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The Morning Star - volume 45 number 10 - March 9, 1870

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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., MARCH 9, 1870.

No. 10

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

OFFICES, { No. 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.,
No. 30 Vesey St., New York City.

LUTHER R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on money sent for the Star is allowed in addition.

5. We send no books out to be sold on commission, or otherwise, with the privilege of returning them.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1870.

The Difference.

Men send their ships, the eager things,
To try their luck at sea;
But none can tell by note or count
How many there may be.
One turneth east, another south,—
They never come again;
And then we know they must have sunk,
But neither how nor when.

God sends his happy birds abroad,—
"They're less than ships," say we;—
No moment passes but he knows
How many there should be.
One buildeth high, another low,
With just a bird's light care,—
If only one, perchance, doth fall,
God knoweth when and where.

Missionary Correspondence.

CAMP ASANBANI, INDIA, Dec. 31, '69.

HINDU CONSCIENCE.

"Je dese jaha nai takar namo nai," i. e., "whatever does not exist in a country has no name there," said a Hindu Pandit to Rev. J. Munger, the Bible translator in Calcutta, when asked to give the Bengali word for conscience. In our journeys among the people very often we are reminded that these Hindus and Mussulmans have a dumb or dead conscience, if any at all. O that we might see them troubled on account of their sins, and hear them crying out for salvation! As we go from place to place preaching that the Son of God has come to seek and save lost men, we often feel like this:

HEART PREACHING.

These poor creatures don't realize that they are lost, how then can they receive the gospel? But, thanks be to God, the Word committed to us is itself calculated to rouse these careless souls, and wake up these slumbering sinners. When we have prepared our own hearts, by bringing them in fresh contact with the living Word, for preaching the truth to the people, then it is that, be they never so much disposed to turn away their minds, the people hear most gladly; and then it is that our faith is most active and our hopes most cheering for the evangelization of India. Many such precious seasons has it pleased God to give us during this month, and throughout the year that closes to-day. What a blessed pleasure it is to preach, when we feel the truth warming, animating and impelling our own hearts! It is true here and true the world over, that people hear best when the speaker feels the truth he utters. Be they Spaniards or Santals, enlightened Christians or idolatrous Chinese, people must listen to a man who preaches the truth in earnest. How many times, both in America and India, I have seen proof of this, as I have sat with the attentive audience, eager to catch every word that fell from the preacher's lips! And how many times, since I became a missionary, have I found it true that it is easy to engage the attention of people on the subject of religion when I myself come fresh from the study of the Bible and sacred prayer. Here among the heathen we are baffled in a thousand ways, unless we come to the work with a suitable preparation of heart.

THE SAILOR MISSIONARY.

This month I have spent several days very pleasantly at Ebenezer, a station founded among the Santals about two years ago, by some English Baptist missionaries. Of the place, the brethren laboring here and the good work so auspiciously begun, your readers have been informed by my father, who spent a short time here last autumn. So I need say but little of these things now, but will mention an encouraging fact or two, which came to my knowledge while at Ebenezer. One relates to Bro. Cornelius, who joined the

mission a little more than a year ago. He is a Swede, and has been a sailor for many years. He told me the simple story of his conversion, which may interest some of your readers. His parents, it seems, had never given him much religious instruction, and having followed the sea from his boyhood, he had grown careless and hard. But it pleased God to convert him through the instrumentality of a little tract. He was at sea, on the voyage from Callao, Peru, to Queenstown, and there was not a Christian on board. One Sabbath morning the captain distributed tracts among his men, and one fell into this sailor's hands. It was written by Ryle, the popular tract-writer of England, and bore the simple title, "Is your heart right?" This was the word fitly spoken that, by God's blessing, reached the sailor's careless heart. So powerful was the impression made on his mind by this tract that he at once began to seek Christ in earnest, and he found him to be truly the sinner's Friend. He no longer tasted of salvation himself than he longed to communicate its precious blessings to others. He soon sailed for India, and there he was constrained, by the love of Christ, to leave the ship and go out among the natives to tell them of the way of life. He providentially fell in with Bro. Skrefvud, of the Santal mission in Birbhum, who invited him to join them. How strange this seems, that a Swede should thus meet a Dane and a Norwegian, and yet not strange, when we bear in mind the goodness and the power of God. Now these three Scandinavian brethren are laboring together for the Santals of Birbhum. Two of them have already a good command of the Santal language, particularly Bro. Skrefvud, who is preparing a grammar and vocabulary for publication.

SANTAL CONFERENCE.

At Ebenezer, I attended a Missionary Conference that was held for the purpose of considering the claims of the Santal work. There were present, besides the three brethren engaged directly in the work, Rev. G. Pearce and Rev. J. Wenger, of Calcutta, Rev. T. Evans, of Allehabad, and your correspondent, in all, seven missionaries from different parts of India. And it was a little singular that we should belong to seven different countries. Mr. Pearce is an Englishman of upwards of forty years' experience in India, and your readers may recollect his reminiscences of mission history, that I sent you a while ago. Mr. Wenger is a Swiss, and has been in the field thirty years. He is engaged on the Bible translation work, and stands at the head of Bengali scholars among Indian missionaries. Mr. Evans is a Welshman, has been out here about a dozen years, and is one of that heroic band of Europeans, who were shut up for months in the fort at Agra, during the mutiny of '59. The three brethren at Ebenezer belong, I have said, to Denmark, Norway and Sweden. And as for myself, you may call me Hindu or Yankee as you like. One evening we were speaking of the wonderful love of Christ, which had brought us all together and placed us in this common field, when some one began to reckon and found that our party of seven could preach the gospel in no less than fourteen languages.

Just a word should be said about the methods adopted for conducting this Santal mission. Our Baptist brethren design making this, so far as possible, an independent effort, drawing its means of support from generous friends in India, instead of from the home Board. So that this is, to all intents and purposes, an Indian mission, auxiliary to the Parent Society in England. It is to be hoped that this good design can be carried out. Several missionaries are much interested in the movement and act as agents for securing the funds. Mr. Evans, in particular, is much devoted to this Santal mission, and is doing a great deal to interest the government and the public in it. And Mr. Borresen spends several weeks of each year in traveling from place to place collecting money. Already about 10,000 rupees have been laid out for buildings at Ebenezer. There are two dwellings for missionaries, a small chapel, and several native houses for school children, teachers and others. The station is located right in the midst of many Santal villages and is in just the right place for such a mission. During the two years of its existence it has done a good work. Quite a number of boys and a few girls have been gathered into the school, and already seven Santals have here publicly put on Christ by baptism.

MISSION FIELDS.

Ebenezer, as the crow flies, is more than a hundred miles north of Midnapore. These brethren will take up a good section of the Santal country, and thanks be unto God for sending them. North of them are the Church of England missionaries, zealously at work among the Santals of Rijnabul. South of them lies a large tract of territory that properly belongs to us. Stretching far to the west and south are many populous Santal villages, where as yet not a single word of gospel truth has been published. Shall we wait and wait until somebody else finds and fills this place, still vacant? Shall we not rather go forward by God's help to these regions beyond, and carry the glad tidings of salvation to this vast multitude of ignorant, degraded Santals? There is a spot in Dhaibhul, fairly swarming with San-

tals, where we should raise our Ebenezer, and that too at once. It is central as regards Midnapore, Chyebassa, Santipore and the far south and west. There, one man, at least, should be located, that he might in the first place master the language and then give himself up wholly to Santal work, such as preaching tours among the people, establishing and superintending village schools, translating the sacred Scriptures and preparing other books for the reading community, which, it should be remembered, is constantly on the increase. Shall this be done? Reader, you vote *yea* or *nay*.

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE SERVICE.

And as I close this last letter of the year, I am reminded that time is leaving its deep, sure traces on some of our little band. Next week my father will complete his fifty-eighth year, a few days later my colleague, Dr. Bachelor, will be fifty-three, my mother is almost fifty-two, day before yesterday Sister Crawford, mercifully raised up from serious illness, entered upon her fifty-first year, and ten weeks hence both Sister Bachelor and Bro. Smith will reach the fiftieth milestone of life's rugged way. This will place one half of our number over the line of two score and ten. May it be that they all have strength given them to reach three score and ten! But should it be ordered otherwise, should some of these devoted laborers have to quit the field on account of failing health, or for eternal glory in heaven, who stands ready to help fill the broken ranks? What brother in all our favored Zion will say, "Lo here am I, send me"; and what sister is willing to teach those seven score orphan girls at Patna, or carry the glad tidings of salvation into the secluded Zenanas? Does the F. M. Board, or do the churches think that the present staff of missionaries is to last forever? Let us hear of some one at least, who wants to come and help us, that we may sing a new song of thanksgiving. J. L. P.

Vermont Correspondence.

MIDDLETON, FEB. 23, 1870.

It may well be imagined that there is nothing very attractive at a watering place at this season of the year. With the thermometer indicating something below zero, and the chilling touch of the winds without, giving one a feeling of mid-winter, the presence, we must be forgiven for a very prosaic preference for in-door seclusion, instead of those healthful recreations we enjoyed, over hill and mountain and in the grand old woods, some weeks ago, when favored with more temperate skies.

Until quite recently, the weather here, as elsewhere in New England, had been unusually mild, and the invalid few, with myself, who still linger here in quest of that boon, for which summer crowds care but little or would not remain, were rejoicing in those sports and pastimes in the rural surroundings which give a ruddier tinge to the cheek and promote the healthy action of the whole system. Now much is changed. The earth is deeply encrusted with snow, the streams frozen, the woods and mountains cheerless in the glitter of glacial vestments, and the skies heavy with leaden overhangings that seem ready, every moment, almost, to discharge gathering snow-storms.

And yet, this is the spot we found so beautiful in summer; so delightful a resort for the weary and the invalid; and so abundant in those charming and picturesque scenes and surroundings,—the gift and handiwork of nature and nature's God. Providence, for its own wise ends, gives us all seasons, and that Omnipotence that doeth all things well, we know will, in a few short months, dispel those huge snow drifts, unlock the frozen streams, re-adorn those leafless trees and enrobe mountain, hill and valley in richest green.

The good people here, who are famous for their hospitality and warm-heartedness, are quite alive to the prospective importance of their place as a popular watering resort. The two rival spring companies have very happily united under one corporation, and consolidated their interests so as to work jointly and harmoniously for a common good. A large and elegant hotel is to be in readiness for the coming season, and everything gives promise that the comfort and convenience of the visiting public will be duly attended to.

The chalybeate waters, strong and pure, of the springs, seem adapted to a great variety of diseases and constitutions, and are certainly efficacious in a great many cases that have come under our observation. Here again we cannot fail to recognize the wonderful benevolence of providence in sending us, bright and sparkling from the bowels of mother earth, waters, laden with health giving properties, of which all may drink without money and without price.

The surrounding hills of this section are rich in marble and slate deposits which, developed by capital and enterprise, will promote the interests of the whole state. Marble quarries hereabout have supplied building material for many of our palatial city homes and business homes, and have also furnished monuments for nearly every cemetery in the United States. The State quarries are not less productive, both in the coarser material for roofing purposes and the finer for ornamental furniture. The latter undergo a process of marbling, in imitation of costly marble, which pro-

duces patterns frequently so elaborate in design and finish as to deceive the eye of any but an expert.

But we fear to trespass upon your space, and will close by expressing our grateful appreciation of the many kindnesses extended us by the good people whose hospitality we are enjoying, and with whom we have passed a most agreeable sojourn, now fast drawing to a close. We hope for a return at some future day to these grand old mountains and a renewal of the precious friendships that have sprung up among them. ANTHON.

Notes from Wheeling.

It seems to me that Senate Bill, No. 27, never will come up. These lawyers are so full of unexpressed wisdom! I wonder if they ever get tired of hearing themselves talk. Surely, everybody else does.

I mentioned in my last letter that a Resolution had been introduced to rescind West Virginia's ratification of the XVth Amendment. While I was writing in the Senate Chamber, John J. Davis, an erudite lawyer of the old Virginia pattern, was making a four hours' speech, to prove the unconstitutionality of the XVth Constitutional Amendment. His argument began with the doctrine of John C. Calhoun, and ended with the logical conclusion, viz., that we have no general government, or, if we have it is usurpation. This gentleman is fearfully agonized over what is known here as "Nigger Suffrage."

I have been for a week or two collecting statistics in reference to the orthography, etymology, &c., of our Legislators. I have succeeded in finding six who can spell negro correctly, five Republicans and one Democrat. One Senator frequently uses the term "colored citizens." The term "woolly head," so popular previous to the XVth Amendment, has now become nearly obsolete. It may seem strange, but it is a fact that gentlemen who come from districts having a large colored population, generally speak better English than those who have no such neighbors. Whether this difference is the result of their association with gentlemen and ladies of color, or the immediate effect of the XVth Amendment, I can not decide. I had forgotten to say that Ex. Gov. Pierpont, in an eloquent speech of one hour, on the Logic of Events, to which the House, lobby and a portion of the Senate listened attentively, thoroughly demolished the legal sophistries of Mr. Davis, mentioned above.

West Virginia has, withal, many things to be proud of. Nearly all of her state officers are excellent Christian men. Both of her governors and the present U. S. Senators have been and are still, strict temperance men. Nothing stronger than coffee has ever been furnished at any executive entertainment, since she became a state. What a pity that Maine and New Hampshire have not been thus favored.

I am glad to be able to say that there is now, in W. Va., a very friendly feeling toward New England people. The majority of the people are anxious for them to come here. Any one wishing for information in reference to the country, can address Gov. Stevenson, Wheeling, W. Va., who will promptly respond. N. C. BRACKETT. Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 24.

A Boston Tetzle.

In this enlightened land, in this year of our Lord, 1870, is sent out from Boston, Mass., the "Athens of America," a circular from Rev. Geo. F. Haskins offering for sale the pardon of sin on terms specified below.

The circular states that a great difficulty stands in the way of providing for the large family in the "Home of the Angel Guardian," in Boston, which purports to be an "asylum for orphans, homeless and wayward boys, where all are alike taught the principles of the Catholic faith and the virtues of a Catholic life." To aid in removing the difficulty referred to, in Boston Tetzle offers for \$10, or \$1 annually, the privileges granted to beneficiaries of the Society of the Angel Guardian, which he says "were graciously accorded by our Holy Father, Pope Pious IX., during my visit to Rome in 1854:

1. A plenary Indulgence [i. e., entire forgiveness of past sin] on the day of admission.
2. A plenary Indulgence, each year, on the 2d of October, which is the feast of the Angel Guardian.
3. A plenary Indulgence in the hour of death.
4. A partial Indulgence of three hundred days as often as the members shall recite a Pater, Ave, and Gloria Patria in honor of the Angel Guardian.

These are times for laying up treasures in heaven."

If this is not blasphemous, what is? A. S.

Beecher's Theology.

Responding to the reported claim of Dr. Bellows, that Mr. Beecher was a good Unitarian, the *Christian Union*, edited by the Plymouth preacher himself, expresses its satisfaction at Dr. Bellows's conversion to the orthodox faith, and proceeds thus:

Mr. Beecher preaches the sinfulness of every living man, the indispensableness of a change of heart wrought by the Holy

Spirit, the vicarious suffering and atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Beecher holds and teaches the doctrine of the Trinity as was held by his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. But, above all other things, Mr. Beecher's ministry is peculiar for an enthusiastic advocacy of the proper and absolute Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ! . . . Dr. Bellows must, therefore, allow us to rejoice over this new testimony to the power of the truth upon the human soul. But he ought to shake off bad company. There are some men in the Conference who, it is generally believed, would scorn to be called Christians. The name is too small for them. It does not comprehend all the truths which they have found out. Christ was only one round in the ladder of progress; they have stepped on him and gone higher. He did very well as an acorn; but oaks are able to bear acorns of their own, and do not need to look back to their ancestral germ. Now such company will injure Dr. Bellows's faith, while yet it is tender, and unconfirmed.

Faith and Works.

Mr. Spurgeon concludes a sermon on "Work in us and Work by us," with this earnest, discriminating and fervid appeal:

The conclusion of the whole matter is just this. Let us combine the two things of which we have spoken. Dear brethren, let us rely upon the Holy Ghost; and the Holy Ghost only. Let us not go to warfare at our own charges. Let us believe that without the Lord nothing good can be done. But let us rest assured that Jesus is never absent where he gives the spirit of prayer, as he has given to this church; and that he never deserts those to whom he vouchsafes holy zeal for his kingdom, such as he has bestowed on many here present. Let us be encouraged by his presence. Gideon, when he obtained the token of the fleece wet with dew, and when by night he heard the story of the barley cake that overturned the tents of Midian, did not straightway go to his home and renounce the enterprise because God was with him. No, but on the contrary, thus encouraged, he gathered together his three hundred valiant men in the darkness of the night, they broke the pitchers, bade the torches shine, and shouted the watchword, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! Even so be it with us at this hour. Knowing that God the Holy Ghost is with us, let us lift the cry amid the midnight of our age, "The sword of the Lord and of his Son Jesus!" and we shall see what God will do, for he will surely put to flight the armies of the aliens, and get himself renowned.

But, brethren, let us combine with this confidence in the Holy Spirit the most earnest effort on the part of every one to do all he can. I have a scene before my mind's eye at this moment: I see in this church and neighborhood the counterpart of the mountain side when the multitude were fainting for lack of bread. They must be fed, Christ willed it. The disciples must bring their barley loaves and fishes—what were they among so many? Christ must break and multiply. The disciples must receive from his hand, they must then go among the many, the fifties and the hundreds, and break the bread that Christ had blessed, for the hungry must be fed; not only men, but women and children must be satisfied. Behold, my brethren, this great city, hungry and faint and ready to die. Bring hither, all ye disciples of Christ, your loaves and fishes—I mean not to me, but to the Master. What you have of ability, however slender, bring it out. Christ will not begin to multiply till you have brought forth all you have. Miracles are not to be expected till nature is brought to a nonplus. Bring out, then, whatever of talent or grace you have, consecrate all to Jesus, and then as he begins to multiply, stand ready as your Master's servants to wait upon the crowd; and if they push and clamor, yet weary not, break still the bread till every soul shall have been supplied. Go on, go on, and do not say the toll is hard, it is so blessed to do good to others. It is thrice blessed, nay, sevenfold blessed, to turn a sinner from the error of his ways, and save a soul from death. Nay, weary not, though you have been so long at it that your spirit is faint. My brother, your physical frame is weary, but be of good cheer. Do ye not hear them? Hearken, I pray you! Up yonder there are angels bending from their thrones, and I think I hear them say, "How blest a work to feed the hungry, and those men, how honored to be permitted to hand round the Master's precious gift!" Do they not whisper, "We would fain be with them?" One bright spirit thinks he would exchange his crown with the meaneast of the disciples, if he might share the service of gospel teaching. Might they not envy you—those blessed harpers upon the sea of glass? because you can do what they cannot; you can tell of Jesus, you can fetch in the prodigals, you can find the lost jewels for the Master's crown!

A little boy twelve years old once stopped at a country tavern and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood. Instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody the banker.

Events of the Week.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The monthly statement shows a much larger decrease in the Public Debt during February than there was any apparent reason to hope for. Unusual expenditures for pension payments were made; nevertheless, the reduction is considerably more than that for January. The decrease in round numbers is \$6,500,000. The coin in the Treasury has also increased, the surplus now amounting to \$102,000,000. Gold is at present resting at about 113 1-2, and we are manifestly approaching the condition and time when the resumption of specie payments cannot be delayed.

MARINE DISASTERS.

The past week has brought intelligence of an unusual number of disasters at sea. The Missionary schooner, *Morning Star*, is reported wrecked on Ibionga Island, in the Pacific Ocean, on the 18th of October last. She was built at East Boston in 1866, for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by contributions from the children of the different religious societies which sustain that Board. She has been used exclusively to keep up intercourse and carry Missionaries and supplies between the Sandwich Islands and other missionary ports in their vicinity. There was more than a usual interest attached to the *Morning Star*, on account of the work in which she was engaged, and we imagine that her place will be filled as speedily as possible.

The steamer *Golden City*, bound from San Francisco to Panama with five hundred passengers, was wrecked on the 23d of February on the coast of California. The passengers, baggage and treasure were safely landed, but the passengers suffered great hardships on the barren coast, until taken off by the steamer *Colorado*. A dozen or fifteen are missing, some of whom are supposed to have perished or become exhausted during the long walk to Santa Maria, where they were taken on board the *Colorado*.

The British steamer *Bombay* collided with and sunk the U. S. gunboat *Onida*, on the 24 of January, about 15 miles from Yokohama. Of the 176 men, who composed the officers and crew, only 56 are reported saved. Signal guns were fired, and cries for help were made as soon as the accident occurred, but the *Bombay* steamed on her course, offering no assistance whatever. One shudders to think that such inhumanity can be in human hearts. There is no doubt that nearly the entire crew might have been saved, had there been a single effort made to assist them. The *Onida's* boats were stove by the collision, excepting one, in which the surgeon and 16 of the crew succeeded in reaching land. Perfect discipline prevailed on board the ill-fated vessel, and officers and men went down at their posts. The conduct of the English Captain is universally condemned, and the case will be thoroughly investigated.

In addition to the above losses, fears are entertained for the safety of the Inman steamer, *City of Boston*, which sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 25th of January. No tidings have been received of her since leaving Halifax, and as inward bound vessels experienced heavy gales about that time, it is feared that she may have gone down. Her owners, however, express confidence of her safety, and think that her engines have become disabled, and that she is trying to make port under canvas and against head winds. Also, the Bremen steamer, *Schmidt*, which sailed from New York about six weeks since, is not yet reported. Each of these steamers have about 300 souls on board.

THE MORMONS TRAVEL.

Brigham Young is apparently seeking a new country. He recently packed several bales of housekeeping utensils, with which he loaded several large ox-wagons, and with these and a score or two of attendants constituting his train, he has set his face toward Arizona. But one probable reason can be assigned for this movement. Brigham affirms that it is merely a sanitary movement, undertaken in accordance with medical advice for the sole end of improving his health. It is suspected, however, that the malady is in his spirit as much as in his body, and that the continuance of the "peculiar institution" is his main object of interest. The recent expression of counter opinions in Utah, the rash conduct of several of his disciples in condemning polygamy, and the support which Mr. Cullom's bill has received in Congress, have weighed quite heavily on the Prophet's mind, and it is supposed that he is now in quest of a new home for himself and followers.

CUBA.

Dispatches from Santiago report a most inhuman butchery which recently occurred at that place. The Spaniards claimed to have discovered the existence of a secret Cuban organization there, and immediately arrested about fifty of the leading citizens. There was a mere form of trial, the victims were condemned and speedily executed, with hardly any positive evidence of guilt. The number killed and the conduct of the proceedings indicate a degree of barbarism rare among people claiming to be civilized. Two Americans and several Englishmen are among the victims. Consul Phillips has asked that an American man-of-war be sent there for the protection of our citizens, and the British Consul has also sent for a frigate. The excitement at Santiago was very great at last accounts.

Communications.

A Pulpit Monograph.

Sometime since, we noticed, with strong commendation along with some exception, a criticism, the volumes, entitled "Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets," by Edwin Paxton Hood. Among many other excellent things contained in this work, we have found his account of Rev. Thomas Binney, minister at Weig's House Chapel, London, especially interesting and instructive. Having heard Mr. Binney in his own pulpit, and been strongly impressed by his character and preaching, we are glad to meet such an appreciative and thoughtful presentation of him as Mr. Hood has given us. Believing that the account will be interesting to others as well as to ourselves, we give our readers some liberal extracts from Mr. Hood's second volume. The whole chapter is too long for use, and we quote only one of the several extracts from Mr. Binney's published discourses, which are here brought together. Mr. Hood says:

Pre-eminently beyond most preachers of this age must Thomas Binney be spoken of as the preacher to the young; to the thoughtful and earnest of the young—to young men and young women; in a word, to noble, earnest-hearted manhood. He evidently has more sympathy with mental than merely emotional sorrows; for sentimental sorrows he perhaps has no sympathy; for the seeming of suffering which so largely afflict many Christian souls, and needs—as it is a seeming itself—the ministry and consolation which seems, he has no sympathy; all about him and about his words is thoroughly human and thoroughly real; in all he says he lives, and therefore understands and speaks to living souls; thus no man has done more to bring to an end that sentimental style of talk which proffers consolations never felt, to souls by whom they are never needed. Nothing more prominently distinguishes his preaching than its humanness—its reality and truth. It is the case, no doubt, there are many states of mind and heart he has not known or felt; but I believe he has never attempted to speak to them.

I have had repeated to me a tradition of our preacher. Called somewhere to address some students, a very demure and well-intentioned brother was fated to precede him. He divided his homily into two parts;—"And first," said he, "young men, remember that you are to be men of one book, the Bible; that is the book you have to read and expound, and you must know no other; and remember as you pass through great cities, pray 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity'; let your eyes look straight on; the shops are nothing to you, their shows, their prices, and their gauds," etc., etc. When Mr. Binney rose, he said he was so "unfortunate as to have to give to them advice exactly opposite to that they had just heard; hence," he said, "although the reading of other men may be sought, for amusement, or professional, you must read everything. Look at all books—bad books, that, if necessary, you may brand them, or point the bad page to the readers of them; good books, that you may commend them; then, as you walk through the streets, having prayed in the study, keep your eyes open there; look at all things—prices and people—how they buy and how they sell, the sellers and the purchasers, the hours of labor and the hours of rest; try to look at all, try to know the whole tariff of trade, and do not be afraid to find in it all matter for your sermon. You are teachers! Command yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Know then the world's thoughts and the world's ways, that you may be the world's masters and ministers." These words must have greatly astonished the first tedious brother, but how much more human and good!

To Mr. Binney's style I may apply a remark by way of characterization he has himself used in preface of one of his discourses—"It is of that rough, rude order—that artificial and somewhat exaggerated sort of utterance, which I designedly adopt when writing what is to be read to a mixed multitude." Artificial, in the ordinary sense of the word, his style can never be said to be, only in the fact of a conscious usage of forms of expression which it is well known will strike and tell. It is often the case that a man describing a style of thought or argument describes his own; this, too, he has done when he says—"An illustration is not a mere prettiness, an ornamental phrase that might be left out without detriment to the train of thought; it is something which really lights up that train of thought, and enables the reader or hearer to see the aim as well as feel the force of the logic, when, the understanding having done its work, passion and genius shall crown the whole with some vivid illustration, which shall make it stand out with a vivid distinctness that shall never be forgotten! It is one great faculty of the mind, holding up a lighted torch to the workmanship of another." This is a very fair description of all the greater efforts of our writer, and of his usual style in the pulpit. It is a rare thing indeed to find in union such a force of thought so wholly free from dialectic bands, and winged by so much passion, yet with no action, ever breaking against the calm and dignity of the lofty purpose; there are no prettinesses in the style—no elegant tropology, or fancy dandyism of dress and adornment. Everything there seems necessary—passion and thought hold each other in check, and so produce a truly admirable unity; hence thought never seems cold, because it is winged by genius, and the genius is never undisciplined or wild, because it is compelled to keep the pace of the more serious and orderly thought.

This orderly procession of thought leading on, and up the ascending train of all the faculties, is the great charm of the preacher.

ing of Thomas Binney, and it may be said he is only happy when he sees clearly; and happy are those moments to the hearers too, when the understanding and the emotions are en rapport. The reason, at any time, any speech is ineffective upon the hearers is because either the statement is not clearly seen or clearly felt—with Mr. Binney, eminently not to see clearly is to be unhappy in ministration. But all speakers who speak not merely words of rote must well know that state in which the mind is pursuing its way in public, attempting to set forth thoughts perhaps rather pondered than either perceived or felt; the mind arrives at a certain stage of its journey, where it drops the spark which sets fire to the concealed, the hitherto unknown wealth, there are juices and spices for the oil for the lamp. Admirably has Mr. Binney himself described this state when he speaks of ministers "who are never visited by gushes of light irradiating the word—never filled with emotions of solemn rapture from the vivid impressions and enjoyment of its truths," the argument is in a blaze. And this is indeed the value of preparation, clear, long, and earnest, for the pulpit, or for the great occasion; then, if the mind is free, or capable of freedom, and the self-possession of the soul be equal to its instincts, then the notes and papers all discarded, or only in brief prompting hints before the eye—then when long preparation has toned down all the superficial and meretricious adornments, or appendages of the subject, then how sublime is the power! Of course the free mind, the heart that lives its teachings and its uttered impulses, to whom it is impossible to preach traditions, must often fail—fail perhaps beneath the very weight of "the burden of the Word of the Lord." But even in the failure of such souls there is the sign of that which is greater than the finest successes of other men; even as we have seen, when Robert Hall broke down in the pulpit in his first efforts, his failure sent old Dr. Ryland to his knees in prayer, that so promising a spirit might be kept for the church.

Sacredly and seriously prepared, the orator of the thought established in the mind, and the emotions felt, but held in leash, ready for the spring,—surely this gives some conception of the way in which men may preach; and while there is, perhaps, no necessity that this should be the ordinary process of preparation, yet men who have really been prophets, and have had communion with souls, have usually prepared thus, and thus men must prepare if they would have their preaching to become a power. Hence, although Mr. Binney's books are mostly small, they are thought books. A sermon is sometimes a closely compacted compendium of the process of thought, and the delineation of truth on the subject of which he treats. Far from being mere sermons in the ordinary sense—that is, a slight, sketchy illustration of a text—they often, like the sermons of Barrow, exhaust a subject, thus—"The Law our Schoolmaster," thus, "Salvation by Fire and Fullness," thus, "Life and Immortality brought to Light," each is an edifice of Christian theology. But Mr. Binney rears for himself; scholastic, scientific theology is unknown here; the preacher's soul, the Bible, and the Spirit build together, and alone.

And, at the risk of quoting too freely, I must present the comprehensive and glowing delineation of the Psalms of David in

THE SERVICE OF SONG.

"The songs of Solomon were a thousand and five. But, how shall we describe those of the Psalms? Than Solomon's fewer in number, but of higher inspiration and richer thought. As to their 'form,' they include all varieties of lyric composition; they are of every character as to the nature of their subjects, and of all shades and colors of poetic feeling; but as to their 'essence,' they are as a Light from heaven or an Oracle from the sanctuary—they discover secrets, Divine and human—they lay open the Holy of Holies of both God and man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the one is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the mysteries, the record of the struggles, the wailing when worsted, the psalms when triumphant of that life. They are the thousand-voiced of the Church, uttering from within, from the secret depths and chambers of her being, her spiritual consciousness,—all that she remembers, experiences, believes; suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succor, and hopes from God and his Christ. They never can be outgrown. No Dispensation, while the world stands and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude; they speak to all classes of minds; they command every natural emotion. They are penitential, jubilant, adorative, deprecatory—they are tender, mournful, joyous, majestic; soft as the descent of dew; low as the whisper of love; loud as the voice of thunder; terrible as the Almightiness of God! The effect of some of them in the temple service must have been immense. Sung by numbers carefully 'instructed,' and accompanied by those who could play 'skillfully,' arranged in parts for 'courses' and individuals, who answered each other in alternate verse;—various voices, single and combined, being 'lifted up,' sometimes in specific and 'personal' expression, as the high service depended and advanced,—priests, Levites, the monarch, the multitude,—there would be every variety of 'pleasant movement,' and all the forms and forces of sound, personal recitative; individual song; dual and semi-choral antiphonal response; burst and swell of voice and instruments; attenuated cadence; apostrophe and repeat; united, full, harmonious combinations. With such a service, and such psalms, it was natural that the Hebrews should love with enthusiasm and learn with delight, their national

anthems, songs, and melodies; nor is it surprising that they were known among the heathen as a people possessed of these treasures of verse, and devoted to their recitation by tongue and harp. Hence it was that their enemies required of them (whether in seriousness or derision it matters not,) 'the words of a song,' and said 'sing us one of the songs of Zion.'"

To the order of men of genius eminently does Mr. Binney belong. In his sermons there is nothing florid, flickering, or fine; nothing merely said to finish a period, or to give a glitter to a paragraph. On the contrary, there is nothing cold; there is great idiomatic strength, frequently in his preaching there is great terseness; but in the written sermon this yields to argument and to the sustained and resolute conception of the topic.

The author of the *Lamps of the Temple* has introduced into his sketch of the subject of these remarks many illustrations of his combined humanity and humor. He has offered, also, an apology for the introduction of humor into the pulpit; and in this particular has placed Mr. Binney by the side of some eminent and illustrious names, especially Latimer and South. I have no need, therefore, to enlarge here by way of defense, but it may suffice to say that Mr. Binney uses humor and wit, he does not abuse them. In his printed discourses it is not to be expected that many of those racy words will be found which at once relieved the discourse and lightened the argument, and perhaps waked up some drowsy auditor; but in his printed discourses there are many of those human touches which can only proceed from the humorous pencil, for human and humor are one. Thus he describes the mere popular preacher as "a strolling star, tempting benevolence with a promise of pleasure."

Would that I could carry you back to an old scene in the Weigh House, beginning with my experience nearly a quarter of a century back. Thither I often went on a Sabbath evening. The singing always hearty and strong, but profoundly devotional and clear; the minister standing there tall, still, collected, and announcing the hymn. Then the prayer, always so fresh, and hallowing and real; then the sermon, in which somehow everybody felt as if the preacher were talking with him. Preaching of all kinds and styles, but always new, always fresh, to a young mind. What scenes I have beheld there! Sometimes the preacher, standing in perfect, cool, supreme command, holding all the hearts of the audience in his hand, and doing what he would with their tears. Such was his sermon for Robert McKenzie, the copastor of Dr. Wardlaw, lost in the wreck of the Pegasus. Always all along the preaching was heard—

The still, sad music of humanity.

Scarcely ever did the preacher dilate on Nature, or any of her majesties; his landscapes were always the heights and depths of human souls, or the solemn mountain passes and peaks of abstract thought, and the more gloomsome questions of human history. Sometimes the sermon was "one perfect chrysolite" of pure abstract thought, very variously impressing the hearers; sometimes a spirit floating in an ether of its own world; and sometimes, like a spent swimmer, toiling, ruffled and buoyless, over and through a difficult sea. At a later period, I heard many of the "Lectures on Proverbs," truth to say, too, I beheld scenes of strange humor flowing over that great assembly; but look whichever way we will, we are compelled to see that tall, commanding figure slowly shaking itself into action, as a lion might shake the dewdrops and the sleep from his mane, after a night in the cave; the hand slowly passing through the hair on one side of the head; the speech, now a little more rapid, so rapid that the speaker saves himself from stumbling by picking up the last word, pronouncing it again, and making it the starting point of a new sentence; then the sentence, or the division, completed; and the hearing of a long sigh, audible over the whole chapel, and a feeling of indeterminateness from the speaker passing to the hearer; then some broken words, a careless use of the left hand and the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, engaged as if the preacher, instead of standing in the pulpit, were standing in the compositors' room, throwing type into "pye." Then, perhaps, some dark question casts a strange shadow across his thought. For instance—"Could God by physical power destroy sin? Could He by a physical act annihilate it? Could He make a seraph out of a Tiberias or a Borgias, each retaining his memory and consciousness, as he can make an angel or an archangel out of nothing?" And now the wheel is in motion, and words come, blow after blow; and the preacher, as he advances to the close, puts his hand through the centre shock of his, in those days, carefully worn but beautifully glossy hair; and soon, with a cogent appeal to practical thought the end. "The words of these are as nails," they are also as "rivers of water in a dry place;" and the reader will believe that those scenes stand out in the memory for the life they communicated. The memory of some of those tones is thrilling yet; the first surprise of some sudden turn of thought comes upon me now; I am again one of that vast congregation of young men—the first, perhaps, of that kind ever seen in London; I feel again, as then I felt, the honor of being born for manhood—born to live in a hard, struggling, much-enduring world. Certainly, in the days of youth, many of my first wider conceptions of the reality and nobleness of life were given to me by Thomas Binney.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may be with us when opportunity is gone forever.

Call to the Ministry.

What is meant by a call to the ministry? It implies, to say the least, a duty devolving upon certain individuals to serve God in this capacity. One so called must possess the qualifications mentioned by St. Paul in first Timothy 3:1-7. His mind, on the subject of preaching the gospel, must be deeply imbued with the influences of the Holy Spirit. This internal or special call exhibits itself in a great variety of ways.

A sense of the deplorable condition of the impenitent is one evidence of this call. True it is, that many of the laity have a solemn view of the worth of souls; yet, if they lack some of the qualifications mentioned by Paul, they are not called to the holy and consecrated work of the ministry. One thus called will be unhappy in the pursuit of any other employment. In his view, everything of a worldly nature sinks into comparative insignificance, when compared with the transcendently glorious work of preaching Christ. He can not endure the thought of spending his life in accumulating wealth, or in seeking the honors and emoluments of the world. He will feel that he has a more important mission to fill.

He who is called to preach and refuses to obey the call, can not be so useful, nor serve God so effectually as he could otherwise. So long as he neglects the principal duty, his religious enjoyments will be small, and the extent of his influence circumscribed. A desire to enter the ministry will not arise from selfish motives, but purely to do good, to save souls and to honor God. He who has any other motive in view, can not be called of God to the work.

The church, if it have any spiritual discernment, will sometimes be able to decide upon the validity of one's call. Those who are subjects of divine grace will, in many instances, be better judges of our ministerial qualifications than we ourselves can be. Then if a church that is alive in the cause of God, is convinced that one or more of her members have this call, it should generally be taken for granted that such should preach the gospel.

In addition to the qualifications necessary to Christian character and usefulness in any other sphere in life, the minister must have access to that fountain of divine grace so essential to ministerial success. Without this the ministry would degenerate to a mere profession, as law, medicine, or teaching. But this is not God's economy.

S. H. B.

Help to Pastors.

Every pastor ought to hail with joy the presence of Rev. C. O. Libby in his field of labor. His spirit commends him as the representative of our F. M. interest. His earnest efforts tend to give force to the labors of the pastor in this good work. His manner of unfolding the wants of the heathen is both interesting and impressive. Many, doubtless, may be awakened by him to enlist in the cause of missions, that the pastor could not successfully reach. While his heart yearns so deeply for the F. M. work, he has also a spirit of sympathy and words of appeal for our Home Mission interest. We had an appointment on the second Sabbath in Feb. to take a collection for Home Missions. Bro. L. spent that Sabbath with us, and I was glad to know from his own efforts, that he had a heart to aid the Home, as well as the Foreign Mission.

May God bless his faithful labors and crown them with abundant success. If pastors and churches cheerfully sustain our missions, greater blessings will yet be bestowed upon our denominational efforts.

Gonic, N. H.

G. J. A.

The New Birth.

Men of the world hate to believe that they must be born again; hence some refuse to believe the Scriptures, because they teach this doctrine, and spend their money, time and abilities, in fighting against God; and as a consequence must suffer his wrath that they have been so willing to kindle. Others believe a part of the word of God, in fact are willing to believe all but that which calls for self-sacrifice; but to be changed into a new creature and commence a new life is too much to accept. God is too good, they say, to require such great things of such feeble creatures; and thus they put from them the most important truths of the gospel until it is too late to be benefited by them.

While some of the more candid admit there is a change in men's lives whom they believe to be Christians, yet they attribute it to the man that makes up his mind to reform, and then acts up to his purpose. They think there is nothing deeper than this about it. They do not understand this heart-work that Christians talk so much about; they think it would be more proper to term it a change of the head; as people think and act from the brain, they believe. They think God has nothing to do with this change of character whatever. Hence we see a disposition in all these characters to rob God of the glory that belongs to him. We do not wonder they can not fully comprehend the meaning of this new birth, for it is understood only by experience.

Nicodemus, a Pharisee and ruler of the Jews, could not see how these things could be; but Jesus plainly told him, "except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God"; yet Nicodemus could not understand it. Again Jesus said unto him, "except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of God." Jesus also taught that from the heart proceed all evil thoughts and communications; and from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

We understand, then, that the heart is not only the seat of life, but the seat of action, also; and when we let Christ into our heart he purifies it and cleanseth it from

all sin. It is then that the new born soul thinks, talks, acts, aided by the Spirit; and the change becomes visible to the world.

God says unto all that understand not these things, "My son, give me thine heart;" whereunto they do well, if they take earnest heed, until the day star arise in their hearts.

J. W. S.

Chips.

The Pharisee's "sweet hour of prayer" is always when there are men to see and hear. The true saint, like his Master, will often "go apart" to pray.

The poorest men are those who have nothing to do, and the most unhappy are those who make happiness their chief aim of life. The most ignorant are those who know best of themselves, and the most noble are those who are most honest. The greatest are those who feel themselves to be the least; and the best preacher is he whose life most nearly resembles the life and example of Christ.

The anticipation of worldly riches gives more pleasure than actual possession; but it is otherwise with heavenly riches. The human mind can readily compass all the known regions of space, measuring the distances of remotest stars, but it can not behold the glories of the saint's eternal home, at present, only as "through a glass darkly"; nor can the heart of man conceive of those things which the Lord has prepared for those who love him.

The real heroes of the cross may not always be known. Unnoticed by the world, they are performing those deeds of moral heroism over which angels rejoice. Were the fires of persecution again to be faced, doubtless many that are now first would prove to be ingloriously last, while others who are now of little account, would prove to be "gold tried in the fire."

There are those who sincerely attempt to worship God secretly without making public profession; and there are others who make public professions without any inclination to or delight in secret prayer. Both classes, when weighed in the balance, are found wanting, but the former are nearer the kingdom of God than the latter.

That Cain's offering was rejected while Abel's was accepted, proves that, prior to this, the Creator had given man a law of worship; for otherwise they would have been alike accepted. In Abel's offering we see, 1. Without obedience to God all worship is mockery. 2. There is here a recognition of human sinfulness, for which no fruits of the ground, or good works of man could atone. 3. There is a recognition of the honor and majesty of God's law, which could be satisfied with nothing short of the death of man or of some one in his stead. Thus Abel's offering recognized the truth, "that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins"; and all the saints since his day have built their hopes upon the same foundation. All religious forms and schemes, however grand and imposing, which fail to recognize "Christ our sacrifice," are to be counted as Cain's offering. As no one under the former dispensation was good enough to be accepted of God without the bleeding sacrifice, so none now can hope for acceptance only as they plead the merits of the Lamb of God slain for them.

God's acceptance of Abel's offering was so manifest, that even a Cain knew it; and all who truly worship God, may likewise have such manifestations of divine favor as to convince even a wicked world that "the Lord is with them of a truth."

Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasures things new and old." How many valuable treasures will he find in the Old Testament! Old as they may be, they are of priceless value. The ten commandments have all the binding force upon the world which they had when first promulgated. The biographies of those who walked with God, "of whom the world was not worthy," lose none of their value, though time bends towards its tomb. The old rites and ceremonies of the Jewish church contain living lessons, and have a significance which the world would do well still to heed. Those old altars, stained with the blood of so many victims, taught to generation after generation the great truth, that no one of their number was good enough to be justified of God otherwise than by the "shedding of blood for the remission of sins." In this day of boasted light, the world and a part of the church seem to be ignorant of this important truth.

Here, too, in this old treasury of divine truth, we find those evidences of the divine origin of Christianity which nothing can shake. And here we find some of the sublimest poetry which mortals have ever known. And then we may turn to old prophecies, thousands of years old, which are now fulfilling before our eyes.

We open the New Testament, and here, laid open to our view, are many wonderful things which prophets and wise men "devised to see, but did not see them." How rich indeed are those who love the Bible, and who can understand it, and claim its promises!

The child of God has meat to eat which the world knows not of; but false professors live on a mixture of worldliness and folly, with very little religion for spice.

Some of the publications of our day in one respect resemble gold. A small amount of gold will spread over a very large surface, so a half dozen thoughts are expanded into a large and popular volume.

J. HAYDEN.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars—if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven.

Selections.

Little Beginnings.

There is, in the Old Testament, this story: Hazael was the favorite of Benhadad king of Syria. And Benhadad was sick. Hearing that Elisha was come to Damascus, he sent Hazael to him with costly presents, to know if he should recover. When the man of God saw him he burst into tears. And Hazael said, Why weepeth my Lord? And he answered, I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword and wilt dash their children and wilt rip up their women with child. And Hazael answered in amazement and perhaps in horror, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" And Hazael went back and told the king that he should recover of his illness, and the next day took a thick cloth and dipped it in water, and spread it on his and master's face so that he died; and reigned in his stead, and went on to do those very things which were prophesied. So little does a man know himself, and to what results a little deviating from the right may lead.

The temptations a young man will mainly find himself exposed to will come from the society of which he finds himself a part, from his companions, from his occupation. There are of course temptations in himself, but they are more or less affected—created, shaped, intensified—by his external relations.

None of these, however, assert their full power at once. A man does not see, does not suspect the end to which they lead from the beginning. He will not believe any one who warns him about results. He does not see them, so he will not believe them. But nothing grows more rapidly and secretly than the power of temptation. It begins a little thing, as the mighty river begins, in some tiny, far-back spring. It grows upon you as tropical epidemics grow, its power lies in the swiftness of attack, the insidiousness of repetition, the added strength that every repetition gives. A man has first only an evil desire, then it grows to a wish, then to a purpose, then to a deed, and then to many deeds or to some big one. You couldn't make him believe what danger lay in that far-back evil desire. He will not allow that any such innocent looking thing has any harm in it. But Judas had first only an avaricious feeling, then it became a longing, then, as he drew the money in the bag in which the disciples kept their little property, he began to take it, and at last thirty pieces of silver tempted him to betray his Master. Hazael shrunk with horror from the picture Elisha drew. He answered in confidence—in indignation, "What, is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Yet the prophecy worked in him. It mastered every prompting of loyalty, friendship and principle; he killed his master, and entered relentlessly on the very career he had shrunk from, became even worse than the prophet had said.

Just so subtle and insidious is the power of temptation in us all, as every man finds in his own experience. At first it is something just a little wrong, something that excites no suspicion, something not wrong at all, only one of the things he had better not do. You could not give a moral reason, lay down a law against it, only he had better not do it. He repeats it. You can't define the reason of your caution to him or your apprehension for him, nor can you draw the line where the temptation makes the difference, and the thing becomes positively injurious, immoral or fatal. Atoms make the solid reefs on which great ships go down; trifling things repeated break the strongest frames; and so little yieldings give, at last, a power to temptation, gigantic and tyrannous, and the man is overwhelmed by them before he realizes that in any way he has lost self-mastery. Or you recognize the danger in the outset. There is something in you, you know, you can draw the line where the temptation makes the difference, and the thing becomes positively injurious, immoral or fatal. Atoms make the solid reefs on which great ships go down; trifling things repeated break the strongest frames; and so little yieldings give, at last, a power to temptation, gigantic and tyrannous, and the man is overwhelmed by them before he realizes that in any way he has lost self-mastery. Or you recognize the danger in the outset. There is something in you, you know, you can draw the line where the temptation makes the difference, and the thing becomes positively injurious, immoral or fatal. Atoms make the solid reefs on which great ships go down; trifling things repeated break the strongest frames; and so little yieldings give, at last, a power to temptation, gigantic and tyrannous, and the man is overwhelmed by them before he realizes that in any way he has lost self-mastery.

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This gradual power and over-power of temptation is one of the worst things about it. If we but realized results, there would be scarcely the shadow of difficulty. Hazael, Judas, no one would have begun to yield had they known what a first yielding entailed. If results were at once before us, sheer and abrupt, we should at once draw back. A man with a precipice before him starts back and is safe, but a land-slide loosens itself, has fatally started before it is noticed, and that till we are helplessly under way do we see the danger. That is why heathen philosophy as well as Christ put the emphasis on the entrance into temptation. It is at the gate which leads to destruction that the struggle is to be. Enter, once pass it, and you are beset by all sorts of things you cannot name or number. The record of the gallows uniformly is that the first step was the fatal one; that each succeeding step followed surely and rapidly as the links of the chain follow each other over the side of the vessel, when the anchor is dropped into the black abyss.

Thine.

Little to me it matters
Whether my feet are led,
If in the burning desert,
Or the pastures green I'm fed—
Whether the storm or sunshine
Be in the path I take;
For my hand is in Thine, my Father;
Thou wilt not Thy child forsake.

And it shall not cause me sorrow
Though the path be steep and rough;
I am Thine, Thine own forever,
And that shall be my joy enough.
Thine is the care, my Father—
The work of providing Thine;
Only the trust and pleasure
And the calm content are mine.

Neither shall I be anxious;
For the dear ones whom I love,
From Thee are never absent—
Thou rearest them from above;
And, Lord, I know they are dearer
To Thee than they are to me;
So I only ask Thee to take them,
And do as it pleaseth Thee.

But others are only strangers,
And know not the perfect peace
Of those who, beneath Thy banner,
Are finding their sorrow's cease.
They are away in the darkness—
In the gloomy and silent night;
O Father, receive them also,
And welcome them into the light.

So, then, it will not matter,
Whatever the future be;
Gladly we take our journey,
Leaving the rest to Thee;
And in darkness, or gloom, or tempest,
Still shall the best light shine,
And the joy shall come to our spirits;
For, Father, we are Thine.

Barrel-Organ Teachers.

The barrel-organ is an ingeniously constructed instrument. It requires about as little skill to play correctly on one as on any other known instrument of music. When it is in good repair, and in the hands of one who is skilled in playing on it, and when the playing is not continued too long, the music falls pleasantly on the ear of the unaccustomed listener. But when its bellows grow wheezy, its pipes are out of tune, and its machinery becomes rickety and disjointed, the sensation produced by its tones is one of weariness rather than of joy. In fact, the effect produced by the music of barrel-organs, which are from time to time played at street corners, is such, in many instances, as to cause the neighbors to offer a pecuniary inducement to the proprietor of the barrel-organ to exercise his instrument anywhere else than within ear shot of them.

The principal objection to barrel-organs is not the shrillness of their shriek, nor even the untuned condition of disjointedness which so frequently characterizes the music with which they play the air. Nor is it that the tunes they render are in themselves objectionable. It is that the same tunes are played over and over again, with ever wearying recurrence.

The writer never owned a barrel-organ, nor does he remember ever to have played a note on one. And he has often wondered exactly what must be the effect produced on the mind of their owners by the constant repetition of the same tune or tunes. Probably the musician who grinds out tune after tune from his wearisome organ thinks little, and cares less, what particular tune is being ground. And it is more than likely that the organist would feel no serious loss, nor realize any great difference, if mischievous boys were to unship the connection between the crank and the barrel, and leave him to turn the crank without bringing forth a note of his customary music.

Dr. John Hall, in a recent address on some of our errors in Sunday school teaching, intimated that a great many teachers are much like barrel-organs. They have a tolerably fair knowledge of several things, but fail to increase, by study, their store of knowledge. They get along pretty well so long as the crank of Sunday school routine keeps them moving. They are regular in their motions. They say the same thing each time they take up one of their pet subjects. If one of their subjects is a little out of tune, by reason of a broken tooth or a tongue out of joint, it remains so, and limps in the way at each repetition. That which was once a novelty, and consequently possessed interest for its hearers, becomes flat and wearisome when it has fallen on the same ears several hundred times or more. Without stopping for repairs, without adding fresh tunes to the old stock, the "barrel-organ" teacher grinds on his tedious way, repeating, in droning fashion, to his class, the same old things the class have heard so often that they not only know them by heart, but their patience is exhausted by the mention of them.

The dreary, plodding souls who weary their classes by telling over and over what they have often told them before, have the best intentions, perhaps, but grievously fail of success in carrying them out. There is a lack of that freshness and interest which come from the overflowing heart and mind of the teacher who is ready with living thoughts on a newly learned lesson. The children seek in vain for the stimulus which proceeds from interest founded on curiosity; for, as soon as the teacher opens his mouth on any subject, they know what is coming next.

Let us have almost anything that will break the wretched monotony of the barrel-organ.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song!" Put your barrel-organ among the old lumber in the garret, or sell it for what it will fetch to somebody who has none. And so ring forth the gospel melody, with all its rich harmony of precepts, promises, and assurances, that "this praise" shall be "in the congregation of saints."—*Sunday School Workman.*

The Smallest Christian.

A Baptist clergyman said that in the time of Christ there was probably more than one example of a man who had a withered hand. There might have been many others than the one whom Christ met with a hand hanging down by his side perfectly useless, and commanded to stretch it forth. It was utterly useless and helpless. All the poor man could do, to whom it belonged, there it would hang, and the will of the owner had no power over it.

It seems strange how many men, now-a-days,—ah! and women, too,—are in our churches with withered hands. They can touch no kind of work, can do no kind of service, no matter how pressing the service or urgent the duty. No amount of urging or exhorting can move them. At all times the withered hands are hanging at their sides.

Some of these in these revival times have been expostulated with and entreated to exert themselves to stretch out their hands and take hold on perishing souls, and by use gain the power to use. But these people have always a ready argument against even an attempt at effort. They say, "Don't

you see my hand is withered? How can I do any thing. They are members of the Christian churches. But the work of the Christian they never expect or intend to do. They have a name to live while they are dead. They are mere hangers-on to the life of others. They give no life to any one. They are utterly useless, yet their names enumber the church books.

One of these hangers-on lately had a dream—and dreams teach some wholesome truths sometimes, and so it did in this case.

She dreamed that she died, and was borne by two angels, and led down within the gates of the Celestial City. They stretched her out before them. She lay there as she lay when she was dying. One said to the other, in evident surprise,—

"What a little Christian! 'the smallest Christian, I am sure, that ever entered heaven.'"

"Let us get the golden measuring rod," said the first, "and measure her."

"No, no!" said the second angel, "let us do no such thing. She is not worth measuring."

This vision of herself, as "the smallest Christian in heaven," was the means of making her one of the most active Christians on earth; and when she gets to heaven, she will be welcomed as the good and faithful servant. She, who could find nothing to do in times gone by, and so did nothing, now stretches her hands full of labor, and is working with all her might to win souls to Christ, and works not in vain.

She is not a noisy Christian, but she is a stirring one. She takes a Sunday school class of young ladies, and such is the spirit of faithfulness and benevolence that she can scarcely speak to one of her dear pupils before she is melted into a flood of weeping. She can scarcely say, "Let us pray together," before both are upon their knees. She can hardly recommend Jesus as worthy of love and trust before a spirit springs up that is a new creation in that trusting heart, and she is exclaiming in Christ Jesus, "This lady comes home to glory, she will not enter heaven with a withered hand. She will not be the smallest Christian in heaven. No—oh, no! She will come home to heaven with her crown all ablaze with stars of glory. She was rescued by her thoughts in her dream. Her Christian life had been all a dream before. But now it is all wide awake and real."

Oh! Christian sisters in this meeting, how much good you might do, if you would only stretch out your withered hands and get them restored.—*Observer.*

Prayer on the Mountain.

It is said that Jesus went up into a mountain apart to pray. If occasional seclusion was good for the Master, it is good for his disciples. For his spiritual interests a man needs to go apart now and then to consider the true meanings of life, and the state and bearings of his own soul. Separate for a season from the din and struggle of the world, to be able to discover how far he departs from his chief good upon what is material and unsubstantial, and how far the things of sense are controlling his inner life. As from the solitude of his contemplation, he sees pleasure disrobed of its enchantments, the illusions that bewilder and lead astray, the toils that are inspired by covetousness and the interests that are begotten in lust and vanity, how the luster dies from the splendors of wealth and place, and much that once looked so alluring in the eyes of sense grows hollow and ghastly in the awful radiance of eternity. Here, in sight of reality, he can take a just estimate of his own character and resources, and the necessities of his immortal being.

But he must go apart to pray. To keep the childlike and confiding spirit of the true disciple, he must engage in special acts of devotion where no eye but that of the Divine One looks upon his retirement. Fatigued by the worries and anxieties of his earthly lot, he needs peculiar refreshment. Discouraged by manifold sights of falseness and villainy, he requires the inspiration that comes from contact with perfect purity. Exposed to malignant assaults where his infirmity is greatest, and suffering afflictions that dash out the very sunshine of his delight, he needs the grace of an infinite sympathy and re-enforcement to his deepest and most secret life. And so, praying in a spirit that renounces all falseness and impurity, clinging to the ineffable and all-sustaining love, resting heart and life and all its interests on the perfect Friend who does not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, he is lifted out of his lowly self, transposed to higher spheres, and richer apprehensions are brought into blessed communion with the infinite heart, and appropriates the life divine.

But this spiritual elevation is only gained by earnest effort. He who would enjoy the sweet fragrance of the blossoming mountain and the dewy air that fan the upper cliffs, where the sky looks tender in its infinite depths, must struggle up from the dusty way below, even though briars are tangled across his path, though he must break through woven thickets and climb the rough rocks that frown above him. So, to reach the high places of spiritual observation and communion, he must exercise the vigor of a steadfast purpose, and by faith push onward and upward with eager aspirations. As he proceeds, the very energy of his aim is inspiring. The clearer atmosphere of the higher region braces the sinews of the soul, cleanses the motives from his spiritual eye, and flushes his heart with a keener joy. He is stronger now and in a healthier frame that he has exercised his nobler faculties and risen to loftier seats of vision and desire.

It is here above the world that the riches of the heavenly grace are more fully revealed. Plodding in the confined air of the manufactory or the counting-room, shut in by the dingy city habitation, a man can realize little of the freshness and beauty that lie on the glorious works of God. Glimpses of the green fields, the sweet sky, and the clear waters may, indeed, come to him in memory; and his thought may wander beyond the murky atmosphere in which he dwells, to the golden landscapes that stretch amid the distant hills. Yet, if he would taste the inspiration of the scene, he must go up where his eye can command the prospect that is revealed afar. So, respecting spiritual things and the spiritual world, pressed by the cares of business, and confined to a close intercourse with what is simply material, the Christian, though doubtless conscious of the fullness of his Father's house, does not get the inspiration that comes from ravishing sights of the divine glory and the abundant provisions of the gospel.

He must go apart now and then to commune with himself and with his Lord. He must scale the mountain in holy aspirations that lift the soul to the apprehension and converse with Love that redeems and purifies and saves. Here, held to the heart of him who is his life, how his inner eye

opens to sights that refresh and comfort him! how the glorious truths of "Jesus and the resurrection" shine all around the glowing heavens! what an effulgence lies in the do-thing of the soul as the face of the crucified shines up in it! and what possibilities of attainment, beautiful and joy-giving, rise afar in the delighted vision! Yes, reach by earnest prayer these mounts of precious communion and discovery, and you are more and more amazed at the sublime spectacle of Calvary, you are touched into a deeper contrition, are more and more enamored of the beauty of the King and of the life that is hid in him. Then the forbidden world not only assumes its proper place in your regard, but the promised world widens and glows in the embrace of a horizon whose light is the smile of God. The heart learns the mystery of trial, is fortified to endure patiently, discovers the deepest malignity of sin, tastes the savor of Christ's indescribable sweetness, and comprehends the meaning of life as it is sphered in the awful splendors of eternity.—*Independent.*

The Victim's Guilt.

To many this extract from McDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" will give a new view of the guilt that goes with being the victim of the saddest crime that is committed:

"Catherine Weir," I said, "did not God give you a house to keep fair and pure for Him? Did you keep it such?"

"He told me lies," she cried, fiercely, with a cry that seemed to pierce through the storm over our heads up toward the everlasting justice. "He lied, and I trusted. For his sake I sinned, and he threw me from him."

"You gave him what was not yours to give. What right had you to cast your honor before a swine? But dare you say I was all for his sake you did it? Was it all self-denial? Was there no self-indulgence?"

"She made a broken gesture of lifting her hands to her head, let them drop by her side, and said nothing."

"You knew you were doing wrong. You felt it even more than he did; for God made you with a more delicate sense of purity, with a shrinking from the temptation, with a womanly foreboding of disgrace, to help you to hold the cup of your honor steady, which yet you dropped on the ground. Do not seek refuge in the cant about a woman's weakness. The strength of the woman is as needful to her womanhood as the strength of man is to his manhood; and a woman is just as strong as she will be. And now, instead of humbling yourself before your Father in heaven, whom you have wronged more than your father on earth, you rage over your injuries, and cherish hatred against him who wronged you. But I will go yet farther, and show you, in God's name, that you wronged your seducer; for you were his keeper as he was yours. What if he had found a noble-hearted girl, who also trusted him entirely, just until she knew she ought not to listen to him a moment longer, who, when his love showed itself less than human, caring but for itself, rose in the royalty of her maidenhood, and looked him in the face,—would he not have been ashamed before her, and so before himself, seeing in the glass of her dignity his own contemptibility? But instead of such a woman, he found you, let him do as he would. No redemption for him in you. And now he walks the earth the worse for you, defiled by your spoil, glorying in his poor victory over you, despising all women for your sake, unrepentant and proud, ruining others the easier that he has already ruined you."

Dying Words of Women.

Dying testimonies of rare beauty have fallen from the lips of pious women, and few less familiar than those of eminent reformers and divines, they are not less worthy as witnesses of the power of religion to impart spiritual comfort and triumph at the hour of dissolution. Pious women as well as worthy men have, near the heavenly portals, been filled with exultation and triumph—have seen transporting prospects from the Delectable Mountains, and have heard the music of celestial harps and the ringing of celestial bells. They have walked in Bethel, leaning on the arm of the Beloved, and their souls amid the wreaths of mortality, have been freshened and exhilarated by the fragrance and glory of a heavenly atmosphere. "O, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I am dying to thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy Lady Hastings said, "O, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!"

Beautiful is the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans—"I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of His voice, and learning of Him to be meek and lowly." No poetry, she said, could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of glory that fitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose. Similar was the experience of Mrs. Rowe. She said, with tears of joy, that she knew not that she had ever felt such happiness in all her life. Hannah More's last words were, "Welcome, joy!"

"O, sweet, sweet dying!" said Mrs. Talbot, of Reading. "If this be dying, said Lady Glenorch, "it is the pleasant thing imaginable." "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!" said Grace Benoit, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntingdon. The dying injunction of the mother of Wesley was, "Children, when I am gone, sing a song of praise to God!"

Looks as well as words often express dying triumph. Says one, after quoting the last prayer of the Countess of Sandfield, "With these words she closed her eyes, and seemed to all present to be yielding up her last breath. But in a little time she opened her eyes again, and with an air as it seemed of joy and wonder, she continued looking upwards with a fixed gaze for near half an hour. By degrees she let her eyes fall, shut them, and yielded up her last breath. Those who were present were not a little affected, both with her last words and her last looks."

Said Mary Margaret Steward, forewarned of her speedy dissolution, "Sir, I tell you that this night when your sun goes down my sun will arise, and never go down!" She testified: "I have many times besought the Lord that death might be no surprise to me; and neither is it. And I have prayed, likewise, that death might not be a terror to me, and neither is it. And I have sought that I might not be terrible to others in dying." The sun sank low in the west, and as its last rays lit up the hill-tops she sank to rest amid holy ejaculations and in great elevation of soul.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Work at Home.

In the family is where religion is needed. Sermons, prayer meetings, missions, Sunday schools, will all be found insufficient to mold a church into the highest type of piety, if family religion be neglected. Yet how general is this neglect! Many church members do not even maintain the form of family worship. Others make it but a form, going through with it hurriedly and lightly. Few ever talk directly to their children of the great and solemn truths of religion, such as repentance, faith, the new birth, and the new life. Few still ever retire and pray with their children alone. These things being so, it is strange that our children are godless; that they prefer the dancing-school to the Sunday school, the theatre to the class-meeting, the world to Christ?

Graves.

What unconscious tribute we pay to the doctrine of the resurrection by the love and honor in which we hold graves, century after century. Surely, in our hearts we believe that each virtue spot becomes forever unlike all other ground; by whatever process the dear flesh crumbles, returns to dust, and is changed into the leaf, flower, and seed that perish in our hearts, we believe that the grave remains a grave, and that at least this much is sure: that the happy, soaring, growing spirit, which has gone on in the worlds, will never forget where the tiny spot is on this one, in which its human body was laid.—*Hours at Home.*

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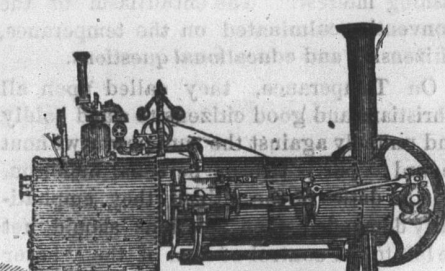
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1870.

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

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

"We Must Fight!"

This emphatic sentence, attributed to one of the orators of '76, expresses the growing conviction of the real temperance men of to-day. There is no evading a direct issue, in one form or another, with the liquor interest.

The traffic is more general and more open, and its supporters more bold, defiant and determined than they have been for many years. The war helped to bring back the old drinking customs of social life. It served to break down the habits of abstinence in many young men. It nurtured a love of excitement and intense life that craves the stimulus of strong drink, now that the exhilarations of army experience are over. The doctrine that alcoholic beverages are both useless and mischievous, which was accepted almost without question fifteen years since, is now quarreled with by many men who represent intelligence, culture, position and character. Magistrates pronounce against prohibition on legal grounds, and clergymen plead for a license system in the name of public morals and religion. Open bars abound; men and women often appear in the street intoxicated; liquors are boldly offered and freely taken in many circles where public sentiment would once have made such things almost impossible.

The Massachusetts Legislature seems likely to recede again from its support of prohibition and commit itself to a system of license, though experience so recently showed that license, even in that state, practically signifies free rum and wholesale corruption. The two great political parties of the country are generally disposed to ignore the question of temperance, and the few efforts made at various points, for the formation of a third party in the special interest of sobriety, have thus far directly accomplished very little.

The public sentiment of the country lacks vigor on this point. It assents to the evils of liquor selling and drinking readily enough, but that is often the end of its avowal. It does not generally protest against their continuance and plainly demand their removal. It is fruitful in verbal regrets, but it is also barren of earnest purpose. It has plenty of sighs, but it is greatly lacking in pluck. It readily wishes that things were in a better condition, but it is very slow in its purpose to bring in a change. It looks the difficulties in the face, not so much that it may plan wisely and strike strongly enough for their mastery, as that it may find an apology for attempting nothing decisive. It is more disposed to wait for something agreeable to turn up, than to go about the work of turning up some proper thing by means of its own latent energy, that is every day threatening to stagnate and pass away.

Things will not improve by silence, inaction, delay or compromise. This evil of intemperance is not one that corrects itself or expires by limitation. It is not self-consuming, through the consumption of its victims. They perish, but it lives on, spreading and perpetuating its mischievous work. Like the demons in the days of Christ, it only asks to be let alone. Leave the liquor sellers without any effectual hindrance, and they will do their work of getting gain and breaking down the barriers of appetite without asking any formal approval. Leave those who tamper with the cup without the shield of law and the restraint of public opinion, and they will tread the drunkard's path in battalions. Inaction is esteemed encouragement, and delay is accepted as connivance. They who are not openly against the liquor interest are counted its allies.

We know well enough the nature of the enemy. The plea of benevolence, public necessity, public spirit, conscience, &c., is transparently foolish, not to say unqualifiedly hypocritical. Men do not sell or drink intoxicating liquors as an act of Christian self-denial. The bar is not set up and maintained, and the day's earnings are not spent for champagne and whiskey-toddy, as an act of fealty to conscience. The grog-shop has its origin in the selfish desire to make money, and the patronage that gravitates to it comes of the wish to gratify unreasoning impulse and the very lowest appetite. Men put their own selfish interests and animal pleasures between them and that which is noblest in human nature and worthiest in human life, when they lend their support to this evil of intemperance. They risk all that is most sacred in the individual soul and in the public welfare that they may get money and pamper passion. That is the plain, simple, unvarnished fact, stripped of pretense and put into plain English.

Now it is obvious enough that such an evil as this, which draws its life from the selfish elements of human nature, that leagues all the unprincipled into a fraternity, and finds its victims in all circles, can not be rooted out except through a resolute, earnest and long continued struggle. Nothing but hard work, costly devotion to principle, real self-denial for the sake of others' good if not for the sake of our own, a readiness to dare and do, and, if need be, to suffer some losses, a hearty co-operation in the measures that are plainly required and that have been proved effective, nothing but this will avail. We must begin again at the beginning. We must prove once more that alcohol is poison, the free traffic in it a crime, the free use of it a species of suicide and a war upon society,

—that the grog-shop is a place for the spoiling of manhood and the torture of the innocent. We must educate resisting consciences with the truth faithfully told, and restrain and punish offenders against the public welfare, even though the compliments we have heard in the air change to maledictions and the parties we have idolized are shivered into fragments. The time has come for us to be done with mere confessions and sighs and verbal good wishes. The hour for resolute deeds has struck, and every true temperance man is summoned to his post. We have waited and hoped and talked. Something else is wanted now. "We must fight!"

Christian Enterprise.

The Methodist Convention, at Syracuse, before noticed, was an interesting and important event. The Methodists are a power in New York, and the great throng of ministers and laymen, who assembled at Syracuse, presented an imposing array of talent and earnestness. The subjects upon which reports were made, and upon which animated, we might say enthusiastic discussions were had, indicate the tone of the meeting. They were: The Statistics and historical development of Methodism in the State;—Temperance;—Our position and duties as Christian citizens;—Education, its present condition in our church, and its future demands;—Development of the working forces of the church, clerical and lay, both male and female;—Spiritual life in the church;—The family;—The publishing interest. The enthusiasm of the convention culminated on the temperance, citizenship and educational questions.

On Temperance, they called upon all Christians and good citizens to stand boldly and unitedly against the rum power, without regard to party ties or personal ambition. On the duties of the citizen they, emphatically demanded that elections should not be left to the control of men of the "baser sort," and that legislation should not be in the interests of papists, nor unfriendly to a healthful Christian influence in our public schools. The thrilling speeches on education were followed by a demand, contrary to the programme, for a subscription on the spot to an endowment fund for the University to be located at Syracuse, and two hundred thousand dollars were raised in about an hour.

We are especially interested in this convention, since it marks the strong tendency of the hour, to bold, earnest action, to lead the public mind, and give predominance to Christian ideas. The example of the Methodists will be followed by other denominations; indeed to some extent they have been preceded by others in these aggressive demonstrations. The Baptists are to have a great educational convention in New York next April, and the Evangelical Alliance is to have a grand council here in September, and the indications favor a remarkable consolidation of Christian forces, of Protestant power, to move the hearts and judgments of men, and promote the truth. Protestants have heretofore been too isolated; they have wasted their power in sectarian exclusiveness; they feel and see this now, and are inclined to remedy the evil.

The Papists have no chance of success in this country, if Protestants, with their moral worth, intelligence and wealth, act together. Our divisions, and our reluctance to assert our rights and urge our claims to be respected in the legislation of the land, have been their opportunity to wield a controlling influence. We do not wish to oppress them, but we must demand liberty for ourselves and room to develop our Christian civilization. Let the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, all Protestants, therefore, declare themselves, and politicians, the rum power and papal arrogance will be forced to yield to our measures of reform.

A Question Answered.

There is a great advantage in having a dual existence; editor and mission secretary help each other. The numerous letters which have come in during the few days past are full of suggestions; they bring the hearts of true and good men closer to our heart, and furnish inspiration for more editorials than the *Star* has room to contain. A brother asks: "Should brethren who have not received a thorough education, be encouraged to preach?" We answer, most emphatically, yes. Our experience is, that men of good common sense, fervent piety and zeal for the Lord, make the very best of preachers. A good knowledge of human nature, familiarity with the business, the temptations, peculiar trials and modes of thought of men in common busy life, often proves a better qualification than classical learning.

And men who have not enjoyed the advantages of the schools, frequently excel in a practical knowledge of the Bible, and are able to present the gospel to the uneducated men with more force, than the ripest scholars can do. We are decidedly in favor of all the education brethren can well secure, but we are fully convinced that any man of sense, full of the Holy Spirit, can expound the plan of life, and do great good in the gospel ministry.

There is another fact, too, which bears upon this question. The class of men of whom we speak are experienced in domestic economy; they know how to live cheaply; how to make shifts and turns, to accumulate a little here and there, and piece out a deficient salary, better than most men who have spent eight or ten of their earlier years in school, rather than in industrial pursuits. And such men are indispensable to the life and prosperity of many country churches. Some have little respect for this class of ministers, but they are worthy of high regard. In the judgment, it will appear that they have done more for the cause than many who have commanded high salaries. They have

been willing to be poor, to labor with their own hands, to do almost any way, that they might preach Jesus; and they have done it, and done it well, in fields which otherwise would have been neglected.

We always feel like bowing with unfeigned reverence to such men; their hands may be thick and hard, their faces bronzed, their minds not quite as fruitful as the constant student's; but they are heroes for Christ; they love the work, and will preach, will do what they can, though it bring no earthly honor; though brother ministers may sail grandly by them; though work be hard and salary low; though oppressed with the fullness of their efforts. Honor to such men! Any man can afford to come down from the highest seats to do them reverence. Their crowns will be bright and full of stars in the other world. Would to God we had more of them.

"One Thing or the Other."

The *Examiner* & *Chronicle*, of the 24th ult., has an earnest article under this head, in which it is asserted: 1. That open communion is a "mere matter of feeling." 2. That open communion churches are "nondescript organizations." 3. That open communion churches endorse infant baptism, not in "man fashion," but circuitously and "sheepishly." 4. That Open Communion Baptists pronounce believers' baptism "of no account every time they come to the supper of the Lord." 5. That Open Communion Baptists are not needed; there is no place for them; they ought to go at once to the Congregationalists. 6. That the writer is very anxious that they should go there. 7. That the *Examiner* stands for Close Communion, and makes no concessions to the more generous portions of the Baptist family.

The *Examiner* is able, bold, and decided, and we like it for this; but when it touches this question of communion, it runs wild. Is Open Communion a mere feeling? Is there no great principle involved? Christ regards any favors or disfavours done to the least of his disciples as done to him; and so the exclusion of these from the Supper is therefore an offense to Christ. The Spirit says: "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye." If we presume, therefore, to say,—"receive him not," is there no principle involved? Is it a "mere matter of feeling" whether we accept or reject whom Christ receives? Where is the authority for driving any Christian from the Lord's table? Is there no principle involved in taking such authority without a "thus saith the Lord?"

No one but a Close Communion Baptist would hint that Open Communion Baptists gave a less emphatic testimony for believers' baptism, on account of their more liberal practice. This erroneous judgment of the *Examiner* is a mere "matter of feeling."

Should Open Communion Baptists remain in the Baptist, or go over to the Pedobaptist family? Are they Baptists or Pedobaptists? What is a Baptist? From the language of the *Examiner*, we are forced to believe that its definition should be this: "A Baptist is a devotee of Close Communion." Any defect on that point at once cuts off his birthright. Does he hold to believers' baptism alone? He is not therefore a Baptist. Has he been immersed, and does he refuse to recognize any other act as baptism? No matter, he is not a Baptist. If he does not shut the door of fellowship in the face of every Christian, Baptist and Pedobaptist, who is not strictly Close Communion, then he is not a Baptist, and ought at once to join the Congregationalists.

Dr. Bright ought to be able to see, and we think he would see were it not for a "matter of feeling," that the Open Communion Baptists are bound to a separation from Pedobaptists, by every reason which ought to have the least weight with the Close Communion Baptists. How can an Open Communion Baptist officiate as pastor of a Pedobaptist church? Can he baptize children? Can he sprinkle, and call it baptism? Does he not feel the obligation to testify in favor of believers' baptism, by precept and example? Can he do that in a Congregationalist church? Every one knows that he can not.

But why is the Doctor so zealous to send all Open Communion Baptists from their home? Is he afraid of their influence? Is there danger that the whole Baptist family will become liberalized? Is it this fear which makes him so anxious to strip every open communionist, of name and place, as a Baptist? But we are not going to the Pedobaptists. We have as good, yes, a better right to be recognized as Baptists than those who are less liberal. The first Baptist churches in England, from which those in America sprang, were and are still open communionists. It is the Close Communion Baptists who have abandoned the ancient rule, and imposed a man-made yoke, excluding the children of God. It is a great task to correct this error, and bring the wanderers back to the truth, but it will be done, and Open Communion Baptists are pained to labor for this reformation. The emancipation of Baptists will yet become an accomplished fact.

THE LAST GRIMACE. Hon. H. R. Revels, the new Senator from Mississippi, who has a brown skin but a white patriotism, had the honor and the amusement of being made the occasion of the latest outburst of negro hate which the old proslavery orators of the U. S. Senate were enabled to indulge over the coming of a sable legislator to take his place as a peer beside them. This time it is not a theory merely that confronts them, but a fact. They could not fling their gibes at some ideal Cuffee on the plantation, but must needs vent their spleen in the hearing of an accredited gentleman, who only waited the formality of a vote and the oath to make him their acknowledged equal. They frowned and muttered and

protested in a very constrained, awkward, pliable and despairing way, presenting a sight equally sad and ludicrous. The Senate quietly sat out the farce. Mr. Revels smiled at the comedy went on. Mr. Colfax called up the new Senator and administered the oath, and the feeble spasms were over.

Current Topics.

—THE ERIE RAILWAY. Of the financial management of this road we know nothing, and have no interest in it. In its safety, regularity and conveniences, we are concerned, and can not fail to notice a marked improvement in these respects, within a few years past. The air of order, quiet, attention to business and the convenience of passengers, which prevail in the offices, on the trains, everywhere, is peculiarly agreeable. At the grand office, on 231 street, in this city, where the voice, the step, the movements, in the scores of departments, seem to be held under some magic decree of order and promptness, we meet the inspiration which affects the whole route. This is a most grateful improvement over the past. It is pleasant to be treated considerately.

During the year, we have traversed the continent, traveled north, south, east and west, in all, over fourteen thousand miles, and can truthfully say, that the Erie, in many respects, surpasses any other road over which we have traveled. The track is in a fine condition; the trains go more regularly "on time" than heretofore; accidents are less frequent; the passenger cars are wide, and luxurious, palaces indeed; the sleeping cars among the best; the porters, quiet and attentive, an example for some other roads; and as one glides over the smooth steel rails a feeling of admiration is inevitable. We are not surprised that the travel on this road is rapidly increasing. They carried 2,497,113 passengers during the year, a large increase; and if attention to the comfort of the traveling public is not relaxed, the increase will be still greater in the future. When such a great corporation is careful to provide for public wants, they deserve approval, and the *Star* approves, hoping that other roads may emulate the example of the Erie.

—UNITED ROME. It has been the boast of Papists, that their church was a unit; and they hoped, through the grand Council at Rome, to silence every dissenting voice or impulse in all their ranks. But the exact opposite is likely to be the result. The fact is becoming more and more apparent, that the spirit of liberty is gradually doing its work among them; that the foolish dogmas of their ritual are being boldly questioned; and many of their chief men are yearning to throw off the bondage which has so long held them, to escape from the "dead body" which has been a stench in the nostrils of the nineteenth century. The German Bishops, led by Dr. Dollinger, some of the most distinguished of the French Bishops, and some of the Italian Bishops, speak very decidedly against the ultramontane spirit which prevails at Rome, and suggest that it is quite time for their church to learn that they now live in the nineteenth century. We pray that the infection may prevail, until the Papacy shall be numbered among the things of the past, and the Christian world become filled with the light of the gospel.

—AMONG THE JEWS. Bro. Alexander McLean, of Buffalo, has been preaching especially to this people. He advertised that he would address them in his own church, and large numbers of them came to hear, and seemed deeply interested, for they continued to come for several Sunday evenings, while these special sermons were continued. The line of discussion, was to prove the divine legation of Moses, the inspiration of the prophets and the indisputable predictions of a coming Messiah; and, finally, that Jesus of Nazareth was the very Messiah which the prophets predicted should come, as he exactly fills out the description of him found in their prophetic writings. Such seed in such soil ought to bring forth good fruit, and we humbly trust it will.

—REV. J. HYATT SMITH FOR OPEN COMMUNION. This distinguished Baptist minister, who has held the pastorate of some of the leading Baptist churches in the country, —like the 24 Baptist, Cleveland, Ohio; 1st Baptist, Buffalo, N. Y.; 11th Baptist, Philadelphia, and who is now pastor of LeCompton Avenue church, in Brooklyn, —has declared himself for the freedom of the Lord's table to the Lord's people. Brother Smith is a strong, earnest, bold man, what he believes he has courage to declare and ability to defend. A leading Baptist clergyman recently said: "If we only had a leader, we could rescue the Baptist denomination from the bondage of close communion." Brother Smith has many of the elements of a leader, and if the Lord confers upon him the honor of inspiring the timid with courage to assert their convictions, and stand up for truth and liberty, he will prove to be a deliverer to the Baptist denomination. Brother Smith has a book nearly ready for the press, which deals with this question, with characteristic thoroughness.

—THE FEELING. A Presbyterian brother expressed great grief that his daughter had joined the Close Baptists. "It is a sore trial," said he, "to have my child so separated from me that I can not sit with her at our Lord's table." Many, very many, have felt the same grief; and thousands, who otherwise desired to unite with the Baptists, have turned away, because they would not enter into this bondage. The noblest and most Christian sentiments of the renewed soul protest against a usage which thus divides, grieves and offends the disciples of Christ. It is a mystery, how good, pious men can sustain it. It must be a terrible cross for them to bear; and when we consider that it is self imposed, we pity them and pray for their deliverance.

—ON PROBATION. We always knew that a large per cent of the probationers in the M. E. church relapsed into worldliness again; but recent statistics make the case much worse than we supposed. From 1856 to 1865, there were 1,206,145 received on probation; while the net increase of the church, for the same time, was only 172,296, or one seventh of those who were received on probation. There is something very sad, and not wholly right, in this state of the case. Facts would rather indicate that the old gospel way of testing believers at once, by the act of Christian baptism, is better than any new invention which makes the terms of discipleship more easy.

Denominational News and Notes.

Missionary Boxes.

If we do our whole duty for missions, all must contribute, regularly, and liberally. "Little drops make the mighty ocean;" "pennies make the pounds." If we can get our people to give a little, often, and all give, we shall have fourfold, yes, tenfold more money than at present, to spend in spreading the gospel.

To effect this result, the H. Mission Society have issued a Family Missionary Box, which we hope to introduce into every family in the denomination.

This Box is neatly made, is about four inches long, two inches wide, and two inches high, covered with bright enameled paper, a very pretty ornament for the center table or mantel. On one side is printed in gilt letters:

"Contributions are solicited from all members of the family and visiting friends."

Upon the first day of the week, let every one lay by in store as God hath prospered him."

On the other side of the Box are these RULES.

1. Each person's name, address and No. of Box are recorded on the roll of the Secretary.

2. An account is kept with each Box by number.

3. Weekly, and, if possible, daily deposits should be made.

4. The Box must be opened quarterly by the Pastor, and the contents reported to the Secretary.

5. In all cases where the Box is misused, it must be returned to the Secretary, Rev. G. H. BALL, No. 30 Vesey St., N. York.

We are now ready to send out these Boxes. The plan is to have each Pastor, or some other person appointed by the church, take charge of them, distribute them to all who will agree to deposit some amount every week, and see that every holder of a Box reports regularly, or brings the Box to the authorized person to have it opened, and the money counted and properly reported. It will ordinarily be well to select some brother or sister to look after them, under the direction of the Pastor. A proper time to open the Boxes would be the Sunday before each session of the Q. M., according to the recommendation in the new Treatise. That will add interest to the work, and stimulate all the churches to action.

It is easy to see how a very large amount of Missionary money may be collected in this way, if all will take hold of it. Our twelve hundred churches, ought to take 25,000 Boxes, and those Boxes ought to average a dollar a quarter, or four dollars a year. But if they average one-fourth of that, it will give us a much larger sum than we now collect.

An account will be kept with each Box by the Secretary, and the amount it yields be faithfully reported, so that each may know what other Boxes are paying, and be stimulated to do a creditable thing. Of course the contributors will be at liberty to designate to what Mission their money shall be appropriated, whether Home or Foreign, though the Boxes are issued by the H. M. Society. G. H. BALL, Cor. Sec.

An Appeal.

To the Freewill Baptists in the West:

Permit me once more to call your attention to your home interests. It is painful to witness the inviting fields in the villages springing up along the railways in the great west, and no effort being made by us to occupy them. Almost every sect under the sun, but the F. W. B., is making efforts to get possession of this rich field. Can we as Christians, or as a denomination, afford to remain in this indifferent state until the whole field is preoccupied? Never, in any age of the world nor in any country, has there been open such a promising field for Christian labor and usefulness, as at the present time in our own country. Will we have no part or lot in this glorious work?

Are our ministers and churches awake to the fact, that their mission in the south, which has added thousands to our numerical strength, must soon be given up? When the seed has been sown, watered by the tears and labors of faithful Christians as are to be found in our own or heathen lands, and the fruit just beginning to appear, we are compelled to leave, and let the enemy come in and build up Satan's kingdom. Is there no word of alarm that we can give to the Free Baptists to arouse them to action? Not one of our teachers or missionaries has been paid for his labor the past year, and moreover the Treasury is empty. All that we could possibly do has been to provide for current expenses. Nothing but large and immediate contributions can save this mission from certain ruin. These are the simple facts. If we suffer a mission that has produced such great good for the small amount expended, and that, too, in a section of country that we have longed for years to enter, suffer it to die, for one I should not only feel discouraged, but ashamed ever after to be called a Freewill Baptist.

We give liberally for educational and Foreign Mission purposes, and that is well, but upon what moral principles do we leave our Home Mission interests out in the cold? The soul of a heathen in our own country is worth as much as the soul of a heathen in India or any other country, and the laborer as worthy of his hire. For the last few months, yes, for years, the reports by the Home Mission Treasurer have been scattering and meager. Are we not penny wise and pound foolish? Ought we not to learn a lesson from our General Baptist brethren in England, who say in their centennial appeal for aid, "we have greatly neglected our home interests," lest our history and confession be the same at our centennial year?

Ministers and co-laborers in the great work of saving the world, what say you to this appeal in behalf of our home interests? Members of the churches in the west, will you save your mission? To you and your God I commit its interests.

The following quotation I make from a letter just received from Bro. Tolford, of Cairo:

"I have received a letter from Col. Seely, advising us to ask Gen. Howard to transfer the building erected here, to our society. Will you attend to it? Our school numbers two hundred, and the scholars are making good progress in their studies. Col. Seely, of St. Louis, kindly sent us a box of books and a globe; the express was \$1.25, and I had to borrow the money to pay it. I had borrowed \$4.00 the same day. We are out of coal and not a dollar to purchase any. I put the last piece of coal in the stove at noon. What can we do? Will not our dear friends in the north send money at once to our Treasurer, Bro. Rice, to pay our teachers and help us to live?"

A. H. CHASE, Cor. Sec.

Revivals, &c.

EASTERN MAINE. During last fall and winter, Rev. E. Harding has been laboring half the time as missionary in the Ellsworth Q. M., with good success. In Waltham, eleven have been converted. The church on Blue Hill Neck has been revived, and several are now inquiring the way to Christ. Bro. H. has baptized three at Gouldsboro', and reports two conversions at West Ellsworth, where he labored last month, and where there is a growing interest. This Q. M. is spread over a large territory and has but few ministers to labor in it, but the readiness with which they receive the word of life, and the fact that the mission they have established has thus far been sustained by the brethren and sisters, show that there are large hearts within its borders that love God, and desire the prosperity of his cause. May God's blessing attend them.

Bro. W. C. Hulse, of the Bangor Seminary, is supplying the F. B. pulpit at Unity, half the time for the present. The Brethren connected with the F. B. Society at Hermon are arranging to build them a house of worship sometime during this year. Rev. N. F. Weymouth is preaching for them part of the time. A revival is in progress in Palmyra village. Rev. J. P. Longley and several ministers of other denominations have been laboring there with good success. God has blessed us at East Pittsfield for the past six months. An earnest desire has prevailed among our brethren to be consecrated entirely to the Master's service, and our prayers have been answered. The work has been gradual but full of good results. One by one our neighbors have sought and found the Saviour. Eight have joined the church since the first of October last, and six others have been received as candidates for baptism. Others are rejoicing in their Saviour's love, and still others are inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" But very few extra meetings have been held. No undue excitement has prevailed. A deep sense of eternal things has seemed to settle upon our gatherings. The feeling that life without Christ is a failure, —is worse than a blank, while life with him is a glorious success, both as to the individual himself, and as to his associates, has been a strong motive with those among us who have yielded to the Saviour's claims.

The Spring Term of the Maine Central Institute opens with a larger number of students than at any previous Spring Term. A. L. GERHUIS.

PHILADELPHIA, N. Y. We are enjoying a precious revival here. I commenced holding a series of meetings, three weeks ago, and the Lord began to revive his work at once. Some few found peace in Christ the first and second week. Then came the Jefferson Q. M., and during the last week many have been seeking the Lord. A goodly number have found Christ precious, and we are praying that the work may continue. Christians of different orders are at work very harmoniously in this meeting. I think some thirty or more have been converted and reclaimed. A. RANDLETT.

SCOTTSBURG, N. Y. We learn that an extensive revival is in progress in this place. Under the labors of Rev. Mr. Peck, the church has taken a new hold on life, and many are seeking the Saviour. At the last covenant meeting, seventeen were added to the church, and several more are waiting an opportunity to do the same. Prayer meetings and Bible classes are well attended, and every means is offered those who wish to seek salvation.

ELLINGTON, N. Y. The Evangelist, Rev. M. H. Abbey, has just closed an eight weeks' engagement in this place. His services have been highly acceptable, and God has graciously smiled on his efforts. A revival of great preciousness and power has been enjoyed. It is too soon to say how many hearts have been renewed, but many have most manifestly turned their backs on the world and set their faces heavenward. Preaching has been enjoyed every evening and most of the time on

Poetry.

The Independent Farmer.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor;
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
The Independent Farmer.
When first the rose, in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of gloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird cucks behind the plough,
The quail pipes loud and clear;
You orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dear;
The gray and old barn doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than hoards of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
While yonder, in the north, there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands,
The Independent Farmer.

To him the Spring comes dancing,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray,
His sleep old Winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts or fears confound him;
His little flock are linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts to God and loves his wife,
Nor grieves nor laments his harm;
He's Nature's nobleman in life,
The Independent Farmer.

Christ and the Little Ones.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say."

And now I shall carry the children,
Like Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now, who but a doating mother
Would think of a thing so wild?"

If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care—
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there."

If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-vines green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listen-
ing,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord."

"Now, why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour for her spirit was given."

The Family Circle.

The Children of Silence.

"No use talking, Joe; it blows harder
and harder; and the air is thick with snow."
Nettie Goodwin flattened her small nose
against the window pane, her two bright
eyes peering out into the storm, as if there
must be some hope, somewhere, of its clear-
ing off, if one would only look sharply
enough to find it.

"O, phaw!" said Master Joe, snarling
up his face; "that's just the way! We
never can go anywhere! It's just sure to
come up a hurricane, or some mischief or
other, if we think we're going to have a
good time."

"Well, Joe," said Johnnie, looking up
from his book, "may be if you fret right
hard, it'll clear off."

"O, you!" cried Joe, crosser than ever.
"Of course you don't care about the Pan-
orama—you've seen such lots of 'em."

"May be I don't, but what's the use
of playing up the cry-baby about it?"
Quite likely this teazy speech would have
made poor Joe spunkier than ever, if Net-
tie hadn't called out:

"Come on, Joey! Let's go and find moth-
er, and see if she won't come and tell us
about something nice. That'll be the next
best thing to do. I expect God knows best
about the snow," she whispered, when she
got hold of Joe's hand, "and may be he
won't quite like to have us make a fuss
'cause he let it come down just when we
had the promise of going to the Panorama.
I s'pose he knows we like sleigh-riding and
snow-balling pretty well, too. So come on,
Joey!"

"Yes, children," said Mrs. Goodwin,
when Nettie and Joe had led her to her
sewing-chair, with a great deal of ado and
laughing; "I'll tell you anything you'd
like, if I can; but first you must all get

your work. We can't have any idle folks
about this house, big or little, boys or
girls."

When all were fairly settled to listen,
Mrs. Goodwin asked what they wanted to
hear about.

"Tell us about the deaf and dumb school
you went to see when you were at Delavan,
up in Wisconsin, please, mother."

"Why, Nettie, didn't I tell you about
that?"

Joe put his fingers in his ears for a few
moments. There was such a queer look on
his face, the other children began to laugh.

"Tell you what," he said, when he had
opened his ears again; "it isn't anything to
laugh at. I thought I would see how it
would seem not to hear. Why it's just aw-
ful. Only think! Folks might make all the
fun of you they'd a mind to, and you'd never
hear a word of it."

"That would be no great loss," said
Nettie, "but there'd be lots of good things
one would miss. You'd never hear the
birds, or any sweet music, or—"

"Mother's stories," threw in Joe.

"Aren't deaf and dumb people very sad?"
asked John.

"No, dear; they seem very cheerful."

"But, mother, only think of the thou-
sands of beautiful things they can never
know about for themselves."

"Yes; but if you make up your mind to
make the best of everything, it will do
more to make you happy than it would to
have every wish gratified, if that were pos-
sible."

Johnnie glanced across at Joe, but the
young gentleman was looking very steady-
ly at his work just then.

"They have a very pleasant place to live
at," said Mrs. Goodwin; "the house is
large and nice, upon a hill, with a beauti-
ful creek winding about it. The rooms are
airy and pleasant, and well warmed and
lighted. Everything looks so clean, too,
the table, and the long rows of little white
beds."

"I suppose they do all their talking with
their hands?" said Johnnie.

"Yes; they recite all their lessons with
their fingers. Their chapel exercises are
all silent, too. Nobody says a word. And
their prayer-meetings—only think of a
prayer-meeting where nobody said a single
syllable!"

"I guess that would suit some talking
folks," said Johnnie, "for if everybody did
as they do, there'd be nothing said, out
loud, at our meetings."

"Do they teach them to work, mother?"

"O yes. The boys make shoes and
cabinet-ware, and the girls learn to sew."

"Did you see any of them playing?"
asked Joe; "and did they seem to have real
jolly fun?"

"Why, yes, they were just as merry as
any set of children and young folks I ever
saw. They have their croquet grounds,
and swings, and they seem to enjoy them
as much as anybody would."

"Do they laugh like other folks?" asked
Nettie.

"Of course, you chick," said Johnnie;
"there isn't anything the matter with their
tongues or throats. It's their ears that are
spoiled."

"Not so fast, Johnnie," said his mother.
"I guess, if you'd hear them once, you'd
think they didn't laugh like other folks."

"They can't hear themselves, I s'pose,"
said Nettie; "and so they laugh away just
as it happens."

"They make queer enough noises when
they laugh," said Mrs. Goodwin, "and this
shows that our laughter is pleasant, because
we try to make it so."

"Do they make signs for things, mother,
or do they spell out the words with their
fingers?"

"They talk both ways. By signs first,
for of course they can't spell out the words
till they learn to read. After they learn to
write, they are very fond of writing out
what they would like to say."

"I should think," said Johnnie, after a
little brown study, "it would be tremen-
dous hard work to teach them words that
stand for things that they can't see—for
instance: memory, and hope and such
things."

"Yes, indeed, that's the hardest part of
the work of teaching them. I went in to
see the history class. They were sitting
round in a hollow square, the teacher in
front of them. He wrote a line upon the
blackboard, and asked them what each
word meant. The sentence was something
like this: 'This blow fell heavily upon the
colonists.' He asked them to define 'blow.'
Some of the class began to blow with their
lips, while others doubled up their fists and
made a pass at something—all in the mer-
riest mood possible. In another class
there was a definition contest. The teacher
asked them to define the verb 'open.'
Now, they all knew how to open a knife,
or a book, or a door, but the thing was to
put it into words."

Some of them were odd enough, you may
be sure, as the teacher explained them to us.
One young fellow said, 'to open is to let
the door go.' Another said, 'to unshut.'
And so with everything they defined; their
mistakes were funny enough. They were
in high glee—one side crowing over the
other when they beat, just as plainly as if
they could talk."

"But can't any of them talk at all?"

"Yes, now and then one can 'read the
lips,' as they call it. A young lady showed
us over the place, and we never mistrusted
that she was a mute, till a gentleman told
us. She had been talking with us, and an-
swering our questions, as well as anybody
could. The scholars seemed quite fond of
each other. At home, there is usually only
one in a family, and there is no one who
feels just as they do. Each one is shut up
by himself, as far as knowing and doing
what other people know and do is concern-
ed. It is amusing to see them whisper
with their hands. If a boy wants to tell
another a bit of fun, that the rest are not to
know, he holds up the skirt of his coat, so
that the other boys can't see his hands."

"It must cost a great deal to keep them,"
said John. "Do their parents have to pay
their board and schooling?"

"No, dear; they are supported by the
State. They furnish their own clothing,
except where they are too poor. It's really
missionary work to teach these poor mutes.
Without this teaching, they usually know
only what belongs to the wants of the body,
but here they are taught, not only how to
get a living, but about the hereafter, and
how to get ready to live with God in heav-
en."

"Well, I'm glad we're not mutes," said Joe,
drawing a long breath. He had kept still
an unusually long while, for him, so as to
see how it would seem to be dumb."

"We must be careful how we use our
ability to hear and talk," said John.

"Yes, I'm real glad we're not deaf and
dumb," said Joe again, listening to what
his brother said, as if it were very nice to
be able to hear even "Johnnie's preaching,"
as he was apt to call it.

"And I'm glad good people take so
much pains to teach those who are," said
Nettie, "letting them out of the cells of
silence, as mother calls their muteness, so
that they can know about Jesus and heav-
en."—S. S. Scholar.

Farmer Ralph, the Swearer.

In a certain district in the great county
of Yorkshire, in England, there lived a
prosperous farmer. Now, of all conditions
in life, that of a farmer, who is thriving and
well-to-do, seems the very happiest. He
lives amid the pleasant sights and scenes of
country life, heeds his fields rich in 'ver-
dure and fruit, 'ness his farm full of plenty,
his cattle fat a 'l' ourishing; every object
that meets his eyes has something to in-
terest and please him.

But it is not what a man sees around him
in the beauties of nature and the bounties
of Providence that can make him happy.
It all depends on the spirit in which he be-
holds and receives his daily mercies, whether
they are enjoyed or not.

Farmer Ralph, as we will call him, in all
his prosperity, was not a happy man. His
spirit was discontented; and as out of the
fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh,
his heart being full of bitterness and wrath,
it overflowed in wicked words and shameful
oaths. No habit grows more upon a man
than the habit of swearing. Farmer Ralph,
when the weather was bad, swore at the
weather; when the days were fine, he swore
at his men; when any mistake occurred at
his home, he swore at his family. The
poor dumb creatures on his farm were not
free from his curses. Nay, many times
every day he swore at himself.

It could not be said that holy names were
not mentioned by him, but I tremble to
write, they were profanely used to curse
with.

"Farmer Ralph, the Swearer," was a
name he justly merited. As he rode upon his
gentle and sagacious horse, and was fol-
lowed by his faithful dog, how much below
these dumb creatures he degraded himself
by his vile words! Every faculty the poor
beasts had was wisely used in service of
their master—the strength and fleetness of
the horse, the courage and affection of the
dog, were gratefully given to him. How
did Farmer Ralph serve his Master? He
blasphemed his name, he defied Him, he
used the great gift of speech to call down
curses on his head and on others.

It is great and holy God, who inhabiteth
eternity, and before whom the angels veil
their faces with their wings, had answered
the awful words of the profane man, he
would not have had eyes to see with or
limbs to use; for many times every day
he imprecated God's wrath upon every mem-
ber of his frame.

Many people were shocked and indignant
at this swearing man. They avoided him,
or if they were obliged, in the way of busi-
ness, to meet with him, they talked about
his foul tongue among themselves, but none
had the courage to speak to him.

One servant of Farmer Ralph's was a
pious man. He never heard the oaths of
his master without a shudder and an inward
prayer that he might be led to see the ex-
ceeding sinfulness of his sin. Poor pious
John was rich in his Saviour's love; he had
felt the burden of his sins and carried them
to the foot of the cross, and there they had
all been taken away and his soul set free.
When he felt the joy that filled his own
heart, he longed that others should feel the
same; and having been long in the service
of Farmer Ralph, he made it a matter of
special prayer that his master might be
brought to see his sins in their true colors—
red with the reflection of the lurid flames of
hell!

Once as John rose from his knees a thought
entered into his head. He dare not speak to
his master on the subject. He could not
write such a letter as would be read by him.
Yet he felt he must do something to try to
arouse him. A tract called "The Swearer's
Prayer" had fallen in his way. John
read it carefully. Yes, the swearer prays,
but it is not for salvation, but for perdition.
He prays not that he may escape the wrath
to come, but that it may fall on him and burn
him up forever. So, John put this tract
into an envelope, and in his very best hand-
writing, with great care he wrote his mas-
ter's name on the outside, putting the words,
"From a Friend," in the corner. He
placed this just inside the barn where it
could be seen when Farmer Ralph entered.

Early the next morning his master went
alone into the barn, and the first thing that
met his eyes was the letter.

"Why, what's this?" said he, taking it
up and looking at it in great perplexity.
He turned it about, and at length opened
it.

"The Swearer's Prayer." The name
"Swearer" smote his heart; yes, that was
himself, nothing could be plainer—he was
convinced to read it. "Prayer," what did
that mean? A calling upon God; and had
he really, in his horrid oaths and deadly

blasphemy, been praying for curses on him-
self, his family, his possessions! Yes, that's
what he had been, and what he was con-
stantly doing.

A profuse sweat broke out upon him, the
bright rays of the morning sun, as they fell
upon him, seemed to scorch him as with fire.
He could not look up, his knees trembled
under him, and with the paper shaking in
his hand, he fell down, saying, "O what shall
I do?"

It was a dreadful moment—every horrid
oath he had uttered seemed ringing in his
ears. He could not bear his feelings.

Reader, God always opens a door of es-
cape for every one who really wants to leave
his sins. Farmer Ralph rose from his knees,
wiped the moisture from his face, and set
off to call the nearest minister, taking the
letter with him.

We need not detail his further career;
suffice it to say that it was the turning-point
in his history. From that time he became
a changed man.—Good Words.

How to Trust Him.

"But I don't know how to trust Christ
for my Saviour," said a young girl. "I
hear what is said, but I don't understand
how it is; I do not see the way."

"Do you feel," said one who had address-
ed her, "that you are a sinner, and in dan-
ger of being lost?"

"I do; I feel that I am condemned for
my dreadful sins."

"And what can you do for yourself in
the case?"

"O, I can not do any thing. I have
tried and tried; but I get no better."

"Jesus says to such as you, 'Believe in
me; trust me; cast your sins upon me.'"

"I would if I could; but when I try,
it does not seem as if he received me: I
am always afraid he does not. O! I do
not know how to believe and trust."

"Let me illustrate faith to you. The
other day a little boy climbed a ladder to
the roof of a house. It was an unsafe
place, and his mother hastened to call him
down. The roof was slippery, and his little
feet slid in the descent; so he crept to the
edge, where his friend stood anxious for
his safety. Mr. O. reached up his arms,
'Now, Willie, jump, and I will catch you.'
Willie looked at the stone pavement below,
and drew back. 'Mr. O. tried to persuade
him, but the child was afraid to trust.'

"Willie," said the mother, 'Mr. O. says
he will certainly catch you; does he not
always tell the truth?'

"O, yes! he says true," Willie answer-
ed.

"Now obey, Willie," said the mother,
'don't make him wait; he is all ready.'

"The boy trembled; but there was no
other way, and he leaped from the roof.
His trust in Mr. O. was faith; and when
he was clasped in a pair of strong arms, he
did not doubt that he was there; he was
not afraid to rest. Christ tells us to cast
ourselves upon him just so, and believe
that he receives us."

"Is that the way?" asked the young
girl; "do you trust Christ so?"

"Yes, just in that way; simply and
wholly as Willie threw himself into Mr. O.'s
arms. Can you do so, believing that he
does his part as fully as you trust me?"

"I never saw the way so clearly before.
Yes, I can trust him; I do believe him.
I will cast myself upon him, sin and all; O,
I am so glad!"

And the face that had been shadowed
with doubt and discouragement lighted up
with a new-found joy.—Christian Banner.

The Farmer's Home.

Is there any reason why the home of a
farmer should not be as tasteful as that of
the man of the same means in the village
or city—why he should not have a furnace
and bay windows, and spend his evenings
in the front room? This is a pleasant and
certainly not an impossible picture, which
we clip from its frame in the last number of
Harper's Monthly.

Early in October they were married, and
moved into their new home, now hardly to
be recognized in its daintiness of fresh paint,
pretty papers, new furniture. It was far
from being a fashionable or imposing resi-
dence; nothing Gothic, or Italian, or Eliza-
bethan about it, unless indeed we except
Laura's one extravagance—the little bow-
window; but it had an eminently cosy,
homelike air. The moment you stepped
inside, you received a comfortable, cheerful
impression, as if here were a place where
people were in the habit of enjoying them-
selves. Entering a little square hall—on
one side was the dining-room; on the other,
the parlor; back of the parlor, the bed-room.
The furnace imparting a summer tempera-
ture, the doors of these adjoining rooms all
stood open, giving good air, and a deal of
roominess for so small a house. The parlor
paper was a green and gilt flower on a
light drab ground; the carpet, an ingrain,
small checks; green the predominant color.
Through the bow-window the sun shone
brightly in over Laura's plants, making a
summer within, even if the ground were
white with snow outside and the mercury
down among the zeros. Each side of the
bow-window, on little brackets, Parian
busts, Eve and Psyche, wedding presents,
looked out from English ivy that twined
around them, and then met over the hang-
ing basket in the middle of the window.
On the walls hung two or three good en-
gravings and photographs, over them clus-
ters of bright autumn leaves—souvenirs of
the wedding tour. A set of hanging book-
shelves, bearing the united libraries of
Laura and Ralph, presented an odd combi-
nation of poetry and works on agriculture
and "The Horse." Then there was a lounge
—not a rack contrived to exasperate the
human frame to the utmost by its knobiness
—an easy-chair, a camp-chair, a shaker
rocking-chair, one or two cane-seated chairs,
a center-table with the big lamp, books,
papers, and Laura's work-basket.

This was the family sitting-room. Look-
ing in of an evening, you would have seen
Laura one side of the table in the big easy-
chair, reading his paper, or chatting with
Laura, sitting opposite in her shaker rocker
with her sewing. One great advantage in
marrying a farmer is, that you have him at
home with you evenings, provided you
make yourself tolerably agreeable to him.
Laura, even if she were married, still
thought it worth while to fashionably ar-
range her hair, wear the bright bow, the
dainty collar, the little et ceteras that really
add so much to a woman's attractions.
Laura had too much respect for Laura and
himself too to sit down for the evening in
his old frock, tumbled hair, overalls tucked
into coarse boots, savoring strongly of the
barn-yard. He brushed his hair, donned
an old coat and slippers, and so, with a lit-
tle trouble, gained vastly in comfort and his
wife's affections.

From their windows the light of a happy
home streamed cheerfully out over the snow,
a benediction to the passer-by. People were
fond of dropping in there for an evening,
it was "so pleasant," they said. Many a
farmer's boy and girl, after an evening at
Laura's, went home thinking farming
wasn't so bad, after all, and they wouldn't
be in such a hurry to grow old enough to
leave for the city, if it could be as pleasant
at home. For fashion in Knipsis Farms
had ordained an entirely different order of
things from that prevailing at Laura's. The
parlor of every respectable farmer must
contain a very hard and slippery half-cloth
sofa, six chairs, and a huge rocking chair
possessing the same qualities in even great-
er degree; other furniture to correspond,
arranged at stiff angles around the walls.
This sacred apartment, as well as the whole
main part of the house, was kept cold, dark,
shut up, suggestive to the bold invader who
dared penetrate their dreary shades only of
funerals. The family lived mostly in the
kitchen, sustained, probably, by the proud
consciousness of possessing a best parlor
and hair cloth furniture. "Passing by at
night, you would think the house uninhab-
ited, did not a ray of light from away back in
the "L" reassure you. Did company come
unexpectedly, so great a parade was made
of building fires, opening rooms, getting
out the best things, that the unfortunate
guest felt he should never dare come again.
So Laura and Ralph were unconsciously
doing missionary work in demonstrating
that a farmer's home need not necessarily
be destitute of any desirable comfort or re-
finement.

Gems.

There are words which are worth as
much as the best actions, for they contain
the germ of them all.

Exaggerated expressions do not chord
with the idea, and wound the ear of an ex-
act mind.

Intellectual pride is less outraged by the
obscurities of faith than by the authority
with which it is clothed.

There are people who never give their
hearts; they lend them, and always at high
interest.

No two persons ever read the same book,
or saw the same picture.

—Madame Swetchine.

Literary Review.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW; With
Notes: Intended for Sabbath Schools, Families
and Ministers. By Nathaniel Marchant Wil-
liams. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould &
Lincoln. 1870. 16mo. pp. 382. Sold by D.
Lothrop & Co.

The numerous rival commentaries upon the
Scriptures testify to the growing interest in the
critical study of the sacred volume, and supply
the means of obtaining a knowledge of that vol-
ume to all classes of students. Mr. Williams has
not undertaken a needless task in the preparation
of this work in exposition of Matthew. His
notes are always fresh, pithy, suggestive, and
deal directly with the real work that a true com-
mentator should undertake. He has availed him-
self of the last and best results of biblical criti-
cism, and has given us a volume that embodies
learning without pedantry, a positive belief with-
out repulsive dogmatism, sometimes a depth that
is not obscure, and always offers the ordinary
student real help without relieving him from the
necessity of independent thought. The style is
plain, direct and vigorous, the illustrations are
references to ancient life and eastern customs are
numerous and helpful, and the work is just such
an one as intelligent Sabbath school teachers will
find well adapted to meet their wants. The au-
thor is an openly avowed Baptist, and his expo-
sitions, though never exhibiting the spirit of the
partisan, always lend their countenance to Bat-
tist views, in which we think him both logical
and Scriptural. He also endeavors to find a jus-
tification of close communion in the last two
verses of this gospel, an effort that is made in a
kind and thoughtful spirit, but which we think
meets with the usual very partial success. But
we have here a valuable popular commentary
which will do good wherever it circulates.

IMMORTALITY. Four Sermons preached before
the University of Cambridge. Being the Hulsean
Lectures for 1868. By J. Stewart Pe-
trowe, B. D. New York: Anson D. F. Ran-
dolph & Co. 1870. 16mo. pp. 133. Sold by D.
Lothrop & Co.

This is an old theme, and so far as the general
views presented in these discourses are concern-
ed, there is nothing especially new. But in the
method of presenting the case and managing the
discussion, Mr. Petrowe has shown that his
grasp of the subject is strong and intelligent,
and his development of the facts and the argu-
ment is happy and impressive. He first passes
in review the modern theories, including an ex-
amination of the views of the naturalists, the
pantheists and the spiritualists; then he consid-
ers the views of the future life held respectively
by the Egyptian, the Greek and the oriental na-
tions, then presents the notions entertained by
the Jews, and finally exhibits the grounds upon
which the Christian believer rests his hope of
another and a better life. It is, on the whole,
one of the most candid, vigorous and satisfactory
discussions of the great theme, within a narrow
compass, that we have met.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR: The Bible and
the School-Fund. By Rufus W. Clark, D. D.
Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870. Paper. 16mo.
pp. 127.

We have heretofore presented an extract from
one of Dr. Clark's discourses, delivered to his

congregation in Albany on this subject. We are
glad to receive the condensed substance of these
discourses in this permanent form. He strikes
with all his force against the exclusion of the
Bible from our schools, and argues with even
greater vigor against dividing our school fund in
aid of sectarian teaching. That side of the
question is very ably presented in this volume,
and the argument deserves a wide reading, which
it will be pretty certain to secure.

HOW TO GET RICH; or, A Key to Honest
Wealth. Being a Practical Guide to business
success, applicable to all trades and profes-
sions, &c. By Asher L. Smith & J. W. Hawx-

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The Ants of Africa.

A very few hours residence in the tropical regions of Africa brings one into a very undesirable familiarity with that extensive tribe of insects, the ants, some species of which are found in all parts of the world, but which are greatly multiplied in the tropical regions of the globe. Africa, it is believed, can boast of a greater variety than any other land. Their name here is legion. They are everywhere; out of doors and in doors; in your food and in your bed, determined to share both. They are of all sizes; some so small that they pass easily between the threads of common muslin, and even insinuate themselves into your watch as it hangs in your chamber; others measure nearly an inch in length. The habits and food of the different species differ greatly. Some, as the termites called white ants (which, however, are not true ants, but Neuropterous insects), eat vegetable matter exclusively, destroying our houses, furniture and clothing; others are carnivorous; others feed upon sugar or the sweet juices of plants. Any one of the many species, found in so great abundance, would furnish sufficient material for months of study for the enthusiastic naturalist.

It is of one species only that I propose to speak, the drivers (anoma areons of Westwood), an insect whose life history is yet very imperfectly known, but of whose habits the dweller in the tropical regions of Africa can no longer remain ignorant.

The driver ants vary in size from three-quarters of an inch to one-third of an inch in length, the soldiers being the largest. They are of a glossy, jet black color, with a large head, armed with exceedingly sharp, branching forceps, or mandibles, with which they seize and cut up their prey. They do not appear to have any fixed habitations as do the termites, but excavate the earth from between the roots of trees, and in the cavity thus formed lay their eggs and rear their young, and from which they issue in incredible numbers (literally millions of millions) to go upon their raids.

The night is chosen for their foraging expeditions. In the midst of social enjoyment the stirring announcement is made, "Here are the drivers!" and instantly, as by an electric shock, all are on the alert to escape a personal attack. Lanterns and bamboo torches are lighted, and a search made about the house to learn the direction taken by the assailants; and if in their usual numbers, the house is left and they fly to their holes. And still more unwelcome at the hour of midnight is the bleating of sheep and the cackling of hens, in the enclosure. "All hands" are awakened from their slumber, and the whole yard lighted; the animals are released from confinement and left to take care of themselves; the fowls removed to a place of safety, if one is to be found; but if neglected and left without the chance of escape, their destruction is sure.

The drivers are like the enemies of man and beast, though there are times when their visits are most welcome. On their approach a great kind of alarm is seized with consternation, and seeks safety in flight. Centipedes, cockroaches, scorpions, &c., &c., leave their hiding-places, and are seen seeking places of greater security, only to fall at last into the clutches of their relentless foe, from whom there is no escape.

An invading army could not exhibit a higher state of discipline than is seen in the movements of these insects. They enter a house usually at one point, where a strong guard is stationed to defend the pass; they then branch off right and left, and again divide and subdivide, till the whole ground is completely covered; not an inch is left unexplored, and every crack and cranny is entered, giving but little hope of escape to any creature that may be found secreted there. Attacking their prey they plunge their forceps into it, regardless of the size or strength of their antagonist. Nothing will cause them to relax their hold. The animal or insect writhes and twists under the pain, but his case is rendered more hopeless every moment by additions to the number of his assailants; at length, when completely exhausted by struggling, he yields to his fate and is despatched at the victor's leisure.

The attack goes on simultaneously, in different parts of the house. Animal substance being almost exclusively the food of the drivers, an immense number of the smaller vermin that infest our dwellings are consumed by them, and some of the larger animals, when confined, are also destroyed by them. They have been known to attack a human being, when rendered helpless by disease, and cause his death in a few hours. In one instance, a man, who had been suffering from a fever, was found dead in his bed, with a large number of ants crawling over his face and body, and his hands and feet were found to be completely paralyzed.

When they leave a house it must be from some signal from the leaders, as some of them are seen running from one to another, evidently giving command. The retreat is made in good order; not one individual is ever left behind. They often bridge narrow streams of water when these come across their path, by going in large numbers upon a flexible plant on one side of a stream, until their weight causes it to bend to the other side. For courage and activity the soldiers have no equal; they know no fear, and when on duty they stand with their shiny black heads erect and forceps open, ready to seize on any passing animal. No horse, donkey or dog can be induced to cross their path, seeming to have an instinctive dread of them; and were it to the individual, man or beast, who gets among them at night. If a twig is drawn through their ranks they instantly close their forceps upon it; and others in turn close upon their bodies and legs, until a mass of them is seen at the end of the stick, looking like a bunch of curled hair.

These insects have no eyes, but their sense of smell is very acute, for if the breath be blown on them from the distance of some feet, they are instantly in motion, running to and fro with the greatest speed, evidently aware of the approach of some human being. When a live coal is dropped in their way they immediately attack it, though hundreds may perish in doing so. They are very sensitive to the light of the sun, which is fatal to them. They seldom move during the day, and then only when cloudy, choosing then the dark woods or thick grass. Their rate of progression is

about two yards in a minute, and, in their journeys from place to place, they go from four to eight abreast. I have seen a stream of drivers crossing an open patch at six o'clock in the morning, and at six o'clock at night their number was unfinished. How long they had been passing before I saw them, or how long it continued I am unable to say. Their path, from constant travel, became quite worn and smooth. The natives are very careful to remove all grass from the vicinity of their houses, as a means of keeping off these pests.—*American Naturalist.*

Miss Mitford's Sketches.

As we have said in reviewing her letters, this lady's criticisms and estimates of character are often ludicrously astray—her ideal heroes, for instance, being the two Napoleons and Daniel O'Connell. But, for their cleverness, we quote from the true and the false alike, and first of an anonymous person:

A BORE.

Mrs. Raggett brought with her a certain Miss Lucy, a thousand times more formal, more stupid, and more ugly than her sister Jane. Only think what martyrdom I underwent in entertaining—I use the common word, though it is a very improper one to apply to her; she never can be entertained; but, till a new language is invented adapted to her species, one must use the old one—this prim dame, from one o'clock to seven. She is a young old woman, and much wiser than the full-grown animal as owlets are uglier than owls.

MARGARET FULLER.

I think you had been reading Margaret Fuller's life—a strange, wild woman, who was, they say, insupportable at Boston, but became better at New York, where she was treated only as a lion; better still at Paris, where she knew a little French; still softer in England, where she was talked over by Carlyle; and really good and interesting in Italy, where the woman took completely the place of the sibyl. Some American friends who were here on Friday knew her well. They were disgusted by her conceit and arrogance and affectation; but spoke of her purity, her strong sense of duty, and her general powers. One has read in America that letter which contained all that she had to say in Scotland; all had heard of her admirable conduct in the hospitals at Rome. A curious story was told to them of Ossoli by the sculptor, and himself who figures in it. Margaret went to an eminent sculptor, and said that Ossoli had much time and much taste for his art. Would he admit him to his studio? "Certainly," replied the artist, and questioned Ossoli on his vocation. He said if he had any taste or talent it was for sculpture; and a foot for a model with proper clay was put into his hands. A fortnight after, Ossoli brought back the model and the copy, which the great toe was placed on the wrong side of the foot!

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Yes! I have read Madame de Genlis with great amusement. What a delightful mixture of eant and affectation and shrewdness and vanity she is! I had a peculiar pleasure in reading these volumes, as they completely justified the contempt I had always entertained for the authoress; a contempt chiefly grounded on her odd characters, of which the exaggerated and morbid virtues proved so decidedly a defective moral sense.

LAMARTINE.

Ah! my dear love, I have nothing but fear for France. As to Lamartine, I never did expect any good from him; except *Les Girondins*, I always detested his writings, —so weak and wordy and full of vanity. And *Les Girondins*, they say, is untrue beyond the usual untruthfulness of history, —a mere party pamphlet. When he was in London a few years ago [written in 1848], Mr. Rogers asked him, with strong interest, to give him some details about Beranger, "the greatest French poet." "Ah! Beranger," said M. de Lamartine, "he made advances to me, and, of course, wished for my acquaintance; but he is a sort of man with whom I do not choose to have any connection!" Think of that! Mr. Rogers told the story himself, with the greatest indignation, to the Ruskins, and they told it to me.

WASHINGTON.

Washington was a Virginian, remember, and they are all horse-jockeys just as the Yorkshire squires of the last century were; and this series of letters from the great patriot contain as notable an endeavor to "d" an acquaintance in the sale of an English horse as ever figured in the annals of Newmarket. I have no great fancy for the celebrated personage in question. He was much too cold and calculating for me, and I was exceedingly amused at the correspondence, the genuineness of which was testified in a manner that could not be disputed. Also there were certain directions about his blacks, not a little shocking to the Abolitionists of the present day. Fine words, —patriotism and disinterestedness, and so forth grand to write and to listen to! But look at the real truth, and out comes the great patriot jockeying his acquaintance with a few horses, and then the poor man all through, after a fashion which would have marred a place in *Ben's Life* and run a chance of incurring the wider celebrity of the Old Bailey. Ah! it is a fine thing, is patriotism!

A Chemical Experiment.

When Isaac Hopper, a member of the Society of Friends, met a boy with a dirty face or hands, he would stop him, and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with wondering stare, would answer "No." "Well, then, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Friend Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment; I advise thee to try it."

The World's Gratitude.

Philip Melancthon, at dinner with Doctor Martin Luther and some other friends, the conversation happening to fall on the ingratitude of the world, introduced the following story:

A big serpent fell into a cave and cried piteously. A farmer came to the entrance to know what was the matter, when the snake begged him to help her out. "O, no!" said the man, "no good can come from serving bad creatures. I might nourish a serpent in my bosom." But the snake entreated, and, by the God who once spoke by her, she promises the farmer the best reward which the world is in the habit

giving. Malice, cunning and rich promises befooled even the wise; the farmer helped the bad, treacherous snake out of the hole, and then, as his reward, she prepares to drown him. "Have I deserved that of thee? Does that agree with thy promise?" asks the farmer. "I am double-tongued," replies the snake. "That's the way the world rewards. He whom you save from the galleys generally brings you to it." This farmer is confounded, and the snake further says: "As thou wilt not believe me, let us appeal to the next two we meet and abide by their decision, no matter whom of us they may benefit or hurt."

Soon an old horse comes along; they submit the case to him; he says: "Fifteen years have I served a carman; to-morrow he will turn me over to the knacker. That's the world's reward." Likewise speaks the old dog to whom they next appeal: "I have for ten years assisted my master in hunting and catching foxes and hares; now he has directed the gamekeeper to hang me to the willow-tree. That's the world's reward." The farmer is lost in hope, when a fox comes trotting along. To him the farmer appeals, promising him all his chickens if he will relieve him from the horrible reptile. The fox undertakes the business, persuades the snake to show him the cave, the danger in which she has been, and the service the farmer has rendered her. They arrive at the hole, the fox glides in, the snake follows and shows him all the intricacies of the cave. Just then the fox slips out, and before the snake can turn round, the farmer, at the fox's suggestion, quickly shuts up the hole. The farmer being thus saved, the fox demands that in the evening the hen-house be left open for him.

The farmer gets home, tells his wife what has happened, and what he has pledged the fox for his service. "Chickens and geese are mine," says the woman; "you can't give them away." Nevertheless the farmer, determined to keep his word, leaves the chicken-house open. But the wife, noticing it, goes with the fox, and when, after dark, relying on the farmer's good faith, he comes seeking along, they close the door upon him, and beat and finally catch him. "Alas!" says the fox, "is that right, and is that the world's highest reward for the greatest service? If that be so, if such be the world's gratitude, then I to-night bear witness to it with my life and skin."—*Liberal Christian.*

Poetry.

Alphonse Lamartine said: "Poetry is the morning dream of great minds, forecasting the future realization of life; it evokes the phenomena of all things before the things themselves appear. It is the precursor of action. Overflowing intellects, like Caesar, Cicero, Brutus, Solon, and Plato, begin by imagination and poetry—the exuberance of mental vigor in heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and orators. Sad is his lot who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet."

In the development of every moral principle, there is, sooner or later, a crisis reached which, if safely passed, ensures the greatest possible amount of good of which the cause admits; otherwise the greatest possible amount of evil. The weight of a feather may turn the scale.

Items.

It is said that there are now four times as many cattle in Texas as there were before the war.

A few pieces of horse-radish root placed among pickles, will prevent scum from gathering on the top of the vinegar.

An invention has been brought forward in England by which, it is claimed, bread can be made directly from the grain without grinding.

A correspondent prevents his books from becoming mildewed by applying spirits of wine to the backs and covers with the leather end of a goose quill.

A writer in the *Mark Lane Express* thinks it is possible to make beet-root sugar so cheap, as by and by entirely to crowd colonial sugar from the markets of Europe.

Vattel, in his *Veterinary Pathology*, gives the varied pulses of our domestic animals as follows: "Ducks and hens, 140 per minute; rabbit, 120; cat, 110 to 120; dog, 90 to 100; goat, 72 to 76; sheep, 70 to 79; oxen or cows, 35 to 42; horse, 32 to 38."

An English farmer thus gives his conclusions about guano: Powder it, mix with plaster, apply broadcast; if used in the hill or drill, mix with manure, 16 pounds of it are equal to a load of average barnyard manure.

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 specially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

DEARBORN FRENCH died in Lower Gilmanton, N. H., Jan. 12, aged 61 years.

EMMA YOUNG died in Lower Gilmanton, N. H., Jan. 27th, aged 9 years.

M. DELANO, widow of the late Mr. John Delano, died in Abbot, Me., Dec. 23, 1869, aged 63. She was a beloved mother and sister; a faithful Christian and member of the Free Will Baptist church.

NATHANIEL FRANK, youngest child of Nathaniel and Betha Joselyn, died in Freeport, Me., Jan. 1, aged 1 year, 3 months. Frank is said to have been a very promising child, and was now singing in heaven. Funeral services by the writer.

ANGELINE S. BEATTY died in Holderness, Dec. 29, aged 22. She embraced religion in early life and united with the church, of which she remained a worthy member until called to join the church triumphant. Her amiable disposition, excellent deportment and consistent Christian life endeared her to all her acquaintances. When sickness came, she was ready to suffer and with the best assurance that their loss is her eternal gain.

GEO. W. ADAMS died in South Royalton, Vt., Dec. 12, 1869, aged 60 years and 10 months. Bro. Adams experienced religion at the age of twenty-eight and joined the church on East Hill, in Tunbridge church he removed his connection to that church, where he remained a member till death. He was a beloved and honored Christian, who lived and labored for a better world. He leaves a wife and several children, one of whom is Rev. D. H. Adams. Funeral services by the writer.

AMBROSE WHITNEY died in Lowell, Mass., Feb. 19, aged 68 years and 7 months. He was born in Cheshire, N. H., in 1806, and was converted and united with the church at the early age of eleven years. He moved to Lowell in 1840 and united with the Free Baptist church, of which he remained an honorable and consistent member until his death. He belonged to that class who constitute the bone and sinew of society. He was well-read, strong-minded, and prompt and faithful in the discharge of all his duties. His life was one long prayer and living sermon; which was seen and read by all men. His sickness was a sort of paralysis, in which he slept most of the time, and without a struggle or groan he passed over the river. He leaves a wife, two sons and a numerous circle of Christian friends to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on Monday, 21st inst. A sermon was preached on the occasion by J. B. Davis.

JOHN BURBANK died in Gorham, N. H., Feb. 7, aged 77 years. Father Burbank was converted many years since and united with the F. B. church, and remained a faithful member of the same until God called him to the church triumphant. During his Christian life he has been a steadfast follower of the Saviour, and while he was on earth he was a constant reader of the *Star*, and at her house, the servants of God of all churches were always greeted with a hearty welcome. For a long time he had been suffering from a severe attack of the rheumatism, and he was unable to move from his bed. He was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death. He was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death. He was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death.

SALLY H., wife of Col. Charles Wadsworth, of Hiram, Me., died Jan. 13, aged 70 years and 7 months. Mrs. W. was a worthy member of the M. E. church for twenty-seven years. But she was very much afflicted with the rheumatism, and for many years she was unable to move from her bed. She was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death. He was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death.

BENJAMIN DUGGIN died in Limerick, Maine, Dec. 30, aged 75 years. The deceased was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death. He was a devoted and exemplary Christian, an upright citizen, a kind father and a sympathizing friend. He early identified himself with the people of God, and was faithful unto death.

SALLY, wife of Brother Moses Twombly, died in Alton, Nov. 19, 1869, aged 89 years, and 2 months. Sister T. and her companion were among the first settlers of Alton. She experienced religion in 1805, under the labors of Randall, who also baptized her. She united with the first F. B. church in Alton, and has since lived a devoted Christian life. In just two weeks from her burial, her son Benjamin was laid by her side in the grave. Both mother and son were much beloved by all who knew them. May the blessing of God be upon and abide with the surviving friends. Funeral services by the writer.

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BRADFORD ACADEMY.

For Young Ladies.

The Trustees would announce that the next Term of this long established institution will commence on Wednesday, the 30th day of March next. The new building, which is not surpassed by any one formerly built for the purpose in this country, in the liberal accommodations it affords for its inmates, has been entirely finished and newly furnished. It is heated by steam and lighted by gas. The school is occupying its present term, and it is found perfect in all its appointments. The course of study has been carefully revised, and is comprehensive, embracing both the solid and ornamental branches. Able teachers are employed in their several departments, and are aided by the most learned lecturers in this country. The well-known reputation of this Academy for the thoroughness of instruction is fully maintained. Application may be made to Miss ABBY H. JOHNSON, Principal, Bradford, Mass., or Rev. R. ANDERSON, Sec'y., Boston, Mass. JOHN D. KINGSTON, Sec'y., Bradford, Feb. 15, 1870.

REMEMBER L. L. HARMON

still supplies Musical Instruments greatly to the advantage of purchasers. Among the best terms offered is a NEW SIX OCTAVE PORTABLE MELODEON of grand tone for \$60; same rents for \$5 per quarter and rents a year for \$40. Address Rev. L. L. HARMON, Portsmouth, N. H.

News Summary.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, in the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to secure the enforcement of constitutional amendments. Mr. Sherman made a long speech in support of his funding bill. There was an exciting session, in which the confirmation of Judge Strong's nomination to the Supreme Court bench was reconsidered. In the House the recent massacre of Indians was debated, and a resolution of the Seymour and Blair platform was adopted, in spite of determined opposition on the part of the democrats. Messrs. Golladay and Deweese, implicated in the cadet appointment irregularities, resigned.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a resolution against future unconditional grants of land to railroad corporations was adopted. The funding bill was briefly debated, and then there was a long executive session all about the Supreme Court judgeships. The confirmation of Judge Strong is secure, and that of Judge Bradley probable. In the House, a bill allowing whiskey to remain in bond more than a year was passed, on condition that the whiskey pay an additional tax of one cent per gallon for each month after the expiration of the year. The evidence in the case of Representative Deweese was reported, and a resolution of condemnation, like that in Mr. Whittemore's case, was adopted unanimously. The reports on the September gold panic were presented.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced some resolutions of inquiry regarding the slave trade. The funding bill was debated, Senators Sumner and Buckingham making speeches against it. In executive session, the nomination of General Eaton for Commissioner of Education was confirmed, and action on the nomination of Judge Bradley was postponed. In the House, the Indian appropriation bill was discussed. The Judiciary committee was instructed to inquire into the premature publication of the evidence in regard to the gold panic.

On Thursday, in the Senate, there was a debate on the bill requiring judges of the Supreme Court to be residents of their districts. Several reports on commercial bills were made, and then the funding bill was debated till adjournment. An amendment proposed by Mr. Sumner, that the new bond should be a ten-fifty instead of a ten-twenty, was accepted. In the House the two matters debated at length were the bill for an air-line railroad to New York and the tariff bill. Mr. Brooks made a long speech against the latter. The Indian appropriation bill was passed.

On Friday, in the Senate, a bill repealing the test oath act of 1862 was reported. Mr. Trumbull finished his speech on the Supreme Court question. The funding bill was postponed till Monday, and the balance of the session spent in debating the bill for revising the Supreme Court circuits. The House called on the Secretary of the Interior for information concerning the Piegian Indian massacre. Mr. Wood's reputation, so far as charges of corruption in connection with cadet appointments affected it, was cleared up. A Senate bill removing the restriction on a railroad company as to sales of land was passed. The Georgia bill was then debated till adjournment.

On Saturday, the Senate was not in session. The House met for general debate only, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Lawrence, Beck and Kerr made speeches on the Georgia bill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rich discoveries of gold have been made in Arizona.

The Public Debt statement exhibits a further decrease of over \$6,000,000.

The Illinois Woman's College at Jacksonville has been destroyed by fire.

Among the jurors drawn for the March term of the Albany County (Wyoming) Court were eleven women.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has decided that a reorganization of the Georgia Legislature is necessary before the state can be admitted.

It is now thought the Maine Legislature will not take a recess, but press through the business before adjournment.

The Military Government of Mississippi has been dissolved, and the State placed under the control of the civil authorities.

It has been discovered that the recent freshest has seriously damaged the great dam at Augusta, Me., which can not be repaired before next summer's drought.

Patrick J. Moehan, editor of the Irish American, was shot in the streets of New York by James Keenan. It was a cowardly attempt at assassination. The trouble originated in a meeting of the Fenian Society.

The U. S. steamer Onida, carrying 8 guns, was sunk fifteen miles out of Yokohama by a collision with an English mail steamer, and 120 officers and men, supposed to be all on board, were lost.

One of the more important matters before Congress is that regulating the Alaska fur seal fisheries. Secretary Boutwell favors putting the business immediately in the hands of the government. Others favor leasing the whole business to a company under certain restrictions.

The impeachment of Auditor Wickliffe of Louisiana has resulted in his conviction on every article of the charges.

A convention is in session in Pittsburgh, the object of which is to secure a recognition of the Supreme Being in the Constitution.

The second volume of Mr. A. H. Stephens's work, "A Constitutional View of the War between the States," will be published in a few weeks. The health of the author is improving.

The more information we get about the massacre of the Piegian Indians, the more revolting and inhuman it appears. An earnest attempt will be made, in consequence of this deed, to prevent the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

General Sheridan promises a full report of the circumstances attending the massacre of the Piegian Indians as soon as possible. He asserts that the Piegian is simply a half-breed, and says the question is simply, Shall Indians kill white men, and worse than kill white women; or, shall white men shoot Indians?

It is reported that Secretary Fish will cause a thorough investigation to be made into the circumstances of the recent executions of Americans at Santiago.

FOREIGN.

Eleven new executions are reported from Hayti.

The Cortes are debating the motion to indict Cardinal Garcia.

Arango, a prominent Cuban, has surrendered to the Spaniards.

The Duke of Richmond will be the Tory leader in the Lords.

The people of San Domingo have voted in favor of annexation to the United States.

The failure of an Italian bank has caused great distress among the people.

The proposition for Government aid to emigration has been defeated in the British Parliament.

Mr. Gladstone, Saturday, promised a delegation of Irishmen that all necessary modifications would be made in the land reform bill.

It is reported that Gen. Jordan has resigned the chief command of the Cuban insurgents.

An injunction has been issued in Edinburgh forbidding the sale of Ticknor & Field's edition of Tennyson's works.

The celebrations in Paris of the anniversary of the French Revolution in 1848 were orderly, and undisturbed by the Police.

The Czar has sent messages of condolence appropriate to the death of Mr. Burlingame to Washington and to Pekin.

The steamer sent from Halifax to cruise about Sable Island in search of the City of Boston, has returned without obtaining any information.

General Quesada has written a letter to some New York sympathizers with the Cubans, expressing great gratitude for the favorable opinion of Americans on the merits of the Cuban struggle.

It is reported that the North-western states of Mexico have declared in favor of independence. The forces of Lopez have been again annihilated, and the war is ended until another steamer arrives.

Paragraphs.

It is claimed that recent experiments by French machinists have shown that continued, steady, hydraulic pressure in welding, causes complete union of two masses of iron, while the junction is only superficial if produced by the hammer. Among other experiments, two iron bars, one and a half inches in diameter, were heated to the welding point and brought under the hydraulic press. The welding was effected with extraordinary quickness, the fibres of the iron being thoroughly intercalated with each other, and the joined portion of the bars were quite as strong as anywhere else, a microscopic section of the joint showing a perfectly homogeneous texture.

Mr. Lockyer tells us that some nebulae that are visible in a good telescope, are so faint that a single sperm candle, burning at the distance of a quarter of a mile, would give 20,000 times as much light.

The latest application that we have noticed of mathematics to natural history is the partially successful attempt of Dr. A. Macalister, reported in Nature, to express by logarithmic formula the spirals in shells, as one method of distinguishing species.

The spots on the sun look quite black to the eye, from their contrast with the exceeding brightness of its general surface; and yet Dr. Gould says that Herschel's estimate is generally considered too low, although he calculates that the nucleus of the spots is nearly 25,000 times as bright as the full moon.

The source of the sun's heat is a most puzzling problem. In a late lecture, Dr. B. A. Gould said that the heat was equal to what would be produced by the combustion of half a pound of coal each second on each square foot of its surface. Supposing the whole of the sun's mass composed of coal, and to burn at this rate, this giving out its present amount of heat, it would last only 4,000 years.

A large burial-mound in Salt Lake City was lately opened in a railroad cutting. The Salt Lake City News says:

"Officer B. Y. Hampton brought a gunny sack full of bones, fragments of pottery, flint arrowheads, pieces of sulphur, and a species of brick, to our office this morning, which had just been dug up by the men engaged in leveling the ground. A long row of fireplaces were discovered yesterday; two or three more were found to-day; and the bones which he brought were those of a skeleton, which was found in a sitting posture, with its chin resting on its breast, near one of the fireplaces. The mound, which was a very large one for this country, seems to have been formed by the remains of the dead; scarcely a shovelful can be moved without disturbing bones. The skeleton was that of a large man, larger than the present Utah Indians. The skull was tolerably large, resembling in shape the usual Indian type; and the teeth were all sound and were those of a young man."

A singular phenomenon occurred a few days since in a field of Mr. John Gould, Jr., in Lisbon. A very loud noise was heard, and the people in the vicinity rushed out of doors and looked around to discover the cause of the noise, but nothing unusual was to be seen. Since then a large mass of earth has been found lifted from its place, having the form of a parallelogram, about twelve feet long, four feet wide, and about one foot thick. The spot has been visited by many persons, and all pronounce it a remarkable and unaccountable occurrence.

In the Ballarat district of Australia, there has been for years, a systematic destruction of timber; and, as a result, there has been a regular diminution of the rain-fall from 37.27 inches in 1863 to 14.23 inches in 1868. The government has appointed an inspector of forests, whose duty it shall be to prevent the waste of timber and establish nurseries of forest trees in various parts of the colony.

It has been objected to the hypothesis that the sun's heat is fed by meteoric matter falling into it, whose motion is converted into heat, that the supply of meteors would in time be exhausted. But Dr. Mayer, of Heidelberg, answers that it has been proved that if two bodies of the size of the sun were to come in collision, the result would be enough to dissipate them both as vapor through space. He thinks that such cases must occur, and that meteors may be thus forming.

Experiments with Lord Rosse's telescope show that there is actually some heat in the moon's rays, even in those that have reached us after having lost much of their heat in the vapor of the upper atmosphere. He calculates that the radiation of the moon is 1,900,000 parts of that from the sun, and that the moon's surface at full moon must be about 600 degrees Fahrenheit. This last calculation is by no means improbable, considering the moon's day, which is a month long; but yet it is not at all certain.

A new explosive, of asserted great power, is announced by English journals under the name of ammonia powder. Analysis shows merely a substitution of nitrate of ammonia for nitrate of potash, ordinary gunpowder; the change adding immensely to the explosive force. The salt being quite deliquescent the old adage "keep your powder dry" would lose its significance should the powder come into general use.

A wonderful spectacle was observed in Germany, on the night of the 1st of January. At Meseritz, from midnight to one o'clock, the dense northern sky presented the appearance of a sea of fire, from which fell a constant and dense shower of many colored sparks; the immense sheet of a fiery arch, from which the brilliant rain continued to descend till the whole waxed gradually fainter and disappeared.

It is asserted by the *Mechanics Magazine* that one hour after the gas of London is lighted the air is doozed with as much as 500,000 people have been added to its population. During the combustion of oil, tallow, gas, etc., water is produced as well as carbonic acid; in cold weather we see it condensed on the windows. By the burning of gas twenty-four hours in London, more water, it is estimated, is produced than would supply an emigrant ship on her voyage from England to Australia.

Rural and Domestic.

Items in Bee Culture.

M. Böttner, in the *Bienezeitung*, states that he has learned from his experiments in endeavoring to prevent swarming, and in wintering his bees economically, the following results:

1. In wintering bees it is needless to be so exceedingly anxious and careful, if they are well supplied with stores, and their lives can shield them from the severity of the weather. Placing them in some wintering repository is a useless and superfluous labor, and is less conducive to their health and comfort, than when wintered out of doors. For twelve years past, I have wintered my bees alternately in a cool, dark, dry, and quiet cellar, and in the open air. When housed, many died; dysentery prevailed among them, and the stocks were weak in the spring. When left in the open air, on the other hand, none of these evils were experienced. 2. Water dearth is a mere imaginary trouble; for the colony had over head no covering on which vapor or moisture could condense. The window recess is only four inches broad, and all the rest was covered with woolen blanketing, which perfectly absorbed all moisture. During the last four years, I have kept my bees in top-open hives. In the first four years I did not close the interspace between the plates forming the honey-board, leaving open such of them as the bees had not closed; merely placing thereon a sheet of thick paper and a cushion filled with hay—and they wintered well. Then the flies occurred to me that it might be better to close all these interspaces thoroughly. Adopting the notion, I plastered them, shut with clay. But the bees did not winter any better than before. As this plastering in the bee-house was so inconvenient, I omitted it during the last four years on the six colonies wintered there; and these not only passed the winter as well as any of the others, but came out last spring as true colonial colonies. I had merely, as in former years, placed a sheet of thick paper on the honey-board, laid an old coffee bag on that, and covered this with a layer of about four inches of hay. There was no trace of water dearth. Only be careful that your bees are not restricted to old candied honey for winter food.

3. Bees will swarm when so disposed, in spite of all the precautions the bee-keeper may please to use. Give them as much room as you please, and ventilation to reduce the temperature; yet go they will, if the swarming mania seizes them. This colony had the entire garden-house as room for expansion; and that it is a cool place I am very certain; still the swarm left. Only by removing combs of maturing broods and inserting empty combs, can swarming be prevented.

4. That a colony may be well wintered on seven pounds of granulated sugar. In the first year my colony had not one pound of honey in store. I gave it seven pounds of granulated sugar in solution, and it was in a splendid condition in the spring. Granulated sugar is preferable to sugar candy, first, because it is cheaper; and secondly, because it is more soluble. On the first day of October I placed equal quantities of this sugar and of candy, side by side, in small open boxes in my cellar. On the 20th, the granulated sugar was completely liquefied, whereas the candy then merely showed signs of moistness. A suzer of dissolved granulated sugar, exposed in my sitting-room, began to candy only after the lapse of nine weeks.

Moreover, I supported fifty pounds of granulated sugar among twelve stocks insufficiently supplied with stores, allowing to each in proportion to its seeming deficiency, and estimating one pound of granulated sugar as equivalent to three pounds of honey; and all these passed the winter in excellent condition.—*Bee Journal*.

GUANO.

Sard's Soluble Phospho-Peruvian, Ammoniated Soluble Pacific, Guanos.

For sale in bags in quantities to suit purchasers. J. R. SARDY, 75 Wall St., N. Y. "Feed your land and it will feed you."

EIGHT PER CENT. GOLD.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

Of the Issue of \$1,500,000.

BY THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY.

In denominations of \$1000 and \$500, coupon or registered, with interest Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in GOLD free of United States taxes, in New York or Europe. The bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York or GOLD. The interest is paid semi-annually in New York.

The company of New York. The mortgage which secures these bonds is at the rate of \$13,000 per mile; covers a completed road for every bond issued, and is a first and ONLY mortgage. This line, connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney, will make a short and through route to California.

The company have a capital stock of \$10,000,000, and a Grant of Land from Congress, of 1,600,000 acres, valued at the lowest estimate at \$1,000,000. First Mortgage Bonds, \$1,500,000. Total, \$2,500,000. Total length of road \$171 miles. Interest on this Mortgage 11 1/2 per cent. per annum, and accrued interest, \$1,000,000. Can be bought and sold at the underwritten. Also, pamphlets, maps, and information relating thereto. These bonds, being so well secured and yielding a large income, are desirable to parties seeking safe and lucrative investments.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO., Commercial Agents, No. 54 Pine Street, New York.

TANNER & CO., Fiscal Agents, No. 40 Wall Street, New York.

The interest on the above-named Bonds will be paid at maturity by the FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST CO., No. 28 Exchange Place, New York.

GUANO. No. 1 PERUVIAN Guano. Ground Bone, Soluble Bones, Standard Superphosphate, Crude Phosphates, Soda, Potash, Plaster, Fish, Sulphate of Ammonia, Oil of Vitrol, &c., &c.

GEO. E. WHITE, 100 Front Street, New York.

40,000 Sold. The wonder of the World. The Watch. A Magnetic Time Indicator or "Dollar Watch." A Patent Timepiece, elegantly made in Gold, Superior Compass attachment, Enamel-laid watch. Will denote correct time, warn of low water, and show the day, month, and year. It is a watch, superb and showy case, entirely of metal. It is a watch, and is entirely new, never before made. It is a watch, and is entirely new, never before made. It is a watch, and is entirely new, never before made.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending, Mar. 2, 1870.

CANDLES.

Good Ordinary 22 3/4
Sperm 24 1/4
Adamantine 25 1/4
Candle 26 1/4
Pictou 27 1/4
Anthrax 28 1/4
Cotton 29 1/4
Jaya 30 1/4
S. Domingo 31 1/4
Rio 32 1/4
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Rio 404 1/4
Cotton 405 1/4
Jaya 406 1/4
S. Domingo 407 1/4
Rio 408 1/4
Cotton 409 1/4
Jaya 410 1/4
S. Domingo 411 1/4
Rio 412 1/4
Cotton 413 1/4
Jaya 414 1/4
S. Domingo 415 1/4
Rio 416 1/4
Cotton 417 1/4
Jaya 418 1/4
S. Domingo 419 1/4
Rio 420 1/4
Cotton 421 1/4
Jaya 422 1/4
S. Domingo 423 1/4
Rio 424 1/4
Cotton 425 1/4
Jaya 426 1/4
S. Domingo 427 1/4
Rio 428 1/4
Cotton 429 1/4
Jaya 430 1/4
S. Domingo 431 1/4
Rio 432 1/4
Cotton 433 1/4
Jaya 434 1/4
S. Domingo 435 1/4
Rio 436 1/4
Cotton 437 1/4
Jaya 438 1/4
S. Domingo 439 1/4
Rio 440 1/4
Cotton 441 1/4
Jaya 442 1/4
S.