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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1869.

A Wonder.

Still away growth in me the great wonder,
When all the fields are blushing like the dawn,
And only one poor little flower plowed under,
That I can see no flowers, that one being gone;
No flower of all, because of one being gone.

Aye, even in me growth the great wonder,
When all the hills are shining, white and red,
And only one poor little flower plowed under,
That it were all as one if all were dead;
Aye, all as one if all the flowers were dead.

I can't find the beauty of the roses;
Their soft leaves seem to me but layers of dust;
Out of my opening hand each blessing closes;
Nothing is left to me but hope and trust;
Nothing but heavenly hope, and heavenly trust.

I get no sweetness of the sweetest places;
My house, my friends no longer comfort me;
Strange somehow grow the old familiar faces;
For I can nothing have, not having thee;
All my possess as I possess through thee.

Having, I have them not—strange contradiction!
Heaven needs must cast its shadow on our earth;
Yes, down in the waters of affliction,
Breast high, to make us know our treasure's worth;
To make us know how much our love is worth.

And while I mourn, the anguish of my story
Breaks, as the wave breaks on the hindering bar;
Thou art but hidden in the depths of glory,
Even as the sunshine hides the lessening star,
And with true love I love thee from afar.

I know our Father must be good, not evil,
And murmur not, for faith's sake, at my ill;
Nor at the mystery of the working devil,
That somehow blindeth all things in His will,
And though He slay me, makes me trust Him still.
—Harper's Magazine.

Going into the Woods.

SABBATH BEFORE GOING.

This Sabbath was spent pleasantly at Parishville. Our church there, as we should judge from what we saw, is in a comfortable state, and in fair working order. The season being the busiest of the year, and the day (Saturday) the busiest of the week, the covenant meeting was thinly attended, and mostly by the female members of the church. The business of the time in the field does not quite account for this, for we found the times just as busy in, as out of, doors. The fact is, woman is more religious than man; and that is the end of it. Eld. Bundy preached on the Sabbath a good practical discourse in illustration of the evidence of true conversion, in which he made several palpable points. Many ministers at sixty practically surrender their commission—regarding themselves as supernumeraries. Eld. Bundy, a veteran 73 years of age, stands at his post, as an active pastor; a fact equally creditable to himself, and to the church which employs him.

THE WOODS.

The Northern, or Adirondack wilderness, lies in north-eastern N. Y., west of Lake Champlain. It varies in extent from east to west from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles, perhaps, and extends parallel with the lake from near the Canada line on the North to Lake George on the South, embracing a territory mostly of unbroken forest, quite as large as the State of Connecticut. The growth of primitive trees, consists largely of pine, fir, spruce, hemlock, &c. It is traversed by numerous streams, interspersed by lakes and ponds supposed to number more than a thousand. The Adirondack mountains, rising in some parts to the elevation of some five thousand feet, run from north to south nearly through its whole extent.

It has already become a place of considerable summer and autumn resort, as hunting and fishing grounds, and for the benefit it is supposed that dispeptics and consumptives especially derive from its salubrious air, and balsamic odors. Deer are plenty enough in some parts to give zest to hunting and trout, for sporting, and eating. Stories in plenty are told of invalids being carried in on litters, and coming out "rowing their own boats." What makes a sojourn here particularly pleasant is, that traveling is mostly performed by boats, these being made so light that they can easily be carried on the shoulders of two men, perhaps on those of one man around the rapids, and from one stream or lake to another, and that a great deal of the journey is made in the most comfortable manner.

hearing of the ear; the rest will be left to personal observation.

GOING IN.

Mr. Murray in his book, recommends a sojourn in these woods in company only with a guide, or at most with only one companion beside, preferring himself the former course. This will do if the object be to spend the time in moving from place to place, provided one has the faculty of deriving entertainment from a guide, or has the good fortune to obtain a guide with entertainment in him to be derived. But it is different on this side. Most that go in, go in parties varying from two to six or more, sometimes perhaps whole families. They pitch tents, or erect a bark camp, and there remain two, four or six weeks, as the case may be, sallying out by day to fish, and by night to hunt deer along the banks of the streams, and shores of the lakes. We chose the latter course upon the invitation of one of our students. We were furnished at his home with ample provisions for ten days or a fortnight sojourn at least, not thinking it prudent to take along all that was offered, for the neighbors even sent in buckets full in real donation fashion. Nothing can exceed the generosity and enthusiasm of the Parishville people in such a case. On the 31st, we rode 16 miles to the last hotel, which is pushed considerably beyond the extreme borders of the woods; and thence by boat 7 miles, up the Raquette river (pronounced Racket), and pitched our tent, late in the afternoon, on a high bluff—which rises some 30 feet almost perpendicularly from the water, surrounded nearly on all sides by the dark but grand forest of centuries, and swept by day and night by pure breezes, laden with pine, and balsam odors.

FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

Having had no experience in this mode of life, we confess to some misgivings as night drew near. The ground had been thoroughly drenched by copious showers during the day, our tent being hastily erected was all askew—(we like to have our sleeping apartment constructed with geometrical exactness,) our bed was scanty, as we had but a few moments in which to gather spruce and hemlock boughs before dark, and so we made a dubious attempt to dry a spot of our tent floor to sleep on by applying our person to it, and at the same time undertook the prodigious job of exterminating the race of mosquitoes if one might judge from the vigor of the onset. We failed, and so prudently went to sleep, and actually got more rest than many a time before "with accommodations approximating very much nearer to our notions of civilized comforts.

FIRST ADVENTURE AT FISHING.

The Jordan pours into the Raquette some forty rods below our tent. It comes down from a higher plain in successive rapids for two or three miles. It must have been a noble stream for trout. For even now, though fished in every day, it affords trout enough for the passing wants of all tents scattered up and down these parts. Ours was the usual luck of novices. Caught one trout, three falls, one splash in the water, and one sprained ankle! The latter accident somewhat serious, as it laid us aside some two days.—J. F.

London Correspondence.

You will readily believe that in a city like London, want and suffering appear in various forms; and the good and benevolent seek to reach and provide for those who in different ways are suffering adversity. There are in and about London, numerous Orphan asylums, for the maintenance, education, and settlement in the world, of those who have lost one or both parents. Mr. Spurgeon has one of these institutions at Stockwell, there is another at Clapton, one at Wandstead, one at Haverstock Hill, and one at Reedham, near Croydon. I feel particularly interested in the last; because it was established in my own neighborhood, and I was aware of all the circumstances connected with its foundation. Rev. Dr. Reed, a well known Congregational minister in London, founded an Orphan asylum at Clapton to be open to children who were more than seven years of age, and had not one or both parents, without regard to the religion or denomination of the parents, and after this, he founded another asylum at Dalston on the same principles, for children under seven years of age, and which was called the Infant Orphan asylum. Nurses were provided for these children; their physical and moral wants were cared for, and suitable religious instruction was given them, the matrons and nurses being selected with reference to their fitness for their position, and without respect to the religious denomination to which they might belong. I think it was about 1842; that the Institution had outgrown its buildings, and new and commodious premises were erected for it at Wandstead, on the borders of Epping Forest. Just about this time, the Established Church, by some means, obtained control of the Institution, and appointed a chaplain of high church proclivities, the Church Cathedralism was introduced to be taught to all the children, and matrons, nurses and servants were required to attend the Episcopal services, in the chapel of the Institution. Of course, the nonconformists could no longer continue in connection with an institution of this character, and therefore

forfeiting the funds they had contributed in connection with others, they commenced anew. Dr. Reed and his friends took a house at Stamford Hill, in 1844, and Rev. T. Aveling, and Mr. Wire, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, became the honorary secretaries of the new Institution; and funds were liberally supplied. In the course of a few years, land was purchased near Croydon, about twelve or fourteen miles from London, a commodious and handsome building was erected, and in July, 1858, it was opened, and in honor of the founder of the institution, it received the name of Reedham. Children are received from three months to eleven years old. The boys are kept till they are fourteen years old, and girls till they are fifteen. Two elections are held every year, at each of which every annual subscriber of half a guinea, and every life subscriber of five guineas, has as many votes as there are children to be elected. The income of the Institution for 1868 was £29,773 or \$45,301. At the end of 1868, there were 251 children in the Institution, and there is room for three hundred, but there are not at present sufficient funds to provide for as many. As the intention is to provide for the latter class of destitute orphan children, those who have been in workhouses, or have received parochial relief, are not eligible for reception into the Institution. In the intervals of the elections, children are admitted till the next, on payment of a certain sum.

I attended the Half-Yearly elections on June 21, when nine boys and six girls were elected from ninety-seven candidates; thirty-six girls, and sixty-one boys. It was quite an exciting time. Persons in the interest of the various candidates were in the entrance hall, offering cards which set forth their special claims to sympathy. The bagister of the staircase was covered with placards appealing for votes for the respective candidates; and the hall up stairs was crowded with the friends of children, and with subscribers; the former earnestly seeking votes, and counting those they had obtained, that they might ascertain what were their chances of success. Among the pressing appeals on the cards and placards, I noted the following: "Henry Gill, one of six children;" "Jessie A. Farback, one of seven children;" "Arthur W. Spokes, one of eight children;" "Clara Sandell, one of nine children;" "Thomas Brown, one of eleven fatherless children;" "Earl one of eight orphans, the father having died of cholera;" "Ernest Burstow aged seven years, one of four little children, father and mother both dead, sixth and last application;" and "Albert T. Kempton, one of six children, both parents dead."

While candidates are limited to six applications, they are allowed at each successive application to count all the votes they have received at previous elections, and thus they are encouraged to persevere, till, as a general thing, they succeed in securing admission. Of course some get discouraged and give up.

Another of the benevolent Institutions of London is the

ASIATIC HOME FOR STRANGERS.

It is in the West India Dock Road, in the east of London, and near Limehouse church. The superintendent is Mr. John Freeman, an old and valued friend of mine. The buildings are commodious and convenient, and will accommodate between two and three hundred persons. But alterations in shipping arrangements prevent their being so many Asiatics in London as formerly, so that the institution cannot accomplish as much as it used to, and the proportion of working expenses is necessarily increased; but still a good work is being done for those who do find their way to London, and are brought under its influence. Those who come to "the home" are preserved from the plunderers who abound, and are kept out of the way of temptation; their money and valuables are taken care of, and returned when they desire them; and every thing necessary is provided for and done for them, and those who know, say that there is a great improvement in the condition of this class of persons since the opening of the institution. The missionary to the Asiatics, of the London City Mission, visits these persons, and often has an opportunity of supplementing the instructions given by foreign missionaries, and sometimes of encouraging native Christians. Those who go to the institution pay a certain sum per week if they are able to do so; but destitute cases are freely received, provided, for, and employment obtained for them. Since the opening of the institution in June, 1857, to June of this year, a period of twelve years, 3,113 Asiatics, East Africans, and South Sea Islanders have been lodged and boarded at their own expense, or at that of their employers, and 970 in a state of destitution, principally beggars of the streets, have been provided for gratuitously, and employment has been found for them, or they have been sent to their homes. During the seven months previous to June last, 247 were boarded at their own expense, and one hundred destitute cases were sheltered and provided with employment. The benevolent expenditures for 1868, were £1,804, or \$8,731.

THE JEW IN LONDON.

There are supposed to be about thirty thousand of these, and two-thirds of them are from foreign countries. About one thousand Jews belong to the upper classes, four thousand to the middle, and twenty

five thousand to the poorer classes. Five thousand of the latter are more or less dependent upon the benevolence of others. Many of the Jews are engaged in the business of buying, selling, or exchanging old clothes; but I do not think there are so many of them engaged in this business as there were twenty-five years ago. Many of them are tailors; about two thousand are perambulating glaziers, and they almost monopolize this business of repairing broken windows; and about three thousand are shoemakers. Mr. Eisenstadt is one of the City Missionaries to the Jews in the East of London, and he took me round his district, and gave me much information respecting the Jews. He is a German, and was converted from Judaism about thirteen years ago by reading a tract which showed that Judaism no longer existed as a separate tribe. He told me that the Jews generally consent that Genesis 49:10 should be read, "the tribe shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." They contend that they have lawgivers among them, as Rothschild, Salomons, and others of their nation are members of the British Parliament; but when asked in connection with this prediction, "What has become of the tribe of Judah," they are confounded.

Mr. E. took me to visit the Goulston-street and Petticoat-Lane Ragged school. The usual average attendance is one hundred and fifty, and they are taught by a female teacher and her assistants. The parents of the children are mostly costermongers and catholics; but a few of them are Jews. There is a large Bathing Establishment in Goulston street, where hot or cold baths may be had at all hours of the day; first class, twelve cents each; second class, six cents. They average in the summer, about five hundred bathers per day. There are also Wash-houses in connection with this establishment where the poor can take their dirty clothes, and wash and prepare them for wear. Hot and cold water are provided, with washing tubs, boilers, &c., a centrifugal wringing machine, which makes the clothes nearly dry; drying closets which finish them in about ten minutes; and irons and a mangle for smoothing them. The charge for the privilege of using these conveniences is three cents per hour, to be paid before leaving the premises; so that women can take their clothes here, and in the course of a very short time can take them home again ready for wear.

There is a large emigration of the unemployed poor to Canada. Since have been here, I have heard of several parties going to that country, who have been sent by benevolent individuals. Some of them go at very short notice. I saw a man this morning, whose case was not decided till near midnight yesterday, who goes with his wife and two children to Liverpool to-morrow, and expects to sail on Thursday.

W. H.

Battle of Bunker Hill.

SOMERVILLE, MASS., Aug. 4, 1869.

Formerly, that is, five years ago and previously, Boston was a commercial metropolis, surrounded on all sides except the sea, by cities of smaller pretensions, as the towns of Dorchester and Brookline. Of these cities, Chelsea, Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury, the latter has been already absorbed, and Dorchester, too, has fallen into its capacious maw. Charlestown made the first efforts to get absorbed some years before the game was played on Roxbury, but from some bad management the scheme failed. During the last winter some effort was again made by its inhabitants to get within the charmed circle, but the petition was put over to the next legislature by the one then in session. As Somerville was originally a part of Charlestown, and was made a separate town only when that became a city, it was quite natural for its people to desire incorporation into Boston with its parent, if that got annexed. Heavy petitions for said result were got up and sent into the legislature, but they met the same fate as Charlestown's. So the matter of annexation will probably come up again next winter, and doubtless Boston will find itself considerably enlarged by another year.

The history of the revolutionary war, and the operations of the armies in the early part of the contest, intimately embraces this very region. The men who fought at Bunker Hill, marched from a hill about one hundred rods from where the writer now sits, and the old breastworks thrown up for their defence still remain on Prospect Hill. From there to the place of battle was about two miles. Now, Prospect Hill could be easily reached with cannon from Boston, but then it was too far away for an effective demonstration either way. Hence Gen. Putnam sent Col. Prescott, with a thousand men, well furnished with spades and pickaxes, but rather poorly supplied with ammunition, to make an entrenchment on Bunker Hill, about one and a half miles nearer Boston. As the detachment started in the night of June 16, 1776, in winding its way across the Neck, Prescott mistook Breed's Hill, a half mile nearer Boston, for Bunker's, and commenced the work assigned him right under the guns of the British, who were stationed on Copp's Hill, a small eminence in the north part of the city, from which their cannon completely commanded all Charlestown and the hill occupied by the Americans.

Prescott's men worked like beavers during the night. The hill sloped quite rapidly down towards the Mystic river, which

comes down through the flats from Medford and unites with the Charles to form Boston harbor, at the southeast point of Charlestown. This river being navigable and nearer than the Charles, Prescott built his fortification on the sides abutting upon said rivers, presenting a salient angle towards the junction of the rivers. The west and north sides had not been constructed, when the British at early morn discerned their enemy close to their very doors. Despairing the Yankees as cowards, their position was the subject of more derision than alarm, but the commanding officer, Sir Henry Clinton, thought he might as well scare them off first as last, so ordering a few cannon to play upon the rebels, he leisurely took his bitters and breakfast, and sat down to the usual routine of the day.

On hearing noon, that the rebels had not retreated, he began to look around him in earnest. Raising his telescope from the roof of a house, he took a critical survey of the situation, and found that the Yankees were still digging away, paying little attention to his cannon balls. Comprehending the condition of things, he immediately ordered Major Pitcairn, the officer who figured so conspicuously at Lexington in the April previous, to take fifteen hundred infantry, put them on board floats or gondolas that lay in the harbor, pass across the water, land and attack the rebels and drive them from the hill at the point of the bayonet. This had become a necessity, as the Yankees, if allowed to entrench themselves there, would have it in their power to bombard Boston any hour.

Pitcairn gallantly obeyed orders, landed his men, attempted to drive off the rebels, but never came back from the charge. It is reported that a colored private in the American ranks, shot him dead from his horse when he was but a few rods from the parapet. General Putnam on our side, at early morn, discovered the mistake Prescott had made, but concluded that it would be better to hold on, and accordingly hurried over five hundred men as a reinforcement, but was not able to furnish artillery or abundant ammunition. To our immediate judgment this conclusion would look to-day like infatuation. Here was a little band of fifteen hundred men, unprotected by artillery, with an unfinished rampart on two sides of them, open and exposed to the whole force of ten thousand regular troops only a mile away, with a well provisioned commissariat and city at their control, cannon and ammunition in abundance, the sea open to their ships, and those in abundance, who would have decided Putnam's order to be other than the rashest?

Early in the afternoon the battle began. One man had been killed during the forenoon by the British cannonade, and when the British disembarked from their floats at the foot of the hill, our grandfathers, then young men, stood in silence, but with determination written on their brows, to find out whether their foes were more than human. Their only chance of escape was by running down the west side of the hill; but then they would be compelled to turn northward and escape across the "Neck." This was a narrow pass, where the waters of a bay from Charles river and the Mystic approach each other, leaving only a space two or three hundred feet wide, over which the open country, now Somerville, could be reached. Against this the British had moved up one or two of their floating batteries, armed with cannon and ready to pour charges of grape across the pass. Grimly facing all these facts, they stood waiting the orders of their colonel. At last it was given, to re, and a stream of death issued from their muskets, and a window of dead soldiers lay along the whole length of the rampart. Screams of horror arose from the wounded red-coats, panic was infused throughout their ranks, the death-bullets still rained down upon them, and, breaking ranks, they involuntarily fled down the hill to the floats in spite of the efforts of their officers. In an hour or so, a second charge was made up the hill, and with a similar result; a stream of fire cut away the ranks of the British; the men dropped as though smitten with a hailstorm; the officers found no respect paid to their uniforms; Yankee bullets found no trouble in breaking foreign lines, and John Bull was rapidly learning a new lesson in the history and art of war.

It was a moment full of awful weight to the British nation. She had begun the game of blood; should she go on or retreat? The latter could not be thought of. Clinton quickly decided the question; ordered a "carcass" to be hurled upon the town of Charlestown by which it was set on fire and its "one" hundred and twenty buildings burned to the ground. This wanton act, so brutal and so useless, in turning the course of the battle, only exasperated the Americans, and was dearly paid for in the outcome. Clinton then ordered a reinforcement, took the command himself, hurried to the scene of action, discovered the most vulnerable point in the enemy's line, turned his men around the base of the hill, on the margin of the Mystic, and then charged upon the hill where the breastwork was wanting. Even this move would not have succeeded had the Americans had plenty of ammunition, but that failing them, they fought the British as well as they could with clubbed muskets, and retreated in good fair order down the west side of the hill, and struck away homeward over the Neck. A few were hit by the scattering shot sent from

the floats, but as only one hundred and thirty-nine were killed on the American side, it shows that not many were fatally hurt there. Most of the killed fell on the hill in the last charge. Three hundred and fourteen were wounded more or less. The British, smarting under a loss of two hundred and twenty-six killed and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded, made no effort at pursuit, but sadly withdrew with their scattered and downcast fragments, all that were left of the proud battalions of the morning, back to the city of Boston, from which they never sallied again till driven out by Washington on the fourth of March, 1776.

Out over the narrow pass hurried the remnants of our army, and with weary steps and dejected brows climbed the acclivity of Prospect Hill. Throwing themselves prostrate on the ground they rested from their labors. What could have been their meditations on the future of that day? How gloomy the prospect! Defeated in their first fair fight, their leading general, Warren, slain; the rampart dismantled, four hundred of their associates dead or wounded and in the hands of the enemy; the prestige of victory snatched from their grasp, and Boston still in the possession of the British. It must have been a season of sorrow. Our soldiers were mostly raw recruits, recently from the farm or workshop; war to them was not a business of choice, but necessity. Perhaps they did not look forward a century and think of the final results. Perhaps they considered the game as gone against them. But no word of despondency is recorded, and no one had the temerity to propose surrendering the cause. And right thankful are we all that such men were our ancestors.

It is good to visit spots that retain the old national features of those famous old days. How solemn the thoughts that spring up as we set our feet on the sods once pressed by revolutionary heroes! How firm the ground seems so blessed in memory, in history, in fame! And what town is more blessed in these reminiscences than the half dozen in old Middlesex county, whose soil drank the first blood of the revolutionary martyrs; whose surface once was burdened with mercenary corpses? From Lexington and Concord, all the way to Boston, through the present town of Arlington and city of Cambridge, a line of fallen heroes once cumbered the road, while in their vicinity the sons of liberty lay dying by scores.

Modern civilization is doing its best to obliterate these landmarks of fame, but the love of the true patriot will preserve them forever. Our recent great conflict has so overshadowed the old glories by the vastness of its means, its conquests and results, that we may carelessly let the recollections of the olden time slip from our memories. Hence a review of them occasionally does good, and the visitor to the city who feels it a duty to ascend the monument on Bunker Hill, can do no better than extend his visit to the remains of Putnam's rural encampment on Prospect Hill in Somerville.

W. REED.

Events of the Week.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

Capt. Marcos recently attacked, near Jaguey, a force of rebels, 300 strong. After a short fight the rebels were dispersed, with a loss of ten killed. A detachment of troops accompanying a train of provisions along the south coast to Ciego Avila, was attacked on the road by the insurgents, and compelled to fall back, suffering some loss, but saving the train. Re-enforcements arriving, the troops again advanced, and succeeded in reaching Ciego. The feeling of insubordination among the slaves is increasing. They demand their freedom, and are organizing and arming themselves to join the Cuban army. Several contests have taken place between the negroes and Spanish forces, and the negroes have successfully defended themselves against superior numbers. Gen. Quesada has had several skirmishes with Lesca, and has been successful. Gen. Jordan's army is being gradually re-enforced by Cubans, conscripted, whose sympathies are with their countrymen. The Spanish forces in his district are inactive. Both of the generals commanding and the President of the Republic of Cuba express the most positive belief that the revolution will be successful, if not by the force of arms by the force of circumstances. Another expedition is reported to have left the coast of Florida about a week ago and landed safely in Cuba. It numbered 75 men, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and was fitted out by an American speculator.

SPAIN.

The Cortes has been summoned to meet on the 15th of Sept. in consequence of the urgency of affairs. Many people of Spain are confident that a continuance of the present Government must lead Carlos to the throne. The Government is taking extraordinary precautions to prevent the assembling of Carlists at La Mancha.

THE INDIANS.

Commissioner Parker has advised from the Sioux country, that the portion of the nation which has settled upon its reservation has had much trouble of late with the hostile portion; the latter lately carried off the principal portion of the annuity goods which cannot easily be replaced.

Communications.

The Tomb of Jesus.

BY REV. S. W. BROWN.

The "Church of the Holy Sepulcher" in the northwest part of Jerusalem, is built over the traditional site of the crucifixion and burial of Christ. According to the monkish legend, this site was discovered by the Empress Helena, who, with the help of her son, the Emperor Constantine, built a splendid church over the spot, which was dedicated by a solemn assembly of bishops in A. D. 335. Since then the structure has been three times destroyed by fire, and as many times rebuilt. The present edifice was completed and consecrated in 1810. It is a large building or rather a cluster of buildings connected together under one roof.

This great building is divided and subdivided into chapels and recesses, occupied by Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Syrians, and other sects; each in their separate apartments, and all having a common ownership in the Holy Sepulcher and the place of crucifixion. The chapel of the Greek church, under the protection of Russia, is the richest in the establishment, while the poor Copts, with no Emperor to help them, are compelled to worship in a little poverty-stricken chapel just behind the Sepulcher.

These various rival sects have frequent quarrels with each other, and the Turkish police have often to interfere and separate them. Looking upon such disgraceful conflicts the Moslem sees but little reason to abandon Mohammed for Jesus Christ, and the Jew is still more confirmed in his hope of a coming Messiah. It may not be generally known that the Crimean war, which cost Russia, France, and England so great an expenditure of treasure and blood, arose out of a quarrel between the Latin and Greek monks in regard to the "Church of the Nativity" at Bethlehem, and the "Church of the Holy Sepulcher" at Jerusalem. From Mr. Kinglake, an English historian, we learn that the Greeks, supported by Russia, claimed the right to repair the dome over the Holy Sepulcher. The Latins under the patronage of France denied the right; the Turk interfered and said he would repair the dome himself. And from this, and matters equally trivial about the church at Bethlehem, the quarrel grew until it had to be settled by armies, and fleets, and bloody war.

Joining the crowd of pilgrims who were wending their way to this most sacred of all shrines, we passed the Turkish guard and entered the church. A few feet from the door is the "Stone of Union," a large broken marble slab, on which we are told the body of our Lord was laid to be washed and prepared for the Sepulcher. Above this stone a number of silver lamps are kept constantly burning.

Turning to the right from the Stone of Union, we ascended by a flight of eighteen steps to the traditional Mount Calvary. The steps led to a small and profusely ornamented room called the "Chapel of Golgotha." Under a marble altar in this Chapel, we saw a hole in the floor through which we looked to another hole in the rock. This we were told was the identical socket which held the cross of Christ. The priest also pointed out the holes in which stood the crosses of the two thieves; and a deep rent in the rock, which he said was produced by the earthquake on the day of crucifixion.

From Calvary we went to the reputed tomb of Jesus. It is in the same building, under the same roof; "for the sepulcher was nigh at hand." (John 19: 41, 42.) In the center of the large rotunda of the church, and directly under the dome, is a small oblong marble structure, 20 feet in length by 8 in breadth, and 15 feet high. This little building, within the great one, is said to contain the tomb of our Lord. Entering by a narrow doorway we found ourselves in the "Chapel of the Angel," a small room which has the honor of keeping the stone that was rolled to the mouth of the Sepulcher. Leaving this small apartment and "stooping down," as did the beloved disciple eighteen centuries ago, we "went into the Sepulcher" to "see the place where the Lord lay." It is a little room six or seven feet square. On one side is a marble sarcophagus claimed by the monks to be the identical Sepulcher of the Saviour. Directly over the tomb are about 40 gold and silver lamps which are kept burning night and day. Standing in that narrow room, we watched the crowd of pilgrims as they came from far off lands to kneel beside the reputed grave of our world's Redeemer. O how many millions, during long centuries past have bowed in veneration before that tomb! Over no other spot on this earth have men wept so long and so passionately. The very marble that covers the Sepulcher is worn thin by the pressure of human lips.

But the question is asked,—"Is the church of the Holy Sepulcher a true site or an ecclesiastical hoax?" On this question "doctors disagree," and who shall decide? Drs. Robinson, Bonar, Durbin, and Fisk, argue strongly against the present location. On the other hand, Williams, in his valuable work, gives reasons as strong in favor of the site; Dr. Olin admits the claim of the Holy Sepulcher to be valid; and William C. Prime in his "Tent Life" tells us that after long and careful examination he was satisfied that the monks have the true locality of Christ's death and burial.

The main and almost only argument presented against the identity of the church is the fact that it stands within the present walls of the city, whereas the crucifixion was "without the gate." (Heb. 13: 12.) To this it is answered—

1. The site may not have been enclosed 1800 years ago. The wall may have left it

just outside, though "nigh to the city." (John 19: 20.)

2. The Sepulcher being an excavation in the rock was not liable to destruction.

3. Thousands of Christians must have been well acquainted with the site of Calvary and the tomb of Jesus.

4. After the taking of Jerusalem the Emperor Adrian erected stands of heathen gods on the place of Christ's death and burial, intending thus to desecrate, while in fact he perpetuated, the memory of those sacred localities.

5. As early as A. D. 326, Constantine selected this site as the real Calvary, and erected a church on the spot; and from that time to the present, during a period of 1500 years, no other locality has presented any claims for veneration as the scene of the greatest event in the world's history. And whether men living in the nineteenth century can locate the place of Christ's death better than those who lived within three hundred years of the event, judge ye.

Manner.

A leading newspaper in Boston, in giving an account of the graduating exercises of a class of young men, at one of the New England Theological Seminaries, and commenting upon the faulty elocution of the speakers, said: "In these days most people choose rather to eat bean soup with a silver spoon, than plum pudding with a fire-shovel."

The truth, plainly stated, which the writer designed to set forth by this terse use of words is this, "The manner of the speaker has quite as much to do in determining the impression he will make upon a popular audience, as the matter of his discourse." One would suppose that a proposition so clearly true would need no argument in its support, and that a recognition of its truth would lead all those who expect to make themselves felt in society through the medium of public speaking, to take especial pains to prepare themselves to do this effectively. It would also seem natural, and indeed necessary, that schools established for the professional training of such persons should provide adequate instruction in a part of their preparation confessedly so important. Until within a few years none of our colleges have tried to do much in this direction, and the theological seminaries have done even less than they. It may be true, perhaps, that there has been but little demand, either among the people or the candidates for the ministry, for elocutionary culture, but a point of so great consequence ought not to have been so long ignored by those whose business it has been to direct the studies of this profession.

There have been but few really good teachers in this department, but this state of things is fast passing away. The facilities for receiving good elocutionary training are becoming every year more abundant and accessible, and it behooves every one who feels called to the work of preaching to give some attention to this matter. Many a minister, in most respects an excellent preacher, has failed to do all the good he might have done because of a harsh, repulsive voice, which might have been made agreeable by judicious culture at the right time. Such training will also tend to prevent the formation of bad habits. Several ministers of our own denomination might be named, some of whom are young men, and have had the advantages of collegiate instruction, who illustrate in their public speaking the deficiency existing in this branch of ministerial education. They are poor speakers because they have not been taught, or trained, to be good ones. With right instruction, and diligent work on their part, they might have excelled in all the graces of oratory, and thus have been able to wield a greater influence for truth and righteousness. It is of no avail to find fault with the public taste which demands this kind of culture. For feeding purposes, the silver spoon is better than the fire-shovel. If we cannot, all of us, gain that, let us, at least, clip off the corners of the shovel, and forget it by dint of study, hammering if need be into comely shape, fit for the Master's service. PHILIP.

Treasures.

We may find these every day. They come through the kindly deeds we do, the cheering words we speak, the sacrifice we make for others' happiness. The rich may give by thousands, and those who know no want bestow their gifts lavishly, and yet not feel so happy as the poor widow who cast all her living into God's treasury. We may look about us and feel how little we can do, when God by his Spirit moves our hearts, and we do what before we thought we could not—we divide with those more needy than ourselves.

O how sweetly, comes our reward! Not alone are our hearts filled with peace; but our blessings multiplied, our means with which to do good increase, and we wonder why God is so kind to us. The more sacrifice we make to do a worthy deed, to help the sorrowing and cheer the afflicted, the faster our treasures are being laid up above. Why, God from heaven speaks and his glorified face shines with approval about us! He seems by our side, walking and talking with us all the way. Every time our lips are moved to speak harsh words and there is anger in our hearts, and we push back the words that would wound, and drive Satan behind us, Jesus smiles and lets a flood of light quickly into our souls, and glad tears spring to our eyes that we were kept from sin.

Such reward as we may know for the submission of our wills to Christ's, gives us a foretaste of heaven every day. Every sin we try to overcome, every indulgence we renounce for our Master, will make his yoke easier and his burdens lighter. We shall know and feel that our ways are right,

and that our Father calls us his children. By and by, He, who ministers so tenderly to our wants here, and helps us so effectually, will bid us come home, that where our treasures are gathered, we may abide forever.

Every day some precious treasure,
May be gathered up on high,
Safely in our Father's mansion,
We shall find them when we die.

H. M. L.

Hope in God.

BY G. H. CHAPPELL.

Wherefore thus cast down, my soul,
While life's waves of sorrow roll?
Hope in God, for He will be
Saving health and strength to thee.

Fear not, though within, without,
Foes do compass thee about;
For, if God be for thee, who
Can against thee dare or do?

Never think thyself alone;
Christ hath said—that Holy One—
Though all other ties may break,
I will never thee forsake!

Wherefore, then, art thou cast down?
Soul, the cross must win the crown;
Hope in God, and walk His ways,
So shalt thou His goodness praise!

Union Meeting Houses.

Leaving out for the present the consideration of the questionable practice of building union houses even in connection with other evangelical denominations, when it can possibly be avoided, I desire to express the settled conviction that has, for a long time, moved me to dissent from the custom, just now so prevalent, of joining with skeptics in the erection of such places of worship. One reason assigned for such union is, "we cannot build a house sufficiently large to accommodate the people without the aid of such persons."

I reply, in most instances this plea is founded on too scanty views of duty. The ability may exist, but the church and its friends have not yet come to appreciate the true measurement of their responsibility as it regards the consecration of their property possessions to the Lord. In other cases, it is to be feared, that the knowledge of duty is not so much wanting as the disposition to do it. "It costs too much to build the house without such helps," and so against the purer impulses of the conscience such alliances are formed. Ah! my brethren, it does cost too much of what is infinitely more valuable than gold that perisheth, to open the door so effectually for the introduction of false doctrines into the community where you dwell.

But, where real inability exists, let the church, as best she can, worship in the private dwelling, in the school-house, in the hall, or even in the barn—as our fathers were accustomed to do—rather than contribute to the establishment and growth of pernicious evil. How great and glaring the inconsistency when the people of God favor and support such doctrines as stand diametrically opposed to the evangelical system of truth—doctrines that deny all the essential attributes and qualities of Christ as a Saviour, and flatter sinful souls that all will be well with them in the eternal future!

The church, doing such things, helps plant a battery for the enemy to use, and then puts itself directly within the range of its most deadly fire! By its own acts, it prostrates on the one hand, what it strives to build up on the other.

Again, it is said, "that union houses will bring unbelievers under the influence of the gospel and so secure their conversion to Christ."

But what are the facts in regard to the matter? Is it not true that comparatively few, that once become wedded to essential error, ever seek for a divorce? Such persons are among the last to submit to the humbling doctrines of the cross. The truth is, while one skeptic is being converted by the gospel under such circumstances, many believers in the evangelical system are turned into skeptics, or rank at last, among the "doubters" of the truth—so congenial is the flattery of error to the sinful heart of man. And when it is too late to remedy the evil, Christian parents even are not unfrequently constrained to confess their sad mistake in forming such alliances, and mourn helplessly the ruin of their sons and daughters, that they had fondly trusted might become pillars in the church of the living God,—gone over to the embrace of fatal error!

My brethren, this subject is one of startling importance to the church of Christ. Let me entreat you not to be persuaded by such relations to error, neither by the plausible suggestions of the covetous heart, nor by any flattering propositions that may come from without. Do not come to the support of such doctrines, by such a union; so that all your anxious minister and yourselves can do on one Sabbath, for Christ and the souls he died to save, shall be counteracted on the next, by the teachers of antagonistic views and strange "isms." "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." A. H. MORRELL.

"Close Communion."

"An Old Man" recently sent to the *Star* an incident of Rev. Rowland Hill, which he says "is too good to be lost."

Query 1. Did "An Old Man" produce this incident as an argument in favor of open communion?

If so, then, query second: Will not the same logic apply, and with equal force, in favor of what may be called open church membership?

Let us so apply the incident, and in as nearly the same logic as possible.

Suppose Rev. Rowland Hill to be a Congregational minister invited to preach in a Free-will Baptist pulpit. After the sermon, candidates for membership in the church

present themselves, and among them is Rev. Rowland Hill. The deacon, according to instructions, approaches Mr. Hill and says:

"Bro. Hill, we only invite to membership in our church persons who have been baptized according to our mode."

Mr. Hill asks, "Did you not invite me to preach in your pulpit to-day?"

"Certainly, and we are very grateful for your sermon: It has been a heavenly day to me."

"Don't you think me a Christian?" asks Mr. Hill.

"Certainly we do," says the deacon, "but the rules of our church forbid our inviting you, or we would be glad to take you into full fellowship."

"Well," says Mr. Hill, in a tone of sorrow, "if you open your own church you have a right to invite whom you please; but if you open the Lord's church you have no right to refuse any of the Lord's children."

COSMOS.

Notes with Suggestions.

ASTRONOMY 100 YEARS AGO. We have extracts from an *Almanac* for 1769. In them is the calculation of the transit of Venus across the sun's disk on the third of June of that year. And it is there stated that another transit of Venus would not happen till 1874, about 105 years after that date. Modern calculations agree with that. And this shows how perfectly astronomy was understood in earlier times. The first transit of Venus on record was Dec. 4, 1639. The next after the coming one in 1874 will be in 1882.

AFTER MANY DAYS. About a quarter of a century ago a lady of illustrious birth, wife of Ferdinand of Austria, used to pray much in secret for her country. She also distributed tracts and the Bible. She went to her rest in the triumphs of the Christian faith. Within a few years the Austrian government has introduced considerable radical, religious reform, and there are hopeful signs of more. Her prayers seem to have been answered. Pray much to God, Christians. There is encouragement to pray.

GIVING AND PRAYING. Those who give nothing to help support missions, do not pray for the conversion of those destitute of the gospel.

IT DOES GOOD. Christians feel that they ought to urge religion upon the attention of unconverted friends in a personal manner, but fear it will do no good. It will do themselves good, if it does not others. Work done for Christ with a heart in it enlivening, strengthening and comforting to those that do it. A reward that well pays.

NOT TIME. One of the weakest excuses on the part of adults for not attending the Sabbath school is, that they have not time for it. The time for recitation is one half hour once a week. This is not much, and some do not spend any time in preparing their lessons, but depend upon a sort of intuitive knowledge for answering questions and reading the reference texts. Pray, do not say there is not time.

MADE BETTER. Whoever has true, experimental religion in exercise from day to day, is living a better life, in consequence of it. If a moral person before, he is still more moral for this work of grace.

FRUITS MEET FOR REPENTANCE. Twelve years ago one professed regeneration, but soon the fruit of it ceased to appear in the life. Twelve years passed without a word or act relative to a life of faith. Then the dying time was approaching. On the sick bed it was said, no doubt was felt but that conversion took place twelve years before. No regret or remorse was expressed for the neglect, worldliness or vanity of the past. But the mind seemed to slide into an easy, quiet state as if prepared to die. Perhaps there was preparation, God is very merciful. But we wish to see sorrow, contrition and repentance. Hearts must be wounded and broken before they can be healed and made whole by Jesus Christ.

Love.

Two girls were going to a neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit, to sell. One of them was murmuring and fretting all the way, and complaining of the weight of her basket. The other went along smiling and singing, and seeming to be very happy.

At last the first got out of patience with her companion, and said, "How can you go on so merry and joyful? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and I know you are not a bit stronger than I am. I don't understand it."

"O!" said the other, "it's easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant, which I put on the top of my load; and it makes it so light, I hardly feel it."

"Indeed! That must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows wherever you plant it, and give it a chance to take root; and there's no knowing the relief it gives. Its name is 'Love,'—the love of Jesus. Jesus loved me so much, that he died to save my soul. This makes me love Him. Whatever I do, whether it be carrying this basket, or anything else, I think to myself, I am doing this for Jesus, to show that I love Him; and this makes everything easy and pleasant."—*Bible Jewels.*

What Shall I Do Next?

Edward Eggleston, of Chicago, tells of a lady teacher who came to him perplexed, asking his advice,—on what score, think you? "All my scholars," said she, "have been brought to Christ, and now what shall I do next?" Blessed perplexity! Happy teacher! That heart had tasted the sweetness of the reward, even here, and you may be sure it never will be satisfied, but will ever be enquiring, *What shall I do next?* The Master has abundant use for such laborers in his vineyard. Oh, that there were more of them! Why are there not more?—*The Sunday-School Times.*

Selections.

Dress of Christian Women.

To the author of "Woman's Rights and Duty."

You ask, "Why does not woman assert her right?—the right to resist the tyranny of fashion, and, witness in her own person and practice—for propriety, economy, consistency and true taste?"

Because the other sex neither love nor admire the woman "resisting" the fashion as much as the woman yielding to it, and since God made woman so dependent upon that love and admiration, she will do anything rather than lose or much abate that love and admiration.

Any wife will tell you, she gains a new charm in her husband's eye when she dresses fashionably out of money given willingly.

An unmarried woman soon finds it a fact that, other things being equal, no single attraction will do so much in all places and all companies to gain her agreeable attention and consideration as a stylish toilette. And any woman, virtually making the experiment, will quickly find, whatever her position, wealth, gifts of pleasing, or even of beauty itself, when she has added to these an habitually stylish costume, she has added greatly to her influence not only in general society, but among devout worshippers in the temple, and among those who minister in the temple.

Since these things are so, and since to be stylishly dressed, means to be not far behind "the fashion," and to be in "the fashion" means to spend more money than one likes to remember while reading the reports of church charities,—the woman who desires to assert the "right" to resist the fashion, also decides to resign somewhat of her social influence, somewhat of love and admiration of lover and friend—and to how many hearts among us has Christ been so received, as the One "altogether lovely," that this resignation is possible? I know women who write under the torture it is to them to spend their money for that which is not "bread" for the, in any sense, "hungry," but they feel unequal to letting go any hold they may have over the hearts of their male friends, and so year after year they go to the toilette, while their hearts, except as bound to their male friends, are "far from it."

Any appeal to women to resist, that does not include an appeal to men to support them in such resistance, will be useless.

A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

We hope the writer of the foregoing letter overstates the fact in making fashionable attire so universally paramount as a source of woman's influence. What she says, however, is true in the main. The woman who decides to regulate her toilette by the dictates of conscience and Christian propriety, does also decide to relinquish much of that attention and homage involuntarily accorded, by the majority of the other sex, to the fashionably dressed woman. This was assumed in our article. Moreover, the arguments of that article, throughout, were intended for earnest Christian women, not wholly untaught in that first law of Christ's school—sacrifice. But in asserting "woman's right and duty" to resist the tyranny of fashion, and to apparel herself in attire suited to her comfort, her individual taste, and a Christian economizing of her means, it was not intended to urge a repulsive homeliness and dowdiness of dress, or anything inimical to that amiable desire to please which is an instinct of woman's nature; and we are unwilling to believe that a good woman, attired with simple grace, harmony of color, and scrupulous neatness and purity, all of which are compatible with inexpensive dress, will lack attraction for those of the other sex whose admiration and esteem are at all worth having.

Nor will we concede that a wife gains new charms in the eyes of her (Christian) husband as often as she appears "stylishly" dressed. On the contrary, we believe that many a kind husband and father would heartily rejoice in a more simple, and less costly toilette on the part of his wife and daughter. Witness the following which came under the writer's own observation: A well-to-do physician and his wife were starting for church, the lady elegantly attired in a rich velvet cloak of the latest mode, and elaborately trimmed. "John, don't you think this very handsome?" No reply. "Dear, don't you like my new cloak?" "Not much, Mary." "Why, I thought you always wished your wife well-dressed." "Certainly I do, but to be well-dressed, you must be consistently dressed, and this thing you must let me say, is not consistent either with our manner of life or the church to which we are going." Of course, it was many a day before the handsome cloak went to church again, but, as often as the wife went abroad unaccompanied by her husband, it was eagerly sported. And for whose delectation was it worn? No, no, something less innocent than a natural desire to please those on whom God has made her dependent is too often woman's impulse to extravagance in dress! Personal vanity, idolatrous self-love, a passion for display, ambition, rivalry,—these are the more frequent prompters, and the ready and guilty handmaids of Parisian fashion-books.

Let not a Christian woman endeavor to extenuate these evils by imagining some dog-imposed necessity in our natural and social relations. Let her not seek to allay the troubling of conscience by any such flattering unctious. Enlightened Christian conscience is God's voice in the soul and not to be trifled with. Let every thoughtful woman, whom the question concerns, look searchingly, bravely, into the whole matter with prayer for Divine direction and she will see where lies the remedy for her troubled conscience and find strength at any cost to use it.

She will see that, in eschewing all those compliances with the world of fashion which tend to wound her own soul, to set a dangerous example to the weak and unthinking of her sex, and to consume means belonging of right to the Treasury of Charity, she can alone find peace.

One word more. "Any appeal to woman for reform in the matter of dress is useless, without an appeal to men to support them in this reform," says our correspondent. We agree with her. But this appeal to the other sex must be made, not by preachers and moralists, not in the world, but in the person of woman herself. And thus, we are brought back to our original argument, viz., that in order to any widespread reformation, the Christian women of the higher classes, throughout the land, must inaugurate, by their own adoption of it, a new and more simple toilette, which, by the prestige of their position, and the grace and dignity of their persons, shall make itself admired as a model and respected as a law, thus leaving gay, showy, and now called "fashionable" attire to the unrefined and coars-mannered, and so

sinking it into wholesome and well-merited contempt.

Would that such a consummation were within the range of probabilities! Alas, all that we can hope for in the premises is, that here and there a Christian woman will be found to do, in her allotted sphere, what she can toward making the world better in this particular: keeping her own "conscience void of offence," and "adoring," not dishonoring, "the doctrine of God our Saviour" in this matter of her apparel.—*Living Church.*

Love in Life.

"And love in life shall strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be."

We have all lost some dear one, either father, mother, sister, brother, child or friend, and we know how "love in death" feels towards them. We know how "it hides each failing on their part," how it brightens every virtue, and makes more beautiful every lovely trait in them, while reminding us of every failing on our part.

As we stand by the cold, still form, what words of tenderness rise to our lips, only to be silenced by the bitter thought, "Too late! they can not hear us now." A little while ago, these loving words would have brought glad smiles to that pale face. Only a little while ago, we might have cheered and comforted the heart which lies there so still. It is too late now; the friend is far beyond our reach, even beyond the reach of our prayers. Day after day, it may be for years to come, a thousand little things will recall times when we might have spoken some loving word, or done some loving deed which it would make our hearts glad now to remember. The unspoken love longs to find some expression; but we can not now reach the friend who for years was with us, longing and waiting, perhaps, for some such token of our love.

How inconsistent and thoughtless we are! It is so much easier to look back with regret for past failure than to see where we are failing in the same duty now. We turn from these thoughts of what we might have done, and meet some as dear as the lost friend and we speak hasty words to them, or we try to close our eyes to some little act of self-denial which would add to their happiness. We love them; but we do not say so in word or action, forgetting that, some day, we may look back in vain with longing eyes for such an opportunity.

Mother, if you knew that within a year your child would be taken away from you, would you speak so harshly to him for some little accident or mistake? Could you take so little interest in his plays? or turn away so carelessly from his frequent questions, or his merry prattle? Could you neglect, for another day, to speak to him of Jesus and heaven?

Sister or brother, could you speak that unkind word, if you knew, that, before summer comes, you would have to work and study and play alone?

Christian friend, could you let business or weariness hinder you from praying for one dear to you, who does not know the love of Christ, if you knew, that, in a few days, he would be beyond the reach of your prayers?

Only let us try to think how we shall wish we had spoken and acted and prayed when our friends are gone from us.

"Then let love antedate the work of death,
And do this now."—*Christian Banner.*

"I'll Venture It."

"'Twas a young man that was willing to venture it! 'Twas his soul's salvation he was willing to venture. Had it been the slightest money risk, my young friend would never have ventured it, even if great pairstaking had held out but a hope of success. He would have gone twenty miles on foot to secure a good title to the will of his dying friend, but O! surprising imprudence, to risk losing heaven and an incorruptible inheritance, while struggling so hard for the perishable things of earth!"

But he ventures it, not without warning; Eve ventured it and the flaming sword thrust her aching heart forever from her lost Eden. Pharaoh ventured it—and perished. Achan ventured it, and the wedge of gold led him, and the goodly Babylonish garment became his winding sheet. Judas Iscariot ventured it and went unto his own place.

Shall not these examples warn us to venture nothing? God's way is the only safe way. Better give up the opinions of a lifetime than to lose Christ by keeping them. "There is salvation in none other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A Field.

Some ministers are uneasy because they have not a "field" large enough for their talents. They want a wider scope. Let us tell you what we saw the other day. It was a man selling some rare sort of cement for broken glass and crockery. He took his station at the corner of a street and began to talk in praise of his wares. At first he had but one or two hearers, but he talked and talked, just as earnestly and eloquently as if he had a crowd. His cement—why, there was nothing like it!—It came from a far country, from China—the famous Chinese cement—no family could dispense with it. Gradually one and another halted as they were passing, until at length he had a "field," and was all in his glory. Imitate this vender of cement. Talk to your few hearers just as earnestly and thoroughly as if you had a house full. Put your whole soul into your work, and keep at it. Preach, preach, preach; never you mind whether you have few or many to hear you. Cry aloud, and spare not. You'll have hearers enough by-and-by.—*Examiner.*

A PREACHER, whose custom it was to preach very long sermons, exchanged with one who only preached half as long. At about the customary time for dismissing the audience began to go out. This he began to do until all had left but the sexton, who stood it as long as he could, and then walking up to the pulpit stairs, said to the preacher, in a whisper, "When you have got through, please look up, will you, and leave the key at my house, next to the church?"

JOHN BUNYAN being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ, and live a holy life, that he might by and by go to heaven and see for himself. "Lord, are there few to be saved?" asked a curious questioner of Christ. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," was the instant and pertinent reply.

Doing for Jesus.

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work for me?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer him gladly,
Here am I, send me, send me!"

If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer;
You can help them at your door.
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say, "He died for all."
You can not rouse the world's alarms,
With the judgments' dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
Here am I, send me, send me.

—Banner.

Hinduism and Christianity.

Under the term Hinduism, we have all shades of religious belief. It embraces Monotheism just as distinctly as Polytheism, with all the endless divisions under each. No other word covers such varied and contradictory systems. Polytheism holds the masses of India, with its multitudinous rites and ceremonies, and in it we have a specimen of what the human mind is capable of reaching, unassisted by revelation. There is a representation of the god of wisdom in a temple reared in the most noted Brahminical city of India, and of the worship that is paid to Ganesh, the god of wisdom, who is ever pictured with an elephant's head. In India it is seen how men have "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and unto birds and unto four-footed beasts and creeping things." A pantheon better replenished exists in no other nation and among no other people. They worship everything but the true God.

Benares is regarded by the Hindus as the most sacred city in the world. It stands in the center of the earth, and all around it is holy ground—so holy that the greatest sinner dying within ten miles of it is sure of bliss. Its fame attracts thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the land; the water taken from the Ganges by the country; its temples are crowded by the hundreds; it swarms with Brahmins, and its idols are more numerous than the men who live in it.

Hinduism is interwoven with the whole social, civil, political, and religious life of the people. It is buttressed in every possible way, and from its very nature it holds out everything to its votaries but the truth. Suited to the unrenowned heart, that heart loves and clings to it, and hates Christianity for its purity, strictness, and demands. In the former, self is enthroned, pampered, and gratified; in the latter, it is abused and mortified. In the one, custom is mighty, yes, mightier than law; in the other, changes are demanded in all the modes of thought, social usages, and religious rites of the people, and these are abhorrent to all their ideas of right and justice. Hinduism can adapt itself to all the desires of the human heart and to all shades of belief, and even place Jesus in its pantheon; but the religion of the cross is unchangeable in its requirements, and the people must suit themselves to it and not it to the people. The antiquity of the Bible is but as yesterday when compared with the vast cycles embraced in their Shasters, and the miracles of Jesus are nothing when contrasted to the feats of their gods.

This stupendous, far-reaching, and all-embracing system of error is greatly strengthened by caste, which permeates every form of society and holds all in its chilling yet iron grasp. It is hedged around with divinity and its very evils give it a fearful power in holding the people under Brahminic sway. With this gigantic system, Christianity has come into conflict, and the battle has to be waged over every part of India. The Hindu mind is now alive to this fact, and many are in no doubt as to its issue. They believe that Christianity is doomed to triumph, yes, they fortify their position with some prophetic utterance, that all the people will be of one caste and one religion. This feeling is shown in the following incident: A Christian village, under the care of the Church Missionary Society, was founded in 1844 at Benares. It attracted the attention of the heathen around, as they saw that Christianity was becoming rooted in the ground. A landlord, in his reproach of the owner who had given the land, said: "See the mischief you have done; these missionaries at first had only two bungalows for themselves; then they erected an institution; after this a village; again they build a church; now they take in the field adjoining the church, next they will make a road across a tank, and will take in all the ground between the two roads. This they spread from east to west and from north to south, until, finally, all India will belong to them and their people."

In this speech lies a great truth—nothing less than the whole of India for Christ. This the church must feel, and in all her movements and prayers labor to accomplish. It is a noble country, and no one has claims on it equal to Jesus. It is embraced in the commission and is wrapped up in the command in Ps. 2:8. This the church in her different branches is beginning to perceive, and in her aggressive efforts is slowly striving to accomplish. Much has been done for India's evangelization; but, considering the greatness of the undertaking and what is yet to be achieved, it is only the beginning of the work of her regeneration.—Missionary.

Faith.

Faith embraces two distinct definitions; the one, which is the *assent* of the mind, is partial, and may exist independently of the other. It is only mental action. The other is *trust*, and is complete; for it embraces the first. It is the action of the soul. It is called an *active* faith. Five men desire to cross the river; a boat is procured; the question is, is it large enough and is it strong enough? After close examination they all come to the same conclusion, that it is sufficient. That is one definition of faith, *assent*; but it is only partial, nothing is gained but a common agreement—every thing remains the same—all on the same side. Something more is to be done. Now the question is, shall we *trust* to that boat? Three of the men answer yes, and step in, and immediately leaving the shore, are soon safely landed on the other side, shouting back, "All safe!"

This is the other definition of faith, and is complete. The word of God proposes to land us safely in the port of everlasting peace. It is not enough for us to *assent* to the fact, but we must go further—must step out on the word and *trust* it; this brings us over; that leaves us still on the shore battling with fears and doubts.—Guide to Holiness.

How Stringent became Liberal.

Mr. Stringent was sixty years old—very old, I should have called him, when I was a child. He was "brought up" in a thrifty economical way. His father was a small, snug farmer; but, as his wants were but few, he was called "well to do in the world," which, I suppose means, "well to do for this world." His children received a fair education, and were always among the best scholars. No better cows and no better sheep were owned in those parts than those owned by old Mr. Stringent. His maxim was, "to keep what you have got, and get all that you can get." This maxim he inculcated most faithfully into the minds of his children. In process of time old Stringent died, and, fortunately, such men carry nothing with them. The children grew up and were scattered abroad, and I have nothing to say about them, except that they were all keen to gain this world. I am to speak of the youngest son Simon, who took "the old place," that is, the farm, agreeing to pay off his brothers and sisters their shares as fast as he could earn it.

And now Simon, in his youth, was married, and settled at "Grig's Valley," as the farm was called. He had to support himself and his young family, and yearly to pay a good round sum towards his debt. Early and late he toiled. Carefully and anxiously he saved everything possible. His expenses were the lowest possible; everything went to "the debt." And if there was anything which Simon dreaded more than another, it was a call for charity, or, as he termed it, "the everlasting contribution-box," the announcement that he would invariably make him unwell and unable to attend chapel. Indeed, so delicate was his constitution, that once in a while, when he had been caught, he was sure to have the nose-bleed, and be compelled to go out before the box reached him. But years passed on, and his habits grew strong, and his debts grew feeble, until, at the end of fifteen years, he had paid off every debt, and owned a large farm, free from nearly every incumbrance.

But now a new chapter in his life was to be experienced. There was an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people. Very many sang the hymn of glory. Very many rejoiced in the hope of life eternal. Several of the children of Simon were among the new-born children of light. Simon was the last to become interested. He was the last to feel his sins; and he struggled and resisted a long, long time, before he yielded to the demands and conditions of Christ. Then he was very slow to take up the crosses, as they lay in his path. He was afraid to commit himself. He was slow to erect the altar of prayer in his house. He was slow to confess Christ before the world. But he battled all his difficulties and overcame them, because he really had Christ in his heart, and he really had Christ in his heart.

It will do no young man the least harm to ponder well the lessons of these eloquent confessions. Washington Irving, when giving counsel to young friends, exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart: "How many an hour of hard study have I had to subject myself to, to atone, in a slight degree, for the hours which I suffered society to cheat me out of." And Josiah Quincy, in his diary, laments more than once his neglect of that mental and moral cultivation which he regards as "the noblest of human pursuits." On one occasion he says: "I resolve, therefore, in future, to be more circumspect—to hoard my moments with a more thrifty spirit—to listen less to the suggestions of indolence, and to quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."

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heavy; and your workmen never earned as much as they do this year; and the ship-timber which had been growing long before you were born, has brought an enormous price."

"I shall put down fifty pounds!"
"O Mr. Stringent! Mr. Stringent! you are nearly crazy—to throw away money so! Why, sir, with that sum you could buy two young cows, or ten first-rate—"

"Get out—get out, you tempter of my soul! I shall put down one hundred pounds this time, and if you don't let me alone, I declare I will double it!"

And Mr. Stringent did put down; and he felt so much better, and grew so strong under it, that it was well understood between him and the devil, ever after, that if he was tempted he would double his charities. And so well did he abide by it, that he became one of the most liberal men in the community. And when he went round to collect for charities, as he often did, the most liberal man always being the best collector, and when his brethren would make excuses, he would shake his head and say, "I only wish you could have such dialogues with the devil as I have had!"—The Church.

Wasted Time.

Few things in the lives of distinguished men are so impressive or so full of valuable suggestions, as their frequent lament over lost opportunities for mental and moral culture.

In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says: "If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a youth remember, that it is the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect while it was not too late to retrieve the duty of his errors and losses; for, before his youth was entirely passed, he wrote to a friend: "What would I not give to have my spirits a little more stirred! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

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Mystery of a Christian.

1. He liveth in another. He is wise in another. He is righteous in another. He is strong in another.

2. He is very low in humility, but very high in hope. He knows he is undeserving of the least mercy, yet expects the greatest.

3. He is in the world, but not of the world; in the world as a pilgrim, but his conversation is above.

4. He is meek, but vehement; meek in his own cause, yet vehement in the cause of God, as Moses, who was dead to affronts, deaf to reproaches, and blind to injuries. He will comply with anything that is civil, but with nothing that is sinful.

5. He will stoop to the necessities of the moment, but will not yield to the sinful humors of the great. He will wait with fear and trembling. He works as if he were to live here always, yet works as if he were to die to-morrow.

6. When he is weak, then he is strong; when he is most sensible of his own weakness, and most dependent on Christ's strength, then he stands the safest.

7. When he is most vile in his own eyes, he is most glorious in the eyes of God. When Job abhorred himself, then God raised him; when the centurion thought himself the most unworthy, Christ said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

8. He is content in this world, yet longs and prays for a better.

He Prays for the Children.

We have a new minister. We are not much acquainted with him yet, but we shall like him, because he prays for the children. Not in a stiff, formal manner, but with language fresh and tender, as if gushing from a fount within. "Father, bless these dear little children," and asks for grace to help the child's soul in its struggle with sin and temptation, its reaching out toward the better life.

Ab, yes, we know he loves the children, and will not only pray for them, but will work for them with an earnest sympathy and devotion! And what better qualifications for his office can a pastor have than a loving appreciation of the worth and wants of the precious lambs of his flock? Is it not the most promising field of labor? Are not the children the most hopeful part of his charge? While the grey heads and world-hardened hearts will sit unmoved under his most eloquent appeals, a few tender, earnest words will win scores of young souls to Jesus.

Oh! then, pastors, pray for the children, and don't forget to add to your prayers a loving effort to gather them into the fold.—S. S. Times.

Right Kind of Preaching.

Dr. Gilly related the following anecdote, which was told by a well-known character, Thaddeus Conolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland, and instructing the lower classes in their native language. "I went," said he, "one Sabbath into a church to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After the service, I expressed to the clergyman my

wonder that he should preach so fervently to such a small number of people. 'Were there but one,' said he, 'my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.' The following year Conolly went into the same church; the congregation was multiplied twenty-fold; the third year he found the church full!"

The Happy Surprise.

A lady, distinguished as a writer, states that when she was in her 14th year, the great duty of consecrating herself to her Redeemer was brought home to her heart and conscience; and the special obstacle in her way was fear of an elder brother, then spending at home his college vacation. He was a young man of brilliant promise, but with great powers of ridicule, and she shrank from his merciless wit. For days the conflict between the convictions of the Spirit and his displeasure filled her with agony. At last she yielded herself to Christ, and resolved to confess it to her brother, and implore him to make the same wise choice. With faltering tongue she introduced the subject, when, to her joy, he seized her hand, and with tearful eyes and tremulous voice, told her that he too had for some time been under religious impressions, and that the great obstacle that appeared before him was the fear that it would cut him from her love and sympathy. What a happy surprise was this to both of them!

The Roll-call in Heaven.

An incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army during one of our hard-fought battles. The hospital tents had been filling up fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from our homes lay sleeping on the battlefield—those that sleep that know no waking until Jesus shall call for them.

The surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, calls, in a clear, distinct voice, "Here." The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he, "they are calling the roll in heaven, and I am answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army, whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Reader, in the great roll-call of Eternity, your name will be heard; can you answer, "Here?" Are you one of the soldiers of Christ, the great Captain of Salvation?—Christian at Work.

Varieties.

If a man is odious in society, he might as well be in prison. The worst prisons are not of stone; they are of throbbing hearts, outraged by an infamous life.

It is a sad mistake in religion to acquiesce in the form of prayer, without obtaining, or desiring to obtain, what is asked.

The best evidence of Christianity is a live Christian.

It is the duty of the pastor to visit his people. But ought not the people sometimes to visit their pastor?

Philosophers hold it as a sacred truth, that he who would be happy must place a full value on his time.

Folly would do but little mischief were it confined to fools.

Small inconsistencies destroy the influence of good men.

The inward principle of obedience makes outward obedience sweet.

The church that honors and sustains its pastor generously and heartily is the most honored of God.

Some people, because they cannot give as much as they would like to, will not give anything. But this was not the way with the poor woman, noticed by our Saviour, who cast two mites into the Lord's treasury.

Persistent mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy.

I will try, and I will ask for help. Forever is a distant journey, and I will try. Boundless joys may be coveted. The struggle shall be commenced to-day, and I will seek for aid. There is a loveliness in doing right. "O Lord, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son."

If I am ordered to live peacefully with all men, hoping at last to reach the land of peace, it would not hurt me if I tried to obey.

I may conclude that I am sincere in my requests, if I am willing to begin a battle now with sin.

It is good to know much and to love well; but if we cannot obtain both, it is better to desire piety than wisdom; for knowledge makes no man happy nor doth blessedness consist in intellectual. The only brave thing is a religious life.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH: "When I go away after hearing some of the court preachers, I say, 'What a wonderful preacher he is! what splendid powers of eloquence he has! what a great man he is!' But when I go away from hearing Father Massillon, I leave saying, 'What a poor, wretched sinner I am! how wicked I am!'"

Whitefield produced great effect upon his hearers on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed to the eye as well as to the ear. You seem to think salvation an easy matter. Oh! just as easy as for me to catch that insect passing by me. He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment, and opened his hand—"But I have missed it!"

Lord, before I commit a sin it seems to me so shallow that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness; but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning. Thus I am always in the extremities; either my sins are so small that they need not my repentance, or so great that they cannot obtain Thy pardon. Lend me, O Lord, a reed out of Thy sanctuary, truly to measure the dimensions of my offences. But, O! as Thou revealest to me more of my misery, reveal also more of Thy mercy; lest if my wounds in my apprehension grow wider than Thy tents, my soul run out at them. If my madness seem bigger than Thy goodness, but one hair's breadth, but one moment, that is room and time, enough for me to run to eternal despair.—Thomas Fuller.

Advertisements.

A PACIFIC RAILWAY GOLD LOAN \$6,500,000.

We beg leave to announce that we have accepted the agency of the
Kansas Pacific Railway Company
For the sale of its

New Seven per Cent.
Thirty Year Gold Loan, Free from Tax.
This Loan amounts to \$6,500,000.

First Mortgage Land-Grant and Sinking Fund Bonds secured upon the extension of the Railway from near Sheridan, in Kansas, to Denver, Colorado, a distance of 237 miles, of which 12 miles are completed, and the rest is under construction. It is also a Mortgage upon Rolling Stock and Franchise of this first-class railway, besides now running through the State of Kansas.

And in successful operation for 437 miles west of the Missouri River, and earning already enough to meet all of its expenses and existing obligations, besides

More than the interest upon this new Loan be in addition to the Bonds are also secured by first mortgage of the

GOVERNMENT LAND GRANT OF THREE MILLION ACRES, extending in alternate sections on either side of the track, from the 39th mile post in Kansas to Denver. The proceeds of the sale of these lands are to be invested by the Trustees in the 7 per cent. Bonds themselves up to 120 or in U. S. Bonds, as

A Sinking Fund for the Redemption of the Bonds.

The lands embrace some of the finest portions of the magnificent Territory of Colorado, including a coal field and piñery. The Company also holds an asset amounting to

Three Millions of Acres in the State of Kansas.

and although not pledged as a security for this Loan, their possession adds largely to the Company's wealth and credit. We estimate the

Value of the Company's property, covered by this mortgage, at \$23,000,000 net, while the Loan is merely

\$6,500,000.

The Bonds have

THIRTY YEARS TO RUN, from May 1, 1869, and will pay **Seven per cent. interest in Gold**, semi-annually, on May 1 and Nov. 1, and are

FREE FROM GOVERNMENT TAXATION, the Company paying the tax.

The principal of the Loan is made payable in **Gold**, in the city of New York, but each coupon will be

Payable in Frankfort, London, or New York at option of the holder, without notice, at the following rates:

One \$1000 Bond in New York, \$35 (gold) each half year.

One \$1000 Bond in London, \$7 10s. 3d.

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One \$1000 Bond in London, \$7 10s

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1869.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

Pollard's Life of Davis.*

Mr. Pollard's Life of Jefferson Davis and the secret History of the Southern Confederacy, is a book remarkable enough to justify a few words of characterization and criticism. The author is well known as the ablest, frankest, discreetest, fairest and most instructive historian of the rebellion that has appeared on the southern side. He has two eyes and a judgment, though his vision is sometimes intense rather than broad in its range, and his verdicts are now and then made up hastily and have an excess of vehemence, emphasis and bitterness. Yet he does give us facts instead of mere declamation, and his portraiture of men calls into use some other elements than eulogy and malediction. Though positive, he is less partisan and petulant than many other writers of his class. He has both ideas and a method. His narrative is neither stale nor wearisome, it is sometimes fresh, vigorous and almost magnetic. He believes in himself without giving, and has a very high idea of the products of his pen. The mechanical excellences of this last volume are very satisfactory, and the announcement of the work in advance of its publication promised something rare, important and startling.

Opening the volume, one finds the promise made in the preface a very large one. The apparent egotism is not without repulsive. He says the author "attempts no mean and evanescent commentary on the war." In betaking himself to a literary task, exceeding all his former ones, and in which he is fired by various desires, he proudly ventures to produce a work that will not only interest these present times, but that will live permanently and assuredly if even among the humbler monuments of the "historical literature of America." After such an opening one would naturally expect to find either a masterly production like the histories of Bancroft, or Motley, or Prescott, or else an extravagant and worthless rhapsody like those which foam and froth on the pages of Headley. But we are free to say that, while this book is far enough from deserving a place among the works of these great masters in historical literature, it is something better than a mere declamatory spurge, or an exhibition of rhetorical fireworks. Though having little that is very fresh, or very wonderful, or very startling, it does supply a considerable amount of information in detail not heretofore in the possession of the public, and by means of this new testimony, may confirm some views that have been heretofore partially justified, and modify some opinions that have been held without question. It is a book well worthy of being read and preserved, though there is too much partisanship and passion, and too few important, classified and well-attested facts to render it a permanent authority. Men will turn to it as they would go to hear Gen. Kilpatrick lecture on Sherman's Great March, but they will go to official documents and the carefully prepared encyclopedias whenever they wish to speak with authority or settle a point in dispute.

Mr. Pollard is still a firm believer in "the lost cause." He is apparently as far as ever from confessing the folly or the wickedness of secession. His sympathies are with both the past and the present South. His bitterness toward Mr. Davis and the inefficient men joined with him in administering the Confederate government, owes itself largely to the fact that they failed in their undertaking. He has no word of disapproval for slavery. In the long contest which its supporters waged for its supremacy before the war, his sympathies are all with the fire eating leaders. He fairly boils over with his excess of hot blood when he alludes to the emancipation proclamation which ended slavery. He calls it "a supreme act of outrage," "a measure infamous and cruel," "the great act of spoliation and crime," a "huge wickedness which should be held up to the execration of mankind," and many other names equally complimentary. He eulogizes Andrew Johnson, calling him "this brave knight in season," out of compliment to his warfare against the people who elected him. He thinks the South "surrendered in the war as a moral delinquent," and is mortified that the people are heard "professing that they have retained nothing of the animosity of the war." He insists that the South lacked a proper spirit in refusing to retaliate for the outrageous way in which the North conducted the war, and surrendered at last, sooner than it needed to do so, "from a false and ill-considered trust in the moderation of the North" in dictating terms to the conquered. He complains of Mr. Lincoln's lack of gentlemanly traits and scholarly qualities, and tries to disparage his wonderfully vigorous logic and direct and forcible style by speaking of the "rude conceits and remarks, the tangled English and literary peculiarities of the southern President." He somehow appears to level his severest criticisms at those parts of our military policy that were most effective in crushing the Southern armies. He expresses a special dislike of Grant's destructive and unyielding drive at Richmond by way of the Wilderness, when he might have carried his army by water to City Point without the loss of a regiment; and he insists that Sherman blundered badly when he kept up so long his policy of flanking Johnston and driving him back from Dalton to Atlanta.

To all this, and in a hundred other things, he shows the spirit of the intense southern partisan. His criticisms upon measures and men are very often extreme and well-nigh worthless on that account, and his record of facts is more or less partial and unhistoric. But in his estimates of Johnston, Bragg, Pemberton, and even of Beauregard and Lee, he has done a good work. His charges against many northern Democrats are terribly true when he says that they promised the South indirect but effective aid almost to the very end of the struggle, and miserably failed to redeem their pledges. In his portraiture of the self-interest, the jealousies, the vices and the loss of noble enthusiasm among the southern leaders and people as the war went on; in his merciless satires upon many of the Confederate officials for their swelling pretensions and pitiful blunders; and in the general estimate of Mr. Davis himself, — bating the extravagant ways and red hot speeches in which he sets off the faults and follies of the discredited leader, — he has really added something valuable to the abundant and varied literature produced by the war. The book will find many eager readers, and in spite of the disappointment and dissatisfaction which it will induce, few will lay it down till the last page has been reached and read.

Here is one of the many paragraphs in which he compels Mr. Davis to sit for his portrait. It is a fair specimen of Mr. Pollard's better and more careful style, it will indicate some of the radical defects which pertained to him as a great revolutionary leader, and properly close the notice of a book that whatever else it may fail to do, does at least restate and emphasize some of the important lessons of the Great Rebellion. He says:

The President of the Confederate states appears to us a striking example of that character, which those experienced in the world sometimes meet with, of persons physically brave, ready in a certain exaltation of spirits to put their lives at a pin's fee, and yet, so utterly and woefully defective in moral courage, that the meanest temptations make them their victims, and the most unworthy weaknesses display them to the world. Mr. Davis was not a man who shrank from physical dangers; and yet we find him the picture of shrinking timidity on every appeal to moral courage, a man who wore around his Administration a belt of preachers and women, who had no mind of his own, unable to display in obsequy to those who blundered advised him, or to surrender in weak acquiescence to those who ingeniously deceived him. He had pluck, combativeness; he might have fought on any trial of physical hardihood; he might have ridden grandly into the tides of battle with his life on his sleeve; and yet, after all, he might have had no moral courage, and been the man we have described as trembling at the vision of retribution, and afraid to undertake the tasks of justice.

Watching.

Christ says, "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch." "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." Thus we see that watching is associated with prayer and placed in the order of antecedence. We may be assured of the importance of prayer, that

"Only while we pray we live," and yet we cannot avoid feeling the corresponding value of watching; for it is only while we watch we pray as we ought, or indeed, that we pray at all. Without this antecedent duty our prayers, if we have any, will become formal and dead, uttered without faith or effect; so that we might about as well undertake to live without prayers as without watching; because they are so essential to our life and well-being, both temporal and spiritual. It will amount to but very little to pray that we may not be led into temptation, if we do not watch against the tempter. As long as we leave the door open, our prayer that he may not enter, will not deter him in the least; for while we are a-king God to keep him out, we are really inviting him in, which is just what he is seeking to do, and of course he will enter and commence his mischievous work. It is only while we watch against him, bolt the door, and firmly resist him, that we can expect our prayers to succeed, and receive that for which we ask.

Multitudes fall on this very ground. They seem to pray earnestly against temptation, but they forget to watch against it; they even parley with it, introduce it, and actually prevent their own prayers being answered! No wonder that Christ put "watch" first, and would emphatically impress it upon all.

It is of but very little use to pray that we may do "good," unless we watch for opportunities; and go to work and try to accomplish that for which we pray. If we really desire to do good and watch for a chance, we shall not be long in waiting. — If we have the spirit of true labor and self-sacrifice in the cause of God we shall find something to do; and without this spirit and life-giving energy, prayer will prove abortive, but with it, it will prove the power of God, exhibited in grand, legitimate results.

Who would think of praying for a rich and abundant harvest with-out so much as putting the seed into the ground and attending to the means indispensable to the desired end? God uses human means to answer such prayers. So it is spiritually. It is when Paul plants and Apollos waters, that God gives the increase. Without the planting and the watering how can we expect the increase? Attending to the right means at the right time implies the right kind of watching — such watching as is prompted by true faith, and accompanies effectual prayer.

The duty of watching is demanded of all

by Christ; watching the foe that he take no advantage and be successfully resisted — watching the Master that he be freely acknowledged and implicitly obeyed.

If eternal vigilance is the price of our civil rights and liberties, it is no less the price of our religious freedom and enjoyments, and we must pay the price or suffer the penalty. "What I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH."

Rewards of Labor.

Labor is one of the first necessities. Upon it the masses of mankind have ever depended for their daily bread. They walk by faith not by sight. A suspension of labor by sickness, accident or other cause creates instant anxiety and alarm with reference to the needful supplies. This necessity shapes the plans and purposes of life. A distinguished writer remarks that the most successful men aimed only for a competence. In entering upon the pursuits of life they thought not of eminence, but simply of making a living. It would be easy to make a long catalogue of rich merchants who commenced business in some obscure nook with a mere pittance — of large capitalists who at first hired out by the month at small wages — of statesmen who can be traced back as teachers of the rustic schools, or clerks in small shops, and so on, not only in our land, but everywhere.

Real happiness and dignity attend this life-struggle. The sturdy yeoman who earns money by the sweat of his brow, invests in the soil, cultivates his own acres, turning barrenness into fertility, and the wilderness into a fruitful land, adding field to field, and covering the pastures and hills with his flocks and herds, becomes thereby one of nature's noblemen. The smith at his forge becomes a man of might; the merchant at his desk fully develops his energies. The professional man and the scholar, by earnest, incessant toil unfold the treasures of thought and thereby enrich the world. So through every department of society the labor designed primarily to procure a subsistence develops the physical and mental powers, and makes them useful to the world.

In some aspects this is a hard process, which many have attempted to avoid. Numerous are the expedients, not only for sustaining life, but also of securing preferment without earning them by honest toil. But in one way or another, they always fail. The efforts originating in meanness, prosecuted in hypocrisy, are throughout unnatural, unsatisfying, and abortive. Circumstances may control appearances for a time, but sooner or later each one finds his level and receives his appropriate reward.

These principles apply in spiritual equality as in temporal things. He who would wear the crown must bear the cross. Jesus was very explicit on this point. "Except a man deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me, he cannot be my disciple." Enter in at the strait gate, pursue the narrow way, bear burdens, endure hardness, fight the good fight of faith, and persevere, if you would truly enjoy the Christian's lot on earth and the Christian's home in heaven. Be a single-eyed, whole-souled believer, as you would avoid utter failure.

Churches and denominations become strong and successful by self-sacrificing, earnest, personal labor. What they earn this is worth ten-fold more to them and to the world, than what is otherwise obtained. Benevolent donations are good in their place, but never to encourage sloth, only as necessary supplements of faithful execution. Our own denomination and its institutions have received much generous help from others for which we are grateful; but it is high time that we were doing more for ourselves. We have the ability, and must use it manfully and well, according to our privilege; if we would fulfill our high mission, we must by our own energies, in the strength of God, arise and build. — J. J. B.

Trouble Somewhere. No. 1.

Why are we not more prosperous as a denomination?

A. says it is because the churches have gone crazy after learned ministers, fresh from the schools; while those more spiritual and less educated have been neglected and become discouraged. And because Schools, Colleges, and Seminaries constitute so prominent a denominational topic, and crowd out the thoughts of more important matter.

B. thinks it is because the constant cry is, "money! money!" at our Q. M.'s, Y. M.'s and Sabbath meetings, till we regard all new comers as seeking not us but ours, and far less anxious about souls than funds.

C. is satisfied that the denominational trouble is that so many churches and ministers cling to the spirit of the old papal adage, that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," and withhold their hands from the claims of benevolence, and button up their pockets against all efforts to endow our schools, and elevate intellectually our ministry and membership. Our piety, he says, is too nearly allied to that covetousness which is not Christianity but idolatry.

D. believes that we are substituting other things for the preaching of the gospel, such as scientific lectures, Sabbath schools, Christian associations, and things which God has not ordained, compelling the ministers to shorten down their sermons and to make them as weak as they are short, and often only one a week, at that, and shortening down our prayer meetings to give time for Sabbath riding, walking and gossip. It took God six whole days to make the world, says D., and he has shown always that time should be given for his worship, that saints be ed-

ified and sinners converted; and God will not bless us while we cheat him in this way. And besides this, we are running a race of popularity with other denominations who are running a race with the world, in the expensiveness and display of our worship as well as everything else. And here is our trouble.

E. contends that we are by far too much afraid of innovations upon our time honored customs. We cling too tenaciously to what the fathers saw, and did fifty or seventy-five years ago. We have become accustomed to just so much preaching and praying, and singing on the Sabbath, and regard our old customs as of divine appointment; whereas our gospel chariot drives heavily because the old ruts are being followed, now all too deeply worn. Others are beginning to institute various improvements, and we, refusing to do so, are being left behind. We are going back and searching for the old paths, while we should forget the things that are behind and press forward. True religion is progressive, but we are stationary, and of course we do not travel.

F. says we are smitten with a mildew, because we withhold an adequate support from our pastors, under the mistaken notion that if we do not keep them very poor, and their families nearly starved, they will get proud and become hirelings, not caring for the flock. Pastors cannot love their flocks and labor with heart and courage, while being pinched for the comforts of life by them. Nor can they be overstocked with affection for them, while they are rolling up their thousands, and priding themselves on their reputation for probity and punctuality in all their business transactions, and disregarding their obligations to those whom God has placed over them in spiritual things. Or if their pastors can love them, God cannot approve and prosper our churches, till this crying evil is abated.

G. finds a still greater cause for the displeasure of God, in the fact that so many of our ministers appear to regard their holy calling in the light of a mere profession. They profess when they were consecrated to this work, that God called them to the sacrifice. But now they appear to regard themselves as at liberty to follow it or not as they can make it most profitable for their worldly interest. Root out this great evil, says G., and we may then hope for God's blessing, and not before.

H. is equally confident that the main trouble lies in another direction. We do not keep up our church discipline as we should, we do not exercise that energy that we should in our denominational enterprises, we do not execute our great denominational schemes with the system and regularity that we should, and we never shall till our denomination is remodeled and rendered less democratic. As we are now, a few ambitious men will always be playing the Pope and trying to create a central power with themselves in the center. N. Y. Z. will be perpetually intriguing, says H., and will act the spiritual demagogue for their own benefit, so long as our church polity gives them a loose rein. Here lies our trouble.

I. takes still another view of the matter. We are inconsistent with our principles, he thinks. We profess to believe that none have received gospel baptism but such as have been buried with Christ; and we refuse to administer baptism otherwise than by immersion. Yet some of our ministers and churches receive members from other churches, who have never been baptized, and consubstantiate them members in full fellowship and regular standing among us.

J. cuts short this complaint by showing what he regards a far greater inconsistency and one which must be cured before we shall stand on the right ground. We are behind the progressive, Christian spirit of the age, in maintaining a strictly sectarian organization still. We stuffy ourselves before God and the Christian world, by regarding our sectarian church as a more sacred precinct than the universal church of Christ. We refuse a church membership to all unless they have been baptized; yes, and that too, after our own idea of baptism, though we dare not exclude them from the table of the Lord, because we confess Christ has received them.

We have more light than most of our neighbors, says J., and we shall therefore, fall into the greater condemnation if we do not take the lead in giving shape and vigor to this catholic feeling, everywhere developing more or less, which would influence all true Christians to labor together in one organization, even though they should still retain these minor differences of opinion. — A. K. M.

Current Topics.

THE LOBBY OF CONGRESS. DONN PIATT, after eight months residence at Washington, presents his ideas of the lobby in the following manner in an oration on the fourth of July. He says:

We have the railroad rings, the land-jobbing rings, the Indian bureau rings, the whisky rings, the protection rings, that branch off in every conceivable direction. And they are intriguing, caucusing, boring, and through wine and women, bating without cessation. I do not wish to be understood as charging that a majority of our representatives in Congress are dishonest men. On the contrary, I was surprised to find that, living in this atmosphere and under these influences, there were so many pure and upright men. But I will say, without fear of successful contradiction, that adding the incapables to the rogues they made the majority. What better can you expect, under our system of selection? The question is no longer, "Is he capable," is he honest, is he a friend to his country? It is, on the contrary, "Is he sound on my peculiar principles?"

Not the least disheartening part of all

this is to be found in the utter indifference with which the public, at large, regard all this. It is no longer a shame to steal. It has ceased to be a dishonor to defraud. I saw Senators who came to Washington with scarcely money enough to pay boarding-house bills, rolling over the street in splendid equipages, and entertaining society in palatial residences.

A QUESTION. The following question is asked by a correspondent: "Has a church a right to withhold a letter of dismission from one of its members in good standing, who wishes to unite with an evangelical church of another denomination?" The common-sense answer to this question would be, No. A man has a right to belong to any evangelical church he pleases. It is a matter between himself and his God, to be decided by circumstances and by conscience. These may make it his duty to change his church relations, and of course if he is a worthy member where he belongs, though sorry to part with him, the church has no right to throw obstacles in the way of his duty, by refusing him an honorable dismission.

Custom among F. W. B. churches will give the same answer, and this law is by no means to be ignored or despised. We all know the power of precedent, the authority of example. As far as we know it has always been practiced. Our revised treatise seems deficient on this point. It rather implies that no such letters are given, and that letters are given on removal to unite with no church, which is certainly a departure from old land-marks. The old Treatise says, "When a member in good standing requests a letter to unite with any other evangelical denomination, a letter of dismission is given, but none are dismissed unless they unite with some church." This expresses the usage of the denomination.

Again, to refuse such a letter would do no good but hurt to the church doing it. The C. Baptists have often refused to give their members letters to unite with us, and in all such cases with which we have been acquainted, the individual requesting such a letter has united without one; the excitement created in the church refusing, has not been, to say the least, a benefit to it. It has created a feeling of the injustice of the act in the minds of others.

Then we are ready to say that every church member in good standing who wishes to unite with another evangelical church, whether of the same denomination or not, has a right to a letter; it is his claim and the church is bound to give it to him; it cannot refuse with impunity. The law of retribution will follow.

Denominational News and Notes.

New Hampton.

Lest some not familiar with the history of the location of the Biblical school at New Hampton — should suppose that the article published June 30, was really wanting in "definiteness and accuracy" or careless in any of its statements; a few words of reply to "Justitia" seem called for — as the friends of New Hampton rely on a full and exact statement of the facts, as the surest road to justice and peace.

Justitia justly remarks the charge of violating solemn pledges is a serious affair — and we are glad to see a desire to escape the weight of such an imputation while there is still time to wholly avoid it. The time to speak against a wrong or injudicious act is before it is done, while it is yet a debated suggestion; a matter under advisement. Especially, when those who claim rank as our warmest and truest friends contemplate an act, in our judgment, at once wrong and injudicious, injurious to us and the cause of education, it is time to express our convictions most plainly and earnestly, to show to what sharp criticism the act is liable, while it is yet under consideration, contemplated, not accomplished, proposed, not decided. What we now hope, from the tone of J's article, may be useful warning, would after the blunder of removal was actually committed, be only useless recrimination and scolding; the deed once done, since we must needs bear the infirmities of our friends whether we will or not, we might as well do it in silence and give our energies to the work of repair. Doing this is a very different thing from charging a whole body of Christian men with an already committed fault as a disagreeable task that is not likely to devolve on the writer in any conceivable case.

But J. says, though "no records of the Education Society contain any such pledges," "that certain persons did allege, at the time of the removal of the school to New Hampton, that it was the intention by the connection of the two schools to build up there a strong and permanent educational interest. That such was the intention and such the general understanding there can be no doubt."

Exactly so, Brother J., so far as you go your statement is correct, though not so strongly put as the facts warrant. Those certain persons were received as the accredited spokesmen of the denomination, the intention expressed was received as the deliberate purpose of the whole denomination, the general understanding that this strong educational interest should be built up, and subscriptions were made and money paid on these grounds. The Literary Department being considered an essential adjunct to the Biblical Department, and both together making one Institution. The purely local efforts for an Academy or Seminary, had no force or vigor, and were practically given over, when the idea of bringing the Biblical School from New York, and making the Institution a focus of denominational interest, gave a new impetus to endeavors that for a time were easily successful. As "An Old Man" says,

"There seemed to be a free, pure air circulating from one end of the denomination to the other." The writer knows positively that the name Literary and Biblical Institution was selected at the beginning of the enterprise with this view; that the general denominational interest was regarded as the very life-blood of the Institution, all the subscriptions from the first up to the inception of the Maine State Seminary being obtained on that expectation. With the first mention of the Maine State Seminary came the suggestion that the Biblical School would be wanted there, and the prophecy that there would be no peace till it went there, and that the two Institutions would of necessity be rivals, both in seeking funds and students. The writer well remembers how quickly the enthusiasm that had sketched a plan of an institution "nearly if not quite as good as a college," as it was expressed, was chilled by this diversion of effort.

If J. had read carefully, and quoted correctly, what I said of \$25,000, which "had been mentally appropriated by one man who had the property in hand, he would have seen that it was "definitely and accurately" stated as a thing wholly past and now impossible. The donor referred to, no longer, or active and able, the funds then in hand vanished in the war, and they were referred to only as an example of the loss sustained by this continued agitation. Since writing before, I have learned of another case where a young friend just passing away, said before making his will that if the school were settled he would leave it something; and I am told these are but samples of many cases, where desires more or less strong have ended without result, because of the vacillation and uncertainty as to the fate of the school.

In assuming that this \$25,000, and the contingent possibilities spoken of were all for the Literary School, J. is entirely wrong. It was designed to be given to the several departments in succession, taking each need as it became specially prominent, presenting its merits and claims so as to unite the sympathies and efforts of many not only in initiating, but in prosecuting each particular addition to the general means of usefulness, the continued interest, attention and affection of the individual members of the entire denomination, being regarded as absolutely essential to the success of the whole Institution, and the Biblical Department of special importance, as the central focus of the religious training and teaching of the special tenets and characteristic peculiarities of the denomination.

To be more definite and accurate, as to this "hypothetical amount," which I J. had cast my figures correctly he would have seen ranged from a definite purpose to give \$25,000, — to a desire and project to add to that in dollars — management and persistent effort, till the total was \$500,000 — not \$300,000, as J. makes it, — the writer will add that he knows the Biblical department would have shared in it with the others, that he well remembers discussions as to the location and dimensions of the necessary buildings, the number and special duties of the teachers, the free scholarships, &c., &c., even the names of the various halls to be built, and the professorships to be endowed, marked out on a scale that it was understood would require a million of dollars to complete; \$100,000 of which the person referred to thought his own means would justify him in giving, and those who best knew the ability and disposition of the F. W. B's then thought they would add to that from time to time till the whole work was done. It is too sad and unprofitable to look back at what might have been. The friends of N. H. feel that a careful and thorough reconsideration of the question of removal may yet result in an unanimous vote for its permanent abode where it is, as marked the era of good feeling that witnessed its location there. J. will see, that if the school was not needed to supply all the wants of education to those Biblical students who could not take a full college course, it was no longer a denominational but a local school, an ordinary academy offering no special argument for funds more than any town High school.

The phrase "for all time" was quoted from Rev. O. E. Baker's remarks in the Star of June 2, in having "one Theological school and only one for all time." That and nearly all the ideas of that article exactly suiting those who think the denomination may yet write cordially on its present location. And as to having learned that "all human institutions are as perishable as their founders," as J. says, I have "probably learned by this time, if not will learn." I have been taught exactly the reverse, that each human institution had an individuality and a vitality of its own, and though necessarily partaking of the errors and imperfections of its founders, it might be less perishable than any or all its founders, or so weak as to perish before any one of them. And as to what I "will learn" I can only promise to endeavor to profit by the teachings of time and experience and the wisdom of others, but before agreeing with J., must unlearn all my ideas of the English universities, that have made the names of Alfred the Great, and William of Wyckham, of Oxford and Cambridge to be as widely known as the English language, — and that claim an antiquity of a thousand years, and all my notions of the permanency of Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Amherst colleges, and I must class as visionary enthusiasts the founders of Vassar College, Cornell University and Cooper Institute, those yet laboring to found Hillsdale, Bates and Storers Colleges, as well as the humbler Inst. at N. H., all of whom toiled and are toiling with the hope of doing enduring work, no one of them supposing their work as perishable as themselves. Why, Brother J., if "all such institutions are as perishable as their founders," what a vast number of mistaken people there are

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy, gathered behind the scenes in Richmond. — By EDWARD A. POLLARD, author of "The Lost Cause," &c. National Publishing Co. Octavo, pp. 536.

Poetry.

The Quaker Girl.

In a quiet little cottage,
Near a busy little town,
Dwells a pretty Quaker maiden,
Clad in sober gray and brown.

In that cottage neat and cheerful,
Note of music never is heard,
Save the merry morning warble
Of a voice that's like a bird.

Never flow of gleaming gas-light
Lures a festal crowd within;
On its walls no pictures brighten,
For the Quaker thinks them sin.

Yet my footsteps love to linger
Where the lowly maiden dwells,
Often than in homes of fashion
With their throng of laughing belles.

Once upon the narrow flagging
Of the miry village street,
As I walked, two truant school-boys
In fierce fight I chanced to meet.

Waiting near them, most impatient,
Stood a group of naughty girls;
O what gathering back of frowns!
And what scornful toss of curls!

At that moment, satchel-laden,
Tripping o'er her school-ward way,
Came the pretty Quaker maiden
In her suit of sober gray.

Not a moment paused she, doubting,
Balancing her good intent;
Toward the angry-eyed belligerents
Straight her eager eyes she bent.

One hand placed upon each shoulder,
Ears to each fixed on their own,
"These must never strike thy brother!"
Said she in her gentlest tone.

And the wayward children softening,
Yielded to her mild command;
Slowly down the street they sauntered,
Peaceful, chaffing, hand in hand.

Then the maiden, softly brushing
Specks of soil from gown of gray,
Wore a smile so bright and beaming,
As she turned upon her way.

That the butterflies of fashion
Paused to envy as they stood,
Wondering at such waste of beauty
Underneath a Quaker hood.

The Light of Home.

The light of home, how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far its gleams
To love and rest and comfort call.

When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will hush our name.

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies!

It is the light of home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care.

Around the light of home.
The light of home—how still and sweet
It peeps from under cottage door,
The weary laborer to greet.

When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Said the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow

And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light of home.

The Family Circle.

The Little Girl Who Could See.

There were two little girls in the family,
Emma and Sophie Conover. Both were
pretty and sweet-tempered, though I think
Sophie had to make the least effort to be
pleasant always, for Emma was not quite
so patient; but there was a great difference
between the two. Emma was very necessary
to everybody, and a real sunbeam in the
house, because she could see while her sister
could not.

Do not all exclaim that it is dreadful to
be blind? Sophie had lovely blue eyes, and
they could see very well, except in one
or two particulars. It was a rather curious,
but not unusual, kind of blindness. I
have seen a good many children, and a
good many grown people, for that matter,
who were affected in the same way. It is
not quite the eye of faith, but I believe it
may safely be called the eye of thought.

They came home from school one day—
Sophie was the elder, but Emma was nearly
as large—and their mother considered them
quite able to assist a little in the
work, for their one servant had her hands
full. There were three boys younger than
Emma—one quite a baby indeed. And
George had been unusually cross on this
day, so Mrs. Conover was looking pale and
tired.

Emma had been a good deal bothered
with her suns the last hour in school, and
she had quite hard work to be really sweet
and good; but she was trying, and that
helps one along wonderfully. She was
thinking, though, that if her mother wasn't
entirely too busy, she would tell her about
the knotty examples, and get her to ex-
plain them, for Miss Whitney had gone over
them in a great hurry.

But she saw the tired face, and her little
heart was filled with sympathy. So she
hung her hat and sack in the pantry, and
came out with a smiling face, before Sophie
and even glanced round the room.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, cheerily,
"I'll take George and amuse him, for I
know he has worried you ever so much.
Come, and let sister show him the birds."

With that, he stretched out his dimpled
hands and actually smiled; so Emma car-
ried him across the room and began to tell
him about the pictures.

"I haven't been able to take a stitch this
afternoon, and Jamie needs his clothes so

much. Ah! you little rogue, you can laugh
now!"

So Mrs. Conover took up her sewing.
Sophie, in the meanwhile, had laid her hat
on the table and hung her cloak over the
corner of the chair.

"Why don't you put them away?" asked
her mother.

"Oh! I am going over to Maggie Robert's
to get her to show me a new croch-
et-stitch; I was trying to think where my needle
was."

Sophie considered quite a long while.
Harry ran in and tumbled all the articles
topsy-turvy on the table to find a picture
book. Off went Sophie's hat on the floor.

She searched her work box, and the drawer
of the table, where she was allowed to
put some of her sewing materials. She
stirred them up, and a great collection they
were, to be sure—one thing tangled another.

"Some one's had that needle," she said.
"It's too bad, mother, the children go to
my drawer continually."

"I told you to lock it."

"The key has been taken away."

"Let me think," said Emma, as baby's
head was lying sleepily on her shoulder.
"I saw it somewhere—oh! on the top of
the bureau upstairs."

"Why, how could it have come there?
I'll go and look," and away she started.

Sure enough! she had pulled out her
handkerchief and the key, and there they
both lay.

So she went down, meaning to lock the
drawer, but she bethought herself of a
drink, and found her way to the kitchen,
instead. Hetty was making jelly, so she
stopped to watch her.

"George's asleep, mamma," Emma said,
softly. "If you will open the door I'll lay
him in the other room, where it is dark and
quiet."

"I am so relieved!" exclaimed Mrs. Con-
over. "Emma, you are an invaluable
treasure."

When she came back she was going to
take her book and read a little while, but
she saw that the bottom of Jamie's trousers
was not hemmed.

"I shall be obliged. I was going to
ask Sophie."

"There! I lent my thimble to Rose
Tracey, and she did not return it. I'll see
if I can find Sophie's."

It was not in the work box. The first
thing she put her hand on in the drawer
was—the missing crocheted-needle.

"Well, this is funny; Sophie looked all
over for it," and she held it up.

"She looked as she usually does," said
her mother.

Sophie came in, followed by Jamie.
She was, of course, very much surprised
that it could have been there.

"Don't step on Sophie's hat, Jamie,"
said Emma, just as the next step would
have crushed the crown.

"Why, I put it on the table, I am
sure."

"Harry pushed it off, but I had George
almost asleep, and didn't want to speak at
that moment."

"I wish you could see a little, Sophie,"
said her mother.

Sophie put it on. The sack, in the
meanwhile, had slipped down in the chair,
and, not seeing it handily—she was very
blind, you must admit—she took a shawl
from the closet.

When she had gone, and the room was
quiet, Emma asked her mother if she was
too tired to tell her a little about her
suns.

"Oh! no; especially as you are kind
enough to help me sew," and her mother
smiled sweetly.

They had a very nice talk, and presently
Emma understood the whole matter. She
laughed gayly, it appeared so simple.

By this time, it was nearly dark. Mrs.
Conover drew a long breath of relief, for
her work was done.

Emma ran out to play with Jamie awhile,
but presently they saw papa coming up the
street, so they all entered the house to-
gether. While Jamie was making him-
self presentable, she brushed Harry's hair,
and put on a clean apron.

"What a nice, clean boy!" said his fa-
ther.—"Why, you look good enough to
kiss."

"Emma did it," was the triumphant an-
nouncement.

"Emma's the girl for our money, isn't
she?" and with that papa gave her a
kiss.

Sophie struggled in and flung her wrap-
pings on the pantry shelf. She had learned
the new stitch, and was in high spirits.

"And what new stitch has Emma learned?"
asked her father.

"She has been practicing the stitches of
thoughtfulness," answered her mother.
"She put them in the bottom of Jamie's
trousers, and it gave me just time to lie
down and take a little rest, for George
almost wore me out this afternoon."

"O, mamma," exclaimed Sophie, "I
would have done it, if you had only asked
me."

"I didn't ask Emma; she saw it for her-
self."

"Is George asleep?" asked her fa-
ther.

"Yes; another of Emma's good deeds.
We couldn't keep house without you, little
girl."

Emma colored and smiled at this. So-
phie thought it rather hard that no one ever
praised her.

When supper was over and they had
sung their evening hymn, Jamie took him-
self and Harry off to bed. Emma helped
her mother pile the dishes together and
take them in the kitchen, but Sophie en-
gaged herself down into an easy chair, and
began to read a book. Then George
woke, and while his mother was holding
him, Emma went out for his bowl of bread

and milk, and then brought his little gown
and nightwrapper.

Sophie had occasion to get up present-
ly.

"What is that in your chair?" asked her
mother.

"Oh! it is anything? Why, my school-
sack; and it's in a thousand wrinkles! How
did it come here?"

"You hung it on the corner of the chair,
and I suppose it slipped down," said
Emma.

"Oh! yes; I was going out again right
away."

"Well, what did you wear?" was her
mother's question.

"My shawl."

"I wish you could see, Sophie," said her
mother in a discouraged tone; "you are so
very, very careless."

"Mamma, I don't mean to be," returned
Sophie, penitently.

"It is almost as bad as if you really
were blind, for then we should expect to
wait upon you. If you are sent for any-
thing, you can never find it, and you mis-
lay your own belongings continually."

"What a misfortune!" said her father,
rather mischievously. "Why, Sophie, no
one would think you were nearly so blind
to look at your bright eyes. I shall have
to get you a pair of spectacles. Emma is
the girl who can see," and her father placed
his hand softly on her brown hair.

Sophie wiped away a few tears. As I
said, she was sweet tempered and obliging,
willing to do all that was asked of her.
She would stumble over anything without
ever once thinking of putting it in its place,
and, as her mamma said, she never could
find an article, through drawers and boxes
and baskets.

But the little girl who could see was a
great comfort. I hardly know how the
house could have gone on without her. Pa-
pa would have missed his slippers and
dressing gown, the boys would not have
been half so tidy, and poor mamma would
often have been worn and worried to the
last of her strength.

People often say, "What a pretty, lady-
like girl Sophie Conover is!" but at home,
Emma was the favorite. I think Sophie
could have cleared her vision if she had
exercised a little more thought and perse-
verance in good resolves, for she used to
make many of them. It certainly is a great
misfortune to be blind; but, girls and boys,
do you always make the best use of your
eyes? Can you see duties and errands as
easily as you can see pleasures? For that
is what makes good and useful men and
women.—*Methodist.*

Stars in our Crown.

Sister Bell was just dressed for the ball,
and she looked very beautiful in her white
satin dress, her necklace of diamonds and
pearls. So I presume she thought, as she
looked into her mirror. And so thought
her little sister Grace, who stood near her.
Bell sat reading while the maid dressed her
hair, and Grace stood behind, her hands
gliding gently, almost lovingly, over the
diamonds and pearls.

"Take care, little sister, you will rumple
my hair. What are you doing?"

"Only looking at the bright stars in your
crown, and thinking."

"Thinking! What a child you are to think!
What are you thinking about?"

"Of what our teacher told us this morn-
ing when we read the Bible."

"What was it?"

"O! she said, all who go to heaven
have crowns, and will be dressed in white;
and I was wondering if they'll look like
you."

"Nonsense, child! Of course they
won't."

"Then she said, if we would try to
get somebody else to love Jesus, we should
have a star in our crown. Sister Bell,
wouldn't you like to have as many stars
in your crown in heaven as you have in this
one?"

"O hush Grace! will you? There's the
carriage!" And with a hasty kiss on the
upturned face, Bell was away to the ball.

Soon Grace went to her chamber; and
before she got into her little bed, she asked
her Saviour to help fill her crown with stars.

She thought of one whom she would try to
lead to Jesus the next day, and then asked
her dear Saviour to help that friend to love
him.

"Do please, dear Saviour, she prayed,
make Emma a Christian, so there will be
one more to love you, and I can have one
star in my crown to cast at thy feet." Then
Grace, leaning on Jesus' bosom, went to
sleep.

Sister Bell went to the ball, but the
words of the little questioner kept ringing
in her ears. Every time she saw the flash
of diamonds, she thought—

"Shall I have any stars in my crown at
all? Not if I thus waste my life."

With a heavy heart she danced one or
two sets; and then, bidding the hostess
good-by, she left for home.

She went to her chamber; and laying
aside her jewels and white robes, she said,
"I will never put them on to go to such a
place again. My first thought, and care
shall be for a heavenly crown and a robe
of righteousness."

She went into Grace's room, and kneel-
ing by her side, kissed her sweet, sleeping
face; then said—

"Dear little sister, God helping me, you
shall lead me back to Jesus."

She retired to her closet, and with pray-
ers and tears, asked her forgotten Saviour
to forgive all the past, and make her his
own child.

It was almost the dawn of a new day ere
Bell sought her bed; and it was indeed the
dawning of a new day to her heart, for the
Sun of Righteousness had risen there.

Little Grace's seed had borne fruit; she
had one star in her crown of rejoicing.—
The Evangelist.

The Penitent Thief.

A clergyman in Germany, who was too
weak to go about his parish on foot, and
too poor to buy a horse, had a Swedish po-
ny given to him by a good nobleman. One
day he rode two miles from home to see
a dying woman, and fastened his horse to
a post near the tavern. When he had visit-
ed the woman and wanted to return home,
he found that somebody had stolen his
horse, so he had to make his way on foot
late at night, feeling very tired and sorry
over his loss.

The thief was a wicked young man,
whose pious father had died only eight
days before. The young man had not ridden
far before his conscience was aroused, and
he thought of what his father had said to
him just before he died: "Take care, my
son, lest through a little temporal gain,
you lose a whole eternity." These words
now troubled him, and he resolved to give
the horse back to the owner, if he could
find him, and four times its value besides.

Ere long a rich man came along and
offered him a hundred dollars for the horse,
which was just such an animal as he want-
ed for his children. The young man told
him he did not own the horse, but he would
venture to sell it for a hundred and fifty
dollars, and make it all right with the
owner. He then gave up the horse and
took the money. After some days, he
succeeded in finding out the owner, and
asked him this question:

"When a man has taken the property
of his neighbor, and sincerely repents of
his sin, and returns him four fold, can he
hope for the mercy of God?"

"Yes," answered the clergyman, "cer-
tainly."

"I know," continued the young man,
"that your horse was stolen from you.
What was he worth?"

"His worth in money," answered the
minister, "was very little; I should hard-
ly have got more than twenty dollars for
him. But his true worth to me was the
fact that I could not do any work without
him, and I have no money wherewith to
buy another."

"Here," said the young man, "are two
hundred and fifty dollars. For fifty dollars
I hope you can buy another horse. Take
the two hundred dollars as a small com-
pensation for your sorrow, and as an evi-
dence of my deep repentance, for I am
the thief that stole your horse. But God
has opened my heart, and made known
to me my sins, and has given me the means
to make restitution for what I have taken.
I pray you forgive me my great crime, as I
hope that God forgives me."

The clergyman, astonished at the ways
of God, could for a long time say nothing.
At last he said to the poor fellow: "You
thought to do me injury, but God overruled
it for good to you and me."—*Zions Advocate.*

Ragged Tom, the Surety.

One Sabbath afternoon, a big boy stood
at the door of a Sabbath school. He was
so bad that he had been turned out of school
the Sabbath before. His father and moth-
er had brought him, and begged that he
might be received again. The superinten-
dent said, "We should be glad to do him
good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the
other children. It is very bad for a school,
when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"Of what our teacher told us this morn-
ing when we read the Bible."

"What was it?"

"O! she said, all who go to heaven
have crowns, and will be dressed in white;
and I was wondering if they'll look like
you."

"Nonsense, child! Of course they
won't."

"Then she said, if we would try to
get somebody else to love Jesus, we should
have a star in our crown. Sister Bell,
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Sun of Righteousness had risen there.

Little Grace's seed had borne fruit; she
had one star in her crown of rejoicing.—
The Evangelist.

The superintendent went slowly and
gently up the stairs, and as he reached the

top he could see through the door that
Tom and the big boy were kneeling to-
gether. He soon heard Tom's voice saying,
"O Lord, make this boy that has been the
worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him
the best boy."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's
side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them. The big bad boy be-
came one of the best boys in the school.
God raised up friends for "Ragged Tom,"
who put him to school, and, after that, sent
him to a missionary college. He is now a
missionary, and is preaching to the Afri-
cans about Jesus, who became the surety
for sinners.—*Church Union.*

Literary Review.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF
1812; or, Illustrations, by pen and pencil,
of the history, biography, scenery, relics and
traditions of the last war for American indepen-
dence. By Benson J. Lossing. With several
hundred engravings on wood, by Lossing &
Barritt, chiefly from original sketches by the
author. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.
Royal octavo, pp. 1084. Sold by E. J. Lane.

Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution" has
both prepared the way for this second illustrated
work in American History, set forth the general
plan, and disposed of all doubts respecting its
value. The history of the war of 1812, as pre-
sented in this noble volume, is most carefully
compiled, and happily combines general narra-
tive, personal sketches and an ample supply of
illustrative incident. History in Mr. Lossing's
hands can never be a dry collection of facts,
dates and official documents. Instead, it is a
glowing panorama, setting forth a company of
heroic and intense actors, and a series of stories
that throb all through with life and individual-
ity. And he has brought out the best results of
his powers and experience in this new work.
The struggle is pictured, in both its general fea-
tures and its stirring and captivating details,
with great vividness and effect, and few suscep-
tible readers, whether young or old, will be likely
to lay down the book, after it has been once taken
up, till all its leaves have been turned and its
record has become familiar. But it is especially
valuable in the department of illustration that the
volume displays its charm and richness. Maps, draw-
ings of battle-fields, portraits, autographs, views
of towns, fortified buildings, &c., &c., are multi-
plied and adorn half the pages. The author has
most successfully carried out his design, and
given us a volume that is eminently full of at-
tractiveness and instruction. Put into a family
and among a group of children, there is little
danger that its illustrations would fail to get at-
tention or its pages remain unstudied.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES, and Camp and Fireside
Stories. By Louise M. Alcott. With Illustra-
tions. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.
16mo. pp. 379. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

We have never forgotten the intense interest
with which we read the Hospital Sketches on
their first appearance. They contained a power-
ful though indirect plea for the Sanitary Com-
mission when it was in need of advocates, and
it illustrated the work needing to be done in mil-
itary hospitals at a time when there was much
honest inquiry on the subject, and not a little in-
jurious misapprehension. The sketches were
more or less humorous, and they certainly were
not innocent of banter and jest; but it was easy
enough to see that hardship and heroism, a
touching tenderness and a thoroughly religious
patriotism underlay the dashing style and com-
ical stories, and that the author was seeking re-
lief from the burdens and the griefs of her daily
work among the sick and wounded through this
pleasant service with her pen. We are glad to
see this reprint, and especially glad to get these
pleasant stories in addition—filling more than
half the volume—from a pen capable of such ad-
mirable things as appear in a book like "Little
Women," that gladdens and blesses and conquers
wherever it goes. Henceforth Miss Alcott's lit-
erary wares will find eager purchasers, and her
reputation is assured. This book will illustrate
both statements.

MAY BELL; or, Duty before Pleasure. By Her-
bert Newbury. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Dover, N.H.: G. T. Day & Co. 16mo. pp.
492.

AUNT MATTIE, and HER YOUNG FRIEND

