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# The Morning Star.

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THE MORNING STAR.

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For the Family.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1870.

## God's Comfort.

When the world no solace gives,  
When in deep distress I groan;  
When my lover and my friend  
Leave me with my grief alone;  
When a weary land I tread,  
Fainting for the rocks and springs,  
Overshadow me, O Lord,  
With the comfort of thy wings!

When my heart and flesh shall fail,  
When I yield my mortal breath,  
When I gather up my feet,  
Icy with the chill of death;  
Strengthen and sustain me, Lord,  
With thine all-sufficient grace;  
Overleap my dying bed  
With the sweetness of thy face!

When the pang, the strife, is past,  
When my spirit mounts on high,  
Catch me up in thine embrace,  
In thy bosom let me lie!  
Freed from sin and freed from death,  
Hid with thee in heaven above,  
Oversplendor me, O God;  
With the glory of thy love.

Phoebe Cary.

## The Ecumenical Council.

### WHY IS IT CALLED?

Manfully, and with a zeal worthy of a better cause, the Pope of Rome and his serviles have stood against the progress of civilization and enlightenment. As in the days of Galileo, the church decreed that the world did not move, so have they used all diligence to establish that decree, intellectually and morally. But in spite of the most untiring effort, the progress of the age and the march of intellect have been too much for the papacy. And more rapid than all else has been the progress of religious truth. And if, at sometimes, it has seemed of a slower growth, this seeming has been only temporary, to be succeeded by more rapid progress. True religion, civilization and science go hand in hand, and constitute a trinity whose power is not easily resisted even by priestcraft. Not by the labors of missionaries or of resident Protestants, but by the outside pressure of truth and the progress of surrounding nations, have papal countries become measurably enlightened in spite of themselves. The bulls of the Pope and the denunciations of prelates have been fulminated against light and knowledge, but with no avail.

The Encyclical Letter of the Pope, issued in Dec., 1864, and the Syllabus which accompanied it, in language plain and undisguised, uttered a condemnation of almost every form of progress in the civilized world, and autathematized them as "damnable heresies." Freedom of the press, Bible Societies, Clerical Associations, Independence of Church and State, Marriage as a Civil Contract, all Education not controlled by the Catholic Church, the equality of the Clergy and Laity, and almost every other result of independent thought and real progress, has had ten times more curses than the barren fig tree.

But of what avail? In spite of pontifical decrees, "the world moves," no more retarded by the curses of Pius IX. than by the decrees of Urban VIII. Superstition and despotism have been building walls around all papal countries, but the light shines through them. Rays have streamed across the chaotic territories of France and Spain, Austria and Italy, and have gleamed upon the windows of the Vatican itself. It needs no more the prohibitions of the papal power than did the rising tide the mandates of old King Canute. The progressive minds in the church are stirred. Father Hyacinthe gives tongue to the emotions of thousands on this wise: "I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my protest as a Christian and a priest, against those doctrines and those practices, which are called Roman, but which are not Christian, and which by their encroachments, always more audacious and more baneful, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis and the form of its teaching, and even the spirit of its piety. I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insane, sought to be effected between the church, which is our eternal mother, and the society of the nineteenth century, of which we are the temporal children, and towards which we have also duties and regards. I protest against that opposition more radical and more frightful still to human nature, attacked and outraged by these false doctors, in its most indestructible and its most holy aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the gospel of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which are trampled under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law."

Thousands upon thousands agree to the above sentiments of Father Hyacinthe; and yet, like him, they would say: "It is my most profound conviction that, if France, in particular, and the Latin races in general, are given up to social, moral and religious anarchy, the principal cause undoubtedly is not Catholicism itself, but the manner in which Catholicism has, for a long time, been understood and practiced." In all the countries we have named above, and in Germany and Central and South America as well, are myriads of men who, like Father Hyacinthe, are Protestants and do not know it. Many of them have, by the most strenuous efforts of the prelate, been kept ignorant of the fact that the Roman church and the Christian church are not identical. Such, like Father Hyacinthe, will cling to the church while they protest against "the manner in which Catholicism has, for a long time been understood and practiced." It is well. They are wielding a mightier influence to-day, and propelling forward the church of Rome more rapidly in the path of reform, than it would be possible for them to do if recognized by themselves and others as Protestants.

Fire, fagot and rack, the arguments with which "the church" convinced the doubting and reclaimed the erring in former days, she dares not use, and her heart is grieved that these "damnable heresies" cannot be stayed. Tetzels and Ecks are learning by sad experience that their bluster avails but little, and, like Father Hecker, they resort to the Jesuitical method of disguising history, and disguising or denying current facts. In the very teeth of the Pope's own assertions in his published allocutions, and even in the teeth of the creed of the church itself, they contend that Romanism is the friend of progress.

And what next? A COUNCIL. Pius IX. takes a most desponding view of the situation, sees that progress is too strong for superstition, and summons the united wisdom of the church to determine how this fearful progress may be stayed.—A. K. M.

## Boston Notes.

### RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

For some time past, the members of the Salem Street Congregational Church have had under consideration the abandonment of this position,—the removal of many families attending there seeming to call for such a movement. They have, however, at last, decided still to occupy the field, and to restore, if possible, to this church its former power and usefulness. There has been no settled preacher for some time, but measures will at once be taken to secure an efficient man and to make the place attractive. The church dates back to 1827, and has been one of the most prominent of Boston churches. Blagden, Towne and Beecher have all been settled there, and other men of mark have occupied this field.

At the South End, the Springfield Street Congregational Church edifice has been sold to the Presbyterians. The Presbyterians will at once organize a new church, quite a number leaving the Beach Street church for that purpose.—The Warren Avenue society (Rev. Dr. Eddy's) has just achieved a noble work, in providing for the payment of their mortgage debt, amounting to some \$35,000. The work was accomplished on the last evening of the old year.—The revival meetings are still in progress in a few of the churches, the results of which are beginning to appear. At the Morgan Chapel, considerable religious interest is manifest, nine persons uniting with the church on the first Sabbath of the year, while quite a number more were examined and approved. Some thirty, mostly young men, on the last evening of the year, stated their desire to commence the new year as Christians. Revival meetings have been held at this church every evening for the last two weeks.—Nineteen persons united with the Beach Street church on the first Sabbath of January, two at the First church, two at Tremont Temple, and eight at the Bethel.

The week of prayer was well observed by the churches in Boston. A union prayer meeting of all the Congregational churches was held daily at the Mount Vernon church, an hour of each meeting being occupied in this service. At these meetings some two hundred were present on each occasion. The special object of prayer was the conversion of the young. The exercises were deeply interesting.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Temperance Alliance just held, a resolution was adopted, thanking the President, Vice President, and those members of the Cabinet who, in furnishing refreshments for New Year's Day guests, at Washington, set an example of not providing intoxicating liquors. That portion of the Governor's message relating to the temperance question was discussed at length, when the matter was referred to a committee, to report at a future meeting. It was voted to hold a mass temperance convention in Boston, at an early day, and a committee was appointed to make arrangements therefor.

The directors of the American Education Society at their quarterly meeting, not having money in the treasury sufficient to give the regular quarterly appropriation (\$35) to each of the two hundred and fifty young men under its care, voted to adjourn for four weeks, till February 4, and appeal

to the churches and benevolent persons in their behalf. The appropriation in October was a partial one, and the directors feel that they could not, in times like these, repeat the experiment, if it were possible to have it otherwise.

The recent address of Mayor Shurtleff contains the following facts:

Boston has a population of more than 250,000 souls; its net debt in two years has increased \$7,316,068.78; an annual tax of over two millions of dollars is paid by the citizens as interest and contribution to the sinking fund on the city debt; the gross debt, Dec. 31, 1869, was \$23,783,938.84; the total valuation of real and personal property (Dorchester included), is \$569,817,300; the total amount of salable land belonging to the city is about twelve hundred thousand feet; the total number of water takers is 31,340, and the estimated income of the water works for 1870 is \$700,000; the police force numbers 443 men, the health department 349 men; 42,620 children attend the public schools; it cost \$1,016,800 to support the schools; the fire department consists of twenty-one steam fire engines, ten horse hose companies and seven hook and ladder carriages.

### "MASTERS."

## Father Taylor.

This veteran and unique Bethel preacher, who has become known, through various means in almost every part of the civilized world, is thus made to figure in an extended article of reminiscences, furnished by a correspondent of the *Christian Union*. There are many among our readers who will be interested in what follows:

I write of him as I remember him in his prime days—before his eye grew dim or his strength abated. Then his Bethel was the central attraction of the Boston pulpit. The eloquent CHANNING, his neighbor, drew no such crowds around him. His Bethel was the resort of all classes. Not only of seamen of every color and nation, but the elite, the scholars, professors, students, clergy, literary men from all parts of the world, in visiting Boston, would be drawn to his plain, humble chapel. Miss Martineau, Buckingham, Dickens, Jenny Lind, and many other celebrities, listened with delight to his masterly addresses. The choice places, however, were always kept for the seamen. His chapel was always crowded with them. But few sailors would think of spending a Sabbath in Boston without hearing their staunch friend—and none failed in receiving a hearty welcome. The *gentility*, the rich, the fashionable, would be left to care for themselves as best they could; but poor Jack, however rough and shabby he might appear, was zealously looked after, and provided for. If the room was crowded—as it most always was sure to be—and his eye would catch some poor sailor shrinkingly crowding in a corner, it was no unusual thing for him to call out to him from the pulpit, "Here, Jack, come up on the quarterdeck," and give him a place on the platform. He was full of sympathy for the class he ministered to. He loved them with a profound love—nothing was too good for them. They felt that a great, warm heart was throbbing for them, and he moved them as no other man on earth could do. Father Taylor was a hero through and through. I never knew a grander man. Stern as a Roman, yet tender as a woman; unrelenting in opposing wrong, yet, full of gentleness, melting pleading to reclaim the offender. His benevolence knew no bounds; he would empty his pocket-book or take off his coat and give it to a poor sailor, as he has repeatedly done. If one of them was in distress, he would hasten to his side to relieve him. If one was in difficulty, he would never leave him until he had rescued him. The sailors were his children, and they called him father. They idolized him and would have died for him; and what is more, many lived pure lives for the love they bore him. In the pulpit he was a master. His preaching was plain, pointed, practical—rich in illustration, abounding in nautical phrases, bitter in sarcasm, terrible in denunciation of sin, sweet and tender in presenting Christ. Gems of thought flashed from him like lightning from summer clouds. He held his audience entranced. At one moment they would be melted to tears, the next ready to break into laughter at his humor; now shrinking from his keen eye or pointed finger—then uplifted with excitement that knew no restraint. At one moment they would be breathless under the spell of his deep-toned voice measuring out some solemn appeal, the next a perfect roar of responses would follow a thrilling sentence. When he was done they would feel that they had gone through an ordeal that shook every fiber of their natures. On one occasion he was describing a ship approaching a lee-shore. Perfectly acquainted with everything pertaining to a vessel, he vividly pictured in familiar terms the position. The danger was depicted in quick, impetuous passages. The audience felt the beating storms and heard the dull roar of the distant breakers. As he approached the climax and the people expected to see her strike, an old sailor who had never taken his eye off him for a moment, but sat swaying himself to and fro, holding on to the pew before him, sprang to his feet, crying out at the top of his voice:

"Down helm! Put her about!"

Nothing would touch him so quickly as a slight to his boys. He would tolerate no

condescension. A story was recently told of a rich merchant coming into his prayer-meeting and speaking in a very patronizing manner of seamen in general. He thought them a very worthy class. They did a great deal for commerce; ought to be cared for, etc., etc. When he sat down, Father Taylor replied:

"Any other old sinner like to tell his experience? Now's the time."

Father Taylor is a Methodist; but while his love for that denomination is devoted—he is too Christlike in his religion to be confined to it—his charity is as broad as humanity, and he is ever ready to rebuke any intolerance. His chapel is supported mainly by Unitarians, with whom he is a great favorite. Upon one occasion he attended a Unitarian convention in Boston, when the subject of the Education and Support of the Ministry was under consideration. A speaker, referring to the Methodist ministry, said that they were paid \$100 if single, \$200 if married, and \$300 if they had a family—and that was all they were worth! Father Taylor sprang to his feet and asked leave to say a word.

"Bro C. is right," he said. "One hundred dollars, two hundred dollars, three hundred dollars, are the sums we pay our ministers. But in regard to the remark that it is all they are worth, let me say that when a young man has gone through our mill—our discipline—we will put him against any you can bring forward. We will put him foot to foot against the Archbishop of Canterbury, and I'll sit by and see how it will go on. If the Methodist minister is but a goslin of a boy, yet, I will venture to say the gentleman will find himself pushed hard in Bible doctrine. Mr. President, I don't unite, I agree with you. I am an agreement man. I like you as you are. I know not how I could make you better, but don't make yourself a model man. Don't cut me by your pattern. I can't like your shavings. Sir, I am the happiest man alive. I am satisfied with my God—satisfied with my religion, and that God gives me such a field to work in and such friends to work with. I admire your character, I admire your work; but if you are going to measure a Methodist minister by three hundred dollars, I am your man. It is because you have the principle of religion I love you, and will take your shoes and follow after you; but don't make me or my brother three hundred dollars long—I can't stand that. I have too much fight in me still. I am smaller than most of my brethren, but I grasp the two poles."

An apology immediately followed.

I write of Father Taylor as I knew him twenty years ago. The last time I saw him we met in Washington street, Boston, when he came tenderly up to me, put his arms around my neck, and kissed me. That kiss still lingers on my forehead, the benediction of a man ripe for glory. Full of years and honors, he waits near his beloved Bethel for the call of his Captain to enter the port beyond which there is no more sea.

## Events of the Week.

### GEORGIA LEGISLATURE.

The re-organization of the Georgia legislature was effected on Tuesday, the 11th. The Senate organized without difficulty, but in the House there were scenes of the wildest confusion. Pistols and bowie knives were flourished, and it was only by the utmost coolness of the union members that serious results were prevented. Complete organization was finally effected; the colored members are re-seated and the work of legislation moves slowly along, but the event has given rise to serious complications. It is asserted on the one hand that democrats have committed perjury in order to retain their seats and influence the State government; and on the other, that Gov. Bullock is responsible for the trouble by trying to get in a sufficient number of his own partisans to secure his election to the United States Senate. Threats and warnings from the Ku Klux Klan are numerous. The President has instructed Gen. Terry to act with caution, but with vigor and decision.

### ADMISSION OF VIRGINIA.

At the re-assembling of Congress, the Virginia question was opened in rather an unexpected manner. It was debated in both houses, and it was proposed by prominent members to admit the state at once, without further tests of loyalty. This was violently opposed, and a final vote was lost only by the ruling of the speaker. Subsequent discussion has made no new developments, only it is now believed that those who favor immediate and unconditional admission are in the majority.

### SAN DOMINGO.

On Monday, the 10th, the terms of annexation of San Domingo to the United States, were made public. By payment of \$1,500,000, the whole territory, together with all national property, including forts, public buildings, &c., come under the complete jurisdiction of the Federal Government. This with Samana Bay and peninsula adjoining, makes a valuable acquisition. It is thought that this movement will determine the annexation of Hayti, and bear strongly on that of Cuba. In the present case, the terms of agreement must be ratified both by the U. S. Senate and the Dominicans before they will go into effect. All the intelligent inhabitants of the latter territory are in favor of the change.

### SPANISH CRUELITIES.

The Spaniards have lately been carrying on their executions of Cubans with redoubled activity. They have not only shot and garroted hundreds of prisoners and other persons found with arms in their possession, but have made victims of innumerable suspected persons, accused of uttering obnoxious words, of holding correspondence with the enemy, or of being relatives of men on the side of the rebellion. Many persons have also been slaughtered, against whom no charges could be made, but who have fallen victims to private vengeance and blood-thirsty loyalists. This is a fearful application of the Spanish threat to drown the rebellion in its own blood.

### AMONG THE MORMONS.

Salt Lake City was recently in a dilemma. It was undecided for a time whether to give expression alone to its joy or to its rage, so it compromised the matter and did both. The laying of the last rail of the Utah Branch Railroad, together with the festivities in store for that occasion, occurred about the time that Mr. Cullum's bill was presented to Congress, providing for legislation against Mormon abuses. Also, at about the same time, several apostate Mormons created a schism in the Church by openly protesting against the authority and polygamous doctrines of Brigham Young. Here was a perplexing state of affairs truly. But like real philosophers, they rejoiced at the completion of the road; business was suspended, Brigham and his apostles, the elders of the church, saints and sinners, Jews and Gentiles, all joined in the celebration; flags were flying, bands were playing, cannon roared, and amid general merry-making the road was dedicated to the Lord, and numerous speeches were pronounced. Then the scene changed. The faithful retired to a place by themselves and gave unmistakable expression to their rage. Speeches, the most vituperative and defiant, succeeded their recent congratulations. It was declared that no force, civil or military, sanctioned by law or otherwise, should ever enforce restrictions on their established customs. They tell the U. S. Government that it has no authority over their usages, and they tell the reformatory party in the Church that the old doctrines shall still be enforced to the letter. They thus defy both the spirit of reform and the principles of good government, and in all probability, have sealed their own doom.

### SOUTH AMERICA.

European powers have threatened to interfere in South American affairs, and the natives are highly exasperated. Notwithstanding their almost interminable difficulties they still claim the privilege of administering their own affairs. Several provinces of Brazil are opposed to imperialism, and threaten to secede and form independent states. Revolutions are so frequent as scarcely to occasion remark, and a map of the country for one week would need an almost entire revision for the next. It is reported that the President of Paraguay has surrendered to the Allies, and then followed conflicting statements as to his present locality. His son is in Washington at present, seeking to interest the Government in his father's behalf, who, he asserts, is still at the head of his army, and has every hope of success. The President and Cabinet regard affairs there as in too unsettled a condition, to admit of diplomatic relations at present.

### A ROYAL MURDERER.

Paris was thrown into intense excitement on the afternoon of Monday, the 10th inst., over the murder of a journalist, M. Victor Noir, by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. M. Noir had called to arrange matters for a duel between the Prince and Pascal Grousset, one of the Editors of Rochefort's journal, when an altercation ensued, during which the Prince shot his victim dead. The tragedy has been warmly discussed in the Corps Legislatif, and threats have been exchanged by members of the Parliament and radical deputies. An immense crowd of people attended the funeral of the murdered man, and frequent cheers for Rochefort were given. Prompt military measures prevented a threatened outbreak. Efforts are making to bring the Prince to trial, and serious complications between the imperialists and the liberalists are likely to result.

## Which Love?

Mr. A. H. Lepper says:

As things now are, people for the most part are crying, "Give me wealth, power, popularities, pleasures, votes, dress, admiration;" and they do all they can to get these transitory baubles, to the neglect of their families, education, minds and souls, which, like uncultivated gardens, are overgrown with weeds, the products of their untamed passions, appetites, and selfishness. To be sure, if you ask anybody whether he loves God more than pleasure, of course he will answer, "God." But ask him again how much time and toil he devotes to Him, and if he is sincere, he will be obliged to confess that he devotes far more time and toil to money-making, to politics, to his horses, and even to his dress-coat, than to God. For where is his delight in doing good, in being self-dominant, just, true and sincere? This is the question of life, the question all ought to answer—whether we care more for God or the world, for time or eternity, for good or evil? How few can say truly, "I love, obey, worship God, and do more for Him than I do for my worldly advantage!"

## Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1870.

### CONDITION OF THE NEGROES.

In the good old times of buying and selling cattle, there was no apology for the practice more common than this: that it was necessary that the slave should have a master in order to keep him from starvation through indolence. "A nigger won't work except through fear of the lash," was the common formula to express the whole industrial economy of the slave-driver.

Well, notwithstanding the theory, and despite all the efforts of the slave-masters to the contrary, the negro was set free, and for some years the experiment has been made of what the negro will do as a freeman. What is the result, so far as the experiment has been tried? First, it is undoubtedly true that there is more destitution and consequent suffering from want among the colored people since, than before emancipation. The number of such people demanding and receiving public charity is greater than under the system of slavery. This is especially true in the cities, and here in Washington, the government has been called upon each winter to make an appropriation to relieve the wants of this class of people. Would it not be a miracle if it were otherwise? The emancipation of the slaves relieved the master from all obligation to provide for his aged and infirm slaves, and they, at once, became objects of charity. The first impulse of the freed slave was, for many reasons, to fly to the cities, and the necessary result was want of employment and consequent destitution. Then again, among colored men, as well as among whites, there is a class of lazy good-for-nothings who never work but under the pressure of necessity. The lash undoubtedly rendered some of these self-supporting, while as freemen they indulge their natural indolence. Add to this the other want of preparation for the freedom so suddenly thrust upon them, and their entire lack of capital with which to begin life, and it is easy to see that nothing short of a miracle could have prevented the increase of colored pauperism.

Secondly, the colored man is no exception to the general law that poverty begets crime. I suppose it would be an easy matter to verify this law by an inspection of the police records of this city, and to demonstrate an increased amount of crime among the colored population. This is the dark side of the picture, and it should excite neither astonishment nor surprise.

Now for the other side. This may be epitomized in a single sentence,—improvement in all respects. Labor is being distributed to the points where it is needed more and better paid. This is not only true as to the cities, but also as to all the states wherein slave-breeding was more profitable than slave-working. The exodus of freemen from the states is a marked feature at the present time, and is beginning to tell on the wages of such labor. One hundred dollars per annum with board, has been a high average for a colored farm laborer in this region hitherto; but the same laborer readily commands one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, with board, in the cotton-growing states, and this attracts his wife and children. The result is more work and more wages for those left behind. As to the general disposition of the freedman to labor, the testimony is uniform,—he works well when paid well.—The colored men are also availing themselves of such associations and mutual helps as have been of use to other working men. A Colored National Working Men's Convention was held here recently, and was numerously attended by delegates from all parts of the land, and the wisdom and propriety of its proceedings commanded general respect. In an address to their colored fellow laborers, they recommended that they abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors, to practise industry, economy and a saving of their wages, to encourage and acquire education in every proper manner, and to acquire homesteads for themselves at the earliest possible moment. Could any better advice have been given? With increased prosperity crime is decreasing among them. Education is helping on the general advance. Some questions yet remain in connection with education that are likely to be troublesome. One of these, agitated here just now, is the question of mixed schools. The present system is that of a fair division of the money, but separate schools. Some of the colored people are pushing for one common school for all, and Senator Sumner has introduced a bill to accomplish this object in the District, but I think the most intelligent portion of the colored people are of opinion that such a measure, at the present time, would do them more harm than good. Meanwhile, the colored people are availing themselves of such facilities as they have, and the avidity for education so universal and remarkable in the early days of emancipation, still continues. On the whole, the situation for the colored man looks promising, and he only needs a fair chance and such helps as we can well give him, to become a useful and valuable element of our composite nationality.

### VIRGINIA SEEKING ADMISSION TO THE UNION.

The admission of Virginia to representation is the prominent topic here just now. One party proposes immediate admission, pure and simple, without delay or condition; another desires delay and the imposition of conditions, and urges the example of Tennessee as a reason for moving slowly. Senators Sumner and Drake seem most strenuous in their opposition to immediate admission. In the Senate the friends of admission seem more numerous than its opponents; in the House the parties are very nearly balanced. There will be protracted debate upon the subject, but some risk must be taken whenever she is admitted, and this would seem to be good ground for delay, now that she has complied with all the requirements of the reconstruction acts. Good faith would seem to demand it. Governor Walker is here pressing for admission. He is a gentleman of fine personal appearance and appears to be winning favorable opinions. I judge that success awaits his efforts, and that ere long "the mother of states" will again be in full communion with the Union family.

### ANNEXATION.

"It never rains but it pours," it is said, and just now we are threatened with annexation all around. British Columbia wants to join our family;—the insurgents of the valley of the Red river of the north want to take shelter beneath the wings of our eagle, and the President has sent to the Senate a treaty for the purchase of San Domingo. What with Chinese immigration, Alabama claims, annexation of surrounding countries, reconstruction, and the restoration of the finances of the country, there would seem to be occupation enough for Congress just at present.

W.

If you would be miserable, look within. If you would be distracted, look around. If you would be happy, look up.



## Communications.

### Our Santal Mission.

We send the following extracts from the minutes of the Mission Committee, which met at Santipore, Nov. 6, 1869.

It was moved by Rev. J. Phillips, and voted unanimously:

1. That, in view of the great and, until recently, entire destitution of a knowledge of the way of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ among the Santals, and of the scarcity of gospel laborers at present among this long neglected but deeply interesting people, and especially in view of the present somewhat extensive, not to say general, move among the aborigines, children of the forest, toward becoming Christians, we recognize a divine call to put forth greater and more efficient efforts for their evangelization than we have hitherto done.

2. That we recommend and encourage Bro. J. L. Phillips to give more special attention to the acquisition of the language of the Santals, with a view of devoting himself to missionary labor among them.

3. That we earnestly request our Home Board to send out, with as little delay as possible, a new man for the Bengali work, to take Bro. J. L. Phillips's place, and thus allow him to give his undivided attention to the Santal work.

4. That a brother be appointed to write an appeal on behalf of the Santals, to be published in the *Morning Star* and also in the *Christian Freeman*, drawing the attention of friends of the Mission at home to the pressing importance of more enlarged and efficient efforts to preach and teach Christ crucified to the Santals, now but just awaking from the slumbers of ages in sin and degradation.

5. Moved by Bro. Bachelier, and unanimously voted, that Bro. J. Phillips be appointed to write said appeal.

J. P.

APPEAL.

One of the saddest thoughts that oppressed my mind, as I left home three months ago, to try and shake off a famine relic, a deeply rooted fever tendency in my system, was the prospect that, in the precarious state of my health, our Santal work might again be left, with no one at all familiar with the language, to carry it on. Little, however, did I think that our Heavenly Father was even then leading me to visit and cheer on a little band of simple hearted, earnest, devoted laborers in the very midst of the Santal district, where, at the same time, I should myself receive new life and vigor and inspiration for my own especial work. Yes, a noble band of workers, of one heart and soul with ourselves, and equally resolved to live and labor, and, if need be, die for the cause of Christ among this long neglected people. But even so it has proved; and sooner than we could have hoped, a warm hearted brother, and a fine classical scholar and fellow laborer, comes hence to cheer our hearts with his cordial greetings, earnest counsel and right hearty God-speed for us in our work. The least we could do, was to extend to this servant of the Lord, (Bro. Skrefeld) the right hand of fellowship, and bid him and his associates a hearty welcome to the field which we had been the first to enter. A union of hearts, sentiments, resolves for earnest labor, in a good cause, more complete and happy, is, I believe, of rare occurrence.

Association week soon and joyfully passed, but not before our Mission Committee had unanimously resolved (after mature and prayerful deliberation) to attempt more for the spread of the gospel among the Santals. Hence the resolutions which head this APPEAL. We therefore, in addition to what we are at present doing, recommend and encourage one of our number to turn his attention at once to the Santal work; one who, in some good degree, it is hoped, unites the vigor of youth with the wisdom and culture of riper years, and a happy faculty for the acquisition of a strange and very complex language, as the Santal proves to be; and one, too, whose heart the Lord has inclined to go among this people, and make labor for their salvation his life-work.

How could we do less? While welcoming new allies and fellow helpers to our own field, it were utterly unworthy of ourselves, as servants of Christ, and the cause we represent, not to take advance ground, and tax our energies, and gird ourselves anew for the holy enterprise. We must either advance or soon abandon the field. There is no standing still here! And may it never be said that the Freewill Baptists of America put their hand to the plow and looked back! That having been the first to enter this field of gospel labor, ripe to the harvest, they found the task too great, the work too onerous, their ability too small, their courage inadequate, and hence retired from the field, leaving both the labor and the glory of this noble enterprise, the evangelizing of the Santals, to other hands! NEVER, NEVER, NEVER let this be said!

To forsake the people of my choice would, to me, be like forsaking my own mother; but sooner far would I do both, than abandon THE SANTAL MISSION, while I am blest with the ability to serve it. Were I to do this, I should be ashamed to meet our new allies even in heaven! How then could I meet these deluded idolaters at the bar of God, and hear them say: "You knew our condition, you saw our sin and blindness, our delusion and idolatry, and you held in your hand the only remedy. But after a short trial, you forsook us: we were left to our own devices, and the way of life and salvation. Now we are cast off at the left hand, numbered with whomsoever and adulterers, and there is no hope for us!" Nay, rather let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than that I forget to plead the cause and labor for the salvation of these children of the forest, for whose souls no man has for ages taken thought!

Our resolutions speak for themselves. We recognize a DIVINE CALL to advance in this work. The Santals are in the field

which God, in his providence, has assigned us. We cannot plead ignorance of their real condition, nor with Cain ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" God now offers us fellow helpers, and that, too, at a time when a manifest divine impulse rests largely on this people. Ill at ease in the faith of their fathers, numbers of them are already seeking for a more excellent way. They are everywhere accessible, and open and ready to receive instruction. Witness the extensive move at and near Taljehare and Rajmahal, noticed in my letter in a recent *Star*, where nearly one thousand souls have thrown off the shackles of heathen superstition, and become enrolled among the followers of the Crucified. See also the attention paid to the gospel, every Sabbath day, by the heathen Santals at Ebenezer, the station of our new coadjutors. Witness also the baptism last month, of four of the score or two of Bro. Bachelier's Santal teachers in the Midnapore district, all men of intelligence and influence, and able to take care of themselves. Nor do the Santals in Orissa proper, fail of a share in this general move, although they seem more under the influence of caste and Hinduism generally, than further north. A large community here profess to discard the faith of their forefathers, and may fairly be termed intellectual Christians.

In all this, and in view of the scarcity of laborers in this vast field, comprising, in all probability, not less than 2,000,000 souls, do we not recognize the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us?" We who are here on the spot so interpret the signs of the times, and according to our ability, feel it to be our duty to respond to the call. This very morning our itinerating and exploring party (Bros. Skrefeld, James and Dula,) having been commended to God and the word of his grace, were dismissed and sent forth for a long preaching tour. They propose making a journey through the heart of the Santal country, and reach Ebenezer about Christmas, a distance of 150 miles, though they may have to travel double this distance, in reconnoitering the jungles, and searching out the people. The importance and facilities of occupying new and more central points will of course be reported on by the party.

Beloved friends and supporters of our Indian Mission, do you approve of what we have done, and will you endorse our action? Your aid is still needed, yes, and on an enlarged scale; you still have the privilege and the honor to hold on to the rope, while your missionaries descend into the well. In order to meet the present pressing demand among the Santals, one active worker is withdrawn from the Bengali field. In this field, too, we have ready access to, not thousands, but millions of souls. The staff of laborers here needed re-enforcing even before the present draft on it had been made, and much more now. Then our first field, the large Oriya district, is but poorly supplied with laborers. Verily, "The harvest is great and the laborers few!" Shall we not all unite in prayer to the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth more laborers into his harvest? Beloved Friends, shall we not gird ourselves anew for the work of the Lord? Yea, verily we must do this. "Our sons," though they be "as plants grown up in their youth" and "our daughters," though they be "as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," must be laid upon the altar of God. Our silver and our gold must be brought into the storehouse of the Lord, and put into the hands of those who do the work, and thus our Mission Board can and will be prepared for a forward movement.

The present is an important crisis in our Mission. If we allow it to pass unimproved, the vineyard may be taken from us and given to others who shall render the fruit in its season. Men of Israel, yes, and daughters of Zion, help! and make your aid a double blessing by rendering it prompt.

J. PHILLIPS.

Santipore, Nov. 15, 1869.

### Temperance in England.

In one of my letters from London, I said: "I think that the cause of total abstinence is making progress in London. It now receives more favor in quarters where it formerly received no countenance." I think this is true with reference to England generally. Of course no one would come to this conclusion by walking through the streets of London, especially at night, and looking at the glaring lights of the numerous gin palaces, and at the crowds that throng these houses. Nevertheless I think it is true.

There were several reasons, from twenty to twenty-five years ago, why total abstinence made slow progress. One of these was the intemperance of many of its advocates. They slashed right and left at all who did not agree with them, and they did this, not with the keen blade of either argument or persuasion, but with the heavy club of denunciation. "Moderate drinkers are worse than drunkards,"—Ministers and church members are leading souls to hell!—"Total abstinence is more efficacious than the gospel, for it reforms the drunkard, and that cannot." I am not speaking from hearsay, but am giving statements that I have heard made again and again, and made by members of churches. And these attacks were directed, not only against those who opposed the movement, but against those who, while they did not see it to be their duty to become total abstainers, wished the movement all success in its efforts to reclaim drunkards. I do not say that ministers and other Christians were right in this matter; but, under these circumstances, you will not wonder that suspicion and prejudice were fostered.

I think there is a change for the better with both classes. I believe that total abstainers, as a body, are more careful in

their statements, and are willing that non-teetotalers should go with them as far as they can; and I believe also that the growing evils of intemperance are exerting an influence upon ministers and other Christians, leading many to become total abstainers for the sake of example, and leading others to desire greater restraints on the sale of intoxicating drinks, and to be willing to unite with total abstainers in securing them.

I have before me, "Graham's Temperance Guide," &c., for 1869, a work edited by Rev. Dawson Burns, son of Rev. Dr. Burns. From this I learn that during 1868 the Established Church, the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the Methodist New Connection Conference, the United Methodist Free Church, the Bible Christian Conference, the Wesleyan Reform Union, the Congregational Union, the Baptist Union, the Established Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, each in their several annual gatherings, passed resolutions, or took other action, more or less strongly in favor of temperance.

The same manual states that there are now more than four thousand one hundred total abstaining ministers connected with the different churches in the United Kingdom. Of these, the Established Church has 650; Congregationalists, 600; Primitive Methodists, 450; Free Church of Scotland, 220; Baptists, 300; Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, 250; Wesleyan Methodists, 220; United Presbyterian Church, 217; Presbyterian Church of Ireland, 200; United Methodist Free Church, 150; Bible Christians, 120. There are 176 total abstaining ministers in London. It is also a noticeable fact that the Presidents for 1868-9, of the five principle Methodist denominations, were all total abstainers.

But the most striking fact is, that the Convocation of Canterbury, comprising about two-thirds of the bishops and clergy of the church of England, at its meeting last February, received the report of a Committee appointed the previous year, to "consider and report on the prevalence of Intemperance, the evils which result therefrom, and the remedies which may be applied;" and they ordered this report to be "printed and circulated." I have this document now before me. It is an octavo volume of 238 pages. I may give a digest of it at another time. I will only say now that it contains the substance of 2,283 replies to questions proposed by the Committees, from Episcopal ministers, Recorders, Governors and Chaplains of prisons, Chief constables, and Superintendents of Police, Superintendents of Lunatic Asylums, Coroners and Governors of Workhouses. This report has been extensively circulated, and it carries weight and influence to minds which have been inaccessible to other appeals.

There are several national associations in England for the promotion of temperance. All these societies employ missionaries, lecturers and other agents, and are aided by others who render gratuitous assistance. The printing press is also largely employed. The oldest of these associations is the British Temperance League, established in 1835. Its head quarters are in Bolton in Lancashire, eleven miles from Manchester. While seeking to extend the practice of total abstinence, this society directs special attention to efforts for the restriction of the Sunday drink traffic.

The National Temperance League was established in 1867 by a union of the National Temperance Society, formed in 1843, and the London Temperance League, formed in 1851. Its head quarters are in London. It holds special meetings in London and in the provinces, including drawing-room conferences, to which ladies and gentlemen of influence are invited. It also acts upon the various religious bodies of the country. Its annual fete at the Crystal Palace is an interesting feature in its operations; the number of visitors on the 1st of September last was 42,877.

The United Kingdom Alliance, to procure the "total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors as beverages," was established in 1853. Its head quarters are in Manchester, and Rev. Dawson Burns is the Metropolitan superintendent. A prohibitory liquor bill has been introduced into Parliament at each season for several years past. In 1864, the vote on the second reading, which is generally the testing time for parliamentary bills, was—For, 40; Against, 297. Last May the vote on the second reading, was—For, 93; Against, 199. This shows considerable gain, and on that occasion the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, the Home Secretary, intimated that the time had arrived when there must be some recognition of the right of the people to exercise a local control over the traffic.

The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was formed in 1855. It does its work principally among the young; and is laying a good foundation for the future. The last annual report does not give the number of Bands of Hope in the United Kingdom, but it states that about thirteen hundred meetings were aided during the year 1868 by honorary deputations; and from another source, I learn that there are one hundred and fifty-four Bands of Hope in London alone. In addition to these, there are one hundred and ninety-five local temperance societies in London. I attended a special meeting of one Band of Hope in Spitalfields, which was summoned especially for the purpose of hearing me speak on the subject of temperance. A friend of mine, (Rev. S. Hopley) a Congregationalist minister from Connecticut, attended with me, and we had a large and interested audience, and some signatures to the pledge were obtained at the close of the meeting.

The English are slow, but sure; and it is gratifying to see that they are making progress in this as well as in other directions for the moral and spiritual advantage of the people.

W. H.

### The Christian Church.

The work of the church is not accomplished when social and public worship is maintained, and faithful discipline administered. These are not the end for which the church was established, but only a means to that end,—which is, the perfecting of the saints in holiness; bringing them into perfect harmony with Christ and his work, and to pull down the strongholds of Satan and lead sinners to Christ. And no church or individual Christian should think that their duty is done until the power of the gospel has so far triumphed in their own hearts, as to cause them to reflect the perfect image of Christ, nor until a sinner is a stranger in the land.

To this end, every church should be a Sabbath school, and every member should take part in its exercises. To this end, every church should be an active temperance society, faithfully disciplining its own members, and, by precept and example, inculcating the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. They should unite with other organizations to promote this cause, and bring this gigantic evil to an end. The apathy that now prevails in the Christian church on this greatest of all crimes, is an advancing evil which stands in the way of the extension of the church and of the conversion of the world to Christ. It is the stronghold of Satan, which he will not soon relinquish. It is a mighty power for evil, and the contest will be long and fearful. The church should awake to this momentous question. The commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is not yet fulfilled. The covenant is still binding on the Christian church, and how can we expect the blessing of God on our labors at home, if deaf to the cries of our brethren in heathen lands, "Come over and help us?" "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than it meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

### Rev. Joseph H. Phinney.

Rev. Joseph H. Phinney, of Harrison, Me., died Dec. 3, 1869, aged 80 years, 1 month and 18 days.

The deceased was formerly an active F. Baptist minister, who for several years preached the gospel with peculiar power and success. For more than thirty years past he had been afflicted with a severe nervous difficulty, and with partial mental derangement, manifesting itself in despondency and despair concerning his moral and spiritual condition.

The immediate cause of this difficulty was grief at the death of a daughter, and exhaustion brought on by severe labors in a protracted meeting. The day before his death he seemed unusually cheerful, singing snatches of the old hymns which he had sung in former days, and expressing more confidence in the mercy of God towards him. He was found dead in bed by his wife in the morning. He seemed to have died without meeting any of the terrors of death, as his arms were folded as in peaceful slumber, and the body appeared as if spirit and flesh had parted without a struggle.

G. W. HOWE.

### Notes with Suggestions.

LIGHT SHUT OUT. The moon is much smaller than the sun, but when directly between the sun and the earth, there is an eclipse, and its light is shut out. So, let the world in its riches, honors, fashions and customs be allowed to get between us and God, and his light is shut out from the soul, and we grope in terrible darkness. This can be avoided. "Love not the world."

MAKE THYSELF LESS. Philotas was an officer in the days of Alexander the Great. He was vain and haughty. His father, aware of his condition, gave him this advice: "My son, make thyself less." He profited not by it,—went on till he was accused of a plot against Alexander, and was stoned to death. How many would do well to make themselves less.

CHILDREN TRAINED TO STAY FROM MEETING. There are parents who do not go. Some of them are professors of religion. They have fallen out with some of the members or some operations. They will not go there nor to any meeting. One of the results often is, children do not go. They may be willing their children should attend, but the powerful example of parents in this matter has an influence that may be felt in all future life. They may neglect meetings and consequently salvation, and go down to perdition as the result of parental influence. Fathers and mothers, take heed.

KNOWLEDGE PUFFETH UP. It is so in weak, vain minds. It is so in professed Christians and ministers when there is not deep-toned piety at heart. But when there is good common sense and a good amount of saving grace, a knowledge of the sciences and of divine revelation leads to low views of one's self, and to deep humility.

WISHING THE DEPARTED BACK. We feel almost innocent in wishing departed friends with us again, even when they have died in the Lord. But would we wish them to suffer more? Would we wish to stop the songs they sing? Would we extinguish the rapture they feel while they gaze on "the King in his beauty," and wonder and adore? Would we tarnish the glory of God which their salvation exalts? Would we have them away from Christ, God, angels and the spirits of the just made perfect? No, no, forever, no; cease, then, desiring. Make it thy chief concern to be there also.

Vice President Colfax says: "Twenty-five years' experience has convinced me that the best, wisest and safest rule for all, young and old, and even more especially for those in public life, is total abstinence from all that can intoxicate."

## Selections.

### Catholics and Public Schools.

The movement, led by the Catholics, to drive the Bible from our schools and secure grants of the public money to maintain schools that are exclusively under the control of Romish priests, is calling out many earnest and significant replies. Rev. R. W. Clark recently preached a strong sermon on the subject, which he most effectively closed by quoting from a powerful speech delivered on the subject some years since, by that remarkable Frenchman, Victor Hugo. The occasion of its delivery is given by the preacher, and the extract richly deserves a careful reading. Mr. Clark says:

Before closing, let me give you an extract from a speech made by the gifted and eloquent Victor Hugo, in relation to the effort made, a few years since, by the Romish priests, to procure an act of the General Assembly of France, restoring to the clergy the entire instruction and control of the National Schools. To understand his position, I should state that before the time of Napoleon Bonaparte every school, even the primaries, was instructed by a priest, and very little was taught in them except the creed and the elements of the Papal system. The Emperor changed the system entirely, and removed every priest from the schools. The Bourbons, at their own restoration, restored the priests, but the last revolution set the schools free again. In relation to the effort to bring the schools again under subjection to the church, Victor Hugo said to the priests:

"Ah, we know you! We know the clerical party. It is an old party. This it is which has found for the truth those two marvelous supporters, ignorance and error! This it is which forbids to science and genius the going beyond the misal, and which wishes to cloister thought in dogmas. Every step which the intelligence of Europe has taken has been in spite of it. Its history is written in the history of human progress, but it is written on the back of the leaf. It is opposed to it all. This it is which caused Frinelli to be scourged for having said that the stars would not fall. This it is which put Campanella seven times to the torture for having affirmed that the number of worlds was infinite, and for having caught a glimpse at the secret of creation. This it is which persecuted Harvey for having proved the circulation of the blood. In the name of Jesus, it shut up Galileo. In the name of St. Paul, it imprisoned Christopher Columbus. To discover a law of the heavens was an impiety. To find a word was a heresy. This it is which anathematized Pascal in the name of religion. Montesquieu in the name of morality, Moliere in the name of both morality and religion. For a long time already the human conscience has revolted against you, and now demands of you, 'what is it that you wish of me?' For a long time already you have tried to put a gag upon the human intellect. You wish to be the masters of education. And there is not a poet, not an author, not a philosopher, not a thinker, that you accept. All that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined, invented by genius, the treasure of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common patrimony of knowledge, you reject."

There is a book, a book which is, from end to the other, an emanation from above—a book which is for the whole world what the Koran is for Islamism, what the Vedas are for India—a book which contains all human wisdom, illuminated by all divine wisdom,—which is the veneration of the people call The Book, the Bible! Well, your censure has reached even that. Unheard of thing! Popes have proscribed the Bible! How astonishing to wise spirits, how overpowering to simple hearts, to see the finger of Rome placed upon the Book of God!

And you claim the liberty of teaching. Stop, be sincere; let us understand the liberty which you claim. It is the liberty of not teaching. You wish us to give you the people to instruct. Very well. Let me see your pupils! Let us see those whom you have produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, these two great nations, illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, whose name, no man who thinks, can any longer pronounce without an inexpressible filial emotion; Italy, mother of genius and of nations, which has spread over the universe all the most brilliant marvels of poetry and the arts; Italy, which has taught mankind to read, now knows not how to read! Yes, Italy is, of all the States of Europe, that where the smallest number of natives know how to read.

Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her second civilization, from the Arabs her second civilization; from providence, and in spite of you, a world, America; Spain, thanks to you, to your yoke of stupor, which is a yoke of degradation and decay, Spain has lost this secret power which it had from the Romans; this genius of art, which it had from God; and in exchange for all that you have made it lose, it has received from you the Inquisition.

The Inquisition, which certain men of the party try to-day to re-establish; which has burned on funeral piles millions of men; the Inquisition, which disordered the dead to bury them as heretics; which declared the children of heretics, even to the second generation, infamous and incapable of any public honors, excepting only those who shall have denounced their fathers; the Inquisition, which, while I speak, still holds in the Papal library, the manuscripts of Galileo, sealed under the Papal signet! These were your masterpieces. This fire, which we call Italy, you have extinguished. This colossus that we call Spain, you have undermined. The one in ashes, the other in ruins. This is what you have done for two great nations. What do you wish to do for France?

Stop, you have just come from Rome! I cannot congratulate you. You have had fine success there. You come from gagging the Roman people; now you wish to gag the French people, I understand. This attempt is still more fine; but take care, it is dangerous. France is a lion, and is alive!

Mr. Clark adds, on his own account, the strong words of application:

Shall a Frenchman thus speak in France and be silent? Shall we, as some counsel, give away our birthright? When the fatal hour arrives, toll all the bells in the land! Cattle all the school-houses in sackcloth! Fill the streets with processions of mourners! For, from that hour, the na-

tion would begin to sink. All that is distinctly American would begin to fade, and over our brightest hopes would fall the shadows of Papal darkness.

If there is any patriotism in the American people; any piety in the American church; any traces of a noble manhood in the hearts of those who have been born upon this soil; any just appreciation of the vital connection between the Bible and our national destiny, that day will never come.

### Jesus as a Worker.

There is a characteristic of some modern Christian work which is thus sometimes painfully obtrusive. There are persons who can never help a man, especially a poor man, without giving him some advice about his soul. Some, indeed, venture on this only with the poor, as if they were necessarily farthest from the kingdom of heaven. They are either afraid to say to their equals or superiors in rank what they say to a sick laborer, or they conceive that the gift of some money or food buys a right to add a few words about religion. They give a ticket and a tract to the pauper, at a venture, not knowing whether he is good or bad. They bow and smile when "my lord" shakes hands with them, though they may know him to be one to whom godly advice might be useful, though not acceptable.

I do not, of course, mean to imply that they are bound to take upon themselves the office of public censors, either of rich or poor. I only protest against a one-sided caricature of the Christian rule, that in our work and conversation we should look more to God's honor than human convenience and courtesy.

Our example, Jesus, the Perfect Man, though He came, and openly professed that He came, to do God's will, was frequently content to perform a good deed, and let the good deed speak for itself. Nay, when He spoke of God, it was often rather when He received than when He conferred an obligation. He taught the Samaritan woman, whom he asked to give Him a drink. He rebuked Simon the Pharisee when He sat at his table. But it is remarkable that in many cases He did a kindness, and then let those whom He helped to learn the lessons which it might teach them. When He healed a leper he did not moralize on the analogy between leprosy and sin. When He raised the ruler's daughter He commanded that something should be given her to eat. When He cured the impotent man by the pool of Bethesda, it was not till afterwards when He found him in the temple, that He said unto him, "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

There was in Him a conspicuous absence of that immediate accompaniment of pious language to good deeds which sometimes characterizes the religious philanthropist. In this we may learn from Jesus. If the love of God be warm in our hearts, it will reveal itself without our always talking about the connection between the human and divine, or we shall find occasion to show it without risking the danger of casting pearls before swine, and exposing it to needless contempt. We may thus learn from the religious works of Jesus. We may realize the aim of all religion. We should think more of this than of the detail of its form. Our work is to serve God; to promote in ourselves, and therefore necessarily in others, the love of truth, justice and mercy. But if we stop to speculate too much on the forms of our religion, we are like workmen who should spend so much labor on the sharpening of their tools as to have no time in which to use them. Or, if we think our religion a separate thing, rather than one whose spirit should enter into the whole duty of man, and be radically joined and interwoven with all true work, we are like those jealous members of a craft who prize the exclusiveness of their trades above the good results which skilled labor bestows on the community.—*The Perfect Man.*

### Sowing and Reaping.

A Christian gentleman was staying a few days with a farmer, who, though a man of sound sense and many amiable traits, was a neglecter of religion, and known to be both passionate and profane. He was an excellent farmer, priding himself not a little on the fine appearance and thorough culture of his farm, and evidently was pleased with his guest, who was a man of winning manners and extensive information.

One day, as the gentleman walked out where the farmer was scattering his seed broadcast in the field, he inquired: "What are you sowing, Mr. H—?"

"Wheat," was the answer.

"And what do you expect to reap from it?"

"Why, wheat, of course," said the farmer. At the close of the day, as all were gathered in the family circle, some little thing provoked the farmer—the husband, the father, and the head of the family—and at once he flew into a violent passion, and forgetting, in his excitement, the presence of his guest, he said, "What a curse!"

The latter, who was sitting next to him, at once, and in a low and serious tone, said, "And what are you sowing now?"

"The farmer seemed startled. A new meaning at once flashed on him from the question of the morning. 'What!' he said, in a subdued and thoughtful tone, 'do you take such serious views of life as that, such serious views of every mood and word and action?'

"Yes," was the reply; "for every mood helps to form the permanent temper; and for every word we must give account, and every act but adds to form a habit, and habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves, and will move forever. By all these little things we are forming character, and that character will go with us to eternity, and according to it will be our destiny forever."

It was a new and startling view to the farmer, who, though sensible and thoughtful on most matters, had given little thought to the subject of religion. And it led him to a train of thought which, it is to be hoped, left him a wiser and a better man.

The lesson is one that is full of meaning to all, and especially to the young; that probation extends to every thing, and every thing is but part of our probation; that in and through and by all, we are forming character; and according to what that character on earth shall be, will be our destiny for eternity. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much," and "he that despiseth small things, shall fall little by little." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Am. Mess.*

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the autumn, when the golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.



## The Night Watches.

Her robes yet skirted with the sunset glimmer,  
 Into the twilight brown—  
 Into the twilight brown—  
 Into the twilight brown—  
 Calmly the world goes down.

Without a fear she seeth shut behind her  
 The iron gates of night;  
 The morning sun had never failed to find her,  
 And lead her forth to light.

And friendly is the darkness, grown thus wonted;  
 With night, as with the day,  
 Is the eternal covenant appointed—  
 In both she knows her way.

So in the solemn darkness of this hiding,  
 That seems so like His frown,  
 A planet which the sun unseen is guiding,  
 Calmly my soul goes down.

When, on the dreamer, angels without number  
 From the still skies look out,  
 The revelers cannot know how sweet the slumber  
 He draws the dark about.

Or if, through grief, a solitary wander  
 In faith's pale, starry light,  
 None knows how precious unto God my Maker,  
 My songs are in the night.

—Hours at Home.

## Methods of Exciting Interest.

The general subject, "How shall we Excite and Maintain the Interest of our Classes?" is one of great importance. Several suggestions are presented:

1. Procure a large slate, or small black-board for your class; write on it a carefully prepared analysis of the lesson, and require each one to keep a blank-book, in which to copy the synopsis and any remarks the teacher may make. Examine on these frequently.
2. "Change pupils" with a fellow-teacher or occasional one, under the direction of the superintendent.
3. Appoint a pupil, now and then, to be your "Assistant" in asking questions, giving him a week's preparation.
4. Get the class to have a "question-box," and to bring questions weekly on the lesson, or on any other part of the Bible.
5. Question your class, so to speak, analytically. A few Sabbaths ago I asked my class, "Can we show our gratitude to Jesus?" (The average age is about 12.) The answers I received were these:—1st, "By faith," 2d, "by love," 3d, "by prayer," 4th, "by study of God's Word," 5th, "by obeying him," 6th, "by leading others to him."
6. Avoid, as you would a bed of snow, all routine. Do not allow any method of working for Jesus in any direction, to become fixed and stereotyped. Study as much variety as possible. A distinguished divine was asked to prescribe a plan for the preparation of sermons, to a young minister; his reply was the best on record:—"Be a slave to no plan."
7. Visit your class, and have it visit you. You must know their temperaments and surroundings, if you would secure the highest success. "I believe somebody has told Mr. S. about me, because what he said fits me exactly." But Mr. S. had only thrown himself in the way of that person, and prayerfully, silently taken a spiritual diagnosis of the case. You must come in contact with people when they are themselves, if you would influence them most effectually.—S. S. Times.

## A Form of Cannibalism.

If I were to take you to my house, and say that I have an exquisitely fat man, and wish you to join me in eating him, your indignation could be restrained by nothing. You would pronounce me to be crazy. There is not a man in New York so mean that he would not put down a man who would propose to have a banquet off from a fellow man, eating steaks out of him, and eating them. And that is nothing but feasting on the human body; while they all will sit down, and take a man's soul, and look for the tender loins, and invite their neighbors to little bit-bits. They will take a man's honor and name, and broil them over the coals of their indignation, and fill the whole room with the aroma thereof, and give their neighbors a piece and watch him, and wink, as he tastes it. You all eat men up, and you are cannibals, every one of you.—and worse. You will be glad to get off at God's judgment seat, with the plea: "I only ate the outside." You eat the souls—the finest elements of men. You are more than glad if you can whisper a word that is derogatory to a neighbor, or his wife, or his daughter.

And yet, by an oblique sentence, you make unfavorable impressions on the mind of the person addressed, in respect to the subject of your criticism. "Ah!" he says, "I had not been informed;" and he goes to the next neighbor, and says: "Mr. So-and-so says that and about So-and-so." And that neighbor says, "Indeed," and runs to his partner, and they both run to their wives, and the thing goes all over town. Everybody becomes an unpaid devil's mail carrier, and goes here and there, bearing infernal messages. And what is the result? It is damnation to some poor creature that is unconscious, or that is innocent, or that, if guilty, ought to be pitied and succored, rather than condemned. But ah! the moral is too exquisite to be lost. Here is the soul of a person's hope for the world, and you have it on your fork, and you cannot refrain from tasting it, and give it to some one else to taste. You are cannibals, eating men's honor and name, and rejoicing in it,—and that, too, when you do not always know that the things charged against them are true; when, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the probabilities are that they are not true.—Becher.

## Weary with Watching.

Mine eyes fall for Thy salvation! So said David. He used the graphic image more than once. The idea conveyed by the Hebrew is that of straining the eyes, not merely until they grow weary, but until vision becomes impaired by the intense effort, in looking expectantly for some long anticipated object. This machinery of outward imagery is employed to emphasize the expression of the idea of the soul's yearning for the salvation of God, to be permitted to behold, at least, some brighter dawn, if not the rising and risen sun of that blessed day which is to lighten the gentiles, and be the glory of Israel.

Mine eyes fall for Thy salvation! What perfect reconciliation to God this implies. What absorption of heart in him. What continuous communing with him. What vital sympathy with Christ. What comfort of the Holy Ghost. What preliminary conquest over the world and the flesh. What growth into God's very spirit. What an anxious, tender adoption of him, and of all that is his, into the soul, as more its own than it is itself, or that anything else can be. What a realization of, and kinship with, the temper of those dear saints of old

who died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and been persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth—of whom the world was not worthy.

Are there such saints now? Surely there ought to be. David had no call to be holier than his brethren. The noble army of martyrs had none. Every incentive which has led any life in the past to be with Christ in God, exists and urges to make every one of the Lord's people as entire in consecration, as faithful in service, as any one has been.

The duty is one and unvarying. The motives are universal and unalterable. The Master sitteth over against the treasury; he knows whether we cast in all our living.

Mine eyes fall for Thy salvation! We remember that most touching story of the woman whose lover sailed out of port when he and she were young, to go down in mid-ocean in his foundered ship; and how, crazed by the shock, she kept going day by day, day by day—through the months, through the years, till she died in her gray-haired old age—along the path which her anxious feet kept smooth across the fields, to the top of the sea-ward cliff from which she daily expected to behold, at last, the glimmer of his returning sail. Hers was an insane fidelity. But it might well put to shame the faithfulness of many of the professed followers of God. Who ever sees them looking out with soul-full gaze, longing to catch the first faint dawn-streak of the millennium? Who ever could imagine their eyes failing, through their weariness of waiting—with such working as such waiting involves—to see the salvation of God?—Cong.

## Is a Crisis Coming?

At a recent public meeting of Protestant clergy in New York to form an Evangelical Alliance, Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, said:

I reckon on a great crisis for this country, and I believe we are in the midst of the struggle. There is a great fight going on between the living Christianity and an open infidelity, such as was not exhibited in any age. It began in Germany, and men there have gained the victory. The doctrine of truth will eventually become successful. Men grow old in the service of Christ, but their words are telling. Unitarianism has no life in it. Rationalism is now gone. It is no use for a young man to fight with it. We are come to the age of Materialism. There is an old conquest between the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches. We need to counsel together as to what should be done in the present emergency, for though the Church of Rome is substantially the same always, yet it suits itself to the circumstances in which it is placed. Having been in Ireland—the very midst of the battle-field in the old country—the most Popish country in the world, I know perfectly the direction in which the forces of Antichrist are at present moving. They are moving in the direction of education. They will be joined in this by the infidel. They have already succeeded in New York in getting a separate sum of money paid by you, with which they will teach the doctrines of Popery from the hour school opens until it closes. While you expose the theoretical errors of the Church of Rome, you have, at the same time, to take care that the State system of education be not destroyed, and you will seek to combine as Protestants for the advance of the glorious system of education that is found in the United States.

## Quickly.

Quickly, young man! Life is short. A great work is before you. If you would succeed in business, win your way to honor and save your soul, you must do with your might what your hands find to do. You must work fast and well. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him, and crush him while he sleeps. Aim high and work hard. Life is worth the living, and heaven worth the gaining, and all will be won or lost while the day goeth away.

"Quickly, ye men of business and might! Ye live more than half gone already. You have passed the crest of the hill, and are looking toward the setting sun. That young man who walks by your side, and calls you father, is growing tall and manlike, and begins to talk of the great things he will do. He will increase, but you will decrease. If you have anything yet to do for God or your own soul, you must do it quickly. Shadows are falling, and the night cometh. Quickly, ye aged men! Once you thought three-score-and-ten to be an endless time, and that so many years would never pass away. They have come and gone. They have left their mark upon you. Have they left any monuments of good done, or made record of a God glorified? You have come to infirmities and trembling. Have you come to mastery faith, and hope that looks steadfastly to the end?

Ah! quickly ye aged fathers and gray-headed sires! Already the messengers of death begin to tender their services, and the end is at hand.

## John Bunyan's Tomb.

M. D. Conway, in writing to the Independent an account of the re-opening of Bunhill Field's Cemetery, pays the following just and eloquent tribute to the memory of John Bunyan:

But one tomb there was to which above all others the crowd pressed. About it were crowded eyes, and lips which try to speak, but quiver and falter. A large, gray square tomb or monument it is. On one side there is carved a pilgrim leaning on his staff, bent beneath a burthen tied upon his back. On the other side is the pilgrim kneeling, his arms flung round the post of a wayside cross, his burthen falling to the earth behind him. On the top of it reclines the form and the heavenward-looking face of John Bunyan. Long did the thrilled company look upon the face whose blended massiveness and sweetness were indelible; and no doubt the lips, quivering so still, really whisper something to each one of the multitude. To me, as I looked upon the great and wealthy, standing with bated breath beside the tomb of the old tinker; when I saw the lord mayor in his scarlet and gold, paying homage to the man whose proper place his official predecessors two centuries ago thought to be Bedford jail; and the commerce of London keeping its respectful distance from the dust of him who frescoed the sky with visions which its smoke has left untarnished after six generations; and again, how men of all beliefs found around his grave that "Immanuel's Land, common to all and for all pilgrims," whence they could "see to the gate of the Celestial City," why then, as I say, to me also the stony lips softened to

gentle speech, and repeated what they said of old, but with the gathered significance of the ages, "Believe steadfastly concerning the things that are invisible."

## The Prayer Meeting.

Whoever leads the meeting—whether minister or layman—strikes its key note. It is obviously important that he should be in a right frame of mind. That man is presumptuous who thinks of conducting the prayers of a congregation without suitable preparation. This is scarcely less necessary for the prayer-meeting than for the pulpit. There ought always to be a plan, only it must never appear. I do not mean that any fixed and arbitrary set of rules can be laid down for the government of a prayer-meeting. We may not hope or desire to control the movements of God's Spirit, any more than we can compel the currents of the air, the waves of the sea, or the rustling of the forest-leaves. Yet we can and ought to study to acquire skill, a tact in shaping the direction of thought and feeling, and be quick to seize and improve every passing circumstance and suggestion. But whatever would impair in the least degree the naturalness and spontaneity of the meeting should be carefully avoided. Unless they are natural, our prayer-meetings cannot be social. We are accustomed to call them "social meetings." Alas! the term is often a sad satire. Not seldom they are so formal, so stilted, so precise and proper. There is no ease, no naturalness, no freedom. The instant that "meeting is out" people draw a long breath, form little groups, or gather around the stove, shake hands, and have a good time. Everybody breathes a genial atmosphere of sociality which was utterly absent from the service. Now there is no real necessity that this should be the case. And it would not if our prayer-meetings were so conducted as to be more simple, informal, and conservative in their character.

The tendency of prayer-meetings is to run in ruts, and these are so deep and well worn that it is almost impossible to get out of them. The same voices are always heard, frequently the same out-dried prayers are heard, the same hymns are sung to the same tunes, the same stereotyped phrases are employed in the utterance of exhortation or experience, and the entire meeting is marked by the monotony as dreary and tiresome as the grinding of a hand organ. Now our prayer-meetings should represent the collective gifts and graces of the whole neighborhood, and sisterhood also. I believe in woman's rights to pray and speak in the social services of the church. Never is she more truly in her sphere than when her voice is heard in gentle but powerful pleadings with the Almighty, or in the low, soft breathings of the soul's richest experience. And our sisters ought to be encouraged and even entreated to take their share in the duties and privileges of the prayer-meeting. So, also, the young, the timid, and the retiring should be called out. They need to be urged forward, as much as certain others require to be restrained. I think it would be well for those very willing people who are always ready to take up their cross, by speaking or praying occasionally, to take up another cross and keep still. Possibly the latter would be the heavier of the two. As in the family gatherings, we love to listen to the tremulous tones of the aged grand-parent, and the round, full voice of mature manhood, but are not the less pleased with the prattle of the children, and even the lisping of the baby; so should it be in the social religious gatherings of the household of faith. The stammering words of the "babes in Christ" mingle sweetly with the triumphant shout of the experienced veteran of the cross.

## Beautiful Swiss Custom.

The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to pursue the cow calf, but for another purpose, religious and patriotic. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth: "Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsman in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides, the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on beaded knees and with "covered head." By this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herdsman on the loftiest summit. "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsman and the clefts of the rocks. Then each lies down to rest.

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From J. S. Colwell.

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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1870.

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

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.

## Set Times.

A good cause, a wise system and prompt action always win success. With a bad cause success is failure. Lack of system and promptness will ruin the best of causes. Business men never prosper without set times for work and order in general affairs. The Christian who has no set time to pray, will make shipwreck of faith. The Lord has fixed times and seasons in nature, has appointed a set day for rest and worship, and thus teaches us to make order the first law of life. There will be details which are subject to no law but that of necessity, as there are apparent irregularities in nature; but these only make it the more necessary to have rules, fixed times for certain duties underlying and regulating the whole. If we have them not, all will run into confusion and lead to failure. The regular morning and evening prayer has held thousands from being swept away by the flood-tide of worldliness. Lacking this rule, thousands have fallen and been lost. With fixed rules for giving, benevolence grows vigorous; and as wealth increases gifts increase. Without such rules, generosity ceases to be a principle, sinks to a mere impulse, and withers and dies with the increase of wealth. That is the way misers are made.

Churches which neglect order in their services, have meetings occasionally, begin service "when the people arrive," and close at uncertain times, never prosper; personal piety is feeble and fitful, and the church never attains to character or strength where irregularity rules.

In collections for missions, little can be done without fixed times and objects. Left to accident, impulse and special calls, a people never become educated to give; are always meager in contributions, and so irregular as to all but defeat the cause they would support. Even if regular giving yielded less money, it would be better than disorderly benevolence, since it develops a better type of character, one more reliable, true and trustworthy. And it does in fact always yield larger donations, as well as give stability and certainty to missionary work.

Ever since we began our missionary work, the complaint has been of irregularity and uncertainty in the collection of funds. A few churches have fixed times for collections, and are as regular as the sermon, and generous in the amount of donations. But the most part either do nothing, or give only when some special call arouses them from their slumbers. So we alternate between hope and fear, funds and debts, prospects of success and of failure. Plans have been proposed, progress has been made, contributions are somewhat more regular; but there is yet a serious deficiency. Past efforts have so far succeeded as to inspire courage to persevere, and our defects are so great as to make perseverance imperative. If we could induce all our churches to collect regularly for our benevolent causes, our funds would be greatly increased, and our efforts at doing good much more effective.

Some churches divide the year into as many parts as they have regular objects for collections, and give each object its time and place in the year. This is perhaps the most satisfactory arrangement in use. It sets each object distinctly before the people on its own merits; it relieves the pastor of the unwelcome attitude of beggar, and from all censure for calling so frequently for money; it is his business to present it; it comes in the regular order of the year's work; it has its set time; the people expect and prepare for it; the pastor would be censured if he did not present it; it cannot be forgotten, and slight excuses will not cause delay; it becomes one of the institutions of the church, and is enjoyed; the people are inspired to make a good record at these times, and knowing that all the other churches are doing the same thing, would feel ashamed not to have a part in the general offering.

We have four very important objects for which regular collections should be taken:—Foreign Missions, Home Missions, aid for young men preparing for the ministry, and Freedmen. Now, if the year was divided into four parts, and each quarter devoted to one of these objects, and each church called upon to report at the Quarterly Meeting what they had done, it would be very satisfactory. Then we should escape these terrible "drives" which keep so many from our anniversary meetings, and make it so uncomfortable for those who attend, and escape, too, the periodic "appeals" from desperate secretaries, to save the cause from failure.

The last General Conference moved in

this direction; and there are some questions in the new Treatise to be propounded at each session of the Q. Meetings, which contemplate this style of effort. And it would add to the interest and usefulness of our Q. Meetings very much, if these questions were asked of the delegates, regularly, and this money matter attended to thoroughly. The Foreign Mission needs such regular and reliable support; the Home Mission needs it; and we are suffering terribly from lack of funds to aid young men. Why cannot our several benevolent societies agree upon some division of the year, and each take its part? It would be vastly better than to have the present confusion, and "pitching in" of first one and then the other, and both together, fitfully, and almost in rivalry. Let us have set times to raise money for set purposes; let the ministers and churches know just what is expected and when, and by patient continuance we shall improve our condition.

## Two Radical Newspapers.

Almost every definite ism has its organ. The types are called into service whenever any considerable number of men and women have a common grievance to parade or a common end to compass. First a public meeting, and then a paper. Another public meeting, and then a plea for subscribers. The hall and the platform speaker are depended on to stir an interest, and then the press is used to organize and direct it. They who hear and noisily applaud may be properly asked for their testimony; but they who read and think are, after all, the main dependence of wise and shrewd leaders. And hence the multiplication of papers and pamphlets, large or small, daily, weekly or monthly, able or feeble, philosophical or flippant, appealing to logic or to passion, rising to permanent influence or soon sinking to a forgotten grave.

Two weekly papers have appeared with the opening of the year that may well claim and secure attention, both in view of what they are, and of the significant phases of thought which they represent and exhibit. One is *The Index*, a sheet published at Toledo, Ohio, in the interest of the extreme type of Free Religion, and which Mr. F. E. Abbot chiefly uses as the silent pulpit for the dissemination of his views of theology; the other is *The Woman's Journal*, whose principal office is in Boston, and which appears as the organ of that portion of the advocates of what is popularly known as the Woman's Rights movement, who are unwilling to be committed to the policy and measures of the clique that manages *The Revolution*.

The initial number of the *Index* is largely filled with Mr. Abbot's individual contributions. He covers the first page with his creed, in the form of fifty affirmations. They are plain, consecutive, calmly and dignifiedly stated, with not a particle of bitterness or the semblance of a fling at those who believe in Orthodox Christianity. To us, many of these affirmations appear wholly true, some of them almost wholly false; while not a few exhibit such a mixture of the wholesome and the mischievous, that they need a careful analysis before they can be properly disposed of. Direct approval and unqualified assent are alike out of place.

But the document that deserves chief attention is a long and elaborate discourse, originally delivered as a lecture by the editor, at the Horticultural Hall, Boston. Here Mr. A. unfolds his views of religion, special and general, with thorough frankness, and no little ability and force. He claims that Christianity is only one of many special and partial religions,—an advance perhaps on the best of its predecessors, but still having no just claim to be considered a religion for all peoples and periods. Christ is probably the highest embodiment of the religious genius that the world has yet seen; but his aim was too low, his methods defective, and his character tainted by the errors and prejudices of his times. In assuming to be the Messiah, he threw away the scepter that would have made him the model and master of the ages. Mr. Abbot will have no Messiah, because, as he claims, he stands out against the higher priesthood and royalty of the individual soul.

It is only just to say that the *Index* promises to be fair, thoughtful and able. And Mr. Abbot is frank enough to define its and his position with the most unequivocal words. He gives up the name Christian; for, having ceased to accept Christ as the Messiah, he confesses that he has no right to the title, and he justly wonders at the illogical and unreasonable attitude of those who strip Christ of his peculiar authority and yet call themselves by his name. His language on this point is explicit and fitting. He says: "The world at large can never be made to understand what is meant by a Christian who in no sense has faith in Christ. . . . The world is right, and may well marvel at a Christianity that denies the Lord, yet wears his livery." He will not admit that there was anything of the nature of imposture in Christ's claims and work. He says such a charge "should blister the mouth that makes it." And there is something touching and suggestive in the words that tell of Mr. Abbot's mental state when he speaks of being compelled by conviction to withdraw the confidence with which he formerly gave in his testimony to Christ's Messiahship. He says he does not turn away "in levity or mockery or defiance." Out of his lost faith, he tells us, have sprung his own "most hallowed experiences." He goes still farther in his frankness, which seems to have in it a tinge of melancholy, when he adds: "Once I felt the full power of the Christian faith; . . . but come what may, let me never . . . make my heart the coffin of a murdered truth!"

It is impossible not to respect a frank and intense moral earnestness; and a Christian should be the last to complain of thorough fidelity to conviction wherever that is found. Mr. Abbot must stand or fall to his own Master, like all the rest of us. We do not

attempt to judge him. We know there are honest doubters, as Thomas was. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Abbot is giving up the Sun for the Milky Way, and leaving the eternal Rock for the shifting quicksands. The mere Theism which he advocates, we believe lacks the power to redeem the race that Christ would draw to himself; and we cannot help thinking that the *Index* will prove a sorry, a local and a short-lived substitute for the Old Book. When the Toledo preacher's ministry has ended, we confidently anticipate the coming of many generations of Christian teachers, who will hold up Christ's cross and vocalize Paul's theology in the presence of believing multitudes that willingly and wisely forget the Theistic protest that they may emphasize the Christian confession.

We have left only a bit of space in which to speak of the *Woman's Journal*. But, in a word, we may say that we heartily welcome so calm, clear, intelligent, dignified and vigorous as this, as an exponent of the new theory of woman's true sphere and functions. Its board of editors is such as to assure us of something better than tirades, extravagance, audacity and common scolding. Here is the list, and, in point of the large and varied ability, solid character and ample experience which the names suggest, it is confessedly a rare one: Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and T. W. Higginson. We shall certainly have brain, culture, sagacity, discretion and fairness, as well as purpose and pluck in the *Woman's Journal*. The first number is full of promise. It has no bile and no mere sentiment. Its earnestness is calm. It propounds its dogmas with decision, not with a belligerent defiance. Assuming sometimes more than we can yet concede, and calling some things proofs whose testimony appears to us quite ambiguous, it evidently means to honor fair play, and carry public conviction by argument and evidence rather than by sophistry and clamor. Seeing that the question must be discussed from the woman's rights standpoint, we gladly welcome so able and deserving a sheet into the arena of public debate. Those who would know what is being thought and said by the ablest advocates of an enlarged sphere for woman, can do no better than to send for this well printed and ably managed paper.

## Comfort in Sorrow.

Nature is full of divine lessons. The Spirit weaves them into scriptural counsels. Here is one, of the eagle: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord did lead Israel."

"Stirreth up her nest." Why? To make it uncomfortable. And does God seek to make us uncomfortable? The eagle would have the young leave the nest, stretch their wings, rise to vigor, strength, glory. Ease, quiet, luxury and indulgence enervate, make men sordid, selfish, stupid, and finally miserable. They must be startled from their nests, forced to effort. God stirreth them up. Losses, poverty, sickness, bereavement, sorrows, troubles come upon them, to their wonder and amazement. They ask, "Why is this? What does it mean?" Their comforts fly; miseries roll in upon them; all is dark and forbidding; Providence seems to have turned against them; they cry out in agony; they pray to be left in quietude; they are angry at the disturber; feel that they are victims of cruelty and abuse.

In very agony, fright or despair, they begin to struggle, their energies are aroused, a new inspiration possesses them, they spread the wings of faith and rise to a higher and better life; and by and by they see that it was "good for them to be afflicted."

Do great troubles overflow us; great sorrows rend our souls; sore trials, as a fiery furnace, environ us? It is not an enemy who does it. The eagle is stirring up her nest; our Father is driving us out of our indolence, stupidity, sinful indulgence, to a richer field, to higher duties and joys. "Fluttereth over her young," shows what is to be done and how to do it, to inspire with courage, ambition, enterprise. Examples potent. Eagles and men have an imitative instinct. They are moved to do what they see done by others. God took human form that he might "flutter over his young." Jesus is our example in suffering, patience, labors, love and piety. Departed saints are set to "flutter over us," as "cloud of witnesses," "being dead they yet speak." Living saints, workers, victors over sin and sorrow, men of faith, sufferers for Jesus, heroes of the cross, patient in tribulation, "flutter" over us. We feel the impulse, spread the wings of faith and venture upon the promises of God. How many timid souls have been encouraged by such examples! How the patience of the afflicted has given strength to others! God sends them to us, to "flutter over the nest." Let us welcome the visit and the example.

"Taket them, beareth them on her wings;"—helps when they make trial of strength. So the Spirit "worketh in" those who "work out." They scarcely know whence the strength cometh, what is their own and what the Spirit's; it is so woven together, life into life, impulse into impulse, strength into strength, that the divine and human become identical.

The eagle flies beneath her young, skillfully sends supporting currents into their small wings, bears them up in moments of exhaustion, shouts cheer and courage into their hearts. So doth the Lord. How many can testify—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." We do not always know it at the time. The obstacles before us, the strain upon our own energies, the enemies which oppose us, the fears which overwhelm us, the sufferings which make our hearts bleed, monopolize the attention; the

presence of the Spirit is not discerned, the Lord is in a "dark cloud," hidden from our view, but he helpeth. The very enemies which assail he compels to give us strength; he maketh "all things work for good."

Can we believe all this? The word of the Lord declares it, and it is sure. The wonderful promises, covering all our wants and woes, temporal and spiritual, individual and social, public and domestic, trials and labors, life and death, adorn the sacred page. But how weak is our faith! How fear and impatience trouble us! How little we understand of the lessons of sorrow, pain and trial! How we chafe under God's "stirring up!" How our hearts sink when pushed out upon the wings of faith!

But the blessed Father will not forsake, nor chide, for our weakness. His heart is set upon making us strong, brave and good, and he will succeed. "Without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," is the Pattern, and the redeemed "shall be like him." "He giveth grace and glory."

## Not in Vain.

No man speaks a brave word out of an intelligent brain and under the impulse of a Christian conscience, without effect. Labor of this sort is not lost. There may be no hearty response heard at once by the outward ear. The clamor of the indignant world may seem to drown the better utterance. The vocalized truth may appear to be booted into both silence and contempt. But it only seems. Such words live on, trembling it may be for centuries in the air; but they will sooner or later find ears open for their reception, and tongues ready to fling them abroad where they will stir the multitude and carry life to the souls of men.

Father Hyacinthe does not need to come to America to find a sympathetic hearing. True enough, in the old world, where Romish ideas have so long held sway, and the old terror inspired by the Inquisition has not wholly died out, and protestantism is yet more or less thought of as infidelity in the church and Jacobinism in the state,—in that land the protest of this eloquent priest does not call out open approval. But there are many men who thank God in secret for his words, and hear in them the bugle blast that will gradually rally and inspire a great host whose souls groan in their tyranny and long for relief. He only tells what many others know, and expresses just what they profoundly feel. Here and there may be heard an echo that rises clear above the clamor, and even they who remain silent and cowed will wear their chains more reluctantly henceforth, and find the impulse to fling them off growing every day stronger.

Here is one of the responses that has not been drowned by the priestly outcries, nor suppressed before it got beyond the control of the inquisitors. It is an extract from a letter written by a Romish priest to a friend, and which found its way into some of the Paris papers. It indicates that the burden is becoming too heavy to be much longer borne, and that they who find the darkness so deep will demand light and press toward it. The writer says:

"People of the world can form no conception of the yoke which weighs upon a priest in our day, or of all the imperative considerations which deny him the boldness to affirm sincerely. If I should say, in a certain circle with which I am acquainted, that Father Hyacinthe is an apostate and an infamous scoundrel; if I should add, with an air of hypocritical sadness, the devil is at the bottom of this affair in the shape of some woman or other, as was said in reference to Lamennais, I should be very likely to be applauded by the entire company; at any rate, I should not have to fear either the thunders of Rome, or the rebuke of my Bishop, or the taking-bearing of my fellow priests. But if I had the boldness to affirm loudly that Father Hyacinthe has given us the example of a courage which is far too rare, and that his declaration is the more terrible because it is irrefutable, I should not remain a week in my beloved parsonage, and I should find myself forced to solicit a seat, not in the Senate, but on the box of a cab. . . . Yes, Father Hyacinthe has had the courage to declare plainly and aloud that which lies at the bottom of every enlightened soul. His statement is, as it were, the grating through which the cry of anguish of oppressed conscience has escaped. If his purposes are pure, as I love to believe they are, I declare him a hero, for he must have known that he exposed himself to martyrdom. Lost in a village of the Pyrenees, I know nothing of him but by his photograph and the enfeebled echoes of his eloquence; but from what I read, I venture to affirm that, if a certain party had the power, we should soon see raised again the stake of a new John Huss; since, however, this party driven to bay is not able to burn alive those who unmask it, it sets itself to work with vigor to blacken their characters, and we must do it justice to say that is understands marvelously well how to calumniate those who offend it, just as it understands well how to misrepresent history. . . . Who can assure us that the letter of Father Hyacinthe is not the human voice of the Holy Spirit calling to Pius IX. 'Distrust the intrigues who are deceiving you while they worship you! Pious of the new dispensation, remember that the eyes of the world are upon you, and that men are preparing either to believe or to laugh.'"

## Current Topics.

—THE WEEK OF PRAYER. The reports which reach us from various portions of the country, generally indicate that many thousands of good adherents in connection with the services—especially the union services,—during the Week of Prayer. A new and stronger religious life seems to have been manifested at many different points, and confident hopes are expressed that the first week of the year may mark an era of incoming vigor to the churches. Up to the present time, there has been less of that special quickening which has been witnessed during several winters past. Extensive revivals are only occasionally reported. The work of training is indeed not less important than that of ingathering, and it may be that the Christian life is being developed and organized for service where there are no new cases of conversion. But in a vital

and healthy church the two processes go on steadily and harmoniously together. The call, "Come unto me," is always sounding, and every day should witness its acceptance. The precept, "Grow in grace," is of perpetual authority, and there are no circumstances that will justify us in disregarding it. And they who most reverently heed the Master's invitation are generally those who most clearly interpret the apostle's injunction.

—JUBILEE FOR CONGREGATIONALISTS. It is just two hundred and fifty years since the Mayflower set out on her great errand to the new world. That fact has just been recalled by certain ecclesiastical descendants, and there is a proposal to signalize the anniversary by public meetings at Chicago and Plymouth Rock, as well as by commemorative services in the Congregationalist churches of the country, by liberal gifts to promote the special interests of that household of faith, &c. The proposal seems to be generally approved by the leading representatives of that denomination, and something is likely to be done. The proposed meeting on Plymouth Rock, however, on the 22d of December, might require an amount of theological warmth and oratorical fervor not easy to be secured; but it might aid in giving an impression of the experiences met by the earlier colonists, who used to sit out a two hours' sermon in a place of worship that never witnessed a fire, even in the days when the mercury went down in a body into the bulb of the thermometer.

—THE TEMPERANCE PARTY IN N. H. A State Temperance Convention was held last week at Concord at which, after earnest discussion and the withdrawal of a considerable number of the members, it was decided to nominate an independent ticket of state officers on a temperance platform. Rev. Dr. Barrows was chosen as the nominee for governor by acclamation, and accepted. The indifference of the existing political parties to this question,—the defeat of the effort to secure a state constabulary at the late popular election,—the growing power of the liquor interest and the manifest increase of drunkenness in almost every part of the state,—the despair of many temperance men in view of the difficulty of enlisting the leading politicians of the state in the support of temperance legislation,—these are the main reasons that prompted to this political switch-off. There was also a movement made looking to an alliance with the friends of what is known as the Labor Reform Movement, in order to make the demonstration at the polls more imposing and the blow more effective.

These considerations are not without force, and the protest may have some effect. But the reasons existing against a third party movement on this ground are such that multitudes of temperance men will decline to unite in it; the little success that has attended similar movements in other states will operate to lessen the vote; the little less than revolutionary dogmas that have been freely thrown out by Working-men's conventions will make many strong temperance men shrink from any such alliance; and many who long to see the liquor shops closed by authority, have little faith in legislation, so long as the moral sense of the people is so manifestly unripe for the faithful enforcement of a prohibitory law. Dr. Barrows is hardly likely to be Governor this year, though the people might do worse than to elect him; and temperance men must not forget the imperative necessity of using moral truth while seeking the aid of a civil statute.

—AMERICAN STEAMSHIPS. The recent action of the managers of the principal lines of ocean steamers, in refusing to carry the U. S. Mails at any reasonable price, has stirred the public feeling afresh on the subject of an American line of steamers. The sad experiences and the heavy bills of expense that were connected with the Collins line, operated to deter private enterprise from entering this field of competition, and left the government strongly disinclined to take any responsible steps. But the recent combinations of foreign shipowners not only brought out Mr. Creswell's pluck, in prompting his refusal to meet their demands; it has also induced our capitalists to enter into an arrangement for building some first class vessels for oceanic service. The prospect is cheering. The International Steamship Company, speaking through its President in New York, thus addresses Postmaster General Creswell, under date of Jan. 4:

Sir: I have the satisfaction to inform you that we have this day agreed upon the terms and conditions with the builders, for the construction of our two first steamships, and that two more shall follow. The dimensions of these are 500 feet length, 66 feet width, 33 feet depth; the interior arrangements to be in accordance with the drawings which I had the honor to show you in October last; speed to be 25 miles per hour in smooth water—a capability to cross the ocean in fair weather in 6 1/2 days, and on an average of 8 days. They are all to be built of iron, double in form, having all the provisions for safety which were named as requisites at our interview in October.

This is as it should be. It is time that definite and effective measures were taken to provide for doing what needs to be done in making us measurably independent of foreign aid, when we have mails, merchandise or men to transport across the sea.

—JOY WITHOUT CAUSE. The *Advance*, followed by other papers, is in ecstasy because the words in Mark 16: 16,—"He that believeth, &c., and in Acts 8: 37,—"If thou believest with all thy heart," &c., are not found in two or three ancient scripture manuscripts. We would suggest to our Fedobaptist friends to moderate their joy, since many more texts must be blotted from the sacred oracles before the doctrine that faith must precede baptism is materially weakened, and some new texts must be inserted before infant baptism can be justifi-

fied, as there are now none which even hint at such a rite.

—REJOICING PRESBYTERIANS. Our united Presbyterian brethren are holding rejoicing meetings and love feasts in all the principal towns and cities in the land. They have good reasons for it. Their consummated union is a great event. Jesus is honored by it, and his whole church blessed. They are a noble and generous people, and it gives us all joy to witness their prosperity and happiness. May Heaven's richest blessings fall upon them.

—WHAT IT MEANS. Opposition to the Bible in Schools does not come from Jews, infidels nor "outsiders," but from Papists. They are the head and front of objectors. And why? Not merely to exclude the Bible, but to destroy the schools. The Bible excluded, they imagine, will set Protestants against them, divide the public money, inaugurate sectarian schools, exterminate the influence of public education, and open the door to Papal supremacy. They are wise as serpents. Every blow against the Bible in schools is a blow against public education and in favor of sectarian schools. That is what it means.

—EXTRA PAPAL. Some are surprised that American Bishops excel those of Germany and France, in servility to the Pope and in bigoted arrogance. The reason is obvious. They resist more light, and hence hate it more bitterly. "When the light becomes darkness, how great is that darkness." Extremes meet. They are so jealous of liberty and afraid of the truth, that their opposition becomes more decided and extreme. The worst type of popery on earth is likely to grow up in this land of religious freedom.

—BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. The prizes, offered some time since, brought out several excellent books, which are advertised in the *Star*. They exactly suit the young people. If any have not yet read them, they have a luxury in reserve. They are chaste in style, pure and elevating in tone, instructive and full of life and interest. Much of the literature for youth is puerile, sensational and hurtful. But these books can be presented to our children with confidence that they will afford pleasure and profit. They are as beautiful in appearance as they are entertaining in substance.

—TAXES AND REVENUE. Reduce the interest on our bonds and taxes can be reduced; that can be done when the bonds are above par; that will occur when they are scarce in market; they will soon become scarce at the present rate of purchase; then comes specie payment; a reduction of interest to four per cent, and a large reduction of taxes. Government is on the right track, and will soon reach the goal.

—HARD OUTLOOK. New York is in the hands of the Philistines. Anti-reform is ascendant. Civilization is on the "down grade." The Legislature has already repealed the adoption of the 15th amendment, and purposes to repeal every other law which impedes the carnival of rowdism. The Excise law is doomed, and free whiskey is to be the inheritance of the state. Sabbath laws will march to execution, and the Lord's day be devoted to revelry with no legal hindrance. The registry laws must perish, that election frauds may be less difficult. The Commissioners, which have been a terror to evil doers, are to be swept away that rogues may govern themselves. The School funds are to be divided so that Protestant industry may be taxed to support Papal schools of bigotry and superstition. The "N. Y. Central" is likely now to get liberty to increase its fare at the public expense. This is a dark prospect. But the Lord reigns.

## Denominational News and Notes.

Morning Star.—Vol. I., No. 1.

Probably very few of the present readers of the *Star* have ever had access to the first number. A brief outline of its contents and character, therefore, may be not wholly devoid of interest and profit.

It bears date May 11, 1826; and so the paper first saw the light nearly forty-four years ago. Its printed matter covers four pages,—each 17 1/2 inches by 9 1/2. The amount of reading matter, taking into account the coarseness of type and liberal leading, would not exceed one fourth of what the *Star* now contains.

The first page is made up almost entirely of two articles,—one being an "Editorial Address" by the Junior Editor, Samuel Burbank, and the other, a "biographical sketch" of Adam as a type of Christ, by the Senior Editor, John Buzzell. The address is plain, direct and straightforward. After setting forth the "blessings of a free press and the value of a religious periodical," it proceeds to notice in brief the following particulars:

1. *Division of subjects.* It is announced that "the first two pages of the paper will be devoted to Religious Intelligence and Christian correspondence. The other two pages, to news in general, and whatever may be attractive to the candid reader."

2. *Its Catholicity.* The address proceeds to state that, though the "doctrine of Christ," "the truths of the gospel" are to be vindicated, yet it is not designed to make the *Star* "a rigid sectarian." "Revivals of religion" and "Obituary notices of Christians of every denomination," are promised an insertion, so far as the limits of the paper would admit. It speaks of the means employed for spreading a knowledge of the glory of God, of the efforts made by the different denominations to Christianize the world, and expresses







## Poetry.

## In School Days.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.  
Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;  
The charcoal frescoes on its walls,  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!  
Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lift up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.  
It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.  
For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.  
Pushing with restless feet the snow,  
To right and left, he lingered;  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue checked apron fingered.  
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the trembling of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing:  
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because—the brown eyes lower fell—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"  
Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing:  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!  
He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.  
—Our Young Folks.

## How the Gates came Ajar.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven  
How the little child angel May,  
In the shade of the great white portal,  
Saw sorrowing night and day,  
How she said to the stately warden,  
"He of the key and bar—  
"O angel, sweet angel! I pray you,  
Set the beautiful gates ajar;  
Only a little, I pray you,  
Set the beautiful gates ajar!  
I can hear my mother weeping;  
She is lonely; she cannot see  
A glimmer of light in the darkness  
Where the gates shut after me.  
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,  
The splendor will shine so far!"  
But the warden answered: "I dare not  
Set the beautiful gates ajar!"  
Spoke low and answered: "I dare not  
Set the beautiful gates ajar!"  
Then up rose Mary the Blessed,  
Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ;  
Her hand on the hand of the angel  
She laid, and her touch sufficed.  
Turned was the key in the portal,  
Fell ringing the golden bar;  
And lo! in the little child's fingers  
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!  
In the little child-angel's fingers  
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!  
"And this key for no further using,  
To my blessed Son shall be given,"  
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—  
Tenderest heart in Heaven.  
Now, never a sad-eyed mother  
But may catch the glory afar;  
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom  
Are the keys of the gates ajar,  
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,  
And the gates forever ajar!

## The Family Circle.

## Warnie's Escape.

BY GRACE.

One afternoon, about half-past two o'clock, little Warnie, scarcely eight years old, started to run across the river to his father's mill. At one o'clock several of the family had passed over in safety, but when Warnie was about forty feet from the opposite shore, the ice, worn very thin by the rapid current and recent rain, suddenly broke and let him in. Fortunately his head did not go under water, and he kept up by resting his arms on the ice.  
He tried to cry for help, as his brother Willie had done when in similar danger the year before, but he could not utter a word; so he said he "just closed his eyes and thought he would go to sleep, and wake up all right in the morning."  
But the kind Father, without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground, was watching over the little one, and in his loving providence had human aid at hand.  
A young man, looking from a window, saw Warnie fall in and ran to the rescue. Others, seeing him run, ran also, and in an incredibly short space of time there were perhaps fifty men on the bank. They ventured out as far as possible, and pushed a board to the child, so that he could rest his arms upon it. The surging water would sometimes come up to his mouth and ears as he hung there, and the swift current carried his limbs out straight under the ice.  
The great danger was that he might become chilled or frightened, so as to let go his hold and be swept under before help could reach him.  
One man ran into the mill at the first alarm and asked Warnie's brother for a rope, saying a boy was drowning.  
"It's Warnie," thought the brother, and rushing to the river he pushed out a slab and ran out upon it, when the ice gave away and he went in up to his chin. He was helped out, and another man got in, in a vain attempt to reach the boy. At this

junction Warnie's father, receiving notice that some one was in the river, ran to the bank from whence the little boy had started, and throwing a boat upon the ice began to push it towards his son.

The father recognized the black cap which appeared above the hole in the ice, as that of his dear child.

On the opposite shore men were running to and fro, waving their arms, shouting directions to each other, and encouraging words to the little one, trying to throw him a rope, yet not daring to throw it near enough, lest the stick attached to one end might hit and stun him, and thus hasten the catastrophe they were so anxious to avoid.

When the boat was started they shouted: "Hold on, Warnie! Your father is coming to get you."

"Oh, how far away is he?" asked the child.

"Keep perfectly still, Warnie!" cried his father, in an agony of apprehension, lest the boy should turn to look at him, lose his hold and be swept away.

The father pushed the boat along until the ice gave way and let him into the water; he then got into the boat, stepped out on the other side and dragged it along until he again fell in. The ice was now too thin to support the weight of the boat. Here an alarming difficulty presented itself. There was neither oar nor paddle.

For an instant the father's presence of mind forsook him, and he cried out: "I have neither oar nor paddle! what shall I do?"

"Tear up the seat!" was shouted back. The seat was torn from its fastenings, and with strong, rapid strokes a passage was broken through the intervening ice, and the boat propelled alongside the little fellow who was patiently, trustfully resting upon his frail support, and awaiting the coming of his father.

In another moment a firm hand drew him into the boat. Two or three women of the household stood watching the scene, in breathless suspense. Among the number was Warnie's mother, who had not caught his name, and did not positively know that it was her own child in such imminent peril until she saw him lifted out of the water, although she had feared it was.

Then the rope was thrown into the boat and they were quickly brought to the shore, where a kind man stripped off his coat, wrapped up the chilled and shivering child, and loving arms bore him quickly into a neighbor's house.

Many a prayer of thanksgiving was offered to the merciful One who had thus saved the life, so precious and so dear, and it was remembered with gratitude that an earnest petition had been offered at the family altar that morning, that our Heavenly Father would preserve every member of the household that day "from all dangers known and unknown."

"I could not but notice the faith which Warnie had in his father's assurance that he was coming to save him, and how still he waited there until his father reached him; and oh! how I wish that every one in this world would only trust our Saviour's promises as entirely," said Estella, the pious, faithful servant girl.

"His closing his eyes and thinking he would just go to sleep and awake all right in the morning," said Warnie's mother, "brought forcibly to my mind the dreadful blindness of awakened souls, who stifle their convictions of sin, put off the day of repentance, close their hearts against the gentle pleadings of crucified Love, which would have them flee from the wrath to come, and listen to the insatiable lies of the enemy of souls, who assures them that there is time enough yet,—that they will come out all right by and by,—until the day of grace is past, and they awake at last where hope and mercy and salvation may never reach them."

## In China.—A Fish Story.

I think of myself as sitting by some one of the thousands of pleasant firesides in the United States amid a group of boys and girls. We toast our toes, tell riddles and stories, and make the room ring with our laughter. As it is my turn to give a story, I shall tell you, my young friends, about what is going on right down beneath our feet in China. I was down there a few months ago. It is a country where men as well as boys fly kites, walk on stilts, and amuse themselves by making enormous paper dragons, with bodies like snakes, fifty or one hundred feet long, and as large as a flour barrel, with huge claws and great mouths wide open, and goggle eyes flaming with fire. The lanterns that light the streets of the cities are as large, almost, as hogheads. In that country there are several million people who live in boats, sleeping in drawers built into the sides of the boats. They hatch ducks and chickens in ovens, rear them in flocks,—letting them into the water two or three times a day, just as you are let out of school at recess for a grand frolic. The master calls them back by a whistle, and gives the tardy ones a good drubbing for being behindhand. Possibly some of you could tell me a story about being late from recess.

The Chinese are ahead of us in some things, especially in catching fish. Years ago, when I was younger than I am now, I loved dearly to go fishing. There was nothing that so set me on tiptoe. I remember the first fish I ever caught; it was a horn-pout, with a mouth split from ear to ear, only I never could find his ears; it was wide enough for him to swallow himself! He had long smellers, and was a tremendous fellow. My older fish-pole bent almost double as he pulled and tugged at the line, but I got him into the boat at last. Didn't he bounce around? I have seen whales since, but he was bigger than a whale,—at least so I thought then.

The fact is, he was a little fellow, and my father took the conceit out of me by saying

he wasn't worth dressing; but I carried him home, and had him go into the frying-pan, and there never was a sweeter morsel than he made. I caught him, and that was what made the breakfast one of the best ever cooked. What we accomplish ourselves is of more value to us than what others do for us.

The Chinese are very fond of fish, and hundreds of thousands of people fish for a living.

Let us, in imagination, think of ourselves as being in China, sailing up the great river Yang-tse, which, you will see by looking at your school atlas, is nearly as large as the Mississippi. It rises in Central Asia, and flows through the heart of the Empire to the sea. You see a great many boats filled with men, women, and children. The boats are their homes. They live in them from childhood to old age—father, mother, grandparents, and children, with pigs, ducks, chickens, cats, and dogs.

Two boats sometimes move side by side, a few rods apart, with a long net or seine between them; after rowing a while, they come together, draw in the net, and take out the fish.

As you sail along the shores, you see a great many contrivances that look like well-sweeps. A tall post is driven into the ground just in the edge of the water, and a long pole tilted upon it reaches twenty or thirty feet out into the river. A net attached to the pole drops into the stream. The fisherman sits on the bank in a little hut not much larger than a dog's house, and every few minutes he pulls down his end of the pole, which, of course, raises the other and lifts the net from the water. If he catches three or four fish a day, he is content, for his wants are few, and it does not cost him much to live.

The Chinese catch a great many fish without hook, or line, or net. I don't believe that you can guess how they do it. Try now.

"By driving the fish into a pen?"  
No. I have seen people do that—making a wicker-work fence of stakes and withes, and then splashing the water to frighten the fish; but the Chinese don't do it that way.

"By a pot?"

No; you have n't hit it. I used to do that—making a dam across a brook in my father's meadow, and weaving a basket, or pot, as we called it, large at both ends, tapering like a tunnel in the middle, with a hole leading to a box, with sharp spikes pointing in one direction set around the hole. The suckers and trout could go in, but to get out was another matter. "By spearing them?"

No; the Chinese do not have such glorious fun as I enjoyed in my boyhood, at night, with a pitch-knot torch flaming in a jack at the bow of a boat. How exciting to see a great pickerel with yellow sides lying motionless in the water! And then to let him have it right back of the gills and draw him in before he could tear himself away! Ah! that was fun.

As you cannot guess, I will tell you. The Chinese fish with birds.

"With birds?"  
I thought that you would open your eyes wide. Yes, with birds about as large as geese. They have sharp bills, are brown in color, and are exceedingly nimble. They are tame sea ravens or cormorants. They live on fish, and have voracious appetites. They will eat their own weight in fish in a few hours. They seem to be always hungry. The more they have, the more they seem to want. Being always hungry, they are exceedingly active. They have sharp eyes, large wings, web feet, and swim very fast. They dive as quick as a flash.

Look at that one swimming in the stream,—on the watch for fish. There he goes! In a twinkling he is out of sight. Here he comes with a fish in his mouth, which is struggling to get away, but the raven holds him fast and swims to his master's boat where he is taken aboard. He cannot swallow the fish because his owner has slipped an ironing upon the poor creature's throat. He lays the fish down and waits until the ring is taken off, and then he can only have a morsel of fish, just enough to sharpen the appetite, and make him wide awake for more. The owner strokes the bird's head, calls him a good fellow, and throws him into the water for another venture.

Down he goes again. A minute passes. Here he comes! but without a fish. He gets a whipping now. He can have no lunch until he catches another.

If we go into a city or town anywhere in China, we shall see large fish markets, not little sheds with here and there a table with a few flounders, perch, cat-fish, pickerel or trout upon it, and a tubful of eels, as in our own markets; but we shall see great tanks, filled with running water, with thousands of live, full-grown fish in them. They have been brought in from the breeding ponds in the country, where they were hatched and reared, fed and fattened until fit for the market. It cost but a trifle to rear them, and here they are, lusty fellows, weighing two, three, four, and five pounds. When the people come to market, they select such a fish as they want, the market man catches it in a hand-net, dresses it on the spot, and the customer carries it home for his dinner. "From the tank to the frying pan," is the Chinese proverb about fish.

We may learn something from the Chinese in regard to fish culture. Nearly all the fish eaten in the United States are brought from the sea, or caught in the lakes and rivers. A few men have begun to raise fish for the market, and have found it very profitable. It is easy to do, and there are many boys who live on farms where ponds might be made in which they could rear fish for the market, just as they now raise turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese, pigs and sheep.

The market men would find it profitable to build tanks, supply them with water, and keep their fish alive until called for by their customers. In warm weather

there would be no loss from stale, unsold fish, and then the fish would be a great deal better if cooked immediately after being taken from the tank.

I know that some of my young friends will say this is a "fish story." But it is true for all that, and if you do not believe it, just go around to the other side of the world and see for yourselves. If you do not get away too soon, however, I shall have more to tell you about that wonderful country and the people that live there.—Am. Ag.

## Notions of a Quiet Person.

We had been talking, my friend (Dr. Sanstere) and I, and, somewhat as was natural, of the weaknesses and ills of life. If any one might take dark views, it should be a physician, for when people are well and happy they let him alone.

My doctor suddenly exclaimed: "I should like to bring up a family of children."  
"Nothing easier, doctor," I began to say, referring more to the attempt than to its success, when an expression on his face checked me. I knew the history which had darkened life to him, and driven him to forget himself and live for others.

"No," said he, "not that; but I should like to try if ordinary care and common-sense might not save children from so much suffering, and make them better in mind and body."

"Well, doctor, suppose you give me some rules; for though I have not any children to bring up, now, yet the knowledge might not be amiss."

"Oh!" said he, "I have no code of laws, no rules; I only have certain notions as to what is best. As, for instance, in such a climate as this, I would dress a child warmly, with good, comfortable garments. Not those little flimsy things, twisting around—that they call 'sacques,' or something—but well-fitting garments."

And I would give them good milk, which should furnish material for bones and teeth. And not too much sugar, which turns acid too readily, and which furnishes heat; but not nourishment.

And when the time came for more solid food, I would not starve them on superfine flour—all very well in its way, only it does not give all the material they want. Many a child is cheated out of bones and teeth by being denied coarse flour, corn-meal, oatmeal, the coarser food which helps on the teeth and bones.

And my children, especially girls, should have their clothing not only warm, but well-fitting and easy. Boys are not so much abused, but girls have little freedom of motion. Their shoulders are tied down, and their waists are screwed up, and just when they are growing and need expansion, they are cased in bony casings which stiffen them up and take away both elasticity and ease.

It is not a mere question of taste; it is a matter of health or disease, of comfort or suffering, of life or death. In order to perfection, you must have full development. Imagine a race-horse with his head checked up like many of our carriage-horses.

Support? No; they don't want support. How is it in the book of Job? 'Thou hast fenced me with bones and sinews.' That does not imply any special need of support.

They should keep early hours, should secure quiet sleep, if possible, and should not be waked, if I could help it. As we stop eating when we have enough, so with healthy sleep, in a pure atmosphere, we stop sleeping when we have slept enough. They should sleep in a cool, dark room. Many a child's brain is stimulated, especially in these days of gas, by having a bright light in the room after it has gone to rest.

One word more; my children should not be tilted up on heels. It is foolish enough in older people—merely for a fashion. If that had been the proper way to walk, we should have had a bone growing down on the heel, or walk on the end of the toe like a horse.

Miss T—caught her heel, going down stairs, and fell, and was disabled for weeks. I wonder if she ever thought she brought it upon herself, and repented of needless care and trouble her sister had in waiting on her.

But, as I was saying, it is positively painful to me to see the slender ankles of children rolling this way and that on little points of heels. They hardly can wear them straight, and it is so thoroughly unnatural.

"Well, doctor," said I, "your children will be terribly mortified if they can't dress like others."

"Never mind; I will try to console them, and make it up in some other way. When it is a matter of conscience, I can't give way."

Well, they shall have regular meals, and they shall not eat between meals; the stomach must have rest. I have seen children who are eating all the time. I have heard of 'digging one's grave with one's teeth.'

Which reminds me they shall brush their teeth at night, and go to bed with them clean. If there is no chemical action going on at night, the day is not of so much importance.

And they shall never sleep at night in a single garment worn through the day. If the clothes are to be worn again, they should at least be aired.

And I will try to teach them the benefits of cold water. I am not precisely a 'water cure' man, as you know; but I have great faith in water. People talk of 'tonics,' not half knowing what they mean. One of the best tonics I know is to drink some cold water before breakfast. It seems to give the stomach tone and vitality, and set it right for the work of the day.

And they shall use it for bathing. Of course, one should never be chilled; but I think there is a sort of electric power in a dash of cold water. If you are weary, a dash along the spine, especially the lower part of the back, is like a shock of electricity, and restores the nerve-power like the sleep of hours.

Also, and it is not a small matter, I will teach them to shut their mouths. You may laugh, but it will be better for their lungs, better for their teeth, for their stomachs, and their brains. And I would have them lie in such a position at night that the mouth should close. It would save many a dry, sore throat, as well as other ailments.

This is almost enough. My daughters shall not take long, weary walks; but shall use and exercise their arms and chests, and have some sort of vigor, if it can be cultivated. What's the use of muscles, if you never use them, or if you tie them down till they are absorbed?

What with tobacco and tight-lacing and tea and poor food, we are in danger of becoming physically contemptible, and the worst of it is, nobody seems to care."

## That's How.

After a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how!"

That's the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting, do not lose a breath in saying, "I can't," or, "I do not see how," but go at it, and keep at it. If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it; and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

## Literary Review.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for Jan. is full of strong and fresh thought. It discusses: 1. What it is to think; 2. Sin and suffering in the Universe; 3. The Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York; 4. Inspiration of the Historic Element in the Scriptures; 5. Biblical Theology, with especial reference to the New Testament; 6. The Development of Doctrine; 7. Solomon's Song—A new Reading of its Plot. Besides these there are extended and valuable notices of both foreign and American literature.

The first article is a piece of careful psychological writing, which only patient and philosophic thinking will be able to follow and appreciate. It grapples with the very problems that have occupied such minds as those of Hamilton and Mansell and Mill, and it aims to remove the grounds upon which some of these men have rested their theory that the idea of an infinite and absolute Being is logically impossible. The author is at home in this department of inquiry, and his paper will not fail to arrest the attention of metaphysical thinkers. Mr. Barnes is still occupied with his inquiry respecting the significance of the fact that sin and suffering exist in the universe, and he is dealing with the question in his usual plain, vigorous and masterly way. Prof. Bascom presents a theory of inspiration that is certainly very liberal, and differs widely from that of Gausson. It is one, too, which Christian philosophers are more and more inclined to accept, and it must be fairly considered by theologians who are ready to welcome every truth that offers itself. The article on Solomon's Song is reprinted from a foreign publication. It takes substantially the old ground, that this book is meant to set forth the mutual affection of Christ and his Church, and the "new reading" is, therefore, quite old and familiar. This Review is solid, able, critical, and is steadily becoming vital and progressive. New York: J. M. Sherwood.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY commences its second volume with no lack of confidence and a good degree of vigor. It is under the special direction of a Board of editors who represent the body popularly known as "Campbellites," but who designate themselves as "Disciples." This Quarterly has certainly exhibited a most commendable scholarship, and the variety which has marked the list of topics that have been discussed in its papers, indicates that the men are conversant with more than a narrow field of thought, and that they have definite and intelligent opinions upon the vital themes of the day. The opening article of this number is devoted to what is called "The Creed Question." It is full of information, fruitful in suggestions, and points out clearly the mischiefs which have sprung from the practice of making the admission of members to our churches depend upon their subscription to a whole system of dogmatic theology. And yet the protest against creeds is, here as elsewhere, carried to a manifest extreme; for a man or a church should have some obvious standards, and we suspect that the views of the Friends would be protested against in the strongest way by the whole body of the Disciples, because they so obviously conflict with the religious opinions—the creed—of the Disciples. A paper of considerable merit on Christian Apologetics follows the discussion of Creeds; the Newspaper and Periodical Press is dealt with in a firm tone, with a good deal of just criticism and some hyperbole, and the pretensions and fallacies of the Romish theory of religion, ecclesiasticalism and civil government are well sifted and pretty thoroughly exposed. This publication is creditable to its managers, it bears favorable testimony to the culture found in the religious body which it represents, and it is a really valuable addition to the higher literature of the theological world. R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for Dec. is less strong and striking than usual, but some of its papers would be recognized as expressions of its natural tone and temper, no matter where they were met. It gives us the second installment of John: another of Cornelius O'Dowd; an interesting paper on Passion Plays; an appreciative notice of Faber's Life and Letters; a brief but well written account of Egypt and the Suez Canal, and some other things of reasonable interest. New York: L. Scott & Co.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE is a most beautifully printed and illustrated pamphlet of nearly one hundred pages, containing long lists of flowers and plants, with descriptions in brief, facts, methods of cultivation, suggestions of a thoroughly practical sort, and many other features such as ought to fill every garden with luxuries and every yard with beauty. Send for it, to our advice to everybody, and thus learn how to raise vegetables and take care of flowers. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

Several things are lying on our table and waiting for a deserved good word.—THE AM. NAT.

URALIST (Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass.) is as noticeable as ever for its magnificent letterpress, its admirable scientific papers that are truly and happily popularized, and its superb illustrations of the text by cuts and the engraving. It is a work that almost defies the engraver.—THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC for 1870, (Tribune Association, New York) crowds into its 66 pages just such masses of facts as every intelligent man needs, and which can no where else be secured for anything like the mere trifle,—20 cents,—which this manual costs.—THE NEW HAMPSHIRE REGISTER AND FARMER'S ALMANAC, (Claremont Mfg. Co.) does for the Granite State in detail what the Tribune Almanac aims to do in a general way for the whole country.—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR FOR 1869, (Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, Chicago) stitched in paper, makes up a most racy, entertaining and valuable volume, which the little people would prize and profit by. It is a wide-awake little monthly, issued at 50 cts. a year.—THE NEW JOURNAL, (N. C. Mitchell, Indianapolis, Ind.) is a monthly publication in pamphlet form, of 48 pages per number, and telling everything of raising, treatment, etc., &c. Its papers are more curious, interesting, valuable.—WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, (S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y.) is a monthly of 48 pages, full of varied and well prepared reading, mostly selected with skill and good taste, and furnished at the very low price of \$1.00 per year.

From C. H. Ditson & Co., New York, we have several pieces of New Music, with character sufficient to call for approval from musical critics, and popular qualities such as may well render them welcome to the heart of the people. They bear the following titles:

PEABODY'S FUNERAL MARCH, introducing the favorite melody, "Free as a Bird."—It is plaintive, simple, fitting.

SPINNING WHEEL, Morceau Caracteristique. Par Chas. Wils.—A splendid composition, which will test the execution of the pianist and yield a peculiar pleasure to the listener.

BON NUT POLKA, By Fred Eversman, Jr.—A pleasant domestic utterance, such as moderate capacity may master and enjoy.

THE TWO ROSES, By J. S. Knight.—Simple, but admitting of much expression.

TERESA'S CELEBRATED SNEEZING SONG, As sung by Mrs. Howard Paul.—A piece of musical and poetic pleasantry that may help digest a dinner or unload the mind of the day's cares.

Messrs. Root & Cady, Chicago, also send us four diverse and characteristic pieces of music, each having a song and a chorus, with pleasant piano accompaniment. They are entitled:

MOTHER IS WAITING FOR HER CHILDREN. Words by E. E. Rexford, Music by J. R. Murphy.

MAKING LOVE WHILE ON THE ICE, By Frank Howard.

WE'LL HAVE TO MORTGAGE THE FARM. IN-NI-MIN-NI-WIN-KUM-KA, or, the Chinaman's Farewell, By Ching Foo.

The second and third of these mentioned pieces are pleasant in their way, and the plea against extravagance made by the old farmer ought to be doubly effective when music is wedded to despondency and pathos.—The first,—Mother is Waiting,—is thoroughly beautiful, and voices in a most touching way the Christian thought of a bereaved household. It will be sung with subdued voices and moist eyes on many a Sunday evening before the lamps are lighted, and heaven will seem nearer under the influence of the thought and the melody.—The last one of those peculiar airs, half serious and half merry, that at once touch the popular heart, and get themselves vocalized by every body who knows how to give expression to a musical idea. It will come out with the spontaneity of the school-boy's whistling.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## A Literary Curiosity.

The following remarkable little poem is a contribution to a San Francisco paper, from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. Each line is said to be a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England or America, and is the result of laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

- 1 Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
- 2 Life's a short summer, and a man a flower;
- 3 By turns we catch the vital breath, and die—
- 4 The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
- 5 To be is better far than not to be,
- 6 Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
- 7 But light cries speak when mighty griefs are dumb,—
- 8 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
- 9 Your fate is but the common fate of all:
- 10 Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.
- 11 Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
- 12 Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
- 13 Custom does often reason overrule,
- 14 And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
- 15 Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven,
- 16 They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
- 17 Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,—
- 18 Vice intercourses where virtue has not place.
- 19 Then keep each passion down, however dear,
- 20 Then pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
- 21 Her sensual snare let fruitless pleasure lay;
- 22 With craft and sin let ruin and betray.
- 23 Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
- 24 We masters grow of our own most despise.
- 25 O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;
- 26 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
- 27 Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
- 28 The paths of glory lead to the grave.
- 29 What is ambition?—'tis a glorious chase,
- 30 Only destructive to the brave and great.
- 31 What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
- 32 The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
- 33 How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
- 34 That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
- 35 Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
- 36 Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
- 37 The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just;
- 38 For live we how we can, yet die we must!

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Swell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trenchard; 18, Somerville; 19, Thomson; 20, Bryant; 21, Snodgrass; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Keats; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenny; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Quarles; 33, Watkin; 34, Herrick; 35, Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

The man that never failed is a myth. Such an one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is really never the less. If you fall now and then, do not be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man, and the most successful men often have the most failures.



## Voices.

Far before the eyes or the mouth or the habitual gesture, as a revelation of character, is the quality of the voice and the manner of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices which betray a certain truthfulness about them—a certain something, unforced and spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman's cheeks, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warning as the croak of the raven or the hiss of the serpent.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound, and unnatural still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were to relax for a moment the wild creature would burst loose, and, in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked. Again, in fun and humor, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, all aids, certainly; but the voice! The mellow tone, the earnestness of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophical acquiescence of a fourth when relating the most outrageous impossibilities, the voice and manner peculiarly Transatlantic, and indeed one of the Yankee forms of fun—do not we know all these varieties by heart? Have we not veteran actors whose main point lies in one or the other of these varieties? and what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? Pathos too—who feels it, however beautifully expressed, so far as words may go, uttered in a dead and wooden voice without sympathy? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we have all experienced that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory. Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is one of the essentials for a physician; the "beside voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution.

The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know of or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear and melodious voice; the harsh scream of the maniac is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffly voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best, active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who draws, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere, and that he is not what the Americans call "clear grit" and "whole-souled" all through. We all have our company voices, as we all have our company manners, and we get to know the company voices of our friends after a time, and to understand them as we understand their best dresses and state service. The person whose voice absolutely refuses to put itself into company tones startles us as much as if he came to a state dinner in a shooting jacket.

But there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is a law some chanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners. Such a voice is Albin's; such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lushness and more statelyness; such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate; and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. *Arcturæ artem*, perhaps; there was no greater joy of his kind than to hear Landor read Milton or Homer.

Of all the European voices the French is perhaps the most unpleasant in its quality, and the Italian most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself; not the sing-song voice of an English parish schoolboy, but an unnoted bit of harmony. The French voice is thin, apt to become wiry and metallic; a head voice for the most part, and eminently unsympathetic; a nervous, irritable voice, that seems more fit for complaint than for love-making; and yet how laughing, how bewitching it can make itself!—never with the Italian roundness, but *calmant* in its own half pettish way, provoking, enticing, arousing. There are some voices that send you to sleep, and others that stir you up; and the French voice is of the latter kind, when setting itself to do mischief and work its own will.

Of all the differences lying between Calais and Dover, perhaps nothing strikes the traveler more than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech. The sharp, high-pitched strident voice of the French, with its clear accent and neat intonation, is exchanged for the loose, fluffly utterance of England, where clear enunciation is considered pedantic; where brave men cultivate a drawl, and pretty women a deep chest voice; where well-educated people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water with not much more distinction between them; and where no one knows how to educate his organ artistically, without going into artificiality and affectation. And yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a legible hand-

writing. We teach our children to sing, but we never teach them to speak, beyond correcting a glaring piece of mispronunciation or so; in consequence of which we have all sorts of odd voices among us—short, yelping voices like dogs, purring voices like cats, croakings, and lisplings, and quackings, and chattering; a very menagerie in fact, to be heard in a room ten feet square, where a little rational cultivation would have reduced the whole of that vocal chaos to order and harmony, and made what is now painful and distasteful beautiful and seductive.—*Saturday Review*.

## Instances of Conceit.

Even the philosophers have not shown themselves averse to be sprinkled with the holy water of laudation. Socrates soberly told his judges that they should award him a pension instead of condemning him; and Epicurus assured his correspondent that if he desired glory it was secured to him by the fact of his being an Epicurean. Alcibiades let all the world know that the one purpose of his life, whether he headed a conspiracy, or plundered a city, or cut his dog's tail off, was to make a noise and give the Athenians something to talk about. Aristophanes, more frank even than Cicero, made of the *parabases* of his comedies vehicles for the most extravagant self-praise, coolly claiming for each successive play not only that it was the best he had written, but that it was also the best of its class, and not to be equaled by any other effort of human wit.

The anecdote has often been told of how Cardinal Wolsey exasperated his sovereign by writing, "*Ego et Meus rex*." The grammatical error is insufficient to conceal the essential arrogance of the address. There is almost a parallel case in the history of Cotton Mather, the American Prynne, who certainly believed of himself all that he claimed for himself. Some heedless persons once passed the old person without seeming to be conscious of his distinguished presence. "Lord," said Mather, "I pray thee help that man to take a due notice of Christ!"

Watson, the famous Bishop of Llandaff, declared that each book he had written was the very best book upon that subject. "When I am dead you will not meet another John Hunter," said the great surgeon. "One God, one Farinelli!" was the brief but emphatic creed of that wonderful musician. Montaigne has been abused for the way in which he continually prates about himself, but the same *grande fadaise* of the garrulous old essayist which so provoked the scorn of Scaliger has won, as it deserved, the loud acclamations of posterity. Montaigne's egotism, however, was of a very genial and wholesome kind, passive and humorous, quaint and contemplative.

Baron, styled the French Garriick, contended that "the world might, once a century, see a Caesar, but it takes a thousand years to produce a Baron!" But this vanity is perhaps excelled by the self-absorption of Wordsworth, who, when informed that the next Waverley novel was to have Rob Roy for its hero, took down a volume of his verses, read his own famous lines to Rob Roy, and calmly said: "I do not see what Mr. Scott can have to say on the subject!"

Benvenuto Cellini, whose egotism had that charming naïveté which was so delightful in the ancients, has filled his autobiography with certificates to his ardor as a lover, his prowess as a man and his excellence as an artist, establishing the fact that he repeatedly received supernatural encouragement, was persecuted by the demons, and glorified by a light from on high that hung resplendent above his shadow.

Buffon, great as he was in fact, was greater still in his own conceit. "There are only five great geniuses in modern times," he exclaimed, "Newton, Leibnitz, Bacon, Montesquieu, and myself." Richardson, the novelist, was perhaps as fond of flattery as any man that ever lived, and as great in his own opinion. He surrounded himself with a circle of female admirers, who were never weary of listening to him nor chanting his praise; and Johnson said, "His desire of praise was so great that he used to give large veils to Speaker Onslow's servants that they might treat him with respect." Burns, after he had dined with Glencairn, confessed himself to have been wounded to the soul because his Lordship showed "so much attention, engrossing attention to the only blockhead at the table, the whole company consisting of his Lordship, Dunderrate, and myself."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

## An Audience of the Pope.

As everything relating to Rome and the Pope just now seems especially attractive, perhaps the following may interest some of our readers. It is from a correspondent of the *Evening Post*:

I hurried away from Rossini's charming music to the Vatican, in answer to the invitation to be at the audience of the Pope, which was brought to my hotel the afternoon before by a dragoon. I managed to make out a full dress of the regulation pattern, and at the appointed hour found myself one of the hundred gentlemen and ladies seated on the sofas around the reception hall of the Papal palace. His holiness kept us waiting a half hour, and then came in attended by two priests in purple, who seemed to act as chamberlains. He surprised me by his vitality and even sprightliness, and seemed far younger and stronger than when I saw him in public, borne on the heads of men, in state, into San Carlo church. His reception of the hundred guests was a fine piece of social generalship, and he had a pleasant word to say to every one, and appeared to chat with the ladies with all the vivacity of a gallant gentleman; and although I did not hear what he said, I could not but think as I saw the smiles on many faces of the fair devotees at his feet, that the Holy Father was mixing some sweet sauce of compliments with the wholesome medicine of his counsel. He gave me my portion without asking any question that might have called out a reply, and called me by name and residence, with his benediction and his hand. The faithful prostrated themselves flat upon the floor before him, as he walked or stood, and kissed the cross on his slipper—an act undoubtedly sincere and consistent in a thorough papist, but not pleasing as a matter of taste, nor acceptable generally, to those who look mainly to the New Testament for their code of faith and devotion.

Most of the guests brought crosses, rosaries, etc., to be blessed, and some very gentle hands bore great parcels of articles to receive the bountiful benediction, which was freely given. When he had completed the round of the palace hall he ascended a dais under a silken canopy, and gave us a very good little sermon in French, in a clear, sympathetic voice, with such gestures and expression of face as showed considerable power of oratory. He called us his children, and asked us to

live a godly life and remember the great judgment. At the close he leaned upon his two chamberlains, and left the hall, not without some attempts in the fair devotees next to him to hold on to him to the last, so much so that the adhesiveness of one blonde devotee assumed an almost dramatic intensity, and he released himself not without some strength in the fatherly tenderness of his hand. He impressed me favorably as a man of force and intelligence, as well as of kindness. His bright eye raised the question as to his temper, and led me to think that there is more fire in his nature than is commonly supposed. I can conceive of the old man having a tremendous will of his own, and being sometimes a pretty hard piece of the old Adam to contend with. Yet he has great gentleness and affability, and in his little sermon there was pathos as well as solemnity.

## Mechanism of Thought.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop them; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at the mechanism of our brains, and cut the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image, jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder?

What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of life, embroidered with spectral figures of thought, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos? That they take council of the grim fiend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a case that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day, there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking vessels from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirlings of its wheels, but to spring like the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself.

If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton, and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery? Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the breaks by means of opium; they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up, and we cannot touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

## Out of Season.

In a review of "Weber's Indische Streifen," the *Contemporary* quotes the following. It is rather a merry way of teaching a good lesson:

In Sughosgrama dwelt several mendicant monks. One of them, Sarvapada by name, made himself a garden. After a few years it was full of heavenly trees, flowers, and fruit—a very heaven's garden! There, by night, the heavenly cow came to graze therein; and when morning broke, the dew flew again into the sky. As the garden was daily more and more devastated by her, the good monk sat himself one night to watch. "Back came the cow, grazed the whole night through, and when at last he saw her mount to heaven, he hung on to her tail, and then got to heaven himself. There he had delicious cakes to eat. Enraptured by their taste, the next day he took a cake, hung again to the tail of the cow, and thus returned to his garden, and in the morning went to his house. Then the monks gathered around him, and asked him, 'Where hast thou been?' He answered, 'In heaven; there saw I Indra, Candra, Ivara, Vinayaka, &c., and ate such cakes.' When he had showed them what he had brought, the monks took a little bit, and it claved to their tongue. They said, 'Listen! take us, too, to heaven, that we may see it and enjoy the dainties there.' He replied, 'Come with me, then, to-day, into the garden and conceal yourselves. When the cow flies up into the air I will hang to her tail; one of you must hang to my foot, another to his—thus must we form a chain. So it was then, and they mounted towards the sky. When they had got half way, a doubt arose in the one who hung lowest of all, and he asked, 'Ho, thou! how large, then, are the cakes in heaven?' Then the uppermost monk, the blockhead, let go the tail of the cow, and showed him with both hands: 'See, they are as large as this!' Then they all fell down to the earth. Therefore no one must seek to have a doubt solved at an uninitiating time.

## An Eccentric Yankee.

Grace Greenwood tells a story of a Connecticut Yankee who was never at rest except when "stirring about." He was a Revolutionary pensioner, named Lincoln, a harmless, good-natured, story telling old fellow, whom every body was glad to see:

Though usually idle and vagabondish in his habits, he was a man of wonderful energy and perseverance when once his spirit was up. On one occasion, when he had extended a ramble to the vicinity of Hartford, he found himself at the ferry, opposite the city, without a shilling in his pocket. He proposed to the ferry-man to allow him a free passage, promising to pay on his next visit. But the Yankee Charon refused, with a chirrup, "No, mister; I don't take you, nor no other old tramp for nothing." So down with your rhino, or clear out!

"Waal, then," exclaimed the old soldier, "you go to thunder with your old skew! I won't be beholden to you, or anybody of your sort; for I'll just go round yer darn'd old river—see if I don't!"

The ferryman laughed at what he took for an idle threat; but some weeks later he was accosted at the city landing by the

same red-cheeked, roughly-clad old soldier, who triumphantly exclaimed:—

"Waal, I have been round your old river; and here I am in spite of yeo, old skin-flint!"

It proved that he had actually performed the exploit of following the Connecticut River to its head—of going around it, in fact—with no other incentive than the desire to show himself independent of the ferryman.

On another occasion, he applied for the loan of a scythe, at the house of a neighbor, who was a bridge-builder.

"I'm raly sorry, Mr. Lincoln," said the wife of the mechanic, "that I can't accommodate ye; but my husband ain't to hum, ye see, and he says to me, 'jest before we went away, 'Betsy,' says he, 'don't yeo lend nuthin' of mine to nobody, not on no account while I am gone.' So, Mr. Lincoln, ye see I can't let that scythe go, not even to yeo."

"Wby, whereabouts is your husband, marm?"

"Oh, he's way down in Pennsylvania, buildin' a bridge."

"Waal, I guess, if I go down to where he's to work, and get his consent, ye'll lend me that scythe?"

"Sartin, Mr. Lincoln. But, man alive, what on airth du ye mean? I tell ye he's way down in Pennsylvania."

The old soldier laughed in his droll, knowing way, then questioned her as to the exact locality of her husband's bridge-building operations, and took his leave.

That very afternoon he departed on one of his "grand tours," with only a change of linen, tied in a blue-checked handkerchief, hanging from a stick over his shoulder, and whistling cheerily as he left the dull old town behind him.

About ten days or a fortnight later he appeared before the astonished mechanic, exclaiming:—

"Hullo, Billins! will you lend me your scythe for a spell? That are wife of yours won't let it go without you say so. Got her scythe well under your thumb, ha! ye? Or, maybe she's afeared to out friendship 'tween her and me by lendin' an edged tool."

Ten days later, Mrs. Billings was astonished to see her eccentric neighbor appear, all dusty and travel-worn, at her door, and to hear him say quietly: "Yes, ma'am, yer man says I may take that scythe; and it's high time that little medder of mine was mowed."

## Thinking Better of It.

Science, too, has its second sober thoughts. And it is now recanting somewhat its first opinions about the stone and bronze instruments found about lake dwellings in Switzerland and elsewhere. Reinhold Pallman, an eminent German archaeologist and historian, maintains that the Swiss and Danish lake dwellings were stations or forts for Celtic, Greek or Roman traders, who sought to exchange articles of stone and bronze with the natives for skins, tin, amber, and the products of the German forests. According to this authority they date back merely to a period shortly before the Christian era. Another distinguished antiquarian, the Swedish scholar, Nilsson, regards these remains as Phœnician origin, and not extending beyond a thousand years before Christ. This looks like a return to reason on the part of science. The estimates of the great age of these remains must hereafter stand before the world as exaggerated.

## Brevities.

"Ah," said a conceited young parson, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses. 'Then that is the reason why you always call them beloved brethren,' replied a strong-minded lady.

A tipsy Irishman leaning against a lamp-post, as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say, sur," said he, "but I presume it is the jintleman in the coffin."

An Irishman, who was illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, made the melancholy statement that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it!

A white boy met a colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I s'pect so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

"Patrick, you fool! what makes you stare after that rabbit when your gun has no lock on?"

"Hush, hush, darlint, the rabbit don't know that!"

A young lady went to one of our photographic artists a day or two since, and wanted him to take her with an expression as if composing a poem!

"Mike, if you meet Pat, tell him to make haste."

"Sure, an' I will," said Mike, "but what shall I tell him if I don't mate him?"

Why was Noah never hungry in the ark?

Because he always had Ham with him.

"Genius will work its way through," as the poet said, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

## 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 space can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

ROXANNA S., widow of the late George Marston, died in Chester, N. H., Dec. 20th, aged 50 years and six months. A. EVERETT.

RALPH L., son of J. D. and Carrie P. Quimby, died in Sandwich, Nov. 30, aged 3 years. Not lost, but gone before. J. WOODMAN.

SOLOMON VAN ALKEN died in Sterling, N. Y., aged 73 years. Funeral services attended, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. Southard. M. DEVORE.

MR. S. W. KNIGHT died in Garland, Aug. 25, 1869, aged 73 years. He was an affectionate husband and father, a kind neighbor, a worthy citizen, and for many years an efficient member of the Free Baptist church. In all these relations he is very much missed. A. N. REED.

PHILENA E., wife of John Coakley, died at Winterset, Iowa, Dec. 6th, aged 37 years and 3 months. She experienced religion sixteen years ago, and was baptized by Rev. O. W. Bridges at Sangerville, Maine. She walked with Jesus to the end of her life, and died in peace. She was the mother of eight children, three of whom were living before her death, and five are left with their father to mourn their loss. She leaves parents, two brothers and two sisters in Maine. J. C.

ALCENA, eldest daughter of Charles and Isabella Edgcomb, died in Limington, Dec. 9, aged 21 years and 10 months. Although she had never publicly confessed the Saviour, when her hour of trial came she was composed, and expressed a willingness to obey the death-sentence. Modest and affectionate, tender-hearted

and kind, she had won the esteem of all who knew her. Funeral services by the writer. O. S. HASTY.

WILLIAM H., son of Henry and Hannah Green, died of consumption in Middlesex, N. Y., Nov. 14th, aged 29 years and 8 months. He embraced religion in his 21st year, was baptized by Rev. D. Jackson, and joined the Potter church. He was remarkably patient and faithful during his severe sufferings of some three years. His wealth of Christian character inclined all who knew him to love and respect him as a true child of God. He was punctual in all his duties and relations, to the last. His parents and friends deeply mourn his death. Funeral sermon by Rev. William Taylor.

L. B. STARR.

ORLANDO, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Clogston, died of scarlatina, at Corinth Mines, Vt., Nov. 7, 1869. He was mainly in his department, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. A number of weeping young men followed him to the grave. He was moral and upright in his character, was interested in Scriptural reading, but made no public profession of religion. His parents leaned upon him as upon a strong support, and are deeply grieved at the loss which they sustain. S. W. COWELL.

ADDIE, daughter of Wm. and J. Aldrick, died in Wheelock, Vt., Dec. 10, aged 3 years. This lovely bud was plucked from earth to bloom in heaven.

MARY M., wife of Thomas Chandler and daughter of Dea. S. and Susan Sanborn, died in S. Wheelock, Vt., Dec. 14, aged 33 years. Sister C. was a Christian. Her sudden death has cast a gloom over our community. Long will she live in our memories. She leaves a kind husband alone with his aged father. May the Lord sustain them.

MOSES HUBBARD died in S. Wheelock, Vt., Dec. 26, aged 88 years. This aged brother was born in Shapleigh, Me., but moved to S. Wheelock in 1809, where he has since resided. He was the father of eight children, three of whom survive him. His wife, with whom he was united in marriage in 1804, yet lives, having shared with him the joys and sorrows of life for more than sixty-five years. His end was peace. Services by the writer. B. S. MOODY.

MARY, widow of the late Rev. Howard, and my own dear mother, died in New Vineyard, Me., Oct. 29th, aged 82 years and 6 months. The subject of this notice experienced religion some fifty-five years since, and with her companion united with the Methodist E. church, where she remained a worthy member unreleased by death. Her companion for more than forty years was a preacher in the M. E. church. She was a helpmate to him in his ministerial labors, and with Christian zeal and fortitude endured the labor and responsibility so intimately connected with the life of a minister's wife. Her last sickness was protracted and very distressing, but she was patient and peaceful. She leaves six children with a large circle of friends to mourn the loss of one of the best of mothers and a beloved friend. She rests from her labors. E. WINSLOW.

JOANNA, wife of James McDuffee, died at Alton, Dec. 20th, after a very distressing illness of dropsy, aged 70 years and 6 months. Mrs. M. was born in Shapleigh, Maine, in 1799, experienced religion in 1815, was baptized by Elder David Blaisdell and joined the church; moved to Alton in 1818, and joined the first Free Will Baptist church in that town. She leaves a husband, four children and five grand-children, with numerous other relatives to mourn their loss. She has ever been a loving companion, a kind and indulgent parent, and an exemplary Christian. Her funeral was attended by Revs. John Chick and E. C. Heath.

COM.

NEW QUESTION BOOKS.

The subscriber offers to pay the sum of \$150, for the best original manuscript for a Sabbath School Question Book that shall meet the following conditions:

1. It must contain matter sufficient to make not less than 144 pages of a book whose full pages shall contain 34 lines of 35 letters each; or, pages like those of "Lessons for every Sunday in the Year."

2. It must be adapted to the use of adult classes in our Sabbath Schools and to follow in regular gradation the book above referred to.

3. It must treat in a clear and systematic manner of Christian Doctrine, Development and Duty.

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1. It must contain not less than 108 and not more than 120 pages, each of whose full pages shall contain 32 lines of 35 letters each; or, pages like those of the "Story of Jesus."

2. It must be especially adapted to children from 10 to 15 years of age, and to follow in regular gradation the book referred to in the first condition above.

3. It must present in a clear and concise manner the Life and Teachings of Christ or other prominent Bible characters. Those of the former are preferred.

And generally, each book manuscript must have 52 lessons and be in the possession of the undersigned on or before the first day of April, 1870.

Manuscripts not adjudged "best," but having sufficient merit and adaptation to our wants will be bought at a fair price.

The committee of award are Rev. G. T. DAY, Rev. J. A. LOWELL and L. R. BURLINGAME.

Dover, N. H., Dec. 15, 1869.

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## News Summary.

## CONGRESS.

On Monday, the 10th, the daily sessions of Congress, interrupted by the holidays, were resumed. The committees of the House were overwhelmed with new bills and resolutions, and there was a good batch of them introduced in the Senate. A proposition to admit Virginia to representation unconditionally was under discussion in both Houses. In the Senate it did not get to a vote, and in the House, by parliamentary strategy and the peculiar ruling of the speaker, it was put over a week.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, an important measure was reported from the finance committee. It provides for redeeming the three per cent. certificates, substituting national bank currency to be issued by banks established on a specie-paying basis. The Virginia admission bill was debated without being voted upon. In the House, the reconstruction committee reported a bill for the admission of Virginia, with conditions, consideration of which was postponed for a day. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, made a long speech, reviewing Commissioner Wells's report.

On Wednesday, the Va. matter was debated in both Houses, but did not come to a vote in either. Mr. Sumner introduced his bill for refunding the debt and returning to specie payment, and made a speech in explanation of its provisions.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. Morrill of Maine introduced resolutions favoring strict economy in the administration of the government. The Virginia bill was further debated. Mr. Trumbull making an earnest appeal for immediate and unconditional admission of the state. In the course of the debate there occurred a sharp and somewhat bitter personal passage at arms between Senators Trumbull and Sumner. A vote was had on Mr. Drake's amendment, resulting in its defeat by a large majority. In the House of Representatives, a bill was passed for the holding of the making of presents by subordinates in the departments to their superiors or acceptance of the same. Mr. Mungen of Ohio made a personal explanation concerning his speech favoring repudiation. The Virginia bill was again the subject of debate.

On Friday, in the Senate, the debate on the Virginia bill was continued through a day and night session. The amendment offered by Mr. Edmunds of Vermont, requiring a certain oath to be taken by state officers, was, after amendment, adopted. It was agreed that the vote on the bill should be taken Monday, to which day the Senate adjourned. The principal business in the House of Representatives was a struggle over the readmission of Virginia. Mr. Bingham, Mr. Farnsworth and many other members spoke on the bill. Mr. Bingham's substitute submitting the state without conditions, was carried by a vote of 95 to 95, and the bill was passed by a vote of 143 to 49.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

California has 121,620 negro voters. California has had another earthquake. The failures of last year aggregated \$75,000,000. There were 850 fires in 1869; loss, \$2,636,398. Telegraphic operators on strike continue everywhere resolute except in Philadelphia.

A majority of the Ohio Legislature is in favor of ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Stanton fund has reached \$30,000 in New York.

A son of President Lopez of Paraguay is in Washington.

It is reported that Mosby is enlisting volunteers for the Cuban army.

The Yo Semite Valley was visited last year by 1222 persons.

In a shooting affray at Atchison, Kansas, a farmer was wounded by a negro, who was subsequently hanged by a mob.

The Spanish Minister has taken means to procure the detention by the national authorities of the Cuban vessel Annie, which has appeared in the harbor of Charleston.

Two colored men having been refused admission to the Academy of Music at Charleston, S. C., the manager has been arrested for a violation of the Civil Rights law.

The Georgia Legislature met Monday and came near breaking up in a row of the most disgraceful character, brought on by a certain violent convert to democracy named Bryant.

That British Columbia and the Red river country are both likely at no distant day to be persistent applicants for the protection of the United States, is more than probable.

It is reported that Minister Low will leave for China this week. He has received full instructions to carry out faithfully the provisions of the Burlingame treaty, and especially to be prompt and firm on the question of protecting American citizens and property in the Celestial empire.

The Senate of Minnesota has ratified the fifth amendment.

It is announced that eleven of the Western Union Telegraph Company's operators at Washington have surrendered on the terms proposed by the company.

Rev. Dr. Sears has returned to his present home at Stanton, Va., from an official visit to Texas, as the general agent of the Peabody fund. He found public affairs there in such confusion that he could not make any arrangements for aiding any educational establishments there, in accordance with the donation of Mr. Peabody.

Her Majesty's ship, Monarch, bringing the remains of Geo. Peabody, is due at Portland, Me. about the 15th of Jan.

## FOREIGN.

Fears of a coup d'état are revived in Spain. The Cortes is about to reassemble.

The French Cabinet have triumphed in demanding the retirement of Baron Haussman for the Prefecture of the Seine.

The Dominican Generals, Luperon and Cabral, protest against the acquisition of Samana Bay.

The Pope is represented as unwilling to risk the defeat of the dogma of infallibility.

Admiral Poor sends a statement that the Spanish troops in Cuba number less than 14,000. A Cuban vessel has been captured by a British gunboat from Nassau.

A riot has occurred in the Longford district of Ireland, and the partisans of Mr. Martin, the Irish Nationalist, have been fired upon by soldiers.

The Cabinet of Austria is likely to be the victim of dissensions, and to be dissolved.

In Paris, on the 10th, Prince Pierre Bonaparte shot Mr. Victor Noir, killing him instantly.

In Spain, President Rivauro has entered the Cabinet with Senores Topete and Sagasta.

The Captain-General of Cuba has issued a proclamation claiming that the Spanish authority is securely re-established all over the island.

A serious revolution has occurred in the Mexican state of San Luis; and Gen. Alatorre, a distinguished soldier, has resigned from command.

England has one mine where the galleries extend one mile under the sea.

The new French Ministerial programme includes the abolition of the law of General Safety, the reduction of the army, and greater freedom of the press.

It is reported that five hundred and twenty-seven failures occurred in England just previous to the recent departure of the steamer New York.

John Bright's constituents in Birmingham have held a great meeting to express approval of his course in the Cabinet and of the policy of Mr. Gladstone's administration. The reception given to the great leader was very enthusiastic, and he made a powerful and significant speech.

It is reported that the more intelligent of the people of San Domingo favor annexation, that the minor office-holders oppose it, and that the country people are indifferent.

The French ministry is pressing the measure for the arraignment of Rochefort. Threats of personal violence and of political commotion, in case it is accomplished, are not wanting. Ollivier stigmatizes the agitators as "upstarts," and boldly proposes to meet the question of revolution which they have proposed.

## Paragraphs.

Oxygen may be economically made by heating manganese of lime.

Sixteen kinds of fossil horses have been found in North America, yet there were no horses here when this country was discovered.

The ribbed hull of a ship is usually made unyielding, for the sake of strength. But a ship will sail faster if it has elasticity. So well has this been understood by some, that cases have been known where vessels have escaped capture in war, distancing their pursuers as soon as every other rib of the frame was sawn through, whereby elasticity was imparted to the hull.

Work on the Hoosac tunnel is progressing satisfactorily. The Messrs. Shauley, who began their work nine months ago, have advanced the bore 1,190 feet at the east end, and 415 at the west, and there is now said to be a fair prospect that the enterprise will be successfully completed at least a year before March, 1874, the time specified in the contract.

There is a singular barometric spring on the farm of J. H. Temple of Framingham, Mass., which has the peculiarity of overflowing with a sudden rush just before a rainfall. It matters not what the season of the year may be, summer and winter, in wet weather and at the time of severe drought—all at once the water comes pouring from this spring, often flooding the interval through which it is discharged; and within 36 hours thereafter a rainfall comes.

Dr. Dinger in his *Polytechnic Journal* for September, 1869, disapproves of the use of any substances containing lead, along with zinc-white (oxide of zinc) for painting. Instead of the ordinary boiled linseed oil, he recommends an oil prepared as follows: 200 lbs. of linseed oil, are gently boiled first, for five or six hours, alone; and next for 12 hours along with 24 lbs. of coarsely broken-up peroxide of manganese; in this manner a very quickly drying oil is obtained, which is eminently fit to be used with zinc-white or any other zinc colors. The oil so prepared should be carefully excluded from the air until it is required for use in order to prevent its becoming too thick. The zinc-white should be first mixed with from 3 to 5 per cent. of oil, after which the prepared oil can be added.

An economical substitute for steam as a motive power has been found in ammoniacal gas, which is an incidental and abundant product of certain manufactures. It is the most soluble in water of all known gases. At low temperatures the solution is sensibly instantaneous. Its extreme solubility is a property of which advantage may be taken for creating a vacuum, just as the same object is accomplished by the condensation of steam, while it requires a temperature considerably lower to produce a given pressure than is required by steam, and the pressure which it is capable of exerting at given temperatures is much higher than that which steam affords at the same temperature. In the ammoniacal engine, the expansion and re-solution of the gas take the place of vaporization and condensation of vapor in the steam engine.

There are in Oregon twenty-one quartz mills supplied with one hundred and forty stamps and a large number of arastras, the cost of the whole having been about \$100,000. The extent of water ditching reaches one hundred and sixty-five miles; cost, \$275,000. About one-half of the quartz mills are driven by water, being a larger proportion than in California, or any other portion of the Pacific coast.

A large discovery of flint weapons has lately been made in Egypt—a land which had hitherto given no proof of having ever possessed a stone age.

Paris has a street locomotive, with rubber tires to its wheels, which drags an omnibus of fifty passengers, easily, safely, and smoothly. Leave has been granted it to ply on two long routes of travel.

Some plesiosaurian and crocodilian bones have lately been discovered in New Zealand, showing that a fauna once existed there similar to what has been found in the Northern Hemisphere.

Cast-iron and steel, in large masses, can be broken by an ingenious method, practiced in France. It consists in boring a cylindrical hole of two or three inches in diameter in the piece where the fracture is desired, filling it with water, inserting a steel plug fitting the hole accurately, and then allowing the hammer of a pile-driver to fall upon it from a height of ten to fifteen feet. A single blow generally suffices to break apart a mass of metal from two to three feet thick.

A London fog was recently so dense that it found its way into the theaters, and almost put a stop to the performances. In the large house the audience in the dress circle and boxes further removed from the orchestra, could scarcely discern movements of actors on the stage; while, even in the smaller theaters, a dimness as if a fine gauze curtain hung between them, rendered the effort to follow the performance somewhat wearisome.

The stone arrow-heads, lance-heads, and hatchets found in Europe, India, China, Japan and America, resemble each other so closely that it is often impossible to distinguish them by their form. This fact does not necessarily answer the question whether they were all formed by one aboriginal race, as it is possible that similar wants would produce similar weapons all over the world. It is remarkable that everywhere, except in America, these weapons are believed by the common people to be thunder-bolts. They are called *ei-holts* in Scotland, and *Flipey* speaks of them as *cearvats*, while the same origin is ascribed to them in China and Japan.

In Nature we find a long and very interesting record of the results of the deep-sea dredging expedition in H. M. S. "Porpoise." Depths of over two miles were reached, and in every case there was found an abundance of animal life. The explorers have been at it so long that they are certainly hazy, though it is difficult to say whether it is from the sun or phosphorescent. Mr. Jeffreys reports that shell fish probably grow as large as those at less depths, and they are provided with large and perfect eyes. The colors are often quite rich. There were found 171 species never before discovered in the British seas. Of these 56 are new to science, and 89 were supposed to be extinct as tertiary fossils. The proof seems to be abundant of a current at these low depths from the north.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Our Four Swine.

I have been looking at our four swine, not of the last lot, but in process of fattening. They lie among the clean straw in the sty, nestling close together; for they seem to be beasts sensitive to the cold. This is a clear, bright, crystal morning, with a cool northwest wind. So there lie these four black swine, as deep among the straw as they can burrow, the very symbols of slothful ease and sensuous comfort. They seem to be actually oppressed and overburdened with comfort. They are quick to notice any one's approach, and utter a low grunt thereupon, not drawing a breath for that particular purpose, but grunting with their ordinary breath, at the same time turning an observant, though dull and sluggish eye, upon the visitor. They seem to be involved and hurried in their own corporeal substance, and to look dimly forth at the outer world. They breathe not easily, and yet not with difficulty nor discomfort; for the very unreadiness and oppression with which their breath comes, appears to make them sensible of the deep, sensual satisfaction which they feel. Swill, the remnant of their last meal, remains in the trough, denoting that their food is more abundant than even a hog can demand. Anon, they fall asleep, drawing short and heavy breaths, which heave their huge sides up and down; but at the slightest noise they sluggishly unclose their eyes, and give another gentle grunt. They also grunt among themselves, without any external cause, but merely to express their swinish sympathy. I suppose it is the knowledge that these four grunners are doomed to die within two or three weeks that gives them a sort of awfulness in my conception. It makes me contrast their present gross substance of fleshy life, with the nothingness speedily to come.—*Hutchinson's Note Book.*

Milk For Butter in Winter. Dairy maids should remember that milk, in order to throw up cream, must have a certain temperature. Where a thermometer is the index about seventy degrees will be found the most desirable temperature for cream to rise in cold weather. It will not do to put milk into the cellar at this season of the year, because it is most likely filled with vegetables and fruit. No good butter can be made when milk is exposed to the effluvia arising from vegetables. When new milk has been strained, place the pans, or, if you please, the tin pail, on the stove and warm the milk. Then place it on the shelves in the buttery. The cream will soon rise, and will keep sweet.

In order to sour cream sufficiently for churning, it often becomes necessary to add a little butter-milk from the churning. Remember that the temperature of cream at the time of churning should be about sixty-two degrees. Thermometers are so cheap now-a-days, that every dairy maid should have one. A dairy thermometer, sufficiently accurate for the purpose, may be obtained for about seventy-five cents.

If your churning will "not come" readily, it often helps the cream to add a little common salt—about one-half the quantity required for the amount of butter produced from the churn.—*Rural World.*

Take Enough Sleep. Said one of the oldest and most successful farmers in this state: "I do not care to have my men get up before five or half-past five in the morning, and if they go to bed early and can sleep soundly, they will do more work than if they got up at four or half-past four." We do not believe in the eight-hour law, but, nevertheless, are inclined to think that, as a general rule, we work too many hours on the farm. The best man we ever had to dig ditches seldom worked, when digging by the rod, more than nine hours a day. And it is so in chopping wood by the cord; the men who accomplish the most work the fewest hours. They bring all their brain and muscle into exercise, and make every blow tell. A slow, plodding Dutchman may turn a grindstone or a fanning-mill better than a more mostly done by horse-power, and the farmer needs, above all else, a clear head, with all his faculties of mind and muscle light and active, and under complete control. Much, of course, depends on temperament, but, as a rule, when men need sound sleep and plenty of it, when a boy on the farm, we were told that Napoleon needed only four hours sleep, and the old nonsense of "five hours for a man, six for a woman, and seven for a fool," was often quoted. But the truth is, that Napoleon was enabled, in a great measure, to accomplish what he did from the faculty of sleeping soundly—of sleeping when he slept and working when he worked. We have sat in one of his favorite traveling-carriages, and it was so arranged that he could lie down at full length, and when dashing through the country as fast as eight horses, frequently changed, could carry him, he slept soundly, and when he arrived at his destination was as fresh as if he had risen from a bed of down. Let farmers and especially farmers' boys, have plenty to eat, nothing to "drink," and all the sleep they can take.—*Am. Ag.*

Timely Hints on Coal. A common fault is to use too coarse wood for kindling, and too much of it. This, while it generally succeeds in lighting the coal, leaves a bed of ashes below the coal which interferes with the draught unless raked out; an operation which always retards the combustion of ignited coal. The wood should be of some rapidly burning variety which gives a quick and high heat, and should be split fine. It should be so placed that the coal will remain on the top of it, and not fall through to the grate, leaving the kindling on the top of any part of the coal. The amount of kindling wood required depends much upon the size of the coal. A good rule, where stoves or furnaces have a good draught, is to use coal as small as can be used without inconvenience from its sifting too freely through the grate.

The practice of putting ashes on the top of fire to keep it, is productive of clinkers. Damp coal screenings are better. If a coal fire gets low, the quickest way to extinguish it is to rake it at the bottom. To preserve a fire under such circumstances, a little coal should be placed on the fire, and when it has caught, more may be added, and the fire raked deferred until it has got well lighted. When the fire bricks have become burdened with the clinkers which have fused and adhered, they may be cleaned by throwing oyster or clam shells into the fire box when the fire is very hot, and allowing the fire to go out. The clinkers will generally cleave off without the use of much force the next morning. From two quarts to one-half peck will be sufficient for most stoves, and the operation can be repeated if some of the clinkers still remain.—*Scientific American.*

Uses of Alcohol. Alcohol dissolves many organic substances, such as the vegetable-alkalis, resins, essential oils, and hence is of use in chemical analysis and in the arts. It is used to make varnish and French

polish. The perfume dissolves essential oils in it to form his scented waters, such as lavender water. In pharmacy it is used to form tinctures, essences, spirits, ethers, and chloroform. The anatomist employs it to inject his subjects and preserve his specimens. The practical chemist uses it as fuel in his lamps, as it gives heat without smoke; and he employs it as a solvent, a precipitant, and for other purposes. It is, with-out question, of considerable service in these and many other ways; and if men would learn to use alcohol instead of learning to drink it, it would really be entitled to be called one of the good creatures of God. It is often said that the abuse of anything is no argument against its use. We fully recognize the soundness of this principle, and look upon the alcohol in our laboratory with as much satisfaction as we do upon our sulphuric acid, nitric acid, arsenic, or other things used in our operations. But we do not introduce any of these things into the stomach. That is a laboratory of a different kind, formed for a different purpose. We believe that the chemistry of life can be properly performed without the aid of alcohol, and hence we confine its employment to what may be called its useful and legitimate applications in science and art. One simple way of ascertaining which is the right way of employing anything is by the effects produced. We have seen the results produced by the use of alcohol in the laboratory and the laboratory.

We have also seen the effects produced by taking alcohol into the human body, and the effects have convinced us that the tendency of alcoholic imbibition is to produce physical and moral evil, and that the use of alcoholic liquors is the chief cause of idleness, poverty, disease, and crime.—*Weekly Record.*

## Fifteen Follies.

First. To think the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become.

Second. To believe the more hours the children study at school, the faster they learn.

Third. To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is the more good it is done.

Fourth. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

Sixth. To argue whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is "good for" the system without regard to more ulterior effects. The "soothing syrup," for example, does not stop the cough of children, does arrest diarrhoea, only to cause, a little later, alarming convulsions, or the more fatal inflammations on the brain, or water on the brain; or at least, always protract the disease.

Seventh. To commit an act which is felt in it self to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Eighth. To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried yourself, without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

Ninth. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

Eleventh. To remove a portion of the clothing immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put a cover on his horse the moment he ceases work in the winter, he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.

Twelfth. To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street or highway are hearty and healthy, therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure outdoor air, in joyous, unrestrained activities, is such a powerful agency for health that those who live thus are well in spite of dirt and filth.

Thirteenth. To presume to repeat later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposure, and intemperance which in the flush of youth were practiced with impunity.

Fourteenth. To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure, cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a crowded vehicle; the latter at most can only cause fainting and nausea, while entering a conveyance after walking briskly, lowering a window, thus still exposed to a draught, will give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks or months of suffering, if not actual death within four days.

Fifteenth. To "remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than on any other day in the week, with a view of sleeping late next morning, and staying home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not feeling very well.—*Hal's Journal of Health.*

## The Markets.

## BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending, Jan. 12, 1869.

## CANDLES.

## MOLASSES.

Cuba, tart..... 00 00

do sweet..... 00 00

do Muscovado..... 00 00

Cientuegos..... 00 00

Porto Rico..... 00 00

Olive, gal..... 1 00

Linseed..... 00 00

American..... 00 00

Crude sperm..... 00 00

Do. Whale..... 00 00

Refined..... 00 00

Sperm..... 00 00

Lard, Western..... 00 00

Extra..... 00 00

No. 1..... 00 00

No. 2..... 00 00

Lead, Red Am..... 00 00

Am. dry pure..... 00 00

Ground pure..... 00 00

No. 1..... 00 00

Zinc, ground in oil..... 00 00

Lead, Red Am..... 00 00

Am. dry pure..... 00 00

Ground pure..... 00 00

No. 1..... 00 00

Paris White..... 00 00

Span. Brown Am..... 00 00

Refined..... 00 00

Verillion..... 00 00

Whiting..... 00 00

French Yellow..... 00 00

Putty, smoky..... 00 00

Glue..... 00 00

PETROLEUM.

Crude..... 00 00

Refined..... 00 00

Kerosene..... 00 00

Naphtha..... 00 00

PROVISIONS.

Beef—Mess..... 00 00

Western..... 00 00

Family..... 00 00

Extra Clear..... 00 00

Mess, best..... 00 00

Prime..... 00 00

Lard, Reg..... 00 00

Lard, blb..... 00 00

Hams, smoked..... 00 00

Pickled..... 00 00

Hogs, dressed..... 00 00

Apples, dried..... 00 00

do sliced..... 00 00

do, to eat..... 00 00

Butter..... 00 00

Vermont..... 00 00

Beans..... 00 00

Small and..... 00 00

Marrow..... 00 00

Rice..... 00 00

Crabapples..... 00 00

Cape..... 00 00

Cheese..... 00 00

Factory..... 00 00

West and South..... 00 00

Herdsman..... 00 00

Refrigerator..... 00 00

Spices..... 00 00

Cassia..... 00 00

Cloves..... 00 00

Ginger..... 00 00

Mace..... 00 00

Nutmeg..... 00 00

Pepper..... 00 00

Pimento..... 00 00

STARBUCK.

Best..... 00 00

Potato..... 00 00