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No. 12

The bill for the admission of Texas passed the House yesterday without a ripple. It is similar to the Ya. bill.—Cuban Affairs are still under consideration by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, but there does not seem to be any disposition to "push things" at present.—The treaty for the annexation of San Domingo has been considered by the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and they have agreed to report adverse to its ratification. Somewhat of a crisis in Indian affairs exists just now. The Quakers claim that the present system works well and ought to be continued. It will be lamentable indeed if the sword is the only instrument with which we can manage the Indians.

Communications.

A Sermon to Boys.*

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Prov. 1:10.

Had Solomon lived in our day, instead of three thousand years ago, he might have said, "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Perhaps his "if" meant the same as our "when," for the wicked, in his time, were just like the wicked in our times; and we know that, now, they never hesitate to make others as much like themselves as they can. Those who wear seek to get others to swear; those who disobey their parents try hard to have others disobey their parents; those who are wicked in any way try to persuade others to be like them.

Why do bad boys wish to have others bad? If they will be liars, swearers, disobedient, dishonest, why will they not let you be truthful, honest and Christian? For several reasons:

The society of good boys shames and reproaches them for their wickedness. The presence of bad boys does not. If you will become bad, you will cease to be a torment to them. Perhaps you do not call them wicked, nor say anything about the sins they commit, but yet, when you, if you are good, are with bad boys, they feel their wickedness very much. When the spies returned, whom Moses sent to examine the land of Canaan, they said, "And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants; and we were in our sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." These cowardly fellows felt, in the presence of the sons of Anak, just as the wicked always feel when they are with the good. In such society the wicked are annoyed, and so, instead of giving up to their sins, they plan some way to lead the innocent astray. This is one reason for the refusal of sinners to let you, if you will, be upright.

Allies encourage the wicked. No one in the world is so afraid of being alone, as a wicked boy. As soon as he leaves his evil companions, he is unhappy. He feels ashamed of himself. His conscience is continually reproving him. He has no heart, now, to do any very bad thing. Until he meets his associates again, he is restless. The meanness of his acts annoys him all the time. If he is to sin, he must have company in his evil way. Will you not be his companion? If you will reinforce him he can find heart for mischief and wrong. Therefore he entices you.

Wicked boys think that the more sinners, the less guilt. But what an error! It is just as wrong for you to disobey your mother, to be untrue to your employer, to lie to your teacher, to break the Sabbath, when all the boys of your acquaintance do the same, as if none of them sinned in these ways, and you alone did. The Saviour never has said, "Children, obey your parents, if other children obey theirs;" "Thou shalt not steal, unless others steal," "nor lie, unless others lie." His word is, "Children, obey your parents;" "Thou shalt not steal." You break his law when you sin. If all your companions join with you, each one breaks the law. When ten men band together to murder a person, they are each just as guilty, as if only one man had done the terrible deed. Wicked boys overlook this fact. They think their guilt is divided into as many parts as there are companions in their crimes. Therefore sinners are given to enticing others into sin, and bad boys tempt good boys to do evil.

Sin always attracts sin and repels goodness. It is its nature. If you put your hand into the fire, it will burn you. It is the nature of fire to burn. If you stand bare-footed on ice, it will freeze your feet. It is the nature of ice to freeze. It is the nature of wickedness to destroy the good.

If evil boys said to the innocent, "Be careful, and escape my wrong. I have erred, but do not you. It is better to do right than wrong, to love God than to hate him. Be warned, not tempted by me," far less would be the number of children led astray. They never have the manliness to speak in this way to others. On the contrary, they always entice the innocent to sin. But Bunyan says that Christian and Hopeful, after suffering severely in the castle of old giant Despair, at last, be thought them of the key of promise, with which they unlocked the door of their cell, and made good their escape; but, as soon as they had regained the path to the Celestial City, they sat down and wrote a notice, and then posted it where other pilgrims might see it, warning them of the giant, his castle and his fields. But never do the wicked act in this way. When anyone is taken captive in the snare of Satan, he looks around him to see whom he can tempt into the same condition. It is the very nature of sin to act in just this way. Drowning men have been known to let go the hand of persons in the water with them, lest they should drag down to death some one who might be saved; but the wicked, sinking in the sea, stretch out their arms, and, clasping just as many as they can, sink to the bottom with them. One of the basest acts of the last war was that of a certain Southern physician, who tried to spread small pox through the Union Army by sending to the North, clothing which had been exposed to it. He wished to have that dreadful plague break out among the brave boys in blue. His act was much like that of wicked children, who desire to spread the evil of their ways, as widely as may be, among others. The nature of sin is thus dreadful.

It is certain, then, that you will be enticed to sin. Solomon had good reason for writing, as you for heeding the words,

*Preached before the boys of the Olneyville Free Baptist S. S., by the pastor.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." They will entice you. Some of you have praying fathers and mothers, who watch anxiously over you, hoping that God will keep you out of evil; others of you have not this precious aid, but both you who have and you who have not Christian parents are destined to be enticed by sinners. Wicked lips will whisper temptations in your ears; wicked hands will beckon you on to wrong; wicked examples will entice you to go out of the path of virtue. Let us notice some of the ways by which you will be enticed:

The apparent pleasures of sin will allure you. Sinners seem to be exceedingly happy. They do as they please. On the Sabbath, when you must attend Sabbath school and Church, they are roaming in the fields, or are engaged in some sport, or in other ways are profaning the day. To the school, through the week, your feet must bear you, while they are at liberty to pass their time as they please. Your parents are very careful to know the character of your young friends, but theirs allow them to keep company with the impure, the profane, with boys that smoke, and gamble, and drink, that love street corners, and idleness, and vice. They laugh at your hard fate, and perhaps they make you red with cowardly blushes. But be not deceived, boys. A laugh may be hollow. Pleasure may be a mere bubble. The gaiety of the wicked has its stings for them. They seem happy, and people call them merry, when clouds of sorrow are rushing together over their heads. See that young man who goes shouting, in the stillness of the night, up the street, bruising his flesh against posts and trees, rolling in the gutter, and now tearing his clothes on the stones over which he falls, singing, all the while, the snatch of a song. "Somebody is happy," say the inmates of the homes by which he goes. Ah! what happiness. But a few hours ago, he bade his parents good evening, and kissed his mother and his sister, as he left them. They went to the window to watch his retreating form. "What a pure and noble heart he has; what comfort he gives us," they exclaimed. And now he comes home, to bring sorrow and anguish to broken hearts. That "happy" young man sleeps off his stupor, and awakes. Where is his happiness, as he thinks of last night? He goes down to the breakfast table. His father is heart broken. His sister is not there. His mother sits in silence, her eyes red and swollen, her food untouched. The Scriptures are read, and they kneel at the family altar. A few words are uttered, and utterance is choked. The father can not speak; the mother sobs. The young man, called "happy," last evening, would not be called so now. He has tasted the pleasure of sin. It was sweet to his mouth, but now, it is bitter as death. The street scene you see, the home scene you do not; and you may think, therefore, that sin is sweet.

Foolish is the thought, that, by lying, and swearing, smoking, gambling, drinking, by breaking the Sabbath, and disobeying parents, you can enjoy life. God wishes every one of you to be happy. That is why he tells you what to do, and what not to do. His law is the road to the purest pleasure. To be good you have found already, and you will always find, is to be happy. Sinners hide their pains. Satan sugar-coats his nauseating pills, but the coating is thin. Be not tempted by it. "If sinners entice thee" by an appearance of great pleasure, let your eyes be sharp enough to pierce appearances, and see what is beneath them; then will you not "consent."

Another means of enticement is coaxing. Sailors use language very queerly. No one else speaks just as they do. You may know a sailor by the peculiar terms he uses. "Go aft," he says, when he means go to the stern of the boat. "Bear a hand," he cries, when he wants assistance. "Starboard," and "larboard," and "lee-ward," and "windward" and many other words of like quaintness, you hear from his lips. Now, wicked boys, when they seek to tempt others, have some such words which they, almost always, make use of. You may know a tempter, as you know a sailor, by his speech. "No harm" is one of his phrases, when wrong is to be done. It is a favorite expression with enticers. Of course, they must say, when eager to have you sin, "There is no harm in it;" for if they began their tempting by saying "There is great harm in something I want you to do," they know it would be useless to ask you to do it. They never say so. They bait their hook. There is "no harm" in just getting a little fruit from a neighbor's tree; "no harm" in playing the truant; "no harm" in going off into the woods, when your parents think you are at school; "no harm" in entering saloons, or theaters, or other forbidden places. All your life long you have been taught there is harm in these things. Father and mother, minister and Sabbath school teacher have said there was harm to be received in this way; but these wicked fellows, who would make you like themselves, pretend to know more and love you better than any one of your friends, and they say, "there is no harm."

Another of the terms which enticers use is, "no danger;" by which they mean, "no danger" of any one's knowing of the evil they wish you to do, or of your suffering anything from it. Never was a fly caught in the airy web of a spider, or mouse in the artful trap, or trout gracefully thrown on the grassy banks, except by the cry "no danger." An artist once wished to paint the most beautiful face ever seen. He searched long and carefully for one beautiful enough to meet his wish. At last he saw a child, fair as an angel, and obtained the privilege of painting its portrait. He labored long at the task, and when the picture was completed, he hung it on the wall of his studio, and called in his friends to see and criticize it. They came and confessed that it was a most lovely face. It was admired as something too beautiful to be human. Then the artist began to search for some face ugly, ferocious, fiendish enough to represent the

opposite. He traveled through cities, and spent years, and grew to be aged, having never met with a person whose looks wore an expression sufficiently wicked. But, one day, in a prison, among a lot of hardened criminals, he found the face he had so long desired. He sought the privilege, and gained it, of painting that face. It was the picture of a man in whose countenance not a virtue, but every vice shone. It was the face of a devil. He hung his work on the wall, by the side of the former, and called for his friends to come and see it. As paintings, the pictures were perfect. Would one see his ideal of a child of heaven? Let him look on the face first finished. Would one see a demon from hell? Let him look on the face of that criminal. Judge, then, of the surprise of the artist, when, having completed the last portrait, the man pointed to the first picture and said, "This is the second time you have painted my likeness. I was once that child." Lured on by the artful words of sinners, that innocent and lovely boy had gone into sin, blotted out every trace of beauty from his face, and every trace of goodness from his heart. His tempters whispered the fatal words "no danger," in his youthful ears and, unmindful of the words of Solomon, and the falsity of the charmer's sentence, he fell, and this was the result. Similar may be the end of those who, now, do not see that there is always danger in wickedness.

Another phrase of those who tempt you is, "just once." "Just once" dishonor your parents; or "just once" be false to those that trust you; or "just once" taste of the cup; or "just once" wager your money; or "just once" speak the vile word, or read the vile book, or do the vile act. A thousand is "just once," repeated a thousand times. What is a life, all base with deeds of sin, but just once over and over again? This is an artful plea. It is one of the most dangerous expressions, used to draw you away from goodness. For "just once" is a small thing. But "just once" means begin, and what the end will be, if a beginning in wickedness is made, let lost men all about us tell. By consenting "just once" to sin, boys become drunkards, prisoners are filled, and vice of every kind enters homes and hearts.

Another favorite expression with those who entice boys to sin is, "good time." And this they promise you. Let us have a good time they plead. As though a good child was so miserable that he must become wicked to have a good time. In the twenty-third Psalm, we read, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul." God means his children shall have a good time. They have it. See this Psalm. It is true. Did any wicked boy ever think of it when calling you to sin? The pastures of Satan are pastures of sand. The grass is not green in them. Grass can not grow on such soil. Let the Lord be your Shepherd, and when sinners entice you by the offer of a good time, your voice will be heard in reply, saying, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, why should I leave them for your sand?" Many other similar expressions, which sinners use when they would entice you, you can think of; or, when you go home, your father or mother will tell you. These are enough to show you that, by coaxing, sinners will entice you to sin.

Notice one more way, by which sinners entice; namely, by flattery and by ridicule. This way is very similar to the former. It needs looking at alone, however, for it is one of the hardest to resist. Sinners have two tongues in their mouths,—a velvet tongue and a forked tongue. With one they smooth your feelings, with the other they sting them. They will praise you until you feel well enough to allow them to lead you where they wish. They speak of you as "too brave to fear to do evil;" as having "too much sense to be obedient to your parents when away from them;" as "smart," and "shrewd," and "knowing how to be a man." Remember that the fly cared nothing for the spider, until flattery was used. Five or six stanzas the spider had to sing, before the fly would "walk into his parlor," and that spider might have been singing to this day, if he had not thought to praise the fly. A teacher of a village school once aided an Irishman, at recess, in splitting some wood for the school house. Not long after that, as the master was taking a walk one evening, he met the Irishman and bowed, and sought to pass by him. But the fellow seized him by the hand. "Do you remember the wood?" says he. "I never saw a man split wood, like you. I knew many a strong man in Ireland, but you beat them all. And you are handsome every way. You have a fine form,—and so strong. I would I were as strong as you are." Then, putting his mouth up to the ear of the master and filling the nostrils of the latter with the fumes of strong drink, whispered, "And will you lend me two cents to buy some matches?" It was rum, not matches he wanted, and he sought, by flattery, to get the means to buy it. Flattery is always used for some object, and you should be on your guard when it is begun. It is one of the sinner's arts. By it, he is often able to lead the young astray.

If that fails, the resort is to ridicule. This is the cumblood, or the rifle cannon of tempters. Against argument, teasing, flattery, you may be iron plated. In that case run out the big gun. This will test your metal. This will show the stuff you are made of. Your good resolutions and habits can be as firm against anything if they are not shaken by ridicule. A laugh, a sneer, a finger, a sarcastic word, plows its way, like hot shot, to the citadel of the heart and shatters it to fragments.

It is the weapon of cowards. It is the last resort of seducers. Reason they can not use, ridicule they can. When all else fails, this is their reliance. A laugh is unspeakable. A sneer you can only meet with a sneer. There is no reason in a joke and a

taunt. Ridicule is a sign that the ammunition of enticers is giving out. But senseless as it is, and of all weapons most harmless, it is sharp, and by it, more boys are led to ruin, than by any other that sinners employ. You must meet it; you have already, and again you will. In a word, then, the gaiety of the wicked, their enticing speech, their flattery and ridicule, are sure to invite you, however innocent, however strong, however earnest for the right you may be, to take wickedness for goodness, and so be vicious instead of virtuous.

But Solomon says: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." For if you consent, you will join the company of sinners. "It is a comfort," said a delegation of clergymen to President Lincoln, during the war, "to know that the Lord is on our side." "That does not give me so much comfort as something else," replied the President. His visitors looked a little shocked. "What can that be?" one asked. "Why, to know that we are on the Lord's side," he said. The Lord has a side, and all good children are on that side. Satan has a side, and with him are all sinners. If you "consent," when sinners "entice," you will join their company, and desert the Lord. By consenting to the pleas of sinners you are made like them, as well as one among them. They were once as pure as you are now, but when sinners enticed them, they consented. They are very far from pure to-day. If their thoughts, and words, and deeds, were written on parchment, and hung up in a public place, with their names attached, how ashamed they would be at the sight. Nothing could hire you to have their names rubbed out, and yours written instead, as the author of that mass of corruption. But "if sinners entice you," and you "consent," your hearts will soon be vile enough to think, and your mouths unclean enough to say, and your hands stained enough to do fully as bad things.

Then, too, if you yield, when enticed, the end of sinners will be your end. Every road has an end, whether it be the "broad road" or the "narrow path." The wicked travel through life by the broad way, and God has told us that it leads to "destruction." To that they invite you, and, if you consent, destruction you, too, will reach. But if you consent not, and follow Jesus, he will give you here, and at the end, every good thing. He will be always with you. You can be happy when alone. You can sleep nights. You can enjoy home and the whole week, with the Sabbath included, and the society of good persons. You will reach heaven. The path of Jesus leads there. Just put your hand in his, and never let go, and he will bring you home at last. Letting go is what sinners are sure to ask you to do. From Christ they will try to pull you away. When, like Esau, you are tired and faint, they will come as Jacob did, and seek to buy your "birthright" for a "mess of pottage." Then is the time, when most weary, that you must cling fast to the hand of Jesus, for then is the hour of your peril. Some of you, perhaps, are saying to yourselves, "I want to do as you tell us. I will try to do so. But it is, sometimes, hard not to consent. How can I always hold out?" Let me show you, and then be done. By keeping away from sinners, you will not be led into their snares. One of the best ways to resist sinners is to avoid them. But that you can not always do. Meet temptation you will, while you live. The Scriptures lay down an excellent rule of safety for you then: "Overcome evil with good." Open your batteries on those who entice you, and give back shot for shot. Do not stand in silence, and let them fire at you. When they say all they can to ruin you, do you say all you can to save them. If you are as eager to have the wicked good, as they are to have you bad, you will find little trouble in resisting evil. But, at the out-set, as you would be boys free, and safe, and happy, in a wicked world, ask of Jesus, the Friend of you all, to give you a heart that will not love sin. For it has, yes, it is impossible, while you have hearts in you that love sin, to refuse to sin. Bad hearts will give the victory to Satan. First of all, then, pray earnestly to God, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," then, when sinners entice you, you may easily overcome them with good.

The Christian Church.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

"The relation of pastor and people is of divine appointment. "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers." These different gifts were granted to the early church for their edification and encouragement. Each in its proper sphere was necessary for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth. In this paper I design only to speak of the relation of the pastor to his flock. The pastor's work is easily understood from the definition given in Cruden's Concordance, "A shepherd." A shepherd was to be always with his flock, to find them pasture, to give them protection, and bestow special care upon the lambs of the flock, even to carry them, if need be, in his bosom.

From this we may learn that it is the pastor's duty to feed the flock with knowledge. God promised to give pastors after his own heart, that should feed his people with knowledge and understanding.—Jer. 3:15. It is the duty of the pastor to instruct his people in the doctrines and precepts of the Bible, explaining, illustrating and enforcing its teachings, to build them up in the most holy faith. He should go before them in every good work, "an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity."—1 Tim. 4:12. He is to guard them against their foes. He is a watchman set on the walls of Zion for this purpose. He

is to guard them against errors in doctrine, principle and practice. He is not to lord it over other men's consciences, but should see that correct discipline is enforced in the church, and lead the church forward in the way of true holiness. He is to watch for their souls as one that must give account to God, that he may do it with joy and not with grief. His is a position of great responsibility.

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands."

He is not only to watch and labor for the spiritual prosperity of the church, but to lead the impenitent to Christ. Happy indeed will he be, if he can say with Paul, "I am pure of the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." Between him and his flock there should be the most perfect harmony. How can two walk together except they be agreed? There should be an agreement in doctrines; i. e., in the cardinal principles of Christianity. He has no right to introduce any doctrine contrary to that taught in the Scriptures, as understood by the denomination of which he is a member. There should be union in measures to carry forward the interests of Zion. The pastor should consult freely with his people, especially with the official members, and when any plan of operations is agreed upon, the whole church should endeavor to make it a success.

With us the government and discipline of the church is with the church. The pastor's duty is to call the attention of the church to the enforcement of necessary discipline, see that it be faithfully and impartially administered, and lead them to correct results. If he be not competent to lead, or, if his views differ widely from the views of the church on important matters, it is the privilege of the church to seek one in whom they may confide; so also it is the privilege of the pastor to ask relief from so embarrassing a position. In dissolving the connection between a pastor and people, great care should be exercised, that it be so done that the church be not divided. It is always embarrassing to a minister to find the church divided about his predecessor.

James Brainerd Taylor.

Years have elapsed since the death of Mr. Taylor, but his memory still lives to bless the church and world. His life, though short, was characterized with the spirit of true devotion. In early youth he abandoned the fascinating charms of the world, and had an affecting sense of the perishing wants of a lost world. At this period, being about fifteen years of age, he was employed as a clerk in the city of New York. Although busily occupied in his daily avocation, he used the most untiring efforts to promote the cause of Christ, zealously engaging as a teacher in a Sabbath school, the duties of which he performed with honor and fidelity. His leisure moments were spent in addressing letters to distant friends, exhorting them to repentance.

His situation in large city did not at all abate the ardor of his piety. The older he became, the more strongly was he attached to the cause of the Redeemer. Still, he did not contemplate entering upon a more elevated sphere of action until witnessing, in the year 1819, the departure of Dr. Scudder from New York to a heathen land. Here he saw the self-sacrificing spirit of a devoted missionary, and he resolved to consecrate himself wholly to God. He did so. He gave up every worldly prospect—riches, reputation, ease. He felt constrained to believe that the gospel ministry was the work to which God had called him. He also believed that mental culture was necessary to render him successful in winning souls to Christ, in exposing the learned sophistry of infidels, and in defending the sacred truths of the gospel. During his preparatory course, the divine presence seemed to illuminate his mind, as is apparent from his diary and correspondence. In him is found a happy combination of intellectual attainments and the most exalted piety. Some suppose that it is impossible to be intellectually disposed, and at the same time be in possession of those Christian graces which adorn the humble disciple of Jesus. But not so with Mr. Taylor. He valued literary acquirements, but grace held the ascendancy in his heart. In short, almost everything pre-eminently good shone with uncommon luster in his character.

His earthly race, as already remarked, was short; but his days, after devoting himself to God, were well improved. During his collegiate and theological course, he perhaps accomplished, through the blessing of God, more than many ministers already in the vineyard. Under date of August 8, 1824, he writes: "Abundant reason to bless God for my detention yesterday. Last evening had an opening for doing good, and eternity may show some fruit. Visited several sick persons, and at every place endeavored to speak faithfully and boldly for God, and afterwards at a meeting."

The next day he writes: "This night, glory to our God, had a powerful visitation from above; it is past telling; and it was to prepare me to stand up for God. This I did, and spoke boldly; the word was attended with power, and the spirit of power and holiness rested upon me. Sinners trembled, backsliders, too, and the engaged child of God exulted."

Many attributed their conversion to his timely efforts. But it is to be regretted that such a successful messenger of God's mercy should so early be cut off. It was apparent that his arduous efforts were more than his delicate constitution could endure, and as he was just entering upon his long-anticipated work, a lingering consumption closed his earthly career. His letters and journal, together with the memoirs of his life, have been published and circulated quite extensively, producing the most hap-

py effects. In one of the western states, the reading of this book resulted in a glorious revival, in which nearly all in the vicinity of the work experienced the forgiveness of sins. To conclude, may all who desire to be holy, happy and useful, labor to imitate the graces and virtues of James Brainerd Taylor, so far as he imitated the precepts and examples of Jesus Christ.

Rutland, O. S. H. B.

Rev. Archibald Bennett.

Brother Bennett was born Jan. 22, 1807, in Otsego, New York. But while a boy, his father moved with his family to Byron, N. Y., where Bro. B. was converted to Christ at the age of 22, and was baptized by Rev. Rufus Cheney, and became a member of the F. W. Baptist church in that town.

At the age of 25, he was married to Miss Harriet P. Whitteer, and at the age of 29, he commenced to preach the gospel, and soon went to Chenango Co., and was ordained to this work two years afterward. At Columbus, and in the region round about, he labored as a revivalist for seven years, and saw many converted to God. Here Bro. B. was associated with the writer in efforts to unite the Free Communion Baptists with the F. W. Baptists in 1840-1. After this, Bro. B. moved to North Clarkson, and labored four years and saw many converted, and most of his own children. About twenty years since, he removed his family to Michigan, and preached two years at Paw Paw, two years at Waverly, and two more at Jackson, organized a church and saw many converted. Then he moved back to Waverly, where he spent the remainder of his days, and ended his useful life, Oct. 22, 1869, aged 62 years.

Bro. Bennett was not an educated man, in the common use of this term; but still he was a reading man, and learned much by observation and more by experience. He was not a sermonizer, but was really a revivalist, very zealous and ardent in spirit, well calculated to affect and convict the more emotional classes, as was the case with most of our ministers of forty years since. He was engaged in about twenty revivals, saw over a thousand conversions, and baptized several hundreds, and added them to Free Baptist churches. He now is sweetly at rest in Jesus.

May his deeply afflicted widow and sorrowful children all enjoy the comforts of the religion that gave Bro. B. so bright a prospect of eternal life in his dying hour.

HIRAM WHITTEER.

Selections.

The Cross.

The crucifixion has never been painted. No artist, however sincere, has had either the daring or the power to set it before us as it was. The pencil and the brush fail to represent the details of such a deed. We are too coarse and horrible to find expression in a mere picture. True, every stage in the agony of Jesus has been made, again and again, the subject of representation; but all have left us with a feeling that there must have been much more behind, which no artist could set down. We are familiar with the various "renderings" of the trial in the judgment-hall, the scourging, the act of crucifixion, and the figure of Jesus on the cross. But in every one that I ever saw there is a special halo of solemnity shed around the scene. There is a redeeming air of sad poetry about it, which is heightened by the patience of that Divine face and the wondering misery of the white-haired mother and the weeping Magdalene. We can find no true picture of the crucifixion. But this we can do: we can steadfastly resist that conception of it which dims our sense of its terrible truth; we can refuse to let it stand apart from the world of rudeness and suffering in one of sentiment and religious romance. If not, we miss that quick sense of the Lord's sympathy with men which sanctified the tribulation of the first disciples, and may consecrate our own, however coarse and hard it may be. In these days the cross is an ornament. It is now jeweled, gilt, pretty. It tinkles among the trinkets of the miming girl, who hangs it round her neck before the glass. It is worn by the painted harlot as well as by the simple nurse. We forget its rudeness, its burning, blushing shame.—Rev. Harry Jones.

"Religion at Home."

A New York secular paper says: Home is the place where men need their religion most, because it is at home that men are not only most tempted, but most inclined to show their meanness. There is seldom any one to call a man to account in his own house. There he can too often play the tyrant or ruffian with impunity, and there he not unfrequently does so misbehave himself as to render his presence intolerable to all within his power. There are tens of thousands of persons in this city who profess to be Christians, and it would be interesting to get at the precise number of those whose families or dependents derive any benefit from their master's supposed religion—whose wives thank God that they have religious husbands, whose children thank God that they have religious fathers, whose employees thank God that they have religious employers. We hope there are many such, because the professedly religious man, whose wife and children and employees do not have occasion to thank God for a religious husband and father and employer, has no religion, as well as the simple nurse either in this world or in that which is to come. Nor are the employed exempt from these conditions any more than the employers. A truly religious man, whatever his station, puts his religion into his daily life and vocation, and makes it tell beneficently in the humblest duties as well as in the highest.

These remarks and principles apply to women no less than to men. The wife whose religion does not lead her to try to make her home the blessed place on earth for her husband and her children, will attend prayer meetings and sewing circles in vain, and in vain also will she who fills her house with scolding all the week attune her discordant voice in church to Sabbath psalms.

Faith.

I look out on the earth,
Its face is soiled and worn;
Long months ago all gentle things
From its sad breast were torn.
The rocks throw coldly off
The stained and waiting snow,
The trees look up in patient trust,
And see no joy below.

The roses long since died;
Their fragrant breath is lost;
The dear warm heart from which they sprang
Is bound with chains of frost.
The meadows grow no more
Beneath the children's feet;
And maidens, violet-eyed, no more
Their sister blossoms seek.

And yet we do not fear;
The sky looks sweetly down;
And well we know the kindly sun
His queen again will crown.
From drooping southern skies,
He'll come with new desire,
And, melting 'neath his ardent glance,
The frost shall turn to fire.

O faithless human heart!
Because the soul is scarred,
And sin and pain and thwarted hopes
Its loveliness have marred,
Because its flowers have died,
And snows drift o'er her graves,
Doubt never that its Spring will come—
All precious things Love saves.

—Christian Union.

Pulpit, Pew, and Paper.

A new religious weekly has appeared in Chicago. It is called *The Interior*, and represents especially the United Presbyterian church in the west—i.e., as it would say, in the center. It gives promise of large vigor, catholicity, enterprise, vitality and sympathy with the spirit of the age, while standing firmly by the evangelical faith. We copy from its initial number the following appreciative view of the work of a religious paper:

"There is something wrong," said a good deacon, as he turned away from the post-office on a Saturday evening; "the train must have run off the track, for my paper has not come."

His real paper was none of the secular sheets which he had taken from his box. It was the religious journal which he always expected at that hour. To read it when the summer wind blew cool across his porch, or when the winter fire warmed his feet and lit up the pictured wall, was a modern delight which his forefathers never knew. And now its failure to appear was a keenly felt disappointment. Something was out of joint in the machinery of civilization. Had it not come in the next train he would have had a lonely Saturday night, and want would have gnawed upon his mind all the Sabbath. For that paper had become a dependence. He could not get on in the world without it. On its arrival there was a rush made upon its contents. John was eager to see what new books were reviewed and advertised. The "aunt" was on tip-toe to know about the missionaries and the Bible movement in Mexico. If the deacon saw things rather dimly, Mary was of the "youth's department" before he had fully adjusted his glasses for another draw on the editorials.

When he ran his eye over the "market reports" and the news upon national affairs, he was the surer that he had driven fairer bargains all that week, and that the sovereign one was not letting the world go to wreck. "No sensation telegrams here," thought he, and he put some confidence in what he was reading about the last Arctic discovery, the latest alarm of the Pope, or the elections in Paris, over which the Emperor was not yet soundly sleeping.

But the chief value of the paper lay in its religious character. That caused it to go straight home to his heart. Every article on matters of personal piety went to the right spot. Hence it prepared him for the Lord's day. It made him thankful, worshipful, eager for divine truth. It mellowed his feelings, brought him into sympathy with the whole church, lifted his soul out of his secular pursuits, and softened the soil of his nature for the hearing of the gospel. Diligent readers of written truth, make the best hearers of preached truth. Often, too, he marked certain items concerning missions, revivals and prayer-meetings, or some clear-cut illustration of Scripture, and held these in reserve for use in the prayer-room or the Bible class. The intelligence and readiness of the deacon were largely due to his paper as well as his well-thumbed Bible.

This is no imaginary deacon. We knew him well. He helped us mightily in all Gospel work. It was easy for him to "get into a talk upon religion," for he usually began upon something that he had just read in the paper. His neighbors began reading in that paper. His wife thought it was a wonderful paper. He frequently sent on a new subscriber's name. He often gave his pastor a fine theme for a sermon, and asked if it would not be well to call attention from the pulpit to some published appeal for benevolence, or some call in behalf of the enterprises of the church. The fact is, with a few such men as he was, and with such a paper as he put to good service, any pastor will find his heart encouraged and his hands made strong.

Think how the religious paper is adapted to every class of readers—young and old, aged saints, and Christians just starting in the narrow way! Think how it deals with every class of themes! The gentle wife wishes the "good man of the house" knew a thing or two which she is loath to tell him; it would injure her in his eyes to whisper it, but it turns up in the paper. He happens upon it when in one of his most docile, persuadable moods. Not one word does he say about it, but somehow his rough, blustering, military manner suddenly changes. He is no longer brigadier general in the family. He "does the agreeable" with the grace of a suitor. Or, possibly, the wife may be on the "rampage" for her rights—she having listened to the crowing hens to define her wrongs, and been told that she is not allowed to fulfill her mission; she ought to be in more public life. But that silent visitor, which is so apt to say the word that meets the want, speaks to her eye and heart about the real dignity of the housewife in a Christian home, and from that time her once fancied prison is her palace, full of summer and of song.

The pastor may occasionally discover in the paper just what his modest people are wishing were said to him about his style of preaching, length of sermons and prayers, variety of pastoral visits, or interest in the Sabbath school—all of which he will, of course, take in the happiest way imaginable. Perhaps some pastor may wish that his people had a gentle reminder of that solemn pledge in his call to make him "free from worldly cares." The low state of his wood-pile has not reminded them of his shabby horse, or carriage in a rapid decline, has not given a sufficient hint. Perhaps it is consoling for him to know that his hat and umbrella are not liable to the mistakes of a hall, and

his house is entirely safe from burglars. He would pity the burglars, if they came, for their loss of time, because they could not lay hands upon those great arrears of a small salary. His people are so bent upon having only the pure gospel preached to them, that he must not allude to the cash system of ecclesiastical business. Certain hearers were very sorry that he spoiled his fine sermon on, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," by an ill-timed comment on the preceding verses. They did not hire a man of such rare pulpitory talents to attend to those worldly matters of pledges and pew-rents! And unless the religious paper jogs the parish memory the arrears of his slender salary may so accumulate as to require his clean forgiveness. Between pulpit and pew that paper may come as a means of better understanding and more earnest co-labor.

A young minister was once called to a young, a new church. One of the first questions which he asked was, "Do your people take good religious papers?" The elders scarcely knew. He was unwilling to accept their call unless they would see that the congregation was supplied with that sort of literature. They liked his proposal. The people began to read more upon church and Christian affairs, and he began to arouse them to earnest working and generous giving. The contributions increased wonderfully, for the people were learning of the real wants of the church. The preaching was blessed. Press and pulpit sent a-forth to each other. Pastor and editor were mutual helpers in the same good work. And here is the real design of an earnest, thoroughly Christian paper. It is not to draw dividends upon the large investments, not to wage controversy, not to deal out the mere news of the day, not to publish brilliant essays; its leading design is to do what pastors should be doing if they knew everything and could be talking and teaching every week in every house. It is his assistant and vicar in the parish. It supplements his work. It goes on wings while he must walk. It goes when and where he cannot go. It makes a Saturday call on his people and fits them for hearing the next day's sermons. It follows up his preaching, whispering again to the conscience and the heart. It is the unfailing "supply" in vacant churches. It is never down with a cold, nor absent on a vacation. Fifty-two times a year it brings happiness into the homes of thousands, and in every house tells the same "old, old story" of Jesus and his love, of the church and her conquests, of holiness and of heaven. Let every church have a devoted pastor and a Christian paper, and the gospel will move the world.

When the Box Comes In.

The good people who pack boxes for the home missionaries will enjoy this sketch from real life—by a home missionary wife—of the scene that greets them when they reach their destination. We copy from the *Advance*:

The Box has come! The Box has come! Three noisy, rollicking little folks came bounding into the room with such a whoop and hurrah, that the little mother, sitting there, was obliged to hold her ears a moment; at which they let down their voices a little, but were altogether too excited to be still a moment. "Such a big box, mother! What do you suppose is in it? I expect there'll be a dolly for me—I hope there'll be something for mother"—all mingled together in one general hubbub of clapping hands, dancing about the room, clapping hands, and kissing the baby.

Mother didn't scold nor frown, but looked on as she might dance about with them. If she couldn't, for the great baby that lay in her arms, who, although accustomed to occasional noisy demonstrations, opened his blue eyes as wide as possible at this unusual outbreak. The dear old grandparents heard the uproar, and came to see what had happened, but as all the children tried to tell them at the same time, they were not much wiser until the kind neighbor who had brought the box from the station, had it at last safely deposited in the middle hall. He looked as pleased as the children, and would not doubt have liked to know what was hidden away under the pine cover, but receiving their grateful thanks departed just as father was ready to open it. "I guess they didn't mean to have it burst open on the way," said grandpa, as they worked away prying up the board so firmly nailed, while the children huddled as much as possible by the door, hindered as much as possible by the mother, thinking so fast, of the long wearisome illness which had kept her confined to her room and bed for months,—of the worn out garments which her feeble fingers could neither mend nor replace; thinking of the many contrivances which enabled them to get along, and appear well, and cover the real poverty of their home; thinking of the minister's Sunday suit, which was becoming so shabby, though the darnings and—By this time he was skillfully performing the cover off, a triumphant shout announced the cover off, they all drew closer to see; even baby seemed to think something had happened or was about to.

A pair of warm blankets with gay borders, a heavy comforter, a patch-work quilt—how the mother's eyes sparkled, for she knew better than the rest the need of these very things. "One, two, three pairs of sheets and pillow-slips, mother," said the minister, "towels and table-cloths, three," piling them up in a chair close beside her, where she could look at them. "Something for mother," as a generous bundle of neatly made underclothes and wrappings were taken out. "I am so glad. I did need them so much," she exclaimed. "Ah! something else! One, two, three dresses, all made, and looking very much as if they would fit just such a little woman as you are; and furs, too!" The minister stopped long enough to exchange a sympathetic glance, and—never mind what else. A great bundle "for Willie," set that young man in a perfect fidget of impatience, while strings and wrappings were being removed, and when at last a complete suit from head to toe was revealed, and grandpa had pronounced them a perfect fit, it took several summersaults and innumerable capers before he could compose himself enough to see what came next. "For the little girls!" Were there ever such dresses and aprons? such panties and stockings? such warm flannels, all made up, all fitting so nicely? For in a twinkling the old dresses were unbuttoned, and the new ones tried on, and such laughing, such screams of delight were never before heard under that roof. Fortunately no one heard them, for the little brown parsonage stood some distance from neighbors.

"For the Minister." His fingers trembled some as they unrolled the great bundle. Even the children forgot their treasures in their anxiety to know what Father had in his whole suit of soft, shining broadcloth, half a dozen fine shirts, a warm, pretty dressing gown, and the costliest

slippers. The little wife dropped baby into a nest of pillows, and the next moment was in her husband's arms, crying like a baby herself, while something very like tears fell on the head pressed close to his heart. "What makes you cry, mamma? aren't you glad papa has something nice?" "Glad? Yes, darling, so glad I must do something, and as I am hardly able to caper about as you do, I must relieve my heart with tears. But never mind, they are glad, happy tears." And smoothing her tumbled hair she picked up baby, who had set up a great cry of indignation at such unusual treatment.

"For the Grandmother. The last work of the dear hands of my own mother. Precious gift! put up tenderly, with many tears, by one who felt sure the sainted mother would rejoice to have these things doing good, so had sent them with loving words and kind wishes. Grandpa pressed the great bundle to her heart, silent and tearful. There was no need of words. Then there were warm flannels and socks, a heavy vest and coat that were surely meant for grandpa; and he tried on the coat to please the children while his dear old face shone with delight. Next came remnants of flannels, prints and delaines, bleached and unbleached cottons—indeed by this time they could only look on and wonder how the kind friends had ever thought of so many comforts, and how so much had ever been packed in so small a box. At the very bottom were books—priceless treasures to the mind that was hungering for them. "Just what I was needing so much!" The very thing I have been longing for!" he exclaimed, as one after another the precious volumes were examined. "Oh! how wonderfully. Let us thank him now." With one arm around his wife, the other about the children, they knelt among their treasures and sent up grateful thanks to God, and implored heavenly blessings upon the friends who had so bountifully ministered to their needs. Surely angels might linger over such a scene with delight, and speed their silent flight back to drop heavenly benedictions and blessings into the hearts and homes of those who had planned and so generously executed the blessed gift of the "Missionary Box."

The Sunday School.

ITS SOCIAL WORK.

Many people work for God at great disadvantage. As if they should plant nine out of ten of their cabbages, with their roots in the air, and cry to Heaven, for a good crop. They would call it tempting Providence, if one fancied he could carry on business upon the principles by which they do religious work. Some, who fail egregiously in working for the Master, are shrewd enough in their own affairs. Just go into the place of business of one of these blunders. You see he has secured the most eligible site. His advertisements flare out in every paper. No show windows are more tastefully arranged than his. You are met at the counter by a most attentive clerk, ready to humor every fancy, only so that he can induce you to buy. One churchful act, one incivility, would cost him his place.

Now look at the same energetic, wide-awake disciple, when he takes up his Sabbath work. He seems to have donned extra dignity, with his Sunday suit. He looks grand enough, to be sure, as he moves up the aisle of the church. This seventh-day appearance reminds one of a line of Tennyson:

"Faultless, faultless, regularly null!"

Suppose you crowd him into the Sabbath school; he carries his Pharisaic lordliness with him. He will go through the lessons with creditable accuracy. He will be correct in his statements and deportment. He treats the members of his class with politeness, but somehow, in the open air, when he gets out into the open air again, with his birds, his chipper, and children, he changes. We hear some of these excellent people discussing their Sabbath school interests. "I don't see what is the trouble with our school. We've a pleasant room, good music, fine library; but somehow, we can't get the children to come. They have nothing half as attractive as the way, yet the children flock in there like bees about a honey pot." "I think," remarks another statesman, in a tone of solemn manner, "I think the spirituality of our school is not what it should be. I would recommend that the languishing condition of its interest be made a special subject of prayer."

Now prayer is always appropriate, but it is not the only thing to be thought of. We may cry to God till our voices fail. He will not do for us, what we ought to do for ourselves. Such efforts remind one of a priest who was walking over a field of his peasant parishioners, blessing them, and praying for good crops. "No use in praying for good crops," he said, when he came to the land of an indolent farmer; "this ground must be worked better." If kind looks and a pleasant address will draw people to your place of trade, their power is not to be ignored in Christ's work; when a man is trying to establish himself in business, how careful he is of every scrap of social influence. We know that real success depends upon the blessing of the good Father; and yet we are blind answer our own prayers. If the blind man had said, "What's the use of putting this clay on my eyes? If Jesus means to cure me, seems to me he could, without such a strange proceeding," in all probability he would have groped in darkness to his dying day. The command, "Be courteous," has come down to us from God. We can not ignore it, and expect him to do for us, what he would, if we obeyed it.

There may be, in Sabbath school, an extreme, the opposite of this apur stateliness. Sometimes the social element gets the advantage of the religious spirit. Like the vine that festoons the tree till it chokes out its life, overdone sociality may kill the vitality of the school. The young people may come together simply to visit each other. You will see them seated in pairs or groups, whispering and laughing, deporting themselves with less decorum than would be admissible at a week-night lecture or concert.

The Sunday school can be a success, only where all elements of strength are duly worked. Its social spirit must be warm and cheerful, yet thoughtful and reverent.

It is not the awfully good people, who win the young to Christ, nor the light, trivial people, but the true, genuine, earnest people.

The Sabbath school should be like a home. We do not enjoy visiting where a frozen respectability stifens every action, nor where a coarse, rollicking familiarity disgusts us, but where an easy refinement makes a genial atmosphere of kindness. The Sabbath school ought not to be conducted like a state funeral. Neither ought

it to be kept in a perpetual titter—the surprising telling stories with far more fun than piety in them, and all the exercises carried on upon the "high pressure" principle of excitement and hilarity.

There is an atmosphere of home-like cheerfulness, in the school where the social element is properly used; officers and teachers greet each other and the scholars, warmly, cordially, heartily. Differences of social standing that, elsewhere, keep the poor reminded of the shabbiness of their clothing, and the coarseness of their manners, are entirely ignored here. And how important this is! The Sunday school is the only bright place some of these sorrowful people find from week's end to week's end. They come from wretched staying places, where drunkenness, and poverty, and sourness, keep the air thick with gloom. They creep up out of their dens, groping after the Christ, who must surely pity the fallen and miserable. Dare we drive them back, with our scourges of stilted words and lofty airs?

In the model Sabbath school, everybody is kind to everybody, because everybody loves everybody for Jesus' sake, who cares for us all with such an infinite tenderness. Everybody's face reflects the beaming of his kindness, in a way that is altogether good and pleasant; "like the dew of heaven, when the Lord commanded his blessing, even life forevermore."

Children are specially susceptible to these influences. They attract them as certainly as do pretty clothes, dainty food, bright flowers, or sweet music. They know intuitively whether your cordiality is sincere, or whether you are condescending kindness, from a sense of duty. Only the plenitude of the love of Jesus, can make Sabbath school workers genuinely social.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 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.

Church Extension.

The church of Christ is the mother of civilization, the instrument of salvation, the enemy of all vice. It is an anti-sin, anti-ignorance, anti-poverty, anti-slavery, anti-lawlessness and anti-misery society. We have many organizations to remedy evils; this is the fountain from which they all take their rise and receive their inspiration. Everything that is good, and refining, and elevating; which tends to, virtue, intelligence, enterprise and happiness, in modern civilization, is begotten and nourished by the gospel, which the church is sent to cherish and proclaim. Hence we sing with feeling,

"I love Thy church, O God,"
and earnestly, and with deep emotion; exclaim,

"If'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die."

And what a work is set for our Denomination to do! Other Christian bodies are active, earnest, doing a blessed work. But the harvest is still more abundant than the reapers. Vast fields are waiting because of lack of workers. Had we a thousand more men we should have ample room for them all. In some sections, we are doing much to revive old churches, and plant new ones, but not a tenth part of what is needed, nor anything near what we could do, if we made an earnest effort. The calls are largely increasing; the right stamp of men could plant churches in all parts of the land, which would speedily become self-supporting. A thousand men of apostolic spirit and faith, not waiting for a call, but listening to the command from the throne, "Go," could plant a thousand new churches in a single year, which would very soon give them a reasonable support. Meeting houses could be built, and all the conveniences of worship secured, in these new fields, if proper efforts were made.

We can not do all that we would like to do, and only a small part of what is needed; but we can do much more than we are doing. We have not as much money as we need, nor as many men, but we have more than we are using. A brother just now called at the office, and said he was in trouble because he had forsaken the ministry for secular pursuits. That is good. We are glad of it. If we become thoroughly in earnest in this work, hundreds of men who have left the "word of God, to serve tables," will make the same confession, and again enter the vineyard. We have allowed this business to go by default, have neglected it, and enthusiasm has died, and the hands of the chief men have fallen by their sides. The few who have kept up the fight, have felt solitary and unsupported. Shall this state of things continue? Can we not have one general revival in all our ranks? A thorough awakening on this subject would double our ministerial strength at once; it would bring more men to the field, and increase the power of those who are now at work.

From all parts of the denomination, letters come, asking, "Can we not do more for church extension?" The hearts of the brotherhood are painfully anxious over this matter. Old men are eager to strike another blow. Retired men are moved to return again to the battlefields, and if they can not stand in the heat of the conflict, propose at least to "guard the baggage and provide support for those who do the heavy work." If this spirit becomes general, there will be "an advance along the whole line." We want talented, educated men, the more of them the better; but most of all, we need earnest men, men of faith and full of the Holy Spirit. Men may be very wise in science and literature, but lack the wisdom which wins souls. If we wish to build a house, we seek a man who knows how to build it, and will do it promptly, rather than a gentleman who is adorned with "all the modern improvements," and will exhaust our energies in this work. We want men who can win souls, and make places for themselves, break into new fields, and build up churches. Inspiration from on high will work relief. A great reformation is indispensable.

How shall we get this inspiration? How may we deepen the feeling? Action will do it. If all who have interest will talk, and pray, and give money, and work as if they believed what they say, life will soon pervade the whole body. Example is potent; the spirit moves through living men; every earnest worker provokes others to their task; a revival in one place leads to the same in others; generous contributions by one church, stimulate others to the same liberality. We have indolent ministers and indolent churches, who will be slow to awake; we have captious, fault-finding men, who will annoy and impede the efforts of those who have a mind to work; such difficulties seem inevitable, but persevering, determined work will win at last.

Oh, if we could embody the yearnings of the good and true, in the varied sections of our Zion, in a few living sentences, and lay them upon the hearts of the dull and inactive, and make them feel as some do feel; if we could convey to their souls, this great love for sinners; these unutterable groanings over the necessities of the church; the Christlike spirit of labor and sacrifice for the lost which so often finds expression in a flood of tears; there would be a general

revival; enthusiasm for souls would pervade our whole denomination; ministers and laymen would go forth weeping; funds flow into the mission treasury; young men would crowd into the ministry, and count it all joy to be poor as their Master, if they could but bring sinners to Christ.

Preach Christ.

Bishop Lavington charged his clergy, more than a hundred years ago, to preach Christ. He says:

"My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against moral preaching. We have long been attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind. With what success? None at all. On the contrary, we have dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity. We must change our voice. We must preach Christ and him crucified. Nothing but the Gospel is,—nothing besides will be found to be—the power of God unto salvation. Let me, therefore, again and again request,—may I not add, let me charge you—to preach Jesus, and salvation through his name."

These are wise words. They are as apposite now as when first uttered. Experience endorses them. Failure of other means, and success of this, enforce them. Great reforms, the elevation of man, the regeneration of sinners, come from a faithful proclamation of a personal Christ. Simple truth is not enough; ideas do not reach the heart; moral theories win approval, even admiration, but do not work reform. Something more is needed; and that something is in the personal power of Christ over the affections.

We all know that a person will awaken ten fold more enthusiasm than a theory or a doctrine. There is something tangible, inspiring, about a living man, that cannot be found in ideas. And Jesus excels all others in power to move the heart and to awaken love and enthusiasm; he changes the feelings; puts his own purposes, aspirations, and loves, into those who receive him, and this gives divine strength to attempt and to perform. Facts demonstrate this; the trial has lasted eighteen hundred years; the ordeal has been severe; competitors have been numerous and supported with energy; they have all failed, and Christ rises higher, as a power to save.

Talk of arguments in proof of the divinity of Christ! These are the best possible arguments, the fruits. A falsehood cannot yield such fruits. Christ is an impostor, a dead enthusiast, or a living, divine Saviour. Is it possible, that an eighteen hundred years old error has the power to reform sinners, change bad men into good men, to stir the whole civilized world with love of humanity, and move them to cheerfully pour out millions of wealth, and perform immense labor, for the good of others, with no hope of earthly reward? Christ and him crucified is his own vindicator; he carries the proof of his divinity in his works; he sends it deep into the hearts of those who bear the proclamation; he conveys it through them to others; he makes the church a power just in proportion as they know him, and take all their inspiration from him; and those preachers who know him best, and preach him the most fully, wield the largest power against unbelief and sin, and do most to change sinners into saints. Hence, let every preacher see to it that he preaches Christ.

Liberal Views.

There is just now much boasting of "progressive religion," "advanced positions," "liberal views." The phrases are fine, but the sense is ambiguous. What is Christian progress? What is an advanced position? If increased loyalty to the truth, more conscience, careful obedience to the divine law, greater love and generosity towards our fellow-men, are meant, then the more of them we have the better. Indeed, the church is in great need of growth in these respects. The lack of conscience, the abounding prejudices, narrow, sectarian rivalries and hateful selfishness, which have so long marred the Christian character, are deplorable. There has been a great gain in respect of these points; there is now, undoubtedly, more charity, more love of truth, less bondage to prejudice, than heretofore; and there are good reasons to hope that a still larger gain in this direction will be reached.

But those who boast of progress most, do not seem to increase in these choice endowments. Their liberty is license, their progress backward, in the direction of loss of reverence for the word of God, loss of conscience, loss of piety, and loss of real Christian benevolence. Swedenborg describes in his visions, the antics of these progressionists in the spirit world. He says that their passage through space is very rapid, and they go shouting, "progress!" "progress!" but "I observed," says he, "that their heels were upward, and their heads downward." So that they went down rather than up, in their flight, but they thought themselves rising all the time.

It is not well to relax the authority of the gospel, and to allow an increase of this feeling, that it matters little what we do, how we live, what we believe; that one religion is about as good as another, and no religion amounts to about the same as the most devout piety. When such license is granted in matters of religion, it will immediately debase public morals, for conscience towards God is the vital force from which all vitality proceeds. This evil tendency is becoming formidable. Some Christian men, and Christian editors, even, give a partial endorsement to this laxity in religious duties, and this fact indicates the force of the movement. These developments are symptoms of the way in which the tide is setting; these Liberal Christians are the floating material in society, which easily moves with the current, and their confessions warn the guardians of truth to keep vigilant watch.

Cogitations.

How strange this work of ours! Thinking, writing, travel in soul, for fifty thousand immortal minds, scattered through all the land! We see them not, yet we know that hosts of sharp eyes will scan every sentence that we write, that every thought we express will benefit or injure this vast throng of souls. We fervently desire and hope to bless them; God forbid that we should do them harm!

How pleasant it would be to see and know them all; to step into their homes, and chat of common and sacred things! And it would be delightful to welcome the whole army to our sanctum, and commune with them face to face. We have seen some, and hope to see more. Let us describe our office. It is at number 30 Vesey St., on the second floor; a mammoth tea store is beneath; the Presbyterian rooms above. We are just a step from Broadway; the ancient cemetery of St. Paul's church is opposite, filled with dissolving tombstones and fine old trees; and swarms of sparrows in their tiny houses, skipping from limb to limb, give it an air of life and cheer. The church, old, yet comely, stands on Broadway, "with its front behind it, and its rear before." The City Hall and the new Post Office are just across Broadway. Scores of papers, secular and religious, are published near; street cars from all parts of the city, center here. We are in the heart of city life.

"The Morning Star," on a beautiful sign, is placed above the main entrance and on the "door posts." We have two rooms; one for editorial work, the other for books, and the use of brother Cobb, who has charge of the advertising department. Here we do our work; from here our thoughts go East, West, North, and South, seeking to know the wants of all, and aiming to send some message which will help them to be more devout, true to Christ, noble in purpose, and brave to perform.

Letters come which help us; some bother and perplex, some give great delight. Here is one from New Orleans, telling of F. Baptist churches there, among the Freedmen, and asking that a judicious minister from the North visit them; here is another which tells of great prosperity in Storer College, at Harper's Ferry, and revivals among the churches in the valley; another from a Baptist minister, who reports how his church excluded him, because he believes in communing with all true Christians, and how he suffers now from his former brethren; several speak of precious revivals; one from the West, eloquently pleads for united, earnest action in the Home Mission cause, and speaks of the numerous fields which are inviting laborers; another is full of spice and "blues," prophesying that everything is coming to speedy ruin; a veteran of many battles, who has "suffered with Christ," and expects soon to "reign with him," utters words which cheer and strengthen the heart; a brother down East writes kind words of gratitude for articles in the *Star*; another writes anything but complimentary; a good brother complains that the *Star* is too conservative, and a sister speaks of the great help it affords her in the Christian journey. Thus heartbeats reach us, do us good, make us feel a magnetic fellowship with the family of saints, and thus reveal to us how we may serve them.

Of visitors, what they say, and how they feel, and the words of compliment and praise which brother editors are pleased to speak, respecting the *Star*, we may write about in the future; as well as give cogitations on things which we see and hear from time to time.

Railroads.

The rapid growth of railroads excites our wonder and admiration. Men, now active in business life, remember when circulars were sent to all the clergy of Mass., asking them to preach in favor of the Western Railroad, for which a few bold men were endeavoring to secure a charter, against strong opposition. Many of them preached, more of them argued in private with their assembly men; the charter was given, the road built; and now the continent is alive with iron horses which go thundering through the land in every direction. Twenty years ago, we were accustomed to hear business men prophesy general disaster, from the rapid, venture construction of the roads. But there has been no cessation and no crash; faster and faster the new routes are opened; more and more business is done on them; more and more money made by the traffic. The great Central Pacific is being followed by two others across the continent; the four principal roads, from east to west, are over-burdened with business; double tracks are going down, and new routes are demanded. The subscription of \$12,000,000, by New York capitalists, to the Chesapeake and Ohio road, indicates the current of events. The prompt enlistment of money men to build the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville road, so as to shorten the Chesapeake route, and bring the West still nearer the sea, is another indication that far-seeing men are alive to the advantages of short, easy and cheap transit from the great granary of the world to the millions of the earth who abide in cities. Whoever looks on the map will see, at a glance, the peculiar advantages of this new route. It is shorter than any other, has an easy grade runs through a splendid country, and terminates where ships of the largest size can load for their long voyages over the sea.

We are glad to see Old Virginia made a thoroughfare for trade. She has been blighted and cursed by slavery, from the first, but is now free, and northern ideas and northern men and northern capital and just beginning to revolutionize her material affairs. There is a bright future for that old state; and these new railroads

will do much to make New Virginia so much more glorious than the old, that the most conservative will bless God for emancipation.

Current Topics.

THE STEAMER CITY OF BOSTON. The fate of this vessel is still shrouded in uncertainty. She is now over 50 days from New York, and no tidings concerning her have been received during that time. Her owners still express a degree of confidence in her safety, but it has been materially diminished during the past week; while the hope of those who have friends on board has gradually yielded to doubt, and doubt is fast giving place to despair. There are still chances of her safety, but each succeeding day is rendering those chances still more doubtful. The whole coast of Ireland has been searched in vain to find some traces of her, and the dreaded fact is fast forcing itself upon general acceptance, that she has gone down into that gloom whence no tidings can come back.

There is an undefinable mystery connected with the disappearance of a vessel under such circumstances. We watch her as she sails out of sight over the horizon, as though going over the edge of an interminable gulf, and then she has no further existence but in the regions of a speculative fancy. Whether an arm has reached up from the lonely depths and drawn her down in its embrace, or some mysterious power has reached down in the storm and removed her from our sight, we know not. She simply drops out of existence, and our questions as to her fate receive no answer. In the present case there have come several reports of the safety of the missing steamer, which in the end have proved but cruel rumors. The expectations of those who wait for tidings have been cheered by these reports, only to be plunged into still greater despondency by the discovery of the hoax. Although the hopes which have been so cruelly trifled with may be slow to revive, and although it must be admitted that the prospect of the safe arrival of the steamer can not be regarded as affording much encouragement, yet it is hardly time to despair. The time of her absence is not yet so long as to render it inevitable that she has been lost, and a thousand contingencies may have tended to delay her.

AN ORDER OF CONGRATULATION.

The publication of the facts of the terrible massacre by our soldiers of a helpless camp of Indians was horrible enough. Every patriot blushed at the amount of barbarity displayed, and it was certainly hoped that no one, much less the official who ordered the movement, would justify the cruel outrage. Public sentiment was slow to condemn General Sheridan, and waited with a confident hope that he would make some explanation which would exonerate him from blame all but those who were immediately concerned in the affair. It seems, however, that the charity of the public was gratuitously bestowed. General Sheridan has issued a general order congratulating his troops on the success of Col. Baker's infamous expedition. He states with the utmost unconcern that these Indians, simply for dealing with white men as white men dealt with them, have received a carefully prepared and well merited blow in the middle of winter, with the thermometer below zero. He cannot commend too highly the spirit and conduct of the troops and their commander, in the difficulties and hardships they experienced in the inclemency of the weather, and as one of the results of the severe but necessary and well-merited punishment of these Indians, he congratulates the citizens of Montana on the prospect of future security. Indeed! With their fate in the hands of such inhuman leaders, can the Indians congratulate themselves on the prospect of future security! We are demanding as a nation the severest punishment of that monster guilty of abandoning drowning men to their fate. We owe it to ourselves and to humanity to demand as rigid an investigation into this bloody butchery of the unfortunate Piegans. Let it be admitted that they have been guilty of murdering and plundering white settlers. But we have broken the fairest promises of peace, and have visited helpless women and children with swift punishment and death. They are savages, but we claim to be civilized, and cannot afford to do out them in barbarism. We trust that the case will be fairly investigated.

THE FINAL GEORGIA QUESTION. It was hoped that the Congressional action of last December had effectually disposed of the Georgia case for the present. Such, however, seems not to have been the case. Affairs have been in rather an unsettled condition there during the last two months, and Congress has again been forced to turn its attention to the matter. A new measure, intended to effect the reconstruction of the state, has been adopted by the House, and is now the subject of earnest discussion by the leading men of the Senate, with some uncertainty as to the result. Gen. Butler introduced a bill extending the present Georgia Legislature, by making its term to date from the re-admission of the state to the union. An amendment, on the other hand, provides that an election for the Legislature shall be held next October, on the ground that the present Legislature legally expires at that date. The point is, whether or not this amendment shall be stricken out. Without this desired extension, as provided in Butler's bill, it will be difficult for the Unionists and friends of reconstruction in the state to sustain themselves against the element of ruffianism that is developed there. It is feared that a dissolution of the present Legislature at so early a date as next October will leave the state again in the hands of unrepentant rebels, and that the last condition may be worse than the first. If the

present Legislature, purified as it was only a short time since, can show no better record on the side of law and order, it is doubtful if a new session, composed of such law-makers as Georgia would probably select, would materially improve the condition. Congress will no doubt wisely decide the question.

THE ROSSE TELESCOPE. It is interesting to know that this great telescope, with its monster tube, down which a man might walk upright, and with a light-gathering power so intense that even by day the stars viewed through it shine like miniature suns, has not remained idle since the lamented death of the astronomer who constructed it. Not only has the work to which Earl Rosse devoted it,—the study of those strange stellar cloudlets that fleck the sky—been continued, but its powers have been used to promote the progress of new and subtle modes of research. The elements which compose distant worlds were to be determined, as well as their configuration and the varied changes on their surface. The task was no simple one. The gigantic tube, with its ponderous six-foot mirror, had been poised so skillfully that a child could guide its movements. But for the new work which it was to assist in performing, much more was wanted. A new power had to be given to the telescope, a power of self-motion, so exactly regulated that its great eye might remain steadily fixed on any given star or planet, notwithstanding the swift rotation of the earth, by which, in the ordinary condition of the tube, the celestial objects were carried in a few moments across its field of view. This power has now been given to the great reflector, and thereby the value of the instrument as an aid to scientific research has undoubtedly been more than doubled. Already it has solved questions which had been found to lie far beyond the power of inferior instruments; and what revelations it has made are believed to be quite inferior to those which it will disclose in coming years.

DR. TURNER AND HIS UNIVERSITY.

On the authority of the New York Journals we inserted a brief note in the *Star* some weeks since, implying that all was not just as it should be, in the management of affairs under this gentleman's charge. We are satisfied from subsequent information, that the Doctor did not merit the censure which was involved in the reports circulated; and we are exceedingly glad to withdraw any endorsement which we seem to have given them.

A CORRECTION CORRECTED. The *Examiner and Chronicle* says that the statement respecting J. Hyatt Smith's being an open communionist, is a "canard." Here are its words:

THREE RUMORS DISPOSED OF.
Rumor Number One.—That our genial and excellent friend, Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, has become an avowed open-communionist, is a statement which, in the *Examiner and Chronicle*, is a "canard." This is the story, given in all the forms of newspaper ingenuity, and that has traveled more miles than we can count. But isn't it cruel to spoil anything so thrilling—the whole statement is a canard, with just no foundation in the facts. Mr. Smith is the beloved pastor of Leocompton Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, and has no thought of leaving it, or of trying to change its practice as a regular Baptist church. So our dear friends of the open-communion denominations will have to nominate another leader to liberate those tens of thousands, said to be in our Baptist churches, who sigh for deliverance from the close-communion narrowness. Our friend continues to be a minister in the true church, and an unconquerable standard-bearer in our N. T. L.—although, we regret to add, he has not yet brought us the proof of successful raids among our Methodist brethren.

We cannot say by what authority this denial is made; but we know that there was good authority for the statement which appeared in the *Star* week before last. When we saw the statement in the *Independent*, that Mr. Smith had resigned his pastorate, and was about to move in the organization of an open communion church, we doubted, and took the precaution of inquiring, where the facts ought to be known, if anywhere, and learned that they are as stated in the *Star*, and we have no doubts, in the case now, notwithstanding the assertions of the *Examiner & Chronicle* to the contrary.

Spirit of the Press.

The following selections from several religious newspapers give their views on topics of general interest. Speaking of the round-about way in which many are apt to approach the throne of grace in prayer, the *Examiner & Chronicle* of last week gives the following valuable hints:

God should always be approached reverently. But may he not at the same time be approached simply, directly, naturally? Is there not an affection about very much of our praying which renders it unreal to ourselves, and may well render it distasteful to God? Is prayer anything more than a devout soul's talk with its Maker; and can we approach our Heavenly Father more acceptably than with those simple, childlike utterances which we would address to an earthly parent?

In the closet, certainly, let us talk with God. If we are burdened with anxiety for the welfare of a friend, why need we ask our Heavenly Father to bless "the friend we have in mind," instead of calling that friend by name? If we are perplexed by pecuniary embarrassments, why not ask God in so many words, for the money which we want? Most Christians seem to feel a sort of squeamishness about going to God with their temporal necessities, and, if they do it at all, it is done in a round-about way that only obscures the could understand what they mean. But one Paul tells us: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." We need help

in little things as well as great—secular as well as sacred. What harm in asking for it in language plain, simple and direct?

In the closet, this should certainly be our habit. There, at least, we should dispense with those unwritten forms of prayer which we have derived from the tradition of the elders, and ask God, not for what somebody else wanted, but for what we want then and there. And may not this closet-talk profitably re-act on the social prayer-meeting? Nay, it will re-act upon it, inevitably. We should soon have done with those musty, cut-and-dried petitions, always modeled after the same plan and embracing the same objects, just as appropriate last year as now, and next year as this, if men would but acquire the habit of talking with God, in their secret devotions, as a man talketh with his friend.

The unprecedented inhumanity of the Captain of the Bombay, in refusing to render assistance to the crew of the *Oncida* after he had placed their vessel in a sinking condition, is thus looked at by the *N. Y. Evangelist*:

It will stand as a strange contrast in the history of England's relations to this country, that while, during the early days of 1870, one hemisphere was witnessing a Royal British escort of the Peabody remains to their native land, with all the pomp of national sympathy and grief, the navigable highways of another hemisphere were eternally disgraced by the crime of another British captain against a hundred of Mr. Peabody's fellow-countrymen,—not dead, but living—nearly dying.

The terrible contrast gathers force from the fact that, while the princely obsequies were designed as a memorial to the humanity of an American to Englishmen, the memorable scene in the Japan seas will ever stand recorded as a testimony to the inhumanity of a Briton towards Americans. One would suppose that the fact and the meaning of the great international funeral must have been known and talked of on board every British vessel afloat, if it were only a South Shore fishing boat. The roughest sea-captain might be supposed to drop the never-forgotten "Treaty affair," and all else, and to be for the time a little softened and humane. Of if softness is unknown to the heart of a true John Bull, should not his national pride at doing for once the "andomest thing toward our American cousins," have been a guarantee that noble and brave men should not be allowed to perish under the very bows of his stanch and roomy steamer?

The monarch and the Bombay both represent the British spirit, through two very different sides of it. There is always a coarse, hard substratum of bitterness, national jealousy, and show of power, in the British popular feelings toward us. But it is most unfortunate that it should have cropped out at the very time that England's better self was engaged in one of the noblest and most gallant acts on the records of any nation.

The affair of the *Oncida* will call forth deep sympathy everywhere; but with the best classes of Englishmen that sympathy will be attended with the deepest mortification. The manliness and every strict naval discipline with which the fated men stood at their post and met their fate, while the Bombay, unmindful of all signals, faded in the distance, strengthens all the aggravations of the case. The dismissal of the inhuman commander from the service in disgrace would be ratified by the common verdict of mankind.

A Jew who has recently attended the Portland Street Synagogue, thus writes to the *Jerish Chronicle*:

As an Israelite, I have always been taught to believe, and to be convinced of, the sacred truth of the Bible, but to my very great astonishment, I am told that the struggle between Jacob and the angel was only a vision; that the passage over the Red Sea was but a natural occurrence, and not a miracle; that Balaam's ass did not speak; that also was only a vision. Consequently the whole history of Balaam and Baak was only a fabrication; and last of all, came the daring, startling and dangerous assertion, that God never spoke at all; it was only a vision of Moses. Further we are told, that the water flowing from the rock, and the earth swallowing Korah and his company, were not miracles; that all were perfectly in harmony with nature. As a member of the synagogue, I hereby protest against such heterodox principles being introduced into the synagogue.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS. The committee appointed at the last anniversaries, held at Lowell, have sent out blanks to all the Schools, calling for reports. It is very desirable that the request of the committee should be heeded, and that full and complete information should be given on all the points suggested.

We are pleased to learn that the entire profits of Bro. L. L. Harmon's very extensive sales of Musical Instruments last year were given to benevolent purposes.

Denominational News and Notes.

Western New York.

The late session of the Union Q. M. was held with the Putney church and was a season of interest. The prospects of the Q. M. are brightening. Already they are seeing better days. Brethren Hanson and Taylor have recently located within the bounds of the Q. M., and add materially to its former strength. Bro. Starr, of Potter, although enfeebled in health, preaches with energy and acceptance. May he long be spared to stand upon Zion's walls. Of the more early faithful laborers of this region there are still left, Brethren Wildman and Wood. Bro. Wildman was a co-laborer with Rev. James Signal, now deceased. We were glad to find young brethren coming forward to engage in the work of the gospel ministry. We would extend to them a hearty welcome and a more hearty God speed. After a few days spent with pastor and church, the prospects of a revival interest became more apparent, and we expect to hear good tidings from Putney at no distant day. Bro. Hanson, their pastor, is doing a good work there. We were glad for the omens of a greater prosperity and more efficiency in the church. They should not allow Bro. H. to leave now, by any means.

We spent two nights at Elmira. We found a good work in progress, under the la-

Poetry.

The Master's Call.

Up and be doing! the time is brief,
And life is frail as the autumn leaf.
To God and thy better self be true,
Do with thy might what thou findest to do.
Though the day is bright, and the sun is high,
Ere long 'twill fade from the glowing sky.
While the evening shadows darkly fall,
There's time for rest, it will come to all.
The harvest is white, and the field is wide,
And thou at thy ease may'st not abide.
The reapers are few and far between,
And death is abroad, with his sickle keen.
O, think of the Master, worn and faint,
Whose meek lips uttered no complaint;
Who toiled for thee 'mid the noonday heat,
And sought no rest for his weary feet;
Of a Father's wrath who drank the wine,
And bore his cross to lighten thine.
Go forth and labor! A crown awaits
The faithful servant at Heaven's high gates.
For a death of shame the Saviour died,
To open those golden portals wide.
That souls, redeemed from the toils of sin,
In His spotless robes might enter in.
Work with thy might! ere the day of grace
Is spent, and the night steals on apace.
The Master has given His pledge divine;
Who wineth souls like the stars shall shine.

My Two Children.

I have two children,—one a boy,
Rosy and bright, and fair;
His eyes are the hue of summer sky,
And sunshine rests on his hair.
All day through the rooms that else were still,
His voice makes music sweet;
And dear to me is the patterning sound
Of his little restless feet.
I sit and list to his artless talk,
Through hours of untold bliss,
Till I think that never, in all the world,
Was another boy like this.
And when each night, he kneels by his bed,
And whispers his simple prayer,
Heaven seems so near that I almost see
The angels waiting there.
Oh, God! for this precious gift of thine,
My heart overflows with joy!
Help me to guard and guide aright,
My beautiful, my boy!
My other child is a fair, sweet girl;
Her age I can not tell,
For I know not how they reckon time,
Where she has gone to dwell.
I only know that I laid her down
In the years of long ago,
With her small hands folded over a heart,
As pure as the spotless snow.
Her winning ways seem as fresh to me
As when, with loving eye,
I watched her busy amid her toys,—
The toys that are all laid by.
To-day she roams with tireless feet
Through realms of bliss above,
Safely sheltered from every ill,
In the Saviour's boundless love.
I press to my lips with thankful heart,
This little glossy curl,
And thank my God for the precious gift,
Of my own sweet angel girl.
—Universalist.

The Family Circle.

The Fatal Error.

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

"Little he thought that the demon was there,
Lightly he drank, and was caught in the snare;
Oh, then, of the death dealing bowl beware."
Two fair young girls were standing to-
gether on the brink of a deep and rapid
river. One of them took a piece of bark
from a decaying log, and laying a bunch of
wild flowers on it, placed it on the water
and pushed it from the shore.
"That is my ship," she said, "and if it
sails safely out of sight, I shall marry the
man I love, and be happy; but if it is
wrecked among the rocks, or drawn ashore
by the eddy current, then will my hopes
be blasted, and my life will be a failure."
Her friend glanced at her earnest face
with surprise and sorrow, and then turned
her eyes toward the mimic ship with its
flowery freight.
"Surely, Anna, you do not believe that
you can read your destiny in the fate of
that bit of bark?" she said, trying to
laugh.
"Do not laugh at me, dear Mary," she
replied soberly, "I shall accept it as a re-
velation, or a prophecy, so let us watch its
course."
Together they watched it, as the current
swept it onward, till it struck a floating
log and disappeared. In a moment it rose
again to sight, but the flowers were scat-
tered on the water.
"The cargo is lost," she said in a whis-
per, and her cheeks grew deadly pale, "we
will see what is the fate of the ship."
For a while it floated on, and then, strik-
ing a little raft of tangled drift wood, it dis-
appeared.
Anna covered her face with her hands,
and turned away.
"I am sorry you have tried this foolish
experiment," said Mary. "You know it is
nothing, so forget it at once."
"Of course I know it is nothing," Anna
replied, turning away from the river. "I
know it is nothing, but if it had ended
well, it would have made me happy."
"I should want a better reason for being
either happy or miserable."

Turning to her friend, without seeming
to hear her remark, Anna said, "Do you
know that Allen Clifford has offered me his
hand, and I have accepted it, though my
parents are bitterly opposed to our mar-
riage?"

"And do your parents oppose you with-
out cause?"

"Why, you know, Allen is a gay young
man. He drinks wine at parties, and they
say he drinks brandy in the saloons and
club rooms."

"My dear friend," cried Mary, "you would
not risk your property in a leaky ship, nor
choose an insane man to pilot you on a
dangerous coast; and dare you venture
the happiness of your life in a marriage
with this man, whose habits of dissipation
are already attracting attention?"

"Oh, dear, how serious you are!" said
Anna, laughing. "He is only sowing his
wild oats, and he solemnly promises, when
we are married, to settle down and be
steady. Besides, it is too late to repent.
I have promised to be his wife, so please
don't prophesy evil concerning me."

"Too late is it, indeed?" said Mary,
sadly; "then may heaven protect you,"
and the young girls parted for their homes.

A few months after this, there was a bril-
liant wedding. Allen Clifford and Anna
Morey were married. Her parents, though
disapproving her choice, decided, as they
said, to make the best of it, and give them
a fair start. The bride was decked with
silk and lace; orange flowers and pearls
were twined with her shining hair, and a
large circle of friends were invited to wit-
ness the ceremony and to partake of the
bridal feast.

And there were wines,—white wine,
ruby wine, and sparkling, foaming wine.
Mr. and Mrs. Morey knew the fatal weak-
ness of the man who had wedded their
daughter, but they could not spare him the
temptation at this time, for wine was fash-
ionable at weddings.

The ceremony was performed, the irrevo-
cable words were spoken, and the party
gathered around the loaded table. All
seemed gay and happy, except the bride-
groom. He was a handsome young man,
bred in the best society, educated in the
best schools, and just commencing the
practice of law, with talents which, if im-
proved, must make him eminent. His so-
cial qualities rendered him a general favor-
ite. His conversation, witty, refined, and
graceful, was the charm of every circle
where he moved. But that day, though
evidently happy in the accomplishment of
his wishes, he was silent, and his friends
saw on his pale face the traces of anxious
thought. The fact was, he had become
alarmed at his own downward course. He
did not dare to take the solemn vows of
marriage, and receive in charge the happi-
ness of a young and trusting heart, while
he felt that all power for good was slipping
from his hands. He resolved to reform at
once. The struggle with his habits had
shown him how strong they were. He
had thought the threads with which he was
binding himself were but spider's webs, and
now he discovered that they were links
of steel, and the discovery saddened him.

When he received the fair hand of his
bride, it was not proudly and confidently,
but with a sincere resolve to make himself
worthy of her trust and affection. The
wine passed around, and its sight
and its smell tempted him. Appetite
clamored for indulgence, and surged
against the will like the waves battling with
a cliff. His lips grew pale in the struggle,
but his glass remained untouched. Then
the wife, who had just linked her destiny
with his for good or evil, raised her glass
to her lips, and motioned him to do the
same.

"Anna," he said, in a whisper, "I prom-
ised you, when we were married, I would
drink no more."

"Ah!" she said, laughing, "I will not
exact the fulfillment of that promise to-
day."

His trembling hand touched the glass.
His smile encouraged him, and raising it to
his lips, he drained it at a draught. His
eyes kindled with an unnatural light, his
face flushed, and again the glass was
filled and drained. The company grew
merry, and he laughed and jested with
the rest. Again and again his glass was filled,
till the bride grew alarmed, and whispered
a caution in his ear.

He turned, and, with a look she never
forgot, replied,—"You tempted me."

Five years from that time, Anna return-
ed to her father's house, a widow, with two
little children. I will not attempt to write
the history of those years,—years in which
hope and joy had died in her heart, and
sorrow, pain and anxious fear had come to
sit in their place. From the fatal moment
in which he drank that glass of wine at her
suggestion, he spurned all her efforts to
restrain him. It was the old story,—told six-
ty thousand times every year in our land,—
of property squandered, business neglected
and health consumed, ending in poverty,
shame and premature death.

Not long after her return, the young
widow walked with her friend by the river's
side.

"Do you remember my ship?" she
said.

"I was thinking of it," Mary replied with
quivering lip.

"Was it accident, dear friend, that it
went down with its flowery freight, or was
it a warning which I had invoked? It sad-
dened me for a moment then, but was soon
forgotten. Now, looking on the water
where my flowers were scattered and my
ship was lost, I see the picture of my wed-
ded life,—only there should be this addi-
tion; I should have steered my ship to-
wards the breakers where it foundered,—
with my own hands I should have helped on
its ruin."

Mary looked in her face, pale and hag-
gard with sorrow, and throwing her arms
about her, said,—"Why do you reproach
yourself? Your marriage, if it was not
wise, has much to excuse it;—the warmth

of your affections, the hope of reformation,
so much beauty and excellence."

"You mistake me, Mary; I did not al-
lude to my marriage. Having him as I did,
how can I, even now, regret that? But it
was I who, at our wedding feast, proffered
him the cup which ruined him. God for-
give me! I knew not what I did! In the
madness of intoxication he often reproach-
ed me with that act, and said that if I had
helped instead of tempting him, he might
have been saved. Oh, my friend! pity and
pray for me;—that act makes up the dregs
in the cup of bitterness which I am drink-
ing."

For a while she sobbed on her friend's
bosom, who knew not how to comfort her,
then raising her head, she said,—"My sons
shall not be brought up as my poor husband
was. They shall not be taught that the
glass is necessary to social happiness, and
glow accustomed to it from their mother's
hands. Have you ever thought how cruel
society is? This tempting poison is offer-
ed at every turn, and while the net is being
spun and the fetters forged, there are only
smiles and cheers; but when the victim
falls, and conscience, reason and will lie
bound and powerless in the fatal snare,
then, instead of pity and help, there are only
contempt and scorn. Oh! I have seen and
felt it all."

My father has banished the poison from
his house, for, though I was poor and home-
less, on no other condition would I bring
my sons under his roof. I will teach them,
as soon as their lips can utter a prayer, to ask
that they may be delivered from the demon
which dragged their father down to ruin.
They shall hate the wine cup and loathe
the traffic in intoxicating drinks. As I hope
for forgiveness of the great error of my life,
I will be faithful in this work."

Geography Student.

About thirty years ago, said Judge P—,
I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati,
in search of some books that I wanted. While
there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve
years of age, came in and inquired for a
geography.

"Plenty of them," said the salesman.
"How much do they cost?"

"Oae dollar, my lad."

The little fellow drew back in dismay,
and taking his little hand out of his pocket,
he commenced to count some pennies and
little silver pieces that he had held until
they were all damp with sweat. Several
times he counted them, then looking up,
said:

"I didn't know they were so much," he
turned to go out and even opened the
door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got only sixty-one cents," said he;
"you could not let me have a geography,
and wait a little while for the rest of the
money?"

How eagerly his bright eyes looked up
for the answer; and how he seemed to shrink
within his ragged clothes when the man
not very kindly told him that he could
not.

The disappointed little fellow looked up
to me with a very poor attempt at a smile
and left the store. I followed and over-
took him.

"And what now?" I asked, kindly.
"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you suc-
ceed?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in sur-
prise.

Four different stores I entered with him,
and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I
shouldn't know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little
fellow walked up manfully and told the
gentleman just what he wanted, and how
much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked
the proprietor.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school,
but I study when I can at home. All the
boys have got one, and they will get ahead
of me. Besides, my father was a sailor,
and I want to learn the places where he
used to go."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then
he added, after a while, "I am going to be
a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentle-
man, raising his eyebrows, curiously.

"Yes, sir; if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I
will do; I will let you have a new geogra-
phy, and you may pay the remainder of the
money when you can, or I will let you have
one that is not new for fifty cents."

He said he, "I thank you very much, and
some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to
him. Then I left him standing by the
counter, so happy that I almost envied
him; and many years passed before I
saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of
the finest steamers that ever plowed the
waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful
weather until very near the end of our voy-
age; then came a most terrific storm that
would have sunk all on board, had it not
been for the captain. Every spar was laid
low, the rudder was almost useless, and a
great leak had shown itself, threatening to
fill the ship. The crew were all strong,
willing men, and the mates were practical
seamen of the first class; but after pumping
for one whole night, and still the water
gaining on them, they gave up in despair
and prepared to take to the boats, though
they might have known that no small boat
could ride in such a sea. The captain, who
had been below with the charts, now came
up; he saw how matters stood, and with a
voice that I heard distinctly above the roar
of the tempest, he ordered every man back
to his post.

It was surprising to see all those men
bow before the strong will of the cap-
tain and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to exam-
ine the leaks. As he passed me, I asked
him if there was any hope. He looked at
me, then at the other passengers, who had
crowded up to hear the reply, and said,
rebuikingly:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one
inch of deck remains above water. When I
see none of it, then I shall abandon the
vessel, and not before; nor one of my crew,
sir. Everything shall be done to save
it, and if we fail it will not be from
inaction. Bear a hand every one of you
at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair;
but the captain's dauntless courage, perse-
verance, and powerful will, mastered every
mind on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock
in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be
men."

And he did land us safely, but the vessel
sunk moored to the dock. The captain
stood on the deck of his sinking ship, re-
ceiving the thanks and blessings of pass-
engers as they passed down the gang plank.
I was the last to leave. As I passed, he
grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P—, do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I
had ever seen him until I stepped aboard
his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in search of
a geography years ago in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," said he. "God bless you."
"And God bless noble Captain Haverly."
—Selected.

The Sun's Work.

What a master the sun is, to be sure! How
he does keep things a-moving! He makes
the wind blow; he makes the water flow;
he makes the grass grow; and—but I
haven't told you how I found out about the
grass.

One evening I went down cellar to get a
slice of bread and a piece of meat for a
"cold snack," as we call it. I had thin
slippers on my feet, and as I walked across
the floor in the dark, I trod on something
long and round and slender; it crushed
under my foot with a juicy sort of squirm,
so that I thought I must have trodden on a
nice crisp little snake. Having eaten my
bread and meat, I went to bed. When
morning came I went down cellar, where
my bath-room is, to take a plunge; and
then I saw what I had trodden on,—a long
white potato sprout. It had got half-way
to the light, when I had trodden on it and
smashed all its hopes.

I pitied the poor straggler, and took up
its bruised body and laid it back tenderly
in the bin.

As I did so, I noticed that the potatoes
were holding a meeting, and consulting
what to do. They were gathered up to-
gether in a pile, and every eye was turned
anxiously toward the light.

"How plainly I can see it! If I could
only get there, I know I should grow."

"But we cannot get there, is the trouble,"
said a fat potato who was on the top of the
heap; "no good comes of stretching out
to get to the light."

"Well, I am sure I can't help trying;
something in me makes me feel as if I
should burst, every time I look over yonder
toward the window. At any rate, I'm go-
ing to try it to-morrow. I'm going to open
my eyes wide, and send out a feeler, and
see what the chance is, anyhow."

"Chance?" said a feeble voice, "chance!
I felt so once; but look at me now!" And
all the potatoes turned their eyes to look
at the speaker, who was too feeble to come
to meeting, but laid off at the edge of the
bin all shriveled up, with a bruised and
bleeding sprout coiled around her. She
continued:

"Yes, look at me. I am nearer to the
light than any of you. I always have
been. I have more eyes than any of you.
I was the plumpest potato in all the
bin. I slept soundly, and lay still. I was
fat and contented, till one day I saw that
light you were talking about. After that I
couldn't shut my eyes. I felt as if every-
thing inside of me wanted to get out. I
tried to roll over, but couldn't; and so one
day I let one of my eyes stretch wide open,
and stuck it out a little ways to see plainly.
But when it got started, it couldn't stop.
It kept pulling and sucking, stretching
and growing, till it sucked out all my
blood and used up all my flesh; but nothing
came of it."

"This very morning it all came back to
me, long, pale, blind and bleeding—and I
am a tired-out, used-up potato. Better
keep your eyes shut, for no good comes
from looking over yonder."

"I wish I could have found out what
that light is, though, and where it comes
from. But I can't; I'm too weak." And
the old lady closed her eyes tight, but there
was a little wet round every eye.

My cook said, "Them 'taters is all a ret-
tin'!" But I knew they were only weepin'
because they wanted to grow and couldn't.

"There," said the big potato on top of the
heap, "that is just what I told you. Better
be contented. My eyes don't trouble me.
Keep together in a heap, and you won't see
anything."

"Hear! hear! hear!" called out a hundred
thick voices down in the dark, and all the
stupid potatoes thumped on the bottom of
the bin till it shook again.

"Keep in the dark, and you won't have
any trouble; this meeting is adjourned."

Then the big old potato settled down into
the dark among the rest, whose eyes never
troubled them. But as many as sixty
or seventy rolled down on the outside of the
heap, and began staring at the window
till their eyes stuck out an inch, and they
said "What is it? What makes me feel so?
What shall we do?"

The next day I went down cellar and
picked over the potatoes. All the potatoes
that had their eyes open I put into the
basket. All the others, who had their
eyes screwed up tight, I tucked away in the
dark. And every day my cook goes down
and gets a dozen of them to roast or boil.
But all the watchful ones, which I put in
the basket, I have brought up and planted
in my garden.

And every still moonlight night, now, I
hear the green vines whispering to each
other about their pretty purple blossoms
with orange centers. "How different it is
here!" "What fun it is to grow!" "I am
big enough to cover a hen's nest with six
eggs." And when I went to the hill where
I planted the poor old lady who sprouted so
in the cellar, I found the leaves soberly
talking together about thirteen little pota-
toes that were hanging on their roots, and
they were growing every day.

"Who feeds them?" asked I.

"We do," said the leaves.

"How do you get your own living?"
asked I.

"When the sun shines the air feeds us,
and we grow. And when it is night we
keep saying the light is better than the
dark. We love to grow in sunshine. And
sir, do you know what has become of those
other potatoes who kept their eyes shut?"

"They are all wasted," said I. "But
what has made you grow so?" And every
vine in the field, and every blade of grass,
and all the corn, and the great hickory
trees around the garden sang out together,

We are children of the light,
And the sun is in its might
Thrills us through with delight.

And the wind came along to listen,
saying,—

And the sun sent me here,
To join your good cheer.

Then the gentle rain came down, patter,
patter, patter.

Go up, go down, go here, go there,
The sun is working every where.

—Thos. K. Beecher.

A Lesson of Perseverance.

At one of our Sunday school concerts,
an anecdote was related to the children,
which is too good to be lost. It illustrates
the benefit of perseverance in as strong a
manner as ever did a Bruce. One of the
corporations of this city, being in want of
a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was
tacked on one of the posts in a prominent
place, so that the boys could see it as they
passed. The paper read, "Boy wanted—
call at the office to-morrow morning." At
the time indicated a host of boys were in
waiting at the gate. All were admitted,
but the overseer was a little perplexed as
to the best way of choosing one from so
many, and said he, "Boys, I only want
one, and here are a great many; how
shall I choose?" After thinking a moment,
he invited them all into the yard, and
driving a nail into one of the large
trees, and taking a short stick, told them
that the boy who could hit the nail with
the stick, standing at a little distance from
the tree, should have the place. The boys
all tried hard, and after three trials each,
signally failed to hit the nail. The boys
were told to come again the next morning,
and this time when the gate was opened,
there was but one boy, who, after being
admitted, picked up the stick, and throw-
ing it at the nail, struck it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer, "what
have you been doing?" And the boy, look-
ing up with tears in his eyes said, "You
see, sir, I have a poor old mother, and I am
a poor boy; I have no father, sir, and I
thought I should like to get the place, and
so help her all I can; and after going home
yesterday, I drove a nail in the barn, and
have been trying to hit it ever since, and I
have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place.
Many years have passed since then, and
now that boy is a prosperous and wealthy
man, and at the time of the accident at the
Pemberton Mills he was the first to step
forward with a gift of one thousand dollars
to relieve the sufferers. His success came
by his perseverance.

The Way to Overcome Evil.

A little girl, by the name of Sarah Dean,
was taught the precepts of the Bible by
her mother. One day she came to her
mother very much delighted to show her
some plums that a friend had given to her:

"Your friend was very kind, and has
given you a great many."

"Yes," replied Sarah, "she was, and
she gave me more than these, but I have
given some away."

"To whom did you give them?"

"I gave them to a girl who pushes me
off the path, and then she makes aces at
me."

"Why did you give them to her?" her
mother asked.

"Because I thought that would make
her know that I wished to be kind to her,
and perhaps she will not be unkind and
rude to me again."

This was true. The rude girl was after-
wards very good to Sarah, and felt very
sorry that she had treated her unkindly. How
truly did the little one obey the command,
"Overcome evil with good!"

Col. Higginson, in his recent book, gives
the following sentence from a patriotic
speech made by an enthusiastic negro:
"But we'll neber desert de ole flag, boys,
neber. We hab lib under it for eighteen
hundred and sixty two years, and we'll die
for it now."

Literary Review.

We have several suggestive books on our table,
formal notice of which must be deferred to a
future issue. They deserve a more extended
characterization in these columns, and we intend
they shall have it.—The new volume from Em-
erson, and that from Miss Phelps, will at once
attract readers, and can not fail to impress them.
—George Sand's (Madame Studevant) volume,
translated for the first time into English, will
need nothing beyond the author's name and re-
putation to commend it to the attention of those
who know her almost unequalled power as a
woman of imagination and a writer of nearly
perfect prose.—Messrs. Lee & Shepard's pub-
lications, as usual, are entertaining. The Four Mas-
ters is something unique.—Dr. Hall's sugges-
tions respecting health, have the merit of abun-
dant common sense, and exhibit a large and prac-
tical knowledge of physiology.—The new work
which owes itself to the joint wisdom and skill
of Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe is one that re-
formers and conservatives alike may well find in
circulating, and Susan Anthony and Rev. Mr.
Fulton would both be doing a very legitimate
and proper thing if they would offer the work
for sale at the close of their lectures on the Wom-
an's question.—The two added volumes of the
popular edition of Frode's History are among
the literary luxuries of the season.—But the
fuller notices must be postponed.

HEDGECOCK. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; au-
thor of "The Gates Ajar." Boston: Fiske,
Osgood & Co. 1870. 12mo. pp. 292. Sold by
E. J. Lane.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE. Twelve Chapters.
By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Same Publishers, etc.
1870. 12mo. pp. 300.

PRINCIPLES OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE; as applied
to the duties and pleasures of home. A text-
book for the use of young ladies in Schools,
Seminaries and Colleges. By Catherine E.
Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. New
York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1870. pp. 300.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the fall
of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By
James Anthony Froude, M. A., Late Fellow of
Exeter College, Oxford. Edited by Elizabeth
Froude. Two

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The Secretary of War.

Mary Clammer Ames, writing to the Independent, gives us fine portraits of the three men who have lately occupied the position at the head of the War Department. We copy her photograph of the present incumbent, Gen. Belknap:

In this same dingy little office now sits, as Secretary of War, a man endowed with such plenitude of life that to look on him it seems as if death could never touch him. General Belknap possesses that powerful vital temperament which, when combined with high mental and emotional qualities, attracts and aways all who come within its influence. This temperament is the reservoir of personal magnetism, and, even when unaccompanied by large moral endowment, always gives to its possessor a powerful personality. Men of this temperament always make magnificent soldiers through their very capacity of going out of themselves, and carrying thousands of men with them to victory—through the very glow of their personal enthusiasm. In battle their men are ready to go with them alike to death or to glory, unconscious of fear, regardless of danger, anywhere, everywhere, if they but follow the beloved leader. Such a soldier by right of Nature would be General Belknap; such a soldier by word of record we learn that he is. In Ingalls' "Iowa and the Rebellion" we find much concerning General Belknap, then colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment. The following refers to his conduct at the battle of Corinth: "Many individual acts of heroism here occurred. The flags of two opposing regiments would meet on the opposite sides of the same works, and be flanked by their respective bearers in each other's faces; men were bayoneted across the walls, and officers with their swords fought hand to hand with men with bayonets. Colonel Belknap took prisoner Colonel Lamplie, of the Forty-fifth Alabama, by pulling him over the works by his collar, being several times fired at by men at his side. The colors of the regiment were taken at the same time. Colonel Belknap displayed at all times the highest qualities of the soldier, cheering his men by his voice and encouraging them by all personal disregard of danger."

Like Rawlins, General Belknap left the profession of law to enter the army in the autumn of 1861. He entered as major of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry, and rose through all the intermediate grades to his present rank. Like Rawlins, also, he is a intimate and trusted friend of Generals Grant and Sherman. General Belknap is little if any over forty, and at all outward appearance his grand physique has brought him forth from years of war in unbroken health. If temperament is faith, presence is as often fortune. In this, General Belknap carries the guaranty of success, for it inspires confidence quite as much as it attracts admiration. He has fair hair and beard, both almost imperceptibly touched with gray; fine features; eyes of dark blue, with a quick, keen glance, which almost unconsciously seems to make up its mind about you at once. Nine persons out of ten would call him a handsome man, and at least half of that number would find some way of telling him so. If he were a vain man, herein would lie his greatest danger. For, to come suddenly into an atmosphere of adulation and flattery, and still to remain supremely conscious of human infirmity and shortcoming is the truest test of personal greatness. He has versatile mental powers, and the rarer power of making his gifts available. He has not imagination enough to dazzle his judgment, and he is not a dreamer. When he believes it to be his duty, he can say "No," frankly, kindly, and finally. His manner is affable, sincere, sufficiently sympathetic, but not flattering. For this alone we have hope of him that he will never degenerate into a mere seeker of place or a hackneyed politician. He is your friend because you command his confidence and possess his esteem; thus he must be your friend through life and death. Gen. Belknap, a brave, high-minded, honest man, is in the truest sense the successor of Stanton and of Rawlins. We can offer him no better wish than that he may carry on to the end of his life, the spotless record of his past. The career of these three men is the birthright of war. With all the anguish it brought, we must thank the war for this, that it has given to the Republic new names for immortality. It developed plain men into heroes. Without its fiery opportunity Lincoln, Stanton, Rawlins, Grant, with the illustrious unnamed host of martyrs, would have lived and died and made no sign.

The Forces of Nature.

No contemptible degree of force resides in the muscles of some men—the Samsons and Milos of their time. Huge rocks are lifted, tough oaks are riven, great structures are shaken down by their hands. Many brute animals display still greater muscular strength; witness the elephant, and those gigantic mammals which towered and ruled over the post-tertiary savannas. A combination of animal forces, with what are called the mechanical powers, often generates measures of force more striking still; and when men stand by such piles as the Egyptian pyramids, they are deeply impressed with the prodigious uplift that must have put those mighty blocks in their high places. But it is to inanimate nature that we must go for our most brilliant examples of physical force. What power in the wind, when, as a tornado, it sweeps along at more than one hundred miles an hour, demolishing mansions, uprooting forests, and lifting ponderous ships far inland on their eddies! What power in the ocean swell as it tosses an entire navy to the skies with apparently as much ease as if it were a single cockle-shell! What is this that comes rushing through the landscape with smoky breath and thunderous step, dragging thousands of tons at the pace of winds? Within that flying iron crater is imprisoned one of nature's bravest forces, steam—throwing off fests of toil with its vaporous arms, which arms of flesh and blood have never even been fabled to do. What have we here? A few barrels filled with very simple black grains. One has but to drop a spark among them to witness a sudden development of power that shall deafen earth and heaven with its voice, and lift a city into mid-air! Would you see a mightier energy still? It is the year 1755. An unthought trembling stirs the air and ground of Lisbon. In a few moments the broad city is in heaps. The plain around runs in waves, like the sea when lashed by a tempest. See—the distant mountain ranges themselves impetuously shake, and rend, and topple; Europe, to the Highlands of Scotland, heaves; heaves Africa; heaves the whole broad Atlantic, with all its huge gravities, from the Pillars of Hercules to the New World! When oceans

and continents are so tossed and shot aloft, what stalwart shoulders of gas, and steam, and fire, are heaving at the mighty burden.

Other forces among us are not small, but this of the earthquake is easy king over all these terrestrial children of pride. Terrestrial I say; but there are forces not terrestrial, which are of still huger and loftier pattern—celestial forces, to which those of our earth are what the bubble-globules of the children are to the globed worlds of space. When such a planet as Jupiter is moving at the rate of some thirty thousand miles an hour; when such a sun as ours is moving at the rate of some three thousand miles a minute; when such a nebula as our Milky Way, with its eighteen millions of suns, goes wheeling at the same average speed about its center of gravity—there is a momentum for you, a magazine of force by the side of which earthquakes are puny, and all the stormy winds that ever blustered and fought in their fabled caves mere zeroes! Some say that there is but one force in all nature—none perhaps more apt to say it than the rejecters of the supernatural. That the forces which pump, and assimilate, and reject in every blade of grass, and leaf, and animal fiber; the forces that throb in every ray of light, and heat, and electricity, and magnetism; the forces that swell and toil in every atom of matter, the mechanical forces, the chemical forces, the spiritual forces, the forces here and the forces yonder, to the universe's last suburb—that all these forces, with their innumerable sum total of simultaneous impulses, are, after all, but branches of one great central force pushing outward in a variety of directions and forms. If this is so—and who is competent to positively deny it—what a single force that is which can diffuse itself over so immense an area, and divide itself so infinitely, and yet thunder away at special points with such marvelous and terrible energy! If this is not so, still what a wondrous hive of swarming and independent dynamics in this wide nature of ours!—Pater Mundi.

Instinct in Vegetables.

The root constitutes the plant's mouth. It terminates in a little sponge. The sponge drinks up the moisture from the surrounding earth. A simple experiment proves that whatever an amputated branch may do for an hour, the mouth of the plant is necessary to its permanent vitality. Two plants are placed for this purpose, side by side, in contiguous vessels. The roots of the one are in water or moist and fruitful earth, while a layer of dry sand above surrounds the stem. It flourishes. The roots of the second are in dry sand, while the water of fruitful earth surrounds its stem. It dies. Indeed one need not try such experiments. Nature has demonstrated quite as striking. Every boy has seen in the woods the roots of some tree, planted by the birds or the winds in the crevices of a rock, wandering down the sides of the great boulder in search of nourishment. Dr. Davy tells of a case in which a horse-chestnut, growing on a flat stone, sent out its roots thus to forage for food. They passed seven feet up a contiguous wall, turned at the top, and passing down seven feet on the other side, found the needed nourishment there, which their own barren soil denied them. Thus closely does the instinct of vegetation imitate the wisdom of the animate creation. In another instance, narrated by Malherbe, an acacia threw its roots across a hollow of sixty-six feet, to find its labors rewarded by the discovery of a well of water in which they plunged, and from which they drew the food it so much needed. What strange sense drew them toward the water rather than toward the rock or the sand?

A yet more singular instance of this search for food is narrated by Wallace in his "Malay Archipelago." A seed had been dropped by one of nature's husbandmen, a bird, in the decaying trunk of an old tree. It sprouted, put forth roots, branches, a little stem. But its roots in vain sought nourishment at the breast of its dying foster-mother. At length, abandoning all hope of support from her, they pushed out from their home to seek a living. They dropped to the ground, a distance of sixty or seventy feet, and fastening there, succeeded in securing an independent livelihood. As time passed on, the old trunk died, decayed, disappeared. The new tree remained suspended, as it were, in mid-air, the roots proceeding downward and the branches upward from a point about equidistant between the two.

It is not thus alone that the root exhibits its intelligence. It displays equal sagacity in selecting from the soil only those elements which its own plant requires. Sometimes it errs, and drinks in a deadly poison. But its native instinct is more rarely at fault than the supposed superior wisdom of man. Trees rarely act unwisely. They are never guilty of gluttony. Yet if the root be the principal feeder of the plant, the chief source of supply for its marvelous circulation, it does not alone fulfill this office. The leaves also absorb moisture from the air. "In the burning days of summer," says M. Pouchet, "I have found carpets of ice-plants on the most arid rocks in Greece. Although it had not rained for a month, these plants displayed a remarkable freshness, and their leafage was none the less covered with a coating of icicles."—Harper's Magazine.

Our Grandmothers.

Gail Hamilton is writing a series of vivacious papers in Harper's Bazar, called "Blotting Papers." She criticizes the grandmothers of the past in a very sprightly and just fashion:—

It is simply impossible—listen now, I pray, all knights of high and low degree, marching along thousandsore strong, great-hearted gentlemen singing this song of woman's superiority—it is simply impossible for any woman to do the whole work of her household, and make her life what woman's life ought to be. This is a rule that admits of no exception and no modification. The machinery of the family is so complicated and so exacting that one woman cannot have the sole charge of it without neglecting other and equally important matters. The duties which a woman owes to society, and to the moral and spiritual part of her household, are just as imperative as those which she owes to its physical comfort. And if she alone ministers to the latter the former must be neglected, and the latter will hardly be thoroughly accomplished.

I know all about our noble grandmothers. I have heard of them before. I think we could run a race with them today. But if we cannot, whose fault is it? If the women of to-day are puny, fragile, degenerate, are they not the grandchildren of their grandmothers—bearing such constitutions as the duty of grandmothers could transmit? It was the duty of those vener-

able ladies not only to be strong themselves, but to see to it that their children were strong. A sturdy race should leave a sturdy race. It was far more their duty to give to their children vigorous minds, stalwart bodies, healthy nerves, fine principles, than it was to spin and weave and make butter and cheese all day. We should have got along just as well with less linen laid up in lavender; and if our grandmothers could only have waited, we would have woven them more cloth in a day than their hand-loom would turn out in a lifetime. But there is no royal road to a healthy manhood and womanhood. Nothing less costly than human life goes into the construction of human life.

We should have more reason to be grateful to our ancestors if they would have given up their superfluous industries, called off their energy from its perishable objects, and let more of their soul and strength flow leisurely in to build up the soul and strength of the generations that were to come after them. Nobody is to blame for being born weak. If this generation of ours is feeble, compared with its hardy and laborious grandmothers, it is simply because the grandmothers put so much of their vitality, their physical nerve and moral fiber, into their work, that they had but an insufficient quantity left wherewithal to endow their children; and so they wrought us evil.

One would not willingly quarrel with his grandmothers. All agree in awarding them praise for heroic qualities. They fought a good fight—perhaps the best they could under the circumstances, with their light. We would gladly overlook all in their lives that was defective, and fasten our eyes only on that which was noble. But when their fault is distinctly pointed out as their virtue, when their necessity is exalted into our ensample, when their narrowness is held up to our ambition, we must say that it was fault and greed and mother. Indeed, those excellent gentlemen who doubt long before this, that they have seen the error of their ways, and, if they could find voice, would be the first to avow that they did set too great store by chests of drawers, and bureaus of blankets, and pillow-cases of stockings, and stacks of provisions; and that if it were given them to live life over again, they would endeavor rather to lay up treasure in their abilities and brains and hearts of their children, where moth and mildew could not corrupt, which time does not dissipate nor use decay, and which we stand in sorer need of, than of purple or scarlet or fine-twined linen.

Obituaries.

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

The name Eunice Cade in connection with an obituary in the Star of Feb. 2, was incorrect. It should have been Eunice Carle.

ELIZA L., youngest son of Lorenzo D. and Lucinda Swift, died Feb. 17th, of influenza, aged 9 months.

A. A. SWIFT.

ELIZA, wife of A. I. Brooks, died in Lewiston, Me., Jan. 19, in her sixty-sixth year. She had been a exemplary Christian for more than forty years. Her life was characterized by kindness, sympathy and devotion in the family, community and church. Her memory is cherished by a large circle of friends, relatives and Christian toilers.

DR. SAMUEL MERRILL died of Pneumonia, in South Gorham, Me., aged 69 years. The subject of this notice experienced religion and united with the F. B. church in S. Gorham, at its organization, June 28, 1827. Of this church, he remained a faithful and constant member until the time of his death, which occurred Jan. 29th. He leaves a wife, sons and daughters, besides other relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

MRS. HANNAH McDONALD died in North Windham, Feb. 8, aged 53 years and 2 months. She experienced religion in June, 1830, and united with the church in Windham. She led a faithful, Christian life, until, after wasting a year with consumption, she was "called up higher." She leaves a husband and children, and a large circle of friends.

MARY P., wife of Isaac Allen, departed this life in Freeport, Me., after a lingering illness, Dec. 18, aged 69 years and 9 months. Sister A. had long been an honored and acceptable member of the North Freeport F. B. church, and was a devoted and consistent Christian, was an earnest, constant, and consistent Christian, patient in her sickness, waiting her change. A loved companion, her children, the church of Christ, and numerous friends, mourn their loss. She rests with Jesus. Funeral services by the writer.

D. C. B.

MICHAEL GROVES died in Smithfield, Me., Sept. 24, aged 83 years. Bro. G. became interested in religion more than sixty years ago, while living in Litchfield, Me., and was baptized by Rev. J. J. Elliot. Forty-eight years ago he moved to the town of S. and united with the F. B. church in that town, and was always one of its most constant members. His household was a place of prayer, where he and the entire family strove to make them both welcome and happy. His end was peace, and his reward is sure. He leaves an aged widow, six sons and three daughters to mourn their loss.

S. BOWEN.

LYDIA, wife of Robinson Pinkham, died in Casco, Me., Feb. 4, aged 98 years and 10 months. Sister P. was a devoted Christian, and a long and ever lived a Christian life. She did not connect herself with any church until about twelve years ago, when she with her husband was baptized and joined the F. B. church in Casco. She was amiable in disposition and ever ready to visit the sick and relieve the wants of the poor. She was universally respected. She was a true helpmeet to her husband, and a tender mother to her children, to whom she was strongly attached. The memory of her Christian life and kindness will be long remembered by her friends and the church. Her funeral was attended by Rev. J. Libby, and an appropriate discourse delivered to a large and sympathizing assembly.

EUNICE, widow of the late Benjamin Moore, died in Otsford, Feb. 28, aged 64 years. The subject of this notice professed faith in Christ many years since, and united with the Congregational church, of which she was a worthy member. Her sympathies being strongly with the F. B. Baptists, she often attended our meetings and took part in them. It may be said, that she was a consistent Christian and a lover of all the good. She was a constant reader of the Star. Her death was sudden, but she went to her rest in heaven, leaving four children to mourn their loss.

J. PINKHAM.

LUCINA S., wife of William N. Jewell, died in Washington, Vt., Dec. 28, aged 30 years. For many years she had suffered from a weakness of lungs, which terminated in consumption. She was modest and retiring in personal appearance, and among her associates, gaining the esteem of many friends. The religion of Christ she embraced in youth, and her piety was sincere, thoughtful and strong to the end. Only a few days previous to her death, she was brought from her home, and her husband who returned to business, had scarcely become engaged when the sad and unexpected intelligence reached him that she was dead. She was well resigned, talked of angels, and gave no anxiety about what she should be, but one thing she knew—"that she should be with Christ." She leaves behind many to mourn.

S. W. COWELL.

WM. WHITE died in Bowdoinham, Feb. 16, aged 60 years. Bro. White was a devoted Christian, and a long member of the F. B. church in Bowdoinham for nearly thirty-five years. As a

Christian, he has been consistent in his life, always in sympathy with right and truth. As a business man, he has had the confidence of his fellow citizens, whom he has served in various important official relations. He contributed liberally for the support of the gospel; and made all Christian ministers welcome at his pleasant and hospitable home. The death of such a man, at any time, is a great loss. Especially do we feel this to be so, as we know no one who, in all respects, can fill his place. Bro. White was a truly resigned in his sickness, and told the writer that he had no fears of death. He conversed freely about his departure; and on one occasion, expressed great joy in Christ as the "Rock of his salvation."

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READER, you may consider this a sort of spread eagle heading, but I mean every word of it. I have been there. When your system is racked with

RHEUMATIC PAIN,

and you cannot even turn yourself in bed, or sitting in a chair, you must sit and suffer, in the morning wishing it was night, and at night wishing it was morning!

When you have the

NEURALGIA.

When every nerve in your being is like the sting of a wasp, circulating the most venomous and hot poison around your heart, and driving you to the very verge of madness;

When you have the

SCIATICA,

(that I have got through with) that most awful, most heart-withering, most strength-destroying, most spirit-breaking and mind-weakening of all the diseases that can afflict our poor human nature;

When you have the

LUMBAGO,

Lying and withering in agonizing pain, unable to turn yourself in bed, and every movement will go to your heart like a knife; now tell me if a relief and a cure of any of these diseases in a few days is not the greatest Medical Blessing of the Age, tell us what is!

DIRECTIONS TO USE:

You will take a table-spoonful and three spoonfuls of water three times a day, and in a few days every particle of Rheumatic and Neuralgia pain will be dissolved and pass off by the kidneys.

Manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,

Roxbury, Mass.

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News Summary.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, in the Senate, Mr. Sumner corroborated the declaration of General Prim that the latter had made no proposition to him for the sale of Cuba. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill providing for a speedy return to specie payments. The Georgia bill, with Mr. Bingham's amendment, was reported from the judiciary committee, and Mr. Trumbull made a forcible argument in favor of the amendment. Mr. Morton introduced a resolution eulogizing the officers and men of the Onondaga, and commending the action of the officers of the Donkey. The long talked of revenue tariff resolution was introduced in the House, and referred to the committee of ways and means, the House refusing to second the previous question on its passage. A resolution to pay the family of the late Edwin M. Stanton one year's salary as judge of the Supreme Court was passed. In committee of the whole on the judiciary bill Mr. Niblack and Mr. Garfield made speeches.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the appropriation to the family of Edwin M. Stanton was voted. There was another debate on the proposition for a joint committee on Indian affairs, which resulted as before, in a tie vote. The Georgia bill was then discussed till adjournment. In the House the Senate funding bill was referred to the committee of ways and means after an ineffectual struggle to get it referred to the committee on banking and currency. In committee of the whole the consideration of the deficiency appropriation bill was finished.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Mr. Ross made a personal explanation regarding the alleged garbling of documents from the Interior Department. The Georgia bill was debated, Mr. Revels and Mr. Morton making speeches. In the House of Representatives the deficiency bill was passed, and there was a debate on the financial management of the administration. The committee's report on the case of Mr. Butler of Tennessee, charged with having received money for appointing a cadet, was made. Half the committee recommended censure, and half expulsion. Speeches were made on the tariff bill.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the Georgia bill and some minor matters were debated. In the House, Mr. Butler was censured, but not expelled, and the tariff bill was debated.

On Friday, in the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill for facilitating a return to specie payments. Mr. Wilson presented his amendment to the Georgia bill. The judiciary committee reported that Gen. Ames is not eligible to the senatorship from Mississippi. The Georgia bill was debated without disposing of it. In the House, the chief matters considered were private bills and the tariff bill.

On Saturday, nothing was done in Congress.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There is serious trouble in Richmond, Va. The mayor and other officers appointed by the military authority refuse to yield their offices to those recently elected. The parties came to pistol-firing Friday. One man was killed and others wounded.

San Francisco papers comment very unfavorably on the proceedings of the board at Yokohama which investigated the Onondaga disaster. The body of Captain Williams has been found, and very impressive funeral ceremonies were held in Yokohama.

The managers of the national asylums for disabled volunteers have voted to allow the veterans to elect which asylum they will go to.

A boiler explosion in Mellen, Ohio, killed seven men.

The Cunard steamer Samaria is overdue at New York.

The jury of women in Wyoming Territory agreed upon a verdict on Sunday night.

Governor Holden of North Carolina has called on the President for troops to preserve order in that State.

The nomination of General Sickles for Minister to Spain has been confirmed.

The excitement in San Francisco over the recent discovery of gold in San Diego continues.

The Senate committee on foreign relations Tuesday voted five to two to report against ratifying the treaty with San Domingo.

Gen. Sickles reports to the State Department that Spain has not been true to her promises respecting Emancipation and the treatment of American citizens.

The report that the House committee on foreign affairs would report in favor of the belligerent rights of Cuba is now denied.

Cincinnati is to have a grand exposition of produce, mechanics, manufactures and art next October.

The Ohio legislature has defeated a resolution submitting a constitutional amendment giving suffrage to women.

The society which has for its object the improvement of prison discipline has appointed a convention in Cincinnati on the 20th of September.

Snow drifts eighteen feet deep are reported in Berkshire County, Mass. The railroads in Western New York are all blocked up with snow.

FOREIGN.

Marshal McMahon has resigned the command of Algeria.

Mr. Phillips, late Consul at Santiago, repudiates the letter lately attributed to him.

The elections just over in Portugal resulted favorably for the present ministry.

Marshal Prim denies the statement attributed to Mr. Sumner, that he has offered to sell Cuba.

The Paris police have not yet been able to make it clearly appear that any conspiracy recently existed against the life of the Emperor.

Six hundred and ten votes are claimed in the Council for Infidelity, yet it is said that the anti-Ultramontanists are gaining ground.

General Prim has been assaulted by a mob in the streets of Madrid.

Count de Montalembert, the leader of the Liberal Catholics, is dead.

The President of Hayti is displeased with the menacing tone of Admiral Poir's explanations.

The English cabinet has decided to report a bill giving the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland extraordinary powers.

No demand has been made for French diplomatic representation in the Roman Council, and no intention exists of withdrawing French troops from Rome.

Fields, Ogden & Co.'s edition of Tennyson's works cannot be sold in Edinburgh, the Court of Sessions having issued an order forbidding it.

Affairs in Ireland bear a stormy aspect, and the government is re-enforcing the officers of the law with troops.

A cable despatch has been received in New York which asserts that Marshal Serrano will certainly be elected King of Spain.

The Roman Question has caused a difference in the French Cabinet between Messrs. Olivier and Daru, which Prince Napoleon has been sent by the Emperor to reconcile.

The persecution of Christians in Japan proceeds with unabated violence.

Gen. Regules has obtained a victory over the Mexican revolutionists.

Paragraphs.

Recent explorations in the Rocky Mountains have determined that the highest point in these mountains yet measured is Mount Harvard, fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy feet. The climate of the mount is represented as very peculiar. The rains, which are frequent, are always accompanied by thunder and lightning; when dry and clear, it resembles a tropical climate.

General Butler has done a good thing in giving a cadetship to Charles Sumner Wilson. The appointee is described as a colored boy of seventeen, with a complexion like that of Senator Revels. His father was a private in the 5th Massachusetts Volunteers during the late war, and was killed in battle; and his mother has been supporting him by her toil as a seamstress. Young Wilson ranks among the first of his class at Salem, and General Butler selected him on his merits as a scholar, and for the services his father had rendered the country.

Arthur Lewis and Frank H. Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 15 years, have been arrested for robbing their parents and employers of about \$1,000, with which they attended a prize-fight at Mystic, and then bought revolvers and bowie-knives at New London, stole a boat there, were run down by a Sound steamer, and picked up and brought to New York, where they were detected in endeavoring to pass a forged check. They made a full confession after their arrest.

Dr. J. S. Newberry says that Lake Superior lies in a synclinal trough, and its mode of formation therefore hardly admits of question. By this he means that the strata of rock are not parallel, but incline toward each other from the two sides, showing that a bending of the rocks has made the lake basin. On the other hand, the basins of Lakes Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario have been scooped out of horizontal strata by the action of ice and water.

The retina of the eye, which is the extremity of the optic nerve, is covered with exceedingly minute bodies, called "rods and cones." These it is very probable, have the faculty of vibrating under different influences. The red light is produced by vibrations of about 430 quadrillions of waves per second. It may set in vibration any "rods and cones" that are tuned to such a vibration, while those that are sympathetic to the 700 quadrillions of waves of violet light will be set in motion thereby. This suggests that, just as ears differ in their sensitiveness, some hearing a shrill sound that is utterly inaudible to others, so it may be in light. The arrangement of the "rods and cones" may differ in different persons. And so it is. It is a familiar fact that some persons are "color-blind." They can not distinguish red. That is, their "rods and cones" have not the right length or elasticity to vibrate sympathetically with a wave-length as large as those at the red end of the spectrum.

One of those haughty Southern women who fled to Brazil when the Rebellion was crushed, has written back a heart-felt appeal for aid, saying: "If the American Government means to take us home, hurry and do so, or it will have the dying curse of starved Americans. For God's sake, take the unfortunate, deceived people out of here while they are able to walk."

Salt Lake, in Utah, is seven feet higher than it was ten years ago, and is constantly rising. It has been urged by those who have paid attention to the subject that the rise of water there would produce a solution of the Mormon question before Congress would set upon it.

Flowers will remain in blossom much longer if not fertilized. Florists have noticed that their flowers became almost worthless if the bees got access to their houses. The flower is useful to attract the bee, so that it may be fertilized; and as soon as this takes place the growth is withdrawn from the petals to the fruit.

M. Le Maire, of Douai, forbids to bakers the use of old railway sleepers as fuel, on the ground that they may contain sulphate of copper, which might poison the bread to the detriment of the public health. The Mayors of France magnify their office.

The refreshments allowed the members of the Ritual Commission, now sitting in London, are restricted to "two bottles of sherry and a shilling's worth of biscuits per diem."

A mammoth refracting telescope has just been made by Cook & Son of New York. The object glass is 25 inches in diameter. If the quality is as good as the size is great, this will take its place among the foremost instruments in the world. It is to be set up in Madeira, and belongs to Mr. Newell, of England.

Prof. Goltz, of Konigsberg, has been experimenting with frogs to discover what part of the nervous center controls movement. He found that, after removing the entire cerebrum carefully, the animal will not jump when touched, but can be made to go through various movements. It has not lost its power of equilibrium, but will change or incline its position to retain equilibrium when the board on which it is placed is tipped. It can be made to croak as if pleased by rubbing the wet finger down its back. Prof. Goltz concludes that the power of controlling voice and equilibrium is in the spinal cord, and not in the brain.

Very high chimneys, such as two near Glasgow, which are over 400 feet high, are very apt to get out of perpendicular, under the influence of high wind, before the mortar has time to harden. They are generally strengthened by repeatedly sawing into the bulging side, and on removing the saw the chimney settles the thickness of the cutting. The *Scientific American* mentions the case of a chimney 345 feet high in Barmen, Prussia, in which the method tried was to reduce whole layers of brick by thinner layers and allow the chimney to subside.

Platinized looking-glasses promise to replace those at present in use. They are prepared by painting the surface of the glass with a preparation of chloride of platinum and oil of lavender, borate and protoxide of lead, and then baking the glass in furnaces. This puts on a very thin layer of platinum, which makes an excellent and cheap looking-glass when put on a dark background; but it may also be used for windows, and will allow the light to come in during the day, but form mirrors when the outside blinds are shut at night.

Hydrate of chloral, the new famous medicine for producing sleep, which is so greatly in demand that it is utterly impossible to supply the demand, is made by passing a current of dry, pure chlorine gas into absolute alcohol until the contents of the flask are converted into hydrate of chloral.

The success of English astronomers on the peak of Teneriffe has induced the Russian Government to resolve on the establishment of an astronomical and meteorological observatory on Mount Ararat, near Tiflis.

The *Chemical News* contains a paper showing how the spectrum analysis is applicable to detect adulterations in wine, malt liquors, drugs, butter and cheese.

Just now the spots on the sun are uncommonly large and abundant. A few days ago one could be seen with a common opera-glass properly protected.

A rich ore of tin has been found in San Jacinto, Cal.; but we do not know how extensive is the deposit.

Rural and Domestic.

Facts in Stock Raising.

Many farmers say it does not pay to keep stock, and in point of fact, they are very often in the right. I can hardly see how it pays to keep a weather sheep three years and six months, getting \$7 for the three fleeces, and then selling him for \$3. But I think it must be quite as profitable as to keep a steer the same length of time and then sell him for \$50. Such a steer will eat as much as eight or ten Merino sheep. But the truth is, we can not expect to make anything by keeping stock of any kind unless we keep it well; it must be gaining all the time. If we let a machine lie idle, all that we lose is the interest on the money which it cost. But an animal can not lie idle.

It must eat every day; and if it gains nothing we lose all the food and the interest on the value of the animal which besides. But many farmers not only keep them for weeks and months together without their gaining anything, but actually decrease in weight. It has to live on its own flesh and fat, which is certainly a very expensive food. Even in the case of well fed pigs, which store up more flesh and fat for the food consumed than any other domestic animal; for every pound of flesh and fat we get in the animal, they eat about five pounds of food. They use four pounds to live on and give us one pound of flesh. And when we have got this one pound of flesh, we have to feed it to the animal and have it worked over again; and yet this is precisely what thousands of farmers are doing to-day with cows, sheep and pigs. No wonder that "keeping stock does not pay." But good stock, fed liberally and with care and judgment, will pay better, all things considered, than any other branch of farming. Good meat brings a good price, and is always in demand. It is the "scallawags" that are hard to dispose of, and always at a loss, a loss to the producer and a loss to the consumer. Those who buy such meat, get little besides bones and water. The poor animals have had to live on their own fat and their nutritious juices.

The first step in keeping good stock is to make the land dry and clean. The next is to feed liberally, and this will insure good manure, and that in its turn insures good crops. It is all very well to say that a "peck of clover seed to the acre is the cheapest fertilizer," and that by its free use we can dispense with manure. I do not dispute the truth of this proposition. I do, but I only tell half the story. Clover makes good food and good manure, too. An animal will take out the food, convert it into valuable products, and leave the manure behind. Our aim should be, dry, clean land, more clover and rich grass, more and better stock and more and better manure.

It can not be too often repeated, however, that the value of manure depends on the food and not on the animals. A raw-boned steer, if it has the same food, will make as rich manure as the best Short-horn in the herd-book; and the droppings of a Merino sheep living on clover hay and oil-cake are just as valuable as those from a Cotswold. But this is the point: We can not feed clover hay and oil-cake to a Merino with half the profit that we can to a Cotswold. The former is adapted to live on comparatively poor food and grow slowly; the Cotswold has been bred with special reference to rapid growth on rich food. So when we advocate keeping well-bred stock, in order to make rich manure, we do so for the simple reason that we can not afford to feed rich food to poor stock, and without rich food we can not have rich manure.—J. Harris.

Don't Sell by the Bushel.

Many a farmer who works steadily and zealously to keep every acre of his farm as an inheritance for his children, is unwittingly selling it away by "drifts," when, by a more judicious course of management, he might make as much money and keep adding to the value of the place. Having a barrel of good wine, he draws off the contents, little by little, and keeps the barrel without the wine. The value of the farm lies in its fertility, and, except in rare cases, only in its fertility. It depends on his management whether he leaves it like an empty barrel to his children, or full of the good wine that constitutes its great value. Indeed, the example is not strong enough, for the fertility of the land is not an idle wealth, like the wine in the barrel. It may be drawn out and lived upon, and yet be kept constantly increasing. It all depends on the management whether the father shall thrive, and at the same time increase his sons' inheritance, or the reverse.

It is not the crop which grows that exhausts the land; it is the disposition we make of it after it is grown. Every bushel of corn contains matter for growth of the soil. If it is sold, there is an end of it, so far as the farm is concerned. If it is fed out on the place, nearly the whole of the part taken from the soil goes into the dung heap, and there goes with it matter which the growing plant took directly or indirectly from the atmosphere, and which helps to develop more of the mineral plant-food of the soil, and to make more than a bushel the next year. Therefore, look well to the crops. Sell, of course, all that can not profitably be fed out on the place, and with a part of the price, buy manure to bring home. But, in counting the profit and loss of feeding at home, consider always the cost of the manure. It is safe to say that, one year with another, corn thoroughly soaked and cooked (never mind the grinding if you cook thoroughly), and fed to well-housed swine of a "growthy" breed, will bring more money than if sold in the market, to say nothing of the manure; indeed, it will, more often than not, pay to buy corn to make into pork—cooking it first. Grow clover to be fed to your own stock, the soil to be plowed in, in the spring of the second year; plant corn on the land; feed the corn to your own pigs, and use the manure of the sty, to top-dress in March the clover you intend to plow for corn in May. If this plan be followed, a crop of wheat or of barley every third year will not prevent the land from growing richer and richer; but if the farmer sells his corn and wheat, and buys no manure, the impoverishment of his farm, and the emigration of his sons, is sure.—Am. Agriculturist.

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By REV. H. CLAY TRUMBULL, Missionary Secretary of Am. S. Union for New England. It contains a Year's Supply of Concert Exercises worked out for immediate use. Includes on Bible Reading, Singing, Prayer and Preaching; Forms for Opening and Closing Service; Sermon Plans; Historical Notes on Children's Worship, &c. For sale by all Booksellers. Price \$1.50. Sent postage paid on receipt of price.

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The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.
For the week ending, Mar. 16, 1870.

CANDLES.	MOLASSES.
Monks.....12 1/2	Cuba, Cleyed.....40
Spermac.....46 1/2	do, Cleyed.....40
Adamantine.....22 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
COAL.	do, Muscovado.....42
Canal.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
Pictou.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
Anthracite.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
COFFEE.	do, Muscovado.....42
Java.....26 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
St. Domingo.....26 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
Rio.....26 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
COTTON.	do, Muscovado.....42
Ordinary.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
Good Ordinary.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
Mid. to good.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42
Low Middling.....20 1/2	do, Muscovado.....42

Jeana 124	17 1/2	No. 1	13	24
Paris Whites	13	13	14	24
Spain Brown	14	14	24	24
Verona	21	45	24	24
Verona	21	45	24	24
Whiting	15	30	10	10
Boston	14	17	24	24
Yellow	14	17	24	24
Verona	21	45	24	24
Petty	14	17	24	24
Glue	14	17	24	24
Crude	14	17	24	24
Refined	14	17	24	24
Kerosene	14	17	24	24
Naphtha	14	17	24	24
Beef-Mess	14	17	24	24
Family	14	17	24	24
Print	14	17	24	24