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The Morning Star.

Volume XLIV.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1869.

Number 32

THE MORNING STAR,
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LUTHER R. BURLINGAME, Agent.

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1869.

Flowers in a Skeleton.

SUGGESTED BY A DISCOVERY NEAR SEBASTOPOL.

Unburied, many a night and day,
On Inkerman's wild plains,
Exposed to sun and moon, there lay
A soldier's gaunt remains.
So long the man had moldered there,
The wisest could not say
What uniform he once did wear,
What chief-did obey;
If he were one of Russia's men,
Or served in Gaul's array,
Or charged with British soldiers, when
He perished in the fray,
The flesh had crumbled from each limb,
The muscle from each bone;
And there remained the frame-work, grim,
A skeleton alone.
All round where late the foemen trod,
Grew spring's bright, peaceful flowers;
The brighter, haply, that the sod
Was rich with sanguine showers;
And through the jawbone's narrow room—
A sad and startling sight!
A knot of violets in full bloom,
Had forced itself to light.
The grace of vernal flowers was lent
To the mere bones of death,
And with corruption's taint was blent
The violet's perfumed breath!

Of countless ills that spring from war's
Demoralizing trade,
On one result let fancy pause,
Too sadly here displayed:
'Tis not that this poor moldering form,
This fleshless skull and face,
Were once with life's strong pulses warm,
And clothed with manly grace;
Were full of hope, and fire, and might,
Could reason, act and feel,
Till death-struck by the sudden blight
Of withering shot or steel;
But that a soldier, fellow-man,
Struck down in war's dread game,
Should get no burial from his clan,
No grave from foemen slain;
But thus be left to rot away,
Neglected and forgot,
As he had been a beast of prey,
To death by hunters shot!

O, War, sad War! how hast thou crossed
The onward path of man,
Since Eden's peaceful bowers were lost,
And homicide began!
O for the time when thy fierce cry
No longer earth shall shock,
And all thy tools shall rusting lie
In arsenal and dock.
Yea, come the time, blest concord's reign!
When men, grown wise and good,
Shall forth, co-linked by love's bright chain,
One world-wide brotherhood!

Letter from Boothbay, Me.

Boothbay is a delightful place in the heat of summer—salubrious, cool and calm. It has become quite a resort for the outside citizen, and invalid seeking health, recreation and rest from noise, dust, and home duties. The village has doubled in population, thrift and enterprise, since we were here fourteen years ago; and there is now talk of a city not many years hence. Fishing is lucrative this season, in which many of the inhabitants are largely interested, so we meet smiling faces, new dresses, new houses and fences, with buoyant hopes for the future of the town.

We unexpectedly met our much esteemed brother and member of Congress—S. P. Morrill of Farmington,—and heard from his lips an excellent sermon upon "Christian Light," which light he walks in, loves and emits, whether at home, in the pulpit, or in Congress—where we all know, light is greatly needed; and we are confident will not be wanting in the suffrage and character of Bro. M. We also pleasantly met the efficient editor of the *Lewiston Journal*, N. Dingley, Jr., Esq., whose pen and speech are doing superior service in the causes of temperance, humanity, politics, and Christianity. Long may he live to battle the hosts of sin and hell, with all similar men and periodicals—not excepting our own invincible and unclouded *Star*.

The F. Baptists here have a pleasant and commodious house of worship, with a good parsonage, and valuable minister.

Bro. L. Given has been the highly esteemed pastor of the church three or more years. During these years valuable additions have been made to the church, with a

good growing S. school, promising much to the cause of Christ. A church debt of some years standing and burdensome has been of late paid, or fully provided for in responsible pledges, so that present appearances indicate certain success in winning souls to Jesus and life eternal. We could but contrast the present with fourteen years since, when we saw Bro. West, now in heaven, with the brethren, then commencing to build their present house of worship; suffering the most unheard of opposition, so that six of our best church members were imprisoned some days or weeks, under false charges; and fire-arms were held in one hand, for self-defense, while the other wrought for the house of our God.

Stormy days were these, at the Center, while pleasant ones have succeeded, and all is now harmonious and Christian. It seems a little strange to us, removed from earlier days, that the true church should have found so much and often the most bitter and cruel opposition in the church. Ambition, pride, prejudice, and jealousy do terribly sway human souls, though gigantic, and toss them hither and thither, as forest trees, by tornado blasts. Denominational hate is rapidly giving place to Christian unity and love—thank God!

This church has been greatly favored and blessed in its pastors, for the last twenty-four years. Some half dozen good, God-fearing men have ministered "bread" to the hungry, and joy to the disconsolate. A good minister makes a good church, and so vice versa. We meet with not a few who help make good preachers. Des. Allen Lewis has had some experience in this line, whose daughter is an invaluable pastor's wife at Augusta, and whose son knows how to help the pastor at Portland, and missionaries in Virginia, besides attending to his own home comforts and abundance outside. Bro. Hodgdon and wife are now the oldest members of this church, and readers of the *Morning Star*. Nearly seventy years out of eighty-eight have been given to Christ, while the *Star* has shone in the household since it shone anywhere. This venerable and happy couple, who have been one for nearly sixty years, bring forth fruit to the glory of God in old age. No beggar either for bread or money, who deserves assistance, goes empty from their door.

We have just met with and read Andy Luttrell, the book we have seen highly recommended in the *Independent*, and elsewhere. The author evinces a thorough knowledge of its characters, and has produced them in a manner to deeply interest, instruct and ennoble the whole soul and nature of its readers. We wish the book the widest circulation among the young people of our Sunday schools and congregations. Long live Andy Luttrell and its pious, brilliant author. J. S. BURGESS.

Nebraska Correspondent.

Will you permit a few words again from this formerly supposed to be far-off land, but recent developments show it to be pretty near the center of this great Nation.

I ask this privilege partly to answer the numerous inquiries called out by a former communication, to many of which it has been impossible to reply. As they are usually of general interest I think answers to them may benefit others.

For the seven months we have been in the State it has been very healthy; occasionally we hear of one having a few "chills," but no prostrated case and no "run" of fever of any kind has come within my knowledge. I have heard of many coming here with feeble health and becoming strong and healthy.

The former editor of the *Christian Freeman*, F. W. Dunn, was obliged to leave the Office in consequence of disease of the lungs. He traveled through this State and Kansas in search of a place best adapted to his condition of health and ideas of a rural home. His former advantages of seeing the different parts of our great country have been excelled by but few. He finally returned to our place—has been here several weeks, and is so well suited that he has purchased a tract of land, and will soon open a large farm.

This country is admitted by all to be the best supplied with all the materials to build with of any in the State, and is being settled quite fast. Good locations of unimproved land are held at from \$5 to \$8 dollars per acre, and timberland from \$20 to \$50. Farms with good improvements are held at rather high figures as there are but few of that class, though after ordinary improvements they can be bought at but little if any advance of actual cost.

The man who wants to buy a farm of 80 acres with good improvements, an orchard in bearing condition, and near a smart railroad town, for not to exceed \$1,500 will have to look somewhere else besides here. And the one who would like a homestead near a school-house and meeting-house hasn't learned even the alphabet of western life. There are a few lucky ones who make a fortunate selection in a new country in its first settlement, and are soon wealthy, but the mass of mankind must give an equivalent for what they get—must either make their improvements or pay for them. This without doubt is a good fruit country, although peaches are not considered quite as

sure a crop as a little farther south in Missouri and Kansas. One man here who has had a peach orchard in bearing fourteen years has had peaches eight out of the fourteen.

There is quite a railroad excitement here just now. Two roads are expected to be built soon. One from St. Joe to Omaha, another intersecting that near the southern line of the State running northwest up the Nemaha valley to Lincoln the capital of the State and so on to the Pacific road. These when completed will give us as good a market as the country affords. The last mentioned is expected to be commenced before the close of this month. This country has just voted assistance to these two roads to the amount of \$215,000.

The state has made liberal provisions for common schools; two sections of land in each township, or "precinct" as they are called here, are appropriated for school purposes. Good teachers are in demand and command good wages. The condition of society for a new country is very encouraging. For intelligence, morality, benevolence, and strong social feelings and manifestations, I think it would compare favorably with any part of the country of the same age. A liberal spirit seems to prevail among different denominations all uniting together in worship, Sabbath school labors, &c.

Several members of our denomination having settled here, it was thought best to organize a church. On Sabbath evening, May 23d, a church of 11 members was organized with a fair prospect of additions soon. The character of the organization is such as to indicate permanence and progress. Rev. J. M. Kayser from Ill., Rev. A. Curtis from Kansas and F. W. Dunn were present with us as council. Bro. Curtis will supply us with preaching once in two weeks for the present.

This we suppose is the first F. W. Baptist organization in the state. There are many of our denomination in different parts of the state and in several places without doubt enough to make the commencement of efficient churches if we had the ministerial help sufficient to collect them together and take the supervision of them. The field now before us urgently invites the laborers. Who will accept the invitation? P. HALL.

Salem, July 15, 1869.

Tendencies.

We look towards tendencies with apprehension. We can hardly believe as some intimate that a high perfection of taste is the harmless tendency of the present time. When we hear discouraged husbands and fathers say they shall surely be bankrupted because the young folks are so blindly extravagant and insist on so much style, we cannot seriously face tendencies unconcerned. This reaching out after luxury and elegance without counting the cost is ominous. Money with which we purchase style and its appurtenances is earned, or obtained by some one, in some way. Wealthy fathers and husbands know this. Men as well as women, parents and children, the rich and the poor, are all reaching out after a little greater perfection, as they please to term it.

The luxuries of the rich are thrown away for something exclusively new and exquisite, the poor struggle upward to get a little nearer their envied patterns, neighbors and societies quarrel for supremacy, and churches, as to which shall be most elegantly modern. We cannot count our ideas of correct taste as entirely modern, or think ourselves so fortunate as to be wiser or wittier than generations before us, when we steadily turn back and revive ancient customs, etc., still flattering ourselves we are approaching an era of perfection. Relics of ancient architecture show that in some respects our modern models do not equal those centuries back; painting, poetry and music had rare masters ages since that can hardly be excelled.

Our American people certainly do a great many wonderful things, and sometimes bring a finished perfection of their inventions, but we cannot hesitate to acknowledge they bring curses too, in some instances. We have read that righteousness exalted a nation and that sin was a reproach to any people. Reckless expenditure and corruption of what should be pure and noble cannot exalt us.

If we reach the perfection we believe attainable, the foundations of our government must be based on virtuous economy. Millions thrown away on idle officers will have a sad reaction on those who labor. The center of our great national heart is at the Capitol. If we send there, weak, reckless, intemperate, profane representatives who cannot govern themselves, the pulsations that stir, move, and permeate our national life will be corrupt. If rowdism is practiced there, it will be repeated at home, and have a new license for popularity. When Abraham Lincoln lived and moved among men there, and it went out with tender, touching paths that he prayed and besought the people's prayers, what was the tendency? Every Christian in the land was strengthened, every impious heart honored him the more. Blessed memory of men like Washington and Lincoln at the head of our government, who prayed!

Reverse this and what do we see? The type of religious life is not so exalted—the

whole nation is carried somewhat with the current of thought, feeling and action there, and though thousands struggle to keep humble, the tendencies are against them. If the foundations are made pure, we may hope for the infusion of new life and virtuous living. If our rulers and their counselors were Christian men throughout, if they feared and honored God more than men, we might face tendencies unconcerned. Would that to God, the Lord, was in the hearts of all who ever in any way dictated the government of our nation. Tendencies brighten somewhat our clouded vision.

President Grant is now the center on which wistful eyes and hopeful hearts turn longingly. Tired of wasteful expenditure and false policy, they demand a change. If he, our leader, sets a worthy example we may hope for reformation. The change that has been effected in the past four months under our noble leader will augment our chances for respect abroad, and confidence and credit at home. The tendency has been to pervert everything. Even attempting to follow a model of excellence, we have outdone the model, and failed to identify our design. Is not retrenchment needed where tendencies indicate ruinous extravagance? When we know there is an effort towards economy at our Capitol should we not feel stimulated to a little sacrifice?

How much superfluous finery do we carry on our bodies, and into our churches, when we go to worship God? Are we not grasping everything our eyes see, our taste indicates, and our excited appetites crave? Should we not sooner attain the station of noble men and women to throw away our idols? Should we not after laying aside about one-half of our superfluities be just as near perfection in taste as we are now? If we are in doubt as to the mode of personal retrenchment we need, God and his grace in our hearts will be a true guide. We need not once be left to our own understanding, when He, the wise and holy, can be reached by prayer. We are forced to admit that religion is becoming a superficial garment. The holy zeal, that burned in men's hearts years ago, has been so tamed and modified and improved that we are sometimes at a loss to know where the genuine religion of Jesus hides itself. It is so obscured by glitter and glare, and fashion and folly, that the true luster of grace and godliness is much dimmed.

Would that men and women groping in darkness would come to the light. These are days that try men's hearts,—the strongest even, must cling to the cross, or their tendency will be downward. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Mrs. H. M. LINCOLN.

Neosho Falls, Kansas.

Since I wrote my first article to the *Star* about Kansas, I have received letters from almost all parts of the United States asking information about this country. And as it will be a task to correspond with all privately, I will address all inquiring friends through the *Star*, giving a few facts that may be of some interest to those who are wanting to come west. They ask, Is it healthy, and have you good water there, and how are the crops and the market? &c., &c.

As for health, judging from a few leading circumstances probably no country west of the Mississippi river is more healthy than ours. First, there are but few grave-yards here, and they are thinly populated. Secondly, there is no sickness at present; and thirdly, the physicians here have to resort to some other occupation besides the practice of their profession for a living. All immigrants coming from the east must expect to undergo some change, and it is sometimes the case that the change of climate brings on sickness but it is not likely to last long. As for water, all southern Kansas is well watered by springs and streams, some of which are large. There are the Osage, the Neosho, the Virgiris, the Fall river, the Elk and Grand rivers, all of which bear the title of rivers, which flow in southern Kansas. There is no bitter water nor bad springs here.

From all parts of the country we get the cheering assurance that the harvests will be great and promise an abundant yield. The winter wheat is now all safely harvested, and many farmers are stacking. The spring wheat and oats which are now ready to harvest, are heavy and well filled. This is a growing season indeed; according to the statement of old citizens, Kansas never had better crops. Corn and potatoes look well and promise a good crop. There are as yet no signs of grasshoppers or chintzbugs, and if there is nothing to befall the crops hereafter we shall have enough and to spare.

There is probably no better market in the west for all we have to spare, than we have in Kansas. Our railroads are nearing us little by little till by and by we expect to see the iron horse puffing into our county seat (Neosho Falls) which will make an outlet for the overplus of our produce. This advantage, together with supplying immigrants, will create a good market. Immigrants are pouring in upon us from all directions. For years there has been no such immigration as has been witnessed this spring. All the western states are getting goodly shares of it, but Kansas seems to be obtaining the lion's share. In every

portion of the state wherever land can be pre-empted or bought, there the hardy pioneers are coming and settling. Our cities and towns as well as the rural districts are being rapidly filled up. Our towns are growing like magic and scarcely a day passes without witnessing the erection of some new building, the laying out of some new street, the building of some needed sidewalk or other substantial improvement. Let us now have the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston railroad together with the Neosho valley railroad which we confidently expect, and a large city at Neosho Falls may be safely and swiftly expected.

Notwithstanding the recent Indian difficulties on our western frontier, we find the hardy pioneers wending their way to the western and southwestern portions of Kansas where there is as yet little or no improvement made by the white settler. The men who take their lives in their hands and go forth to build up towns and improve farms in the wilderness deserve protection. Let them have it, and western Kansas will be no exception to the general improvement of the state. As new difficulties arise we appreciate the benefit of having troops constantly on the frontier. Governor Harvey has done all that a Governor could be expected to do. He has not only kept the United States authorities advised of our danger and urged them to send government troops, but applied for authority to raise a regiment of Kansas men. The Indians seem to know what Kansas volunteers mean.

Kansas will in a few years, if immigration continues, be a densely populated state. I have recently been taking a long prairie ride up and down the Neosho valley for the purpose of viewing its rich prairie farms and improvements; and it would be surprising to a doubting mind what rich fields of wheat, oats and corn, Kansas can produce in this great Neosho valley. I talked with farmers who confidently expected to get forty bushels of wheat to the acre. It would also be surprising to see the amount of immigrants stopping along the river in search of homes, some living in rude huts made of brush and barks, some having tents made of canvas, while others are enjoying here and there the comforts of a deserted, rustic, old cabin, all enjoying life and happiness in hopes of a new home in Kansas. I have recently been visited by a Freewill Baptist minister from the Quincy Quarterly meeting in Ill., who left with me some assurance that he would locate at or near Neosho Falls. I have also been visited by F. Baptist people from other parts of Kansas who wished to settle here. I will open correspondence with all who are intending to come to Kansas, and give all the information I can, free of charge. LEMON CHADWICK.

Richmond, Wisconsin.

Having lived in this place more than five years away from F. W. Baptists and desiring to be associated with them, Bro. Rackliff and I would like to persuade a few of our brethren to settle here. We have explored a tract of land of some three or four thousand acres lying from one and a half to three and a half miles from our village all connected and settled up to the west edge of it. The soil is good. Some of it has a few stones in it and some has none. Some portions of it have living water on it and some portions have not, but water can be obtained by digging from 20' to 40 feet. The land is level or slightly rolling, some with brush on it and some without. This land lies near the timber and on a good road, and it may be had for the moderate price of \$6, 25 per acre on liberal terms. Please, brethren, come and take it and we will build up a F. W. Baptist interest here that shall bless the world.

For further particulars direct to
WELLINGTON PIERCE,
New Richmond, St. Croix Co., Wis.

The Myrtle out South.

It appears that the Myrtle has made its appearance in Alabama and has created so much excitement that the Montgomery *DAILY MAIL* has a column, editorial, against it as an electioneering document. The *MAIL* is dated July 9, 1869, and the MYRTLE used is of last October's issue. The whole article would doubtless be interesting to many of our readers. It is as follows:

ELECTIONEERING ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday last, Mrs. C. W. Buckley, wife of the Radical candidate for Congress, distributed among the children of the colored Sunday school, at the Swayne Academy, a number of papers purporting to be copies of a Sunday school paper. We have been furnished with one of the papers by a spectator. It is entitled "The Myrtle," having a frontispiece representing a church and school-house, beneath which is the legend, "Suffer little children to come unto me." So far, so good! We have no objection to Sunday school papers, to the sacred legend, or to the distribution of Sunday school papers among the colored children of Swayne School. But we have a decided objection to this particular issue of "The Myrtle." Upon examination of its contents, we find it to be an insidious attempt to use the Sunday school as a means of strengthening the claims of Rev. C. W. Buckley to a seat in Congress. This issue of the "Myrtle" is

of date, Oct. 10, 1868. Since that day, no less than nine months have passed, in which the press at Dover, New Hampshire, has issued eighteen later editions. The later editions to the "Myrtle," however, were not applicable to the pending Congressional election.

But this particular edition of Oct. 10th, 1868, was deemed to be just the thing to inflame the colored mind, and to precipitate the Sunday schools and the parents of the children into the support of Rev. C. W. Buckley for Congress.

On the first page of the "Myrtle" is a picture of a negro girl nursing a white child. Appended to the picture is a story of the negro girl. She once had a child of her own when she was a slave. All day long she was made to work in the "burning sun, and whenever she paused to rest, cruel blows from the whip of the hard-hearted task-master fell across her cringing shoulders. The cruelty practiced towards her resulted in the death of the child. Poor Milly had never heard of Jesus, and she took the loss of her child very hard. Then emancipation came. "You all know," continues the "Myrtle," "how our good President, Abraham Lincoln, now gone to his reward in heaven, said one day that slavery should be no more." Then Milly first heard of Jesus and "of the bright Heaven where her sweet baby had gone." And now as she sits nursing the white child of her good mistress, she thinks that her own babe is in heaven, and she is consoled. This is the story. The point of it is not so much that Rev. Mr. Buckley brought the Bible for the first time to the flocks of Rev. Holland Thompson and Rev. Allen Hannon, as that the children of the Sunday schools must remember, and never forget so long as Rev. Mr. Buckley desires to go to Congress, that it was the usual practice among the people of this district to lash colored girls with "cruel blows" across their "cringing shoulders" until the offspring of the girls were killed. In order to inculcate the lesson of love, charity and forgiveness, for which Sunday schools are designed, it became necessary for Rev. Mr. Buckley to send all the way to Dover, N. H., for a copy of the "Myrtle" nine months old.

The Christian precept taught by this copy of the "Myrtle" is not only a remembrance of their situation of slavery, which was fastened upon Alabama by the rapacity of Yankee ship owners and merchants after Georgia, which then owned the territory of Alabama, had decreed under Gen. Oglethorpe that slavery should never exist within its boundaries, but also a remembrance that Lincoln was forced to issue a decree of emancipation in consequence of the determined struggle of the South. If the South had never seceded, or if she had fought less nobly than she did, Lincoln would never have thought of emancipation. But that which he was forced to do by the South is claimed by the "Myrtle" as a thing entitling the Radical party to the gratitude of the negro. Another precept taught by the "Myrtle" is that a man who drinks whiskey in low bars, tells smutty anecdotes, never professes religion, never claims to be a Christian, can ascend to heaven from the box of a second-rate theater, provided he belongs to the Radical party.

On the second page of this wonderful Sunday-school paper is an engraving representing a tree, upon which the word "slavery" is inscribed. A meek-looking individual with spectacles, who looks as though he might be a half brother of Buckley and Ely, is cutting down the tree. A number of snakes (evidently Democrats who support Worby) are hissing from the roots of the tree at the gentleman in spectacles. A number of persons are attempting to prop up the tree. One of them is a rebel preacher, with his foot on a Bible. Another is a person in uniform, supposed to be a disloyal officer of the army, like Hancock or Blair. Still another is an officer of the government, (supposed to be the late President) with a small stick labeled "veto." Then there is a business man, with his foot on a ledger, also trying to hold up the tree. A little distance from the tree is a grog-shop, labeled "rum," around the door of which are collected a company of disloyal Democrats, (among them, probably, Judge Rice) who pelt the good man in spectacles with stones.

We would like any honest person to inform us what Christian precept is inculcated by such a cartoon as this which Mrs. Buckley was industriously circulating among the negroes last Sunday. The whole thing is a falsehood from beginning to end. It is a miserable slander upon our people, and an impudent attempt to use Sunday schools and the sacred day set apart for the worship of God as occasions for appealing to political passions in the interest of a radical candidate for Congress. This "Myrtle" professedly holds aloft the injunction of Christ, "suffer little children to come unto me,"—but it actually proclaims, "persuade little children and their parents to come to Rev. C. W. Buckley, candidate for Congress on the Radical ticket!"

OUR COLLEGES.—According to the *Fale College Courant*, "Few are aware of the vast amount of Rationalism among the students of American colleges. Were the facts known to what proportions such infidelity has reached among the students of our colleges, the Christian church would be startled with the announcement."

Communications.

Hindrances to Conversion.

Are there in our churches and congregations those that hinder souls from coming to Christ, or joining with his people? We feel there are, and that in every department of the church. Let us look:

1. At the pulpit. What do we see there? Perhaps the preacher is cold in his manner, perplexing in his style, and formal in his devotions. This proves a hindrance to many. They want to see warmth, to understand clearly, and to feel that while the preacher is in prayer, he is hearty, earnest, and desirous of their salvation. Unless our doctrine is sound, our manner energetic, our appeals pointed, our prayers fervent, and the whole united to prove that we are in downright earnest, we shall hinder some.

2. At our deacons. What do we observe here? Are they men full of the Holy Ghost and of faith? Do they say by their regular and early attendance, by their bland and pleasant manners, by their constant activity and attention to all who attend the place, that they desire the conversion of souls and the increase of the church? Are they first at prayer meetings, in the public services, making it evident that their hearts are set upon the prosperity of the cause?—If not, they will hinder some. Next to the pastor, people look to the deacons to be grave, temperate, devout, active, and thoroughly devoted to God. But when they are worldly-minded, proud, lordly, cold, distant, and patronizers of worldly amusements and carnal pleasures, it must be said of them, "Those that were entering in ye hindered." We have heard of deacons who give balls, have dances, frequent concerts, and neglect prayer meetings, church meetings, and visiting the sick. Can it be any wonder if the churches to which such deacons belong, dwindle, decline, become worldly, formal, and inactive?

3. At the members of our churches.—Here is one well known for his love of money and hard dealing; another habitually gives way to his unholiness; another practices deception in business, because it is the custom of the trade; another is so much like the world that, if we did not see him at the Lord's table, we could never think that he made any profession of religion; another is as cold as marble; to sit by him is like coming into contact with an iceberg,—but I forbear. Let every one look into his own church; yea, into his own heart, at his own conduct, and then say, "Is it any wonder that our churches don't flourish?" I fear that the professing church of Christ has much to answer for. It will not do to resolve it into the sovereignty of God alone. Prosperous times have been holy, praying, acting times. Ours are telling, giving times, but something more is wanted. We have hosts of undecided persons in our congregations, and hosts of half-hearted persons in our churches. Many have attended our places of worship for years, and have never been pointedly spoken to by any one of our members as to the state of their souls. The minister preaches, but they never second his efforts. They seem to fancy that it is no part of their business.

The gospel of Christ is hindered. The question is, Who hinders it? Paul was deeply concerned lest he should; but many professors now have no concern about it. They live and speak, and conduct themselves as if it was no concern of theirs.—Souls are hindered, but who hinders them? The lawyers did once, but other classes, differing from the lawyers, do so now.—There is that marble statue that you see at the sermon, but nowhere else, who speaks to go on, appears to care for no one,—he hinders. There is that covetous man, who grudges every penny he gives for the support of the gospel—he hinders. There is that gloomy, uncouth professor—he hinders. There is that proud, disdainful-looking character—he hinders. There is that dressy lady, who spends all; God's cause she hinders. There is that tale-bearing, scandalizing woman—she hinders. There is that inflammatory, fiery, scolding professor—he hinders. But where shall we end? Every inconsistent professor, who has not the mind of Christ, who does not copy his meekness, gentleness, activity, devotion, zeal, self-denial, and intense concern for the salvation of souls, in some measure hinders.

The cool and calculating, the dashing and the daring, the bold and conceited, the fearful and shy, the self-willed and lordly, the covetous, all hinder, being stumbling blocks in the way. A church composed of such members, resembles the rocky desert, not the pleasant garden; a cold, ice-bound islet, not a beautiful, sunlit field; a barren plot, covered with thorns, not a well cultivated vineyard; a shabby, rotten, miserable-looking hovel, not the well-built, roomy, cheerful dwelling. How can we expect people to admire and desire to seek union with such a church? True, few may be so bad, but in proportion as they, in whole or in part, resemble it, they hinder. If our churches are to flourish, there must be freedom, fellowship, love, unity, peace, individual interest, and united concern for all who come into the congregation, or can be induced to come in. Ministers may preach, authors may write books, lively Christians may inquire and complain, but something else is wanted. Every church member must realize this responsibility, must organize, must endeavor to persuade men, must lay aside whatever is forbidding and repulsive; and must follow whatsoever things are of good report, before we can expect our wishes to be fulfilled. Ministers must be holy, energetic, simple, sound in the faith, with their hearts set upon the conversion of sinners, and edification of the saints, or, like the lawyers, they will hinder. Deacons must be spiritually minded, active, sober, courteous, intent upon the church's prosperity, full of the Holy Ghost

and of faith, or they will more or less hinder. Church members must continue steadfast in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, every one must take his own work and do it; every eye must be fixed on God's glory, every heart must rest on Christ's finished work, every hand must be employed in God's service, and each must esteem others better than himself; no one seeking his own things, but every one the things which are Jesus Christ's, or they will, in some degree, hinder.

Brethren, are we not more or less guilty? Do not our imperfections stare us in the face? Ought we not to humble ourselves deeply before God? Should we not set about an immediate reformation? Let us realize our sin, confess it before God, get it pardoned through the blood of Jesus, set out fresh in the divine strength, purposing most solemnly that the time past of our lives shall suffice us, that we have wrought the will of the Gentiles, and determine that, let others do as they will, we will be very careful lest it should be said of us, "them that were entering in ye hindered."

GEO. H. CHAPPELL.

Prayer.

Prayer is the confession of sin to God, who alone can pardon it—the application of want to God, who alone can relieve it. It is the prostration of humility, the fervency of true penitence, the confidence of trust. It is an act both of the understanding and of the heart, an elevation of the soul toward its Maker. Prayer is not an effect wrought by the imagination, but a determination of the will, a pouring out of the soul to its God. Prayer was not made on earth alone; for Jesus on the eternal throne intercedes for all the human race.

Our Saviour has enjoined prayer on all his followers, by precept, by promise, and by his own blessed example. We are commanded to pray without ceasing. Therefore prayer is the indispensable duty of every devoted Christian. It should be offered frequently, both in private and in public. Public prayer is sometimes very crossing to the Christian, and especially to the young, but when awakened to a sense of that duty it should be attended to at once. To delay it is both sinful and dangerous, for by neglecting that duty, the Christian, ere he is aware, will find himself far from his Saviour.

I might relate something of my own experience in regard to this. I was quite young when I first became interested in religion, and sought to follow the example of my Saviour. I learned to love the prayer-room where I often met with Christian friends for social worship, always claiming my privilege to rise and speak a word for Jesus.

A few months ago I was very much impressed with the feeling that it was my duty to pray in the social meeting. The cross seemed very hard to bear, but I formed the resolution that I would do that duty; and one particular night I went to the prayer-meeting, firmly resolved to take up that cross, but I was led away by the tempter and failed to do it as I had several times before. That night clouds of darkness seemed to gather around me, and there appeared to be a dark veil drawn between my soul and my God. I tried to pray in secret but my prayer was like an empty dream. I almost felt that God had withdrawn his Holy Spirit from me. I passed days and weeks in this state of mind and the longer I delayed that duty, the heavier the cross seemed to be and darker and darker grew the gathering clouds.

Our kind pastor often took me by the hand and tried to lead me back to the path of duty; he kindly assured me that morning and evening he remembered me at the throne of grace. He often told me to go forward trusting in Jesus and do that duty and I would again be happy in the love of God. I was in a very dark place, but as soon as I was willing to cast my burden upon the Lord and humble myself at the foot of the cross, I found the Saviour ready to dispense the deep gloom which had settled over my soul and I could again see clearly the bright evidence of my acceptance with Christ. Oh! young Christians, when impressed with any duty, whatever it may be, I entreat you, to yield not to the first temptation, for it will lead you far away, but listen to that still small voice which says, "Take up thy cross and follow me."

It is not the eloquence of prayer that God requires, but the sincerity of the heart; he accepts no prayer but that in which the heart is engaged. If our hearts are not sincere we may perish with the words of prayer on our lips. Therefore we must not trust in our prayers but in our Saviour. Christ alone is the foundation of our hope; it is the Saviour's free grace, infinite mercy, his pure, perfect and glorious righteousness, which form the basis of the Christian's confidence and trust. Jesus was wounded and scourged for our transgressions, he was arrayed with scorn in the purple robe, that he might procure for us the robe of righteousness; he was crowned with thorns that we might be crowned with honor and immortality. It is through Him that we have access to the throne of grace. Every Christian should often approach his blessed Saviour and hold communion with his God in fervent prayer, for no Christian can keep alive the hallowed fire of the soul without daily kindling it afresh at the altar. Onward and upward is the daily watchword of the faithful soldier of the cross. Those who live in the closest communion with God receive the richest blessings.

Those who nearest imitate the Saviour's example will wear the brightest crown in heaven.

O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

He who would reach the hearts of others must speak from the depths of his own.

Three Kingdoms.

If we search the Scriptures with a view of determining the truth or falsity of any theory or proposition, we should do so in the spirit of candid investigation. The question before us, is, How many kingdoms are spoken of in the Bible? We have a large field to explore; and I shall content myself at this time by asserting that the Bible treats of three kingdoms; first, the kingdom of God or Jewish kingdom, second, the kingdom of heaven, and third, the everlasting, or kingdom of glory. The Jewish kingdom was called the kingdom of God because God was their king. This kingdom was established at Mount Sinai, twenty-five hundred years after the creation of man. The people of Israel ate the passover in Egypt on the 14th day of the first month of their ecclesiastical year, answering to our April, and fifty days afterwards arrived at Mount Sinai. During their sojourn in Egypt they were not organized into a nation—Ex. 19: 5, 6. Therefore if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenants, then ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation. Three days after this, he gave them the law and formally constituted them a kingdom. This great event was commemorated among the Jews in the feast of Pentecost. The subjects of this kingdom were all the natural descendants of Abraham through Isaac, Jacob and the twelve patriarchs; and all shared the same blessings and all were threatened with the same punishments for disobedience. This kingdom continued fifteen hundred years.

It was then succeeded by the kingdom of heaven, established by the apostles by the authority of Jesus Christ at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, fifty days after his crucifixion. Acts 2d chapter. To become a member of this kingdom a person must be born again; John 3: 3, or in other words, he must believe with all the heart that Jesus is the Son of the living God and become obedient to his commandments. All are admitted citizens of the kingdom on precisely the same terms. All have the same blessings and the same glorious hope of eternal life. This kingdom now exists, and will continue until the second coming of Christ.

The third kingdom is the kingdom of glory. 2 Peter 1. After enumerating the seven Christian virtues he says, "If you do these things ye shall never fall, for so an entrance shall be administered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This kingdom will be established at the resurrection, and the subjects will be all those who shall have a part in the first resurrection. This kingdom will be far more glorious than any that preceded it. All the redeemed of earth will be citizens—clothed with immortality, and each shall have a body like unto the glorified body of Jesus. B. F. B.

Chips.

Public opinion is but the expression of the public conscience; and as this becomes more favorably disposed toward evil and evil doers, our fears for the future are easily allayed.

—Mr. B. — happened to get a counterfeit dollar, and not willing to lose it he passed it to somebody else; but though he thus became guilty of knowingly passing counterfeit money, he was not so bad as the church which happened to get a corrupt pastor, but to avoid labor and inconvenience, passed on to another church the worst of all counterfeits, a counterfeit minister.

Bunyan's pilgrim passed through the wicket gate and thence went on his way to the celestial city; but thousands pass through this gate and then sit idly down as though this was all of the Christian pilgrimage. Ask of their experience and welfare, and they will with great assurance point to the gate, saying, "so many years ago I passed through it; though they are still within a stone's throw of it. Perhaps when a general revival brings multitudes along the way, they will stir themselves up and shout a few times, but then will again settle down to repose, and will undoubtedly detain many of the converts by their pernicious example. They would of course so on starve to death here had they not permission to eat freely of Beelzebub's fruits of which good Bunyan spoke, and they have become so accustomed to these that they have not the "gripes" which troubled Christiana's boy. J. HAYDEN.

Notes with Suggestions.

TRUST. As ministers advance in years and have had some success, there is danger of self-reliance. Let them be sure instead of this to trust in the God of their youth, the God of the armies of Israel. Then they may prevail mightily.

GOOD. Sympathy with Christ in deep feeling and anxiety for the salvation of sinners is connected rather with the result of warmth of love to God and a high state of piety. It results in usefulness and a blessed state of enjoyment.

STRANGE. Those who unite against Christ, discredit his miracles. Renan insists that Lazarus fainted death and then came up at the call of Jesus. If it was so, strange that some of Christ's enemies at the time had not discovered the imposture.

BLASPHEMY. It has been a question with many what the sin against the Holy Ghost is. Theodore Parker did not find it difficult to answer. He said it was disobedience. He thought himself cunning or wise in this. God and good men call it "blasphemy." What will blasphemers do in the end?

CHANGED. Pilate had Christ at his bar and delivered him to death. Some condemn Jesus now. But Christ will have Pilate at his bar in the last day. All who find fault with him will then stand before him. How will they endure it? Would that they would repent in good season.

HOW NOW? God says the wicked shall be turned into hell. Many have declared there is no such place. They are gone; and what do they think of it now?

HARD. When two of respectable standing pledge themselves in marriage, and one breaks those solemn vows by violating the seventh commandment, is it not slow murder to the other, drinking up the spirits?

THE BLAME. The Prodigal son in returning to his father chided himself, but his father made no complaint of him. Sinners in coming to God, take all the blame of their waywardness upon themselves; God not accusing the worst of them, but receiving them graciously.

REFORM. At a Republican meeting in Hartford, Ct., not long since, a resolution was passed to the effect that in the elections there should be an appeal to principle for success instead of lavish expenditure of money. We have believed it would come to this at length. All parties for some time have used money. It is foolish. By it some very unworthy men have got office.

GREAT EFFORT. Senator Sumner once in condemning slavery said, "Beware of the groans of a wounded soul, for a single sigh may overturn the whole world." We apply this now to the groans and tears of wives and children suffering by the drunkenness of husbands and fathers. We apply it also to Christians who sigh and weep for the conversion of sinners. God notices them. Those sighs and tears have a telling effect. God will work a deliverance and victory. F.

Selections.

Vexilla Regis.

Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulgens crucis mysterium.
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suscipiens est patibulo.
Confixa clavis viscera,
Tendens manus vestigia,
Redemptio grave vulneris,
Hic immolatur hostia.

Qui vulneratus insuper
Vulnera dixit lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda sanguine.
Impleta sunt quae concinuit
David, et carne carmine,
Peccatorum grave vulneris,
Regnabit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora, fulgida,
Ornata specie purpurea,
Electa digno stipite,
Tunc sancta membra tangere.
Beda quis brevis
Florebit, et quae carmine,
Statera facta est corporis,
Predam tulitque tartari.

Aroma fundis cortice
Vincis saporem nectaris,
Jucunda fructu fertilis
Plaudis triumpho nobili.
Salve astra, salve victimas,
De passionis gloria,
Qua vita mortem perterrita,
Et morte vitam reddidit.
FORTUNATUS, NAT., A. D. 580.

TRANSLATION BY E. C. BENEDICT.

The Triumph of the Cross.

Salvation's banners onward go,
The mystery of the cross to show,
Where the incarnate God on high,
Was on a cross condemned to die.
There by the nails his flesh was torn,
On outstretched hands and feet upborne,
That he might our redemption gain—
A victim on the altar slain.

And there from out the wounded side
Of Him, the pierced and crucified,
Flow'd forth the water and the blood,
To wash from sin, a cleansing flood.
And see fulfilled the word of old,
So long in sacred song foretold,
By David, in prophetic strain,
The Lord, the crucified, shall reign.

Thou tree bedecked with light and pride,
And with the royal purple dyed!
How honored art thou, chosen tree,
That thou shouldst carry such as He!
Happy that, by thy branches wide,
Paradise was for man supplied.
Thou balance where the price was weighed
That was for our salvation paid.

With fragrant spice thy bark is filled,
And sweetest nectar there distilled;
With fruits delicious to the taste,
Thy glorious triumph there is graced.
Hail altar! hail the victim, too!
And glory to His passion due.
Whom over death the victory bore,
And by His death life restore.

—Chr. Intelligencer.

The Detective Detected.

A few years ago a certain ministering brother in the old Bay State was considerably disturbed because we commenced to publish Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's sermons in *The Christian Era*. Soon after that this brother preached, one Sabbath, in the pulpit of a neighboring church, to the gratification of an appreciative audience. But one of the brethren thought he had seen something very like this sermon before; and on returning to his house, had the pleasure of reading the identical sermon which had been preached in the morning. The most wonderful thing was that the thoughts of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in England and those of a minister in America should chance to run in the same channel and find expression in the same language. The mystery was as great as that which surrounded Principal Robinson in the following paragraph:

The Principal of a Scotch Theological School was made the president of an ecclesiastical body which had convened to examine a candidate with a view to his ordination. The young man was to be examined in theology, and also to give a specimen of his preaching power. His theological examination was satisfactory, and the trial sermon was excellent. After he had retired all expressed themselves well satisfied, when Principal Robinson rose, and quietly said, that the young man was worthy of ordination, but he must in all frankness say that the sermon was not his own. The young man had found it in a volume of sermons, long since out of print, and how he could have obtained it was a mystery. This statement of the president of the council was quite serious, and the candidate was recalled, and the question was put to him: "Was the sermon you preached to us your own production?" The young man frankly said it was not; it was one he had heard Principal Robinson preach some months before, and he liked it so well that he had written it out and preached it as a better thing than he could do. The eyes of the assembly turned from the young man to the principal, who felt the mortifying position in which he was placed. The young man was ordained without any more questions. Borrowing other men's sermons is as unsafe as it is dishonorable.

Only a Cobbler.

About eighty years ago, there lived a very poor man in the town of Portsmouth, England. He was only a cobbler, but a cobbler who deserved to be a king. Listen to the story of what he did, and you will say so, too.

He had not always been a cobbler; he had been brought up to work at ships in the docks; but he met with an accident and broke his thigh, so that he could do no more active work. It must have been a great trouble to him to know, while still young, that he must be a cripple for life, and I dare say he found it hard to be resigned and contented. He did not know that God had other work for him to do; we never can know the way God is leading us. Very often things seem very much against us and all the while he is preparing us for some special work which we never thought of. So the poor young man looked round to see what he could do. He tried to learn shoemaking, but he never got so far as that, he was only able to mend them. He then hired a humble room in his native town, and there, for more than fifty years, he lived and worked as a cobbler.

And was that all?—only a cobbler? True, this was how he gained an honest living; and a cobbler's work if done on the great principle the Bible gives us, "Unto the Lord," is just as pleasing in God's sight as others which we think higher. But this was not all; he did some things besides mending shoes. He had naturally a kind and benevolent mind, and I have no doubt the love of God was in his heart, or he would not have been so good as he did in his work of usefulness; he became a teacher and a school-master. He was always fond of anything alive, children as well as animals; and, besides a number of tame birds, he took charge of a poor little nephew, a cripple, whose feet turned in so badly that he could not walk. The cobbler was ingenious as well as kind, and contrived a way by the use of which gradually the child's feet grew straight, and he became able to walk. Meanwhile he taught him to read, and with so much success, that he began to feel a love for the work of teaching. Why should he not get a few more? The child would learn better with companions, and the streets were overrun with ragged, dirty little ones who had nobody to teach them.

So he hobbled across the road to a neighbor, and asked if he would like his children to be taught to read, as he would teach them for nothing. The neighbor stared as if he thought he were a strange cobbler, but consented to send his children to him. By and by the children brought others, till the small room was quite full, and would hold no more. It is not often people can do two things well at the same time, but the clever cobbler did the work with his hands, and did it well, too, while he sat in the midst of his pupils hearing them read and spell, while others wrote copies and added up sums. It was rather hot and close, as you may suppose; but he did not mind that, and in fine weather they took it in turns to sit on a bench outside the door. How he taught so many at once is a marvel, but it is certain that the children made rapid progress under this rough tuition.

How he kept them in order is still more wonderful, and it was a sore puzzle to his neighbors, for the pupils were rude and wild, and had never known any control before. Now and then one would be refractory and refuse to come; then he used to follow the truant, and with the bribe of a hot potato, backed by kind words, he seldom failed to win him again to school. While he taught them other things, you may be sure he did not forget the truths of the Bible, which sinking in to many a young heart brought forth fruit in after years.

As the first set of scholars moved off, others pressed in to supply their places; but the cobbler always chose the poorest and most neglected children, that he might, with God's help, be the means of reclaiming them from the paths of vice and idleness. You must remember he never took any money for their schooling; the love he bore to his self-chosen work was its own reward. It was what would now be called a ragged-school, but such things had no name then. Hundreds, through the humble schoolmaster's efforts, grew up steady, respectable men and women; and as the years passed on, tall soldiers, or sailors, or young women would often come and thank him for the good they had got from him in their childhood. So year after year, the Portsmouth cobbler pursued his self-denying but happy work. Do you not think he was happy, though only a cobbler?

At length, after more than fifty years, one New-year's-day while preparing for his daily work, his Master's summons came; he fell down suddenly and died. He went to receive a reward, through grace, from Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it to me." Nor did his work end here, little known as he was during life, except by his neighbors, his example paved the way for others to follow after him. People saw what could be done for poor outcast children; and they began to try, as he had done, to reclaim them.

Many a blessed ragged-school, and many a noble, self-denying teacher has risen up in our large towns since then; but John Pounds, though only a cobbler, was the man who first showed them the way.—*Journal and Messenger*.

Poor Preacher.

"Ah, there's the misery of it, Mrs. General Likens," she says to me, "Mr. Merks is unhappy as a preacher; but it's that or nothing else. Wretched in it; more wretched out of it! And then there's the salary," she says to me; "some people look on Christmas as a happy time. It's just the worst of all the year to us. The salary is so small at best. And when the time comes to get it in, the officers of the church and Mr. Merks have to go over the subscription paper. This name can't pay—lost too much money during the year some way; this one finds he can only pay half; he promised, and hard work to do that; this next one will try and see what he can do. The next one is that man who took such offense at something the minister said, or his wife

said, or the man's children told him the minister's children said. Next man can't stand such preaching; don't catch him coming to hear him again, much less pay. This next family on the paper has moved away. That other family was carried off since it subscribed by some other denomination; and so on and so on. Settling up, Mrs. General Likens, says she, 'for last year's bad enough, but the making up the salary for the next year—oh me! Officers of the church go at it from a dreadful sense of duty only, hunting people down, reasoning with this man, cornering that man—squeezing them to subscribe. Just fancy your husband, Mrs. General Likens, says she, 'you fancy the General up that way on the block at New Year's like a nigger, being expected to, and run down, and higgled over!' and she would have cried, only the tears were all shed already. I do believe she really loved her husband, and he was a good man—a real pious man, though a mighty poor preacher, whatever he may have been; uninteresting, you know. 'If they could only not tell Mr. Merks so much,' she said. 'But then, he needsn't tell you about it,' says I. 'It's his disposition to talk over his slights, to dwell on them,' says she; 'seems to take a kind of satisfaction in it. Tell them!' says she; 'why, unless I was stone blind I couldn't help reading it all in his face at table, in his manner to me and the children, to say nothing of his groaning and twisting about in bed all night.' 'Why don't he jump on a horse and ride round, exercise—brighten himself up?' says I. 'But where's the horse?' says she. 'He couldn't afford to buy one; and if he did, he couldn't pay for provender for one. He can't afford, even to buy a watch; that keeps him nervous and guessing on Sabbath lest he's too late for church; and it's impossible for him to tell, except by people getting up and going out, whether or no he isn't preaching too long. A horse!' says she. 'I tell you, Mrs. General Likens, the dyspepsia he got in the Seminary's the cause of all his trouble. After he's been recreating a little, for a week or so, he's fifty times brighter and happier, in the pulpit and out of it, only it's not often he gets the chance. It's poverty that crushes Mr. Merks,' she says, 'an' keeps up his dyspepsia—long-continued poverty! It's that keeps him awake all night; it's that makes him preach the dead sermons the people complain of; it's that makes him seem gloomy and sour; it's that is stamped so into his face. He's struggled and prayed against anxious care for the morrow; but then his children and his mortifications and his slights and his debts year after year seem killing his very soul, with all the faith in it.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A Wise Charge.

We seldom see more practical wisdom put into a charge to young pastors than is contained in the following synopsis of Bishop Simpson's address to the preachers on the occasion of their examination at the Colorado Conference. We commend most of it to our own young pastors. It will bear much study:

1. Everywhere secure plenty of church property by purchase or donation, and see that the titles are perfect, thus getting a firm foothold for the church.

2. Make your churches independent by working men into every department and cultivating them, instead of running everything yourself; then when you go away the church is safe. Use the unconverted as well as the pious, and thus many will be brought to Christ. A sense of responsibility opens the heart, and it is saved in service.

3. Win by kindness, hunt for backsliders and entreat them; seek strangers and soften on their hearts by attention. Make love your weapon, and your power and victory are sure.

4. Use the local preachers and exhorters. Explain to them their relation to the church, and persuade them to "go preach." While other denominations are growing into an appreciation of the lay-preaching element, we are letting it rest.

5. Study the machinery of society. It varies; adapt yourselves. Use favorites in families and communities, and leaders in classes, and parties, and departments, as avenues to the great heart. Take care of your tongue; speak no evil. Think of your one mission. Win souls. Win the best, to reach others by influence. Win the worst, to show the power of the Gospel. Win all, for Christ's sake, and always possess the power yourselves.

Hasty Words.

An English lady writes in the London *Christian World*:

The evil that is in our world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and laying waste the pleasant places, has many fountains. Sin does its deadly work in many ways, and sorrow comes from a variety of sources. And hasty words have certainly much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter, that we need not trouble ourselves to be over-particular as to what we say. But that is only one of our many mistakes. Words live. There is so much vitality in them that they take root even upon very unlikely soil. Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offering of meek and quiet spirits, but of hot, passionate tempers. "All men are liars!" Who but man in a passion would have said that? The assertion is so sweeping and so unjust, that if David had not prefaced it by his confession, "I said in my haste," we should have understood it. Perhaps the reason why such words are spoken is, that the speaker feels himself aggrieved. We often do in this life of ours we cannot have all we wish from our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, and when we find only a few things coming to our share, then we become discontented and peevish and speak hasty words. Then we say very hard things of each other, and most sinfully say, in our hearts if not with our tongues, hard things of our wise and loving Father.

Seeing that hasty words are so unkind, unjust, and untrue, how can we prevent ourselves from uttering them, and so escape the need of the after-repentance, which is their consequence? "He that believeth shall not make haste." Is not the secret of our impatience to be found in our lack of faith in God? If our hearts were stayed upon Him, if we were like children resting in our Father's arms, would every little thing that occurred around us have such power over us? If we knew, so as to realize the fact, that nothing happens to us without his permission, that what seems so provoking in those who are about us would not

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GEORGE T. DAY,

Editor.

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

Summer Tours—A Specimen.

HADLEY, N. Y., July 30, 1869.

The stream of travel which flows up and down northeastern New York, has not yet overflowed its banks, nor been swollen to threatening floods. Saratoga is gay and lively, but it is rather expectant than satisfied. It takes promptly all that come, and waits longingly for crowds and competition. It yearns for hot weather, hoping that it will bring long trains, large families, luxurious livers and plethoric purses. A score of hotels unite in swelling the cry, "And yet there is room," and representatives of still more private boarding-houses study the faces of arriving tourists in the search for guests. The waters sparkle with the promise of health to invalids, though the promise is poorly kept; the bands discourse pleasant music at Congress Hall and the Union, as though there were only harmony in the great parlors, instead of fashionable hatreds and discordant criticism; the planned races guarantee exhilaration, and will yield dust and discomfort; and the "hops" that are promised invite to a paradise, and are sure to furnish dissipation and food for scandal. Saratoga is a brilliant village for three months, and then a stupid one for nine; but the brief splendor is morally worse than the prolonged stagnation. There is doubtless a measure of health for the body in the waters, but there is poison for the spirit in much of the social air. While the liver finds a stimulant, the conscience often settles into stupor. God's gifts here would carry healing, but Fashion frequently cheats them of their value.

When the stream of travel sets north from this fashionable watering-place, it runs through a delightful region. The route via Whitehall and through Lake Champlain is a pleasant one. But the ride up the valley of the Hudson, and then across to the head of Lake George, is not without peculiar attractions. And especially will a sail through the Lake, a visit to the notable battle-ground that lies on the neck of land separating Lake George from Lake Champlain, and the survey of the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, whose surrender Col. Ethan Allen demanded "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," furnish a rare enjoyment.

We speak from recent experience, having had a place in a party, made up of choice elements and of model proportions, for the purpose of taking the trip through the lake and among its surroundings. Bro. Hyde, who knows the whole territory, and whose face is a passport among many of the good people, was captain-general; Bro. Woodcock, whose large heart is so inadequate to hold his abounding good nature that it is always rippling over his face in smiles, was second officer and always on duty; Bro. Belden, who joined us at one of the landing-places on the lake, who knows all the mountains and islands as a student knows the books in his library, and who understands how to spice serious talk with wholesome pleasantries, acted as interpreter and critic; while the special courtesies of Bro. Hulet, the hospitality of Bro. Hall and family, the cordial welcome and ready service of Bro. Davis, and the zest and completeness given to the party by the ladies who shared a portion of the trip, left almost nothing to be desired.

The start was made at four o'clock in the morning. A delightful ride of nearly twenty miles took us to the pier of the steamer before eight. The new hotel at the head of the lake, named Fort William Henry in honor of the old fortifications among which it stands, is as attractive to the eye and as admirable in its appointments as it is beautiful for situation. The steamer Minnehaha was soon bearing us down the lake, beneath the shadow of the hills and among the islands of every size and shape. The lake is forty miles in length, and in its general features, in the scenery among which it lies, and in the popular statement which attributes to it the possession of 365 islands, with which it disputes for the honor of unequalled beauty. Its water is wonderfully clear, and the views which successively present themselves are frequent, varied and attractive enough to keep eye and brain and imagination busy.

Coaches awaited us at the northern terminus, and the whole company of tourists were soon on the way past the battle grounds of the last century, and the old fort, to the shore of Lake Champlain. Seats on the top were in great demand. Fat gentlemen and ladies whose ages have been a secret for twenty years, pompous merchants and well-known belles, grave clergymen and French tourists who seem to think of silence as something akin to purgatory, all these went into the struggle for outside seats. A place behind the driver, a place with the driver, a place on the rear compelling one to look behind, a place on the top where cushions could not be had, where picnic seats were the only ones available, and where the discomfort and the peril were something marked and real, almost any place indeed where a human being could bestow itself, was in demand. The ride was agreeable enough for a compliment on a good seat, perhaps romantic enough for endurance on a poor one.

The owner and general manager of the coaches threw three declamations into the

bill of fare, on both the outward trip of five miles, and the return. The coaches were all halted at the proper place, he took his station on the outside of one of them near the center of the line, and rehearsed his somewhat Sophomoric oration with abundance of voice, though with rather doubtful emphasis. The first speech had for its subject a tree,—one, apparently, where it came up from the soil, but soon dividing into two different species, "On one side the tough, hardy, iron oak, on the other the tender, graceful, delicate elm," as the sonorous orator phrased it. The second subject was the battle-ground well toward Lake Champlain; and the third and most emphatic of the three recitations was called out by the ruins of the old fort itself. Judged by the language, the speeches were somewhat carefully prepared, true to the facts, patriotic and slightly pious; judged by the manner, their rehearsal was thought of as a duty to be performed, even after they had grown as stale by repetition as a popular lecture at the fifth delivery; judged by the reception which they met, they evidently gratify curiosity, and supply food for merriment. The serious and the comic are about equally mixed in the operation.

One easily discovers on passing over this tongue of land that is thrust in between the lakes, the military importance of the position, and no longer wonders at the prominent part it played in the wars of the last century. It is the real gateway connecting the wide country above and below.

Fort Ticonderoga was the key of the position. It commanded the upper portion of Lake Champlain, and the approaches to it from the South and West. For the period it was a work of great extent and strength. Its site was admirably chosen, and on the seaward side it was well-nigh impregnable. In shape it nearly conformed to the usual figure of a star, it covered nearly five acres of ground, and its masonry, though offering only a feeble resistance to the heavy ordnance of to-day, would have held out long and stoutly against the artillery of a hundred years ago. Built by the French, taken from them by the English, and captured by the Americans at the opening of the Revolutionary War, its ruins are even yet eloquent with the story which it helps to keep alive, and with the suggestions that crowd upon the visitor who wanders among the crumbling piles of rubbish, inspects the sections of masonry still standing upright, or gropes his way through the subterranean passages that are dim even in the light of noon. Our travel took us along one of the prominent roads up to the famous Adirondack wilderness, and there are few finer spots of the kind for a week of rest and recreation than along the shores of Lake George.

Of the return trip,—of the stay over night in the hospitable home of newly-made Christian acquaintances,—of the fishing excursion on the lake,—of the dinner party gladdened and enriched by the spoils of the morning's work,—of the ride homeward in the delicious coolness of the summer evening,—the air all fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay and the balsamed breath of the woods,—and especially of the precious and restful sleep that followed all, we have no space to speak. We only pay a deserved compliment to the beautiful lake, and the pleasant surroundings both in scenery and life, when we answer the tourist's question about the line of travel by saying, "Go to Lake George, and enjoy it."

A Romish Holiday.

There is a great tendency to increase the number of days set apart for recreation, or in the name of religion. All this is well enough if it does not impose burdens upon the people which are detrimental to the public good, or infringements on the rights of conscience. For instance, the Roman Catholics have no right to enforce the observance of their holidays upon us as public days to be generally observed, and those towns and States which yield to the pressure are taking a dangerous course—a course which will in the end involve them in difficulties from which it will not be easy to extricate themselves. The Romanists will not be satisfied with any concession that may be made, but will make it the stepping-stone for a greater demand.

The city of Manchester fitted up a school-house for the Romanists and gave them the use of it, yet they were not satisfied with that but they must furnish money to pay their teachers. New York must take the Bible out of the public schools to appease the clamorings of the Romanists. Now we learn that the Pennsylvania legislature has decreed that "hereafter, Good Friday shall be observed as a public holiday," and notes, &c., becoming due on that day "shall be deemed to become due on the secular day next preceding." This is not simply a permissive act—"may," but a compulsory act—"shall," which is an obvious infringement upon the rights and consciences of others.

What if it is traditionally the anniversary of the crucifixion of Christ, it may not be really so! All who believe it and wish to observe it have a perfect right to, and no one ought to molest them in their worship; but shall they enforce it upon others? The Sabbath is different. That "was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." It was appointed by God and has been found by actual experience to be for the good of the people as a day of rest and recuperation, but it is enforced only as a day of rest from unnecessary labor. Protection in worship is afforded, but even here compulsion thereto is not to be exercised.

Now if in addition, a particular body of people have feast days they can have them, and spend them as they see fit without molestation as long as they do not infringe on the rights and privileges of others, but they have no business to impose their holidays on others against their will.

This "Good Friday" of the Romanists enforced upon the public by the Legislature of Pennsylvania may and may not be the anniversary of the day of the crucifixion. Who knows? The *Independent Republican*, of that State, in an article on the subject, says:

"We know not the year, nor the month, nor the week, nor with certainty the day, of that great transaction. We know, from the Saviour himself, that, 'For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.' And we also know that, 'very early in the morning of the first day of the week,' he had burst the bars of death, and risen again. That is all, I think, of what the Scripture gives information—and, beyond that authority, no Christian asks.

Now, if the crucifixion occurred on Friday afternoon, he could have lain in the tomb only that day, Saturday, and a part of Sunday—part of three days—but only Friday night and part of Saturday night—two nights, and no more. If the crucifixion was on Thursday afternoon, it would give that day, Friday, and Saturday—three days, counting the 'very early in the morning' of Sunday as only going to make up the fractional part of Thursday but leaving three full nights. This would literally fulfill 'the three days and three nights' spoken of in Matt. 12: 40. Friday P. M. to early Sunday A. M., is not properly three days, though they might technically be called parts of three; but no one can possibly make 'three nights' between Friday evening and early Sunday morning.

Incidentally, then, we may consider it as most probable, if not an established fact, that the crucifixion must have been as early as Thursday—may have been on Wednesday—hence, that Good Friday is a falsehood and a delusion.

"Then, let us observe Good Thursday."—Well, if you will find any command for, or example of it in the Book. But I would not, even then, impose it upon anybody else."

Again, we object to such a law because it is imposing a sectarian burden. The Constitution of Penn. says that "no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishments or modes of worship," and yet in this case, the State has shown a preference for the Romanists. Did not those legislators forget their oath when they endeavored to enforce the Romish holiday upon the people? Have they not transcended their powers when they say a man shall pay his note a day before it is due because they have made a public holiday on the anniversary of a great event which did not happen on that day?

It is argued that "other acts regard Good Friday." Well, let them regard it, but not impose it on others by law. "O it is only a small matter." So is a small wedge but let the sturdy blows fall upon it and it will be felt. "Give all societies their holidays."—But civil government has nothing to do with such matters. Besides, where will such a precedent end? Will it not lead to the adoption of the whole Roman catalogue? We can see no stopping place. Then we would say to Pennsylvania in the language of the above writer:

Repeat the Good Friday imposition, and let all our legal holidays be national and not sectarian. Give us New Year's, the 22d of February, the Surrender of Lee in April, the Decoration day sometime in May, or June, the 4th of July, a Harvest Home in August or September, and a merry Thanksgiving, and we have seven legal American Holidays scattered through the year. These, with our 52 Sabbaths, and the varied personal, family, neighborhood, society, church, and party celebrations, would be enough for the health of body and soul, for mind, nerves, or pockets. This would leave every church, party, or person, to honor such other days as they chose, without interfering with the preference or the rights of any others. That is true, American, Christian liberty, which leaves every one accountable only to God, the final Judge, and a free conscience.

Female Education.

The proper position of woman in society bids fair to become ere long one of the most engrossing subjects of attention throughout the civilized world. The Women's Rights movement is daily increasing in strength and influence. Propositions for female suffrage are discussed in conventions, state legislatures, Parliament, and Congress; and urged by many as the remedy for existing ills. Others aim for something more specific and practical. Many prominent ladies are advocating a plan for endowing institutions for training women in domestic economy and industrial pursuits; and making these special objects of attention in all our schools and seminaries for girls.

These and similar questions must be fairly met and provided for. We have the same interest for our daughters as for our sons, and should adopt the most enlightened policy towards both. Well will it be for all concerned, if as the result of these agitations and discussions, wise and beneficent counsels shall prevail, rather than the adoption of some visionary scheme leading to revolution and ruin. The present movement originates not wholly in philanthropy and religion, but largely, it is to be feared, in selfishness and skepticism; hence it needs to be carefully watched and guarded, so as to become a power for good.

One great danger is of undervaluing the importance of the family relation. We are aware that with some this remark will be met with a sneer and scorn. "As though," it will be said, "woman had not heretofore been regarded sufficiently as a member of the family,—a very martyr to the family relation." Not only among communists and liberals, but with many others an odium is arising against the family as being an unjust and cruel restriction. Woman must be emancipated, made self-reliant, and inde-

pendent, and so obtain and maintain her ground on every field of competition. Thus only can her rights and interests be secured.

We have no faith in this new philosophy of the antagonism of the sexes.—We believe that the family relation, instituted of God at the beginning, and perpetuated by him through all dispensations, is the best for all. Its destruction would be fatal to the dearest interests alike of man and woman; subversive of true religion, morality, and society. Woman's highest, best place, equally with man's, is in the family. School training should always be loud on this idea. Let our girls as well as our boys be educated for all the duties of life, especially with a view to their position in the family, the most exalted and happy relation on earth, and most expressive type of heaven.—J. J. B.

Letter from California.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1869.

Is the overland trip to California safe? Many doubt it. A common reply to our proposal to make the trip, was, "It is dangerous." "The Indians will scalp you." "The road is unsafe." But there is really no more danger on this trip than on going from New York to Chicago. Troops keep a sharp look-out for Indians at all exposed points; and the track is generally well laid, in a good condition, and the trains run with great care. Some of the bridges are temporary, and not safe, but trains cross them very slowly; and new, substantial structures are being erected to take their places. Upon the whole, passengers are surprised on passing over the route, to find the road so good, and the journey so agreeable, and uneventful.

California is a new world. Everything differs from the Atlantic States; mountains, valley, trees, fruits, soils, weather, money, prices, occupations. It is so strange to see the fields white and crisp with drought, and no one expecting rain for months to come! How the cattle live upon these parched fields, is a mystery. But they are fat and sleek, and seem to be well fed.

By irrigation a few spots are kept green, but the bulk of the country looks as if all the life of vegetation had been consumed. But the people look forward to October, as the eastern people do to spring, and prophesy rich verdure, and beauty then, which shall continue all winter, and late into spring.

Society is yet quite unsettled, and never will become so orderly as at the east, on account of the large mining population, which roves about here and there, seeking the best paying mines, alternately rushing to a village and making it a city, and then rushing away from it, just as suddenly, and leaving it desolate. There are numerous villages all through the mining districts, with hotels, churches, school-houses, temples of sin, and scarcely people enough to break the silence. The agricultural districts stand in marked contrast to this; and fortunately for the state, the area of agricultural industry is constantly increasing and has now become very extensive, and is very remunerative.

The various religious denominations are working industriously to plant and sustain Christian institutions, and are largely successful. They appreciate the importance of possessing this coast, and bringing it under the reign of Christ; and have sent strong men and sustained them with money, that the work may not fail to prosper. At the present moment there are strong special delegations, and agents here from the Methodists, Presbyterians, C. Baptists, and Congregationalists, sent over, to canvass the ground, look after old fields, and look out new ones, and organize, and promote the good work in all possible ways. Each party is courageously striving to plant its standard in every city, and village, and to secure strong positions at all centers of influence. I think them, in my inmost soul, I thank them for their zeal and noble endeavor. Had it not been for such foreign aid and prompt enterprise, what a pandemonium of disorder and immorality this whole coast would have been! I am ashamed, that we have no part nor lot in this good work, that we have done nothing towards giving this western world to Christ.

Not the least interesting feature of the religious work here, is among the Chinese. God has waited long for the church to send the gospel to the heathen; and now sends them to us to test our courage, zeal and professions of love for souls. There are probably fifty thousand Chinese in California, and every steamer and sail vessel, come loaded with new recruits. They are anxious, and quick to learn the English language, and are entirely accessible to religious instruction. Some of the churches here have large classes of these celestial, in Sunday school, where they are rapidly becoming acquainted with the religion of Christ. The result will be that the gospel will make more rapid progress among the Chinese, through this inexpensive instrumentality, than scores of missionaries can effect in China itself. We shall yet be able to send converted Chinamen from America to their own land, as messengers of salvation, and thus advance the great work more cheaply and rapidly than is possible through other agencies.

I have been very much interested in making the acquaintance of Brother Sawtelle; and of his congregation. Bro. S. has made great sacrifices for conscience sake, in taking position for Christian communion; and with a spirit eminently kind and generous, and with implicit faith in the Master, he is earnestly and successfully toiling to build up the church of Christ. He is highly respected by the other churches, and spoken of as a man of talent, industry, and piety, and skillful to do, as well as theorize, conquering success, as well as assisting correct principles. He has a congregation of respectable, earnest people, with pecuniary resources promising permanently to the enterprise. I was glad to find several F.

Baptist families member of his church, quite at home and happy, as they may well be, in this fellowship. The church persists in being called a "Baptist church," refusing all prefixes, which imply that by adopting the sentiment of Bunyan, Hall, Spurgeon, and we might add, Christ and his apostles, on the Communion question, they cease to be Baptists, or become "irregular," and "inconsistent" Baptists. For twenty years Randall and our churches did the same, and it would have been better for the cause of truth, had our people persisted in claiming the name which historically, and doctrinally belongs to us. If either party should have a handle to their name implying departure from the old landmarks, it is the Close Communionists, not we. I should rejoice if we could return to our first position or name and call ourselves, as Randall did, Baptists without prefix or affix.

Bro. S. has a very pleasant house of worship, well located, with a thriving congregation. But he is alone. Other churches of like faith and practice ought to be planted here, so as to form an association and afford sympathy, support, and encouragement. There are good openings for churches if we had the men. May the Lord put it into the hearts of brethren to come to this coast, and work for Christ. They will find Bro. S. ready to co-operate with them and encourage any proper effort, which may be made.

Temperance people have a great work to do here. Almost every one uses intoxicating liquors, and the amount of drunkenness is immense. The churches generally stand up boldly for temperance, and protest against the use of native wines as a beverage. The plea that the introduction of light wines will decrease the use of stronger drinks, is effectually confuted by potent facts which abound in this state. Wine just paves the way for brandy and makes drunkards of thousands who otherwise would have been temperate. The conviction is deep here that the general use of wine aggravates the evil of intemperance to a fearful extent.

Californians deal in superlatives, when they speak of the climate, resources, and prospects of this coast; and there are weighty reasons for this. The climate is superb, the resources immense; the growth miraculous, and the prospects of increase flattering; yet there are disadvantages, which most people do confess, with some reluctance however. We have seen but one man who admitted of no exceptions; even earthquakes and fleas, he claimed to be luxuries. "As for the earthquakes," said he, "I like them; the motion is delightful. I would not have missed the one last fall for anything." But generally, the people are content to claim that they have the best climate, the highest mountains, the deepest canyons, the hottest springs, the richest mines, the grandest water-falls, the best yield of wheat, the best harbor, the fastest people, the widest ocean and brightest prospects of any state in the union, or in the world; and confess that earthquakes are not agreeable.

Every one, however, looks back to the "States," as they say here, as "home," and talk of going "home," and exhibit the tenderest feelings of affection for "home," and are overjoyed at the completion of the Pacific R. R. because it brings them so much nearer "home." They welcome, as none but Californians know how to welcome, friends from the "States," and rejoice on every arrival from "home," as a peculiar event of personal interest. These are genuine Yankees, true Americans, our brethren; and the East responds, Joy to their joy, that the Rail now spans the continent, and that we are henceforth to be but one week apart.—G. H. B.

We would call attention to the Book-case advertised in another column as very convenient for persons liable to change their residence, it is so easily taken down, packed and put up again. It is in use in this city, and for portability, its great excellence, gives entire satisfaction.

Denominational News and Notes.

Storer College.

Since writing my last appeal for Storer College two reliable young ladies, living twenty miles distant or more, have applied to me for rooms, each saying that she should bring three friends with her. The truth is, we have no rooms for these young ladies, but I dared not tell them so, for we want them here for their good, and for the interest of the school and mission. The question whether they will come, cannot be decided in the affirmative without money. It is totally impossible for students to get boarded in town, outside of these buildings. The people have not room enough for themselves. I am glad it is impossible; for unless we can have them under our control out of school as well as in, they lose that part of education, without which the rest is valueless. We do not want those who are to be teachers and preachers, to live as the most of them have been forced to live in the past. We want these buildings repaired in the interest of refinement and chastity, as well as of literature and religion. Do not forget, dear friends of the East, that though far from you, we are as dependent upon you, far more so than if we were in your midst. We have none to look to but you.

It may not be amiss to mention a few distinct things of which we are in need, with the hope that churches, ladies' societies, and individuals will be moved to supply some of them at least.

We need a name for the young ladies' boarding hall—with \$2500.00 to put it in order.—It is a two-story brick building 40 by 40 feet with an L. It has a grand stone basement, substantial brick walls, and slate roofs.

We need names for as many rooms as

we can get finished, with from \$25 to \$50 to furnish each room for occupancy.

We need \$100 to purchase a bell so that we may enforce regularity.

We need a few hundred dollars' worth of apparatus. Who will furnish some of these things and lend them to the "Lord for the use of his people?"

I presume the time will come,—perhaps very soon,—when there will be a monument erected to the memory of John Brown here at the scene of his heroic deeds. Why may not that monument take the form of brick walls, in which shall be educated the sons and daughters of those he died to free? N. C. BRACKETT.

Pennsylvania Correspondence.

We recently had the pleasure of attending the session of the Susquehanna Yearly Meeting, held at East Troy, Pa.

The meeting was of peculiar interest to us because the church with which it was held was the one with which we first united, in our early boyhood days. Thirty years ago last month, Asa Dodge led us into the baptismal waters, just at the corner of the present house of worship. And our memory of events dates back anterior to the connection of all the present members of the church, with the exception of less than half a dozen. The church is the oldest of our denomination in all these parts, and has enjoyed the labors of many of our old veteran ministers, including Thornton and Colby. Its membership has not varied much from one hundred for the last thirty years. It built the first Free Will Baptist house of worship in all this country, and is now worshipping in its second house, a very neat structure, with a fine steeple, and bell, the glory of the latter house considerably exceeding that of the former.

In returning, after ten years of absence, a very marked progress is discernible in the character and spirit of the Y. M. generally. There is more order and method, increased intelligence, in both ministry and membership, more and more wisely directed benevolence, and an increased spirit of enterprise without any diminution of the warmth or strength of the spirit of devotion, as was manifested by the social meeting, on Sat. P. M., of the Y. M. The Pa. Home Mission Society has been a very efficient agency in promoting progress and improvement in the Y. M. as well as among our churches in other parts of the State.

Of the ministry of thirty years ago, only Asa Dodge and Aaron S. Whitley remain. Both were present at the Y. M.—working heartily and vigorously still in the good cause, and rejoicing over its triumphs and its progress. Of its other ministry, there were present, Tillinghast, Cogswell, Dewey, James, W. Brown, J. W. Hills, and O. C. Hills, together with Hoag of the N. Y. and Pa. Y. M., and Griffith of the Holland Purchase Y. M. Dea. Tyler, of Virgil, was also present—as he has been at each of its sessions for the last twenty-nine years, serving the Y. M. faithfully as its clerk.

One hundred dollars were pledged for our institution and cause in West Virginia, and most of it paid down. The Lord reward the good brethren! It was a good meeting, all was harmonious, aspirations heavenward were strengthened, and religious conviction found expression in religious working. A. D. W.

Rev. J. W. Dunjee.

Visit North—His Cards—Meeting-house at Winchester, Va.

Before this notice shall have appeared in the *Star* it is probable Bro. Dunjee will be found again at this post of duty in Winchester.

His visit North has been very acceptable to the churches he has called upon, and the influence of his soul-stirring appeals in behalf of the educational and religious interests of the South, without regard to race or color, will be felt for good when he has long been dead.

And what is particularly gratifying to the friends of the cause in the Shenandoah Valley, is the cheerful liberality with which the people everywhere have responded to his call for aid in the erection of a house of worship at Winchester.

At his suggestion I trust I shall be pardoned, if I remind those who have received his card and who in turn gave him to hope for some assistance in that meeting-house enterprise, that about this time he will need every dollar it is possible to obtain to meet the payment coming due to the builders. The society feel special desire to discharge with promptness all their obligations. In other words, please, friends, do all you can quite soon, for that work and your efforts will give an occasion of special thanksgiving.

Truly God is prospering our mission to the Freedmen. Let us all refresh our courage and renew our zeal in that precious cause. A. H. MORRELL.

Phillips, Me., Aug. 2, '69.

Ohio and Pa. Y. M.

The O. and Pa. Y. M. convened with the church in Chagrin Falls, June 25. The conference was called to order by the clerk and prayer was offered by Prof. Whipple. Appointed E. H. Higbee, Chairman, and W. Whitacre, and J. S. Manning, assistants; A. H. Chase, Clerk; O. Blake, assistant.

The several Q. M.'s were well represented except the Ashtabula. The letters were not very encouraging to the friends of Zion.

WASHINGTON.—This Q. M. reports the religious interest not as good as they could wish. Some of the churches do not have preaching, and others only a part of the time. The Washington church has been dropped from the records. The most of the ministers have farms, and farm and preach, preach and farm; just enough to spoil their farming and spoil their preaching.

CRAWFORD.—The past year has been one of peace and harmony with our churches. Have had no extensive revivals, and our number is some less. Have only two ministers to preach to six churches.

GRAUGA.—Reports: some prosperity, yet the state of religion is not what we could wish to see. Two churches, the Cleveland and Nelson have been received. The church in Orange is building a house of worship. All of the churches except Macedonia have preaching.

Visiting brethren were invited to seats in the Conference, and the following were present: Prof. Whipple, of Hillsdale, S. D. Bates of Marion, C. O. Libby, Cor. Sec. of the Foreign Mission Society, J. S. Manning, and W. Joy of the Cairo Mission, C. Coltrin, of Wis., B. Damon, P. Randall, A. G. Wilder, and Bro. Coats of Northern Ohio Y. M.

We give only a synopsis of the reports of the several committees, which were adopted. On Missions.—Resolutions in favor of the Foreign and Home Missions; of the interest in Cleveland, and in favor of forming a State Home Mission Society. On Education. Resolutions in favor of Hillsdale College and the *Christian Freeman*. On Sabbath.—That all labor should be suspended and it should be observed as a day of rest and religious improvement.

On Temperance.—In favor of prohibition and political action. On Sabbath schools.—Recommending all church members to identify themselves with the Sabbath school. On state of Religion.—For a more entire consecration of all we have and are to the cause of Christ. On Correspondence.—Appointing cor. mes. to the following religious bodies: Portage Baptist Association, Rev. O. Blake; Grand River Baptist Association, Rev. E. H. Higbee; Ohio Northern Y. M., A. H. Chase, O. Blake, D. Woodworth. Next session.—That it be held with the Crawford Q. M.

The following items of business were adopted by the Conference:

Voted, 1. That we express our thanks to the Rev. O. Blake for his interesting introductory sermon, on the Trinity.

2. To appoint Rev. R. E. Anderson to preach the introductory sermon at the next session; Rev. C. Joslin, alternate. Subject, the Sabbath and its observance.

3. That we recommend all of our churches to take a collection for the church in Cleveland before Aug. 1.

4. That we answer the two proposed amendments to the constitution of General Conference, in the negative.

5. That we express our thanks to the church and citizens of Chagrin Falls for their hospitality, and their kindness will ever be held by us in grateful remembrance.

Rev. R. E. Anderson gave notice to change the constitution, so that the sessions be held on the third Friday in June.

Preaching during the session by Revs. Manning, Bates, Anderson, Higbee, Whipple and Libby.

The most interesting meeting held during the session was on Sabbath P. M. of the several S. schools assembled in the Congregational church. The large house was well filled. Rev. W. Whitaker was chairman of the meeting. Singing and five minute speeches were the order of exercises. We never listened to so many good speeches in so short a time. Not a dull, prosy one, was made, and the pithy remarks will long be remembered.

On the Sabbath, a collection of \$150.00 was taken to be equally divided between the Foreign, Freedmen's, and Home Mission. As the amount is to be credited to the Y. M. we give the names of the donors: A. H. Chase, Capt. Robertson, C. O. Libby, Mrs. Forbes, C. Mills, \$10.00, each; M. Lake, R. R. Walters, S. B. Philbrick, Mrs. Robertson, J. E. Snow, J. S. Manning, H. Hooker, W. Parker, W. Joy, W. S. Phillips, Mrs. W. S. Phillips, A. Cumland, \$5.00 each, J. Jones \$3.00, others \$37.90, A. H. CHASE, Clerk.

The St. Lawrence Y. M.

—Met at Dickinson Center, June 25. The conference was called by the Clerk, Rev. C. Cook was chosen Moderator.

Prayer for the divine blessing was offered by Rev. Mr. Staples of Depauville. Rev. D. S. Frost, corresponding delegate from Vermont Y. M., was cordially received, also Rev. E. B. Fuller of the same Y. M. The presence and labors of these brethren added much to the interest of the meeting.

Voted that all visiting brethren are invited to seats with us to participate with us in our deliberations.

The two Q. M.'s composing this Y. M. reported; Lawrence by letter, from which it appears the churches are making some progress. All the churches have preaching some part of the time and all or nearly all have prosperous Sabbath schools. Increase of membership the past year is 19.

Jefferson Q. M. was reported verbally by Rev. J. S. Staples lately chosen clerk in place of Bro. Randall who has returned to the East. Bro. Staples reported the condition of the churches as prosperous; there is manifestly a growing interest in the Q. M., the churches are partially or wholly supplied with the ministry of the word. The Sabbath school work receives a good degree of attention.

The Clerk presented several communications addressed to the Y. M. The first referred to the amendment of the constitution of General Conference, articles 7 and 10. After passing through the hands of a Committee it was voted to refer to next session of Y. M. Circulars were presented from Home Mission and State Mission Societies.

The Committee to whom these Mission interests were referred, reported that af-

ter carefully considering the whole matter it is expedient for us as a Y. M. to act with the State Mission Society; adopted.

Voted—Hon. J. O. Donnell be our delegate to the State Mission Society Convention, and we hereby request him to secure some evangelistic labor for this Y. M. Rev. C. Parker was appointed Corresponding delegate to Vermont Y. M.

At this session, Bro. Franklin Jefferson was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry by recommendation of a council. Voted next session to be held with Jefferson Q. M. W. WHITFIELD, Clerk.

F. W. B. Education Society.

There will be a meeting of the Freewill Baptist Education Society, at New Market, N. H., on Wednesday, the first day of September next, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to act upon the following articles, viz:—

1. To hear the report of the committee chosen at the late meeting of the Executive Board to consider the question of the location of the Biblical School.

2. To locate said School.

3. To transact any other business that may properly come before said Society. By order of the Executive Committee.

OREN B. CHENEY, President.

J. KUNNELLS, Secretary.

Tamworth, July 28, 1869.

Home and Freedmen's Mission.

For the information of all who are interested in the work of our Home Mission Society, we are compelled to say that the state of our Treasury, which has been largely overdrawn, is such that we have not yet been able to pay the appropriations which have been conditionally made to feeble churches for the last quarter. The new applications for aid, where there are flattering prospects of accomplishing much good are numerous and very urgent; but at present we can give no encouragement only to such interests within the limits of Q. M.'s, which have pledged and which may pledge the Society that the principal part of the appropriations shall be raised in the Q. M.'s.

Our work among the Freedmen in the Shenandoah Valley has never been more successful than it has the past year; and the prospects of enlarging and greatly extending our work in the establishment of churches in that fertile valley were never more encouraging than they now are, could we but have funds to sustain missionaries and teachers; but for the lack of these funds we see no other way but the work in a great measure must cease, and this golden opportunity for securing a rich harvest, which would cause great joy to all the friends of Zion, and among the angels in heaven, will pass away never to return to us again. On the strength of pledges made at General Conference, and the promise of some legacies which have not yet been received, we have borrowed hundreds of dollars to pay our missionaries and teachers among the Freedmen the past year; and whether we do anything at all for the ensuing year, which will commence on the first of next month, depends upon the response we may receive within a few weeks from our churches and the friends of this cause. Shall we dismiss our faithful missionaries and teachers now laboring with the Freedmen, and say to those struggling churches, we can do no more for you? The responsibility of answering this question does not rest wholly upon the Home Mission Society. Reader, have you done your duty to the Freedmen?

SILAS CURTIS, Treas.

Concord, N. H., Aug. 4, 1869.

Revivals. &c.

SUTTON, Vt. On Sabbath, July 4, we celebrated the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. There were added to the church fifteen by baptism and one by letter. Eight were heads of families. Let us rejoice that Zion is putting on her strength. W. L. NOTES.

WATERBURY CENTER, Vt. The revival continues, meetings are held several times a week and new anxious ones come forward every night. Fifty-one have been baptized. There is something remarkable in the depth and power of this work of grace, and the attendance of the meeting at this season of the year.

Bro. Fuller, the pastor, feels that he has abundant occasion to rejoice. Bro. J. D. Waldron has labored here with blessed results. Praise God for his goodness and mercy. COM.

NATICK, MASS. For the praise and honor of Christ we are happy to acknowledge that his blessing rests upon our church in Natick.

Since my pastorate commenced, fourteen months ago, fourteen persons have united with our church, eight of them by baptism. The first Sabbaths of June and July, our baptismal services were very interesting occasions. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful spot for a baptism, than the pebbly shore of Lake Cochichewick, near our village. As our church here is yet in its infancy we humbly ask the prayers of God's people for our prosperity and usefulness.

W. M. JENKINS.

NORTH LEBANON, ME. The F. W. B. church at North Lebanon is being greatly encouraged and strengthened. Backsliders are being quickened and sinners are seeking the Lord. Our congregation is steadily increasing and our Sabbath school is flourishing. Last Sabbath was a day of especial blessing to us. Our church was crowded and a deep solemnity rested upon all. After the morning service we repaired to the water where I had the pleasure of

baptizing twenty-three happy converts. In the afternoon we reassembled at the church when they received the hand of fellowship and Rev. L. Brackett made some very impressive remarks, after which we received together the emblems of the body and blood of Jesus. Quite a number of Christians were present from other churches and added much to the interest of our social meeting in the evening.

I. C. GUPTILL.

HARPERS FERRY, W. VA. Sunday, the 25th, was a refreshing day to our church at Charlestown. Bro. Beverly Kirk baptized seven persons in the presence of a very large and orderly congregation. Two "Old Time" friends traveled, one seven and the other eight miles from opposite directions, to be baptized together. This was their first meeting since the conversion of one of them. One Methodist sister from a town seven miles away, had so strong and impressive duty the night before, that after spending a long time in prayer, she secured a horse and carriage and started for Charlestown. She reached the place in season for the morning meeting, stated her wishes and her strong conviction, "was baptized and went on her way rejoicing."

By the way, as we stated, we have a habit down here of calling some things by their right names. For instance, we never confound baptizing and sprinkling. If a person has been sprinkled, he says so, he does not say he has been baptized. We have no need to mar the dear old Bible by immersion.

This church is prospering under the pastoral charge of Bro. Kirk, and is about to put the finishing touches upon its house of worship. It was also my privilege to baptize one young man at Martinsburg yesterday. This church, led on and inspired by sister Dudley, is struggling bravely to wipe out the debt upon the chapel. The church itself has raised \$1200, the past year. Who doubts that such a church will live and grow.

We have also a very encouraging interest at Smithfield. A good lay brother from Harrisburg has settled there and with no commission, and no pay except from above. He has established a meeting in one of "God's temples," where every Sabbath, the people from the many neighboring farms gather to listen to the unadulterated gospel. May the Lord send us many such.

N. C. BRACKETT.

Quarterly Meetings.

WALNUT CREEK Q. M., ILL.—Held its June session with the S. Cambridge church. In consequence of the storm the attendance was small and but four churches reported. Those present manifested an interest in the cause and harmony prevailed. The clerk was appointed a committee to locate next session of the Q. M.

W. B. GURNEY, Clerk.

TROY Q. M., N. Y.—Held its last session with the Armenia church. The churches were nearly all reported. We had an interesting time. Next session with the Fox and McIntyre church, Sept. 24–26. Especial attention is to be given to the interest of Sabbath schools on Saturday night by L. Dewey. Collected for missions \$8.00.

W. BROWN, Clerk.

ROCKINGHAM Q. M.—Next session at Candia, commencing Wednesday, 13 inst., at 9 o'clock. A. M. It is the special request of the church that ministers and others stay until the meeting closes. A profitable session is earnestly desired.

Clerk.

Q. M. Reports.

We print below a list of the Quarterly Meetings that have not, as yet, sent in their reports for the Register for 1870.

In order to be properly represented in the forth-coming Register, they will have to send in their Reports within the next three weeks, as we intend to get the Register ready for delivery by the first of Sept.

The Clerks will, therefore, please send in their Reports immediately, or they will fail to have them appear in the next Register.

N. H. Y. M.
New Durham
Watboro
W. M. Y. M.
Ouiside
W. C. Y. M.
Farmington
Bowdoin
Fennoscot Y. M.
Exceter
Willington
Arookook
Vt. Y. M.
Union P.
M. S. & R. I.
Western R. I.
Cattaraugus
Cattaraugus Cen
Geauga
GEN. Y. M.
Freedom
Wayne
SUS. Y. M.
Gibson
Walton
N. Y. & P. A. Y. M.
Yates & Steuben
N. Y. Y. M.
Rensselaer
OHIO & P. A. Y. M.
Ashburnham
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OHIO NORTHERN Y. M.
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Winona
CANADA WEST Y. M.
London
OHIO & P. A. Y. M.
OHIO & P. A. Y. M.
Washington
OHIO NORTHERN Y. M.
Huron
Loran
OHIO Y. M.
Miami

OHIO & P. A. Y. M.
Athens
Taylor (W. Va.)
TYLER & MARION Y. M.
Harmony
WISCONSIN Y. M.
Lagrange
Salmon
Putnam
MICH. Y. M.
Mich. Cen
Arookook
RIVER RAIN
Gorham
ST. JOSEPH'S VALLEY Y. M.
Northern
Seaboard
ILLINOIS Y. M.
Fox River
Rock River
Livingston
Prairie City
WISCONSIN Y. M.
Apple River
McHenry
MUSKOGEE Y. M.
St. Croix
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Lagrange
Salmon
Putnam
MICH.

Poetry.

If You Should Marry.

If you should ever get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement,
Just big enough for two!
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
And if you'd begin love's life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait;
One looking-glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate;
And Brussels, too, and other things,
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it, they
Will look better a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly, too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said,
A tent and love within it
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickerings every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John—
Your wife can do the best;
For love, to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast.
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table—
'Twill better relish by and by,
When you are better able.

For all you buy money, John—
Money that very day!
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way,
A note to pay is an ugly thing—
If it hangs over a man who has
No money in his wallet.

And now, when you get married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
It took them many a tedious year
To gain their envied niche.
And if you should gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning;
And then will all you win repay
The toil and care of winning.

—Journal.

Motherhood.

In the dim night I wake with sudden shock,
And a vague doubt
Startles my dreamy soul like Death's dread
knock.

To frighten but;
Was it no truth, that anguish-walled abyss
Leading to bliss?

A stir, a nestle, and a dove-cooed moan
Give wings to pain;
A rush of love, at sound of that dear tone,
Floods heart and brain.
Ah, no, not cheated of my motherhood,
Earth's sweetest good!

Soft cheeks and brow "neath kisses prove me
blest,
And dewy lips
Cling satisfied to the loved mother-breast,
By finger tips

Dimpled with precious feebleness of touch:
Yea, Lord!—"of such."
The upturned eyes, with grateful, misty light,
Droop, lidded fair;

Sleep comes and finds me stilled with new de-
light,
And a new prayer,
That, undivided, we may live or die,
My babe and I.

—N. Y. Independent.

Our Idol.

Close the door gently,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He hears her away.

Music comes floating
Down from the dome,
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home,
Come, stricken weeper—
Come to the bed;
Gaze on the sleeper;
Our idol is dead.

Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the dark eyes,
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the skies;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast;
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blessed;
Bear her out softly,
Let her grave-slumbers
Be 'mid the wild flowers.

The Family Circle.

Seeking our Fortunes.

Louisa Marsh was a sweet, roundfaced little girl, just such another as that familiar, "Red Riding Hood" a few years before Shirley Brooks introduced her to the woodman who saved her grandmother from the wolf—a round, plump little beauty of twelve summers, with sparkling eyes, that flashed with excitement over Andersen's fairy tales. I was two years older than Louisa, and had graduated higher in the honors of classic romance. I knew a little of Virgil, and less of Anacreon; a great deal of the Arabian Nights, much more still of Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress. Louisa was deeply versed in the personal history of fairies; she had mysterious revelations concerning the possession of three wishes; and she heard many curious records of fortunes which had been sought and found by persons who had gone out of their journeys with staves, cats, mice, and in some cases nothing but their willing hearts and hands. Perhaps old Uncle Marsden, who chiefly presided over our literary studies in those days, allowed us too free a rein in the selection of our books. Be that as it may, our education in this respect bore fruit. As the twig was bent, so the tree inclined.

Childhood has troubles and sorrows quite as intense, in their way, as those of after-

life. One day when I was walking home with pretty Louisa Marsh, she cried bitterly at some harsh, unjust punishment which she had received at the hands of Mistress Birch, our school-mistress. She got no peace at home, either, said this little martyr; her aunt was cold and peevish, had no sense of the sublime or the beautiful, and old Uncle Marsden was quite under her thumb. All this she could put up with, but to be flogged by that odious Miss Birch—it was heart-breaking; she could not and would not bear it.

Now my own soul rebelled against Miss Birch! I longed to show my manliness in some way, and revolt against this tyranny under which Louisa Marsh suffered. I was for throwing a stone through the school-room window, or knocking at the door and running away; but Louisa's ideas were of a more romantic turn than mine. She said she was perfectly miserable, and would like to go and seek her fortune.

A hundred book memories rushed into my boyish mind at the suggestion. I had often wondered what kind of country there was beyond the great hills that hemmed in the little town where I and Louisa lived.

"Why cannot we be pilgrims, or adventures," I said, "and climb over the great white road on the hills, and see the world beyond? Let us go some Saturday, when we have a holiday."

Louisa Marsh, inspired by thoughts of some of her numerous heroes, would not wait for Saturday.

"I am sick to death of school, and everything and everybody!" said Miss Birch's angry pupil. "I shall run away and seek my fortune."

"Then I shall go with you," I said boldly; and it was speedily arranged that instead of going to school we would start on our adventurous journey the very next day.

So at daybreak, having previously provided ourselves with two penny buns for our dinners, we started off, past the school, on down the green lane, past the great duck-pond, over the vicarage meadows, and on towards the white road over the hills.

It was a lovely sunny day, and everything looked so happy and peaceful and fairy-like that I began to think we should soon have an adventure. Neither of us spoke for a long time, but we held each other tightly by the hand.

By and by we came to the white road, and then we began to grow tired, and we sat by a little spring to eat our buns, and "we knelt down and drank the water. And oh, how cool and nice it was to lie there with our faces in the little roadside brook, and sip, sip, like thirsty travelers seeking their fortunes! The pebbles at the bottom were shiny and clear, and whilst I was looking at them I discovered gold and precious stones amongst them. Yes, sure enough, bright crystals and bits of golden ore. We pulled off our shoes and stockings, and gathered the precious pebbles, and thought our good fortune had come sure enough. And then, when we had filled her pockets and my pinafore, we began to be afraid of robbers, and I pulled my pocket-knife out, and held it unclashed in my right hand, determined to defend our treasures to the last.

"We shall soon come to a grand castle, no doubt," said Louisa; "and these jewels and precious stones will gain us admission, and the Prince will make me his wife."

"Will he? Let him dare do anything of the kind," I said, though why I could object to Louisa becoming a princess, I did not know.

"Of course there will be a princess for you, and you will have a white palfrey given to you," said Louisa.

But this did not at all meet my views; for somehow or other I had arranged in my own mind that we would share our fortune together, and that I must always be Louisa's protector.

We very nearly quarreled about this, and should no doubt have done so, only at that moment a haggard, dusty old woman came up. She had evidently traveled many miles, and she walked with a staff.

"Here's an old witch," said Louisa; perhaps she is the one we read of in Cinderella."

"Oh, oh, my pretty dears! and what are you doing here?" she said.

"Seeking our fortunes," I said, stepping forward with a courageous air.

"Oh, oh, seeking your fortunes, eh? And what have you got in your pinafores and pockets?"

"Jewels and precious stones from the enchanted brook," said Louisa, exhibiting her dripping mineral store.

"Oh, oh—yes, yes, very pretty!" and then she muttered something to herself.

"Can you tell us of any prince's castle hereabouts?" I asked, with some little trepidation, and wondering for the moment if we were not rather silly; but I was fully reassured when I saw Louisa's bright sparkling eyes, and the witch began to wave her staff like a magician I once saw at Borthwick Fair.

"It is barefoot you must go, and without pinafores or hats or necklaces," said the witch. "Turn first to the left, then to the right, and a fairy will meet you with a crown on her head, and take you to the prince's castle."

Then she picked up our shoes and stockings and helped us to take off our hats and pinafores. We had to carry the precious jewels in our frocks. I did not like to see Louisa's pretty necklace pushed into the old woman's bag; but Louisa was evidently delighted, so I could not but be pleased and satisfied.

The old witch soon disappeared, and we trudged on and on, barefooted, until at last we were tired and covered with dust.

By-and-by the clouds grew dark, and the rain began to fall in torrents—heavy summer rain that came down straight and in big drops. Poor Louisa's hair was soon all out of curl and dripping over her shoulders. I tried to shelter her with my arm, but there was no shelter from that pitiless rain, and I could not help wishing that we were

at home again; for I thought that they would just be having tea, with the windows wide open on the lawn, unless they were in a dreadful fright at our absence.

In a few minutes more it began to thunder and lighten and Louisa clung to my side and wept. There was a barn in a field close by, and we got over a gate and went inside. There was some nice dry straw in a corner, and we went and sat upon it.

When some of our fright at the lightning was passed a little, I said, "Do you really think we shall see a fairy, and that there are any magic castles and those things in this country?"

Louisa said the rain had perhaps driven the fairy away. She wished she had her shoes and stockings, for the straw pricked her feet.

Just at that moment we heard a crashing of timber outside the barn, and we expected every moment that some terrible magician would enter; but instead, two great cows came stalking in. One of them put its head down and came and smelt at us as we crouched up in the corner, and Louisa cried and trembled so that I kissed her out of pity, and thought our time for death had come. The next minute a farm laborer with a stool and milking-cans entered the shed, and as soon as he saw us he rushed outside and began to halloo and shout at the top of his voice.

"Here they be! here they be!" he said, and then he bade us get up.

By this time the storm was over, but we were wet to the skin, and presented, no doubt, a very wretched appearance. We had no sooner got up than, at the other side of the field, I saw my father and Louisa's Aunt Judy. My first impulse was to run and meet them, but Louisa pulled me close to her side.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! the poor things are half-naked and wet through. My dears, my dears, what have you been about?" said Aunt Judy, throwing her arms round Louisa more affectionately than ever she had done before.

"What have you been about?" my father inquired, putting up his eyeglass, and shaking the wet out of his umbrella.

"Seeking our fortunes," I replied, timidly, not knowing what else to reply.

I could see by the twinkle in his eye that my father was amused; he was not angry, at all events.

"And where are your shoes and stockings and other things?" said Louisa.

"An old witch took them," said Louisa. And then my father began to laugh heartily.

"The old woman whom we met on the road," he said; "I see it all; you told her you were seeking your fortunes."

"Yes; and I'll see after her," said my father. "In the meantime we will all go to the farm-house and see if we can get some dry things for you."

We were both delighted, Louisa and I, that no cross words were spoken, and by no means sorry at the prospect of getting to our comfortable homes again. When we did arrive there, after having some hot milk at the farm-house, the old place looked as happy and cheerful as any prince's castle could possibly do.

And we never went out to seek our fortunes again; for we soon learnt that fortunes did not come to persons who wandered about, and expected to find ready-made castles and happy homes waiting for them by the roadside. Fortune was to be won by hard work, and fairies were invented by poets to cheer our journey on the great highway of life. I remember thinking that it was a pity the "Arabian Nights" and Robinson Crusoe, and the fairy tales which Louisa and I had read together, were not true; but they have been as good as true to us since, for the simple lessons they teach and the morals which they adorn.—Aunt Judy's Magazine.

The Woman Question.

On the 30th of March a petition was presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts, of which the following is a copy:—"The undersigned, women of Lancaster, believing that the exercise of the elective franchise would diminish the purity, the dignity, and the moral influence of woman, and bring into the family circle a dangerous element of discord, without securing additional strength, efficiency, or wisdom to the government of the nation, respectfully petition that we may be allowed to remain under the protection of that government in the condition allotted to us by nature, by custom, and by religion. This petition was signed by Mrs. Dolly Chandler, and one hundred and ninety-four others.

On the same day, Wendell Phillips, Julia Ward Howe, and Lucy Stone, argued for several hours before a committee of the same Legislature, in favor of giving suffrage to women, and on the following day, Stephen Foster, Lucy Stone, and others, before another committee, demanded that no more money of the State be given to colleges, till they open their doors to girls.

Mr. Phillips asserted the absolute flat of justice that every human being should have every right that pertains to any other human being. He asserted that the only security that self-government can outside the storms of the coming century, is in giving the ballot to woman.

Lucy Stone dwelt long on the wrongs and woes of woman. She cited a case of terrible cruelty in which the law allowed a man in Boston to take his infant daughters away from a mother's love, and carry them beyond the sea. A well-known Christian lady in Boston, who was in the audience, said she knew the facts, and the mother was hopelessly insane. She repeated over and over again, that the law classed women with idiots and imbeciles; yet does not every lawyer know that this classification is wholly her own?

We did not know, till we heard her indignant utterances, that our Puritan mothers,

from Rose Standish down, had lived in so abject and degrading bondage, while they have been creating and filling such homes as the world has rarely seen, and rearing men who have wrought the mightiest revolutions, and given the mightiest advances to civilization, and going themselves to heaven in blissful ignorance of their wrongs. We did not know till they now told us, that Massachusetts was so full of girls who are longing to know Greek, and the Differential calculus. Has the old Commonwealth no response to the yearning hunger of her daughters for knowledge? Now that public sentiment is drifting away from classic learning, shall we fill the vacancies in our college halls with girls? Wouldn't the boys like it?

Seriously, while we would have all legal abuses removed, and the best opportunities of culture given to women, are we all made alike? Is not the family the center, as well as the source of all human life? Has not God given beauty and grace to woman, and strength to man? Is not the mission of women as the mothers and educators of the race, enlarged enough for her powers and for all true womanly ambition? Is not this a fight against God's first ordinances in Eden? If so, who can doubt the issue?—Cong. and Recorder.

Chat with Little Folks.

Here we are, all together again, around our big table. What's the news?

What did the little girl say? "No news down our way, but plenty of rain. Rain, rain, rain, from morning to night, and all night too. I don't see what we have so much rain for. It keeps us in the house all day; we can't go anywhere. What's the use of having rain in the winter anyhow? In the summer rain is good for grass, and grain, and flowers, but nothing grows in the winter time."

Ah! Miss Fanny Grumble, you forget how you complained of the rain last summer because it spoiled your ride. You did not think of flowers and grass then. You had to hurry home, and were afraid your best bonnet would be ruined. And now you think that rain is of no use in the winter. How would the wells and brooks fill up without winter rain, and how would the earth get moist, so that the roots of plants and trees could find food, or rather drink, when the spring-time comes and they want to grow.

Mr. Short says he thinks you are a foolish little girl to talk so about the rain. Besides, it is very wicked to complain of what God does, for he does all things well.

But don't be too hard with Fanny, Mr. Short. She is a little thoughtless, and perhaps will learn better when she gets older.

"I don't know about that," replies Mr. Short. "For I have known grown-up folks to growl about the rain. Here's a story about one of that sort:

"THE RAIN."

A merchant was once riding home from the fair, with a knapsack full of money behind him; it rained heavily and the good man was wet through and through. He was discontented in consequence, and complained bitterly that God gave him such weather for his journey.

His way led through a thick wood. Here with horror, he saw a robber, who pointed his gun at him, and pulled the trigger. He would have been killed without a chance of escape, but owing to the rain, the powder had become damp, and the gun did not go off. The merchant put spurs to his horse, and quickly escaped his danger.

When he was in safety, he thus said to himself: "What a graceless simpleton I was, when I murmured at the bad weather, and did not rather take it as the dispensation of God. Had the sky been brighter, and the air clear and dry, I should now be lying dead in my blood, and my child, drenched would have waited in vain for my return home. The rain at which I grumbled, has saved both my property and my life."

Are there not some of our young readers who, like little Miss Grumble, complain of the rain because it sometimes spoils their plans? This is finding fault with God. How much better is the spirit shown by the little girl spoken of in the following story:

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Lucy," said a friend one day to a little girl who was laid on a sick-bed, "would you not like to be well and again at play?"

Lucy thought for a moment, and then said, with great sweetness: "God knows best; and what he thinks best pleases me best."

That little girl had the true spirit of resignation. It is a great trial for any person to lie on a bed of sickness, but especially so for a child. Lucy no doubt would have been glad to be well, but she did not wish to complain of God because she was sick; and she was willing to wait his time for her recovery.

But here's our Captain again. He promised to give us some more stories of travel. Crowd through, Captain Walker, but please don't tread on any of these little folks, for your boots are quite heavy, you know. That's it. Take a seat. See here, Captain, did you ever see the Queen when you were in England? Some of these girls would like to know how she looked, and how she was dressed.

"Well," says the Captain, "I never was good at telling about ladies' dresses. I have seen the Queen, though, several times, but I did not feel half so glad as when I came home and saw Mrs. Captain Walker. She is my queen. When I saw Victoria, she was riding. I did not go to the palace to see her, but I know some folks who did, and they had to dress very particularly, or they could not have got in. Here is what they say about it:

"LOOKING AT THE QUEEN."

"The Throne-Room is a right royal room; not a seat in it except the throne and the gilded chair at the foot. On a platform, reached by three steps, on a crimson carpet, spattered with gold, stands a gilt Gothic chair surmounted by a crown. This is the throne. It is covered by a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with heavy gold lace. On the top of the canopy is a golden cushion, on which rests a larger gold crown. The Throne-Room is very long, nearly two hundred feet.

Running the whole length is a heavy iron fence, full five feet high, capped with crimson velvet. The great throng below, at a given signal, come up the stairway, and enter the great audience-room that opens into the Throne-Room.

The audience-room is very gorgeous with satin hangings, radiant with vermilion and gold. Her Majesty is painfully prompt. At the exact moment she comes out of her royal closet and takes her stand on the lower step of the throne. On the signal being given, Her Majesty's Ministers, with the foreign Ambassadors, enter from the private door, file singly before the Queen, bow, and take their station in the center of the room, where they remain. The crowd is admitted one by one. Each person passes up the narrow pathway to the place where the Queen stands, makes a low bow, and then backs down the whole length of the room. The lady cannot turn her back to the Queen, nor take up her train. It is etiquette for the Ministers and Ambassadors, who occupy the center of the room, to lift the train and pass it from one to another while the lady backs down to the door. The presentation lasts about one minute. It costs months of labor and anxiety, and great expense. The finery will be worn on no other occasion; but these people have been 'presented at Court,' and they will tell it to their children's children. When the Queen holds court, it lasts just one hour. During the whole time she stands like a statue—cold, as insensible. She neither bows nor speaks. The mass file before her as if she were an idol goddess."

Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

Dr. Bushnell dedicates his new book on Woman Suffrage (published by Scribner,) to his wife. He does this in terms so handsome to one of the sex, whose claim to the ballot he denies, that we copy it entire:

For once I will dare to break open one of the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and contained in the same consciousness for the last thirty-six years. If she is offended that I do it without her consent, I hope she may get over the offense shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. She has been with me in many weaknesses and some storms, giving strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, considerate enough to do it wisely; shrinking never from loss or blame or shame to be encountered in any thing right to be done; adding great and high indignations—indignations always to good and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always the things bravest and best to be done, and supplying inspirations enough to have made a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know it, and the more willingly also, that having her part in it known has not even occurred to her, compelling me thus to honor not less, but more, the covert glory of the womanly nature, even as I obtained a distinct and more wondering apprehension of the divine meanings and moistenings, and countless unthought ministries it contributes to this otherwise very dry world.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Brain Labor.

Mr. Beecher has, for once, fallen into the error, very common among all classes of men, of drawing conclusions from erroneous or insufficient premises. His position and the occasion have both contributed to make his mistake prominent, and to bring upon him the criticisms, unfortunately well deserved, of his contemporaries.

In his discourse at the funeral of Hon. Henry J. Raymond, Mr. Beecher said:

"But he is gone. Fallen in the very prime of life—the next ten years would have been worth more to him than the last twenty. He has taxed the resources of his life unduly, and has been cast down prematurely because he has not lived within the bounds of moderation in the use of himself; for obedience to God requires that there should be moderation in industries, and that there should not be inordinate activities, even in the highest and in the best spheres of life. He has gone. He cannot repair the error."

The first sentence of the preceding quotation is correct; but there is no probability that the remainder is true, considered either as a statement of facts or of conclusions.—"Fallen in the very prime of life." This is certainly not true when applied to Mr. Raymond, for the end of a life can not be its prime. Neither can it be correct as a statement of a general truth, for the "prime of life," whether applied to individuals or to the race, is fixed more by the results accomplished than by any measurement of years.

"The next ten years would have been worth more to him than the last twenty." Most certainly not true; the next ten years could have been worth nothing to him except as the results of the last twenty; the work and preparation of the last twenty could alone give any value to the next ten. The sentence is incorrect as a statement of a fact, and absurd as a representation of what the speaker probably intended to say. If we may believe those best acquainted with Mr. Raymond, it is equally a mistake that "he taxed the resources of his life unduly," or that "he has not lived within the bounds of moderation in the use of himself." It is said that he worked easily, and that his labors did not unduly trouble him, and that his death was the result of hereditary causes entirely independent of brain work.

But it was not so much our purpose to criticize the language or the statements of Mr. Beecher in relation to Mr. Raymond, as to notice the general statement, which we saw so often repeated, that men are killing themselves in this country with too much brain work.

We are confident that very rarely indeed is this true when applied to individuals, and that it has still less foundation in fact when applied to the American people as a whole.

In the first place, there is good reason for doubting, or at any rate there is no good proof, that mental diseases, or diseases of the brain, are more prevalent in this than in other countries. It is generally thought so, and it may possibly be true; but the only proof of it that can be given, is a general impression that it is so, an impression whose only foundation is a general inference from a very few facts, the very weakest of all proof.

But there is important evidence upon the subject which is available. It is the average age of those who die in various occupations and professions in this country. In the State of Massachusetts, these records have been kept for twenty-five years, so that the number of facts has become sufficient to make the results important and valuable as evidence.

We find, in the report for 1867, that in twenty-five years nearly, the deaths of 3,566 professional men had been reported, with an average age of 50.5 years, and 9,856 merchants, financiers, agents, &c., with an average age of 48.5 years. These averages are greater than those of any other class except farmers and mechanics working in the open air. The average age of active mechanics in shops is 47.9 years; of inactive mechanics in shops, 43 years; of laborers 46.8 years; of factors laboring abroad, 34.2 years; of persons employed on the ocean 45.5 years; of females, 38.7 years; of farmers, 64.2 years; and of active mechanics, working in the open air, 51.2 years.

There is nothing here that indicates that brain labor shortens life, and when we look at the individual professions, the proof is still more marked. Thus the average of those who died in some of the most important professions and occupations, was as follows:

Years.	Years.
Bankers 54.7	Judges & Justices 66.4
Bank Officers 54.8	Lawyers 66.1
Merchants 53.0	Physicians 66.0
Booksellers 50.5	Professors 66.0
Clergymen 57.8	Public Officers 64.6

The average age of the whole number of persons who died in the twenty-five years, whose occupations were specified, was 50.5 years. It seems, then, that bankers, merchants, clergymen, judges, lawyers, physicians and professors live longer than the average of all classes of occupations, and very much longer than laborers or inactive mechanics working in shops. Neither the hurry and excitement of bankers and merchants, nor the severe mental labor of clergymen, judges and lawyers, seem to shorten their lives. In fact, it will be noticed that the three professions last named, whose occupation is wholly brain labor, and of the most severe description, are the very highest on the list of average ages.

It is probable that some merchants injure themselves from too much devotion to, and more especially from too much anxiety about, their business; and it is possible that sometimes a student or professional man may injure himself by severe mental labor in this country, though we cannot recall a well authenticated case of the kind.

The truth is, we have but few hard students in this country, and our students and professional men are killed, not by too much labor of the brain, but by too little labor of the body; not by too much food for the mind, but by too much food for the stomach.

Many more are injured by excessive indulgence of the bodily passions and appetites, than by excessive indulgence in literary labor. Tobacco and alcohol produce far more softening of the brain and disease of the heart among students in this country, than close application to their study. A healthy mind in a healthy body, is capable of an almost unlimited amount of labor without injury; but if the body is broken down by excess, or by neglect, the mind suffers with it, and both fall together.—Providence Journal.

Social Life in India.

"Carleton" writes as follows to the Boston Journal:

"To comprehend domestic life among the Hindus, let us take a look at one of their homes. The family is patriarchal. The father is the head; his sons bring their wives home one after another, the women occupying apartments by themselves. The Hindu word for woman's apartment is 'zenana.' The women of the household mingle freely together, but John never sees the wife of his brother Joseph. Six or eight families, and three or four generations, are sometimes under one roof, and when the house becomes thus populous, the head of the family has quite as much as he can attend to in settling family troubles. Think of the life of those women. They are wholly ignorant; they know not a letter of their language. Why should a woman learn to read? What would come of it? If they go to visit a neighbor, it must be in a close palanquin, their faces veiled. They know nothing except family gossip. They cannot do the plainest sewing. The little tow-head on the lowest bench of an infant school in America, making patchwork, can use the needle more deftly than most of the millionaire Baboos. Think of your little rosy-cheeked darling who climbs upon your knee for her good-night kiss being affianced in marriage at the age of five, and at twelve being a bride, shut up for the rest of her days, with nothing to do—knitting work, or bed-quills to make, no knowledge of needlework; surrounded with books, yet not knowing a letter; her room a blank wall; her daily duties for the remainder of her life being the performance of her daily *puja*—a worship of a little brass or stone image in the form of a monkey, or a figure with six arms and four faces; hanging flowers around its neck, sprinkling it with water, bowing before it, walking around it, talking to it as little girls do to their dolls, lighting little wax tapers; nothing but this, except to dawdle her children, bring food to her husband, and eat her own, and re-arrange the folds of cloth which answer for a garment; doing this and sleeping the rest of her time, from morning till night, from night till morning, through the twenty-four hours, the weeks, the months, the years, from childhood to old age! Such is the daily, unvarying life of the Hindu women of the upper classes. The Baboos, who read Shakespeare, who know what is going on in America, even to the rappings of the spirits, who will discuss the theism of Theodore Parker with you, are beginning to feel that there is an awkward gap in their system of life. The Hindu upper classes, who are too intellectual to be grossly sensual Baboos, repudiate Brigham Young. They are not Polygamists; they are fond of their wives, and treat them with respect, and love their children, especially if they are sons. But there is no Eve in their paradise. They come home from their counting-room when the day's work is done, read a play from Shakespeare, or Longfellow's last poem, and then comes the reflection, that the wife, so far as this is concerned, is an idiot. Many of the Baboos

are now anxious to have their wives educated; but the women, knowing nothing of the sweets of knowledge, manifest but little desire to obtain an education. Yet they are desirous of learning embroidery. Those who have undertaken to do something towards raising the women of this land from their degradation, have seized upon this, and are using it to great advantage.

Saved from the Wave.

The summer leaves have faded, and in the grove where the young girls sat that warm, bright day, the snow now lies thick and untrodden. The three friends are at school in New York, but Nellie is expected home to-night, and there all is in readiness. The warm fire blazes in the wide fireplace and as her father puts on his great coat and prepares to go to the boat to meet her, he says, "How nice it will be, wife, to have our baby home again!"

But the night wears away and brings no Nellie. For many hours the anxious father has been waiting at the pier for the steamship which was to bring his darling to the wharf. The waves plash coldly against the wharf, but tell no tales of the missing boat; the lights twinkle and flash from the surrounding hills, but no approaching light comes over the waters. A crowd gathers round and excitedly they talk of "shipwrecks," "burning steamers," etc., till every heart is fluttering with agitation.

"Hurrah! hurrah! here she comes!" and proudly a stately vessel sails up to the pier, a stranger vessel, what does it mean?

"The Ocean Breeze" has gone down with all on board! shouted a voice from the deck. Silence in that dreary home, the fire has died out in the yawning fireplace, and alone in the tomb-like room sit the unhappy parents, dead to all outward objects save the one terrible thought—"Nellie is drowned."

Now and then a twig or leaf taps against the window, and they start nervously.

The morning dawns—the neighbors come in with acts of love and pity.

"Poor little baby!" says old Widow Smith, "To think that that curly head a lady at the bottom of the river. Well, well! this is a world of change. Surely! surely!"

The long day approaches to its close; the departing sunbeams look cold and pale.

"Father, mother, here's your baby, spared a little longer to tease and bother you. Why, if they ain't both crying! Sorry I've been saved, I'll warrant. Here, mother, father, look up and thank this gentleman for saving me; for if it had not been for him, your little Nellie would indeed be lying at the bottom of the river!"

Oh, blessed transition, from grief to joy!

The setting sun goes down in great sea of blue; the room is filled with a glorious radiance; the great log rolls over on the brass andirons, and the flames leap and leap for joy.—*Phrenological Journal.*

The Earl of Derby.

It may seem paradoxical, but I at least am unable to get out of my mind the conviction that there is a solid basis of stupidity in the mind of the great Conservative Chief, Lord Derby. Let me explain what I mean. The Earl of Derby is in one sense a highly accomplished man. He is a good classical scholar, and can make a speech in Latin. He has produced some very spirited translations from Horace; and I like his version of the *Iliad* better than the whole of any other I know. He is a splendid debater—Macaulay said very truly that with Lord Derby the science of debate was an instinct. He will roll out resonant, rotund, verbose sentences by the hour, by the yard; he is great at making hits and points; his voice is fine, his manner is noble, his invective is powerful. But he has no ideas. The light he throws out is a polarized light. He adds nothing new to the political thought of the age. I have heard many of his best speeches, and I can remember that they were then very telling, in a Parliamentary point of view; but I cannot remember anything he said. He is always interpreting into eloquent and effective words the commonplace Philistine notions, the hereditary conventionalities of his party—and nothing more. His mind is not open to new impressions, and he is not able to appreciate the cause, the purpose or the tendency of change. This I hold to be the essential characteristic of stupidity; and this is an attribute of Lord Derby, with all his Greek, his Latin, his impetuous rhetoric, his debating skill, and his audacious blunders, which sometimes almost deceive one into thinking him a man of genius. Now the Earl of Derby is the greatest Tory living; and if I have fairly described the highest type of Tory, one can easily form some conception of what the average Tory must be.

Every one likes Lord Derby, and I fully believe it to be the fact that those who know him best like him best. I cannot imagine Lord Derby doing a mean thing; I cannot imagine him haughty to a poor man, or patronizingly offensive to a timid visitor of humble birth. Look at Lord Derby through the wrong end of the intellectual telescope and you have the average British Tory. The Tory's knowledge is confined to classics and field sports—when he knows anything. Even Lord Derby has been guilty of the most flagrant mistakes in geography and modern history. People are never tired of alluding to a famous blunder of his about Tambo in Russia. It is also told of him that he once spoke in Parliament of Demerara as an island; and when his colleagues afterwards remonstrated with him on the mistake, he asked with ingenuousness, "How on earth was I to know that Demerara was not an island?" He once, at a public meeting, spoke of himself very frankly as having been born "in the pre-scientific period"—the period but too recently closed, when English Universities and high class schools troubled themselves only about Greek and Latin, and thought it beneath their dignity to show much interest in such vulgar, practical studies as chemistry and natural history, to say nothing of that ungentlemanly and ungentlemanly study, the science of political economy. The average British Tory is a Lord Derby without eloquence, brains, official habits and political experience.—*Galaxy.*

Dr. Holland on Rome.

But I tire you with this gossip, and must come to a close without saying half that I would like to about Rome. In closing, however, I ought, I am sure, to say something by way of warning to those of my countrymen who contemplate visiting Rome and Southern Italy at any future time. It is no light thing for a man to visit Southern Italy at any time, and it is, under any circumstances, a serious thing for him to take

his family with him. Naples and Rome are not Saratoga or the White Mountains. The influence of the atmosphere, whether of malaria or moisture, or alternations of sun and shadow, induce a fever that every season lays numbers of strangers in the grave, or prostrates them through long months of sickness. It makes one's heart bleed to think of the large number of American families that come out of Italy every spring, leaving one of their number behind them, or bearing it embalmed on its way to the forsaken home beyond the sea. In the winter the sun is hot and the shadows are cold. The galleries in which a great deal of time is spent are cold. The change from day to night is a great change; and at the time of that change hundreds of Americans are coming home, wearied with the day's excursions and dinnerless—without the power to resist the chill that comes upon them the moment that the sun passes from sight. Then there are the exposures that come of mingling in society—the receptions, the heated assemblies, the balls, the theaters and operas. Is it to be wondered at that Naples fever, and Roman fever, seize upon so many? There are some rules which it would be well for all people visiting Italy to adopt. The first is, never, if it is hard to get a room in a hotel or boarding-house that is without the sun; second, never to be out of doors when the sun sets; third, make no attempt to economize in the matter of fuel, but pile on the wood, whatever the expense may be; fourth, stay in the house nights; and, fifth, never go to a gallery without thick shoes, and an extra shawl. These rules, thoroughly followed, will give you your best chance of getting out of Italy in safety. I assure you that I do not exaggerate the dangers of a winter's residence in Naples and Rome. And now, if it is hard to get a healthy man to go through such a residence unscathed, how do you suppose the invalids fare? The consumptives die, pretty nearly all of them; and few indeed, are those who are benefited. It is true, too, that those who have gone further—who have visited Egypt or Palestine—have been sick on the passage, nearly every one of them. I write this because I suppose the general public is as ignorant upon the subject, as I was before visiting Italy. It is a serious thing to visit Southern Italy and the East; and no man should lightly undertake such a visit, or fail to guard himself and the precious members of his family from the influences of the climate, by the most judicious care, by day and by night.—*Springfield Republic.*

Analyzing a Woman.

A celebrated Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself—to speak—from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair, with chemically prepared cosmetics, one day took a medical bath, and on emerging from it was horrified at finding herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete. Not a vestige of the supreme Caucasian race was left. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately, and said: "Madame, you are not ill; you are no longer a woman, but a sulphuretted one. It is not now a question of medical treatment, but of simple chemical action. I shall analyze you. Come, I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur, the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman." The good-natured physician went through with his analysis, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ambitious of snowy complexions should remember this, and be careful what powder and cosmetics they use.

Advice to Bathers.

The Royal Humane Society publish the following recommendations: Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing naked on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air, if after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young, and those that are weak, had better bathe three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

Man a Unity, not a Unit.

The difficulty of understanding the nature of man, is because he is a unity; and because he is also complex and protean. We know man is a unity by our consciousness. He is a unity, not a unit. What a unit is, or rather what is a unit, and whether there be one in this universe, we know not. A grain of sand is no more a unit than the universe is. A unit has no parts. A unity is made up of parts that find their unity in their relation to each other, and to their common end. So man is a unity. The body is not the man, the soul is not the man, but the two. And he is also a complex, for within him are system upon system, each being in itself also a unity. His soul is a unity, but it is made up of intellect, and sensibility, and will; and each of these is a unity, while all are to be combined into the highest unity that is to make the man one. If we call that one thing which binds together these several systems and makes them one spirit, we shall raise man in dignity, and increase no difficulty or mystery. Then we must comprehend man from his progressiveness from his birth to his death, and the untried possibilities for the spirit life beyond death. To be truly man, the being must retain, throughout, the constituents which make him man. Are these, then, the body and soul? or are they, body, soul, and spirit?—*President Hopkins, Baccalaureate.*

Man a Unity, not a Unit.

An old lady on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near, she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well aboard, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever. I always dislike this nasty river water, especially in dog days."

Disraeli's Unscrupulousness.

Three or four years ago, a bitter, factious attack was made in the house of commons upon Mr. Stansfield, then holding office in the Liberal government, because of his open and avowed friendship for, and intimacy with, Mazzini. This was for endeavoring to connect Mazzini with a plot to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon. Mr. Disraeli was very stern in his condemnation of Mr. Stansfield for his friendship with one who, twenty odd years before, had encouraged a young enthusiast (as the enthusiast said) in a design to kill Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. Mr. Bright, in a moderate and kindly speech, deprecated the idea of making unpardonable crimes out of the hot-headed follies of enthusiastic men in their young days; and he added that he believed there would be found in a certain poem, written by Disraeli, some twenty-five or thirty years since, and called "A Revolutionary Epick," some lines of eloquent apostrophe in praise of tyrannicide. Up sprang Disraeli, indignant and excited, and vehemently denied that any such sentiment, any such line, could be found in the poem. Mr. Bright at once accepted the assurance; said he had never seen the poem himself, but only heard that there was such a passage in it; apologized for the mistake; and there most people thought the matter would have ended.

In truth, the volume which Disraeli had published a generation before, with the grandiloquent title, "A Revolutionary Epick" (not "epic," in the common way, but dignified, old-fashioned "epick"), was a piece of youthful, bombastic folly, long out of print, and almost wholly forgotten. But Disraeli chose to attach great importance to the charge he supposed to be made against him; and declared that he felt himself bound to refute it utterly by a mere denial. Accordingly, in a few weeks, there came out a new edition of the Epick, with a dedication to Lord Stanley, and a preface explaining that, as the first edition was out of print, and as a charge founded on a passage on it had been made against the author, said author felt bound to issue this new edition, that all the world might see how unfounded was the accusation. Sure enough the publication did seem to dispose of the charge effectively. There was only one passage which in any way bore on the subject of tyrannicide, and that certainly did not express approval. What could be more satisfactory? Unluckily, however, the gentleman on whose hint Mr. Bright spoke happened to possess one copy of the original edition. He compared this, to make assurance doubly sure, with the copy at the British Museum, the only other copy accessible to him, and he found that the passage which contained the praise of tyrannicide had been partly altered, partly suppressed, in the new edition specially issued by Mr. Disraeli, in order to prove to the world that he had not written a line in the poem to imply that he sanctioned the slaying of a tyrant. Now, this was a small and trifling affair; but just see how significant and characteristic it is! Surely did not make much matter whether Mr. Disraeli, in his young, nonsensical days, had or had not indulged in a burst of enthusiasm about the slaying of tyrants, in a poem so bombastic that no rational man could think of it with any seriousness. But Mr. Disraeli chose to regard his reputation as seriously assailed; and what did he do to vindicate himself? He published a new edition, which he trumpeted as not merely authentic, but as issued for the sole purpose of proving that he had not praised tyrannicide, and he deliberately excised the lines which contained the praise of tyrannicide. The controversy turned on some two lines and a half; and of these Mr. Disraeli cut out all the dangerous words and gave the garbled version to the world as his authoritative reply to the charge made against him! This, too, after the famous "annexation" of one of Thiers's speeches, and the delivery of it as a panegyric on the memory of the Duke of Wellington, and after the appropriation of a page or two out of an essay by Macaulay, and its introduction wholesale, as original, into one of Mr. Disraeli's novels.—*Galaxy.*

Nuisances.

I mean not the nuisances such as the legal tribunals may abate; but farm nuisances, as elders, briers, burrs, thistles, and the whole pasturiferous tribe of self-propagating farm weeds. "A nuisance is that which worketh evil," says the old commentator, and I am sure every one of these comes within the definition.

If the fence corners are made to produce grass, and this is properly harvested, they will grow up to grow up in briers, elders, Canada thistles and a long catalogue of pernicious et ceteras, they not only produce no profit to the owner, but are an absolute nuisance, seeding the whole neighborhood with their pestiferous growths. The Canada thistle, the wickedest and most determined of all the self-propagating weeds, first takes its place in the fence corner, and from its secure retreat fills the whole place with children as mean as itself for protection against this pest. I cannot say whether or not such laws effect any good. I am inclined to the belief that one man with a good grubbing hoe will destroy more Canada thistles than a whole statute book of such enactments. But the principle asserted is a good one. It denies the right of a man to make his farm a nursery for all manner of evil weeds. He is the enemy who sows weeds from tares—Canada thistles—in the fields of his neighbors.

In some States there is one law for protection against this pest. I cannot say whether or not such laws effect any good. I am inclined to the belief that one man with a good grubbing hoe will destroy more Canada thistles than a whole statute book of such enactments. But the principle asserted is a good one. It denies the right of a man to make his farm a nursery for all manner of evil weeds. He is the enemy who sows weeds from tares—Canada thistles—in the fields of his neighbors. I would as soon be in the same room with the small pox or the itch, as to own a farm alongside one of these Timothy Makeshifts. I would rather contribute my proportion to buy his farm and give it to some honest, industrious person, than to have to wage an unceasing war from year to year against the incursions of briers, burrs and thistles from his weed patch. Such a person is himself a nuisance and a trespasser, and should have very many redeeming traits to make his presence in a neighborhood in any way tolerable.

I do not complain for having his weeds to destroy once. This is soon done; but if one has a little ambition to make his farm look neat and respectable, it is exceedingly vexing to have all his operations and plans thwarted by one of these do-little neighbors. He is worse than the enemy sowing tares; for he would hardly repeat the offence; but this fellow is a constant trespasser, and ten chances to one he is raising his children up to be as mean as himself.—*North-western Farmer.*

Let your promises be sincere, and within the compass of your ability.

Sands form the mountains; moments make the year.

Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark.

Overwork.

There was William Pitt, dead at forty-nine, carrying the British Empire on his shoulders for a quarter of a century, and attempting to carry a pint of port wine daily and a piece of opium in his stomach, and gundered in mid-ocean from this over cargo. What a wreck was that when Brinsley Sheridan went to pieces on the breakers of intemperance and overwork! There, too, was Mirabeau, that prodigy of strength and health, of versatility and splendid talent, killed by the overwhelming labors and excitement of the tribune, and the orgies of Cyprian halls. Sergeant S. Prentiss attempted the double task; and if ever man might with impunity, he could with leonine health and marvelous mental gifts. Said a distinguished Mississippi lawyer, "Prentiss would sit up all night gambling and drinking, and then go into court next day and make a better plea in all respects than I could, or anybody else at the bar of our State, even though we studied our case half the night and slept the rest." He tried it, and in trying burned to the socket, in forty-one years, the lamp of life that had been trimmed to last fourscore. A draft upon the constitution in behalf of appetite is just as much a draft as in behalf of work; and if both are habitually preferred together, bankruptcy and ruin are sure and swift.—*Louisville Courier and Journal.*

A Ride with a Lunatic.

The pleasures of railway traveling in England are vividly illustrated by the following incident which happened on a line near London:

A young lady got into a second-class carriage, where she was soon joined by a gentleman about thirty years old, whose manner seemed very strange and excited. They were alone in the carriage.

As soon as the train had started, this man got up all of a sudden, and began by throwing his carpet-bag out of the window saying:

"This carriage is much too heavy. Come, we must lighten it as much as possible."

He then sat down again, but jumped up a minute after, screaming out:

"It's too heavy! It's too heavy!" And, so saying, he sent his coat out of the window to join his carpet-bag, then away went his waistcoat, his cravat, and his shoes!

He then sat down and appeared to be thinking profoundly. All of a sudden he turned towards the young girl, who was as frightened as possible, and said:

"On your knees, madam, on your knees! We will pray for the Duke of Gloucester!"

And he knelt down. The poor girl immediately obeyed him. The stranger then began praying fervently for the Duke of Gloucester, then for the Duke of St. Albans, then for the Duke of York—in a word, for all the Dukes in Great Britain and Ireland.

But then he sat down again. The young lady, more dead than alive, was in a corner of the carriage, a prey to the most profound terror.

Nevertheless this strange person soon began to feel less quiet.

"This can't go on," he said; "it is really much too heavy—much too heavy. The train will soon have to stop—it won't be able to go on. Come now, we must lighten it. One of us must get out. I won't; so supposing you jump out of the window?"

And he walked resolutely up to the carriage door.

But she said to him, crying:

"Oh, sir, do stay for one moment; we've not yet prayed for the Duke of Northumberland!"

"You are right, we had forgotten him. On your knees, and let's pray for the Duke of Northumberland!"

They were still in deep prayer when the train arrived at the station, and the young girl fainted in the arms of some friends who were waiting for her.

Her companion was arrested, and soon recognized as a lunatic who had escaped from Hanwell.

Sabinas and his Dog.

After the execution of Sabinas, the Roman general, who suffered death for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, his body was exposed to the public upon the precipice of Germanicus as a warning to all who should dare to befriend the house of Germanicus. No friend had courage to approach the body; only one remained true—his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body; his pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought to him, which he was kindly encouraged to eat; but on tasting the bread, instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth and renewed his lamentations. Days thus passed, nor did he for a moment quit the body. The body was at length thrown into the Tiber, and the generous creature, still unwilling that it should perish, leaped into the water after it, and clasping the corpse between his paws, vainly endeavored to prevent it from sinking.

New Dodge of the Thieves.

The thieves of New York have a new and ingenious way of raising the wind. One miscreant pretends to be a revenue officer, and appearing suddenly before a tradesman, after court hours, arrests him and drags him before another miscreant, who assumes to be a United States marshal. It is too late for trial, and accordingly the prisoner is informed that he must pay his fine—amounting usually to \$22.50—or go to Ludlow street jail for the night. The prisoner is alarmed and anxious regarding his family, who will be worried at his absence. He therefore pays the fine, when he is quietly but forcibly shoved out of doors, and the thieves divide the spoils and scatter. All this is done, remember, in broad daylight. The *Sun* well asks, "Are there no lamp-posts at which to hang this gang of miscreants?"

Significant Rebuke for Rome.

Blow after blow is struck at the papal domination in Austria. Just as the surprise occasioned by the previous governmental decisions breaking the Romish power in that country is dying out, we hear that the Austrian Minister of Public Worship has addressed instructions to the governors of the provinces pointing out that when priests are confined in clerical houses of correction by their bishops the episcopal sentences are only valid in so far and so long as the condemned priest voluntarily submits to them. The Romish Bishops are filled with wrath at the announcement. Poor Pius IX!

Items.

A MEDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw bone.

A LITTLE FELLOW, seeing for the first time a tortoise moving slowly along, said, "See this frying-pan walk."

WHEN does a man's case lie in a nut-shell? When he's a colonel.

GIVE a clown your finger, and he'll take your whole hand.

GIVE a child his will, and a whelp his tail, and neither will thrive.

"JACK, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No, she's expensive."

THE LANDLADY of a hotel said to a boarder: "Look here! I want you to pay your bill, and you must! I have asked you often enough for it, and I tell you now that you don't leave the house until you have paid it." "Good!" said the lodger, "I'll stay with you as long as I live."

A FOPPHIL fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work." "Good," said his friend, "I would rather go up hill than down, any time."

WHAT is the difference between soldiers slain and garments repaired? The first are dead men, the second men-dead.

A BOY who heard the quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," wished to stop going to school because he was afraid he should not live long enough to get past the dangerous p-i-t.

FLOWERS IN THE PARLOR.—It should be the duty of some member of the family to gather and arrange in the vases fresh flowers every day, or every second day. The daughters, if any there be, can generally best attend to this work, and will be likely to display good taste in the arrangement of the same.

A PARIS paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter: "What have you done with your doll?" "I have sent it away to keep for my children, when I grow up." "But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah! well! then it will do for my grandchildren."

A LAWYER in a certain city in the state, not remarkable for his cleanliness of person, appeared at a party a while ago with a rose in his button-hole. "Where do you suppose it came from?" said he to a brother lawyer, who was admitting it. The latter looked up and down the entire length of the questioner, and with great deliberation responded, "Why, I suppose it grew there."

AN OLD LADY who is in the habit of pushing her glasses upon her head when through with them, and having several pairs, was unable to find any of them the other day. In asking her daughter's assistance in finding them, three pairs were found high and dry on the top of her head.

BONE'S DAUGHTER is a brave girl. The other day she swam out from Cape May, seized by the hair of the head a drowning young man as he was going down the last time, and drew him in triumph to the shore. The man who was thus delightfully rescued was George Devores of Baltimore. Experienced novel readers will readily reach the sequel of the story, if the young folks don't.

A GOOD JOKE is told of a young man who attended a social circle a few evenings since. The conversation turned on California and getting rich. "Rom," remarked one of the party, "I have heard that California is a gold mine, wouldn't it be worth while to go there?" "Well," said the young man, "I have heard that California is a gold mine, wouldn't it be worth while to go there?"

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