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# The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., FEBRUARY 2, 1870.

No. 5

## THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

TERMS: \$3.00 per year; or, if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.

OFFICES at No. 30 Vesey St., New York City, and 30 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher, Dover, N. H.

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

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1870.

### To One in Doubt.

Brother, in whose heart is strife,  
Longings for a better life,  
Tried and tempted by thy powers,  
In whose path are no bright flowers,  
One is near thee, He hath blest,  
With His love, thy dark unrest.

Brother, we have all been weak;  
Guilt of ours we may not speak;  
Guilt of trespass and of sin,  
Deeds of blackness done within.  
Yet we found forgiveness sure  
When we sought His presence pure.

Brother, we must know and feel  
We have wounds that Christ must heal,  
We have griefs that He must cure.  
Love we want that will endure;  
Strength, increasing to the end,  
Find we in this Heavenly Friend.

Brother, earth and time must fall,  
We shall enter death's dark vale;  
One by one our hopes shall fly,  
Only we shall never die.  
In that land to which we go,  
How shall thou redemption know?

How! O let us make the soul  
For our God's supreme control,  
Then what glory ours shall be,  
In our vast eternity!  
Brother, leave this dread unrest,  
Trust the Saviour and be blest.

—Cong. & Recorder.

### Chinese Correspondence.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, Nov. 20, 1869.

I had long promised myself a month of recreation and visiting with friends at Hangchow and in that vicinity. A hard summer's work, with more than usual care and anxiety, made us feel that a rest was imperative.

Hangchow is about 150 miles south-west from Shanghai. The course lies up the river to Ka-hing, and thence through the Grand Canal, all the way by boat. There is a great variety of size and style of boats, and you may have your choice. A friend had already waited one day to have our company, and as he was in haste to be in Hangchow to attend a meeting, our boats were selected rather for speed than comfort; still with what we took aboard, we managed to make ourselves quite comfortable.

All along this route you have constantly recurring evidence of the great fertility of the soil. In the hands of foreigners and with their "appliances," it would yield most bountiful crops. But alas, ruins, ruins, ruins, constantly meet the eye. In every direction, you see the remains of former cities, villages, hamlets and farm-houses. In some cases the destruction of life and property has been so complete, that whole cities with very little exception still lie heaps of ruins. A few houses, about two or three of the gates, a street or two partially restored, and here and there a mere hovel are all that remain to mark the place where formerly stood a fine city of great wealth and extensive trade. Ka-shen, Kahing-foo and Shab-mung must have been entirely destroyed, except the walls, and in some cases these have been rebuilt, showing that even they did not always escape the general destruction. There is no better evidence of the great fertility of the soil than the density of the former population.

At Ka-hing, half way to Hangchow, you enter the Grand canal which has its southern terminus at Hangchow, and its northern end at Peking. The banks were formerly lined on one side or the other with a handsome and substantial stone wall, crowned with a "tow-path." By the aid of the "scull," applied constantly night and day, the sail, when the wind blows in the right direction, and a man on the tow-path, pulling, you are sure of attaining a speed something less than that of a steamer.

If you request the Captain "to slow," affording you an opportunity to take a ramble along the banks, you will find much wild land covered with brushwood, intervening between sparsely scattered farm-houses and hamlets. A more careful examination will reveal the fact that these lands have recently supported a great population. Working your way into one of these tangled forests, you find you stand in the midst of what had been a fine mulberry orchard. A few steps further bring you to the ruins of the house of the former occupant. It is also overgrown with brushwood, grass and weeds.

The roof has fallen or been burnt, while the walls remain in a state of some perfection; or through the broken roof, but partially destroyed, the branches of trees have penetrated, while around their roots, where a once contented family was domiciled,

where was once a Chinaman's fireside, and all of domestic happiness a Chinaman ever knows, now grow rank weeds, and snakes and toads take up their abode. What is this, upon which you have stumbled and nearly fallen? A skeleton? Yes, really, a little examination reveals an entire human skeleton, and presently you discover there are many more. Some covered with grass and apparently not a bone wanting, some exposed to the weather and bleaching in the sun. Some lie as they fell, while the limbs of others were probably scattered by dogs before robbed of the flesh. Whether these are the remains of the former residents, or refugees from some other distant home, who, reaching this point weary, sick, and famishing, lay down in and about this deserted house to die; whether they perished with hunger and disease, or the sword, some falling upon the threshold, while others, seeking to escape, fled but a few rods before they met death—none here can ever know. Along the banks of the grand canal are substantial, elaborately carved stone monuments, or balis, such as may be seen erected over the streets in almost every Chinese city. Although they have likely stood hundreds of years, they are in a state of good preservation, and will continue perhaps for hundreds or thousands of years more, to perpetuate the memory of the persons in whose name they were erected. You see three or four, sometimes a dozen, of these costly structures in a row along the canal's bank. On either side, stretching far away, are rich arable lands, once laid under, if not the highest, a high state of cultivation, teeming with population and yielding rich crops of silk.

Here and there, at long distances, a family, or one of its members has returned, and is reclaiming the homestead. Hence there are some bright spots revealing the richness of the soil, and something of the wealth which God has lavished upon this part of China.

Where are the millions who inhabited this rich plain when the rebellion swept over it nearly ten years ago? They nearly all fled at the approach of the rebels, panic-stricken. Of those old, infirm or sick, who remained in their houses, many perished from hunger, disease and the sword.

One told me that his family fled at the approach of rebels, leaving his aged grandmother who refused to go, believing the rebels would respect age and spare her. The tide swept quickly past. Returning a few days after to see how she had fared, and if she could not be induced to seek a place of greater security, she was found stretched upon the pavement of the reception hall, weltering in her blood!

Many who left their homes in great haste and with little means for support or traveling among strangers, were soon reduced to want and beggary and huddled together by the hundreds and thousands, contagious and other diseases swept them off. Fewer, perhaps, like the old lady, died by the hand of violence.

These rich plains are slowly being reclaimed, and these ruined and once nearly deserted cities are being rebuilt, but it will take many years for them to attain their former wealth and grandeur, if they ever do. Still this is the very heart of China, the most wealthy and important part, commercially considered. These wastes will be reclaimed for the culture of silk, and these cities, real centers of trade, will rise again.

The American Bible Society is in the field with its native colporters, traversing all this region, offering these poor returning exiles the Chinese Bible and the comforts of the gospel.

One of these men told me that in canvassing the neighboring province he saw the bones of more dead men than he met living! In most of these parts the gospel was offered and rejected before the rebel raid. What would have been their history if they had accepted Christ as their King? Their story can but remind us of God's dealings with his ancient people, with nations and individuals in these times.

The remnants that return seem more favorably disposed towards the gospel. Affliction subdues and humbles the heart, and those that remain of this formerly dense population are much more likely to receive the gospel than in the days of their wealth, prosperity and pride. The missionaries are seeking to make the most of this favorable opportunity, and a line of sub-stations stretches from Ningpo, say 150 miles to Hangchow, about north-west, thence to Shanghai, about the same distance.

But I must close. I am glad of the prospect of welcoming the Star each month, and though I may not be able to write you so often as that, yet you shall hear from me sometimes, and perhaps I will give you more clippings from my trip to Hangchow.

JOTA.

### Seven Fools.

The angry man, who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbor. The envious man, who cannot enjoy life because others do. The murderer, who for the consideration of a few pounds, gives the liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac, whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man, who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser, who starves himself to death in order that his heirs may feast. The slanderer, who tells tales for the sake of giving their enemy an opportunity to prove them a liar.

### Trip to North Carolina.

A passage by steamer from Washington, down the Potomac to Aquia creek, is delightful indeed. At the latter place the traveler is reminded of some of the scenes of the late rebellion, by the charred timbers on which once rested extensive and valuable store-houses, but which were consumed by the torch of war. Here the boat is exchanged for the rail, and as you roll on towards Richmond, the country presents, on every hand, tokens of barrenness and desolation; with comparatively little soil under the plow, and with no fences to enclose it. Our train arrived at Richmond at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M., making seven and one half hours from Washington. Interested in all that pertains to the cause of missions and of schools among the Freedmen, and wishing to know something of their condition in the state capital from personal observation, I tarried a day in the city. I was pleased to find every colored person, of whom I chose to inquire, familiar with the names and places of the leading men in the schools for the freedmen in this large town.

First, led by a colored man, I visited the residence of "Friend" S. H. Jones, of Manchester, Me., on 23d street, No. 9. Friend Jones is under the patronage of an association of Friends in the state of N. Y., and has under his care twelve teachers, eight of whom are from N. Y., one from Maine, two from N. H. and two from the city of Richmond. One of the latter is a lady, once a slave holder. They are doing a noble work. Friend Jones is assistant state superintendent of schools, and has, also, recently been elected to the board of education in this city. Next, accompanied by Mr. Jones, I visited Bro. Chas. H. Corey, D. D., and his lady from N. H. Mr. C. has charge of fifty-five teachers and ministers, (colored) and they occupy the buildings once used by the slave dealers! Messrs. H. W. Goodman and Mr. S. Gardiner are his assistants. Three of the pastors (colored) of the city are daily in attendance at this institution. It is called the Bolivar Institute and is in a prosperous condition. At night I attended meeting at the 1st Baptist church and enjoyed the opportunity of speaking to twelve hundred freedmen. The house will seat fifteen hundred. At the close of the religious services, a wedding occurred. Six attendants, the ladies all in white, stood with the happy pair. The ceremony was well conducted and accompanied with excellent music.

In this church, Rev. J. W. Dunjee was accustomed to worship when a young man, I met with those who remembered him with affection.

The next forenoon, I visited Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, where so many of our union soldiers famished and died. The walls of Castle Thunder are of brick, and the building next to the river is four stories high. I confess to great sadness of heart from the recollections and suggestions occasioned by the sight of this gloomy old prison. What marvel that a God of justice should curse this fair land!

Much of the land of Va. is in the market. Many of the better class of citizens desire that people from abroad should come in and purchase property. They say, "This is the only way this state can recover itself, and enter upon a career of improvement." Multitudes of the farmers are taking advantage of the bankrupt act as the means of settling up their deranged business affairs, and so their farms are sold at auction for what they will bring. In some cases, a tract of land of average quality will be struck off as low as for four or five dollars per acre.

Business is said to be dull, all along the route from Maine to N. Carolina. But soon the spring will open upon the country in these parts, and all will be lively again. The extreme south is calling for colored laborers, and many already have gone from old Va. to those parts to grow the cotton, cane and rice.

I reached New Bern, N. C., on the 14th inst. Letters will reach me here.

A. H. MORRELL.

### Boston Notes.

RELIGIOUS.

Another Free church movement is about to be inaugurated in Boston. The movement is the result of the recent attempt to unite the Charles Street Baptist church and the Somerset Street church (D. Neale's), but which could not be brought about. A few of the hard working members of the Charles Street church, unwilling to seek church relations elsewhere, set to work in earnest to see what could be done, and have secured the consent of the pew-holders to have the pews free, and have arranged for sustaining the enterprise.

A series of lectures to discuss important religious themes has just been inaugurated in this city. The first of the course was delivered last Sabbath evening at the Shawmut Congregational church, President Harris, of Bowdoin College, being the lecturer. His topic was "The Christian idea of Progress, in contrast with the Naturalistic."

He is to be followed by Prof. Herrick, Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, Prof. J. A. Seelye and other prominent men. The lectures are free to all. Rev. Geo. P. Clafin and wife, Miss L. M. Dowling, and Miss E. Beecher, on the 20th inst left Boston for the Mend

Mission. The two former go out for the third time to this field of labor; the two latter are just commissioned. The missionaries go out under the direction of the American Missionary Association. Farewell sojourns were held also in connection with the departure of Rev. M. Randall and daughter, and two other young ladies, at the missionary rooms a few days since.

Among the many good enterprises of our churches in behalf of the freedmen of the South, there is none more worthy of commendation than that carried on during the past two and a half years by some of the New England Sabbath schools. These schools, to the number of one hundred, have been raising subscriptions for the purpose of furnishing to the children of freedmen the Bible primers, published by the American Bible Union, for circulation at the South.

"MASTERS."

### Events of the Week.

ARRIVAL OF THE PEABODY FLEET.

The British steamship Monarch, bringing the remains of Mr. George Peabody and conveyed by the United States gunboat Plymouth, arrived in Portland harbor at noon on the 25th. According to the programme as at present arranged, the remains will lie in state on board the Monarch until Saturday the 29th, when they will be removed to the shore and lie in state in the city building until the Tuesday following, when funeral services will be performed under the direction of the United States authorities. Subsequently, they will be conveyed by special train to Peabody, Mass., where final service and interment will take place. The distinguished honors, shown by two nations to his remains, but poorly express the esteem in which Mr. Peabody is held for his unparalleled charities.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

The earnest efforts for the abolition of the Franking privilege are beginning to have their effect. The House voted on Thursday for its abolition. The post office committee brought in its bill providing that after the first of next July, no matter shall go through the mails free. There was an exceedingly noisy debate for an hour or two over its adoption, in which many sharp things were said and a number of amendments offered, to exempt country newspapers from the operation of the bill. All these propositions were rejected, and the bill was passed in a hurry, just as it came from the committee and with only 14 opposing votes. It is hardly probable that the Senate will act upon it in such a manner, but something of the kind is likely to pass during the session.

A ROYAL VISITOR.

Prince Arthur, in other words, Arthur Patrick Guelph, a son of Queen Victoria, arrived in New York on Friday, the 21st. He is merely on a pleasure tour, and his arrival excites but little attention. A reception was given him by a few private individuals in New York, after which he proceeded to Washington, where he was entertained by Mr. Thornton, the British minister. He has attended a private dinner or two, and several parties and a ball have been given in his honor, but as his visit has no political significance nor official importance, it is not likely to be marked by any public demonstration. He is the third son of British royalty who has visited this country, William the IVth and the Prince of Wales having preceded him.

A COLORED U. S. SENATOR.

Mr. Hiram R. Revels has been elected to the United States Senate to serve out an unexpired term. He is a colored man, and his entrance to the Senate marks an era in public progress. He was born a free man, and has spent the most of his time in acquiring an education and laboring for his own race. He is a graduate of Oberlin College, and at the opening of the war was performing the office of a Methodist minister in Baltimore. He immediately gave his services to the Government, and assisted in organizing the first two colored regiments of Maryland and Missouri. He has always associated himself with moral and literary efforts in the South and West, and is everywhere respected as an able and intelligent man. His presence in Congress is a striking evidence of the change in public opinion during the last ten years.

RED RIVER COUNTRY.

The rebellion still continues. Discontent and uneasiness on the part of the natives, resulting from imagined tyranny and oppression on the part of the would-be rulers, make the condition of affairs anything but hopeful. A few leading spirits, determined to prolong the difficulty and secure a war at all hazards, fire the passions of the more peaceably disposed with false reports and exciting rumors, and thus keep alive the flame that should have died away long ago. The negotiations of General Thibault are likely to prove beneficial, however, by helping both parties to a better understanding of each other. A deputa-tion of half-breeds is to be sent from Red River to Ottawa, with every prospect of securing an amicable adjustment of the difficulties existing between the Canadians and half-breeds.

COLONIZATION.

The colonization society is still in existence, and its wants are occasionally brought before the public. There was a

meeting of the society in Washington lately, and various plans were discussed for the promotion of its interests. The treasury is nearly exhausted, and several companies of two and three hundred each are awaiting transportation to Liberia. Reports from that Republic show a gradual improvement; better houses are built, plantations are enlarged, sugar and coffee farms are opened, and there are abundant signs of prosperity and tranquility.

### Mission Field.

INDIA.

Rev. Mr. Bachelor, of the Orissa mission, writes in a late letter: "You have heard of the recent baptisms. We are just now organizing the converts into a working body. We have been preparing for this work among the Santals for years, and it now seems as though God's time to work for their redemption is at hand. There have been men enough who have boldly professed their faith in Christianity, and some have been praying men, but all this excited no opposition. Four months ago, we organized a class of inquirers who publicly proclaimed themselves Christians among their countrymen, and nobody seemed to care for that. But their baptism has raised a breeze! Out-siders all at once refused to eat with them, and they are reproached and threatened. Children are withdrawn from the schools lest they should become Christians. All this indicates life, and it enables the converts to show what spirit they are of. The three brothers, two of whom were baptized a month ago, and the other to be baptized next Sabbath, are probably the wealthiest Santal family in this district."

The Jan. No. of the *Missionary Magazine* has a notice of another step of Indian progress. A weekly Christian newspaper in the Bengali language is being conducted by native brethren of various churches. It bears the title of "Saptahik Songbad," (*The Weekly News*). A quoted extract cites the liberality of the native Christians in the Madras Presidency, and thus appeals to the Bengali Christians: "These people are not prosperous like the Calcutta Christians. \* \* \* How great their zeal to be independent churches! By reason of their zeal, their poverty is able to place no hindrance in the way of their desire. We have no such zeal. We are in the receipt of 100, 150, 200 rupees monthly salary, yet we impose upon foreigners the charge of supporting those who every Sunday instruct us in the truths of religion, and we think nothing about it ourselves. \* \* \* Now, Bengali brethren let us in every respect seek to exhibit a desire to be independent. How long shall we continue to cling to the neck of foreign Christians?"

From the late Annual Report of our General Baptist brethren in southern Orissa, we learn that, though death has removed some of their laborers, still they have reaped a rich harvest the past year. Twenty-seven have been added by baptism to the church in Berhampore, and 36 at Piplee. Two of the native preachers of the church made a tour among the Telugos on the coast south of Berhampore, hitherto unvisited. The attention of the people to their gospel message quite cheered them, while their desire for books and tracts was most intense. One man ran a full mile after the brethren to obtain a copy of Matthew's gospel.

At Cuttack, says the Report, the story of the past year is one of severe toil and heavy trial, sweetened by large success. The Lord has given showers of blessings; 33 have been added to the church, a larger number than during any previous year since the commencement of the mission. Nor is the gracious visitation withdrawn or restrained; the "wind" is still blowing, and a goodly number are anxious to join themselves to the Lord.

MADAGASCAR.

The tidings from Madagascar, that reach us from month to month, forebode remind us of the prophetic promise, "A nation shall be born in a day." The marvelous progress of Christ's kingdom on that island is without a parallel in our time, and should greatly quicken the faith and zeal of every friend of missions. Another victory is achieved, "another chapter in Madagascar history is written." Her leading idols have been publicly burned; and she has entered the community of Christian nations. Mr. Pool, writing to the *English Independent* from Antananarivo, the capital of the island, narrates the following particulars. The keepers of the great national idol and the people of the villages belonging to it, had assumed a rebellious attitude, refusing to obey the Queen, and intimating that the god had medicine that kills (meaning poison), which it intended to use. On the 8th of Sept., the keepers and others connected with the national idol came to the capital to claim their supposed rights as nobles. The government immediately sent the chief Secretary of State, with others high in rank, in haste to the idol's village to burn the idol before the return of its keepers. On arriving at the village, a distance of seven miles, the first thing was to read the Prime Minister's letter and secure possession of the idol's house. A fire was then kindled, and the long case which usually preceded the idol in processions or journeyings, was cast into it; then twelve bullocks' horns from which the sacred sprinklings were made; three scarlet umbrellas followed, and the silk Lamba, or loose flowing garment which concealed the idol when suspended on the person of its keeper as it traveled. The idol's case succeeded, and, lastly, the idol itself, on seeing which the people said, "You cannot burn him, he is a god!" to which the Christian officer replied, "If he be a god he will not burn; we are going to try;" and when enveloped in flames one of them held it up on a stick to show that it was burning. It seems that scarcely any one of the present generation had ever seen this noted idol; all seemed astonished at its insignificance.

An editorial in the *Eng. Independent* says: "The inhabitants of the villages, seeing that they had no longer any gods left to worship, sent to the Queen to ask what their religion was to be for the future, and who was to teach them the knowledge of the true God. The missionaries and native pastors were summoned to the Prime Minister's house, and he himself suggested that the responsibility of supplying them with teachers should be devolved on the churches already existing, and that the government should have nothing to do with the matter."

CHINA.

Mr. Doolittle, in a recent article in the *New York Evangelist*, in speaking of the Foochow missions, thus contrasts the present with the state of things thirteen or fourteen years ago: "Instead of there being no Protestant chapels in the adjacent country, but five or six small buildings erected to serve as chapels in the city and suburbs, there are now 60 church buildings

chapels and preaching places in the city and surrounding country. \* \* \* The work extends in all directions from Foochow as the center; on the east about 40 miles to the ocean; on the south nearly 100 miles; on the west about the same distance, and on the north 70 or 80 miles. Instead of no native helpers, they have now about 40. Fourteen years ago there was not a church nor even one baptized Chinaman in all this region; now there are about 60 churches and over 900 baptized Chinese in connection with the three Missionary Societies laboring here."

### Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 26, 1870.

ADMISSION OF VIRGINIA.

The Virginia question is ended at last, somewhat to the relief of all parties concerned. The debate in the Senate closed with another sharp collision between Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Sumner. The most ludicrous thing of this kind, during the debate, was the attack of Mr. Morton upon Mr. Sumner. The whole scene was as if a sparrow-hawk should peck at an eagle. In all these personal attacks it is apparent that Mr. Sumner has inspired senators with a sense of his superiority, which, though unwelcome, cannot be shaken off. Contrary to general expectation, Drake's amendment prevailed by a close vote, and paved the way for the easy acceptance of Wilson's and Morton's amendments. On the final vote, Mr. Sumner abstained from voting. Though he had voted for the various amendments, he was not willing to vote for the bill, even with them. Mr. Kellogg, of La., caused the rule to be read which requires every senator present to vote, but the Vice President would not take the hint, and no one calling the attention of the chair to the fact that Mr. Sumner had not voted, though present, the matter dropped, and the vote was declared, 47 to 10. On Monday the bill came before the House for concurrence in the Senate amendments, and occasioned a very lively scene. It was apparent from the first that the House would concur in the Senate amendments, and the coalition and concord between the Democratic and Republican sides of the House, which existed on the passage of Bingham's bill, was suddenly dissolved. The final vote in the House, as in the Senate, was a strictly party vote, ayes 136, nays 69. This morning the President approved the bill, and so Virginia resumes the place she abandoned so madly nine years since. The Virginians were exceedingly jubilant over the passage of Bingham's bill by the House, but the bill as it finally passed is not so joyfully received. It is no doubt true that many ex-rebels voted for the new constitution with a very face, and promised themselves indemnity when the State was restored and in their control. The conditions imposed are a "lion in the way," and very perceptibly diminish their exultation.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur is here, and is the "lion" just now. On Sunday he attended an Episcopal church, and the crowd in and around the building was so great that a police force was detailed to preserve order. When about to leave the church, the rush to see him was quite rude, and must have given him an unfavorable impression of the manners of our people, and a contempt for their overweening curiosity to see a sprig of royalty. On Monday he visited both Houses of Congress, and was a spectator of the sharp set-to of Bingham, Butler and Farnsworth. He was probably more impressed with the vigor than the dignity and decorum of Congressional debate. He has also twice paid his respects to the President and his family at the White House. He is accompanied constantly by the British Minister, and is, of course, the recipient of the most careful and loyal attention from all the members of the British Legation. In personal appearance there is nothing remarkable or distinguished about the Prince. He is rather below the medium size, of blonde complexion, modest appearance, and, were he not a prince, would not be regarded by the ladies as a very handsome young man.

FISK AND THE GOLD PANIC.

We have also had a visit from a notoriety of another sort in the person of James Fisk, Jr. He and his partner in Erie rascalities, Jay Gould, were before the committee investigating the gold panic of September last. The characteristics of Gould's testimony were caution and reticence. He confined himself to the exact ground covered by the questions and disclosed nothing except as drawn out by the interrogator. Not so with Mr. James Fisk, Jr. No sooner was opportunity given than he started off with the promptness of a cork from a bottle of champagne, and for two hours he "billed over" in a perfectly characteristic manner, to the great amusement of the committee, if not to their enlightenment. According to Fisk, the gold speculation originated in this manner. The Erie road depends largely upon the transportation of grain for its business. Last summer Fisk and Gould conceived the theory that in order to secure the movement of grain it was necessary to put up the premium on gold. They dined and interviewed the President to impress him with their theory and to secure the aid of the government, so far at least as to suspend sales of gold, but without effect. Secretary Boutwell was equally opposed to their theories. But, meanwhile, Gould made the acquaintance of Corbin, and he entered into their scheme and assured them that he was in the confidence of Grant and could control the action of the government in its sales of gold, and that a great deal of money might be made by putting up the price of gold. Gould thereupon commenced to buy gold. For a time the premium fell instead of rising, and Fisk, after conferring with Corbin and receiving assurance from him that the government would not interfere, came to the rescue of his friend Gould, by entering into the speculation, and the price of gold was advanced to 160, when the crash came through Boutwell's order to sell government gold. He implicated no government official excepting Butterfield, the Asst. Sec. of the Treasury.

STATUE OF GEN. GREENE.

The statue of Gen. Greene was formally presented to the government by the State of Rhode Island, through Senator Anthony, on Thursday, and has been placed in the old Hall of Representatives. It is from the chisel of H. H. Brown, and is a beautiful specimen of his art. It represents the general standing in the full costume of a continental General, his head is bare, his left hand carries his sword in its scabbard, while across the left arm is thrown his military cloak, its folds reaching the ground and furnishing an ingenious support to the figure. The pose is free and graceful, and altogether the statue is a credit to American Art, and worthy of the subject and place.



## Communications.

### Convocation on Intemperance.

In a former article, I spoke of the report of a Committee appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury, and promised some farther account of it. The chairman of this committee was Rev. John Sandford, archdeacon of Coventry, and there were also on it, Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester; Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster; five other archdeacons, seven canons, and two prebendaries. The report states that in addition to information received from the clergy of the dioceses in the province of Canterbury, which contains a population of 14,071,164, "forms of inquiry" had been sent to the governors and chaplains of prisons, and heads of the constabulary throughout Great Britain; to the superintendents of Lunatic Asylums in England and Wales; to the Judges, the Recorders, the Coroners and the Masters of workhouses throughout England. Hence, the report contains not merely the judgment of the clergy of the Province, "but of persons of intelligence and experience throughout the realm, whose acquaintance with the domestic and social condition of our people, and whose interest in their welfare qualify them to speak on this subject with authority."

The report goes on to state "that drinking prevails in our commercial, manufacturing and agricultural districts, and in both the Army and Navy, to a frightful extent." Among the causes of the evil which are enumerated, are the large number of beer shops, and low public houses; the payment of wages and the transacting of business in public houses; the giving gratuities in drink, and "the social practice of drinking-bouts at marriages, christenings, and other festive occasions, and even at funerals." In reference to the results of the evil, the report says: "To this cause may be traced many of the crimes and miseries which disturb the peace of states, and poison the happiness of families, while it depraves the character, impairs the strength, shatters the health and nerves, and brings thousands to an early death. It is found to fill our prisons, our workhouses, our Lunatic Asylums, and Penitentiaries, and, more than any other cause, or complication of causes, to frustrate the efforts and baffle the hopes of all who have at heart the elevation and welfare of our people." The Committee say that the replies to their inquiries suggest many and varied remedies for intemperance, and they insert those which they think of most importance, and think they are prepared to recommend as practicable, in two divisions, viz., Non-Legislative and Legislative. In the former class are recommendations to the disuse of public houses for Benefit Clubs, the payment of wages, and the making of bargains; special teaching in the schools on the evils of intemperance; and the formation of "Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, and Young Men's Associations." The legislative remedies proposed have reference to the restriction of the traffic within narrow limits, and close with the following:

"Your committee, in conclusion, are of opinion that as the ancient and avowed object of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors is to supply a supposed public want, without detriment to the public welfare, a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses should be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected—namely, the inhabitants themselves—who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system. Such a power would, in effect, secure to the districts, willing to exercise it, the advantages now enjoyed by the numerous parishes in the Province of Canterbury, where, according to reports furnished to your committee, owing to the influence of the landowner, no sale of intoxicating liquors is licensed." And it is added:

"Few, it may be believed, are cognizant of the fact, which has been elicited by the present inquiry,—that there are at this time, within the Province of Canterbury, upwards of one thousand parishes in which there is neither public house nor beer shop, and where, in consequence of the absence of these inducements to crime and pauperism, according to the evidence before the Committee, the intelligence, morality and comfort of the people are such as the friends of temperance would have anticipated." A list of the names of the parishes referred to, is given in the appendix, with the addition of several hundred townships and hamlets which are in the same condition.

The appendix contains 222 pages, and is of course, the principal part of the volume. In this, 2,283 of the answers received to the inquiries of the committee are inserted under thirty-seven distinct heads. I have not room to enumerate these, but will give you a few of the answers. Section A. has reference to the age at which intemperance begins. One clergyman says: "I have seen boys between 9 and 12 very drunk at fairs and statutes, (places for the yearly hiring of farm servants), and another says: 'Lads of 14 years of age may be seen, also, on Saturday nights, after receiving their fortnightly pay from the works, in a state of intoxication,' and another: 'So soon as the lads can earn anything, they are, I know, enticed into the public houses or beer shops, to smoke and drink; and become reprobates very soon.'"

Section M. has reference to "Intemperance and Crime." This contains a letter from Lord Chief Justice Bovill, dated 23d January, 1869, from which I give the following extracts: "I have no hesitation in stating that in the north of England, and in most of the large towns and the manufacturing and mining districts, intemperance is directly or indirectly the cause of by far the largest proportion of the crimes that

have come under my observation. . . . Among a large class of our population, intemperance in early life is the direct and immediate cause of every kind of immorality, profligacy and vice, and soon leads to the commission of crime. As the young of both sexes grow up, the habit of intoxication increases upon them, and inevitably leads to crimes of violence of the most serious description, including murders, manslaughter, rapes, robberies and violent assaults. . . . It is frequently very painful to find honest and well-disposed and hard-working men, who do not belong to the criminal class, placed in the dock for serious crimes committed under the influence of drink, and who, if they had been in possession of their senses, would never have thought of committing such crimes."

Lord Chief Baron Kelly, 26th of February, 1869, says: "At this moment I can only express my belief,—indeed, I may say my conviction,—that two-thirds of the crimes which come before courts of law in this country are occasioned chiefly by intemperance." And the testimony of other judges and Police Magistrates is to the same effect; so is that of governors and chaplains of prisons; and of chief constables, and superintendents of police. On this point the report gives the separate testimony of 211 persons.

Section O. is on "Intemperance and Pauperism." On this we have the testimony of 129 persons. One governor of a workhouse says: "Knowing the greater portion of the inmates and their families as I do, I think of the 237 inmates now in this house, that two-thirds are here by intemperance, directly or indirectly." Another: "I think I may say that nine-tenths of the able-bodied paupers come here directly or indirectly through intemperance. I speak from a very long experience." Another: "Two-thirds of pauperism spring from the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks." And another: "From my own experience in a workhouse for upwards of thirty years, I consider that fully one half of the adult inmates are there from the effects of their own intemperate habits."

Section P. is on "Disease, Lunacy, and Sacrifice of Human Life." One Coroner says: "As Coroner, an office I have held 42 years, I can say that more than half the violent deaths may be traced to habits of intoxication." And another: "Out of 500 inquests in the last twelve months, it is my belief that one half or thereabouts are connected more or less directly with the abuse of drink."

But I have not room for more of these important statements. The publication of this report must do good, and I should think all the more from the fact that only a small portion of the Committee and of those who have furnished the facts are themselves total abstainers. But they speak what they know of the evils of intemperance, and I think that this testimony will lead many to "Touch not, taste not."

W. H.

### Crushing Ministers.

"The church can crush me if they see fit, by leaving me to fight the battle alone; that is, by failing to attend the services on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. The competition is great, and we are constantly suffering from sensations, temperance lectures, &c., which draw our people away. I do the best I can, and will strike out courageously for life, for the church, for the cause and for myself, too. I feel that if I fail here, I am done for. God knows I did not mean to get here, but I am here, and now I mean to succeed or die; disappear, whether I succeed or not."

So writes a dear brother who has recently taken the pastoral charge of one of our city churches. He is now in full possession of the strength of early manhood, of more than average natural ability, has had the advantages of liberal culture and used them well. He is a humble, devout Christian. He is an earnest, enthusiastic worker for Christ. Few ministers combine in their characters more elements of success than he, and if he fails to make good his brave and honestly spoken intentions, it will be through no fault of his.

Will they crush him? Not intentionally. But the crushing will be none the less sure, none the less certain. If they allow every transient meteor that flashes across the sky to draw them away from their own place of worship, and leave their pastor, with the few faithful ones who never desert, to fight the battle alone, they need not be surprised if, worn out by the wearisome work of preaching to empty seats, he soon accepts a call to some locality where the fierce competitions of the city do not grind the life out of ministers so rapidly. Do Christians never think? Were they more thoughtful they would often save their pastors great anxiety and sorrow, even if they sometimes denied themselves the pleasure of listening to wandering celebrities.

Few things are more completely disheartening to the minister than, after careful, perhaps elaborate preparation for the discussion of an important subject, to find but a meager handful gathered to hear him, and to learn that large numbers of his congregation and church have left him to attend some other service. A common variation of the crushing process is practiced by those who, however regular they may be in attending the preaching services, absent themselves from the prayer meeting and the covenant or conference meeting. Many are often so situated that they cannot well attend the weekly prayer meeting. Such members should make the greater effort to report themselves at the monthly covenant meeting, that they may promote the growth of grace in their own hearts and encourage their pastor.

Don't crush your minister. Rally in full force at the stated and special meetings of the church. Cheer his heart by your presence, and stimulate his zeal and fervor by your careful, constant attention. Trust

him for the proper discussion of popular subjects of interest. Do this faithfully, and you will soon find that you need never leave your own church for intellectual or spiritual stimulus. PHILIP.

### Our Bible and Tract Cause.

Again we must ask: Have our friends quite forgotten that the mission is in need of Scriptures and tracts to enable it to prosecute its work?

We have now in progress a volume of Scripture selections in Santal, the gospel of Matthew in Bengali, and three volumes of Hymns in Bengali, Oriya and Santal. New and large editions of tracts are called for every now and then, as the state of our work demands. The press has already been running on credit for some weeks. I had earnestly hoped that in our remittance for the present quarter some appropriation would have been made, but have been disappointed.

Yesterday the remittance came in the form of a "Letter of Credit," two months behind time, it is true, but not the less acceptable for that. It had been repaying with Pharaoh and his hosts in the bottom of the Red Sea for more than six weeks, having gone down in the steamer Carnatic, yet, strange to say, it came to hand almost as fresh as when it left Boston,—a little pale, but quite intelligible. A sprig from the graves of our sleeping ones at New Hampton, though it had somewhat stained the letter that enclosed it, was still green and in a perfect state of preservation. But no funds for our Bible and Tract cause went on that visit to Pharaoh. Our Treasurer probably had nothing to send, and so sent nothing.

Are our churches prepared to drop from the list of appropriations the Bible and Tract cause? If so, we shall soon learn the fact, and learn too to accept and meet the "condition" as best we may. We want but little, a very little, and I fear this fact is against us. Larger wants, (that admit of long and loud talking), are perhaps more easily met, and yet these little wants are real and of vast importance. We are giving to the Santals the Scriptures, to some extent, and tracts in their own language. With the very providential openings among them and the increase of readers, we cannot close this department of the press without serious detriment to the work. That must not be. Let us have three hundred dollars, at least, for the first half of 1870. Who will respond? O. R. BACHELER. Midnapore, Nov. 25, 1869.

### Giving for Missions.

Redemption and the whole plan of saving grace began and have been carried on in the infinite goodness and love of the Creator. "God is love."

THE OBJECT OF EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

It is to make people good, holy, in fact, like Christ. "Follow me." "Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk, even as he walked."

### GIVING TAUGHT IN NATURE.

The blazing sun gives. It pours down light and heat, causing life and energy, joy and gladness. It sends its blessings to distant planets, and by its mighty attractive power, holds the wheeling orbs that make up the Solar System in place.

The earth gives. It brings forth abundantly, supplying the wants of men and beasts. It gives every needed comfort and convenience. The sea gives clouds, and the clouds give rain. "If the clouds be full of water, they empty themselves." The earth gives flowers for beauty and fragrance; fountains give us living water; forests give fuel, timber and the healing balm; and birds give music.

"Around, beneath, below, above, Wherever space extends, There heaven displays its boundless love, And power with goodness blends."

### GOD IS BENEVOLENT.

Benevolence is a disposition to do good,—good will, kindness, charitableness, love of mankind, with efforts to promote their happiness. The Lord doeth good continually. How great is his mercy, how strong his love, how tender his compassion. "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble." "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." "His tender mercies are over all his works." "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him might not perish."

God, aside from supplying the temporal and spiritual wants of men, has a providential care over all and of each in particular. And Dr. Chalmers well says, that his benevolence is not confined to one world and one system, but to all worlds and all systems of worlds. And while He does good to the whole, he confers blessings on every single portion.

God feels for all. He regards the rich and seeks to bless them. He pities the poor and loves to do them good. He sends his reviving Spirit into the hearts of the humble, cheers by his presence the desolate, watches every sick bed, listens to the complaints of every sufferer, hushes the sigh of anguish, wipes away the tear of sorrow, and attentively hears every sincere prayer. There is a fine illustration shed over benevolence in what God does in his goodness and wondrous love to dependent beings. Oh that all would praise him and seek more and more to be like him.

### GIVING FREELY.

"Freely have ye received, freely give." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Give, and it shall be given unto you, full measure, pressed down and running over." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Men for missionaries and money to sustain their operations are among the great wants of the age, for the conversion of the world. At present, missionaries can be had in most denominations, but there is a lack of funds. Three of the largest Missionary Societies of our country, The American Board, The American Missionary Association and that of the Methodist Church, altogether raise about one million dollars yearly. All others may do as much more. This is not enough for our country to do.

Friends of God, a great work is on our hands. The heathen are in darkness, sorrow and woe. They are perishing. We can help save them. God holds us responsible, and bids us do what we can with our might. Let us give to spread the glorious gospel in the earth. Then we can pray and be heard. If we make sacrifices in giving, God will give us richness of soul. Our labor in the Lord will not be in vain. We shall know of the extension of the reign of Emmanuel, and finally have a reward in heaven. F.

### Chips.

—If we are really superior to others, they much prefer finding this out themselves, to hearing us tell them of it.

—Frequently men are worse than appearances indicate; and our opinion of them lowers with closer acquaintance; but the more we know of Christ the more we see to love in him.

—The mouth is seldom worse than the heart, and we may well beware of those of unclean lips.

—Even among those whom we must count Christians we see many weaknesses and frailties to deplore; but when we step outside the narrow circle of Christian society we behold almost universal stupidity, unbelief and wickedness.

—The great want of the world is not so much a knowledge of the truth as a love for the truth.

—If a body of believers have ability to walk together in unity and love, to watch over and pray for each other, to come out from the world and be separate from evil, and thus to be mutual helps to each other, they have the requisite abilities for a Christian church.

—We may suppose that he who was God manifest in the flesh, would best know how to speak to the understandings of men. In his discourses we behold the greatest simplicity and directness of expression, and the frequent use of illustrations of the most simple yet striking character. Why would it not be well for us to take Christ as the standard of pulpit proprieties. The more we imitate of his spirit and conform to his style, the nearer shall we approach to perfection. Would we learn how to live and speak so as to do most good, we can learn best at the feet of Jesus. They make a grievous mistake who would cast Jesus aside for heathen models. J. HAYDEN.

## Selections.

### The Fog-Bell.

One evening in August I stood upon the deck of a late steamer in the Straits of Mackinaw. All day a haze had filled the air and obscured the forest-covered shores. The trees, suffering from a long-continued drought, were like tinder. On every side fires were blazing, set by some careless or malicious hand, or kindled by a casual spark. At the Saint St. Marie the villagers had kept watch night and day, beating back the advancing fires with whips of brush and pails of water. On one long point of land the flames, driven by the wind, had swept down like an eruption of barbarians from their forest hiding-places, and carried off in an hour a little hamlet of fishermen's huts. The half-amphibious creatures who occupied them, Canadians and half-breeds, chiefly, had barely escaped with their lives by taking to their boats or plunging into the waters of the lake and waiting till the fury of the conflagration was past. As evening drew on, the fall of smoke settled heavily over us. A dense fog, creeping up from the surface of the lake, mingled with it. The lurid lights of distant forest fires gradually were veiled beneath this thickening gloom. The sun went down as red as though it were itself in conflagration. No stars could pierce the heavy veil which wrapped the earth. The rocky coast of Mackinaw, which for half an hour had been dimly discernible, could be seen no longer. With the setting sun the cloud which enveloped us grew denser. The very objects over our steamer's deck loomed hazily through the thickening smoke and fog. Our cautious pilot put the steamer on half speed. Every ten minutes the line was thrown. We could no longer see half our boat's length before us. We were approaching the rocky and dangerous coast of Mackinaw. But though we were now close up on it, we could see neither the lights of its shipping in the harbor nor those of its crescent-shaped bay. Hark! Indistinctly, muffled by the thick fog which obscured us, as well as sight, we hear the tolling of a distant bell. The pilot's trained ears have caught the sound long before his passengers have done so. Unable to see shore or light, he steers towards the fog-bell. Louder and clearer it rings through the night air. Suddenly, at one side there looms up the ghostly specter of a ship. Another, another; they are all around us. Then our engine-wheels stop their revolutions. Lights shine dimly through the fog; lights, yellow lights, lights stationary, lights gliding to and fro. Then the dim outline of a bold rocky shore is just discernible, frowning upon us like a darker cloud through the cloud in which we are enveloped; then the form of curiously shadowy houses with their twinkling lights. Then voices loud and hoarse mingle with the tolling of the bell, and we are, to our surprise, already at our pier.

I have often thought since of that evening and its lesson. Often we sail through thick darkness. Often we can see no light. But we can always steer for the fog-bell.

It is often said that this is an age of skepticism. It is at all events, an age of reluctant skepticism. Its cry is, "Lord help mine unbelief." Men fight against doubt. It overcomes them, conquers them, carries them away captive despite themselves. "I wish," said one such reluctant skeptic to the other day, "that I had your Christ. But to me Christ is dim, distant, intangible." "I would be glad," said another, "to believe immediately. But I have no assurance." Many a sail comes to anchorage out in the fog simply because it cannot see the lights which guide to the harbor. If skepticism is sometimes a fault, it is often a misfortune. Now for such reluctant skeptics there is always the ringing of a fog-bell. It is happier, doubtless, to come into God's harbor through fair weather and beneath blue skies. But even the most constitutional doubter may come thither by following the fog-bell. Listen to its message: "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." "Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good." Doctrines are doubtful, but duty is plain. Christian experience does not wait on Christian understanding. There is a better way out of skepticism than that which investigation affords. Philanthropy is the road to piety. "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."

How often to the Christian there come these experiences of doubt! Everything which seemed true seems uncertain; everything which seemed clear grows dim. Landmarks disappear. The light of men seems to burn dimly and more dimly, and at last is quite beclouded. The soul can no longer see Jesus. It goes even to Calvary in vain. The thick darkness which envelops the cross hides it from view.

"But! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call them mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline."

Yet still, in his darkest hours, the Christian can steer for the fog-bell. When he can no longer see his Lord, he can still hear his voice. Through the thick darkness which settles over the soul, there still may be heard, though with muffled sound, the sweet words, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

At last life draws to its close. The aged Christian nears the "blessed harbor of God's saints." But often, because flesh and heart faints, and the eye grows dim, faith also waxes feeble. The shores of the heavenly country are but dimly discernible. A heavenly fog hangs over Jordan. Hopes that have accompanied and befriended the pilgrim from the wicket gate grow dim and disappear. But even then, though the light cannot be seen, the fog-bell can be heard.

An aged Christian man came to me in my study. "Do you ever doubt," said he, "that you are a Christian? Do you ever doubt that heaven will be yours at last? I can no longer see anything clearly, but I trust my Saviour. At least, I want to trust him. But am I his or am I not? Who can tell?" If there ever was one who had a right to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," it was this aged father in Israel. And yet, all was dark. But when death came, as it did a few months later, he met it with unfaltering cheerfulness, and entered the fold, not seeing the Lord who waited to receive him, but cheered and guided to the harbor by the ringing of the fog-bell. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."—Christian Union.

### The Greatest Sight.

When the traveler has been visiting some remarkable region, he is often asked what he regards as the most wonderful place he has visited. The travelers in England might specify the British Museum, or St. Paul's, or the Tower, or Shakespeare's birthplace, or some such object as the greatest. The traveler in Belgium might name Waterloo; or in Holland, the dykes; or in France, Paris; or in Italy, St. Peter's. Were one to journey westward from New York to the Pacific, he might name Niagara, or the Mississippi, or the Rocky Range, or the great railway which spans the continent. The traveler just from his journey often selects incidents and objects which have interested his own mind as the means of interesting the minds of others. He has seen some famous bridge, or tunnel, or farm, or river, or man; he has met with some thrilling scene or achievement, and he dwells on it with enthusiasm; and, in so doing, he enlists the interest of his hearers in discourse, whether in private or public. Who can hear a man say without a thrill, "I stood here behind these breastworks on Cemetery Hill, and saw the Louisiana Tigers rush up that lane and leap over into these works for a desperate hand-to-hand struggle?" How excited we used to be when the old Polish lecturer, Colonel Lebrunowski, would describe what he saw in the terrible campaign to Moscow, or on the field of Waterloo? Half his power was in the fact that he was relating facts which seemed to him to be the most remarkable in his career as a soldier of the first Napoleon.

This seems a somewhat formidable opening to my very unostentatious statements. The fact is,—not a very remarkable one in itself—I have been on a journey of a thousand miles; and on my way home a young Christian girl made a remark, or asked a question, which led me to tell her what was the greatest sight of my trip. She wanted to know, and I was not slow to tell her. Perhaps she expected a different answer from the one she received; but the answer seems itself to me worthy of some thought.

I told her I had seen Lake Erie, and had been moved with as keen admiration of the grand sight as if I had never seen it before. "Was this the greatest sight of your trip?" No, I had seen Euclid Street, in the city of Cleveland; and had traversed its entire length, had hunted out its history, the very date of its survey and the name of its surveyor, and was ready to pronounce it the finest avenue, all things considered, I had ever seen. "Was Euclid Street, then, the greatest sight of the trip?" No.

I had seen the iron rail, and the iron horse that trod it; and informed my young friend that I am unable to suppress my delight whenever I come in contact with this double object. What a stride from the wooden framework of the English coal-mine, as Stephenson saw it, to the Union Pacific Railroad, the last and the greatest of the iron roads! What marvels of achievement in the 50,000 miles of iron road in this country. How has it revolutionized business, society, the country, the world! And are the iron road and the iron horse the greatest sight of your trip?" No.

I had seen an invention put in practice which I made myself very wonderful. Indeed, I had made myself very wary with two

days of inspection given to this thing—the manufacture of Bessemer steel. I had seen the machinery, "the converter," the blowing apparatus; the molten iron, five tons in weight, converted into steel in ten minutes by a process so grand that it is worthy a long journey to see it. All the possible results of this wonderful invention I had traced out with delight. "And is, then, this Bessemer steel invention the greatest sight of your trip?" asked my eager questioner—not in words, but by her eager looks. No, it was not.

I had, one day, examined with very great satisfaction the deposits of block-coal in Clay County, Indiana; and forecasted the changes in business to be wrought by this discovery. The next day I had gone rapidly over the prairies of Illinois, looking with amazement, not at the corn-fields, but at the wheat-fields, which were then being harvested. I had never seen such a display of harvest glories as there were displayed. "And were the fields of block-coal and the vast fields of yellow wheat this wonderful year the greatest sight of your trip?" No, by no means.

I had seen the Mississippi, both above and below its confluence with the Missouri. It is a great river always, even when it is at a low stage of water; but now it is sublime, and both it and its great tributary are sublime. To stand on the bank of such a river, and consider whence it comes, what vast distances it traverses, what vast areas it drains, reaching on one side the Alleghany and on the other the Rocky Mountains, its heads far up in the northern regions and its feet far down in the southern, is to invest this river with a prodigious interest. It is a great object, and I am thrilled whenever I see it. "And was the Mississippi the greatest sight of your trip?" asked my young interrogator's eyes, as plainly as her lips could have done. And again I was compelled to say, No, by no manner of means.

"What then was the greatest sight?" Perhaps you will hardly believe me, and yet it is a fact, that greatest sight was a feeble woman, seventy-two years old, whose joints are badly dislocated by rheumatism, who has suffered almost intolerable pain for years, and who has not taken a single step for nine years. During a decade she has suffered, and has no expectation of relief except in the grave. And yet, sufferer as she is, she is as serene as a summer evening which has no cloud. Her gray hair lies smoothly on a perfectly placid brow, and her eyes meet yours with as gentle and kindly a look as ever beamed from a loving little child's eyes looking on a mother. Her tones are cheery and inspiring as a bird's, and she told me about the goodness of the Lord, and her confident assurance of being at home, at rest, at no very distant day. She said the entire eighth chapter of Romans—just read it—is true, and she fully believes it to be true. And she is very happy; so that I told my little Christian friend that the greatest sight of my trip was not Lake Erie, nor Euclid Street, nor the iron horse and the iron rail, nor the coal-fields, nor the wheat-fields, nor even the great, sublime Mississippi; but this aged Christian woman, who had been so great a sufferer, but was so cheerful and serene in the midst of her sufferings, and so perfectly joyful in hope of heaven. Yes, she seemed to me greater than all the rest. For, said I, Christ by a word can make lakes, coal-fields, and the great river; but to make such a sight as that aged Christian woman, he must become incarnate and die on the cross. Indeed, she was the sight of my long journey; and whoever shall meet her by and by in the world of glory, and see what a Saviour made her such, will agree with me.

Some may say, "The estimate is extravagant; but I still think that placid, joyful old sufferer, seated so helplessly in that chair, was the greatest sight of all the sights of that interesting journey."—*Presb. Tuttle in the Independent.*

### About Deacons.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges writes in this plain, but perhaps not wholly needless way about the diaconate and those holding the office:

My objection to the present order of things is, that deacons are elected for life, for no one ever heard of a deacon resigning his office until he resigned breath. To this plan several strong objections exist. In the first place it gives the church no chance to correct mistakes. I say mistakes, for human judgment is not infallible even in the election of a deacon. Not infrequently it happens that a man is chosen to the diaconship because the right man will not serve, or because the church at the time happens to be poor in moral, and a good brother is elected, not because any one thought he was adapted for a position, but because he was the only one available.

A revival occurs, a man is converted—a man of power—social influence and energy, just the man for the diaconship but alas, a pious negation; a devout nonentity is on the throne, and the church must wait some forty years for him to pass to his reward before his position can be filled. Or again, [a brother is elected under an impression that he will grow. Years pass, and at last he has passed also. The deacon stands still. He was small when elected, and he continues small. He belongs to the dwarfed species, and all the warmth of God's grace, and the dew of opportunity cannot elicit growth out of his stunted nature. But though he will not grow, he will stick. He adheres to his office like glue, and the church has a glorious chance to let patience have its perfect work. Now when a church makes a mistake in the election of a pastor, it can get rid of him. It is not considered, in extreme cases, a breach of modesty to request him to resign. But who ever knew a church to request a deacon to resign? If any one can inform me of such a church, I will journey far to pay it a visit, and, standing over against it, will say, "Here was fought the good fight." Whence this peculiar tenderness for a deacon's feelings, and this awe of the diaconate, in comparison with pastoral service and consecration, the diaconate appears very inconsiderable in importance, and it is undeniably true that in many churches men are filling the deacon's position totally unfit for the place, whether you regard it as an emolument or a service, and, indeed, blocks of obstruction in the progress of the Master's kingdom.

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and may form the brightest spot in it.

Benefit your enemies, that at last may become your friends.

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion, to be error by truth, to idleness by charity.







## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1870.

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

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

## A Large Premium.

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

## The Crowning of Beneficence.

Mr. Peabody's death has called out such tributes to generosity, and to the aim to do good with money, as the world never before witnessed. No king, even in the days when it was believed that he was hedged by divinity, and ruled by the special grace of God, ever went to his grave amid an outburst of deeper or wider public feeling. A plain, untitled citizen, holding no office, aspiring to none of the distinctions which other men eagerly chase for a lifetime, he dies amid the lamentations and gratitude of two hemispheres. England opens her grandest mausoleum for his temporary resting-place, sends one of her most magnificent vessels to bear his dust across the sea, and delivers what is mortal of the great benefactor to the hands of the republic whose citizen he was, with the solemnity and reverent tenderness that testify more strongly to his regard and grief than all the labored eulogy of words. And the ceremonies that are still in progress at Portland, and that are to follow elsewhere, are not meaningless or indifferent to any portion of the American people.

Mr. Peabody stands before us simply as the embodiment of practical beneficence. It is that quality that wins attention and honor. Most people know little of him, save that he devoted his immense wealth to the welfare of the ignorant and the needy. Those who know more of him find their chief interest gathering about that one trait in his character and that one fact in his history. Many of those who honor him most for what chiefly distinguished him, see more or less in his general character to question or disapprove. His religious opinions appear to have lacked definiteness, and his regard for religion was somewhat equivocal. He paid little deference to the usual forms of worship. He was not an habitual church-goer. Of the profound struggles through which the human soul usually comes into conscious unity with God, he does not appear to have known anything. The mighty conflicts going on in the world of religious inquiry seem hardly to have arrested his attention. The sphere where ideas battle, and so shape out the destiny of civil states and ecclesiastical institutions, appears to have been to him a foreign province or an unknown land. His sympathies naturally gravitated to the fixed and impressive, even when the fixity barred the way of progress and the show covered a poor substance. His patriotism never rose to fervor nor broke forth in a single kindling word. During the great struggle with rebellion in his native land, he lacked the penetration to discover its deep meaning, and the bad cause took encouragement from his silence or his tacit approval. And in the bestowment of his ample gifts for promoting education in America, he took care that the lingering disloyalty of the land should meet no rebuke from his benefaction; and one of the last of the conditions imposed upon the trustees having the management of the fund that bears his name, was, that not a dollar of the money should be given in aid of any school supported by any one denomination of Christians, or in assisting any student to attend any school thus supported.

These were among the things that distinguished Mr. Peabody. Aside from his transactions at the banking-house and in the various departments of mercantile life, he was little known till his donations gave him a place and a name. Nobody claims for him the shrewdness or the mental breadth that have marked many other men whose royalty in the world of business has been conceded on all hands. Through a long life, he gave himself to business and made money. He eschewed extravagance, kept clear of rash ventures, and plodded on, never impatient, never weary; and when he had reached the age at which most merchants retire or die, he remained in the field and reaped the large harvests which naturally followed his ample and protracted seed-sowing. As a result, age found him rich as it has found many other men, and then his giving made him famous and honored, as few men have been disposed to render themselves by his method. The very rarity of his procedure gave it notoriety, and the nobility that it suggested at once gained for him the confidence and the gratitude of the public. Great wealth so seldom works in company with public spirit, that when it forgets to grasp and reaches out its hand to scatter bounty upon the poor, the world opens its eyes wide in wonder, pours out its admiration without stint, and imagines it has found a new type of heroism and a higher order of saintship.

It is a rare and a noble work which Mr. Peabody has done; and it is a cheering fact that the public heart has become able to appreciate this sort of nobility, and hastens to canonize it with fitting testimonials. Doing good is proclaimed at length a sublimer type of greatness than that which mere position, or overmastering force, or superior genius, or vast and varied learning, or marvelous discovery can attain. The higher ideas begin to dominate in human thought. The moral is set before the physical and the intellectual. The Christ, who goes about doing good, is steadily winning the homage of mankind; and they who copy his example are to be hailed as the first men of the future. Greatness is henceforth to be found, not in getting, but in giving, and especially in giving to the neglected, the unfortunate and the needy. Mr. Peabody's glory is that, while so many about him were busy in self-seeking, he turned away from the plea of his own selfishness, that he might respond to the appeal of two hemispheres eloquent in their unspoken wants and woes. The satisfaction found in these funeral solemnities and honors, that touch the hearts and moisten the eyes of two great nations, appears in the fact that they indicate an increase in the appreciation of that type of life and service which the gospel would at once induce and exalt, and that they will aid in developing the very spirit which will make beneficence the chief ambition of many hearts and the royal law of many lives.

Welcome, then, to the Monarch and her precious freight! Her priceless cargo is a heart that pitied suffering and a hand that relieved it. Let the minute guns roll their thunders over the sea and send their echoes along the city streets! They strike the glorious hour that tells of the supremacy of goodness and the public exaltation of love. Let the people stand reverent around the grave where a giver of great gifts is lowered to his resting-place! The burial scene will hallow the gracious work which is ended, and noble purposes will blossom continually above that cherished grave. While the few chosen hands are garlanding the coffin of Peabody, the nation is arising for the coronation of beneficence.

## Progress of Reconstruction.

The work of rebuilding the nation goes on steadily, and, for the most part, well, and with good promise for the future.

Ohio has given her formal approval to the fifteenth amendment. In doing this, she has been true to her better traditions, has borne a testimony which the loyal men of the country feared she might refuse to give, has brought to nothing the plottings and prophecies of the haters of the negro, inspired the administration with courage and satisfaction, and made the civil rights of the freedmen well nigh secure. Her vote is hailed with enthusiasm, and the pitiable attempt of the Legislature of New York to undo a great deed of justice, becomes as futile as it is wicked. That amendment will now be speedily ratified.

The passage of the bill for the admission of Virginia is generally hailed with satisfaction throughout the country; and in spite of the imposed conditions, the rejoicing is nowhere greater than in the city of Richmond itself. The debates in Congress over that question were long, able, earnest and thorough. Two hundred columns of the *Daily Globe* were filled with the speeches on that subject, and the leading members of both houses were active in the discussion. Mr. Sumner was especially vigorous in his opposition to an admission without conditions, not because he would needlessly humble Virginia or delay for an hour the complete restoration of the Union, but because he was forced to distrust the men who lead in the management of the politics of that state. On the whole, the welcome to Virginia is magnanimous and cordial, and there are a hundred obvious reasons why she should henceforth nurture modesty and prove the genuineness of her loyalty to the ideas which she claims to accept. She has sinned grievously, nursed her baseless pride, petted her offensive egotism, and gloried not a little in her shame; but if she will henceforth do her duty, she will escape unwelcome but impending discipline and make the only proper atonement for past follies and wrongs. Though having lost much of her ancient prestige, she has still the power to make herself felt for good. Let her work unselfishly to give the Nation a true character, and she need not be anxious about her reputation as a State. When the Union embodies justice, Virginia will not miss her deserved honor.

One of the most striking facts showing the progress of the work in building a new nation, is the election of a colored man to represent the state of Mississippi in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Revel will soon appear as the successor of Jefferson Davis. That is poetic justice indeed! And what a change it denotes! Where the haughty southern sat, sneering at the idea that a negro could properly be a citizen,—pronouncing the philanthropy morbid and false that sought to rescue the colored man from chattelhood,—claiming that this was a white man's government which would be defiled by the touch of a sable hand,—and out from which he passed to lead the movement that was meant to make the negro a serf and a thing for all generations,—into that very seat, vacant and waiting for an occupant ever since Mr. Davis left it in his treachery, comes this sable senator to keep it free from the taint of disloyalty, and fashion legislation in the image of equity and make it serve the interests of mankind. And when he takes his place amid the welcome of the nation, one cannot fail to recall the fact that his haughty predecessor is practically an outlaw and an exile, seeking refuge and failing to find it, stripped of power and prestige, and, bating the sycophancy that fawns upon him and the treachery that shares his sufferings and disgrace, finds

none so poor as to do him reverence. We regret both his grievous wrong and his heavy misfortunes; but he only illustrates the retributions that follow transgression, and the fate that overtakes those who would arrest the progressive movements behind which Omnipotence is standing.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

Farewell the republic of the past, which forgot to be just in its struggle to be great, and overlooked God in its intense consciousness of self! All hail the republic of the future, that looks for triumph only in its rectitude, that counts itself secure because the Lord is its defense, and finds in his smile its glory!

## The Bible in Schools.

Every man, woman and child is interested in this question. Our public schools are our joy and our pride, and the chief source of our prosperity. Anything which threatens their integrity and success, touches our dearest interests and tenderest feelings. The welfare of our children, and our children's children, is involved, and nothing concerns us more than this.

Powerful enemies are waging war against our schools, and they hope to work their overthrow, and in their places to plant sectarian schools, where certain dogmas may take the place of sound learning. We are in danger from papists, infidels and generous, liberal Christians, who are ready to yield more than they ought to the demands of our enemies. We know the wiles of the papists. They protest against the use of the Bible in schools, not that they would like them better with the Bible excluded, but in the hope of setting Protestants against them also. They shrewdly calculate that Protestants would prefer sectarian schools to public ones, which are divorced from moral instruction and influence. They are right in that. The exclusion of the Bible is only the beginning. Spiritual songs, literature which savors of Bible truth, and moral lessons which have a Bible basis, must follow; and the schools, instead of giving moral instruction with the scientific, will practically testify against moral instruction, discarding it as dangerous and hurtful. Then will follow sectarian schools, and the Papists will have their own way and be glorified.

We are surprised that our generous friends who would consent to the exclusion of the Bible, don't see the inevitable effect of such exclusion, that evil only, and no good, can come out of it. They assert that the state ought not to teach religion; that liberty of conscience, in matters of religion, forbids it; and that reading the Bible in schools is teaching religion, and therefore ought to be discontinued. The fallacy is in the assumption that the Bible is read in schools mainly for religious purposes. The Bible is a religious book, but it is quite as much a book of morals. There is no other book which equals it in this respect, by the confession of unbelievers as well as believers. Now the state may, and ought to, teach morals, and ought to use the books in the schools which are the best adapted to that purpose, and hence ought to use the Bible. Protestants do not ask the state to teach theology, nor to have the Bible read for theological purposes;—but they do ask for moral instruction, and desire to have the Bible read for that purpose.

Is it objected that the Bible favors religion, and therefore ought to be excluded? So does philosophy, physiology, astronomy. Must we exclude them also? Literature and history favor religion. Must we expunge all Christian ideas from them, to adapt them to our schools? Moral and mental philosophy are almost as emphatic in asserting the moral principles of the Bible as the Bible itself. Shall we exclude them? There is the same reason for doing so that there is for excluding the Bible. Our reading books are full of Bible sentiments; must they be purged? No, this will never do. The state is bound to teach morals, and the use of the Bible is the best possible way to do so, and it should therefore be retained in all our public schools.

Does this infringe upon any man's liberty? A very few violent, passionate, fanatical unbelievers object to the Bible, and to all moral restraints, but the great mass of them are in favor of having the Bible read. They know that the influence is good, and they desire to have it continued, and to have their children benefited by it. The number who dissent from this view is small and unworthy of influence in the case. We interfere with no man's religious belief by its use; no sectarian dogma is taught or enforced. Religion is not the object for which it is read; morals are promoted by its use, and for that purpose we ask its continuance, because the state is solemnly bound to use all legitimate means to inculcate morals. Hence, there is no occasion for our listening, for a moment, to the argument, that the Bible should not be read in our schools, because the state ought not to teach religion; nor because unbelievers object to it, or feel themselves oppressed by having it read before their children; for very few of them do object, and those few are a violent, unreasonable class of men, who are governed more by hatred of the moral reproofs of the Bible than by reason or regard to the best interests of society.

Neither should we yield to the papists, for they are enemies to all public education, and are only opposing the use of the Bible for the purpose of exciting infidels against it, that they may help them make the schools obnoxious to protestants, and thus effect their total overthrow. We must stand by our public schools, and stand together in support of comprehensive instruction in science, literature and mor-

als. Nothing short of this comports with our duty as citizens, nothing less will discharge the obligations of the state, and nothing more do we ask. The religious mission of the Bible we will leave in the hands of the church.

## Indigent Students.

From all sections, the prayer goes up, "Send more laborers into the harvest." Churches are unsupplied, new fields are calling for help, open doors invite us from every side, but we have not the men to supply the demand. There are enough who are "called of God," and who would be glad to respond, if they were only qualified. But they are not educated, and are too poor to meet the expenses of attending school, and so they mourn and still linger in secular life. If they could be aided a little toward their expenses, they would gladly prepare for the good work, and give their lives to it.

Every one will say, "This obstacle ought not to continue, funds should be supplied to relieve these wants, and help the young men to do what the Lord would have them." And why is it not done? Not because the churches are too poor to give what is needed; not because they do not desire to see relief afforded; not because they are unwilling to give what is needed. We are persuaded that there is no cause which is more generally endorsed, which more readily enlists the sympathies of the people, and to which they give with more satisfaction, than this. They feel the need of more ministers; they consider the sacrifices which young men make to enter the ministry; they know how expensive it is now to pursue a course of study; they know how necessary it is that mental discipline should be had, to fit men for this work; and they are easily persuaded, therefore, to give liberally for this object. Then why is not more given?

If we had some regular system for contributions to our benevolent societies, and this cause had a time and a place in the plan, ample means would be supplied. But as it is, there is no time for its presentation; no person to present it; other causes are urged persistently, this is scarcely urged at all; and so very little is done. We all know perfectly well that our Foreign and Home Missions cannot prosper long without an increased supply of ministers; and yet we are doing almost nothing to secure that increase. During twenty years past, we have raised more than a million of dollars to found schools and colleges, and still our young men are groaning in spirit for help to attend school, and cannot find it. Is it not time that we amend our policy somewhat? Can we not agree to give to this cause one quarter of the year, when the churches shall be asked to make collections for this special object, and other objects be forbidden during that set time? Why not assign three months to Foreign Missions, three to Home, and three to this work of raising funds to aid young men?

We have schools, where these young brethren can be well educated; why not render them in the highest degree available by such a fund as shall enable the brethren to attend? This would fill these schools with excellent material; it would make them serve the purpose for which they were founded, and cause the churches to feel that it was not in vain that they had sacrificed so much for educational purposes. Immediate and special consultation ought to be had upon this subject, and some arrangements made to meet this great and pressing want without delay.

## Dr. John Hall.

This Christian minister, from Scotland, but now pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in New York, is attracting more attention just at present than any other clergyman of the city. A picture of him may be interesting. The Doctor is tall, broad shouldered, with large and slightly awkward limbs, a ponderous head, which hangs forward as if too heavy for the neck and shoulders to sustain. His face is broad and generous, his mouth wide, his eyes a pleasant blue, his hair Auburn, and thin, tending to baldness. He wears the ministerial gown while preaching, which by no means improves his appearance, and speaks with great earnestness.

He seldom stands erect while speaking, a great loss to the hearers, for his form and presence are much more impressive and agreeable when he chances to rise to his full stature; his voice is full, agreeable and clear, and his enunciation generally distinct, but occasionally breaking into a broad Scotch brogue, not readily caught by the ear of a stranger. He speaks without notes, uses a hand Bible, from which he often reads, turns to proof texts, and expounds. His style is plain, direct and forcible, but not adorned with rhetorical emblems or beauty of expression. He seems to use words simply to convey his meaning, to make his thoughts plain and forcible,—uses just as few as possible, and the more terse and specific the better.

He is fond of comparisons, uses them freely, and makes his points quickly, and then leaves them. He is sharp and incisive in his arguments, bold and faithful in application, deals thoroughly with the conscience, lays the truth upon the heart with fidelity, and unravels the sophistries and excuses and subterfuges of sinners and worldly professors, as if intent upon sweeping away every refuge of lies and bringing them to Christ. His sermons are not what would be called brilliant or powerful, but they are impressive, and one constantly feels that there is a magazine of forces lying back in reserve, which would make him overwhelming if they were once brought out. One characteristic is prominent above all others,—an honest, earnest purpose to deal faithfully with his hearers and do them good. It is much to the credit of that congregation, that they choose such

a pastor; and an encouraging sign of the times, that every nook and corner of the house is crowded with hearers on the Lord's Day; and that several hundreds regularly attend the week-day evening lectures.

## Current Topics.

—FREE COMMUNION. A religious service of great interest and solemnity was held at Newport, R. I., on the Sunday evening which closed the week of prayer, when four churches, the Congregationalist, Second Baptist and two Methodist celebrated the Lord's Supper together. The service was held in the Methodist church, and the ritual and ceremony used were therefore those of the Methodist denomination. A vast assembly crowded the church edifice, and marked tenderness and religious fervor characterized the whole service, which continued two hours. It was for proposing and joining in such a union communion that Rev. C. H. Malcom and his church were made the object of close communion action in the Warren Association. But Mr. Malcom and his church have nevertheless taken no steps backward in their testimony for open communion. Confident that they are right, they can maintain firmness; assured that even Baptist testimony will endorse their action in the future, they can afford to take quietly the reproaches of the present hour.

—DONATION AMUSEMENTS. A correspondent sends us a detailed account of the proceedings which he recently witnessed at a donation party, gathered at the residence of one of our pastors. He says the usual party and ring plays were freely and openly carried on, in which the minister participated, games of chance were instituted, a ring cake lottery was used to raise money, and an attempt made to form a party for card playing. No religious exercises were introduced, and the pastor told the company that he was glad of their happiness and he had found the occasion a very enjoyable one for himself. Our correspondent was grieved and saddened at the presence of irreligious hilarity, and the absence of the religious spirit, and thinks such methods of raising money for religious purposes worse than doubtful. In all of which he will find nearly every earnest Christian fully sympathizing with him, and ready to join in asking, "What concord hath Christ with Belial?"

—STATISTICS OF CONGREGATIONALISM. The *Congregational Quarterly* for Jan. is remarkably full in its Statistics of the denomination in this country. We copy a few items. The body has 2,326 churches, 3,168 ministers, and 300,362 members. It has 89 churches in what were formerly slave States, 28 of which were organized last year. Its increase of membership during the past year is 9,320, or a little more than three per cent. The largest church is Beecher's, in Brooklyn, which reports a membership of 1,853. Next to this is Park St., Boston, which numbers 930. It has 935 ministers not in pastoral service, and 605 vacant pastorates. The Sabbath Schools reported have a membership of 361,502. The body represents much ability and is felt as a strong force in the country, though its net gain in membership is much less rapid than that of some other denominations.

—GOVERNMENTAL ECONOMY. Mr. Dawes of Mass. has done a good service in Congress, by calling attention to the needlessly large estimates of the expenses of the various departments of the Government for the current year. His figures are startling, and his facts compel many of the officials to fluster, and send consternation into the ranks of the lobbyists and jobbers. Some of his republican associates complain; Gen. Butler tries to break the force of his statements by counter statements and satire; and a few foolish men and furious papers threaten to read him out of the party as an enemy. But Mr. Dawes knows his ground, he has weighed his words, he echoes the views of the President, and is responded to by the approval of the people. Economy is a necessity; and unless the dominant party will seriously undertake the work of retrenchment and lightening the load of taxation, it will fail to keep its pledges, and need not expect to retain the confidence and support of a needlessly burdened people.

—JAMES LENOX. This gentleman is following the example of Mr. Peabody in administering his own will. He has given lots of great value, in the vicinity of Central Park, for a Hospital, and also a public Library, and \$300,000 to erect the buildings for the Hospital, and gives \$300,000 more with the choicest collection of books and cabinet of paintings and statuary in America, to the Library. The spirit of Christ is truly moving the wealthy to noble deeds.

—COMMERCE. Few are aware of the immense traffic on our chain of lakes. There are more than 100,000 seamen employed in the vessels; the arrivals and departures of vessels at one port, Buffalo, during last summer, exceed 10,000; the grain transhipped at that point, was 45,440,220 bushels. One hundred and twenty six vessels have been wrecked during the season, and 209 seamen drowned. So there is joy and sorrow mingled in this formidable commerce.

—LABOR REFORM IN N. H. The special friends of Labor Reform held a state convention at Concord on the 28th inst., which was well attended, earnest, and not at all disfigured by the fanaticisms of sentiment and speech that made the gatherings in Mass. and R. I. ridiculous. They framed a platform, nominated an independent ticket, and so inaugurated a new party movement with the usual enthusiasm and more than the usual good sense. The friends of the Independent Temperance party movement made overtures looking to a coalition, but met, no sympathy.

## Denominational News and Notes.

## Green Mountain Seminary.

This Seminary, at Waterbury Center, Vt., was dedicated on the 1st day of Sept., 1869. Even at this late hour I wish to say a few things relative to it.

Prof. R. Dunn, from Hillsdale college, gave an excellent oration on the occasion, on "The Value of Literary Institutions." He spoke without notes, and it was deemed one of the ablest addresses ever delivered in this section. It was rich in thought, clear in diction, and convincing in argument. It was a well-served intellectual feast, for which we owe him a large debt of gratitude. The large chapel, 69 by 44, was densely packed, and large numbers could not gain admittance.

The building completed is one of the best, the lot of ground is very excellent, and the location a choice one. The building cost, in round numbers, \$26,000. There is a debt of several thousand dollars, and it is hoped the generous friends of education in the Vt. Y. M., and in other sections which have been helped by Vermont generosity, will be prompt in relieving those who are legally responsible for this indebtedness.

The Free Will Baptists of Vermont cannot afford to fail in this enterprise, and every man, woman and child, whose sympathies are with us, as a denomination, should devise and execute the most liberal things in their power, to make it a glorious success.

This Seminary, if the Trustees are true to its interests, and the churches come up liberally to its support, with both pecuniary means and students, will prove a blessing to the Vermont Y. M., which cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. Let every F. Baptist of Vermont feel a personal interest in its prosperity.

D. S. FROST.

## Reminiscences, &amp;c.

Feeling that God was calling me to another field, I closed my labors in Northwood on the 1st Sabbath in Dec., and bade farewell to the people, many of whom had greatly endeared themselves to myself and family by their expressions of kindly feelings and Christian sympathy; a number of whom I had the privilege, during my brief pastorate of only about twenty months, of leading down into the baptismal waters. It was hard to part with friends so kind, but this is the pastor's lot, and we should not repine.

Having accepted a call from the F. Baptist church and society in Blackstone, Mass., but having a few Sabbaths before commencing my labors here, I had the privilege of spending two Sabbaths very pleasantly with the church at Stratford Center, for the benefit of their beloved pastor, Rev. I. M. Bedell, who has been laid aside by sickness the most of the time for some eight or ten months. The people seem greatly attached to Bro. Bedell, and appear to be trying to do what they can to cheer and comfort him and his family in their days of darkness and trial. May God bless them in their noble and Christian-like work; and may he soon be restored to break to them again the bread of life, which they seem so ardently to desire. Will not each church in the Q. M. consent that their minister should labor one Sabbath for the benefit of Bro. Bedell? It would be but a small sacrifice for them, while in the aggregate it would be a great benefit to him.

The last Sabbath in Dec. I spent with the churches in Dover. In the A. M., I listened to a very instructive and interesting sermon by the pastor of the Washington St. church, Rev. I. D. Stewart, from Luke 12: 20.

This society has just completed one of the most beautiful and substantial church edifices in the state; which, while it reflects great credit upon the society, is an ornament to the City. In the P. M., I was at my old post of labor, Charles St. church. Here I accepted the very cordial invitation of the pastor, Rev. J. Malvern, to preach, and enjoyed the privilege of speaking to, as well as the warm greetings of very many old and tried friends of former years. This church has recently repaired, enlarged and greatly beautified their house of worship, and are now enjoying a good degree of spiritual prosperity.

With this people I spent seven years of pleasant labor, and in leaving these associations, and the dear ministers and churches of the New Durham Quarterly Meeting, with whom I have labored nine years, I am filled with pleasant and sad reflections strangely intermingled. During these nine years, eleven ministers with whom I have been associated in the Q. M. have been removed by death; some have gone to other fields of labor, some to other employment, while others have left the ministry in dishonor; so that almost the entire ministry of the Q. M. has changed within nine years; but, thank God, other ministers, faithful and true, have taken the most of the places made vacant by these removals; and to-day the New Durham Q. M. is blessed with an able, devoted and well-untied ministry.

Having attended nearly all the sessions for these nine years, and having had the privilege of preaching a number of times in nearly every pulp in the Q. M., I can but feel, on leaving her, a strong attachment to the Mother of our denomination, and an abiding desire for her prosperity.

I commenced my labors in Blackstone the 1st Sabbath in this month. Our congregation is good, and we have an excellent Sabbath school, the exercises of which are usually deeply interesting. The school is increasing in numbers and in interest from Sabbath to Sabbath; owing largely, no doubt, to the fact that we have a "live man," for a superintendent. The interest in our meetings is good. A few have recently indulged a hope in the Saviour, and our earnest and united prayer is that the Lord would abundantly bless this people. The church appears well united, and I find



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## Poetry.

## The Rising Prayer.

A daily prayer goes upward,  
From a thousand broken hearts,  
From the poor man's humble cottage,  
From the city's crowded marts;  
Mid the turmoil and the tumult,  
When the noonday sun is high,  
When the early beams of morning  
Tint with red the eastern sky.

And the tearful prayer and pleading,  
From the lonely cottage small,  
Find an echo in the palace  
And the rich man's lordly hall—  
"God protect our absent loved ones,  
Keep them safe from sin and harm,  
From the frenzy of the drunkard,  
From the wine cup's baneful charm."

For alike the fearful passion  
Binds the nameless and the known,  
The drunkard in the grog-shop,  
The monarch on his throne;  
God protect our absent loved ones,  
Keep them safe from sin and harm,  
From the power of all temptations,  
From the wine cup's baneful charm.

Thus the prayer goes swelling upward  
From a thousand broken hearts;  
From the poor man's humble cottage,  
From the city's crowded marts;  
Praying God the time to hasten  
When the tempter shall be hurled,  
With his cup of death and ruin,  
From a free, awakening world.

## Mr. Nobody.

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In every body's house.  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,  
Who leaves the door ajar;  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar.  
That squeaking door will always squeak;  
For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,  
That kettles cannot boil;  
His are the feet that bring in mud,  
And all the carpets soil.  
The papers always are mislaid;  
Who had them last but he?  
There's no one to blame about  
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never supply; the boots  
That lying round you see,  
Are not our boots! They all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

## The Family Circle.

## The Air-Mothers.

You wish me to write from the West Indies; and write to you, please God, will. But listen; for a voice from the West Indies is calling now to you and me. It speaks in parables, but in true ones.

Who are these who follow us softly over the moor in the autumn eve? Their wings brush and rustle in the fir-boughs, and they whisper before us and behind, as if they called gently to each other, like birds flocking homeward to their nests.

The woodpecker on the pine-stems knows them, and laughs aloud for joy as they pass. The rooks above the pasture know them, and wheel round and tumble in their play. The brown eaves on the oak-trees know them, and flutter faintly, and beckon as they pass. And in the chattering of the dry leaves there is a meaning, and a cry of weary things which long for rest.

"Take us home, take us home, you soft air-mothers, now our fathers, the sunbeams, are grown dull. Our green summer beauty is all dragged, and our faces are grown wan and wan; and the buds, the children whom we nourished, thrust us off, ungrateful, from our seats. Waft us down, you soft air-mothers, upon your wings to the quiet earth, that we may go to our home, as all things go, and become air and sunlight once again."

And the bold young fir-seeds know them, and rattle impatient in their cones. "Blow stronger, blow fiercer, slow air-mothers, and shake us from our prisons of dead wood, that we may fly and spin away northeastward, each on his horny wing. Help us but to touch the moorland yonder, and we will take good care of ourselves thenceforth; we will live like arrows through the heather, and drive our sharp beaks into the soil, and rise again as green trees toward the sunlight, and spread out lusty boughs."

They never think, bold fools, of what is coming, to bring them low in the midst of their pride; of the reckless ax which will fell them, and the saw which will shape them into logs; and the trains which will roar and rattle over them, as they lie buried in the gravel of the way, till they are ground and rotted into powder, and dug up and flung upon the fire, that they too may return home, like all things, and become air and sunlight once again.

And the air-mothers hear their prayers, and do their bidding; but faintly, for they themselves are tired and sad.

Tired and sad, are the air-mothers, and their garments rent and wan. Look at them as they stream over the black forest, before the dim southwestern sun; long lines and wreaths of melancholy gray, stained with dull yellow or dead dun. They have come far across the seas, and done many a wild deed upon their way; and now that they have reached the land, like shipwrecked sailors, they will lie down and weep till they can weep no more.

Ah, how different were those soft air-mothers when, invisible to mortal eyes, they started on their long sky-journey, five thousand miles across the sea! Out of the blazing caldron which lies between the two New Worlds, they leapt up when the great sun called them, in whirls and spouts of clear hot steam; and rushed of their own passion to the northward, while the whirling earthball whirled them east. So north-eastward they rushed aloft, across the gay West Indian isles, leaving below the glitter of the flying-fish, and the sidelong eyes of cruel sharks; above the cane-fields and plantain-gardens, and the cocoa-groves which fringe the shores; above the rocks which throbbed with earthquakes, and the peaks of old volcanoes, cinder-brown; while far beneath, the ghosts of their dead sisters hurried home upon the northeast breeze.

Wild deeds they did as they rushed onward, and struggled and fought among themselves, up and down, round and backward, in the fury of their blind hot youth. They needed not the tree as they snapped it, nor the ship as they whirled it in the waves; nor the cry of the sinking sailor, nor the need of his little ones on shore; hasty and selfish even as children, and, like children, tamed by their own rage. For they tired themselves by struggling with each other, and by tearing the heavy water into waves; and their wings grew clogged with sea-spray, and soaked more and more with steam. But at last the sea grew cold beneath them, and their clear steam shrank to mist; and they saw themselves and each other wrapped in dull, rain-laden clouds. Then they drew their white cloud-garments round them, and veiled themselves for very shame; and said, "We have been wild and wayward; and, alas! our pure-bright youth is gone. But we will do one good deed yet ere we die, and so we shall not live in vain. We will glide onward to the land, and weep there; and refresh all things with soft, warm rain."

So they are wandering past us, the air-mothers, to weep the leaves into their graves; to weep the seeds into their seed-beds, and weep the soil into the plains; to get the rich earth ready for the winter, and then creep northward to the ice-world, and there die.

Weary, and still more weary, slowly, and more slowly still, they will journey on far northward, across fast-chilling seas. For a doom is laid upon them, never to be still again, till they rest at the North Pole itself, the still axle of the spinning world, and sink in death around it, and become white, snow-clad ghosts.

But will they live again, those chilled air-mothers? Yes, they must live again; for all things move forever; and not even ghosts can rest. So the corpses of their sisters piling on them from above, press them outward, press them southward toward the sun once more; across the flows and round the icebergs, weeping tears of snow and sleet, while men hate their wild, harsh voices, and shrink before their bitter breath. They know not that the cold, bleak snowstorms, as they hurtle from the black north-east, bear back the ghosts of the soft air-mothers, as penitents, to their father, the great sun.

But as they fly southwards, warm life thrills them, and they drop their loads of sleet and snow; and meet their young live sisters from the south, and greet them with flash and thunder-peal. And, please God, before many weeks are over, as we run westward, we shall overtake the ghosts of these air-mothers, hurrying back toward their father, the great sun. Fresh and bright under the fresh, bright heaven, they will race with us toward their home, to gain new heat, new life, new power, and set forth about their work once more. Men call them the southwest wind, those air-mothers; and their ghosts the northeast trade; and value them, and rightly, because they bear the traders out and home across the sea. But wise men and little children should look on them with more seeing eyes, and say, "May not these winds be living creatures? They, too, are thoughts of God, to whom all live."

For is not our life like their life? Do we not come and go as they? Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life, we came; through selfish, stormy youth, and contrite tears—just not too late; through manhood not altogether useless; through slow and chill old age, we return from whence we came; to the Bosom of God once more,—to go forth again, it may be, with fresh knowledge, and fresh powers, to nobler work. Amen.—Charles Kingsley.

## Clara's Work.

Clara Gay graduated with high honors. Every school-girl knows what that means. The prize-medal for composition hung from her watch-chain, on her finger shone the ring for proficiency in history, while away in the recess of her study were books, rewards for various branches.

She looked from the drawing-rooms over the vast estate that belonged to her father. "Mine to enjoy," she thought. "I give it thee to enjoy for me; to use in my work," she seemed to hear the voice of Jesus say.

Her heart gave a thrill at this; she was ever glad to listen to that voice. "But what shall I do with life?" she asked half sadly, as she wandered through the rooms of her beautiful home the day after her graduation.

"Do with life!" echoed her tall brother, giving her a kiss. "Do with life! Make it beautiful for others."

"True," exclaimed Clara, with a bright glance. "That means something more than to glide through the days in an easy sort of way, making fancy articles and enjoying one's self generally."

"Glide through as you choose, you will always be a sunbeam to me."

Pleasant words to Clara. Home duties

first; but her efforts to do good must extend farther.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard," Jesus said to her, one day, through her pastor. It was a missionary sermon. Clara felt she must fly to India, China, or Japan—somewhere, anywhere, to tell the people of Jesus.

ut the world outside of home seemed to close against her. So she found missionary work just there.

"Then one is willing to work without knowing precisely what to undertake. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given you.'"

Clara asked, and her heart was opened toward some ignorant village children, who were going to destruction as fast as the moments flew.

"Who made you?" she asked. "Don't know." "Don't know about the great God who made heaven and earth?" "Don't know." "Do you care to hear?" "Like to, well enough."

"What have you in your body that will never die?" "Breath, I reckon."

"Oh, James, have you never heard about your soul? Nor you? Nor you?" she asked, half-despairingly turning from one to the other.

All were equally ignorant. Clara began at the beginning, and in the first lesson told them enough to make their eyes stand open with wonder.

"Come again to-morrow," she said at the end. Day after day the little ones gathered in the orchard, except when cold and rainy; then a room over the kitchen was opened to them. By and by dirty faces were made clean, tangled hair smooth; eyes that had been used to look only at dull hovels, began to turn inward, onward and upward.

Susie and Mary said, one day, "Won't you teach us to sew. We are ashamed to go ragged any more."

James and Noah felt an ambition to take writing lessons, while little John whispered that he would rather be a minister—a real preacher—than the owner of a gold mine.

Clara felt her heart beat high at this. "Truly, it is 'life in earnest,' she thought. Instead of hoping too much, however, she carried the little ones to Jesus, and begged Him to guide each into his fold through the paths He thought best. —S. S. Visitor.

## A Young Man in Debt.

A young man running in debt is a painful sight. The disposition to do this is the forerunner and exponent of all evil. Apostolic authority says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." But when a young man loves money so well as to get it while knowing he cannot repay, or be willing to take it before he has honestly earned it, there is, in most cases, lying behind this, some passion so strong as to thus overbear his moral principles, in clamoring for its indulgence. Pleasure, especially unlawful pleasure, is a perilous thing. Lawful, necessary and healthful pleasure, like the pure mountain air, and the gushing waters of the mountain spring, have been made accessible by our Creator at comparatively little trouble and expense. Any indulgence may be known as unlawful when it can be reached only by running in debt. The highway of sin is an expensive road to travel. The fare, the charges, are all high. And they have to be paid twice over, not only in currency, but also in something more precious than gold, quarried from the depths and springs of our being. No person ever traveled on that highway, so attractive in prospect, without becoming bankrupt, and pawning his own peace and life, long before he got to the end of his journey.

Whenever a young man, however moderate his salary, is seen always cramped for money, and ready to borrow of his friends, he is surely on the downward grade of virtue and respectability. Willingness to run in debt is itself a great vice. It is caused by the wish to gratify the unlawful craving lying behind, perhaps undisclosed to the eyes of the world. Experienced men readily judge what this want of money indicates; and, however fair your character may seem in other respects, they will be satisfied, from this alone, that there is some hidden taint and unsoundness. However small your income, always live within your means. "There is far less unhappiness in doing without even necessary things, than there is in the consciousness of being in debt. Herodotus says, that among the ancient Persians, 'To tell a lie is considered by them the greatest disgrace; next to that to be in debt; and this, for many reasons, but especially because they think that one who runs in debt must, of necessity, tell lies.' Does your experience, your conscience, tell you this is true?

Always keep an unspent and unpaired dime in the bottom of your pocket. Its touch will always be invigorating; and, with talismanic power, send through your soul energy, making you carry a countenance flushed with honorable frankness. This simple dime is invaluable, as the symbol of many independence. The consciousness of debt in a young man, begets incipient meanness of character, and, when continued, develops this into a confirmed habit, tainting the whole nature. A man yet in his prime, who has accumulated a fortune of two millions by honest industry, said, "I began with a determination to keep all my wages. When getting only twenty-five cents a day, I always saved something." This principle has carried him, and will carry you, to high elevation of character, to great influence, and to independent fortune. —The Occident.

Benefit your friends that they may love you more dearly still.

## A Happy Going Home.

"I knew a young girl intimately. I saw her almost every day. She was a beautiful child, surrounded by all that wealth and affection could bring. Some of my brothers here knew her father, for he was President of the Young Men's Christian Association in Cincinnati. His residence was a magnificent mansion on a beautiful hill near the city. By home influence and Sunday school instruction she, in early life, gave her heart to Jesus. One sad Saturday, turning around suddenly when near the fire, her dress caught, and almost in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Her screams brought her father to her room, and O, what a scene for him to look upon! What horror must have crept into that fond father's heart! He said he never reamed what misery was till that moment. He speedily extinguished the flames, and, finding they had not reached the child's head, nor apparently had time to burn her severely, he thought himself the happiest man in all the world, for his darling was safe. He laid her on the bed, and began at once to apply such soothing remedies as he could command. Soon the child asked, 'Father, how long must I suffer this intense agony?' 'O, not long Helen. Only an hour, I hope. For three quarters of an hour she did not murmur nor utter a cry, nor say, 'How near, dear father, how near is the hour up?' What submission in suffering was there! At last the poor father said, 'I hope in fifteen minutes, Helen, you will be relieved from this great pain.'

The physician came day after day. Mr. Neff at last saw by his countenance something that aroused his suspicions that his daughter would not get well. 'Doctor,' he said, 'do not keep anything back; tell me all.' The poor man, who was an intimate friend, burst into tears as he replied, 'God knows, Mr. Neff, that I wish I could do something more for Helen, but I have done the last thing in my power; she must die, I am afraid, before to-morrow morning.' Never, as that father told me, never had he experienced such feelings. 'O, how can I tell her?' He went to her at last, took her hand in his, and with all the calmness he could command said, 'Helen, you are a very sick little girl.' 'Yes, pa, I know it.' 'Helen,' and the poor father could scarcely frame his words; but God taught him—'Helen, sometimes little girls who are as sick as you are, are very long sick.' 'Yes, papa, I know that.' He could scarcely go further, but at last had strength given him to say, 'my child, sometime little girls as sick as you are, do not get well at all.' The child turned her eyes, beautiful and bright, upon him and said, 'Pa, I am not afraid to die.' God be praised for a religion that can enable a child, in such sweet trustfulness, to utter that testimony! That day was one of farewells to parents and grandparents, and brothers and sisters. Her brother Wallie kissed her and said, 'Helen, you must forgive me for often annoying you.' 'O, brother Wallie, I have nothing to forgive. I want you to ask Jesus to forgive you, and make you his dear boy.' He has asked Jesus, and since his sister's death has united with the church. Then her parents bade her farewell; and just before midnight she asked them to sing,

'Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,'

and she sang clearly and beautifully, without a tremor in her voice, through it all. Then she commenced the Lord's prayer, and that father said he never heard the words, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' uttered as she uttered them. When she closed the prayer she seemed to be for a time breathing an inaudible prayer, and at twelve o'clock the bridegroom's voice was heard, and Helen went out to meet him, and the door was shut, and Helen went in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. —H. Thane Miller.

## How A Boy Rose.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes that made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protégé busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders, to "double the boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch while all others quit their work, the reply was:

"You told me never to leave the store

when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2500, and next January will become a member of the firm. And all because he was willing and faithful.

## Literary Review.

LETTER & SPIRIT: Winchester Lectures. By Richard Metcalf. Boston: Am. Unitarian Association. 1870. 16mo. pp. 186.

Mr. Metcalf encounters the very obvious difficulty of having no formal statement of the Unitarian faith to which he may appeal, when asked the question, What do Unitarians believe? In replying to that question in these lectures, he tries to keep clear of detailed statements where, as he confesses, there is no general agreement among the representative men of the denomination, and to confine himself mostly to the general points around which he believes the great body of Unitarians will be ready to rally. Some of his strongest statements are rather negative than positive, and he feels obliged, every now and then, to say that there are manifest and openly avowed differences among the exponents of the body for which he speaks. But he has given us a very plain, fair and courteous statement of the theological opinions that are generally received by the Unitarian body, though more or less of them would be disavowed both by the extremists of the right and of the left wing of that ecclesiastical household. It well represents the average Unitarianism of to-day, and affords an opportunity to institute an intelligent comparison between it and the evangelical theology. Mr. Metcalf's denial of any really vicarious quality in Christ's sacrifice is open and positive; his view of regeneration seems to push the special agency of the Holy Spirit quite into the background, and he holds decidedly to the theory of universal restoration that predominates among the Unitarians. It is, doubtless, as accurate a statement of what Unitarians believe as any man can well make, and it has a frankness and dignity about it that are to be appreciated, even though the theology itself must be pronounced very defective and unsatisfactory.

THE WONDER SERIES. In four volumes. 1. Wonders of Creation. 2. Wonders of Nature. 3. Wonders of Vegetation. 4. Wonders of Many Lands. 18mo. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1870.

These volumes most happily combine the instructive and the entertaining. By means of abundant illustrations, pleasant and skillful description, occasional narrative and an abundance of curious and remarkable facts, they possess all the elements of absorbing interest and teach while they please. Such books cannot be too widely circulated or too earnestly pressed upon the attention of the young, who are so in danger of acquiring an appetite for what excites much and teaches little. The world is full of facts of the most significant sort, and they lift up the heart of every earnest student who gathers them up and reflects upon them. These beautiful volumes, well printed, tastefully bound and put up in a neat box, should find their way into our juvenile libraries generally.

## Pamphlets, Magazines, &amp;c.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is less massive in appearance than usual, but the same general qualities that have heretofore distinguished it still remain,—except that the present issue has only a few pages devoted to critical notices of books, and these lack the vigor, the sharpness and the decisive tone that have been so peculiarly prominent. It has six papers, discussing,—The Lone Principle; Indian Migrations; An Ancient Creed; Railway Problems in 1869; The Ecclesiastical Crisis in England; The Treasury Reports. Of these the fourth, by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and the fifth, by Goldwin Smith, deserve special mention for their abundance of information and the exhaustive thoroughness of treatment which the topics have secured at the hands of these able writers. The North American is a most noticeable embodiment of the mental vigor and culture of American scholars. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA for Jan. is even abler and better than the average. Its topics, as usual, are mostly theological, or belong to the domain of theological and biblical study, and some of them are models of scholarly investigation and critical thoroughness. It has the following valuable and suggestive table of contents: 1. The Inspiration; 2. Revelation and Inspiration; 3. The Human Intellect; 4. The Progress of Truth dependent on correct interpretation; 5. Bethesda and its Miracle; 6. The Doctrine of the Apostles; 7. Recent Theories on the Origin of Language; 8. New Studies in Egyptology; 9. Assyrian Studies—Text-Books; 10. The Topography of Jerusalem; 11. Notices of Recent Publications. The first is learned and careful; the second abounds in admirable criticism upon such writers and expositors as Renan; the third is a careful examination of some of the prominent points presented in Prof. Porter's recent treatise, and the reviewer shows himself thoroughly at home in metaphysics; and the fifth, seventh and tenth especially reward a careful perusal. Andover, Mass.: W. F. Draper.

THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY has some papers of varied merit, none of which are weak, some of which are alive with practical interest. Prof. Kendrick deals with Christ's exaltation and second coming, taking the ground that the purified earth is to be the seat of the Lord's future empire and the special paradise of the saints; Dr. Richards furnishes an interesting, though rather wordy paper on Spectrum Analysis, in which the latest scientific discoveries respecting the composition and offices of the solar ray are presented; Prof. Arnold shows that immersion has always been the baptism of the Greek church, in spite of the affectations of doubt upon the subject; Prof. Broadus treats the methods of preaching in a way that is very interesting and satisfactory, and some other papers will well repay a careful reading. It is a publication that reflects no little credit upon its managers. Phila.: Am. Bapt. Publication Society.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for Jan. is at hand, carrying along its serials, dealing with the Farming and Peasantry of the Continent in an instructive way, having a pleasant paper on the Suez Canal, new and original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, and ending with another specimen of legal pleading and savage criticism against Mrs. Stowe's account of Byron and his divorced and now dead widow. The publishers continue to republish the four great leading Reviews of Great Britain, along with Blackwood, at prices that make them accessible to readers of moderate means. New York: L. Scott & Co.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH is one of those practically valuable magazines which science is employing for the purpose of teaching the masses the sublime facts of the world and the laws which the Great Creator has set us toob-

serve in the management of mind and body and the general conduct of life. It will save those who read and heed its teachings from much needless folly and guilty suffering. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

Of the Monthly Magazines we need say only the word that commends them for a generally growing enterprise and improvement in contents. The second number of Old and New is, on the whole, an improvement upon the first, and removes all doubt respecting its ability in every department, and assures us that it has all the elements needful to guarantee a literary success. Harper is unusually brilliant; Putnam is noticeable for its solidity and variety; the Galaxy sparkles with a genuine luster; Lippincott keeps a steady and sure aim at excellence; while the Atlantic holds right on its way with the calm consciousness of literary power and rectitude that no rivalries appear to disturb. There are many others, in whose behalf we have often found it a pleasure to say a specific word of commendation, and shall doubtless find reasons for saying such words freely hereafter. We now simply indicate them by their titles and sources:

OLD AND NEW. Feb. Boston: Houghton & Co.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Feb. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE. Feb. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Feb. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE GALAXY. Feb. New York: Sheldon & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. Feb. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HOURS AT HOME. Feb. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Feb. New York: Catholic Publication House.

THE AM. NATURALIST. Jan. Salem, Mass.: Peabody Academy of Science.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. Feb. Phila.: Deacon & Peterson.

THE SABBATH AT HOME. Feb. Boston: Am. Tract Soc.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. Feb. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Feb. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE NURSERY. Feb. Boston: J. L. Shorey.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. No. 7. Boston: Elias Howe.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. ONCE A MONTH. Feb. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Phila.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## Victoria as a Woman.

A London correspondent of the *Traveler* gives the following: "I must be allowed to tell a little story, which ought to be true rather than most of the court gossip. It comes to me only at second hand, and, so far as I know, has never been published.

An English peeress traveling on the continent some years ago, was commissioned by the Queen to find a French Protestant governess for royal children. The accomplished widow of a French physician was presently encountered in her travels, and persuaded to undertake the office of instructor in an English family of rank, whose name was not disclosed. She returned with the peeress to London, and arriving at a very spacious and elegant mansion, was ushered into a drawing-room, where the lady of the house came to talk with her. In expressing her wishes for her children, the lady developed such elevated view of education that the governess began to doubt her own ability to meet such requirements, and begged to be released from her engagement.

"Try us for a month," said the lady; "perhaps you will be better satisfied than you think. My husband himself conducts the religious education of our children, and is in the habit of spending an hour with them every morning for that purpose. I am sure that we shall be mutually contented, and I hope you will remain."

The governess having consented to this limited engagement, the lady added, quite simply: "You may perhaps like to know my title.—I am the Queen of England."

Years passed, and the French lady still remained with her charge, gaining daily in the confidence and affection of the royal family. Then came the great sorrow, the good Prince died; and during the hush of dismay that spread throughout the palace, the Queen ran to the governess's apartment, sank on her knees upon the floor and buried her face in the lady's hands.

"Madame, weep with me," she said, "I have no one left to call me Victoria. You, too, are a widow, but I am the loneliest widow in all the world, for no one can come near me."

It would seem more like sacrilege to publish the records of a grief like this, if in the life of the Prince Consort the Queen had not herself uttered a most touching appeal to the sympathies of her people. The "divinity that doth hedge a king"—or did, three hundred years ago—has doubtless disappeared in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, and it may be easy to perceive intellectual deficiencies which in a different age, would have been concealed by the luster of crown jewels. But a sovereign who can call a Gladstone to her ministry needs not to be a Semiramis or Zenobia; and an example, rare in palaces, of domestic peace and purity may be better for a nation than the genius of an Elizabeth or a Catherine.

## A Rumseller's Brutality.

John B. Gough relates the following in one of his lectures:

A poor old lady in another town, who formerly lived in affluence, had a husband and two sons who gave themselves up to intemperance. One day the father and sons were drinking at the tavern, with others like themselves, when a hearse passed by the door. One of the sons swore with idiotic grin, he would be the next that rode in that carriage. The next morning he was found dead, with his face in a pool of muddy water not large enough to drown a cat. In view of this awful judgment, the mother wrote a petition to the rumseller entreating him to sell her husband and son no more liquor. The petition, under such circumstances, one would think, might have melted a heart of stone; but the rumseller cut it up, and rolled it into matches which he put into a tumbler and set it on the shelf, and every time the old man and his son came into the bar-room, he would give them a cigar, and hand down the tumbler of matches to light it, till they were all consumed; and then boasted that he had made the husband and son burn up the pious petition of the old woman!

The most dangerous of all fattery is the inferiority of those about us.



## Mangling the Music.

On a recent Lord's day morning, the pastor of a well-known church enjoyed the assistance of another minister, and the two gentlemen occupied the pulpit together. The church has recently indulged in a new organ. With the new organ came the new organist. The organist, sitting on the pulpit sofa, awaited the time for the commencement of the religious part of the exercises. Meantime the organist does his best at showing off the powers of the instrument over which he presides, in a voluntary performance, to drown the shuffling noise of incoming feet, and to awaken sentiments of devotion in the hearts of the people to whom the feet belong. This instrumental effort is somewhat varied in its style, and considerably tedious, but, like all other earthly complications of joy and sorrow, it at last slides to a conclusion, or, rather, it dissolves itself into another variety of musical exercise. The choir rises to its feet for the purpose of commencing the voluntary "rendering" of one of those extraordinary compositions with which every worshiper and every preacher has so often been annoyed. Its members are evidently bent on doing the best they know how, regardless of consequences. Mr. Bassoon, the heavy man of the concern, starts the thing with a choice selection of growls, which appear to have their foundation in the soles of his stockings. Gently at first, but gradually more and more gruffly, does Bassoon's music roar itself out, now rising to the level of his stomach, now again subsiding to the level of the dying matter, and the thunder of a July gale, to the depth of his boots. But touching as are Bassoon's solo growls, the thought of allowing him to enjoy a monopoly thereof is too fearful a thing for tolerance. Mr. Fuff, the tenor, must take up the strain and push it on, some. A few notes of your best, Fuff, if you please. Hark! Fuff and Bassoon are striving for the mastery. Fuff's voice is full and round—a good way round. Instead of enunciating distinctly what he means to sing, he seems to be singing or saying almost everything that comes into his mind, and stuffs his mouth with them as if they were great plates of hot soup. His massive brow is flid with the exertion, all the way to the roots of his hair. His manly bosom heaves and expands like the canvas of a full-ripped man-of-war before a stiff breeze. See! Bassoon is catching it! It is a duet now. Fuff has nearly demolished the singer of bass, and the singer of bass, in his turn, pants to wreak the deserved vengeance on the unscrupulous tenor. Their very hair seems ready to stand on end with the excitement of the game, but for the restraining influences of pomatum and perspiration.

The feminine portion of the chorus come to the rescue, determined that, able-bodied as these big men are, they shall not have it all their own way. It is Fuff's wife who carries the heavy burden of sopranos for the party. Casting a genial look of sincere sympathy on the partner of her joys, her sorrows and her singing, and a savage glimmer of the left eye at Bassoon, whose head she seems about to take off, she appears to be going to pour crude petroleum on the turbulent flow of song. She opens the flood-gates of her melody, almost sweeping poor Fuff and Bassoon out of sight and out of hearing. For a moment it is a solo—a high style of solo as to make the congregation stretch their necks, to try to learn what is going on in the choir gallery. And so, lo! the solo ceases, and the men join in, each one on his own hook again, and each striving for the mastery. Bassoon is soon conquered, and for a few moments the "united head" of the Fuff family have it to themselves. They give it to each other in the responsive sort, as the congregation presume they do in the retirement of the Fuff mansion. Bassoon groans out from time to time as the contest proceeds, something which sounds like "told you so." But that isn't it. He is quoting some expression from the Bible. The fact that nobody is able to understand what it is, is none of his business. What does he care whether they understand it or not? They may understand it or not, just as they like, so they may. And Bassoon and the Fuffs have had their share of doing the voluntary by themselves. The feminine alto champion must be heard from. Speak out, Sister; needn't be afraid of anybody. That's it. Let the music rattle on. That acridulous voice cuts the air like a hatchet. The congregation below mentally liken it to the tomahawk in the strong right hand of a healthy aborigine, arrogantly brandished over their heads, or to a high March wind, late at night, gyrating around the tops of chimneys whose upper bricks are loose, and through shutters whose bolts are unfastened, and with an occasional echo in the distance by an angry Thomas-cat.

Pity it is that Miss Seraphina Angelica Uppercrust's voice has not a distinctness equal to its sharpness, as might be the case if she confined herself to auto entirely. When the sitters in the pews heard the first blast of the hatchet voice, they assured themselves that, whatever might have been the difficulties under which they had labored in catching the drift of what Bassoon and the Fuffs were rendering, here, at least, was a golden-edged opportunity to learn something of what was going on. Ere long, Seraphina Angelica's first bit of solo is done, and the Fuff family go in to help her, joined in a few moments by the great Bassoon. Now the whole blessed four leaders are at work with their mightiest efforts, each one trying to drown the other. The organist lays himself down to his work, for he is determined not to be choked off in the fray. "More wind from the man at the bellows!" Faster and faster does that suffering victim of the musical propensities of the energetic choir agitate the bellows-handle. Louder and louder blows the blast. Fiercer and fiercer are the redoubled efforts of Miss Uppercrust, the Fuffs and Bassoon, to drown each other, and more and more determined is our organic friend to make his "unholy box of whistles" pour forth a flood of sound which shall drown the leaders referred to, and the chorus, combined. The full organ is loud enough for a cathedral. It would drown the united voices of a thousand men, women, and children, to say nothing of the fifteen or twenty composing the choir. The committee got the most organ for the money they had, and they had all they could raise. They knew an organ ought to have three rows of keys to it. They had heard that it ought to have two octaves of pedals, and so they got them also. They were told that it ought to have a great many stops to it, and the builder accommodated them with about half a barrel of stop-handles. And now the organist has all the rows of keys coupled, pedals and all, and every stop-handle pulled out, reed stops, flaps stops, tremulant, bellows alarm, and all. He is getting the worth of their money out of it for them. It is a blast, a storm, a raging tempest. The committee-men down stairs, who got all this noise for their money, look up ap-

provingly, satisfied that no better investment could have been made. The man at the bellows thinks it is poor fun, and wip- ing, as he gets a chance, the streaming perspiration from his throbbing temples, wishes the committee men, who "blow" so about their organ, would do the blowing in a more practical way, by taking a hand at the bellows-handle. But little do the Fuffs and Uppercrust, Bassoon and the rest of the musical company, care for the poor fellow at the bellows. Frantic with desperate efforts to drown each other, each in turn indulging in a few closing screams, groans, and growls. Seraphina ejaculates some vitriolic tones which sound something like "O Lord!" which are taken up in turn by each of the other performers.

The hearers in the pews are gratified to catch something that sounds like scriptural truth, but are bewildered in their further attempt to discover the context, and give it up as a hopeless job. The work is nearly done. Bassoon gathers up his strength, and with turgid veins and countenance streaming with perspiration, heaves up, "O Lord!" The Fuffs take up the strain and renew the domestic contest with despairing valor. The sharp-voiced Seraphina Angelica launches her contribution on the air like so much commercial vinegar, a basis of nitric acid diluted to a palatable degree of safety. Fugaciously they toss the ejaculation back at each other, accompanied with a few choice words, apparently from some part of the Old Testament in the original tongue. Then all the chorus singers join in the general burst of the finality of the "Voluntary." Pressing into the service all their remaining strength, they all scream out at the highest height and the lowest depth of their respective voices, the ejaculation already alluded to. It is enough—exactly enough, and there is no more. The music expires. Uppercrust, Bassoon, the Fuffs and the chorus subside into their seats, violently fan themselves, and wipe the flowing perspiration and pomatum from their agitated brows. The organist, conscious of having done great things, whereof he is proud, turns round in his seat to face the wondering believers, who, with twisted necks, gaze upwards from the pews. The bellows blow, safe in his retreat in the cozy nook behind the organ, shakes his fist, and makes ugly mouths at the whole concern; at the committee for buying so ponderous an instrument; at the choir for making such an unintelligible racket with their singing; at the organist for pulling out all the stop-handles; and at the congregation for patiently listening to the noise.

And the gentlemen in the pulpit, what part are they taking in the musicalous entertainment? The pastor leans over to his guest, the preacher for the day, who has been earnestly listening, and vainly striving to find out if anything was being sung which was in any way connected with the subject of his coming discourse, and asks, "Wasn't that beautifully rendered?" The preacher for the day makes answer, "I couldn't understand it. What was it?" To which the pastor replies, "I don't know!"

How long shall we, O worshipping people of the congregation, endure such unalloyed mangling of the "Service of Song in the House of the Lord"?—Phil. Evening Telegraph.

## Locomotion of the Serpent.

It is said,—and in one sense it is true,—that serpents have no limbs; but some of the boas and pythons have at the base of the tail, on each side of the vent, a little hook, which is supported by a bone imbedded in the flesh; and this rudimentary limb is no doubt the insignificant representative of the hinder leg of the ordinary quadruped, and of our own lower limb; just as the nipples of the male mammalia answer to the fully developed breasts of the female; and just as our eye-teeth correspond to the canine tusks of the lion.

Nor is the serpent restricted to a single method of progression, or even to two or three. There are even four or five ways in which its little and slender body may be used. The slowest, but least conspicuous, is the stealthy glide of retreat, when you can scarcely perceive a movement of any one part, and yet the whole body does advance steadily; but if you have the courage to place your hand quietly in the serpent's path, and allow it to pass over it, you will perceive a sensation as of a series of dull edges, like those of paper-knives, striking the hand backward. Each edge is that of one of the broad overlapping scales, or "scutes," which cover the belly of the snake, and each scute is moved forward and backward by a corresponding pair of ribs, of which there are from one hundred to two hundred and fifty in different species; and so, though completely covered by skin, and capable of but slight individual motion, each pair of ribs is a pair of legs, and each scute is a single foot, which slips forward without hindrance, but whose hinder edge catches upon the least inequality, and so serves as a point of resistance by which the body is pushed forward a little. And this little, multiplied by the hundred pair of ribs, is enough to propel the snake slowly but steadily onward, and in a straight line.

The above arrangement of the scute also enables the serpent to move in several other ways, in which the ribs are less directly, or at any rate less individually concerned; for the backward-projecting edges hinder a movement in any other than a forward direction, whether the serpent merely flexes one region of the body and then drags the others after it, or throws itself into vertical or lateral undulations, by the successive straightening of which a more rapid movement is effected. The greatest speed is attained when it elevates the body in a lofty arch, and then projects the head forward, draws up the tail, and repeats its steps, after the fashion of the so-called geometric or measuring caterpillars.

It is commonly believed that some serpents can take the tail in the mouth and roll along like a hoop; but no such proceeding is scientifically described. Many species, however, may spring by suddenly uncoiling themselves into a nearly erect position, and using the tail as the point of resistance. The rapidity of this movement is less remarkable than its precision, when it is considered that every change in the position of any part of the spiral must tend to affect the position of the head.—Harper's Magazine.

## Bride and Bridegroom.

## HOW THEY DRESSED A CENTURY AGO.

To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a breastpin, rather larger

than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature, set in virgin gold. Her airy form was traced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as light as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was extended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped cautiously out.

Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befowered, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest, of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches, of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings, and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrists, and a portentous frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

## Large Ships.

Between the age of the man, who, taking the idea from seeing wood float, built and navigated the first raft, and the age of the designer of the Great Eastern Steamship, many centuries had to elapse. But the progress was not steady, as some very ancient ships compared quite favorably with those of a later date. As to size, there has been no ship equal to the Great Eastern, but there have been two or three that might remind one of this monster of the deep. The length of the Great Eastern is a little less than seven hundred feet, and its breadth a little more than eighty—dimensions somewhat greater than those of Noah's Ark. The Ark was three cubits in length and fifty in breadth. If we assume the cubit to be the English measure of sixteen inches, the three hundred cubits will be equal to four hundred and fifty feet, and the fifty cubits to seventy-five feet. But if we take the Hebrew cubit—nearly twenty-two inches—we find the length of this craft to have been some five hundred and fifty feet, or less than a hundred and fifty feet shorter than the Great Eastern, and about nine feet broader than this largest of modern ships.

Other vessels the ancients had, quite remarkable in their way. About half way between Noah's time and our own, Egypt was under the sway of the Pharaohs, and Alexander the Great died (B. C. 323), his immense empire was broken up, and Egypt, with the adjacent province, fell to one of the conquerors' favorite generals, Ptolemy, the son of Lagos, afterwards surnamed Soter. This Lagos was the founder of the famous library at Alexandria. Ptolemy Philadelphus, the son of Lagos (B. C. 285-247), surpassed most kings in riches, and had a very large number of ships of war.

The war ships of those times were generally ranked from the number of banks of oars; and the more usual sizes were those of three, four, and five banks. Now, this second Ptolemy had two ships of thirty banks of oars, one of twenty, four of thirteen, two of twelve, and fourteen of eleven, besides large numbers of nine, seven, and six banks, not to mention smaller ones. The fourth Ptolemy, surnamed Philopator (B. C. 222) determined to surpass all who had gone before him in the size of his ships; he therefore built one, which, if we reckon by the Egyptian cubit, was nearly four hundred and ninety feet long, and sixty-five feet from one side to the other. There were forty ranks of rowers, and the longest oars were sixty-five feet in length. These oars were so accurately balanced with lead in the handles, that they are said to have been very handy to use. When this ship put to sea, it held more than four thousand rowers and four hundred supernumeraries. On the deck were two thousand and eight hundred and fifty mariners; and besides all these, there was another large body of men under the decks.

Philopator also built a vessel for the river, which was half a stadium—a little more than three hundred feet—in length. The vessel was not so remarkable, however, for its size as for its style of finish. There were a temple, and several banqueting-rooms and sleeping-rooms, finished with materials of the most exquisite beauty. One room was adorned all around with pillars of cypress wood; but the capitals of these pillars were of Cyprian workman-ship, in gold; and on each was a sort of girl, with figures of animals beautifully carved in ivory. The doors around this room, twenty in number,—were of citron wood and ivory. In another of the banqueting-rooms the columns were of Indian stone. All were finished with the most costly woods, with ivory and gold; they were adorned with columns and statues and supplied with the most sumptuous furniture.

## How Cannibals Cook.

Some French soldiers were lately taken prisoners by cannibals in the South Sea Islands, and one of them was killed and eaten. His comrades describe the process: The Kanakas first decapitated the victim; a matter of no small difficulty, considering the business of their hammers. Ten or fifteen blows are necessary. The body is then hung up to a tree by the feet, and the blood allowed to run out for an hour. Meanwhile a hole a yard and a half deep and a yard wide is dug in the ground. The hole is lined with stones, and in the midst of them a great fire is lit. When the wood is burned down a little and glows with heat it is covered over with more stones. The man is then cleaned out and divided into pieces about a foot long, the hands and feet being thrown away as worthless. The pieces of the man are placed on the leaves of a large tree peculiar to the tropics. The meat is surrounded with cocoa nuts, bananas and some other plants noted for their delicate flavor. The whole is then tied together firmly; the fire is removed from the pit; the meat is placed in among the hot stones, and this, carefully covered, is left to cook for an hour. Women do not partake of this warrior's feast. Men alone are permitted to enjoy so great an honor and so rare a delicacy, which is another striking instance of the tyranny of the male sex, and demands the appearance of some South Sea Stanton or Anthony to claim equal rights for the women.

## Proverbs.

Idle hope is a waking dream.  
Follow love and it will flee; flee love and it will follow thee.  
Too much courtesy, too much craft.  
When the wind serves, all aid.  
Friends and mules fall at passes.  
All bite the bitten dog.  
Physicians' faults are covered with earth, rich men's with money.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.  
All is fine that is fit.

Who is over nice lose many a slice.  
Trust not still water nor a silent man.  
Haste trips up its own heels.  
Golden dreams make men awake hungry.  
Take care of your geese: when the fox preaches.  
A fool's head never whitens.  
Wise men learn by others harm.  
A ship aground is a beacon at sea.  
Every one sings as he has the gift, and marries as he has the luck.  
All are no hunters that blow the horn.  
Every one rakes the fire under his own pot.

## Obituaries.

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

DECEASED, wife of Geo. Cade, died in Buxton, Oct. 26, aged 70 years and 6 months. In 1831, she obtained a hope in Christ and was baptized by Rev. Jonathan Clay. At its organization, in 1834, she joined the Buxton church, and was a worthy member until released by death. Sister Cade was a consistent Christian, a good wife and an affectionate mother. Though the death summons came somewhat unexpectedly, yet she was prepared to die. Her work was done, and well done. In all the relations of life which she sustained, the loss is felt to be very great. She leaves to mourn her loss, a son, a daughter, and a large circle of more distant relatives and friends. A. G. HILL.

DEA. JOHN COOK died in West Cambridge, Dec. 1, 1869, aged 77 years and 6 months. The subject of this notice was a man of strict integrity and sound judgment. He first obtained a hope in Christ in 1817, in his mind being around the death of his brother. He made a public profession of Christ, and was baptized by Rev. B. F. McMurphy, Feb. 20th, 1840. For thirty years he has held the office of superintendent of the Buxton church. In his death the town has lost a good citizen, the church a devoted Christian and the Home and Foreign Missions a warm friend. He leaves a wife and seven children to mourn the loss of a father, a friend, and a worthy member of the F. B. church. Funeral services by the writer.

MRS. DEBORAH W. GARLAND died in West Cambridge, Dec. 18th, 1869, in the 69th year of her age. She was a devoted Christian, and was baptized by Elder Moses Folsom in 1833. She was a devoted Christian, and was beloved by all who knew her. In her death, the church has sustained a faithful and devoted member, and the town a good citizen. She leaves a wife and seven children to mourn the loss of a mother, a friend, and a worthy member of the F. B. church. Funeral services by the writer.

BENJAMIN TWOMBLY died in Alton, Nov. 25, aged 63 years. He was a devoted Christian, and was a member of the Buxton church. He was a good citizen, and was beloved by all who knew him. In his death, the church has sustained a faithful and devoted member, and the town a good citizen. He leaves a wife and seven children to mourn the loss of a father, a friend, and a worthy member of the F. B. church. Funeral services by the writer.

HEBER A., eldest son of Aaron N. King, Esq., and grandson of Rev. N. King, one of the founders of the Baptist cause in Vt., died of typhoid fever, at his father's residence in Tunbridge, Vt., Dec. 2, 1869, aged 27 years. He was the junior member of the firm of King & Son, one of the most extensive business establishments in Orange Co. He had the talent to accomplish a vast amount of business, and could cast up two or three columns of figures at once, with dispatch and correctness, and buy a bill of goods of various articles and prices amounting to \$50, or more, and estimate the cost correctly without making a mark. He did not profess to enjoy religion, but he possessed a high sense of honor, and was esteemed one of the most reliable and honest men in the state. His tact, taste and sound judgment were admired by all who knew him. Many a poor family cherishes pleasant memories of his charities in times of need. Few have died with more devotedness to duty, and so praiseworthy a future before them, or who were so widely known and so deeply respected by all their acquaintances. Business men from different parts of the state and from Boston came to his funeral to testify of their respect for his worth as a man of integrity and honor. Rev. M. C. Henderson of Lake Village, N. H., preached a very appropriate and sympathetic sermon from words selected by the afflicted father, found in Job, 19: 21, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me." The congregation was unusually large and solemn. A father, mother, and an only brother, now sick with the fever, are called with numerous other friends to mourn over a great bereavement. D. S. FROST.

HANNAH, wife of James Lord, died at Wolfborough, Oct. 23, aged 81 years. Sister Lord had been a member of the C. Baptist church for many years, always honoring it by her earnings, consistent Christian life. Though death came suddenly and unexpectedly, it nevertheless found her at her post. May her mantle fall on some one who will wear it as she has done. Funeral services by the writer.

LYDIA, wife of Upton Harmon, died at Ossipee, Nov. 14, aged 51 years. Sister Harmon experienced a hope in Christ years since, but, like many others, she forgot her prayers in her daily work, and that, while we mourn below, she rejoices above where no sorrow is.

PARKMAN L. ROLDS died at Ossipee, Dec. 19, aged 47 years. He was a great sufferer for several years, but his suffering is all over in this sorrowful world. Services by the writer. D. J. QUINT.

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SOUTH NEWARK, N. H.

## Treatise.

The New Treatise, just revised by order of the General Conference, can now be had on application, for 25 cents for each copy. Postage (extra) 4 cents for single one, or 2 cents each for two or more copies. Orders are solicited.

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The Reports of the Freewill Baptist Benevolent Societies for the year 1869 are now out of press.

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## 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.

He also offers to pay the sum of \$100 for the best original manuscript for a Sabbath School Question Book that shall meet the following conditions, viz.:

1. It must contain not less than 108 and not more than 120 pages, each 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.

L. R. BURLINGAME.

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

## The Myrtle.

This semi-monthly, published by the Freewill Baptist Printing Establishment, for the use of Sunday School scholars, was enlarged and much improved about the first of April. It is printed on paper of a very superior quality, and its mechanical excellence is equal to that of any other paper of its class. All communications intended for publication should be addressed to "THE MYRTLE," Dover, N. H.

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