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The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR,
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1869.

Watch.

Watch, for the time is short;
Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest temptations overcome;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!
Watch, for the flesh is weak;
Watch, for the foe is strong;
Watch, lest the bridegroom knock in vain;
Watch, though he tarry long!

Chase slumber from thine eyes;
Chase doubting from thy breast;
Thine is the promised prize
Of heaven's eternal rest.
Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
Thy Saviour watched for thee,
Till from his brow the blood-sweat poured
Great drops of agony.

Take Jesus for thy trust;
Watch, watch for evermore;
Watch, for thou soon must sleep
With thousands gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up—
Now, while 'tis called to-day—
O now, in thine accepted time,
Watch, Christian, watch and pray!
—Church of England Magazine.

Written for the National Peace Jubilee.

A Hymn of Peace.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!

Brother, we meet, on this altar of thine;
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brother, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!
—O. W. Holmes.

Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1869.

During the past month, the "Hub" has experienced more than usual activity. Business has been good, and the city has been thronged with strangers, many of whom have been attracted by the meetings which have been held, and the national Peace Jubilee which promises to be the great event of the present month.

The Baptist Anniversaries which closed week before last, were highly successful. The attendance was large, the meetings were interesting, and measures were adopted which must have not a little to do with the future prosperity of the denomination. It appeared that the contributions to the Home Mission Society, during the year, were nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while six years ago they were only about thirty-six thousand. The laborers of the society were then ninety-six, while they are now two hundred and seventy-six. Other denominational enterprises present similar activity. It would be pleasant to give a fuller account of these interesting meetings, but as the *Star* has already given some attention to the subject, this general statement will suffice.

The regular May Anniversaries were held last week. The meetings connected with these have become so numerous, that it would be an almost hopeless task to enumerate them, and impossible for one to attend more than half of them. Compared with previous years, there was no falling off in interest. The weather was fine, the audiences were large and the speaking was good. The meetings of the Tract Societies were addressed by such men as Drs. Cuyler and Buddington of Brooklyn, Senator Wilson and Bishop Eastburn, all of whom inculcated sound evangelical sentiments. Indeed, it was really refreshing to listen to the words of these men in contrast with

sentiments advanced by the speakers at some of the other meetings. Dr. F. R. Lees, the distinguished temperance reformer of England, addressed the Temperance meeting and produced a favorable impression. His words have the true ring. The Anti-slavery Convention was of a more pacific character than usual. Even Wendell Phillips took a hopeful view of the situation, and everything seemed to indicate that the days of the organization over which he has been the presiding genius, are nearly numbered. The meetings of the advocates of female suffrage and reform in labor came in for their share of attention. They were well attended and their proceedings enthusiastic.

With these simple references to some of the more important meetings, and omitting to notice at all a large number of others, the second annual meeting of the Free Religious Association demands attention more at length. The managers of this Association, as is well known, are the advocates of modern infidelity, in its various forms, under a new name. With much that is bad, however, they occasionally sandwich in something that is good, and in this way seek to gain adherents. The meeting of the Association was held in Tremont Temple and was well attended. There were present not only the young and thoughtless, those in middle life who have refused to yield to the power of truth and have prided themselves in their skepticism, but even men and women who have grown gray in unbelief. Mr. Frothingham, the President of the Association, called the meeting to order and made the opening speech. With choice words and well-turned periods, he set forth the character and aims of the organization, but it was manifest throughout that he thought more of the religion of the Germans than that of the Puritans, and has as much regard for Confucius as Christ. Indeed, he considered the faith of the former of as much consequence and as abiding as that of the latter. Mr. Potter, of New Bedford, followed Mr. Frothingham, presenting some of the more important facts in his report as secretary. The view presented was not, on the whole, a hopeful one, and it served very fittingly to remind one of a drowning man catching at straws. Among the speakers was one who was introduced as Dr. Erlanger, editor of the *Jewish Times*. He is a short thick-set man presenting very much the appearance of a German Jewish peddler, and judging from the sentiments he advanced, we should think that he had scarcely more religion than one; for he seemed to have quite as much regard for Christ as Moses, Paul as Abraham. Evidently, he does not belong to the orthodox wing of the Jews.

It would far transcend our limits to notice all the speakers at this meeting, for there were Abbot, Emerson, Connor, Higginson and Mrs. Howe, together with a large number of lesser lights, all of whom gave expression to characteristic sentiments, and were lavish in their expressions of mutual admiration, which seem to be a weakness chronic with many of the members of the Association. We must not, however, omit to mention somewhat in detail a speech which came from an opposite quarter and presented a most pleasing contrast with the utterances by which the occasion was characterized. The speaker was introduced as Rev. Jesse H. Jones, of New York, who would address the meeting from an orthodox stand-point.

Mr. Jones is a man of a fine figure, a commanding presence, and has a melodious voice. He boldly avowed Jesus Christ to be his Lord and Master, and that he appeared upon that platform to speak in behalf of him and his religion. Referring to the fact that it had been declared by the Radicals that Jesus Christ taught nothing new, but that his teachings were simply an embodiment of the teachings of those who preceded him, he proceeded to controvert this idea, showing what Christ taught that was new, as his law of love, the depravity of the human heart, the necessity of regeneration, and other things of a similar character. As he approached the conclusion of his remarks, he became most eloquent and impressive. Said he, in substance, Christ is our Sherman and he is leading us to the sea, but who are the Radicals, and what are they doing? Carthage is dead; Egypt is dead; Greece is dead; Rome is dead; all the nations of antiquity are dead. Japan is dying; China is dying; India is dying; the world is dying; Christianity is carrying to them the elixir of life and love, but Radicalism would strike down the hands that proffer it. At this point the enthusiasm on the part of the friends of evangelical religion was intense, but their cheers were mingled with the hisses of Radicals. To us this was the speech of the occasion, and we venture the assertion that many present had not listened to so much truth for years. It requires much boldness for a man to appear before such an audience and advocate opinions so much in opposition to the views presented by nearly all the speakers present; and accepting the invitation to speak in good faith, as we suppose he did, he was entitled to a respectful hearing. We could see no good reason why that, during the time allotted to him, collectors should have been sent through the audience, creating more or less disturbance and inattention. All this, however, might have been without evil design on the part of the managers of the meeting.

The business meeting of the Boston Tract

Society, held in connection with the Anniversaries, was unusually spirited. The chief question which received attention was that of changing the Society from the basis which it has hitherto occupied, and making it exclusively a Congregational Society. The discussion was sharp and protracted, and a board of officers was at length chosen by a small majority, favoring the proposed change. Previous to adjournment, however, a resolution was passed to the effect that the society continue its operations on the basis of union. So it would seem that the society has changed some of its officers without changing its essential character, but that the proposed change must come sooner or later is inevitable.

During the week the Old South church celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its existence. Appropriate discourses were preached by its pastors, and the occasion was on the whole a marked one.

Of Freewill Baptist interests in the city we are not able to speak with definiteness. The North Bennett St. church is still without a pastor, though its pulpit has been regularly supplied by Rev. A. Randlett and others, and all the meetings of the church have been maintained. With a better location and due amount of sympathy and encouragement from the denomination, we do not see why the church may not become a strong one. We should not neglect to mention in this connection that F. Baptist ministers visiting the city will find the store of D. Lothrop & Co., 40 Cornhill, a pleasant place of resort. Mr. Lothrop has established himself in a thriving business, and upon his shelves are to be found a very fine assortment of religious and miscellaneous books. Clergymen will find it for their interest to patronize him.

The Peace Jubilee, to which we have referred, is looked forward to with much anticipation not only by the lovers of music but by the public generally. The Coliseum on St. James Park is rapidly approaching completion. This mammoth structure is in itself a curiosity, and large numbers daily visit the place of its erection. The attendance of the Jubilee promises to be large and the affair a success.

AMICUS.

Jellasure, India.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

Compared with the many pleasant visits I have had at this place the past three years, my last has been by no means the least interesting. At the covenant meeting on Saturday, 77 members were in attendance. Our church covenant, lately printed, was read and adopted, each one being called on by name voting for it. The large majority of this church being composed of females, and the most of these but school-girls, it was deemed important to appoint a church committee of seven, to hold office for one year, to attend to church matters, such as the examination of candidates for baptism, cases of discipline, and also to commence missionary work.

The contributions of the church have been allowed to accumulate the past two years, and with the interest now manifested, seem to justify the church in attempting the support of a native preacher. A request is to be made to the Mission committee for leave to employ one of the native laborers, viz., Silas Curtis, who is located here. There is some ability and I trust a growing disposition on the part of members to labor for God and the salvation of souls.

Seven new members have been received. One from the Santopore church and five from Balasore, the latter being all members of the school—the seventh by baptism, was also a school-girl, lately from Balasore, by the name of Elizabeth, supposed to be 9 years of age, being one of the rescued famine orphans.—Her Christian experience was very clear and satisfactory. She spoke of herself as "having been a great sinner," but now, "a little, tiny believer." To the question, why do you think the Lord loves you? she unhesitatingly replied; "Because he comes into my heart and dwells there, and knows all things." Do you wish to go and be with the Lord? "Yes." Would you rather live here or go and be with the Lord? "Just where the Lord puts me there I wish to be." The dear little lamb of Christ's flock, I felt, is a very mild, amiable and rather precocious child, who walks right into one's heart and dwells there, as she says the Lord does into hers. This is the first baptism we have had at which only one candidate was received for over two years, and this might have been put off until others who have applied were ready, but the case was one of such deep and tender interest that I had not the heart to put her off. Indeed the little thing came and placed herself beside the candidates at the water, last month, thinking she was to be baptized then.

Although this church is composed so largely of children, cases requiring discipline have been rare indeed. But one has been excluded, I believe, the past year. Sister Crawford's influence over these young disciples is both commanding and salutary. Her labors for their good are unremitting and abundant.

"Female suffrage" is hardly a question in the church constituted as ours is here. Three of our delegates to the Association to meet in Balasore this week, are sisters, and with a little more of age and experience, I think it will be deemed advisable to select deaconesses in the church. J. P.

The Old Burying Place.

Our home is within two miles of the place of our birth, the dearest of all localities we have found on the earth, and within the same distance of the first graveyard we ever knew, and where rest some of the best earthly friends we ever found, yet it is a neglected place, and years have passed without a visit to it.

In very early times a sacred regard was had to the place where the dead were buried. Abraham purchased a spot for a burying place, and special mention is made of the trees, that were a sort of adornment. But in early times in our country there was often but little taste in the matter. Rough, out-of-the-way places were chosen, and there was no effort to fit them up with beauty and convenience. Whittier, in a poem on "The old burying ground," well describes this.

"The dearest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand
And none from that of art.
A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-fung and broken lines,
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.
They dared not plant the grave with flowers,
Nor dress a funeral sod,
Where with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead to God."

We visited our old graveyard. It was the anniversary of our mother's burial 34 years ago. A sister had rested there about 38 years; our father nearly 19. A brother sleeps a mile away in a family burying place, chosen and fitted up by himself.

What reflections crowded into the mind during this hour. A father's fidelity and faithfulness, a mother's tenderness and love were remembered. Their power was felt. To them under God we are indebted for all the good we have enjoyed and what little influence of usefulness has been exerted. In youth they pointed us to the path of peace and led the way. Their precepts and example still live, and being dead, to us they still speak.

The spring is the most instructive time for visiting graveyards. The modest violet is blooming at our feet; flowers are on every hand. From dead and decayed matter vegetation is springing into life, a lesson of power, teaching the resurrection. Death is robbed of its terror and the grave of its gloom by the glorious truth of the final resurrection. "All that are in their graves shall come forth." Loved ones shall meet again, and the good shall dwell together forever beyond death and tears in God's heavenly kingdom.

The retired and seemingly unlovely place, where our friends are buried, is one of intense interest to us. We like its retired situation and even its neglect. There is meaning in this. Relative to it, Whittier says,

"For thus our fathers testified
That he might read who ran;
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man."

As we walked away from the hallowed enclosure, we thanked our Saviour that he watches the sacred dust till he shall bid it rise. Let native flowers bloom there, the birds sing, the winds chant a requiem over the graves we love, the tall pines growing in the west part of the graveyard, gracefully continue to bow before the breeze of heaven and we will work and endure hardness awhile longer; then we hope to escape to our rest and welcome it.

JOSEPH FULLERTON.

Events of the Week.

MR. MOTLEY.

The new minister of the United States to England, arrived at Liverpool, at midnight, May 29. In the morning he was welcomed by the mayor of the city and the American Consul. He received the addresses of the Chamber of Commerce at his hotel. He returned thanks to the American Chamber of Commerce for the welcome he had received as the representative of the United States.

In answer to the address of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Motley expressed his high appreciation of their friendly sentiments towards America, and assured them that during the period of his office he should endeavor to promote a good understanding between the two nations of the same race, bound by a unity of interests hitherto unequalled.

May 31, he left Liverpool for London, where he informed Lord Clarendon of his arrival, and requested the appointment of a day for the presentation of his credentials. Nearly all the English journals contain articles on the presentation of the addresses to Mr. Motley, and discuss the probable future relations between the United States and Great Britain. Settling aside the controversies, Great Britain offers Mr. Motley a hearty welcome. The *Times* is assured that both the government and the people of the nation will reciprocate his friendly expressions. The English seem to have imagined that Mr. Motley was going to make his debut among them with a copy of Senator Sumner's speech in one hand and a bill of the Alabama damages in the other, and that after brandishing the former, he was to present the latter for immediate payment, under the penalty of war to the knife.

They are greatly surprised, therefore, at the turn that affairs have taken. Newspaper organs, which but a week ago

bristled with defiant words, now draw cheering inferences from Mr. Motley's declarations. This was to have been expected of the returning good sense of the British people, in conjunction with the manly and discreet utterances which have signalized Mr. Motley's advent among them. And thus Mr. Motley's good beginning will be sure in time to bring about a good ending.

CUBAN ADVICES.

state that, by means of seven or eight expeditions which have, within a few months, left New York and Philadelphia, the Cubans have received large and somewhat surprising quantities of arms and munitions of war. It is thought that by these various expeditions the Cubans have received 21,100 small arms and 22 cannon or field-pieces. These supplies, received within a period comparatively brief, constitute the most decided and extensive aid the Cubans have ever obtained. Advances from Havana represent the extreme corruption of the Spaniards there, and the vernal indifference of a number of their officials to the failure or success of the war. A heavy engagement has taken place between the Spaniards and insurgents on the peninsula between the Bays of Nipe and Banos. The official report, received here, announces that the force and all the munitions brought by the filibusters are captured.

New advices have been received relative to the recognition of the belligerency of Cubans by the Government of Peru. This was brought about by an official communication, addressed by Gen. Cespedes to the President of that Republic, describing the progress of the revolutionary movement in Cuba, and the prospects of the patriot cause. Similar communications, it is presumed, have been sent by Cespedes to the Presidents of the other republics of South and Central America, and it is confidently expected that the example of Peru in this matter will shortly be followed by all sister republics. Never have the patriots of Cuba seemed so confident of victory.

THE INDIANS.

are still committing depredations in Kansas. Twenty whites have been killed during the past week. Orders have been issued to those having the command of troops to punish severely any Indians that may be found. A despatch says the outrages were committed by the Sioux and Cheyennes in divided bands of from nine to sixteen each. At Fossil Creek Station they have killed two men and wounded several, also, the railroad track was torn up and thrown a considerable distance from the grading. A squad of Gen. Custer's regiment was sent in pursuit of them.

Pachyderms in the Pulpit.

There are many qualifications which are justly deemed essential to a successful pastor. He must be a man of devoted piety, vigorous intellect, thorough culture, fluent speech, sound health, ready tact and fervent sympathy. All these qualities are emphasized, from time to time, in the columns of our religious journals; and unless a man possesses more than two or three of them, he had better think well before devoting his life to the sacred calling. But there is another characteristic, seldom mentioned, which, if not indispensable, is beyond question, eminently desirable in a minister of Christ.

He must be thick-skinned. We do not use the term in its literal, but in its figurative sense. A minister, to bear successfully the wear and worry of the pastorate, must not be over-sensitive, not too quick to take offence at unkind speeches, or resent substantial affronts which are put upon him. Still less must he have that suspicious temperament which is continually taking offence where none is meant, and fancying slights where none are intended. It is a very great misfortune for a minister not to have a spiritual cuticle which is reasonably thick, to withstand the constant abrasion which he is likely to encounter by intimate contact with the "unreasonable and wicked men"—ay! and women who still linger in our churches. But if his spiritual cuticle be unreasonably thin, we very seriously question his adaptation to the work of the ministry. The grace of God may, indeed, supply the lack of a temperament which is naturally sluggish and slow to take offence. But unless the man who is by nature over-sensitive enjoys to a remarkable degree the influence of the Spirit, he will find the pastorate a source of constant misery to himself without corresponding benefit to his parishioners. The experienced deacon who criticizes, in cold blood, all his movements; the self-sacrificing friend who tells him of all his little blunders, solely, to enable him to correct them, of course; the conscientious sister who suspects him of complicity with all the mean things done in the parish, if he does not immediately denounce the offenders; the constituent member with his fund of cheerful recollections as to how eloquently Mr. A. preached, and how fervently Mr. B. prayed, and how tenderly Mr. C. was beloved by the parish—these, and others like these, will flay him by inches within a year after his settlement. And a man never preaches Christ with much unction, nor is he eminently successful in leading souls to Christ, when he is being flayed alive.

We would urge the thin-skinned student,

then, to look before he leaps into the bramble-bush; and suggest to ordaining councils the wisdom of testing the spiritual cuticle of applicants for ordination with a pin-prick or a scratch here and there—unless, indeed, something can be done to develop a greater degree of courtesy and forbearance in some of the members of our churches. It may be that the grace of God has a work to do there, as well as in another direction which we have already indicated. Certainly, there is many a faithful and devoted pastor—unfortunate only in that God has made him over-sensitive—who is "nettled and stung with pismires" into another parish, or an untimely grave, when he might be useful and happy in a life-long pastorate, if his people did by him as they would have others do by them in like circumstances. As things go, however, we must put in a plea for pachyderms in the pulpit. We do it with regret, for the nature that is exceptionally insensible to insult is, generally, to the same degree, insensible to the relations of truth and the woes and wants of humanity. Those brilliant gifts which our churches so much desire at the present day are, for the most part, coupled with a peculiar sensitiveness. A man who is clear as crystal on the Sabbath is likely to be fragile as crystal during the week. Brilliance is apt to be belligerent upon occasion.—*The Examiner and Chronicle*.

Mission Field.

SIAM.

Judging from the apparent results of the labor bestowed, Siam is a peculiarly hard field. According to an estimate in the *Missionary Magazine* the labor of sixteen missionaries, averaging thirteen years apiece, has been given to Siam since 1832, and yet the number of native members in the Siamese churches is to-day less than three to each missionary. Such is the dead, dread apathy produced by Buddhism.

The late king gave the Christian teachers perfect freedom and showed them much personal favor. In intelligence and kindness, he was first among Asiatic monarchs. Twenty-six years of his life, from the age of twenty to his accession to the throne, were devoted to study. After his elevation in 1851, his energies were given to the improvement of his country in constructing canals, roads, steamboats, and the training of his troops. He died last Oct. of a fever contracted at Hoa Wan, whither he went to observe a total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of Aug. He was accompanied by a large number of Europeans, whom for half a month he entertained with royal munificence. But notwithstanding all the light bestowed on him he died, as he lived, a Buddhist! In a letter to one of the missionaries he subscribed himself, "Your friend, but a sincere hater of Christianity." He had 80 children. A son fifteen years of age, who has already three wives, is now "Supreme King," and his nephew, "Prince Geo. Washington," (thus named by a missionary, is "Second King." The mission party had an audience with the new king who treated them very courteously.

HOME AND ABROAD.

Objectors to Foreign Missions complain that Christians do much abroad and little at home; and some time since, the bishop of Oxford, Eng., remarked that it would have been a blessed thing for thousands of the people of England to have been born in Calcutta, for then they would have stood some chance of being brought within the means of grace, whereas in England they were entirely neglected. This taunt stirred up Dr. Mullens, Secretary of the London Missionary Society, and he demonstrated by a careful exhibition of facts, "that there is now expended on the unconverted population of London alone, as large an amount of Christian influence as is expended by foreign missions upon the whole heathen world. It has 400 city missionaries, 3,240 ragged-school teachers, 2,000 Sabbath-school teachers, 200 Bible women, 120 missionary clerical working in the darkest parts of the city &c., &c. and 500 charitable institutions spending annually nearly \$5,000,000, a sum greater than is given to all the foreign missions in the whole world.

The amount expended in New York city last year, for the various charities and evangelical agencies for its people, was three times more than was given by all American Christians to send the gospel to the heathen. We raised about \$30,000,000 for Christian objects and spent 95 per cent. on ourselves.

MAN DESCRIBED.—Chemically speaking, he is a pailful of water and a pound or two of ashes mixed up. He is thus defined in the *Christian Examiner*:

"Regarded from a scientific point of view, the being of a man is a metamorphosis of the organic material of the world into forms of human tissues, and of the animating force of the world into the conditions of human consciousness." "What is a dog?" asked we of our little Robbie, one day. In the plenitude of conscious mental might and right, he promptly replied, rising in his seat in his enthusiasm, "A dog is an animal with four legs and one tail."

PRAYER.—Let prayer be the key to the morning and the bolt of the evening.—*Matthew Henry*.

MIND.—The mind is like a trunk—if it will packed, it holds almost every thing; if it will packed, next to nothing.

Communications.

The Millennium.

Hermion says, in the *Star* of May 5, "The past history, or present condition of man gives no substantial reasons for expecting a millennium before the end."

By "millennium," I suppose he means the conversion of the nations of the earth to Christ, and the universal extension of the kingdom of Christ in this world. Now let us see what the Bible says on this matter. It teaches us most plainly, the ultimate triumphs of the gospel in this world, and the final conversion of all nations to Christ; and until this is accomplished, the end cannot come.

Now to the proof. Jesus tells us plainly, "This gospel must be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all people, (or nations), and then shall the end come." This universal diffusion of the gospel, has never yet taken place, and until this work is done the end of this world cannot come.

The missionary enterprises are the means for the completion of this good-begun work. Does any one say, nearly all nations are already reached by the gospel?—I reply,—"In no true sense can it be said the 'gospel' is preached in all the world, as a witness to all nations," until the Bible is translated into all languages. There are one thousand languages spoken in our world, and three thousand different dialects; and the Bible has not yet been translated into only 200 languages; and this is a great work, to be accomplished in 50 years, as these translations have mainly occurred in our modern mission work, which dates back but about 60 years.

In the 2d Psalm we have a prediction of the final triumphs of Christianity, in the promise that the heathen shall be given to Christ, and "the uttermost parts of the earth." This means that the heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth shall be converted to Christ and become his spiritual possession. The "breaking—dashing in pieces," there spoken of, refers to the means to be employed in the conversion of wicked and oppressive nations. As governments they will be "dashed in pieces,"—the papacy, and other tyrannies,—to open the way for the free spread of the gospel; and the translation and circulation of the holy Scriptures among those long oppressed. We see this "dashing" work going on in Italy, in Austria, in Spain, and in other countries; thus opening the way for future gospel triumphs.

In Ps. 22:27, we read, "All the ends of the world, shall remember and turn unto the Lord." In Ps. 72:11, it is said, "Yea all kings shall fall down before him, and all nations shall serve him." And again in Ps. 86:1, we have this prediction, "All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name." These three passages cannot be interpreted any other way than to mean and teach the ultimate conversion of all nations to Christ, without doing violence to plain, simple language, or as Peter says, of the unlearned in his day, "they wrest the Scriptures," from their evident meaning. In this way sad havoc has been made with God's word, by the self-styled "wise," who should "understand." But as they do not understand, having mistaken the time of the end some ten times, they are not the "wise" really! In Isa. 2:2, we read, "In the last days, (meaning the gospel dispensation,) the mountain of the Lord's house, (the Christian church,) shall be established &c., and all nations shall flow unto it." This "flowing of all nations" unto the house of God, can only be fulfilled in the conversion of all nations to the Christian religion, which good work is now going forward more gloriously than at any other time; but it is to increase more and more. All nations are yet to flow to Christ's church which he established in the mountainous regions of Judea. Daniel says, 2:35, "The little stone smote the image and demolished it, and became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." At this present time, the Christian church, of which the "little stone" is an image, is a "great mountain;" but it is yet to fill the whole earth; that is, to become universal on this present earth, and not on the new earth. Now when this is fulfilled, then we shall see the completion of Ps. 72:8, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth," meaning this earth, which predicts and promises Christ's universal spiritual reign in this world. Then will be fulfilled the prophet's saying, Isa. 11:9, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Never has this day been seen, and yet it is to be a fact in the future triumphs of the gospel; and when this day is witnessed, then will the saying be fulfilled, Rev. 11:15, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ." All these facts are to be realized as gospel triumphs in this world before the end come. This is the missionary view of the future of this world, that makes mission efforts a real and glorious work, but the Millerite or Advent view of the future, makes all mission efforts a mere humbug.

This same truth is taught us also in Isa. 2:4, 5. As a time of universal peace, as there promised, has never yet been witnessed; and as it is to occur in this present world, where "ploughs and pruning hooks" are tools used in agricultural pursuits, we are to expect this day as a future glory through the workings of gospel truth.

Now, I will only add, this glorious work of the universal spread of gospel truth, and general triumph of Christ's spiritual kingdom in the world, is now most gloriously progressing, as will be seen from the following mission facts: In 60 years past, 3,000 missionaries have been sent out into heathen countries; 4,000 Christian churches

have been organized on heathen soil; 5,000 schools have been established among the heathen, where 250,000 children are receiving a Christian education, and over a million of heathen have been converted to Christ. One writer says at least a million and a half have been converted. "About 500,000 converted heathen are now in these native churches, of whom 7,000 are preachers and public workers. In Turkey there are 3,000 converts; in China, 5,000; in Burmah, 10,000; in Africa, 15,000; in the Pacific Islands, 30,000; and in India, 50,000. Over 100,000 Catholics have been converted to the Protestant faith; and 10,000 Jews have embraced Christ as the true Messiah. Also 8,000 of our native Indians have been converted to Christ.

Hermion closes his article with a discount upon the imperfections of Christian character. Does he not know that it is human to err; and that perfection was not witnessed even in the apostolical churches. According to Paul's letters to the Corinthians, there were guilty lawsuits, adultery, divisions, and drunkenness at the Lord's table. Imperfect churches, we shall have as long as they are composed of such imperfect Christians. Still I say of the church, as Lord Wellington said of England, "With all her faults, I love her still."

The cry of "Babylon" against the church, and the demand to "come out of her," that has been made, I do not endorse at all. I cling to the church which has made me what I am, and gives me all my hopes in the future.

H. WHITCHER.

The 1,260 Years.

This particular number is found several times in the prophecies, and doubtless, in every case refers to the same period of time, during which the Papacy should be so far in the ascendancy as to have a controlling influence over civil governments; and occupying the high places, to compel the true church of God to betake itself to the wilderness. In all cases this number refers to the same period of time, then, by an examination of each place in the Scriptures where such a number is found, we may be able to fix upon the most probable date. Such time is mentioned in Rev. 11:2; 11:3; 12:6; 12:14; 13:5; Dan. 7:25. Rev. 11:2 says "and the holy city shall tread under foot forty and two months." (1,260 days). Verse 3—"And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and three-score days." (1,260.) The facts of history leave but small grounds for dispute upon the meaning of these texts. The faithful testimony of the Waldenses and kindred sects during the long dark nights of Papal superstition, and their final, cruel slaughter and extinction after their testimony was finished, is one of the most self-evident and remarkable fulfillments of Scripture prophecy. If we have found "the witnesses" then we can have a good stand-point, from which to view "the holy city trodden under foot forty and two months," and to determine whether this was Jerusalem indeed or whether it was the church of Christ. We may approximate to the regions of probability touching the duration of this period. If any reader has doubts concerning the correctness of this conclusion, let him read Jones's church history and decide for himself. Rev. 11:13, informs us that these events were to be followed by "a great earthquake," which was, doubtless, the French Revolution.

Rev. 12:6, "And the woman fled into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared where they shall feed her there a thousand two hundred and three-score days. (1,260.) Does any reader of history fail to comprehend this text? Does any one affirm that the church of Christ is still in the wilderness, whither she is compelled to fly from the face of the old, Papal, persecuting serpent? If she has left her refuge in the wilderness then has the 1,260 days ended.

Rev. 12:14, "And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place where she is nourished for a time, times, and half time, 3-1-2 years or 1,260 days, from the face of the serpent."

Rev. 13:5, "And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months, 1,260 days.

Dan. 7:25, "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time, 3-1-2 years. (1,260 days.)

A recent writer in the *Star* wishes to know the difference in the official relations of the Papacy during 200 years following the first Pope A. D. 560, and since A. D. 1,810. Jones's church history page 167, informs us that "such, however, was the extensive influence of Papal intrigues, that there were few of the princes of the Western Empire that were not virtually brought into a state of subjection to the authority of the bishops of Rome before the close of the fifth century. We may reasonably infer that it was much worse a half century later. It matters but little whether the Exarchate of Ravenna was not decided to the Pope until 200 years later, so long as the varied governments and princes were virtually in subjection to Rome, and Anti-Christ or the head of the Papacy was honored and obeyed as the "viceregent of God." Nor do I attach so much importance to the loss of the Pope's temporalities in 1810, as to the breaking to pieces of that spiritual tyranny which had so long held civil rulers in abject servitude. Napoleon defied the Pope, invaded his dominions, stripped him of his temporalities, and showed the utter impotence of the thunders of the church; and will my brother believe that since that the princes have been virtually in as much subjection to the authority of Rome as they were before the close of the fifth century?

The same brother hints that "the 1,260

years are to be immediately followed by the possessing of the kingdom by the saints of the Most High." He does not find this asserted in Rev., and of course he infers it from Dan. 7:25, 26, "and they shall be given into his hand until a time, times and the dividing of time. But the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and to destroy it unto the end."

Now does the reader understand this to signify that the abomination should continue 1,260 years, when it should suddenly be destroyed, root and branch, and the saints should immediately possess the kingdom? or does he take it to mean that he shall prevail so long against the saints, after which they shall more gradually "take away his dominion to consume and to destroy it unto the end?" The present generation are witnesses of the fulfillment of this prophecy of Daniel. The history of Europe during the present century, is a sufficient commentary upon the latter part of this text. The Papal power may redouble its efforts to regain lost supremacy, but the judgment has set upon her abominations, and while her hold upon the nations has been crumbling, and every political commotion has taken from her dominion, so will they continue to consume and destroy it unto the end. HERMON.

The Kingdom of God.

"WHEN WAS THE KINGDOM SET UP?"

The answer to this question by G. H. B. in the *Star* of May 12th is not quite satisfactory to all, and as it is of some importance in reference to other matters pertaining to the church, another view of it may not be altogether unprofitable to some readers.

As he stated, "John Baptist came preaching the kingdom of heaven is at hand," Matt. 3:2; also Christ himself, and his apostles did the same when first sent out; but I can find no account of such preaching during the last half, and perhaps more, of our Lord's ministry. Even as early as the sending out of the seventy they were taught to say "the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you," Lu. 10:9, 11. I think G. H. B. must be mistaken in regard to the time when the passages Mark 9:15 or Lu. 9:27 were uttered as it must have been in the first instead of the last part of Christ's ministry. Such statements, so uniformly made by the disciples, led the people to suppose that they regarded it as very near. We accordingly find the Scribes and Pharisees, after waiting for a time, demanding of him "When the kingdom of God should come," Lu. 17:20, 21; and he answered them "The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation," (with show) implying that they need not expect to see a magnificent inaugural ceremony, at its introduction, and added, "The kingdom of God is within (among, or in the midst of) you." The next sentence was spoken to his disciples showing us that the whole kingdom,—King and subjects—were in the midst of them. This brings us to the plain fact that Christ allowed himself to be proclaimed a king and announced himself such before his crucifixion. See Lu. 18:38.

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord," and 23:3, and Pilate asked him, saying Art thou the king of the Jews? and he answered him and said, "thou sayest it." Also Ja. 18:33-37; 19:19-22. He must therefore have had a kingdom already set up; and his answer to Pilate, Jn. 18:36, 37, implies this, "My kingdom is not of this world." Note the present tense. These facts being so clear I look for the setting up of the kingdom during "the public ministry of Christ. It is by very many believed that the church (general) is the kingdom intended in all these passages; and I infer that it is so understood by the author of the "Question Book" by the references given in lesson 5th on verse 2nd, viz. Lu. 9:27; Ac. 1:3; Col. 1:13. If this opinion is good—and I believe it is—then it may be considered against the conclusion of G. H. B., for Christ had most certainly instituted an organization, answering in all its essential principles to the church now existing, long before the close of his ministry. If we turn to Matt. 16:13—19 we find a remarkable transaction recorded; and noted Mark 8:27; Lu. 9:18. When the disciples were alone with their Master he inquired of them, "Whom do men say that I am?" After their reply by the mouth of Peter he asked again, "But whom say ye that I am?"

Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (all the confession of faith required of church members by the New Testament). Christ then, in the course of his reply to Peter made this very striking and peculiar declaration, "Upon this rock, (this confession of me) I will build my church (ecclesia) and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys (instruct you in the spirit and order) of the kingdom of heaven," &c. Accordingly we find him almost immediately giving them specific rules of fellowship and discipline, which have been common to the church in all ages since that date. (See Matt. 18th ch.) It cannot be doubted that the twelve and the seventy were governed in their intercourse with each other by those divine regulations and so, per consequence, constituted the first church of Christ on earth. Here then, we find the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of Heaven, set up, within the first half of the Saviour's ministry on earth. A word in regard to some of the arguments in the article referred to. Even if such passages as Mark 9:1 and Luke 9:27 were uttered as G. H. B. supposes, near the close, or in the last year of Christ's ministry, it would not prove that his kingdom had not been set up, any more than the inimitable prayer taught by Christ himself for the use of all Christians, in all ages, "Let thy kingdom come," proves that it has not yet been set up. It would only show that although the kingdom of heaven had hitherto ap-

peared a weak and insignificant institution, some of the bystanders should see it come (increase, or extend) with power. Col. 1:13 does not affect the argument. In Rom. 1:4 it is stated that Jesus Christ is "declared the Son of God with power," &c., by the resurrection from the dead." Not royal authority as successor of king David but with "All power," as declared Matt. 28:18; "All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth," not that he then received any new accession of power, but that the power he always had and exercised, to heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead, control the elements &c., was then "declared" or made manifest to all,—believers and unbelievers,—to be of God, and so the divinity of the Son be forever incontrovertibly established.

VINDEX.

Mother is Asleep.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."
Mother is fallen asleep.
Closed is the loving eye, dull the quick ear,
Silent the voice that we so loved to hear.
Hush your loud weeping;
Mother is sleeping—
At last asleep.
Sweetly she's fallen asleep;
Tranquil and still is the dear faithful breast
Where each loved child has delighted to rest,
Times without number;
Now she may slumber;
Mother may sleep.
Peacefully she went to sleep;
Feet that trod willingly life's thorny shore,
Hands never folded so idly before
Are the sure token
Of rest unbroken;
Mother's asleep.

Oh, she was longing to sleep!
Tired her brain with its wearisome part,
Painful the throbs of her warm, tender heart;
We who so love her
Thank God 'tis over;
She is asleep.

Mother has fallen asleep;
Fourscore and four years—Oh isn't it enough
That she so long trod a pathway so rough?
Yearnings were heeded,
Rest was so needed—
Now she's asleep.
Oh, it is pleasant to sleep!
He who forbids not the mourner to weep
Gives his beloved this calm, precious sleep;
Hush your loud weeping;
Angels are keeping
Watch over her sleep.

A Father's Letters. No. 19.

MY DEAR SON: If you should not be permitted to witness a general revival interest, under your care as the fruit of your labors, you are not to conclude that your labor in the Lord is in vain, or that you have mistaken your calling, or your proper field of labor. You may be sowing seed that shall, in future years, perhaps after you have gone to your reward, spring up and yield an abundant harvest. Some years ago, one of our ablest ministers was pastor of the church in—during nearly a score of years, and, during that time saw, if I remember correctly, but very few conversions,—no very general work of grace. He resigned his charge and soon after died. Soon after his death, under the labors of others, a most extensive work of grace was enjoyed, in mid-summer, and large additions were made to the church; among them many heads of families. When relating their experiences for baptism, frequent mention was made of the deep conviction felt under the preaching of their former pastor. Paul had planted, and Apollos watered, and God gave the increase. The pastor at the time of the revival was, probably by many, considered the most successful minister, but he was really gathering in the fruits of former toil, and rejoicing in the results of another's work. The former sowed the seed, the latter gathered the harvest. Both were useful in their work, and both are, doubtless, now rejoicing in the glorious rest prepared for saints above. Whether sinners hear or forbear, you are faithfully to preach the gospel of Christ, keeping nothing back that will be profitable to your flock. You are not only to labor to win souls to Christ, but to build up a church that shall be workers for God. There is work to be done to promote the cause of education, missions and other benevolent enterprises of the day, and you will be expected to lead the people of your care in their works of benevolence, and train them up in systematic beneficence. In doing this, you will be obliged to set them a liberal example, for they will expect you to practice what you preach to them. Like most ministers, your means may be small, yet you must manage so as to give something for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. "The liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things he shall stand." And I have yet to hear of the first Christian or church that suffered from a judicious system of benevolence. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." R. N.

Chips.

—Those who embrace the no-soul delusion, are naturally led to adopt other errors quite as pernicious. A tract, issued by the Advent publishers, affirming Arianism to be truth, and denying that Christ is "God manifest in the flesh," confirms this fact. Those who believe that all Christ died for was to save a few tons of earthly matter, may easily at the next step affirm that the Saviour himself was but about 150 lbs. of earth. How strange the notion, that all the angels of God were bidden to worship a mere lump of earth! How strange that saints are bidden to worship a mere creature! How strange that he who laid down his life with power to take it again should be regarded as a mere mortal! How strange that he who declared that before the world was, he existed, and that all things of creation were by himself made, and that without him was nothing made

that was made, should be held to be a being whose existence began in the womb of Mary! How strange that in the presence of other arguments equally decisive, too numerous to mention, such delusion should pass for truth! But these errors are being propagated with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and such tares of the wicked one are being sown in every nook and corner where the soil is simple enough to receive it.

—The Scriptures, as well as the common sense of the church admit the right of the ministry to an ample support, but never had the church more occasion than at present, to pray the Lord of the harvest to send a class of laborers who will love Christ and his cause well enough, it need be, "to suffer all things lest they should hinder the gospel."

—The son who was bidden to go work in the vineyard and said "I go sir," yet went not, represents a great many who by profession have said "I go sir," yet are doing nothing in the vineyard.

—Tender footed horses are of but little value, and tender footed ministers are but little better. Those who entered the ministry to obtain an easy, genteel living, deserve to walk over rough places, while those who entered it solely for the glory of God, will be willing to, counting their trials for Christ's sake "all joy." Ministers have their peculiar trials, but let them remember that there is no path in this world but has its rough places; and there may be many in their congregations who can tell of straiter places than they have yet passed. A tender footed man, who will be complaining and whining at every trifle, is not fit for the ministry. J. HAYDEN.

Selections.

The Sin of Age.

I do not refer to those aged ministers who are broken down and past labor; but to that large and highly respectable class, who have the misfortune to be on the wrong side of fifty, especially if they happen to be without a charge. Their eyes may not be dim, nor their natural force abated, but they are past fifty. This is the one sin that cannot be pardoned.

Here is a clergyman of high culture, who has commanded the first positions, but his hair is growing gray. He is gifted in conversation and of winning manners, yet all this has not been able to keep him on the right side of fifty.

"So far as earth goes," writes a distinguished divine, "there cannot, in some respects, be a more ungrateful way of serving God than in His ministry. The best men of our age, men to whom the discipline and culture of years have brought the largest possibilities of usefulness, are more and more being discarded that room may be given for something newer, greener, and of far less worth."

It is not my object to present a dark picture of this noble work. But our young men ought to know the worst, and deliberately to count the cost, before deciding on it as a calling. They should understand that they are entering a service in which the sun of one's popularity often goes down at noon; that they may be laid aside quite in the vigor of their days.

This is a liability peculiar to the clerical profession. In everything else men prefer ripeness to greenness, experience to inexperience, age to juvenility. When a friend is at the point of death, it is usually the old physician whose counsel is sought. If a man is charged with a capital crime, he looks out for a gray-haired lawyer; for when one is tried for his life, boy-pleading will not answer. The youthful lawyers do office-work, occupy the back seats in the courtroom, and are lookers-on and learners. In the profession of law, as in that of medicine, gray hairs are at a premium, the hoary head is honorable.

But in the cage of souls,—a work of infinite difficulty and delicacy, and taking hold on eternal life or death, the churches flout experience. They will none of it. Virtually they say:—"We want youth; and whatever else we dispense with, we will have youth."

"Are the churches," writes one, "to be given up to the delusion that they must have boys for their spiritual guides and counselors, while they seek grave, mature men for all temporal interests? Our friend E. would hardly look with complacency on his earliest pupil efforts; yet they would exactly meet the demands if we could but grind him over, bringing him forth only five and twenty."

In striking contrast with this, was the feeling among our Puritan Fathers, as illustrated by the fact that when Mr. Wilson, the first pastor in Boston, died in 1667, the church would unite on no one but Mr. Davenport of New Haven, who had attained the age of only three score years and ten.

In our days, however, it is often the case, that no sooner does a minister begin on his fifties and his gray hairs, than a restive feeling springs up in the parish. And if he happens to be without a pastoral charge, he is very likely to remain so. Against such a man, excellent as he may be, parish after parish closes the door. Nay, it sometimes happens that all the youth, numbering far more than the ancient forty, virtually cry out—"Go up thou bald head!"

Surely if the fate which once overtook such children, were to befall their modern imitators, there would hardly be heard enough in all the wild woods to devour these disregards of the old prophets. It is not of course meant to be implied that ministers do not sometimes grow dull and prosy as they grow old; that they never lose their vigor, nor their clear and ringing tones; that they never sink into dotage. Such cases undoubtedly there are, when the best thing for all concerned, is graceful retirement. But is there any good reason why even such a minister, instead of being treated with the respect and the pecuniary consideration which our disabled soldiers receive, should be unceremoniously jostled out of the way?

The question arises whether, in the settlement of a pastor, this liability ought not to be taken into the account. As those who are engaged in iron-foundries, powder mills, and other employments peculiarly exhausting and perilous, receive on this account, higher wages; it would seem only reasonable that ministers, from their liability not only to a hard, but a very brief term of service, should receive a proportionately higher rate of compensation. They might thus be spared what so many of their brethren are forced to undergo,—

the pain, in their closing days, of eating the bread of charity.

I have in mind an excellent minister whose known ability has procured him a standing offer of two thousand dollars per annum in a secular business,—an advance of thirteen hundred dollars over his present salary; a disparity showing the comparative estimate placed upon his services, by the church and the world. But, preferring his chosen work, he has steadfastly declined the offer. Not long since this shepherd, who has thus sacrificed worldly comfort for the sake of his flock, was advised that his labors could be dispensed with. *Alas! he had stepped over the dead line of fifty!*

There is no evading this fatal line. And since every minister who crosses it is liable to be instantly stricken down, what are our young men to do? Shall they eschew a profession exposing them to the ignoble struggle with poverty, and an ignoble expulsion, often in the very maturity of their powers, yet when it is too late to train themselves to other pursuits? Unless there is a change in parish fashions, this disastrous result is greatly to be feared.

There is something truly delightful in the old idea of a life-long pastorate, though the idea is nearly all that is left us. Occasionally, however, there is a refreshing example of such a pastorate, even in these days of rapid rotation, and impatience of years. A beautiful instance of this may be found in Essex County, in the good old Bay State,—an instance alike honorable to the people and the pastor, who is now associated in the most pleasant relations with his second colleague. Never was minister treated with more delicate consideration and kindness,—with more affectionate respect and reverence, than is this beloved patriarch of more than ninety, with his benignant countenance and silvery flowing locks.

All honor to such a people! May the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the other patriarchs, rest upon them and upon their children, even to the latest generation!—*Congregationalist and Recorder.*

Inspid Sermons.

We hope that the two words which appear in the caption of this article will not startle any sensitive reader. For fear that they may, let us hasten to say that we only use the words, as we treat the subject, at second-hand, a worthy clergyman, the Dean of Carlisle, having recently published a paper on the subject. The thesis submitted to the eminent clergyman, to which his paper was an answer, was as follows: "What are the causes which have led to the complaint of the insipidity of the modern pulpit? How far is this complaint just? What is wanted in order to raise the tone of preaching generally in the church of England?" Upon the first two of the propositions the Dean acknowledges he can give no practical or satisfactory answer. In regard to the last he says: "Deeply am I persuaded that almost all the important deficiencies observed and lamented in modern sermons must be traced to the heart—the secret, individual experience of the preacher himself. It is much to be feared, though, as I fear, quite unavoidable, that young men especially are compelled to preach and to teach when it were better for themselves and others that they were yet permitted time to study, and to learn much about men and things and their own souls." But in another part of view, the personal and private, every-day character of the pastor has much to do with the effect of his preaching; and next in importance to the character of the preacher himself is the nature of his previous preparation. Without this, the composition must be, in the true sense of the word, "insipid." "If I were required in two words," continues the Dean, "to give the principal cause of dull, insipid, unedifying sermons, I should say, I hope without offence, but in all sincerity and faithfulness, indolence and idleness in the study." He goes on to complain of the dull, monotonous style of the pulpit as another cause of insipid sermons. It may be that he gives reasons enough to satisfy those who feel that sermons are insipid, but we will presume to offer another one, which, it seems to us, goes nearer the bottom of the matter. If all clergymen were naturally adapted to the great work of teaching in religious things, it is evident that there would be no insipid sermons, but they are men of various capacities, and even when they are sufficiently impressed with the importance of their work, they must vary in their ability to perform it. Besides, a man who could prepare one excellent sermon in a week may find himself overtaken if he tries to write two, and may, in course of time, come to produce two, poor or insipid ones. Custom, then, that the modern minister shall preach twice every Sunday, and it also demands that his sermons shall be from half an hour to an hour in length. There are some literary volcanoes, like Beecher and Chapin, who can do this work without making their sermons insipid but the majority of ministers cannot. We have heard ministers—and men who stand well as preachers—laboring so hard under these inflexible rules of custom that we actually pitied them. If they have one vital idea for a sermon they may consider themselves fortunate, but to hammer that idea out so that it will extend over forty-five minutes—that is labor. A preacher in such a position will grow tedious—he cannot avoid it.

Do congregations demand that a certain amount of time shall be occupied by the preacher? Will he fail to give satisfaction if he cannot tickle the slow brains of the dullest with his laboriously constructed sentences of forty-five minutes? We see no good ground for this absurd demand on the powers of the preacher, and therefore, we suggest that the preacher shall have perfect liberty to express his losses in such a number of minutes as suits him and in such a way as he may think best. If he can say what he has to say in five minutes, let him say it and sit down. If he is full of his subject, and cannot deliver himself in less than an hour, he will be likely to make it so interesting that his hearers will not find the time dragging heavily with them.

Long sermons came into vogue with the Protestant Revolution. There was reason then for doctrinal discourses, and the mental characteristics of the time demanded long and exhaustive sermons. But the reason no longer exists. Every Protestant preacher delivers himself of more words in a year than there are in the whole Bible, regardless of the examples of St. Paul and our Saviour in the sermons which are handed down to us. As a consequence they are obliged to go over much that is weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, and nobody is more sensible of it than they themselves. Thus it is, as we believe, that the majority of sermons have become tedious, and many who want to join in the devotional exercises of the church are bored by them. If preachers enforce the great lessons of religion in terse and pointed language, withal respectful to the time to be consumed to meet the demand of custom, their sermons can never be condemned as insipid.—*Herald.*

The Guest.

"To-day I must abide at thy house."

Yes, enter in, thou gracious Guest,
Lowly and poor my home;
Yet where thy welcome footsteps rest,
Riches and beauty come.
Fairer than sheen of palace walls,
The radiance of thy presence falls.

For thee my humble board I spread;
Scanty and mean my fare;
But where thy smiles of love are shed,
Are viands rich and rare.
My bread becomes as manna fine,
And water turns to choicest wine.

No treasures rare and strange have I,
My poorest Guest to show;
Yet purest pearls abound me lie,
And priceless jewels glow;
Entranced, I view the wondrous store
That entered with thee at my door.

I scarce may dare, with speech of mine,
Thy answering words to win,
But when my glance is raised to thine,
Thou reedest all within;
And strains flow forth so pure and sweet,
I sit in rapture at thy feet.

How can I hope to please my Guest?
To serve is all I try;
Yet when, to do some mild behest,
On eager wing I fly,
And haste again to meet thy smile,
How radiant has it grown the while!

Happy, indeed, the roof wherein
My Lord this day doth rest,
More happy, if it might but win
Him for a constant guest.
Lord, in the heart I open wide,
Enter, and evermore abide.

—Zion's Herald.

Progressive Religion.

The religions of Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, have come to an end; having shared the fate of the national civilization of which each was a part. The religions of China, Islam, Buddha, and Judea have all been arrested, and remain unchanged and seemingly unchangeable. Like great vessels anchored in a stream, the current of time flows past them, and each year they are further behind the spirit of the age, and less in harmony with its demands. Christianity alone, of all human religions, possesses the power of keeping abreast with the advancing civilization of the world. As the child's soul grows with his body so that when he becomes a man, it is a man's soul, and not a child's, so the gospel of Jesus continues the soul of all human culture. It continually drops its old forms and takes new ones. It passed out of its Jewish body under the guidance of Paul. In a speculative age it unfolded into creeds and systems. In a worshiping age it developed ceremonies and a ritual. When the fall of Rome left Europe without unity or center, it gave it an organization and order through the papacy. When the papacy became a tyranny, and the Renaissance called for free thought, it suddenly put forth Protestantism, as the tree by the water side sends forth its shoots in due season. Protestantism, free as air, opens out into the various sects, each taking hold of some human need; Lutheranism, Calvinism, Methodism, and various other "isms." Christianity blossoms out into modern science, literature, art; children, who indeed often forget their mother, and are ignorant of their source, but which are still fed from her breast and partake of her life. Christianity, the spirit of faith, hope and love, is the deep fountain of modern civilization. Its inventions are for the many, not for the few. Its science is not hoarded, but diffused. It elevates the masses, who every where else have been trampled down. The friend of the people, it tends to free schools, a free press, a free government, the abolition of slavery, war, vice, and the melioration of society. We cannot, indeed, here prove that Christianity is the cause of these features peculiar to modern life. But we find it everywhere associated with them; and so we can say that it only, of all the religions of mankind, has been capable of accompanying man in his progress from evil to good, from good to better.

—Atlantic Monthly.

The Preacher's Disappointment.

Mr. Neale relates the story of "an eminent living prelate," who with the greatest good humor is accustomed to narrate the incident himself as a warning to his clergy to preach plainly. While he was still serving a curacy, he was anxious to try his hand at extemporaneous preaching, and accordingly took for his text; "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. On this subject he dwelt, much to his satisfaction, for the usual time; he proved from the works of creation, from the construction of our bodies, and from the other usual topics, that there must be a creative power, and that creative power is God. He came down from the pulpit with the comfortable conviction that he had not done so badly after all. Happening to walk home with a farmer who had attended the service, he was anxious to learn what impression he had produced, and accordingly made some observation which led to the point he wished to introduce. "A very capital sermon you gave us Mr. B.," remarked his companion, "but somehow, I can't help thinking there be a God, for all you said."—Universal Review.

By Short Steps.

There are two ways of coming down from the top of a church steeple—one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps; but both will lead you to the bottom. So also, there are two ways of going to hell: one is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that—the other is to go down by the steps of little sins, and that way I fear, is only too common. Put up with a few little sins, and you will soon want a few more; even a heathen could say, "Who ever was content with only one sin?" and your course will be regularly worse every year. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the progress of sin in a man; "First it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed. Then the man is impatient, then obstinate, and then he is damned." Reader the devil only wants to get the wedge of a little allowed sin into your heart, and you will soon be all his own. Never play with fire; never trifle with little sins.

Beware of evil thoughts. They have done great mischief in the world. Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds finish the progress. Watch against them, strive against them, pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy of souls.

"Bad thought's a thief; he acts his part: Creeps through the windows of the heart,— And if he once has way can win, He lets a hundred robbers in."

"Gates Ajar."

The Liberal Christian derives large comfort as follows:

Rev. Dr. Todd has pronounced judgment against "Gates Ajar," whose doctrinal statements he hazards nothing in saying, there is not a Unitarian or Swedenborgian in the land who would hesitate to accept. It troubles him all the more, "coming as it does from a granddaughter of Moses Stuart and daughter of Professor Austin Phelps of Andover, and teaching a doctrine in regard to heaven and the future life which is but little if anything better than that of a spiritualized Mohammedan paradise, while it ignores every fundamental doctrine of Evangelical Christianity, and openly repudiates the doctrines of the resurrection of the body, and the future judgment of men by Jesus Christ." But the Doctor is a good deal more troubled to think that the book has had such an immense sale and popularity; and, unkindly cut off all, he calls upon Professor Phelps and his daughter, in the interests of Andover Theological Seminary, and of the cause of evangelical religion, to either disavow the teachings of this book, or explain, in some satisfactory way, the equivocal position in which it has placed them. We presume that Miss Phelps is so elated with her success in authorship that she will turn a deaf ear to the well-meant advice of the pious Dr. Todd. Would it not be well, that that gentleman to ponder more deeply the fact of the remarkable popularity of this little book, and what that popularity means? Would it not be well for him to reflect that every book from an Orthodox pen, which contains even in a modified form the cardinal ideas of Liberal Christianity, meets with a response and receives a welcome from Orthodox readers such as are given to no Orthodox book? It is certainly a significant fact, and worthy the consideration of the entire Todd family, that Orthodox readers never feast so well as when they pick up the crumbs that fall from the Liberal Christian table.

We might change the direction, and carry this questioning a step further. Would it not be well for both author and editor to recollect that we are pre-eminently a fiction-loving and fiction-reading people. Our Sabbath school, family, and public libraries are stuffed out round with fiction, so that few of us get time to read the Word of God "pure and simple," and hence a diluted form of religion flourishes apace, and any one who can leave out retribution and all that, and write handsomely of what lies beyond our mortal ken, even with the added light of revelation, is sure to have readers by the thousand.

The Congregationalist, however, after giving this new book a careful perusal, comes to conclusions not adverse to its Scriptural soundness. It closes its lengthy review of it with this paragraph:

If, from this feature of the book, [its confidence of the presence of departed, redeemed spirits in this world] or from any other, in spite of its cordial grasp of our old New England Orthodoxy, Swedenborgianism, or Spiritualism, or Materialism, or any other "isms" cousin-german to these, can pick out any comfort, we—well, we are not surprised; for, in the tactics of opponents hard pressed, nothing surprises us; but we must say that they are marvelously sharp-sighted, and are comforted with superlatively small crumbs.

A Beautiful Incident.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-plate, drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid of that sword?"

She instantly answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that he holds the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hands."

Mothers, Heed The Warning.

"An't it splendid!" I heard a little boy exclaim, as he took a huge bite from the brandy-peach his playmate had offered.

"What makes it so good, Lewis?"

"You little goose, don't you know? Why, it's the brandy, of course," was his companion's reply.

"Then brandy must be very good if it makes peaches taste so nice," said Frank, smacking his lips.

"I rather think it is; it's delicious," answered Lewis. "I coax mother to give me a spoonful every time she opens a jar."

Father don't like her to do it, though. He says I might grow up to be a drunkard, and but mother says there's no danger, and I say so too; for I do think it is awful mean for men to get drunk and go staggering about the streets, and rolling in the gutter. No indeed, I'll never—never be a drunkard!"

Years passed, and I was one day strolling through the still, shadowy groves of Glenwood Cemetery, when a funeral procession filed slowly in. I followed it, and when the mourners and others left the graves, I went with them to the open grave, and stood near to the pall-bearers as they deposited their burden for a few moments, on the rude boards placed to receive it. The coffin was very rich and costly, and as a sunbeam, the farewell of the departing day, flashed across the silver plate on the lid, I read—

"LEWIS ABBOT. Aged 18."

"So young," thought I sadly; "cut down in the very spring time of life." When the coffin was lowered, the mother, who had been strangely calm, suddenly sprang away from the arm on which she had been leaning, threw herself on her knees beside the grave, with her hands clasped and her tearful eyes gazing wildly downward into the dark receptacle.

"O my precious boy! Lost, lost forever! Sent to perdition by your mother's hand!" As this despairing cry burst from her lips, she threw her arms upward, and, with a deep groan of mortal anguish, fell backward, deathlike and inanimate. She was removed by her friends to the house of the officer in charge of the cemetery, and I, shocked and startled beyond measure, left the place with that terrible cry of self-reproach ringing in my ears. As I passed out,

I met a friend to whom I related what had transpired, mentioning the name of the youth.

"I heard of his death this morning. Poor Lewis! It is a brief but sad history, and, as I have known the family for years, I can explain the scene you have witnessed."

Mrs. Abbot was justly famed for her delicious brandy-peaches, and allowed her children to eat of them freely. Lewis, the only son, seemed to have a special fondness for them, carrying one to school almost every day as part of his lunch. After a time, he began to bog for the brandy in which they were preserved, and the indulgent mother often gave him a spoonful, until, at last, it began to disappear very rapidly and strangely, and Lewis was caught, one day, drinking from the jar. Mrs. Abbot was appalled; but her work could not be undone. Her jars were locked away safely, but it was too late. The infatuated boy spent his pocket-money for brandy; and when that was withheld, sold his skates, then his watch, then his books; his medal, which he prized so highly, and even articles of clothing, were all sacrificed to the fatal appetite that was consuming every attribute of his high, noble nature. For four years he has been rushing madly, recklessly, to his doom, and now the star of his young life has gone out in everlasting darkness. His last words were full of the most fearful import: "Those infernal brandy-peaches, mother—they gave me the first start on the downward road. Remember that, mother!"

Ah! well might the heart-broken mother reproach herself in the bitterness of despair at the grave of her lost boy, truly her hand had done the work.

O mothers! heed the warning. In every crystal jar of peaches and cherries from which the brandy-fumes arise, in every glass of the sparkling, domestic wine, your own hands have so skillfully prepared, lurks a fiery fiend, which may relentlessly and cruelly crush and blight the fairest, the noblest, and the dearest of all your cherished household treasures.—Advocate.

Varieties.

A SCOTCHMAN said once: "You never saw a woman sewing without a needle? She would make but poor speed if she only sewed with the thread. So, I think, when we are dealing with sinners we must eye put in the needle of the law first; for the fact is, they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be awakened up with something sharp. But when we've got the needle of the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as you like o' Gospel consolation after it."

A QUAKER had a quarrelsome neighbor whose boy, being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him: "Friend T., I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—" "Suppose you do," his neighbor angrily exclaimed. "What will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I will drive her to thee again friend T." The cow never troubled him again.

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the school and enters upon the career of life, it is painfully amusing to witness his self-sufficiency. He would have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older, he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three-score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own, the sentiment of John Wesley, "When I was young, I was sure of every thing; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of any thing but what God has revealed to man."

TWO CHARMING women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up; the question is too hard for me. But ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

To S. S. Superintendents.

Four new books just published and ready for delivery. Two of them are the prize stories. "ANDY LUTRELL" is the story that was awarded the prize of \$500, and is a work of unusual genius, skill and power. "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, and will at once arrest attention by its literary brilliancy, its vivid portraiture, and its high and wholesome Christian teaching. (These are now ready for delivery.)

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This semi-monthly, published by the Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment, for the use of Sunday School scholars, was enlarged and much improved about the first of April. It is printed on paper of a very superior quality, and its mechanical excellence is equal to that of any other paper of its class. All communications intended for publication should be addressed to Rev. J. M. BAILEY, Editor, Dover, N. H. All orders and remittances for the paper should be sent to L. R. BURLINGAME, Dover, N. H.

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F. Baptist Register for 1869.

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

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

Statistics for the Register,

For 1870.

On March 23, the requisite blanks to be filled to aid in making out the statistics for the Register for 1870, were sent to all the Q. M. Clerks. In the same package were enclosed blanks, for each church Clerk. In those which were sent to the latter, the lines for the names of the Pastors, Ordained Ministers and Licensed Ministers have sufficient length in which to give the address of each; and church Clerks are hereby requested to give the P. O. address of the Pastor, Ordained or Licensed Minister, as the case may be. Q. M. Clerks will please put the P. O. address of either of the above, as the case may be, in the same blank space in which they put the name of the Pastor, &c. The latter can easily be done by placing the name a little higher up, in quite small letters, and the P. O. address on the line.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1869.

GEORGE T. DAY, 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.

Borrowing Trouble.

One of the very common evils which prevails among us is the foolish habit of anticipating trouble in the future. "What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" How natural it is for many to imagine some failure, some loss, want, disappointment, sorrow, affliction, sickness, and thus they suffer all their lives through fear of an imaginary evil. As the anticipation of some joyous event often outweighs the reality, so the anticipation of some possible sorrow outweighs—we were about to say—the reality, but it often has no reality; the anticipation is all there is of it; the trouble is all borrowed. Thus men are accustomed to make themselves miserable when they might avoid it, and let the morrow take care of the things of itself. As Christ said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and he gives us an antidote: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and he will take care of these things about which we worry: "Take no thought, (or anxiety,) for the morrow." Be not over-anxious.

If we become absorbed in the evils before us, our imaginations picture to the mind horrible phantoms and distorted exaggerations which haunt us, and lead us to unreal and unnecessary illusions, and cheat us out of the happiness which we might otherwise experience. We are in a state of health, surrounded with all those influences which are necessary to make us happy, if we were only contented. We are free from pain, from hunger, want and wretchedness, and yet we are uneasy, unsatisfied, discontented, fearful of some approaching calamity. We fret when really there is nothing to fret about, but there is a dim precursor which haunts the mind—a ghost apprehended in the distance—a borrowed trouble which makes us miserable.

This ghost is the legitimate offspring of pride, vanity, avarice or some other form of selfishness. Pride fears the loss of position, and influence. The man is soon to be cast down and disgraced. Vanity is jealous of his reputation. He is about to lose his good name, and what will he do? Trouble is coming—already here, and how can he get rid of it? Avarice sees in the distance the loss of his houses and lands—everything put under the hammer. His bonds, his stocks, his money—all gone, nay, only in his imaginary fears.

The man is as full of trouble as he can be and yet it is all borrowed trouble. His passions have deceived him. "He is in just as safe and quiet possession of his wealth, reputation, and emolument as he ever was. The passions have unnecessarily alarmed him and filled the landscape before him with false representations and fearful forebodings which never come to pass. "That child will certainly die! and Oh! what shall I do?" The fond mother almost had a funeral in anticipation, and yet the child does not die. Thus some are all their life-time subject to bondage through fear of death.

A dark and portentous cloud rises in the distance, it must bring destruction upon us, but it comes not nigh us, and we forget it. We anticipate great and overwhelming calamity, but it is only borrowed, and yet we suffer the phantom to repeat itself, to our annoyance and misery.

The great question, is how we are to get rid of these phantoms which so signally disturb our peace, and occasion the greater part of the unhappiness that we experience. Everything before us is uncertain; we know not what real troubles await us; some of those which we anticipate will come upon us sooner or later; trying scenes are to be met; we must grapple with the king of terrors and become his victim. True, but we are not to die a thousand times. It is not necessary to pass through its agony every day of our lives. There is something which is able to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." There is a power in the gospel of Christ to disarm this monster. He suffered death that "he might destroy him who hath the power of death," and thereby deliver us from its fear.

If we had nowhere else to look but to self, it would not be strange that we should be apprehensive of evil when we saw our perfect impotence to avert or triumph over the accumulative dangers before us. But now we have a refuge from the gathering storm in Christ. "All things work together for good to them that love God;" and will the lover of God who has this assurance before him borrow needless trouble about it? How can he, if he trusts in the promises given him through Christ? The Christian has no reason to suffer imaginary troubles to harass him, and he has the assurance of grace sufficient to bear the real ones which shall come upon him. God "will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Here is the sovereign remedy: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Now suppose we should experience all those sorrows we anticipate, what then? We shall be able to bear them; they will work for our good; they will soon be over. Where are those who have suffered the

most in ages past? The Puritans, the martyrs, the victims of cruel persecutions, who perished on the rack, in prison, and at the stake, where are they? Any worse off for what they suffered in the name of the Master? May we not infer that now it is a source of happiness and will be so forever?—So if we are faithful until death we shall soon enjoy "the crown of life." What matter then if we suffer here!

"Our troubles and our trials here will only make us richer there, When we arrive at home."

We will close with an extract from one of Beecher's sermons:

Christian brethren, scour up your Bibles. Scour them until you can see your face in them. Take the whole armor of God to yourselves again. Avail yourselves of these precious truths and assurances of God. Oh! how you have treated yourselves, to say nothing about men's treatment of you! How you fall below your privileges! I do, too. I am the best man in the world to preach to you; for I practice almost everything that I warn you against! I get angry, and then I laugh at myself. I get proud. That is the way I understand so well about you. I am worldly; and for that reason I understand how barren a thing it is to seek the things of the world. I am a man of like passions with yourselves, and I know you. I do not need to go into your house to find you out. I have a faithful monitor that tells me about everything that men are and that men do in this life. We are all of us, almost, living without our crowns on. Let us look for our crowns. Let us put them on our heads. If they are crowns of thorns, let us remember that the Master wore such a crown. Though for a moment they make blood-spots, let us remember that, by blood the world has learned to live better. Lift up your hearts. Have you committed yourself to God? Have you given your heart to God? Do you think he will not be able to take care of you?

The Life of the Church.

The vitality of the church is of the utmost importance. A dead church is a positive evil in the world to be carefully and cautiously avoided. The difference between the dead and the living is fully represented by the difference between a dead and living body. One is odious and repulsive, the other is a thing of beauty, lovely, attractive, effective. The former becomes a mass of corruption and we bury it out of sight, though once the form of a dearly beloved friend, the latter is that form alive, active, with sparkling eye, ruddy cheek, and a warm beating heart, all aglow with vitality and influence.

Such is the living church in comparison with a dead church. It is a star of the first magnitude which should shine on resplendent and steady in its light to the end. It is a power positive and beneficent designed evidently, to bring the whole world under its influence and to revolutionize it to Christ. When living it is the light of the world, a city on a hill with self-propagating functions and vitalizing forces of no insignificant import. Its position and endowments show that it was designed to accomplish the work for which it was constituted. But to this end it must preserve its vitality. It must comply with the conditions of life as really as any other living body. These conditions are absolute and imperative, just as essential to its healthy existence as eating or breathing to the well being of the physical body. No man would think of going without food; there is too much depending upon it; he makes his arrangements for a regular supply; and at the stated time he avails himself of the provisions, knowing that it is indispensable. It is his life.

The life of the church is equally imperative in its demands. She must have her food—that bread that cometh down from heaven, and she must drink of that living fountain provided. In her weakness and dependence she has an unfailing resource—an ample supply for all her necessities, but she must avail herself of the rich provisions—she must ask and receive or she will inevitably suffer. This telegraphic communication between the church and the throne is of inestimable consideration, but it will not bring the supply unless we use it and the supply comes; so that prayer may with propriety be said to be the spiritual life of the soul. As the church is a union of souls, the prayer-meeting becomes the life of the church. No church can live and maintain her spiritual interests without it, and that well-sustained. A few may sustain the prayer-meeting and be blessed in it. They will be fed and their individual spiritual interests will show indications of thrift and progress; but only as far as they represent the church will she show a corresponding prosperity. Those who without cause neglect the prayer-meeting will be dilatory in other religious duties, and sit as an incubus on all spiritual progress, and ten to one if they do not superinduce paralysis in the very hearts of the struggling few, and thereby prevent the good which they would otherwise accomplish.

What a fearful responsibility rests upon those who profess to be Christians and do far more to impede the advancement of God's cause than they do to promote it! who do not attend prayer-meetings or observe the Lord's supper, and perhaps neglect public worship, spending the day in pleasure and recreation! What an account to render to him by those who profess to serve him and yet in works deny him!

Let the members of the church awake to their responsibility lest the blood of souls be found in the skirts of their garments—lest they be found guilty of the blood of their own souls! Let the prayer-meeting be in the mind of every Christian a desideratum of primary attention. Let him be as sure to remember it as he is to remember his daily meals, nay, if he must starve

either, let him starve the body rather than the soul. If either must suffer let that suffer which is of the least consequence; let the body starve but feed the soul that it may be nourished up unto eternal life. We cannot prevent the body dying but we can save the soul. The church may be preserved from enmity, sloth, imbecility, starvation and death. But she must attend to that which is her life if she would live. To be reckless of the necessities of physical life is a crime in which we cannot indulge with impunity, but to be careless of the conditions of the higher life is to forfeit the blessings promised, and to merit the penalties annexed. Then we say again let the church wake up to her interests and foster the life that never dies.

Strong and Weak.

It is good to be strong, but strength has its trials. It is a luxury to be able to do heavy tasks, strike hard blows, surmount great obstacles, and the church has always needed and rejoiced in such men. All down the ages, God has raised up giants, "mighty men of renown," who have done valiant service for the truth.

But strength is not always equal. Some are strong to plan but slow and feeble to execute; some are Jesus to execute but not wise in planning. Some are mighty in prayer, others "apt to teach;" some are heroes to venture and sacrifice, while others carefully accumulate means, and enlarge resources. Some are great doers, and others great sufferers; but in whatsoever the strength lies, there is a field and a demand.

The strong are often as noted for weakness as for strength. Some of the greatest heroes of the church have been feeble, passionate, and jealous. The greatest men have made the most and greatest mistakes. This has often been the experience of ministers and laymen. What rivalries have burned in bosoms where noble impulses usually reign! How many wicked and cruel words have dropped from the lips of those who were accustomed to prayer, praise, and gracious speech! How the champions of the gospel have contended with and destroyed the labors of others, through ambition and rivalries! The common people have looked on with amazement and grief, while giants have flashed with fires of strife. Those who have been looked up to with reverence, trusted, honored, and their rare gifts coveted, have too often shocked the brotherhood by some strange freaks of passion, or folly.

There is scarcely a church that is not troubled by the frailties of the leading members. The strongest excel the weakest in babyish, weak, quarrelsome freaks. Feuds for years have distracted the churches, when the whole blame rests upon the pillars, the strong men, the leaders. They are sometimes envious of each other's influence, charge each other with ambition, and often with worse crimes than that; criticize and judge rivals through jaundiced eyes, magnify their faults, and depreciate their virtues; attribute a mean motive when a good deed is done, and spread abroad every discovered wrong word or deed; balk and behave ugly when the rival is in honor, and drive on with frenzy when the scale turns and brings number one to the highest seat; and thus in a thousand ways do weak and wicked things.

Many of our best men exhibit their worst features, in the battle of life; their weak points they perpetually thrust upon the church and the world, because passion, pride, envy, jealousy are obtrusive, boisterous, meddlesome, while Christian graces are modest and retiring. So should the strong guard the weak points, "keep the body under," give the reins to the impulses noble and true.—G. H. N.

Examples.

In looking for examples of anything, we are bound to take good examples and not judge of the whole by the very poorest that we can find. Mentake this course everywhere except in Christianity. There they often select as a sample, strange to say, one who is a Christian only in name—a sheer hypocrite, perhaps, as if that was a fair way of judging Christianity. It would not be of anything else, and why do they imagine it is of that? Henry Ward Beecher touches upon this point in one of his sermons as follows:

Ah, friends! do you know that when persons wish to compare themselves with professors of religion, in order to excuse themselves, in order to find some justification for their own torpidity and their own indifference, they never pick very wisely? They do not come into the church and pick out the persons that are really Christians. They always pick out the scapegraces. If there is a man that ought not to be in the church, they know it as quick as a crow knows where carrion is, and they will take that man and hold him up, and say, "That is your Christian, is it? I do not need to become a Christian. I am as good as that already." You will find that they will select, if not such ones as these, then, men that are in the midst of battle—for I consider a man that is doing business in New York to be just like a man that is in contest on the battle-field. In the whirl and din of the battle-field, a man does not always step in the best places, nor with the most graceful postures and gestures. It is a strife for life for him, and no matter what he does in the hour of conflict. We do not look for the best aspects of a man in that moment when he is striving for his own life. And so it is when men are beset; when they are under the most powerful temptations; when they are being swung and whirled through the whirlpools that are sucking down so many. Here is a man that may be a very good man, but that is cornered by circumstances which are so

strong that he is twisted this way and that, until, when he comes out, he is disheveled, and people stand and look on him, and say, "Do you know that man? He is a deacon!—a deacon!" They lie in wait. I have known men that watched after professors of religion. I have a cat in the country, that, knowing that there is a rat in the drain, will lie-crouched in the grass for six hours together, waiting for that rat to come out. And I know people that watch at doors where Christians are to come out, just as patiently, and with just as much humanity! They like religion; but they like to see folks that have got religion, or that make believe that they have got, show that they have it. And so they watch all around, and spy out the faults of professed Christians, and say, "If those are Christians, I do not need to become a Christian."

Ah! the best Christians, frequently, are those who are fighting the battle of poverty, and whose name nobody hears. Go ask God's angels where they see the most courage. Not at the cannon's mouth; not at the hilted sword. Go see that saintly Christian mother, that, for the space of twenty years, has suffered days and nights of pain, in order to give, literally, her life for her children. Left, when her husband died, a widow, in extreme poverty, she determines, by the love she bore him, as well as by the love she bears them, that they shall grow up to intelligence and education; and through toiling pain, as much as martyrs feel at the stake, by day and by night, willingly, in long months—oh! how long the year is to misery!—she has given herself to these children. And now, one by one, as they have come upon the stage, in answer to her heroic efforts, they are prospered. But the sands are running out. She has used herself up. And at that time when woman should become matron, and after all her sufferings and shattering, should begin to be serene and happy, her forces are failing, and in poverty she is dying. She looks back upon her whole life, and there has never been a day that has not been bitter.

There has never been a day in which she could have lived if she had not believed in God; and now she is dying. Ask God's angels if there is any hero on the battle-field that is so heroic as this poor, spent Christian, that is dying, and glad to die; that has literally poured her life out like a cup of bitterness and pain for other people.

Now tell me, are you Christians? You pick out men that are in the hurly-burly of life, and see their imperfections—why do you not go to this saint that is dying in obscurity? Why do you not see what noble sisters there are? Why do you not seek out the heroic martyrs in the domestic sphere? Here is where you are to find the truest Christians. Here is where heavenly beauty may be found. And you know, and I know, and every man knows, who is acquainted with society, that there is such a thing as a Christian life, and that there are Christians compared with whom you are a poor miserable starveling.

Here it is, too, that, in making this count, men are accustomed to plead their doubts. "Who knows," said they, "whether religion is, after all, what it is thought to be? Who knows whether it is anything but a fantasy, an amiable fantasy, a poetic fantasy, an exhilaration, very pleasing, very desirable, but having no solid substratum—no basis in fact, and truth? Who knows, after all, whether religion so called, is more than a poet's dream? Why should I spend my time seeking after this will-of-the-wisp? How can I be to blame for doubting pretty much every thing, when I find that the churches one after another, doubt pretty much everything? Every church, thinks it is right, and all the rest wrong; each church has its speciality, and thinks its speciality is right, and that the specialties of all the other churches are wrong. So that if you consider the sum of all the disbelievings of churches, you will find that the churches themselves are the fathers of infidelity."

To some extent this may be true; but it is an important distinction to which I call your attention—that with all the sects in Christendom, perhaps, with inconspicuous exceptions, the things to be sought, men agree about. They disagree only as to the method of seeking them. All Christians are united in respect to the ends gained. The instruments by which you are to gain these great ends, men quarrel about.

N. H. Yearly Meeting.

Reduced Fare has been obtained on the Concord, Northern, and the B. & C. and M. railroads for all who wish to attend the Y. M.

On the Concord R.R., tickets may be purchased for two cents per mile each way, at Portsmouth, Newmarket junction, Raymond, Candia, Manchester and Nashua, by those who state that they are going to the N. H. Y. M.

On the Northern R. R., tickets may be bought at any station as far as persons go on that road by calling for special tickets for the N. H. Y. M. to be countersigned by S. Curtis at the Y. M.

On the B. & C. and M. R. R. tickets may be bought at any station for Meredith Village, and Rev. S. Curtis will give free return tickets at the Y. M.—In all these cases the holder travels at his own risk. Tickets good only for the 9th, 10th, and 11th, inst.

Persons attending the New Hampshire Y. M. and passing over the Boston & Maine R. R., or the Dover & Winnepesaukee R. R., or over the Lake, will purchase their tickets at the regular rates so far as they go by these routes; they will be furnished at the Y. M. with free return tickets. The train leaves Dover at 2:40 P. M. The boat goes regularly from Alton Bay to Meredith Village on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. There will be a meeting on Tuesday evening. All going from Dover and vicinity should go on Tuesday, P. M.

Current Topics.

THE SITUATION OF LOYAL MEN in Georgia is truly deplorable exposed as they are to the jeopardy of life simply for being loyal. They are sorely disappointed that Congress did not come to their rescue or protection. Instead of quartering the army on the rebels in the state until they are disposed to do the right thing as would be just, are the men who have been true to the government to be left and murdered by the hundred annually, so that traitors may have the control and not only go unpunished but be rewarded? It is a cruel, shameful, course for government to suffer its friends thus to perish. The Macon (Ga.) Union is rather severe on the matter:

"What influence could have been brought to bear to swerve Congress from its purpose were we at a loss to know; but it is plain enough to all that the true men of Georgia—those who stood by the Government before, during, and since the war, and are now the true defenders of the Congressional plan of reconstruction,—have been abandoned to their fate! Their fidelity has been repaid with contempt, and it now becomes them as men to cement their ranks more closely than ever and—defend themselves! Let them not, like cowards, creep under the lash that attempted to overthrow the government of our forefathers. Let them present an unbroken front, and demand a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye! Let them show rebels that they have the nerve to defend themselves against lawlessness. Let the whole state organize into societies—secret societies; and when rebels commit their diabolical horrors upon them, because of their opinions, retaliate at a ten-fold ratio. For every life that is taken, lay every house in ashes within five miles of the spot where such blood is spilled; shoot down every rebel who opposes you, and turn the horrors back upon those who are daily repeating them upon loyal people. Do it! and God will be your shield."

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION is one that must be settled on the right principles in the Southern states or it will be perpetually a source of trouble. The same principles must be applied to all citizens. Give a man the rights of citizenship and it carries along with it the right to vote as well as to hold property. We cannot separate them. The public sentiment and the courts of judicature are coming to see it. Judge Smith of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, delivered the unanimous opinion of the Court last week as follows:

"The Court held that the right to vote was a clear, legal right secured to citizens under the Constitutional Bill of Rights of Tennessee; that the elective franchise stood on as high ground as the right to property or any other right secured by the Constitution; that this right once vested could be taken away by due process of law only; that the power attempted to be conferred on the Governor by acts of the Legislature to set aside registration for frauds and irregularities or other causes, is a judicial power which cannot be conferred or exercised by the Executive of this State, and for that reason all his acts and proclamations in setting aside registrations in counties and parts of counties, are absolutely null and void, and holders of certificates granted by previous Registration Commissioners are entitled to vote by reason of the same. Judge Shackelford delivered a separate opinion, concurring with this decision, but went further, and cited the case of Reddy vs. Sherbrook in justification of his opinion that the franchise acts are constitutional."

THE DECORATION OF SOLDIERS' GRAVES: The ceremony of decorating with flowers the resting places of those who lost their lives in defense of their country was very generally and respectfully observed all over the Northern states on last Saturday and Sunday, week, by the friends of our country. Most of them we are glad to learn attended to it on Saturday. The brightest and richest flowers were selected, and with music and appropriate words of reminiscence, they were strewn on the graves of the soldiers as expressive of gratitude and affection.

An exchange says: "Let the early days of summer perennially bring these offerings to deck the hallowed soil, and as memory reviews, or, in the distant future, history brings to mind, the bloody struggle for the preservation of the Union, may the remembrance of the honored dead be renewed as the flowers above their graves, and teach the living the lesson of patriotism, that they too may be ready, when the nation calls, if ever, to march to the battle-field and at the peril of life defend the nation's cause."

Let us not only remember those who have given their lives a sacrifice on the altar of their country, but let us also remember the boon they have left to us in trust; and carry forward the work of completing the structure of Freedom and human rights, the foundation of which, and the stones of whose superstructure so far, have been baptized in the blood of those whose names we honor and whose memory we delight to cherish.

THE LAW OF QUORUMS. In a late number of the Star we have seen the course taken by a minority of the Indiana Legislature to prevent action on the fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States by resigning twice so that there would not be, as they supposed, a quorum left. This course has given rise to the question whether a minority by resigning or refusing to be qualified when again elected could prevent all legislation unless the majority would yield to their wishes. The State Constitution says that two-thirds of each house shall "constitute a quorum to do business." The Legislature limits the number of members to one hundred in the house and fifty in the senate; so that, when all are there, 67 in the House and 34 in the

Senate constitute a quorum. The Democratic members of the body were more than one-third but less than a majority, and they thought that by withdrawing they could prevent action. If absent they could be found and compelled to attend, so they resigned.

The question is, if by death or some other cause the number of members were reduced, would not what are left constitute the Legislature, two-thirds of which would be a quorum for business? It was held in Congress when so many of the members resigned at the breaking out of the Rebellion that two-thirds of those present constituted a quorum, and they acted upon it. "On the 24 of March, 1861, after many Southern members and Senators had resigned, the question came up in the Senate on the passage of the Joint Resolution submitting to the States the Corwin Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The resolution was carried by a vote of 24 to 12, exactly two-thirds of the Senators present, but not two-thirds of those entitled to seats, after deducting those who had resigned. The President pro tem, Mr. Polk of Mo., declared the resolution carried. On an appeal from the decision, the Chair was sustained, 33 to 1—Benj. F. Wade. In the affirmative were such leading Democrats as Bigler of Pennsylvania, Bright of Indiana, Douglas of Illinois, Gwin of California, Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, and Pugh of Ohio. So it will be seen that the Senate almost unanimously decided two-thirds of those present to be constitutionally two-thirds of the Senate. A similar ruling was affirmed by the Senate in 1856."

In the Indiana Legislature it was not necessary to go so far. If ten members resigned, the House would consist of ninety members, two-thirds or sixty would be a quorum until the others could be elected, and if forty resigned then forty would be a quorum. If this is not so then Congress and State Legislatures would seldom have a legal existence, as they are only occasionally full. In this way of arguing, Senator Morton has very clearly established the point that a minority cannot thus prevent a quorum.

Denominational News and Notes.

Theological School.

WHERE SHALL IT BE LOCATED?

At the convention in Haverhill two years since, the opinion was expressed that it had been fore-ordained for four years that the Biblical School was yet to be located at Lewiston. No indications of a change in the decree are seen, and yet as all new school believers in fore-ordination think it necessary to use means to make the calling and election sure, this good-natured discussion of the question of locality may be well, and even necessary. It is not my purpose to oppose fate, nor my own prophecy; nor to say much upon the question at any rate. But still it seems to me that two questions should be thoroughly considered before this subject is finally disposed of.

1. To whom does the Institution and its funds belong?—To the whole denomination, or to a particular section, or class of individuals? Common law, common usage and common honesty require that all public funds shall be faithfully applied to the end for which they were raised. Were the funds of that school given for a particular section, and if so for what section? Were they given for the whole connection? If so what portion or individual of the body has any better right to them than any other portion or individual? And how can the school be rightfully located away from the place where the whole body can be best accommodated during the time it shall remain as common property?

2. What is the obligation involved in that agreement made at Fairport, N. Y. in 1853; in which the common proprietorship of the school was fully recognized and acted upon? It was there distinctly and positively agreed in Committee, and publicly and specifically in the meeting of the Society, that the Biblical school should go to New England upon the condition that Hillsdale College should be the denominational college, and that the East should bear their proportion of the responsibility of its endowment and support. And but for this condition the vote for removal could not have been secured. No one finds any fault with that dispensation of Providence which so soon afterward diverted the funds and patronage promised to Hillsdale into another channel. But the question is, shall the value disposed of by the west be retained and the considerations promised withheld? Will the eastern portion of the denomination contribute the funds and patronage promised to Hillsdale, or will they still recognize the claim of the west in that theological school? Or will they retain what was secured by a promise, the fulfillment of which is now found undesirable or impossible? The appropriation from the Printing Establishment can have no bearing upon this question; for that Establishment was as much the property of one section as of another, and Hillsdale received no more than its proportion of income, nor more than other institutions. One of three things can, and probable will be done. The school will be located for the benefit of a particular section regardless of other rights; or, it will be placed in some locality central for the time during which one Board of teachers can instruct all the F. W. B. theological students; or, it will be located in one portion of the connection (Hillsdale or Lewiston), and a professorship endowed in the other.

Of the utility, or morality of the first hypothesis I have nothing to say. The second, would be equitable, and in accordance with the principles and spirit implied in the Fairport agreement, but many are shocked with the idea that the real center is so far west. The third, would probably meet the pressing demands for an Eastern seminary and satisfy the West. Let the

Poetry.

Mischiefs Makers.

BY ADELIAE STOUT.

The farmer leans him o'er the fence;
For children sit a row,
Half hid in purple clover blooms,
They seem unconscious so;
Their feet have trodden, but they smile,
And his face softens the mean while.

The eyes grow dreamy, watching there,
The brown heads side by side;
And he is silent, though he came,
With stern intent to chide.
The children wait in air-winged mood,
So busy they, they scarcely heed,
Whether the face doth frown, or smile,
That leans so very near;

You'd scarcely dream the care-worn brow,
Such tender grace could wear;
That lips could tremble that had grown
Stern as if cut from pulseless stone—

Could quiver,—and what tenderness
Shows in those misty eyes,
Betraying the pure child-like heart,
That sweetly underlies
The outward seeming. Time has traced,
His changes only on the face.

The children who have trodden paths
Through clover blooms to day,
Are fair as those who at his side,
Afar, and wide, would stray;
And lips that wait the tufted snow
Of winged seed, remind him so—

Of his own playmates; what strange grace
Lies o'er each tiny lip!
Pure faces touched with summer light
In the mimic council sit;
That sunlight drops its flecks of gold
O'er brows he knew, and loved of old.

O pure young lips! some grew to wear
The dark—dark passion stain;
And some shut closely into day
The soul's sharp cry of pain;

Some never learned the deeper song
Of life, or trembled at a wrong.

And others drop the germs of truth
In dear young hearts to grow;
These last still wear the light, and grace,
Of life's sweet morn I know.
The smiles leap up, and ripple o'er,
From heart as pure as 'twas of yore.

Some lips that blend in song, and mirth,
Within that circle lay,
Have dropped for aye the answering smile,
The grace they used to wear;
You could not tell they seem so still,
Whether one chord doth softly trill.

To touch of Memory; these wear
For aye the mask of pride,
How well the passing years have taught
A cunning skill to hide
The soul's best treasure, and the play
Of Love's clear sunlight, that for aye,

Should flash o'er lip and o'er the brow!
Do these hearts ever yearn
To claim the love of other years?
Now comforted we turn
O'er the by the north wind blown,
We soon shall know, as we are known!

Sunshine.

Little buds, little buds, toss your heads—
Toss your heads, little buds!
Ere you, pretty little, look out of your beds,
And welcome the sunshine in floods!

How softly unclosed
Each innocent daisy?
Now roses, now roses!
You must not be lazy;
The beautiful sunshine
Is shining for you—
Unfold your bright petals,
And laugh at the dew.

Hawthorn hedges, break out in a breath,
With your delicate bouquets of snow;
Start up little thorns, with your promise of death
Keep guard on the treasure below!

The blossoms of beauty,
The fruit trees must scatter;
They've done their bright duty,
So what does it matter!
They laugh with delight,
As they flutter away,
To see little berries
Peep out at the day!

Royal sunshine, be trusty and true;
Pour your golden enchantment on all!
We spring into life for the worship of you—
Be ready to answer our call!

No whimsical hiding,
No clouds fling before you!
'Tis you we take pride in,
'Tis you we adore!
'Tis you we adore you!
What creature would scatter
Their beauty and grace,
For a king who refuses
A glimpse of his face?

The Family Circle.

Is it Worth While?

I wonder if it's worth while?
So queried a young man, as he sat absorbed in deep thought. He was trying to decide whether, in view of his being a farmer, it would be profitable for him to obtain a thorough education. He knew of farmers who could scarcely read and write; none who possessed more than a common education, yet many were good farmers, in prosperous circumstances, and apparently contented and happy; and he had so often heard the idea of a farmer having knowledge scoffed at as a thing incompatible with his vocation. Thus he reasoned with himself.—He loved the life of a farmer; to him it did not seem drudgery to till the rich fields, and he was impatient to enter upon the work. Yet he was ambitious, and wished to honor his profession, and if this was to be done better by an education than otherwise, why, he had both the means and inclination to procure it. Long he pondered, but his mind had acquired a thirst for knowledge, and knowing that no calling can be too well understood, he decided that in the end it would not be time lost nor money wasted, and entered college. While there he did not forget the object of his studies, and although the classics were not neglected, the sciences were carefully regarded.

Steadily he pursued his course until the closing days of college life drew near. His friends the meanwhile looked on, proud of his ability, and pictured to themselves the

glories he would win, and in anticipation, no doubt, of reflecting some of its rays.—Among his classmates he was looked upon as the model of the class. Imagine their astonishment, as they were gathered together laying plans for the future, to hear him say, "I mean to be a farmer."

"Why, Fred Meller, are you crazy?" exclaimed one; "you a farmer! To think of hiding yourself in the obscurity of that hum-drum existence; you might as well commit suicide at once."

"I do not think there is anything desperate in it, Granger; there is certainly need of good farmers."

"But what can there be in hoeing and digging, from sunrise to sunset, that can possibly be attractive to a person of your culture? I would not degrade myself so," spoke up another.

"Degrade! How can any honest employment degrade? Are not farmers, as a class, men of acknowledged integrity; and have not some, that the world has been proud to honor, been farmers? No; I will not degrade myself by being one."

"Well, you will at least admit that you will lose the privileges of society. What will you do with Greek and Latin? Teach them to your cattle perhaps, and waste your fine abilities in lecturing the stars!"

"No; you do me injustice. I have thought well upon the subject, and trust that I shall not let my mental powers become inactive. As for Greek and Latin, you will agree that I shall have as much need of them as a merchant has. They will help me improve and enjoy my leisure moments. There certainly will be use for the Natural sciences. For the rest do not imagine that I shall disregard the benefits of society."

"Well, Meller, I hope you will succeed in your expectations. But tell me, do you think it necessary for farmers to be educated?"

"Most certainly I do. I think education as necessary for a farmer as for a man of any other vocation."

Although silenced, they were not convinced.

"I think it is a shame!" exclaimed Henry Granger that evening, after full five minutes of silence and deep thought—a silence, by the way, very long for him.

"What is so very disgraceful, Henry?" and his sister looked up inquiringly.

"Why, there's Fred Meller, the best scholar in our class, has splendid talents, and well fitted to make his mark in the world; you would not think but that he would be eager to secure some honorable position which he is so well fitted to fill, (she did though,) well, what is he going to do but bury himself in some wilderness and actually become a farmer. I do believe the fellow has not a particle of ambition."

"Perhaps he has much; not, however, for the fickle applause of men, but to raise that noble employment from the low estimation in which it is now held, and cause it to be regarded, as in truth it is, an honorable profession."

"Honorable profession! Amy, I believe he has been instilling some of his absurd fancies into your little brain, but we shall never consent to your being carried off to die of hard work and intolerable ennui on a farm. Remember that!"

"I do not see why one need to fall a victim to either of those things because one lives on a farm. Work may be a little harder and visitors a little fewer, but they may both prove but blessings in disguise."

"You would soon find they are not, and we will take good care not to give you a trial."

But whether in view of Fred Meller's "splendid talents" or whether Miss Amy possessed a share of self-will, I know not, but it is certain that Amy Granger did become Mrs. Frederick Meller, and that soon after the happy event she did accompany her husband to the veritable farm.

It was not a place that looked inviting to the romantic views of a city lady. Yet she knew the mind and heart of him to whom she had entrusted her young life, and held the meaningless form and glitter of society of little value in comparison. And it is my opinion that Mr. Meller considered this lady with a cultivated mind, and refined, loving heart worth a dozen years of study. If he did not, he should.

Mr. Meller's farm was, as I have said, by no means the most promising. It had been under the care of tenants for several years, and fences, fields, buildings, all bore visible evidences of neglect. But he went to work, determined that a few years should make a great difference in its appearance. He did not follow in the time-worn channels of his predecessors, along which most of his neighbors were still plodding, but took advantage of all the facts which investigation and experience had laid before him, and his own knowledge acquainted him with the soil of his fields and its adaptation to the different products.

The neighbors ridiculed his "new-fangled" notions, but in vain. Knowledge is power, and he felt it, his fields proved it.—As time passed, those who had at first ridiculed, began to open their eyes to the fact also, and queried among themselves by what means that old farm had been transformed into such a beautiful place.

"How is it," one asked, "that you have now a better farm than any of us; you don't work as hard, and yet your crops are always better?"

"I know not, unless it is that I have learned the science of farming, for my pecuniary means were small."

"I did not know that there was a science about farming. But if a little study can make my boys better farmers, they shall have it. There's Jim been asking me to go to college, and I told him it was of no use for farmers. But, father, says he, 'don't you think Mr. Meller is a better farmer than the rest round here, and he's been to college?' So I thought I would ask you."

The consequence was another mind fitted to battle with life.

Was it worth nothing to be able by ex-

ample to satisfy the craving of young minds? He who thinks not has had little experience of the inner world of the mind.

So the years passed by, bringing their joys and sorrows, and he gaining the respect of all, his counsel sought, his opinion bearing the weight that superior knowledge joined to sound judgment and long experience ever will. He fills no public office, may never be known to the world at large; for, reader, he is not a politician, but a farmer, and in that capacity is content.

For the satisfaction of the curious, let me add that Mrs. Meller is still living, and in her cheerful countenance you can see no trace of ennui. Her aristocratic city friends are glad to get an invitation to spend a few days at the farm.

"Was it worth while? We simply give Mr. Meller's own opinion, supposing it to be the fact."

"Amy, that course of study at H— was worth a mine of gold to me."

"Extravagant!" Do you think so? then try it and see if he was far from the truth.—*Rural.*

"Making Up."

For several mornings, Mrs. Morton had noticed that something went wrong with her little May. She seemed happy as a lark at the breakfast table, but when school-time drew near, she became restless. She got her hat and cape long before the hour, and stationed herself at the window, looking up the street as if waiting for the time; yet when it came, she went reluctantly, as if she had no heart to go.

"Why don't you start, May, if you are all ready?" said her mother, one morning, when this performance had been repeated so many times as to awaken her curiosity.

"I don't want to go yet," was the reply. "Perhaps Alice Barnes will call for me."

But when there were only ten minutes left May hastened away alone with a troubled face. She came home at noon sadder than she went.

"What does grieve the little girl?" asked her mother, as she came into her room looking the picture of despair.

"O mother!" said May, crying outright at a kind word. "You don't know!"

"Yes; but I want to," said Mrs. Morton. "Perhaps I can help you."

"No, ma'am," said May; "nobody can help me. Alice Barnes and I—we've all ways been such friends! and now she's mad with me."

"What makes you think so?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I know so! She always used to call for me mornings, and we were always together at recess and every where. I would not believe it for the longest while; but it is a whole week since she called for me, and she keeps away from me all the time."

"Now I know not what Alice has done, dear, can you think of anything you did?"

"Why, mother Morton! No, indeed! I don't need to think. I haven't done a thing. I thought too much of Alice." May cried again at the bare idea.

"There dear, don't cry. Perhaps you haven't; but you must not be discouraged till you have asked her why she keeps away. Very likely there is some little thing that you never thought of."

"I don't want to ask her, mother. It is her fault, and she ought to come to me."

"Ah! then," replied Mrs. Morton. "I fear that your pride is stronger than your love to Alice." She was brushing May's hair as she spoke; and she stooped to kiss her forehead with a loving, motherly kiss, and then went to see about dinner. They were not alone again till school-time came. But it seems that May knew her mother was right for she went straight up to Alice when she saw her on the sidewalk after school, and said:

"Alice Barnes, what makes you mad with me?"

"I shouldn't think you'd ask me, May Morton," replied Alice, "when you've said such unkind things about me."

"No such thing," said May indignantly. "May Morton," said Alice, looking as solemn as her round, rosy face would let her, "didn't I hear you with my own ears, telling Bessie Potter that I was the most mischievous little thing you ever saw?"

"When?" demanded May, feeling strange and helpless as if she were in a nightmare. "Last week, a Thursday, in your seat," said Alice, "just before the bell rang for school to begin."

May looked blank for a minute, and then she burst into a laugh. Alice turned angrily away; but May caught her by the arm; and choking down her laughter as fast as possible, she said, "Alice, don't you know I named my new canary bird Alice, after you? I was telling Bessie Potter about her, and how she tore her paper to pieces, and scattered her seed all over the floor."

Alice stared and drew a long breath. May's eyes twinkled again; and both little girls forgot their grievances in a peal of hearty laughter, ending in an affectionate shake and hug.

"There, Alice," said May afterward, "if ever we get up out again, let's speak about the very first thing. Perhaps it will be something as funny as this."

I have told this story for the sake of other children, large and small. Many a pleasant day is spoiled, and many unkind, painful feelings are caused, by little mistakes; which a few words would set right. True love is not too proud to speak first. It is pride that prevents; and, if we could see pride in all its selfish ugliness, we should make haste to tread it under foot.—*Selected.*

Remember, reader, every beat of your pulse you have lived a moment longer, and have a moment less to live.

My pulse is the clock of my life;
It shows how my moments are flying;
It marks the departure of time,
And tells me how fast I am dying.

The Paper Dime.

It was collection day, and Will had forgotten his contribution. There was the good superintendent with the hat in his hand, coming straight to their class, and he hadn't a penny in his pocket.

"Here, take this," said Tom Rider, thrusting into his hand what seemed to be a silver dime—for this little incident took place when silver dimes were not so scarce as they are now.

Will was very grateful—so grateful that he did not see the knowing look in Tom Rider's eyes.

"It's real clever of Tom," he said to himself, as he dropped the supposed money into his hat. "I'll take a dime to school to-morrow and return it to him."

After school however, Tom thinking it too good a joke to keep, told him that he was "sold;" that, what had seemed to be a dime, was nothing but a round bit of pasteboard, such as hunters use in loading guns. Will was indignant; but the echo of his teacher's voice was still in his heart, and putting his hands behind him, he hurried away without a word.

Not long after, the superintendent was surprised to see Will walk into the room and lay a silver dime upon the desk.

"I was afraid you'd think you had some mighty mean boy in school," he said, as he made the explanation, but he did not tell who the "mean boy" was.

"God bless you for your honesty," said the superintendent, when Will had finished. And the next Sunday, at the close of the usual exercises he told the school the story of the paper dime. It seemed a trifling thing, he said; but the boy who would cheat in such a way, would be very likely, by and by, to commit larger and more serious frauds, while he who was honest in such small matters would surely make an honest man.

There were no names mentioned, but Tom Rider's sheepish face told plainly enough who was the giver of the counterfeit, and so thorough was his repentance, that no one ever heard of his doing the like again.—*Little Corporal.*

Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't any beds to-night," prayed a little boy, just before he lay down in his nice, warm cot, on a cold, windy night. As he rose from his knees, his mother said to him: "You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for ourselves, I'd give them some."

"But you have no cakes."

"Well, when I get money enough to buy all the things that I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't half enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have. I want to know what you will do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them bread."

"You have no bread; the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money, and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they now are. You know what you have that is your own. What are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I have four pennies, and I'll give them two. Wouldn't that be right?"

"Two-pence would not go very far in making a child, so poor that it has no bed, as comfortable and well provided for as you are. Two-pence towards food and clothes, and books, and a bed, for such a one, two-pence just for pencils, or candy, for yourself, don't seem fair."

"Then, mother, I'll give all my money; and I wish I had more to give," said the little fellow, as he took his good-night kiss.

Now don't you think his bed was made softer that night by his pity for the poor and shelterless? Don't you think he slept the more sweetly, and that ministering spirits watched his couch more lovingly because he was growing to be somewhat like his Saviour, who "spared not himself, but freely gave himself for us all." A great many children pity the poor a little, and wish God would be kind to them and take care of them. Perhaps they even pray to him to do it, like the little boy in my story. But I am afraid that too many of them would have God do all the work. They don't want to help much; they don't want to give away much that is their own; they don't want to trouble themselves much about it. They do not really love their poor neighbors as they do themselves.

Gentleness and its Reward.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's warehouse. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favorably. Though the elder lad came recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own door step at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street and as she stepped on the sidewalk, her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin ragged clothes, but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped to search for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were prob-

ably in the little pool beside the curbstone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about until one of the missing pence was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but very few more, and then he made haste to wash his hand in the snow, and dry it on his course white handkerchief.

The gentleman had observed it all, and after some conversation with William, said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation, he had grown so much in favor with all parties, that the engagement was renewed for a year.

Now shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was politeness. The merchant knew that the boy who would be truly polite to a poor ragged child would never be impolite to customers. Remember that a boy who is uniformly polite in his behavior, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.

The Last Dollar.

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet, with a look of resignation.

"It is our last dollar," he said; "but the Lord will provide."

Rev. James Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thornville. He was poor, and his congregation were poor. Often before he had been very near his last dollar, but he had never actually got to it until to-day.

"So you've been always saying," sobbed his wife; "but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust us any more at the store; and your salary won't be due these three weeks, even if you get it then. Why do you stay here, James, where the people are so poor?"

"I have no other place to go; no money to travel to it, if the Lord opened a way. My work for the present is here. He feedeth the young ravens; he will surely feed us."

"I wish I had your faith, but I haven't, and it won't come to me. Oh, what shall we do?" And she wrung her hands despairingly, "My poor children!"

"Once I was young and now I am old," solemnly said her husband, speaking in the words of the Psalmist, "yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

As if in answer to his pious ejaculation, there came a sudden knock at the door. All the while the minister and his wife had been talking, a storm had been raging outside. On opening the door a traveler, quite wet through, entered.

"I was coming through the forest from Maryville," he said, "and ventured to stop at the first house I saw. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too great a liberty?"

"Not at all," answered the master of the house. "We have but a poor shelter, as you see; but such as it is you are welcome to it; there is a good fire, at any rate."

For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed, this humble home boasted no parlor, and the kitchen was dining-room, drawing-room, living-room and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education and intelligence, and in conversation the minister forgot his trouble and was reminded of earlier and brighter days, when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now, up among those hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger arose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him till he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

"See here, James," said his wife, eagerly, when he returned to his house. "I found this on the table near where the gentleman sat."

It was a fifty dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which it was now apparent the traveler had overheard.

"I thought he was writing the directions he asked for," said the minister. "He means it for us, Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, he would provide?"

His wife burst into tears.

"God forgive me!" she said. "I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid."

"And he will still provide," replied her husband. "Whatever my lot may be, here or elsewhere, in him I trust."

A month after, a letter, a rare event, came to "Rev. James Spring." It was as follows:

REV. AND DEAR SIR—The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars and a good parsonage-house. The letter concluded by saying, "The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him during a storm, a few weeks ago. He overheard you, in a moment of great distress, speak with such full faith that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made." Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley at the foot of the hills. It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains. So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often, when people show want of faith, tells the story of his last dollar.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The Wilderness.

The Adirondack Wilderness, or the "North Woods," as it is sometimes called, lies between the Lakes George and Champlain on the east, and the river St. Lawrence on the north and west. It reaches northward as far as the Canada line, and southward to Boonville. Its area is about that of Connecticut. The Southern part is known as the Brown Tract Region, with which the whole wilderness by some is confused, but with no more accuracy than any one county might be said to comprise an entire state. Indeed "Brown's Tract" is the least interesting portion of the Adirondack region. It lacks the lofty mountain scenery, the intricate mesh-work of lakes, and the wild grandeur of the country to the north. It is the lowland district, comparatively tame and uninviting. Not until you reach the Raquette do you get a glimpse of the magnificent scenery which makes this wilderness to rival Switzerland. There, on the very ridge-board of the vast water-shed which slopes northward to the St. Lawrence, and southward to the Hudson, and southward to the Mohawk, you can enter upon a voyage the like of which, it is safe to say, the world does not anywhere else furnish. For hundreds of miles I have boated up and down that wilderness, going ashore only to "carry" around a fall, or cross some narrow ridge dividing the otherwise connected lakes. For weeks I have paddled my cedar shell in all directions, swinging northward to the St. Regis chain, westward nearly to Potsdam, southerly to the Black River country, and thence penetrating to that almost unvisited region, the "South Branch," without seeing a face but my guide's, and the entire circuit, it must be remembered, was through a wilderness yet to echo to the lumberman's ax. It is estimated that a thousand lakes, many yet unvisited, lie embedded in this vast forest of pine and hemlock. From the summit of a mountain, two years ago, I counted, as seen by my naked eye, forty-four lakes gleaming amid the depths of the wilderness, like gems of purest ray amid the folds of emerald-colored velvet. Last summer I met a gentleman on the Raquette who had just received a letter from Switzerland, an artist by profession, in which he said, that, "having traveled over all Switzerland, and the Rhine and Rhone region, he had not met with scenery which, judged from a purely artistic point of view, combined so many beauties in connection with such grandeur as the lakes, mountains, and forest of the Adirondack region presented to the gaze's eye." And yet thousands are in Europe to-day as tourists who never gave a passing thought to this marvelous country lying as it were at their very doors.

Another reason why I visit the Adirondacks, and urge others to do so, is because I deem the excursion eminently adapted to restore impaired health. Indeed, it is marvelous what benefit physically is often derived from a trip of a few weeks to these woods. To such as are afflicted with that dire parent of ills, dyspepsia, or have lurking in their system consumptive tendencies, I most earnestly recommend a month's experience among the pines. The air which you there inhale is such as can be found only in high mountainous regions, pure, rarefied, and bracing. The constant ventilation of a consumptive will consume, after a week's residence in that appetizing atmosphere is a subject of daily and increasing wonder. I have known delicate ladies and fragile school girls, to whom all food at home was distasteful and eating a pure matter of duty, average a gain of a pound per day for the round trip. This is no exaggeration, as some one who will read these lines know. The spruce, hemlock, balsam, and pine, which largely compose this wilderness, yield upon the air, and especially at night, all their curative qualities. Many a night have I lain down upon my bed of balsam boughs and been lulled to sleep by the murmur of waters and the low, sighing melody of the pines, while the air was laden with the mingled perfume of cedar, of balsam and the water-lily. Not a few, far advanced in that dread disease, consumption, have found in this wilderness renewal of life and health. I recall a young man, the son of wealthy parents in New York, who lay dying in that great city, attended as he was by the best skill that money could secure. A friend calling upon him one day chanced to speak of the Adirondacks, and that many a time found him from a trip to their region. From that moment he pined for the woods. He insisted on what his family called "his insane idea," that the mountain air and the aroma of the forest would cure him. It was his daily request

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The vulgar, ever prone to make mountains out of molehills, magnified the power of Sir William Herschel's telescope beyond all bounds. Stories were circulated that he having given a dinner in the interior of the tube to a select party of friends, but as the diameter of the telescope was only a little more than 4 1/2 feet, the entertainment, to say the least of it, would have proved somewhat inconvenient to the guests. Another story, which was credited by great numbers of people, was that he had discovered inhabitants in the moon, but that he hesitated to make the matter public for fear he should be prosecuted for spreading atheistical notions. In fact, the tale told of

