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The Morning Star.

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The Morning Star

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1870.

Good from Evil.

Joy ripens where the days make night
With bitterest draughts of sorrow;
Hope leaps to meet the dancing light
That ushers in the morrow.

Through clouds, and tears, and angry fears,
Dead hopes and fruit untried,
The resurrected spring appears,
Unheralded, unheeded.

We gather flowers too soon to reap
The harvest's gold fruition;
We blight the fairest hope, then weep
To find it but a vision.

And yet the rainbow's silver sheen
Is born of many a sorrow,
And fields that glow in living green
Are slumbering on the morrow.

Each star that's lost, and dream that cost
Such anguish in its going,
But build a bridge of gold across
The river's sullen flowing.

These dark, lone days are God's good ways,
Revealing sunny places;
Life's dying years have many tears,
Yet cloud they angel faces.

Come on, then, toll, and fear, and pain,
That bar the golden portal;
Through suffering, garner we the grain,
Through death become immortal.

The British Museum.

You would not think of going to London without seeing the British Museum; but you will be sure to come away with a feeling of dissatisfaction; for there is so much to be seen of the works of God and the works of man; of things ancient, and things modern; of articles that are common and articles rare; that you will certainly wish you had sufficient time to examine some appreciable portion of this vast collection. But let us go and do the best we can, and get a glimpse, if we cannot make a full examination.

The Museum is in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; and if you get into an omnibus at Museum Street in Holborn, only a few rods from the entrance. Sir Hans Sloane, who died in 1753, in his will offered to Parliament, for £20,000, his collection of antiquities and other curiosities, valued at £50,000, on condition that it should be made available for national purposes. The offer was accepted; Montague House was purchased for £10,250; the Harleyan collection of MSS. was also purchased and added to the collection, and the Museum was opened to the public. Other additions were made from time to time, and more room being needed, the present building was commenced in 1823, and, although about a million pounds have been expended, it is not yet completed; for the cry is still for more room. It is a handsome building, in Grecian style, with a frontage of 370 feet, and a portico which contains forty-four columns. The Museum is open to the public, free, three days in each week, the Sculpture galleries, to artists, who obtain tickets, five days a week; and the reading room to readers who obtain tickets, six days a week; but not to the public, as that would interfere with those who go there for purposes of research. The institution is closed the first week in the months of January, May, and September in each year.

But where shall we begin? Let us take the Natural History collections. These are in the galleries, on the upper floor. In a case at the head of the stairs stands a gorilla, shot by M. Du Chaillu. It is nearly six feet high, and with it are a female and some young ones. There are numerous other specimens of the monkey tribe, with lions, tigers, hyenas, bears, elephants, giraffes, zebras, buffaloes, camels, hares, rats, and every other known quadruped. There they stand, and you can examine them at your leisure, if you have it, without fear or danger, and they will not run away from you. Here also are the walrus and various other seals, with porpoises, &c.

The collection of birds is very rich and extensive; and so is that of eggs. The insects are innumerable. The same may be said of fishes of all kinds, wild lizards, serpents, crocodiles and alligators abound. Here also are sponges, corals, woods, seeds, and whatever else is necessary to complete this department. We must not forget the fossils, for these are very numerous. Here are the bones of the megatherium, the mastodon, the mammoth, the iguanodon, the hylosaurus, the demosaurus and numerous others of all kinds and sizes. Here also are fossil vegetables as well as animals. Are you interested in minerals? Here you have them in great variety. There is also a very large collection of meteoric stones, which are worthy of attention.

But we must go down stairs into the de-

partment of antiquities. The Townly collection contains busts of Greek poets, sages and statesmen, besides other matters of interest. The Lycian room contains antiquities discovered in Lycia, by Sir Charles Fellows. The Elgin marbles were collected by the Earl of Elgin, about A. D. 1800. He obtained permission of the Turkish government to remove them; and although he has been execrated by Lord Byron and others for what was called a sacrilegious act, it is easy to see that they are of more value here than they would be, crumbling and uncarved among the ruins from which he rescued them. Among them is the frieze from the Parthenon at Athens, which consists of a series of exquisite bas-reliefs, representing the great procession of the Panathena held every six years at Athens. Here also are the Phrygian marbles, the Egina marbles, and the Bodrum marbles, each presenting their several claims to attention.

The Egyptian antiquities are in three large halls. They number about six thousand objects. Here is a colossal head of the great king Rameses, found at Thebes; there is the sarcophagus of Necho, found at Alexandria; and there is the Rosetta stone, which, having an inscription three times repeated in as many different characters, gave the first clue to the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It also was found at Alexandria. Besides these, there are numerous mummies of men, women, children, the ibis, oxen, cats, and other animals, with papyrus, vases, coffins, &c.

But we must pass on this way, for here is something you must not miss. You have read Layard's accounts of his discoveries in Assyria and at Nineveh, and here you have the results before you. I have seen numerous pictures of the sculptured slabs, and have seen two or three of the slabs at Bowdoin college in Maine; but here you have a large collection. These slabs delineate sieges, battles and defeats, some of which are referred to in the Bible, and numerous other matters of Assyrian history. There are the large winged and human-headed lions and bulls. There are the eagle-headed men, supposed to be the god Nisroch, and numerous other figures, which are interesting to look at as the relics of past ages.

The Ethnographical room contains figures of men and women dressed to show the costumes worn in China, India, Australia, New Zealand, South sea islands and Peru, and by the Esquimaux of Greenland and other northern regions. There are also some of the copper relics from the bottom of the Swiss lakes, which made so much noise a few years ago; while of British Antiquities there are porcelain, copper, seals, chessmen of the 13th century, &c.

But we must go into the Library and Reading room. For several years before I left London, I had a ticket of admission to the Reading room, and I have now obtained a renewal of this privilege. But the old reading room is gone; and we find, instead, what I think may truly be said to be the finest in Europe. It is circular, is 140 feet in diameter and 106 feet high, and is surmounted by an elegant dome where it is lighted. It was erected in 1854-7, and with its adjacent rooms, cost £150,000. Against the walls, all around the room, are cases, which contain about twenty thousand books of reference, which any reader may take and use at his pleasure. In the galleries above are books which you ask for by ticket, and which will be brought to you by an attendant. In the center of the room are the Superintendent's desk, and semi-circular tables with cases under them, containing the catalogue in two or three hundred volumes arranged alphabetically. Above these are printed tickets, on which you fill up the titles and other descriptions of the books you wish, with the number of the table at which you sit, and hand them to one of the assistants. These tables fill up the open space between the catalogue tables and the book cases. They will accommodate three hundred readers, each having an entire table to himself. There are about nine hundred thousand printed books and about seventy-five thousand are added every year. There are fifteen hundred copies of the Bible in various editions and languages; the Hebrew books form the largest collection in the world. The collection of American books is very full and complete.

I do not know how many volumes of manuscripts there are; but the list I have, numbers more than fifty thousand, and they do not include the whole. Among them are the Cottonian, the Harleyan, the Oriental and other collections, besides thousands obtained from general sources.

What a wealth of intellect is collected in these rooms! I used to spend three or four days a month here; and now I should like to spend three months in examining what is stored here; but all I can hope for are a few hasty visits.

This institution costs the British nation a number of thousands of pounds a year; but it is money well laid out. It furnishes the means of recreation and instruction to thousands of persons, poor as well as rich, and large numbers avail themselves of the privilege. I am glad to have had the opportunity of once more seeing this place, which I was accustomed to visit often in the olden times.

W. H.

A Christian should never plead spiritual poverty for being a sinner. If he be a sinner, he should be the best in the parish.

Boston Notes.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

A Baptist missionary meeting was held at Dr. Neal's church on Wednesday last, at which the subject of missions, both foreign and home, was ably discussed. Addresses were made by several of the leading men of the denomination, in which the encouragement and successes appearing in the various foreign fields were impressively brought out. The sermon by Rev. Wayland Hoyt was very able, suggestive and quickening.

The Church of the Unity, of this city, is making practical one of the articles of the National Unitarian Conference, by inviting several distinguished radicals, including one of our most prominent Universalist preachers, to fill their pulpits during the absence of any settled pastor. Mr. John Weiss and Rev. Samuel Longfellow occupied the pulpits last Sabbath. This peculiar liberality of an established Unitarian Church is not only a novelty but worthy of note. The Hanover Street Methodist Church still enjoys a vigorous life. The congregation is large and the society nearly free from debt; the city council have decided, in widening Hanover street, to cut off a large portion of the edifice, but the church will alter and manage it so as to remain in the old place.

THE NORTH END MISSION.

In 1867 Dr. Tourjee (well known from his connection with the Conservatory of music at the Music Hall, Boston), bought two dance halls in North Street, and after repairing them, and making the two one, established a reading room, then a sewing-school for girls; taking one step after another, until a mission was fairly established and a good work begun. On New Years day, he invited the unfortunate women of this locality to a fine dinner at the rooms of the mission, at which one hundred were present and partook of his hospitality. The scene presented was impressive. There they were, these poor outcasts from society, drawn in from their retreats of sin and wretchedness. There was no preaching to them on this occasion, the power of love and kindness being substituted instead. Everything was done to make the feast attractive, even to the trimming of the hall with evergreen and flowers; the tables were waited upon by a number of Christian ladies from wealthy and cultivated circles, who by their warm welcomes and their earnestness to serve proved that their sympathy was real, and their good was the object sought. A present of a valuable book and a pretty handkerchief was handed to each one who came to the hall. The experiment was full of promise for the future. At the dinner two girls promised to quit their evil ways, on assurance that they would be befriended. Dr. Tourjee and his friends are devoted to this charity at the North End, and are making efforts to found a House of Refuge for the fallen, when a temporary home can be found for all who are willing to reform.

LEGISLATIVE.

The Legislature of the Commonwealth assembled on the 5th inst. and was promptly organized by the choice of Hon. Harvey Jewell as speaker of the House, and Hon. H. H. Coolidge, as President of the Senate. Mr. Jewell has had much experience as a presiding officer, having occupied that position in past years, performing its duties fairly and efficiently. Mr. Coolidge, who is a younger man, has served with credit in each branch of the Legislature, and he enters upon his new duties enjoying the full confidence of his associates and of the public in his ability and integrity.

A petition is being circulated for signatures in this city, praying the Legislature to abolish the State Constabulary. It will receive many signatures of a character that will prove it true that

"No rogue ever felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

Jan. 6, 1870.

"MASTERS."

Old Age.

Madam Swetchine thus beautifully pictures that period of life which so many shrink from, and which is often thought of as something calling for pity instead of reverence. A true life and the grace of God are essential to turn this ideal into the actual:

Old age is the majestic and imposing dome of human life. God makes it the sanctuary of all wisdom and justice; the tabernacle of the purest virtues. Experience has taught the old man all things; and his personal endeavors have reduced his acquisitions to that simple state, that perfect unity,—where each conviction has its proof and counter-proof. His are the treasures of tradition, and those of acquired knowledge,—ancient lore and modern facts, in their order,—practical truth, and eternal verity, the relative and the absolute,—that which helps our conduct in this world and that which leads us to another. If death were only the blossoming of life,—the sublime flower of that plant whose spreading roots underlie the earth;—if, as faith the Apostles, death merely clothed us with immortality;—old age would be the apogee of life,—its culminating point, its epoch of wealth and power. But it must not be forgotten that death is the wages of sin; and, as such, it causes the weight of our condemnation to fall heavily upon old age.—Old age is the term of grace,—sometimes a little protracted,—when all accounts must be audited, all allowances confirmed, and

when the invisible Creditor exacts his dues. Of all the seasons of life, old age is that in which the sentence with which man is weighted is most keenly felt. The fore cast shadow of death overspreads the close of life. But death has been redeemed, like all things else. Old age is the central point. Night is on one side, and dawn on the other. Ransomed death permits a passage to the beams of the true life, and our last twilight are nearer than any others to the eternal light.

There is, in Russia, an old and very touching custom, which our ancestors used faithfully to observe. In the hour of departure, when the preparations are complete, all seat themselves,—travelers and by-standers,—making a solemn halt, as if to collect their thoughts for the last time, before the supreme moment of separation. Is it not a striking type of old age, which is itself a halt before departure?

We say "declining years;" but, if heaven be our true center, the decline of our twofold being is contemporaneous with its ascent. Soul and body are in almost perpetual contradiction. In the failing of nature, it is not merely destruction which is hastening on, but liberty and glory,—the perfection of a soul which grows ever more radiant as the spiritual principle absorbs all others. As the body sinks into decrepitude, the soul is tempered; and, by the simultaneous acceleration of these two processes, the frame returns to the dust, and the spirit to heaven. Death for the one is immortal youth for the other. David was old when he called upon the God of his youth; but it was not the God of his past whom he invoked, any more than the God of Jacob is the God of the dead. It was the God of the present to whom David appealed,—the God of that youth which he felt flourishing and blossoming in the depths of his being. For if the children of light enjoy day in the midst of night, the children of immortality keep their youth amid the snows of age.

The Burst into Life.

There is not only poetry but truth in the view of a Christian believer's departure to his home on high, which is thus illustrated by an incident among the Alps:

An Alpine hunter, ascending Mont Blanc, in passing over the Mer de Glace, lost his hold and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice is cleft to its foundation. By catching himself in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projecting spurs of ice, he broke his fall, so that he reached the bottom alive, but only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose up to heaven, above which he saw only a strip of blue sky. At his feet trickled a little stream, formed from the slowly melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet, which might lead to some unknown crevice or passage. In silence and in terror he picked his way down the mountain side, till his farther advance was stopped by a giant cliff that rose up before him, while the river rolled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters which seemed to wait for him. What should he do? Death was beside him and behind him—and, he might fear, before him. There was no time for reflection or delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One minute of breathless suspense—a sense of darkness and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below, and then a light began to glimmer faintly in the waters, and the next instant he was amid the green fields, and the showers and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouny.

So it is when believers die. They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge. Yet one chilling moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.

All They Get.

Mr. Fitch, in his "Art of Questioning," thus sets forth the reasons for fidelity on the part of such Sabbath school teachers as have to do with the children of godless parents:

In many classes it is true that all the influences which are brought to bear upon the minds and hearts of the children out of school are positively hostile to your teaching. They come to you from disorderly, duty, ill managed, and ungodly homes, to spend a brief hour in your class. You are their only religious instructors. It is while they are with you, and only then, that their minds come in contact with the realities of an unseen world. It is from you only that they learn the name of God and of his Son, our Saviour, and that must shape their first, and therefore their most enduring conception of sacred truth, of the beauty of holiness, the examples of Saints and Martyrs, the hatefulness of sin, the purity and glory and blessedness of heaven. That brief hour spent in your class is the one bright and hopeful spot in the history of many a child, who, from his birth, is called to wander in strange paths, and who comes to you in, perhaps, a desultory and uncertain way for a few weeks, returning every Sunday into the midst of associations and pursuits, and every one of which is positively antagonistic to religious impressions, and tends to neutralize all your teaching. This is a solemn thought and one which, I doubt not, has been often present to your minds; but the practical con-

clusions from it are very simple. How necessary it is to turn every moment of that precious time to the best possible account! How important it is to avail ourselves of every method and of every suggestion, however humble, by means of which the time can be economized and our teaching be made more effective!

Events of the Week.

FINANCIAL PROGRAMME.

Secretary Boutwell promptly announces his financial programme for the coming month, so that business men may govern themselves accordingly. He has directed the Sub-Treasurer at New York to continue the sale of one million of gold and the purchase of one million of bonds on alternate weeks through the month of January. This is all to be placed to the account of the sinking fund. He is also to sell one million of gold and purchase two million of bonds on the alternate weeks for the special funds. This will secure a sale for the month of four millions of gold and the purchase of six millions of bonds.

STRIKE OF TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

There is a general strike of the operators in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The operators declare that the strike is to prevent a contemplated reduction of wages, but the secretary of the company affirms that no reduction of any kind was contemplated, and that the strike is owing to the mischief of two discharged supernumeraries from the San Francisco office. Nevertheless there is a general stampede along the whole line; but, owing to the energy and promptness of the company in securing new operators, the change is hardly felt. It is altogether singular that the unsuccessful issue of so many similar strikes has not yet taught the folly of such a course. Doubtless in many cases the rights and interests of the laboring classes are partially ignored by monied monopolies, but redress must be generally secured in some other way than by means of strikes.

AN IMPORTANT LAW.

A much needed law went into effect in the Dominion of Canada on the first day of the year. This country has heretofore been a place of refuge for thieves and swindlers, and has served as an asylum for criminals of every grade. The present law provides that if any person takes into Canada, or has in his possession therein, any property stolen or obtained by false pretenses in any other country, in such manner that the stealing or obtaining it in like manner in Canada would be a felony or misdemeanor, then the taking of such property there, or having it in possession with a knowledge of its being unlawfully obtained, shall be the same kind of an offense and punishable in the same manner as if the stealing or fraud had taken place in Canada.

PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS.

A Vera Cruz correspondent of the New York World gives the particulars of an outrageous case of religious persecution in Puebla city, Mexico. A protestant congregation, while assembled for worship in a chapel which they had recently fitted up, were attacked by several hundred Catholic citizens, and handled in a rough and brutal manner. The Catholics were led by a prominent citizen of Puebla, and one who holds the position of priest in the Holy Church. The mob drove the worshippers from the church, tore up the seats, destroyed the pulpit and burned the bibles found in the building. But for the interference of the Police, the results must have been alarming in the extreme. Several arrests were made, and it is hoped that justice will be dealt to the offenders.

SPAIN.

The Spanish throne is still without an occupant. General Prim has used every means to secure the appointment of the Duke of Genoa, but is unsuccessful. The Duke is only sixteen years of age, and his father, Victor Emanuel, declares that the crown is not a mere toy to be given to a boy for a play-thing, and so withholds his consent. Prim and his associates in the Cabinet were so fully committed to the young Duke that they have felt compelled to resign. It is now thought not improbable that Admiral Topete may return to the Cabinet. This would give a new phase to Spanish affairs. Even if an attempt be made to satisfy the people by carrying out Prim's policy, its features will be so modified as to produce quite different results. Spanish politics are by no means in an enviable condition. There are reports that both Prim and Serrano would like to sell Cuba to the United States for cash.

DRINK AND WORK.—"I drink to make me work," said one; to which an old man replied, "That's true; thee drink and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have now laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for the drink, I might have been now an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and make it makes me work now!"

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5, 1870.
NEW YEAR'S.

The new year was duly celebrated here in the accustomed manner, viz.: by firing guns, blowing tin horns and other musical instruments, &c., &c. The usual Presidential reception was given, and all the dignitaries, and very many private citizens paid their respects to the chief magistrate. The members of the cabinet and other high officials also kept open house. The feature of these receptions most worthy of mention and commendation, was, that intoxicating beverages were banished, and their places supplied by tea and coffee. This is a new precedent, and it is hoped, will result in accomplishing much good. It is no slight step gained here if fashion can be arrayed on the side of temperance.

VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

Having a little leisure a short time since, in company with some friends I made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington. The steamer Arrow plies between here and Mount Vernon daily, and large numbers of visitors to the Capital avail themselves of the opportunity to refresh their patriotism by a visit to this historic ground. When the estate passed into the hands of the Mount Vernon Association, everything was in a ruinous and dilapidated condition. The prints represent the buildings as they were in Washington's lifetime, and to restore them to this condition has been the effort and labor of the association. To this end a capitation tax of fifty cents is imposed upon every visitor, which is collected by the owners of the steamboat above named as a part of the fare. Nevertheless, the work of reparation and restoration is far from being completed. The chief point of interest is the tomb of Washington. The front of the tomb is open, protected by an iron grate, and here, in marble sarcophagi, repose the bodies of Washington and his wife. Next in interest is the house in which he dwelt. Here the visitor is shown the chamber in which he died, the library room, dining room, &c. In the hallway hangs the key of the Bastille, presented to him by his compatriot, LaFayette. In the adjoining rooms are many articles of interest, such as the surveyor's tripod used by Washington when a surveyor, the harness of the horse of Washington, military trappings and equipments, &c., &c. Here, too, the memento mania of visitors, amounting to vandalism, displays itself in the mutilation of the fine-out figures of the rich marble mantel piece of the dining room. Heads, arms and legs have been broken off that the visitor might have the poor selfish gratification of possessing some memento of the home of Washington. This disposition to mutilate and destroy every object, no matter how venerable, deserves the severest rebuke. There is no excuse for it here, as there are venerable darkies ready, for a consideration, to furnish any amount of mementoes in the form of stereoscopic views of Mount Vernon, canes, and leaves of the magnolia tree planted by Washington's own hands, as they assure you. "Were these canes cut off from the Mount Vernon estate?" inquired one of our party. "Yes, sir," promptly responded Ebony. It was suggested that the inquiry had better be "Were they cut on the estate?" to which Ebony responds affirmatively with equal promptness. "Have you been here since Washington's death?" asked the same interrogator. An explosion of mirth, accompanied with the suggestion that it was probably some time since Washington's death that he came, rather nonplussed our inquiring friend; but Ebony came to the rescue with an assurance that it was but two years after Washington's death that he came to Mount Vernon, and had been there ever since then.

On our return we entered into conversation with the gentlemanly commander of the Arrow, Capt. Stackpole, and ascertained that he was a New Englander, born not many miles from our editorial sanctum, and that for thirteen years he had been the steward of the White House, through the administration of Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, and one year of Johnson's. His recollections of these occupants of the White House were quite fresh, and, related in his quietly humorous way, were very interesting. He said that Pierce was the most orderly and strict master of the White House that he had known. All the domestic affairs of the White House were required to proceed with the greatest regularity. On Sunday morning all the inmates were assembled together, a selection of Scripture was read by the President and another by Mrs. Pierce, after which the President would offer a prayer such as he had never heard excelled in manner or matter. But unfortunately in moments of excitement he would curse a little as well as pray. On a certain Sunday, a visitor stopping with him accompanied the President to the stable after devotions were ended. Among the President's horses was one that was vicious, and on this occasion he let fly his heels at the President as he passed by. Pierce retorted with a blow of his cane and a curse. "General," said his visitor, "I think you ought either to quit praying or cursing." "A smart man can do a little of both," was the reply.

"What sort of a man was Mr. Lincoln?" asked one of our company. "One of the kindest and best men that ever lived. Shortly after Mr. Lincoln came to the White House, as it was known that I was not in political accord with him, my friends anticipated my discharge from the position I held. One of them, an office-holder himself, came to me and suggested that there was danger of this, and advised me to secure the influence of some prominent Republicans in order to retain my position. I told him I would consider the subject. Sometime afterward he came again, and said there were unfavorable rumors afloat, and that I ought to take immediate steps to counteract them and secure myself. I replied to him that I had considered what he had said before, and had consulted a lawyer relative to the matter. "Consulted a lawyer," said he, "What does a lawyer know about such a matter as this?" I told him I did not know exactly, when folks had any difficulty they about always went to a lawyer about it, and I had done so. "Whom did you consult?" said he. I replied, "I had consulted a tall, lank lawyer from Illinois, who had recently come here to establish himself in business, and that he assured me my case was all right. My friend took him to task for not waiting further remark. Soon after this incident I was in trouble about retaining my position, and I came to me for advice, as to what he should do. I assured him I did not know any better course for him to take than to consult a lawyer. These are some of the narrations of the Captain, but he has always 'one more bit of the same sort.'" "There is not a large amount of complimentary work going forward this week, and we extend the recess simply a loss of so much time, so far as the work of Congress is concerned."

Communications.

Spiritual Hunger and Thirst.

BY REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

1. The spiritual wants which can be symbolized by such a figure must be intense and important. There are desires which move languidly, which feebly invite, but never eagerly demand, gratification. But hunger and thirst assert their claims with a pertinacity which must be heeded. They demand gratification with clamorous importunities which drown every other outcry of nature. Did you ever meet any of those heroes who, at the dawn of peace, came forth, lean and ghastly skeletons, from the dungeons of southern barbarians? Did you ever sit down by the side of one of them, look into his sallow, haggard face, and hear that story of systematic starvation, of hunger whose pangs were greater than those of death? Listen, then, to another who says, "Blessed are ye whose souls have grown so vividly conscious of spiritual destitution and want, that the bread of heaven is more desired by you than food by the starving captive." You who grow weary of the bondage in which you are held; you who are awakening to the knowledge that Satan's prison-house is but a dreary cell, and that the sustenance which he offers you is a portion too meager and too vile for an immortal spirit; you who look longingly toward the realms of liberty and the stores of plenty; you whose famished hearts quiver with fierce hunger-pangs and pine for the manna that drops from the sky—be comforted, be comforted! There is a message here for you. There is a promise of freedom, an offer of deliverance. There is a sound of crumbling prison walls. There is a savor of heavenly banquets. Oh, blessed, blessed are they which do hunger after righteousness!

And thirst. Go tread the desert sands. See where the red flames of a tropical sun make all the earth to glow like a furnace. Traverse those burning leagues, where spring or streamlet is unknown. Pass one weary day without water; another, and another, till the tongue is parched; till the frame is consumed with fever-heats; till the blood rolls through the veins like streams of fire; while, within the whole wide circle of the horizon, not so much as a dew-drop can be found to cool the tongue. Ah, that is thirst!

But are there some of you, my readers, who traverse the sahara of spiritual desolation, where fires more lurid are glowing, and where a thirst more dreadful consumes the soul? Or are there some of you,—to the praise of God's grace be it spoken,—to whom this thirsting of the soul is becoming a terrible consciousness, and who have that intensity of desire which David felt when he cried, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God?" It is to you that the Saviour offers comfort. Do you know what blessedness is? And do you know whose voice it is that says, "Blessed are they which do thirst after righteousness?"

2. The wants which such language describes are daily recurring wants. There are desires which we experience but seldom. There are those which belong to certain periods of life, to childhood, or to youth, or to manhood, or to old age. But hunger and thirst are peculiar to no period or condition. They begin with the life, and end only at death. They cannot be gratified once for all. They return again and again. You may satiate them to-day; but they come back, inevitably, to-morrow.

In this particular the figure holds perfectly true. Spiritual desires can no more be satiated once for all than can the natural desires for food and drink. They renew themselves day by day. Perhaps you have met persons who are living on the memory of a religious experience which they have left ten or twenty years behind them, and are trusting to what they call "a hope," entertained long ago. A hope! An old hope! What is that good for? What is that religious experience good for, which exists only in memory, and that memory reaching backward over a score of years? Can a man live on a feast which he remembers to have eaten ten years ago? Will the recollection of a fountain slake his thirst in the desert? And shall any man dream of satisfying his spiritual need with a merely historic piety? Hunger and thirst for righteousness are not intermittent desires, which return five or ten times in a century. They are the regularly recurring, daily wants of the soul, which live because the soul lives, and which can never cease from the soul so long as there is true vitality in it. It is those who hunger and thirst thus that the Saviour calls blessed. He does not say, "Blessed are they which have hungered and thirsted," but "they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

3. It is a peculiarity of the wants in question, that they can be satisfied only with that which they crave. A starving man desires food; and you can satisfy him with nothing else. A thirsty man wants drink; and only that will appease him. And the man who hungers and thirsts for righteousness can never silence the outcry of his soul for spiritual sustenance with any poor husks of this world's store. Are you trying the experiment, reader? Are you striving to smother the voice which your soul lifts up in plaintive appeal for life, and hope, and heaven? Or will you try to cheat the poor famished thing with that which can never supply its need? It will not be cheated. It will not be put off with any pretext or deceit. From one source alone can its wants be supplied. The righteousness for which it hungers is found only in him who says, "I am the living bread." The life for which it pants is given only by him who says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

4. Hunger and thirst are wants which hold the closest relation to the existence of the man himself. No man dares to disregard them. They hold his life as perpetual security for their gratification; and any neglect of their claims is quickly avenged. They are absolutely merciless. They will not overlook an injury or forgive a debt. Like Shylock, they demand the pound of flesh; and when it is forfeited, they will have it.

Have we sufficiently considered the fact, that what is true of these physical desires in this respect, is equally true of the wants of the religious nature? We understand how vital is the connection between the kind and quantity of food and the condition of the physical life. Do we understand the connection between the kind and quantity of nourishment which the soul receives and the condition of the spiritual life? Whole nations dwindle into dwarfage and deformity through insufficient nutrition. But what is that in comparison with the loss of spiritual comeliness and strength which results from these more unnatural neglects? The starvation of the body is something horrible. What then is the starvation of the soul? Oh, what a world of famishing souls does the eye of God behold! What depths of misery does he foresee, what horrors of approaching death! Can you imagine the sorrow of that father whose noble son came from long captivity, only soon enough to die beneath the shadow of home? Can you imagine his grief, as he laid the poor wasted form down in the grave, and wrote on the stone above him, what all true hearts shall weep to read, and what shall tell the story of shame to all the generations, till the marble itself shall crumble to dust, "Died of starvation at the hands of fiendish enemies?" Such graves are numbered by thousands in our land. But who can tell the sorrow of the Infinite Father on high, as he bends over a dying soul, and writes across the black wall of that more than sepulchre,—"**THIS SOUL DIED OF STARVATION!**"

Our Association.

The fall term of our semi-annual Association having just closed at this place, a brief account may interest your readers. On the 3d, inst., one by one our friends began to drop in, and by 9 A. M., on the 5th, all were in attendance, and our regular meetings commenced. The meetings were deeply interesting, and the occasion one of much sacred joy. All our missionaries, male and female, all their children now in India, and all our native preachers were present. We were also favored with the presence of three delegates, one English and two native, from the Gen. Bapt. Conference in Southern Orissa. A Norwegian brother, L. Skrefsrud by name, from Ebenezer, a station among the Santals, was also with us. These visitors were most cordially received, and at once entered heart and soul with us into the spirit of the occasion. Their prayers, exhortations, preaching, Christian converse and earnest counsel did us all good. It was delightful and soul-cheering to sit together in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus, and feel that, although strangers and foreigners, we had been made nigh by the blood of Christ. Outside the mission circle, we had also a Mr. Martin, with his excellent wife and three children. Mr. M. is the Government School Inspector, and takes a lively interest in our work. The Midnapore Police Superintendent, a Mr. Davis, another benevolent gentleman, was with us one day. In all, our little rural settlement was enlivened for a week, by the presence of 24 white visitors,—16 adults and 8 children,—an event certainly for Santipore. It was much the largest gathering we have ever had at any one of the meetings of our Sabha Association, since the commencement of the mission. The session continued six full days, and the weather was charming throughout. A daily prayer meeting at 8 A. M., in both Orissa and English (as all did not well understand the former), began the services of the day, and shed a healthful influence over all our minds. We had preaching every evening, except Monday, and then the time was occupied, in accordance with a rule of the Association, with a missionary meeting. After the usual routine of association business had been disposed of, we took up what may be called the work of a Ministers' Conference. The preachers were examined on topics previously given out, and an essay, not to exceed twenty minutes in the time of delivery, read by each. For a number of days the afternoon session was thronged with visitors, more or less of the time was spent in preaching to the people who flocked in to see the Sabha. On Sabbath P. M. we had a crowd, twice or three times as many as our chapel could seat, and we had preaching in three different places in the open air.

The reports from our own churches, as well as those brought by our visitors, were of an encouraging character. They tell of steady perseverance in the work, steadfastness in the faith, and additions to the number of the faithful.

Bro. Bailey, of the General Baptist Conference, reports that the past year has been one of unusual prosperity with them. Although their staff of missionaries still remains small, the work steadily advances. Bro. Shem Sau, one of the native delegates, and an excellent preacher, has commenced a new station by himself, and is sustained wholly by a native auxiliary missionary society. This certainly is a most encouraging feature of the work among our English brethren. The Lord grant that the day may not be distant when many equally worthy laborers shall go forth, sustained in like manner, by the prayers and contributions of their fellow countrymen!

Bro. Skrefsrud's visit, in return for my visit at Ebenezer, in Aug. last, has been very pleasant, and has stirred us with new

life and zeal in the Santal department of our vast field. Like Apollos, he is an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures, and preaches in the Santal language with force and fluency. He really appears to be a chosen vessel, raised up for this very purpose, to be the apostle to this long neglected people. Most cordially do we extend to this beloved brother the right hand of fellowship, and greet him as an earnest, devoted, energetic fellow laborer; while we thank God, take fresh courage and address ourselves anew to our arduous yet delightful work of giving the gospel of Christ to those sitting in the region and shadow of death.

The Association sermon, in Oriya, was preached on Sabbath A. M., by Bro. Hallam, from Nehemiah, 4: 6, and was well adapted to the occasion. Bro. H. speaks the Oriya beautifully, and is blessed with an excellent preaching talent. After the sermon we gathered around the table of our common Lord, and a precious season was enjoyed as we partook of the memorials of his broken body and spilt blood. Bro. Shem, from Cutack, united with the writer in the administration of the holy ordinance. Here was Christian communion. Sectarianism and nationalities were lost sight of, while we all felt that we were one in Christ Jesus. We not only remembered the great sacrifice made for our sins more than 1800 years ago, but were reminded of, and exhorted to look forward to, the time when Christ himself shall come forth and serve his own redeemed people in his Father's kingdom.

Altogether the session has been a very enjoyable one, and I trust its fruits will be good; but, like all things earthly, it soon, very soon passed away. By the evening of the 12th, one by one, or in larger parties, all but two of our visitors had taken their departure (James and Bro. S. remain till Monday to start on a long preaching and reconnoitering tour among the Santals) and the large, cheerful family that for a full week gathered around our frugal board had scattered away, and we of "the garden in the wilderness," were again left to ourselves and to our work. We shall long remember the occasion as a delightful epoch, a pleasant way-mark in our life journey, to which we shall look back with grateful emotions of sacred joy and devout thanksgiving. Our friends came fully intending to be pleased with their accommodations, and I trust they were not grievously disappointed, even though our bill of fare was a very plain one throughout. A few brought tents, and the weather being cool and pleasant, it was easy to extemporize sleeping rooms and provide means of comfort for all.

Santipore, Nov. 13, 1869.

The Christian Church.

There are often cases of discipline peculiarly difficult, but none more so than when a church is obliged to deal with its minister. It is the worst of all trials, and frequently results in the destruction of the church, or at least, in a terrible division. This is easily explained. In this kind of labor churches have generally little or no experience, and the very man to whom they would most naturally look for advice is the party on trial, and, of course, disqualified as an adviser, and interested to secure an acquittal. Labor is seldom commenced with a minister unless he is accused of great immoralities. A wicked minister is a very bad man, and can easily manage so as to have a party in the church, who are so strongly attached to him that they are blind to his imperfections. And, then, there may be some who are disaffected towards him, and ready to accept any ill report as true. Hence it is exceedingly difficult to approach and conduct such labors with that candor that is so necessary to secure a proper investigation. If the church is a unit, and form one party to conduct the investigation, the danger is greatly diminished. But it is not usually so. Some give credit to outside reports, and vehemently condemn him, and magnify all the improprieties that they have seen into evidences of guilt, while others, not having seen anything wrong in him themselves, so violently defend him that alienation and bitterness are the result.

The church should treat him as innocent until there is sufficient evidence to condemn him, and then secure to him a fair and impartial trial; but when fairly proved guilty, painful as it may be, pass upon him the verdict of condemnation.

It is not every ill report against a minister that ought to be made a subject of investigation. It may be so clearly malicious and so universally discredited, that no notice should be taken of it. But if his influence as a minister is affected, and his reputation endangered, so that inquiry becomes necessary, the first thing to be done by the church is, to ascertain, by committee or otherwise, what specific charges can be made, and on what authority they rest. They may find that there is no foundation in fact and no necessity for further action. No council should be called until this has been done, for it is an injury to a minister to have a council called to try him, though they may find no fault in him. But if an investigation is necessary, then, according to our usages, a council of ministers should be called. In selecting a council, great care should be exercised to secure those having the confidence of both parties, and the community also; men of candor, impartiality and good judgment. The only object to be sought should be to ascertain the truth, and obtain a verdict accordingly. Having prosecuted the investigation with candor, and obtained the judgment of impartial men, their verdict should be accepted as correct. Such trials are a great scandal, and the strife and contention should be as short as possible.

Without duty life is soft and boneless; it can no longer hold itself erect.

Lessons of the Sick Room.

We instinctively shrink from the onerous duties of the sick room, yet the lessons there learned by the soul in a few weeks of anxious watching, may be of more value than all the knowledge gained in a lifetime of quiet self-enjoyment.

When, like Mosab, we have long been at ease, and suffered no afflictive changes, the heart waxes gross, the ears grow dull of hearing, and the eyes become closed; but when painful dispensations come, the soul is awakened from its lethargy, and laying aside every encumbrance, stands naked before God. The senses, no longer dull, perceive the eternal truths of the Godhead, and the heart, understanding its weakness and dependence, renounces its grossness, its idolatry and pride, and seeks conversion and healing at the hand of the Lord.

When the angel of death seems hovering near, with power at once to shut from the sight all earthly good, the whole world appears of no account in comparison with the soul; and we are made ready to sell all that we have, and buy gold tried in the fire, that we may be rich, and white raiment that we may be clothed, and so obtain entrance into that kingdom where death hath no power.

We no longer shrink from labor, nor on account of private interest, say, "I pray thee have me excused." Though, before, the main thought was of personal matters,—the ruling desire for ease and selfish enjoyment, now that the springs of earthly pleasure are dried, the soul rises to a more correct appreciation of eternal things, and asks, "Lord, what can I do to promote the interests of thy spiritual kingdom, and bring men to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus?" All sort of this,—all honors of an earthly sort,—all the gilded trappings of fashionable life, seems like vanity of vanities.

And do we not often need the sharp plowshare of sorrow to break up the fallow ground of our hearts? Then, though for the present it seemeth grievous, let the chastened bow meekly and say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

S. S. C.

Chips.

—One transgression drove Adam from an earthly Eden, and yet, some suppose that with all their transgressions they may enter heaven.

—We are not yet in the land of Beulah, but are passing through Vanity Fair. Its merchandise is paraded around us, and our only safety is in placing our fingers to our ears, and setting our faces as a flint toward the celestial city.

—As Sherman left Atlanta for his grand march to the sea, he destroyed such stores as would prove an encumbrance. What may seem to the Christian soldier as a great loss or severe trial, may be, after all, but a gracious relief from such things as would hinder his grand march to heaven.

—Some Christians are very much like the flowers of spring, which perish with early frosts, and lie buried one-half the year; but those who walk with God are like the plants so often seen in New England homes, where, carefully shielded from frosts, they bloom in mid-winter.

—Apostolic church-building was somewhat different from ours. Then it was of lively stones, a spiritual building; and so little importance was attached to houses of worship, that we do not find a single command in the New Testament touching their construction. No more at Gerizim, nor yet at Jerusalem, but in prisons or caverns, fields and forests, acceptable worship might be offered. A spiritual kingdom, neither known nor loved by the world, had not for its bulwarks the purses of the rich or costly piles of brick or wood.

It is expedient that a church have such a house of worship as may be convenient, constructed on just such principles as we may suppose Christ would approve were he the master builder; but the present rage for costly church edifices savors more of Babylon than of the kingdom of Christ. Think you that Christ, were he in person, would assist in laying the corner stone of a church from which his poor were to be excluded?

—Says Christ: "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." Nothing can really draw men to God but Christ upon the cross; and if we would win souls we must preach Christ crucified.

—Those who were standing idle at the eleventh hour could say, "No man hath hired us." They obeyed the first call and received the penny. Had they been called at the third hour and disregarded it, we have no good reasons for supposing that at the eleventh hour they could have entered the vineyard to receive the penny.

J. HAYDEN.

One Thing I Do.

Religion is all in all, or it is nothing. Dr. Chalmers said:

Unless I make religion my great and engrossing concern, I shall be a stranger to all solid peace and enjoyment. I have at times caught a glimpse of the comfort which it yields the spirit, when I merge myself into God's will—when I resolve to have no will of my own separate from God. I feel quite assured that this renunciation of self, and entire devotion to God's service, would give a simplicity and grandeur to my existence—would throw an unclouded sunshine over all my ways—would raise me above the cares and provocations of this life—would enhance even my sensible gratifications, and superadd those gratifications of a higher order which constitute the main and essential blessedness of heaven.

O my God, may it be thus with me! Call me out of nature's darkness into Thine own marvellous light. Give me to aspire

after the graces, and hold forth to my acquaintances, and, above all, to my children, the example of all righteousness. Conform me to the Gospel economy under which I sit—that as Christ died for sin, I may die to it—that as He rose again, I may rise to newness of life, and feel it my meat and drink to do Thy will.

Selections.

Ministers' Salaries.

BY A LAYMAN.

The resignation of our late pastor has thrown us into a great state of excitement at Wheatledge. Among other questions which it has brought up is the one of salary. There are a considerable number in the church who think \$1,200 a year ample. Mr. Hardcap, the carpenter, is one of that number. "It is more than I make," he says. "I would like nothing better than to contract my time for the year at \$4 a day. And I have to get up at six and work till sunset, ten hours' hard work. I don't see why the parson should have half as much again for five or six hours' work. I have heard him say myself that he never allowed himself to study more than six hours a day."

"But the pastoral work, my dear Mr. Hardcap," said I. "You make no account of that."

"The calls, do you mean?" said he. "Well, I should like to be paid \$4 a day for just dressing up in my best and visiting, that's all."

"Not only the calls," said I, "though you would find calling anything but recreation if it was your business. But there are the prayer-meetings, and the Sabbath-school, and the whole management and direction of the Church."

"Prayer-meetings and Sabbath-school!" replied Mr. Hardcap; "don't we all work in them? And we don't ask any salary for it. I guess it ain't no harder for the parson to go to prayer-meeting than for me."

Mr. Hardcap represents, I suspect, a considerable constituency. The minister is, in their eyes, a day laborer. They measure his work by the hour, and want to pay for it by the amount of muscular toil it entails. Men who never work with their brain are incapable of comprehending brain labor.

But that is not all.

There is something plausible in Mr. Hardcap's, "It is more than I make." Doubtless there are salesmen and mechanics in Dr. Dullard's congregation who do not receive over two, or, at the utmost, three thousand dollars a year. Dr. Dullard's salary is six thousand. I am sure there are farmers here at Wheatledge that never in any year handle as much money as passes every year through the parson's hands. I do not suppose that Mr. Hardcap, the carpenter, does, or Mr. Lapstone, the shoemaker, or Mrs. Croily, the seamstress, or half a dozen others I could name. I do not wonder that they think that \$1,200 a year is a princely income, and are aghast at my proposition to raise it to \$1,500, and provide a parsonage.

But there are some considerations which escape their attention. My father was a minister, and I know how ministers and their wives have to pinch.

It is not that ministers' salaries are made too small. Any man can live comfortably on a small income by simply adjusting his expenditures to it. But in the case of the ministry the people adjust both salary and expenses, and they do not adjust one to the other.

Until within two years I was a member of Dr. Dullard's congregation. My rent crept steadily up from \$600 to \$1,800. Other prices were in proportion. I could not stand it. Finally, I moved out here. This year my income is something more than it ever was before. My expenses are reduced twenty-five per cent. Dr. Dullard cannot follow me. He must live in the center of his congregation and pay the rent. Once, indeed, he followed some of his congregation out to Orange. But a year sufficed to demonstrate that he could not preach in New York and live out of it.

It is not only the rent, it is the whole scale of expenditure which is selected for the clergy by society, and their profession. They must generally keep house. They must have an entire house. It must be a respectable looking house. It must be such a house that members of the parish shall not be ashamed of the parsonage. Mrs. Hardcap may do her own washing. If by any chance a neighbor finds her on Monday over the wash-tub, or Tuesday over the ironing-board, or Wednesday with a broom in hand, no one is scandalized. But my friend, Mrs. Rev. D., must be ready at any time to leave her work to receive a call, and a good many afternoons to make them. One best dress suffices for Mrs. Lapstone's wardrobe, but it will never do for the parson's wife. Once a week Mr. Hardcap puts on broadcloth. His parson must wear it every day in the week. He cannot even appear in the comparatively economical business suit of his wealthy parishioner, Mr. Wheaton, without being looked upon as a clown. In short, he must live such a style that his "best families" shall not be ashamed of him. His children must be able to consort with their children. His expenses are kept by social requirement, in the scale of his body pews; his salary is too often graded by the incomes of the wall pews.

I know a city clergyman who always preaches in a silk gown, though he is not an Episcopalian. "It saves my coat," said he to a friend. "I can wear a seedy coat in the pulpit and no one is the wiser." "But," said his friend, "the silk gown?" "Ah," said the shrewd parson, "the ladies always furnish the gown."

I wonder if Mr. Hardcap ever estimated the expense of his minister's company. The carpenter has not a spare room in his house. The minister's spare room is rarely empty.

I wonder if he ever considered what charity costs a clergyman. Every beggar, every benevolent cause, every traveling agent, every canvasser, comes first to the parsonage.

I wonder if he ever estimated what the library costs, or rather what it ought to cost, if the minister had any money to buy a library with. I know he has not, for when I reminded him of the library, he confessed very frankly, "I never thought of that." I wonder how many have "thought of that."

I wonder if he ever reckoned the expense of the table. Mr. Hardcap, who is hard at work from morning till night in the open air, and has a stomach like an ox, can eat and grow fat—metaphorically—on corn beef, pork, or cabbage. If his minister were to try the experiment he would be in his grave with dyspepsia in a year. The brain requires different food from the muscle.

The fixedness of a minister's salary is another perplexity. If my expenses over-run some months it is of no consequence.

There is always plenty to do. I work a little harder next month and make up the difference. If the minister's expenses over-run, he is in despair. Additional work brings no additional pay. He cannot add five per cent. to his next bill of expenses. Economize? He has already economized to the last degree to keep within his meager salary. The energies which he ought to devote to his work he is then compelled to devote to some ingenious contrivance to make the two ends of his fiscal year meet.

The fixedness of his salary! Alas! it is not always fixed. There lies before me, as I write, a letter from a country parson—I wish they would write me oftener of their experiences—who went to his treasurer on the last quarter-day, found no money in the treasury, the treasurer himself oblivious to the fact that quarter-day had arrived, and excusing himself for not advancing the needed money by saying that the last payment had been advanced by him personally to relieve the pastor. I knew a city parson who for three years went every quarter to his treasurer, always to meet the same thing—no money in the treasury—and always to be asked to take the least thing he could get along with. At the close of each year a mighty struggle was made and the deficit was provided for. I knew yet another who, similarly situated, stood bravely on his dignity. He would take no favors and would receive no part payments. He succeeded in educating his church up to the point of common honesty. I venture to say that it was the hardest work he ever did in his ministry.

We are agitating the question of salary here. I shall not be content unless we can give our pastor \$1,500 and a parsonage. That will be little enough.—Church Union.

Atheism and the Bible.

Rev. A. D. Mayo says:

Of course, the atheists demand that the Bible shall be put out of the public schools. Every enemy of religion says "It is tyrannical" to read the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule in the common school. Every man who "don't care" whether religion is up or down, provided he stands firmly on his own feet, is willing the Bible shall be expelled from the republic of the children. And it may be that a few men hope to get into office by trampling the Bible in the dust, and think it a fine thing to ridicule its precepts and make fun of little children at their prayers. I can understand why numbers of our adopted citizens should be estranged, not only from the Bible, but from religion itself. In the European house of bondage from which they fled, they saw the king and the priest in tyrannical league against the people, the schoolmaster a government official, a state ecclesiasticism forced upon the school; the Bible, the church, religion, even Almighty God, perverted to uphold the sinking cause of tyrants. I do not wonder that even men of great gifts and wide culture, especially if reared in the Catholic church of Europe, should revolt altogether and teach that atheism and democracy are synonymous words. I am not surprised that ignorant people are flung off into a blasphemous hatred of religion by the reaction from a bondage like this. We must bear as kindly and as patiently as we can this temporary estrangement, especially of a part of our German adopted population, from religion. Their children will see these things in another way, and will understand that in America God does not mean an earthly king, or Jesus Christ an earthly lord, or religion a State church, or a minister an enemy of the people, or the Bible in the school-room the invasion of any right. They will learn that all these things with us mean the very thing they came here to find, the largest liberty of man; that the temple of American liberty stands firmly buttressed by education, morality, and religion; and that we keep the Bible in the common school, not to play the tyrant over any man, but to keep the children of the Republic close to the great standard of education, morality, and religion recognized by modern times. We warn them that there is a clique of atheistic demagogues in our Western cities, whose principles are as hostile to our American institutions as the theories of the men who lately sought to take our nation's life. We tell them that those men are not guides for them or their children; not the men to be put into places of honor and trust in the civil or the educational life of the people. They will inevitably lead their deluded followers into a collision with American civilization that will plant new seeds of bitterness and estrange those who should be one.

For it may as well be said now as later, that the people of this country, who were born and educated in this Republic, will not submit to the banishment of religion from their civil life; will not expel the Bible from their school and exalt atheism, under any fine modern name, to be the national school-master; will not see the national day of worship made a day of public disorder and deliberate insult of the nation's faith; will not submit to the atheistic programme of operations in any region of our national life. And if these men cannot take warning, and will not understand the deliberate judgment of the American people, they must go on and learn the lesson in the way themselves may choose. They may put out the Bible to-day from the schools of this or that community, but it will come back with thirty millions of people as its body guard. They may silence the children's hymn of praise to God to-day, but the hymn will be taken up by the voice of "a multitude that no man can number," and the people will sing Old Hundred over their political graves. The American people know the priesthood of atheistic socialism, and they will not have it to bear rule in the common school.

Time.

Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time—the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition—is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counselor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it. He that has made it his friend will have little to fear from its enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.—Colton.

Philip Henry observes, that thanksgiving is well, but thankfulness is better.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1870.

GEORGE T. DAY,
GEORGE H. BALL, } EDITORS.

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

A Large Premium.

To any person who will send us a year's subscription in advance for his own paper, together with a year's subscription in advance from a new subscriber, we will send a copy of Mr. Kennedy's volume,—"Close Communion, or open Communion? An Experience and an Argument,"—and will also send a copy of the same work to the new subscriber. Or, if it is preferred, we will send any unbound volume of the Free Will Baptist Quarterly, from the second to the fifteenth inclusive, on the same terms. The postage, which is twelve cents,—must be paid by those who order the books.

The Great Protestant Council.

Rome has gathered her dignitaries, and they are now consulting together in the eternal city. Nearly a thousand men join in the deliberations. They gather from near and far. Some of them are men of mark. Scholarship and character are both represented. They make up an imposing spectacle. They who are caught by surface show and reverent pretension will find enough in the assembly to beget wonder and prompt to confidence. But they who ask for reasons before conceding authority, are forced to hesitate before endorsing the extravagant claims that are set up, or taking it for granted that the dicta of such a body will bear to be looked upon as the vocalized thoughts of God.

The very idea underlying the assembly makes it half a farce. It assumes to represent Christendom; and yet those portions of the earth where evangelical religion is doing the highest work, have no representatives. It claims the old authority over temporal princes; but it has not power enough to make its decrees respected in a single cabinet outside the little strip of territory which the Pope holds by the capricious favor of Louis Napoleon. It boasts of the unity of the Catholic church; and yet the numerous and intriguing factions have already angered the Pontiff and made his shrewdest cardinals anxious. To pronounce the pretended successor of Peter infallible is obviously the main thing which the dignitaries have been summoned to do; and yet the very moment they affirm it, they will vote themselves a supernumerary body, lift Pius IX. into the position of dictator, and make the Romish church the laughing-stock of the whole thinking world. The scarlet and gold are about the only imposing features which this Papal Council is able to exhibit. The moment one penetrates beneath the surface, that moment the veneration begins to lessen, and the pompous runs off into the pitiable. It has already moved from the basilica of St. Peter to the Quirinal palace, because it could not talk to its own satisfaction in the former place; if it were to move elsewhere as soon as it had showed itself unable to act for the profit of truer religion, its new quarters would soon be waiting for occupants.

Next September the Protestants are to gather for mutual conference and the promotion of Christian unity in the vast work assigned to the church by its great Head. The Evangelical Alliance is to meet in the city of New York. The arrangements made are such as already inspire confidence that the meeting is to be largely attended, both by the most eminent men who represent the Protestant faith in America, and by a very considerable body of distinguished scholars and divines hailing from nearly every country in Europe. Dr. Schaff has been devoting himself to the work of preparation for this great gathering; he has entered into the movement with his well-known zeal and skill; he has lent to it the weight of his own eminent reputation and pleaded for it with his own peculiar persuasiveness; he has visited personally most of the leading men of the various religious circles of Europe, resolved their doubts, answered their objections, overcome their reluctance to take an ocean voyage, magnetized them into vital sympathy with the project, and in several instances changed their negative answer to his petition into an emphatic promise to attend. In the last number of the *American Presbyterian Review*, he tells the story of his effort up to the present time, and in his own modest but quietly enthusiastic way, points out the indications that the meeting is to be one of the most significant and important that has ever been held on this continent.

It is well that Protestantism lift up its voice at such a time as this, exhibit its spirit, rally its forces, assert its substantial and growing unity, forget its petty differences, bear testimony to its oneness of heart in spite of its diversities in form, enlarge and render more definite its programme, and enter upon the broader work which Providence is assigning it. It will be worth not a little to witness such an expression of unity as this, that is born of liberty and fostered by love to a common Lord. The very spontaneity of the gathering will render it impressive. No edict summons this assembly, no dictator will assign its topics, no censor determine its utterances, no threat will smother a thought that struggles for expression, no oath of allegiance to any human dignity

will interfere with the open heart that waits for the teachings of the Holy Spirit, no devotion to a mere ecclesiastical form or fabric will forbid it to work simply for the triumph of the truth, the universal supremacy of the Master, and the spiritual redemption of mankind.

All human things are imperfect; and so we do not look for results wholly above the level where mortal frailty walks and works, when we anticipate the issue of this projected meeting. Such assemblies are unable to do many things that need to be done, for the simple reason that they are what they are. But we believe such a meeting desirable and likely to be of service. It will provide a channel in which the spirit of unity may flow, and the current will gather volume and momentum as it rolls on. It will strengthen faith, enlarge hope and interpret charity. It will intensify Christian fellowship, make intolerance and exclusiveness among real believers seem more inconsistent and unlovely, and aid both to interpret and answer the prayer of our Lord for that unity of his people which is at once the cure of skepticism and the prophecy of victory.

River and Wave Life.

For ourselves and others, how often we have to lament neglected duty and lost blessings! Our Father in heaven also laments. What tenderness, what depth of feeling there are in his words! "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." He knows our sin and sorrow, and pities us.

The sinful are "as the troubled sea," but "great peace have they that love thy law." This peace is peculiar. "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth." It is different in kind, different in manner of gift and of operation, from the peace the world gives. It is deep, constant, joyous, satisfying, eternal. "Peace which passeth understanding;" "peace like a river." This is what we all need, and thank God, all can have. In sin there is weariness and no rest; desire, but no sufficient response; hope, but ever deferred and doomed to perish. We need something more and better, and here it is proffered to us.

"Peace like a river." Not fitful like the mountain brook, which is exhausted by the summer's heat; not changeless and impeded in its course by every rock, or bar, or foot of beast or man, but steady in its course, a perpetual volume of healthful, joyous life; not weak and timid, recoiling from heavy tasks, but like a river welcoming the wheels of industry, stretching its arms for work, with power, and a relish for deeds as well as joys; not shallow, so that "mire and dirt" are stirred by deep-sailing ships laden with sorrows and worldly trials, but having depth and volume "like a river," able to bear and forbear and patiently endure; not given to introverted luxury, receiving all and giving none; but "like a river," eager to impart verdure, beauty, peace and joy on every hand. Its supply is from the river which proceedeth from the throne of God, its spirit is love, its courage strong, its comforts infinite.

"Peace like a river." Its on-flow is deep and strong, with great wealth of quietness beneath the Apples which carnal things produce on its surface and along its borders. Sorrows and disappointments often come rushing into its current, like rocks from the mountain side; then there is a sudden commotion, a break in the current, waves and swirls of anguish, but the great peace closes the breach, rolls over and around the grief, only sobered and made more earnest by the sudden intrusion.

It is not the peace of quietude, inaction, like the stagnant pond, but active, progressive, earnest peace, "like a river," where the swift currents seem to say, "onward, onward, there is no time to lose; we have work to do; our mission is earnest; haste, haste." Yes, there are sinners perishing in the deserts of sin; there are Christians dying of thirst; churches which need a new inspiration, and souls that have this great peace can do them good, and will not cease their efforts to bless.

And their righteousness is peculiar, "like the waves of the sea." Waves of the rivers always break backwards upon themselves, as if in love with the past and receding from the future; but the waves of the sea always break forward, as if aspiring to the future, reaching forward in desire and hope, stretching out their hands to a deliverer. Such is the righteousness of the saints. As the cold blasts of the world strike them, their souls reach for the future, reach out in longings to the Redeemer. The waves of emotion, desire, sorrow, hope, often rise high and roll in great strength, but there is no retroaction, no looking back, no recoil, but infinite longings for the higher, better life beyond; stretching out to God for help, every impulse prayer, an outcry for deliverance. Blessed righteousness! It is inspired from on high, and lifts us upwards to its source.

"Peace like a river and righteousness as the waves of the sea." What precious words! What a precious life! How it comforts the soul to meditate upon it! Let it be our portion forever.

MISSION CIRCULAR. Rev. C. O. Libby, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Society, has just issued a circular, expressing his sense of relief over the favorable returns to the appeal for funds. Quite a number of our churches have generously and promptly responded, but many others remain to be stirred by his fresh appeal made to and through the pastors.—A note from Bro. Bachelier, who never overstates anything, says: "Never, since the commencement of the mission, has the work seemed so prosperous as now."—At the meeting of the association, reported in this week's issue, our missionaries agreed to urge upon our churches the opportunity and the need of

enlarging our operations according to a plan which they approved, and provided for sending a statement and an appeal to our readers. The document will appear next week, and deserves careful attention and a prompt response. We trust it may secure both.—In the meantime, our brethren must not overlook the necessities of our Home Mission work, as they were recently set forth in the statement of Bro. Curtis. It is a day-for-careful plans, broad aims and earnest Christian effort. These cannot fail, if God's blessing is sought and accepted and properly used.

Our Work.

Whitefield was the father and model man of our early churches. They were the fruitage of his ministry, and the only organic heirs to his spirit and style of effort. He was an evangelist, a flaming herald of salvation, and his mantle fell upon Randall, Colby, Marks and their co-peers. He organized no churches, paid no attention to ecclesiastical polity, but preached Jesus as the all and in all to the sinner. With him form was nothing to the substance, the way of doing, nothing compared to the Spirit. His ministry was in demonstration of the Spirit and with power, and our people cherished the same enthusiasm.

Our more recent attention to organization, education and order, has somewhat cooled our ardor. There have also been some attempts to imitate others, to work in their style, use their machinery, and there we have lost power. We are Christ's chosen infantry, flying artillery, advance brigade. Our success depends on celerity of action, enthusiasm, tender entreaty, weeping over sinners, and revival efforts. The quick, sharp stroke of a switch is more effective than the slow swing of an iron bar. The rifle is a splendid weapon, but not suitable for siege work. We should carefully cultivate the lively, earnest, spiritual, enthusiastic habits of former days. Improved by discipline, organization and education, they will increase in effectiveness.

It is a great mistake to allow the spirit of evangelism to decline among us. Pastors we must have, but evangelists, to go up and down in the land, heralds of life, are indispensable. They are needed to break new ground, revive weak churches, re-energize the pastors in time of need, to stir and quicken ministers and churches to action, courage, aggressive efforts. Without them the churches introvert their energies, call in their forces, contract their plans, study self-preservation, assume the defensive. This is the road to death. Expansion is the only law of Christian life, growth is absolutely necessary to continued existence. In every Y. M. we should have at least one man devoted to holding protracted meetings. Then each pastor should hold at least one meeting every season with a sister church, or in a new field. It will do him good, give him tact and courage to influence men, and afford him great comfort.

Our young men ought to give themselves to this work. They need the discipline. They will learn lessons of great value; lessons necessary to success in the ministry; lessons which cannot be learned in the schools, nor even in the pastorate. It is of great importance to young men, that they delay marriage and a settlement until they have traveled and labored as evangelists for a year or two. Many men fail as pastors from lack of just the experience which such labors give them.

The Home Mission society should foster this style of labor. There is danger of using the funds of that society so as to encourage indolence, inaction. A man who will do nothing without such help ought not to be helped. He will do nothing any way. But those who will work, help or no help, should be aided. The chief purpose of the society should be to fill the land with evangelists. It is better to send a revivalist to a weak church than to give it money. Convert the men, and money will come freely. Let us all pray for a restoration of the revival spirit and revival labors.

Reward of Labor.

When the husbandman sent laborers into his vineyard, he told them that whatsoever was right he would pay them. He may have found them in poverty and wretchedness, careless with regard to the future, making no use of opportunities which might afford relief, and spending their time idly and foolishly. For their service he offered them fitting returns, and thereby opened to them the way to a useful and happy life. They could no longer say, "no man hath hired us." They had no farther apology for want and suffering.

Now as well as then, it is true that we are offered pay for our work, but reward follows labor. In this working world our gains average only what we earn. We sometimes find a favored one who has sat with folded hands and received an unearned fortune, but some one else has toiled and struggled for it. Scheme as best we may, it is not until life is ended that accounts are closed, and the industrious hand and steady purpose are sure to be the winners then. Though we may wait long for the results and despair of gathering the fruits of our toil, still we may be sure that patient labor never goes unrewarded. Even though it comes not to us, it may make our brother's burden lighter, and this should be reward enough. We are so closely bound together here, the success of this one depends so much on that one's achievement, it takes so many single efforts to secure the grand result, and so many sinking hearts may be upheld by another's faithfulness, that a purely selfish motive should never urge us to a single deed. Our pay should be in the service that is given, and not in the returns that it brings. Perceiving the many wretched lots that are cast all about us, and knowing that every generous effort improves them, we should labor steadily

and truly, satisfied that a wise hand adjusts the results and bestows the reward where it is most needed.

But there is a better lesson than this that the parable teaches. It shows us that Christian labor is really rewarded. And, moreover, we are promised for reward not simply what we merit. "Whatsoever is right," will be given us. Not as we estimate the right, but as God's love measures it. That is full and free, and our acceptance of it is all that he requires. But we cannot experience its fullness until we labor and sacrifice according to its teachings. There is nothing else that brings so many and such great rewards. It strengthens our faculties for enjoyment; gives us larger and better views of life and its duties, and prepares us, as nothing else can, for the abundant entrance. The more we do for the Master the better we love his service, and the more love we have, the better do we appreciate our blessings. There is really something in a long walk to a mission prayer meeting that will make the heart glow with love, and show us a glory where we had never seen it before.

It is not so much the great things that we do, as it is the zeal and faithfulness with which we do the little things. We appreciate his sacrifice who crosses the ocean to bear the word of truth to those sitting in darkness; but he often does as great a service who simply crosses the street to tell his neighbor of the better life. God looks at the motive, and if that is pure the reward is sure and complete. All along the path of the faithful worker, rewards are pouring in abundantly. But we deprive ourselves of numberless blessings through inactivity and ease. Although our best service has nothing in it to merit God's gifts, still, we receive only what we work for. Just as the limbs become weak and palsied by inactivity, so does the heart become cold and thankless by selfishness. It is only by doing good that our sympathies can be kept warm and tender, and ready to go out after every one that wanders. Weary with the day's labors, an additional task for our Master acts like a refreshing draught, and gives a new vitality to the whole being. There is a consciousness of doing our Father's will, and the simple satisfaction of it is worth infinitely more than the sacrifice that it costs. It brings us within the shadow of the great Rock, and we feel that nothing can harm us there.

To do right and trust God for the consequences, besides being the truest type of bravery and the highest kind of wisdom, brings also the richest rewards. Go and prove it, Christian;—you who have done so little for God that you have almost forgotten what a blessing is. Work for him, and your soul will be full of gladness, no duty will seem a burden, and the strength of his presence will be so complete that no task will be unwelcome. As the fruits of industrious youth supply the wants of feeble age, so by and by we shall all need the share of God's grace that faithful service brings. In view of lost ones all around us; because of the help and guidance that we may afford them; for the sake of him who has done all for us; as we shall prize the "Well done" when life is gone; so let us be faithful and earnest, humbly working for our Master, helping the weak to bear their burdens and the poor to supply their wants, enlightening the ignorant, guiding lost ones to their Father's house and filling up our time with good and generous deeds, so that afterwards we can receive the priceless reward of having done what we could.

Call to Scientific Modesty.

Science is very much inclined to be audacious. It often seems to forget the claims of modesty. It is apt to ridicule, or patronize, or pity, or sneer at theologians. It brags over its facts and demonstrations, its principles and proofs. A sentence of Scripture is pushed aside as though it were not worth a moment's attention. It claims that the processes in the laboratory are more significant than the breath of the Spirit which makes a man an accepted prophet of the Lord, and that the fossils in the rock tell a story both plainer and truer than anything found in the earlier chapters of the pentateuch. And among all the devotees of science, there are none that have assumed so much for themselves or flung such severe epithets at the Mosaic record as the geologists. Some of them have indeed been reverent scholars, keeping their Christian faith, but more of them have been ready to put Moses under ban as a misleader of thought, and to fling sarcasms at the clergy as promoters of mischievous and peevish superstitions in the name of religion.

Geology is a noble science. Its collected facts are many, curious, suggestive, sublime and quickening. It has made the earth appear more wonderful, and God's ministry upon it has risen into something more impressive in human view in the light of geological inquiry. It is like a voice out of the distant past, rehearsing the story of creation and providence, and unfolding the plans and processes of the Deity. But it has often been too hasty in its inferences and generalizations. It has had a passion for brilliant and sweeping theories. Its devotees have aspired to be teachers rather than learners. Hastening to construct their story of the world's life, they have left out items of testimony which, as soon as heard, compelled an abandonment of the dogma of yesterday for the sake of a less absurd one to-day. The great age of the earth, the order in which the rocks have been formed, and the successive steps by which the higher planes of vegetable and animal life have been reached, are points on which there has been a substantial agreement. But later discoveries are shaking this fundamental conviction. Eminent geologists are raising the query, whether too much has not been assumed in respect even to these so-called first principles of the sci-

ence, and the facts that have compelled this inquiry are stirring not a little feeling even in the highest circles of thinking men. The *Congregationalist* & *Recorder* thus presents the case. The tone of the article is not the best, but it brings out clearly the main point which the most recent observations have lifted into prominence. It says:

Something seems to have lately happened,—we are bound to mention it with all due grief and demanded sympathy,—which bids fair to gravel the most Orthodox theory of our geological brethren, to a depth, we should say, of at least six feet. The very *A-b-a-b* of their doctrine have taken for granted that certain formations containing no fossils are assignable to a period so remote as to antedate all life; certain others containing certain rude fossils, to the next less distant ages, when all life was of a low type; and others still, inclosing still other more perfect fossils, to later times; the date and order—from the azoic formations, affording no vestiges of animated matter, to the latest tertiary, like our own Gay Head with its petrified quagogs—being more securely noted in this rock-record than was the order of the Egyptian kings in the "Dynasties" of Manetho. Destroy the guarantee of this due order and succession; demonstrate that Silurian limestone and Devonian sandstone, and Kainozoic chalkbeds, may coexist in both time and space; and geology may as well sponge off its old slate, and begin to cipher *de novo*.

Now it seems to be the awkward fact—it surely must be referable to what a brilliant female writer has called "the total depravity of things"—that Professor Thompson and Dr. Carpenter, who have undertaken to enlarge—or more exactly, to deepen—the domain of science by oceanic dredging, have discovered that all these "zoics," with but making any fuss about it, are at the present time calmly going on together in the same localities, and in the friendliest and matter-of-fact simultaneity. By the aid of some new contrivance, these gentlemen have succeeded in bringing up several tons of silt from sea-depths varying from two to three miles. Not to dwell upon several other wonderful things which have thus been brought to their cognizance, they have caught the ocean in the act of depositing in one place sand-stone debris, with creatures of various sorts in it corresponding to those which it has been usual to call fossils of the sand-stone epoch; and the same ocean, at the same time, a few miles away, depositing limestone debris, with creatures of various sorts in it corresponding to what it has been the fashion to refer to an epoch of the earth's remoter history, thousands or millions of ages ago. Here is richness to be sure!

Well may amazed Dr. Carpenter remark that the discovery that these processes and these fossils may coexist upon adjacent surfaces, does nothing less than strike at the very root of the customary assumptions with regard to geological times.

There ought to be no such thing as antagonism, jealousy and partisanship among those who are engaged in the study of the divine character and procedure in the different spheres of inquiry. Scientists and theologians are busy in different portions of the same great field, and should account themselves mutual helpers. God cannot contradict himself. His most ancient and his latest words must harmonize when really understood. The silent speech of the strata and the ringing word of the human prophet whose lips He has touched, bear witness to the same truth, and the teachable explorer and the reverent listener will yet find themselves taught by the same infinite wisdom. Let the geologist push his inquiries, and the biblical student devote himself to the record; neither need fear the results of the other's fidelity; and if the study is what it should be, the truth will be vindicated and all its friends made one.

Current Topics.

—NEW YEAR'S CALLS. The custom of making calls, as it has been and still is kept up in our leading cities, would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. Our Washington correspondent spoke of the great number of intoxicated people seen in the street of the National Capital on Christmas day. The *New York Tribune* speaks of the state of things in that city on the 1st of January as a "Carnival of Drunkenness." That is a strong phrase, and doubtless somewhat exaggerated the truth. But it is notorious and disgraceful, that so many families, belonging to the highest social and the most reputable religious circles, lend their active support to customs that they must know operate to give an air of respectability to wine-drinking,—induce an appetite for stronger liquors,—drag back those that are struggling to escape the grasp of a terrible and fatal passion,—thwart the efforts of philanthropists and magistrates to suppress intemperance, and fearfully swell the army of inebriates that desolates wherever it moves, and perishes amid its own shame and the unutterable grief of ten thousand family circles. Prohibitory laws will do comparatively little while the evil is entrenched behind the customs of aristocratic circles, fostered in the freestone mansions of the Fifth Avenue, connived at by the religious public, and finds constant and effective allies in the beauty and fashion of the metropolis. It is time that the clerical temperance lecturers dealt plainly with their own church members, and Susan Anthony may very properly harangue young women on the subject of their moral duties instead of their political rights, and teach them how to respect a conscience before urging them to clamor for a ballot.

—MAKING THE BEST OF IT. Louis Napoleon's shrewdness does not forsake him, however his projects may miscarry, his prestige suffer, and his anxieties become a burden. Compelled to share his authority with his legislators, forced by opposition and the temper of the people to provide for the formation of a new and more liberal ministry, he says in his speech that he shares his power with others for their enrichment, without making himself at all poorer in prerogative, and that he is like a traveler carrying a load, who gladly lays down a part of it that he may walk with more speed and comfort over the rest of

the way. He has no lack of brain, and clearly as he loves power, and anxious as he is to share the adulation of France, yet he knows better than to fight the inevitable, and risk his throne by defying the popular protest and demand. The immediate fate of imperialism in that empire is not very obvious. The throne carries through its concessions, in spite of the impatience of many of the French people, and the growing influence of the liberal party. When Napoleon dies, the present regime may continue undisturbed, or there may be either a revolution like that of '48, or fresh demands and concessions that will liken the government of France to that of Great Britain. Imperialism is sure to end its days at the Tuilleries, and the world will shed few tears when its funeral is appointed.

—IS ENGLAND DECLINING? So say the papers. What is the proof? They point to waning military prestige. But there is a higher power than that, surer tokens of strength and vitality. To our mind, England is growing young, elastic, vital. She is accumulating moral prestige, making herself necessary to the world, through her ingenuity, industry, enterprise and thrift. She is passing through a revolution without bloodshed; is prompting all people to improvement by her example; developing the resources of earth with her wealth; grandly leading the old world to a higher and better emulation than that of death weapons and carnage. No, England is not old and decrepit; the vitality of Christian civilization is making her youthful and progressive, and promises her a more glorious history in the future than she has known in the past.

—"REGULAR BAPTISTS." Many delight in this term, implying that those who do not restrict the Lord's Supper to the "same faith and order," are irregular Baptists, or not Baptists at all. When Randall and his companions united with all Christians in celebrating the Lord's death, they were excluded from the Baptist family, called by "nick-names," and denied even the name of Baptist. Thus they excluded Copp, and Landon, and Sawtelle, and Beugless, and Kennedy, and many others, for the same cause. Yet the most ancient Baptists known in history were open communists. So were Bunyan, and Milton, and Hall, and Carson; and so are Spurgeon, and Noel, and Brock, and thousands of others. But we are shut out of the Baptist family so far as these "Regulars" can exclude us, and denied the privileges of a home in the church of Christ. Well, if they persist in being "Regular Baptists," we will be simply "Baptists" without the prefix.

—ARE THEY ALL KNAYES? The ready imputation of venality to our public men is notorious. Are they really as bad as represented? Or are these charges the outgrowth of envy, or the voice of a morbid relish for scandal? Undoubtedly a bad spirit prompts much that is said. Many of our public men are wicked and mean; but not all. Indeed there is a great improvement in their general worth of character. Intimate acquaintance with many of them for years, gives us confidence to assert that, as a class, they are fully equal to men in private life, in integrity, honor and generosity. Accuser and accused are not made better by this custom of indiscriminate accusation. It is well to be severe against crime, but slow to utter a word of slander.

—CHEAP BREED. Mr. Bennett, of New York, is asking Congress to enlarge the Erie Canal so as to pass vessels of six hundred tons. This would cheapen transportation from Chicago to Boston one half, and make a better market for the west and cheaper bread for the east, and make a better market for the manufacturer at the east and a cheaper fabric for the purchaser at the west. It will cost \$12,000,000 to do it, and it will save that sum to the people in three years.

—CHURCHES IN BROOKLYN. Since 1854 the Presbyterians have gained 10; the Baptists, 18; Congregationalists, 6; Dutch, Reformed, 3; Episcopalians, 7; Methodists, 30; Unitarians, 2. There are now, in all, 318 Protestant churches in the city.

—ANNEXATION. The citizens of British Columbia petition for union with the States. Sensible. If England consents, it will not on y be sensible, but noble, generous. The isolated position of the colonies is their ruin. They cannot surmount the difficulties which environ them. Nature is against them. The narrow strip of habitable country on our northern border can never make a nation. The people must always be poor and embarrassed. The necessities of Columbia pertain also to all the other colonies, though to a less degree. We desire their union with the States for their good. The States don't need them, but they need fellowship with the bulk of their kindred and friends on this continent. Hence, we hope that Columbia will come into the union, and that all the other colonies will soon follow, and grow rich and populous.

—NO REASON TO GRUMBLE. Of twenty-nine large manufacturing companies which pay dividends in Boston, all but six recently declared a semi-annual dividend of from five to twelve per cent. From ten to twenty-four per cent. income ought to satisfy men of ordinary cupidity. Iron makers in Pennsylvania and other states, have been doing even better than this. Where is the reason for grumbling, then?

—HOW THE COTTON WILL BE PICKED. Farmers can raise much more cotton per hand than they can pick. The great perplexity is to get pickers. Cheap and rapid means of travel solves the difficulty. The

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Poetry.

Watching the Snow.

Over the frozen marshes,
Over the meadows low,
Over the ridge of cedars,
Wavereth down the snow.

Over the naked bushes,
Where the roses used to blow,
Over the dead brown stubble,
Pitying, falls the snow.

Over the lonely hill-tops,
Where the wind-rack'd pine trees grow,
Over the ice-bound rivers,
Softly drifteth the snow.

Over the Silent City,
Where the dead lie still and low,
Over the mounds so lightly,
Tenderly falls the snow.

Ever floating and falling,
Wavering to and fro—
Noiselessly, softly, purely,
Cometh from God the snow.

Sendeth He not from Heaven
His love to me below—
Mercy, to hide my losses,
Falling like the snow?

Tender memory to soften
Pain that I used to know,
Tender comfort to soothe it,
Falling like the snow.

Quiet hopes for the future,
As the great years come and go—
Faith in a fairer morning,
Falling with the snow.

Love that shall fold and cherish,
Peace such as love may know,
Rest from all toil and longing,
Falling like the snow.

Rest from the dream of living,
Under a mound so low,
Sleep that no trumpet shall awaken,
Under the drifted snow.

—Sunday Times.

Three Companions.

We go on our walks together—
Baby, and Dog, and I—
Three merry companions,
Neath any sort of sky;
Blue, as her pretty eyes are,
Gray, like his dear old tail;
Be it windy, cloudy or stormy,
Our courage does never fail.

Sometimes the snow lies white
Under the hedges' black;
Then Baby cries, "Pretty, pretty!"
The only word she can speak;
Sometimes two streams of water
Rush down the muddy lane,
Then Dog leaps backwards and forwards,
Barking with might and main.

Baby's a little lady;
Dog is a gentleman brave;
I've had two legs, as you have,
He'd kneel for her like a slave.
As it is, he loves and protects her,
As dog and gentleman can,
I'd rather be a kind doggie,
I think, than a cruel man.

—Our Young Folks.

The Family Circle.

Tom.

HOW HE BECAME A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

There was a little fellow among the New England hills, years ago, as there are many now, whose parents were poor. He could not remember the time when he wore shoes and stockings in the summer. Sometimes in the winter, when he was obliged to walk three miles to school, and wade through snow-drifts that did not melt until the last of May, he did wear such as his father had rejected, and a pair of shoes that slipped up and down every step he took. Nevertheless, they were shoes and stockings; and he was infinitely prouder of them than any king living is of his crown.

One day, as Tom was plodding along with his slipshod shoes, "puffing" from exertion and blowing his blue fingers to keep them warm, there came dashing down the hill a sleigh such as the youngster had never seen before; no, indeed, nor even dreamed of. And the horse! Tom stopped blowing, so intense was his admiration of the elegant creature that came foaming and tossing its daintily-arched neck right and left.

Tom sprang aside at the very last moment, and as he sank up to his chin in the light snow, tore off his old cloth cap from his head, and hopped up and down as if he was in the presence of the President.

"Jump on behind, my lad," shouted the driver; "jump on behind." And Tom did jump on, at the peril of his life, and away they went, tearing along with great speed until over went the sleigh, and out went the riders and buffaloes, and things generally.

Tom sprang to the horse's head, and clinging to the bits, the tips of his great cowhide shoes touching the snow, asked if the gentleman was hurt.

"Not a bit of it, my lad," said he, shaking himself free of the snow, "only warmed up a little. What's the damage?"

"Nothing, sir, that I see," returned Tom, his handsome face glowing with good humor, as he yielded the horse to its owner.

"Well, then, my lad, get in, and we'll try again. You are going to school, I see," added the stranger, as he gathered up the reins.

"Yes, sir."

"How far?"

"Guess 'tis about two miles from here."

The gentleman turned and looked into his face, and then glanced all over Tom's figure, even to his feet.

"He sees my shoes," thought Tom, proudly to himself, giving his shoes a shove forward to make certain that they should be seen.

The gentleman did see them, and smiled in spite of himself, as he glanced back to Tom's face.

He then kindly pulled the warm furs around the boy, and pulling his cap over his eyes, shouted, "Go along, Nell!" and the chest-

nut mare, now thoroughly sobered, meekly commenced the ascent of what was known thereabouts as the Long Hill. She was evidently accustomed to having her own way, for she availed herself of every little hollow to rest, and did not allow herself to be pressed forward until the whip was applied.

Tom wondered what had possessed the creature a few minutes before. He scratched his head on the right side and then on the left; and finally, his Yankee curiosity getting the better of his diffidence, he ventured to ask:

"If you please, sir, what was it that made the mare run?"

"A stump," returned the gentleman, with a smile. "Nell is a little aristocratic, and shies at all such plebeian things. She does not know that a stump was the making of her master."

Tom scratched his head again, and wriggled all over. Then out came the question:

"How could a stump be the making of a man?"

"My lad," answered the stranger, marking the white surface of the snow gently with his whip-lash, "I was a poor boy, and my father could not afford to send me to school. We worked very hard, but I used to study evenings by the light of the fire, and learned the whole of the Latin grammar by the light of one pitch-knot."

For a moment Tom sat perfectly still. Then he asked, as if ashamed of his ignorance:

"Please, sir, what's a Latin grammar?"

This last question aroused the gentleman, and, becoming sensible that the little fellow at his side was thirsting for knowledge, he very kindly went over such parts of his history as he thought would be of interest to him, and ended by saying he was a member of Congress.

The last announcement almost took Tom's breath away. He had heard of the members of Congress, but he had an idea they were myths, whom nobody ever saw. Perhaps the awe with which Tom regarded him, as he glanced up sideways into his face, flattered the gentleman, for he said, smiling:

"You are just as likely to be a member of Congress as I. You know, in America, success is to the determined and brave. If you study as I did, you may possibly rise as high—yes, perhaps higher!"

"But I haven't any Latin grammar, sir," said Tom.

"No? Well, would you like one?"

"Yes, sir," cried Tom, with flashing eyes.

"Well, my lad, I shall come this way again, and I will leave one at the school-house for you."

"But I haven't any money."

"Never mind, you can pay me when you get to Congress."

"Thank you," said Tom; "I won't forget it, sir."

The gentleman looked down at him with a quizzical smile, and the two rode on in silence until they reached the school-house.

"Please don't forget the grammar," suggested Tom, as he lifted the old cap again.

"Not I," returned the gentleman; "a man who cannot keep a promise should never make one—hey, my lad?"

Nell tossed her head, and the boy soon lost sight of the rider. Then he looked down at his shoes, at his coat, and his old cap, as he hung it on the peg in the entry, and silently contrasted them all with the fur-trimmed overcoat and outfit of the stranger.

"Never mind," said Tom to himself, "I will have them all, too, when I am a member of Congress."

At the end of two weeks a bundle of books was left at the school-house. There was not only a Latin grammar, but a well-worn copy of Virgil, Esop's Fables, and sundry other volumes such as Tom never saw before.

Pine knots were plentiful where Tom lived, and he sat up until midnight all the rest of the winter, pondering over the mysteries of those books.

As luck would have it, the schoolmaster, who boarded around with his pupils, had not eaten the ration due him at Tom's father's. When he arrived, he entered warmly into the boy's ambitious projects, and as he had a smattering of Latin himself, was qualified to aid his pupil.

Although the schoolmaster was allowed the use of a tallow candle, he vastly preferred the more brilliant light of Tom's pitch-knot; so that, as often as the long winter evening set in, the master and pupil might be seen (and were seen) sitting before the large fireplace with their heads buried in the pages of the books, along which they plodded slowly, but to such purpose that at the end of the winter, Tom could read his fable and solve his problem in a manner very creditable to himself and master.

It was uphill work with poor Tom, but he never lost what he gained, and managed to make what little he accomplished tell on the future.

One day his father brought home a stranger, and told Tom that he was apprenticed during his minority to this man, who would make him a blacksmith.

"But I am not going to be a blacksmith," cried Tom, in a passion; "I'm going to Congress."

"The more need you should learn to shoe the horse that carries you there," replied the father, with a shrug.

Tom packed up his worldly goods, not forgetting his books, and trudged away to a distant village, where he pared horses' hoofs by day, and studied at night by stealth, for he was allowed neither knot nor candle.

Six months the poor fellow tried to be faithful to his duty; but one night when his master had thrown his grammar into the fire, and fattered him for disobedience, Tom took leave of the workshop. He made his way, barefooted as he was, over bogs and briars, until he ventured into the main road, and by begging a ride now and then, reached the city. As Ben Franklin had

done before him, with his roll under his arm, he sought and obtained employment.

Perhaps the happiest time of Tom's life was when he found himself in the antiquarian bookstore, with plenty of leisure, plenty of books, and nothing to fear from friend or foe. It was wonderful how he read and read. The parched earth does not more greedily take in the summer rain.

When his intellectual thirst was partially satisfied, he began to work. He saw the ladder up which he must climb, and seizing the lowest round, he made his way steadily upward. We all know by what steps an ambitious man makes progress, by patient toil, by self-denial, by courteous deportment, by the constant acquisition of knowledge.

Years passed by, during all of which Tom had looked in vain for his early friend, the stranger. In his timid awkwardness he had not thought to ask the name of his benefactor, and the only opportunity to do so had been lost.

Well, years slid away, and Tom was elected member of Congress from the very county where he spent his struggling boyhood. He went to Washington, not in cowhide shoes and butternut colored homespun, but dressed something as imagination had pictured, as he looked after his benefactor on the eventful day of the sleigh-ride.

A noble-looking man, the ladies in the galleries said, never had appeared upon the floor than this Yankee member, who, if he spoke through his nose, always drove his arrow home to the mark.

One day there appeared in the house the venerable form of an ex-member, whom all present delighted to honor. Needed but one glance at the genial face for Tom to recognize in him the giver of the Latin grammar. He had come, he said, to listen to the gentleman who had so manfully defended the right, and to wish him God-speed.

"If," said Tom, with his old modesty, "it has been my good fortune to do anything for our country in the hour of her peril, I owe my ability to do so in a great measure to yourself."

"To me!" echoed the astonished gentleman; "to me! I do not recollect ever having had the pleasure of meeting you before in my life."

"Ah, sir, have you forgotten, then, the little school-boy among the hills of New Hampshire, to whom you so kindly sold a Latin grammar?"

The gentleman mused.

"Sold a Latin grammar! Now that you recall the incident, I do recollect a little fellow who interested me, and to whom I gave some school-books."

"Well, sir, I am that boy. You told me that I might pay for them when I got to Congress. If you will honor me by meeting a few friends at dinner, I will settle the bill."

—Vermont Chronicle.

Bessie Barton's Test.

"I wish I knew just what to do about it," were the words that again and again fell from Dr. Barton's lips; for the matter to be decided was a weighty one.

Each time they were uttered, the soft, dark eyes of a young girl, who sat sewing near by, were lifted wistfully towards the gentleman, till at last he noticed the earnest expression, and asked: "What is it, Pussy? What do you think about it?"

"I should go by papa's rule," she replied, the crimson creeping into her fair cheek.

"And what may your papa's rule be, little Bessie?" asked her uncle.

"Never to do anything, or to say anything, or to go anywhere, when we cannot ask God's blessing to rest upon us. He says it saves a world of trouble, and is always a sure test."

Dr. Barton was a worldly man, who sometimes scoffed at the simple confidence of pious souls; but no such feeling tempted him now, and he silently kissing the fair forehead of his niece, he left the room.

Uttered in weakness as it was, Bessie's lesson of trust proved the "word fitly spoken;" and not many months passed before he, too, claimed this test as his rule in life's duties and trials.

When our journey through life seems a tangled pathway, have we as sure a rule to guide our weak steps? Not all the wisdom of philosophy can yield so perfect a test. Do nothing but what you can ask God's blessing to rest upon. What a safeguard against the wiles of the tempter, be the lure ever so seductive! What a beacon in the darkest hour of doubt! To feel that God will bless our efforts, is a stronger staff to uphold our trembling steps than the most powerful of earthly helpers.

"Nothing but what God will bless!" Write it on your heart; have it graven as a breast-plate; it will never fail you. "I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." So He has promised, and he never fails to fulfill.—Christian Treasury.

An Incident.

Walking up street, the other afternoon, we noticed hanging around a grocery door, where a large quantity of peaches were displayed, a ragged little urchin apparently eight or nine years old, whose eyes were fixed upon the luscious fruit with much the expression of a famishing cat in sight of a tempting piece of meat. After watching his movements for a few minutes, we accosted him:

"Do you like peaches, sonny?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you buy some?"

"Cos I ha'n't got any money."

"Why don't you ask your father for some?"

"Ha'n't got none."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, but she's sick, and she ha'n't got any money, either."

"Have you had any peaches this year?"

"No. I picked one up in the street last

week, a man throwed away. It was rotten but it was good."

"How many do you think you could eat if you had them?"

The eyes of the little gamin distended and he drew a long breath.

"I don't know," he said at last.

A quart was measured out.

"Now sit down on that doorstep and let us see what you can do."

No second invitation was needed. Never did a starving tiger in the jungles feast with more gusto and delight upon a fresh piece of missionary than that boy upon that quart of peaches. He fairly reveled in them. The juice oozed out of the corners of his mouth, it covered his face, it ran down like the ointment upon the beard of Aaron, "even to the skirts of his garments," and by some unknown process it got into his hair.

In fact, he was a peachy boy.

Novelists have a way of saying he or she did so and so "in less time than it took to write this." We might say the same in this case, for the boy's powers of deglutition were little short of miraculous.

"How do you feel now?" we anxiously inquired, as the last peach disappeared, and the last stone was carefully deposited in the pocket of his ragged trowsers.

"Pretty good; but I wish I ha'dn't eaten them all."

"Why?"

"So I could carry some home to my mother. She ha'n't had any this year. But I was so hungry, and they tasted so good I didn't think."

In all his hunger and dirt he had not forgotten that; and as he sped with rapid footsteps toward his home, tightly grasping the paper bag which contained his second quart, we thought with a pang of the hundreds of others in our city, with palates just as longing, but who "ha'n't got any money."

—Providence Journal.

"The Old Woman."

Once she was "Mother," and it was "Mother, I'm very hungry," "Mother, mend my jacket," and, "Mother put up my dinner," and "Mother," with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous little curly pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now, she is the "old woman," but she did not think then it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfixed in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he—honored of the world, and staff of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair.

She only knew how she loved the child, and felt that amid the mists of age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the mother's tender ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless. "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is "the old woman," wrinkled, gray, lame and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheeks! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, but in return for all this wealth of tenderness, has only given back reproach. Reader, are you guilty of like ingratitude?

Boys in Clover.

That must be a popular school—with the youngsters—which a correspondent of the N. Y. Post describes as located in a hill-girt Connecticut town. It makes one half wish to be back in boyhood again.

The moral tone of the school is its distinguished feature. Any one guilty of deceit or fraud is warned by his companions to report himself to the head-master; if he neglects to do so he is at once informed upon by his companions. Instead of its being considered mean to report a misdemeanor, it is here regarded as an offense against the whole boy community to permit a misdoer to go unpunished. The methods of punishment pursued at the school are entirely original, and generally arise on the spur of the moment. A little boy makes too much noise; he is ordered to take a horn to the village green, and to blow a blast at the four corners of the church; or he is sent a mile over the hill to the Moody barn; or he helps rake hay for half an hour in the fields, or cleans some bricks that are required for building. One day a boy stole some apples from a poor widow; he was sent the next day to pick up stones from her field as a punishment, but the widow's heart softened, and she made him come in to dinner, and stuffed him with good things and sent him home. A little boy was caught ducking a cat in the rain-water hoghead; up steps the teacher behind him, and, seizing him by the seat of his breeches and the nape of the neck, plunges him in after the cat to show him how it feels. Such things as bullying and fagging are not tolerated.

Those who are old enough have breech-loading rifles, and they are taught how to use them, as the master is one of the best shots in the country. The older boys learn all about the haunts of animals. They know the track of the woodchuck, the raccoon, the fox, and can tell the name of a bird from its song, its nest, or egg. They roam the forests on Saturday, and fish and hunt, and bathe in the mountain streams; some trusty big boy accompanies the smaller ones, and no party goes away without the knowledge of the teachers. All the boys

wear good stout woolen clothing, which necessarily meets with numerous rents and tears, but is kept in order by Aunt Betsey, whose needle and patch-work are in constant demand. Such a beehive, such exuberant spirits and shouts of happiness constantly bubbling up and running over as this school exhibits, it has never been my lot to witness before.

A soul conversant with virtue resembles a pure stream from a perpetual fountain; it is clear and gentle, and sweet and communicative; it enriches as it runs, and is harmless and innocent. Let the soul be virtuous and he will be happy.

Literary Review.

BIBLE ANIMALS: being a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the ape to the coral. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc., author of "Homes without Hands," etc. With one hundred new designs by W. F. Key, T. W. Wood, and E. A. Smith. Engraved by G. Pearson. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1870. Octavo. pp. 652.

The work of all the parties concerned in making this book has been done with ability, care and good taste. The paper, type, illustrations and binding are excellent, and the volume has both a beautiful and solid aspect. The author has availed himself of the results of much study in exegesis and Natural History which other men have brought out, and he has put a large amount of classified information into the number of articles which the book contains. It is, of course, impossible to know whether all the animals mentioned in Scripture by Hebrew names are really identified, but there are always strong reasons for accepting the views which Mr. Wood adopts. He finds, as most commentators do, Job's description of behemoth and leviathan applicable to the hippopotamus and crocodile respectively, and the unicorn he regards, not as the rhinoceros, but as an extinct animal known among paleontologists as the *Urus*. His accounts are in themselves interesting, and they throw a little light upon many passages of Scripture, and invest metaphors and allusions with fresh and higher meaning. The volume belongs both to the ornamental and useful classes, and will be very acceptable as an addition to the center-table of the Christian family and to the library of the biblical student.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. By Henry Carrington Alexander. In two volumes. Octavo. pp. 921. Same Publishers, etc. 1870.

The eminence of Dr. Alexander as a scholar, teacher and preacher, his rare worth as a man and a Christian, his geniality as a friend, the large circle of acquaintance which he had among the best men of the Christian church, his rank as an author in the department of biblical exegesis, the esteem in which he was held by a great number of clergymen who had sat before him as students in the class-room or been thrilled by his lectures, as well as the fact that this biography has been prepared by one of the ablest of our countrymen, and that we have a memoir covering nearly one thousand pages, when it might have been made more valuable to the general reading public by compressing it into half the space. And yet we do not at all intend to intimate that there is anything uninteresting in all this material, nor that the subject did not deserve all the deference accorded to him by the biographer, nor that he has put down anything for which some reader will not be grateful, nor that he has not probably omitted much matter that seemed well worthy of a place in this record.

But the biographer writes for the public, and it is his duty to be brief and practical, and that asks for the facts in the best form, and without any needless verbiage or detention over details. This demand, which is just and general, the biographer has not very fully met. But he has given us a brace of volumes that are full of interest; the character of the subject is well and adequately set forth, the life that is portrayed richly deserves study and will be found full of stimulus for both mind and heart, and nearly every page is fragrant with the influence emanating from a spirit that sets forth the nobleness of a true man and magnifies the grace of God. The printer has hardly done the author or the publishers justice.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. From the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M. A., Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. Same Publishers. 1870. 12mo. pp. 480, 508.

This cheap and popular edition of Froude is an admirable one. There is nothing slovenly or poverty-struck about its appearance. A letter-press that would have been especially noticeable for its excellence ten years ago, and a binding which is really attractive, hold a place of historical writing that puts Mr. Froude among the very foremost of the brilliant authors in this department. These two volumes give promise of the events that sprang from or aided to carry forward that somewhat singular and many-sided movement known as the Reformation in England; and the fourth closes with an account of the death of that royal puritan and polygamist, Henry VIII., and a brief but fair critical estimate of his character and work. These volumes of history are too valuable and peculiar to be omitted from any library that aims at the possession of anything like an adequate collection of the English historians.

THE HOLY GRAIL, and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 12mo. pp. 202. Sold by E. J. Lane.

This new product of Mr. Tennyson's muse has been eagerly waited for, and its coming will reward delay and fulfill expectation. It is in precisely the same vein as his "Idylls of the King"; indeed, it is proper to regard it as a part of that admirable metrical romance, that has been devoted to the earlier installments so as to preserve the unity and afford completeness. There is no falling off in Mr. Tennyson's poetic vigor, or subtlety, or fineness of conception; and his verse gains in melody and mastery as his powers mature, as the cool judgment allies itself with the strong imagination, and the clear simplicity of style brings out the definite proportions of his thought. These floating legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table have been forth kept them among the most suggestive and fascinating of all the legends left us by the writers who speak from out the twilight of English history; and few discreet hands will venture to touch the themes which the great poet has handled with such exquisite art.

The Holy Grail is the name given to the cup that Christ used at the last Supper, which, as the legend has it, was brought by Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury, working a cure for all the diseased who touched it; but when sin had come to abound, it was caught away to heaven, and only the purest saintship and the bravest knightly virtue could gain a view of it. These idylls relate how the Knights of Arthur went in quest of it, as well as deal with the genealogical, epic and death of the King, with various episodes that are full of interest. Nothing but extended quotations would set forth the high poetic qualities of the work, and we prefer to

send our readers to the volume itself, as the only method of serving them truly or of enabling them to do justice to the author. A few better poems aid in filling the volume, and which readers will be glad to get. Three editions are issued—one sells for \$1.00, one for 25 cts., and the third for 10 cts. It is a rare purchase when bought for a dime.

TING-A-LING. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by E. B. Bessell. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870. Octavo. pp. 187. Sold by E. J. Lane.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES FOR CHILDREN; or, Songs for the Nursery. With Notes, Music, and an Account of the Goose or Vergoose Family. With Illustrations by Henry L. Stephens and Gaston Fox. Same Publishers, etc. 1869. Large quarto. pp. 186.

We hardly know what we should have done at that poetic and credulous and appreciative period of life, when fairy stories were like the opening of the gates of a more glorious world, and Mother Goose's Melodies, even when doled out in small-bits and in doubtful versions, really seemed the most wonderful of poetry, to which Isaac Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs" bore no sort of comparison,—we say we do not know what spasms of enthusiasm and prolonged fits of delight we should have gone into, if such a fairy tale as Ting-a-Ling, or such a magnificent edition of Mother Goose as this had been hatched to our stocking on a holiday morning. We are sure we would have given the Bodleian library in exchange for the treasure and braggard over the trade, and should have cared little for the burning of the famous Alexandrian collection, if such a Phoenix as this Mother Goose might have sprung from the ashes. Suffice it to say of these volumes, that they are put up in a style of sumptuous beauty that will almost excite wonder in those who well know the enterprise of this publishing house, and who have frequently admired the best products of the Riverside Press.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

The Magazines increase in number beyond the necessities of the public,—beyond the probability of a support also; and so some of them will probably run a brief, and it may not be a very brilliant, career. The law of supply and demand will operate right along, here

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Beecher on Stanton.

Take it all in all, this portrait of Edwin M. Stanton, given us by Mr. Beecher, is the best that has yet appeared. Happy is the man who is exhibited by such a limner. Happy is the painter who finds such a man to portray. Twice happy is the nation that counts both subject and artist among its possessions. We copy from the *Christian Union*:

It is not too much to say, that from the hour Mr. Stanton put his shoulder under the burden of the war, the country had a master. It is not too much to say, that the country would never have had a Lincoln, if Mr. Lincoln had not had a Stanton. He gave to his superior the needed qualities. Mr. Lincoln was for the time like a staunch ship driven before the gale. But Stanton's influence developed in the President that wisdom, which, alone, he had not the power, under the terrible blasts of war, to unfurl and hold to its place.

In comparing Mr. Stanton with his contemporaries, we shall find in others a judgment as sound as his; a reason, both perceptive and reflective, as quick and as piercing; a personal integrity as unimpaired; but there is none that will compare with him in the forward action of all his faculties, and the plunging force of his will. Though he was familiar with history, and though his large experience in legal affairs had stored his mind with precedents, he did not, miser-like, linger in the knowledge of the past, counting it over and over. He had sagacity, foresight, an aptitude for seeing things yet to be, as if they were realities. His thoughts lived far along beyond other men's. Such benefit did he derive in practical affairs from an active imagination.

But, above all, his force, or it may better be said, his genius, was to be found in his extraordinary will. It was a versatile, fruitful and abundant will, which gave intensity to his conviction, steadfastness to his purposes, and overwhelming power to the execution of his plans. Mr. Lincoln too had strength of will, but it acted only in the line of firmness. It kindled no other man's will. It spent itself within him. Mr. Stanton's was a propulsive will. It drove other men forward. It seized all the organs of government and legislation had dug, with an irresistible stream. It was what steam is to the ocean boat, or what the trade winds are to ships of war.

His nature was large enough to enable him to comprehend the whole sphere of the gigantic war, and his will was capacious and energetic enough to make his influence felt throughout its bounds. He had no military training, nor did he evince the native qualities of a great General. There is little that would have given him eminence, in either his plans of campaign or suggestions of strategy. It was in his administration of the Government, in his selection of men, in the impulse which he gave to them, in the organization which he imparted to the whole machine of war, that we are to find his distinguishing excellences.

In the subtle task he almost gave up his identity, and mingled himself with the cause which he served. Or, it may be more properly said, that he took up the whole cause of liberty and union into his proper personality, and made the country a part of himself. Wrong done to the country was wrong done to him. He was defeated in defeat, and he was victorious in the nation's victories. While it lasted he had no other life than the life of the war. There was to him no world but that of shadows, outside of the struggle for national life and unity. His own fate, his fame, his property, his happiness, were trifles. The one great passion of his life, which took into itself the fire and force of his whole nature, was the crushing of the rebellion, and the reinstating of the Government! Mercenary men, that in the country's distress hung about the Government for personal gain, he hated with a fervent hatred. Mousing and plotting politicians were like loathsome vermin to him. Whoever would honestly and heartily serve the country, him he would serve with all his heart. Whoever, in the great day of his distress, would seek to fleece the country for his own private interest, he abhorred with a scorn that burnt like fire. Filippant politicians, pretentious martinet, corrupt public men, venal scribblers, and the whole tribe of aces and peacocks, he ground beneath his feet with merciless fury. When, at a safe distance they chattered and vindictively assailed his honor, he let them snarl, caring no more for them than does a housewife for the flies which she has once brushed out of her room. Avarice, bawled, and wounded vanity, make desperate enemies. Even now, in the hour of death, there may be seen some loathsome creatures standing in the door of his sepulchre, growling for his corpse.

Mr. Stanton seldom spoke of himself and never vaunted his services. But none knew so well as Mr. Lincoln how often he saved the country at those decisive points which came so frequently in the two last years of conflict. To Mr. Stanton we owe it, in all likelihood, that the Confederate armies did not, after Rosecrans' defeat at Chickamauga, do by the great Northwest what afterwards Sherman did by the Southeast.

Mr. Lincoln's advisers urged him to withdraw the army from East Tennessee, and to fall back upon Nashville. He requested Mr. Stanton to give the orders for such a movement. Stanton protested. Mr. Lincoln came to the War Department with an earnest general, to reason the matter.

"We cannot hold the ground, Mr. Stanton."

"Mr. President, it must be held."

"It is impossible; we can't reinforce the army. It can't be done."

"It can be done, Mr. President. It must be done. It shall be done."

So far from yielding to evil counsel, Mr. Stanton prevailed, and instantly there flamed over every wire an order for forwarding men to the critical point. Hooker and his army corps were taken up from the Potomac bodily, tent, saddle and wagon, and flung across the mountains, by rail, fifteen hundred miles in seven days! Never before was so large an army moved so far in so short a time.

The secret history of the Administration teems with like instances of his sagacity, and of his victorious will. When the latter-day victories gave token that the war was spent and the day of peace near at hand, Mr. Stanton foresaw sooner than any other adviser of Mr. Lincoln, the dangers which might arise from the military power which had assumed such gigantic proportions. It was largely by his sagacity and fidelity that Mr. Lincoln's easy good nature was saved from serious error. He administered the transition from war to peace with a will as resolute, a wisdom as patriotic, as that which had served the country through the war.

When Mr. Lincoln, at the height of his fame, was slain by an assassin, and Mr. Seward lay as one dead, and strong men were appalled, not for an hour was the Gov-

ernment paralyzed. Mr. Stanton, always strong, was now both calm and strong. Nothing quivered. The reins fell into his hands, and the chariot did not leave the road, even for a moment. Europe saw the great head of the Government fall, and after one night, his successor installed, and the mighty machine moving on without a jar.

This great man of war, carried in his bosom the tenderness of a woman's heart. He was never so busy that he could not listen to the lowly. He put by Senators and made Generals wait while some unbidden mother told her tale; and many hundreds there are who daily bless the name of Mr. Stanton. We have seen in our day many men of station and of fame, but among them all not one with a nature so gentle, a heart so loving, a friendship so generous and so magnanimous, as that of Edwin M. Stanton. If he committed errors in his impetuosity, no man in his leisure was more capable of atoning for them. A hundred times he has said to subordinates and inferiors, "Forgive me—I was wrong."

A noble heart, untainted with pride or vanity; a disinterested patriot, who sacrificed both property and life for his country; a royal soul, that in a stormy and dangerous time rose to the height of power, wielded for the salvation of his Government, and then laid it down unimpaired, augmented, with more alacrity than he showed in taking it—he has given to manhood a new luster, and to history another name that shall not die.

Dr. Livingstone in Africa.

It is now certain that the celebrated African Explorer, Dr. Livingstone, is alive. A letter from him dated Ujiji, May 13th, 1869, has just reached England, in which he says:

From what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose River Rhapsa is probably the Rovuma. Awaré that others have been mistaken, and laying no claims to infallibility, I do not yet speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and northwest of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation; but, if your Lordship will read the following short sketch of my discoveries, you will perceive that the springs of the Nile have hitherto been searched for very much too far to the north. They rise about 400 miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Nyanza, and, indeed, south of all the lakes except Bangweulu.

On the northern slope of the upland, and on the 2d of April, 1867, I discovered Lake Liamba. It lies in a hollow with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the West Coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liamba, and a number of brooks (sooties trout burns) from 12 to 15 feet broad, leap down the steep, bright red clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades that made the dulled of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams—the Lofu—fifty miles from its confluence, and found it at a ford 294 feet, say 100 yards broad, thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hardened sandstone flag in September. The last rain had fallen on the 12th of May.

To give an idea of the inundation which, in a small way, enacts the part of the Nile lower down, I had to cross two rivulets which flow into the north end of the Moero; one was thirty and the other forty yards broad, crossed by bridges; one had a quarter of a mile of the other half mile of flood on each side. Moreover, on the Luo, had covered a plain abreast of Moero, so that the water, on a great part, reached from the knees to the upper part of the chest. The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path which, in places, the feet of the passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we, every now and then, plunged and fell, over the ankles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and bursting emitted a frightful odor. We had four hours of this wading and plunging. The last mile was the worst, and right glad we were to get out of it and bathe in the clear, tepid waters and sandy beach of Moero. In going up the bank of the lake we first of all forded four torrents, thigh deep; then a river, eighty yards wide and three hundred yards of flood on its west bank, so deep we had to keep to the canoes till within fifty yards of the higher ground; then four brooks from five to fifteen yards broad.

A Russian Wife Market.

Sitting up all night with a couple of Russian ladies might or might not suggest the idea of telling you something of the marriage customs of this strange country. A French writer, whose name I forget, has truly said, "The Russians are a nation of polite savages," a remark that is very apt, but it helps us toward a proper understanding of the social condition of the people. The rich are very rich, the poor are very poor. The nobles are courtly, polite, and as refined in manners as those of the same class in Germany; but the serfs, or those who belonged to the nobles with the soil before the emancipation are rude and not half civilized. Almost as soon as a girl is born in the better ranks of society her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband. For this is indispensable in the eyes of any Russian young gentleman who proposes to be married. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. I have heard of a lady of rank and wealth, who had prepared a costly dowry of silks, linen, jewels, plate, etc., for her beloved daughter, who died as she came to be twenty years old. The mother resolved to endow six girls with these riches, and actually advertised for them. A host of applicants came, and she selected six. None of them had lovers. But now that they had a respectable dowry secured, each girl was speedily engaged, and with the husband took the dowry, and paid the rich lady by promising to pray for the repose of her daughter's soul. In no country is this arrangement of terms carried on with more caution and completeness than in Russia.

The young man goes to the house of his proposed bride and counts over her dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees the whole of his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high

life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy, but the facts are ascertained with accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or notary. The trousseau is exposed in public before the wedding day.

At Whitsunday there is a curious custom, which is gradually giving way with the advance of civilization. The young people of a neighborhood come together, and the girls stand in a row, like so many statues, draped, indeed, and not only draped, but dressed in their best, and, painted too; for the young ladies, and the older ones also, of this country use cosmetics freely, and a box of lady's paint is a very common present for a young man to make the girl he likes. Behind the row of girls are their mothers. The young men having made known their choice, the terms are settled between the parents of the parties. The ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the maternal eye until given up to their husbands, and then they take their own course, which is a round of gayety and dissipation, only regulated by their means of indulgence. The Greek Church, like the Roman, permits no divorce; but the Emperor, like the Pope, can grant special dispensations. The Greek priest must marry once, and if his wife dies he cannot marry again.

Gough's Collector.

On one occasion I had an appointment in a small town, in Massachusetts, and, accompanied by a friend, I rode seven miles, and arrived at the church as the people were assembling. Not knowing any one, I approached a plain looking man, and asked if there was to be a lecture there.

"Yaas."

"Who is the lecturer?"

"Gough."

"Can you tell me where I can find the President of the Society?"

"I expect I am the President."

"What Mr. name is Gough?"

"Waal, he's most time to go in."

So we went, and I sat in a pew till he came to me, and said, "You'd better go in the door."

"Is there any one here to offer prayer?"

I asked.

"No; the minister's away."

"Is there no deacon?"

"I expect I'm a deacon."

"Can't you pray?"

"No; I don't speak in meeting."

As I passed into the desk, he stood below, and announced, "Mr. Gough is in the desk, and is going to lecture."

I lectured as well as I was able, and had no sooner taken my seat than I heard from below: "We'll now proceed to take up a collection for the benefit of the lecturer."

As no one seemed to move, he passed round with his hat, while the people were going out, and dumping the contents on the table in front of the pulpit, and shaking the lining of his hat, said: "There! that's all for you, and we shan't take nothing out for light."

The amount did not exceed a dollar and a half, principally in cents; some of them the tokens that were then in vogue, and passing as current coin, stamped on one side with a jackass running away with the sub-treasury.

I said, "I don't want it."

"Why, there's a lot of it."

"I don't want it."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Waal, then, I'll take it."

And sweeping the coin into his hat, and holding it before him, he dipped his head into it, exclaiming, "Waal, I guess I can carry it."

I said "You've got more cents in your hat than usual."

"Waal, yes; I don't generally carry cents in my hat."

"But some of it is jackass cents."

"Waal, yes; I see there was some bung-tuns in the heap."

And without another word he marched off, leaving me to laugh, which I did most heartily.—*Gough's Autobiography.*

The Human Face.

"A wise man can read most of your past history in your countenance. Only think of it! Here it is, a little patch of white surface, nine inches long and six wide, and yet the whole possibility of human feeling and purpose resides in it. There is the brow, sometimes clear and upright, reflecting back heaven's blue gaze, sometimes lowering and clouded with conscious unrest. There is the cheek, sometimes tinged and glowing with pleasure, sometimes blanched with indignation. There is the eye, that chiefest tell-tale of human feelings veiled with softness and pity, sometimes mirrored with incarnate goodness, then kindled with fires of passion, or sharpened like a dagger, with hate and malice. There is every line and feature clothed with moral expression. A man's face is the front of his house. One, in looking at it, is sure to see the kind of inhabitants he keeps within. At the doors and windows the inmates show themselves, both angels and demons. No concealment can keep them long out of sight. There are faces that dominate and faces that devour—faces that magnetize and faces that repel. Some are sinister, some truthful, some pleading, some frowning, some full of faith, others of doubt and melancholy; some on which peace lights like a holy dove, and others scarred and froward with the unsteady sea, with the storms of passion. Man's face is the bulletin board of his heart and his life. O, it is a very glory to watch this human face—this dial-plate of the soul—when men meet to grasp hands and interchange thoughts! Not grander is the ever-varying beauty of the landscape, with its lights and shades, its hills and fields, its mountains and rivers, than are the sublime movements of the soul on the face of a man—movings that are now joyous, now afflicted, now softened, now impassioned, now struggling to conceal a pang or conceal a rapture. 'Tis a silent, orchestra, thrilling in undertone with the richest, and fullest, and saddest music of the human life.

Of all the expressions possible to the countenance we think the most significant and distinctive is laughter. Laughter can mean pleasure, or mockery, or applause, or sorrow, or triumph, or despair. It expresses what the speech can not. It is the flower that blooms on the dry, hard stem of our social talk. Dull were the life in which there was no laughter, and as bad, too, if they do 'tis a laugh that searches and sears the soul to the quick. But with men 'tis the childish romps of the spirit within, the riotous outbreak of pleasure, delight and sympathy.—*Rev. J. F. McClelland.*

Base all your actions upon a principle of right, preserve your integrity of character, and, doing this, never reckon the cost.

Pluck.

Mr. Emerson says:

If your city young men miscarry their first enterprise, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterward in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New-York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining all the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams, farms, fells, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a paper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on its feet, is worth a dozen of these city dolls. He walks abroad with his days, and feels no shame in not 'studying a profession'; for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances.

Cheerful People.

God bless the cheerful person!—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely! Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature; what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the way-side. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them, we love the glance of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh, so quickly! amid the densest crowd, and, passing by the knotted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a comely little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

Ruins in China.

The ruins which have been discovered in Cambodia, Cochinchina, says the *Revue Coloniale et Maritime*, proves that the inhabitants must at one time have been as highly civilized as they are now debased. Remains of sculpture have been discovered rivaling those produced in Greece in its best days. Well-built bridges have been discovered in many parts, and the expedition conducted by M. de Lagree found remains of the same and other constructions as far as the fifteenth degree of north latitude. So extensive and numerous are these remains that they are considered to prove beyond dispute that at the time when they were built the country must have been densely populated by people rich and prosperous to a very high degree; indeed, there is positive evidence of the fact in the writings of a Chinese traveller, who speaks with warm admiration of the lavish manner in which gold was employed in the decorations of their monuments.

Life in the Sea.

The life of all fishes is one of perpetual warfare, and the only law that pervades the great world of waters is that of the strongest, the swiftest and most voracious. The carnage of the sea immeasurably exceeds even that which is permitted to perplex our reason on earth. We know, however, that without it, the population of the sea would soon become so immense, that, as it is, it would not suffice for its multitudinous inhabitants. Few fishes, probably, die of natural death, and some seem to have been created solely to devour others. There is probably none which does not feed on some other species, or on its own. Many of the monsters that roam the watery plains are provided with maws, capable of engulfing thousands of their kind a day. A hogshead of herrings have been taken out of the belly of a whale. A shark probably destroys tens of thousands in a year. Fifteen full sized herrings have been found in the stomach of a cod. Sea-birds are scarcely less destructive to fish than fish are to each other. The solan-goose can swallow at a digest at least six full-sized herrings per day. It has been calculated that the island of St. Kilda, assuming it to be inhabited by two hundred thousand of these birds, feeding for seven months in the year, and with an allowance of five herrings each per day, the number of fish for the summer subsistence of this single species of bird cannot be under two hundred and fourteen millions. Compared with the enormous consumption of fish by birds and each other, the draughts made upon the population of the sea by man, with all his ingenious fishing devices, seem to dwindle into absolute insignificance.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Obituaries.

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

MARY A. wife of Geo. H. Twombly, died in this city, Dec. 28th, aged 27 years. COM.

MARY, wife of Caleb Atwood, died in Salisbury, N. H., November 5th, aged 62 years. After much suffering she has gone to rest. N. MORRISON.

MARY R. G., wife of M. B. Spinyer, of Georgetown, Me., died in Sidney, Me., at the residence of her father, T. J. Grant, Dec. 20, aged 31 years. Sister S. professed religion when but 13 years of age, was baptized by Rev. D. B. Lewis, and united with the F. W. B. church in Sidney. She had not enjoyed good health for a number of years, as she fell a victim to that lingering disease, consumption, which she bore with remarkable fortitude and resignation. Never have I seen a more perfect reconciliation to the will of God, than she manifested. She longed for the better land, as by faith she saw it, and rejoiced in hope. She was sensible to the last, and as she approached the heavenly shore, she said, "I have no fears; Jesus is with me." She made all the arrangements for her funeral, then said, "My work is all done." After taking her last breath, she said to a brother and sister, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus. COM.

CALEB HUNTER died of heart disease, in Otisfield, Dec. 13, 1869, aged 81 years. The subject of this notice professed faith in Christ some fifty years ago, and joined the F. W. B. church, and ever lived an humble Christian life. He was a man of few words in public, but loved the house of God and the gospel of Christ, and gave God's dear ministers his hearty support. It might be said of him, as was said of one of old, "But my servant Caleb, because he hath another spirit with him, and hath followed me fully, I will bring him into the land whither I went, and he shall possess it." He leaves a wife and children to mourn their loss. JOHN FINKHAM.

SOPHRONIA A. FRENCH died in Danville, aged 30. She gave herself to Christ in the morning of life, and united with the church while Rev. M. Cole was pastor. Wisdom's ways to her were pleasantness, and her paths, peace.—Many

excellences endeared her to the church and to friends. Enemies she had none. We trust she was prepared for death. COM.

MRS. HANNAH NOYES died in Berlin, Vt., Dec. 4, 1869, near the age of 75 years. Together with her husband, who was once a preacher of the gospel, she removed from N. H. to Vt. 61 years ago. She embraced the religion of Christ when a young woman, united with the church and lived a Christian more than 70 years. She was a devoted and faithful, her piety was constant, the Bible her chief book and religion her theme. Friends can but rejoice at her happy exchange. S. W. COWELL.

SARAH FRANCES, only daughter of Capt. William Storor, died in Wells, Me., Dec. 19, of consumption, aged 25 years. By her amiable character and gentle manners she had endeared herself to a large circle of friends. Those who mourn are comforted by the assurance that she fell asleep in Jesus, and is now among the number of those whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. S. C. K.

LAVINIA S., wife of H. B. Wilcox, of Manchester, died of congestion of the brain, Nov. 21st, after a brief illness of two weeks. She died trusting in Christ.

NANCY S., wife of Thos. E. Cressney of Manchester, died of typhoid and lung fever, Dec. 4th, aged 64 years. In early life she embraced the Saviour under the labors of Rev. D. P. Gilley, and by him was baptized. Removing to Manchester she united with the 1st Free Will Baptist church there recently formed. Her life was a standing evidence of the reality of religion. Her last illness was short and exceedingly painful, but she endured submissively to the last, and died in triumph. Services by the writer. N. L. ROWELL.

J. D. ALMA died of neuralgia in the stomach, in Jerusalem, N. Y., Aug. 5, aged 78 years. He was converted in 1842, in a meeting held by Father and Mother, and also baptized by him, and joined the 1st Porter church, of which he was a faithful and worthy member until his death. He was remarkably even in his temper and Christian walks; always at his post, earnestly laboring to help forward every good cause. He was universally respected and beloved. In his death his family has lost a worthy father, his wife an affectionate and true husband, and the church a faithful member. L. B. STARR.

THORPRAH WIGGIN died in Amherst, July 3, 1869, aged 61 years. She sought Christ while young, and was baptized by Rev. J. Rowe. Her life was ever a bright light directing the sinner to the Lamb of God. But during her latter years she was afflicted with the image of Jesus very reflected with increasing brightness, affording a lasting consolation to mourning relatives. H. S. K.

JAMES H., son of Jason and Hannah Geofrey, died of consumption, in Candia, Dec. 2, aged 21 years. From early childhood, he was remarkable for strict integrity, love to parents, and a well ordered life. No report attaches itself to his memory. He loved his meeting, accompanied his parents to the house of God on the Sabbath, and was a member of the Sab. school up to his last sickness. Although he had lived a prayerful life for the past four years, it was not until a few weeks prior to his exit that he gave decided evidence of a change of heart. This change he openly avowed, was very happy, and longed to depart to be with his dear Saviour. He left many sayings which his friends have treasured up, and which will serve as a precious legacy to their memory until they are called to follow him. His end was peace. A. C.

DEACON ROBERT YORK died in Allegan, Mich., Sept. 26, aged 72 years. Deacon York was an honored member of the Free Will Baptist church. At the age of 28 he gave his heart to God, and for 45 years was a most exemplary Christian. He was a firm supporter of all the institutions connected with the gospel. His house was a home for the servants of God. His last sickness was severe, yet no murmur escaped his lips. He died in hope of a blissful immortality where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. He leaves a wife, children and grandchildren, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances who deeply mourn their loss. H. L. BARCLAY.

MRS. SUSAN FLORIDA died of consumption at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 29, aged 31 years. During the sickness of several years she was always cheerful and uncomplaining. Her life was one of consistent devotion to the service of Christ, and as she drew near the end of her earthly journey, she was a resident of this place, and had attracted to herself a circle of sincere friends. Of her it may be truly said—"none knew her but to love her," and those who knew her best, loved her most. In the church, the Sabbath school, and the prayer-meeting her loss will be greatly felt, but nowhere will she be missed more than in the family circle, of which she was the light and joy. G. C. W.

MRS. LYDIA M. O'DONNELL, wife of Hon. John O'Donnell, died at her home, Lowellville, Dec. 5th, aged 42 years. Sister O'Donnell became a Christian when about fifteen years of age, and was a member of the Presbyterian church until the organization of the Free Will Baptist church in this place, of which she was one of the first members. Her life was a continuous testimony to the excellency of the Christian religion. She was zealous in good works, fervent in spirit and faithful in the discharge of duty. Her attachment to the church and all its enterprises was strong, and her devotion to its interest untiring. She had been for many years a resident of this place, and had attracted to herself a circle of sincere friends. Of her it may be truly said—"none knew her but to love her," and those who knew her best, loved her most. In the church, the Sabbath school, and the prayer-meeting her loss will be greatly felt, but nowhere will she be missed more than in the family circle, of which she was the light and joy. G. C. W.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Fifth Annual Course of Lectures, in the Medical School of Maine, will commence February 1st, 1870, and continue six weeks. Circulars containing full information may be had on applying to the Secretary.

C. F. BRACKETT, M. D., Sec'y, Brunswick, Maine. Jan. 1870.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

What the Doctors say! AMOS DOOLLEY, M. D., of Koscusko County, Indiana, says: "For three years past I have used ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM extensively, in my practice, and I am satisfied there is no better medicine for lung diseases in use."

ISAACIA DORAN, M. D., of Logan County, Ohio, says: "ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM not only cures rapidly but gives perfect satisfaction in every case within my knowledge. Having confidence in it and knowing that it possesses valuable medicinal properties, I freely use it in my daily practice and with unbounded success. As an expectorant it is most certainly far ahead of any preparation I have ever yet known." NATHANIEL HARRIS, M. D., of Middlebury, Vermont, says: "I have no doubt it will soon become a classical remedial agent for the cure of all diseases of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and all other affections of the Lungs. Physicians do not recommend a medicine which has no merits, what they say about

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A HUMBBUG.

News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Over 35,000 emigrants passed through Columbus, Ohio, during 1869.

The colored people generally celebrated the anniversary of the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

There is a strong feeling in Congress in favor of modifying the income tax.

The Democrats of Urbana, Ohio, are running a negro for State Senator.

President Grant has intimated that strict neutrality shall be observed by the Administration in regard to the Red River rebellion.

The strike of the operators employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company has extended to all sections of the country.

The Choctaws protest that the collection of internal revenue in their reservation is a violation of treaty stipulations.

The Hon. James G. Blaine has been chosen chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Maine for the current year, the twelfth of his service in that position.

In consequence of the admission of a mulatto girl, several white children have been withdrawn from a Washington public school.

The shipments of bullion from San Francisco in 1869 were \$31,000,000.

The English language is to be universally adopted by telegraph companies.

Silver is slowly getting into circulation in the western cities.

Forty-two persons were murdered in New York in 1869.

A Washington special says that all statements to the effect that a majority of the Reconstruction Committee are willing to report a bill for the immediate admission of Virginia are incorrect. There are but five members of the Committee in favor of such action, while eight insist upon conditions.

The statement of the public debt shows a reduction of \$4,812,781.92 during last month, and a total reduction since March, 1869, of \$76,716,306.70.

The special committee of the Congressional House of Representatives on the decline of American shipping will make their report in about three weeks.

Secretary Belknap has issued an order, by direction of the President, which virtually places Georgia back under martial law, as she was before the commencement of reconstruction.

When Congress reassembles, a Western Representative will introduce a new census bill, in which a section will provide that in no state shall the number of Representatives be diminished in the Forty-second Congress. It is hoped by this concession that the new apportionment can be applied to the next Congress.

The steamship Anna, which it was reported had sailed from New York loaded with arms and filibusters for the Cuban revolutionists, has put into Charleston, S. C., in distress, and, on complaint of the Spanish minister, has been seized and detained by the United States authorities.

Some startling developments illustrating the rottenness of Andrew Johnson's administration are anticipated soon. His revenue officials in N. Y. are reported to be short on the credit side of their balance sheet.

Various lines of steamboats on the Hudson river are resuming regular trips.

A treaty for the annexation of St. Domingo to the United States has been made and will be sent to the Senate by the President this week. The stipulated conditions are given in our despatches.

Our despatches from France indicate that M. Olivier's administration is making rapid progress in the work of revolutionizing the government. Several important reforms have already been initiated and more are promised.

FOREIGN.

The railroads in Spain have been blocked with snow for four days.

Four prominent English magazines are edited by women.

The United States Vice-Consul at Glasgow has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for forgery.

Portugal and Great Britain having claimed the Island of Bolamo, on the coast of Africa, President Grant has been chosen umpire to settle the matter.

Minister Bassett has visited Cape Haytien to effect the release of President Salnave's family.

It is said that M. Olivier's administration will pursue the policy approved by the party known as the Right Center.

News from South America via Portugal is to the effect that the war in Paraguay is at an end, Lopez having been driven into Bolivia.

Ireland has experienced a fearful gale. Ten persons were killed in Limerick.

Panama papers of Dec. 21st say the Central American republics were quiet. Valparaiso was visited by a destructive fire on the 19th of November. The archives of the British Consulate were among the property burned. There was much agitation in Chili on account of the forthcoming elections for the constituent Assembly. There was no apprehension of a disturbance of the public tranquillity.

The condition of Spanish political affairs is yet critical. It is now proposed to make somebody dictator for four months. Serrano has been twice shot at without receiving harm. The report from this country of the termination of the Cuban insurrection produced great sensation.

The second public meeting of the Ecumenical Council took place Thursday. The Pope was present, but the ceremonies were not specially imposing. The correspondent of the London Times reports that the Pope will assert his infallibility by a decree not subject to ratification of the Council.

That Napoleon's surrender of absolute power is bona fide, is made pretty clear by the fact that the new administration has compelled the retirement of Baron Hausmann, notwithstanding the expressed desire of the Emperor to retain him in office.

The Berlin organ of Count Bismarck asserts, that the circumstances under which M. Olivier's cabinet has come into power indicate that the relations of France and Prussia will continue friendly.

A report comes from St. Thomas, by way of Havana, that Salnave, having retreated from Port au Prince to a neighboring fort, blew up the magazine and perished.

The parliamentary election in Longford, Ireland, was the occasion of a riot, which the troops were called upon to quell.

A Havana letter of Dec. 29 says that young Lamar was executed that morning. Arrests, executions and transportations continue. A universal system of general espionage has been inaugurated and the slightest act or speech, of not only those who are known sympathizers with the revolution but of every Cuban, is watched attentively with keen eyes. It is officially stated that out of 41 estates in the Trinidad valley, 40 are at the present time grinding cane. Several of these, however, have suffered more or less by fires kindled by rebel hands. A force of 10,000 Spaniards was about moving from Trinidad to occupy the whole width of the island.

Paragraphs.

A meteor fell recently, near Oak Creek, Wisconsin, and the stone was discovered by a traveler, near whom it struck. It made a hole in the marshy ground as large as a barrel, and when taken out was still hot, and emitted a sulphurous odor. It had the appearance of a cylinder of lava.

The Boston Advertiser reports that a curious phenomenon is frequently taking place at Machiasport, Me., in the harbor opposite the wharves. It is an upheaval, by some power altogether unknown, of vast quantities of water, mud and stones, to the distance of many feet, and with a furious rushing noise. This phenomenon has occurred quite a number of times during the summer.

The Shell Mounds in West Florida cover many acres of ground, in some instances. They were raised to successive heights by a people who thus, probably, sought to secure themselves against the sea and inundation. Among other remains of human tools, Dr. Simpson, who has studied these mounds with care, speaks of some curious augurs. They are over a foot in length, and made by grinding off the whorls of large spiral shells, and planing down one side of the handle or axis.

A German paper says that the simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overlooking the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself. It is attended to the protection of seafarers, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred. Each ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if their destination is within the limits of its voyage.

Meteorite Showers have long baffled the studies of astronomers. It is claimed now that they are satisfactorily explained by Prof. Adams. This distinguished astronomer, after most elaborate calculations, has determined for meteoric bodies an orbit which reaches beyond Uranus, and around which they travel in a cycle of thirty-three years. This orbit is elliptical, like that of a comet; and while one diameter carries it to the outer limits of the planetary system, the other diameter is so much shorter as to bring the meteor track across the earth's orbit at certain points and times. The meteors occur a belt, and as the earth enters this more or less deeply, there are greater or less displays of shooting stars.

A new work on the Madonnas of Raphael and the paintings of the Virgin in general, by F. A. Granger, is attracting the attention of eminent French critics.

Mercurial Ore, it is said, has been discovered in the district of Saravak, Borneo, which is to be beat of the world for richness. The percentage of metal is 70 to 80, while the mines heretofore worked average from 2 to 20. Californians will have to look out for some of their most important interests if this proves true, but the saving clause probably covers a sufficient contingency to warrant its being put in italics!

Every citizen of France, aged twenty-one years, has a right to address petitions to the Senate, and the average number sent each session is 600. The majority of them are grotesque. There was one last year in favor of a tax on bachelors, and another praying that all new-born children might be tattooed at the Mairie with a serial number, so as to facilitate their identification in the event of their turning out criminals.

The treasure just brought to light at Pompeii consists of seven hundred coins, Consular or Imperial, some of gold, with a quantity of jewels, among which is a magnificent chain of plaited gold wire, forming a very thick round cord not less than eight feet in length; it has a clasp formed of two thick hooks, ornamented with two rings and amulet shaped like a half-moon. There are, besides bracelets, some of the kind called *opis* (serpent), and drops set with pearls, rings, &c. The large chain is, however, the most remarkable of the jewels. To form an idea of its beauty is impossible. I know of only two others of the kind; the first was found at Cervetri, and the other at Boulae, in an Egyptian tomb, and was to be seen at the Paris Exhibition in 1867.

The Obelisk of Luxor, which stands in La Place Concorde, Paris, has become blanched and full of small cracks during the forty years it has spent in France, while forty centuries in Egypt had not perceptibly altered it. Climate affects the very hardest of building stones, as well as organic creatures. Dampness promotes the growth of plants which we look upon as insignificant, such as mosses, lichens, and fungi. So far from being insignificant, these lower orders of the vegetable kingdom have the function of applying themselves directly to the rocks to crumble them down into soil. Lichens, for example, secrete oxalic acid, and thus corrode the rocks over which they spread themselves. There is a microscopic minute fungus, which, in most places, flourishes in granite, and gradually promotes its disintegration.

Most people have a natural horror of snakes, but these unfortunate reptiles have at last found a champion. Mr. Higford Burr, whose park at Aldermaston, near Reading, England, is one of the most beautiful bits of spacious woodland, and deer-frequented scenery near London, now offers an asylum to English snakes. A snake hunting for frogs along the margin of a still pond in the hot noontide sun is one of the most interesting sights that a naturalist can witness, and Mr. Burr will doubtless ascertain many curious and interesting points in the natural history of snakes which are allowed to have their own way.

One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Gauriches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands.

Experiments have recently been made in Germany to ascertain the relative time required to discern different colors. It was found that the color most easily and quickly distinguished is bright yellow, while those most difficult to recognize are next after yellow in being readily perceived, and green seems to occupy a middle position. These experiments may have some weight with those who are devising signal lights to guide locomotion on land and water. Obviously the reason why red and violet are not so quickly perceived is that they are at the opposite extremes of the solar spectrum, and extend respectively to the line where undulations cease to give any impression of light. On the other hand, the least sensitive eye should be most impressed, as that of the young child is, by the red, because it is produced by the longest undulations which are also those of least velocity.

The olive has been cultivated in Florida, and on the coast of Georgia, for nearly half a century. The oil produced from it is represented as fully equal to the best quality of French oil.

Rural and Domestic.

The Queen of the Bees.

In every hive there are a queen, male bees or drones, and workers, which are of no gender, or rather are undeveloped females. The queen is considerably larger than the drone, and the drone is about as much larger than the worker bee. There is never more than one queen in a hive, and if a stranger-queen should happen by accident, or in the indulgence of her curiosity, to enter a hive in which her authority is not recognized, the bees who act as guards the entrance instantly seize her, and though their respect for royalty is too great to allow of their ill-treating her, they crowd upon her so closely that she cannot escape, and they do not release her until their own queen arrives to do battle in defence of her lawful rights.

The conduct of the community under such circumstances is exceedingly remarkable; they could put the intruder to death if they chose without suffering their own queen to run the risk of being killed, but they do not do so; they act strictly on the principle of fair play; at the same time they will not allow the combatants to separate until the victory is achieved by one of them. The instant their queen makes her appearance, attended by a number of her subjects, those who hold the stranger in custody draw back, and leave a clear space for the encounter. If, as rarely happens, the two sovereigns have no desire to fight, or if they try to run away, the workers seize them, and will on no account allow them to indulge their cowardice; they are never allowed to quit the arena, nor to cease fighting until one is killed.

Huber relates several experiments made by him with the view of ascertaining if this conduct of the bees were invariable, and he found that it was; whether the combatants were two queens, both engaged in laying eggs, or a fertile queen and a virgin queen, or two virgin queens.

A very singular circumstance in connection with these encounters is, that both manifest the greatest horror of using their stings whenever in the course of the fight they find themselves in a position to kill each other. In such cases they separate, and show no desire to renew the fight; but the spectators lay hold of them, and compel them back into the cleared space, and draw them to face each other again. It is not often, however, that the queen of the hive requires any compulsion to fight. Her jealousy of a rival is of the most intense character; and if two emerge from their cells at the same moment, their first act is to rush at each other and settle by a single combat which is to rule; they will no more consent to a divided jurisdiction than the workers themselves would permit it. In this respect the example of the competitors for the throne might be imitated with advantage to humanity by human competitors; they do not suffer for or incite their future subjects to engage in a civil war in support of their respective claims, but decide the question by the simple process of fighting it out in their own persons.

There are occasions, however, when the jealousy of the queen has to be restrained in the interest of the community; this is especially the case when a portion of the hive is about to quit it for a separate habitation, in consequence of the increase of their numbers. The emigrants on these occasions are led by the old queen, and a new queen is liberated to take her place in the hive as soon as she departs. But if, at the moment the colony is about to emerge, the weather becomes overcast, and rain either falls or threatens to fall, the emigration will be delayed, and the constant watchfulness of the guard appointed to protect the young queen is necessary to prevent her mother from putting her to death, and from tearing open the cells containing the royal brood, and killing the occupants. The guards do not treat her with disrespect or unkindness, but they are firm. It is said that she sometimes paralyzes their movements by a mite of a humming sound, precisely as if she were addressing them, and then tries to take advantage of the effect she produces to renew her attempt; but the instant she becomes silent they awake to the sense of their duty, if indeed they have ever forgotten it in listening to her.—Once A Week.

How Farmers Should Build.

We will suggest to young farmers or new beginners one idea which we wish them to remember, whether they observe it or are governed by our teachings or not; and that is, before they commence building, to consult some architect, as they will find it greatly to their interest in after life.

A large majority, when they first set out, are short of means, and consequently are compelled to build small houses of every description, which, as a matter of economy, is right, as every man should build according to his means; but as they grow old and their business and family increase, they will then see that the houses they erected at first are not sufficiently large for their purpose. Then it is they wish that their houses were built a little different, in order that they might add to them, and at the same time have them more convenient and in better style.

By the assistance of an architect or builder, they could not cost much, all this might be obviated. We hold it to be to the advantage of every farmer to have his outbuildings as convenient as he possibly can. Therefore we suggest the propriety of having all of them under one roof. For instance, your horses, cattle, hogs and sheep; barn and shelter for all farm implements.

Go to some architect and tell him how much money you have to spend for buildings at present, and that you want to build so that when you have finished, all will be under one covering.

He will be able to give you the plan, and in the long run it will cost you much less than to build the same amount of buildings scattered here and there, as is the common rule in the south, while it will be of no inconsiderable amount in a lifetime, running here to the horses, and there to attend to the hogs, and yonder to the cattle and sheep.

We know from experience what we write to be so; and if we had possessed the knowledge twenty-five years ago that we now have, we would have had all of our stock under one building at night, with grain, forage, and well for watering under the same roof.—Reconstructed Farmer.

Recipes.

MARBLE CAKE, BROWN PAST.—One cup of brown sugar, one half cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one spoon of cinnamon, one half of a nutmeg, one half spoon of spice, one half spoon of cloves, one quarter spoon of pepper, one quarter cup of sour milk, one half tea-spoon of soda, two cups of flour, yolks of four eggs.

MARBLE CAKE, WHITE PAST.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one half cup of sour milk, whites of four eggs, one tea-spoon of soda, two tea-spoons of cream tartar, two cups of flour; stir the cake in two separate dishes, bake in two bar tins, putting a layer of the brown part in the bottom, next a layer of the white part, and so on until the tin is sufficiently full; bake in a moderate oven.

EASTERN CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, one tea-spoon of soda, one cup of cream, three cups of flour, one tea-spoon extract of lemon.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending, Jan. 5, 1869.

CANDLES. MOLASSES.

Moulds.....12 1/2 @ 15 1/2
Sperm.....40 @ 45
Adamantine.....25 @ 30
COAL.
Cannel.....18 00 @ 20 00
Pictou.....10 00 @ 11 00
Anthracite.....10 50 @ 11 00
COFFEE.
Java.....31 @ 32
St. Domingo.....18 @ 21
Rio.....12 @ 13
N. O. & Mobile.....24 1/2 @ 24 3/4
Ordinary.....24 1/2 @ 24 3/4
Mid to 2d aid.....25 @ 25 1/2
Ordinary.....24 1/2 @ 24 3/4
DOMESTIC PAINTS.
Heavy.....44.....15 @ 16
Medium.....44.....13 @ 14
Drill brown.....18 @ 19
Print Cloth.....7 1/2 @ 8
Cotton Flannel.....12 @ 13
No. 1.....12 @ 13
Prints.....12 @ 14
Shirring Stripes.....15 @ 16
Ticking.....15 @ 16
Cottonades.....21 @ 22
Gingham.....14 @ 15
Mous de Laines.....20 @ 21
Lowell sup-3-ply.....1 1/2 @ 1 3/4
Extra super.....21 1/2 @ 22
Superfine.....21 1/2 @ 22
FISH.
Codfish, large.....6 @ 7
Medium.....4 @ 5
Mackerel, large.....10 @ 11
Shore.....10 @ 11
Salmon, toe.....20 @ 21
Herring, pickled.....25 @ 26
PLUM AND MEL.
St. Louis, sup.....6 @ 7
Extra brand.....5 @ 6
Canada, best.....12 @ 13
West'n sup.....25 @ 26
com. extra.....5 @ 6
medium do.....4 @ 5
choice do.....7 @ 8
Illinois and Ohio.....7 @ 8
Canada extra.....7 @ 8
Mich. and Indiana.....7 @ 8
choice extra.....7 @ 8
Canada super.....4 @ 5
com. extra.....5 @ 6
medium do.....4 @ 5
choice do.....7 @ 8
Southern sup.....6 @ 7
choice Balt.....8 @ 9
Brandywine.....8 @ 9
Choice extra.....8 @ 9
Cora Mehl.....5 @ 6
FRUIT.
Almonds.....12 @ 13
Soft Shell.....30 @ 32
Shelled.....30 @ 32
Brazil Nuts.....12 @ 13
Citron.....35 @ 36
Alf. Peas Nuts.....14 @ 15
Rice common.....12 @ 13
Case.....15 @ 16
Lemons, W. Va.....4 @ 5
Lemons, Cal.....4 @ 5
Raisins.....10 @ 11
Blue's case.....10 @ 11
Bunch, or box.....10 @ 11
Laver.....15 @ 16
GRAIN.
Southern sup.....10 @ 11
Western sup.....10 @ 11
Wheat, west'n.....15 @ 16
Rye.....15 @ 16
Oats.....15 @ 16
Shorts.....15 @ 16
Rye common.....15 @ 16
Middlings.....15 @ 16
HAY.
Bale hay.....10 @ 11
Country Hay.....10 @ 11
Wool.....10 @ 11
HIDES AND SKINS.
Slaughter.....20 @ 21
Green Salt.....19 @ 20
B. Ayres, dry.....19 @ 20
Roe Gravel.....28 @ 29
Western, dry.....20 @ 21
do. wet.....11 @ 12
Good Skins.....25 @ 26
Madras.....25 @ 26
Patnas.....25 @ 26
IRON.
Swedish.....120 @ 121
Com. Swedish.....120 @ 121
Eng. com.....80 @ 81
Do. refined.....80 @ 81
Do. sheet.....80 @ 81
Russia, sheet.....14 @ 15
Pig, gold.....6 @ 7
Sheet and Pipe.....10 @ 11
Old.....7 @ 8
LUMBER.
Sole.....27 @ 28
B. Ayres.....27 @ 28
Orinoco.....26 @ 27
Oak Sole.....26 @ 27
Oak.....26 @ 27
Calf Skins.....26 @ 27
Dry Hide.....26 @ 27
In rough.....26 @ 27
LUMBER.
Clear Pine.....30 @ 31
Coarse do.....30 @ 31
Spruce.....30 @ 31
Oak.....30 @ 31
Hemlock.....30 @ 31
do. plank.....30 @ 31
Joist.....30 @ 31
Clapboards.....30 @ 31
Shingles.....30 @ 31
do. Spruce.....30 @ 31
Shingles.....30 @ 31
do. cedar.....30 @ 31
Laths, pine.....30 @ 31
do. Spruce.....30 @ 31
Shox shooks.....30 @ 31
Unwashed.....15 @ 16
OHIO & PENNSYLVANIA.
Pickled.....40 @ 41
Chestnut.....40 @ 41
Fine X.....40 @ 41
Medium.....40 @ 41
Coarse.....40 @ 41
Michigan, X.....40 @ 41
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