at an elevation of over seven thousand feet above the sea. Most of the country through which the road passes was without inhabitants, and all the material and force necessary for its construction had to be transported over it as the work progressed. Yet with all these obstacles and disadvantages the entire line has been built by two companies, the Union and Central Pacific, in the incredibly short period of three and a half years. From the first day of January, 1868, to the 1st day of May, 1869, 1,550 miles were opened, or at the rate of three and six-tenths miles for each working day. The companies by their enterprise and their lavish expenditure of money, have thus anticipated by six years the time given them by Congress for the completion of this great national work; and for this public service they deserve all praise. The completion of this road inaugurates a new era not only in our commercial and financial interests, but also in our moral and religious interests. The changes in the central and western portions of our country for the next quarter of a century must be grand and significant. The nature of the instructions which

MR. MOTLEY

is to take with him to England, if any at all, has created some discussion. It seems to be the impression that he will receive no instructions at all except to ignore the Alabama difficulty and let the British Government make its own propositions for a settlement of the points in dispute. The result will probably be the transfer of negotiations from London to Washington, and the sending over a special ambassador, as was done in the case of the Northeastern Boundary affair, when Lord Ashburton came over as a special envoy. While such a course is believed to be for the best, it indicates the confidence reposed in Mr. Motley by our government. The masterly speech of Senator Sumner upon,

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS,

has been published in England, and we have received some expression of English opinion respecting it. As might have been expected, the first impression of the speech upon the English mind is unfavorable, and no little excitement has been created. It is very probable, however, that the other second thought of England will lead her to take a different view of the subject, and she will conclude to pay her just demands. At any rate we believe there is no occasion for alarm. We do not anticipate war.

CUBA.

Intelligence has been received from Cuba to the effect that a movement is in progress among the revolutionists, looking to annexation to the United States as the results of independence from Spain. It is thought, however, that the movement may be stated to secure the sympathy and cooperation of our government in effecting the independence of the island. When this is effected there will be ample time and opportunity to talk of annexation. B.



## Communications.

### A Five Dollar Blessing.

"How low folks are in their minds," said Bro. Smith to Bro. Brown, as the two sat by the stove in the vestry on a Thursday P. M. waiting for people to gather to the monthly conference. "How the church is falling into an unseemly disregard of its ordinances; they are neglectful of social meetings; of the communion table, and Sabbath preaching! I am quite disappointed in the results of the labors of our new minister. He seemed when he came among us a man of capacity, with a good share of the Spirit, and there were indications of a revival for a time. But all that has passed by, and church and minister seem to have gone in a body to 'Egypt.' It is a most deplorable state of things. I wish the brethren and sisters might see it in this light and betake themselves to prayer and heart-searchings that the causes of our spiritual barrenness might be ferreted out, and, through repentance, the Lord's anger appeased, so that his hand might be stretched forth toward us in pardon and mercy."

Bro. Brown listened to the speaker with attention, and made answer in a similar strain, bewailing the lowliness of Zion and wishing for "better days."

"What can we do to bring about these better days?" asked Bro. Smith, putting a few more sticks of soggy wood into the stove;—"This is very poor fuel," he added. "I'll warrant me Bro. Dix don't burn any such in his own house."

"He sells his marketable wood at six dollars the cord," said Bro. Brown, "burns tree limbs at home, and picks up wet stuff for the church."

"That is not treating God's house with proper respect," said Bro. Smith;—"No wonder Bro. Dix is in a low state of mind, a backslidden, lukewarm state. He should supply the church with as good fires as he has at home to say the least."

"He says he can't find wood for the meeting-house, and pay a money tax to the minister, too;—it is too heavy a draft upon him, so he sells his best wood to get money to meet the tax," remarked Bro. Brown.

"This is but a subterfuge to hide his narrowness," said Bro. Smith. "Bro. Dix is able to do much more than he does for the support of the gospel. I wish I had the money at interest that he has. But to return to the point from which we have wandered,—what can we do to improve our spiritual health and vigor?"

"I have thought upon this point considerably," said Bro. Brown, "and have about come to the conclusion that we shall never accomplish much in spiritual things with our present minister. He seemed to run well for a season, but now, all is at a standstill—may, even going backward. Our converts of a year ago, where are they? You can't lay your finger on one out of three of them. One of the regular prayer meetings has completely died out, and here we sit to represent the monthly conference. The minister is not in his place, the church members are engaged in their worldly affairs. We need a man who shall be able to get up a grand awakening."

"But who can we get?" asked Bro. Smith. "With our means, we can't command the first talent, you know. Our minister is a pretty fair sort of a man if he but had more of the Spirit, though I regret to say he is becoming rather cold and lifeless. Think of his neglecting the monthly meeting. How can we expect the members will be otherwise than backward if the minister sets the example?"

"I never knew him absent before," said Bro. Brown, "and think he must be unexpectedly called away, or something unusual detains him at home."

"I should have thought he would have sent word to the brethren then," said Bro. Smith, rising and consulting his watch. "It is an hour past time for services to commence; so there will not be any body else here to day, and we may as well go home."

Bro. Brown arose, and while the two were closing the stove and preparing to leave, some light feet were heard ascending the vestry stairs, and a lady stood before them.

"Oh," she said, "you are about leaving. I have hurried as fast as I could to get down here and let the people know, if any were gathered for monthly conference, the reason of the minister's absence. His wife is sick, and he got out of dry wood yesterday. This morning he expected a load, but it didn't come, so he had to hire a team and go after it. He said he should try hard to get back by half past two, but if he failed, I must endeavor to leave his wife long enough to let the people who might gather at the vestry know the cause of his absence. Mrs. Denham is so sick, and I have had such a struggle to keep her room comfortable with the green wood, that I have not been able to get down here till now."

"I am sorry there is sickness in Mrs. Denham's family," said Bro. Smith. "Ministers are very apt to have sickly wives I believe."

"You are right, and no wonder," returned the lady. "I don't know why you say that," remarked Bro. Smith.

"It would require an unusually strong constitution to endure the anxiety to which minister's wives are ordinarily subjected," said the lady.

"Anxieties!" repeated Bro. Smith. "What anxieties have they beyond women in general?"

"Most women when they eat one meal have some tolerably definite idea as to where the next is to come from," was the response, "but minister's wives don't always have this comfortable assurance. I know Mrs. Denham don't."

"Are the ministers' family complaining of their fare among us?" asked Bro. Smith, rather sensitively.

"No,—at least I never heard them complain of anything, though how a woman can get along as Mrs. Denham does is surprising to me. In feeble health, with two small children, company at a moment's warning, and often the slenderest stock out of which to prepare acceptable food to set before guests; a poor, inconvenient house, scanty furniture, and never a month's wood in the shed even in the dead of winter."

"You are making out quite a case," interrupted Bro. Brown, "but I don't know who is to blame for this state of things. When Mr. Denham came among us, we subscribed certain sums for his support, and expect to meet our obligations like Christian men. He knew about the sum we would be able to raise. Had he deemed it insufficient to meet the wants of his family, he was at liberty to say, as much, and seek some other field of labor."

The lady bowed, and glanced about the vestry.

"How many came in to attend monthly meeting this afternoon?" she inquired.

"Only myself and Bro. Brown," was Bro. Smith's reply. "Religion is at a low ebb with us. We had been deploring the lukewarm state of our church when you entered."

"What did you conclude was the cause of it?" asked the lady, resting against a slip and putting her feet to the warm stove.

"We think there are more causes than one," Bro. Smith replied. "I suppose some of us may have neglected duties and thus displeased our Master. Then we are all apt, more or less, to lean on the minister, and ours doesn't seem to be in the place he was some months ago. Bro. Brown and I have been considering whether or no when the year is up it will not be as well to let him go and try another one."

"Then you have become dissatisfied with Mr. Denham," said the lady.

"Well, we should not wish to say that exactly," was the reply. "Perhaps the man does as well as he can, though he has not the life and power of some ministers. I have not been as blessed under his preaching as I expected to be at the outset, and Bro. Brown's experience corresponds with my own."

"Yes," said Bro. Brown approaching, "I confess Mr. Denham has not come up to my expectations. When he first came among us, I thought he was going to be an instrument in the hands of God of accomplishing much good in our church and community, but these prospects are now quite overcast. It looks gloomy ahead. Mr. Denham has lost much of his spirituality, or I am no judge of such matters. The blessing I obtain from his ministrations is very small."

"If you have got a five dollar blessing, I don't know what more you could expect," said the lady, in a quiet tone of voice.

Her words were electric. The two men looked quickly at each other, and turned their steps toward the door.

Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown communed with themselves that night. They were both worth their thousands. The little woman at the vestry was dependent on her own exertions for support. Yet on the ministers' subscription list her name was down for an equal sum with Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown, and she had found no dearth of spirituality in Mr. Denham's sermons. On the contrary, they fed her soul from Sabbath to Sabbath. She saw the minister's family were pinched in every way. The very small salary was slow and irregular about coming in, and they often lacked for the comforts, if not for the necessities of life. These things depressed Mr. Denham. He was comparatively young, and peculiarly diffident,—greatly lacking in self-assertion. He could not go to men of wealth, years his senior, and ask for the pittance they had subscribed towards his salary. But he felt that God would withhold his blessing from those who treated his cause so niggardly, and prayed in his closet that the little church might be delivered from the thrall of covetousness. It was a hard place to work, and when, added to other difficulties, his wife fell sick, Mr. Denham felt he would not be sorry to end his labors there with the closing year.

But "a word spoken in season how good it is!" and the little woman who visited the vestry on monthly meeting day had spoken this word.

"If you have got a five dollar blessing, I don't know what more you could expect,"

What more, truly! They were amply able to pay twenty-five; such a sum would be no more for them than was five for the little vestry woman. They had raised two hundred and fifty dollars for their minister,—he needed five hundred. It was only a reasonable compensation for his services and support. He did not ask it,—the agreement had been that he should accept what they could raise. Yet it was a mean thing to half support a servant of God. How could they, as a church, expect God's blessing, till they righted this wrong in their midst!

Bro. Brown and Bro. Smith sent their boys next day with a load of dry wood and kindlings to the minister. Then Bro. Smith, who held the subscription list, drew it forth, and placed a figure 1 at the left hand of the 5, which stood against his name, so now it read:

"Alpheus Smith—\$15.00."

He thought it was an improvement, and concluded to go round the parish and see how many others would be of a like opinion. He found several, and quite a little purse of ready money was made up for the minister. Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown held the sermons more spiritual at once. The prayer-meetings put on new life, and ere long there were indications of a genuine revival of religion.

Bro. Smith and Bro. Brown openly declared in monthly concert that they believed covetousness was the great sin in the midst at which God was angry. Bro. Dix felt the force of the declaration, and hauled

two cords of his best marketable wood into the church sheds for winter fires.

When Mr. Denham's year came round, instead of seeking out a new field with a heart depressed by manifold temporal trials, he was laboring in the midst of a protracted meeting, where crowds of anxious souls flocked to the altar seeking salvation through Jesus.

Bro. Smith liked his fifteen dollar blessing so well, that he thought he must make it twenty-five the next year, so he did,—also Bro. Brown, and a good many others doubled their first subscription.

How strong that once weak church now grew! What a power for good it became in the community! What happy converts went down beneath its baptismal waters! How strong were its laymen in the spirit and power of the truth! What a godly pride that pastor felt in his people! Yes, and even the wicked and careless said:

"There is a set of men and women who practice as they preach; they honor their profession; they give without stint for the support of their cause;—there must be something in a gospel for which men will sacrifice worldly gain."

Oh! professed Christian, are you starving your soul on a Five Dollar Blessing, and wondering at your hunger? "Go ye and do likewise."

### More on Prophecy.

I am satisfied that it is a difficult task to so interpret certain portions of the book of Daniel and Revelation as to dispel all mist, and settle the question of difference which has so long existed between Bible students; yet, I am confident that faithful research will eventually give to all one mind who understand Scripture phraseology fairly; though now there seems to be a slight difference in opinion. There is a class of Scripture interpreters whose conversion to the truth must depend wholly upon the order of events, yet to be fulfilled in time and eternity.

Old time has already given them some very good lessons—shown them, no less than half a dozen times, their folly in time-setting, for the second coming of Christ. As time has hitherto been a faithful demonstrator of prophecies fulfilled, I am persuaded it will still continue to be until all things are revealed, that are to be revealed, in their true light. It must be admitted, though, if the dead are in a state of unconsciousness, time to them is nothing, nor the events of time; therefore the dead can not be profited. If this be true, what a protracted state of oblivion have the patriarchs of old had. Methinks our modern materialists are quite comfortable in the thought that they are not to lay down in the dusty bed for so long a sleep. Most of them I suppose believe they shall see the resurrection ere they die and shall not be housed away in the grave. Dear reader, I cannot refrain from tears of sorrow and sadness, as I write, while I am so sensibly impressed that the disappointment of so many, gladly expecting soon their Saviour, will prove their ruin; and they will begin to say, because he does not come, "Where is the promise of his coming?"

They would return the compliment perhaps, saying, You are as likely to be disappointed as we, and why not weep and fear for yourselves also? I admit of the liability, and am by it encouraged for my safety; and will accept in addition the most appropriate admonition, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

There can be no harm, of course, in consulting events and dates, as chronicled in both profane and sacred history. Let us then review them a little. An article in a late number of the *Star* figures in a very interesting way on certain portions of prophecy; and I beg the indulgence of a few thoughts, through the columns of the *Star*, as touching the same thing. If I understand the writer, and I presume to, he commences the number 1260, (1260 years) as applied to Papacy, A. D. 550; and therefore ends it A. D. 1810. But I am not fully persuaded of its correctness; and the few reasons why I am not I will proceed to state as intelligibly, and in as few words as possible. One thing that deserves notice is the condition of the Roman Church, or in other words her official relations, A. D. 550 and after; and A. D. 1810 and after. If the Church of Rome in 1810, and since that date, has been in the exercise of religious and political authority, to as great a degree as it was in 550, and for 200 years after, I cannot see the propriety of commencing the 1260 years of Papal dominion A. D. 550, considering the official condition of popery at that date, or for 200 years after; and ending it A. D. 1810, or at any time since the latter date up to now, when it is just as really in existence now, as it was in 550 and for 200 years after. What is claimed to have been taken from the Roman Church by France in 1810, was not ceded to her for the first time until A. D. 755. This was done by Pepin, king of France, who wrested the Exarchate of Ravenna from the Lombards, and deeded the same to the Pope of Rome as a dominion. Again, the possessing of the Kingdom by the saints of the Most High, which is, according to Scripture, to immediately follow the termination of the 1260 years, having as yet not taken place, encourages the conclusion that the date is still in the future that shall mark the ending of Papal dominion. I might add more, but perhaps this is enough for this time. If the above is not found to be conclusive, it "shall only lead me to a more careful study of the word of God."

A. D. F.

God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire; but he came down, and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions; he sent his angel to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not, in answer to the prayer of Paul, remove the

thorn in the flesh; but he gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.

### Second Adventism.

We heard one of the Second Adventists try to explain the passage: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, then also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." He told us that all who had died were in their graves, soul, body and all; that the "Lord would not bring any one with him, but would bring the keys of the graves in which they were, and unlock the graves and take them out." And yet he urged us to "take the Scriptures as they read."

Then another one arose, and urged with much emphasis, the importance of taking the Scriptures "just as they read," and then quoted this passage: "And the day that cometh shall burn thee up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave thee neither root nor branch." He said that "this passage must be taken just as it reads." If a man's "root" means anything it must mean his parents; and his branch must be his children; hence every wicked man must have his parents and his children all burned up; and it makes no difference whether they be righteous or wicked, they are all to be burned up. And yet these self-righteous people are insisting that they alone have a correct knowledge of the Scriptures, and are the true church of God, and all the rest of the world are in darkness.

A. DEERING.

### A Father's Letters. No. 14.

MY DEAR SON:—In these letters you may expect that I shall say something about the management of a revival. What are the signs of a revival, and how is it to be promoted? These are questions of no small importance. Occasionally the first outward indications of the Spirit's special influence, may be manifested among the impenitent, but I never saw it so, where the means of grace were regularly enjoyed. Once I knew the instance, in which some of the unconverted went to the professors of religion, asking them to appoint a prayer-meeting. They did so, and some ten or twelve were hopefully converted. Surely "God was in the place," and his people knew it not. But this is not often the way God begins his work. In connection with your own labors, you may be permitted to see an outpouring of God's Spirit. But what are the signs of its coming? Do not think, that, because you feel deeply interested for sinners, and some even appear tender, that the revival has begun. It is a hopeful indicator, and should encourage you to a more faithful application of gospel truth. But do not be too sanguine of immediate success. There may be many counteracting influences to overcome.

Your very next meeting may be quite dull, and those who as you thought were most deeply affected under your preaching, may appear entirely indifferent. Sometimes a genuine revival comes suddenly, without much notice or previous labor. But there are some signs that usually precede an open work of grace. And first, your own heart may be strangely exercised and burdened for some particular one, or for a class of individuals, so that while you pray for all, you feel special labor for these. Your congregation will, without a known cause, increase in numbers and seriousness. The social seasons of worship become more solemn, and prayer more fervent, and Christians more punctual in attendance, and prompt in duty. The impenitent begin to come to the prayer-meeting, and an unusual stillness pervades the congregation. These are hopeful indications. They denote the Spirit's presence, and are harbingers of good to the congregation. But you are not sure of success. Some unforeseen occurrence, some unwise movement, some good, but injudicious brother, seeing these favorable indications, in his haste to gather the harvest before it is ripe, may dissipate the seriousness and drive away the Holy Spirit. Like a man with his net set for pigeons, who as soon as a flock lights upon the stand springs his net and drives all away. I have seen a growing interest in religion, evident signs of revival, dispelled by the injudicious efforts of one fastidious member of the church, who could not control the minister as he desired, seeking to bring about a change of pastors. The attention of the people was diverted, the Spirit of God was grieved, and months of hard labor could not regain what was lost. But when these signs continue, and old animosities are forgiven, and wanderings confessed, and the spirit of prayer increased, then you may know that the gracious work has begun. Then may you hope to see the enlargement of Zion, and sinners brought into the fold of Christ. Then you should bestir yourself, plan your labors, and concentrate your efforts to this one object.

R. N.

### Chips.

Our churches are sometimes troubled with an itching for new gifts. Neglecting the gospel order of Christian life until alarmed at their own decline, they begin to feel that the remedy for their backslidings is a new gift. The best gift to be obtained in such cases is that of the Holy Spirit which Heaven will gladly bestow on all earnest seekers; and this so far as limited observation extends, would be a "new gift." Let proud, self-righteous, self-willed, worldly-minded professors break down in humility before him whom they have dishonored, let them confess and forsake their sins, and they may see prosperity of the church, and obtain a gift that will be always new.

When we appear meekest to ourselves we may appear best in the sight of God.

With all our boasted advancement in

knowledge, and all our facilities for gaining religious light, we may seriously doubt whether a church or people can now be found, so well acquainted with the Holy Scripture as were the Waldenses in the darkest days of Papal superstition. The wonderful art of printing had not then brought Bibles within the reach of all, and the Papal church, the patron of ignorance and mother of abominations, was swift to commit the Bible and its readers to the flames, yet the Waldensian peasants could readily repeat from memory entire books of the Scriptures, and their children could readily define and perhaps defend their doctrines. The greater part of the publications of the present age serves to divert attention from the word of God and to render us more ignorant of the only way to life.

A certain lecturer, while addressing a Sabbath School Convention upon the best methods of interesting the youth, remarked that they should be led to Mounts Tabor, Carmel, Olivet and other interesting places in Palestine, but he said nothing of Calvary. Now this I regard as an almost fatal omission; for though the student may become as well acquainted with the maps of Palestine as he is with the floor of his sleeping chamber, he can come to a saving knowledge of the truth only at Calvary. As the hosts of Israel were gathered at Sinai to hear the law, so may our Sabbath schools and all other religious gatherings be at Calvary, where we may study the saving lessons of the cross.

Christ is the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, and those churches which acknowledge and follow him as such, will thereby secure the most perfect unity and efficiency. Does not he "whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and whose countenance is as the sun shining in strength," still walk among the churches? Like the beautiful order of the heavenly bodies will be the order of the church when each member stands in proper relations to Christ the head.

A spurious charity will cover a multitude of popular sins while it thunders anathemas against unpopular ones.

How much of the religious zeal of this age is to be attributed to true love to Christ and how much to the native religious tendencies of man, is a question of importance. The history of man in his most degraded state proves him to be a being of strong religious tendencies. Every nation and tribe has its religious worship, and all of them can boast of zeal and sacrifices and sufferings in the service of their gods. We may pour out treasures like water for the propagation of the faith, we may build proud churches with dazzling magnificence, and still be actuated by our own native selfishness and be strangers to the love of Christ "without which we are nothing." The soul that seeks communion with its God in the retirement of the closet, and prefers that its acts of charity be unobserved by the eye of the world, has some good reasons for supposing itself to be walking in the light of God. The paper trumpets of the day are heard afar, and the Christian should look well to the motives of his piety lest he be of those who "already have their reward."

J. HAYDEN.

### Subjects of Prayer.

Prayer to God in its true and full sense embraces adoration, thanksgiving, confession and supplication. This last is most important so far as blessings to ourselves and others are concerned. Much that professes to be prayer, is ineffectual because of a lack of definiteness. At this time, some of the particular subjects and classes of persons for which prayer should be offered will be given.

**For Ourselves.** We are to pray for grace and strength to serve God faithfully; to resist temptation, and to be highly useful in the world. Much of this prayer for ourselves may be most advantageously offered in secret. Sinners, too, should pray for themselves, using in substance the prayer of the Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

**For our Fellow Christians.** "And pray one for another." They have conflicts, temptations and trials. They need help from above. They desire supplications in their behalf. Prayer for them will avail much.

**For Sinners.** Samuel said to rebellious Israel, "God forbid that I should sin in ceasing to pray for you." Jesus prayed not only for his disciples, but for others who should believe on him through their word. It is a means for benefiting the impenitent that all Christians can use to great effect. God hears such prayer. Christian friends, do not neglect to pray much for the conversion of sinners to Christ.

"Now prayers may avail and they gain the high prize. Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes."

**For Enemies.** "Pray for them who despitefully use you." Thus did the Lord on the cross. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The first Christian martyr, Stephen, prayed "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." They who pray for enemies with a loving, forgiving spirit, obtain such a victory as is satisfactory, such a triumph that they wish for no revenge.

**For Ministers.** "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified." If the apostles, divinely inspired and endowed with special gifts, felt the need of prayer for themselves, more may ministers now. Pray for them. Men of God will appreciate such help, and many, among whom they labor, will have the benefit of such prayers.

**For Rulers.** "For kings and all who are in authority." Christians must first support religious or moral men, then they can conscientiously and heartily pray for them, that they may make good laws and bear rule with wisdom.

**For the Editor.** We speak particularly of the Editor of a religious paper. His responsibility is very great,—his influence mighty. Wisdom is needed. Torrey, in Baltimore prison, before he died, said, "The press speaks with a thousand tongues." Pray for the editor, that he may help it to speak well; that it may speak earnestly for God; interest the faithful to act better and better their part; confirm the wavering in what is right; warn the unruly; and bring multitudes to Christ. Thus, praying will be much more beneficial than complaining, although he will not object to complaints, if made on reasonable ground and in the right spirit.

It is not to be expected that all, or a considerable number of these subjects will be remembered at one time of prayer. It is well to consider the particular condition of things at the special time in which we live, and studying them, become interested in them, and pray for such causes and classes of people as need special attention at that time, and others at another. And thus prayer as an agency for good may be successfully employed.

F.

### Rev. James Letts.

We've laid him down with weeping,  
In the quiet grave to rest,  
With his pale hands meekly folded  
Upon his pulseless breast.  
With broken hearts we bore him  
Where we, too, fain would go,  
And we left him there to slumber,  
Beneath the drifting snow.

He was with us fair and lovely,  
When the Autumn days came on,  
Though the gentle flowers before him,  
Were faded, all, and gone.  
But in the falling snowflakes  
We heard a solemn tone,  
"Spirit! thy day is finished,  
There is rest for thee at home."

And with faith and trust, unshaken  
He meekly heard the call;  
With a prayer yet lingering on his lips,  
His spirit burst its mortal wall.  
There was joy among the angels  
Before the great white throne,  
That his weary toil was over,  
His crown of life was won.

We thank the blessed Father  
That he's free from sin and care,  
And heaven seems nearer to us now,  
For we think that he is there.  
And we know that he is happy  
With his shining harp and crown,  
But our hearts are filled with sorrow,  
When we think that he is gone.

Yet we'll walk with humble footsteps  
And the earnest lifted eye,  
For the path of sorrow leadeth  
To our Father's house on high;  
Till by those cool, still waters,  
In the pastures green and fair,  
In the snowy robes of heaven,  
We shall see our brother there. M. M.

## Selections.

### Hasting to be Rich.

We have already made reference to the timely pamphlet of Mr. Lewis Tappan, entitled, "Is it Right to be Rich?" The extract below ought to commend itself:

My own observation in mercantile life, of more than half a century, has convinced me:

1. That eagerness to amass property usually robs a man and his family of much rational enjoyment; tempts to doubtful and disreputable acts; enslaves a man to business and corroding care; injures his disposition and temper; makes him selfish, unsocial, mean, tyrannical, a bad neighbor and but a nominal Christian.

2. That it destroys that calmness of mind and that sound judgment which are requisite to success in business; that it tempts men to take hazardous risks which often involve themselves and others in perplexity and ruin; that it leads to suretieships, which produce inquietude and often result in bankruptcy.

3. That it leads to neglect of domestic, social and neighborly obligations; neglect of children, neglect of prayer and the Scriptures, and neglect of one's health of body and soul.

4. That men of this description are seldom, if ever, spiritual Christians, however talkative they may be on the subject of religion, or however lavish they may be in occasional charities; and, on the other hand,

5. Men of moderate views, as it respects business, and diligent withal; men of caution, industry, economy, contentment; men who are faithful in all the relations of life, as husbands, fathers and church members; men who seek first and habitually the kingdom of heaven, and give freely and cheerfully to good objects, as the Lord prompts them, in obedience to his commands and in faith in his promises, are the men who have "the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

### Earnest Worship.

A correspondent of the *Rochester Chronicle*, writing from St. Augustine, Florida, describes a religious meeting of colored people, as follows:

"The services had progressed in the usual manner, until the finale. Another hymn was sung, followed by another prayer, and the benediction from another, when I supposed the meeting was concluded. But not yet. One of the leaders came and shook hands with me, and sung in a lively tune, words like the following:

"Oh, how have you been, my brother dear,  
Since last we met and saw you here?  
Have you taken up the cross?  
Have you got the bright crown?  
Oh, yes! sing glory hallelujah!"

Then he passed to another, and he to me in the same way; then another was added to the circle, and another voice, and then another, and another, till all had shaken my hand, and I had shaken theirs; every voice raised to the highest key, every one keeping step and motion of the body with the shake of the hand, in exact, quick time, first the 'brethren' then the 'sisters' all shaking hands together, singing joyously. The words were repeated some thirty times, till every hand was shaken, and every time they got to the end of a verse hallelujah, all together, bowed low. Could you have seen me in that dark, swaying, singing crowd, I think you would have been amused. It was a warm-hearted, religious, emotional novelty, and I enjoyed it much."



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# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY, 12, 1869.

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

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

## Gather Them In.

Men are gregarious. It is natural for them to run together. They are not made to live alone. The desire for isolation or seclusion is the exception and not the rule of human taste and enjoyment. Wherever there is a sufficient motive men are easily gathered. "Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Any center of interest, emolument, or felicity will find its attractions potent to gather around it its votaries. A band of music commenced playing in a public square in the city, and in a few minutes hundreds were gathered around them.

This principle lies at the foundation of the old motto: "A man is known by the company he keeps." This is so because there must be some central, attractive point common to them all which brings them together. This common bond leads to common sympathy, and by association there is a common assimilation of character. Bad associations lead to corruption, as the apostle says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Great care then should be exercised in this matter lest improper influences and motives captivate and lead us astray, and we find ourselves in disreputable company, known to the world, before we know, ourselves, where we really are.

The Christian should avail himself of this principle and gather into the fold of Christ as many as possible. Christ himself adopted it and enjoined it upon his followers.

"Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." "Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations." "And they went everywhere preaching the word." Here then is the principle which Christ and the apostles labored. Comprehensively uttered it is, Gather all men into the church, not indiscriminately but discriminately, using laudable instrumentalities, and bringing them in on honorable and authorized conditions, and thus build up and strengthen Zion, making her such an efficient power in the world as she was designed to be by her founder. The first example we have given us where this principle was carried out by the disciples is recorded in the first chapter of John. John points two of his disciples to the Lamb of God. One of these, Andrew, becomes so much interested that he goes immediately and finds his own brother Simon and through his explanation and persuasion, "brought him to Jesus." In a similar way Philip was reached, followed Christ, and goes to work at once to bring Nathaniel into the fold, and thus the revival spread.

Here is an example for our instruction. The means are simple, the work legitimate, and the success triumphant. It will here be perceived that Christianity is made self-propagating. There is no extraneous machinery, no supernatural messenger descending from above with great power and bringing men to Christ independent of human instrumentality. The apostles went to work as if it depended on themselves, not however independent of Christ's assistance and blessing. The same course obtains today. The Master is ready to cooperate with his children in this work. We are to gather men into the church with Christ; and if we attempt to do it in any other way we are found fighting against him, as he himself has said: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Christ's design evidently is to build up his church through "the foolishness of preaching" and the instrumentality of his children.

"I know," says one, "that ministers are to preach and win souls: 'He that winneth souls is wise,' and the number that they bring in, the fold is made the coin of their estimate in the minds of the people." Now we protest against any such shirking of responsibility. It would be nearer the truth to say that the church is made accountable for the salvation of souls; and that the blood of those perishing lies at her door. She calls a minister to assist her in this work, not to do it for her; and, if he does his duty and souls are not converted, the sin, if there be any, must fall upon the church, and all the effort which she may make to parry it and throw it back upon the minister will be in vain. If he does not do his duty, he is of course guilty with all other neglectors. He is not to be credited or censured for more than what belongs to him.

Here, then, is a work left to the hands of the church with ample means to be employed for its accomplishment. If these means are used they will not fail of success. They will secure the grand design of the Messiah. The stone that smote the image "became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." The question is, How are members to be gathered into the church so that it may fill the whole earth? The design is evident, the way is apparent, the means are simple and the result is to be confidently expected and eagerly sought.

All nations are to be disciplined according to the injunction of Christ. This is to be done by Christians, not alone by the sermons of the preacher, but by the united efforts of the children of God.

1. The church is to speak by a living example. This cannot be done by proxy. As repentance, faith or love is an individual work which cannot be exercised by another for us, so the influence of character, the power of a daily life, has an individualism which cannot be shaken off, a personality which must be borne as long as we preserve our identity. The voice of our example will be heard much farther and much

longer than we have any idea. As our natural voice impinges upon the air and sets in motion vibrations which will not cease until the whole atmosphere is stirred, so the silent voice of a godly life sets in operation sequences which are not limited by the narrow confines of time, and will it cease in the ages of eternity?

Like the sun whose influence is felt in every direction, the Christian's life has a power which is felt in every direction around him. He cannot ignore it; he cannot prevent it; he cannot neutralize it, if it is wrong. He can reform and rectify his influence, cease to do evil and learn to do well, correct his mistakes and redeem himself from all imputation and live a life in the future which will utter its voice for the right and lead men to Jesus.

There is a great deal of truth in the old motto: "Actions speak louder than words." Its silent voice is more effective, carries more conviction with it than mere verbal utterances. It speaks to the eye, to the heart, and becomes the unctious of words which may accompany it.

2. The church should speak *viva voce*. That unruly member, the tongue, should not only be restrained as with bit and bridle, but it should be trained to do good in the cause of Christ, to bless the world instead of cursing it. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." This untamable "world of iniquity full of deadly poison" becomes, through the power of God and his grace, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." What no man could do God has done; and the subdued, converted tongue is expected to work for him—to confess him, to praise him, to persuade men in his stead to become his disciples.

There is a magic power in earnest, well-chosen, persuasive words. What fascination in the silvery tones of woman! In the very commencement Adam felt their power and involved himself and the race in ruin; and from that time until the present, "the syren voice of the charmer" charmeth still. "He followeth her straightway."

This power of the voice Christ appropriated to his work. With the mouth confession must be made, the gospel preached, and sinners persuaded and brought to Christ. John used it when he pointed his disciples to the Lamb, Andrew used it when he brought Simon to Jesus, Philip used it when he said to Nathaniel, "Come and see," and Paul and the other disciples availed themselves of it in their great work.

Christ understood the matter when he set all his followers to work in his vineyard. Not only were the ministers to preach but the laymen were to confess the Saviour before men and persuade them to come to him. Not only were the men to speak for Jesus but the women also. Their influence—their voice must be consecrated to this work. It is not a shame for a woman to commend the Saviour. How can she help it when she is made happy in his love? The woman of Samaria immediately extended the invitation even to men, "Come see the man—is not this the Christ?" Christ never intended that women should remain silent in his cause. How often do their words of rebuke and exhortation accomplish more than an elaborate sermon! Their "apples of gold in pictures of silver" are resplendent with grace and glory especially in the eyes of those who are attracted and saved by them; and if there are stars in anybody's crown of rejoicing, there will be in theirs.

How often is it that a mother's words follow even a wayward son and bring forth fruit of joy and peace in after life! A sister's voice is not soon forgotten. One word uttered in sincerity has often found a lodgment in the heart of some careless sinner and proved the germ of a happier life. Moistened by the dew of the Spirit it has sprung up unto eternal fruition.

Would you see immediate results? Let your words be explicit, your influence decided, your prayers definite, and all your efforts direct, just as if you believed in the immediate conversion of the soul, and you will not be disappointed. Faith will triumph. When souls are converted take care of them. Be nursing fathers and mothers in Israel. Do not leave them to wander upon the dark mountains like sheep without a shepherd or a fold, but gather them into the church and take care of them; give them work to do and keep them at work and there will be no danger. Here is where the great trouble is with many churches; they do not take care of the lambs of the flock. Gather them in.

## Corruption—Reform.

That corruption has prevailed to an alarming extent in our government cannot be denied, and that reform and retrenchment are very desirable must also be confessed; but whether the one will cease and the other prevail is a question not so easily decided. Were this a matter that depended entirely on President Grant, we might hope for great improvement in the right direction. He began with the right principles as far as appointments were concerned—that only good men, fitted for the place would be appointed, and that no man should be removed without cause. This he evidently designed to carry out; but tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon him and, with all his firmness, he has been swerved from his position and driven back to the old course of recognizing claims for service done without regard to fitness for office, and also to the necessary accompaniment of rotation in office, however faithful may have been the occupant. In this way, in many cases, good men would be ejected from office and corrupt men would be appointed for their successors.

It is not to be supposed that Grant can be acquainted with the qualifications of every applicant. He must take them on the recommendation of others and thus almost unavoidably he will be the victim of the corruption and chicanery of artful and

designing politicians. Suppose a man has made a noise on the stump in the last campaign, is he therefore to be appointed to displace a sound, loyal, competent officer, and that when he has not the first qualification for the office? And yet this very thing is liable to be done, and if all stories are true it has been done in some instances.

Some have already been rejected by the Senate on this ground, and what seems very surprising, senators have given their names to commend men against whom, after their nomination, they have voted on the ground of incompetency; but has this safeguard against corrupt men always been exercised to prevent their appointment? A correspondent of the *N. Y. Independent* answers the question as follows: "I am compelled to say that some of the appointments were not fit to be made; and, unless more care is exercised in the selections for Internal Revenue officers and post-master-ships, corruption and miscellaneous thieving will equal the worst days of Andrew Johnson's administration. It becomes honest Republicans to cease pouring out a stream of adulation, and to insist upon wholesome criticism."

The corruption in the Post-Office department alone is truly alarming. The complaint comes from every direction that letters containing money and checks are plundered from the office to such an extent that the people are losing all confidence in the department. This matter has been referred to before in its connection with the *Star*. We have been seriously annoyed by these P. O. thieves, and the question is how they can be reached. Will not the Post-Master General, through whom appointments in this department are made, go into an investigation and see to it that corrupt men are displaced by those that can be trusted; and if the present P. O. laws do not afford the protection to the mails, or the facilities for the detection of the thieves, which they ought, let them be improved.

The demand for reform in all the departments is urgent and must be faithfully attended to by those who stand at their head under the President, or corruption will augment instead of decreasing.

What is demanded of the President is that he return to his old base and fight it out on that line. The trouble, however, is outside of the Presidential chair. Corruption did not all leave with the last administration; it is still as rampant as ever among the wire-pullers and office-seekers; and if every disappointed politician, some of whom ought to fail, has an acknowledged claim for place and is to receive an appointment without any regard to his fitness for the office, or to the faithfulness and loyalty of the incumbent whom he is to displace, instead of reform we shall have greater corruption than ever. The President may not be particularly to blame in this matter any farther than for yielding to outside pressure. He is not to be supposed to know every applicant for the office sought; and when the appointment is urged by prominent Republicans in Congress what is he to do?

As we have already said, the difficulty lies back of the President. If the people are corrupt, it takes something more than a President to produce a genuine, thorough reform. He can discountenance corruption, and as far as it comes to his knowledge he can purge himself from all implication, he can gather around him those who will assist in ferreting it out and discarding it until the hideous monster slinks out of sight. This is what we trust that Grant is aiming to do, and if he makes some mistakes and fails, it is not to be wondered at, and he is not to be harshly censured, especially if he manifests a disposition to correct his blunders as soon as detected, and to learn discretion from experience.

At the same time the people throughout the country should set their faces firmly against all corruption, discountenance the nomination and election of corrupt men for any office, and it would not be long before retrenchment and reform would become popular and the President would not be troubled with a host of mere blood-suckers around him. Let the President work at the capital and the people at home, and something will be accomplished.

Especially should our churches discard it in every form. It sometimes creeps into the fold of Christ in the form of fashion, formalism and extravagance, undermining our piety and opening the way for worldly speculations, artifice, fraud, and struggles for position and popularity which will fill her with rottenness and woe, and unfit her for her work. Let the Christian church exonerate herself from all complicity with wrong in the nation and purge herself from all corruption, and there would be a long step taken in the right direction. She would then be the light and safety of the nation and of the world.

## Our Denominational Work.

Every man, every church, every denomination has a responsibility high and sacred, commensurate with the interests of eternity. Who can estimate the good which an individual has accomplished? To say nothing of a Luther, Wesley, Judson, Randall; how many, unknown to fame, through the influence of a noble purpose and a consecrated life, have been a blessing to the circle in which they moved, and their works follow them in grateful remembrance. It is for us to labor; God will take care of results. Whatever the present promise, it is ours with a faithful heart and diligent hand to do our duty, as a blessed privilege to be laborers together with God.

The early ministers of our denomination were true workers, they loved the cause, were earnest, self-sacrificing, and evidently successful. We bless God for their example and influence. No one claims for them infallibility, or should render them a blind adulation; but let us cherish in remembrance the good they left us. In our own personal recollection we have precious treasures of public labors and private interviews and friendly intercourse with John

Buzzell, Joseph White, Henry Hobbs, George Lamb, Martin Cheney, Clement Phinney, and others of a similar life and spirit. We are sometimes ready to ask, Upon whom have their mantles fallen? In their day they wrought a great and good work for their Master; have their successors been equally faithful to their trust?

It is not enough to say that the circumstances are so changed that our work is altogether different from theirs. It is said that under God they laid the foundation, and others are building the superstructure. Their work was adapted to their time, as ours is to our time. They had one class of errors to encounter, we have another; they had special truths to inculcate, as we have now. Admitting all this, there is danger of making too much of those differences, and unduly magnifying non-essentials. The great foundation stands forever the same, the gospel of Christ changes not; the interests of the soul, the conditions of salvation, the growth and edification of believers remain as they were. Whether our toil be in the country waste or in the city full, among the learned or the unlearned, the rich or the poor, the exalted or the humble, the message we bear and the terms of its reception are alike to all. There will be differences of manner, though comparatively of little consequence.

Let no one for a moment indulge the thought that because we are called upon to do more for intellectual culture, therefore the heart may be neglected; because we seek to establish new interests in the cities and elsewhere, that the old churches may be left to dwindle; because some new forms and methods of labor are presented, therefore the old ones are to be set aside. Rather let us go forward towards the completion of what is so well begun. We are to build "on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." Our great work now as ever is that of salvation; proclaiming the doctrine of the cross, revivals of religion, organizing and sustaining spiritual churches. Other labors and manners are auxiliary, useful and necessary in their places, but to be carried on as a part of the gospel work, in the spirit of the gospel, and tending to the same result. Thus will there be throughout, unity and stability.—J. J. B.

## Kingdom of God.

"WHEN WAS THE KINGDOM SET UP?" A brother in Saco, desires an answer to this question of the "Question Book." The Scriptures will enlighten us. John Baptist came preaching, Math. 3: 2, "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." If it was "at hand" it certainly had not been set up. If the theory of some were true, John would have preached that the kingdom had been set up for centuries.

After Jesus was baptized, and John was cast into prison, the Lord preached, Mark 1: 15, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand." So it was not then set up. But the time "was at hand" of which Daniel, the prophet, spoke, Chap. 2: 44, "In the days of these kings, the kingdom of heaven shall set up a kingdom." Christ sent out his chosen disciples, and commanded them to preach, Math. 10: 7, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." It was not set up at that date. Jesus said, Luke 9: 27, "Some of those who stand here, shall not taste death, till they see the kingdom of God come with power." It would come then while some of those who heard him lived. It was therefore set up after the last year of the Saviour's ministry, and before the death of some of those that heard him. Paul, in Col. 1: 13, describes the saints as having been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, which proves that the kingdom was set up before the sixtieth year of the Christian era; or between the thirty-third and sixty-fourth years. In the year of our Lord thirty-three, Jesus declared that it would be set up while some of his hearers lived, and Paul says that, in the year of our Lord sixty-four, the Colossians had been translated into it, which implies that it had then been set up.

At what precise time was it done? Paul says, Rom. 1: 4, that Jesus was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead. What was this power, but the royal authority as successor of king David. So, Acts 13: 33, the resurrection is said to be a fulfillment of Ps. 2: 7, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." And Jesus says himself, just before his ascension, Math. 28: 18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Does not this indicate when the kingdom was set up? Peter and the rest of the apostles proclaimed Jesus as king, and called men to come into the kingdom, from this time. See Peter's sermon on the day of pentecost.

The penitent were at that time translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The time the kingdom was set up, was when Jesus was "exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins," within the fifty days intervening the resurrection and the descent of the Holy Spirit; then the "kingdom of God came with power."—G. H. B.

## Miscellany.

### TOO MUCH MATTER.

An advertisement of a western Y. M. conference assigns forty-seven different parts for essays, discussions, &c., at its next session, many of the subjects mentioned being of the highest doctrinal and practical importance. This reminds us of a sermon we once casually listened to from the text, "She (wisdom) hath hewn out her seven pillars." The seven pillars were made to represent what the speaker regarded the seven leading Christian doctrines, upon each of which he proceeded to give a somewhat extended exposition. Well enough in its way, we sup-

pose, but our curiosity was awakened to know where he would find a topic for the next Sabbath, having pretty much exhausted the gospel!

### COMMENDABLE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The interest awakened in the west on the subject of Home Missions and church extension (some six new churches being reported in the last No. of the *Freeman*), is most encouraging. It is hoped that the whole denomination will second this forward movement by large contributions to the treasury of our Home Mission enterprise.

### STATE INITIALS.

The advice recently given by the *Star* to letter writers to give the initials of their state as well as the name of their town address, is a sensible one for other reasons than those therein stated. Owing to the illegibility of the post-mark on the envelope, it must often be the only means which will enable the managers of the *Dead Letter Office* to return to the writers uncalled-for letters, which is of some importance, when containing money or other valuables.

### ADVANTAGE OF HOME ORGANIZATION.

The success of the western Freedmen's Mission, is in part owing to the organization of a western department for the management of its own funds. In this matter we claim some credit to ourselves for having first suggested it in the Home Mission Board; never having had before our eyes the fear of a disruption of our denominational union by having more than one paper, or more than one Theological school, or more than one Missionary organization.—J. J.

## Scripture Exposition.

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

Does the above passage teach that those who have been truly converted, and fallen into temptations, and so far wandered as to lose the favor of God, and expose themselves to the danger of eternal wrath, cannot be restored and saved? I think not.

I do not propose to discuss the question whether one who has been truly converted can fall away, but shall assume the responsibility of such an apostasy; and that the persons here described have actually been converted.

The Scriptures do not, in other instances, as I think, clearly show that persons who have enjoyed God's favor have afterwards so far fallen away as to sacrifice that favor, and have still been in a condition from which they could emerge and again enjoy that favor.

1. In proof of this I might cite the cases of David and Solomon and Peter (to say nothing of Adam and Eve,) who, after having been special favorites of heaven, committed crimes of which it is plainly declared that none can commit them and enjoy the favor of God; and yet such have repented and found favor. There are also numerous warnings and entreaties to those who have thus apostatized to return to God, which, of course, could not be given if there were no hope for them.

2. There is but one sin for which there is no forgiveness. That sin is not backsliding so far as to commit the sins of lying, drunkenness, murder, adultery, &c., of which it is said that those who do commit them shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Nor is it the sin of blasphemy against the Father nor the Son. All these have forgiveness. Yet none of us can understand that those who commit those sins can enjoy the favor of God and be saved without repentance and a cleansing in the blood of Jesus. But that one only sin is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

Now as this sin was mentioned by Paul in the text, it must be identical with the unpardonable sin, this too must be the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

It would certainly be an apostasy if one should so far fall away as to commit the other sins mentioned above, but not the falling away there mentioned.

This warning is here introduced, no doubt, because those, and those only, who have been converted are liable to commit this unpardonable sin. It means, I think, take heed, for there is a falling away, to which you are liable, so deep and terrible that there is no forgiveness for it, viz., blasphemy against the Holy Spirit.—A. K. M.

## Current Topics.

NOT NUMBERS BUT THE PRINCIPLE. The *Watchman and Reflector*, a week or two since, copied a portion of a recent article in the *Star* on "Close Communion," and made comments upon it, taking exceptions to some of its positions. A correspondent of the *Watchman* writes to the editor of that paper that the article from the *Star*, "reminded me of a late conversation with a minister of that communion, in which, the practical utility of their communion policy coming under discussion, I inquired of him how many of his members, in the past year, according to his knowledge, had communed with a neighboring pedo-baptist church. 'I know,' said he, 'there was but one, and no more.' 'And how many from that church have communed with yours, in that time?' 'Just one,' was the reply. 'Then,' said I, 'for one year, at least, you have come within one of being with us in the practice of communion.' In this, and former interviews, the good brother assured me that he, with others of his brethren, were willing to be, not only almost, but altogether with us in denominational bonds whenever the union could be amicably effected." To our minds all this is without practical significance. It matters not so much, how many pedo-baptists

come to our table, or how many of our membership go to theirs. Freedom to come to the table of the Lord should never be denied to Christians. The principle involved is worth contending for. Besides, the instance cited is a rare one. With some of our churches, scores and hundreds commune annually. The brother referred to doubtless expressed the exact truth when he said that he and others of his brethren were willing to be with the C. Baptists in denominational bonds whenever the union could be amicably effected. The same is true of us all. But who, we ask, are to make the concessions?

SOMETHING NEW. A secular journal in New York contains an account of a new religious association now forming in Chautauque county on the border of Lake Erie. The association owns about sixteen hundred acres of unimproved land, which it is proposed to put under cultivation "on aesthetic and celestial principles." Perfect social equality is enjoined between all members of this community. The temporal affairs are directed by nineteen trustees who can do nothing except by unanimous consent. Their religious belief is too vague and shadowy for description. A decidedly novel feature in it is that they recognize Jesus Christ as the one only and true God. They believe in personal revelation, and in a mysterious spiritual union with the Deity. They have no church edifices, are frugal, temperate, self-denying, and propose to live apart from the world. The head of the enterprise is the Rev. Thomas Locke Harris, an Englishman by birth, and a clergyman, banker, and farmer in earlier life. Associated with him is Lawrence Oliphant, late member of the British Parliament, who, at the age of thirty-seven, after traveling over the greater part of the world, has become weary of its vanities, and with his mother, Lady Oliphant, a woman of rank and culture, is said to have devoted himself, heart and soul, to this spiritual adventure. The remaining members of the association, to the number of about one hundred, are described as Japanese and Mussulmans, clergymen and men of letters of the United States, ex-rebels who were formerly slaveholders, the flower of the British aristocracy, the rich and poor, eminent and obscure, white and tawny. It remains to be seen whether the new enterprise will assume the proportions of those started by Mohammed and Joe Smith, or share the fate of that of Elder Adams of Jaffa notoriety.

DR. LIVINGSTONE. The late report that Dr. Livingstone had been at Zanzibar and had left to make his journey to Egypt by overland route, proves untrue. Recent letters from persons at Zanzibar state that no news whatever of the distinguished traveler has for a long time reached that place. Sir Roderick Murchison who has taken a deep interest in Dr. Livingstone's welfare, now suggests the theory that the doctor, finding geographical facts which led him to the supposition that the waters of the *Tanganyika* had their outlet on the west, would follow the issuing river to the west coast; under which theory they must emerge near one of the western Portuguese settlements, or even from those on the Congo. If this view be entertained, some time must yet elapse before so vast a distance, through an unknown region, can be traversed. Of course time only can prove the correctness of this theory. It is possible that the old report of his death may prove correct. The last reliable intelligence received from him was on Dec. 14, 1867, at which time he was at Cazembe, 700 miles from Zanzibar. It is stated that the officials of the Royal Geographical Society will entertain no fear respecting his safety until at least another twelve months have passed.

BARNES'S FAREWELL. It seems that the two volumes of Commentaries on the Psalms, noticed in another column, are the last works of the kind which are to appear from the pen of Albert Barnes, whose name, as a commentator, has been everywhere a household word. In closing his long series of Biblical studies, and writings, Mr. Barnes indulges in some reflections which are calculated to interest the general reader. Referring to the language of Pope and Gibbon, on the conclusion of their works, he says, "I may not compare myself with these men; but I am conscious of similar emotions, as I bring to a close this long series of works designed to illustrate the Bible. God has blessed me in this work far above all that I had any reason to anticipate; and while I have cause to believe that He has made it useful in some measure to the world, and venture to hope that He will make it useful when the fingers that now move the pen shall be stiff in the grave, He has made it during nearly forty years a source of constant blessing to my own soul. In the review of this part of my life, I can now conceive of no way possible in which I could have more profitably spent the early hours of each day than in the study of the Bible. . . . I cannot close this work without emotion. I cannot lay down my pen at the end of this long task without feeling that with me the work of life is nearly over. Yet I could close at no better place than in finishing the exposition of this book; and the language with which the Book of Psalms itself closes, seems to me to be eminently appropriate to all that I have experienced. All that is past, all in the prospect of what is to come, calls for a long, a joyful, a triumphant HALLELUJAH."

NOT YET RELEASED. Mary Ann Smith, whose case has received so much attention during the past year, is still in the hands of her persecutors. It will be remembered that she was a domestic in a Methodist family in New Jersey, and left Romanism and joined the M. E. church. Thereupon her father had her confined in the House of the Good Shepherd, where she declares she is compelled to associate with prostitutes, and is not allowed to converse with her Protestant



the Washington Street church, Dover, retained last year, a sufficient number of new subscribers to provide itself with two good organs. Let other churches go and do likewise, and let no one of our churches, however small in numbers, be without an organ. By a faithful, persistent and united effort, any church can secure some one of the organs now offered as premiums. Let every one who reads this go to work now, and continue to work through the year in getting subscribers for the *Star*, and by and by he will be rewarded. The offers which we now make are numerous, varied and

**Premiums for New Subscribers.**

We offer the following premiums for new subscribers to the *Star*.

II.

1. For one new subscriber and \$2.50, (with 12 cents additional to pay postage) we will send any one of the following books, as published, or immediately to be published, for the Sabbath School and the Family, Mrs. L. Maria Child, viz.:

1. "The Christ Child," 190 pages; or,
2. "Good Little Mary," 178 pages; or,
3. "Making Something," 184 pages; or,
4. "Jemie and Jeannie," 155 pages; or,
5. "The Boy's Heaven," 151 pages; or,

III.

1. For two new subscribers and \$5.00, with 16 cents to pay postage) we will send one book entitled "Sunny Skies; or Adventures in Italy," 261 pages; or,
2. "Bright Days; or Herbert and Meggy," 57 pages. Price of each book \$1.50. Or,
3. For two new subscribers and \$5.00, with 20 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new "Book of Worship." Price \$1.00. Or,
4. For two new subscribers and \$5.00, with 28 cents additional to pay postage) we will send one copy of "Butler's Theology," 456 pages. Price, \$1.60. Or,
5. For the same, and (20 cents additional to pay postage) we will send one copy of

pages. Price \$1.20.

IV.

1. For three new subscribers and \$7.50, (with 30 cents additional to pay postage) we will send "Life Scenes from the Four Gospels." Price \$2.00. Or,

2. For three new subscribers and \$7.50, with 16 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new \$500.00 prize volume, containing about 400 pages, entitled "Andy Luttrell," and pronounced to be a superb book for the Family and the

3. For three new subscribers and \$7.50, we will send the "Sabbath at Home," for the current year, commencing with the No. for January. Price \$2.00.

V.  
For six new subscribers and \$15.00, (with 68 cents to pay postage) we will send the first volume of Strong and McClintock's Biblical and Theological Cyclopedia. Price \$5.00.

VI.  
For eleven new subscribers and \$27.-

VII.  
For sixty new subscribers and \$150,-  
00, we will give one of Baker and  
Randall's Five Octave Single Reed Organs,  
in Black Walnut Case. (Transportation to  
be paid by the receiver.) Price \$25 00.

VIII.

For eighty-five new subscribers and \$12.50, we will give one of Baker and Randall's Five Octave double Reed Organs, in Black Walnut Case. (Transportation to be paid by the receiver.) Adapted to the parlor or vestry. Price \$125.00.

IX

For one hundred and fifty new subscribers and \$375.00, we will give one of Baker and Randall's Five Octave Three Reed Organs, in Black Walnut Case, having seven stops and Book-Case, and combining the latest excellences and improvements. (Transportation to be paid by the receiver.) Adapted to churches and large vestries.

To S. S. Superintendents.

Four new books just published and ready for delivery. Two of them are the prize stories. "ANDY LUTTRELL," is the story

"SHINING HOURS," having been thoroughly revised and much improved by the author since the award of the prize, is not one whit behind the prize story in every essential particular, or brilliant as any other.

tion by its literary brilliance, its vivid portraiture, and its high and wholesome Christian teaching. (These are now ready for delivery.)

Of this prize series, we now have in process of publication, some of which will soon

be ready for delivery, the following: "MASTER AND PUPIL," "MAY BELL," "Sabrina Hackett," and "Aunt Mattie." The publication of each book will be announced as it comes from the binders. Price of each book, \$1.50. Postage 16 cents. Also, of the *Rainy*

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## Poetry.

## The Music of Labor.

The banging of the hammer,  
The whirling of the mill,  
The crashing of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane,  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The clattering of the turning lathe,  
The whirling of the mill,  
The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The puffing of the engine,  
The fust of the continual boom,  
The clipping of the tailors' shears,  
The driving of the awl—  
These sounds of honest industry  
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,  
The earnest talk of men,  
The tolling of the giant press,  
The scratching of the pen,  
The tapping of the yard-stick,  
The tinkling of the scales,  
The whistling of the needles,  
(When no bright cheek is pale),  
The humming of the cooking-stove,  
The surging of the broom,  
The pattering feet of childhood,  
The housewife's busy hum,  
The buzzing of the scholars,  
The teacher's kindly call—  
The sounds of active industry  
I love—I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,  
The reaper's cheerful song,  
The driver's oft-repeated shout,  
Spurring his stock along,  
The busker's joke and catch of glee  
As he hies him to the town,  
The halloo from the tree-top  
As the ripened fruit comes down,  
The busy sound of threshers  
As they clean the ripened grain,  
The husker's joke and catch of glee  
Neath the moonlight on the plain,  
The kind voice of the drayman,  
The shepherd's gentle call—  
These sounds of pleasant industry  
I love—I love them all.

O, there's a good in labor,  
If we labor but aright,  
That gives vigor to the day-time,  
A sweeter sleep at night;  
A good that bringeth pleasure  
Even to the toiling hours,  
For duty cheers the spirit,  
As dew revives the flowers.  
Then say not that Jehovah  
Gave labor as a doom;  
No!—'tis the richest mercy  
From the cradle to the tomb;  
Then let us still be doing  
Whatever we find to do,  
With cheerful, hopeful spirit,  
And free hand, strong and true.

## The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay me,"—say it, darling;  
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
O'er her folded finger tips.  
"Down to sleep,"—"to sleep," she murmured,  
And the curly head dropped low;  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,  
"You can say it all, I know."  
"Pray the Lord,"—the words came faintly,  
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep;  
But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."  
O, the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of the child heart! Would that I  
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,  
He who hears my feeblest cry.

## My First Child.

One night, as old St. Peter slept,  
He left the door of heaven ajar,  
When through a little angel crept,  
And came down with a falling star.  
One summer, as the blessed beams  
Of morn approached, my blushing bride  
Awakened from some pleasing dream,  
And found that angel by her side.  
God grant but this—I ask no more—  
That when he leaves this world of sin,  
He'll find his way for that blest shore,  
And find that door of heaven again.  
—David Barker.

## The Family Circle.

## The Sabbath Morning's Lesson.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Parson B. read the first chapter of James for the morning's lesson and Dea. Jones who was never absent from church, unless sickness prevented his going, listened attentively. In fact he never failed to pay strict attention to any preached word. The lesson, on that beautiful Sabbath morning, when the air was balmy and delicious, when the flowers were in bloom and the tender blue sky bent over a scene fraught with loveliness,—the lesson, that morning, went straight to the deacon's heart. His mind was in readiness to receive it.

Everything during the week had been unusually prosperous with him, and he was never an unfortunate man, like a good many, whose crops often turned out poorly and whose harvests were oftentimes blighted. But somehow, and every body remarked it, Dea. Jones was successful in everything he undertook. Abundance surrounded him. His family circle had never been broken by the cruel hand of death and his home was indeed one to be envied.

So, as the deacon rode along, three miles or more, through the pleasant country, smiling unconsciously as he viewed his broad acres and thought of his prosperity, it was no wonder that he was happy. The road was over-shadowed by grand old trees whose leafy branches sheltered him from the heat of the sun; the air was filled with fragrance and the birds sang more sweetly than ever before, (so the deacon thought) as if they were offering up their very beings

to the Giver of life and light. His heart seemed over-flowing with melody and he could hardly refrain from breaking all bonds of deaconly dignity and bursting forth into joyous singing.

But he forbore, for just as these thoughts were busy in his mind he was about passing a neighbor's house and this neighbor was a poor widow with three sons, with whom the world went not so well. Poverty, cruel and stern, seated himself by her hearthstone and smiled derisively at all attempts to banish him. No kind, helping hand had the deacon or his family extended to their less fortunate neighbors. No sympathetic word had ever been spoken, no encouraging smile had been given. The boys were looked upon by this prosperous man, as good-for-nothing fellows from whom the community might never expect anything but disturbance.

A shadow of all this flitted through the deacon's mind as he passed by and noticed two of the boys stealing off down the lane into the meadow in an opposite direction from the church, while the widow and the other son, poorly clad and humble looking were walking to church together.

A deep, long-drawn sigh escaped him, and he wondered within himself what his wife and daughter were thinking of, for no word had passed between them since they left home. As they drove up to the church and alighted, the happy thought came back to the deacon, for he saw how eagerly his family were greeted and noted with pleasure, and I will not say how much pride, that his daughters were more richly adorned and more noticeable than any other young people in the congregation.

We hope the deacon will pardon us for observing him too closely and prying too curiously into his heart's secrets, but we could not help observing, when the parson read the last verse of the chapter, how quickly he glanced to where widow A. sat with her son, and if the anxious eye and pale, tired face of the woman and the hungry, neglected look of the boy did not leave some kind of an impression on him, we allow ourselves to be no judge.

During intermission the Sabbath school convened. Amid the hum of voices, old and young, these words,—"visit the fatherless and widows" rang clearly in his ears and sounded in his heart. Suddenly he thought, "How would it be with my family if I should be taken away! Unconscious of what he was doing, he turned his eyes in the direction of his daughter's class, Metta, his youngest daughter and his pet. Tears filled his eyes as he imagined her life without a father to advise and protect. His feelings were stirred from their very depths.

When the day's services were closed and the deacon and his family were seated in their comfortable carriage and were enjoying their pleasant drive home, they repassed the widow and her son who were also returning home through the heat and dust of the afternoon.

"Don't you pity the poor woman, father, she looks so tired, walking such a long way?" said Metta, with a sigh as if the very thought made her weary.

God bless her! thought her father, for her kind, pitying heart, but he uttered no word, as his daughter's remarks kept the tide of uncomfortable thoughts in motion. His heart was not so light as when he went to church in the morning.

Monday dawned as brightly as the Sabbath, but the "holy stillness" went out with the Lord's Day. In its stead were heard every where, the sounds of busy life. There was an air of unusual thrift and comfort about Deacon Jones' place. No stranger could pass by without noticing its inviting, cheery aspect. In doors, breakfast was just over and the well-to-do farmer took his family Bible from the stand to read a chapter, which he never neglected to do in the busiest season. As he turned the leaves, the book opened to the first chapter of James, and he read. After prayer was over he arose from his knees and said:—

"Wife, there's a work to be done that I never thought of till yesterday." Then he related to his wife and daughters the thoughts that had so completely absorbed his attention. He added, "Our granary is full to over-flowing, we have enough and to spare, while our nearest neighbor lacks the necessities of life and we have withheld from our substance. I wonder that God has not punished us and taken away all that we possess. I am going over there this morning with a wagon full of what I have to spare, while you and the girls can do whatever you wish. May the Lord forgive us for delaying to help the poor in their distresses."

"How glad I am!" said Metta. "I have thought of it many a time, but felt if it was right to give them anything, father would be sure to know and do it. I will go too, for Nellie used to be my classmate and I am sure kind words would be a good gift too."

Thus the deacon's family suddenly awoke to good deeds and it was not a small gift that was carried to the poor widow that morning.

"Deacon Jones and Metta! Coming here too! what can it mean?" and Mrs. A. looked anxiously round the cheerless apartment, wishing, perhaps, it looked more inviting.

"Deacon Jones!" said one of the boys, "He's coming for no good to us, depend upon that. Likely some of his melons are gone and he's come to accuse us of stealing them. If he does I'll!"

"So will I, deacon or no deacon," said another readily understanding the unspoken threat.

"Metta wouldn't come for that," said Willie. "Hush!" said the mother, as a knock was heard at the door. On opening it, Metta came forward with a kind good morning, bringing in her hand a jar of nice, sweet butter which her mother had entrusted to her care. Her face was beaming with happiness, so if her features had been plain, though they were not, she would have looked beautifully, but as it was she looked almost like an angel. She was immediately followed

by her father, who never spoke more kindly to anybody than he did to the widow and her sons that morning when he told them as the Lord had prospered him so he felt it his duty to remember the "widow and the fatherless."

Tears of joy, rolled down the widow's cheeks as she tried to thank them. There was a merry time in unloading the well filled wagon, and it would be difficult to say which was made the happier the giver or the receiver.

"You may always find a friend in me if you are in trouble or need help, and God grant that there may be more comfortable days in store for you!" said the deacon at parting.

"I have never desponded in my darkest hour, for God has been my friend and the light of his countenance has made my otherwise gloomy pathway bright. If my boys only had good places to work we should not fear. They only need a helping hand just now and they will do as well anybody."

"I always believed it," said Metta a little triumphantly.

The deacon promised to do all in his power to aid them, and he kept his promise faithfully. So the boys, who were poor and friendless, at last found some one to care for them.

In after years Deacon Jones never regretted the assistance he gave to the widow and the fatherless. And the boys, who grew up to be talented men, never forgot the morning when the deacon and his daughter drove up to their lowly dwelling with the wagon full of provisions, and, better than all the rest, the kind words that made them respectable and useful men in the world when they might have become wretched and miserable and have filled drunkard's graves or felon's cells.

And all this came of treasuring up a single verse read by the parson on one lovely Sabbath day.

## How to Talk.

I know one saint. We call her Agatha. I used to think she could be painted for Mary Mother, her face is so passionless and pure and good. I used to want to make her wrap a blue cloth round her head, as if she were in a picture I have the picture of, and then, if we could only find the painter who was as pure and good as she, she should be painted as Mary Mother. Well, this sweet saint has done lovely things in life, and will do more, till she dies. And the people she deals with do many more than she. For her truth and gentleness and loveliness pass into them, and inspire them, and then, with the light and life they gain from her, they can do what, with her light and life, she cannot do. For she herself, like all of us, has her limitations. And I suppose the one reason why, with such serenity and energy and long-suffering and unselfishness as hers, she does not succeed better in her own person is that she does not know how to "be short." We cannot all be or do all things. First boy in Latin, you may translate that sentence back into Latin, and see how much better it sounds there than in English. Then send your version to the letter-box.

For instance, it may be Agatha's duty to come and tell me that—what shall we have it?—say that dinner is ready. Now really the best way but one to say that is, "Dinner is ready, sir." The best way is, "Dinner, sir"; for this age, observe, loves to omit the verb. Let it. But really if St. Agatha, of whom I speak,—the second of that name and of the Protestant, not the Roman, Canon,—had this to say, she would say: "I am so glad to see you! I do not want to take your time, I assure you, have so many things to do, and you are so good to everybody, but I knew you would let me tell you this. I was coming up stairs, and I saw your cook, Florence, you know. I always knew her; she used to live at Mrs. Craddock's before she started on her journey; and her sister lived with that friend of mine that I visited the summer Willie was so sick with the mumps, and she was so kind to him. She was a beautiful woman; her husband would be away all the day, and when he came home, she would have a piece of mince-pie for him, and his slippers in front of the fire for him; and when he was in Cayenne, he died, and they brought his body home in a ship Frederic Marsters was the captain of. It was there that I met Florence's sister,—not so pretty as Florence, but I think a nice girl. She is married now and lives in Ashland, and has two nice children, a boy and a girl. They are all coming to see us at Thanksgiving. I was so glad to see that Florence was with you, and I did not know it when I came in, and when I met her in the entry, I was very much surprised, and she said I was coming in here, and she said, 'Please, will you tell him that dinner is ready?'"

Now it is not simply, you see, that while an announcement of that nature goes on, the mutton grows cold, your wife grows tired, the children grow cross, and that the subjugation of the world in general is set back, so far as you are all concerned, a perceptible space of time on the Great Dial. But the tale itself has a wearing and wearying perplexity about it. At the end you doubt if it is your dinner that is ready, or Fred Marsters's, or Florence's, or nobody's. Whether there is any real dinner, you doubt. For want of a vigorous nominative case, firmly governing the verb, whether that verb is seen or not, or because this firm nominative is masked and disguised behind clouds of drapery and other rubbish, the best of stories, thus told, loses all life, interest and power.

Leave out then, resolutely. First omit "Speaking of hides," or "What you say suggests," or "You may think of," or any such introductions. Of course you remember what you are saying. You could not say if you did not remember it. It is to be hoped, too, that you are thinking of what

you are saying. If you are not, you will not help the matter by saying you are. O matter if the conversation does have round sharp edges. Conversation is not an essay. It has a right to many large letters, and many new paragraphs. That is what makes it so much more interesting than long, close paragraphs like this, which the printers hate as much as I do, and which they call "solid matter," as if to indicate that, in proportion, such paragraphs are apt to lack the light, ethereal spirit of all life.

Second, in conversation you need not give authorities, if it be only clear that you are not pretending originality. Do not say as dear Pemberton used to, "I have a book at home, which I bought at the sale of Byles' books, in which there is an account of Parry's first voyage, and an explanation of the red snow, which shows that the red snow is, &c., &c., &c. Instead of this, say, "Red snow is," &c., &c., &c. Nobody will think you are producing this as a discovery of your own. When the authority is asked for, there will be a fit time for you to tell.

Third, never explain, unless for extreme necessity, who people are. Let them come in as they do at the play, when you have no play-bill. If what you say is otherwise intelligible, the hearers will find out, if it is necessary, as perhaps it may not be. Go back, if you please, to my account of Agatha, and see how much sooner we should all have come to dinner if she had not tried to explain about all these people. The truth is, you cannot explain about them. You are led in farther and farther. Frank wants to say, "George went to the Stereopticon yesterday." Instead of that he says, "A fellow at our school named George, a brother of Tom Tileston who goes to the Dwight, and is in Miss Somerby's room,"—not the Miss Somerby that has the class in the Sunday school,—she's at the Brimmer School,—but her sister," and already poor Frank is far from George, and far from Stereopticon, and, as I observe, is wandering farther and farther. He began with George, but George having suggested Tom and Miss Somerby, by the same law of thought each of them would have suggested two others. Poor Frank, who was quite master of his own theme, George, finds unawares that he is dealing with two, gets flurried, but plunges on, only to find, in his remembering, that these two have doubled into four, and then, conscious that in an instant they will be eight, and which is worse, eight themes or subjects on which he is not prepared to speak at all probably wishes he had never begun. It is certain that every one else wishes it, whether he does or not. You need not explain. People of sense understand something.—Our Young Folks.

## Trotty's Thoughts of Baby.

"I don't think I like the looks of it," said Trotty, very distinctly.

He meant the baby. It was Aunt Mattheus's baby. Aunt Mattheus and Cousin Geneva, and the baby's nurse, and the baby's trunk, and the baby's carriage, and the baby's crib, and the baby were making a visit at Trotty's house.

They had just gone into the spare chamber to take off their things, and Trotty had hopped up stairs on one foot after them, with an interested air. It struck him that people were making a great fuss over that pink bundle in that freckled woman's lap,—kissing it, and squeezing it, and feeling of its fingers, chucking it under the chin; saying how it had grown! and how much it looked like papa! and what a little dear it was! and see it laughing at you! He wondered whether, if he were a pink bundle in a freckled woman's lap, they would pay so much attention to him.

"I'm four years old, and I'm going to be five bime-by," he said, feeling that he had been neglected long enough. But nobody listened.

"I'm four years old. I've got a tip-cart, and some rubber boots," he continued, severely. "I have free griddle-cakes for breakfast, and I ate my supper down stairs."

But nobody heard that, either. However painful it may be to inflict a gentle reproof upon one's inferiors, it is undoubtedly sometimes a necessity. Trotty, with quiet dignity, crept up behind Aunt Mattheus, and jerked her by the waterfall.

"O!" said everybody talking at once, "do let Trotty see the baby. I don't believe he ever saw a baby near enough to touch it in his life."

So they made room for Trotty beside the freckled woman, and he examined the pink bundle with attention. It was a very pink bundle. Its flannel cloak was pink; its crocheted sack was pink; its little knit shoes were pink; its ribbons were pink; its hands were pink; and its face was very pink. It had two great black eyes, a funny little flat nose, no hair to speak of, and no teeth, whether you spoke of them or not. It stared at Trotty for a minute doubtfully; then scowled a little, scowled a little more, scowled very much wrinkled, writhed, twisted, grew red, grew purple, opened its mouth wide, and screamed at him, then doubled its fists close, and punched him in the face.

"You frighten her, the blessed little dear!" said Aunt Mattheus.

"I don't wonder," said Lili; "you've been to the sirup-pitcher, and the quince jar, and the sugar-bowl, and the apple-barrel, since you washed your face last, to say nothing of the red crayon mark on your neck, and the black one on your nose. You've been at my paint-box, too, I know from the gamboge streak on your forehead, and the pea-green on that front curl."

"No," repeated Trotty, with decision as he was marched off to the wash-bowl, "I don't like the looks of it, and if God can't find a better looking baby than that for me, when I'm a man, he needn't throw me down any."—E. S. Phelps.

A house without children, is like a lantern without a candle.

## Once upon a Time.

Once upon a time there was a prince who was very homely; so he went to a fairy, and said, "Fairy, I wish you would make me handsome."

"Shall I make you handsome for a time, or handsome as long as you live, not only in this world, but in the next?" asked the fairy. "Oh! I would like to be handsome as long as I live, for ever and ever," said the prince.

"Then I will tell you what to do," said the fairy. "Here is a glass for you to look through at the people. It will show you all who deserve help. Take it, and take a purse of money, and go through the streets and give to every one who deserves help; and do this every day till you find you love to do it. One year from now meet me on this spot."

The homely prince said he would be glad to be made handsome in so easy a way. So he went to work, and did as the fairy told him to do, till he grew fond of his daily work and loved to do it.

At the end of a year, he met the fairy as she had told him to do; and she said, "Well, prince, do you look handsome now?" "No," said he; "but I feel handsome, and that is better."

Then the fairy dipped water out of a spring with a crystal cup, and said, "Look in this water; what do you see?"

"I see myself," said the prince; "but how handsome!"

"Handsome is that handsome does," said the fairy; "yours is now the beauty that will last."

"I am content," said the prince. "Fairy, I thank you."

So the prince was made happy and handsome all at once. There were some people who called him homely; but those with a good eyesight, who could see his soul, said he was the most beautiful prince they had ever seen.

## Literary Review.

THE LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. J. Howson, M. A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. Two Volumes in one. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869. Octavo. pp. 439, 556. Sold by E. J. Lane.

It is a superfluous use of words, at this day, to commend at length this great work. Few books have been published that have been so strongly and unqualifiedly approved by all classes of students and readers, who take an interest in the significant records of the early church, and in the character, career and letters of its leading representative,—the apostle Paul. It pictures the man with a true artist's appreciation and skill; it makes the life in Palestine and Asia Minor, as it was during the first century, reappear in all its freshness and intensity; it exhibits the parties and struggles that are now and then hinted at in the Acts and the Epistles, but which are everywhere implied; it puts us in the apostle's attitude whenever we are to listen to one of his addresses or peruse one of his letters; and then it gives us Paul's utterances, whether with tongue or pen, in a free translation and a skillful paraphrase, that sacrifices nothing but illuminates and vitalizes every paragraph of Luke's narrative, and fills every letter of the apostle with point and power. He must have been an earnest and successful student of the New Testament, to whom this work can give no help, and he must be almost incapable of quickening who does not at times find himself thrilled and instructed as he studies these pages. It is one of the few works which cannot be absent from the library of the pastor and intelligent Sabbath-school teacher without real and serious loss.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., in view of the publication, by other parties, of a somewhat abridged and incomplete edition, have put their two volumes into one, omitting nothing, and they now offer the complete work for \$3.00,—a price much less than the work was sold for in the days when books were cheapest. How well they can afford to sell on these terms we do not know; but we are sure that few clergymen, who do not own it, can well afford to leave it unpurchased.

NOTES, Critical, Explanatory and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. In three volumes. Vols. II. and III. New York: Harper & Bros. 1869. 12mo. pp. 383, 248. Sold by E. J. Lane.

Mr. Barnes ends his long-continued and valuable service as an expositor with the issue of these volumes of his Notes. They are of the same general character as those that have preceded them,—plain, unambitious, not without critical value, judicious, devout in spirit and practical in aim and tendency. Though not fresh, or original, or striking, or extraordinary, or always satisfactory, yet they have met a real want, secured a large circulation both in this country and in England, and given much valuable aid to very many who were repelled by the more learned and elaborate commentaries. His later volumes are superior to his earlier ones, and these last are perhaps the best he has given us. He takes a formal leave of his work as an expositor, at the end of his third volume, in a few calm and touching paragraphs that can hardly be read without sympathy and tears. Mr. Barnes has been a most industrious and systematic worker, and the many volumes of Notes which he has prepared, are almost exclusively the fruit of his labors performed before the breakfast hour. It is a striking example of what steady effort may accomplish,—a product built up from the fragments of time whose significance is little less than a marvel to men who toil without a plan, and depend upon spasms of intense effort rather than upon the toll to which every day is made to bring its regular quota.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORK-SHOP. By Max Muller, M. A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Vols. I. and II. Vol. I.—Essays on the Science of Religion. Vol. II.—Essays on Mythology, Traditions and Customs. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 374, 402. Sold by E. J. Lane.

This century has witnessed the growth and activity of an interest in philological study that is without a parallel. The dead and the living tongues are explored with an eagerness that is not excelled by that of the geologist when he inspects the strata of rock that offer him a new field for the study of the bygone fauna and flora that, in dying, left their history upon leaves of adamant. In the absence of all regular historical records, the languages of many nations are made to give up the secrets of more than one extinct empire, and report what was supposed to be buried forever in the wreck of revolution, or lost in the migrations of ancient tribes.

Max Muller is one of the most eminent of living philologists, and he is at the same time one of the most interesting and suggestive of scientific writers. He is fond of speculation, he shows no lack of doing, and draws his inferences carefully and then quite too soon for prudence, too confidently for modesty, and too presumptively

for logic. But he is an indefatigable explorer, a most patient student, a perfect cyclopedia of knowledge, a philosopher by overmastering tendencies and settled habits, a conscientious and enthusiastic author. His previous volumes lifted him at once into prominence, and prepared the critical public to welcome whatever additional information and suggestions he might have to offer. These books will be read with eager interest. They are mostly composed of lectures and articles for the Reviews which he has prepared from time to time, on special topics connected with his chosen department of study. Their style is, therefore, more popular than would otherwise have been the case, and the field which they cover is a pretty broad one. "Chips" though he calls them, borrowing a term used by his eminent friend, Bunson, they are more significant than the statistics which many men produce at the end of a life of hammering at the blocks brought from the great quarry of human knowledge. They hint at the methods which are to be adopted by those who are already at work to build up, if possible, a new science, to be known as Comparative Religion, and whose office it will be, by the application of critical tests, to assign each system of religion its true place in the moral economy of the world, and exhibit its bearing upon the welfare of the human race. The volumes are richly worked study, and they contain much that throws light upon both the ancient mythologies and the systems of heathen religion that are prevalent today.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. By W. De Fonville. Translated from the French, edited by T. L. Phisdon, Ph. D. & F. C. S., &c. With thirty-nine engravings. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 255. Sold by E. J. Lane.

THE WONDERS OF OPTICS. By F. Marlon. Translated from the French and edited by Charles W. Quin, F. C. S. With seventy engravings. Same Publishers, &c. 12mo. pp. 276.

THE PHENOMENA AND LAWS OF HEAT. By Achille Caquot, Professor of Physics in the Lyceum of Versailles. Translated and edited by Ethel Rich. Same publishers, &c. 12mo., pp. 265.

These three volumes belong to the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" which these publishers are issuing, and the authors have been very successful in popularizing the main facts in certain departments of nature that are always open to inspection. There may be now and then a little excess in the methods adopted in presenting even ordinary phenomena so that they shall appear startling; but, in the main, the work is well and even admirably done. The spirited engravings, the picturesque description, the attractive letterpress, and the marked mechanical excellences will be almost certain to render these books peculiarly welcome to the young for whose benefit they were chiefly prepared, and even maturer minds will not search for interest in vain.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE. By W. Stewart Trevelyan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869. 12mo. pp. 297. Sold by E. J. Lane.

LITTLE WOMEN; or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. With illustrations. Same Publishers, &c. 1869. 16mo. pp. 359.

The fifth volume of the "Handy Volume Series," which Messrs. Roberts Brothers are issuing, is one of the best of a very pleasant set of books whose literary merit will save them from being ignored or disesteemed, and whose popular qualities will win for them a general and grateful welcome. "Irish Life" is one of the best representations of the spirit of the Irish people, and the difficulties lying in the way of any decisive and permanent improvement in the social and political condition of that interesting but mercurial race. The pictures are skillfully painted, the better and the worse elements are set forth with great freedom and frankness, and the quiet narrative alternates with the development of incidents that are at once startling and tragic. No one can fail to be impressed with the thorough familiarity of the author with Irish character and life, or with the manly straightforwardness with which he brings out the lighter and the darker shades that appear in the island toward which the eyes of European and American statesmen are being directed.

The second part of "Little Women" possesses the same exquisite charm of sentiment and style that rendered its predecessor so attractive and excellent. It is at once elevated in tone and wholesome in teaching, full of a rare and subtle sympathy, wholesome thought and penetrative and genial humor. Such books are sure to come all too rarely, but there is no danger that they will fall of recognition and welcome whenever they appear.

REMINISCENCES OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. A Social and Artistic Biography, by Elise Pollock. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. With additional Letters addressed to English Correspondents. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869. 12mo. pp. 334. Sold by E. J. Lane.

This volume is interesting both in view of the intrinsic qualities of the subject and the charming style in which the author performs the work of portraiture and description. It is not a romance like the previous book devoted to Mendel, and yet it is as far removed as possible from the dryness of mere historical and biographical details. The life of the great composer is exhibited with distinctness of outline and admirable detail, and the peculiarities of the social and artistic circles of which he constituted a leading member come out on these pages in so vivid a way that the reader seems to be moving among the living personages and feeling the inspiration of a bygone generation. It is a most delightful book, the charm of which abides after repeated readings.

BLACK FOREST VILLAGE STORIES. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepfert. Author's Edition. Illustrated. Same Publishers, &c. 1869. 12mo. pp. 377.

THE VILLA ON THE RHINE. Same Author and Publishers. Author's edition. With a portrait and a biographical sketch by Bayard Taylor. 12mo. pp. 351.

Auerbach is to-day the leading writer of his class in Germany, and his volumes have both surprised and delighted whenever they have been translated and read. These Village Stories are adapted to younger readers than his later works, but they possess the same charming qualities that mark the very best of his productions. He is calm and deliberate even when intense, and while at home in the dramatic and highly imaginative department of literature, he is yet open to the very gentlest of influences, and lets nothing that possesses a feature of quiet beauty escape his eye. He is sure of a reading and a remembrance.

We have already spoken of the "Villa on the Rhine" in terms of commendation. Messrs. L. & H. are issuing it in a style uniform with his "On the Heights," and the first volume, no before us, is a model of mechanical excellence in modern book-making.

THE VELOCIPED: its history, varieties and practice. With illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1869. 12mo. pp. 107.

BEAKING A BUTTERFLY; or, Ellerslie's Ending. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 1869. Octavo. Paper, pp. 139.

ITS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. A Matter-of-fact Romance. By Clara Reade. Same Publishers. Paper, pp. 242. Price 35 cts.—This edition of Reads seems almost like giving away the works of an eminent and popular author.







