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The Morning Star.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1869.

With the Workers.

Oh, count me with the workers,
The conquerors of the earth!
Who, on the gifts inherited,
Alone, would stake his worth?

Oh, count me with the workers,
Deserving daily bread;
I would not swell the aimless throng,
Among the living dead!

Life is renewed pulsation;
The teeming, working brain;
The skillful works of handicraft
Repeat themselves again.

Not those poor workers shunning
Inevitable strife,
But those who boldly face it all,
The pioneers of life;

Who, when the world casts sternly
Her gauntlet rough and bare,
Stoop down and calmly take it up,
Her darkest threats to dare!

A Holiday—What Came of It.

It was the first of the Whitsuntide holidays, and I proposed to my Irish friend, the English teacher, that we visit Altenburg. It was just the morning for such an expedition. A shower in the night had brightened the young leaves and shook from the flowers their sweetest breath, the jeweled-tipped grass-blades shimmered in the morning sun, and we knew that not far away the larks were singing. It needed only the suggestion; instinctively we knew it was the thing to do, and ten minutes found us, in strong walking-shoes and broad-brimmed hats, on our way to the depot.

There was enough of adventure in the undertaking to give it zest. Neither of us could speak respectable German, and all we knew of Altenburg was the romance of her stolen princes; but there were two of us, and two sometimes make a host. Perhaps we should have felt a little more at our ease as the guard opened the door of our coupe and said in a most respectful way, "This is Altenburg." If we had known in which direction we must go to find the castle. But in lieu of our tongues we used our eyes, and soon decided that the broad and shaded carriage drive, which seemed to wind towards the brow of the hill at our right, was the one for us to take. We were not mistaken. We soon entered, through the open portal, the castle grounds. It was a quiet but beautiful picture which lay before us. There were grand old trees, which looked as if they had stood ever since the first prince of the house of Altenburg played beneath their wide-spreading branches. There were innumerable walks leading in various directions, that, if followed, were sure to lead to some delightful retreat, or charming lookout, where one caught such glimpses of hills beyond and clear blue skies as suggested the heights of Beulah and the promised land. There were narrow paths, which enticed you on by a bewitching way of seeming to lose themselves in some twilight glen, or tangled wood. We almost forgot the object of our coming, until the shortening shadows warned us that the morning was far spent. Then we entered the garden and caught our first view of the old castle. German gardeners certainly understand the art of landscape painting, and group trees, and shrubs, and flowers, in a most wonderful way. If we thought we had found the exact place from which a clump of trees or plat of flowers could be seen most favorably, we had only to change our position and see them from another stand-point, to come to the same conclusion.

We entered a beautiful summer-house from the balconies of which we fancied the court-band often discoursed sweet music. A double outside stairway, the railings of which are covered with climbing roses, leads to the second story. Here we found only one large airy-room, the sides of which are almost entirely of glass, and remind one of the mountain house on old Holyoke; but here the resemblance ceases,

for the floor is of highly polished wood, and the high arched ceiling is covered with frescoes. Stands of flowers, reaching from the floor to the top of the windows, make the air fragrant, while velvet cushioned chairs invite you to rest. We were told, that this was the favorite resort of the royal family on a summer's evening. We walked hurriedly through the orangery, then out of the garden, through a covered gateway overgrown with ivy, to the court of the castle; this we entered under an archway of solid masonry, and came suddenly upon a company of armed soldiers. The guard stood with fixed bayonet, and not knowing whether we should be looked upon as friend or foe, we were half inclined to turn back, but there being nothing in two women armed with simple passports to excite suspicion we were permitted to pass unquestioned.

A part of the castle is in utter ruins, and the old tower which still remains standing among the debris, looks solitary and lonely. We entered it, and thought to climb to its top, but the winding passage soon led us into utter darkness, and not caring to meet all the ghosts of departed princes, who might haunt their former home, we turned back. One old man, who was working near by, looked up with an amused expression which said very plainly, "I thought you would soon be back?" Our great desire was to enter the church, but the doors were locked, and we could not find the sacristan. We were just going away when a gentlemanly person appeared and asked "if we wished to see the church." He then opened the door, went in, and gave us much needed information. The church is not large, but very beautiful. A lofty crucifix rises from the altar supported on either side by immense branches of golden palm. As we noticed palm leaves on the pillars of the park gate we concluded this was one of the family emblems. Opposite the pulpit, in a low gallery, is the state pew. This pew communicates with the castle by a private door. The brass-front was so very bright that I mistook it for gold; our guide smiling replied, "Altenburg has not mountains of gold like America." When I asked if I could sit in the chair of the prince, he seemed much amused and said "Certainly," and added "There is an English lady in the court, governess to the young princess, I will send for her. She can talk with you better than I." Then came into our minds a suspicion, that this man, with his gentlemanly manners, and courtly address, was no common guide, and we began to doubt the propriety of giving him the usual ten groschen. He seemed much interested in America, especially in Pres. Grant, and asked many questions. When we had seen the church in detail—the queer old pictures and inscriptions on the wall behind the altar—the epitaphs on the stone floor—the stiff, high-backed chairs in the chancel, the line old organ, and the lofty ceiling, our friend called a man from an adjacent room, and we heard him say, "Show these ladies the entire castle, both the old and the new." He bowed, and was gone.

There was no mistaking the calling of our new guide. It spoke in the cut of his coat, in the fashion of his smoothly brushed hair, and in the tones of his voice. He conducted us, first through the gallery of paintings, which consisted mostly of family portraits for many generations back, then through many suits of rooms richly furnished. None of these were carpeted but the floors were beautifully inlaid with different colored woods and so highly polished that walking became quite a feat. We were shown the rooms occupied last winter by the Grand Duchess of Russia, who is a princess of the Altenburg house, and mother of the Queen of Greece.

It is impossible to describe at length the various rooms through which we passed. There was the crimson room—so called because the walls were hung with crimson satin, the windows draped, and the furniture upholstered with the same material—the blue room—the pink room—the gold room, and so on through the various colors of the rainbow. The white room interested us most—the walls were hung with what at first seemed to be rich embossed paper, but which proved to be two thick layers of lined paper in flowers and then stuffed, after the manner in which some industrious housewives make counterpanes. The curtains to the two windows were similarly made, and five ladies of the court worked three years to complete them. We were shown the window, where in the 15th century a treacherous servant lowered the sleeping prince into the hands of the wicked knight, also the pictures of their wonderful deliverance and the speedy execution of Kunz von Kauffungen. The new wing of the castle will be, when completed, very beautiful. The frescoes are especially fine.

As we were leaving, the guide said, "One of you is an American; see," and he took from his note-book a carefully folded paper. What was my surprise to see spread out before me the pictures of all our Presidents down to Johnson; when I said, "You have not Mr. Johnson's," he shrugged his shoulders, in that peculiar way which always means in Germany—I don't want it. I have not heard any one here speak well of that poor gentleman.

But, one cannot live by sight-seeing alone, and from the castle we went to the village, which lies just as a

village should, below the castle, at the foot of the hill. Here for ten cents we enjoyed an excellent cup of coffee and a good meal. The little maid gave each of us, as we were leaving, a fresh bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, and said, with a grace befitting a princess, "Remember Altenburg."

Just out of the village is the Gross Dyke, a clear sheet of water, one mile in circumference. Here we saw for the first time swans sailing about on their floating nests. A wide carriage-drive, shaded on either side by horse-chestnuts extends quite around it.

You remember Longfellow's beautiful poem "The Singers." The third stanza,

"The second with a bearded face
Stood singing in the market place;
And stirred with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd,"

came to our minds, as late in the afternoon we entered the old market square. There seemed to come floating down to us strains of sweet music, and soon we came in sight of a full choir of boys high up on a balcony of the Rathaus, singing Whitsuntide hymns to the listening crowd below. The music of those voices will long linger in our memory. We started for the evening train in time to spend an hour in the castle garden, and see the sun set from a lookout which we selected in the morning—and while we are leaning against the trunk of an old oak, let me tell you what we have learned during the day of the Altenburgs themselves.

They are more Slavonic than the surrounding provinces, having been conquered later. They are very industrious, and great lovers of music, hardly a home so humble that it has not a musical instrument of some kind. The peasants wear a dress peculiar to themselves. That of the women is very strange, consisting of a short, thick skirt, which reaches to the knees, and is innocent of a single gather—a waist of another color—an apron nearly meeting behind—long stockings—low shoes, and a head-dress which beggars description. It fits the head closely, somewhat after the fashion of a skull-cap, but extends to the neck, and then suddenly widens out, on either side, into wings and falls over the shoulders. They have peculiarly sweet voices, and we found them very kind. The peasantry is said to be comparatively rich, (you remember I said they were industrious,) and we certainly found no squalid poverty in the town, although we found our way into many narrow streets and back lanes. And now—what came of it? Aching feet, a weary body, and pleasant memories for a life-time.

N. F.

Protestantism in Italy.*

The following letter has been put into our hands, and we print it for the interest of our readers. A brother of the author is now in this city, and is engaged much of the time in presenting the claims of the work of evangelization in Italy to the Christian public, and soliciting funds for its prosecution. The letter is dated April 5, 1869, at Favale, Italy, and is as follows:

By the inspiration of God, I visited the Waldensian valleys, and by virtue of Divine Providence, my heart was touched in such a manner that it constrained me to leave the Catholic religion and embrace the religion of Truth. I returned to my family carrying with me the Bible; and my heart was burdened with anxious desire to show to my kindred the treasure which I had found. The Romish priests used every means to silence us, passing from Herod to Pilate, and appealing to the fanaticism of the people. But all this, with cruel imprisonments, vexations, and vilest calumnies, only served to strengthen and confirm the Cereghino family and their little congregation.

Our distresses culminated on the night of November 13, 1852, when twelve officers brutally entered our dwelling, breaking in the doors and furiously felling to the floor every one whom they met with, paying no regard to age or sex, but running riot in cruelty. The house was surrounded by a mob of some two thousand people, crying out, "Fire and death to this heretical race!" Three brothers and two sisters were put in chains on the spot, and three more on the following morning, when, without any consideration or respect, they were all dragged to prison. Two of the officers had forcibly entered the room of the two sisters and said to them, "Come with us; you have brought a scandal on our religion." To which one of the sisters replied: "We will go willingly for Christ's sake; for the Bible says, whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's and of the holy angels. If I had not this persecution, I should not know whether I am a disciple of his or not, since all his disciples were persecuted." But at this fell without effect upon the hardened hearts of the officers; and we were all locked up in separate dungeons, under the most rigorous orders that no one of us should be allowed to communicate with any other. For four months we were thus shut up, living on bread and water. Priests, monks and nuns visited us expressly to insult and torment us. Our trial came on at last, and lasted three days. Two hundred and forty witnesses appeared against us, swearing that we were subverters of the Catholic religion.

* All funds for this cause left at this Office will be forwarded.

The fanatical judge added: "No one has dared, for seven hundred years, to bring in here this new heresy; and now one single family expects to overthrow our holy religion." My brother replied: "This happens because you have sustained that religion by means of terror, by burning, torturing and hanging, &c.; but now the end has come; hypocrisy is unveiled."

After we were again set free, all the pulpits enjoined the people to give no aid nor comfort to the Cereghino family, but to persecute them. This was the plan of the priests to compel the Cereghino family to leave the country in despair, and so to put an end to the propagation of the gospel. But, instead of this, we suffered, we worked perseveringly for our Master, we planted churches, and scattered the light throughout all Italy. Six of the Cereghino brothers were Bible distributors in all parts of Italy, and were the first to carry Bibles into Sicily, the island of Sardinia, and Corsica, and, between 1857 and 1860, into the provinces of Naples. Neither my pen, nor any other, can describe to you our privations and sufferings.

I thank our kind Christian brethren for the favors received from them in the past. And it is in order that you may lay it before our American brethren that I subjoin a sketch of my present situation.

I am working very hard, having to preach in as many as eight different places. The labor does not worry me; but that which does afflict me is that I have not the means to support the poor, the orphans, the sick; for the rich man is hostile to the principles of the gospel, while the poor man has nothing with which to aid us.

My little church is Waldensian, and I hope that the brethren in America will all the more on this account give us aid. If they will help us in any measure, we will hold ourselves personally indebted to them, and will beseech our Heavenly Father to reward them abundantly, blessing them with all spiritual and heavenly blessings in Christ our Lord.

With these few words I close, saluting all our American brethren and sisters on behalf of this little flock. The pastor, STEFANO CEREGHINO.

Shall It be Done?

I have read the article in the *Star* of June sixteenth, headed *F. Baptists at the South*. The writer closes the article by asking the question, Can we get the money, and find a man to go and visit the F. Baptist churches at the South.

I believe we can get the money without any trouble, and when the money is ready, there will be more than one man that will be ready and willing to enter upon the work.

HOW TO GET THE MONEY.

In the last Register, one thousand two hundred and seventy-nine churches are reported. Let each church raise five dollars, and we shall have six thousand three hundred and ninety-five dollars to commence the work which ought to be done. I do not believe that we have a church in the whole denomination that is so poor that it cannot raise the above amount, and many of the churches could do even more if they would. With this amount, three missionaries could be sent into the field by the first of September, and a very great amount of work could be done during the fall and winter. We shall certainly need the help of these churches that are at the South, and it would be but a short time before the most of them would become self-supporting, and then their contributions, would help support other missionaries in other fields. Brethren, what shall we do? Will the churches individually raise the five dollars and have the work pushed forward, or will they hold back and let others gather the harvest? Come, let us work while the day lasts, and let us have the money by the middle of August, without fail. It is for the churches to say what shall be done. A. B. B.

Chips.

—He who would preach the truth must consent to be unpopular if necessary.

—It will profit us more to discern one of our own faults, than to find ten in our neighbors.

—Those whose aims are highest, will be most dissatisfied with their attainments; while those whose aims are lowest, will be most content, though on a level with the wallowing swine.

—As ministers of Christ, what feelings of depression sometimes weigh us down; but when we consider that heaven has made us stewards of the glorious truths which shall shine in immortal splendor when all earthly glories shall have forever faded away, we thank God that he has counted us worthy of a call to the sacred work, even though our wearied feet shall tread the roughest paths. Cheer up, faithful minister of Christ, and gather a few more sheaves, for the day is at hand when you will not in the least regret that you have suffered a little for Christ's sake.

—Entering an unoccupied attic, I noticed that while some of the artful spiders had set their traps in darkened corners, others had boldly laid their snares upon the windows so as to entrap such insects as might seek the light; even so Satan's snares are not all in dens of ignorance and infamy. His cobwebs may be found in too many churches.

Events of the Week.

PRESIDENT GRANT

recently made a flying trip into New England. From Washington he came to West Point and attended the anniversaries of the Military Academy there; from that place he came to Boston, arriving in the morning. During the day he visited the Senate and House of Representatives, reviewed the state troops, attended the Peace Jubilee and left Boston for Groton that night. Then he returned to New York, having declined an invitation to visit Concord, the capital of this state. After spending a few days in New York he returned to Washington.

THE SPANISH REGENCY.

There are some reasons for believing that our government will tender its congratulations to the Spanish Cortes on the election of Marshal Serrano as regent of Spain. It is thought in official circles, that this act of the Cortes goes about as far in the direction of a Republic as could reasonably have been expected by any one conversant with the state of affairs in that country and it is felt that the new government, deriving its powers from the Cortes and the written constitution, as ours does from the people through Congress and the Constitution, must be essentially republican in character.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The reports concerning the outrages of the red men are very much exaggerated. The chief purpose in some of the raids seems to be to get horses. Recently they made a raid past the point where the cavalry is stationed down the Solomon, killed two men, captured and drove away a considerable number of horses. While this was going on, two Indians rode into the valley of Pipe Creek. These attempted to shoot no one, and while they did their best to get up a scare, in which they were remarkably successful, they seemed to be averse to military operations. Their purpose was to get horses, and as the settlers mostly fled in consternation at the first alarm, they were very successful. Having got a herd of horses, they started over toward the Solomon. A boy of 14 and a young man of 22 followed them, chased them to the head of Pipe Creek, and compelled them to abandon part of the stock they had taken. The Indians passing some miles from the company of soldiers on Sunday morning got back to the Blue Hills, the soldiers being still ignorant of their operations, being in camp—"all quiet off the Potomac." It should be mentioned that instead of having the whole country watched from the high peaks, from which it can be viewed for miles and miles, the cavalry keep a guard with their horses when grazing out, and a small guard near their camp. As a result they know nothing about what is going on in the country save what happens under their immediate sight. Meanwhile the country is filled with false alarms, and the true alarms are bad enough. Three men were out on the Solomon scouting, two of them were timid and cowardly, and pointing through the fog of a rainy morning, said, "Look at those Indians! Look at them! Look at them!" "Where?" asked the other. "Why, don't you see them, shaking their guns at us?" A couple of prairie dogs were on a ridge a short distance off, that bounded the horizon, and with their tails erect, were barking defiance.

Mission Field.

CALIFORNIA.

The Methodist mission among the Chinese at San Jose, on the Pacific coast, has suffered a recent outrage from the Ku Klux Klan secret organization. The *Am. Miss.* states that the superintendent of the mission, Rev. Otis Gibson, organized a Chinese Sabbath School at San Jose which in one month numbered 140. Neither the ridicule heaped upon the teachers, nor the stones thrown at the Chinamen, retarded the work; so these human fiends proceeded to burn down the building in which the school was taught—one of the most beautiful and elegant church edifices on the Pacific coast. They sent to the pastor an anonymous letter informing him that the next time he saw his church it would be in ashes, and threatening his life if he continued to teach the Chinamen.

Mr. Gibson had organized 14 Chinese Sabbath schools in which about 400 Chinamen are taught our language by Chinese men and women. Some of these schools have an evening session during the week.

TITHES SYSTEM IN ASIATIC MISSIONS.

The fruit of the tithe system (or giving a tenth) in rendering the churches gathered among the heathen self-supporting is indeed marvelous. Blind Hohannes—John Concordance—who first introduced the system to the very poor, weak church in Shephik, eastern Turkey, bids fair to become renowned, and this obscure little church to become famous. Previous to this movement they thought they could not raise 500 piasters (about \$23 in gold,) per year. Since its introduction, they have built a chapel, which is a model of neatness, with a store-room at one end where they faithfully deposit their tithes. They now support their pastor with very little assistance, besides aiding the Koordish missionary work, while seven of their number have given themselves to the work of the Lord. They are much gratified that

their little village is held up in Dr. Wheeler's "Ten years on the Euphrates" and his "Letters from Eden," as an example to the world.

The two mission churches in Marash, Central Turkey, contain about 500 members. Many of them are extremely poor, and nine-tenths of them earn but a bare living by hard work from day to day. A day's labor brings only about 30 cts. in gold, yet by adopting the tithe system, they raised last year \$1,300 in gold.

Last year's review of the Mahratta mission in western India, expresses great thankfulness for the step the churches are taking in the matter of self-support. It says, "Many have pledged a tenth of their income, and some whole churches are taking upon themselves the same obligation."

The Madura mission in southern India is successfully adopting the tithe system. Our churches in Orissa are doing the same, and already the Jellasore church has requested the privilege of supporting one of the native preachers.

INDIA.

The Coles. The Berlin Evangelical Miss. Soc. in 1845, planted a mission in Bengal, among the Coles of Chota Nagpore Division containing about four millions of souls. Most of these were of the aboriginal races, uncivilized, ignorant and degraded, believers in witchcraft—many of them naked savages, indulging without restraint the brute instincts of their nature. For some years the gospel made but little perceptible impression on the masses, but at length God greatly blessed his work, and there are now in the Chota Nagpore Division about 15,000 who have been brought to Christ. Twelve missionaries, 38 catechists, and 22 teachers are laboring in this mission.

Travancore. This province is situated in the south-west of India, and here the London Miss. Soc. has one of its most flourishing missions. Eleven natives have recently been ordained. Ten years ago this mission had 980 members, now it has 2,228. Ten years ago its yearly contributions amounted to \$1,732, last year they were \$6,040.

Orissa. During the last cold season Mrs. J. Phillips accompanied her husband in his missionary trips. While he and the native preachers were proclaiming the gospel to the audiences they could gather, she would "take a gospel and hymn book" and go out alone to converse with the people. The following interesting items connected with these labors are taken from one of her recent letters. She says, "Nearly all would frankly admit that they are sinners, are in the dark, can do nothing for themselves, and that their gods are equally powerless. Still they cling to them like a drowning man to a straw. Every man is afraid of his neighbor, fears the witches, and don't dare forsake the gods lest they become angry and devour him. Caste, Satan's great stronghold, is rapidly crumbling to ruins, and, strictly speaking, exists only in the minds of the people; all its rules having been thrown to the winds during the late dreadful famine. Still all classes, except the highly educated men, cling to the dilapidated old system as though it were their sole dependence for this life and the life to come. One old devotee delivered himself of a speech like this: 'I don't require to be told that I am a sinner, nor that the gods can do nothing to save me. I have known this, and a long time I have been looking in every direction for the true light, but I don't find it. Now if you can tell me how to get rid of my sins it will be just what I want.' Dula began speaking of the way of salvation through Christ, when the old man exclaimed, 'That is it, that is it. Now tell me just what I am to do.' To one unacquainted with this fickle people this case would seem very encouraging. But O! their blindness, their lack of moral courage, and love for their old sins, are so great that nothing but the power of God can start them in the right path.

There are over twenty small villages within a half hour's walk of our tent, mostly Santals. They are now in the midst of a religious festival in honor of cows, which is to last nine days and nights. The women sing and the men drum the live-long night, keeping up their strength by constantly using *handia*, a kind of intoxicating 'swill' I call it, for it looks like it and smells a hundred times worse. One morning I stepped into an enclosure in one of the villages, and there were five women singing at the top of their voices and had been all through the night. Two of them held in their hands a *koola*—a kind of half basket and half fan—and were standing at the open door of a shed in which was a cow; and they were rehearsing in rude songs her great and good deeds, how she supplies them with milk and butter, cattle for cultivating the soil, &c. . . . When the festival was over, a number of young men and boys, armed with clubs and accompanied by a drummer or two, passed through the main street of the village, beating the fences, trees, shrubs and everything they met with; and when a little out of the village, they drummed furiously, beat the ground, screamed, yelled, whirled round and round, &c., &c., and then returned in high glee. The object of this closing ceremony was to drive all the witches, ghosts and diseases from the village and secure future health and prosperity to the cattle and the people."

Communications.

Three Kingdoms.

No little confusion often arises in the minds of many respecting the import of the terms, "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven." Perhaps the subject may be made sufficiently clear by saying, that these terms apply to no less than three distinct phases of the subject; four, if we apply the terms to that form of dominion which God exercised over the earth and heaven, prior to the birth of Christ.

Daniel said, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom." Dan. 2: 44. John said, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," and Jesus said, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand." These passages, and others of similar import, when carefully considered, compel us to acknowledge that the kingdom of God is now established. But the question comes back, when was it established? before, or after the resurrection of Christ? To this we reply, both before and after the resurrection.

1. The kingdom was evidently established before the crucifixion. The following texts bear upon this point:—"The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." Luke 16: 16. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you (among you)." Luke 17: 20, 21. These may be taken as examples of the many, which are left out for the sake of brevity. From which it appears that those who embraced the doctrines of John, and were baptized in the name of the coming king, were subjects of the kingdom of heaven. They were loyal to one unknown king, whom they nevertheless believed to be in the midst of the people. They pressed into the kingdom, from the time John began to preach. It is therefore evident, that there was from that time a kingdom for them to press into. It was in the midst of the people. Jesus was in the midst of them, and his disciples or subjects were in the midst of them. These are the essential elements of a kingdom,—king and people. Power was put into the hands of a man, Jesus, to organize a kingdom, to issue laws and to enact pains and penalties. John 17: 2. Matt. 11: 27.

2. But we are to consider another phase of this subject. After the resurrection and ascension, the kingdom assumes a new form. Before this event both king and subjects were on earth, now the king has ascended into the heavens, and part of his subjects are with him, while another part are yet on earth. Says he: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Matt. 28: 18. "I am set down with my Father on his throne." Rev. 3: 21. We are now called upon to contemplate a most astonishing state of affairs; a man who had been born in obscurity, cradled in a manger, bred a mechanic, and put to death as an evil doer, holds in his hands the scepter of both earth and heaven. We say a man, not because we have any doubts as to his divinity, but because the attention is especially called to the most astonishing side of this question. We may rest assured that the government will be administered wisely, for in him dwell all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; we may know that it will be administered in the interests of our race, for he is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; the king of earth and heaven is our brother. Hence the saying of Wesley is true, "We have heaven to go to heaven in." Paul says, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." Such were evidently in that province of the kingdom which lieth on earth. But Peter exhorts his brethren to so live that an abundant entrance be ministered unto them into the everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ. In this he has reference to that province which is above. Thus the subjects of the kingdom in one province, are shown how they must conduct themselves so as to enter, and enjoy, another province of the same kingdom. Thus the paradox is explained that man in the kingdom in the flesh, cannot in the flesh enter into the kingdom.

3. But there is still another phase of the kingdom worthy to be considered. It appears that the man, whom we have been contemplating as king, is not always to rule. Says the Apostle Paul, "And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son (the man) also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." 1 Cor. 15: 28.

After this event transpires, the kingdom takes the name of the "Father's kingdom." As is intimated in verse 24, "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom unto God, even the Father." This is in accordance with the saying of Christ in the parable of the wheat and the tares:—"The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13: 41-43. Comparing the disciple with the Master, we have these points of agreement. 1. Christ now reigns. 2. He must reign until the judgment day. 3. There are many things which offend, and those who do iniquity in Christ's kingdom, tares and wheat are growing together. 4. When all are subdued, the kingdom is passed over into the hands of the Father.

This view of the subject gives added significance to the Lord's prayer,—Our Father which art in heaven. Thy kingdom come. Whose kingdom is prayed for? Christ's? A kingdom with wheat and tares growing side by side? Not quite that. "Our Father, thy kingdom come." Strange

we never saw that before! As the farmer looks with satisfaction to the time when he may safely separate the tares from the wheat, and gather the precious grain into his barn, so the eye of Jesus, glancing over the commotions of this ungodly world, rested with joy upon the time, when all things that offend and them that do iniquity should be overwhelmed, and his Father everywhere reign supreme. For so glorious a consummation he taught his disciples to pray. S. D. C.

The S. S. Superintendent.

Mr. Pardee used to say that, "next to the pastor, the superintendent should be a man in the church," and certainly the duties of the office afford opportunity for the exercise of all the best elements of character. He needs all the patience, courage, piety, zeal and perseverance that can enter into the composition of one's character. He should be independent of routine, not allowing himself to slide along the well-worn grooves in which he or his predecessors may have run for years. He should have the ability, and the courage, to strike out into new paths occasionally and give life and freshness to the exercises of his school. Those who never depart from the established order of proceedings have been aptly characterized as "men whom the crank turns," whereas they should be men who turn the crank, thereby imparting force and directing all the movements of the machinery. The superintendent should not be so oppressed by a sense of the dignity of his position as to float like a chilling iceberg through the school; or like some grand snow-capped mountain standing far away from its fellows in serene majesty, casting shadows upon the plain below and forbidding all approach to its awful solitudes. He should, rather, be of a genial, sunny temperament, diffusing light and joy by his very presence in the room. He should generally have nothing to do during the session of the school but to discharge the duties implied in the name of his office. He should see that all pupils are properly classified; that the classes are supplied with teachers; that no one interferes with the teachers while giving instruction; that books and papers are distributed, and collections taken, at the proper time; that the school is opened and closed in an orderly manner; and that each exercise has its proper share of the time. He should select the hymns for singing, and the Scriptures for reading, and so arrange the exercises from time to time as to give an agreeable variety. He should, as far as possible, cultivate an acquaintance with all persons connected with the school. If a weekly Teachers' Meeting is sustained, he should conduct it himself, or arrange with the pastor or other competent person, to do so. If no such meeting is held, he should occasionally call the teachers and officers together for prayer and consultation concerning the interests of the school. Of course the discharge of all these duties demands considerable ability and time, and it, probably, will not often occur that power to do all that has been suggested, will be found in one person. We have sketched an ideal superintendent, but the qualities entering into his character are such as admit of cultivation, and may be developed even where they were not supposed to exist. Let no one refuse the office, when duly called to it, because of the difficulty of filling the requirements of the position. The great need is, that he be able to organize, even to details, and direct. Ability to do this often exists where many other desirable qualifications are not found, and does not always accompany brilliant talents and great powers in other directions. The superintendent should usually be chosen by the teachers of the school. If any one thinks the office belongs to him because of his age, wealth, social position, or other accident, he is generally mistaken. The best person for the place, whether male or female, old or young, should be chosen to fill it. There may be circumstances in which it is proper for one not a Christian to take charge of a school, but these must be rare and exceptional cases.

Let those who are called to this important office come to it with humility and trust in God, praying fervently for his guidance; let them receive the prayers of all Christians that God may bless their labors. PULPIT.

Notes with Suggestions.

HARDEST OF THE THREE. When a professed Christian is charged with some great violation of right, it is hard to be offended. But if innocent, his case is not so bad as that of those who have accused him of wrong. But if guilty and he denies it, his condition is the hardest of all. The wretchedness of his own heart is almost insufferable. SPEAKING ONE TO ANOTHER. If the life of vital godliness was in us, would it not be as easy to introduce religious subjects in conversation with those whom we meet, to inquire as to their conduct, trials, progress, and at proper times call the attention of the inquirer to the salvation of the soul, as it is to converse on worldly matters? We are likely to converse most on whatever interests us most.

MEETINGS OF NO USE. I know Mr. L. He lives but a mile from three meetings, and has long been a professor. For two years he has not been to meeting. He says he does not see any use in meetings; they are of none to him, as he does not attend them. He has a family of children, not one of whom has ever been to meeting, or the Sabbath school. So meetings are of no use to him; and there is danger they never will be. O what an example for a parent! What a terrible influence! What account will he give in the final judgment? MORE OF THE SHOW THAN OF THE SERMON. It would be lamentable if any, who

hope they are pious, should be able to tell more of the fashions of dress they have seen at church than of the sermon. And yet we have feared there is something like it. Close your eyes, friends, against such show, and let your hearts cry as one of Bunyan's pilgrims did, "Life, life, eternal life!"

FIRST OF ALL. The morning is the best time for prayer. Then the body is not fatigued nor the mind perplexed by care and anxiety. It is important, too, to begin the day with God. Ask them, in secret especially, his love, his direction and salvation for the day. A few verses read in the Bible at that time will help wonderfully to religious thought, feeling and purposes. It is blessed to get religion in first in the day, before the world, temptation and Satan come.

NEGLECTED AT FUNERALS. The pastor felt he was neglected. A former minister had been sent for to attend. But what should he do? It is no time to show resentment, or to appear odd or indifferent when some are sick and dying, some being buried and friends in tears. The pastor went in, was kind and sympathizing, was at the funeral, took some part with the best feelings of a Christian heart. Very soon his strongest and lasting friends were those of that family and the relatives. "Wisdom is profitable to direct." Being filled with the Spirit at all times will help beyond anything else.

GOD IN IT. The "poor Indian" saw God in the clouds and heard him in the wind. Well he might, for God is there. We see him in the earth, in the heavens he has spread out and garnished in the sun, planets, roving comets and glittering stars. And all may see him if they will in redemption. That is not human work. Salvation by Christ, the gospel with its renovating power bears the impress of Divinity as well as the work of creation. F.

A few Tons of Earth.

In the *Star* of May 26, "Friend of Truth" objects to what he terms ridicule, but this seeming ridicule is but solid argument against a ridiculous error. If that error when fairly stated appears ridiculous, my logic is not in fault. The brother does not appear to question the statement that all Christ came to save was some tons of earth, but he thinks there will be many, instead of "few tons" saved. If there be but "few saved," then of the gross weight of the whole race there will be but few tons of earthy matter saved; or, when the gross weight of the saints is taken in comparison with the gross weight of the entire globe, the quantity will be still smaller.

How strange that man, the image of his God, should think himself to be naught but a clod! Without immortal animating soul, or ought more noble than the asses' foal, save this, his legs are two white jack has four. And of the two, man thinks he knows the more. But common dust the frames of each compose, Breathe the same air, alike in death repose. Bold Atheism might not blush to own So foul a creed, or with the jack lie down;

But low indeed the mind of man must sink When Christian souls such slinky waters drink. But when he wrests God's word in efforts vain Himself he breeds to prove, and logic strains To carry such a point, then reason finds No sure relief for such disordered minds. When reason fails, zeal tries to make amends; When hell is gone, then driven by the winds On fatal rock, your ship becomes a wreck, Though firmly built and stout from keel to deck. Zeal like the wind may always fill the sail When reason guides the helm safe holds the gale.

The Christian sects on this point agree—Man ate the fruit of the forbidden tree, And then to save him from an awful fate, The Son of God came down from heavenly state, Endured the cross, and shed his precious blood To rescue man, and bring him back to God. But if like beasts man was but changing dust, Would heaven pay such a price to save the lost? Lost what? Lost dust, of course, lost clay, No more nor less than this, the vile worms prey, Were man but dust the resurrection morn As well could bring up nations never born; If dust were all, then others dust might rise To life, without a bleeding sacrifice.

That is a spirit that that birth can know That must be known if saved from endless woe, The fallen spirit bound with carnal chains, By grace is free, was his usurped throne regains; The flesh—old Adam—no more no longer rules, But spirit, grace empowered, the flesh controls. If flesh is all that constitutes the man, Make sense of gospel truth in case you can. You might as well preach gospel to your swine As to the man, if no dividing line Save form and bristles separates the two; If all is flesh, grace has no more to do.

If flesh is all of man, then Paul was blind To think that body being left behind His spirit might to the third heavens rise And see those things unseen by mortal eyes, And serious, too, was his mistake indeed, To wish to be from his body freed. That he might all his Saviour's glories see, When he, in fact, would only cease to be.

My brother speaks of "having as much Scripture as myself, or even more, to substantiate his views." I wonder how many opposite doctrines he supposes the Scriptures to substantiate? HERMON.

The Law of Revenge.

The practice of ignoring the law when supposed social dishonor of any sort has been inflicted, allowing private revenge to take its course without punishment, and dignifying the murderer into a hero, is becoming altogether too common. Men and women must learn to rely upon the law for the protection and healing of their honor, or deeds of blood will become the rule instead of the exception. The law of brutal, unreasoning revenge, has long reigned in Texas. The other day, for instance, a man in Bosque in that State, whose son had been shot by pure accident by another man, went to church where the latter was engaged in worship, strode up to him, and shot both the man and his little girl, seated by his side.

Selections.

Choose a Critic.

We would advise every minister to choose some judicious intelligent person, in his flock or out of it, to administer faithful criticism to him in love. The minister is egotistical and sensitive like other men—perhaps more than others, by reason of their isolation, or the nervousness consequent upon sedentary pursuits. Their office also separates them, so that the people hesitate to interfere with those who are commissioned by the Spirit of God, and supposed to be responsible alone to him for whom they labor. Hence ministers grow up into all sorts of bad habits of speaking and working, of personal manners and social intercourse. Fortunately he who has a critical wife, who is not whimsical, but well informed, and balanced, who knows how to handle the knife and to bind the hurts. Some wives indulge only in laudation, others chiefly in censure, and thus puff the swelling victim, or pierce him to the heart till his life ebbs away in bitter despondency and failure. Either extreme is dangerous and harmful to most men. One deserves unqualified praise, or merits sweeping condemnation. The critic must discriminate and encourage in certain directions, stimulate by praise and inspire by appreciation. No one is perfect at all points, but all fall in some respects, and need earnest criticism that shall use the knife and the caustic without pity. Wives can do this better than strangers or brethren, in many instances, but not in all. It is not well to depend entirely on even the most competent wife for the pruning and trimming of a minister to healthy growth and spiritual development. Select some man who has a kind heart and a clear head, good sense, cultivated tastes, and sympathy with the cause of religion, and place yourself in his hands with pledges of sincere purpose to hear and heed what may be said by the critic, not to argue nor to get angry, nor bear any grudge, if vanity is wounded or conceit is pricked till it collapses. Then, when the operation is over, go and pray for wisdom to use and apply the lessons you have received, and to improve upon the suggestions made in candor. Manfully try to become such a preacher as needs not to be ashamed, such an ambassador as shall honor the King and commend his message, such a leader of the people, that, following you, they shall grow more wise, noble, lovely and holy the more closely they pursue you.—PULPIT.

Love against Love.

In one of Spurgeon's late sermons, we find this searching appeal:

Oh, the depth of love there is in the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace! What a work of grace was that which changed your nature, to make you love what once you hated! And what a work it has been to keep the helm of your vessel right; oftentimes the current would have drifted you back again to the old rock, and wrecked you; but a strong hand has kept the head of the vessel heavenward; a blessed wind has filled the sail; and though you have made but slow progress, still you are on the way to the fair haven. I cannot measure the love which God has shown me, and though I am only one of his family, but what does this love say to me and to you but this—it calleth to another deep; oh, how I ought to love my God who has so loved me! oh, how I ought to hate the sin which made my Saviour bleed! Deeds of the Saviour's grief, ye call to deeds of spiritual repentance. The agonies of Christ call us to the slaughter of our sins. Brethren, if God so loved us, it calls to another deep—we ought also to love one another. If God forgave us, behold another who have offended against us. How can I love the saints of God enough who are the brethren of him who loved me even to the death? As for poor sinners, if God saved me, how I ought to lay out my life to try and save them. If I have indeed found peace with God through the blood of the cross, how I ought to seek the lost sheep, still lost and wandering, as I also once was. If Jesus has so loved me, how I ought to love him! Brethren, I dare not, at this hour, say a word against other Christians, though I might fairly do so; but I will accuse myself, and own that I have hardly caught so much as an idea of what a consecrated man ought to be. I have read the lives of those of God's servants whose enthusiasm has been fervent, and whose consecration has been complete, and I have felt that they were like a huge Colossus, and I a dwarf walking under their huge legs. Oh, but to serve Christ as he ought to be served does not mean giving him a title now and then out of our own estate, and never knowing that we have given it. It means pinching ourselves right cheerfully to serve his cause. It does not mean saying a good word sometimes for him when it would be shameful to be silent, but it means making our whole life a testimony to his dear love. It does not mean giving him the candle ends and cheese-parings of our souls, niggardly doling out to him what we would give a beggar at the door; but it means the rendering up of body, soul, and spirit—the surrender of our entire nature to be offered in sacrifice.

Is Your Soul Insured?

"Pa," said a little boy as he climbed to his father's knee, and looked into his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of the subject, "Pa, is your soul insured?" "What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?" "Why, Pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?"

The father leaned his head on his hand, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life-policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul. On that which was to waste away, and become part and parcel of its native dust, he had spared no pains; but, for that which was to live on and on through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. "What shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was a question he had cared not to ask. Now, as he sits in silence, his soul is stirred within him; and he mentally exclaims,— "What shall I do to be saved?"

Wasted years, golden opportunities unimproved, broken Sabbaths, a neglected Bible, the warnings of friends, and the voice of God's afflictive providences, unheeded, rush to his mind; and he finds no peace till he throws himself into the arms of Jesus.

Dear reader, have you had your soul insured?

If you have houses, you have not neglected to pay a premium to secure you against loss by fire. If you have stock in trade, you are wise enough to have it well covered by insurance, and if you have some loved friend to care for, perhaps you have a policy, which will be paid after your voice shall be hushed to silence, and your hands be folded upon your breast, never again to be uplifted. You are wise in making these securities; but have you made sure that everlasting home offered you by infinite love? Have you secured that policy given by covenant and by oath, and urged upon all, whether rich or poor, bond or free, in "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price?"—*Christian Banner*.

Stand up for Jesus.

The Emperor Vespasian commanded a certain Senator not to appear at the Senate, or if he did come, not to speak anything but the words of the Emperor.

To this the Senator bravely replied, that as he was a Senator it was fit that he should appear at the Senate; and if being there, he was required to give his advice, he must speak freely what his conscience commanded him.

"Then you shall die," said the enraged ruler.

"I have never professed to be immortal," was the reply. "Do what you will, and I will do what I ought. It is in your power to put me to death unjustly, and in my power to die constantly."

If this heathen, with no gospel sun-ray to lighten the dark valley, could thus stand firm to his principles, in the very face of death, surely we should not shrink from duty because of a few straws of opposition in our way. If we would come after Christ, we must take up our cross, and so follow him.

At a certain council of war, it was remarked by a lord present, that the enemy had many pieces of ordnance planted in a certain place, where it would be very dangerous to fight.

"My lords," said the valiant commander, Sir Horace Vere, "if you fear the mouth of a cannon, you must never come into the field."

So the Christian must nerve himself for strong opposition from the great enemy, if he seeks to be useful to his Master. He cannot stand up mutually for Jesus, without laying many a cross to east him down, and the worst foe of all will be found in his own bosom.

"Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*S. S. Times*.

Family Worship.

Common sense is a commodity of great value in social and family worship, as well as in other things. But men go about this important part of life's business just as many do about preaching or writing a newspaper article. They know that they, and everybody else, prefer both short and to the point, and yet they make long sermons and long articles as if to deter men from hearing or reading at all, or to make those who follow them, feel themselves bored by the effort. Let men wake up a little and inquire what is pleasing and profitable to them in others, and what is not so, and be certain that what they dislike in others, will not be a pleasure to others in them. If we aim to honor God in a way profitable and pleasant to others, common sense should be our guide as to order and time. Whatever order is pursued, very little time should be taken up in any one form, whether reading, singing, prayer, or in comments on what is read, especially the two latter. It is little better than mockery for a man to ask in prayer for anything which he does not care to do intensely. If you have nothing for which to thank God or to ask him, then do neither the one or the other, and if you have occasion to do either, then do it and stop, and not multiply words to make the impression on those around you that you are very smart, seeing that you can use many words, for they will be sure to come to the opposite conclusion, and what is worse by far, will lose much of their respect of religion. Even small children take common sense in view of the matter, and begin to be oppressed accordingly. A simple impressive worship requires no literary education to conduct it. If a man can neither read or sing, he can talk a little to his children, and pray with them and for them.—*Texas Herald*.

Pulpit Eloquence.

The settled ministers of the gospel, who are constantly preaching to the same people, and who, in the course of a year, deliver a hundred sermons in the pulpit, it is in vain to demand of them the same style of eloquence which distinguishes the celebrated preachers, who have appeared only on particular occasions. The sermon which is filled with tropes and figures, with glowing language, with pathetic addresses, in a word, with the graces and energies of the superior kinds of oratory, is loudly called for by many. Why do not our ministers, it is asked, preach like the divines of the French nation, or deliver their sermons with the life and pathos of Whitfield? The answer is, that the French divines, who have gained so much renown, preached only in Lent and Advent, that Whitfield, who it must be confessed, possessed astonishing powers of oratory, and great knowledge of human nature, never remained long in one place, but as soon as he perceived that the attention of his auditors was beginning to droop, he fled to another part of the country. In truth, the animated style of eloquence is not designed for common use; it is a mere luxury, a dish to be served up on holy days. The figures which enrich this species of style do not grow on every tree; correct and elegant simile and metaphors are rare productions. The settled ministers of the gospel must be content to supply their flocks with the plain and substantial food of religion. If they are constantly aiming at something more exquisite, they will, ere long, become declaimers and enthusiasts; they will soon get to the end of their stock of images and glowing expressions, and will go over them again and again; they will grow affected and artificial; and though there will still be an appearance of heat, yet it will be a mere appearance; for their language will be colder than the rays of a December moon. As the truth of these observations is established by experience, you, my brethren, will be satisfied with that moderate warmth, which will last through life; and you will consid-

Wearing Mourning.

We long for the day when this custom shall be obsolete.

It is unbecoming the truly afflicted one. The wearer says, by the black garments, "I have lost a near friend. I am in deep sorrow." But true grief does not wish to parade itself before the eye of the stranger; much less does it assert its extent. The stricken one naturally goes apart from the world to pour out the tears. Real affliction seeks privacy. It is no respect to the departed friend to say we are in sorrow. If we have real grief, it will be discovered.

When God has entered a household in the awful chastisement of death, it is time for religious meditation and communion with God on the part of the survivors. How sadly out of place, then, are the milliner, and the dress-maker, the trying on of dresses, and the trimming of bonnets. There is something profane in exciting the vanity of a young girl by fitting a waist, or trying on a hat, when the corpse of a father is lying in an adjoining room. It is a sacrilege to drag the widow forth from her grief, to be fitted for a gown, or to select a veil.

It is often terribly oppressive to the poor. The widow left desolate with a half-dozen little children, the family means already reduced by the long sickness of the father, must draw on her scanty purse to buy a new wardrobe throughout for herself and children, throwing away the good stock of garments already prepared, when she knows not where she is to get bread for those little ones. Truly may fashion be called a tyrant, when it robs the widow of her last dollar.

Surely your sorrow will not be questioned, even if you should not call in the milliner to help you display it. Do not in your affliction help uphold a custom which will turn the afflictions of your poorer neighbor to deeper poverty, as well as sorrow.—*The Central Baptist*.

Mrs. Forceythe.

To-day what should Deacon Quirk do but make a solemn call on Mrs. Forceythe, for the purpose of asking—and this with a hint that he wished he had asked before she became a member of the Home First Congregational church—whether there were truth in the rumors, now rife about town, that she was a Swedenborgian!

Aunt Winifred broke out laughing, and laughed merrily. The Deacon frowned.

"I used to fancy that I believed in Swedenborg," she said, as soon as she could sober down a little.

The Deacon pricked up his ears, with visions of excommunications and councils reflected on every feature.

"Until I read his books," she finished.

"Oh!" said the Deacon. He waited for more, but she seemed to consider the conversation at an end.

"So then you—if I understand—are not a Swedenborgian, ma'am?"

"If I were, I certainly should have had no inducement to join myself to your church," she replied, with gentle dignity. "I believe, with all my heart, in the same Bible and the same creed that you believe in, Deacon Quirk."

"And you live your creed, which all such genial Christians do not find it necessary to do," it thought, as the Deacon in some perplexity took his departure, and she returned with a smile to her sewing.—*The Gates Ajar*.

Female Influence.

Lord Shaftesbury recently related an incident illustrating the effect of womanly grace and purity on the roughest natures. One of the worst parts of London, he said, there was an institution he visited. In one room he found about thirty-five men listening to the teachings of the daughter of a small shop-keeper in the neighborhood. She was one of the prettiest women he ever saw in his life. He noticed that there was no one present but the young woman with those rough men, and said to the superintendent, "Are you not afraid to leave my dear little friend alone with all those men?" He replied, "I am." "Then why don't you go home?" You mistake my fear. I am not afraid of their doing her any harm. They love her so much that they would lick the ground on which she walks; but I am afraid some person may step in, and not being under authority, or knowing the manner of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and if he did he would not leave the place alive."

Advice of an Actress.

I was seated in the parlor of the hotel at B—, reading, when a lady hastily entered, and addressing me, said: "What time shall you start for the theater?" Then glancing at my face, added, "Excuse me, sir; I thought you were one of our company."

It was Miss—, a celebrated actress who was at the time an inmate of our house; and I said pleasantly, "I never went to the theater."

"What!" she exclaimed, "have you not even heard Forrest, the great tragedian?"

"No," I replied, "I was taught by my parents to shun the drama. Some, however, whom I respect, say that I was wrongly educated in this matter, and that if I should once visit the theater, I should see my error. You certainly know all about it, and I would like to ask your opinion. Would you advise me to attend?"

The tragedienne's countenance grew pale and haggard as she answered, with an expression whose mournful seriousness haunted me long after. "Sir, if you have never been to the theater, I advise you never to go!" and without another word she left the room.

I have thought since, in connection with her sad, weary look, of the touching wall of the English actor Robson, uttered throughout his last illness, "Oh, my wasted and unprofitable life!" and I have wondered if the patrons of the stage ever considered that their amusement is purchased at a terrible cost of the peace of mind, and perhaps the eternal happiness of the performers they applaud; and if the young, when for the first time they go to the play-house, know how many famous actors and actresses have uttered earnest and heart-broken protests against the theater.—*Messenger*.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER once said:—"Should a foreign army land upon our shores to levy such a tax upon us as to deprive us of our moral power, no mortal power could resist the tide of swelling indignation that would overwhelm it."

True Courage.

I love the man whose honest heart
Will bravely do the bravest part;
Who will not act the coward's part;
But, strong in right, will right pursue;
Whose knee, ne'er bending at the nod
Of titled pomp or regal power,
But bows alone before his God.
With hope his crown and love his dowry;
Who dares to face a world of scorn,
And dreads a brother's hand to span,
Though dark the skin and rough the form,
If yet that brother be a man;
Who strikes where'er a wrong is found,
And brands a tyrant to his face;
Nor courts applause and empty sound,
But firmly treads in virtue's trace.

Such are the men who've stemmed the tide
And elude the way through giant wrong,
Who've fought triumphant, side by side,
Mid perils deep and troubles long;
Their martyred forms are thickly strewn
On many an ancient field of crime;
But seeds of truth they've sown
To blossom rich in coming time.
Amid those armies of the dead,
Whose legions pale and silent lie,
Their lives a passing fragrance shed,
Their names, immortal, ne'er shall die.

A Dream of the Infinite.

God called up, from dreams, a man into
The vestibule of heaven saying: "Come
thou hither and see the glory of My house,"
and to the servants that stood around His
throne He said, "Take him, and undress
him from his robes of flesh, cleanse his
vision, and put a new breast into his nos-
trils; only touch not with any change
his human heart—the heart that weeps and
trembles." It was done; and with a mighty
angel for his guide the man stood ready for
his infinite voyage; and from the terraces
of heaven, without sound or farewell, at
once they wheeled away into endless space.
Sometimes, with the solemn flight of angel
wings, they fled through saffrons of dark-
ness, through wildernesses of death, that
divided worlds of light; sometimes they
were swept over frontiers that were quick-
ening under the prophetic motions from
God. Then from a distance, that is count-
ed only in heaven, light dawned for a time
through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace
the light swept to them, they by an un-
utterable pace, to the light; in a moment
the rushing of planets was upon them; in
a moment the blazing of suns was around
them. Then came eternities of twilight
that reveal, but were not revealed. To the
right hand and to the left towered mighty
constellations, that by self-repetitions and
answers from afar, that by counter-positions
built up triumphal paces, whose architraves,
whose archways,—horizontal, upright,—rest-
ed, rose, at altitudes by spans, that seemed
ghostly from infinitude. Without measure
were the architraves, past number were the
archways, beyond memory the gates.
Within were stairs that scaled the eternities
above, that descended to the eternities be-
low; above was below, below was above to
the man stripped of gravitating body; depth
was swallowed up in light insurmount-
able, light was swallowed up in depth un-
fathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode
from infinitude to infinitude, suddenly, as
thus they tilted over abyssal worlds, a
mighty cry arose, that systems more mys-
terious, that worlds more billowy—other
heights, and other depths, were coming,
were nearing, were at hand. Then the
man sighed and stopped, shuddered and
wept. His overladen heart uttered itself
in tears; and he said: "Angel, I will go
no farther; for the spirit of man aches with
this infinitude. Insufferable is the glory of
God. Let me lie down in the grave from
the persecutions of the Infinite; for end,
I see there is none." And from all the lis-
tening stars, that shone around, issued a
choral voice, "The man speaks truly, and
there is none that ever yet we heard of."
"End is there none?" the angel solemnly
demanded. "Is there, indeed, no end?
and is this the sorrow that kills you?" But
no voice answered, that he might answer
himself. Then the angel threw his glori-
ous hands to the heaven of heavens, say-
ing, "End is there none to the universe
of God?" Lo, also, there is no beginning.

Romanism.

I noticed, in your issue of April 29, two
articles bearing on the great question of the
present status and the prospects of the
Roman Catholic Church in this country.
One contains an extract from a letter of
Mr. (I will not call him Father) Chiniquy,
and for one, I should be glad if his words
could be sent into every house throughout
the land. Somehow the statements made to
him by that priest should be placed be-
fore the eyes of every Protestant. The
other article contains an extract from the
Tablet, which for audacity, for downright
impudence, is equaled only by the anathe-
mas of the man-god of Rome.

Has it come to this already, in the
land of the Pilgrims, that Romanism can,
unblushingly and without rebuke, openly
defy the will of the people and the law of
the land?

The article has reference to the building
of a railway in the city, a franchise for
which has been granted by the Legislature
of the great State of New York. Because
the route of the proposed road makes nec-
essary the removal of St. Peter's church, and
the "Sisters' school," therefore the road
must not be built. What does the Tablet
say? Shall not be built! Read again these
words: "St. Peter's church, Barclay street,
shall not be desecrated, that time-honored
fabric must stand," these words are in ital-
ics. Read also the threats of violence which
accompany them—threats of mob violence,
of an Irish riot! Does not the law creat-
ing a railroad, give it the right of way?
It is not the love for their own church of
which we complain against the Romanists,
nor their attachment to this particular
church building, but of that audacity which
confronts public sentiment and the law, and
declares that it will not yield to either.

When will the churches in this land,
when will all who value religious liberty,
whether they are church members or not,
open their eyes to the fact that the spirit of
Roman Catholicism in the United States, in
the nineteenth century, is the same that it
was in Europe in the dark ages?

I noticed also an editorial admission in
these words: "In this city and State we
may almost say that Romanism is the estab-
lished religion, so completely does it have
control of our Common Council and our
Legislature, voting to itself endowments
and privileges as if it were indeed estab-
lished by law."

Is this true? What then are Protestants
doing? Are they not asleep over a most
alarming truth? Their indifference and
neglect have emboldened Romanists to de-
mand and secure an appropriation by the
Legislature of \$300,000 for their sectarian
schools.—*Evangelist.*

THERE IS ENOUGH in the world to com-
plain about and find fault with, if men
have the disposition. We often travel on
hard and uneven roads; but with a cheer-
ful spirit, we may walk thereon with com-
fort, and come to the end of our journey
in peace.

A Touching Incident.

Fannie a bright-eyed little girl of six sum-
mers, hearing much and often in the family,
the Sunday-school, and the Church, of the
stronous efforts being made to collect
means for the rebuilding of the house of
God, which was destroyed by fire in the
memorable conflagration which succeeded the
evacuation of Richmond by the confed-
erate army, was excited to a deeper inter-
est than that of a mere hearer. So meeting
with little Mary, the frequent companion of
their childish diversion, she apostrophized her
thus:

"Mary, I wish you would give me some
money for the church!" To which Mary re-
plied, "Why Fannie, I have only two cents."
To this Fannie rejoined, "Never mind
that will do; Mr. R. (her pastor) says the
church will have to be built brick by brick,
and that will be enough to buy two bricks."

How pleasant to contemplate the bud-
ding of beneficence in the infantile heart!
It is not indigenous there. It is a trans-
plantation from the garden of the Lord. It
is a cultivated vine, capable of almost in-
definite development. If neglected, it will
wither, "so as scarce a leaf will
show;" but if nurtured and pruned and
trellised and trained upon the frame-
work of pure religious principle, it will soon
become "a tree planted by the river of
water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his
season; his leaf also shall not wither."
Yes, his rich and unwithered foliage will
cast its refreshing shadows upon the burn-
ing path of many a foot-sore and wayworn
pilgrim, and its exuberant fruitage, luscious
as the grapes of Eschol, will make glad
the heart of the sad, weary, and heavy-laden
mourner, bowed down beneath the burden
of sorrow and sickness and care, while it ex-
hales continuously to heaven its offering as
a sweet smelling savor, acceptable to God
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Condolence System.

Who originated that most exquisite of in-
quisitions, the condolence system?
A solid blow has in itself the elements of
its rebound; it arouses the antagonism of
the life on which it falls; its relief is the re-
lief of a combat.

But a hundred little needles pricking at
us,—what is to be done with them? The
hands hang down, the knees are feeble.
We cannot so much as gasp, because they
are little needles.

I know that there are those who like
these calls; but why, in the name of all
sweet pity, must we endure them without
respect of persons, as we would endure a
wedding reception or make a party-call?
Perhaps I write excitedly and hardly.
I feel excited and hard.
I am sure I do not mean to be ungrate-
ful for real sorrowful sympathy, however
imperfectly it may be shown, or that near
friends (if one has them), cannot give, in
such a time as this, actual strength, even if
they fail of comfort, by look and tone and
love. But it is not near friends who are apt
to wound, nor real sympathy which sharpens
the worst of the needles. It is the fact
that all your chance acquaintances feel called
upon to bring their curious eyes and ear-
rings right into the silence of your first
astonishment; taking you in a round of
mourning calls with kid gloves and parasol,
and the liberty to turn your heart about and
out into it at pleasure. You may quiver at
every touch, but there is no escape, because
it is "the thing."

For instance: Meta Tripp came in this
afternoon,—I have refused myself to every-
body but Mrs. Bland before, but Meta
caught me in the parlor, and there was no
escape. She had come, it was plain enough
because she must, and she had come early,
because she too having lost a brother-in-
law, she was expected to be very sorry for
me. Very likely she was, and very likely
she did the best she knew how, but she was
not as uncomfortable as I, but as uncom-
fortable as she could be, and was evidently
glad when it was over. She observed, as
she went out, that I should not feel so bad
by and by. She felt very sad at first when
Jack died, but every one got over that after a
time. The girls were going to see for the
first next week at Mr. Quirk's, and she
hoped I would exert myself and come.

Ah, well!

"First learn to love one living man,
Then may'st thou think upon the dead."
It is not that the child is to be blamed for
not knowing enough to stay away; but her
coming here has made me wonder
whether I am different from other women;
why Roy was so much more to me than
many brothers are to many sisters. I think
it must be that there never was another
like Roy. Then we have lived together so
long, we two alone, since father died, that
he had grown to me, heart of my heart,
and life of my life. It did not seem as if
he could be taken, and I be left.

Besides, I suppose most young women of
my age have their dreams, and a future
probable or possible, which makes the
incompleteness of life sweet, because of the
symmetry which is waiting somewhere.
But that was settled so long ago for me
that it makes it very different. Roy was all
there was.—"The Gates Ajar."

The Harvest Past.

A young lady, once awakened, then be-
coming careless, was seized with consump-
tion, and said to the minister calling upon
her, "Such a time, I had pardon and salva-
tion offered me; but now I am a reprobate.
I cannot pray, and if I could, it would not
be heard." When she felt the chill of death,
she began to cry aloud: "Oh! I can't die;
I am not fit to die; you must not let me die!
If I die, I am lost forever! Oh! send the
doctor; can't he save my life? Oh! must I
die in my guilt?" Her little brother burst in
on tears, and said: "Why don't you pray to
God?"—Why don't you pray for mercy?"
"There is no mercy for me," she answered;
"I have abused mercy. When God offered
me mercy, I rejected it. Now there is no
mercy for me. I have shut the door of mercy
against myself!" Thus she continued her
cries, growing weaker and weaker, till her
voice was hushed in death. Who shall say
that for her wicked choice she had not been
given over to God?

What an awful condition to be in! Aban-
doned of God! Given over to the power of
the destroyer!—*Good Words.*

Varieties.

CONSCIENCE in most men, is but the an-
tipathion of the opinions of others.—*Tay-
lor's Statesman.*

I would not waste my youth in idle dal-
liance, but would plant rich seeds to bloom
in my manhood and bear fruit when I
am old.—*Young.*

IT IS VERY dangerous for any man to
find any spot on this broad globe that is
sweeter to him than his home.—*H. W.
Becher.*

AFFECTATION is a great enemy to the
face than small-pox.

HOW WOULD it be with the church if
every member acted towards it as I am
acting? How long would it exist?

"WIT AND HUMOR" in the House of God
may suit some, but never the real Christian.
It is better, says the Bible, to go to the
"house of mourning than to the house of
feasting."

BEWARE how you trifle with duty, on the
ground of inability. He who bids you do,
promises you strength. He invites you to
receive.

THE GENERALITY of men expend the early
part of their lives in contributing to render
the latter part miserable.—*La Bruyere.*

NO PERSON ever got stung by hornets
who kept away from where they were. It is
just so with habits.

BEYOND all credulity is the credulousness
of the atheist, who believes that chance
could make a world when it can not build
a barn.—*S. Clarke.*

"THE BAPTIST conception and statement
of New Testament Christianity presents the
only effective barrier to the doctrines and
tendencies of ritualism."

It is very significant to observe in speeches
delivered in parliament, that the greatest
orators speaking on the most interesting
subjects, cannot keep up the interest and
attention of their audience the moment
that they begin to read out a quotation.
What an argument this is for extemporary
preaching!

SIR WILLIAM JONES, who was equally
distinguished for his piety and learning,
said that "the Bible, independent of its Di-
vine origin, contains more important
truth, more true poetry and more sublime
thoughts than could be found in all other
books by whomsoever written."

THE PASSENGER fare over the Pacific
railroad from Omaha to San Francisco is
fixed at \$125. That is over seven cents a
mile; but it must soon come down to five
cents or about \$50. It is as far from Bur-
ton to Omaha, as from Omaha to San Fran-
cisco, but the fare is \$50 only.

IT IS NOT a knowledge of Latin and Greek
merely that can enable any man to un-
derstand the Scriptures, or interpret them to
others. If the Spirit of God be in the heart,
the veil of ignorance from the heart, and
enlighten and quicken the soul with his all
prevailing energy all the learning under
heaven will not make a man wise unto sal-
vation.

IN THE EIGHTY-FOURTH year of his age,
Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife as
follows:

"My domestic enjoyments have been,
perhaps, as near perfection as the human
condition permits. She made my home the
most pleasant spot to me on earth. And now
that she is gone, my worldly loss is per-
fect."

How many poor fellows would be saved
from suicide, from the penitentiary and the
gallows, every year, had they been
blessed with such a wife. "She made my
home the pleasantest spot to me on earth."
What a grand tribute to that woman's love,
and piety, and common sense! Rather dif-
ferent was the testimony of an old man a
few years ago, just before he was hung in
the Tombs' yard in New York: "I did not
intend to kill my wife, but she was a very
aggravating woman."

Let each wife inquire, "Which am I?"

INCIDENT. A man going to the station
to take the train, heard a little Irish boy
singing.

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there."

"Where?" asked he, for his mind was
impressed by the words, "There'll be no
sorrow there!" The boy answered,

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened on to take the train;
but he could not forget the simple words of
the hymn. A world where there is no sor-
row! This was the great thought which
filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but
now he resolved to become a Christian, and
he did become one, and began to live a life
of preparation for that land where there is
no sorrow.

THOMAS K. BEECHER remarks, "that ev-
ery man is provided with safety apparatus,
a weak spot that gives out long before he
breaks down all over, like a fusible plug
in a steam boiler, which melts and makes
a fuss in the fire, or sets a whistle scream-
ing before the boiler bursts. Our bodies
give us danger signals. It is a man's own
fault if he breaks down. Sensible people
will note and commit to memory their
weak spots. A neuralgic pain just over
the eye every time I—very well; you dis-
regard that pain's warning and you'll come
to grief. 'The small of my back gives out.'
'I often have a curiously torpid liver just
when at my highest work.' Sometimes I
don't sleep and can't sleep and don't want
to."

We are often reproved. There are very
few sudden deaths, or mysterious deaths. O
man, thou hast slain thyself. Many times
warned, thou didst harden thy heart, and
now thou art suddenly cut off and that with-
out remedy."

A FEW WEEKS ago in the cars, I fell in
with a worthy Elder on his way to the Pres-
bytery, of whom I asked after the health of
his pastor. With the warmest expressions
of esteem and affection on the part of him-
self and the congregation toward the min-
ister of the Gospel, the reply came sadly,
"I fear he is injuring himself with the ex-
cessive use of tobacco." To-day, in the cars
on another road, I asked a gentleman, for-
merly a Presbyterian Elder, now connected
with a sister denomination, after the health
of his pastor, and the reply came instantly,
"He is killing himself with tobacco." Both
these ministers are comparatively young men.
—*New York Observer.*

SINGING is a great "institution." It oils
the wheels of care, supplies the places of
sunshine. A man who sings has a good
heart under his shirt-front. Such a man
not only works more willingly, but works
more constantly. A singing cobbler will
earn as much again money as one who
gives way to low spirits and indigestion.
Avaricious men never sing. The man who
attacks singing throws a stone at the head
of his rival, and would, if he could, rob him
of its roses and angels of its melodious lark.
Singing promotes health, strengthens the
voice, the organs of the throat and lungs,
and prevents or cures consumption. Sing-
ing is an excellent agent for promoting
mental hygiene.

AH THIS beautiful world! I know not
what to think of it. Sometimes it is all
sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself
lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes,
and is dark and sorrowful, and the
clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the
saddest of us there are bright days like

this, when we feel as if we could take the
great world in our arms. Then come
gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn
on our hearths and all without and within
is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, ev-
ery heart has its secret sorrows, which the
world knows not, and oftentimes we call a
man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

MARK OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a
gentleman who, without provocation, would
treat with incivility the humblest of his species.
It is a vulgarity for which no accom-
plishment of dress or address can ever
atone. Show us the man who desires to
make every one around him happy, and
whose greatest solicitude is never to give
cause of offense to any one, and we will
show you a gentleman by nature and by
practice, though he may never have worn a
suit of broadcloth nor ever heard of a lex-
icon. We are proud to say for the honor of
our species there are men in every throb
of whose heart there is a solicitude for the
welfare of mankind, and whose every
breath is perfumed with kindness.

FURNITURE WIVES.—Men marry for for-
tune, and sometimes to please their fancy;
but much oftener than is suspected they
consider what the world will say of it—how
such a woman in their friends' eyes will
look at the head of a table. Hence we see
so many insipid beauties made wives of
old, that could not have struck the particular
fancy of any man that had any fancy at all.
These I call furniture wives, as men buy
furniture pictures, because these suit this or
that niche in their dining-parlors.

Premiums.

Any one having sent for one of the Pre-
miums offered last year, and not having re-
ceived 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 schol-
ars, the Washington Street church, Dover,
obtained last year, a sufficient number of
new subscribers to provide itself with two
good organs. Let other churches go and
do likewise, and let no one of our churches
however small in numbers, be without an
organ. By a faithful, persistent and united
effort, any church can secure some one of
the organs now offered as premiums. Let
every one who reads this go to work now,
and continue to work through the year in
getting subscribers for the *Star*, and by and
by he will be rewarded. The offers which
we now make are numerous, varied and
liberal. Look at them.

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We offer the following premiums for new
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1. For one new subscriber and \$2.50,
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lished, for the Sabbath School and the Family,
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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,
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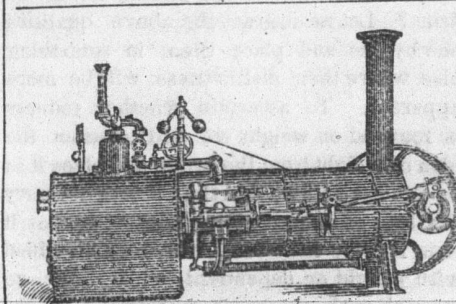
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1869.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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Ground of Obligation.

The idea of right and wrong is universal. Education may modify it as it does the idea of beauty or of deformity, but it cannot originate it. The Chinese and the American have very different standards of duty yet moral obligation is respectively binding upon them. Every man doubtless has some sense of the right however imperfect it may be, and he carries about with himself a law to which he is bound to conform. If he has within a ruling and abiding purpose to do the right and to avoid the wrong, we call him a virtuous man, and the right acts which he performs are virtuous acts. These he is under obligation to do, and shall we ask the reason? Is it not because there is a law written in his heart which imposes the obligation that it is impossible to escape? "Conscience" also bearing witness, and his thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing him; yet some, instead of receiving the idea of right and wrong as a simple idea, ask the reason why they should obey it, and attempt to answer it by affirming that virtue is founded on utility, or on the tendency to the highest happiness of the universe. They assert that wherever this tendency is perceived to exist, there is the ground of virtue and of consequent obligation.

Before discussing this position let us inquire more particularly what we are to understand by virtue. We have unfortunately a great variety of definitions. One says it is "universal obedience to being;" another that it consists in "love to God and to our fellow creatures." Some place it in the moral sense; others refer to it "the principle of sympathy;" or "a wise regard to our own interests." According to one it is "conduct conformable to fitness," according to another, "conduct conformable to truth." Dr. Paley defines it to be "the doing good to mankind in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Mahan says, "it is a phenomenon of the will, and 'must consist in right willing.'"

Why is there such a diversity of definitions? Is it because men attempt to prove an intuitive truth which is clearly apprehended without proof and are thereby led to different results? More time, perhaps, has been vainly spent among philosophers and theologians in attempting to elucidate primary truths than in any other way. What the mind intuitively assents to, it is worse than useless to attempt to prove; for in this way obscurity and confusion are produced. Believing that two and two make four, or that an event must have a cause, all efforts to prove it, only serve to perplex. Suppose, like Des Cartes, we think it necessary to prove that the external world has a real existence and is not a mere idea of the mind; then becoming confused, we are prepared like Berkeley to deny all material existence; for if we reject the fact that it is self-evident, and not susceptible of proof, we are aloft upon a shoreless ocean, without star or compass to direct us. The fallacy of infidels may often be found in the denial of ultimate truths. The maxim is as ancient as Aristotle, and yet unquestionable, "that except some first principles be taken for granted there can neither be reason nor reasoning."

Now for the question. Is an act right because it tends to the highest happiness? Must we look to consequences before we can determine the moral quality of an act? This rule might answer for Deity, whose eye can take in the whole universe at once, seeing the end from the beginning, and whose knowledge extends to the remotest consequences of every action; but it will not do for subordinate intelligences, like ourselves, who cannot determine the various relations, and trace out the remote effects of a single act. Then can utility or the perceived beneficial or injurious tendency of an act be the ground of our moral decision? Such a principle legitimately carried out in practice would be extremely detrimental; for we might find ourselves guilty of crime under the false impression that it would tend to the happiness of the universe. Because the death of a debauchee might appear beneficial in prospect, should we therefore take his life? On this principle should we slay the miser and put his treasures to some useful purpose? The fact is we do not determine on such grounds. A tender conscience decides without comprehending all the consequences. How often does the sincere, obedient Christian move forward under a sense of duty when to human probability the consequences must be deleterious! All before him is dark, yet he conscientiously obeys and trusts. Happiness may be the result. He has confidence in God that on the whole it will be so, but he cannot see how. Utility so far may be founded on virtue, but not virtue on utility; or, in other words, an act may tend to the highest happiness of the universe. Both may co-exist as the sun and light. The sun is not the light, nor light the sun. We cannot separate them, yet we cannot define the sun as a tendency to produce light, for that is only one of its functions.

The question is whether obligation is affirmed or an act is pronounced right on account of the perception of its utility, or its tendency to produce happiness; or is there a quality of rightness which the moral sense recognizes independent of consequences? In order to determine whether a deed is vir-

tuous or vicious must we balance probabilities, reckon upon consequences near or remote, and in view of tendencies decide? Does the child, as soon as he is old enough, distinguish between right and wrong by any such analysis, and with prophetic view consult the future consequences of an act before he determines its moral quality? This is a psychological question to be decided at the bar of conscience.

That a moral act contains several elements or abstract qualities is acknowledged by all. The utilitarian says that "it must contain intelligence, freedom and a tendency to produce happiness, in view of which he affirms obligation. But, we contend that there is another element, *rightness*, which is distinct, and on which obligation rests. If it is not distinct, it is not ultimate, but founded on some other qualities as the utilitarian affirms. But, first, it cannot be founded on intelligence because knowledge is necessary for a bad as well as for a good deed. Second, it cannot be affirmed of freedom; for this is essential to a wrong act. Consequently it is distinct in these cases. Third, is it founded on the tendency to happiness? Here we remark, first, happiness can only be predicated of the sensitivity. Second, the moral quality depends on the intention; and as the intention must be voluntary in order to be right, the volition must be put forth with right intention. Then it cannot produce happiness unless the will and sensitivity are in correlation. When this takes place is learned by experience. But experience cannot be prior to the act, and the act cannot be prior to the obligation to do or not to do it. This obligation gives character to the volition; since in view of it, intention is either right or wrong. Consequently, as obligation is affirmed before the tendency to happiness is known, the former cannot be founded on the latter. Much less can the idea of right and wrong be founded there, since it is the logical antecedent of obligation.

That rightness is a simple idea and consequently not founded on utility, we will attempt to illustrate in the following manner: Suppose we have before us an apple, and we undertake to ascertain its qualities. We discover that it has weight, sphericity and fragrance, all entirely distinct from each other. A friend asserts that these are all the simple qualities which it contains, the others being founded on them. We discover a fourth quality, redness; and how shall we ascertain whether it is simple or based on one or all of the others, as he affirms? Let us abstract the above qualities one by one and place them in something else where their distinctness will be more apparent. To ascertain whether redness is founded on weight we will abstract the idea of weight from the apple, and place it in an orange and we find that it does not carry the idea of redness along with it, so that it is in no way to be confounded or identified with weight or dependent on it. We go through with the same operations of abstraction in regard to sphericity and fragrance, and neither of these ideas nor both combined succeed in transferring redness from the apple to the orange; so that these all combined or separate cannot be the ground of it; so that redness may be considered a fourth simple quality of the apple entirely distinct from the rest.

The idea of right we have already seen is not founded on intelligence or freedom. Were it founded on utility, we might abstract utility from a benevolent action and rightness would accompany it. But how many things contain the idea of usefulness which have no moral quality! The labor of the horse and ox contributes to the happiness of man and of the universe, and the use of machinery possesses the idea of utility without the idea of right or wrong. Moreover if it be true that even sin, by the overruling power of God, results in the good of the universe, as is maintained, then by placing our abstract quality of utility in sin, do we not, on the utilitarian theory, make wrong right and vice virtue?

The fact is, the theory is absurd, the idea of right and wrong is ultimate; and like all simple ideas it is vain to attempt to elucidate it. We are intuitively convinced of our existence—of our mental processes and of our personal identity, and all reasoning to prove them or to increase our convictions is wasted. So it is with the idea of right. Its strength is such that the guilty resort to sophistry and subterfuge to weaken its power. Conscience recognizes it on that basis, and there we should be willing to let our obligation rest.

Kingdom of Christ.

It seems that "Vindex" thinks this kingdom was set up sometime during the public ministry of Christ. He has obviously bestowed thought upon the subject, as all Christians should do; for the gospel cannot be understood without definite views of the beginning of the kingdom of Christ. "Vindex" is not far out of the way. The kingdom was in process of being established from the birth of Christ to his ascension. Jesus was born King of the Jews, Matt. 2: 2, and this he asserts to Pilate, John 18: 37, but this confession does not imply that his kingdom was then (i. e. when on trial) set up any more than the same assertion at his birth implied that his kingdom then began.

"Vindex" ought not to assume that the clause in the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come," was designed to be used in all ages. The disciples, during Christ's ministry, used it in a literal sense. Since the kingdom has come, it may be used, by accommodation, to mean "Let thy kingdom be enlarged, &c.," but this is not its primary meaning, nor the one at first accepted by Christ and his disciples.

That the kingdom was not set up until the crucifixion, is evident from several considerations.

1. The atonement is the basis, the cornerstone, of the kingdom, and this was not finished until Jesus had been crucified.

Acts 2: 30-36. God swore with an oath to David that "He would raise up Christ to sit on his throne," when, "he, (David) seeing this before, spoke of the resurrection of Christ." And Peter adds, "This Jesus hath God raised up (resurrected from the dead) whereof we all are witnesses." "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted;"—when was this? "For David is not ascended into the heavens; but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Was he made such before or after his crucifixion? After, of course. See Phil. 2: 9. Because Christ suffered the death of the cross, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name, &c." "A name" signifies his regal power.

2. The old covenant did not end until Jesus was crucified. Col. 2: 14. "Blotting out the hand writing of ordinances that was against us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." The cross ended the law.

3. The declaration, Mark 9: 1, Matt. 16: 28, Luke 9: 27, that some who stood there would not taste death till they should see the kingdom come with "power," decides that the kingdom had not yet been set up—that it would be set up during the life time of some who heard him—and that when it did come, it would be with demonstrations of "power."

When did this display of "power" occur? At the Resurrection, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, two events, which complete the work.

4. Christ speaks of his crucifixion for the first time, in connection with this specific language about his kingdom coming "with power," Mark 9: 31, Matt. 16: 21, Luke 9: 22. Does not this point to the crucifixion as the beginning of that kingdom which was to "come with power?" It was then that Christ was declared to be the Son of God with power by his resurrection from the dead.

5. Christ says, Matt. 16: 19, "I will give unto thee (Peter) the keys of the kingdom," with power to bind and loose. When did Peter receive these keys? Not until he was endowed with "power from on high" on the day of Pentecost. Then he used one of the keys to open the kingdom to the Jews; and in a few days after he used the other (for he had keys, plural,) and opened it to the Gentiles.

6. The kingdom is never spoken of as set up, until after the resurrection. When Christ speaks of his kingdom being "in" his hearers, or "among" them, he means that it is preached to them; "the gospel of the kingdom" was preached by John Baptist even, but Jesus did not take the throne until "God exalted him" after his crucifixion. Then the kingdom came "with power," then Jesus was crowned "Lord of all," not as God, but "Immanuel," and it was proclaimed, "Let all the angels of God worship him." When was this? The angels always worshiped him as God. But how were they to regard this God-man? They were to worship him also, Heb. 1: 6. "And when he bringeth his first begotten into the world again (the true reading) he saith, 'Let all the angels of God worship him.'" He brought "him into the world again," when he raised him from the dead, then he took the throne of the Kingdom of grace, and offered repentance to the world and remission of sins.—G. H. B.

Jesus Christ.

The Scriptures show that Christ was super-human and super-angelic. They show that he wrought miracles by his own power, and forgave sins by his own authority; and that he qualified the disciples to work miracles in his name, which they often did. They show that the disciples were sent forth to preach him, and to devote their lives to this work, and suffer death for his sake. They show that all praise, adoration, homage, worship, from all beings in heaven and earth, mortal and immortal are due to him, and that to him prayer is offered as well as praise. They teach that he is the proper object of faith, trust, implicit confidence, and supreme love. They teach that he purchased the church with his own blood, and founded it by his own authority, and called it by his own name. They teach that he is associated with the Father in benedictions and doxologies, and is equal with him.

They teach that he is Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient, Immutably Eternal. They teach that both the Father and the Son are called the Redeemer, and the only Saviour, the Searcher of hearts, the First and Last, the Lord of lords and King of kings, the Lord who will save all that call upon him, the Judge of the world, the Creator of all worlds and all things in them, the author of the resurrection and eternal life, the Lord to whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, the Almighty.

Of Christ it is also added, that he is the Alpha and Omega the beginning and ending. That he is the Lord of all, the Lord of life and glory, the Lord from heaven.

Both are called "I am" and both are called Lord and God, in the most expressive terms in the Greek and Hebrew languages.

These terms include *Kurios*, by which the Hebrew Jehovah is usually translated into Greek; and *Theos* the word for the Deity in Greek. Also in Hebrew, *Elohim* and *Eloah*, which imply power or might; and *Eheh* and *Yahveh* implying perpetual existence.

Christ is also called God with us, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father; God manifest in the flesh; God justified in the Spirit; God seen of angels; God preached

to the Gentiles; God believed on in the world, God received up into glory.

He is called the God who appeared to Saul, and who appeared to Ananias and sent him to Saul; the Lord and God of Thomas; the Word that was God in the beginning; the true God and eternal life; over all God blessed forever.

The Scriptures also show that Christ possessed human flesh and blood and bones; a spirit and a soul; a mind capable of improvement. They show that he was subject to physical and intellectual vicissitudes, emotions and phenomena; that he was begotten, born, grew, and lived, and died, and rose from the dead. That he rose with such a body as the saints will have when they are raised from the dead. They show that he was the fellow and brother of man; that he was the Son of man; and affirm in emphatic and various language that he was man.

That Christ was the supreme God and also man, was believed and taught by the earliest and most reliable Christian author.—A. K. M.

Theological Student—Deceased.

Died of consumption at South Wheelock, Vt., June 10, Stephen M. Jones, aged 26. At a very early period of life, he seemed remarkably religiously inclined. His reserve of manners among his mates, his frequent reprofs of their ill conduct, his manifest interest in the Bible stories, as he heard them from the lips of his pious grandmother, led her to predict that he would not only become a Christian, but a minister. A Christian he did become early, and one of unusual ripeness from the beginning.

After returning from the army at the conclusion of the war, he commenced preaching in his own town and there organized a large and flourishing Sabbath school, to which he was much attached and which, still highly prosperous, performed the sad office of following his remains to the grave.

Subsequently to this he preached in the northern part of this state, particularly in Woodstock and vicinity. In August, 1867, feeling the need of a better preparation, and in accordance with the advice of many friends, who saw in him elements of unusual promise, he came to New Hampton, and entered on a regular course of study. His success in this was remarkable considering the amount of other labor he took upon himself, preaching a considerable portion of the time, performing the duties of superintendent of the Sabbath school here, and sustaining a juvenile singing class, in which he took much interest.

He was remarkable for a simple and pure conscientiousness. He seemed, without one distracting purpose or even thought, to listen only to the voice of duty. With a self-negation carried to the last extreme he manifested a simple devotion to a life of every-day usefulness. So that, as might be expected, he had the satisfaction of witnessing, even while at school, the fruits of his labor in the conversion of souls to Christ.

He exhibited a singular interest in the young, and was nowhere more at home than in the Sabbath school. In a letter to me soon after leaving the school, written expressly to request me to conduct the services of his funeral occasion, he breaks out and cries, "The children, the children, come up before me in companies! Often my heart yearns for them; O may God bless the Sabbath school!" Sometime before his death, in a letter to his father, he requested that the Sabbath school children might sing at his funeral, which they did in a manner so appropriate and touching that it brought tears to many eyes.

This interest, so simple and Christian excited a corresponding affection in the young for him. While preaching in a neighboring town one Sabbath he informed the congregation that the money raised to support the meetings was exhausted, and in consequence they would have to be suspended after the following Sabbath. But during the intervening week the children of the Sabbath school circulated from house to house a subscription paper, and secured the means of continuing the meetings. At his funeral, children so small that they had to be lifted by their friends to enable them to get a sight at the remains of their old teacher, went to their seats and sat and sobbed as though their little hearts would break. Had he lived, God would have made him eminently the children's pastor, which suggests the most useful field for Christian labor, if ministers but knew it.

During all the time he was in school, the disease that proved fatal was slowly but surely creeping upon him. But a resolute will and a settled purpose to brave manfully all life's ills, kept him from faltering. At his last recitation, his teacher, observing evidence that he was failing, suggested rest for a few days. Preferring, however, the assignment of a lesson, it was given him, but it remained unrecited. The following night a severe turn of bleeding convinced him that his case was more serious than he had realized. He went at once to his home, in early March, and from there, accompanied by his mother, to R. I. to seek advantage from a milder climate, but to no purpose. He sunk steadily and surely till his death, which occurred some time after he was with difficulty returned to his home in Vermont. He died as he said to me in his letter, he was striving to be prepared to die, viz. "to close up life in a way commendable to a Christian." His tenderness of spirit, and amiableness of disposition made him a favorite in his own home, where the stroke falls heaviest. But everywhere he left a good name, and made many friends. Here in both schools, and in the whole community, he is remembered with marked tenderness and sorrow. A large concourse at his funeral, gathered from his native

town, and towns round about, testified to the respect in which he was held, and to the loss sustained.

As we gazed on his expressive countenance, so calm and placid in death, and thought of his life-struggles so manfully braved, the beautiful sentiment of the sweet singer came to mind with unusual freshness, "So he giveth his beloved sleep—J. F.

Current Topics.

THE PEACE JUBILEE is acknowledged even by its enemies to be a triumphant success. There never has been anything like it, so that it has no parallel—no rival. It is *Sui generis*. The Crystal Palace was a larger building but it had no such hall as the Coliseum. To look out upon such a sea of human beings impressed the beholder with the idea of grandeur even more than the singing. Such a choir who ever saw before! Extending back from where the Director stood two hundred feet to the large organ, and on each side spreading out one hundred and fifty feet, was the space occupied by this mammoth choir. In front of him as he faced the organ was a hundred feet square appropriated to a thousand musicians. Between them and the organ and on both sides, rising in tiers and extending across the whole width of the building—three hundred feet, the singers were located at least ten thousand in number.

This was only the choir. The audience occupied the rest of the vast building in due proportion numbering not less than thirty thousand more when full. It is said that the opening prayer and speeches could not be heard by two-thirds of the audience—just the place for such an orchestra and chorus! The sublime effect of the music was truly overwhelming. *Zion's Herald* thus describes it:

The wailing instruments, the wailing voice of Perea Rosa, the incoming of the choir, peal after peal, the outbursting of the organ, with the crack of the cannon, as the very crack of doom, which was hardly heard in the mighty melee,—truly this was the most sublime representation ever given on earth of the awful events which the scene and songs were announcing, the Day of Judgment. Though a prayer to the Virgin began the invocation, the whole effect instantly outleaped all that narrowness of error, and bore the singers and hearers into the full awfulness of "the dreadful judgment day." How these words rang and re-rang, "in die judicii," the munificent wall of the great singer overtopped organ blast and trumpet's shrillness and cannon's shot and the roar of the thousands upon thousands of voices, as she led them all, in the passionate prayer,—

"*Fac me cruce custodiri
Morte Christi premeri
Consequi gratia.*"

"Thou' the loved Redeemer's dying,
Let me fondly still relying,
For sweet grace and mercy pray."

The effect of the anvil chorus which has been so often ridiculed is thus described:

The hundred red-shirted men, with their white caps and hammers, marched to their places, fifty on each side of the Director. When all the forces were in full play, and the choir arose as one man and woman, to join the tumult of the instruments, and the cannon added its roar, the ringing anvils came in. They gave a sharpness that no voice, nor instrument, nor other noise could attain. The cannon was not heard, the hundreds of anvils were seemingly silent, yet the ringing of those hundred anvils, like a shrill soprano, overtopped the whole, and crowned at once the genius that conceived, and the one that here was executing this daring feat.

COMMENCEMENTS. The season has already come when the anniversaries of our Colleges, Seminaries and other literary institutions usually transpire. In several colleges the exercises have passed with the usual excitement and interest attendant upon such occasions. Programmes have been scanned, graduates have received their diplomas, and are ready for new responsibilities, and the usual number of honorary degrees have been conferred.

Among these we notice *Hillsdale*. The public meetings of the several societies led off. The Amphictyon came first followed by the "German Sodales," "Alpha Kappa Phi," the "Ladies Literary Union," and the "Theological Society," the exercises of which according to report were very satisfactory.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by President Fairfield, Sunday, June 13. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, examination of classes; Wednesday evening, concert of the "Beethoven Society" with complete success; and Thursday, Commencement exercises consisting of fifteen orations and essays with a poem, in which the parts were well sustained. Six young gentlemen received the degree of B. S., three ladies, the diploma of the ladies' course, and two ladies and five gentlemen, the degree of A. B. Also A. M. was conferred upon two ladies in course which with two D. D.'s and one L. L. D. closed the exercises.

This is Commencement week at Lewiston from which we shall probably hear in due season.

Anniversary week at New Hampton commences Monday, July 5. Quite a large class are to graduate. It is the biennial meeting of the Alumni.

It is also worthy of note that this year is the Centennial Commencement at Dartmouth College, for which great preparations are being made. Exercises of commencement, July 22. On the preceding day there will be a large number of addresses from distinguished men of the various professions appropriate to the hundredth birthday of the College.

The Alumni in general will be there, and many a warm shake of the hand and incident of interest will be enjoyed. The class

of '48 have just issued a "Class Memorial," containing 164 compact 8 vo. pages including sketches of the 104 members of the class, minutes of class meetings, tables and college reminiscences. This work is not only of special interest to the Class but also to other classes and to the general reader.

"Come let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year and never stand still
till the Master appear."

DEATH. The grim messenger has no uniform system of operation. He does not visit all at just such an age and in just such a manner though he is said to have no respect for persons. He often comes in a way and at a time not anticipated. In how many forms does he appear to the young, the strong, the healthy, as well as to the aged. These thoughts were suggested by the sudden death of Hon. H. J. Raymond, the founder, proprietor and Editor-in-chief of the *N. Y. Times*. He appeared in his usual health the day before, performed the usual amount of editorial work in the forenoon, spent the afternoon in Greenwood Cemetery making arrangements for the burial of a son, returned at 6 P. M., dined and remained with his family until 10. He then went out to consult with some political friends and when he returned was seized with apoplexy and was discovered several hours afterwards in a dying state. In 1841 he became connected with the *Tribune* as Mr. Greeley's first assistant. Mr. Greeley says:

"There were probably others who evinced greater ability in some special department; but regarding journalism in its broadest aspects, we doubt whether this country has known a journalist superior to Henry J. Raymond. He was an admirable reporter, a discerning critic, a skillful selector and compiler of news, as well as an able and ready writer. There was nothing in the whole range of newspaper work that he could not do well, and (what is of equal importance) with unhesitating promptness. He was never too sick to work when work had to be done, and always able and willing to do any amount of labor that the exigency might require. Others may have evinced a rarer faculty, which some might term genius; but Mr. Raymond embodied talents that have rarely been surpassed. Genial, unassuming, and thoroughly informed by study, observation, and travel, Mr. Raymond was a delightful companion and his society was widely courted and enjoyed."

For ten years, Mr. Raymond was connected with the publishing house of the Harpers. He has been a member of the state assembly, and the second term was chosen the presiding officer. In 1854 he was Lieutenant-Governor of the state. In 1856 he was one of the leaders in the formation of the Republican party, being the author of their first address to the people. In 1864 he became a member of Congress. He lost his influence in sustaining Johnson and regained it in supporting Grant.

THE QUARTERLY. The second number of the current volume of the *Freewill Baptist Quarterly* now out of press contains the following articles:—1. True Manhood.—2. Struggles for Soul-Liberty: 3. Rationalism: 4. Recognition in the future State: 5. Bunhill Fields: 6. Jesus Christ: 7. Dr. Shepard's Sermons: 8. Contemporary Literature.

The first of these articles is ably written and presents a very fine delineation of the elements which constitute "True Manhood." The writer of the article confines his discussion chiefly to the Baptists, but it is no less interesting on this account. The third article is devoted largely to answering the question: What is Rationalism? It however, contains quite a full account of its rise and progress and presents its different phases. The fourth article contains a very pleasant discussion of a very precious doctrine in which the arguments in its favor are well stated. The fifth article is readable and instructive but it is quite as well adapted to a weekly or a monthly as the place where it is now found. The sixth article is a continuation of the able discussion respecting "Jesus Christ" contained in several previous numbers. The seventh article is a review of Dr. Shepard's sermons in which their excellences are well set forth. The book notices are as usual able and discriminating.

Denominational News and Notes.

New Hampton.

In reading the repetition of the prophecy that the Theological School is to go to Lewiston, and the suggestion of what Bates College can do, what Providence city can do, what Buffalo can do, what Hillsdale cannot easily do, &c., &c., the writer is impelled to ask all those who have written these and other articles, and all who remember any thing of what was done and said in New Hampton as well as Fairport, in 1853 and 54, to sit down and recall honestly and fairly, the full force of the pledges, direct and implied, made when the Theological School was removed to New Hampton that it should remain there "for all time," and ask themselves soberly and prayerfully if the reason why the school has not been moved and why no agreement as to where to move it seems likely to be reached at present, is not because it is not pleasing to the Lord that these pledges should be broken. The writer knows that they were so strong that one fully acquainted with them in general and detail, and accustomed to weigh well the meaning of his words did not hesitate to say that "the removal of the school from New Hampton after the pledges made when it came here, would be the most dishonorable act he had ever known among business men in an experience of forty years." I think the words are exactly as I heard them, more than once; the idea I know is exactly expressed.

Poetry.

Giant and Dwarf.

As on through life's journey we go day by day,
There are two whom we meet at each turn of the way,
To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban,
And the names of these two are "I can't," and "I can."

"I can't" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp,
His eyes are half blind, and his walk is a limp;
He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,
Through dangers are distant and succor is near.

"I can" is a giant; unbending he stands;
There is strength in his arms and skill in his hands;

He asks for no favors; he wants but a share
Where labor is honest and wages are fair.

"I can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shrink;
No bread on his board and no meal in his bag;
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields;
And digs from the earth all the wealth which it yields;

The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

"I can't" is a coward, half fainting with fright;
At the first thought of peril he slinks out of sight;

Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,
Or sells his best friends and turns traitor at last.

"I can" is a hero, the first in the field;
Through dangers he falters, he never will yield;
He makes the long marches, he deals the last blow,

His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,
When, roused at the call of a cause that is just,

He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth!

Then up and be doing! the day is not long;
Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strong!

Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "I can."

—Our Young Folks.

'Tis but a Drop.

"'Tis but a drop," the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.

The "drop" that lured him when a babe
Scarcely his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in his infant frame.

"'Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone;
It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown.

And so they drank the mixtures up,
That reeling youthful band;
For each had learned to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

"'Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said;
It was my food in infancy—
My meat and drink and bread.

A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,
'Twill so refresh my soul!
He took it—trembled—drank and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—W. Wordsworth.

The Family Circle.

Talks with Women.

THE MODERN WIFE.

There is a general opinion abroad, among men at least, that marriage is less desirable than formerly; that a wife is an incumbrance rather than an assistance; that the loss of companionship and family ties is more than compensated by the avoidance of all family difficulties; that, in short, matrimony does not pay.

It does not come within the province of this article to inquire if the men themselves are not partly at fault; if they have not grown more selfishly fond of their own pleasure, and less willing to make the sacrifices which are necessary to the accomplishment of a man's or woman's highest duties. Our business at present is simply to discover how much of the blame, if any, is chargeable upon women, and in what respect they have fallen away from the standard of wifely duty.

The object of marriage, so far as we are capable of judging of it, is the creation of the home and the family; if it fails in this, it fails in its purpose.

Any two people can live together and separate, if they wish to do so, without the consequences becoming wholly deplorable. But the safety, comfort, and happiness of the family depend on the permanency of the ties formed by men and women; and this involves mutual duties, mutual obligations and responsibilities, which each must be satisfied to meet and perform.

At present (whatever change may take place in the future) to the man is assigned the task of provider; to the woman, that of care-taker at home; and it is quite as requisite that one line of duty should be fulfilled as the other.

Does the modern wife understand this? Is she trained to it? Does she recognize her own share in the promises made at the altar? And is she willing to sacrifice her inclinations and previous habits to them?

To all these questions we are constrained to answer, No. The modern wife has no conception of duty. To her it is a disagreeable, "low" word, which is proper enough for the servants in the kitchen, but has nothing to do with the mistress in the parlor. She has been trained to dress and display,

to flirting and coquetry, to a little music, a little French, a little dancing, perhaps a little drawing and Italian, but, above all, to an extravagant conception of her own claims to attention and consideration. But she knows nothing of her business as a wife. She is not acquainted with the names or uses of half the articles with which her own kitchen is stocked. Her husband really "keeps house." He does the marketing, Bridget the cooking, Norah the up-stairs work, and Susan the sewing. The wife is purely ornamental.

Supposing the husband cannot afford this style of living, then they must board; for it is out of the question that a young lady trained to nothing in her own home, should be expected to work in that of her husband.

In this way have sprung up the numberless boarding-houses that have taken the place of homes in large cities; and in this way thousands of women have drifted out weary, barren lives, deprived of every stimulus to healthy effort, lost to every instinct of a noble, active, vigorous womanhood.

It is not women who are altogether to blame for this; but it is upon them that the severest consequences fall. Times have greatly changed within the past half century, and women have been forced along with the current, and in many instances compelled to the idle, useless parts they have had to play. New social necessities, or what seemed to be necessities, have taken the place of old domestic duties; and where women have ceased to be drudges, they have become mere toys and ornaments.

This deteriorates the whole nature of woman, and, through her, that of man also; for one sex cannot exist independent of the other, and what exerts a bad influence upon one must necessarily affect the other. Human nature, whether it exists in man or woman, requires to be put to its highest use; and any use is better than the inaction which tarnishes and corrodes without rendering to God or man a service.

The growth of wealth, the increase of luxury, has assisted materially to bring about a change in the condition of women, which it was natural they should accept, as it embodied the religious and social idea of paradise—absence of labor. But this idea proves to be a false one. If heaven simply afforded the opportunity for indulging in perpetual idleness, it would hardly be a paradise for fools, and the longer we keep out of it the better. Work is not a curse, it is a blessing; and if it was through the first woman that mankind obtained the boon of it, the world has more to thank Mother Eve for than it has ever yet acknowledged.

The modern wife loses this blessing, and throws away her birthright, when she consents to be absorbed from all useful employment and sits down a mere child, to be caressed, waited upon, and provided for; or, mayhap, neglected, despised, and deserted. The Lord never created one set of human beings to be absolutely dependent upon or subservient to another; and when the modern wife signs her own title to such degradation she inflicts a wrong not only upon herself but upon her whole sex. The consequences are naturally just what we see—subjection on the part of women, contempt on the part of men, and the gradual disruption and disorganization of the whole framework of modern society.

Home and the family are, after all, the foundation and inspiration of the greatest happiness we know; and women, especially as the creators and perpetuators of the home, are dependent upon it for their comfort and permanent welfare.

We have no fear that the home will ever be destroyed; it is the basis of good order, of security in society, and wins a double blessing; but, by the selfishness of men and frivolity of women, it is threatened, and there never was so much reason why the good and intelligent of both sexes, who become husbands and wives, should make the creation and sustaining of the home a matter of duty, and impress its value by every means in their power upon their children.

The modern wife ignores all such considerations. She will have neither home nor children, if they involve labor and care. But she wants a husband, because he represents her means of living and her resources for enjoyment; and he is angled for, and petted, and submitted to accordingly. Asuming the airs of a princess, she is in reality a slave; for there is no slavery so shameful and so complete as that which is voluntarily accepted as a means of release from exertion and performance of duty.

The modern wife is untrue to her sex—to womanhood in general as well as to herself. Men recognize in women only the qualities which they see them exhibit as wife, mother, daughter, and sister; and women, taking upon themselves the position of wives, yet feeling none of its responsibilities—using it altogether as a means for selfish indulgence—dishonor womanhood, and give a false impression to the world at large of the qualities which belong to the sex.

If women are to achieve anything in the future, it must be through their own efforts; and those who become wives should expect to take upon themselves more, rather than less, than single women. They are measurably responsible before God for their husbands, their children, and for the influence which the household brings to bear upon society. As home filled with the gentle amenities and kindly customs of a refined domestic life, its value cannot be told; for its gracious sunshine penetrates far beyond its immediate circle, and acts as an educator, not only upon the family but upon the community.

As an unhappy, discontented, useless fragment of a boarding-house, however, the family, can hardly be said to have an existence. It can never crystallize or consolidate into beauty, or order, or excellence; for it is in a constant state of disintegration, and finds in its surrounding elements only sources of moral deterioration and decay.

To the homes of the future will be confid-

ed a great work; but it is not the feeble hands of the modern wife, and mother that can accomplish it. Women are beginning to feel their necessities; they are waking up fully to the new claims, the new demands made for them; but they must prove themselves equal to the occasion. For equal rights in the household, they must take their share in its duties; for equal pay they must give equal work—equal in quality as in quantity; for equal education they must show equal energy and aptitude; and for equal political rights, an intelligence beyond the eternal discussion of the trimming of a dress or bonnet, and an appreciation of them as a power for the general good rather than as a means of personal distinction.

The highest and best influence of woman must, however, always, it seems to me, be exerted at home. It is better to be the power behind than the power upon the throne; it is greater to make a man than to cast a vote. Of course there is no reason why women, while training men, should not cast votes too; but the last office is inferior to the first, or gamblers and prize-fighters would not take their seats in our legislative halls.

It is the privilege of women to do their work, and exert their influence for the general welfare, rather than their own personal aggrandizement; and if they obtain equal possessions and equal power, they should hold them in trust instead of appropriating them to personal uses.

The modern wife, who demands everything but gives nothing in return, is a libel upon womanhood, and has a claim upon nothing but toleration or contempt.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Boarding after Marriage.

Many young brides to avoid the cares of housekeeping, begin married life by boarding. It is a great mistake, for it brings few comforts and many evils. The home life is utterly lost, and giddy wives are exposed to perils which often prove fatal. The following, from an exchange, has in it too much truth:

Into the gulf of perdition will they arrive at no distant day who arrange to go to boarding as soon as married instead of going to housekeeping. A more unprofitable mistake cannot possibly be made by the newly married; it is more mischievous in winter than in summer, for in warm weather the young wife can walk on the street, or drive in the park, or visit among her friends; but in the winter she is cooped up in one room and spends hours at a window-pane, gazing listlessly upon the street—afraid of the cold, yet detesting the confinement, while a great part of the time, the husband being at his business, the mind of the young wife is the prey of a thousand disquietudes. At one time she thinks her friends are slighting her; at another, she becomes envious of others who seem to be able to dress more elegantly than herself, and begins to make unfavorable comparisons to herself and to her husband as to their worldly condition, and she becomes moody or petulant, and complains, and her husband wakes up to a new discovery, as an unwelcome as it is new—that his wife is not happy; not happy in herself not happy in her social position. No man can doubt that in going to housekeeping, the prospect of a happy and thrifty married life is unmistakably more promising than in the health and heart-destrorying practice of living the first twelve months of married life in hotels and boarding houses. Very few young wives are safe in any public associations. The papers abound in cases of infidelity to marital engagements by lately married girls being thrown into the society of men of leisure, their husbands being engaged in business pursuits. The mere dandy, loafer, or gentleman of leisure, has every opportunity of taste and dress, and address, above that of the mere man of business, to turn away a woman's heart from her husband by the mere fact of causing her at first, without implicating himself, to draw unfavorable comparisons against her husband as to personal tidiness. One of the most splendid weddings that had ever taken place then, in New York, resulted in a separation and a broken heart, and a premature grave within a few years by the wife's continually twitting her husband, when they were walking on Broadway, or on the avenue, about his want of taste in the selection of his apparel. "Why don't you bow as Mr. Black does?" "His gloves are in perfect taste; yours are such as a countryman would select."

These things grew upon her, while they alienated him, and living as they did at the finest hotel in the city, with uncounted gold at their command, and nothing to compel their attention away from trifling things, their minds dwelt upon them, magnified them, allowed them to see nothing else, with the result of a separation under circumstances which were infinitely worse than death, for then the grave would have spared, with its long years of agony.

Little Captain Trott.

We think that nobody can refuse to Captain Trott the award of industry and energy. He is energy itself. He believes in early rising, and, like all others who practice this severe virtue, is of opinion that it is a sin for anybody to sleep after he is awake. Therefore he commences to whistle and crow, and pick upon the eyes of papa and mamma with his fat fingers, long before "Aurora crimson the east," as the poet says. For those hapless ones who love the dear inquiry of morning naps, Trott has no more mercy than a modern reformer; and, like a modern reformer, he makes no exceptions for circumstances. If he is wide-awake and refreshed, it makes no difference to him that mamma was up half a dozen times the night before to warm his milk and perform other handmaid offices for his

lordship; or that papa was late at his office and did not get asleep till twelve o'clock. Up they must get; laziness is not to be indulged; morning naps are an abomination to his soul; and he wants his breakfast at the quickest conceivable moment, that he may enter on the duty of the day.

This duty may be briefly defined as the process of cultivating the heavenly virtue of patience in the mind of his mother and the family and the community generally. He commences the serious avocations of the day after a shower of kisses, adorned by fleeting dimples and sparkling glances. While mamma is hastily dressing, he slyly upsets the wash-pitcher on the carpet, and sits a pleased spectator of the instant running and fussing which is the result. If there is a box of charcoal, tooth-powder within reach, he now contrives to force that open and scatter its contents over his night-gown and the carpet, thus still further increasing the confusion. If he is scolded, he immediately falls on his mother's neck, and smoothes her with sooty kisses. While taking his bath, he insists on sucking the sponge, and splashing the water all over his mother's neat morning-wrapper. If this process is stopped, he shows the strength of his lungs in violent protests, which so alarm the poor woman for the character of the family, that she is forced to compromise with him by letting him have a bright pin cushion, or her darling gold watch, or some other generally forbidden object to console him. This, of course he splashes into the water forth with, and fights her if she attempts to take it away; for Trott is a genuine Red Republican in the doctrine of his own right to have his own way. Then he follows her up through the day, knowing exactly when and where to put himself in her way in fulfillment of his important mission of perfecting her in patience. If she is going up stairs with baby in her arms, Trott catches her about the knees, or hangs on to her gown behind, with most persistent affection.

In the kitchen, if she be superintending verdant Erin in the preparation of some mysterious dish, Trott must be there, and Trott must help. With infinite fussing and tiptoe efforts, he pulls over on his head a pan of syrup, and the consequence of this movement all our female friends see without words. Is there company to dinner, and no dessert, and stupid Biddy utterly unable to compass the difficulties of a boiled custard then mamma is to the front and Trott also. Just at the critical moment,—the moment of projection,—a loud scream from Trott announces that he has fallen head-first into the rain-water butt! The custard is spoiled, but the precious darling Trott is saved, and wiped up, and comes out, fresh and glowing, to proclaim to his delighted admirers that he still lives.—*Mrs. Stowe, in the Atlantic.*

Do You use Tobacco?

"Stages from Tobacco-land connect with all the trains?" This short and significant notice is appended to the witty advertisement of the Black Valley Railroad, which runs from Sippington and Tippleton through "Drunkard's Curve," and on to "Destruction." Tickets for this popular route can be got at all liquor-shops; and no up-trains run over the road.

The whole picture of this Road to ruin (of which copies can be got at the rooms of the National Temperance Society,) with its accompanying time-table, has not been surpassed since the days of "Deacon Giles's Distillery." And one of the best hits in it is the sly one at tobacco which is quoted above. We have no doubt that cigars and a paper of "fine cut" or "Century," have been the first step toward the wine-glass or the punch-bowl.

Tobacco when used in large quantities is a poison. In small quantities it may occasionally act beneficially as a narcotic medicine. But the trouble is, that when people begin to use it medicinally they are in danger of becoming addicted to it, and rushing to the most pernicious and disgusting excess.

For myself, I have never smoked a cigar or a pipe in my life. At one time I was tempted to use chewing tobacco very moderately as a remedy for toothache; but the remedy proved worse than the disease, and I soon abandoned it in disgust. Yet the short time in which I employed this deceptive remedial agent was sufficient to prove to me how easily a man may be enslaved by a narcotic or stimulant. I found myself craving the narcotic, and then I felt it was time to stop. When once fairly established, the habit of humoring one's nerves with tobacco is about as hard to get rid of as the habit of stimulant with brandy or gin.

Professional men are especially liable to become enslaved to tobacco. Scores of clergymen and lawyers smoke because they imagine that they can think better or study more successfully when under a narcotic influence. They commonly pay dearly for their delusion. The moment a man feels the need of a chew of tobacco, a cigar, or a glass of liquor, that moment he is in danger. His system has ceased to act without it. It has become a necessity to him; he is unable to work without it; he has mastered him! He is a slave! His only salvation then is to declare immediate war against it, and to pitch his pipes and tobacco-box out of the window. It will cost him some ugly, restless, ill-natured days, but it is the only road to freedom and to health.

To those who use tobacco, however moderately, we say most urgently, quit it by throwing a vial of your tobacco-pouch. Then ask God to forgive you for ever having spent one dime in buying the miserable poison. To those who never use it, we have only to say—stop before you begin.—*Temp. Advocate.*

To-morrow is the day in which idle men work, and fools reform.

Literary Review.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH. With Tunes. New York. A. S. Barnes and Co. 1869. Square Octavo. pp. 495.

There have been many excellent selections of poetry and music for use in public worship offered to the Christian public during the last fifteen years. Another such compilation might, at first thought, seem needless and a waste of effort. But the ideal standard steadily rises with the efforts that are made to reach it, and as the limit of improvement is not yet attained, ambition struggles steadily upward, and each denomination generally professes to supply its own psalmody. This new collection will at once arrest attention by its solid and beautiful appearance, even to a careless observer. The paper, typography and binding are thoroughly excellent, being rich and tasteful without ostentation or exquisitesness. And the hymns, taken as a whole, will not suffer in merit, variety and arrangement when compared with the most esteemed of the collections that challenge public attention. Few of the best old compositions are absent, and among the newest specimens of sacred verse there are some that will have a long life and a high mission. The music is of the solid and substantial sort, as though it were meant for use rather than for ornament,—for the worship of Christians instead of furnishing an opportunity for the display of professional vocalists. There is room for question whether there might not have been a gain secured by inserting some of the lighter, more vivacious and exhilarating melodies that so effectively touch the popular heart; but, just as we find it, the collection is one that needs only to be looked over to prove its excellence, and it will be prized in proportion as it is used by those who prefer sense to sound, and who especially desire that the music of the sanctuary may kindle a true devotion and bear up the soul of the worshiper to the very seat of the divine majesty. We welcome the book with peculiar satisfaction, assured that it will help to interpret the meaning and nurture the spirit of Christian praise.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. A personal narrative. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. New Edition, with subsequent matter by the author. Boston: Fields, Osgood and Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 470. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co. Mr. Dana has here given us a new edition of a book that has long been a deserving and popular one. Nowhere else, perhaps, is the real life of the sailor so plainly, naturally and graphically described as on these pages; for the instances have been very few in which a young and literary college graduate has chosen to go into the forecastle as a common sailor and stay there through a two years' voyage, and been able to keep his scholarly taste thoroughly alive and active, while at the same time mingling in all the ludicrous and trying experiences of his shipmates with zest and satisfaction, and then come home to write out the story of his life on shipboard, and paint the portraits of his companions in a way that shows his free freedom from exaggeration and his rare fidelity to the facts within and around him. Mr. Dana did all this, and so his book was a unique as well as a valuable one. The appendix consists, in the main, of an account of a visit to California made twenty-five years after the one described in the body of the work, and constitutes a fitting close of his record. It is one of those few books describing the life of a sailor that may be put into the hands of a boy in the confidence that its influence will be wholesome and valuable. For while it does not paint the forecastle as either paradise or purgatory,—while it will neither make boys crazy to become sailors nor terrify them with the imaginary horrors on shipboard,—it will cure the mere romance that struggles for freedom and pastime on the wave, and send the real sailor to his sphere and his duties too well-instructed to render him to the victim of serious disappointment.

OLDTOWN FOLKS. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood and Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 608. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co. Mrs. Stowe's genius bears well both the drafts of service and the pressure of years. Her zest, her vividness of conception, her skill in portraiture and description, her exuberant play of fancy, her subtle, quiet and exquisite humor, and her sympathetic alliance of herself with whatever concerns the welfare of her kind, are scarcely less marked in her later than in her earlier efforts. This last volume is both able and admirable. Its aim is to portray the New England life of the past in its various phases, so that our ancestry may be fairly presented to those who are fast losing the opportunity to study it in the persons of its living representatives. Mrs. Stowe understands thoroughly the robust, manly, though somewhat unpolished life of previous generations. She heartily appreciates the sterling qualities of character that have done so much to make the nation what it is, and she has shown herself fully able to reproduce the by-gone life that was becoming somewhat dim in the distance, with a vividness and an interest that make her book appear like a splendid picture-gallery in which the life of other days stands forth illuminated and pre-Raphaelite in distinctness of outline. The book will be very welcome to the many admirers of Mrs. Stowe, and the reader will lay it down with a fresh admiration for the genius and an increased appreciation of the heart that have done so much for the popular literature of the country and the day.

MEN, WOMEN, AND GHOSTS. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of the "Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood and Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 334. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co. Miss Phelps struck a cord in the heart of the reading public in her Gates Ajar that vibrates even yet, and turns the deepest sympathies of multitudes toward her, and will secure purchasers for almost anything that she may send abroad in the form of popular literature. The title of this book hardly suggests its character. It is made up of ten stories of unequal merit, that have appeared in our magazines and elsewhere, and are here for the first time collected and bound into a common sheaf. They are marked by her leading characteristics, and will be read with genuine interest by all who enjoy the product of a rare mind and prize the fragrance of a devout and sympathetic heart.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—OPEN. How to go; what to see. A guide for travel to and through Western America. By Samuel Bowles, author of "Across the Continent," etc. 1869. 16mo. pp. 122.

Mr. Bowles has here given us a very plain, pleasant, compact and entertaining account of the sights to be seen, and the way in which they may be reached, along the line of the Pacific Railroad, and a description of California in its various phases and developments of life. It is a sort of guide-book, supplying nearly all the information that a visitor would require, and at the same time it is a most pleasant account for the reader who can only see these wonders through the eyes of such an explorer and painter as Mr. Bowles has proved himself to be. The stayers at home need not be ignorant of the grand features in the western portion of our domain, so long as such a picture as this waits to be inspected.

THE NEWCOMES. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood and Co. 1869. 12mo. pp. 531.

The third volume of this new edition of Thackeray's Works has promptly appeared, and has all the numerous and marked excellences that were promised and which have been illustrated by its predecessors. It is beautiful, convenient, accurate, tasteful and cheap.

THE HABERMEISTER. A tale of the Bavarian Mountains. Translated from the German of Herman Schmid. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1869. 12mo. pp. 470. Sold by D. Lothrop and Co.

The author of this volume, though little known in this country, has acquired an enviable literary reputation in his own land, though having to contend against the rare genius and high art of a large number of eminent names in the literature of a country where scholarship is critical and where readers are deliberate and exacting. It presents a clear view of certain phases of life in Bavaria during the latter portion of the last century, when tyranny marked the regular government, and private force and secret combinations were the only means left by which to guard the rights and punish the oppressors and spoilers of the people. The author writes with a full knowledge of and a careful regard for facts, yet with a rare skill in picturing to the life what ever he wishes to present to his reader. Abounding in imagination, he still depends chiefly on special knowledge; and while creating his characters and arranging his own scenes, he still makes the Habermester unfold the institutions and customs of his own land, as Scott shows us the struggles of Norman and Saxon in Vinhoe, or paints the Crusaders for us in the Talamon.

The same publishers send us a new story by Henry Kingsley, entitled STRETTON, bound in paper, illustrated, and covering 250 octavo pages. It is better than some of his previous efforts in the same line, though exhibiting the same general characteristics as those through which he has become so well known to a large circle of readers.

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH. A truthful elucidation of the attraction of the country, and a careful consideration of the question of profit and loss as involved in Amateur farming, with much valuable advice and instruction to those about purchasing large or small places in the rural districts. By Robert B. Roosevelt, author of "Game Fish of North America," etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869. 12mo. pp. 256. Sold by E. J. Townsend & Co. Possibly one may read the title of this book with the impression that there is a sober, scientific and practical treatise before him, which is at once to transform an unschooled city clerk into a successful agriculturist, and show one how to get an easy and ample living, and obtain funds to invest in U. S. Bonds or western prairie lands at the end of every season. The reading of the preface will change all that at once; and before the first chapter is finished the real aim of the author and the tenor of the book will be sure to appear. It is an admirable piece of quiet satire, directed at all writers like the author of "Ten Acres Enough," and at all readers of such works as are foolish enough to believe that amateur farming,—which trusts to scientific theories, and expects to jump hard work, and dirty clothing, and sore hands, and unrewarded labor,—will ever issue in anything besides mortifying disappointment. Mr. Roosevelt appears to be telling his own experience in trying to manage a farm of five acres on Long Island; and his record of baps and mishaps, of great hopes that went out in disappointment, of the pitiable and disastrous blunders into which his credulity and egotism were constantly leading him, of sad surprises and terrible discoveries, of gradual and silent defeats and sudden and sonorous smash-ups,—all this is narrated in a style that is clever as well as attractive. The humor is genuine as well as abundant, and whoever falls to laugh or to learn in going over these pages, must have been made up with limited risibles and an unrecrutive brain.

The same publishers send us, in paper covers, well-printed and illustrated, the second part of THE NEW HEARTS, by Anthony Trollope, and THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD, by the author of "Mabel's Progress," etc. The first is an octavo of 163 pages, and the second of 158 pages. They are, in character, very much like their predecessors from the same source.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. CONCERT, or Children's Service. From "Children in the Temple." By Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. Springfield, Mass.: W. J. Holland and Co. 1869. 16mo. Paper. pp. 228.

The larger work from which these exercises are taken sprang at once into a marked popularity. It was owing in part to the fact that there is a deep and general anxiety to find the true methods of rendering Sabbath school effort effective, but still more to the fact that it proposes to make the exercises in our schools more eminently biblical without sacrificing any element of a wholesome interest. We have looked through these exercises with some care, and give them an unqualified commendation. We would be glad to see them put into service in our S. school concerts generally. They can be readily adapted to use with but little effort, and will suggest much besides what they directly teach.

THE CLARION. An Illustrated Monthly, devoted to Religious Culture. Boston: D. A. Alden & Co.

This is the initial number of a new magazine, under the editorial of Rev. J. M. Brewster, for several years Junior Editor of this paper. It is an octavo of 64 pages, one half of which are devoted to advertisements, and the other half to varied and interesting reading matter prepared especially for this work. Its aim is high, its tone thoroughly Christian, some of its articles are of marked value, the illustrations are ample, significant and attractive, the mechanical features creditable, and its readers will find nothing on its pages of unwholesome or doubtful tendency. It is furnished to subscribers at \$1.00 per year.

The Magazines of the month generally come in with more than usual promptness, and the issues for July, which in several cases commence a new volume, are especially vivacious, varied and attractive. PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE (G. P. Putnam & Son, New York), always good and able, especially combines strength and animation; THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY (Fields, Osgood and Co., Boston), has so positive a character that one is always sure of finding much that richly repays a reading, and there is no disappointment; THE GALAXY (Sheldon and Co., New York), is improving so really and rapidly that each succeeding issue is little less than a grateful surprise; BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (L. Scott and Co.) is fully itself,—English, Tory and anti-American, able, and often at once brilliant and bitter; and has a spiteful article, worth reading, upon the rejection of the treaty negotiated by Mr. Johnson; THE SABBATH AT HOME (Am. Tract Society, Boston), comes with peculiar freshness and value; THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE (Hurd and Houghton, New York), and OUR YOUNG FOLKS (Fields, Osgood and Co., Boston), are, as the numerous young people who read them are wont to say, "splendid things"; HARPER'S MAGAZINE, (Harper and Bros., New York), has all the elements that make it a popular favorite; while HOURS AT HOME, ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, LEVERMORE'S MAGAZINE, OXLEY A MONTH, THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, THE NURSERY, &c., supply the various classes of readers, from the mature and cultivated to the youthful and vivacious, with whatever could be reasonably desired. The number of well supported magazines proves the existence of a strong literary appetite; their character speaks well for our literary ability.

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