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## **The Morning Star - volume 44 number 47 - November 24, 1869**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLIV.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1869.

Number 47

THE MORNING STAR,  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE  
Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment,  
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TERMS. For one year, \$3.00; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.  
Subscribers in Canada and the other British Provinces, will be charged 20 cents a year in addition to the price of the paper, to prepay the postage to the line.

All letters on business, remittances of money, &c. should be addressed to the Agent, and all communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor.  
Agents and others should be particular to give the Post Office (County and State) of subscribers for whom they make remittances, &c. Remember, it is not the names of the towns where they reside that we want, but the names of the Post Office at which they receive their papers.

All Ministers (ordained and licensed,) in good standing in the Freewill Baptist Connection are authorized and requested to act as Agents in obtaining subscribers, and in collecting and forwarding money. Agents are allowed 10 per cent, on all moneys collected and remitted by them.

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1869.

## Ripe Wheat.

We bent to sow o'er a coffin'd form,  
And our tears fell softly down;  
We looked our last on the aged face,  
With its look of peace, its patient grace,  
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,  
From life's long labor at rest;  
And among the blossoms, white and sweet,  
We noted a bunch of golden wheat,  
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of faded bloom,  
Of a land where fall no tears;  
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,  
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,  
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,  
What rugged places her feet;  
What cross was hers, what blackness of night;  
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,  
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,  
Bearing the treasure of life,  
God looks for some garnered grain of good,  
From the harvest ripe that shining stood  
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go,  
Not with blossoms sweet,—  
Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fears,  
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,—  
But laden with golden wheat.

## Midnight Meeting Movement.

In a former paper I spoke of this organization as one which is doing good service in reclaiming fallen women in London. It has been in operation a little more than nine years. The last annual report says: "Directly or indirectly, as the result of the efforts put forth by the friends of the Midnight Meeting Movement, upwards of one thousand unhappy girls have annually been removed from the Market of Shame, taken from the streets, and either restored to their friends, placed in carefully selected situations, assisted to emigrate, married, or in some way enabled honorably to maintain themselves."

The society employs two female missionaries, who watch for girls in the streets, visit them at their homes, and gather them at occasional meetings held at the office in Red Lion Square, Holborn. They also depend on the gratuitous aid of numerous workers who are ready to assist on general and special occasions. Tracts and small books are published and freely distributed by the society, which are especially suited to the class of persons whom it seeks to rescue. I have several of these before me. One is a neat little tractate of four pages, printed on pink paper. It is entitled, "Somebody's Child." It contains an earnest and affectionate address on sin and danger, and presents Jesus Christ as a present Saviour. On the twenty-fifth of March last, a copy of this tract was put into the hands of every fallen female found in the streets of London between ten and twelve o'clock at night. Another is entitled, "Saved at Once," and contains an account of the conversion of one of these girls. Another is that striking poem, "Beautiful Zion," and still another is a little book of sixteen pages, entitled, "Rescue from Death," written by one who formerly belonged to this class. It contains an account of her sinful course, her rescue, her conversion, and her subsequent peace and prosperity. All these tracts and books have, at the end, a list of Homes, and those who receive them are encouraged to apply at one of them, that they may receive shelter, sympathy and help.

Occasional papers are also published for general distribution, to give information to the public respecting the work, and the causes of the prevalence of the evil. The titles of those which I have before me, are, "The traffic in souls and bodies;" "Masters of the Innocents;" "The work begun in Paris." They have also published, "Perils of a night in the streets of London;" "Photography and the Social Evil;" "Advertising Traps," and several others.

Other tracts are addressed to "Fast Young Men," "O these I have," "Woman's Wrongs," and "Where were you last night?"

Put the portion of the work which was first contemplated, and from which the Society is named, is the holding of meetings at midnight, in various parts of London, to which these poor girls are invited; and refreshments having been served them, religious services are held, and pressing invitations are given them to reform, while help is offered them in doing so. I find from the report, that sixteen of these meetings were held from March, 1863, to March, 1869; that 1,144 fallen females were present at these meetings, and that of these, 145 accepted the proffered help at the meetings; that 29 made application afterwards; and that most of these cases exhibited results that were very satisfactory. Two male missionaries were employed in this department of the work.

Between last April and the end of July, six of these meetings were held. Two of these were in July, and I had the privilege of attending them, and of taking part in the services. The first was July 8th, and was held at the Metropolitan School Room, New Kent Road (Rev. C. Spurgeon's); and the second, July 15th, at the Weigh House Chapel School Room, (Rev. T. Binney's) near London Bridge. The summer is not so favorable a time for these meetings as the winter; hence there were only forty present at the first, and twenty-five at the second; but they were meetings of much interest. Four accepted invitations to go to "Homes" from the first meeting, and three from the second.

But the reader will like to know something more about these meetings, and the mode of operation. I will give an account of the second. The workers met for prayer at eight o'clock. At nine they partook of refreshments, and at ten they were assigned, two and two, to different districts in the vicinity of the place of meeting. They took with them cards of invitations enclosed in a white envelope. On the outside of this was printed,—"Thursday night, Thursday, July 15th, 1869. At eleven o'clock. Admission by tickets only." On the face of the card was the date and place of meeting, an invitation to attend, and a statement that refreshments would be provided. On the other side were three texts of scripture and a hymn.

The next hour and a half was spent in seeking out these women, and endeavoring to induce them to attend the meeting. Some of them put on an air of bravado, and profess to be satisfied with their course; but a large majority of them acknowledge that they are wrong, and plead various excuses for their conduct. Some thankfully accept the invitation to attend, and do so. Others promise, but fail; and still others say that it is of no use for them to go.

At about half-past eleven, refreshments, consisting of tea, coffee, bread and butter, and cake, were served, some of the workers acting as waiters, and others of them seeking opportunities for conversation with the guests. At about twelve o'clock, the religious exercises commenced. Slips of colored paper, containing six hymns selected for these meetings, were distributed. The President of the meeting, I think, on that evening, was Mr. E. W. Thomas, secretary of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution. He gave out a hymn, which was sung, and then read some portions of Scripture. This was followed by prayer. Another hymn was sung, and then the writer gave a short address, and was followed by the President and another friend. The gist of the remarks offered may be summed up as follows: All sin is wrong, and exposes to danger. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and offers a present salvation to all, freely. It is dangerous to delay acceptance of this. Some sins place those who commit them in peculiarly difficult circumstances, and special help is necessary to enable them to escape from them. This help is offered now by those who convened this meeting. Among the hymns sung were those commencing, "Come to the Saviour, come to the Saviour, Thou sin-stricken offspring of man;" "There is a fountain filled with blood," and, "Just as I am, without one plea;" another prayer was offered, and the meeting was dismissed, an invitation being given for any who chose, to remain for conversation and aid. As each one passed out, an envelope was handed to her, containing one of the little tracts already referred to, and a card on which was printed,—"If you will call at the office of the Midnight Meeting Movement, 5 Red Lion Square, Holborn, W. C., any day between eleven and three, and on Saturday before one o'clock, advice will be given you, and, if possible, assistance for the future." The workers then partook of refreshments, one of the female missionaries took charge of those who accepted help of the Society, and the exercises closed.

Mr. John Stabb, who has for many years been secretary of the English Monthly Tract Society, is the honorary secretary of this society. The work has extended to various parts of the country, and also to Paris, the capital of France; and elsewhere, while the evil is great, the success is encouraging.

In connection with this subject, I may add that, on July 1st, I attended a meeting at Islington, for "Fast Young Men," at which several addresses on the evils and dangers of licentiousness were given. This meeting was not a public one, nor was its precise object announced in the invitations given. But judicious persons took charge

of the cards of invitation, and handed them to those who they thought might be benefited by attending. There were about eighty present. Such a meeting is held by this society about once a year. I also had the privilege of attending a meeting of the workers of the society at Hampton Court on July 29th. May God continue to bless them in this important work. W. H.

## N. H. C. Baptist Convention.

The C. Baptist Convention of N. H. was held in Concord, from the 19th to the 21st ult. The writer attended a portion of the time as a Corresponding Messenger from the N. H. Y. M.

The pastors of all the churches of the state, together with such delegates as the churches elect, constitute the State Convention. There was a full delegation. Rev Dr. Hooper, of Exeter, presided. Few presiding officers can dispatch more business in a given time than Dr. H.

### AN ADVANTAGE.

But our C. B. brethren enjoy an advantage over us, by knowing to some extent who are to be the members of the next Convention, which enables them to make some arrangements in advance. By making the pastors of the churches ex-officio members, they are able to choose their Com. of arrangements for the ensuing year, and also the writer of the next circular letter. Much important business may be so nearly matured beforehand, as that it may be performed with dispatch; and the letter to the churches is ready, at the assembling of the Convention, to be submitted to a Com.; and, if approved by them, submitted to the Convention, discussed, and adopted or rejected. We have standing Clerks, and like them, we sometimes select men to preach opening sermons, and prepare dissertations and essays on various topics. But all this, when done at all, is done without knowing whether the appointees, according to the general course of things, are to be members of the next Conf. or not.

### HOME MISSIONS.

Few of the topics which fired up the ardor and stirred the eloquence of the brethren, interested us more than the H. M. operations of the Convention. The question is agitated among them, whether they shall have more local Missions, or whether all shall co-operate with the parent society. Some able men, with a real catholic spirit, felt that it was a grief that thousands should be gleaned from poor, sterile N. H., to sustain missionaries to traverse the rich, fertile states of the west and plant churches there, while N. H. churches were left to dwindle, and abundant mission fields were left unoccupied, for want of men and means. Some twenty-five stations, however, this sacrificing Convention is sustaining, without aid from the treasury of the parent Soc.

One circulating missionary is kept constantly in the field, who visits the churches and raises funds, aids feeble churches by his labors, and assists those who are destitute in procuring pastors. The verbal report which he made of the labors of the past year was amusing as well as instructive. One might have almost thought their mission was established in Palestine instead of N. H. The land of Goshen, Lebanon, and Canaan were conspicuous in the fields of his labor. And if we can take without discount the glowing representations of success attending the hosts of God in those localities, as well as others, the Hittites, Hivites, Jebusites and Canaanites, as well as the Anakims, Amalekites, and other giants, are being driven out "little by little," with no other prospect but that of utter extermination. What has become of our N. H. Y. M. missionary?

The written report in regard to the station at— was received with no little merriment. It was said that the Baptist meetings there had been discontinued, and the brethren had all gone in for the support of the Freewill Baptist minister, as their best method for building up a strong Baptist church. This was so amusing that we almost longed to tell them of another case where the circumstances formed a beautiful contrast to this. One of their mission stations, which they reported as in a most flourishing condition, and where they are building a fine church edifice, is in the town of F. We were there a week or two before the Convention, and found a small Freewill Baptist church, freely contributing their means both for the erection of the C. Baptist meeting-house and for the support of the C. Baptist missionary. Under the circumstances we told them we thought it the best thing they could do, not so much because they were building up a Baptist church thereby, but because they were thus sustaining the means of grace and aiding the cause of God.

### RAISING FUNDS.

This theme, as with us, was a prolific source of discussion. Many of the brethren waxed warm and eloquent while discoursing on it, and some became decidedly amusing. One brother thought, if the pastors and their families would practice more rigid economy, and carefully husband their household expenditures, much might be spared for the mission cause. The case of the family of a returned missionary was mentioned, in which the good lady complained of the scarcity of domestic help. While in India, she said she had plenty of servants, but since her return, she had been reduced to

two or three. The speaker had seldom had a domestic in his family, his wife and daughters having performed the household duties without servants. Our heart warmed towards him, and we felt as though we could give him the hand of fellowship on that point.

But up came another in a trice, who thought of another evil quite as great as that. It was that a minister should be parsimonious, and hoard up his wealth for the aggrandizement of himself and family. With equal spirit was it said, that the cause of the Master had suffered by the splendid turn-outs and other displays of wealth and opulence, with which ministers and their families sometimes appeared at the doors of the sanctuary during the sitting of Conventions. All such parades were thought to be as bad for the cause as parsimony.

Another believed the ministers were not sufficiently willing to enforce a spirit of sacrifice by their example. He would enter into a compact with his brethren to give 25 per cent. of his income for benevolence, if they would give 10 per cent. of theirs.

But Bro. G., the missionary, was brim-full of music on this subject. It was astonishing, he said, how much a little patch of ground, half as large as the altar on which he stood, would yield when devoted to missionary purposes. He wished all would make the experiment. Or, what would be quite as well, he would have them consecrate a calf or a sheep to this service, and dispose of all the proceeds for the mission cause. If they could do no better, a hen would answer a good purpose. Little Jenny C. had appropriated a hen by his suggestion, and in one season she had paid \$5.00 into the mission treasury. He had told this story to the association with which Jenny's parents were connected, and asked all the members who had done better than that to hold up a hand; and not a hand was raised. One brother, however, had taken the liberty to doubt whether the proceeds of a single hen could furnish \$5.00 in one season. But after making the calculation he had acknowledged his error, and confessed that a good smart hen could perform this feat and lie still two months. He advised all the brethren who wanted a good breed of missionary hens, to get some of Jenny C's pullets.

During this entire discussion we were greatly interested to witness the vein of humor which seemed to lurk beneath those sober, dignified aspects, and which would ever and anon ripple over the surface. But the whole drift of the argument was in favor of some system,—it mattered little what; one might work well in some instances and another in other instances, but some method by which all should do something regularly for purposes of benevolence.

### THE SPIRITUALITY.

Unfortunately we had not the privilege of hearing sermons, except the annual one before the Pastors' Association (which preceded the Convention proper), but we learned that all were excellent. The one that we have mentioned was preached by Rev. D. W. Fauce of Concord, and was a spirited and able sermon in favor of spiritual religion, as distinguished from all formalism, ritualism and rationalism. Indeed the most refreshing feature of this Convention was the fervid advocacy of spiritual religion, pure godliness, entire consecration of all to God, breathed in almost all its exercises. It was a treat which we wished many more of our brethren could have been there to enjoy.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

Rev. Mr. Adams, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Ayer, Congregationalist, both of Concord, represented their respective state organizations, and spoke in most cordial terms of the common interest with which themselves and their respective bodies regarded the Convention, and the heartiness with which they could co-operate with them for the good cause. The writer was cordially received by the Pres. and Convention, and a real brotherly interest appeared to be felt by all the members in this mutual interchange of thought and feeling; and Rev. D. W. Fauce, of Concord, was appointed to attend our next Y. M. session.

### CIRCULAR LETTER.

This document was mainly devoted to systematic benevolence, and in the course of it there was much plain, good sense, well spoken, against the frivolity which attends the raising of funds by levees, festivals, &c., instead of paying them into God's treasury as a free-will offering. We hope all our brethren will procure the minutes of this Convention. The perusal of this letter will amply repay them. A. J. Prescott, Esq., of Concord, has them.

### PUBLIC DINNER.

It was refreshing to see the C. Baptists at their Convention in Concord, serving up a dinner, day after day, in the lecture room of the church. This was done for the express purpose of affording a better opportunity to the sisters to attend the meetings. Many years ago this method of furnishing refreshments was quite prevalent at our Y. M. and Q. M. sessions, in N. H., Vt., and elsewhere, but of late it has been too much disused.

We were invited to dine with the brethren in the lecture room, but, being at home, we of course declined the proffered hospitality. But we were assured, and were very ready to believe it, that these dinners were a source of real enjoyment as well as profit. We speak for a revival of this old

F. W. Baptist custom in all our Conventions. We are sure that all the sisterhood will second the motion.

Let these dinners be served, not by a few, but by all; not for a few, but for all; not in groups, knots, family parties, but on common tables, or without tables, with abundant supplies; where every one is made welcome to everything, or else all alike are served by a committee; where an interchange of thought and feeling and a general handshaking may be indulged, subject only to such restraint as the grace of Christ imposes; where all may speak of God and salvation without conventional forms or ceremonies; and, besides being a great relief to resident families, they will be seasons of great refreshing to the inner as well as the outer man.—A. K. M.

## Ridley and Latimer.

Froude's History of England gives the following account of the execution of two Protestant Bishops under Queen Mary. And let it be remembered that the Church of Rome claims to be always the same:

The place selected for the burning, was outside of the north wall of the town, a short stone's throw from the southward corner of Balliol College, and about the same distance from Bocardo prison, from which Cranmer was intended to witness his friend's sufferings.

Lord Williams, of Thane, was on the spot by the Queen's order; and the city guard were under arms to prevent disturbance. Ridley appeared first, walking between the mayor and one of the aldermen. He was dressed in a furred black gown, such as he was wont to wear, being bishop, a furred velvet tippet about his neck, and a velvet cap. He had trimmed his beard, and had washed himself from head to foot; a man evidently nice in his appearance, a gentleman, and likely to be known as such. They led him under the windows of Bocardo, and he looked up; but Soto, the friar, was with the archbishop, making use of the occasion, and Ridley did not see him. In turning round, however, he saw Latimer coming up behind him in the frieze coat, with the cap and handkerchief—the workday costume unaltered, except that under his cloak, and reaching to his feet, the old man wore a long new shroud.

'Oh! be ye there?' Ridley exclaimed. 'Yea,' Latimer answered: 'Have after as fast as I can follow.'

Ridley ran to him and embraced him. 'Be of good heart, brother,' he said. 'God will either assuage the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.' They then knelt and prayed together, and then exchanged a few words in a low voice, which were not overheard. Lord Williams, the vice chancellor, and the doctors, were seated on a form close to the stake. A sermon was preached, a scant one, of scarce a quarter of an hour, and then Ridley begged that for Christ's sake, he might say a few words.

Lord Williams looked to the doctors, one of whom started from his seat, and laid his hand on Ridley's lips. 'Recant,' he said, 'and you may both speak and live.'

'So long as the breath is in my body,' Ridley answered, 'I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth. God's will be done in me. I commit our cause,' he said, in a loud voice, turning to the people, 'to Almighty God who shall indifferently judge us all.'

The brief preparations were swiftly made. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother in law, and distributed remembrances among those who were nearest to him. To Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat, to others he gave handkerchiefs, nutmegs, slices of ginger, his watch, and miscellaneous trinkets; 'some plucked off the points of his hose,' happy, it was said, 'was he that might get any rag of him.'

Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake.

'O Heavenly Father, Ridley said, 'I give unto thee most humble thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.'

A chain was passed round their bodies, and fastened with a staple. A friend brought a bag of powder and hung it round Ridley's neck.

'I will take it to be sent of God,' Ridley said. 'Have you more for my brother?'

'Yes, sir,' the friend answered. 'Give it him betimes then,' Ridley replied, 'lest ye be too late.'

The fire was then brought. To the last moment Ridley was troubled about the leases, and bound as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them.

'I will remember your suit,' Lord Williams answered. The lighted torch was then applied to the fagots. 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley,' Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames. 'Play the man; we shall on this day light such a candle by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

'In manus tuas, Domine commendo spiritum meum,' cried Ridley. 'Domine, recipe spiritum meum.'

'O Father of Heaven,' said Latimer, on the other side, 'receive my soul.'

Latimer died first; as the flame blazed up about him, he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded and he became instantly insensible.

His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them; the fire smoldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. 'I cannot burn,' he called; 'Lord have mercy on me; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn.' His brother in law, with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last some one lifted the pile with a bill, and let in the air; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely, Ridley wrestled himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work.

## Events of the Week.

### THANKSGIVING.

This festival seems to have been observed more widely than usual the present year, and to have lost none of the peculiar interest which has long attached to it in New England, where it had its origin. The number of turkeys slaughtered and the mass of chickens that goes to the pot increase every year. Family reunions are still one of the most pleasant features of the day, and there is less and less terror of the festival as a Yankee notion in the South. One thing is to be regretted; that is, the gradual falling off in the attendance upon the religious services that are always appointed, but which are marked by an almost fearful array of empty benches in the open sanctuary. In spite of novel themes announced beforehand, urgent calls for the public recognition of God, and the provision for union services, the preacher is compelled to deliver his exposition and rehearse his homily in the hearing of very meager audiences. But they who ignore the sermon generally show little tendency to shirk the dinner.

### THE PRICE OF GOLD.

Since the great gambling flurry some weeks since the gold market has been unusually steady,—the quotations standing at about 127.

### THE SUEZ CANAL.

This great work is at length accomplished, and the imposing demonstration connected with the passage of the first lot of vessels through from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Suez at the head of the Red Sea, ran through three days of last week. The Emperor of Austria, the Empress of the French, and many other notable people were among the participants. It is one of the most significant undertakings of the century, and its bearings upon the commercial interests of the world will be of the most important kind. The canal is 100 miles long, it has an average width of 328 feet, and a depth of 26 feet. The cost is over \$50,000,000 in gold. The stone for its construction was artificially made of the desert sand along its borders. After the completion of this great project, we may hope that the isthmus of Darien will very soon be cut through and so save the long voyage around Cape Horn to those who wish to go from the eastern to the western ocean.

## Literary Notes.

As the holidays draw near, the book publishers are becoming more and more active in their efforts to meet the wants of the reading public. Among the many publications to be ready at an early day, those from the house of Fields, Osgood & Co. claim prominence. On their list is "Gates Ajar," illustrated with twelve full page drawings; "Comic History of the United States," by John D. Sherwood, filled with illustrations, by Harry Scratchley; "William Mountford's Miracles, Past and Present;" James Russell Lowell's "Among my Books;" "Society and Solitude," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; "Political Economy," from the pen of Horace Greeley; "Concord Sketches," by May Alcott, consisting of photographs of residences and scenes in Concord, to which personal associations have given deep interest; "The Story of a Bad Boy," profusely illustrated by one of the best artists of the day; "The Fairy Egg and what it held," and "The Trotty Book," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Lee & Shepard have quite an attractive list to choose from. Among the new books to appear is one from the author of the Dodge Club, entitled B. G. W. C.; "Nat the Navigator," a memoir of Nathaniel Bowditch; "Down the Rhine," the last volume of the "Young America Abroad" series; "Alaska and its Resources," illustrated with some 100 wood cuts, edited by W. H. Dall, Director of the Russian Telegraph Expedition. They have also in press the works of Chas. Sumner, to be issued in two volumes, the first volume to be ready early in December.

The Am. Tract Society have a number of good things for the holidays, among which is "Studies in Bible Lands," by Rev. W. L. Gage, to be printed on tinted paper with some 60 handsome illustrations, and "Gems of the Bible," by Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.—The Congregationalist Sabbath School and Publishing Society have a number of good books in press to be ready in Dec, among which are, "Bearing our Burdens," "A Year here and there," "Work to do," "Orphan Brothers," "Old Fashioned Lives," and "Edith's Testament."—Henry Hoyt has in press, "Eugene Cooper," "Hungering and Thirsting," "The Squire's Daughter," "The Mountain Patriots," "Capt. Charlie," and "Baby's Christmas," to be illustrated with some 30 engravings. Mr. Hoyt issues, also, a Temperance Library in four volumes, and another set of books called the "Jesica Library."

Messrs. R. W. Bliss & Co., of Hartford, Conn., are about to issue "The River of the West," a volume devoted to the Rocky Mountains and Oregon, and to the features and experiences that distinguish that partially explored and interesting tract of country known as the Northwest. Mrs. F. F. Victor is the author, and her work with the pen is to be aided by numerous spirited engravings. The letterpress is excellent, and the specimen pages before us promise an interesting book. Sold only by subscription. Agents are wanted, who should address the publishers.



## Communications.

### Christ's Love for Man.

The Scriptures honor none of the fallacious claims of caste. They have no flattery for wealth, pay no deference to blood, no homage to royalty, and bend the knee neither to intellect nor to culture. Their pages glow with truths touching the equal value of souls. The artificial distinctions of society by which men, on other grounds than that of character, worth or merit, strangers to the exclusion and contempt of others, and by which the spirit of superiority to others is fostered and advertised, meet no recognition from Christ. He knows no distinctions among men, except distinctions of character. The high priest has inherited no value that his slave does not as amply possess. The rich man bankrupted and the king dethroned lose not one particle of their worth.

When Christ appeared among men as a servant, the pretensions of rank were far laughable than in this age. Kings were then monarchs indeed, and lived hung on their word; the learned were not less contemptuous of the ignorant; riches carried with them a consequence which they can not now command, and the various classes of men were further apart in every way.

All the feeling of that age found expression in the state of society at Jerusalem. The gradations of rank, from the bottom to the top, were clearly defined, and the rounds in the ladder were many. Sadducees, pharisees, lawyers, priests, rulers, publicans, gentiles, sinners,—thus the scale ran down. How did the Saviour deal with them?

Those that sat in Moses' seat he did not insult. The dignity of any legitimate station he did not despoil, but, by example and precept, he taught, and teaches still, that the assumptions of men, in influence and power, of superiority to men not in them, are fictitious and groundless. He did not admit the value of a Sadducee,—rich, select, cultivated, skeptical,—to be above that of the publican, nor that of the lordly, all-powerful Pharisee to be higher than that of the leper and the harlot. Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, must enter the kingdom of God by the same door as that through which the blind beggar finds entrance. The wealthy young man whose ingenuousness won the admiration of Christ, must do as the fisherman did, leave all and follow the Son of God. Whose request will Jesus sooner heed, that of King Herod for a miracle, or of this Syrophenician woman compared to the dogs beneath their master's table? To whom does Christ show more deference and give more consideration, to the elite of Jerusalem, by whose favor he could have boundless popularity, or to the widow of Nain, to Malchus, or the thief on the cross by the side of his own?

In his words, as well as in his acts, Christ disallows the under-lying idea of rank,—that worth bears some true proportion to eminence and social standing. His promises make no such discrimination; his calls, invitations and warnings vary not their utterance to men of any class; his denunciations and prophecies of woe are hurled all together at the leading orders of the holy city. Publicans and harlots were fitter for heaven.

The great truths of the gospel apply to one as well as to another; and so, when Christ sends the apostles out as apostles, they are told to proclaim the good news "to every creature." Inspired by Christ's own Spirit, they were not timid to rebuke the pretensions of class. "God is no respecter of persons," cries one. "Go to ye rich men, weep and howl," writes another. In Athens, to the cultured, polished Greek, as elsewhere, to Onesimus, Paul preaches that "God now commandeth all men, everywhere, to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness." Felix hears this undaunted apostle declare the doctrine of "righteousness, temperance and of a judgment to come," and the slaves of the street were made to tremble by similar truths. In the New Testament the voice of God everywhere is heard, saying, as of old, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth, for in these things do I delight, saith the Lord."

It was the blessed mission of Jesus to the earth, to come to a race chained, blind, grinding out the meal of their degradation, slaves to a hard master, and break their chains, open their eyes, unlock the doors of their prison and call them to come forth to freedom,—to "the liberty of the sons of God,"—to the light of life. Christ did not find any one of our race an unshorn Samson. The secret of every man's strength had been discovered, and every one was a captive of Satan, bound with fetters of brass. The great, wealthy, noble and wise were not at liberty, and the weak, poor, ignoble and despised were in bondage. The servitude was universal.

Therefore the nature of Christ's work, any more than the divine impulses of his heart, would not allow him, in calling men to repentance, to know any distinction of condition. In his eyes one man had the value of another. He saw as much inherent worth in men, "clothed with a little brief authority," as in men abject and down-trodden; but no more. Prosperity does not depreciate nor increase human excellence.

Yet Christ was, if anything, more careful of the lowly than of the mighty, and treated with less tenderness the pretensions, than the discouraged and needy. Faith came easier to the latter, and so he preached the gospel where its effects would be

widest. Many were the lepers saved, but of the high priests and governors, none. The prosperous were content with their lot. "The hair of their head had begun to grow again, after they were shaven." It mattered not that they were in prison. It did not annoy them that their eyes were out. In the darkness of a dungeon eyes have no use. They "loved darkness rather than light."

It was not altogether so with the down-trodden and neglected. Their grinding was more irksome. Their circumstances did not beguile their thoughts. The walls of their cells were not hung with pictures, and the stone floors were not carpeted for their feet. Their apartments were not rendered attractive. So when Christ stood and cried, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," these came gladly out. Feeling the hunger which Christ came down, "the true manna from heaven," to appease, "the common people heard him gladly." As if by selection, Christ preached the gospel to them. Here was the evidence of his origin, the proof to which he directed John to look that he was the Messiah. He valued man, not his circumstances,—man, because he is a man, and because his worth is not graduated by his earthly condition. J. A. H.

### Ebenezer.

About 130 miles northwest from Calcutta, on a beautiful plateau, which, on three sides, is mostly surrounded by hills varying in height, and from four to forty miles distant, thus forming one grand amphitheater, stands the Mission Station bearing the above name; a goodly name, full of promise and a record of past mercies. This spot was chosen and the station commenced only a little more than two years ago; hence, though "beautiful for situation," it has not, as yet, become "the joy of the whole" Santal country. But it promises well, certainly. It is in the midst of the Santals, and I am told, that there are not less than one hundred of their villages within a radius of five miles from Ebenezer.

Already the good seed sown here has begun to spring up and bear fruit. Three interesting youths have lately been baptized, two others stand as candidates for baptism, affording pleasing evidence of a change of heart. A spirit of serious inquiry has been awakened in the villages around, and a goodly number of heathen Santals come together and attend worship in the mission chapel on the Sabbath. A few have asked to be baptized, and others still are inquiring.

To me, it was exceedingly refreshing to hear an intelligent Christian man open his mouth freely and fully, and without let or hindrance, pour forth the precious truths of the gospel, while these wild sons of the forest, seated on their mats, listened attentively. Mr. Skrafsrud, the missionary, appeared like a man full of the Spirit and, who longs to speak that he may be refreshed. Being a Norwegian, his organs seemed well adapted to form the uncouth sounds required by the Santal. It was worth a pilgrimage to hear and converse freely with such a man. Mr. S. speaks Santal well.

The history of this little mission is not without interest. About seven years ago, a British officer becoming converted, turned missionary, and joining the Baptists, was stationed at Surry, 24 miles south of this. And although laboring among the Hindus, Mr. Johnson, for this was his name, soon fell in with the Santals and became interested in them. Possessed of a ready tact for picking up a spoken language, he soon became able to converse and even to preach in the Santal language. But having other duties on his hands, and it may be presumed, not being a ready philologist, his progress was slow, and his success quite limited. Still he loved the Santals, and prayed earnestly, and labored for their salvation. He at length heard of two Lutheran missionaries, who, with their wives, desired to settle among the Santals, but were without means of support, having separated from the society that sent them out from Berlin. Mr. Johnson, having property of his own, invited these brethren to join him, for a season supporting them himself. About two and a half years ago all three came to Ebenezer, and began to build, clearing away the jungle for this purpose. But Mr. J.'s health soon failed, it may be from undue exposure and neglect of himself; his mind also suffered, and at times reason tottered on its throne, while his zeal for the conversion of the Santals was consuming him. One day last cold season, a Bengal tiger was announced in his vicinity. This was a God-send. The Santals, who are passionately fond of sport, were to see how God would protect his own and deliver the brute into the hand of the missionary, and hence, they would believe the gospel he preached. With only a single charge in his gun, Mr. J. sallied forth to meet the royal tiger, although no Santal would accompany him. Mr. Borresen, one of his colleagues, seeing he would go, went also, but unarmed. The two went a distance of two miles, and in the bed of a small stream, when dry, they saw the monster lying under a bush, and he, too, saw them. Johnson, full of excitement, not content to fire from the bank, walked into the bed of the creek, and stood facing the brute, not more than ten yards from him. (I saw and examined the spot myself yesterday.) The intended fatal aim was taken, in order to finish up the work with a single shot. But, as might have been expected, the aim was not accurate; the shot took no effect, and in a trice the brute had his antagonist under his terrible paw! Mr. Borresen, who stood on the bank an anxious spectator of the frightful scene, testifies that it came into his heart to call upon God for aid, and he did so with all his might, at the same time clapping his hands at the royal brute. The tiger growled fearfully, caught the

left hand of his victim in his mouth, crushing the bones in his teeth; then dropping the hand, he seized the fallen gun in his mouth, giving that a terrible shake, then, with an awful growl, turned suddenly around and laid himself down again in his lair.

The fallen man now arose and made his way to the bank, and was assisted up by his friend. Two Santals, who stood at a distance, were pressed into service, and aided in carrying the wounded man from the bloody scene. The mangled hand was amputated, and Mr. Johnson soon recovered from the injuries received; but other afflictions soon followed. The poor man lost his wife and two children, and, broken in health, his mind impaired and his spirits very much depressed, he was at length prevailed on to take leave and go home to England, not however, until he had arranged to pay a monthly subscription of \$40, for the support of the Ebenezer station. Truly, God did appear for the deliverance of those who called upon and trusted in him! This the heathen themselves readily admit, but in how different a way from what man had devised! What but a divine power could have turned away this savage beast of prey, and allowed his prostrate victim to escape with his life? What quieted that ferocious appetite while an unarmed and defenseless man was removed from before his eyes! God is honored, the heathen confess his power, the pride and presumption of the human heart, or the fool-hardiness of a mad man, is rebuked.

### THE MISSION FAMILY.

At present the family consists of two men and their wives, and three beautiful children. They live in a long, thatched bungalow. A sitting room and a dining room in the center are used in common, while each family has its separate dormitory on each end of the domicile. They all sit down at the same table, and one set of servants does the work for all. They love one another; they love their work and are content and happy. Mr. Borresen, a Dane by birth, has a very intelligent, active German wife. He is a wide-awake, energetic little man of forty-three years, and five in India. He was formerly an engineer in Berlin, doing a good business, but after his conversion he prayed the Lord Jesus for ten years to allow him to go as a missionary to the heathen. At length the desire of his heart was given him, and he joined the Lutheran Mission among the Coles. Mr. and Mrs. Skrafsrud, are from Norway. Mr. S. is about thirty, has been seven years in this country, and was manifestly born to be a missionary and a philologist. About four years ago, these two brethren, who have become deeply interested in each other, were constrained to separate their connection with their society, in consequence of one who "loveth to have the pre-eminence," viz., the same Mr. Batsch who has lately done so much to turn this once very prosperous Mission of the Lutheran church over to the Anglicans; while he himself, and three of his colleagues have accepted re-ordination at the hands of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Like Abram of old, they went forth, not knowing whither they were to find support, but continued to study and labor on, awaiting the openings of Providence. The way at length opened, and the present station among the Santals was commenced. Mr. Borresen, who speaks only the Bengali, took charge of the building, and also did much to raise funds, while Mr. S. applied his mind and energies to master the Santal language, in which he has had extraordinary success. Brought in contact with the Baptists, Mr. S., a thorough classical scholar, investigated for himself the subject of baptism. He became convinced of the duty of believers' baptism and was immersed. The other three remain Lutherans still. J. P.

### The Christian Church.

The duties of the clerk are so well understood that they need not be pointed out in detail. He is to keep a record of the doings of the church and give, in their behalf, such letters of commendation and other communications as the church shall direct. If they require of him officially what he believes to be wrong, it is his privilege to resign his office. The office of deacon is an important one, but the Scripture says but very little about their duties in detail. Whether the seven set apart by the apostles to attend to the charities of the church were deacons is not certain, but it is, I think, generally considered that they were. The primitive deacons probably had charge of the temporal interests of the church, received and disbursed monies, &c.

While the pastors looked after the souls of the people, the deacons looked after the external interests of the church. In the different denominations their duties and powers are somewhat different. With us, the deacons, besides attending to the temporal affairs of the church, assist the minister with their advice, take charge of the social meetings when he is absent, and perhaps sometimes preach. The moral qualifications required in the Scriptures, are very nearly the same as are required of those who are ministers of the gospel. They must be grave, temperate, not covetous, sound in doctrine and of a pure conscience. Before entering upon the duties of their office they must be proved and found blameless. They may be proved by a critical examination, or by a reference to their daily life. They were prominent and active men. "For they that have used the office of a deacon well, purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." From this we infer that they led the devotees of the church in the absence of the pastor. A church that is so fortunate as to have a good pastor and deacons is highly favored of the Lord, and may reasonably expect prosperity. W.

### Views of a Hindu Priest.

Among the temples of Midnapore, there are two that are especially popular, and are doing a lucrative business. Something is "going on" constantly to attract the attention of the people. Now it is a party of singers, then the beating of drums and ringing of bells,—anything to charm the crowd.

Yesterday the owner of one of these temples called, and we fell into conversation on his business and its prospects. He had before told me that he had no faith in idolatry, but he was the legitimate, hereditary owner of the temple, and was "running" it for its profits. He is about forty-five years of age, and on his remarking that the receipts of the temple had very much diminished during his incumbency, I asked him how much? "Ten-sixteenths," was his reply. He then went on to say: "The number of worshippers at the temples has diminished three-fourths, and not more than one-half of the remaining fourth have any faith in their worship; none of those who have been educated in the English schools have faith in the gods." He then remarked with some deliberation and feeling: "We may, or may not see the day, but within twenty-five or thirty years our temples will have to close their business for want of patronage." The Lord grant it! O. R. B.

### Heart Experiences.

In the church candidates' class meeting to-day, David McDonald said: "To-day my mind is fixed to serve the Lord, and in believing in him I have great joy. In the week just gone, I have had a victory. One day something happened to disturb me, and I laid down to sleep very angry. But I began to think,—surely the Lord Jesus can help me, and he will help me. Then I got up and began to pray to him, and as I prayed and prayed he did come and help me, and took the anger and spite all out of my heart, and filled it with love and joy." This is a boy (about fifteen) that in some respects seems to have been changed from a lion to a lamb, and it is soul-reviving to see him and hear him. He is a lad of great talent, with an amount of character not often found, and promises to make a useful man.

Fennimore Houghtaling is about nine years old. He and a sister, two or three years older, were left alone of a large family who died in the famine. It seems to have been a good family. An English gentleman sent them to us, who lives thirty miles from here. He and his wife thought them too bright and interesting to go to ruin with the multitude of forsaken children of the famine. This boy's name was Bekram. The little fellow is good and bright. He reads well, studies geography, and is in the English morning school. None but boys of one kind can be admitted into that school.

Little Adam Brown is unique, something like a little Yankee. He seldom laughs or cries, but always knows exactly what he is about. Two years ago he was found in the bazar all alone, a little diseased skeleton. He is now a good little scholar and in the English school. Those who have named these boys ought to pray for them and write to them, and we will see that all letters are answered. S. P. B.

### An Evil to be Remedied.

There is one subject on which a reform is needed. So it seems to me. God has commanded, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Now what is necessary in order to obey this command? Is it considered right to pay and receive visits of friendship on the Sabbath? There can be but one answer to this; but how universal, in the country at least, is the custom for young men to pay their visits to young ladies on Sabbath evening. This custom may have originated in New England when Saturday evening was kept as a part of holy time, but is it consistent with a proper regard for the Sabbath, for young men to make, or young ladies to receive, visits on Sunday evening, while professing to regard the Sabbath, and to regard that as a part of the Sabbath? Is it consistent for professing Christians to forsake religious meetings for such a purpose? Can they expect the blessing of God upon their life plans formed in such circumstances? V.

### To Discouraged Workers.

The atmosphere of active effort is not one wherein discouragements spring readily. Untoward circumstances may exist, but the earnest heart is willing to acknowledge them only as obstacles to be surmounted. By them the worker's zeal is stimulated rather than checked. Despondency infests the ranks of the idlers, rather than those of the workers. This is so in all departments of effort. In no field of labor, perhaps, is it more evident than in the Sabbath-school. The active are the hopeful. Works help faith mightily. Nevertheless, the most devoted do sometimes feel the weight of difficulties. The individual worker, whose mental and spiritual vision has been opened to a high standard, is sometimes so placed that surrounding deficiency, disorder and lukewarmness chill to the heart.

One word to these. If you cannot work as members of a well-trained corps, happy in belonging to an organized band, you can yet work as individuals. If you cannot, without charge of officiousness, bring others to adopt what seem to you improved methods and effective helps, take refuge in your own individual liberty, and work so well in your own narrow province that others may judge by the fruits. Example is more powerful than precept. It is hard to stem the tide. It is harder for some than for others, to adopt the more excellent way, when to do so implies independent action. But when the talent that has

been given is required with usury, the excuse that others' failure discouraged you, will be of no avail.

Teacher, if matters are at low ebb with you as a school, have faith and courage. If you can do no more, at least redouble your efforts for your class. Concentrate effort there, and whatever disunion and confusion or inertness there may be without, resolve it shall not hinder earnest working in your class. It is very true, that unless especial grace be given, no class can achieve as much where surrounding influences are discordant, as where they are sustaining and helpful. But he in whose name and strength you work knows fully the position. Abate not one iota of your effort while he gives you power to hold one scholar. It will be as individuals that we shall be called to give account. As individuals may we work, and leave the result with him.—S. S. Times.

## Selections.

### Christ's Brooding Love.

Mr. Beecher's power and skill in setting forth the gracious ministry of the Lord Jesus in behalf of the human soul are very remarkable and effective. It is a truth both apprehended by his intellect and translated into his experience. We give below one of his recent Lecture-Room Talks, which we copy from the *Christian Union*:

There is no possibility of living right without a sense of duty. The element of duty should underlie every experience of life. Yet it is a product of the conscience, which alone will never make a man happy. It is not in the nature of duty, or conscience, to afford gratification. It is not possible that a man should derive satisfaction from following a strict line of duty. The spirit of duty, where it is magnified, specialized, intensified, seldom brings as much satisfaction as it does care and anxiety. It is the union of trust, springing from love, or love leading to trust, with the spirit of duty, that gives at once fidelity and ease of mind.

There are a great many persons who are very good-natured and very happy; but they are not broad; they are superficial; they are not dutiful. They have an easy, good-natured trust, which does not mean much, except that they have a pleasant temperament. They have a certain kind of satisfaction, but it is not a moral state. They do not do much that is wrong, and they do not do much that is good.

On the other hand, there are many persons who are exceedingly punctilious about their duty, who are very anxious to do right; but they are far from being happy. They are more frequently consumed by bitter retrospect, and by fears in regard to the future, than by any other feelings.

The great art of living Christianly, is to have conscience for the undertone, and to have love for the upper; and if possible for the stronger, experience. And I do not know how these conditions can be secured without an active faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If your God is a being afar off, if he is an unformed, inaccessible Father, if he is a merely ideal Jehovah, you may fear him; through the imagination you may comprehend him in various ways; but I do not see how you can love him. I do not think any man can take a cloud to his bosom and love it; and this abstract idea of God is but little more than a cloud.

It pleased God to take on the form of a man, chiefly, among other reasons, doubtless, to present the divine Spirit in just that aspect in which we are accustomed to look at being. We can imagine Christ, because we are at liberty to frame him as a man. And believing him to be God—very God; equal with the Father and the Holy Spirit—we are able by the imagination to transfer him to the heavenly state, and conceive of him there. Whereas, a spiritual being, that is outside the limit of the senses, we cannot take hold of except in a vague way, because we have had no experience such as is peculiar to spiritual beings. And vagueness does not breed love. Love springs from definite apprehensions. And the attributes of God, so far as we are competent to apprehend them, are represented by the Lord Jesus Christ.

A great many ways have been tried of presenting Christ so that he shall be lovely to us. He is represented as the suffering Saviour; he is represented as the triumphant Saviour; he is represented as the ever-living and ever-reigning Saviour; and there is much reason for joy and gratulation in these various aspects. But I have been thinking all the week of one figure that our Saviour himself used, which has brought him very near to me.

As he sat looking upon Jerusalem, with a multitude about him, and talking to his disciples, or rather, soliloquizing, he alluded, not to what he had done, but to what he felt that it was in him to do. He said, "Often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" That was the feeling that he had.

I have on my farm one hen that has twenty chickens, and several that have from twelve to fifteen each. All together, I have some two hundred chickens running about up there; and I have seen the brooding process in all its stages. Simply as a feature of natural history, it is extremely interesting; but it is interesting to me also because it reminds me of the words of Christ which I have quoted. I like to look at those things which God has laid his hand on in the Bible, and stained through with familiar truths. The clouds tell me some things; the winds tell me some things; the trees tell me some things; the rocks tell me some things; the blossoms tell me some things; the thorns tell me some things; the birds that fly, and the very hens, tell me some things.

The hen is really one of the most simple creatures that ever lived; and in some respects she is one of the most helpless. Yet there are some things that are extremely beautiful in the actions of a hen. For instance, if a chicken, following her, gets tangled in the brush, and peeps piteously, she stops, and though all the rest of the brood go on, runs back to see if she cannot in some way extricate that chicken. But she cannot. If it is a hawk, she cannot fight. If one of her chickens gets in a ditch the wrong way, and cannot get out, she will wander around it all day, but she can do nothing to relieve it. A poor mother she is. But it is the disposition, the feeling, that I look at.

The hen diligently hunts after food for her little flock; and if she scratches, she sees a most tempting worm, it is not for her, but for her chickens. She forgets herself in caring for them. The moment they begin to be tired, she seems to know it, and seeks a corner where the wind does not blow, and settles down, expanding her wings. And one after another the little wretches come running to her and nestle

under her. And then come their little peeps, and her cooing. It is the very spirit of domesticity that the scene exhibits. And I never see it that I am not reminded of the tenderness and love which Christ manifested toward his enemies—toward those that he knew were about to shed his blood, when he said, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

I to-day saw the something in birds. I was at work among my grape-vines, when my attention was attracted by two robins that were making a great racket. I was sure by their actions that they had young ones, that they thought to be in danger. And I said, "Why, you old fools! I won't hurt you nor your little birds." Just then, I heard a noise that I recognized; and I said, "The cat is here." And sure enough, looking down, I saw the cat curled up under the trellis. It was the sight of him that had set the birds all agog. "What is he doing here?" I asked. He had no business there—and all the more, because I had just written an article saying that my cats had been so brought up that I did not believe any of them hunted birds! In my indignation, I seized him by the neck, and walked off with him to the other side of the cherry orchard, and gave him an opportunity to see how it would seem if he was flying! And I sent one or two stones after him by way of applications!

Well, about a rod from where I was standing, in a dwarf cherry-tree crotch, two feet from the ground, there was a nest of these birds; and in it were four robins. The cat had gone out there, and of course did not know that the nest was there, or it would have been destroyed. The birds, to whom nothing was so precious as that nest and its contents, inspired by the feeling of fear, were flying round about the cat to deceive him where the nest was, and endeavoring to draw him off as far as possible from their young, at times perching their own lives that they might save them from destruction. Look at that faithfulness, that fearlessness, and that love in those birds, which should lead them to put themselves where they were in danger of being stricken by the cat's paw, rather than that their little unfledged things should receive harm.

When I see these things, I say, "Where did that instinct of love come from, which we see throughout the world? Worms take care of worms; hogs take care of hogs; birds take care of birds; and as you rise in the animal kingdom the instinct becomes stronger and stronger. And where did it come from? We see the same feeling exhibited among human beings under the name of the parental instinct. And what are these various manifestations but so many fingers pointing upward and saying, 'The great God that made us and taught us to love, is himself the greater Love.' He broods over the universe. He looks after all those that are imperiled, or in need. They are signs and symbols of God's nature. And I find no difficulty in resting on a God with such a nature. If the line were laid on my conduct I fear it would be zig-zag from day to day; but I have a God whose heart is large enough to take me in with all my faults and imperfections. God over all, blessed forever—thy God! And so I can live by faith—that faith which works by love; and I can look upon my sins and my faults and yet not feel cast down, because the greatness and love and faithfulness of my God are such as to make up my deficiency.

### Heine's Death-bed Conversion.

When we lie on our death-bed we become very gentle and tender-hearted, and would willingly make peace with God and man. I confess I have scratched many, and bitten many, and been no lamb. But since I have stood in need of God's mercy I have made a truce with all my foes; many beautiful poems, which were directed against very high and very low persons, are for that reason excluded from the present collection. Poems which contained in any degree personalities against Almighty God I have committed to the flames with the sense of fear. It is better that the verses should burn than the versifier. Yes, I have made peace with the Creator as well as with the creature, to the great displeasure of my enlightened friends, who reproach me for my relapse into the old superstition, as they are pleased to call my return to God. Others express themselves with still bitterer intolerance. Atheism's convocation has pronounced its anathema over me, and there are certain fanatical priests of unbelief who would willingly place me on the rack to make me renounce my heterodoxy. Happily they have no instruments of torture at command except their writings. But I will confess everything without torture. I have really returned to God, like the prodigal son, after feeding swine with the Hegelians for many years. The divine homesickness came upon me, and drove me forth, through woods, and vales, over the dizziest mountain pathways of dialectic. On my way I found the god of the Pantheists, but I could make nothing of him. This poor visionary creature is interwoven with and grown into the worst of evils, he is almost imprisoned in it, and yawns at it, without voice, without power. To have will, one must have personality, and to manifest one's self, one must have elbow-room.—Every Saturday.

### Text in Gold.

There is a beautiful thought of the lamented Dr. James Hamilton: Suppose that every one were to mark in golden letters the text which has been the means of saving his soul. The apostle Paul would mark the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" for it was these words spoken by Jesus from the dazzling light, that made him a new creature. In the Bible of the Macedonian jailer, the letters would be found at Acts xvi.: 31. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," for embracing this simple offer he rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. Martin Luther would print the text, "The just shall live by faith," in gold, for the text, spoken by the gentle lips of the vicar-general, guided him to peace; and the young monk of Erfurt, reduced by fasts and tears and struggles to the verge of the grave, found rest in the wounds of Jesus. In the Bible of Bunyan, the mark would be found at "Yet there is room."

It was through the lattice of these words he first saw the cross, and he thought God put them into the Bible to meet his special case. And the ironside soldier would indicate Eccl. xi.: 19; for it was there the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over he read: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may add that if all the saved should thus print in gold the saving words of the book, it would be all gold. IT IS ALL GOLD.



## The Joyful Call.

"Be of good comfort, arise; He calleth for thee."  
Mark 10: 49.

Oh, wayward soul,  
Dost thou not see the beckoning hand?  
Dost thou not hear the hallow'd command,  
The Saviour's cry?  
He bids thee now rejoice,  
Must His beseeching voice  
On deaf ears fall?

Oh, fainting heart,  
Torn by so many doubts and fears,  
Struggling midst many sighs and tears  
In anguish sore—  
Oh, raise thy tear-dimmed eyes  
Upward, above the skies,  
Forever more.

Arise and go,  
The blessed Lord hath need of thee,  
Hear even now His tender plea;  
Be of good cheer—  
He'll be thy dear friend,  
Keep thee unto the end;  
Be ever near.

Take up thy cross,  
Then shalt thou find the burden light,  
The path made straight, the way all bright,  
Thy warfare cease—  
So shalt thou wear the crown,  
At last thy life lay down  
In perfect peace.

A little while  
To toil below for His dear sake,  
Then sweetly sleep in Him and wake  
To thy reward!  
Oh, holy, happy rest!  
To be forever  
In Christ thy Lord.

—Observer.

## Work Among the Lowly.

A few years ago a visit was paid to a thieves' den; and as this will form the best illustration of the work of the missionaries among the lowest class of people, I give it entire:

"One evening I met with a thief of my acquaintance, who informed me that 'a lot of chaps was as how going to have a little jaw together at the beer-shop.' By this I understood that thieves of his order were to have a meeting among themselves. I therefore bent my steps toward the place. There were only two men before the bar, to whom I said a few words. The taproom is in a very awkward place. A door opens from the bar into a dark passage conducting to the tap-room. As I approached this, the landlord, in an angry tone, exclaimed, 'Don't go there.' I, however, hurried through. Upon entering the tap I was met with a loud expression of disapprobation. About thirty men and youths were present, two of whom I knew to be ticket-of-leave men, and several were known thieves. The majority were of the class known as 'sneaks,' or common thieves, and I was surprised to see several gentlemanly-looking men among them, evidently 'magsmen' or 'pickpockets.'

It is true, strange as it may appear, that these classes were very distinct. They rarely fraternize; the one class, I suppose, feeling the pride of ability and rank, and the other being conscious of their inferior position. I was, therefore, surprised at finding the two classes together. It was evident that a common interest or danger had brought them there. Three or four ordered me out, but there was a friendly smile upon several faces. I therefore exclaimed, 'pretty fellows, indeed, to hold a secret meeting; why, I could not come down the Marylebone road without hearing about you.' 'Well,' I continued after a pause, 'you know I'm safe, and I have come to do you a good turn—the best thing one man can do for another.' I was stopped by one of the men, a thorough rough, handing me a copy of the *Times* newspaper. It was dirty and beer-stained. He inquired if that was not a disgrace to the country? and if I thought men were to be treated without justice, like savages, because they were unfortunate? and if I didn't think that the man who wrote that ought to be garroted? The article in question approved of the severe sentence passed upon some prisoners for street robbery, with violence.

I quickly changed the subject by telling them that I had read in French history of a prison in which a blacksmith was kept to rivet fetters upon the limbs of the unfortunate prisoners. They listened with breathless interest to the narrative. I then told them that all men who commit sin 'forge their own fetters,' and so bind themselves to sin and hell. But, I exclaimed in a less solemn tone, 'seven hundred years before Jesus Christ was born, a prophet wrote of Him as the great forerunner; that He should proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' I commented upon these words in connection with Luke iv. 16, 20, for about ten minutes, amid profound silence, and ending by giving them an earnest call to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus. The men seemed subdued, and discussed the difficulty of getting an honest living, after having been convicted. One of them remarked, 'You made a Christian of "Rattling Bill." I told them about his conversion, and the points of several letters I received from him and from the chaplain of Dartmoor Convict Establishment, of his enlisting as a soldier and his happy death in India. This was another matter of interest, so I stayed for more than an hour. At leaving, several followed me out, and walked part of the way home with me. I gave my address, and glad to have new converts, visited from three of them. One, who had not been convicted, though charged, has enlisted into the army; and another called to tell me that he had obtained work at a wharf. In each of these cases there seemed to be deep religious impressions. I cannot, with certainty, say more.—*Sword and Trowel*.

## Man, the Temple.

John Weiss says:  
I recollect once riding down an Alpine road, that seemed paved by all the neighborhood with sublimity, yet a crowd of miserable beings shambled along to it to besiege the carriage door; made idiotic by intermarriage with consins, deformed with swollen, overlapping throats, scrofulous with bad fare and habits in the mountain glens. They mumbled out their supplications for the love of God. Could it be possible that God's love was the tenant of such breasts? You break away from the hideous environment, and hail in due time the spire of Strasburg Cathedral that announces where the rose-windows and the casements emblazoned with the piety and heroism of centuries, temper the broad day to worshippers in aisles that spring like a forest to uphold the dim and distant roof. You enter the sanctuary, where all the silence of a great city seems concentrated, and held from the pollution of traffic and lust to give the inhabitants a chance to overbear their God. This, you think, is a temple indeed. It is vast enough for awe, still enough for devotion, sombre enough for confession of sins, grand enough for humiliation. And when the organ rises to its high-water mark around those col-

umns, you think that all the prostrate forms must float upon these sentiments and pass into the hollow of God's hand. But if, in the breasts of these poor idiots, to whom you shudderingly throw your coin, there lingers one feeling of gratefulness, there pulses one drop of the blood of human kind, there lies a sense of God, twisted like their bodies, but there still, the earnest expectation of the creature waiting for some better manifestation; if there flickers the miserable dip of a conscience, you have seen a temple, not made with hands, to which the cathedral, with all its sumptuousness of art in stone, canvas, marble, and music, is like a Nuremberg toy that pacifies a child's caprices. Man is the only temple worth finishing and adorning. For a heart to place where God lodges. He sometimes travels to churches, as we find our convenience in the tavern, but it is only because they may happen to lie upon His route to human hearts. To them He is forever hastening by the least circuitous ways; and they remind Him most of home.

## Enthusiasm for Christ.

These words touch a vital matter in Christian labor:  
When the Union was assailed by treason in arms, it was properly expected that every loyal man should declare himself such, and prove the sincerity of his avowal by earnestly aiding in the defense.

The same ground should be taken in regard to the kingdom of Christ. No one that loves it has any right to act the part of a neutral whilst it is contending with the forces of wickedness. He is under obligation to make his love known, and to obey its natural impulses. If he does not, he must not ask to receive credit for having it. Silence in the case is treachery. It is so wholly incompatible with the proper feeling that it can only be regarded as an evidence of the contrary. "He that is not for me is against me." The man that will not raise his voice, when need is, for his country or his Christ, should not expect to be thought, in the one case a patriot, or in the other a Christian.

All the urging that is required to bring one up to the performance of his duty is so much to be subtracted from his merit in doing it. The volunteers are the ones that deserve and that will get the honors. When we do a thing we ought to do, only because we can't well help it, shame, not pride, is what we are to feel. The chance may be left us of still gaining some self-respect and esteem by doing it well; but a glorious opportunity has been lost. Are not some men preaching the gospel because if they did not, they would be obliged to do something more disagreeable? No very small portion of our Sabbath school teachers are procured and retained only by pressure. Let the grading stop for a year, and how many a Christian enterprise would be found rusting in the furrow! We want more enthusiastic loyalty to Christ.

But you are giving large sums to support Christian institutions, are you? That is well. Might it not be made better, however? Perhaps you are not yet yourself consecrated to work for Christ; but are hiring others to do what you might and should do. You pay a minister to talk to your neighbors and family about their salvation, and do not feel under any obligation to do it yourself. You could be an excellent missionary; but prefer staying at home and contributing to a society that will send some one else. Now this is not the right thing, and you know it is not. Every man can do something more than giving money for Christ's cause; and we are bound in duty to do all we can. Why not be thorough-going, and hire somebody to be a Christian for you? It would be hard to decide which could have the least credit, the man that hires another to do the good he ought to do himself, or the man that does it only because he is hired to; the buyer of substitutes, or the substitute bought.

And the enormous expense of supporting so many agencies for extending Christ's kingdom who has not heard of that? Some very good exhorters have. They don't seem to have been informed that some things which are worth a great deal less, cost a great deal more; or even that the gathering of another soul into Christ's kingdom is worth infinitely more than the gathering of millions has cost. The disciple would only be following his Master if, being rich, he yet for the enriching of souls became poor. To whom does his wealth belong? Is the owner asking too much of it? What means the grumbling, then? How can Christians allow Christian activities to be crippled by want of means which they might furnish? When the cause of Christ is loved by Christians as ardently as the endangered Union was by the loyal, it will flourish as it has not since its primitive age.—*Advance*.

## The Cross of Christ.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings me to a bird on a sailing ship to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses.

Truly, it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the high-way to glory; but when you see him in his own country at home, you will think you never saw him before.

More than Christ I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you. I am sure that saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not the half of what we love when we love him.

That Christ and the sinner should be one, and should share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do?

I find that when saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity, conscience is a pope that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross, therefore, is as needful as the crown will be glorious.—*Rutherford's Letters*.

## Mr. Spurgeon's Methods.

An American traveler in London has been looking carefully into Mr. Spurgeon's methods of operation, by which he has accomplished so many useful results. He is particularly impressed with the effectiveness of his plans for training men for usefulness in the ministry. As soon as a man joins the church he is made to take his part in prayer meetings and other religious gatherings. If he appears promising, as to talents and piety, he is put through a two years' course of training for the ministry, and all the while is required to preach in the streets, or wherever people can be collected to hear. He comes in contact with scoffers, infidels or profligate persons of every kind, some of whom interrupt him, question or contradict him, or try to puzzle him with their sophistries, and in this way he acquires freedom of utterance, quickness of reply, a habit of discrimination and exactness of statement.

and readiness in the application of religious truth to the cases of individuals. He learns the rudiments of a pastor's education and access to the sources of knowledge, and is then told to educate himself as long as he lives. One of these students from college, who was set to preach in the tabernacle during the pastor's sickness is thus described:

When he was converted he was quite ignorant of letters, having never attended school. His young wife taught him his alphabet. He entered Mr. Spurgeon's college, and in two years after took charge of a congregation near London. The sermon he preached that day to over five thousand people was marked with divine unction. It was scriptural, spiritual and powerful; his language good; his manner devout, humble and yet courageous. It made a good and deep impression on that immense audience, and I came away glad to have had an opportunity of hearing one of Mr. Spurgeon's college-read men.

A gentleman from one of the provincial towns related the experience of the church of which he was a member, where the minister, a man of superior learning and worth, eloquent and popular, in a house furnished with all the best appliances, failed to produce any effect upon the community. But said he, about a year ago one of Mr. Spurgeon's lads came down there, took possession of a chapel that was nearly run out by an unpopular man, commenced preaching, and visiting, and now every seat is filled long before the services commence; the aisle, altar and pulpit stairs are all crowded; the interest has become general; the heart of the public beats in unison with the young preacher. This young man was a plain mechanic, and quite illiterate but a few years before, until Mr. Spurgeon took him by the hand and led him into his college. One of his pupils is now preaching in the great tabernacle in Tottenham Court-road, where Mr. Whitfield preached. Mr. Spurgeon sends each year from his college one hundred men to preach the gospel.—*Ex.*

## Repetitious Preaching.

One of the strong points of Pres. Finney as a revival preacher is the vigor with which he drives the same thought forward and farther by repeated blows. T. K. Beecher says of this repetitious preaching:

To saturate the soil takes a deal of rain, every drop repeating the moist message of every other. In like manner to cause an idea to permeate and possess the minds of all, there must be talking and writing as monotonous and repetitious as rain-drops. A gospel preacher is not sent to tell a few people many things, but many people few things. His audience is incessantly changing. Even in rural parishes twenty miles from a railway, a preacher's audience has changed since he met it a week ago. Children have come up into consciousness and have begun to attend. Grown up folks have rubbed and wrestled and tussled with work and wear, till the gospel writing on their hearts is blurred and become illegible. This last week has had in it great events to some one or more of that rural flock. No great excitement has gone tornado-like over the parish, but there have been trills and thrills and terrors and sensations and thoughts and feelings in the hearts of men and women, boys and girls; and now as they come to meeting, some are prepared to hear as they were never prepared before.

"What can I preach to-day?" grows the pastor, "I have preached it all! I have nothing new!" Yes, you have a new audience. You may have said it all, but all the people have not heard it. Get out your old sermon. Your simplest sermon. Your short sermon, which you never thought much of; the one that contains no new views—but only represents the New Testament truths. Read it over, pen in hand. Shorten those long sentences. A sermon without a comma is capital. Memorize the Scriptures used in it. Bow your head upon your manuscript and pray. Read over the roll of your church. Call up in vision your audience. And then go bravely to your pulpit. Not new things, but a new hearing of the old things is what our people need. Successful preachers are always repetitious. Pastors long settled should do much re-writing of old sermons. Christian people should encourage and urge their pastors to preach old sermons over again. For, as we said, to cause a truth to permeate and possess the minds of all, there must be talking and writing as monotonous and repetitious as rain-drops. The preacher's strength is not novelty, but power to arrest attention and hold it to that which is old and true.

## The Silent Preacher.

A merchant, who had been a very worldly, godless man, was hopefully converted, and united himself with the church of Christ. On being asked what had been more especially the means of his conversion, he replied, "the example of one of my clerks." He went on to say that this young man was one "whose religion was in his life rather than in his tongue." When I uttered an oath he never reproved me, but I could see it deeply pained him. When I fell into a passion, and behaved in a violent manner, though he spoke no word to that effect, I could see how painful the scene was to him. My respect for him led me to restrain myself in his presence, and gradually to break myself of both these habits. In fact, this man, though he never spoke a word to me on the subject of religion, exercised an influence for good over me which by no other human being, to him, un-er God, I am indebted more than to any other, for the hope in which I now rejoice of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

No doubt this clerk let his thought of the influence he was exerting, and no doubt the merchant failed to see the most powerful agent which this young man brought to bear upon him. Doubtless a silent prayer went up to God for his employer daily, and perhaps hourly. A life that can exert such an influence must be a life of constant prayer.

How sad it is that oftentimes the very opposite of this influence is exerted by Christians. Their unconscious influence neutralizes all they seek directly to accomplish for Christ. Let a suspicion of a person's sincerity or perfect uprightness in dealing, steal in the heart, and all his prayers and exhortations will seem only like the idle wind. The same is true of many other forms of sin.

How is it with our unconscious influence?—*S. S. Times*.

## What Liquor Selling Does.

It destroys home comforts, blights happiness and hope, wastes millions of productive capital; begets poverty, produces paupers; necessitates poor-houses, jails, prisons, fills them to repletion, multiplies taxes, glutts the courts with criminal cases, sends multitudes to untimely graves, and to crown all its mischief, digs down the very pillars of order and morality on which the

structure of society rests. If such a business is not an offense against public welfare, what in the name of reason is? It is the fostering parent of all other crimes. Murder is its offspring. Justice requires that it be branded the *KARNEK OF CRIMES*. The liquor traffic is more criminal than murder, for it adds to the guilt of murder every other crime known to human law. The degree of its criminality is measured by murder, multiplied by all other offenses against public welfare. If it is not a crime, what is it? As prohibitionists, we call it by its true name, a *CRIME*.

## Not Yet.

"My son, give me thine heart."  
"Not yet," said the little boy as he was busy with his trap and ball: "When I grow older I will think about it."  
The little boy grew to be a young man.  
"Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.  
"Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must now have my care; when they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."  
He lived to be a gray-headed old man.  
"Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."  
And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.

## Sorrow.

At whatever sign of genuine sorrow no one but a brute can mock. Sorrow is not more a chastener of the true soul than it is an inspirer of reverence. There is a measure of grief that is spiritual, elevating, purifying, divine. Most humanizing and dignifying is the immortal picture of Niobe. The tears of a mother over her dead babe, her first-born—or the sadness of whatever heart is bereaved—these are sacred symbols of the divine that stamp and hallow our brotherhood—our humanity.

## Praying and Working.

I like that saying of Martin Luther which is, "I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do to-day that I have only three minutes' prayer; I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic; may we understand it! Praying and working hinder no man's journey. If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier's to have his horse's shoe fastened; or if he went on without attending to that, it may be that he would come to a stop of a far more serious kind.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

## The Life Struggle.

The world knows no victory to be compared with victory over our own passions. The struggle of life is between the flesh and the spirit, and one or the other finally gains the ascendancy. Every day and every hour of the Christian's life is this contest going on, and sad it is to think how often it is that victory is declared in favor of this earth with its sinful passions. The Apostle Paul, after having labored long and earnestly in his Lord's service—after having done more for the spread of the truth than all the other apostles, still felt that he was a human being, and liable at any time, through the weakness of the flesh, to lose all. "I keep under my body," says he, "and bring it into subjection, lest after I have preached the gospel unto others I myself should be a castaway." If this watchfulness was needed on the part of the aged and long-remembered servant of God, what care and diligence ought we, my brethren and sisters, to exercise, lest we should lose all in an unguarded hour? Our pathway through life is thickly set with snares for our feet. The seductions of passion, the allurements of vice, things to arouse our anger and stir up our heart's feelings, await us at every turn of life's devious ways, and blessed, indeed, is that man or that woman that meets them all without harm.

## A Glorified Spirit.

Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house, in the mansion prepared for me there. I am where I would be, where I have long and often desired to be. I am no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbor. My working time is done, I am resting; my sowing time is done, I am reaping; my joy is the joy of harvest. Would you know how it is with me? I am made perfect in holiness; grace is swallowed up in glory; the topstone of the building is brought forth. Would you know what I am doing? I see God; I see Him as he is; not as through a glass darkly, but face to face; and the sight is transforming, it makes me like Him. I am in a sweet employment of my blessed Redeemer, my Head and Head, whom my soul loved and for whose sake I was willing to part with all. I am here basking myself at the spring head of heavenly pleasures, and joys unutterable; and, therefore, weep not for me. I am here keeping a perpetual Sabbath; what that is, judge by your short Sabbath. I am here singing Hallelujahs incessantly, to Him who sits upon the throne, and rest not day or night from praising Him. Would you know what company I have? Blessed company, better than the best on earth—here are holy angels, and the "just men made perfect." I am set down "with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," in the kingdom of God, with blessed Paul, and Peter, and James, and John, and all the saints; and here I meet with many of my old acquaintances that I fasted and prayed with, who got before me hither. Lastly, would you consider how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers; a crown of glory that fades not away; after millions of millions of ages, it will be as fresh as it is now; and therefore, weep not for me.—*Matthew Henry*.

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# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1869.

GEORGE T. DAY,

Editor.

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## Presbyterian Marriage.

The long-talked-of union between the two main branches of the Presbyterian church is at length effected. There are some details that still remain to be adjusted, but these cannot affect the main result. After a separation of more than thirty years, during which the spirit of hostility has often showed itself in forms that seemed to have far more of the nature of Adam than of the grace of Christ, the two Assemblies have shaken hands, literally as well as metaphorically; walked arm in arm along the straight and narrow way represented by the street of Pittsburgh; heard the challenge to show cause, if any existed, why the twain should not forthwith be made one, in reverent silence; uttered an emphatic "Amen" at the end of the formula,—"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder;" swelled out the doxology with tremulous voices and moist eyes,—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and hurried off a dispatch to the old world announcing that the solemn ceremony had ended to the satisfaction of both parties.

This result will be generally hailed with gratitude by the religious world. The separation of the Presbyterians into Old School and New School, in 1838, was a grief and a scandal. The theological differences were indeed real, and each party felt, doubtless, that it was set for the defense of the truth which its antagonist was assailing. The intense Calvinism of the Old School saw all manner of fatal heresies prospectively springing from the moderate Calvinism of the New School, while the advocates of a more rational theology perceived doctrinal absurdities and practical mischiefs springing up in the whole field of logic and life traversed by their opponents. The charge of heresy was flung back and forth freely. Each party was accused of theological apostasy, and of perverting the meaning of the standards. Argument was freely employed. Severe criticism was not wanting. Charges were flung back and forth with equal energy and asperity. Both parties claimed to be the Presbyterian church. Good men and able were found on both sides,—good enough to regret the quarrel, and able enough to make its magnitude and importance appear such as to render reconciliation apparently impossible except by the sacrifice of integrity. And so the breach grew wider, the intense partisanship gained in bitterness, and as the sectional spirit grew in political life, the two Assemblies were in some sense ranged with the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties of the land.

But the fuel of opposition was gradually consumed. Strife grew to length to be wearisome. A new generation of men appeared who refused to enter, as their fathers had done, into the controversy. The general spirit of the age protested against the maintenance of this old feud, and called for charity and fellowship. The thorough sincerity of both parties could no more be doubted, and they were alike showing forth their zeal to honor the common Master. Pastors, who had been fellow students in college and seminary, refused to consider each other as antagonists because their churches chanced to belong to different branches of the Presbyterian family. Mutual courtesies led to mutual concessions. Good men felt their oneness in heart even when they had been proved ecclesiastical antagonists. They yearned toward each other as brethren, and pleaded for the form of unity to embody its growing spirit.

Then came the war; and men of both Schools found themselves marching side by side to the field of battle to preserve the national unity and to discipline the disunionism that threatened the life of the Republic. A common danger and a common cause cemented many of these half-estranged hearts, and made them feel, more than ever before, how needless and how suicidal was the old and long-continued quarrel. And when the national cause triumphed, and all true patriots were busy with the question,—how the nation might be made really one,—the pressure acting on the two Assemblies was such that their union was felt by the great mass of men on both sides to be something which could not and must not be much longer delayed.

Negotiations have been going forward for some years, now encouraged and now hindered by local influences, but the result has not been doubtful. In the New School branch every one of the Presbyteries voted in favor of the union. The Old School branch was not so nearly a unit, but the majority was overwhelming. And when the union was formally consummated a few days since at Pittsburgh, it was a grateful, impressive, touching and sublime picture that was exhibited, as the two Assemblies, drawn up on opposite sides of the street, at a signal from the moderators, mutually advanced, met in the middle of the street, grasped hands with smiles and tears, and then, with an Old School and New School man locked arm in arm, marched to the church to ratify in the presence of the one Lord the union to which they had already given pledge and hand and heart. Pittsburgh was both enthusiastic

and tender that day; the whole religious heart of the country throbbed in sympathy; the glad news at once trembled along the telegraphic nerve under the Atlantic to set European Christianity smiling with thankfulness, and one may believe that there was even a new gladness in heaven.

It would be easy to deal with this event in the way of irony, hostile criticism, and prophecies of disaster. But we prefer to anticipate good from the future. It is true that the basis of union is found in the same old standards that both parties have clung to through all these years of strife; it is true that the differences in theological belief and statement that helped to divorce the bodies still exist; it is true that the conservative and the radical elements, whose repulsions are inevitable, have not been eliminated or changed by the votes of the Presbyteries or the singing of "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" it is true that the human nature which has intensified the quarrels of thirty years has not been all exorcised by that scene in the street of Pittsburgh; and it is true that real Christian unity is a thing of sentiment and soul rather than a thing of votes and ceremony.

Still, we rejoice that the union has been effected; for it testifies to the growth of toleration; it affirms that character is significant as well as creed; it proves that the pressure of Providence which works toward the real unity of Christ's church is stronger than the repellent forces springing from the jealousy of sect; it will put these churches into a position favorable to the growth of fraternity; it is an example that must have weight in bringing together, on a real Christian basis, all the true friends of Christ; and it must help to interpret and answer the prayer of our Lord, that all his disciples may know the real unity that has its seat in heaven.

## The Old Style of Argument.

Philadelphia has a good name. "Brotherly Love" has become associated with it in a very significant way. But its reputation has had now and then a stain, and the influences that tend to smut it have not all ceased to act.

Its medical schools have long held a leading position. Students still resort to them from all parts of the Union. These students frequently import their home manners with them. Or, perhaps, on going away from home, more or less of them, having no parental counsel or authority to hold their follies in check, push their liberty into license, and try to prove that they are really young men by putting away the modesty and good manners which they have been taught to exhibit, and taking the rôle of the rowdy.

These young men have recently disgraced themselves in a manner at once brutal and cowardly. It seems that a large number of studious and enterprising young ladies, who are pursuing medical studies in that city, desired to attend the regular clinic lectures for their own advantage. They signified their wish to the proper authorities, bought their tickets, and went into the lecture room at the appointed time and took their seats. Whereupon the male students commenced an uproar, crowded themselves in among these quiet ladies, leered at them, tried to get off indecent jokes, loudly criticised their personal appearance, looked over their shoulders to see the notes they were taking and coarsely commented on them, and at the end of the lecture, followed them into and along the streets with insults, tried to frighten them by indirect threats as any other set of graceless bullies might do, and then got together and passed a resolution complaining of this infringement upon their rights, and declaring that they would not attend the clinics unless the authorities would shield them from such outrages in the future! The young ladies bore themselves with equal modesty and courage, quietly determined to keep on about their proper work and leave the male students to the unsaid exercise of audacity and indecency, and turned over the question of their rights to the authorities of the college and the sense of justice in the public mind.

The procedure is an unqualified disgrace to these unlearned M. D's. And the authorities of the college seem to have been greatly wanting in manliness and energy, in that they did not promptly quell these proceedings in the most decisive way. In such a case, silence was approval and inactivity was tacit encouragement. If it was not, for any reason in the world, proper for these female students to attend these lectures, that should have been stated when the application was made. After their money had been taken and the tickets furnished, the question of propriety was closed, and there was really nothing to be done but to secure to the ticket holders every right and privilege. For the credit of the college and the reputation of the officers and faculty, we hope there may appear a prompt apology and a practical repentance. As to the rowdyish young men, they should be offered the alternative of a public confession or a public expulsion.

This style of argument is one with which every class of reformers and every step of true progress have had to contend. It shows the weakness of the opposition. When one has a reason, he is likely to give that; when he has not, he is apt to turn to abuse and clamor. A man calmly argues; a goose noisily hisses.

This movement in favor of an enlarged sphere for woman must be met by other measures than those which brutality suggests and employs, if it is to be arrested and beaten back. Such means as those inaugurated in Philadelphia will only react upon those who employ them, and win friends and defenders for those who are so meanly assailed. If these young men dare not risk their effort in competition with that of these young ladies, they had better choose some sphere where less brain is

needed. If they imagine that they can monopolize medical knowledge and make their *ipse dixit* a finality, it is time that they were disabused of the impression. If they have no proper regard for what belongs to courtesy and self-respect, they had better go home to their mothers for another year's instruction, or be turned over to the Reform School as cases requiring stringent and effective discipline. We trust we are not to go through a mobocratic stage of argument in order to reach the solution of the question,—What is the true sphere of woman?

## Romish Seed-Sowing.

A copy of "The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac" has been sent us from the office of the Catholic Publication Society in New York, where the Paulist Fathers have their center of operations. We have looked it over with considerable interest. It is got up in good style. The ornamental covers would catch the eye, the illustrations would prompt inspection, the tinted paper and clear type invite continued attention, and the amount and variety of the reading matter forbid the book to be closed without an inquiry respecting its contents. Moreover, the issues of this Publishing House have often been creditable. *The Catholic World* is one of the ablest literary magazines issued in the country; and while it is thoroughly Romish, and contains not a little of special pleading and somewhat doubtful tact in the management of many religious and ecclesiastical questions, it is generally dignified, scholarly and observant of the proprieties of literature and the courtesies of debate. We looked for the same qualities in the Almanac.

But it is one thing to write for intelligent Protestants, and another and a different thing to write for the Catholic masses. An argument is to be addressed to the logical faculty in the one case; an appeal to ignorance and prejudice is what is attempted in the other. And this last thing is done here,—done, too, in a way that is equally coarse, audacious and clumsy. Saying nothing now of the statistics of Romanism, of the long list of Popes, of the table of great councils, of the stories of Catholic saints that alike abuse credulity and foster puerile superstitions, we can only express our surprise at the character of the three dialogues found here, and which are intended to ridicule the ignorance and the bigotry of Protestants, and exalt the piety, the intelligence, the logical skill and the rare Christian courtesy of the common Irish house servant and day laborer when discussing the claims of Catholicism. The imaginary conversation between "The Irishman and the Know-Nothing," between "The Minister and Barber," and between "Mary and the Deacon," are the most extravagant products of fancy that we have seen from any source that laid claim to good taste and common sense. They have not even the semblance of reality; they abound in coarseness and buffoonery; they overflow with caricature as unskillful as it is malicious; they indirectly charge the dullness and most hypocritical cant upon all earnest Protestants, and they are set off by cuts that belong to the lowest department of comic art. And this is the work of the Paulist Fathers, sent out as a teacher and stimulant into the Catholic families of the country, because, as the authors say, few among the thousands of Almanacs issued in the country "are fit for introduction into Catholic households!"

It shows what is going on under the direction of the Romish leaders in order to disseminate Romish ideas in this country. They are all things to all men, certainly, though not precisely in Paul's sense of those words. They can use the language of gentlemen and scholars when this will serve, and they can employ the dialect of the bully and the blackguard when this promises success; they can bow to the boxes or play to the pit, argue with logicians or stir up the bad temper of Mike and Bridget. But the Almanac is a revelation which will have its value in exposing the animus of the Catholic leaders, and preventing the ignorance under whose cover the chief mischiefs are perpetrated.

## Trouble Somewhere.

Our greatest denominational want is, no doubt, a want of piety. Perhaps our ministry and our membership exemplify true piety as faithfully as do the ministry and membership of other denominations. Our zeal and faith and love may be fully equal to theirs; our labors as abundant, our lives as blameless, and our motives as unselfish. But those of us who can remember the fathers, well know that their ideas of true piety could not be met on that ground. They believed and preached that a deeper toned, more ardent, sacrificing piety than that possessed by the denominations around them, was indispensable to the convincing of the world. In this matter our fathers were right; and the doctrine is as true now as it was then. That high piety at which our fathers aimed has not been reached by their children. We are too well satisfied to live on a common level with other Christians, estimating that level from our own stand-point. But whether we learn the true standard of godliness from the opinions of the fathers or from the more infallible teachings of our blessed Lord and his apostles, none of us can pretend that there is no more ground in this direction to be possessed.

We may need more money, more system, more church edifices, more benevolence, more ministers and better supported, more union, more influence, more institutions of learning and better patronized, more young men and maidens to fill them, more ministers in the field, and more in a course of preparation, more denominationalism, more catholicity. But, above and beyond all these, we need more godliness in the pews and more in the pulpits. This

being supplied sufficiently, all the other supplies would follow; for this would secure the favor of God who "will supply all your needs."

We are not pretending to fulminate these sentiments from an elevated position upon the heads of those below. But from a deep sense of our own individual wants, as well as from a conviction which forces itself upon our unwilling recognition concerning the wants of others, and from the former more than the latter, we thus speak. No masonry nor anti-masonry, no temperance nor anti-temperance, no republicanism nor democracy in politics, no fat salaries nor starvation salaries, no educational nor anti-educational enterprise, no persistence in old measures nor eager appropriation of new ones, no wealth nor voluntary poverty, no prominence nor obscurity, no theory of entire consecration nor opposition to that theory, no baptism nor anti-baptism, except the baptism of the Holy Spirit, can furnish to us the motive power which we as a denomination need. With the Spirit's baptism, our sermons and exhortations will be effectual and our prayers will prevail; without it, we labor in vain.—A. K. M.

## Sympathy with our Missionaries.

Every reader of the *Star* of Nov. 10th felt a deep sympathy for "J. L. P." and all of our dear missionaries in India. It is not strange that they should sometimes feel as that excellent brother evidently felt when he wrote his letter of complaint. They are isolated, far away, burdened with work, unutterably anxious to increase their working force, to have the mission vigorously sustained, and pained at the little which the churches do. They are sensitive to every symptom of neglect or coldness at home, and see so many signs of lukewarmness, that they sometimes fear that our interest will wholly subside, and the mission decline, and in weakness die. If they did not have these thoughts and fears, we should suspect them of being stoical, mere salaried men, and unfit for their work.

Do we not get discouraged even here among our brethren, where we see and hear what is done without delay? Though the churches are striving, the ministers working, the sound of activity is all around us, the cheer and greeting of general meetings often enjoyed, and our eyes upon the workmen and the work, yet we must all confess to attacks of faintness. Much more are those distant brethren exposed to the same gloomy visitations. We are only surprised at their general, almost constant courage, high and happy hope, and unwavering faith in God and the church at home.

Thousands of us felt when we read J. L. P.'s letter, to say,— "That dear brother! I don't wonder that he is sad and discouraged; I wish I could take him by the hand, look into his face and tell him how I love him and the work in which he is engaged; how I pray for the mission in Orissa every day; how tenderly the saints at home speak of the missionaries there; how often the pulpits speak of them in prayer and address, and how the interest in the whole denomination in behalf of the mission is rather on the increase and is likely to bear more and more fruit." And did we not pray for the missionaries with more fervor at that moment, and resolve anew that they should be sustained by money and prayer and sympathy?

There was a fault in our Y. M.'s; but it was accidental, not from lack of interest. We did not consider that brethren in India were anxious to read our uttered resolves; and though much was said, and plans were laid, and resolutions formed to push the work with vigor, very little was published. But, brethren, if we have failed in words of comfort, let us make amends by deeds of generosity. Money is even better than resolutions; and if we can report increased collections, we shall dispel the fears of our brethren in India, and add vigor and success to the mission. The work is great; God's blessings are falling upon it; the harvests are ripe and being reaped; and so our ardent and generous support should increase.—G. H. B.

## Current Topics.

**FREE RELIGION.** Ohio is to share with Massachusetts the distinction of having religious radicalism systematically urged through the press. Mr. F. E. Abbot having removed to Toledo, he proposes to issue a weekly paper to be known as *The Index*. Its general aim appears, from the prospectus, to be very nearly the same as that of the more pretentious monthly magazine, known as *The Radical*, which is published in Boston. Like its predecessor, it is not at all bound to self-consistency. Each writer will speak for himself, even though he contradict every other exponent of the free faith who utters himself in the same issue. The editor is to print his own discourses in it; he pledges "fairness, courtesy and a pure moral tone" in the sheet; guarantees "short and snappy articles" for each number; and says that funds are secured sufficient to keep it alive at least for a year. Mr. Abbot's well-known opinions would forbid us, to expect any special deference to evangelical Christianity, but he is frank enough to avow the purpose of the managers of the paper beforehand. He says of the forthcoming journal:

It will neither seek nor shun to "shock" the religious nerve. Standing squarely outside of Christianity, it will yet aim to be just to it, recognizing its excellences, noting its defects. It will pay no deference to the authority of the Bible, the Church, or the Christ, but rest solely on the authority of right reason and a good conscience. It will trust no revelation but that of universal human faculties. It will accept every certified result of science, philosophy, and historical criticism, asking no question what it proves. Briefly, it will seek the truth and work for humanity, believing that man, who makes all institutions, can remake or unmake them as well, and that

he is abundantly able to take care of himself without the help of kingcraft or priestcraft.

That is plain enough. We like this open method of warfare, and this taking of an unequivocal position against the authority of the Bible and of Christ by those who really reject the one and challenge the other. But when one tells us that he has an intellect whose logic is surer of the truth than the Messiah's teaching, and that his moral impulses will indicate a shorter and safer way to a truly religious life than the experience of the apostles, we confess to a little misgiving, and prefer to wait awhile in order to see whether it is a great religious genius sent by Providence whose words we hear, or only an ordinary and fallible mortal who has mistaken his frail self-confidence for a rare inspiration from the source of truth. Christ has had many determined critics, and multitudes of men have set themselves to revise the gospel, but somehow the Lord Jesus and the New Testament survive, while even the names of their antagonists are hardly remembered. We have a strong suspicion that John's gospel and the epistle to the Romans will outlive *The Index*.

**—ASHAMED OF THE RECORD.** Wendell Phillips lately alluded in a public address to the proceedings of Mayor Lyman, who stood at the head of the city government of Boston at the time Mr. Garrison was mobbed and put into the jail for safe keeping. The mayor is declared to have been lacking in courage and spirit, and as having gone down, "metaphorically speaking, on his knees to the mob." The mayor's son, who still lives, denies the charge in the papers. Whereupon Mr. Phillips, after reminding his critic that "abolitionists have terrible memories," proceeds to exhumate the history of that bad day in the Puritan city, and proves by the record all and even more than he had charged, and sets home the lesson to his antagonist in a way that is as pungent as it is manly. Mr. Lyman should have known better than to attempt a justification of what was simply disgraceful, and of what now finds only the fewest apologists; and especially should he have known better than to throw down his glove half in defiance and half in contempt at the feet of such a man as Mr. Phillips. The world moves, and the principles which were then contemplated are now the glory of the old Bay State. It is a compliment to the son that he desires a good standing for his father, and that he is ready to concede the baseness of truckling to the mob that was inspired by slavery, and that went out in broadcloth to hunt free speech from the very shadow of Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill. But it is useless to deny the follies of the past, and the true filial spirit would be better expressed by copying the example of Noah's sons, and spreading a mantle over the nakedness which it was a duty to hide.

**—NEW YORK POLITICS.** Gov. Hoffman promises, in view of the supremacy of the democratic party in the state of New York, to show that there can be such a thing as an honest administration of affairs at Albany. If he will make that promise good, he will be sure of a remembrance, and none of his predecessors in office for the last twenty-five years will so richly deserve a statue in the most conspicuous niche of the new State House. If he gets through with that job this year, we trust he may by that time have faith enough to try his hand upon the repeaters of the metropolitan city, and see if he cannot sweeten the odors in Water Street, bring out Mr. Seymour's "friends" as gentlemen, and introduce a little air such as justice can breathe into the apartments of the City Hall. We are not quite sure how Gov. H. meant to be understood, but he must certainly be either one of the strongest believers in the near approach of the Millennium, or one of the very grimest of satirists.

**—DIRECT TRADE WITH HINDUSTAN.** Two eminent merchants, direct from the Indian empire, have recently arrived in New York, and are conferring freely with the leading business men of that city upon the importance of our opening direct and free commercial intercourse with that country, instead of operating so extensively through English channels and at second hand. They state that the interest taken by Indian merchants and scholars in American affairs is already considerable, and is constantly widening and deepening; and they point out, in a very intelligent way, the mutual advantages that would follow this freer and more direct intercourse. These gentlemen are cultivated and enterprising, and are making a grateful impression upon those whom they meet. The younger is a Brahmin, while the elder is of what is known as the Banyan caste. They maintain with some rigidity the modes of life prescribed by the usages of their own country. The names can be written more easily than they can be pronounced. They are given as Messrs Mooljee Thackersey and Toosidass Jadavjee. The west and the east are every day clasping hands with added significance.

**—THEOLOGY ON THE PLATFORM.** Rev. Messrs Townsend (Methodist) and Alger (rational Unitarian) debated the question of Christ's divinity before a lyceum audience, in Music Hall, Boston, for two hours, the other evening. The men are able, the question important, and the audience exhibited no lack of a certain sort of enthusiasm. But the general spirit in which the debate was conducted and listened to, was by no means such as gave promise of settling the theological point, or effecting any radical conversions, or of promoting either charity or candor among the intense partisans who managed the plaudits and were hardly restrained from hissing out their dissent. Lovers of gladiatorial ex-

citement, rather than earnest seekers after vital truth, would generally make up the larger part of an audience on such an occasion as that.

## Letter from Harper's Ferry.

In addition to the general view of our work in the valley presented in a former letter, there are some things of a more specific character which may be of interest. We speak of a few of these.

### MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

To attend the meeting of the Trustees of Storer College was the principal object which called us here. This was held on Wednesday, Oct. 27. Among those in attendance were Drs. Calder and Ball. The former came from Harrisburg on purpose to be at the meeting, and the latter called here on his return from North Carolina to Buffalo. The organization under the charter granted by the Legislature of West Virginia was completed, and three new members of the Corporation were elected,—Miss A. S. Dudley and two colored men, one residing in Parkersburg and the other in Winchester. By this act the Corporation has placed itself upon the broad basis of the equality of the sexes and the races. None of its enemies will hereafter have occasion to say to the colored people, "What benefit can the College be to you, since you can have no voice in its management?"

### THE BUILDINGS.

The buildings recently donated by the government to Storer College are four in number. They stand upon the hill between the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers just above the point of their confluence, and overlook nearly the entire town. These buildings were formerly occupied by the officers of the Army. Spacious, substantially built and conspicuously located, they were, previous to the injury which they received during the war, among the chief ornaments of the place; and they are scarcely less so now, if indeed Harper's Ferry can be said to have any ornaments beyond what nature has lavished upon her. A portion of these buildings have been occupied for school and mission purposes from the commencement of our enterprise here. Two of them, not hitherto used for these purposes, have been undergoing a thorough repair, and will be dedicated in a few weeks. The largest of these will hereafter be the school building proper. The entire second or upper story of the main building, some forty feet square, will be a hall, and used for a school room and chapel. The lower story will contain four rooms, two for recitations, one for music and one for the library. The wing of the building will contain seven rooms for students. The entire building could have been hardly planned to better advantage, had it been built for the present purpose. The remaining buildings will be occupied by teachers and scholars, and are quite sufficient to meet present demands.

### VISITORS.

A point of so much historic interest as Harper's Ferry attracts its full share of visitors. Many of them are persons of more or less distinction, and who are interested in the education of the colored people. The school, therefore, does not escape their notice. One day during our stay here was marked by the presence of two sets of visitors who were especially welcome. The first of these were three leading men of the state, viz: Gov. Stephenson, Senator Willey and Representative Hubbard. They took a thorough survey of the grounds and buildings, and went into the school. In their remarks to the teachers and scholars, they expressed especial delight in the fact that their state had such an institution, and manifested a deep interest in its welfare. This was, we believe, the first time that the school had been visited by the leading men of the state.

In the afternoon of the same day, a young man called who introduced himself as Henry Morehouse, of England. Very youthfully in appearance, and having a decidedly sedate air, he scarcely needed to name the country of his residence, for his manner and speech indicated this very decidedly. A few remarks to the school, followed by an earnest prayer, showed very conclusively that he was a devoted servant of the great Master. He proved to be one of the Plymouth Brethren, a spiritual and devoted band who had their origin in Plymouth, England, some thirty years ago, and holding views in common with the Quakers, except that they administer the ordinances. He said that he had with him two traveling companions,—Herbert Taylor, a young English nobleman and a relative of the Earl of Derby, also one of the Plymouth Brethren, and Henry Carey, a son of a wealthy Quaker of Baltimore. Mr. Morehouse wished to return that evening with his friends and hold a meeting, as he believed that the Lord had directed him hither. A meeting was accordingly appointed, and at the set time the room devoted to meeting purposes was completely filled. We will not attempt to give an account of the meeting in detail. It was conducted by Morehouse and Taylor, the latter leading in remarks, which consisted largely of running comments on a portion of the tenth chapter of Luke. His manner was earnest and impressive, and showed plainly that, notwithstanding his high social position, he had been a learner in the school of Christ. Morehouse followed, and for beauty and pertinency of illustration and earnestness and forbearance of appeal we have scarcely ever heard him excelled,—not even by the most eminent revivalists in this country. We afterwards learned, in conversation with him, that he is a friend of Mr. Moody, of Chicago, and that he spent some time with him while on a former visit to this country. We scarcely need add that the colored people enjoyed the meeting exceedingly. At a late hour that night, Morehouse and Taylor went on to Wheeling, and Carey returned to Baltimore.

### MARTINSBURG.

We spent a Sabbath at Martinsburg, Sister Dudley's immediate field of labor. The







## Poetry.

## A Hundred Years from Now.

BY W. S. WARNER.

This world is lovely, fair and bright,  
The sunlight sweeps our brow,  
But it will be as beautiful  
One hundred years from now!  
The birds will sing as sweetly then  
Their spring-tide roundelays,  
The sunshine dance upon the hills,  
As in the olden days.

The haunts we loved in childhood's years  
Will bloom as sweetly still;  
But other forms, unknown to us,  
Our places then will fill;  
The streams will glide as gently on,  
With music sweet and low,  
Upon whose banks at eventide  
We roamed so long ago.

The same bright sun will still pursue  
His trackless course on high,  
And stars as bright and beautiful  
Will still gleam in the sky;  
With lightsome step the spring will come,  
With cool refreshing showers,  
With laughing brooks, with singing birds,  
With sunshine and with flowers.

Although the earth will be as gay,  
The birds sing on each bough,  
They will not sing their songs for us  
One hundred years from now!  
The flowers will then unfold their leaves,  
But will not bloom for us,  
And though it seems a distant day,  
It surely will be thus!

All living things upon the earth  
Must wither, droop and die,  
And we shall soon have passed away,  
Like cloud-tints from the sky;  
Faith points us with confiding glance  
To realms where partings cease,  
Where streams of love are flowing from  
The crystal fount of peace.

Then let us strive to win our minds  
From all the dreams of strife,  
And tell to write our names within  
The glorious book of life;  
And let us strive to win a crown  
To place upon our brow,  
That it may "all be well" with us  
One hundred years from now.  
C—, Wis.

## Lay of Indian Summer.

BY J. W. BARKER.

ON THE BEACH OF LAKE ERIE.

The trail of Summer lay upon the hills,  
In gorgeous beauty, yellow, green and red;  
The sullen murmur of the swollen rills  
Spoke of the glory of the early dead.

'Twas brown November, yet the spreading lawn  
Was in the verdure of a "green old age;"  
And scarce the frost winds of the chilly morn  
Had stained the glory of fair nature's page.

Beneath the sloping hill, the quiet flet  
Lay on the waters, with a folded sail,  
And scarce a motion of its well-shod feet  
Nor arms outstretched to catch the gentle gale.

Thus night came down, with summer's gentle  
lay,  
And told the glory of the coming morn;  
But winter broke the golden bars of day,  
With wind and tempest and a fearful storm.

The quiet lake, which evening zephyrs kissed,  
Awoke in fury from its slumber rest,  
And by the storm-king furiously lashed,  
Threw streams of white rage from his heaving breast.

The frail ships danced, the stooping heavens  
frowned,  
And every breaker, shouting to the shore,  
Conveyed the tidings as they trembled down  
The dark and fearful steep, to rise no more.

O little crafts, it had been well for you,  
If, when the Summer on the waters lay,  
And the soft moving breezes landward blew,  
It had been well if ye had sought the bay.

So when, upon the fitful sea of life,  
There rests the quiet of a Summer morn,  
'Tis well to guard against the coming strife,  
The certain fury of the Winter storm.

## The Family Circle.

## Apple-Blossom.

BY CHERRY MAY.

"And a little child shall lead them."

A New England Sabbath! You know  
how much that phrase expresses. I believe  
it was Theodore Parker who thought our  
New England Sabbaths were kept too strictly;  
but who, writing from Paris, said he  
would give much to see one there. It is  
true, even of this "pagan land," that very  
many steps are turned pleasure-ward  
instead of churchward, though it does seem  
to me as if there ought to be more real  
pleasure in listening to the word of God on  
that day which he has set apart for us, than  
in disobeying the divine injunction to "re-  
member the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

The church bells in one of our large  
towns were ringing for morning service, and  
people were hurrying from all directions;  
but there were loiterers about the streets.  
A group of sailors was standing at a street  
corner. One of them, the eldest of them  
all, whom the others addressed as Ben, was  
a man who must have seen sixty-five sum-  
mers and winters; and as life on the sea  
is not apt to improve one's complexion, it  
gave to the weather-beaten tar a much older  
look.

"There comes a pretty craft sailin' up  
the street; the little one, I mean," he  
was just saying, as a young lady, fashion-  
ably attired, approached, accompanied by a  
child of about ten years, dressed in a blue  
silk walking-suit, out after Madame Demo-  
rest's latest fashions for children; and he  
gave an oath by way of ascription.

They heard him, and the little girl looked  
sorrowfully at him.

It must have been the child's fresh face  
that so reminded him of an apple-blossom,  
that he involuntarily uttered the word  
aloud, for there were no apple-blossoms in  
that seaboard town, although it was the  
month for them.—May.

"Come," said Aunt Madge, "we shall  
be late;" but the child stopped, then went  
back. It seemed to her, as she afterwards  
told her mother, as if something within  
told her she must ask that man to stop  
swearing and go to church.

So her aunt went on without her.  
"I am sorry to hear you swear."

Had it come from an older person, he  
probably would have answered by swear-  
ing; but he couldn't utter an oath with that  
frank face lifted so pleadingly to his.

"Well, Apple-Blossom, I won't again,  
that is, before you."

"Why do you call me that?" asked the  
child.

The other sailors who had been standing  
there, now turned to go.

"Come, Ben," said one impatiently,  
"ain't you going with us?"

But Ben took no farther notice of them  
than by shaking his head in the negative.  
He was answering the child:

"Why do I call you Apple-Blossom? Be-  
cause you are like one. We used to have  
them on the old farm down in Maine.  
Well," soliloquizingly, "it's been fifty years  
since I ran away and went to sea, and I  
haven't seen many apple-blossoms since  
then."

I wonder if he thought then of the aged  
parents whose hearts he broke by his run-  
ning away; and how the old farm had passed  
into the hands of strangers. If he did,  
his face betrayed none of it. But then it  
was so long ago; the bright, boyish face of  
fifteen was scarred and showed the wrinkles  
of sixty-five in its frame of iron-gray  
hair, and the boy Benny, the son of a dea-  
con, taught religiously and carefully, until  
he was led away, had become the sin-  
hardened sailor, "old Ben," who, from his  
low associations, had grown so like them  
that he seemed nearly as ignorant as those  
who had never had the advantages of a  
common school education.

Fifty years! and during that time—ah,  
God knows his record.

This time Apple-Blossom spoke. "I  
want you to go to church with me."

"To church!" repeated Ben; "that's no  
place for me."

"Don't you ever go?"

"I stumbled in one once, in New York,  
but they ain't over-and-above partikler 'bout  
giving a cove like me a seat; and so I didn't  
stay."

"You shall sit with me in grandfather's  
pew."

"Was that your sister with you?"

"No, my aunt."

"I'm glad of it. She looks mighty stuck-  
up, as if she wouldn't trouble herself about  
an old chap like me."

The child felt this to be the truth; so she  
only said, by way of explanation: "I live  
in New Hampshire; but I am to spend the  
summer here at grandfather's, and my  
aunts are very good to me, though they are  
proud;" then after a slight pause, she added,  
"You will go with me, will you not? It  
is time we were gone."

"The man said, 'yes,' half-ashamed to be  
betrayed into a concession of something so  
foreign to his habits.

Had Aunt Lucy been there, she would  
have drawn her silken robes away lest they  
should touch the old man; and I am not  
sure but Apple-Blossom's mother, kind and  
gentle as she was called, would have done  
so; but Apple-Blossom's bronzed boots were  
very near the old leather shoes of the sail-  
or, and she reached out one of her delicate  
hands for him to take.

She spoke again:

"You go to sea?" questioningly.

"Yes, lassie; I've follered the sea for near-  
ly fifty years, seen foreign countries, and had  
some hard knocks and poor pay. But this  
next is to be my last voyage, and then,"  
—as if the man could fathom the then.

Nothing more was said till they reached  
the church. Then Ben drew back; but  
Apple-Blossom's blue eyes looked into his  
with all the fearlessness of childhood that  
will not be answered, No. So he entered.

It was a strange and novel sight, and  
well-bred people stared to see the rough,  
reckless-looking old man following the  
granddaughter of the aristocratic Mr. St.  
John. Straight into her grandfather's  
pew she led him, then closed the door,  
taking the seat next to it, half-fearful lest  
he would go out.

"Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall  
be white as snow."

The minister was earnest, eloquent and  
withal clothed his words in such simple  
language that even poor Ben could under-  
stand, and his heart was melted as it had  
not been before since boyhood's sunny days.  
Audibly he cried out—"Oh, my God, for-  
give me!"

And again the people stared. Oh, how  
mortified Aunt Madge was!

But Apple-Blossom—her child nature  
seemed to comprehend that the man was  
indeed penitent, and bending her head re-  
verently forward, she prayed that God would  
forgive him.

Then the sermon ended; the organist  
played a closing anthem, the benediction  
was pronounced, and the congregation went  
out. Apple-Blossom gave Ben her street  
and number, receiving his name in return.

—Ben Lander—then went out with Aunt  
Madge, and left Ben alone with the man of  
God.

"How could you, Daisy?" said Aunt  
Madge as they were walking home.

So you see she wasn't an "apple blossom,"  
as Sailor Ben thought, but a "Daisy," as  
pure and sweet as the flower after which  
she was called, though I must confess to a  
greater liking for apple-blossoms—perhaps  
because of the fruit afterwards.

On arriving home Madge gave a highly  
colored picture of Daisy's protegee, at which  
her younger sister, Lucy, scolded; but

Grandpa St John only laughed. He was  
very fond of Daisy, and he humored her in  
that the others denominated her strange  
whims. Madge and Lucy were many years  
younger than their sister Ellen, Daisy's  
mother, and different in every respect.  
They were proud, fashionable girls of eight-  
een and twenty, with hardly a thought that  
did not savor of worldliness. It was a  
source of great mortification to them that  
their sister had married a farmer, even  
though he was college-educated, and had rep-  
resented his State in the Legislature.

Daisy wondered the next day if Ben would  
come to see her to bid her good-bye. But  
as day after day passed and no Ben came,  
she concluded he had forgotten her, and  
soon she ceased to think of him. The days  
went quickly by, and were added to those  
that were caught up in eternity's chain, un-  
til the Summer was all gone. Then Daisy  
wanted to go back to the dear farm house,  
and see the brown hills and the trees in their  
Autumn glory, and the mountains in the  
distance. So her mother came for her.

It was the day before she was to go; her  
trunk was packed, and she had stored can-  
dies and toys for her brother Charlie, bought  
with the pocket-money given her by grand-  
father. She was sitting in grandmother's  
chamber listening to Aunt Madge and Lucy.  
But they were talking of the fashions, and  
the poor child grew weary, and so started  
in search of her mother. There was a hur-  
ried ring at the door.

"Is Apple-Blossom in?" said a rough  
voice.

The servant stared, bewildered.

"What can he mean?" said Lu to Madge.

Daisy alone knew, and so left them and  
went down to the door. Like Ben, this  
man, rude and rough and bad as he seemed,  
must have been accustomed to apple-blos-  
soms once, for he knew her and lifted his  
hat awkwardly.

"Miss Apple Blossom, I b'leve!"

"Yes," said Daisy, gently; she could  
not speak otherwise.

"Old Ben is dying, and he sent me for  
you. You are not afraid of dead folks?"  
inquiringly.

"Oh, no," said Daisy, simply. "They let  
me stay with Nurse Margery when she  
died, and I sang 'Happy Land' for her. I  
must tell mother, though, where I am go-  
ing."

But her mother was out, and so she must  
leave word with one of her aunts.

"Is the child crazy?" said Lu, frowning-  
ly; "going into a miserable den, nobody  
knows where, and likely as not catching  
small pox from that old man, and giving it  
to me to spoil my beauty."

She wasn't a beauty just then, and Daisy,  
though she did not want to think unkindly  
of any one, couldn't help noticing it.

"Let the child go," said Madge. "She  
is better than we are, and if she can do a little  
good, we ought to be the last to hinder."

And then Madge betook herself to her cro-  
cheting in silence.

Daisy followed her guide a long way  
through narrow courts and dirty streets  
till they reached the poorer portion of the  
town. At last they stopped before an old  
wooden tenement. A woman, plain-  
ly dressed, but with a pleasant face,  
met them at the door. "I'm glad  
you've come. He's been dreadful anxious,  
for fear you couldn't get here in time,  
and he's most gone."

She shook Daisy's  
hand kindly, and then they all went in and  
up to the sick man's room. As they en-  
tered the chamber, old Ben looked up and  
recognized Daisy, and a gleam of gladness  
lighted up his dim eye for a moment, as he  
reached out his wasted hand for her to take.

"I was afraid Jack wouldn't find ye,"  
said he. "I've got almost through, but be-  
fore I died I wanted to tell ye how much  
good ye had done me."

"I am afraid it will make you worse, if  
you talk too much," replied Daisy.

"'Twon't make much difference now.  
But as I was goin' to say, after I had prom-  
ised ye I wouldn't swear, I felt kind o'  
queer, but when the parson preached such  
a powerful sermon it did the rest, I was  
just like a child. I shipped the next day,  
but afore the vessel was ready to leave port  
I fell and broke two of my ribs, and did  
some other mischief. They sent me to the  
hospital, but I didn't have very good care,  
and grew weak after I had been there  
awhile. Then Jack Manson found me; he  
was an old messmate, and so he had me  
brought here to his mother's. But I am  
on my last voyage now—and I'm not afraid,  
and it's all owing to you, lassie, that I chose  
Jesus for my Cap'n. Won't you say Our  
Father? I haven't heard it since my mother  
learned it to me. There, now—"

He sank back and faintly. The effort to  
talk had been seemingly too much for him.  
Mrs. Manson raised his head and wet his  
lips. His eyes were already growing  
glazed, the death pallor became more per-  
ceptible, and the death-damp gathered  
quickly on his brow. Daisy knelt down by  
the bedside and repeated the beautiful pray-  
er of our Lord, adding a petition of her own  
that they might all meet in heaven. Jack  
and his mother were in tears when she  
arose to her feet.

"Good-bye, old messmate, and good-bye  
Mother Manson. I wish ye were going  
across the river with me, little Apple-Blos-  
som. Good-bye, and God bless and—"

But his voice died away, his jaw dropped  
—old Ben was dead.

Later, Daisy started to go home, in the  
fast-gathering autumn twilight. So ab-  
sorbed was she in her thoughts, that, as  
she was crossing a street she did not notice  
a heavily loaded team. I think the team-  
ster must have been drunk, or he would  
not have driven his horses so carelessly.

It was Grandpa St. John himself, return-  
ing from his warehouse, who saw the  
crowd, and pressing in to see what was the  
matter, found Daisy, crushed by the cruel  
wheels. They carried her home, but she  
only opened her eyes once, and said, "I'm  
going with old Ben. Don't cry, mother,"  
and old Ben's apple-blossom was wafted  
"up higher." Perhaps the "boatman" who

was going over with Ben waited for Daisy  
that they might enter through the pearly  
gates together, into the New Jerusalem.  
Who can tell?

## Alfred's Ten-cent Piece.

"Cherries! fine ripe cherries! here they  
go, ten cents a quart!" This is what Alfred  
heard one morning, as he sat on the  
back steps getting his fishing-line in order  
to use that afternoon.

"Hallo!" said he, "there's old Isaac, with  
cherries to sell. I believe I'll buy some,"  
and he thrust his hand into his pocket, to  
see if the ten-cent piece his father had  
given him that morning was safe.

Yes, there it was, keeping company with  
slate-pencils, knife, chalk, pieces of string,  
and all the various articles which usually  
find their way into the pockets of school-  
boys. Then, seizing his hat, he ran out of  
the gate after Isaac, who by this time had  
trundled his wheelbarrow some distance  
down the lane.

Alfred soon caught up with him, however,  
and in a few minutes the ten-cent piece was  
exchanged for a handful of the fine large  
cherries, which Isaac had picked that very  
morning from a tree in his garden, where  
the vegetables which filled the rest of the  
barrow had also grown.

Alfred seated himself on the ground to  
enjoy eating some of his cherries at once.  
They were so delicious that he thought he  
must take some to his little sister; but he  
was sure she would like them best if tied  
in bunches, so he proceeded to prepare them  
for her. While he was thus engaged, his  
cousin Frank came up.

"O, Alfred," he exclaimed, "what splen-  
did cherries; give me some!"

"Why can't you buy them for yourself?"  
replied Alfred. "Old Isaac is just over there;  
I got them from him."

"Oh, my money is all in my tin bank at  
home," said Frank, "and it is so much  
trouble to go after it."

"Yes, that's just the way," said Alfred.  
"You save up all your money like a regular  
old miser, and then you expect other fellows  
to give you their good things."

"Well, I wouldn't be so stingy," returned  
Frank. "You're worse than Joe over there;  
he never has any money to spend because  
he gives it all away."

"You needn't get mad so quick, and call  
me stingy. I didn't say I wouldn't give you  
any."

"Hollo, Joe," Alfred continued,  
calling Frank's brother, who stood near,  
"come and get some cherries. Sit down,  
Frank, let's have a feast," and Alfred, as  
generous as he was careless, after laying  
aside a bunch of cherries for his mother and  
one for his sister, began to dispense his  
fruit to his cousins, who seated themselves  
on the grass beside him.

Joe would not take many; he would have  
refused entirely, if he had not been afraid  
Alfred would feel hurt. He did not think it  
was fair for him to save his money and then  
take from other people, even though he  
meant to do good with his money.

But no such scruples restrained Frank,  
and he ate more than his share.

"Papa," said Alfred, when he was ready  
to start for Sunday-school the next morn-  
ing, "will you give me some money for the  
missionary collection? You know our  
school is going to help build that church  
out in Iowa, and I promised my teacher  
that I would bring five cents every Sun-  
day."

"Why do you not give part of the ten  
cents I gave you yesterday?" said his fa-  
ther.

"Because I didn't think of the collection  
yesterday, and I spent it for cherries," re-  
plied Alfred.

"Well, here is five cents more for you,"  
said his father, handing him a piece of  
money; "but try to be more careful an-  
other week, for I am sure you will enjoy  
the feeling that you are giving your own  
money, more than if you always give  
mine."

Frank and Joe were in the same class  
with Alfred, and when it was time for col-  
lecting the money, Joe was ready with his  
as usual, but Frank had none to give. He  
preferred to keep his in his nice little tin  
bank.

Alfred thought of his father's words as he  
handed in his money, and determined that  
another week he would save some of his  
own.

He told his mother so that afternoon,  
when they had their usual quiet Sunday  
talk.

"But," said he, "what is a boy to do  
when there are so many nice things to buy?  
and I never keep all I get for myself.  
There was Frank and Joe came along just  
as I had bought my cherries, and I gave  
part to them. To be sure, Joe would not  
take many, though I wanted him to, be-  
cause he saves his money to give away;  
but Frank ate more than I did, and he had  
no money for the collection this morning  
either."

"I should not like you to be selfish or  
mean, my dear boy," said his mother,  
"and I hope you will always be ready to  
share your pleasures with others. But I  
do not want you to buy whatever you see  
simply because you think it will taste good;  
that is self-indulgence. The next time you  
are tempted to do so, think a moment  
whether you had not better save your money  
for something else. It is a good plan  
to lay aside a part of all the money you re-  
ceive to do good with. The rest use as you  
think best, in buying presents for your  
friends, or something that will give you  
lasting pleasure."

Let's think that your  
wants are so well supplied now by your  
parents and friends that you will soon find  
that you will need to buy but little, and  
that the portion which you lay aside to give  
away will be larger, for you will learn the  
pleasure of giving."—Miss Echo.

Don't cherish your sorrows; when God  
breaks our idols in pieces, it is not for us to  
put the broken bits together again.

## Two Kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He look-  
ed long in the fire and was silent. Then,  
as the deep thought began to pass away,  
his eye grew bright, and he spoke: "Moth-  
er, I wish to be rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"

And the child said, "Because every one  
praises the rich. The stranger at your table  
yesterday asked who was the richest  
man in our village. At school there is a  
boy who does not love to learn. He takes no  
pains to say his lessons. Sometimes he says  
evil words. But the children do not blame  
him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw her child was in danger  
of believing wealth might take the place  
of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence,  
or cause them to be held in honor who led  
unworthy lives. So she asked him, "What  
is it to be rich?"

And he answered, "I do not know.  
You tell me how I may become rich, then  
all may ask after me and praise me."

The mother replied, "To become rich  
is to get money. For this you must wait  
until you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said,  
"Is there not some other way of being  
rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is  
not the only nor the true wealth. Fires  
may burn it, floods may drown it, moth and  
rust waste it, and the robber make it his  
prey. Men are wearied with the toil of  
getting it, but they leave it behind at last.  
They die, and carry nothing away. The  
soul of the rich prince goeth forth like that  
of the wayside beggar without a garment.  
There is another kind of riches, which is  
not kept in the purse, but in the heart.  
Those who possess this are not always  
praised of men, but they have the praise  
of God."

Then the boy said, "May I begin to  
gather this kind of riches now, or must I  
wait till I grow to be a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his head  
and said, "To-day, if ye will hear His  
voice; for He hath promised that those  
who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I  
may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him and  
said, "Kneel down every night and morn-  
ing, and ask that in your heart you may  
love the dear Saviour, and strive all the  
days of your life to be good and to do  
good to all. So, though you may be poor  
in this world, you shall be rich in faith  
and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."—S.  
S. Visitor.

## Literary Review.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS: or, Original Readings  
on Sacred History, Biography, Geography, An-  
tiquities and Theology. By John Kitto, D. D.,  
F. S. A. Eight volumes in four. New York: E. S. A. Carter & Brothers. 1870. 12mo. Sold  
by D. Lothrop & Co.

This work of the eminent biblical scholar  
and clergyman has too many and too great merits,  
and has been too thoroughly approved by many  
of the best people in both hemispheres, to need  
at this late day either labored defense or high-  
wrought compliment. It has had a wide circula-  
tion, and while it does not aim at the critical ex-  
egesis of texts, or attempt to supply the place  
of a formal commentary, yet it has really done  
more in many instances, and especially where it  
has been read regularly in the family according  
to the author's design, to bring out the real  
meaning of the sacred text and impress its reli-  
gious lessons, than many other works in which  
the vast learning and inharmonious opinions of  
the commentators have been arrayed. Two  
years would be occupied in going through these  
volumes, and so through the Bible, by one who  
should follow Dr. Kitto's arrangement for daily  
readings, and every day would add something to  
the reader's biblical knowledge, and at the end  
of the year it would be a matter of surprise if  
the interest in the Scriptures were not materi-  
ally deepened, and if the knowledge of them had  
not become far more definite and practical than  
before. Critical scholarship and devoutness of  
spirit are most happily combined in these vol-  
umes, and the reader will not fail to find food for  
both mind and heart. It is a convenience and a  
means of economy to the purchaser that the pub-  
lishers have issued this new edition, in which  
the eight volumes are bound up in four, without  
producing anything cumbersome or interfering in  
the least with good taste. There is nothing else  
in the same department which we can more heart-  
ily commend for general use, and there is certainly  
nothing else that can be had for anything like  
the same amount of money.

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL: or, Illustrations of  
the inner life. By the Rev. Duncan Macgregor,  
M. A., Minister of St. Peter's, Dundee,  
Scotland. Same Publishers, &c. 1870. 16mo.  
pp. 339.

The author's well known fervor of spirit, his  
power of enforcing religious truth, his happy use  
of Scriptural incidents and varied illustrations,  
his high Christian aim and his cultivated style all  
appear in this volume of sermons,—for such  
they really are,—and combine to give us a book  
that can hardly fail to supply nutriment for the  
spiritual life of the sympathetic reader. It tells  
little or nothing that is new, but it takes up suc-  
cessively many of the great vital themes of the  
gospel, and presents them with vigor, pungency,  
sympathy and success.

SAINT PAUL. By Ernest Renan. Membre de  
l'Institut. Author of "The Life of Jesus,"  
etc. Translated from the Original French by  
Ingersoll Lockwood. New York: G. W. Carle-  
ton. 1869. 12mo. pp. 422. Sold by E. J. Lane.

One does not need the testimony of this book  
in order to know that the author would write of  
the great apostle in a critical, bold, learned, ar-  
tistic, interesting and self-contradictory way. He  
is a skeptic, a scholar, a poet, a rhetorician and  
a genius, all in one, and his books thoroughly pho-  
tograph the whole of his many-sided nature. He  
is frank and unhesitating, always expressing his  
thought, and while the reader is under his spell,  
even his wildest fancies wear the semblance of  
truth, and his most audacious denials appear  
half brave and almost beautiful.

This volume is a continuation of his work  
of criticism upon the New Testament records and  
their chief personages, on the precise line of the  
first work, *La Vie de Jesus*; and it possesses the  
same merits and the same faults as its predecessor.  
There is some genuine and valuable criticism;  
some real light shed upon the ancient life  
of the lands and cities which the apostle traversed;  
some photographing of the scenes out of  
which the chief significance of passages in the  
epistles springs, that at once expounds and vital-  
izes what before was dark and dull.

But as a whole, the volume will neither win  
converts to the author's views nor add to his







## News Summary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Illinois has two million hogs.  
Andy Johnson still visits the Tennessee legislature daily, watching for his chance.  
Fractional currency to the amount of \$320,700 was redeemed last week.

A few days previous to his death Mr. Peabody gave an extra \$150,000 to the Peabody fund.

It is said that Mrs. General Custer goes with her husband on Indian campaigns, and is a good shot with the rifle.

Alabama has ratified the XVth amendment.  
The President stated that his message probably would not exceed two columns of an ordinary newspaper, or twenty or thirty pages of cap-paper.

The Kansas Senate is unanimously republican, and the House is eight to one the same way. The republican majority on joint ballot is 94.

The last male descendant of William Penn, bearing the family name, has just died in England.

A mountain on fire in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, made a grand spectacle for all the neighboring country.

Senator Folger has accepted the appointment of Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and assumed the duties of the position.

President Grant has offered his farm of 300 acres, eleven miles from St. Louis, to the county for a pauper farm, the price asked being \$75,000.

The Red river rebellion is assuming serious proportions, and the latest dispatches state that it will probably result in a war. The rebels have driven Governor McDougall across the border into Minnesota.

The agricultural fair at Macon, Georgia, was a great success. General Wale Hampton, General Capron, the United States Agricultural Commissioner, and Judge Woodward of Pennsylvania, delivered addresses.

Private letters report that Senator Grimes has not improved in health by his summer in Europe. The second paralytic shock was not so severe as the first, but it left him in a feeble condition. At last accounts he was getting ready for an extended trip on the Mediterranean.

It is estimated that the surplus wheat of Minnesota this year will reach fully fifteen million bushels, although as yet only a small part of the great wheat-growing plateau of the State is under cultivation.

Discussion of the Bible question in Cincinnati has led one of the writers of the Cincinnati Commercial to examine the book. After describing it briefly he comes to the conclusion that, indeed, the Bible is a good book to read.

A conflict of authority is said to be imminent between the United States and State authorities in Philadelphia. Last week, Supervisor Litton of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, seized a distillery in that city. On Saturday he was arrested by the Sheriff under a warrant charging him with having forcibly invaded the premises seized, without warrant of law.

The financial estimates are in such a state of forwardness that they will be laid on the tables of the members on the second week of the session. They will be less, generally, than those of last year, as the President has recommended to his subordinates his purpose to recommend the utmost economy in the public expenditures.

The Chicago Svenska Amerikanaren says: "Henry Ward Beecher at utom all fraga Amerikas ryktaste man inom det fria broderkapet leder." The well chosen language in which this high compliment is paid to the eminent divine must prove very satisfactory to him.

General Benjamin F. Butler has been sued in the Supreme Court of New York by Miss Rowena Florence of New Orleans, niece of the late Gen. Twigg, for the recovery of the value of the spoons and other silverware and table furniture appropriated by Butler while in command in New Orleans, in the spring of 1862, together with the three splendid swords presented to Gen. Twigg by the United States Government and the States of Texas and Georgia. Miss Florence lays her damages at \$7,000.

News from Texas to a late date shows a most favorable change for the Davis ticket. The expected effect of the Yerger decision did not come off, and as a result, the Union men feel stronger and more determined. Numerous speakers, white and colored, are now visiting all parts of the State, and unless there should occur a consolidation of the opposite factions, the Republicans are very sanguine of success.

A severe gale and many lake and river disasters are reported.  
Despatches from Quebec announce the partial closing of navigation through the freezing of St. Charles River, and also a long list of shipwrecks on Lake Ontario.

Advices from San Francisco say that a force was repulsed by the Indians in Arizona and a battle is imminent.

There is good reason for believing that the government has reopened the correspondence with Great Britain on the subject of the Alabama claims, but nothing is known as to the progress of the matter. It is possible that the President may have something to say about it in his message.

## FOREIGN.

The Cuban sugar crop is said to be in a thriving condition, and if the plantations are not destroyed a large yield is expected. Cane-grinding has commenced.

The Journal Des Debats asserts that Queen Isabella has definitely abdicated the throne of Spain.

There was an extraordinary high tide in the Thames on the 21st last. The water rose three feet three inches above high water mark at London, and along the banks all the way from London to Greenwich great inconvenience and much damage were caused by the over-flow.

Nearly four thousand troops have been sent to Cuba from Spain.

Dispatches from points on the Suez Canal show that the enterprise is successful in every respect. English shipbuilders are at work upon vessels especially adapted for service on the Suez Canal.

A late paper from Switzerland states that Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) is verging on poverty, and infers that she is induced to re-enter her professional vocation as a matter of necessity. Her husband is spoken of as a dissolute and profligate aviator, who has wasted the savings of his wife's artistic life.

Since stays have gone out in Paris, we are told that the mortality among the women and girls there has decreased 18 per cent. As a counterpoise to this it is added that the use of chignons has increased brain fever 72.34 per cent.

The insurgents in Hayti are successful. In Venezuela the leader of the revolutionists has taken refuge in an English gunboat. The sugar-cane burning in Havana is believed to be more general than has been admitted.

The elections for the Corps Legislatif are passing off quietly. The Emperor has returned to Paris.

A ministerial crisis in Italy is imminent.

## Paragraphs.

With the means of locomotion at present in use, a tour round the world may be made in eighty days; about the time which would formerly have been employed in going from London to St. Petersburg.

There is an orange tree in Los Angeles, Cal., on one half of which hang 500 ripe oranges, while the opposite branches are thickly covered with fresh blossoms, which load the air with their rich aroma.

Some particulars are given in a Cincinnati paper regarding Joe, the Esquimaux brought from the North by Captain Hall. He is said to dress "in very fast taste for one whose early habits in this regard were doubtless very much neglected, and he deports himself with much gravity. He chews tobacco very fluently, and expectorates with great accuracy. This accomplishment, he says, he acquired 'on board ship.' Joe was a man of business when at home, and gave but little attention to the political affairs of his distracted country."

Official statements value the exports of the South at \$288,500,000. The cotton crop is estimated at \$240,000,000. The total value of Southern products, as estimated, is about \$3.32 per head for the whole population. To some extent there has doubtless been a redistribution of property, and individuals and families have been impoverished. The memories and the effects of war are not soon effaced. But as a section the South has very rapidly retraced the way to material prosperity, and if the above figures are correct, it is perhaps the richest part of the country as compared with its population.

The late Lord Derby had an income of nearly \$400,000 per annum. Much of his property was in Liverpool, and is so rapidly enhancing that his son and heir will soon enjoy an income of \$500,000 and upward.

A new law has been promulgated in Constantinople, which makes education compulsory for every inhabitant of the Turkish Empire. The period of instruction is fixed for girls at from six to ten years of age, and for boys at from six to eleven.

Less than four per cent. of the Prussian troops are unable to read and write. In Wurtemberg, from which 41,000 men have been drawn into the armies in nine years, only eight in all were unable to read and write. It is safe to say that no other country in the world can make a like exhibit.

Europe contains forty-four different nations, numbering in all 285,000,000 of inhabitants. The United States has a population of 75,000,000. The annual expenditures of the various governments amount to \$2,210,000,000, or \$7.75 per head. Allowances to crowned heads amount to \$43,672,000. The armed forces cost the sum of \$613,104,000. Interest payable on public debts amounts to \$572,529,000. The public debt of Europe amounts to \$15,039,208,000, making \$51 per head.

A Paris correspondent says that the refusal of the French government to permit the landing of the shore end of the United States and Continental telegraph will cause the French authorities serious embarrassment. The question will be brought before the Corps Legislatif, and a fierce onslaught made on the system of espionage established over the post-office and telegraph. All American papers are subjected to surveillance, and a copy of every telegraph dispatch, whether in cipher or otherwise, is kept in the office of the Minister of the Interior. It will be impossible for the government to resist the arguments for a removal of all further interference with the freedom of postal and telegraphic communication.

Accounts are given in some of the foreign journals of the healing properties of a new oil. It is easily made, from the yolks of eggs, and is said to be much employed by the German colonists of South Russia, as a means of curing cuts, bruises, scratches, etc. The eggs are boiled hard, the yolks removed and crushed, and then placed over a fire and stirred carefully, till the whole substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. Hen's eggs are considered the best, and nearly two tea-spoonsful of oil may be gained from a single yolk.

A San Francisco paper says the Pacific Railroad has been the means of introducing sharper competition into almost every department of trade, and local interests have thereby been injured. Some manufacturers in San Francisco have already been compelled to discharge half their hands. The goods they produced can be brought from the Eastern States and sold at a lower rate than will afford the California manufacturer a living profit.

A black varnish for iron, which is durable, may be made in the following manner. Take oil of turpentine, and while stirring, add to it drop by drop strong sulphuric acid, until a syrupy precipitate is formed, and no more is produced on adding a drop of the acid. Now wash repeatedly with water, each time with a good stirring, until there is no more reaction for acid in the water. Then the precipitate is brought on to a cloth-filter and, after the water has run off, is fit for use. It is painted over the iron with a brush; if too thick, add a little turpentine. Then, immediately, the paint is burnt in by a gentle heat, and after cooling, is burnished with a woollen rag moistened with linseed oil. This varnish is chemically united with the iron.

Delirium tremens is supposed to be confined almost exclusively to those addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating liquor. But cases are not wanting to show that light wines, tobacco, and, perhaps, tea and coffee, when used immoderately, will occasion the disease. Michael Wigan, aged thirty-three years, died in St. Louis of apoplexy, after suffering all the usual symptoms of delirium tremens, and is supposed to have been the direct cause of his death.

"As an instance of Yankee contrivance, the papers state that Mr. Isaac S. Geer of Lisbon, wanted to extend a water pipe through an under drain several feet below the surface, but how to get the pipe through without taking up the drain was the difficulty. After studying upon it for a while, Mr. Geer hit upon this plan. He opened the lower end of the drain, caught a cat and attached a small line to her leg, then thrust her into the upper end and gave a most unearthly 'meow' and pussy appeared at the opposite end as quick as her legs could carry her. The pipe was drawn through the drain by means of the line, and Mr. Geer saved \$10 by the operation."

The Gardens at Versailles comprise 3,000 acres; Windsor Great Park, near London, 3,500; the Philadelphia and Chicago Parks, about 2,700 each; the Central Park, New York, 843; the Providence Park, 430; and Boston Common, 50.

A geographical discovery, which will rather astonish map publishers, has been made in the country north of Lake Superior, by a party under Prof. Bell, which was recently engaged in a geographical survey of that region. Lake Neepigon, lying only 80 miles north of Lake Superior, hitherto considered too insignificant to find a place in the American atlas, is announced by the Professor to be larger than Lake Ontario or Erie.

The Academy contains an interesting description of a collection of silver Roman vases now on exhibition in Paris. They were singularly discovered and excavated, last year, by some soldiers of Hildesheim, and number in all about fifty pieces, all of artistic design and exquisite workmanship. They seem to have composed a table-service, and are supposed to belong to the period of Marcus Aurelius, Emperor.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Successful Farming.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is said to be one of our most successful amateur farmers. His farm is kept in splendid condition, no expense being spared for fertilizers. His working force is ample and well paid, and yet from less than forty acres he has secured an annual profit of several thousand dollars. The following humorous account of his experiences, for which Mark Twain is responsible, must have been very amusing to Mr. Beecher:

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on, on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. "He plows, and reaps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities," and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late, and the hay all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced, has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars' worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And anyway it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog anyway, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty. One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago, his foresightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of watermelons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up carrots. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that there was just the reason why so many farmers failed, — they scattered their forces too much, — concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roostered over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, and the anxious supervision of Mr. Beecher, himself, but she could not "phase those eggs." Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted fifteen hundred dollars' worth, but never a one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand, to this day, what was the matter with those apples. Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier for him if he worked it on shares with some one; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still, persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

## Preparing Poultry for Market.

To ensure dressed fowls keeping well, they should have no food or drink for at least twelve hours before they are killed. For the same reason, it is not considered best to draw them or cut off their heads, as it is the air that goes in of the carcass, that principally causes flesh to become tainted. If the head is cut off — and chickens look best beheaded — it should be done with a sharp knife, or hatchet, and then the blood should be carefully washed off the skin drawn forward over the neck and tied. If the skin of fowls is of sufficient strength to permit of their being plucked without tearing, it is better not to scald them, as their appearance, after a little time, is injured thereby. The plucking should commence as soon as the bird is dead and before it becomes cold. Remove the wing and tail feathers first, then the smaller ones.

The birds, like larger animals, should hang in a cool place, till they become cold, before they are packed; otherwise, they would soon become tainted. The packing should be done in a nice, clean box that will help and not injure the sale of the contents. If there are several sizes or kinds of fowls they should be sorted and packed in separate packages; the aim being to have the lot in each box as nearly uniform as possible. In placing them in the boxes, they should all lie in the same direction, in layers, with the breasts turned up. If you have clean rye or unbroken wheat straw, a little may be put between each layer; otherwise, use nothing between them. Pack them as closely as you can, without pressing them out of shape. Poultry treated in this way will sell, if sent to market at the right time.

## Night Air.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air we breathe at night, but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An uncontrollable choice. What will they say, if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, the rest to make night the best time for airing the patient.

One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut — a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without — every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better. — Florence Nightingale.

Wayne county, N. Y., raises 50,000 worth of pepper.

The rice crop at the South, this year, is estimated at 81,915 tierces.

A peach tree in Virginia, fifty-five years old, has borne a full crop this year.

One grain of barley, produced 112 heads, containing 2,240 grains, in Iowa.

## The Markets.

For the week ending Nov. 17, 1899.

CANDLES. 100 lbs. 48.00  
Sperm. 48.00  
Adamantine. 48.00

Cannel. 18.00  
Picton. 18.00  
Anthracite. 18.00

COFFEE. 100 lbs. 24.00  
Java. 24.00  
Santos. 24.00

COTTON. 100 lbs. 24.00  
N. O. & Mobile. 24.00  
Mid. & Gulf. 24.00

DOMESTICS. 100 yds. 1.00  
Sheetings and Shirtings. 1.00  
Heavy. 1.00  
Medium. 1.00

Drills. 1.00  
Cotton Flannels. 1.00  
Cotton Jeans. 1.00

Prints. 1.00  
Cotton Stripes. 1.00  
Ticking. 1.00  
Cottons. 1.00

Denims. 1.00  
Cottons. 1.00  
Extra. 1.00  
Superfine. 1.00

FISH. 100 lbs. 1.00  
Codfish. 1.00  
Mackerel. 1.00  
Shore. 1.00

Salmon. 1.00  
Herring. 1.00  
Sardines. 1.00  
Tuna. 1.00

COAL AND MEAL. 100 lbs. 1.00  
St. Louis. 1.00  
Extra. 1.00  
West. 1.00

Wheat. 1.00  
Corn. 1.00  
Oats. 1.00  
Rye. 1.00

Barley. 1.00  
Malt. 1.00  
Hops. 1.00  
Clover. 1.00

Wool. 1.00  
Hides. 1.00  
Skins. 1.00  
Fur. 1.00

Butter. 1.00  
Cheese. 1.00  
Eggs. 1.00  
Lard. 1.00

Flour. 1.00  
Meal. 1.00  
Oatmeal. 1.00  
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