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THE MORNINGSTAR.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1869.

If we Knew.

If we knew the we and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our back could feel the lead,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that never can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our worldly track!
How those little hands remind us
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets,
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer sky and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

Editorial Correspondence.

Boston, June 17, 1869.

Boston is just now sitting in state in a great continental reception room, and her invitation is well responded to. The Common is animated with crowds from morning till night, the streets are thronged, the hotels bulge over at every entrance, the churches are used to afford temporary shelter, and private residences are often packed with visitors. The festivities connected with the great Peace Jubilee are at their height. Bostonians are to-day not only relieved of anxiety, but satisfied, self-complacent, and even quietly jubilant, though in this their preeminent joy they do not forget propriety and dignity. But they appear like men who are passing out from struggle into victory, and have a right to gladness and pride. The great center of interest is of course the Coliseum. It attracts more strongly than the President. All day long the stream of human life sets obviously in that direction. Nearly every visitor goes to look at the building, and endeavors at least to catch some of the harmonies that come pouring out at every opening during the morning rehearsals and the set afternoon performance. And the tides of humanity that sweep into its numerous entrances from 2 till after 3 o'clock, seem at first view as though they would first fill, then surge over, and at last submerge or sweep away the great structure. The Jubilee is unquestionably a mighty fact. The most hostile and spiteful criticism is forced to confess that, instead of a failure, the triumph is imposing and magnificent. Minor defects can easily be found. Some disappointments are undoubtedly suffered, some positive faults will be discerned by those who are bent on finding them; but, accepting the undertaking according to the intention of its projector and its chief managers, it is every way worthy of Boston, of the great nation whose idea it aims to embody, and of the glorious event which it was meant to emphasize and exalt.

After sitting in the Coliseum through the

exercises [on the two great days of the festival, Wednesday and Thursday,] looking over the scenes till the eyes grew moist, and then listening to the great billows of harmony as they surged through the structure and broke against its walls, one must feel how feeble are all words to express what is thought and felt. Theodore Parker apologized to his audience for the length of his discourse upon the dead Webster, on the ground that his subject was too large for brevity; saying, in his characteristic way, "You cannot crowd Olympus into a nut." It was a more absolute impossibility to put the Jubilee into a paragraph, and a modest silence might be more becoming than any attempt to criticize or describe. We shall confine our account to a few plain words.

THE COLISEUM AND THE PERFORMERS.

The Coliseum is a wooden building, 500 by 300 feet, covering nearly three and a half acres of ground, with a capacity for comfortably seating from thirty thousand to forty thousand persons, besides furnishing standing room for many thousands more. Its acoustic properties are excellent; the arrangement of seats is thoroughly admirable. The chorus numbers fully ten thousand voices; the orchestra embraces about one thousand instruments representing all varieties, besides an organ of such marvelous volume and majesty of tone that its voice is distinctly heard even when the chorus and orchestra are bringing out their full power. Besides these, an hundred anvils are now and then used to give emphasis in the choruses, twelve pieces of artillery are stationed near the building, and the bells of the city are made to play a part in the performance, the operator, seated near the conductor, regulating the discharges and the chiming by means of electricity, so as to make the roar and the clang keep perfect time with the voices and instruments and anvils. Madame Parepa Rosa and Miss Adelaide Phillips appear more or less in the solos, several other distinguished vocalists occupy prominent positions, Ole Bull is here with his wonderful violin and his transcendent genius, and the best individual talent which can be summoned into service is employed to lend its high art to the wondrous strength that marks the general execution. Mr. Gilmore, the projector, generally uses the baton as conductor of the exercises, though now and then Mr. Carl Zerkkan takes the post of honor. Mr. Tourjee is prominent as director, and Dr. J. H. Wilcox presides at the organ. The police force that manages the tickets and keeps the entrances clear, does its work in the main with great credit and efficiency, the ushers are remarkably prompt and gentlemanly, the seats are so classified and the tickets so marked that the visitor is directed to the proper place with equal readiness and quietude, the friction and confusion are small, in spite of the numbers, the good order and good nature are both general and noticeable; and, at the end of the exercises, it is remarkable to observe the ease and the rapidity with which tens of thousands of people disappear from view and leave the vast structure to comparative solitude and silence.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

It is worth an hundred miles of travel to look upon the interior of the Coliseum when the building is filled with its performers and its audience. The sight is enough to stir the blood of a stoic, and few thoughtful and sensitive observers could behold it without great heart-throbs and blinding tears. The decorations of the room seem at first somewhat lavish, though having no garishness or barbaric splendor. Bunting abounds, the "Red White and Blue," the "Star-Spangled Banner," coats of arms, portraits, mottoes, generally simple, fitting and significant, these at first catch the eye and arrest the attention. The huge drum rising out of the orchestra, the unscreened pipes of the organ serried and glistening behind, the vast proportions and general style of the building, the happy distribution of light and the ample means of ventilation, these get each a moment's notice, but only one. The mighty crowd of human beings, especially as one looks upon it from the north balcony, is at first surprising, then wonderful, then impressive, and at length almost overpowering. No language can describe that sight, no painter reproduce it, no imagination conjure it up in its actual effectiveness. I saw a photographer with his camera trying to take the orchestra and chorus. If he succeeded his picture will be a treasure, but it will be a poor, dead, partial semblance compared with the whole living scene.

One would not care to look long at any single personage. A moment sufficed for Mr. Gilmore, Ole Bull was soon disposed of, Parepa drew and held the eyes and the opera glass a little longer, and there was a somewhat prolonged eagerness to gaze clearly upon Grant when he came in and took the sofa or stepped upon the platform of the orchestra and bowed his acknowledgments during the intermission; but the visitor soon turned away from even these personages to survey the compressed acres of humanity spreading and rising on every side, suggesting how much greater is the human race than any one of its eminent representatives, and making a great genius seem little more in the ocean of existence than a drop of water in the sea. That living multitude was ever a rare and im-

pressive study, whether settling into expectant silence when Mr. Gilmore took his place and raised his baton, or answering with a quick, wondering movement the simultaneous rising of the chorus of ten thousand singers to their feet, or leaning eagerly forward with suppressed breath when Parepa sent her glorious voice soaring upward like a lark rising to meet the sun, or breaking out into a tempest of enthusiasm when the full chorus, the military bands and the peals of artillery sent "Hail Columbia" or "The Star-Spangled Banner" rolling out on the air to tell the prowess and the purpose of a mighty people made resolute and confident by conflict, and now to be truly unified by peace. One can hardly witness another such scene in the course of a life-time, and the memory of it is not likely to die out from any observer.

THE MUSICAL EXECUTION.

Of the character of the performances, so far as we listened, it is both easy, and difficult to speak. But this is not the place for formal criticism, even if we were competent to the service. The verdict would be greatly affected by the stand-point of the critic. Certain styles of music would be wholly out of place in such a building, and lovers of this quality could not be gratified. The niceties and delicacies of execution could be perceived by but a small fraction of the audience. The lighter passages were only half reported to remote listeners, while the heaviest choruses, aided by the military bands, and especially by the roar and jar of the organ, were sometimes a little unpleasant to those near the south balcony. The chorus was unprecedentedly large, its extreme portions were perhaps four hundred feet apart, and its members had rehearsed very little in a body. On the first day, particularly, it was possible to detect a little lack of accuracy in the time of some of the instrumental performers, yet this was steadily lessened as the work went forward.

But in spite of all these apparent drawbacks, taking the Jubilee performances for what they were intended, they are proving an increasing, wonderful and splendid success, such as we are confident, brings a surprise to many of the most hopeful. The majesty, harmony, expression and effect of many of the great choruses were wonderful and indescribable, the volume of sound never seeming too great for the best impression on more than two-thirds of the audience. It was more suggestive of what John describes as "the voice of many waters" than anything we are likely to hear this side of the New Jerusalem, and the movement, the sweetness and the skill were not less noticeable than the strength. And though we had never been able to think of the hundred anvils pounded by sledge-hammers, and the mixing in of artillery, without the sense of the ludicrous and an inward smile, yet we confess that the ludicrous gave place to the enthusiastic when the firemen in red jackets and white caps began to deliver their blows, and the operator commenced to send off the lightning to explode the cartridges in the canon; and when the kindled audience encircled the performance, and we had listened to it for the fourth time, it so far continued to appear admirable after it had ceased to be novel, that we should not have protested, and might have joined in the demand, if yet another repetition had been called for. Most of the music was selected from the oratorios and other masterpieces of the great composers, whose works are as full of character and religious inspiration as they are of genius.

In a word, the Jubilee is a great and genuine triumph, that will give Mr. Gilmore a high and well-deserved reputation, inure to the credit of Boston, be a source of pride to all true Americans, cheer patriotism, exalt peace, promote concord, suggest the high utility of art, mark an era in the history of music, and inspire prayer and intensely effort for that other and greater triumph which brings in the reign of justice, binds the peoples into brotherhood, and crowns the Messiah as Prince of Peace. D.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, May 26, 1869.

The London Missionary Society gives this year a most interesting and encouraging report. It has one hundred and thirty principal stations, one hundred and fifty native churches containing thirty-five thousand four hundred members, a nominal Christian community of one hundred and ninety-one thousand seven hundred, of whom thirteen thousand are in Polynesia, five thousand in the West Indies, and the rest in South Africa, India, China, &c. The converts under the Society's care speak twenty-six languages. The native assistant ministers number twelve hundred, eighty-one of whom are ordained as pastors and missionaries. The English missionaries are one hundred and fifty, and there are in the fifteen institutions for training native teachers and preachers one hundred and seventy students. Eighteen young men in England have offered their services to the Society during the year. The funds of the Society had been ample. The total income of the year had reached £108,847, including £13,358 for legacies and extraordinary gifts, and the new year began with a balance in hand of nearly £2,000. But the story which the report had to tell of God's blessing on the society during the year was better than all the rest. The blood of martyrs in Madagascar is shown to be the seed of the

Church. The Queen and the Prime minister have become Christians and been baptised by a native pastor. The Queen received her first knowledge of the gospel from one who was afterwards burned, and the Prime minister had found light and truth in a copy of the scriptures which one of the last of the martyrs had given him. There have been twenty thousands hearers added to the congregations during the year, and to the seven thousand who were members of churches previously it seems that thirty thousand new converts must be added. Progress of this kind is more startling than early apostolic successes, and is unparalleled in the history of modern missions.

The Church Missionary Society reports this year one hundred and fifty-six stations, two hundred and two European clergymen, one hundred and eighteen native and country-born, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-five European laymen, school-masters, lay-agents, printers, European female teachers, native and country-born catechists, and sixteen thousand one hundred and forty-five communicants. Its income has been £155,194. It was stated in the report that the success of the year had been encouraging, and the fields of operation were India, China, Japan, Africa, the Holy Land, New Zealand and North-west America. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. McNeill) and Mr. Bateman were the chief speakers at the anniversary meeting of the Society, and they were assisted by colonial bishops. Report says that the audience was liberal and cheered allusions to Madagascar and the London missionary society, and to Dr. Livingstone. But it had also its narrow "church" exclusiveness and did not murmur but rather applauded to the echo when one speaker referred "to the treachery of Gladstone and the malignity of Bright."

The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society tells a good story of work in various parts of the world, and hopes to keep its income at about £150,000 a year; the Primitive Methodists at their missionary anniversary have again poured into Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and have had a most exciting and jubilant time; the London City Mission has three hundred and sixty-one missionaries in those vast heathen jungles in our great Christian metropolis which lie all about the half-filled churches and chapels but which individual and church effort strangely neglects, and it has bought a block of buildings at the Isle of Wight to offer therein a sea-side home to invalid missionaries; the Religious Tract Society has issued two hundred new tracts and books during the year and five periodicals, and received over £100,000 for its publications; the Peace Society reported the delivery of three hundred lectures and tried to create an enthusiasm at its public anniversary in favor of a settlement of the Alabama dispute and a reduction of national armaments in Europe; the National Temperance League, and the United Kingdom Band of Hope, told a good story of work, and seemed to sparkle with expectation and freshness of life like spring water; the Evangelical Alliance was full of talk about its projected meeting in New York in 1870 instead of 1869; the British and Foreign Bible Society has circulated two million copies of the scriptures during the year, and reports special subscriptions for printing Bibles at Madrid amounting to £4,000 or £5,000, and a network of depots throughout the country, by means of which a million gospels and large numbers of copies of the whole Bible will be distributed.

The annual Conference and Soiree of the Liberation Society were held to exult over the progress of the year. W. Edward Miall, their President, is now in Parliament; church-rates are gone; the Irish Church is going; and the large liberal majority in the House of Commons includes several members of their council and supporters of the principles. But while the society reported large gains and great progress, it urged upon the members that there should be no relaxation of energy as the most formidable portion of their enterprise had yet to be undertaken. The separation of Church and State in England is a "big job" no doubt, but every thing betokens that it is one of the coming events. The command "to set the house in order" has evidently gone forth, and the bishops and clergy are not heedless of the importance of obeying it. The archbishops of Canterbury and of York have summoned the whole body of Deans to Lambeth to consider the perilous position of the church and the necessity of correcting existing anomalies. The deans with one consent arose and declared that the present decanal system was unimpeachable. It distributes £160,000 a year to a number of gentlemen in the church of England whose duties are lighter far than the duties of a vicar of a small village parish, and there are therefore one hundred and sixty thousand reasons why it should exist as it is. No one denies that the literary labors of Dean Alford, Dean Stanley and others are extremely valuable and useful, but it is scarcely necessary to pay £160,000 a year for a few able and book-writing deans. Everybody admits that, with the exception of St. Paul's deanery in London, the office is a sinecure and the archbishops are acting wisely, however the deans may dislike it, in calling upon the whole body of them to consider the anomalies and abuses of the church, and to begin at home in correcting them. THOMAS GORDBY.

Complicity with Crime.

Mention was made in the papers awhile ago, that in one of the States, it was convicted by a corrupt judge and jury to let a murderer escape the punishment due him for his awful crime; and that by the end of six years from that event, every jurymen on that case had been either bereft of reason, met an unnatural death, or committed suicide; and that the judge ended his days in an Asylum for the Insane.

This narrative brought to mind a case in the early history of New Hampshire. The Rev. Joshua Moody, the first minister of the Congregational church in Portsmouth, was suspected by Cramfield, the Provincial Governor, of defeating some of his arbitrary measures; and he resolved to silence him. The Governor demanded of him that he administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper according to the forms of the church of England. Mr. Moody refused, as doubtful, less Cramfield expected and hoped he would. So he had him brought before an association of six justices for trial. These were mostly in the interest of the Governor, and four of them gave judgment, against Mr. Moody, and he was imprisoned on Great Island now New Castle, six months.

Now for the result. Mr. Moody lived, preached to the church again, was holy and exemplary, died at his post and left the world in virtuous fame. Cramfield's popularity waned; he was obliged to leave the province and died in England. One of the Justices that condemned Mr. Moody repented and acknowledged his error and Mr. Moody frankly forgave him. Another fell into a languishing distemper. His sufferings were terrible and he died. Another lived in Dover. Six years after his judgment against Moody that is in 1689, the Indians came, burned his house and mill, and he just escaped with his life. This mill was where the present factories now stand. The fourth of the Justices became intemperate, was rejected from the church, died in disgrace and was buried privately by his relations for fear his remains would be injured by enemies.

Another case will be given. Nearly 60 years ago, a young female was found murdered. Circumstantial evidence was strongly against one, who had made addresses to her and who had evidently seduced her. A lawyer was employed for his defence, who, for a large sum of money as was believed, managed to save a verdict against the accused, to the astonishment and regret of the public at large. The supposed murderer lived, but without friends, indeed shunned by all. The lawyer died after some years. On the approach of death the agonies of his mind cannot be described. His horrors none could assuage. He disclosed none of the sources of his distress, but in misery left the world and went to his dread account.

"Justice and judgment are the habitation of God's throne." Wrong doers cannot succeed long. If hand join in hand the wicked cannot escape. Those in State or church, who connive at the escape of the guilty, will be overtaken by the just judgment of God. H. N.

The Bible.

ITS LITERARY EXCELLENCE AND FREEDOM FROM ABSURDITY.

The following, cut from an exchange, is worthy of the careful perusal of our readers: Of all the books that have come down to us from remote antiquity, the Bible alone is characterized throughout by reason, dignity, and good sense. All other ancient books abound in fables, extravagance, and puerilities.

The intelligent reader need scarcely be reminded of the absurdities which characterize the literature of the ancient Hindus. An eminent scholar, in reference to the Brahmanas, says, "The general character of these works is marked by shallow and insipid grandiloquence, by priestly conceit and antiquarian pedantry." The Zend Avesta is also characterized by childishness, insipidity, and absurdity, and is almost entirely destitute of intellectual and moral beauty. The fable of the three-legged ass, standing in the sea of Vourukasha, may serve as a specimen. The Jewish writings, except the books of the Bible, abound in still greater absurdities. The Talmud contains the most ridiculous exaggerations and enormous lies, accounts of men whose thigh-bones were miles in length, of cocks whose heads reached to heaven, and of a fish so large that a ship's crew landed on its back, and began to cook their dinner, and only discovered their mistake when the heat of their fire caused the monster to dive. The Koran represents the sun as setting in black mud. The Chinese literature abounds in tales and fables. The writings and sayings of Confucius, the great literary man of the Chinese, are generally commonplace and often puerile. An authority which is not likely to be regarded as prejudiced, declares that they "are perfectly childish in comparison of Greek ethics or Hebrew proverbs." As a specimen of the literary absurdities of the Greeks, and also of the Romans who adopted the Grecian literature, we will refer only to Aristotle, who maintained that the stars are living and active beings; and that they produce heat by rubbing against the air.

These hints and statements may serve to remind the reader that ancient literature in

general abounds in fables, exaggerations and blunders. Not one nation of antiquity has given to the world a literature free from absurdity. The Egyptians with their accumulated stores of learning and wisdom; the Hindus with all their ingenuity, philosophy, and their most beautiful and comprehensive of languages; the Persians with the knowledge and learning of the Chaldeans and Medes added to their own; the Chinese with their knowledge of magnetism, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, decimal fractions, and the art of glass-making; the Greeks with their eloquence and elegance, refinement and attainments in the fine arts; the Arabians with their discoveries in medicine, chemistry, algebra, geometry, and other sciences; and the Romans appropriating to themselves the poetry, philosophy, science, and arts of the world; all these nations produced literatures abounding in puerilities, inaccuracies, and ridiculous fancies and conjectures. Nor are the Jews an exception. Outside of the Bible, the Jewish mind, as seen from the Talmud and other writings, rioted and revelled in the wildest fancies and most enormous lies.

But the sixty-six books of the Bible are free from absurdities. It contains no puerilities, wild speculations, or monstrous fables. It tells of no one-eyed Cyclops, no dragons with a hundred heads, no centaurs half-man half-horse, no gorgons turning all beholders into stone; but the only beings it speaks of are God, angels, fallen spirits, men, and the lower animals. It tells of no monstrous births, of no willows weeping blood, of no horrible prodigies and portents, but even its accounts of miracles are simple, dignified, and truth-like. It tells not of the world being hatched from an egg, and describes not the earth as a flat circular plain, measuring millions and millions of miles in circumference; but its account of the creation is at least simple and reasonable—it contains the only cosmogony which a scientific or an intelligent man can believe. Many other illustrations might be given, showing the contrast between the moderation, truth-like simplicity and good sense of the Scriptures, and the absurdities which abound in all the other literary productions of antiquity. But without pursuing this subject further we remark:

1. That the Bible is the only book that is so reasonable, truth-like, consistent, and so free from blunders and absurdities as to be regarded by civilized and intelligent people as inspired and infallible. The palpable blunders, ridiculous exaggerations, fabulous stories and conscious fabrications, which abound in all the ancient literatures, fasten upon them at once the charge of absurdity and falseness, and prevent all doubt in regard to their human origin and their fallibility. But the Bible contains no blunder or absurdity which such men as Bacon, Newton, Milton and Locke could detect, or which the great majority of civilized and intelligent people can detect.

2. Aside from the assumption that miracles are incredible, the main reliance of infidels is physical science. Their appeal is not to common sense. They hope not so much to convict the Bible of absurdity, as of scientific inaccuracy. They scan the heavens, dig into the bowels of the earth, and stand by the chemist as he pries into the secrets of nature, in order to find evidence that the Bible is not the book of God. They write books, reviews, and essays to prove that Moses and other Biblical writers were ignorant of astronomy, geology, and other sciences. In all this there is a virtual admission that the Bible at least is free from absurdity and consistent with common sense.

3. The reasonableness, common sense, and truth-like simplicity of the Bible very clearly appear in its accounts of miracles. In all other writings such accounts are characterized by monstrousness, exaggeration, or childishness. But it is otherwise with those of the Bible. The Westminster Review, which is a determined opponent of divine inspiration, speaking of what it denominates the miraculous stories of the Bible, declares that "with hardly an exception, whatever else they are, they are certainly not childish. What for instance, can be more sublime and well-sustained than that most incredible of Hebrew legends—the account of the ascent of Elijah? What imagination could be more powerful and profound than that which produced the story of the transfiguration?"

4. The consistency, reasonableness, and general truthfulness of the Bible have also been recognized by many skeptics. We refer, as an example, to the testimony of Humboldt, who among other things, says that the epic narratives of the Bible are marked by a graceful simplicity, and are most true to nature.

5. Lastly, there is a striking contrast between the Bible and the other Jewish writings, the one marked by good sense, reasonableness, and sobriety, the other by exaggeration, childishness, and absurdity. The difference between them has been admitted by skeptics.

In view of these things thus hinted at, rather than presented, we may very properly ask the skeptic to consider whether there was not something in the writers of the Bible which sobered their judgment, cleared their intellect, restrained their fancy, and strengthened and chastened their imagination—something which lifted them above all the writers of their own and other nations?—Family Treasure

Communications.

The Mystery of Conversion.

On a calm summer's day one may often observe a breath of wind, a fitful, sportive gale, spring up, rustling the leaves of the trees, stirring the tops of the standing corn, making a soft and gentle murmur and then passing away. It comes and it goes as it listeth, no doubt in obedience to law and order, but still to us in such a way as to suggest mystery and incomprehensibility, inability to trace it to its beginning and follow it to the end; it comes and goes by some unexplained, and to us at present undiscoverable, law of its own. So God's Spirit in its working is incomprehensible and mysterious.

It is not to be wondered at that it should be. Everything about the mind is mysterious. Who can tell what it is—how united with the body? Who knows how we think, reason, reflect, remember, judge? Who conjectures whence come those teeming fancies and bright and splendid imaginings that have their home in the sleepless, unresting soul? Who ventures to say how feeling and passion delight or shake the whole being and framework of our nature? Who can understand the first acts and movements of the will? "The farthest distance our recollection can follow back the traces," says Coleridge, "never leads us to the nearest footmark; the lowest depth that the light of our consciousness can visit even with a doubtful glimmering, is still an unknown distance from the ground." So when God's Spirit moves and influences the mind, sanctifies the heart, gives power to the will, we may be quite content to say we know not how. It is through belief of the truth, that it has blessed and gracious effects, but the mode of operation is more than we can fathom.

Everything about the growth of character is mysterious. Two young men, children of the same parents, born under the same roof, brought up in the same atmosphere of home example, trained by the same tutors, surrounded by the same religious influences yet develop totally different characters. One from his earliest life is bent upon breaking away from the restraints of virtue and discipline, is rash, reckless, headstrong, and he at length becomes a wreck; the other is tractable, gentle, well-disposed, and inclines from the first to a thoughtful, self-governed life. How is it? To attribute everything to organization is to make the flesh the determining power of mind and character, to bring all things to a rigid materialism fatal to responsibility, and at the same time only to shift the difficulty from the moral to the physical world. It is a common trick to give a name, use a hard word and suppose thereby that everything is explained. The formation of individual character in a regular normal way is mysterious, much more are sudden and extraordinary changes of character. It is not surprising then that there should be a similar mystery attending the mode and process by which the Spirit of God changes the whole character and being of man.

All life is a mystery. The first throbs of life begin in mystery; in mystery the pulse of our life continues to beat; and in mystery it ceases and is still. The seed that is sown in the field grows up, we know not how. Soil, rain, sunshine are conditions of its growth, but the principle of life in itself is the cause; how, we know not. As in nature so in grace, and as in grace so in nature there is a central mystery we cannot penetrate; and it is the mystery of life and death. Always in our researches do we get at last to the province of the divine, and over the gateway of this sanctuary is written, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." "Secret things belong to God." "As thou knowest not the way of the wind, * so thou knowest not the works of God that maketh all."

Yet mysterious though the Divine life in man may be, we are called upon to seek it and receive it. We are always active in the presence of mystery. No exercise of limb, eye, hand, foot, no act of will, thought, fancy, no indulgence of feeling or passion, but we find ourselves in the midst of what we neither understand nor can fathom. Philosophy explores the causes of things, but it is born in wonder and in wonder it ends. We know God's Spirit breathes upon us by its effects in our changed nature, by the music, sweet and heavenly, it wakes on the harp of our being, by the winter of death changed to spring and summer joy and fruitfulness, but we know not how.

T. G.

Christian Duty.

Christianity slumber not. God has established different conditions of life. Upon each condition also, whatever its sphere, he has imposed the performance of certain duties. Over all states, God rules supreme, and to him each rank is subordinate, and each individual responsible. By this law, different positions and duties are assigned to men. Some ranks are superior, and some inferior—some are exalted, and others obscure—some exercise power, and others yield obedience; yet all orders are arranged for harmony, and for use, and one condition is not in itself necessarily more peaceful, or more happy than another. True, all men, of every color or creed, are, in a certain sense, equal; for all have one God, one human parentage and brotherhood, and the same essential rights; yet, as to position and influence, there is not an actual equality, since the order of society requires different spheres of work, and various conditions of life. Hence, the various gifts and appointments of men, dependent upon mutual relationship, should be exercised harmoniously for use.

This rule of society applies also to the

church. All who profess Christ, have certain equal church rights, unaffected by the accident of complexion, condition, or circumstances; but all are not equal in talent, education, wealth, or industry. Therefore you are not responsible for that which you do not possess, nor to blame for lack of that over which you can have no control; but it is nevertheless true that a talent, of some kind, is intrusted to each one of you, concerning the stewardship of which you will be called to account. Your merit before the great Master is not derived from the possession of brilliant gifts, nor from an influential position in the church; but from the faithful use of such talents as you have whether ten, or only one. You perceive, therefore, that you are called upon by the divine law, to make every possible individual effort for the extension of the kingdom of our Redeemer. In order, as individuals, to make the most successful efforts for good, each Christian should study to know what special talent he may possess. The apostle Paul exhorted the Romans to be wise according as God had revealed to every one, and so should each one be particular to know what portion has been bestowed upon him, in order that he may use his ability to the best advantage.

To be ignorant of our opportunities for usefulness, so as to entertain a false humility in regard to our talent, leads only to indolence and uselessness. There may be as much wrong in neglecting the abilities we possess, and so putting the candle under a bushel, as in attributing to ourselves powers which we do not possess. Such talent as we may have, should be used earnestly and to advantage. If you are not formed to command, we exhort you to obey. If you cannot guide, be content to follow; and if you cannot invent, be diligent to execute. You must in some way, be useful in Christ's cause. You can fill some place in the hive of the church, and that without being drones; for the church is composed of different members, each one having his particular duty and office. We form one body of which Christ is the head; and the hand may not be proud over the foot, nor any member, however humble, refuse to perform its particular function. Any situation in the church is honorable that is useful; and any part that is not useful is to be cut off, like a cancer from the mortal body. So has Christ taught that he will prune his vine of dead branches. Let each member, then be content in his right place, earnestly active, without proud consciousness on the one hand, or timid indolence on the other.

Each individual, being conscious of his gift and proper sphere, must earnestly labor. Each person for himself, must render an account of his stewardship. Whatever your attainments, or position, you must truly work, or you violate the divine command. God will allow none in his vineyard to be idle. The Master of the vineyard will not be satisfied with a show of leaves and blossoms, but must have fruit; else the curse of the barren fig-tree will be pronounced against you.

It is evident that an apostle, even of the greatest ability and piety, cannot without the prayerful and earnest co-operation of the members of his church, make full proof of his ministry, any more than the general of an army can win a victory without the assistance of his soldiers. We therefore earnestly advise all the members of our churches, and especially those who have recently made a profession of religion, not to be satisfied with the mere relation of church membership; but that each individual, in some chosen and particular way appropriate to his capacity, make vigorous, personal efforts for the conversion of souls, and the up-building of the church. So doing you shall receive the greater reward in the kingdom of heaven; for, he that is here faithful over a few things, shall there be made ruler over many.

G. H. CHAPPEL.

Then and Now.

It was my happy privilege, just before the death of one of our aged fathers who had been very successful in winning souls to God, to spend a half day with him at his home. He, in reply to my inquiries, told me many things too good to be forgotten. Among other things he spoke of the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings where the preaching of White shook the congregation as a forest is shaken by a mighty wind. Said he, "A large company of us on horseback, were going along the way to that meeting, singing praises to God as we went, and conversing freely upon the one great theme of those days, the salvation of souls. We went to that meeting as clouds filled with rain, and our souls were burdened with the work of God like carts groaning beneath the weight of sheaves. We called at a public house for rest and refreshments, and a large room was occupied and well filled with our company. The conversation of the group was upon the one great theme; and kneeling down together many fervent prayers were offered that the power of God into salvation might attend the anticipated meeting. The hour of rest thus became one of the most profitable seasons of worship; and when they called for their bills their host remarked that he and his family had been sufficiently compensated in their godly conversation and he would accept of no other payment. Thus from different directions went up to the Lord's temple the godly worshippers of those days; and do we wonder that their meetings were attended with such displays of Divine power? Does it seem strange that multitudes were turned to God in such meetings by the efforts of such men? According to their faith was their success. They obtained that for which they sought.

Are any disposed to think that the times are so changed that similar results would not follow similar efforts? Quarterly and Yearly Meetings were then mighty agencies in turning men to God. Are we superior to

the fathers in qualifications for the sacred calling? Let our works declare this before we assert it. I cannot call to mind the glories of the past without the query, where are we now? and whither are we drifting?

I have attended quite a number of Quarterly Meetings and I have heard a great deal more conversation, light, frivolous, and chaffy, than of a godly sort; outside the particular hour of worship, and when by chance, conversation takes a religious turn it fixes upon topics not nearer than fifteen hundred miles to a warm-hearted Christian whose theme is salvation, but it dwells upon money, politics, schools or other church apparatus. If any reader has within a number of years seen ministers or laymen going up to our Quarterly Meetings, burdened in spirit for souls, zealous for their immediate conversion, with the agonizing cry at heart "O Lord revive thy work," or making effort worthy of comparison with the incident of the olden times just mentioned, I would thank him to let me know who? when? where? Before the death of the lamented Marks he mourned the terrible apostasy among us, and as our past and present show, so will our future history declare that God will forsake those who forsake him.

More Loose Screws.

I am satisfied that one great cause of dissensions in our churches is idleness. Men are not put into their places and screwed in there. Bro. A. is appointed deacon, his wife president of the sewing circle; he is appointed superintendent of the Sunday school, his wife principal teacher; he is clerk of the church, and treasurer; chairman of the board of trustees, and the active member of the ministerial committee, &c. &c. It so happens that nothing moves except as he moves it, and nothing stops except he stops it. If he does his work well, those who wish to have it done badly are offended! But if he does it wrong, those who wish to have it done right are offended. It is taken for granted that he cannot make a mistake, hence what is not well done is attributed to badness of heart. He soon finds himself held responsible for the safe management of all the affairs of the church, and utterly powerless to do any thing. If this sort of thing goes on, a split in the church is inevitable. A large per cent. of our church troubles arises under circumstances similar to those I have sketched.

What is to be done? All the members of the church must be set at work. If a brother has time to find fault, it is because he has not been put at work sufficiently hard to engage all his time and strength. Put him at hard labor. Get him into his place, and screw him in well. Distribute the offices of the church, and do not allow any man to hold two offices or act on two committees, if you can possibly find other persons who can do the work. Better have the work poorly done by twenty men, than have it well done by one, and nineteen left idle to growl about it.

First of all, pastors destroy their influences by doing things that other brethren should be encouraged to do. The pastors who do the most, often fare the hardest, and they are served right, for what right has a pastor to do another's work and so deprive him of his blessing. Next come the deacons, good souls, bearing the burdens of ten men each, and the nine following after are complaining of the manner in which the deacon does their work. Let these burdened men for their own sake, for the sake of these idlers, for the peace and safety of the church, and the love of souls, pause and consider what they are undoing by doing so much; let the burdens be distributed among all the members of the church, let each be taught how to perform a part, and then let him perform it.

The success of the officers of a church depends more upon what they can get others to do than upon what they do themselves. Trust your brethren; set them all at work, and church dissensions will sensibly abate.

ANDROSOGGIN.

A Father's Letters. No. 21.

MY DEAR SON:—In the preceding letters, I have called your attention to a few prominent matters of interest, connected with the great work in which you are engaged. But I feel conscious, that, what I have written fails to give any very just conception of the magnitude of the work before you. I have only, in this familiar way, given a few hints, which may suggest to you reflections, that will lead you in a safe and faithful discharge of the responsibilities you have assumed, or more correctly, God has laid upon you; for if God has called you to the work of the ministry, he has laid responsibilities upon you that you are not at liberty to disregard and put off. He has intrusted to you the ministration of his word, by which he proposes the salvation of immortal souls. On the faithful discharge of your duties, depends not only your own highest good, but the salvation of those who hear you. You are to instruct, and warn them, and by all the abilities you can command, lead them to Christ for salvation. You are to feed the "flock of God," giving to every man his portion of meat in due season. You are to defend the doctrine of the cross, and expose the sophistries with which Christianity has been assailed. You are set, for the defense of the gospel. But your success must come from God. "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase." To him you must look for assistance; on him you must depend; in him you must trust, and to him give all the glory. In bringing these letters to a close let me repeat what I have already said,—no, what an inspired apostle said; "Take heed to thyself, and to the doctrine." You cannot watch your own heart and life too closely. The eye of God is upon you, and the eyes of all men are upon you, some watching with hope and

prayer for your good, and others for your imperfections, and missteps, who will rejoice at your downfall. "Let no man despise you," &c. conduct so that you will secure the confidence and of all. Do your whole duty faithfully, and "show thyself a man" for God. And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, may you then appear with him, and be prepared to say, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me." Then will be realized and accomplished the most ardent hopes, and earnest prayers, of an affectionate father.

R. N.

Selections.

God and the Soul.

The soul wherein God dwells—
What church can shelter be?
Becomes a walking temple,
Of heavenly majesty.
How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend,
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.
Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul,
Thou must have heart and life,
Alone can make thee whole.
Hold there! where runnest thou?
Know Heaven is the goal,
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?
His face thou'lt never see.
Ah, would thy heart but be
A manger for the birth;
God would once more become
A child upon this earth.
I don't believe in Death,
If thou by hour I die,
Thy hour by hour to gain
A better life thereby.
Go out! God will go in,
Die thou and let him live.
Be not, and he will be;
Wait and he'll all things give.
O, shame! A silk-worm works
And spins till it can die,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On thine old earth-cloth lie.
—Angelus Silesius.

Genesis and Geology.

The object of the Bible is, to teach the great truth of redemption. It does not aim to teach the facts of science. It is the most utter folly, therefore, to speak of the inspired record as contradicting the discoveries of science. There is no contradiction between them; they do not need to be reconciled. There is consequently no ground, on the one hand, for the student of nature to attempt to disparage the Bible for not agreeing with his scientific facts; nor, on the other hand, for the Christian to fear the investigations of science as being damaging to the truth of God's holy word. And yet it is interesting to notice how exactly, and sometimes unexpectedly, the Bible falls in with and corroborates what science demonstrates to be fact. It goes some way towards evidencing the divine origin of the Scriptures, to find that accounts written thousands of years ago are yet so fully in accord with what the latest and best investigations show to be the exact facts in the natural world. A very striking illustration of this has been recently brought to public attention. It has been supposed ever since geology came into existence as a science, that the earth was originally "a globe of liquid fire"; that it gradually cooled and hardened on the surface, forming thus the so-called "primary strata" of the earth's crust; and that it still is, in its interior, a sea of fire, still only by this comparatively thin shell upon which man lives. This is what is known as the "igneous" or "Plutonic" theory of the formation of the primary rocks. It has been, until quite recently, the current theory among geologists. Some of them, indeed, upon the strength of this theory—for it was only a theory—have tried to prove that the Bible is trustworthy, because its description of creation does not favor the idea of a molten globe, but on the contrary, seems to bear against it. Geology, said they, deals in facts; but what reliance can be placed in these "Hebrew myths"? Science can speak with "authority," for it founds on fact. What authority can attach to these merely "speculative opinions" of the writers of the Scriptures? So, to their view, and to the view of those they lead astray, up goes science, and down comes revelation. But a change has come to pass. The so-called "facts" of geology have, some of them, been shown to be the purest fiction. A process of investigation, carried on for some years past, has demonstrated that granite and its kindred rocks of the "primary strata" have not been formed by the igneous process but by the aqueous process. "In a word, granite is a mortar, not a metal." Sir Charles Lyell has asserted that "various experiments have led to the conclusion that the minerals which enter most largely into the composition of the metamorphic rocks have not been formed by crystallizing from a state of fusion, or in the dry way, but that they have been derived from liquid solutions, or in the wet way—a process requiring a far less degree of heat."

It turns out, then, that Moses did not describe the process of creation as a making of a mass of liquid fire, and then of its cooling and hardening, for the very good reason that such was not the fact of the case. The "igneous" theory has been completely upset. The Bible thus incidentally, but only so much the more strongly, shows that it speaks correctly, that it states only facts concerning the process of creation, and deals in no mere "myths," or "speculative opinions," or "dogmatic assumptions." More than twenty centuries ago the Hebrews themselves interpreted the account of creation in the first chapter of Genesis as teaching, first an instantaneous creation of the substance of the world out of nothing. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Then followed the chaffed period, indefinite in extent, when this primal substance grew into form under the wings of the brooding Spirit. Then came the arrangement of the earth's surface in the six days' work. Last of all came the creation of man "for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Now does not the second verse of this chapter not only generally, but exactly bear out what these latest discoveries have demonstrated, namely, that after the creation of the original matter, the earth was developed by a process of "sedimentary formation"? It was the "water process," not the "fire process." "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the

face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." This science and revelation, when each is rightly interpreted, go hand in hand. Having very different aims, they still, so far from contradicting, exactly corroborate each other. Let then the men of science learn reverence for the Divine word. Let Christians learn more fearlessly to trust in the "lively oracles." Let all men learn that this book of truth is set as a sun in the moral heavens, "a light that shineth in a dark place."—*American Messenger.*

Feeling not Religion.

Plymouth Pulpit for April 3d, gives an excellent sermon from Mr. Beecher on "Conduct the Index of Feeling," from which we make this extract:

Momentary experiences of strong feeling are not unwholesome. On the contrary, they are frequently cleansing and inspirational. But to be under the dominion of emotions for any considerable time, which die in you as emotions, but produce nothing, do not change themselves into intellectual volitions, do not change themselves into courses of government—that is unwholesome.

Every particle of feeling that you have more than you can reduce to conduct and volition is so much surplusage. An engine wants to have head of steam enough, but he knows very well that if he has so much that he is obliged to throw it off at the whistle, at the safety-valve, at the smoke-stack, he is racking the engine uselessly. Five pounds more steam than you want is five pounds against you—not five pounds for you. Some men are so constituted that the least touch of feeling sets them all a-flutter. They are unfortunate until by training they can reduce emotion to some more useful and practical result, than merely emotion. But that is not the current impression. People think that that is the Christian who lies back in his chair and has glorious visions and experiences. "Oh such a good time, such a joyful time, as I have had!" a man says. Well, let me see him a day or two afterward, and I can tell better whether it is a genuine Christian experience or not.

A man that takes his excess of moral, social, and religious excitement to raise the tone of his moral and emotive feelings is just as dispirited as if he raised the tone of his physical feelings by physical stimulants. I am not instituting a comparison as to which is the better and which is the worse. I merely say that one is intemperance just as much as the other, though one is grosser than the other, and is more disastrous in undoing the very structure of the body itself. And men ought to be made to understand that there is such a thing as moral intoxication, and that a man can take a religious feeling, and that he can—what shall I say?—imbibe, and imbibe, and imbibe, for no other reason than because it feels so good. It is a self-indulgence. It is a luxury—a higher luxury, to be sure. And he imbibes, and imbibes, and is more joyful. He is not a better man; but he is a much happier man. And he imbibes, and imbibes until by and by he swigs, and swigs, and swigs; and the man is besotted. I have seen men that were literally debauched at the top of their brain, and who had gone into a systematic self-indulgence. They never were happy except under circumstances where they had this peculiar form of enjoying themselves.

If I found that the whole form of this enjoyment was a mighty spring that was pressing them toward self-denial for the sake of their fellow-men; if I found that it was scouring their morals as white as snow; if I found that it was multiplying the avenues of their usefulness; if I found that they were gentle and meek in following Christ, then I should say that there was no debauch there, that there was no moral intemperance there. Feeling which, beginning, as feeling, has transmuted itself into life and conduct, and has become wholesome, that is genuine piety; that is true Christian character; but the mere feeling without the transmutation is nothing of the kind, and it is not desirable. If it is not going to be transmuted into anything but emotion, it is not only an undesirable thing, but it is a dangerous thing.

"Are We Heathen?"

The American Christian Review asks this significant question in view of the festival of the Roman god, Mercury, held at the house of a wealthy citizen in New York, and in which several ministers participated. The Rev. Dr. Osgood, one of the guests, states in the Liberal Christian that on entering the apartments devoted to the rites of the evening, he was requested "to dip his hand in a vase of water, and to be crowned with a wreath of flowers, and to wear a golden harp upon the breast. Such was the order of the evening, and the rooms were filled with guests thus adorned. There were generals, admirals, poets, editors, lawyers, merchants, divines, all in that strange rig. The rites consisted in the singing, procession of priests, the illustration, sacrifice, unveiling of the statue, speeches, poems, banquet, libations, sentiments, recitations," &c. "Two of our preachers," adds Dr. Osgood, "were there, and both spoke a good word for Mercury. The Rev. Dr. Osgood and Dr. Dix, in fulfillment of the prediction of Paul to Timothy (2 Tim. 3:5), which says: 'The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but according to their own lusts they shall heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned to fables.'—*Rel. Herald.*

Soul Anxiety.

Many persons neglect their souls altogether, and feel no concern for their welfare. But the following reflections may convince all careless ones that the chambers of the soul need at least equal care with the chambers of a house. Ah! if one could go through all his soul, hall by hall, chamber by chamber, story by story, and see how vast the mansion is, how it gets out of repair on every side, seeking to find lodgment in it, he, methinks, might afford to have as much anxiety for that soul work begins with every day and never ends; and who, with such a broom, and with servant following, incessantly searches, searches, searches. And yet, some shingle

is off, some pane is gone, some glass is broken, rats and mice are in the walls and partitions, here and there are webs with their victims on them, and dust and dirt are everywhere. You cannot keep even a house in order; and when that house is this wondrous house of the soul, with a population such as no city ever had, and with troops of thoughts and feelings that no army ever equalled for numbers, is there no occasion for apprehension on account of that? And every work that a man is called to as a disciple of Christ is one that should keep him awake up, not by vulgar fear, but by that salutary apprehension which goes by love.

God's Word.

Seeing a man reject the inspiration of the Scripture, while he maintained his belief in Jesus Christ, and his redemption, I had compared him to some one who has a costly perfume in a glass vessel; he breaks the vessel, thinking that he can at the same time preserve the perfume, but he loses all. As the inspiration of the Scriptures, and all Christian doctrine will disappear. This is not a theory, I have seen it to be a fact; therefore the question is one of the greatest importance. I am not ignorant of the objections, of the difficulties that are raised, but the plenitude of the divinity to be found in the Scriptures is too great to be in the least prejudiced by them. I say from the depth of my heart, "Thy word is truth." Not to believe that the Bible is God's message, is voluntarily to deprive oneself of all true, wholesome, well-founded knowledge about God and our future state. It is returning to darkness; it is to ruin our own prospects, and perhaps also the welfare of many others with us.

Confess Christ.

Not to confess Christ is in itself asin. Some years ago I met somewhere the statement of the case of a daughter who was unwilling to confess that her mother was her mother, which is in point here. When the daughter was an infant, the mother was obliged on a certain occasion to leave her children at home while she went to her neighbors for some necessary purpose. As, however, she returned, she saw on approaching the house, that flames were bursting forth from the doors and windows. She hurried to the house and found from the bystanders that her infant child was yet within. She immediately started to enter, but the persons standing near prevented her, telling her that certain death would be the consequence. But she escaped from their hands and rushed into the door, and soon found her child on the bed where she had placed it. She went it up in a covering and in a few moments the little one was safe, but the mother was most shockingly burned. For many months she vibrated between life and death, and at last her vital power overcame the effects of her injuries and she was restored, but an object terrible to look upon. Twenty years after this, the infant, then a young woman, was asked one day by a stranger, who that person was who was so terribly deformed? But the daughter was ashamed to confess that it was her mother. She went it up in a covering to confess, nothing? Was it not a crime against her mother and her mother's love? There is something similar to this in the manner in which men are disposed to treat Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. Thousands who confess that he is the great benefactor of man, and that there is nothing that has so blessed the world as his religion are unwilling to enroll themselves among his followers, and acknowledge him as one whom they are bound to honor and adore. As the young woman to whom we have referred was unwilling to say, "This is my mother," so they are unwilling to say of him who hung upon the cross, and whose "visage was so marred more than any man," "This is my Redeemer and my king, and I will serve and adore him forever."—*Christian at Work.*

Way to Make a Poor Pastor.

1. Be careless and irregular in attending church. Never go, except when you can manufacture no good excuse to stay at home.
2. When at church, be either asleep, or staring about. Do not listen to the sermon.
3. When you go home, complain of the sermon as light and chaffy, or dry and uninteresting.
4. Treat your pastor with a cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you.
5. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.
6. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is not more popular with the people.
7. Be very lukewarm and worldly minded, and yet complain of him for want of zeal.
8. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary.

Do all these things, and you will never fail to have a poor pastor.

Home Life.

We lead so regular a life that it is scarcely possible to be ill. We rise at eight, and I often walk till nine, when the bell rings for mass, to breathe the fresh air in the woods; after mass we dress, bid each other good-day, return and gather orange-flowers, dine, and work or read till five. Since my son's absence, I read to save his little wife's lungs; I leave her at five, and return to those delightful groves, with a servant who follows me. I take books with me, change my route, and vary my walks; from a book of devotion I turn to one of history, this creates a little change; I think of God, and his over-ruling providence possesses my soul, and reflect on futurity; at length, about eight o'clock I hear a bell. This is the summons to supper. I prefer this life infinitely to that of Rennes; it is not a fit solitude for a person who should think of her salvation, and who either is or would be a Christian? In short, my dearest child, there is nothing but you that I prefer to the tranquil repose I enjoy here; for I own with pleasure, that I would willingly pass some more time with you if it pleased God.—*Madame de Sevigne's Letters.*

A TEACHER of a class of eight, young ladies, but one of whom was a Christian, being much interested for their salvation, prayed for them in her closet, visited them as she had opportunity, made them feel that the object of her Sunday school work was the conversion of every scholar, and that she should not be happy until all loved Jesus. In three months all the members of her class were believers in Christ. Resolve, solemnly, teacher; "I will have all my class for Jesus, God helping me."

Travestie of Prayer.

The following is a specimen of the huck with which the world would fill the crav- ings of their spiritual nature, who have stubbornly turned their backs upon God and Christ, to worship self. It is said to have been uttered by a clergyman of Chicago, on a recent Sabbath. "Let us," said he, "to his congregation 'commune with one another and our own better selves'; and closing his eyes, uttered the following remarkable words:

"With eyes closed to things of outward sense, we would open up the windows of our souls, and let in the azure of resplendent skies, the glorious tints of dawn and sunset, all that is true, and beautiful, and good in morals and high in philosophy. O that we might all be actuated by sincere love of the truth, with firm purpose and high resolve to advance the cause of our common humanity. Let us be more manly, more womanly, more forgiving the one toward the other. Let brotherly love continue. Amen."—Exchange.

Working for Jesus.

"I wish I could do something for my Saviour besides loving him; not in order to show my love for him, since he can see my heart, but I want to do something for him because I love him. I will ask him, and he will tell me what to do."

So talked a young disciple to himself a few weeks since. Soon a friend, his Sunday-school teacher, came to him, saying: "Henry, would you like to work in the vineyard to-day?"

"Yes, sir," was the eager reply. "I was just asking for work—anything that I can do with Jesus' help, I will."

"Well, Henry, I want the Christians in our class each to take a member of the class who is not a Christian, and pray and labor with him. I have given you Fred Haines."

"Fred Haines; oh, let some one else take him, I can't!"

"No, you can't, but Jesus can. Good-morning."

Thus urged, this young disciple tremblingly sought his wild classmate. He was languishingly received; his earnest words and fearful appeals seemed unheeded, yet he left with a glad heart, for Jesus had paid him for his work with his own loving presence. Jesus gave him courage to go again and again, and never failed, until his thoughtless friend learned to love the Saviour.

"Oh, Mr. B.," said Henry to his teacher a few weeks after their first conversation, "working for Jesus pays. We deserve no reward for such little services, but Jesus gives it all the way along; it is now my daily prayer, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'"—Sunday-School Times.

A Lecture for Young Men.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very shewings of virtue. Good character is above all else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of games of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Aimless Life.

Some people only exist—they do not live. No high and noble purposes animate their spirits and energize their conduct. Their virtues and powers, instead of being cultivated and strengthened, languish and die. And thus stupidity and inertia, by degrees become an inherent part of their constitutions. Others who are engaged in the pursuit of duty yet feel but inadequately the importance of putting forth their most active exertions. They pass through life, and accomplish some good, but yet fall far below the standard of their ability.

It is in such has thus ruined the human heart. It is inward corruption which stifles and debases the better part of human nature, and which paralyzes useful activity. And it is only by divine grace that we can become animated with an intense and abiding desire to accomplish the great ends of our existence.

A life which is not devoted to the earnest discharge of life's duties, is beset with many evils. The world owes but little gratitude to such a character. The helpless, the simple, the ignorant receive but little assistance at his hands. He brings no happiness to other hearts. And yet he is not for the bad impression which his example makes on the community his life would be a blank.

Such an individual injures himself. He murders time. Precious moments, which might be improved to his present happiness and future bliss, pass unheeded by. He fails to catch passing blessings. Not being zealously employed in the pursuit of holy ends, he has not an approving conscience to make him happy. A vacant, aimless life is full of wretchedness. Unhappy moments and dreary hours follow each other in constant succession.

A life of ease and inactivity is inconsistent with true religion. Piety infuses spiritual energy into the soul, and engages it in the service of the Master. The truly pious heart realizes that every moment brings with it some important duty. "There is not a minute to spare." Every one may find something to do in his own heart. Some sinful propensity is yet to be more thoroughly subdued; some lust is to be modified; some Christian graces need to be cultivated; and some duty to be more faithfully discharged. Oh how lean and barren does the heart become which is not thus employed.—Christian Observer.

"The Question of the Age."

It is wise to listen to those who are at points of observation where they can write as to the designs of Romanism upon our country, so as to convince us that we must prepare for a struggle that will be a hard one in any event, because conducted on the part of the Papal hierarchy by those "experienced rowers of the bark of St. Peter," the Jesuits.

The following is the closing paragraph of a letter to my friend, dated at Carrollton, La., Oct. 10, 1868, by the writer, whose name is not given for prudential reasons. Speaking of Romanism he says: "I am inclined to think that the Romanist question is the question of the age. It is to my mind assuming a fearful importance. It is one with which a true protestant, all true Christians, and all true patriots will have to grapple, and in my judgment, the sooner the better."

This is from one competent to speak intelligently on the subject. Let all Protestants unite on the Protestant Platform, to save our country from the predominant influence of Romanism. Unless this be done, we shall fall beneath that power which has hitherto wrung out the tears and blood of all whom it could reach, unwilling to acknowledge it, or yield obedience to its arrogant demands.—Christian Intelligencer.

The Mount of Olives.

Which so many thousands of Crusaders split their blood in vain to conquer and keep for Christendom, has been rescued from the Moslems by a woman. It has been purchased by the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, a lady of one of the four princely families of France, whose unpassable piety has induced her to undertake, in the Holy Land and for the good of the Church, a series of architectural and engineering works much more extensive than those which the beautiful Georgian, Duchess of Devonshire, Coleridge's "lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure," carried out at the beginning of this century in Rome in the interest of archaeology. The Princess is erecting at Jerusalem a campo santo, or cemetery, to be called the "Pater Noster." All around the walls of this cemetery, our Lord's Prayer will be inscribed in letters fifteen centimetres long, on plates of bronze and in all languages. The Princess has also given a sum of money to maintain a priest for the special service of this sanctuary, which will be completed in May, and taken possession of at that time by the French Consul in the name of France.

Varieties.

THE VOICE of God may be heard in every judgment of his hand.

DO NOT let others say that you are selfish, and care only for yourself.

DO NOT live for your own comfort and enjoyment alone; live for others.

TRUE eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary.

IMMODEST words admit of no defense.

For want of decency is want of sense.

BE ALWAYS at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

LUCK lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

KNOWLEDGE is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Therefore let us not spend our days in gathering material, and live and die without a shelter.

A CHRISTIAN sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, said: "Though I sink, I shall not drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for he holds all these waters there."

THE CHARITABLE man gives trifles which he could not keep to receive treasures which he cannot lose.

DR. CHAMBERS beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief periods of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within health gone, happiness gone—I would faint before the erring soul of my fellow-man with him from whose hands it came."

THE CROSS now—the crown to-morrow. Now the bed of languishing—tomorrow the throne of Jesus. What encouragement to "fight the good fight of faith!" The body now bears the spirit down; wait till the dawn of day, and the spirit will bear the body up. A few breathings more in this dull and oppressing element—then all will be health and buoyancy, strength and gladness, purity and peace—the body changed, the heart all holy. Even now the Lord is with you; but you cannot see him for the darkness of night. You walk by faith, not by sight. Yet you can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He lives—He thinks upon you—He is with you—He is a Friend, a Brother, a Lord; a Friend to guide you by his counsel; a Brother, to sympathize with you in all your sorrow; a Lord, to defend you from all evil, and make all things work together for your good. No safety but at his side; no comfort but in his bosom; no strength but in his arm; no holiness but in his steps.—Hewitson.

HAVE I within me the spring of living waters that does not become exhausted when there is dearth in the church? Can I go right on patting down the Christian duty, when the state of religion runs low?

THE SKEPTIC really allows the peculiar holiness of Christianity, when he demands of its professor a purity that he does not think of exacting from the servant of any other religion.

I WELL RECOLLECT in the course of my labors, a poor Hindoo youth who followed me about the garden of the school, asking me to make him a Christian. I said, "It is impossible, my dear boy. If it is possible to do so at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him." How well I recollect the sweet voice and face of that boy, when he soon after came to me, and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken his place in my heart." I asked, "How is that?" He replied, "I prayed and said, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!' And he was so kind that he came down from heaven and has lived in my heart ever since." How simple and how touching!

"Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!" Can you say that you have made a similar appeal in your spirit to this poor Hindoo boy? And can you say, my young friends, that Jesus Christ has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?

A SKEPTICAL young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement, that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker—

"Does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for though I have not seen it, I have seen others who have; besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No; to be sure I won't."

"Dit thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

A CHRISTIAN hushel contains 332 cubic inches, and is filled brimfull.

Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick; That gain is dreadful that makes the spirit sick.

FOR TEN YEARS a member of a Presbyterian Sabbath school in Cincinnati, O. has not missed a single session from any cause whatever. During much of the time she has had charge of the infant department and is in all respects a model teacher.

SCOLDING. I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How, then, can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

A YOUNG prince, whose mind had learned in some degree to value religious truth, asked his tutor to give him suitable instruction, that he might be prepared for death.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," was the reply.

"No," said the prince, "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves and there are many shorter than I am."

The Myrtle.

This semi-monthly, published by the Free Will 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.

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

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

THE volume begins with the first number in April. Orders are solicited.

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

Sample copies will be sent free on application.

F. Baptist Register for 1869.

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

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

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.

SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES, At Wholesale Prices.

We will furnish Libraries to Sunday schools at as low rates as they can be bought elsewhere in New England.

In addition to the publications of others, we offer our own prize books which are not excelled by any other books of their class. In another column, see list, and retail prices. From these prices we make

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT

to Sunday schools.

Advertisements.

THE BEST THING YET.

Whittemore's Drag Rake.

It is acknowledged to be the best that was ever in this country, and hundreds of farmers, mill-men, &c., have used it with success. Call and see them and satisfy yourselves.

WHITTEMORE, BELCHER & CO.

10 NEW SPONS. Arts and five Love's Secret mail-ed free. T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J.

WANTED—AGENTS for a new domestic article of great utility, meets a universal want, sells at slight competition. Send stamp for circular. LITTLE, FIELD & DAVIS, No. 102 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CR. Gums, in ten hours, without using drugs. For terms, circulars, &c., address P. L. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

NOT RUMS MEDICINE. KINGSLEY'S BITTERS are made from Mandrake, Dandelion, Dock, Wild Cherry, Golden Seal, Prickly Ash, &c. Eight years' trial proves these to be the best for dyspepsia, Liver troubles, Jaundice, Headache, Disordered Stomach, Bilelessness, and to relieve that spring feeling. Sold by Druggists, in large bottles, at 50 cts. C. B. Kingsley, Northampton, Mass. G. G. Gowin & Co., M. S. Burr & Co., Boston Agents.

Advertisements.

FREE BAPTIST BOOK STORE IN BOSTON. SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES

And Religious Publications, The most Complete Assortment and Lowest Prices.

D. LOTHROP & CO., 38 & 40 Cornhill.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR. ESTEEMED FRIEND, We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cures the lawyer and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give \$1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample free to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE.

ONE SECOND-HAND Grist Mill, Stones 30 inches in diameter, manufactured by HOLMES & BLANCHARD. Has been in use about two months only. Also,

TWO SECOND-HAND Steam Boilers, each 4 x 20 feet, with two Flues 15 inches in diameter.

ONE SECOND-HAND Steam Boiler, 31-2 x 20 feet, with two Flues 13 inches in diameter.

Above Boilers in excellent condition. Apply to

SWAMSCOT MACHINE CO., SOUTH NEW-MARKET, N. H.

20 NEW RECEIPTS—ARTS AND TEN B. Lads sent free. T. F. WOOD, Vernon, New Jersey.

A VALUABLE GIFT.—Dr. S. S. STITCHES' "DOMESTIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN" describes all the diseases and their Remedies. Sent by mail, free. Address DR. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

INTERTEMPERANCE CURED and prevented by a view of its consequences, as shown in the new Chromo of Black Valley Railroad, containing Dr. Sewall's diagrams. "A man exhibition of truth I know of nothing comparable with it."—J. R. GOGG. Price by mail \$2.50. Half price to Ministers and Pastors. Address BLACK VALLEY CHECK CO., Box 224, Boston.

THE MAGIC COMB.—Teeth are coated with solid dye. You wet your hair and use the comb, and it produces a permanent black or brown. One comb sent by mail for \$1.25. Address

WM. PATTON, Springfield, Mass.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMB. MONSENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, quilt, cut, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "elastic" Lock Stitch. Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOM & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA., or BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties selling worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

CARPETINGS

AND CURTAINS.

We have received by recent arrivals a large part of our Spring importations, and our contracts with American manufacturers are nearly complete; we, therefore, confidently invite the attention of purchasers to us as a fine line of

Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Draperies.

LACE CURTAINS AND WINDOW SHADES, As was ever offered in this market. All of which will be offered at our usually low prices.

CHILDS, CROSBY & LANE,

116 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

Nearly opposite Park Street Church.

BATCHLOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world, the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and a beautiful black or brown. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS.

SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, &c. of the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

Are speedily and permanently cured by the use of that old and reliable remedy,

Wistar's Balsam

OF WILD CHERRY.

This well-known preparation does not dry up a cough and leave the throat behind, as is the case with most medicines, but it loosens and cleanses the Lungs and allays irritation; thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

By a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, BOSTON, and sold by dealers generally.

GRACE'S SALVE

Works like magic on OLD SORES, BURNS, SCALDS, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Chapped Hands, Chills, &c. It is prompt in action, soothes the pain, takes out the soreness, and reduces the most angry looking swellings and inflammations; thus affording relief and a complete cure.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, BOSTON, and sold by dealers generally.

HARTSHORN'S BITTERS

IF IT DOES NOT RELIEVE EVERY BILIOUS, DYSPEPTIC SYMPTOM, THE COST SHALL BE REFUNDED.

For Sale.

A Good Chance for Investment.

\$2000 CITY OF DOVER BONDS for sale. Inquire of the subscriber at the Morning Star Office, Dover, N. H.

L. R. BURLINGAME.

S. M. PITTINGER & CO., Newspaper Advertising Agents, 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are authorized to contract for advertising in the Star.

Premiums.

Any one having sent for one of the Premiums offered last year, and not having received it, is requested to inform us of the fact, as we have recently learned that some of our letters sent with money to pay for premiums have been lost. We wish to make good our promises.

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

Premiums for New Subscribers.

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

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

1. "The Christ Child," 190 pages; or, 2. "Good Little Mitty," 178 pages; or, 3. "Making Something," 184 pages; or, 4. "Jamie and Jeannie," 155 pages; or, 5. "The Boy's Heaven," 151 pages; or, 6. "A Rainy Day at School," by Mada, 194 pages; or,

7. "The Birth-Day Present," by Mary Latham Clark, 174 pages. Price of each of these books, 75 cents.

1. For two new subscribers and \$5.00, (with 16 cents to pay postage) we will send the book entitled "Sunny Skies; or, Adventures in Italy," 261 pages; or,

2. "Bright Days; or, Herbert and Meggy," 287 pages. Price of each book \$1.50. Or,

3. For two new subscribers and \$5.00, (with 20 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new "Book of Worship." Price \$1.00. Or,

4. For two new subscribers and \$5.00, (with 28 cents additional to pay postage) we will send one copy of "Butler's Theology," 456 pages. Price \$1.60. Or,

5. For the same, and (20 cents additional to pay postage) we will send one copy of "The History of the Free Will Baptists," 479 pages. Price \$1.20.

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

2. For three new subscribers and \$7.50, (with 16 cents additional to pay postage) we will send a copy of the new \$500.00 prize volume, containing about 400 pages, entitled "Andy Luttrell," and pronounced to be a superb book for the Family and the Sabbath School;—or, we will send the new volume of more than 400 pages, written in competition for the \$500.00 prize, entitled "Shining Hours," which, in literary excellence, fully equal to the book last mentioned. Price \$1.50. Or,

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

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

For eleven new subscribers and \$27.50, (with \$1.36 additional to pay postage) we will send the first and second volumes of the Cyclopaedia. Price \$10.00.

For sixty new subscribers and \$150.00, we will give one of Baker and Randall's Five Octave Single Reed Organs, in Black Walnut Case. (Transportation to be paid by the receiver.) Price \$85.00.

For eighty-five new subscribers and \$212.50, we will give one of Baker and Randall's Five Octave double Reed Organs, in Black Walnut Case. (Transportation to be paid by the receiver.) Adapted to the parlor or vestry. Price \$125.00.

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Advertisements.

Prices of Free Will Baptist Books, Single and by the dozen; also Postage on the same.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 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.

After the Chaos, What?

Amid the general conflict of religious opinion one is prompted to ask after its issue. Such a conflict is really going on all about us. Doubters abound, and they often boast over their doubts instead of blushing, or stammering, or sorrowing on their account. Inquiry is free, and critical, and persistent, and unsparring. Denial is audacious in spirit even when it is courteous in manner. Paul's logic is challenged, John's insight is suspected, and a plain sentence quoted from Christ does not end debate or reconstruct a creed. The old reverent faith, which adored in silence and waited for speech and light when it found itself baffled and bewildered in the darkness, is seen less frequently than it was. Many lean upon science who once held fast to God's promise and asked nothing more. To quote a "thus saith the Lord," as often provokes defiance as submission. Men drift into naturalism and question whether there is really such a thing as the regenerating life of God in the human soul. They are busy framing an objection, or attempting to justify their irreligion, instead of crying out with penitent tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Creeds are steadily shortened, or robbed of their old significance by expositions and glossaries, or denounced as mischievous. New systems multiply, fresh methods of working out redemption are brought forward, men are warned against theology and the old Bible, and the earnest call to repentance and the solemn warnings against ungodliness that broke from the Messiah's lips, are accounted quite inappropriate to the demands of this later age. Scientific men quarrel with Moses, pile up the strata as though they had thus hemmed in the deluge, and fling fossils with great energy at the first chapters of Genesis. Buckle makes what we call the moral life of men the necessary fruit of organization; Emerson sends us to intuition for the ideas and sanctions of duty; and the prophets of the free Religion of to-day insist that there is nothing positive and trustworthy in Christianity beyond the mere rudimentary ideas that are common to all the systems of paganism. And while the outside world is thus seeking substitutes for the old gospel of the Son of God, the church itself finds that indifference or manifest sympathy with these newer theories penetrates to the center of her circle.

The causes of this conflict and skepticism are many and various. Doubtless there has been too much of mere traditional faith. Multitudes simply inherit their religious opinions, and they hold them without inspecting the nature of the legacy. Their theology was not the result of personal study, but the heedless assent of the mind to a creed that was labeled orthodox and had the usual seal and certificate. And so, when they at length hear an objection which they cannot readily answer, they are likely to jump to the conclusion that the old faith has no foundation in fact, and must go down before an assault of logic.

There are others who are caught by what appears fresh and novel, and so the latest system gets their endorsement. They see the door of paradise everywhere but at home, and so they live only a nomadic life in the sphere of religion. The familiar is prosy, and so they strike their tents as often as they perceive a new camping-ground, though every remove has sent them deeper into the desert.

Others still dislike the hard, strait, plain, toilsome path of Christian self-denial, and so seek a smoother road. They would fling off even Christ's yoke as galling to their love of independence. They crave a liberty that is not hallowed by law, they call the restraint of truth tyranny, and count the prayer of submission a childish weakness that men should hasten to outgrow. And, hence, they aim to break down the authority of the statutes which they have not the heart to keep.

And yet others get impatient over their conscious imperfections, or are vexed at the partial virtues of those about them, or are pained at the ignorance and evil that still linger in society; and then they jump to the strange conclusion that Christianity can not be a divine system, since it does not at once turn life into a blessed poem, and the earth into a broad and beautiful Eden, and so go over to the camp of its enemies or wound it in the house of its friends.

And among those who deny, or doubt, or question, there are really more or less who suffer from real difficulties, and truly mourn because they lack the strength and repose of a settled faith. They are eager for the truth, they have been often cheated with sophistries, and they must have some great problems solved for the understanding before they can reach a confidence for the heart. They do often take the attitude of critical antagonists, and add to the fierceness of the conflict that goes on over religious opinion; but they would hail with gratitude and tears the ending of the strife that brought them a victory over the doubts that have long assailed them.

In what will this conflict issue? Some of its fruits will be unwelcome, without doubt. But we are confident that the fierce and chaotic struggle will have its value and its grateful aftermath. Men are learning to think and reason over the subject of religion, and such thought must give us a church of more intelligent and substantial

Christians.—Christian theology will be re-stated in better forms, after rational inquiry and scientific demonstration have brought their products, and taught men modesty by broadening their fields of vision.—The failure of every substituted system, and the unsatisfied longing of the human heart for God, will bring men back wiser and humbler after their self-reliant and wretched straying.—The pulpit will gain in intelligence and real power, through the necessity that is laid upon it, far more than it will lose by giving up its extravagances in statement and its seeming hostility to science and reason,—for more or less preaching has been guilty of both,—and men will hear a clearer echo of God's voice from his lips, and, hearing, will heed the truth which no opposition can destroy, and which brings a diviner order out of every succeeding chaos.

Extravagance.

The act of going beyond proper bounds, we call extravagance. It may be applied to imagination, expression, or to excess, prodigality, pleasure, luxury. It seems to be a predominant tendency of the age in whatever light we view it. Fashion has no conscience; passion has no reason. The limit of expenditure is only found at the limit of acquisition, and sometimes not even there, as late experience shows. Instead of being effectually restrained by the exorbitant prices, it only met a temporary panic at first to be augmented as facilities for accumulation were augmented to meet the demands.

Fine houses, splendid carriages, and expensive dresses seem to be all the rage, especially the latter. This passion for dress is now being carried to such an extreme that it is becoming quite alarming. It operates not only against religion,—but against marriage and domestic felicity. A man of limited means dare not embark on such a sea; when he will be under the necessity of trying to keep up appearances, and becoming bankrupt in the end. Where the measure of matrimonial love and felicity is money, and that poor commodity is wanting, and appearance is substituted, it is sure to fail of the expected result. Nay, if money is plenty, that is quite as sure to fail; for it can never purchase the precious boons of the heart. It has been frequently tried in vain. Many a one has married an heiress at the sacrifice of felicity; and many a young lady has married a fortune with no better success.

Such a marriage may bring a rich supply of equipage and dress. The honeymoon may be spent at the springs, the mountains, or the sea-side, in the midst of the whirl of excitement and the glitter of display, but there is no home—none of the elements which make up a happy domestic character, and merit the appellation of marriage bliss, which does not grow on any such soil. It may afford the lady the means of shopping, so that she can spend her thousands per month, as some do in high life, no better satisfied on account of her rich display.

Others without the means either feel compelled to forego the bliss for which they thirst, or seek it in some doubtful or guilty substitute which will inevitably result in a miserable failure.

We read of the extravagance of female dress in the days of "the round tires, the wimples, and the crisping pins," of Isaiah's time, but that was no comparison with these times on which we have fallen. The women of those days had not the pre-eminence of position, the independence of thought, and the abundance of resources characteristic of the present age. "Woman's rights" were not then in vogue. They had not then invented all the extravagances of style and ornament which have since come among us. The tyrant had not then such a complete sway over the mind as she has since attained. Courtesans to some extent made her laws but they had not then plied their art so extensively, with so much shrewdness, expertness, and eclat, as the Paris mistresses of fashion to-day ply their trade.

There is, however, a moral phase of this matter, right and wrong in fashion as well as in everything else; and yet we see extravagance steadily encroaching on the domain of religion. We see it in rich gorgeous church edifices, and extravagantly dressed church members. Step by step the encroachment has been made and is still spreading far and wide not only in the city but also in the country. It makes no difference whether a garment is worn out or not, it is out of fashion and a new one must take its place, a little farther removed from simplicity and plainness. Extra trimmings and ornaments must be obtained without reference to the cost or ability to pay the price. On this account what would not be extravagance for one may be for another.

Only a few years ago if one should go into strange Methodist or F. Baptist churches, there would be no difficulty at all in deciding to what denomination they belonged, on account of the plainness and simplicity of place and of dress. But it is not so now. It not only would be difficult to determine to what church they belonged, but whether they belonged to any church. The members are not distinguishable from the people of the world to a stranger; and indeed it is not necessary that there should be any badge or peculiarity of dress; when that is kept within the limits of propriety, but when church members vie with the fashionable elite of society in the extravagances of dress and display, there is something wrong about it. It shows where the mind is and renders it very doubtful whether they are seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Shall that church member let that insignificant "love of a bonnet" destroy the love of Jesus, and ruin the soul? We repeat, there is a right and a wrong in dress as in other things, and no wise Christian will suffer the line of demarcation to be obliterated, lest it obliterate his religion, as it often does.

The Christian's style of dress should be in

harmony with Christian principle, modesty, purity, and not such as will foster extravagance, pride, vanity, and licentiousness. The love of dress and show, in imitation of the gay and proud and voluptuous, has been the ruin of many a vain and thoughtless lass; and shall church members contribute to this end by the example of their sinful extravagance?

It seems to us that it is time for the churches to awaken before they are swept into the whirlpool of destruction. Extravagance in dress or anything else cannot be right, while souls are perishing by the example and for the want of the means thus consumed, which beneficence might otherwise supply. If there were no other reason than that it proves an offense to others by the temptation which it holds out, and by the great obstacle which it presents before the minds of the poor to attending church, it is amply sufficient to restrain the good. How many there are who never think of attending church on this account.

"How far fine clothes may affect the piety of the devotee, we do not pretend even to conjecture; but we have a very decided opinion in regard to their influence upon the religion of others. The fact is that our churches are so fluttering with birds of fine feathers that no fowl will venture in. It is impossible for poverty in rags and patches, or even in decent but humble costume, to take its seat, if it should be so fortunate as to find a place, by the side of wealth in brocade and broadcloth. The poor are so awed by the pretension of superior dress and 'the proud man's contumely,' that they naturally avoid too close a proximity to them. The church being the only place on this side of the grave designed for the rich and poor to meet together in equal prostration before God, it certainly should always be kept free for this common humiliation and brotherhood."

It appears very evident that the adoption of a simple attire for church by the rich would have a beneficial tendency. It certainly would not lessen their own piety and it would increase the attendance of the poor who now absent themselves on account of dress, and thus level the artificial barriers which now exist.

If there is anywhere where the rich and poor should meet together in one common level, it is in the worship of God and at the throne of grace, where all are really on a level of demerit and dependence. Then let our churches instead of being made the arena of fashion and the exhibition of gewgaws, be the scene of devotion, humiliation, and worship. Let the inside of every church member be right, and it will take care of the outside.

Low Salary.

One of our brethren says he has a low salary, and he is going to leave his present field of labor, and if he cannot find a place where he can receive a comfortable support he intends to leave the ministry and turn his hand to some other employment. He can teach, he says, or he can open an Insurance Office, or he can get business as a traveling agent, or he can go into trade, or perhaps he could get elected to some office, if he should try. But if the worst should come, he thinks he could labor for a living, and he is not ashamed to dig. He has spent much time and money in acquiring an education and fitting himself for usefulness in his own denomination, and he feels as though his sacrifices ought to be appreciated and that he has a right to expect as good a salary as he could receive in other business. He feels that this is due him, and his church ought to pay it. And besides this he owes duties to his little family, wholly incompatible with the idea of grinding them down to a mere pittance when he can earn as good a salary as his thriving parishioners, who seem to grudge the scanty little contributions which they afford towards his scanty little salary. His members would not live as he lives. Their income is far better than his. And yet they throw a burden on his shoulders by their parsimony or indifference, which they might help bear. It is a monstrous injustice.

Well, we sympathize with the good brother, and if the case is fairly stated, the church is greatly to blame. We fear that there is a cruel and wicked neglect on the part of men of means in our churches, who can look tamely on and see a minister and his family live as best they can, on what they know to be far less than the salary they must have to meet their unavoidable expenses. How such men expect to stand acquitted at God's bar we do not know, and yet if a minister is not prompt in his payments, they are prompt to condemn him.

But has God called that brother to the gospel ministry or not? If not, and he has entered the field as he would have entered upon any other profession, the sooner he is out of it the better. And if in making up his mind as to his business for life, and even though in entering upon its duties he had a special reference to that calling in which he could be most useful, but no constraining desire for the salvation of souls, and no special sense of duty in entering upon it, even then, the Saviour and the church, we think, can spare him. But of this we will not judge. Still, we have no faith in those who will starve out a minister or Jew him out of a decent living. Nor have we any argument to make in favor of the piety of a church which will voluntarily leave the pastor to bear all the burdens and make all the sacrifices and refuse to touch them with one of its fingers.

But if the church neglect their duty towards a faithful minister, does that relieve him from his obligation to them, and especially, to his God for them?

Perhaps the church may find it difficult to raise the salary. Many of them may be poorer than they seem to be.

But is there no sacrifice due to Christ from those who have been called by Christ

to the work of the ministry? And is he a faithful minister who will make none, but who demands that his labors shall pay as well as any other employment? Will not his family lose more from such an example than they will gain by a better income?

The Levites had no inheritance among the other tribes, for God was their portion. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," was spoken as an illustration of the doctrine that ministers have a right to a living. But when they do not get their right they must submit to wrong, as their Master did. How large a salary did Jesus receive? He subsisted on the scanty charities of the poor, and even of the poor women. He did not threaten to go back to his bench and tools, again, where he could have as good pay as any other carpenter in Judea, unless they paid him better. He did not demand that he should have as good a place to live in as his parishioners had, or even as good as the birds and foxes. He did not require salary enough to leave his aged mother in comfortable circumstances, lest she should be dependent in her declining years on the charity of one of his poor apostles. He knew as many chances to get rich as any of his hearers did. He knew the location of every gold mine in the country, and could lay his hand on every glittering diamond and every snowy pearl in earth or ocean. He knew all the lucrative channels of commerce and all the secret springs by which untold wealth could be secured. But he did not threaten to abandon the world to its own destruction unless the world would pay him a good salary. He loved his disciples but he did not promise them all good parishes and fat livings.

Matthew Levi held a lucrative office, but Jesus called him away from it into poverty, and told him it was enough that the disciple should fare as well as his Master. Saul of Tarsus had learning, eloquence, talents, influence, the confidence of his superiors, while yet a young man. The Master took him from them all, to suffer great things for his name's sake. And how he suffered! Hunger, nakedness, perils, shipwrecks, stripes, prisons, hatred, shame, instead of the wealth and honor and fame that opened up to him in prospect, on the pathway of his early life! Did he threaten to turn Jew again unless well paid? That he might preach the gospel without charge, he earned his living with his own hands.

Glorious ambition! Covetous renown. Judas, Demas & Co. looked after the money.

Brother, your salary is better than your Master's. You do not sacrifice for him what he has for you. Suffer with him and you shall reign with him. Forsake him and he will forsake you. Run away from duty and you may find yourself in a storm at sea, or in the belly of a whale. Cannot you trust him for your daily bread? Then how can you trust him for salvation? If you cannot see the prospect of a better reward than wealth, the eye of your faith has become dim. If you cannot bear ingratitude from those for whom you labor, you have not enough of the Spirit of Christ. Sacrifice for him, endure hardness patiently, and you shall have your reward.—A. K. M.

Curious.

Theory and practice do not always agree. Christians are often better, and often worse, than their creeds. This is true in the administration of the gospel, as well as in obeying it. The Episcopalians teach the necessity of regeneration but so administer the gospel as to content their people in utter ignorance of its enjoyment. The Methodists preach free salvation, and freewill, but in prayers, exhortations, and counsel to sinners often convey the impression that the sinner is powerless to come to Christ until he is seized by irresistible forces, and broken down by overwhelming agonies of conviction. The Presbyterians and Calvinists generally preach the sovereignty of God, election, effectual call, irresistible regeneration before faith or repentance; faith as the gift of God, and repentance a fruit of regeneration. But when they come to deal with sinners directly, they insist upon freewill, personal responsibility, power to resist the Holy Spirit, or to yield to his strivings, as if man's salvation depended entirely upon himself. It is the Arminian who talks hyper-Calvinism in revivals, and Calvinists, who advocate radical freewill.

In relating religious experience, this same peculiarity appears. The Calvinist gives prominence to his powers of judgment and choice, while the Arminian glories in having been seized by irresistible impulses, suddenly and powerfully wrought upon, and forced to submit to the grace of God. These experiences are often reported for the good of the impenitent, and do more to shape their notions of the process of conversion than all the theological instruction of the generations. Hence among Arminians there is a general idea that any attempt to come to Christ until seized with an agony of conviction, would be mockery and in vain, therefore they wait for overwhelming feeling, much more than Calvinistic sinners do. The freewillers are practically bound-willers and teachers of irresistible, involuntary regeneration, and the champions of human helplessness, are really the teachers of human ability, and voluntary conversion.

It is also worthy of note, that since the Reformation scarcely one philosopher of note from the Arminian family has written, clearly and forcibly in demonstration of the freedom of the human will, while a dozen or more from the Calvinistic side, have published volumes in its defense. In our own generation and country, Tappan, Upham, Wayland, Bledsoe, Mahan, Hickok, mighty men of that family, have published able works, demonstrating that the will of man

* Bro. G. H. B. Arminians are different from any with whom we have been acquainted.

is the master and not the servant of motions that ability and not responsibility are co-existent and co-extensive; that moral character depends upon freedom of choice and cannot exist without it. Our purpose is not to account for this curious current of thought, but merely the facts. They will afford force for reflection, and may suggest to Arminians a careful review of many of their words and theories, and a possible correction of some of them.—G. H. B.

Aid for Beneficiaries.

Never was the destitution of gospel laborers among us felt more than at the present time. It is an encouragement to know that God is raising them up. During the year ending June 5, 1869, beneficiaries have been aided by the F. Baptist Educational Society as follows:

In the Theological School	19
In Hillsdale College	9
Bates College	4
New Hampton Institution	4
Dartmouth College	1
Oberlin College	1
Total	38

The amount contributed to them in this period is \$1585.65. Both the number aided and the amount of the appropriations are larger than in any previous year. New applications are frequently received, and many more would be if there was hope of a favorable response. Those aided are all young men of much worth and promise; and most of them would not be able to continue their school preparation without this aid. Some have already been obliged to suspend their studies in order to procure funds.

But our means are nearly exhausted; and unless we have immediate help, the usual appropriations to the various institutions for the present term cannot be made. Under these circumstances, arrangements were made at the late session of the New Hampshire Y. M., to request all our churches in New England to take a collection for this object the first Sabbath in July next. We entreat all our ministers, clerks of churches, and the friends of education generally to forward this object, and secure a generous response for our brethren in this time of need. All sums contributed should be sent to the Treasurer of the F. Baptist Ed. Soc., Rev. S. Curtis, Concord, N. H.—J. J. S.

The late S. M. Jones.

The death of this dear brother will be appropriately noticed by others. But as he was a member of one of my classes in the Theological school I would not withhold a word of tribute to his memory. He was a young man of more than ordinary promise, made unusual proficiency in his studies, and was unwearied in his efforts to do good. He loved the Scriptures fervently. As a scholar he was critical and thorough, and while in the class exercise would dwell on the sentiment of a passage in the Greek Testament almost with rapture. His testimony in our conference meetings was often deeply affecting. He was one of the most open hearted, conscientious persons I ever knew. When prostrated by disease, he showed remarkable self-possession and submission. His language was, let the Master decide. If it was the will of God that he should be restored to health, he would be happy in prosecuting the work he loved so well. If it was otherwise ordered, he equally welcomed this decision. It mattered not to him whether he should labor a little longer here in gathering sheaves for his Master or be called home a little earlier. It was enough to know that his case was at the disposal of infinite wisdom and love.

He was glad he came to New Hampton and entered the Theological School. May his mantle fall on other young men whom God is summoning to the gospel work.—J. J. S.

Current Topics.

—OUR AGED MINISTERS. The fathers are rapidly passing away. Those who survive are many of them infirm, and will soon be numbered with those who have gone. Their active labors have ceased and yet they live to love Zion and pray for her, Rev. F. B. Tanner of French Creek, Chautauque Co., N. Y., writes to let his numerous friends know something of his situation. "I was born," he says, "in 1793, converted in 1807, licensed in 1810, married in 1815, and ordained in 1823. I have seen happy seasons, but I cannot glory save in the cross of Christ our Lord. For three and a half years I have been unable to stand on my feet even with crutches, on the account of rheumatism." He expresses thanks to his many friends for the letters of sympathy which he has received from them, and which he values very highly and reads with great delight. They soothe his aching heart; and he hopes they will be continued. He speaks of the death of his worthy, Christian wife and of his consequent loneliness and melancholy. He is now living with a daughter, where he and another daughter who is infirm, are awaiting the Master's call. He says, "I thank the Lord that Mormonism, Adventism and Spiritualism have never moved me; and that I have lived to see the end of American slavery. Praise the Lord O my soul!" He expresses thanks for the Star from some unknown hand and solicits his friends to write. We should remember and honor the aged.

—MR. SEWARD. Our newspaper men industriously follow our effete politicians into their retirement and dig up bits of scandal or autobiography to gratify public taste and curiosity. We have the following from Mr. Seward's early life:

"While Mr. Seward was in his sophomore year in college he ran away, and opened an academy in a Georgia town, where he

became very popular and successful. After a time his father found him out and summoned him back; and the young school-teacher assuaged the grief of his patrons by promising to send a smart young man to keep up the Academy in his place. This he did, selecting a Mr. W. a brilliant scholar and finished gentleman, of the senior class. Many years after, when a United States Senator, Mr. Seward, passing through the South, stopped to look at the scene of this early adventure, and to find out his old friend and fellow-student. He found Mr. W. a fat, dirty, greasy man, stupid beyond conception; having 'married a plantation' and enjoyed life till he had become a little more than an animal. As to the academy, the building was deserted, and so covered by the luxuriant growth of a vine that it was absolutely inaccessible."

An inquiry suggested is, Would Mr. Seward if he had remained and married a plain plasterer's daughter—would he have become "a fat, dirty, greasy man, stupid beyond conception," or would he have become a shrewd, scheming, southern aristocrat who would have figured prominently in the rebellion? Who knows?

—NORFOLK. We were glad to receive a call at our office of Hon. A. L. Hill of the city of Norfolk, Va. Mr. Hill is the brother of Dr. Hill of this city, and was on a visit to his relatives and friends of his native state. He is City Collector of Norfolk, Virginia. We mention these facts with greater pleasure, because we understand that Mr. Hill has always been true to the flag of his country; and was a member of the first Loyal Legislature of Virginia with Hon. F. H. Pierpont as governor. Mr. Hill speaks encouragingly of the present prospects of the South as better than ever before; and rejoices in the triumph of liberty and the overthrow of slavery. There is a better day coming for the South than they have ever yet experienced; it is already dawning upon them.

—"THE PRUDENT PHYSICIAN" is the keeper of his own counsel, thinking much and speaking little." This old proverb applies to others besides physicians. As a general rule, men think too little, and speak too much, and imprudently expose their own plans. They are thus often under the humiliating necessity of taking back their words and of confessing the crudeness of their plans. All would do well to learn cautiously from the prudent physician who is careful not to say that a patient will die, or recover, until he is quite sure of the result.

Denominational News and Notes.

Theological School.

A few weeks ago I wrote an article endeavoring to show that the School should be located somewhere in New England, to be among its friends and where its students are, and where the young men studying for the ministry would be likely to come from. In this article I design to show that no one place has any special claim to the school over all others. And that a denominational convention that has been called for by two of the writers at least could not properly locate the school.

Lewiston has been spoken of as a very suitable place to locate the School, and it is the place where if you strike a circle whose radius is 5, 10, 25 or 50 miles it would probably encircle more F. W. B. churches or church members than any other place in America. It is the place where the sentiments of the denomination are the most respected by those outside of the church for a circuit of miles around, of any place in our knowledge, consequently it would be likely to have more young men desirous of entering the ministry at or near home, than any other place; yet it has no claim to the school more than many other places.

One writer says the charter of Bates College prevents our Theological school going to Lewiston. This is a mistake. There is nothing in the charter of Bates College to prevent a dozen Theological schools or twenty Medical schools being located at Lewiston or on the six acre college lot even, if possible, and I go farther and say in one end of the College buildings if they are kept distinct from the college itself, and does not in any manner become a part of the college. Many months ago, at a time when they commenced agitating the question of separating the Maine State Seminary from Bates College, I chanced to meet President C. in one of the streets of Lewiston and asked him why they could not keep the schools together on the Oberlin principle, and let those students of the Seminary that did not wish to take a full collegiate course, study some of the studies beyond those taught in the seminary, if they were fully qualified for them. He with great warmth said "Oh, I can convince you in two minutes that it would never do," and though he talked three minutes by the town clock we were facing, his only allusion to the subject was to invite me to a meeting of the citizens of Lewiston to be held the next week to take said separation into consideration. Perhaps, the fact that he could convince me so easily was argument enough. That afternoon I re-read the charter of Bates College. Then I saw, or thought I saw, the writing of Dr. C. in every section of the charter; I saw, or thought I saw, the Dr. while writing that charter, pause and look to New Hampton and there see our Theological school like the ark of God before the erection of the temple of Solomon without a resting-place or ceiling house of its own, knocking at the College door for admission, and, so wrote the section, excluding a medical or theological school from becoming a part of the College. But Dr. C. was the founder of the Maine State Seminary and the Bates College, to say nothing of the Maine Central Institute or Storrs College, and who shall say that he ought not to have them separated as far apart as he pleases?

Poetry.

The Mountain Hill.

BY H. C. CLEMENTS.

A stream upon the mountain side
Ran panting o'er its pebbly bed,
Its crystal veins the lands divide
As to the fragrant vales they spread.

Ab, gently blessed this beaming eye
From which a tear of Nature flows,
As loitering on beneath the sky,
A sweet increase of bloom bestows.

The many ways through which thy arms
Stretch forth in beauty's vivid gleam,
All fondle thee with lilted palms,
As if they loved thee, gentle stream.

No errors or oppressions move
In the vibrations of thy will,
No chains of human harshness weave,
The creeds of human wrong fulfill.

Through all of nature's waste—repair
Runs large with bounty that ne'er fails;
The booty of the silent hills
Gives compensation to the vales.

Thus Truth's out-flowing ministry
That thro' some age's conflict runs,
Breaks down all barriers to be free
To crown with light earth's tottering ones.

And when thy vapors quit thy bed,
Add other harmonies infuse,
The joy and light in thee are wed
With opening roses—evening dews.

Thy zone of beauty scatters bloom
Thro' fields illumed with rainbow dyes,
Singing the joy it feels to roam,
A playmate of the laughing skies.

And if my life, like thee were made,
No more to feel a cankered blight,
Its gentle flowing, though in shade,
Would make Time's lapses a delight.

And as the leafy months flow'd by,
Thy stream should murmur one dear name,
That rose 'mid perfume to the sky
To give my heart, on heaven a claim.

The moonbeams and the silent stars,
Fall o'er thee like a happy dream,
Above thee spread their golden bars
But cannot stop thee, gadding stream.

So, heart, be strong, ne'er swerve aside
From meanings that thou must obey,
And take the torrent for thy guide
Thill Right shall bear majestic sway.

Nothing Lost.

Nothing is lost. The drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;

Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rise with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring and never stay,
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless alway.

The Family Circle.

A Chapter for Girls.

BY S. S. C.

There are women of ripe years, whose minds have become so developed and disciplined, by battling with life's stern realities, that they resemble the model woman of Solomon, described in Prov. 31: 10-29. But with few exceptions, girls are entirely unused to habits of patient and close reasoning on any point, and hence are often reckoned weak and frivolous, when their failure to meet the responsibilities of true womanhood proceeds, not from incapacity, but from a false education.

Even Christian mothers, too often consider the education of their daughters complete, when they are taught to crochet, play the piano and appear attractive and "lady-like." Eva's mother made this mistake, notwithstanding the command to teach our children (Deut. 6: 7), the divine precepts that inculcate strength of mind, and firmness of purpose to resist the downward tendencies of life. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Proud of the uncommon beauty of her daughter, Mrs. B— suffered her to grow up, with no other aim in life than to amuse herself and attract others; and when she was married early, to a man of wealth and position, she congratulated herself on the successful end of her parental teachings, and Eva on her good luck in obtaining such a husband. But alas! for her daughter a life of misery and wretchedness was yet in store, and for her own heart the keenest pang of remorse for the superficial training she had given her child. Esq. C. was a man of talent and education, he had traveled extensively and had long associated with persons of cultivation and refinement, but he admired the simplicity he found in rural life, and sought Eva in her country home, and married her for her beauty of person and ingenuousness of manner. With all his acquirements in knowledge, he had failed to learn, that in a wife he needed a companion of fellow feeling, with purposes and principles in harmony with his own, not a plaything for his admiration and amusement.

Of the outward gaiety of the nuptials he soon wearied and his heart grew hungry for the joys of that royal union of soul, that his fancy had often pictured, as the "only bliss of Paradise, that had survived the fall," but when he looked to his wife to "build him a home," (Prov. 14: 1) he found her a child in intellect, with no higher conception of the purposes of life than that of self-gratification and display. Had he possessed the charity, that "suffereth long and is kind," he would have endeavored to educate her to a higher standard of living, but instead, he reproached her angrily for her inefficiency, and she, all unused to such treatment, retorted in the same spirit. The result was, after a few months of bitter strife they parted, she to return broken hearted

to her mother, and he to seek in travel forgetfulness of the cruel waking from his transient dream of bliss.

They yet live—for this, girls, is no fancy sketch—and their life history may end like the last chapter of a novel, in the wedded union of two happy hearts.

The latent energies of Eva's nature may be developed by suffering, she may yet learn that woman's life has higher aims than the pursuit of the gayeties of an hour, and educate herself to fill her true position of "Helpmeet" for her husband. Yet who of you, my young friends, would purchase conjugal bliss at such a cost? But what prevents you from avoiding Eva's painful experience, and fitting yourselves for the holy duties of womanhood—what hinders? I have an answer for this, which I will give in another chapter, if you do not turn away from this one saying, "O it is no story and I shall not read it."

Drunkenness.

Dick's father was a drunkard. When he was married, he was a fine, healthy, industrious, prosperous man, and his bright, young wife little thought of the wretched years which were in store for her. Now, her husband had used the fiery poison of alcohol so long, that his naturally superior mental faculties were ruined, and his physical powers were all prostrated. I will not say he had become a brute; that, my dear boy, would be a libel upon your noble horse, your gentle cow, your faithful dog, your graceful kitten, who are all as God made them to be. Dick's father, by drunkenness had fallen far below the brute; being only a curse to those who had once loved him, and whom he had once loved.

It was certainly dreadful to have him live; but, ah! it was far more dreadful to have him die, without a ray of light upon his future, as he did soon after Dick's trial for house-breaking. I have only space to tell you that he got a hurt in one of his drunken quarrels, from which a healthy man would readily have recovered; but, inflamed as his whole system was with alcoholic poison it brought on a fever which speedily ended his days. His wife wept bitterly over his coffin, remembering all the love of those earlier years, and all the blighted hope, the anguish and heart-breaking which had come with the intoxicating cup. Dick, melted into tenderness by this grief, strove to comfort her; and turning to him, she answered,—

"Ah, Dick! there is one drop of comfort, only one, in my bitter cup. You know what might have been, but for rum; you know what it has done for us, and you never can, never will, taste it. Promise me, promise me, Dick," Dick promised; he was ready to say anything to pacify his mother; but, alas! his promise was worthless; for, among all his other lessons in evil, he had not failed to learn the lesson of untruthfulness.

Still, Dick meant to keep his word; for he could not be indifferent to the bitter lesson of his father's hard, cruel life and fearful death. In view of that life, he had early learned to loathe the very thought of the cup; and the teachers of Satan's schools had found him one of their most obstinate scholars in learning the lesson of temperance, for between him and that cup stood his father's disfigured form, his hand of insane fury. But Satan at last triumphed in spite of all, as he ever will over those who put themselves under his teaching. Dick could not smoke, gamble, cheat, swear, and have pleasure in those who did such things, without at last yielding to the influences around him by drinking too. Thus when he made his promise to his mother over his father's coffin, he knew, what she did not, that he had often already drunk strong ale and wine, and sometimes even whiskey and rum.

For two or three evenings after the funeral, Dick staid with his mother; and, while the baby slept, they formed plans for the future; the poor desolate heart beginning to build hope for itself upon the ruins of the past, all founded and centered in the fond assurance that the son could never be, as the father had been, a drunkard. Dick thought it dull work to stay at home through those long evenings; for, when a lad has learned to spend the early hours of the night abroad with bad associates, the charms of home and of a loving mother's presence have lost their power; so after a few evenings of unwelcome restraint, Dick found his way once more to his old haunts. Hours went by, and the patient mother, busy in repairing a suit of clothes for her boy, excused his absence, thinking no evil, until it grew very late; then, although worried and distressed, she still comforted herself with the thought, "Whatever else he does, he never drinks, and, while he does not, there is hope for him."

Past midnight she hears an approaching step, which she knows is not her son's, and her trembling hand admits the bearer of evil tidings.

"Dick wanted me to come and tell you he won't be home to-night; but he's well enough off, he says; you need not worry." What mother would rest with such a message! Cross questioning elicited the facts, that Dick was in forced confinement; having been taken up for inflicting a serious wound upon one of his companions in a drunken street-brawl, in which he had also been slightly wounded. He was to be tried the next day for his offense. Furnishing herself with bandages for his wound, the mother left her sleeping babe alone, and hastened to gain admittance to her erring boy. One thought of comfort she hugged to her aching heart by the way.

"He was not, cannot have been drunk; for he never drinks. It is only this terrible fighting notion he has got, of which I hope some of these hard knocks will yet cure him."

She enters the temporary prison, and approaches her prostrate form, trembling with fear for his wound, as she sees him lie with blood upon his face, hands, and garments. "Never fear for that ma'am," said the kind attendant; "he has only a little cut-n-

der the edge of his hair; it is of slight account."

But the mother stands with clinched hand and a fixed gaze of stony agony, viewing that face. It is not the wound; but the truth is horror to her—souther boy is drunk.

Without a word, without relaxing a muscle from that fearful look, she turns to go. The attendant, frightened to see her face, speaks again.

"He will come round all right, in the morning; it is only a little too much whiskey."

"Never, never," groans the mother. "Was it ever all right with his father in the morning? Is the drunkard's grave just filled over yonder, all right?"

She closes the door, and goes out, alone, through the darkness, to her desolate home. She finds the little one awake, crying and calling for "Ma," and "Dit," by turns. The poor mother sits down, hugging the babe to her breaking heart.

"Where's Dit?" questions the child.

"Where, where?" sobs the mother, for the first time finding relief in tears. "Oh, why did I not rule him while I could? Why did I indulge him so foolishly, and let him go to the places where Satan teaches all evil even to the little children? O baby! God help me to keep you as I did not him."

The next day Dick had his trial, and was sent away to the Reform school.

Learn to Keep House.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have thought it was more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to give up any part of the care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management; for they are often burdened with labor and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist their parents every way in their power, and consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is a great advantage to them. I know a little girl who at nine years of age made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her little housekeeper and often permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical is the jingling to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns and thus train them. It seems to me a good arrangement and a most useful part of their education. Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant, accomplished women I have known have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing.—Selected.

"I Will if You Will."

Two young ladies in their visits among the absentees of their Sunday-school class had to call at a shoemaker's. It was Monday afternoon, and a sad scene presented itself. The poor wife and children stood almost heart-broken. The man had just returned from the public-house, where he had been drinking with his companions ever since the Saturday night. His money was now all gone, his head aching, and conscience tormenting him. The young ladies kindly remonstrated with him, and at last he said that he was doing wrong. One of the ladies then advised him to sign the temperance pledge. He replied, "I will if you will."

Now, neither of the Sunday-school teachers expected to have this said to them. They were in the habit of taking a little wine occasionally. They, however, reflected that if this poor drunkard should be rescued, by God's blessing, through their example, it would more than repay them for the loss of wine. One of them said, "I will sign, Mr.—, for your sake."

"And I will too," said the other. A pledge paper was procured, and the names were duly entered.

Ten years after, the writer had occasion to pass a Sunday in the place. I felt anxious to ascertain if the shoemaker continued firm to the pledge, and wended my way to the door of the once miserable dwelling. What a change! The room was well furnished, and every thing bore the marks of comfort. The father had been with three of his children to the house of God. His children, also, not only regularly attend the Sunday-school, but also a week-day school, for which the father was now well able to pay. Before I left I read an appropriate psalm of thanksgiving to God for his mercies, and we then knelt around the family altar. When we parted tears of gratitude prevented many words being spoken; but

I felt thankful that a whole family, who were once apparently on the way to ruin were now with their faces Zionward.

Literary Review.

THE GATES WIDE OPEN; or, Scenes in southern World. By George Wood, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," etc. Boston: Lee and Shepherd. 1869. 12 mo. pp. 354. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co.

This is the second edition of a book issued some years since under a somewhat different title, Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar" having awakened the public interest in inquiries touching the nature of the future life, this new edition is sent out with the hope that it may meet a more cordial welcome than before. Its title may help sell it. It has interest and merit, though its style lacks simplicity; and is now and then both stilted and turgid. It is certainly bold in its speculations, and its imaginative features of the other world are thoroughly human, easily comprehended, and their hues are very familiar to those whose knowledge is chiefly of the earth, earthy. Life hereafter is made to appear the continuation of the life that now is, even more decisively than Milton, or Pollock, or Isaac Taylor has represented it. Its features are largely reproduced from Swedenborg and his disciples. The painting goes far beyond that in "Gates Ajar" in minuteness of detail, and there is an air of sensuousness about the associations which are portrayed that now and then reminds one of Mohammed and the Koran. The author seems to have accepted and applied the sentiment expressed by Archbishop Whately in his treatise on "The Future State," who says: "If I look on the highest and purest spots of human nature and human life, as it is here, we may be led to form, I think, no unreasonable conjectures as to some things that will be hereafter. . . . All that is suitable to this world alone will be removed from that other, what is evil will be taken away, what is imperfect will be made complete, what is good will be extended and exalted; but there is no reason to suppose that any further change will be made than is necessary to qualify the faithful for that improved state; that their human character will be altered any further than it wants altering, and its dispositions and whole constitution unnecessarily reversed."

In point of literary merit, clearness of insight, effective portraiture of character, and power over the heart, this volume bears no comparison with the work of Miss Phelps; and where one reader will doubt and hesitate and protest against the liberties which she has taken with the hints and silences of Scripture, a score will accuse Mr. Wood of being irreverent and unorthodox and misleading. And he is somewhat fanciful and presuming, while she is humbly and adoringly teachable, and draws on her spiritual intuitions rather than like Mr. Wood on the affinities of a somewhat madious and not very subtle intellect. It is, however, no improper direction for Christian thought to take, when it asks, what is before us in the world at whose gates we stand, all so soon be standing; and whatever serves to give the world to come a genuine interest, and such definite features as reason and Scripture warrant, can hardly fail to render the present life more noble, or to scatter some of the shadows that lie in the valley through which we must pass to the better land. Mrs. Jay, and Deacon Colgate, and Mr. Laurens, and Mozart and Beethoven, and splendid statuary, and vast museums, and cathedrals running over with the harmony of sublime oratorios, and telegraphic operations born of the discoveries of Morse,—these may not all appear as our author has allowed himself to describe them—the eyes of the seer may have been dim when he peered through the "Gates" which he would have us believe are "wide open;" but if he shall set believers at inquiry on more scriptural and reasonable lines of inquiry and in truer methods of spiritual culture, and so bring the two worlds into truer and completer harmony, he will not have written in vain.

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD. By Charles Carleton Coffin, Author of "Four years of fighting," etc. Fully illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood and Co. 1869. Octavo. pp. 524.

Mr. Coffin has become well known under his nom de plume of "Carleton," as one of the most rac, intelligent and trustworthy of descriptive writers belonging to that important corps of literateurs, known as "regular correspondents" of our leading journals. His accounts of army operations, sieges, marches and battles, as they appeared in the *Boston Journal* during our late struggle with the rebellion, were of such a character as to give him a most enviable reputation. And to the letters which he has been furnishing to that sheet since he set off on that extended tour round the world which has been only recently completed, have only added to his high reputation. We have frequently quoted from those letters for the purpose of enriching our own columns, always finding no little difficulty in determining what was to be omitted. Those letters, abridged, expanded, revised, and improved in many ways, are now brought together in this well-printed and splendidly illustrated volume. Passing over Europe in a single chapter, he takes us promptly across the Mediterranean, and reserves his detailed description for those countries that have not been overdrawn by the letters and volumes of ordinary tourists. Egypt is fairly described, India is thoroughly and admirably photographed, China is set forth with great fullness of narrative and vividness of color, Japan gives up many of its secrets to his keen eyes and loses its air of mystery and the revealing pen; while California and the Pacific Railroad and his journey and signalize his completion of the circuit of the globe. It is a most entertaining book which the globe-trotter, the student, the traveler, the general reader, and the student of history, will find equally useful and gratifying to a true taste, and yet glowing and popular enough to be attractive to the masses of readers. The book is sure of many purchasers, and it will stimulate and inform wherever it goes.

THREE SEASONS IN EUROPEAN VINEYARDS: treating of Vine-culture; Vine disease and its cure; Wine-making and wine, red and white; Wine-drinking, as affecting health of morals. By William J. Flagg. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869. 32 mo. pp. 332. Sold by E. J. Lane.

The author of this treatise has made himself thoroughly familiar with the methods of managing the grape in Europe, by means of a careful personal inspection as well as by patient inquiry in every part of the great vine-growing sections, and his observations and reasonings are reported with both fullness and discrimination. He points out the methods that have been most successful in each section, carefully discriminates between the general laws of grape-culture and the special requirements in limited sections, indicates the qualities of soil and climate that are favorable for each of the principal varieties of the grape that are grown, warns us against presuming upon success here by simply adopting the methods that have been proved valuable elsewhere, narrates his own personal experience in a plain, straightforward way, renders his descriptions plain by means of abundant woodcuts, and gives directions to grape-growers in America that are too plain to be misunderstood. His commendation of wine-drinking here and there, and especially at the close of the book, though by no means indiscriminate and headlong, is to be taken with not a little allowance. An exhorta-

tion to eat the grapes as they come from the vine, would have been a wiser ending of an excellent hand-book upon the best methods of their culture.

WOMAN IN PRISON. By Caroline H. Woods. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1869. 16 mo. pp. 193. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co.

There is nothing in this volume that answers the question, Who is Caroline H. Woods? or the other question, In what penitentiary was she serving as matron? Her account reads like a record of veritable experiences, with nothing exaggerated and not much set down in malice; though her criticisms are sometimes as sharp as they are brief, and her indignation over inefficiency, selfishness, inhumanity and tyranny puffs out now and then like jets of sulphury smoke around the crater of Vesuvius when no immediate and serious eruption is feared. She writes in a crisp, vigorous style, gives evidence of having an independent mind, a strong will, a deep sense of justice, a hatred of hypocrites and shams, a contempt for pomposity and official starch, a wholesome sympathy for the weak and sinful, and a settled practical faith in kindness judiciously-administered even to real criminals. Her statements indicate that prison discipline is far enough from perfection even now, that brutality and heartlessness still bear rule in many of our institutions that should aim to be reformatory as well as penal.

MORAL CULTURE OF INFANCY, AND KINDERGARTEN GUIDE, with music for the Plays. By Mrs. Horace Mann, and Elizabeth P. Peabody. Second edition, materially revised. New York: J. W. Schenckhorn and Co. 1869. 12 mo. pp. 206.

LIBRARY OF EDUCATION. Vol. 1. Some thoughts concerning Education. By John Locke. Vol. 2. Education. By John Milton. Vol. 3. The study of Physiology in School. By Horace Mann. Same publishers. 1869. Paper covers. 48 mo. pp. 192, 160, 184. THE DIADDEM OF SCHOOL SONGS, containing songs and music for all grades of schools, a new system of instruction in the elements of music, and a manual of directions for the use of teachers. By William Phillips. Same publishers. Square 16 mo. pp. 160.

These educational works need only to be known in order to be prized and commended. The Kindergarten culture, which has chiefly developed itself in Germany, is explained with great clearness and fullness of detail in the volume which owes its authorship to the joint efforts of two women who are so eminent among American educators. The value of this species of educational training is indicated by the facts and principles that are stated, rather than urged in elaborate argument and fervid plea. Objective teaching gets a lucid explanation, and the actual results of efforts in accordance with the methods adopted in the Kindergarten, are stated in such a frank and ample way that wrong inferences are quite needless. There is probably no other single volume in which so much of scientific demonstration, practical instruction, detailed experiment, humane suggestions, and rare common sense, respecting the education of young children, can be found crowded within the same compass, as appear here and give value to this treatise. Legislators, School Boards, teachers, parents, and indeed nearly every class in the community would be not a little wiser and more considerate in dealing with the interests of the young as a result of studying this volume.

The series of cheap volumes, giving the best thoughts of eminent thinkers and practical teachers on the subject everywhere, ought to meet a hearty welcome everywhere, and be bought up and circulated by thousands in every state. They will constitute a rare library of educational literature, of the strongest and most solid quality. In the very proper effort to issue them at low prices, we question whether there has been an extreme in using too poor paper, such gems of thought deserve always a fair setting. But they are marvelously cheap at 20 cts. per volume.

The collection of school songs is every way admirable. The poetry is full of life but keeps clear of mere doggerel, the music has real character and will not grow stale on the second repetition, and the mechanical work is good enough to satisfy all reasonable demands.

The American Educational monthly, issued by this enterprising house, stands at the very head of the educational journals of its class, having papers adapted to every grade of mind among those who are at all qualified to take a responsible part in the work of public education. Its discussions are able and cover a broad field, and the stimulus it offers to many and every susceptible reader is such that few will fail to realize and profit by it.

GRANDFATHER'S NELL; or, what happened at the Toll-gate. By the author of "Downing's Heirs," etc. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1869. 16 mo. pp. 363. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co.

The author of this volume has heretofore written to some purpose, and she has fully maintained her previous reputation in this latest production. Nell is a cheerful young girl, early learning her best lessons of life at the mercy seat and out of the New Testament, and she clearly applies them in coming for her old blind grandfather, in leading rough and mischievous and wayward Dan Fisher into the true way of life, and in scattering the fragrance of her unselfish and loving spirit all about her as the rose its perfume. She does not live in vain, nor lose her reward even on earth. It is a thoroughly wholesome book every way.

From the American Tract Society, Boston, now fairly located and at work at its new headquarters, 164 Tremont St., we have received the following:

NETHERCLIFF: The story of a merchant, told by himself. By Miss L. Bates, author of "Paul Hunter," etc. 16 mo. pp. 278.

THE COSY-HOUSE TALES. By I. T. H., author of "Christmas at the Beeches." 18 mo. pp. 108.

CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS. By Rev. J. D. Strong. 16 mo. pp. 108.

THE CHILDREN'S CHIP-BASKET. By Harriet W. Hathaway. 18 mo. pp. 102.

DROPS FROM THE BOOK OF THE WAY. A text and prayer for every day in the year. Square 18 mo. pp. 196.

CONSOLATION. In conflict, sickness and sorrow. Square 24 mo. pp. 96.

The issues of this Society have been uniformly elevated in tone and unequivocal in their religious teaching. This last package of books indicates that there has been no loss in this respect. "Nethercliff" has no excess of vigor or flash, but tells the plain story of an instructive life. "The Cosy-House Tales" are pithy, full of zest, taking firm hold of conscience and heart. "The Children of Many Lands" is a series of cheering and instructive biographies, a little overdone at times, but human in feature and ever properly magnifying the grace of God. "Drops from the Brook" and "Consolation" are daintily beautiful specimens of book-making, with their creamy paper and rich gilding; the first filled with juicy scripture and devout supplication, and the second full of sweet-voiced and deep-hearted hymns that must have been born of a profound and sound Christian experience, and that can hardly fail to bring strength and comfort to the smitten souls that can appreciate and will welcome their ministry.

THE STORY OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM: their history, their destruction and their remains. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Venice Past and Present," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co. 1869. 16 mo. pp. 292.

The author of this volume has studied and mastered his subject, and he takes it for granted

that his readers desire definite and carefully compiled information. He has therefore drawn together material from a large field of history and literature, digested and classified it with painstaking and skill, provided for illustrating it with numerous and well-executed engravings, and brought the history of the discoveries at both Pompeii and Heracleum down to so recent a date as to leave very little for any ordinary reader to desire, or any other writer for the general public to supply. Whatever is definitely known of the settlement and early life of these cities is briefly narrated; the events connected with their sudden and fearful burial by the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, are plainly and vividly portrayed; and then the work of exhuming them is described and illustrated in such a way as to put the reader in possession of almost every item of information that repeated visits would supply. The work is written in a plain and pleasant style, and the mechanical excellences of the book are of a marked character.

Messrs. Hurd and Houghton have just issued the last installment of their excellent globe edition of the WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. It is a 16 mo. vol. of more than 1000 pages, and contains the Uncommercial Traveller, Master Humphrey's Clock, new Christmas Stories, general Index of Characters and their appearances, and Familiar Sayings from Dickens's Works. We have repeatedly commended this edition, which deserves all the good things which we have ever said of it.

The same publishers have also issued Parts XVII. and XVIII. of SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE, edited by Messrs. Hackett and Abbott, which promises to surpass in critical accuracy and fullness, every other edition in this country and in Europe. The work has been carried to "Moses," and to the 20th page, so that the end begins to be suggested as something not very remotely attainable. Price per Part, 75 cts.

TAINTOR'S ROUTE AND CITY GUIDE. Boston to the White Mountains, Lake Umbagog, Green Mountains, Lake Champlain, Mississippi Springs, Montreal and Ogdensburg. Paper covers. 16 mo. pp. 73. With map. New York: Taintor Brothers, Plain, brief and adequate.

OUTLINES OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. With marginal references for Sabbath School Concert Exercises. No. 1. Life of Abraham. Paper. Price, 25 cts. Hoyt and Fogg.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. The good judgment with which this weekly digest of what is served up in foreign periodicals is edited, the intrinsic value of its leading papers, the marked variety of its contents, and the great amount of matter worthy of preservation which is brought together in the course of a single year, reflect great credit on the managers, and render every subscriber rich in its possession. Boston: Littell and Gay.

EVERY SATURDAY does nothing of its zest, its popular qualities, its mental richness and spice, while giving us now and then papers of the highest scientific and literary character. Its prompt reprint of Prof. Huxley's recent discussion of one of the theories that divide the scientific world shows that its readers include culture and scholarship as well as imagination and the love of stimulus for the animal spirits. Boston: Fields, Osgood and Co.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Success or Failure.

Many whom the world call successful, in a broader view of life, must be thought to have utterly failed, while others, on whom the world looks with pity, as subjects of struggles and great hardships, have attained the highest ends of life. The two conditions are in contrast in the following paragraphs:

Mortimer began life under the usual conditions of poverty—neither friend nor influence to help. He resolved nevertheless, to make his mark. He became industrious, and industry brought him wealth. He was sternly upright, and that secured respect. His generosity kept pace with his gains, and that won renown; so that at the age of fifty he was the richest man in his State, and its chief magistrate. He grew ill. Medical science was impotent. "Sir," said his attendant, "the brittle thread will snap before the sun goes down." Astonished, he said, "It cannot be; I shall be up to-morrow." Every art was applied in vain. The agitated form grew weak. Tick, tick, the seconds went, and before the shadows came, the catastrophe was upon him. Turning to the wall, in an agony no pen can describe, he cried, "My life has been a failure!"—and was dead.

Christiana entered humbly upon life, and before the sun had reached its zenith was widowed and broken, and five little ones cried for bread. "It is well," she said, "we will walk with God." Long and dreary years came and went—years of care and suffering and utter bereavement. Hard, hard went the strife of life, till men said God was not pitiful. At fifty she was poor of earth. In her conflicts she had studied the heroism of faith and endeavor of other times. The Scripture characters she knew by heart. Bunyan's Pilgrim was her companion. The Saints' Rest had become her own. Payson was her exponent. "The celestial city," she would say, "is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed in to my heart." And her latest breath testified, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

These are no sketches of the fancy, but veritable history. Tell me, which is success?

Range of the Human Eye.

The range of the human eye may be judged of from a consideration which gives us at the same time a good idea of the scope of animal structure. Supposing that an individual of every known species were to take its stand between the two species that were respectively the next larger and the next smaller than itself, the smallest known animal at one extremity of the line; and then supposing we were to ask which creature occupied the middle place, having as many degrees of size below it as above, and as many above it as below, that place would be found to be occupied by the common house fly. What a stupendous optical instrument must that be which, assisted with a few brass tubes and some disks of glass, should discern a creature as much smaller than a fly, as a fly is smaller than an elephant!—*Little Things of Nature*

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally uttered it.

An Alpine Railway.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Connecticut* writes from Paris an account of a trip over the Alpine Railway—the temporary line which has already been described in the *Evening Post*. Mr. Fell, the constructor of this line, built the Mount Washington Railway in the White Mountains. He now runs American cars over the Alps. The correspondent says:

The carriages are about half the length of ours at home, with seats on each side, so that the passengers face each other as in an omnibus, and with windows at the sides, from which it is difficult to see out when one is squeezed in tight on the seat, with his back to them. The cars are also very narrow, the track being only three feet six or seven inches gauge, so that they are not much more comfortable than an omnibus. The first class, however, was twenty-two, second class, twenty-two, from Suse to St. Michael, the time occupied in the passage being from four to five hours.

The locomotives of these trains are small, compact and powerful; their trucks, as well as those of the carriages, set well in the middle, so that they can turn very short curves. The track has three rails, one elevated in the center. Besides its ordinary driving wheels, the locomotive has two horizontal wheels which press this third rail on either side, and it is by this strong traction that the train is pulled up. The carriages have corresponding wheels for the center rail, but their only use is to keep the train on the track. Both cars and locomotive have double sets of breaks, one for the ordinary and one for the center rail, so that they can screw the cars to the track with the grip of a vice, and render it almost impossible for the carriages to run away. There is every precaution against accident, and I should only fear the snow storms of winter, and perhaps an avalanche in some places high up, which are not infrequently met.

Our train seemed to be a huge live reptile with legs and claws, that crawled up by its own power; it literally dug right up hill, and we felt ourselves mounting, and, looking back, could see the deep incline. On the curves, where the wheels got a good grip of the rail, we moved with ease and more rapidly than on a straight pull, where the locomotive evidently labored more, and we rose more slowly. The steepest grade on the road is one foot in nine feet, but this is only for short distances. The rise of one in twelve is more common, and the least of which any notes taken is one in twenty-five. The curves are so short as to be startling. We seemed to turn in a space as small as an ordinary wagon could. The shortest curves are on a radius of only one hundred and twenty feet; that is, our train would round a circle only two hundred and forty feet in diameter. Our track was all the time in sight, behind and before, running along the steep hillsides, and constantly doubling, like a compressed letter S.

Our view was for the most part uninterrupted and magnificent. The ground above the level of the sea, and before we reached it we passed into a covered way, built of wood at the sides and arched with iron, and were immersed in this, in the ascent, descent, and on the level, for four or five miles. I should think; dark unpleasant passages made worse by the smoke and fumes of the locomotive. These covered ways are absolutely necessary as a protection against avalanches in many places, and against the falls of snow for long distances. Through the snow piled up high along the way. The summit station is in one of these long sheds, and is gloomy enough.

We made the descent more rapidly than the ascent, swinging round the short bends with considerable velocity. The brakes were jammed hard down, until I could smell the odor caused by the friction. On the descent I saw the frowning fangs of Brunons d'Essillon, on peaks high above the abyss through which the Arc foams and roars, connected with the road by a thread of a suspension bridge over the gorge, called the Pont du Diable.

On our train by the way (an Englishman, as they all are on this road), who insisted that Mr. Fell is not an American. He knew him well, lived near him in the north of England, and said he was not an engineer at all, except so far as this invention was concerned, but a dissenting clergyman. He is certainly a dissenter from the ordinary style of railways. The engineer was an excellent specimen of an intelligent, illiterate English mechanic, with a drawl and nasal twang in his speech that a Cape Cod man might envy; and he gave me a great deal of valuable information about the road, which I might here impart, if your readers cared for valuable information, which I suppose they do not. He was taking a day off for pleasure, he said, and going down to see the work on the big bore. "Twas a nasty bit of work this of running twice over the road daily, as he did, and only getting twelve pounds a month for the job, especially in the winter, with the snow and heavy wind. There had been only six days in the past winter when they couldn't run on account of snow, and then the passengers had been carried over the break on sledges. He explained to me the construction of the locomotive, the application of its power, the working of the brakes, and the whole thing, so that I think I can build a road out to West Hartford, over Prospect Hill, and to the Tower, if anybody desires, with my return. Sealed proposals, enclosing stamp and photograph, can be left on the Probate steps. I said to the engineer that I supposed it impossible for the locomotive, with three rails, to get off the track.

"Well, he said, his machine got off once last winter." The fact was that the thing got the upper hand of him, and ran away with him. He spoke of it as if it were a horse. He was running with the locomotive alone, taking her down the mountain, not minding exactly when he found he had got on so much steam that he couldn't hold her. He was going down the one in nine, round them over nasty curves, when she started. He shut off and jammed down all the brakes, reserve and all, but she only appeared to go the faster. Away she went, whirling round, and at last bounded off and went slam agin a rock. "If she'd a gone over the ravine on either side, I wouldn't be here to tell you of it."

It was nearly one o'clock when we ran into St. Michael, and passing the hump of a custom house, took comfortable cars for Lyons.

A STARKING THOUGHT.—"Lo's wife looked back, and God never gave her leave to look forward again. Backsliders, look out!"

True Politeness.

A very touching incident recently occurred in a Chicago horse-car, going west on Randolph Street. The car was crowded. Many were standing; among them an old man of perhaps seventy, whose appearance indicated great weariness. There were strong men sitting on either side; there were young men and boys; but no one offered the old man a seat. Presently a young and beautiful woman rose, and with a winning smile, offered him her seat. He seemed bewildered, and refused; but she insisted with so much earnestness that he finally yielded to her seat, while she took the place where he had stood.

This proceeding created such a sensation that the conductor pulled the bell and kindly inquired if anybody wanted to get out. A faded gentleman, whose eyesight was rather dim, deliberately took off his spectacles, and having wiped them carefully, put them on his nose, and said: "Wonderful! wonderful!" No less than four gentlemen sprang from their seats at the same moment, and offered them to the lady, but she declined.

After the lady left the car, one gentleman remarked that he had never seen the like in his life, and in all probability she was a stranger in Chicago. The conductor was interrogated as to whether she was a frequent passenger in the cars. He replied that she was not—that nothing of the kind had ever before occurred in the course of his experience as a conductor. A youthful dandy who had a seat next to the lady, said, with a twirl of his moustache, that it was "an awkward position for a man to be placed in," but he has spent his time in the same car, and had offered his seat to no one but a fifty-four elderly gentleman. He has likewise invoked the muses in a poetical effusion of seventy-two stanzas "to the beautiful young woman," which he proposes to publish.—*Chicago Paper.*

The Russian Pie-Boy.

The first Prince Menschikoff was a pie-boy at Moscow, and was delivering things at a noblemen's kitchen one day, when Czar Peter the Great was expected to dine at the house. While waiting about, he overheard the nobleman give special directions for the preparation of a favorite dish of the czar's, and when the cook was absent, the boy saw him place something in a dish, which he believed to be poison.

As soon as Menschikoff saw the czar in the streets, he cried out his rolls more loudly than usual, and even began to sing and approach the czar, to make himself seen. Peter called him, and asked him some questions, to which he answered so happily that the prince said, "I will keep thee in my service." Menschikoff accepted the offer with joy. At dinner-time without orders, he entered the banquet hall, and stood behind Peter. When the dish appeared, he stepped forward and whispered, "not to touch it." Peter got up and with a smiling face, made pretence to take the boy into an adjoining apartment, when Menschikoff explained his suspicion.

Upon the czar returning to the table, the boy again offered the dish, and Peter asked him to sit by his side and partake with him. The nobleman colored, and said it became not a subject to eat the same as the emperor, who, seeing his embarrassment, took the plate and offered it to a dog, who swallowed all its contents. But a few moments afterwards it began to rain and howl, then, staggered, fell, and soon expired. The boy was secured, but next morning was found dead in his bed. Menschikoff had not to sell rolls any longer; the first step to his rapid fortune was made and his descendant is a powerful family in Russia to this day.—*Zion's Advocate.*

The Turkish Bath.

The patient or bather enters naked into a well ventilated room of a temperature of 115 to 130 degrees; his head is wet, and he lies down and dreams and sweats; in a few moments the pores open and drop their fatness. He spends perhaps half an hour here, and then moves for fifteen minutes or another half hour into an adjoining and hotter room, where the thermometer stands at 140 or 150 degrees; from here, having sweated sufficiently, of which the attendant will advise the stranger, he is taken by the "poor" into the bathing room, where he is briskly rubbed not roughly rubbed all over, and highly perspired over the lungs and on the back, then lathered and finally washed off with warm, then cool water, while a plunge bath is offered to the choice as a coup de grace. A warm sheet is now thrown over the bather; he passes to the drying room, kept at the ordinary indoor temperature, and there, lying down and wrapped in blankets, cools, and dries and rests for fifteen minutes or half an hour more. By this time the body is restored to its normal temperature, and the bather is free to pass out doors and about his business, without danger of taking cold; clean, refreshed, reconstructed; the whole operation having consumed about two hours. If the bather is a feeble person, his experience leaves at first a bodily fatigue, that calls for rest and sleep. But otherwise there is no weakening, but rather a strengthening and invigoration of the system.

The sweat, without effort or bodily or nervous exhaustion, is a secret and potent of the system; and this bath, and it cleans the skin, softens and stimulates the skin, stirs the blood, and freshens all the secretions of the system. These are its manifest titles to the preservation and restoration of health, very few can be benefited by it; most people will find it a delicious luxury and a means of bodily and mental grace. In cases of chronic rheumatism and sciatica, this bath has wrought very remarkable cures. As a special remedial agent in such instances, it may be resorted to daily or tri-weekly; but as an ordinary stimulant and refreshment, once a week is as frequent as its use is desirable. For children who have such baths resorted to them in every considerable town and city, but at the present they are confined to the large cities—the fitting up and service of an establishment for their administration being necessarily expensive, and requiring, when even patronage is considerable, a charge of from one dollar to one dollar and a half for each bath.

A Miracle.

One of the most imposing miracles of Rome is the blood of St. Januarius, which is said to have been preserved in a dry state for ages, but liquefied itself spontaneously, and rose and boiled at the top of the vessel which contained it. This blood of the saint is made by redressing sulphuric ether with alcohol, and then separating the liquid with water. This preparation will remain fixed at a temperature of ten degrees per cent. above freezing, and melts and

boil at twenty degrees, a temperature to which it can be raised by holding the vessel some time in the hand.

A Plea for the Toads.

Toads are among the best friends the gardener has, for they destroy more vermin than the birds, as they live exclusively on the most destructive kinds. Unhappily though they may be, they should on all accounts be encouraged to dwell in our flower gardens and should not be molested by the children. On the contrary, they should have places of shelter prepared for them, to protect them from the noonday sun, which they cannot endure. An inverted flower pot, resting upon a saucer, will make them a comfortable home. They have an immense toad-hole under the front door-step and nightly issues forth to clear our garden of worms and bugs. A portly scavenger is he, and by his side appears a smaller specimen whom we style Mrs. Toad. Very few are the destructive vermin in our garden beds, and we attribute their absence entirely to the nightly efforts of this worthy couple. A few days ago, while working in our strawberry bed we found a toad with only three legs. We examined him carefully, and we were never afraid to handle him, and found the best of a wound; the skin was smoothly drawn over the spot where the leg should have been. No surgeon's knife could more skillfully have removed the leg, and we are in doubt whether he ever had but three legs. He hopped as briskly as his more favored brethren, his locomotion not being impeded by the missing member. We thought of bringing him to dwell with his kind under the doortop, but feared he might be sneered at in toad fashion for his misfortune, so left him to wander among the strawberries, never doubting that he will eat the best of them. But will also keep the adjoining melon patch free from bugs. We advise all gardeners to cultivate toads; if you have none in your garden, procure them elsewhere and bring up at least one family of these most desirable and useful scavengers. Try one on your cucumber hills if the striped bugs make their appearance, and see how quickly they will be routed and made to "vamoose the ranch."

The Golden House of Nero.

On that part of the ruins of Imperial Rome lying between the Palatine and the Esquiline Hills—a space which was more than a mile in breadth—Nero erected his "Golden House," as he called the new palace in which he fixed his abode. The vastness of extent and the varied magnificence of this imperial residence and its ornamental grounds almost surpass belief; and if the details that have come down to us respecting it were not too well authenticated to admit of doubt, they might be regarded as fabulous. Within its enclosure were comprised spacious fields, groves, orchards, and vineyards; artificial lakes, hills, and dense woods, after the manner of a solitude or wilderness. The palace itself consisted of magnificent buildings raised on the shores of the lake. The various wings were united by galleries, each a mile in length. The house or immediate dwelling of the emperor was decorated in a style of excessive gorgeousness. It was roofed entirely with golden tiles, and with the same precious metal the marble sheathing of the walls was also profusely decked, being at the same time embellished with ornate and costly carvings. The floors were more highly than gold—and with a profusion of precious stones. The ceilings and woodwork were inlaid with ivory and gold, and the roof of the grand banquet hall was constructed to resemble the firmament. It was contrived to have a rotary motion, so as to imitate the motion of the heavenly bodies. The vaulted ceiling of ivory opened and let in on the guests a profusion of flowers, and golden pipes sprayed over them the most delicate perfumes.

Obituaries.

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

ELIZABETH, wife of Dea. Jefferson Willey, died in this city, May 18, aged 83 years. She was a devoted wife, mother and neighbor. In her sickness she suffered much, but rejoiced more. One more prayer, and she joined the heavenly choir, in praising him who had redeemed us by his precious blood. She has left our brother with four children, and a devoted mother. Her funeral will be held on "Father's house on high." J. M.

ELISIA BROWN died in Weare, N. H., May 20, aged 94 years, 3 months, 20 days. His wife died a few months before him. They had lived together as husband and wife near 70 years. Funeral service by the writer. N. B. SARRIN.

MILTON JEWELL died at Bow Lake, Stratford, Jan. 4, aged 65 years, 11 months, 14 days. He was a conscientious, honest, Christian man. His end was peace. He leaves a wife and five children. Funeral, Sunday, June 6, at the church. T. REXISTON.

ROBINSON HOOPER, of Shapleigh, Me., died 49 years. Some ten years ago he gave his heart to Christ and joined the F. W. B. church in Springvale. He was a kind husband, an indulgent father, a worthy citizen. His friends regret his loss. His funeral will be held on "Father's house on high." W. M. YEOMAN.

DANIEL W. TITCOMB, son of Oliver and Hannah Titcomb, of Acton, Me., died in Boston, May 28, aged 30 years. The day before his death he worked and retired to rest as usual. Between the hours of two and three, apparently without a struggle his spirit passed away, leaving a wife and one child, and other dear friends to mourn in this sad bereavement. May God sanctify this pure providence to this deeply afflicted circle of friends, and be to them a very present help in this great sorrow. W.

Mrs. HARRY PEASE died in Orange, May 16, of dumb palsy, aged 60 years.

EMMA S. only daughter of Alvin S. and Emily S. Wisley, died in Waterville, Jan. 5, of diphtheria, aged 10 years, 2 months. That dreadful disease has performed its work. She lived in five days, severing in that short space of time one of the strongest ties of earth. The subject of this memoir was the joy and light of the family circle, from which she was called by her Heavenly Father. She was the more deeply and sincerely loved by parents and friends because of the lovely traits of her character. Always amiable, gentle, mild and loving, her society was much sought for by all who knew her, and she had only to be known to be loved. Her friends were numerous, and enemies none. The parents who have lost this treasure, feel that "the child cannot return to their home, they can go to her, and they mourn not as those who have no hope. As it was evident that her feet were touching the chilling waters of death, she joyfully announced her faith in the life to come, and just before she departed she said to her weeping mother "I have come to life," that she was happy and had her parents meet her. Her funeral was largely attended, and the assembled seemed to be one vast congregation of mourners. J.

SABRINA, wife of Bro. Lewis W. Root, died in Cheney Grove, of typhoid fever, Jan. 14, aged 44 years. She was a devoted wife, mother and neighbor. In her sickness she suffered much, but rejoiced more. One more prayer, and she joined the heavenly choir, in praising him who had redeemed us by his precious blood. She has left our brother with four children, and a devoted mother. Her funeral will be held on "Father's house on high." J. M.

LUCKY C. wife of Benajah S. Hobbs, died in Saco, April 9, aged 61 years. She found Jesus precious under the preaching of Rev. John Pullinton, some twenty-four years since. She was a devoted wife, mother and neighbor. In her sickness she suffered much, but rejoiced more. One more prayer, and she joined the heavenly choir, in praising him who had redeemed us by his precious blood. She has left our brother with four children, and a devoted mother. Her funeral will be held on "Father's house on high." J. M.

THOMAS RANDALL, Esq., died in Eaton, April 7, aged 30 years, 10 months. His birthplace was Lee where he spent the most of his time till his marriage with Miss Lydia Matthews. He then removed to Parsonsfield, Me. About 68 years ago he experienced religion, and was baptized by Rev. John Buzzell and united with his church. In 1869 he moved to Eaton, now Madison, and was a member of the church in that place, and took an active part in all its affairs. Bro. Randall was a Christian, earnest and devoted, sound in the faith and catholic in his feelings, and was an extensive reader making the Bible and *Star* very prominent. These he read till his mind was lost in the mists of age, and his reason—imbecility. He truly was a father in Israel, and his death is a great loss to some three years. He leaves behind, six children, thirty grand children, and thirty-seven great grand children. A few years since he went to spend the evening with his son-in-law, heard of his death, and was so shocked that he died. He is gone, since he departed as he lived, trusting him in the merits of Christ for salvation, and now at rest. Funeral services conducted by Rev. J. Rannels and C. Hurlin. J. R.

FRANCIS G. BEAN died in Manchester, N. H., March 11, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. At the age of twenty-three he promised his dying twin brother to meet him in heaven, and he kept his promise. He was a devoted wife, mother and neighbor. In her sickness she suffered much, but rejoiced more. One more prayer, and she joined the heavenly choir, in praising him who had redeemed us by his precious blood. She has left our brother with four children, and a devoted mother. Her funeral will be held on "Father's house on high." J. M.

MARTHA, wife of Dea. Lucius Powers, died in Somerville, Mass., Feb. 10, aged 71 years, 10 months. She was converted in the winter of 1833 at the residence of Bro. B. Church in New Durham, N. H. In noticing the death of her husband, Dea. Lucius Powers, which occurred a few years since, Rev. R. Dunn wrote in language of deserved praise, the more that common spirituality of the life which had then closed upon earth. It was the favored lot of our sister to walk with and enjoy the Christian counsel and affectionate regard of a good man for many years. An old diary kept by her husband during a temporary absence reveals, not only the devotedness of his own life, but affords glimpses of the her care for her own and the souls of her children began the Christian work well. In later years the fruits of this lengthened period of Christian life were not wanting, and the more that common spirituality of the life which had then closed upon earth. 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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The President has appointed C. C. Andrews (Min.) Minister to Sweden.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided (Judge Warren dissenting) that negroes in that State are eligible to office.

Telegrams from the South report heavy rains and injury to the cotton crops.

It took three hundred and fifty-three ballots to decide who should succeed Elisha B. Washburne in Congress.

Brevet Major-Gen. Wm. Emory having declined the appointment of Governor of the Soldiers' Home, the official order of the War Department assigning him to that duty has been revoked.

The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution has been ratified by both branches of the Florida legislature, the vote in the Assembly being 26 to 13, and in the Senate 13 to 8.

General Thomas has ordered the military exploration of South-Eastern Nevada, with the view to the establishment of military posts for the protection of miners.

By direction of the Secretary of War, leave of absence for one year, with permission to go beyond the sea, is granted to Major General Daniel E. Sickles.

The Polish exiles in New York held a meeting Thursday night, and resolved to celebrate the annexation of Lithuania to Poland on the 11th of August. A medal will be struck in Berlin to commemorate the event.

There seems to be no diminution in the tide of emigration to America. For one week over six thousand men, women, and children left Liverpool for New York.

Under the direction of the President, troops have been ordered to the Cherokee neutral lands, in compliance with the request of the Governor of Kansas, to enforce the civil law and prevent the rule of mob violence.

Prof. Marsh of Yale College has discovered in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska the minutest fossil horse yet obtained. It is only two feet high although full grown. This makes the seventeenth species of fossil horse discovered on this continent.

Gen. Jeff. C. Davis is to be recalled from the command in Alaska. It is charged against him that things are very disorderly in our new purchase, the officers and soldiers under him being dissolute, lawless, and cruel. He was a good soldier in the civil war, and it is to be regretted that his reputation should be damaged by a want of firmness in time of peace.

It is becoming quite fashionable abroad, to color the hair a golden yellow. It is oftentimes a long process which brings the hair to the proper hue. It has to be bleached with chlorine, chloride of soda, &c. It is expected that ladies on this side of the water will soon follow suit. When fashion utters her mandates who shall dare to disobey.

General Sheridan has been ordered by the President to treat all Indians outside the four great reservations as hostile, and to proceed vigorously against those in Kansas, in order to protect the settlers.

Ex-Governor Gibbs, of Oregon, who went to that State with General Joe Lane in 1851, and was one hundred and fifty-one years in the journey from New York to Oregon, has come back overland, making the trip in about nine days.

The Boston wool market is unusually lively at the present time. For the last four weeks the sales of domestic wool have averaged over a million pounds per week.

On the arrival of the steamer Java, of the Cunard line, at New York, last week, she was boarded by a couple of revenue officers, who among the passengers found two persons suspected of having false bottoms to their trunks, and the officers "went for them." Examination proved their suspicions to be well grounded, and \$40,000 worth of rings, watches and diamonds changed hands in a twinkling. The feminine detective officers of the Customs House were equally alert, and captured on the persons of two gaily dressed damsels on the same vessels \$50,000 worth of jewelry. There were weeping and wailing in consequence. A calamity was upon them.

Reports from Delaware state that the whole of that small commonwealth abounds in strawberries at six cents per quart, and that blackberries and peaches promise very large crops.

The area of Minnesota is 54,000 square miles, or 54,000,000 acres larger than the six New England States.

One million postage stamps are daily used in the United States.

The wheat crop in Georgia is now being harvested, and both in quantity and quality it surpasses any previous crop for many years.

At the St. Albans butter market on Tuesday, prices ranged from 30 to 35 cents.

Two women in Virginia, Ind., had made arrangements for a prize fight, and were stripped ready to come operations, when the town Marshal appeared and arrested them.

The ability of the female tongue to keep a secret is proved by the conduct of St. John's girl, who did not tell her lover that she was worth four millions in her own right until after the marriage.

The British government is greatly reducing its military force in the colonies.

There is serious trouble in the colonial parliament at Melbourne.

President Sarmiento declared in his opening speech that the allies would soon establish a provisional government at Asuncion for the benefit of the Paraguayans.

Mr. Burlingame will soon go to St. Petersburg.

FOREIGN.

The army and navy, and the civil magistracy throughout Spain are taking the oath to respect and obey the new Constitution.

The French government offers to transport, without cost all laborers who will go to Algeria for the harvest.

Prince Arthur will visit Canada and perhaps the United States, next fall.

Sandwich Island advises report another earthquake.

The Greeks are soon to erect a monument at Athens in honor of the late Mrs. Stillman, who gained great popularity in Greece by her efforts in behalf of the Greeks.

Advices from Melbourne report that several members had been expelled from the Parliament of Victoria for bribery; and proceedings against others were pending.

It is now thought the Irish Church bill will pass the House of Lords.

A vigorous effort is being made in Brazil to secure the abolition of slavery in that country.

The anniversary of the Danish Constitution was celebrated the 15th with great enthusiasm. A public fête was held, which was attended by the King and Queen, and over twenty thousand people participated.

All the preparations for laying the French Atlantic Cable are complete. The work will commence soon.

The India Museum, in London, dates back to 1798, and is one of the most interesting and valuable collections of Oriental treasures in Europe. In consequence of removal it was closed for a couple of years, but was opened in the Palace of the New India Office the middle of May.

Baron Lionel de Rothschild has given \$120,000 towards a Jewish synagogue, which is now being built in London.

The Austrian Post Office sent out 335,706,622 letters and packets in 1896, and 486,549,152 in 1897.

Napoleon can adopt no other prudent policy consistent with his own needs and those of France, than one of downright respect to the results of the late elections. Paris being quiet again, and having, according to the official narrative, calmed itself with its own loyal lullaby, there can be no reason for holding it as too hot for concession. The terms of Count Persigny's late letter clearly mark what the emperor is expected to do.

A disaster in a coal mine at Meathyr Tydril, Wales, is reported as having occurred on the 10th of June. An explosion, cause unknown, took place while the men were at work. But few of the miners escaped from the pit, and it is reported that one hundred and twenty were killed.

The Spanish cabinet by a very strong vote has ordered the establishment of a regency with Marshal Serrano at its head. The emperor Napoleon has written a letter to one of the newly elected deputies quite complimentary to himself and the government.

Paragraphs.

PROF. W. H. YOUNG has resigned his position in the Ohio University, and goes out as United States Consul to Baden. Though suspending, for a term, his work as a teacher, his residence abroad will be largely in the interest of education.

He will sail on the 26th inst. by the Anchor Line Steamship, Europa, for Glasgow, proposing to make an educational tour of Scotland, on his way to Germany.

IT IS STRENUOUSLY declared in the War Department that the Secretary of War is carrying his effort for the reduction of employees too far. This may be true, though the tendency has not generally been in that direction. But the most serious feature that we observe in the order about the complaints are so loud, is that the men discharged are men who fought for the Government during the war, and that the men retained have already been kept for half a generation in the public employment.

Other things being equal, it seems to us that service in the field constitutes a better title to continued support, by the Government than service in the Department.

IT IS CONTEMPLATED to take an ocean steamer up the Mississippi river to St. Louis. This is not a new thing. The old bugbear that propellers or other sea going steamers could not ascend the river was pretty thoroughly disposed of during the war.

In 1865 the Atlantic and Mississippi Steamship Company prepared to make a direct connection between Boston and St. Louis. The company went so far as to make an offer for the steamers Merrimack and Mississippi. We can see no difficulty in the way of carrying out such a scheme. The navigation of the Mississippi river is as feasible for large size steamers of deep draught as the lakes.

THE CHINAMEN have been smuggling opium into San Francisco. On the arrival of a Chinese steamer on the 20th ult. it was noticed that the Celestials appeared particularly anxious about their baggage, and the examination by the inspectors was conducted with corresponding care and attention, with gratifying results. Trunks, boxes, &c. were broken to pieces, and thin boxes of opium found artistically placed in the bottoms, sides, and lids. It is estimated that some \$15,000 worth of the drug was seized on that day, which was regarded as a very good day's work.

THE PARISIEN shop-keepers have come to an agreement to close their places of business on Sunday. The first effect of this will probably be to increase the amount of dissipation, the day being merely made universally available as a holiday. But so far as people are inclined to make it truly a Sabbath, the intermission of labor will give a much-needed opportunity. If the Government would but cease to hold elections and reviews on the Lord's day, still greater scandal would be removed.

IN AUSTRIA they deal promptly with clerical sinners. The new laws, Bishop Lenz [the Bishop of Linz] lately refused obedience to a summons to appear before a secular court, whereupon the police seized him, and brought him to the court. He finds that the Austrians are in earnest, and that things are not now in his country as they were but yesterday.

SOMETHING NEW.—A Belgian bell-founder has cast a large church-bell of aluminum. The sound of the metal is astonishingly clear and penetrating, resembling that of glass. The bell, moreover, notwithstanding its size, is so light that it can easily be rung by a child. Aluminum is one of the lightest metals known, being only one-fourth as heavy as silver, and is unsurpassed for sonorities.

FOR MANY generations men have read the story of Socrates and the hemlock—how he drank it by public decree and died. But now scientific men have said that it was not hemlock at all that he drank, and this is not poisonous enough for such business. The Greek word is *Xoneton* and the Latin *Cicuta*, and these have been translated hemlock. But the real plant from which the extract was made, our *scans* think was *cicuta virosa* L., which contains a deadly poison.

IT IS SAID that the first locomotive ever run was a rude construction, finished in 1805, by a Welsh engineer, named Trevethick, and used to draw a load of iron from Peny-darwen in Wales to navigation, a distance of nine miles. Trevethick started amid the shoutings and laughter of an incredulous multitude. He had a bent pend of £1,000 with one Homfray, that he would draw the load with his locomotive over this distance. After going about five miles, his engine ran against a bridge and was badly damaged, but not so badly that the engineer completed the journey and won the bet, but he could not get his engine back.

WE HAVE from Washington what looks like positive knowledge of our lost Minister, McMahon—and that is, he cannot be found. The Brazilian authorities represent that they have taken every pains to forward him his Government's dispatches, and have only been thwarted by the Paraguayan dictator. Commander Kirkland indorses this statement with his suspicions, which, if veritable, place Minister McMahon in such a situation of hermetical concealment as can neither be becoming nor honorable to the representative of a great Government. Should this situation continue, our proper Minister to Paraguay will be some well-known explorer. But we pause before crediting this last strange story of our lost Ambassador.

IT IS STATED that seventeen different foreign governments carry on diplomatic correspondence with the State Department, at Washington, in the Spanish language. Only England, Liberia, and the Sandwich Islands communicate with us in the English language. Several governments communicate with us in the French language, because it is supposed to be the most polite. For instance, Holland, instead of treating us to good Dutch, uses French and Turkey also. All semi-barbarous people communicate in French.

Rural and Domestic.

Cucumbers as a Farm Crop.

Cucumbers are extensively raised in the vicinity of our large cities, especially New York, for making pickles. It is a very good crop for farmers, as it can be raised after the other crops are all picked. The usual time of putting in the seeds from the 25th of June to the 5th of July. An old corn stubble, in good heart, is suitable ground for the pickle patch, though a new one is sometimes selected. Plow and harrow thoroughly, and mark out rows running both ways 4-5 feet apart. Put in the hill a large shovelful of well-rotted compost, and cover it with an inch or two of soil. Plant from five to ten seeds in a hill, and thin out to four after the plants are six inches high. If the weather is dry, the manure should be thoroughly drenched in the cart before it is dropped in the hill. It is usual to cultivate the crop but once, just before the vines fall over. Much labor is saved by doing this just at the right time. With a steel tooth cultivator, the ground can be stirred three inches deep, and very little space be left for the hoe. Some sow turnip seed at the time of cultivating, say about the 1st of August, and get half a crop of turnips, which have the ground after the cucumbers have done bearing. Cucumbers can be picked in six weeks from planting, and the season will last from four to six weeks, or until the first frost, and then there are about six weeks for the turnips before the ground freezes. This is working the soil pretty hard, but with high manuring, it pays much better than to have the land idle. The turnips do not exhaust the land more than the weeds that would be certain to grow on land cultivated but once. Cucumbers are not an exhausting crop. With good culture, and a good season, 300,000 pickles are raised upon an acre, and the farmer expects to clear about 300 dollars. Some make a good deal more, but green hands can hardly expect as much. The crop is usually bargained for at the factories, at the beginning of the season, and is carried to the depot or landing every day. One-half the vines are picked on alternate days, thus keeping the force constantly employed. It takes about four men or boys for an acre during the picking season. The cucumbers are usually assorted into three sizes, the largest for table use and the two smaller ones for the factory.

A correspondent of the Revue Horticole, says that not long ago he made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full buds. He waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vendor, but when it bloomed all his hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded hue, and he discovered that he had only a middling multiflora, stale colored enough. He therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which he had in view. His attention had been directed to the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. He then covered the earth in the pot, in which the rosebush was, about half an inch deep, with pulverized charcoal. Some days after he was astonished to see the roses which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose-color as he could wish. He determined to repeat the experiment, and therefore when the rosebush had done flowering he took the charcoal and put fresh earth about the roots, and waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of the experiment.—When it bloomed the roses were at first pale and discolored, but by applying the charcoal as before they soon assumed their rosy-red color. He then tried the powdered charcoal in large quantities upon petunias, and found that both the white and violet colored flowers were equally sensitive to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought they were choice new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers appear to be insensible to the influence of charcoal.

Effect of Charcoal on Flowers.

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Grow Corn Fodder.

A correspondent writing to the Canada Farmer says he keeps a dairy of 20 cows, the milk being disposed of at a cheese factory; that last June he sowed an acre of corn in drills, and began cutting and feeding to the cows daily the first of July. When September rains came, he omitted the corn feeding four days, and the result was a diminution of 52 pounds of milk a day. The corn feeding was again resumed, and in four days, the cows gave their customary quantity of milk. The increased flow of milk doubly paid the cost of feed given. This is an important fact, and should induce dairy-men to provide this kind of feed for their cows at a season when pasturage is short. In fact it would seem that the former may be profitably substituted for the latter under any or all circumstances, as the yield of green corn fodder to the acre is very great, and the cost of producing it comparatively light.

Let dairy-men heed this and provide for fodder corn to supplement the season of short pasturage.

Repelling Flies from Horses.

It is an act of humanity to come to the aid of the horse, powerful as he is, against his nimble assailant, the fly. Here is a recipe which is said to be an excellent defence against it. At all events a trial of it will not involve much expense, nor will it do harm should it prove unavailing as a defence to the horse. Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour: when cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz., between and upon the ears, the neck, flank, etc.—Zions Advocate.

Poultry.

If you have not already attended to it, cleanse and white wash your poultry house. Let their boxes be often replenished with hay. If you would have a good supply of eggs through the summer, you must let your hens out occasionally. An hour before sunset is a good time, when they can be watched and kept from doing mischief. If you would keep up your stock of hens never set them with their own eggs, but procure eggs from a distance. The benefit of this changing your stock is a secret little understood, but is admitted by all successful breeders. Early chicks are much sought after for the table, but for layers broods hatched in August are preferable. Be careful to protect the young broods from rats, weasels and other vermin, by shutting them up at night either in a barrel or a small coop with a floor to it. The old hen will soon learn to call them in at sundown, when they can easily be fastened up.

If you have a wide range of pasture and no neighbors, you can venture into turkey raising, though it requires far more care and skill to make it successful, than the rearing of the com-

mon barn-yard fowl. The turkey from the time it is hatched till it is able to go to roost, is the tenderest of all domestic birds, but after that period it is the hardest. The books contain a plenty of directions how to manage turkeys, but it is safer to take a few lessons of some one who is experienced in the business. It is a good time now to be taking such lessons, and next fall you can buy your stock turkeys for breeding the next spring.

The Orchard Caterpillar.

This is the time to kill these pests of the orchard, if the previous cutting of the eggs has been neglected. Take a long light pole and attach a sponge, swab or brush to the end. Early in the morning, when they are in their nests, swab them with strong soap suds, or thin lime wash. Or, they may be wiped off by a few twists in the nest, and destroyed by dipping in the soap water or wash. In some parts of the country last year, the caterpillar proved abundant and destructive, while in others they were few and unobserved. This is often reversed in different years, and we advise orchardists to examine the trees in time.

Old Bread.

A curious discovery has just been made at Pompeii. In a house in course of excavation, an oven was found closed with an iron door, on opening which a batch of eighty-one loaves, put in nearly eighteen hundred years ago, and now somewhat overbaked, was discovered, and even the large iron shovel with which they were newly laid in rows. The loaves were but slightly overbaked by the lava heat, having been protected by a quantity of ashes covering the door. There is no baker's mark on the loaves; they are circular, about nine inches in diameter, rather flat, and indented (evidently with the baker's elbows) in the center, and are slightly raised at the sides; and divided by deep lines, radiating from the center into eight segments. They are now of a deep brown color, and hard but very light. In the same shop were found 661 bronze and 52 silver coins. A mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, has also been discovered.

Gathering Rhubarb.

Great care should be taken in pulling the stalks for market or domestic use, as in many cases great damage is done through ignorance and carelessness. Do not pull off the stalk roughly, for in so doing the crown is fractured or removed altogether. Move the leaf carefully from side to side, pull it gradually, and it will come away without injuring the crop.

How to Make a Cold Chisel.

Farmers and gardeners frequently need a good cold chisel for light work, such as cutting off rivets, nails, or pieces of hoop-iron. A piece of bar steel, and forging it into proper shape, will cost from fifty cents to one dollar. Those persons who want the use of a cold-chisel only once a week or so, do not always have the money to spare for a tool that they have but little use for. Therefore, to get a cheap chisel, that will subserve all the purposes required, make use of a large flat file, that has been worn out. Break off one end, so that a piece will be left about eight inches long; heat it in a charcoal fire to near redness, and let it cool gradually. Then the steel will be soft. Now grind one end square and true for the head end, and form the cutting edge by grinding at the other end. Then thrust the cutting end in a charcoal fire, in the cooke-stove, until one inch in length is red-hot. Now cool half an inch of the edge in cold water, which will render the edge quite too hard. Watch the color of the steel as the different shades appear near and at cutting edge, and as soon as you see a light straw color on the surface, plunge the chisel into cold water. By this means, you will get a cold chisel sufficiently hard on the edge to cut iron, and so soft and tough in the part above the edge that it will bend rather than break.—Hearth and Home.

Pretty Plants for In-door.

Take a common tumbler or a fruit can, and fill it nearly full of soft water. Then tie a bit of coarse lace or cheese-sacking over it, and press down into the water, covered with a layer of peat. In a few days they will sprout, the little thread-like roots going down through the lace into the water, and the vines can be trained up to the window, or what is prettier, a frame may be made for the purpose. Here is another pretty thing with but a little trouble: Take a saucer and fill it with fresh green moss. Place in the center a pine cone, (large size,) having first wet it thoroughly. Then sprinkle it thoroughly with grass seed. The moisture will close the cone partially, and in a day or two the tiny grass sprigs will appear in all the interstices, and in a week you will have a perfect cone of beautiful verdure. Keep secure from frost, and give it plenty of water, and you will have "a thing of beauty" all winter.

Things Not to do.

Don't be in such haste to cut and house English grass that it will be liable to heat in the mow and become musty, to the great danger of heaves in your horses and of trouble to your stock generally.

Don't give to horses even the smallest piece of garget root. It is a safe and proper article for cows that have disordered udders, but it is death almost to a certainty, to a horse.

Don't empty the refuse brine from the pork barrel on young fruit trees, because you happen to read that salt is good for them. Salt is good, especially for plum and peach trees, but like a sharp-edged tool it should be handled carefully.

Don't wash fruit trees with a very strong decoction of potash—as was lately done by a large fruit grower to kill the moss on his pear trees. It will kill the moss surely, and very likely the trees too.

Don't work in the heat without some protection against sun-stroke besides a straw hat. A few hickory leaves or some layers of paper in the crown of the hat are good non-conductors.

Don't try the eight-hour rule with yourself or your men in hay-making. It may do on Uncle Sam's farm, but it will swamp you, and your farm too, in a very short time.

To Keep the Bugs Away.

Protect your melon, squash, and cucumber vines thus: Take sticks four inches long and one half inch in diameter—pine is best. Wrap one inch of one end in a piece of cotton or linen. Dip this in turpentine, and stick one or two in each hill leaving only the wrapped part above ground. The odor of the turpentine does the business.

I have tried this for four years," says a correspondent of an exchange paper, "with uniform success."

A Rhode Islander informs the Club that kicking cows may be cured by putting a chain around the animal's body just back of the fore legs—joining the ends with a stick—and giving it a twist whenever the beast shows a disposition to raise a foot.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending, June 16, 1899.

CANDLES.

17 Cuba, 18 1/2, 19 1/2, 20 1/2, 21 1/2, 22 1/2, 23 1/2, 24 1/2, 25 1/2, 26 1/2, 27 1/2, 28 1/2, 29 1/2, 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 32 1/2, 33 1/2, 34 1/2, 35 1/2, 36 1/2, 37 1/2, 38 1/2, 39 1/2, 40 1/2, 41 1/2, 42 1/2, 43 1/2, 44 1/2, 45 1/2, 46 1/2, 47 1/2, 48 1/2, 49 1/2, 50 1/2, 51 1/2, 52 1/2, 53 1/2, 54 1/2, 55 1/2, 56 1/2, 57 1/2, 58 1/2, 59 1/2, 60 1/2, 61 1/2, 62 1/2, 63 1/2, 64 1/2, 65 1/2, 66 1/2, 67 1/2, 68 1/2, 69 1/2, 70 1/2, 71 1/2, 72 1/2, 73 1/2, 74 1/2, 75 1/2, 76 1/2, 77 1/2, 78 1/2, 79 1/2, 80 1/2, 81 1/2, 82 1/2, 83 1/2, 84 1/2, 85 1/2, 86 1/2, 87 1/2, 88 1/2, 89 1/2, 90 1/2, 91 1/2, 92 1/2, 93 1/2, 94 1/2, 95 1/2, 96 1/2, 97 1/2, 98 1/2, 99 1/2, 100 1/2, 101 1/2, 102 1/2, 103 1/2, 104 1/2, 105 1/2, 106 1/2, 107 1/2, 108 1/2, 109 1/2, 110 1/2, 111 1/2, 112 1/2, 113 1/2, 114 1/2, 115 1/2, 116 1/2, 117 1/2, 118 1/2, 119 1/2, 120 1/2, 121 1/2, 122 1/2, 123 1/2, 124 1/2, 125 1/2, 126 1/2, 127 1/2, 128 1/2, 129 1/2, 130 1/2, 131 1/2, 132 1/2, 133 1/2, 134 1/2, 135 1/2, 136 1/2, 137 1/2, 138 1/2, 139 1/2, 140 1/2, 141 1/2, 142 1/2, 143 1/2, 144 1/2, 145 1/2, 146 1/2, 147 1/2, 148 1/2, 149 1/2, 150 1/2, 151 1/2, 152 1/2, 153 1/2, 154 1/2, 155 1/2, 156 1/2, 157 1/2, 158 1/2, 159 1/2, 160 1/2, 161 1/2, 162 1/2, 163 1/2, 164 1/2, 165 1/2, 166 1/2, 167 1/2, 168 1/2, 169 1/2, 170 1/2, 171 1/2, 172 1/2, 173 1/2, 174 1/2, 175 1/2, 176 1/2, 177 1/2, 178 1/2, 179 1/2, 180 1/2, 181 1/2, 182 1/2, 183 1/2, 184 1/2, 185 1/2, 186 1/2, 187 1/2, 188 1/2, 189 1/2, 190 1/2, 191 1/2, 192 1/2, 193 1/2, 194 1/2, 195 1/2, 196 1/2, 197 1/2, 198 1/2, 199 1/2, 200 1/2, 201 1/2, 202 1/2, 203 1/2, 204 1/2, 205 1/2, 206 1/2, 207 1/2, 208 1/2, 209 1/2, 210 1/2, 211 1/2, 212 1/2, 213 1/2, 214 1/2, 215 1/2, 216 1/2, 217 1/2, 218 1/2, 219 1/2, 220 1/2, 221 1/2, 222 1/2, 223 1/2, 224 1/2, 225 1/2, 226 1/2, 227 1/2, 228 1/2, 229 1/2, 230 1/2, 231 1/2, 232 1/2, 233 1/2, 234 1/2, 235 1/2, 236 1/2, 237 1/2, 238 1/2, 239 1/2, 240 1/2, 241 1/2, 242 1/2, 243 1/2, 244 1/2, 245 1/2, 246 1/2, 247 1/2, 248 1/2, 249 1/2, 250 1/2, 251 1/2, 252 1/2, 253 1/2, 254 1/2, 255 1/2, 256 1/2, 257 1/2, 258 1/2, 259 1/2, 260 1/2, 261 1/2, 262 1/2, 263 1/2, 264 1/2, 265 1/2, 266 1/2, 267 1/2, 268 1/2, 269 1/2, 270 1/2, 271 1/2, 272 1/2, 273 1/2, 274 1/2, 275 1/2, 276 1/2, 277 1/2, 278 1/2, 279 1/2, 280 1/2, 281 1/2, 282 1/2, 283 1/2