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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., MARCH 30, 1870.

No. 13

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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LUTHER R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1870.

Slowly, Surely.

I've watched, and watched, and seen how slowly
Great truths emancipate the mind;
Even sunbeams, though so bright and holy,
A tardy course through darkness find.
And yet I feel and know securely
That light will force its onward way;
And out of night bring morning surely,
Morn, brightening into perfect day.

As from the acorn lingering ages
Are needful for the oak to grow,
Wisdom's unread, unopened pages,
Will be revealed, though late and slow.
Be not impatient! God-protected,
Unshaking, but unrelenting still,
All is impelled—and all directed
By God's eternal, changeless will.

European Correspondence.

FRANKFURT AM MAIN.

Just when the Old Free City was founded, historians are not able to say, for the date lies buried in the uncertainties of the early centuries, and he who searches among the early records will find little to repay him before he reaches the reign of Charlemagne. At the close of the VIII. and beginning of the IX. century, we find the city coming into importance and assuming its present name.

Cities owe their existence to natural causes, and are not the result of caprice or chance; and that the Main here widens its bed and spreads out its waters, until, at certain seasons, they become fordable, is sufficient reason why in those early times, when bridges were rare, the site should have been thought eligible for the planting of a town. It received its name from Charlemagne, and an old legend runs thus:

That bold warrior with his trusty Franks was returning from a hard fought battle with the Saxons; the unvanquished foe was close behind him when he reached the Main; a thick fog hung over the river and he could not find the ford; and fearing no less the "yellow waters" of the rapid river than the pikes of his pursuing enemy, he knelt upon his spear, with his face toward the river, and prayed; when, lo! the mists parted, and he saw a white deer leading her young safely through the shallow waters. He quickly followed with his whole army, the mists closed again behind him and out of all fear of pursuit. Some say he went immediately into camp and spent the entire winter in laying out the city, building a wall and establishing laws; certain it is that his son, Louis the Pious, chose Frankfurt as one of his favorite residences. He built a palace on the right bank of the Main, a small chapel of which still remains, and here, in 822, he assembled the Imperial Diet.

The reign of the Carolingian Kings lasted more than a hundred years in Germany, and it may truthfully be called the "golden age" in the early history of Frankfurt. During this period the church was established, commercial intercourse with other cities opened and such liberal terms offered to immigrants, that the city, from time to time, was obliged to enlarge itself for the accommodation of those who sought a home within its walls. There was much also in the situation of the inland town which favored its growth. The climate was mild, the winters were short, and the surrounding country productive; while the navigable Main made intercourse with the outer world easy, and elected Frankfurt from its beginning to be a commercial city.

Doubtless those were rude times. The great forests, which covered the whole of Germany, swept down from the Taunus mountains to the very walls of the city, and the pasture with which Emperors and their courtiers beguiled the tedium of peace, was the wild hunt and the daring

chase; but they gladly exchanged the notes of the horn and eager barking of dogs for the more welcome blast of the trumpet and clashing of arms. The bloody wars which followed the death of Louis the child, in 909, ended in the establishment of the Saxon Kings. The seat of Government was removed from Frankfurt, and a long night settled down upon the infant city.

In the palace of the former kings lived deputed rulers, who oppressed the people with heavy taxes and unjust laws. The general breaking up of all established governments and the struggle after freedom, which resulted from the crusades, produced a fortunate change in the political history of Frankfurt. Louis the German granted the city new privileges, which a historian of those times says, "was the first streak of morning light, which broke upon its dark night." This *Freiheitsbrief* was the harbinger of that new day which was ushered in by the Golden Bull of Charles IV, 1356, and from this date to the beginning of the present century, Frankfurt continued to be the capital of the German Confederation. Here the Emperors were chosen, and here with great pomp and ceremony they were crowned. At the dissolution of the empire, in 1806, it, with other cities and provinces, was made over as a Grand-Duchy to Carl von Dalberg.

The Congress of Vienna, 1814, declared it a free city, and in this name it gloried until that most disastrous of all years in its checked history, 1866, when fate again spread her dark wings over the now time-honored city, and in a single day, the strength, the glory, and the prestige of Frankfurt were swept away.

Upon no other city has Prussia laid so heavily her iron hand; no other has she so mercilessly condemned to eat the bitter bread of humiliation.

N. F.

Evansville Seminary, Wis.

A lengthy communication respecting this institution has been sent us, giving an interesting and detailed account of the experiences of our brethren there in the efforts to meet the conditions on which the proprietors of that School property proposed to put it under the permanent control of the Free Baptists. We give the main facts, instead of publishing the full details.

In a certain sense, the institution has been, for several years, under the direction of the Methodists of that state, though the terms of the charter gave them no right of ownership. The school has not prospered to the satisfaction either of the Trustees or of the subscribers to the stock. Funds have been recently added under the influence of the distinct statement that it was not a Methodist school, and the subscribers decidedly objected to any change in the charter such as would put the property under the control of that denomination. The stockholders then, with great unanimity, voted to put the property into the hands of the Free Baptists, provided they would raise \$10,000 of additional funds for the school. At its last session, the Wisconsin Y. M. pledged that sum, and at once undertook the work of raising it. The patronage of the school increased and the prospects grew bright. But when an application was recently made for an amendment of the charter, securing to the Free Baptists what the stockholders had voted, the old managers made earnest but fruitless efforts to prevent the consummation of the work. But the amendment was granted without a dissenting vote in the Legislature, so that, as soon as the \$10,000 are secured, the entire property will come into the absolute possession of the Free Baptists. That money is likely to be raised without much delay. The whole course of procedure, both on the part of the stockholders and of the Free Baptists, appears to have been straightforward and manly, and the attempt to defeat the result seems to have had very little consistency or justice, as it has met with no success.

The Free Baptists of Wisconsin have manifestly a fine opportunity to serve their own best interests and aid the general welfare at the same time, by rallying about the Evansville Seminary,—a thing which we are confident they will hasten to do, both by putting their money and their sympathies into the school, and by sending their sons and daughters there to be educated and quickened. The next session of the Wis. Y. M. is to be held at that place, and will furnish a good opportunity for a visit of inspection and a gift of generosity. Of its desirableness as a location for the school, we let our correspondent speak in its behalf. He says:

"Evansville is one of the best places in the state for a school. Its people are highly moral and religious. There are five churches in the place. A more quiet town of its size can not be found anywhere. No billiard or drinking saloon is allowed; consequently the tone of society is healthy and elevated. A fine graded school building has just been erected, thus affording good educational privileges to all classes of people. We hope that our Free Baptist friends will bear all these things in mind in fixing upon a location. No better place can be found than in Evansville, Wis."

If I were sure God would pardon me, and men would not know my sin, yet I should be ashamed to sin, because of its essential baseness.

Maine Central Institute.

This Institution of learning is well located, in the pleasant and thriving village of Pittsfield, easy of access by rail, from all parts of the state. The building is 110 by 60 ft., three stories high, of brick, built in modern style, with much care and regard to beauty, convenience and permanence. The entire building is devoted to educational purposes, a part remaining unfinished for the present, from want of funds.

The school now numbers 118 scholars, the largest since it opened, a few years since. Under the management of its excellent teachers, order is sustained without friction, and commendable progress made. An air of neatness, cheerfulness and patient industry marks every department of labor. Both teachers and pupils are not only earnest in scholarship, respectful and manly in conduct, but deeply interested in the moral and religious character of the Institution.

The pastor of the church is one of our best ministers, and ardently devoted to the work of a faithful Christian training. A good religious interest is now enjoyed in the church, and among the students, some of the latter having of late embraced the Saviour, while others are evidently anxious to enjoy the same blessing.

The establishment of this Institution has cost its friends much anxiety and labor. Large sacrifices have been made, and must continue for some years to come, to place its temporalities beyond embarrassment, and give its educational facilities the largest development.

Rev. C. H. Smith, late of Vermont, is now the appointed agent to raise funds for the Seminary. The debt on the school building, a few months since, was \$28,000. This has been reduced since, about one half, reckoning the State grant of \$10,000 lately made, and payable in ten years, at 6 per cent. This appropriation by our Legislature places the Institute in a much more hopeful position. The remaining \$14,000 must be raised within two years, to meet certain conditions of security for the fourteen already pledged. To raise this sum, Bro. Smith is actively and earnestly engaged, with the best prospects of success, provided the brethren of the churches, and the friends of the school, especially in the eastern part of the state, fully co-operate with him. Let the brethren without reserve, pledge themselves to the cause presented by the agent, and they may soon rejoice in the freedom of the school from all financial embarrassment.

We cannot as a Christian people, afford to lose the mental and moral power which the Institute will develop and bring into the churches, state and country. Patient and persistent labor will, in due time, accomplish the work. Impatient and discouraging words must be withheld, faith and hope take their place, pledges of aid volunteered, with much prayer to God for assistance, and the work is done. Many names might be given, of those who have from slender means made generous contributions, and borne onerous and difficult burdens without complaint.

Our visit of a few days to Pittsfield and the Institute, has given the assurance of wisdom in location, of vigor and intelligence in management, excellence as a place for education, that money donated by individuals or the state is well donated, that its ultimate success and extensive usefulness are beyond a doubt.

J. S. BURGESS.

The Office of Churches.

A Question is asked by one of our exchanges which covers important ideas:

"When will the church learn that 'societies' are only inventions to do by proxy that which ought to be done by itself in its corporate capacity?" It is too often the case, when any good project is started, any benevolent or Christian work proposed, that a new organization is called into existence to meet (in stereotyped phrase) "the felt want," rather than allow or expect the church to act. It is pertinent to ask, What are our churches for, if not for these very purposes, or are they for the sole benefit of the members? Many associations are doing the very work that belongs to the church to do, and these outside efforts are in many cases so much active labor and vitality taken out of the church, that we have seen this evil of which we hint, and think it well to call attention to it. Not but that some societies are necessary, but it is not wise to relieve the Christian church of its peculiar responsibilities; it is not wise to ignore the fact that each church is a complete organization for Christian and benevolent work, and that its officers and members should keep in mind its true object. If our churches would look after the moral and religious condition of their immediate localities, as is their duty, there would be less need of many of the associations which now in their practical workings really enfeeble the churches with which they technically are connected. When new organizations for benevolent or missionary purposes are proposed in cities and villages, should not the first question be, at least among church members, Have we not an organization just fitted for this work, and should we not first make the best possible use of it before starting new enterprises? Let our young men see to it that their Association meet-

ings do not weaken their church prayer meetings, and remember that whenever they do, there is wrong somewhere to be remedied.

Events of the Week.

A MUNICIPAL QUARREL.

Two aspirants to the Mayoralty of Richmond have created quite an amount of trouble in that city. The municipal officers appointed by military authority refused to surrender possession to their successors elected by ballot. The new Mayor, Mr. Ellison, proceeded to enroll a police force, and entered at once upon the discharge of his duties; a collision naturally occurred between the two forces, and two men were killed and several wounded. General Canby interfered to preserve order, and the question went to the Courts. Mayor Ellison is declared legally elected, and is proceeding undisturbed in the discharge of his duties.

THE SUPREME COURT.

The Bench of the Supreme Court is now full, the Hon. J. P. Bradley, of New Jersey, having been confirmed last Tuesday by a vote of 47 to 8. There is general satisfaction at the confirmation, but it has furnished a notable instance of the principles on which office is bestowed. Recently, when Judge Hoar was up for confirmation, certain Northern Senators were so sensitive on the question of geographical position that his name was rejected. The whole animus of their opposition is now apparent. It was no question of conscience, nor the result of desiring to give each section its due, but simply the venting of personal spite against the official who has done more than any other one to oppose the nefarious schemes of office jobbers and trading politicians.

DEFALCATION.

Collector Bailey of the thirty-second New York district has absconded, and no traces of him can be found. He has been an indefatigable officer, and the whiskey ring is jubilant over his departure, while the friends of law and equity regard the matter as a national calamity. On several occasions he has refused large bribes from the whiskey ring if he would withdraw suits pending against them, and his recent act, in the light of such a previous record, can hardly be accounted for. He left behind a letter stating that his books would not balance, but that the discrepancies arose from troubles in the fourth district two years ago, and for which he was not responsible. Having failed to make up the deficiencies from the proceeds of recent seizures, he apparently lacked courage to make the proper explanations, and seeks to avoid the consequences of discovery in a disgraceful flight.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The President sent a message to Congress last Wednesday on the decline of American commerce. He says it is a national humiliation for this country to be compelled to pay from twenty to thirty million dollars yearly for ocean freight, which American citizens should share with the citizens of other countries. He says a direct money subsidy is less likely to be abused than indirect aid, but recommends the passage of two bills reported by the special committee on the subject. Congress is giving attention to the matter, and it is likely to receive a part of the notice that it deserves.

PRINCE BONAPARTE ON TRIAL.

The trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the murder of Victor Noir in January last, began at Tours on the 21st. He is arraigned on the charge of voluntary homicide. Henri Rochefort, Paschal Grousset and the brother and wife of the deceased are among the witnesses. The evidence thus far adduced is of a contradictory nature, and public opinion is first acquitting and then condemning the Prince. Rochefort is brought from prison to testify and appears calm and collected, but the other witnesses for the plaintiffs are passionate, and denounce the Prince in the bitterest terms. The testimony of Grousset would not be received on account of the abusive language which he contained, and he was forced to send in an impassioned statement of the case in writing, while several other witnesses were severely reprimanded for contempt of court. The trial proceeds slowly, but it is probable that a verdict will be reached during the present week.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Legislation seems to accomplish but little for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has devoted much of his time and talent to the consideration of Irish abuses, but the inhabitants are no less satisfied than before the question was agitated. Agrarian outrages continue, and the Bill recently introduced in Parliament to force the Irish into tranquility, meets with little success. The Irish Chief Secretary reports more than eighteen hundred such outrages within two years; murders are frequent, and the amount of poverty and wretchedness that attends the present management of affairs in the Island is lamentable in the extreme. The Irish call loudly for a redress of their wrongs, and Engand professes to be earnestly laboring for that end, but the causes of dissatisfaction are not removed on the one hand, nor are the efforts at conciliation received with any degree of confidence on the other. Mutual distrust and suspicion prevail, and the question is likely to become still more complicated.

Mission Field.

INDIA.

In southern India, within 150 miles of Cape Comorin, dwell the Shanars, a great tribe of devil-worshippers. Dr. Mullens, Secretary of the London Miss. Soc., described them in their heathen state as having scarcely any idea of God, fearing only the powers that work in the sky, air and earth close around them; their only recreations the wild dances of devil-priests with the loud drumming and rude feasts that ever accompanied the dances. But the most remarkable success of the gospel in India has been among these debased Shanars. Mr. Thomas speaks of 10,000 converted Shanars under his care. The native preachers among them number over 500, and the nominal Christians are estimated at 100,000, all separated from heathenism, formed into congregations for Christian worship, and their names all on the mission rolls. In 1869, these native Christians contributed \$20,000 in gold, for religious purposes.

MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

The work among the Telugos, to which several references have been made in our Mission columns, continues with increasing interest. It seems that during the "week of prayer" in 1869, the Baptist missionaries at the Ongole and Nellore stations, made it an earnest subject of prayer, that the Lord would add, during the year, 1,000 to the Telugos mission. "The number looked large. I am afraid our faith did not get ground it." But he reasoned: "Have we not to-day all the apostles had,—the Spirit of the Lord, the Holy Spirit? Miracles did not save. The apostles were successful because they had seen, believed and doubted not. And so the world trembled before the fishermen of Galilee, or rather before the Spirit which found an avenue through them." After a month or so, a mighty spirit of revival rested upon the north portion of the field, and believers were multiplied. Oct. 7, Mr. Timpany of Nellore wrote: "I presume about 300 have been baptized, hardly a third of what we asked, but I shall not give up expecting the thousand until the last day of the year. There is a sound of abundance of rain. Yesterday I had a letter from Bro. Clough who baptized 13 last Sabbath, saying: 'We are praying night and day for the rest to come. They will come, they must come, they can not help it. Ere this letter reaches the Rooms, many more will have been baptized from the dead by the voice of God, and hallelujah.' Just one week, Nov. 7, another scene was witnessed, which Mrs. Clough describes as far surpassing anything she ever expected to see in India, although she was looking for great things. Of 240 that were present at chapel services on that day, 108 had come from near and far, bringing their rice upon their shoulders, to profess their faith in Jesus and ask for baptism. Nearly the whole day was spent in examination, and in the evening 74 were baptized. Since Jan. 1st, 249 have been added to the Ongole church." Mr. Clough says: "Before the first of Jan. next, we expect 251 more will come in the same way, to make up the 500 asked for ten and a half months ago, during the week of prayer."

BURMAH.

Mr. Van Meter, missionary to the Karens, writes from Bassein, Oct. 16, 1869. He speaks of a recent visit to a church just formed, making the nineteenth Pure church in Bassein. He says: "Almost every month we have reports of new worshippers from various parts of the field. During no one year have more been reported of those who have forsaken their heathen rites and relatives, and of those who have pledged themselves to become Christians. At Pantanau I baptized six."

CHINA.

Though the Chinese government tolerates all sects, yet Confucianism, says the *Church Miss. Reg.*, may be called the established religion of China. Confucius was a great sage who lived in China about 500 years before Christ, and about a century before the time of Malachi. His real name was Chung-fu-tee, Confucius being its Latinized form. It is said that he has exercised by his writings a greater influence on succeeding ages and on greater masses of men than any other philosopher or sage that ever lived.

There are nearly 2,000 temples throughout the country erected to the memory of Confucius, and upon his altars innumerable offerings are daily presented of fruits, sweetmeats, tea and incense. Upwards of 60,000 victims, chiefly pigs and rabbits, are annually sacrificed to his memory. Every one on first going to school, bows and prostrates himself before a picture hung on the walls of the school-room, and incense is burnt before his shrine by the scholars, morning and evening. Effigies of his 72 disciples are suspended in conspicuous places in his temples. Every important district, by command of government, possesses a temple to Confucius, where idolatrous ceremonies are constantly performed by all the scholars, magistrates and aspirants of office throughout the empire.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In June next, on the island of Honolulu, is to be held the semi-centennial anniversary of the establishment of missions on this group of islands. A convention of all the missions in the Islands of the Pacific is invited for the occasion, and all the missionary packets in the South Sea will be employed in bringing together the native delegates and the foreign missionaries. During these fifty years of missionary labor, the gospel has given to these islands a civil government, educational institutions, a growing commerce already reckoned by millions of dollars, Sabbath schools and crowded churches, a Christian literature in six different languages, with weekly and monthly newspapers.

LOYALTY ISLANDS.

These island have a population of 7,000, and so complete has been the success of missionary labor among them, that, it is said, there are not half a dozen persons of the whole number who are not regular attendants of the house of God.

NEW HEBRIDES.

Just 30 years ago a mission was planted in this group of islands, on which has been expended \$40,000. Stations have been formed on six of the islands, on one of which the entire population is nominally Christian, and the people are making good progress in civilization.

LONDON.—INDIA.

More than 1,300 ministers are preaching in London. What are the 300 missionaries and ordained natives for the 200,000,000 of India?

HERMANNSTADT MISSIONS.

The mission work commenced by pastor Harms has been greatly enlarged. The number of stations in Africa is said to be 37. During the previous year, 200 persons have received baptism.

There are also five stations in India and one in Australia.

The March No. of the *Miss Mag.* takes the average of the last two years' contributions to the prominent Foreign Missionary societies in our country, and the membership of the churches contributing, and estimates the following as the average individual gifts: Presbyterian Board, \$1.08 a member; American Board, \$1.08; Reformed, .83; Episcopal, .31 1-2; Methodist, 23 1-2; Baptist, 19 4-5.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 23, 1870.

LINGERING REBELLION.

The spirit of rebellion seems to be in a somewhat eruptive condition just now. In Tennessee, and in North Carolina, the governors respectively declare that in certain parts of their states civil law can not be enforced, and they have called on the President for military aid. In Virginia and Georgia matters are in a more or less disturbed state. This condition of affairs has impressed Congress with a new and stronger sense of the inadequacy of the laws in force at the present time to meet the exigencies of the case. The difficulty is this: When troops are sent into a disturbed district they find no body in arms to oppose them. The Ku Klux Klan assembly by night to commit their deeds of outrage; or, if they gather in the daytime, they disperse on the approach of the troops. If the perpetrator of an outrage is known and arrested by the troops, they can only hand him over to the local civil authorities; and these being more or less in sympathy with him, the chances are that he escapes punishment for his crimes. There is a strong and growing feeling here that this is a mere mockery to the suffering loyalists of the South, and no proper discharge of the duty of the nation to protect them in life and property. To secure this end Mr. Drake introduced into the Senate, on Friday last, an amendment to the Georgia bill, which proposes that, whenever troops are sent by the President into any of the lately rebellious states, upon the request of the governor or legislature of such states, to suppress insurrection in any county or district therein, the officer commanding the troops, upon his arrival, shall proclaim martial law in such county or district, and shall proceed to levy upon and collect from the inhabitants of such county or district, a sufficient sum of money to pay the expenses of transporting the troops thither, and shall subvert them upon the inhabitants while there.

Mr. Trumbull said the proposition was so "monstrous" that he would content himself with calling for the yeas and nays. But Mr. Drake assured Mr. Trumbull that his proposition could not be squelched by an adjective; and Senators Thayer, Sherman, Carpenter and Hamlin having declared that in their opinion something must be done, and that although the proposition of Mr. Drake was objectionable in some respects, yet, if a little time were afforded for reflection something acceptable could be matured, the Senate adjourned without action upon the amendment, and it is still pending. The fact is, that these outrages upon loyal men are committed because the men of property countenance the perpetrators, and until they are made to feel the consequences of so doing the outrages will not cease.

THE GEORGIA BILL.

The Georgia bill promises to hang fire for some time yet in the Senate. The fact is, many Senators are in doubt how to act. It is a "good deal of a muddle," as Senator Sherman expressed it. This confusion has arisen from the action of Congress itself. Senator Schurz very forcibly argued the other day that in reconstructing Georgia, Congress had required three things. 1st. The adoption of the 14th amendment. 2d. The expurgation of her Constitution. 3d. The exclusion of disqualified persons from office. The first two of these requirements were met by the legislature in 1868. The third was not, and Congress, therefore, in December last, required the re-assembling of the legislature and the meeting of the third condition, but did not require a new performance of the first two,—thereby, as he argued, recognizing the original performance of those two conditions as valid, and, as a necessary consequence, validated the legislature that performed them. This, on the face of it, seems logical and straightforward. But there was one provision of the act of last December that is at war with all this. This is the provision that required the legislature, when assembled by the proclamation of Gov. Bullock, and qualified, to proceed to reorganize by the choice of proper officers in the House and in the Senate. This requirement can be explained only upon the theory that the proceedings of the legislature had been illegal from the beginning. Compare this with the argument of Schurz, and "the muddle" becomes apparent. How "the muddle" will end I can not tell, but Senators opposed to the Bingham amendment seem to feel confident that it will be defeated.

THE MISSISSIPPI SENATOR, &c.

The Senate are engaged at present in considering the credentials of Gen. Ames, and his right to a seat in the Senate. The Judiciary committee has reported against his right, on the ground of non-residence. Nevertheless, the General himself is confident of a majority of the Senate in his favor.—A large public meeting held here last night to express sympathy with southern loyalists in their demand for protection, was addressed by Gov. Bullock, Gov. Scott of S. C., Horace Maynard of Tenn., Simon Beard, the chairman of the colored delegation from Georgia, and others. The general tone of the speeches was an earnest demand for effective protection.

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

Polygamy in Utah is before the House just now. The House seems to be quite in earnest to grapple with this evil. An attempt was made to lay the subject on the table, but it was negatived. Mr. Hooper, delegate from Utah, defended the system, as taught by Moses, approved by God, and an institution from which sprang the Saviour of men, Jesus Christ. The votes to lay on the table were very largely Democratic, but were explained by Mr. Cox as not meaning an approval of polygamy, but were given from a belief that persecution always fails of its object.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The investigation into the sale of cadetships has about reached an end. The failure to expel Butler of Tenn. is a virtual end to the proceedings. If the House is not to expel offending members it will of course be more to its credit not to expose its soiled linen to the public gaze. The southern opposition to the confirmation of Judge Bradley was finally withdrawn, and he was confirmed by a large majority. This morning he was sworn into office. Judge Strong having also taken his seat a few days since, the Supreme Bench is now full. The New Hampshire delegation in Congress are to be serenaded by the Republicans of Washington to-night, in honor of the recent Republican triumph in that State, and they will no doubt respond in fitting terms of congratulation.

Communications.

Our Line of Advance.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is one of the marked men of the Brooklyn pulpit. His style of thought is striking; his style of expression is still more so. He talks not a little for the sake of immediate effect, meaning to hit somebody, and not at all content unless he produces an impression and gets a response. He is sometimes extravagant, not always respecting a delicate and cultivated taste, and now and then approaches what is known as slang, and seems especially on good terms with Young America.

But he always writes with a purpose and speaks with power. He has something to say that, though less original than it at first seems to be, is worth attending to. He recently delivered a discourse before the Pennsylvania Sabbath School Teachers' Association, which we find reported in the *Christian Intelligencer*, and which is worth reproducing. We copy the main portions below, and commend the thoughts to the special attention of the large and growing company of laborers who find a sphere of service in the Sabbath school. That is today one of the most important of our spheres of effort, and there is great need of intelligence and just ideas.

Mr. Talmage gives the title copied above to his discourse, and chooses for his text the following:

"And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad." 1 Sam. 20:40.

Jonathan, with his boy, went out to the field to inform David of his danger in using the shooting of arrows as a signal. The information once given, Jonathan has no more use for the arrows, and so gives them into charge of the boy to take back to the city. "And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad."

Well, my friends, the time will soon come when we shall have done with all our earthly weapons, and we shall hand them over to the children. They will take our pulpits, our stores, our shops, our legislative halls, our presidential chairs, and to do battle for the eternal God, Jonathan will have given all his artillery to the lads.

To prepare these little ones for the sharp onset, the Sabbath school toils. The war into which they go is to be no holiday tournament, no knight errant measure of lances, in which gay rider on white palfrey goes prancing in, and then prancing out, but bayonets crossing bayonets, till, snapped off, the fœmen strike with the breech of the guns. When a regiment fresh from home goes into fight, their uniform is new and bright, and they step methodically and obey all orders; but when the contest becomes exciting, and an hour is to decide the day, the troops rush on, careless of what becomes of their uniform, and seizing anything with which they can do most damage to the foe. Now, in our day, we have gone into this holy war, chiefly anxious about our uniform, and determined to do every thing in the genteel way. We have fought the powers of darkness in most approved style, very careful of the proprieties. But by the time that our children get into the battle, it will be hot and fierce, a hand-to-hand fight with sin, and regardless of everything but the victory, they will strike with anything they can get hold of.

Now, the Sabbath school is our West Point, where we propose to drill God's troops. The Government of Heaven hath chartered this institution. We have hundreds of thousands of cadets wearing our badge. We have already graduated enough good soldiers to man fortresses of light in every kingdom under the sun. With one field-piece they have broken down the walls of China; and, under the command of the great Captain, the one-starred flag of Bethlehem is being rushed upon the battlements of Japan, and all the foundations of darkness quake under the thunderous artillery of Jonathan's lad. Who are bearing heavily on the pry that is to upset the world's abominations? Those who went forth twenty years ago from the Sabbath classes of England and America. Who are those before whom Buddhism and Mahometanism blanch and cower? Our boys! Who are hoisting higher than the standards on which are British lion and Russian bear, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world? Our boys!

But the Sabbath school work is just begun. In every department improvements are to be made. We have much of the time been heaving away with dull axes and shooting with crooked arrows. We are to advance! But advance is ambush, defeat, and ruin, unless along the right road and in proper array. Our army advanced at Fredericksburg, but alas, for the day! This institute before whom I speak is only a scouting party which are to sweep around and reconnoiter, and examine the way, and tell us what it is best to do.

To-night I shall point out what I think ought to be our line of advance.

1. It will be through improved Sabbath school architecture.

Many of the rooms devoted to this work, if they were a little improved, would make excellent cattle-pens. It is very difficult when a child sits on a hard seat, with his feet six inches from the floor, and a chill turning its lips blue, to make it believe that religious ways are ways of pleasantness.

When a church in this day is to be reared, building committees are appointed, who visit cities and consult renowned architects, and feel a world of responsibility resting upon them until the structure has received the last stroke of the carpenter's hammer, and felt the last touch of the painter's brush, and heard the last ring of the mason's trowel. I would that the same attention were paid to the construction of the children's room in a church; for what right have the old sheep in a wintry day to a

warm, snug fold, with the trusses of hay bursting through the rack, when the tender lambs are huddled together in a cold pen, through which the sleet and rain are driven? But few of the churches of Christ have paid sufficient attention to this subject. In the first place, let us have plenty of light in all such buildings, light clear and beautiful, such as God pours out of his sun every day, a world full of it, not crowded through between small windows, or glass stained and cobwebbed,—plenty of light, like that which puts blue into the gentian and gold on the cowslip, and spots the pansy and covers the sea with emerald, and sends up the mists of the valley into whirling columns of glory sky-tall, and pulls back the bars of heaven at nightfall, until the brightness of that land strikes through and through the cloud-racks, dripping down the battlements in sapphire, and purple, and orange, and flaming fire. Give us plenty of light and no darkness, for God is light, and in him there is no darkness at all. If a photographer takes the lightest room in the building to make his pictures, shall we not have a bright room where the Sun of Righteousness is to impress the image of the eternal God on the human soul? Let there be deep night in mountain cavern, and down in the coalshafts, and in the holds of ships, but let it fly from the school-room as quick as you can batter a hole into the wall, or throw back the shutters. God said at the beginning, and it thrilled over the universe, "Let there be light; and there was light." Then, again, let such buildings be well ventilated. Not the bottled-up air of other Sundays, kept over from week to week, as though like wine it improved by age, or such as lingers in damp basements under the church, but fresh, clear air, such as comes panting off the sea, or down from the hillside, sweeping up the aroma of whole acres of red clover-top. Let the seats be easy for a child to sit upon, neither at perilous height, nor without backs to lean upon. It is a fact almost universally discarded in school-rooms, as though it were impossible of proof, that children in all ages have backs. Repeat not the "murder of the innocents." Do not compel the little ones to penance, or in this age of the world introduce a protestant inquisition. Let the floor be spotless. Dirt is always infidel and blasphemous. Broom and mop have a religious mission. Let the walls be illuminated with maps and pictures and texts of Scripture. Bring flowers and crown the desks, and hang them in wreaths all over the walls. There is no sacrifice in heliotrope or branch of pine. Make it the brightest room on earth, if you would entice the children in and profit it.

Again, our line of Sabbath school advance will be through an improved hymnology. We know how much music has to do with the worship of grown people. Choirs sometimes follow the minister's discourse, and give it ten-fold power, and sometimes destroy all good impression. Choirs that lounge, and sleep, and write notes during the service, and yawn, and get up, and sit down, and wriggle and shuffle the feet, and rattle note-books and seem struck through infinite fidget, are an intolerable nuisance. But if music has so much to do with men and women, it has more to do with children.

Drag none of your slow, dull, dead tunes over an assembly of children. These quick feet will not keep step with a dead march. Let the music be buoyant and quick, like a battle strain, and no older voices linger, and hold the song back, and hang on behind, coming in different trains long after they are due. Let hours be set apart for the study of sacred song, and let it ever and anon come gushing up through all the Sabbath lessons, clear and bright and sparkling with the joy of heaven. A Sabbath school is loving and efficient just in proportion as it can sing. Children will not be dull and inattentive and restless if you will once in a while rouse them up with, "Homeward Bound," or "Shining Shore," or "Rest for the Weary," "Let the Sabbath school bell ring." A school that is dumb will be deaf. Enough children's hymns have been written and enough children's tunes composed to surround the world with sacred harmony. Professors Hastings and Mason and Bradbury have projected their lives into millions of the rising generations by the composition and publication of tunes that I suppose will linger in the ears of our converted youth long after, around the throne of God, they have begun the march of everlasting ages. I would not wonder if, in the day of doom, it should be found that he who composed a living Sabbath school tune would be greater than he who established an empire or conquered a kingdom. I rejoice that from thousands of convocations of children in this land and from all Christendom these hymns of praise are rising Sabbath by Sabbath, and God will gather them all up from the North and the South and the East and the West, and mingle them in one magnificent chorus, which, at the foot of his throne, shall beat like the sound of many waters.

Again, our line of advance will be through more intelligent and skillful instruction. There are thousands of good, pious people utterly and forever unfit to be teachers of the young. Industry is necessary. There has been no railroad track built over the road on which John Bunyan's pilgrim traveled. As much depends upon the way truth is presented as upon the truth itself. The best food may be spoiled in the cooking. Be gentle. Kindness is the greatest of lion tamers. It is not the blasts from the north, but the gentle south wind that calls out the flowers. While hail glances off, the soft lichen eat through the rock.

Be punctual. Washington said to his secretary, who was frequently late in his attendance, and who always laid the blame on his watch: "Sir, you must either get

another watch, or I get another secretary." Regular to the moment a Sabbath school teacher should be at the head of her class; or if prevented, then by a substitute. The army can not march and do battle unless every lieutenant and colonel is at his post as well as the commander. A punctual teacher makes a punctual class. With infinite promptness and regularity the world moves. Hundreds of years before the day comes you can tell just the minute the sun will rise, and just the minute it will set. The return of the queerest comet is calculated. At just the right time the buds burst, and the leaf unfolds, and the wave breaks, and yet there are people always behind the times.

Again, our line of Sabbath school advance must be through more thorough public recognition.

Let institutes and conventions and anniversaries be multiplied till the people are compelled to understand. They think a Sunday school a nice thing to have. It gives parents an opportunity for a quiet nap on Sabbath afternoons to have the children out of the house. But this stupendous truth is not realized, that this institution takes hold of all the religious, commercial, agricultural, manufacturing and political interests of this land. It is a giant that rises up before me with its two hands holding the character of this nation for all time to come. O Jesus! if for thee this coming generation can be marshaled, before the artillery of Jonathan's lads shall go down the last wickedness, and the desert crimson into roses, and Lebanon toss her cedar-tops in the way of the conquering Redeemer. Oh! that we might see all these little feet on the upward road, and hear their voices sounding along the line of triumph. It must be! It must be! I fling this garland of youthful beauty and joy to the feet of Jesus. Thou saidst, "Suffer them to come," and now we press them into thy arms, our sons and daughters, and the suffering little ones of the street. Here they are. Take them, O blessed One! They wait thy kiss. They ask thy salvation. The prayer of Jacob for his sons shall be my prayer while I live, and my prayer when I die,—"The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads."

Divorce.

The subject of Divorce is attracting much attention. Our legislatures and courts are inclined to facilitate the separation of married people when either party desires it. Secular newspapers make light of divorce cases, the religious papers and the pulpit are generally silent, or acquiescent, and the Christian doctrine of marriage seems to be almost ignored. Our Lord says, Matt. 19:9: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away, doth commit adultery." And Matt. 19:6: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The apostle Paul reaffirms the same thing, denying the right of divorce, and commanding the woman who can not live with her husband not to marry another man.

The advocates of divorce admit that the Bible allows it only in case of incontinence or something equivalent. But there is no equivalent to the offense named, as it regards marriage. The Bible suggests nothing of the kind, but excludes the possibility of it. Our Saviour was treating of this very subject, and when asked if a man could put away his wife for every cause, replied that no cause but fornication could justify divorce. Who shall dare to add to his words and teach men that they may put away their wives for other causes? It is urged that the wife is often called to endure evils too great to be borne. That she is sometimes called to suffer much is admitted; but are we authorized to disobey the law of God to escape temporary suffering? It is plain to be seen that the late divorce laws have increased instead of diminishing our social evils. The evils complained of may be removed more perfectly than by divorce. The inspired apostle is wiser than modern legislators. If a wife can not safely abide with her husband, let the law provide for the separation, thus securing the wife's innocence, safety, support and honor, with the possibility of a happy reunion. This is better for all concerned, husband, wife, children and community. It may seem a hardship to the innocent wife, because it ties her for life to an unworthy husband, but the error consisted in the marriage; and if she were free from her husband, her matrimonial prospects would not be very flattering. It is just like every attempt to escape from evil by disobeying the law of God; the evil is enhanced. Besides, the effect on the community is most pernicious. The example and facility of divorce tempt persons of a restless and uneasy disposition to imagine that they would be happier with some other companion. Licentious men are led to a course of life which is worse than polygamy.

In France, after the divorce law was passed, more than 20,000 divorces were registered within a year and a half. Its pernicious effect upon the morals of the nation can not be doubted. It is apparent in our own country that, in those states where divorces are most easily obtained, morals are worst. The divorce laws have filled the land with adulterers and adulteresses, who, the Bible says, shall not enter the kingdom of God.

Respectable writers on morals are substantially united on this subject. Dr. Hickok, in his excellent work on Moral Science, says: "An attempt to attain emancipation for women from the hard lot of an ill-assorted marriage, by an easy dissolution of the nuptial bond, must augment the general evil. If the state grant divorces only in view of personal inconveniences and special hardships, overlooking the pub-

lic end of marriage, the few will be relieved at the expense of the many, and both man and woman become morally debased."

Pres. Dwight says: "It is clearly evident that the progress of divorce, though different in different countries, will, in all, be dreadful beyond conception. Within a moderate period, the whole community will be thrown, by laws made in open opposition to the laws of God, into a general prostitution. No difference exists between this prostitution and that which customarily bears the name, except that the one is licensed, the other unlicensed, by man. To the eye of God, those who are polluted in each of these modes, are alike and equally impure, loathsome, abandoned wretches."

Dr. Scott, John Wesley and Richard Watson take substantially the same view. My influence may be slight, but I wish to enter my solemn protest, against all laws and precepts that tend to annul the most holy and beneficent law of God.

S. C. KIMBALL.

Selections.

How to Awaken Inquiry.

I am safe in assuming that you who are teaching, or you who propose to teach, have some possibility of character; that you are not one of the mere godless sort, doomed to inefficiency and inferiority. A teacher, to be good for anything, must have something of vigor,—something of robustness, of character. How can one of the "yes, ma'am" sort,—one of the "milk-and-water" kind,—one of those who have no convictions, no purposes of their own, impress others? How can one who does not know certainly what he thinks, or whether he thinks anything, lead other minds?

I will assume that you have also the complimentary gift, or grace, of adaptability.

I will assume that you are earnest and courteous; that you are confident that you can do something, yet humble enough to know that you can do nothing; that you are zealous, with a fiery zeal, yet temperate and prudent; that you thirst for knowledge, and know that you do know some things, and yet you have learned enough to know that you are a fool. I will assume that you are a live Christian man or woman, who, seeing what is desirable, counts not himself to have attained, but does this one thing,—presses forward.

To you I want to tell a secret. You can not fill a bottle with the cork in. Let the cork be ever so abundant, and the pump be plied with ever so much vigor and persistence, it is all in vain. Do you know what I mean? The philosopher puts it in this wise: "Curiosity is the parent of knowledge." Your first business, then, is to awaken a desire to know. It is what a few years ago, we used to hear lectured about so much, under the phrase, "waking up mind." A large part of the failure among Sunday school teachers comes from the neglect of this principle. They know something to teach—they actually say excellent things, and do excellent things; but their pupils do not care a fig for the wares they are asked to buy. Now, my friend, you may go on in this way till you teach your class to death. You may pour your stream of knowledge upon them till you drown them, or till they run away, and never get a drop of it into them, because their mouths are shut.

You see the point, do you? Oh, yes! I hear you ask, "How can I open their mouths? How can I get the cork out of the bottle?" I confess, it is just here that the teacher shines out. Anybody can teach those who want to learn. The genius for teaching shows itself in teaching those who do not want to learn; in bringing a desire to know, where such desire did not exist. Do not mistake; this thing that you are so strongly disposed to give up as impossible, this teaching those who have no desire to learn, is just the most important work we have to do. Were it not for this, our service might almost be dispensed with. Those whose minds are open to receive truth, who are all thirst for it, will find it somewhere and some way, if they do not get it from you or me.

Let me, then, close this article with a few practical suggestions, first, however, confessing that I am not able to give you a prescription which will do all you may wish, or which may be desirable. All I can do is to give a few hints. It is understood, of course, that I now speak only of inattentive, uninterested classes,—those whose minds have not been awakened to inquiry and desire for the kind of truth you wish to communicate. With thoroughly interested minds, a method of instruction can scarcely be so bad that they will not improve under it, if the teacher really has anything to communicate.

Suppose, then, you wish to interest a class of unruly, don't-care-for-anything boys, of eight or ten years of age. Suppose your lesson is Luke 9:57-62. Do your boys know something about military matters, about recruiting? Begin by telling them about Cuba, and the insurrection there. Imagine a filibustering captain trying to raise a company to go with him to Cuba. He tells those who he solicits that they will not have any fighting to do; that the Spaniards are cowards; that Spain would rather be rid of Cuba than not; that the insurrectionists have almost gained the day now; that those who go with him will not only have a most delightful cruise, but will be welcomed by the almost victorious insurgents; and that in a short time they will have full possession of the rich and lovely island, will be rolling in wealth, and surfeited with honor and pleasure. "Now, boys, suppose you enlisted." Then paint the other picture. The weary days before leaving New York; leaving home; some mean vessel with no accommodations; the terrible sea-sickness and home-sickness; the island guarded by Spanish cannons at every port; the landing in some dark night on some desolate part of the island; no friends to greet them, nothing but rocky isolation around them, nothing to eat, but little to wear,—weary, sick, alone in a hot, sickly and dreary place, with trained soldiers watching them on every hand. Fill out the picture. The captain de-serts them; they are left to starve, starvation, capture and death. Now, what would you think of such a captain? If you can succeed in getting the boys to help make up the picture, your scheme is working well. If you can get their indignation well aroused against the rascally captain, your point is well-nigh gained.

Then, briefly draw back another picture of an honest, loyal captain recruiting in the days of our rebellion. He does not cover up the difficulties; he tells them all,

He says the enemy is brave; that terrible battles, sickness, fatigue, wounds, and it may be death, are before them. But he appeals to them to undertake and suffer it all for the love they bear their country. He tells them the glorious history of the past, and incites them by the love and pride with which they contemplate the deeds of our forefathers.

When this work is done, and the boys are thoroughly aroused to the meanness of the one course and the dignity and honor of the other, a few words, very few, will show that Jesus, in seeking followers to volunteer, is like the latter captain. He is the true and honest leader. The devil is the rascally captain. Which will you enlist under, boys?—Prof. Edward Olney.

The Miracle of Joshua.

JOSHUA, 10:12.

A writer in *Public Opinion*, a London journal, gives the following interpretation of the passage above named. It is worthy of consideration:

We read in the 11th verse of that chapter that Jehovah cast down great (abanim) stones from heaven upon them. The word *abanim* is the term used to indicate the common stone as we understand it. In the absence of further explanation, there would have existed as much difficulty of solution as now exists in reference to the sun and moon having stood still. We should probably have concluded that not only did the sun and moon stand still, but that Jehovah had occasioned at that moment a violent disruption of some near planet, so that its fragments might descend upon the armies of the five kings. But fortunately to ease our speculations and to relieve us from any such manifestly gross conclusions, they are again alluded to by the writer as being stones of (barad) ice, by which the enemies of Israel were dis-comfited and slain, effected by Divine interposition,—a meteorological and miraculous display, such as that described in the text, "Hailstones and coals of fire." Ps. 18:12.

We may now turn to other agencies,—the sun and moon,—and learn how far they were available on this remarkable occasion. And he said,—Shemesh (sun) on Gibeon rest, and yereach (moon) on the valley of Ajalon. This command refers not to the bodies or orbs of either the sun or moon, but (as *Shemesh*, to the rays of one, and *yereach* to the beams of the other; whereas the bodies or orbs of each are represented by the words *cheres* (the sun) and *tebanah* (the moon), as in the book of Judges and Isaiah, in which latter book the body of the sun is also called *chmh*. It will be seen that the speaker addressed himself to the light given to the sun and moon, by which we find that the *shemesh* did (*dom*) remain, and that beams of the *yereach* did (*gnamod*) continue. For the *shemesh*, or light, did (*gnamod*) continue in the (*chahai* *hahamim*) division of the heavens,—i.e., the horizon,—the nature and obvious division of the two hemispheres, and basted not to (*labo*) enter (not to go down) into the other hemisphere (*ayonamim*) like a perfected or finished day, as usual. Had "the sun stood in the midst of heaven," the expression would have been "malmagaleh he *cheres*," the orb of the sun overhead or near meridian, as in Judges. The moon rising, as it might at the time of sunset, would (*gnamod*) continue all night on the Vale of Ajalon. The condition of the air of this day, accompanied with extraordinary vapor, stands foremost as the most remarkable in meteorological history,—"hailstones and meteors of fire;" lumps of ice, which killed more of the armies of the five kings than fell by the sword; and the extraordinary atmosphere and vapor refracting and reflecting the *shemesh*, or sun's rays, long after his disappearance,—together with the partial footstep of the storm, must have formed a striking manifestation of the signal favor of Jehovah on behalf of His people. Although the material of this planet *abane* were used as the means, without disorganizing or interrupting the uniform and primitive order and appointment of other celestial bodies, the fact still remains a miracle; and well might the compiler, who appears to have been born long after the events of the book of Joshua, declare, "There was no day like it, either before or after; for Jehovah fought for Israel."

Fallen Men in Washington.

I have in mind the case of a man who came here from Annapolis, the most miserable and wretched of beings; almost insane from three days and nights of constant dissipation. Tormented by remorse, science, tempted to commit suicide, ashamed of the disgrace brought upon his "dear wife and prattling boy," disheartened because of past failures, something moved him to seek his Heavenly Father for deliverance. He yielded to that motion; and, shattered, bruised, disgraced, dishonored, an outcast from humanity, he prayed, as he expressed it, as only the dying pray. He prayed all night. It was Saturday. He prayed until church time the next morning, and then staggered in his weakness to the nearest church, eager to catch at anything which the gospel had for his comfort. The preacher spoke of God's pity. "Per-haps God pities me," Jesus replies me."

It opened the fountain of tears. He went to the church in the evening, and heard of Jesus' sacrifice for sin. "Could this sacrifice avail for him?" He went from that meeting to the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. It was the hour of prayer. Just as he entered, opportunity was given for any who wished, to signify a desire for the prayers of believers. Overburdened, speechless, he arose and pointed to his poor sin-sick heart. After prayer, while he was chatting around him, one came to him, and putting a brother's arm around his neck, knelt, weeping and praying, at his side. It was the effectual, fervent prayer. The poor man arose a new creature. The stains were washed away. The chains were broken. A few days later, he wrote a most touching letter to a friend in Annapolis pointing him to Jesus, as the only source of deliverance from the thralldom of the cup. Then he turned to a brother-in-law in town, addicted to the same habits as his own. This brother-in-law thus wrote him the day after the receipt of his letter: "I regard my habits as settled and fixed for life. I never expect to be any better, and hope to be no worse. I have made resolutions so often to abandon my besetting sins, only to break them immediately, that I have concluded to let my habits take their course, and must abide the consequences, however serious they may be." That letter was quickly followed by another. Written the following day, it told "of waking in the solemn hour of night, with the accumulated weight of over forty years of sin pressing upon his conscience; of seeing himself all corruption and helplessness, of waking his wife and of their uniting in prayer until they both found relief in the belief that

the grace of God was sufficient to save them; and of the morning family altar, at which the only child heard her father pray for the first time."—*Advance*.

A Home Question.

A few years ago, in one of the beautiful islands of the Micronesia, a young girl was sitting at the feet of a missionary. A little time before that she was a wild, rude creature, as all the heathen children around her were; wearing almost no clothes, and likely to grow up a corrupt and vicious woman, like the other natives of the island. But the missionaries who had come there to live had taken her into their family. There she had learned something about God, and she tried to pray to him. She had put on American clothes, and at the time of which I speak, she was helping the missionary to turn the Gospel of Mark into the language of the islanders. At last they came to a passage which said something about believing in Christ. She stopped a moment, seeming to be thinking very hard about something, and then looked up into her teacher's face and said: "Missionary, what is it to believe in Jesus?" He had tried to explain it to her before, and now tried again. At last she seemed to understand it, and to receive it into her heart as if it were meant for her. But just as she was beginning to feel glad that Jesus had forgiven her sins and was her Savior, a very sad thought came to her, and she looked up into her teacher's face again and said: "Missionary, where are my father and mother? Why did you not come to tell us this before?" Her father and mother had died before the missionary came, without ever hearing of Jesus or the way of salvation. "Then ffit," said the missionary, "as the tears rolled down my cheeks, that if I could only speak to the Christians and the Sabbath schools of my native land, I would tell them to make haste and send out more missionaries, as fast as they could; for thousands and millions of heathen fathers and mothers, and boys and girls too, are passing away every year without so much as knowing that Jesus died to save them."

Never Dries Up.

I was staying at a village near the seacoast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea-time, little feet, often unshod, but very active, might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of picher, kettle, and can, to a fresh-water well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry! Yes, sir, very often, in hot weather."

"And if it dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the spring higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the spring higher up fails?"

"Why, sir, that spring never dries up—never. It is always the same, summer and winter."

I went to see this fountain which "never dries up." The water was clear and sparkling, running down from a high hill, and passing through a gravelly bank, not with a torrent leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the way-side. It was within reach of every child's pitcher. Some children were there, filling their different vessels to the brim. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The ewes and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way—as I could see by their tracks—to the spring that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the "Rock of Ages," add brought within the reach of all men by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of trial and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow, and to give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.—(Rev. 21:6.)

Clinging Fast.

It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long, are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditional opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour,—let him who has passed through it say how awful,—when this life has lost its meaning, and heaven shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all; human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counselors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may arise from the fountain of truth itself; to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which for aught he knows may be light from heaven, and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty. I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful this at least is certain: If there be no God, no future states, yet even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who,—when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him,—has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day.—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

Shut Thy Door.

I feel all that I know and all that I teach will do nothing for my soul if I spend my time, as some people do, in business or company. My soul starves to death in the best company, and God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy closet," said He, and "shut thy door." Some words in Scripture are very emphatical. "Shut thy door" means much; it means, shut out, not only nonsense, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; shut out the poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still, small voice, or He will speak to thee in thunder.—*Cecil*.

The New Song.

Hear that the Saint in solemn dread was shown
Through Heaven's own Gates of Gold;
He saw them standing by the great white throne;
He heard their raptures and their song;
Christ was the Sun of that new firmament,
And there was no more night;
While through the Golden City harpings went
The glorious all in white.

These had to their great tribulation, came
To bow before the Throne;
These lifted up their foreheads from the flame,
And by his name were known;
Some on the rack were living witnesses,
And many fell afield;
But Christ did greet His Martyrs with a kiss,
And all their hurts were healed.

These had to wrestle with wild waves of strife,
Long ere they reached that shore
Where they at last have won the crowns of life,
They wear the robes of glory;
There do drink of Life's all-healing Stream,
And quench their thirst of years;
All star-like now the precious jewels gleam
They sowed on Earth as tears.

Help us, O Lord, to reach that Better Land,
Afar from grief and sin,
And join that blessed band, all harp in hand,
All safe with Christ shut in.
Feeble and poor the songs we sing; at most,
Some selfish Prayer we raise,
While the white harpers on that Heavenly coast
Hymn everlasting Praise.

—Gerald Massey.

Keeping the Heart.

The heart is the key position of our lives. Satan seldom attacks men on the side of reason and argument, but brings all his energy at work to carry the heart, knowing well that if he can get the life disorganized and broken down at that point the victory is gained. From the action of the desires and affections flow the issues of life. How necessary, then, that we should keep the heart with all diligence, refraining from all evil associations, and checking our thoughts that would run riot, while we ever seek that divine grace and help which alone can keep us. We are naturally inclined to let our lives drift. Work with the hands; work with the brain; work in battling against clamorous desires that lead inward; this we shrink from. Without effort we shall be defeated on every side. We must work or be stricken with poverty. Without exercise the brain sinks into imbecility of action. Without struggle we fall into the sloughs of temptation and sin. Christ says: "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and deny himself and follow me."

Any one may sit at a piano and drum the keys, but nothing save discord is produced and every note grates harshly upon the ear. In order to become master of the instrument, so that harmonious combinations of sound shall break upon the ear and thrill the soul, there is need of diligent study; distasteful drilling and tiresome tasks must be passed through. In our hearts are hidden desires and affections which may be brought into such harmony that the praise of them may be sweeter than all the music of the spheres. Without effort the influences of the world will strike upon the heart producing only discord. The soul is brought under control and made to evoke harmony only by unceasing effort, through discipline gained by constant watchfulness and prayer.—Advocate.

Train for Eternity.

A man and thinker like M. Guizot, seldom opens his lips without expressing a noble thought, and whatever he may say carries an influence with it that affects powerfully those who hear. Occupying the eminent position he does among French thinkers, the sentiments uttered on a recent occasion at a Bible Society meeting in Paris, assume a grave importance. His concluding remarks were as follows:

We Frenchmen have seen the fruitlessness of a century's philosophical speculation, and of merely political constitutions, in rectifying our social state. We have exhausted our wits, and expended mighty energies, to fit men for the duties and enjoyments of time, and we have miserably failed. And why? Because man was made for eternity, and we have sought for nothing more than to fit him for the brief space he occupies in time. Let us, then, by disseminating the Bible, from the first begin to train man for eternity, and that of itself will adapt man to the duties and enjoyments of this earthly state.

The Whole Heart for Jesus.

I have given God my undivided heart, believing that he does accept it, and believing that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Like a stone which the builder takes and puts on the foundation, so I lie on Christ's blood and God's promises; giving God my soul and body, a living sacrifice, and coveringing with him, never to doubt more; my language is—sink or swim—lost or saved—I will believe; I will sooner die than doubt! This decision of mind, attended with a refusal to regard frames and feelings as any criterion of my state—but believing he does save me, whether filled or emptied—raised up or cast down; leaving the quantity of comfort to God's wisdom; knowing I am not saved by feeling but by faith. It is holiness I want and have—not ecstasy. A solid peace in my birthright; with that I am content. If God gives me more, I am thankful. If not, I am content, knowing that the trial of my faith is more precious than uncertain ecstasies. I never look at my imperfections and short comings without believing that his blood does, that moment, wash them away. My prayer is now different from what it formerly was. I don't ask, expecting an answer at some other time, but I believe I receive it now, while I am praying, and the Holy Ghost says, you have it.

Removed in Old Age.

Mrs. F. was an aged woman living on her allowance from the parish. She was induced to attend cottage meetings held in her neighborhood, and thankfully received the visits of the missionaries. During one of these visits the agent asked: "How old are you, Mrs. F.?" "I am seventy-nine, sir; and until the last four or five months, I have for many years looked upon mine as a hard lot."

"If it not so hard, Mrs. F., as it used to be?" "It is not hard now, sir, for I have Christ in my heart; which makes everything sweet and pleasant to me. I can read my Bible; and when I have but a crust of bread, I can feel thankful to God for his goodness to me."

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The Religion of Progress.

Our hope is in God, our safety in prayer, in consecration and work, in a higher, larger type of practical Christianity, in a grander style of godliness and virtue. There are those among us who would strip from our Redeemer's bleeding brow not only his diadem of glory as Sovereign of the soul and of the world, but his crown of thorns as Saviour of the lost. There are those, too, and some of them among the most gifted in the land, who would reduce Christianity to a myth, and so strike the sun from our moral heavens, leaving nothing but a pagan philosophy, with all its uncertainties, to guide us as we sweep darkling to eternity. Nay, there are those who would dethrone the Eternal God and leave only this poor shell of the material universe upon which we stand, meager and hollow, our heart the meaningless godless and hopeless, becoming colder and colder, doomed to the death which will entomb us all. There are others, again, in great numbers, who would destroy our Sabbaths, tear down our churches, burn up our Bibles, and wrench from the heart the last hope of the dying; while the great, foolish, giddy multitude postpone the day of their consecration and sport upon the brink of eternal fate.

But blessed be God, to-day, and let thanksgiving resound through the year and through all the years, for the infinite goodness of him who yet gives us a Bible, a church, a home, a country, and who, by-and-by, will give us a better country and a better home in heaven. In the meanwhile, let it be indelibly fixed in our minds that there can be no true progress in this or in any other land, except under the great controlling forces of religion, of order and freedom. All things must concur—industry, art, science, government, religion—all material and spiritual agencies blending and working together for a common end. For the progress of man, as of nature around him, can only be secured by a free, symmetrical development of all his powers, body, soul and spirit. Not matter alone, nor external institutions alone, but soul, genius, inspiration, religion, the higher and grander powers which make man, whether as an individual or as a society, something more than an animal living for a day, namely, the child of God and the heir of immortality. "Speak, then," this is our text, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Not back to Egypt, to the beggarly elements of the world, to bondage, to infidelity and irreligion, but forward, through the Red Sea of consecration and self-denial, to the goodly Canaan of righteousness, of freedom and eternal joy.—Rev. Dr. Turnbull.

Excuses.

How many excuses does Satan suggest to retain his captives, and how readily do they adopt and use them when urged to shake off his yoke, and submit themselves to Jesus as their Lord:

Some say, when thus appealed to: "I see so many faults in those who profess to be Christians." Others: "I am not good enough to begin to follow Christ." Others: "I am not satisfied that I need anything more than good resolutions and moral conduct to fit me for heaven." Others: "I must wait the Lord's time; when he sees fit, he will call me into his kingdom." Others: "I am not sure that, with my temptations and position in the world, I can become pious at all." And still others will reply: "I am not ready yet; there is a time for all things, and after I have enjoyed the world a little more, I may be brought to a religious life."

Sometimes some such excuse becomes so plausible, that he who employs it thinks it to be a sufficient reason why he should remain impenitent. And often those who have become in some degree penitent thus obtain what seem satisfactory arguments for absenting themselves from the helpful ordinances to which real believers are invited.

Ministerial Exchanges.

If one has a good written sermon, why should not other people hear it as well as his own? Besides other benefits, a week's work in making another sermon is saved. If a man is a moderate preacher, but an excellent pastor, he keeps his people contented by judicious exchanges, by which they hear the ablest men in the neighborhood.

Another purpose sometimes is served. I knew a hyper-orthodox old man, in the West, who wished to retain his respect for soundness in theology among his ministerial brethren, but whose people were apt to recalcitrate under the high doctrines.

There was an old minister without a parish, a sort of clucking hen, going from nest to nest, laying no eggs, and never hatching any. Him Dr. P. used to employ to do the dangerous preaching for his parish.

"Mr. S., come over and preach for me next week. Bring that meaty sermon with you, on God's Sovereignty Displayed upon the Cross. You've never preached it for my people."

It was done. The church blazed with excitement, but it made no difference. The pastor had not done it. Mr. S. was not settled, and could not be reached. It made no difference what they said about him, nor how they felt. In this manner exchanges are safety valves. Dangerous work is done without risk. Fortunately the great majority of ministers hold doctrines which they dare to preach, so there is little use for this sort of exchange nowadays.—H. W. Beecher.

The Silent Conflict.

A triumph in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, for all the agencies whose united tribute constitute fame; but there are victories won by men over themselves, more truly honorable to the conquerors than any that can be achieved in war. Of these silent successes we never hear. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude, and without help save from above. The conflict is sometimes waged in the still watchfulness of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honor to every conqueror in such a warfare!

Eternity.

Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, unceasing, and undying—the endless chain composing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has

its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untiring bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

Rich for a Moment.

The British ship Britannia was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a young midshipman went back to see if anyone was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. We should count such a person a madman, but he has too many imitators. Men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle, at any moment at all. And yet the only riches we can hug to our bosom with joy, in our dying hour, are the riches of grace through Jesus Christ, which we must make ours before the dark hour comes.

Powerful Preachers.

He is the best—the most powerful preacher—who tells the most truth in the best manner. We hear little or nothing of the oratorical display made by Christ or his apostles, but we feel the effects to-day, throughout Christendom of the truths he uttered and the works he performed. We want live, healthy, vigorous men in the pulpit,—men with messages from God to man—from the Source of light and life to the sin-sick soul. We do not want cold, clammy men who freeze our blood and make us torpid, but we want the joyous and hopeful to enliven and encourage us; we want to be elevated, and not dragged down in spirit. We want the preacher who wins and draws, rather than him who narcotics or repels.

The Young Astronomer.

A boy who often saw his father, an astronomer, examine the stars, wanted to know them also. He went to the telescope and stood looking through it for a long time, but could not see much. "I wonder what this means," said the boy to himself. "I can scarcely discover anything. But, stop. Now I remember what I had before forgotten. My father proceeds in a different manner. He winds with his eyes, and sometimes shuts them altogether. That's how stupid I was. Now I know better." Thus talking to himself and still standing before the telescope, he put his hands first before one and then before both eyes. And what did he see then? Just as much as you would see if, in order to become well acquainted with the Bible, you should first take away your understanding.

Wanted.

This burlesque advertisement is not a very much exaggerated statement of the expectations of most parishes, after all:

Wanted. A pastor. He must be irreproachable in his dress, without being an exquisites; married, but without children; young, but with great experience; learned, but not dull; eloquent in prayer, without being colloquial or stilted; reverential, but not conventional; neither old nor commonplace; a brilliant preacher, but not sensational; know every one, but have no favorites; settle all disputes, engage in none; be familiar with the children, but always dignified; be a careful writer, a good extempore speaker, and an assiduous and diligent pastor. Such a person, who would accept of a salary less than a "field of usefulness," may hear of an advantageous opening by addressing, etc.

Christ Unveiled.

A Spanish artist was once employed to paint the "Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer." And he forthwith took up his brush and blotted them from the canvas, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding him in all the glory of his person and work, should be removed out of the way! "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND
A SAFE AND SPEEDY REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING-COUGH, HOARSENESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

A neglected cold and consequent cough, which the patient cannot cure, when allowed to continue, result in an obstinate disease of the lungs, which baffles the aid of human skill. WEEKS' MAGIC COMPOUND has been submitted to the severest tests in the twelve years of its existence, and has won for itself the highest esteem in which it is held for the cure of diseases of the throat and lungs. It possesses special virtue in the cure of severe colds, so common in the winter season. It truly acts like magic, as thousands in Vermont and New Hampshire testify. WM. JOSLYN & SONS, BARTON, Vt., Proprietors.

GEO. C. Goodwin & CO., and BURR & PERRY, Boston, General Agents.

EVANSVILLE SEMINARY.
THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will open on March 29, continuing 12 weeks. Board, \$5.00. Tuition from \$3.50 to \$7.50. For further particulars, address the Principal, Rev. G. S. BRADLEY, Evansville, Wis., Feb. 17, 1870.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF \$30 PER WEEK AND EXPENSES, OR ALLOW A LARGE COMMISSION, TO SELL AND ADVISE ON THE USE OF THE PAIN-KILLER, WM. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

THE EMPIRE CORN & FEED MILL

MANUFACTURED BY
The Empire Corn and Feed Mill Company
of New York.
And Sold by Agents everywhere.

This mill is WROUGHT IRON—NOT CAST IRON—and is case-hardened so as to run for years without injury. It works with less power than any other, and less expense. It has taken the First Premium at the State Agricultural Fairs of New York, Virginia and Kentucky—the only ones at which it has been exhibited.

"BROOKPORT, N. Y., April 10, 1869.
J. D. WEST, Sir: I worked my No. 4 Union Grist Mill, (now the Empire Mill) with two horses at 200 revolutions, and I think I ground about 15 bushels of corn per hour. I then ground corn and date mixed, and it ground that somewhat faster. I am perfectly satisfied with it. Yours &c., R. M. PALMER."

"MOORE, N. Y., May 10, 1869.
J. D. WEST, Sir: I have used your No. 3 Empire Mill to my entire satisfaction. I run it about 100 revolutions, and ground handsomely 5 to 6 bushels of corn per hour. I then ground corn and date mixed, and it ground that somewhat faster. I am perfectly satisfied with it. Yours &c., H. R. RAY."

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1870.

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

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

Doctrine and Polity.

Several questions, which correspondents desire to have answered, have been lying for some time upon our desk. They should perhaps have been disposed of before now, but editors are not beyond the temptation to wait for the "convenient season," and the results of their waiting do not materially differ from those appearing in the case of other sinners against the law of promptness. But we take them up now, and if our replies shall only prove our wish to show an appreciation of the interest which prompts such practical inquiries, they will do one proper thing. The questions are as follows:

1. "What is the difference between foreordination and foreknowledge?"

ANSWER. The differences are many. To know and to ordain are quite dissimilar mental exercises. One is an exercise of the intelligence; the other involves the exercise of authority and will. In the first case we apprehend a truth or a fact; in the second we frame a purpose or determine a result. One requires only a clear vision; the other implies a controlling power. To know, or foreknow, is the function of the seer; to ordain, or foreordain, is the prerogative of the ruler. When God foreordains an event or an act, the event or act is inevitable and necessary; when he simply foresees or foreknows an event or act, it may be contingent and free. Man's intelligence being finite, he can not certainly foreknow an event or act except as he ordains and determines it; God's intelligence being infinite, he can foreknow an event or act that springs from the free will of his creatures. Our strong confidence that a given man will act in a certain way on a given occasion, does not affect his freedom; he is just as unconstrained as though we knew nothing about him. So, the fact that God knows how a man will act on a given occasion does not affect the freedom of his act; he remains just as free as though God knew nothing of him. To foreordain human conduct is to make men irresponsible machines; simply to foreknow their conduct is to leave them in the fullest exercise of their liberty and responsibility. Foreordination marks the divine rule over matter; foreknowledge finds its legitimate sphere in the empire of mind.

2. "What is meant by delivering offenders in the church unto Satan, as the expressions are found in 1 Cor. 5: 5; and in 1 Tim. 1: 20?"

ANSWER. It is not certainly known what Paul's full idea was in his use of this term of speech. It would seem that the opinion prevailed in the first century that Satan had much to do with bodily lusts, suffering and disease. Paul speaks (2 Cor. 12: 7) of having a thorn in his own flesh, a messenger of Satan, to buffet him. But the delivery over to Satan in these passages seems to have referred chiefly to the act of exclusion from the church, or the fellowship of the disciples. The hypocritical or incorrigible offender was excommunicated, disfellowshipped and pronounced a heathen man and a child of the devil. This exposure and discipline may have proved serviceable in subordinating the fleshly nature to the spiritual, sometimes by arousing the fear, the conscience, the better purpose and the saving faith of the offender himself, so that the carnal nature was subdued or "destroyed," and the spirit saved;—more frequently, by operating as a warning to the tempted brotherhood, and inducing them to keep their lower natures in subjection, so that they might not be castaways. It is a strong assertion touching the importance of faithful and even stern discipline when the need arises, for the sake of keeping the body of Christ faithful and pure.

3. "Is it the duty of F. Baptist churches to discipline members who accept and publicly advocate false doctrine; and in case labor with such members proves unsuccessful, is it proper to exclude them?"

ANSWER. The phrase "false doctrine" is not very definite. It may mean little or much. It may relate to the details of faith and usage, or it may touch the very essentials of the evangelical system. Men who are constantly trying to scent a heresy, usually succeed in finding it, or at least something that wears its semblance to their eye. No theological air is quite pure when they go outside the workshop where they construct their own creeds. Such men would find "false doctrine" in half the sermons of orthodox pulpits, and shake their heads over many of the most fervid exhortations and trustful prayers of the conference room; and their discipline would at once take on stern features. That is one mischievous extreme. The other appears in those who will stand quietly by and see all that is really vital in the gospel openly impugned and effectually frittered away.

Undoubtedly, if one is publicly advocating views which obviously and widely differ from those held by F. Baptists, he should, as a man of honor and discretion, cease to claim a position among those whose theology he has rejected. Pretending to be a F. Baptist while discarding the doctrines of the body, is to seek a hearing under false pretenses. And a church can not properly ignore such a misrepresentation of itself. If the false doctrine be fundamental, inquiry and discipline, extending even to the act of withdrawing fellowship, are all proper, if the offender persists in a

course so plainly inconsistent and unbrotherly. The church is set to be "the pillar and ground of the truth," and so it may not fellowship radical error. Its power is measured by its character, and so it has no right to suffer one of its members unjustly to impeach and compromise that character before the community.

Discontent.

Discontent is the "first fruit" of gracious influence. Defects seen, prompt to a better life; not knowing our poverty, nakedness, guilt and misery, we are complacent and satisfied. This is death. When the eyes are opened, we begin to feel our wretchedness and cry for help. The Christian life is marked by hunger and fullness, discontent and panting after higher endowments, finding fault with the present and pressing forward to perfection, keen perception of defects and higher views of the good and spiritually beautiful. So there is an intermingling of complaint and thanksgiving, discomfort and joy, unrest and rest, "perfect peace" and longing after deeper, richer communion with God; and the more of God that is enjoyed, the more earnestly the heart pants for larger draughts of divine life. The ideal is always more perfect than attainments, and desire stretches onward with constant eagerness for higher and purer experiences.

But all discontent is not of this type; another spirit often moves to complaint, a selfish, indolent, envious spirit. There is immense unrest; the heart is like the troubled sea, but it is not a healthful hunger, not longing after purity, not a struggle to be more noble, Christlike, self-denying and useful. It is simple dissatisfaction, fired by passion and disappointed desire. The rewards of righteousness are desired but her works refused; fruitage is wanted but toil disliked.

This is the spirit which sets the tongue of slander on fire; shows itself in envy and bitterness; is keen to discover faults and eager to report them; which makes so many eloquent over the sins and follies of others, but slow to see or mention their virtues; which charges sordid motives to those who abound in labors and are rewarded with success; which grumbles at the plans and endeavors of others, but never inaugurates any itself, especially where sacrifice and hard labor are involved; which is anxious to sit in the "uppermost seats," and have the honor of leadership, but is never ready to do the hardest of the work, endure the chief sufferings, make large sacrifices. This wicked spirit shows itself in a thousand ways, and it is always hurtful, hinders the growth of those who possess it, and makes them hang like a clog upon those who follow Christ; it is boastful, hateful, mean, sordid, fretful, flimsy; it annoys the good and confirms the bad in sin. It is a curse and a blight, and whoever has it should pray without ceasing to be delivered, and be born into a new life, the life of love.

How different the Christian fault-finding! So tender and generous, when others are the subjects; so eager for growth in every grace when one's own case is concerned! And this is what we need. The more of it we have, the better shall we be and the faster shall we grow. It is a great calamity to be willing to remain in our present condition. "Grow in grace and knowledge" is the command of the Spirit and the law of vital experience. Joy and peace and strength and wisdom never enter a stagnant soul; Christ bestows his richest blessings where there is action, ambition, enthusiasm, pure and unselfish. If the whole church could be aroused to high expectations and mighty endeavor, the Lord would endow her with wonderful power; he would enter into her courts, work through her with invincible energy, adorn her with surprising virtues. The voice comes distinctly: "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments." The Lord is anxious to have his people made eminent for every fruitage of grace, even perfect conformity to Christ.

Where to Buy Books.

The book-buying season comes usually twice in the year. Students and general readers try to provide themselves with a supply of reading in the autumn or early winter, that they may be prepared for their hard and systematic work among the authors while the evenings are long and the brain and nerves are charged with vigor. In the spring, our Sabbath schools are wont to replenish their libraries, and so supply the young with ampler means of mental enjoyment to fill up the lengthening days. Book-buyers want two things, or at least ought to want them,—first, good books; and secondly, to buy them of honorable dealers and at a reasonable price. If, while doing this, they can also indirectly aid home interests and help on the work to which they stand intimately related, that becomes an added reason for trading at the point or points where the main objects can be most surely gained.

The spring business is about opening. Pastors and superintendents are making arrangements for filling the empty shelves, or for putting new books in place of the old. To the question, Of whom shall we buy? we have a responsive suggestion to make.

It is perhaps generally known that S. S. libraries are made up at the office of the Star; or new books in any desired quantities, and from most of the prominent publishing houses, may be had by sending orders and specifications to the Agent of the Establishment, L. R. BURLINGAME. A good supply will always be kept on hand, so that selections can be made and orders filled at short notice. Those who have purchased books here, whether for S. S. libraries or for private libraries, have been well satisfied with their bargains, and it is meant that there shall be no good reason for com-

plaint in the future, however often they may apply and however liberally they may purchase. We are constantly issuing new books of our own, as well as drawing from a large circle of other publishers.

But many of our churches, pastors and brethren are so situated that economy, convenience and settled habit send them to Boston. To all such we most cordially and urgently commend the publishing and book-selling House of Messrs. D. Lothrop and Co., 38 and 40 Cornhill. They will find there almost everything that will be wanted, both in the department of juvenile and miscellaneous books; they may be sure of the most courteous treatment; they can buy at as low rates as elsewhere;—possibly even lower; they will find an atmosphere that will at once suggest the presence of Freewill Baptist sympathies; they will find all the books published, either in whole or in part, by the Printing Establishment on the ample shelves; and they will be giving a proper and becoming recognition to the fact that Freewill Baptist enterprise is winning for itself a name and an influence in the very heart of the New England metropolis. Whatever courtesies and accommodations other booksellers may be disposed to afford, our readers may be assured that the Messrs. Lothrop will be content with dispensing to their patrons nothing short of the largest favors which justice and propriety may ask for. And so we end by saying to those who go or send to Boston for books, of whatever sort they may be—Remember 38 and 40 Cornhill.

Benevolence.

There is not a more generous class of men in the world than our ministers. Their salaries are small, they are usually poor, but out of their poverty they give largely to benevolent objects. They are the first to propose schemes of usefulness, and the first to sustain them by work and cash. A review of the costly enterprises of twenty years brings to mind a continuous succession of heroic acts of giving by these ministers of Christ.

And are they accustomed to do too much? Can we charge them with overdoing their duty? Are they more benevolent than the gospel requires? No one who studies the character of Christ, our example, or his teachings, will assert that they are. The spirit of Christ is one of sacrifice, of seeking not our own, of giving our lives and, of course, our money, to save others. Judged by the standard of worldly opinion, some are too benevolent; judged by the gospel, nearly all are too selfish.

If the ministers are too selfish, what shall we say of the laity? The spirit of generosity is very low among them. Few, a small minority, are really benevolent, so as to give liberally and enjoy it. The majority give but little and do that grudgingly. A great reform is needed in this matter. Laymen ought to learn how to make money for Christ, and use it to save souls. Where are the men who toil and strive to make money for the express purpose of giving? Some do; all ought to.

We began to write for the purpose of making way for a sentence from an aged minister, feeble, poor, and hard at work for the good cause. Here it is: "I was very much gratified at the increased credit last week for Home Missions. Hope it will be enlarged every week. Could each person be induced to give one dollar a year, how we could push ahead. I will do three times that amount, for myself and my invalid wife, short as we are of funds."

What do you think of that avowal, dear brethren and sisters? Is it right? Christlike? Do you approve such love for the cause, and such willingness to sacrifice for it? And will you practice yourselves what you approve in others? It is a time when every person and every dollar which the cause of Christ can claim, should be put to use. The harvest is great; money is wanted; the calls are imperative; the openings for doing good are innumerable; who will come up to the help of the Lord? Will young ministers stand back, while the aged are tugging at the load? Will laymen refuse to give, while poor ministers pay so largely? Christ calls to generosity.

Western Railroads.

In the old world, and in the Eastern and Middle States, Railroads follow population, wealth and business; but at the West they go before and prepare the way for settlements, and open the avenues to new-born wealth. We confess to a thrill of admiration, when we read that Jay Cooke & Co. had taken financial control of the Northern Pacific, and that ground had been broken and its construction commenced. That road strikes the great chain of Lakes at a point on Lake Superior, passes through St. Paul, and on west to the Pacific. It is fixed that the road will be built, and that that rich belt of the continent shall be opened to settlement, and become a thoroughfare for the commerce of Asia. Such stupendous enterprises awaken strange emotions, and exalt our conceptions of the power of man to "subdue the earth."

From St. Paul, they are also building an air line road south, through that most beautiful and productive of all the western states, Iowa, to St. Louis. This will make St. Paul a great commercial emporium. The lumber of the north-west will pass over this road and find a market in the interior of Iowa, where it is needed; and the staples of the south and south-west will find a market in the great lumber and mineral regions at the north-west. Iowa is destined to be one of the richest states in the Union, and these main trunk roads, across her rich prairies, will prove to be a source of wealth to capitalists who build them, and to the state where they are built. Marvelous is the development of that western world. Will the Christian church extend its con-

quests as rapidly as the men of the world? Millions are being invested for the development of material wealth; as much should be devoted to education and religion, among the vast population which is crowding into those states and territories. Jay Cooke & Co. turn rivers of wealth into that section through the construction of the Northern Pacific and the Iowa Central Railroads; where are the men and where is the money to fill that vast region with churches and schools?

Defining his Position.

Mr. Beecher is not only a man of nerve, but a man with nerves. The claim of Dr. Bellows that he was a good Unitarian was too much for his repose and his desire to be esteemed orthodox. We have alluded to his response, in which he insists that Dr. Bellows is bound in consistency to go over to the evangelicals. Dr. B. retorts in the *Liberal Christian* that Mr. Beecher is no theologian, and that his logic is quite untrustworthy, and says many more things that mix severe criticism in with soothing compliment. This calls out Mr. Beecher again, who spreads out his keen, humorous, and thoroughly earnest reply over the larger half of a page of the *Christian Union*. The wit of the Brooklyn preacher comes out freely in his exposure of Dr. B's inconsistency in praising him one week as a model Unitarian, and then criticising him so soon afterwards as a loose and illogical religious teacher. Nobody but Mr. Beecher would have turned the tables upon his critic thus:

The history of Jonah should have taught us the danger of swallowing ministers. They are proverbially hard of digestion. The whale meant well, no doubt, but did not know what he had undertaken. He doubtless thought that the prophet had no bones, because he did not, like a lobster, wear them on the outside. It is a question which is more to be pitied, the whale or the prophet. At any rate, it cured whales of swallowing ministers ever after. From that day to this no whale has ever been known to swallow a man or a minister whole.

Those who know Dr. Bellows best will not attribute both his acceptance and rejection of Mr. Beecher's teachings within so brief a period to incautious precipitancy. He is too trustworthy as a theologian, too cautious and complete as a philosopher, too calm, regular, and safe as a thinker. We think the cause to be very evident. He says that he has been "studying" Mr. Beecher's sermons from beginning to end. We do not wonder that he is staggered. There have been not far from a thousand of these sermons published. What a time he must have had. Any little inconsistency must be the result of too much reading of Beecher's sermons. Next to a minister a sermon is the most likely to lie hard on the stomach.

But the most interesting part of the long article is found in the closing paragraphs, in which Mr. Beecher bursts out with this clear, strong, vigorous and fervid avowal of his vital faith in the Deity of Christ, and of his unspeakable reverence and love toward him as the soul's hope and joy. These words are aflame with life:

In short, in sermon upon sermon, and in the prayers, which have been printed for years with the sermon, there will be found, over and over again, with every form of illustration, with intensive applications, the doctrine of the Trinity and of the Absolute Deity of Jesus Christ. Some of the most beautiful and inspiring sermons have been published. In not one is there a Unitarian sentiment respecting Christ or the Trinity. They are full to overflowing with the doctrine of Christ's coequal divinity with the Father and the Holy Ghost. No man could have read any considerable part of these sermons and be in doubt as to Mr. Beecher's sentiments.

If in this work, I please men, I am very glad. If I displease, I cannot help it. I am glad if Unitarians accept my views—I am glad if Calvinists accept them—I am glad for the sympathy of all earnest men in all sects, but cannot charge my convictions to any one. If in impetuous zeal I am uncharitable to other men's convictions, they are not more sorry than I am afterwards—and I am willing to bear blame. That love which has redeemed my soul, I would bear as an atmosphere—"Speaking the truth in love." Everything that I am or hope to be, is wrapped up in "that Name, which is above every name." There is no flower in all the field that owes so much to the sun as I do to Jesus Christ. On that theme I am sensitive. That name has every feeling of my soul. To make it known—to drive all clouds from its clear Divinity—to fill the earth with its praise and adoration, is the one great underlying impulse and principle of my life. And that feeling delivers one from a multitude of frets and anxieties.

Current Topics.

—FEARFUL HERESY. An able and excellent Baptist minister just said in our office: "Open communion is a fearful heresy." He was kind and gentlemanly, but positive in his assertion, and undoubtedly believed all he said. Tens of thousands sincerely hold the same views. They have argued, and preached, and practiced, and defended this idea so long and earnestly, that it seems impossible to them to think otherwise; and they feel justified in frequently questioning the honesty of those who differ from them. So enormous was the error of Pedobaptism become in their eyes, that they regard it a rare Christian virtue to withdraw from fellowship with such heretics, shut the doors in their faces, and with thanksgiving to God that they are not as these victims of error, to eat the Supper of their Lord, and protest that no other persons on earth have a right to partake.

No matter if others are Christlike in spirit, abundant in Christian work, honestly and earnestly walking in all the ordinances of the gospel as they understand them; this error in an outward rite cuts them off from privileges, excludes them from the benefits of the rule which the Spirit lays down: "If children, then heirs," and makes their churches, their ministry, their ordinances unlawful and void. How long

these brethren will continue firm in this conviction, and remain under bondage to this unbrotherly feeling, we know not; but we hope and pray that their emancipation draweth nigh.

—THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS. The New York *Times* has recently contained several able articles, defending the use of the Bible in public schools. It argues that the Bible is a powerful conservator of morals, and therefore an essential support to the state; that a very large portion of the children will never hear it read nor feel its influence if it is excluded from the schools; that moral education is quite as important, and as properly an object of state provision as mere intellectual training, and that the Bible is the chief instrument in this moral culture; that the Catholics frankly avow that they will be no better pleased with public schools, when the Bible is excluded, than they are now; and that they will be satisfied with nothing short of a division of the school funds, and the support of Catholic schools; that only a small minority of the community are opposed to the reading of the Bible in public schools, and that it would be a great injustice to exclude it, while an overwhelming majority desire to have it read; that the reading of the Bible cannot, with any degree of propriety, be regarded as sectarian, but fully in the moral interests of the whole community; that its exclusion now, after having been used so long, amounts to a verdict against its salutary influence, and must prove a stimulant to lawlessness and disrespect for the fundamental principles of morality;—and the conclusion is, of course, that it would be a great wrong and a great evil to have the reading of the Bible forbidden in the schools.

—VERY SENSIBLE. Hon. Mr. Huntington, member of the Parliament of the Dominion, is urging the policy of absolute free trade between the Provinces and the United States. He is an able and influential man, and has taken a strong position, because it is wise and just; and if it is agreed to on both sides of the line, will prove exceedingly beneficial to both parties, especially to the Dominion. The same thing ought to be done with Mexico; we can afford to give them free trade, and they would gain great advantage from it. If the Dominion has the good sense to agree to Mr. Huntington's proposal, there is little doubt that our Government will accept it, and give Canadians free access to our markets, and our manufacturers the opportunity of paying for Canadian lumber and coal, cattle and grain, with American goods. In this way both parties will be benefited.

—DELIVERANCE. The deep laid schemes to revolutionize the government of this city, and give the reins of power into the hands of the lawless, are defeated, and New York is still to enjoy the benefits of the Metropolitan Police, the excise law, protection from disturbance and riot on Sunday, the wise and gratuitous services of the Central Park commissioners and exemption from enormous taxation which seemed almost inevitable. The city and state may well give thanks to God that party lines have been so far broken as to defeat the evil measures which were so likely to pass into laws at Albany.

—A BIG TRADE. Pennsylvania holds six millions of the Bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which it has provided by law, if the governor signs the bill, shall be exchanged for the Bonds of a new road, through the coal regions, to Buffalo. This road is now partly built, and this provision will complete it. The object is to open another thoroughfare for coal, to the Lakes. Coal can be shipped from Buffalo to Chicago, on returning grain vessels, for about fifty cents a ton, as it is needed for ballast. Indeed, it has been shipped for nothing, since the choice is between coal and sand for ballast, and they prefer coal. This will cheapen fuel at Buffalo, and add to its manufacturing interests, already very extensive, and add also to the trade with western cities. The sooner it is completed the better.

—ONE THING FOR CONVERTS. Stability in religion is of infinite importance. This putting the hand to the plow and looking back is sad business. Often do ministers inquire how to prevent it. One very important precaution is, to induce converts to take a religious paper. Those who labor in revivals ought not to leave them without strongly urging them to take the Star. No other reading, except the Bible, will so nourish and strengthen the new life within them, and fasten them to the cross of Christ. Brethren should look well to this; instruct their converts that their soul's safety demands that they promptly subscribe for and faithfully read the Star.

Denominational News and Notes.

Central Maine.—Encouraging.

The Waterville Q. M. at its last session took a collection for H. Missions of nearly sixteen dollars; and, what is still better, its ministers generally decided to take at their respective Churches a Quarterly collection for the same object.

The prevailing conviction of the meeting was, that by far too little was being done for Home Missions.

The Edgecomb Q. M., the following week at Winnebagaw, did a little better, its collection amounting to \$21.00.

Its ministers present pledged suitable efforts at home, for an increase of H. M. funds, beyond what the Q. M. had ever done before. Bro. Page urged the subject forcibly and with good success.

The Bowdoin Q. M. contributed for the same object, about \$20.00, besides pledging \$50.00, to aid the Brunswick church in

erecting a suitable house of worship, and \$1000.00 to the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield. A large number of Pastors present promised to take public collection for H. Ms. as soon as practicable. All evidently felt the need of larger contributions for Mission purposes. More, much more must be done, in sustaining new and weak churches, planting others, and extending generally a knowledge of Christ, while nothing should be withheld, which duty requires for other causes.

The position of these three Q. Ms. is encouraging. Though the money contributed was not large, the spirit of the meetings, and the promise for future action, in the several churches, clearly indicate progress. We feel assured that the brethren of the various churches will hail joyfully the advent of greater effort and benevolence, and will give their fullest concurrence and co-operation with the ministers, in the future collections which shall be taken. Sinners as well as saints, even those who do not believe in Foreign Missions, when there is much to be done at home, will generously give for home purposes, if an opportunity is given them. Hence the wisdom of making our occasions for collecting funds public; when the Sabbath is pleasant, and the meetings full; giving all a favorable opportunity to contribute. If other Q. Ms. and churches will but take hold of this subject in earnest, money will flow into the Treasury to the joyful acceptance of good men and angels, and to the glory of the blessed God. Special appeals will not become necessary to awaken the churches, to one of the first and greatest of Christian duties, "to support the weak," and plant the shining cross on all the hill tops of our beloved country. J. S. B. Lewiston, Me.

PLEASANT NEWS. Late accounts from the mission in India, bring the pleasing intelligence that Sister Crawford's health is improving. She hopes to resume her labors again at Jellalore after a few months' rest and recruiting. The prospects are still very hopeful throughout the mission. C. O. LIBBY, Cor. Sec.

Revivals, &c.

HILLSBORO, IOWA. Rev. W. S. Taylor writes us from this place, giving a hopeful account of our churches in that vicinity, and of the beginnings that are made across the line in Missouri. Earnest labor and a reasonable amount of aid from our Home Mission Society he believes would result in the establishment of permanent and efficient churches at many points.

LOCK RIDGE, IOWA. The Lord has been pleased to visit this part of his moral heritage with the out-pouring of his Holy Spirit, and as a consequence, the Ripley church has enjoyed a precious revival, under the labors of Rev. F. Dikeman. There have been twelve persons received as candidates for baptism and will attend to that ordinance soon. The church has been greatly revived and strengthened, and I trust, prepared for more efficient work in the vineyard of the Lord. D. K. HELTERBRAN.

DIAMOND BLUFF, WIS. The last session of the St. Croix Q. M. was held at this place. The Q. M. has passed through some trying experiences, but the Lord has been with us, and the light is beginning to shine. Saints were led to rejoice at the last session, wanderers were reclaimed and sinners turned to God. We hope that there may be an earnest travail of soul on the part of the brethren, so that at the next session in June there may be witnessed still stronger evidences of the Father's presence. W. PIERCE.

CAMPAIGN, OHIO. About one year since, the Campaign church, in Gallia county, was blessed with a good revival, which has never been reported. But what is still better, the church has again been visited with a general outpouring of the Spirit, under the labors of Rev. B. V. Tewksbury, assisted by Prof. Spencer, of Atwood Institute. Nearly or quite fifty have expressed a hope in Christ. Between twenty and thirty have been baptized, and others stand as candidates. So general has been the work that it embraces nearly the entire class of unconverted people in the neighborhood. The first and second Kyger churches are also enjoying some revival. Some half a dozen in each church have been baptized by Rev. J. W. Martin, and added. S. H. BARRETT.

PIKE, N. Y. The January term of the Genesee Q. M. was held with the F. Baptist church in Pike, and the spirit of revival was wonderfully displayed in all the meetings of the session. The interest was such, that a protracted effort seemed indispensable. Rev. B. H. Damon remained on the ground and continued the meetings about three weeks, during which time God blessed his labors and gladdened the heart of the church with the songs of many happy converts. In the course of the meeting he baptized twenty, and others now wait as candidates. I commenced my labors with this church as their pastor on the first Sabbath of March. We found it hard work to tear away from our dear brethren and sisters of the Bethany church, but it seemed to be duty to answer the call from this church in coming to their help.

Pike Seminary, a F. Baptist Institution, is located in this village, and has shared greatly in the revival. Prof. Bean, the Principal, and Miss Phillips, teacher of Languages, are doing themselves and the cause of God great credit in their untiring efforts in the cause of education. I appeal to western N. Y., to continue the patronage of this school and supply it with students. D. JACKSON.

FAIR WATER, WIS. The revival is still in progress at this place. Glorious results

Poetry.

Light.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled bleak and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiopian breast,
The threads of my golden hair;
When the broad tent of the firmament
Rose on its airy stars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round the stars.

I painted the dowers of Eden's bowers
And the leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the shining eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen,
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth amongst the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of Peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept,
When shepherd swains, on Bethlehem's plains,
Their lonely vigils kept,
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born,
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
Even the blind, whose vain spheres roll in dark
Foes and tears,

Nay, the smile, the best smile of a friend;
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is em-
braced,
As the rose in the garden of kings,
At the chrysalis tier of the worm I appear,
And, lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from
her flowers
And lead the young day to her arms!
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose!

From my sentinel sleep by the night-dreaded
deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky!
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wing,
His compasses, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spread bow-
ers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in the maternal sheen.
Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence on
earth,
Though fretful and feeble the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

The Family Circle.

A True Story.

BY AUNT ETTA.

Poor little Johnny Dale! He was a
pretty boy, with bright black eyes, and
straight, active limbs; he could run and
skip and play as well as any boy.

Do you wonder, then, why I say poor
Johnny? I will tell you. He could not
hear the sweet singing of the birds, nor the
music of the brooks, nor the happy voices
of his brothers and sisters, nor the kind,
grave tones of his father. When he was
a little babe, before he had learned to speak
more than two or three words, he had a
severe sickness which took away his sense
of hearing; so he had never learned to talk;
only by signs and motions of his little hands
could he convey to those around him an
idea of his thoughts and wishes. When he
was three years old, the dear mother who
had loved and cared for him so tenderly,
went to heaven. The poor little fellow
missed her loving presence, and it was pit-
iful to see him go from room to room look-
ing in vain for that sweet face which he
should see no more on earth. They took
him to her coffin. He saw the still, shroud-
ed form, the closed eyes and folded hands,
and shrank away trembling, awed by the
cruel mystery of death. He rode beside
his father, and his elder sister, Lizzie, when
the sad procession followed the loved re-
mains to the quiet grave-yard. But when
he saw the coffin lowered into the cold
grave, his grief and terror were terrible to
witness. Many an eye was wet with tears
at sight of the little deaf boy's sorrow, but
they could not soothe his anguish, as they
did his brother Willie's by telling him of
that bright land where his mother now
dwelt amid the angels, and if he would give
himself to Jesus, and try to be a Christian
while he lived, he should sometime meet
her in heaven, where they never should
part again.

Lizzie strove to give him a mother's care,
and fill a mother's place, and his other sis-
ters and brothers tried to amuse and inter-
est him. The heart of a child can not
grieve long, and he soon learned to give to
Lizzie the love which had been his moth-
er's.

He had many pets. Among them was a
little white kitten, which was his special
favorite, and he used to talk to her by signs
as he did to people, not seeming to know
that she could not understand him as well
as they. Not far from his father's house
was a grist-mill, and he was never weary
of visiting it, and watching the motions of
the machinery. His sisters were much
amused one day by seeing him tell the kit-
ten all about it, and by the movements of his
little hands describe how the great wheel
whirled around, and how the grain went in

to the hopper and came out crushed into
flour.

Now I am going to tell you how Johnny
became a teetotaler. He had a severe les-
son, and it did him good, and though I
should be sorry for any of my little readers
to pass through the same experience, yet I
should be glad if every one should learn to
have ardent spirits as much as Johnny did
after the event which I am about to relate.
This was many years ago, and it was a cus-
tom then for almost every one to drink li-
quor and think nothing about it. Johnny's
father was an exception to this rule, but one
day some acquaintances of the family, who
had been to a wedding, called at Mr. Dale's
on their way home. They had with them
some choice liquors,—brandy, I think it was,—
so, thinking it no more than polite to treat
their friends, they produced their bottles,
and calling for glasses, invited all to drink.
Of course it would be impolite,—as they
thought,—to refuse, so the beverage was
passed around and tasted by nearly all.
The bottles and glasses were then left up-
on the table, while the family and visitors
repaired to another room. Johnny, having
seen the others taste the spirit, and seeing a
tumbler half filled with brandy and sugar
standing on the table, thought it must be
something good, and accordingly helped
himself. The family were occupied with
the company, and thought nothing about
him until after they had gone, when finding
that he was missing, a search was made.
After some time, Lizzie found him in his
father's room, where an open fire was kept,
lying upon the hearth with his head close
to the andirons. Fortunately the fire had
burned low so that he had received no in-
jury from it. He was entirely senseless,
and they were all in great terror, for at
first they thought him dead, and so he was,
dead drunk; for when they took him up he
began to vomit, and they knew by the
fumes of the brandy what the trouble was.
They were rejoiced to find him still alive,
but their hearts were sorrowful that the
poor child, little more than a baby,
should be found in so horrible a situation.
He was put to bed, and was quite ill that
night, but on the morrow, seemed nearly
as well as usual.

After this, Johnny was a firm teetotaler
boy. He seemed to loathe the very sight
of liquor, and by gestures would describe its
effect if he should drink it. Placing one
hand upon his head as though in severe
pain, and the other on his stomach, he
would appear to be very sick, when, falling
upon the ground, he would lie for an in-
stant like one dead, then, springing up
and throwing out his hands as though he were
dashing it from him, he would seem to say,
—"It is vile stuff, and I will have no more
of it!"

Little Johnny was correct in his estima-
tion of liquor; and I am glad that times
have changed since then; that man's eyes
are opened to the sorrow and misery which
it brings. A great deal has been said
and written by good men and women against
the evils of intemperance. Societies have
been formed to aid the poor drunkard to
break away from the chains of "King Al-
cohol;" and even the legislatures of some
of our states have passed good and wise
laws to prevent its free use. May God
grant that the time may soon come when
this great evil shall be banished from our
land! And in the meantime, I trust that
each of my young readers will remember
the command and "touch not, taste not,
handle not" the vile, poisonous stuff; then
you surely will never become like that mis-
erable drunkard whom you have seen reel-
ing along the street, or lying in the gutter,
who has sacrificed to his love of strong
drink, property, friends, the respect of
mankind,—every good thing which this
world can give, and more than all, his hopes
of heaven, for you know the Bible declares,
—"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom
of God."

But I have almost forgotten Johnny. It
seems as though God has given to every
human creature some idea of himself, or of
some being superior to man. Even little
Johnny had this idea in a faint degree.

Often, as he grew older, he would be
missed at night, and his little sister Annie,
who was sent to look for him, would find
him out of doors, gazing up into the starry
heavens, apparently lost in thought.
Annie, who was a few years older than he,
had a way of talking with him by means of
signs, which she had herself devised. So
when in a language that she could under-
stand, Johnny would ask, "Could man,
who makes houses and carriages and many
other things, make those also and place
them there?" pointing to the sky, she
would try to give him an idea of God, a
being, vastly superior to man, who made
not only these wonderful things, but the whole
world, and even man himself, who wants
us to be very good while we live, then
when we die will take us up to dwell with
him forever. Ever after he saw the lifeless
form of his mother placed in the cold
ground, the thought of death seemed to dis-
tress him very much, till Annie contrived to
give him an idea of the resurrection, which
I do not know how it was, but he always
knew when Sabbath morning came, and
would be washed and dressed and ready
for church before his brothers and sisters.
He was there in good season, too, and with
his eyes fixed intently upon the minister,
he seemed to watch every motion of his
lips. No one would have suspected that he
was not listening to every word. Indeed,
when a stranger once occupied the pul-
pit, he afterwards inquired,—"What
bright-eyed boy was that who gave so good
attention to the sermon?" and when told
that the child was deaf, could hardly be-
lieve it.

Johnny liked to attend the social
meetings, too, and he watched the different
speakers as attentively as he did the min-
ister. One old gentleman in particular al-
ways amused him greatly. He would rise,
and leaning on his staff, commence his ex-
hortation in a low voice, but as he proceed-

ed and got interested in his subject, his
tones would grow shriller and shriller,
until he fairly screamed as loud as his lungs
would let him, all the while making ges-
tures with his hands and bowing over his
staff, then suddenly straightening himself,
his face growing redder and redder until
it seemed almost ablaze in his excitement.
Of course his brethren could do nothing;
they had to let him take his own way, and
bear it as best they could; but Johnny was
always pleased when old Mr. ——— talked.

Now in the neighborhood where Johnny
lived were several men who are called in-
fidels. You can hardly realize it, but they
did not believe in God, nor the Bible. They
even made sport of God's Holy word, and
of Christians who tried to walk by its teach-
ings. One Sabbath afternoon Johnny was
returning from church, and, passing by a
school-house, he saw the door open; glanc-
ing in, he beheld several of these men sitting
there, while one of their number, standing
in the desk with an open Bible before him
in imitation of a minister, was making sport
of its holy words and uttering blasphemies
which you would have shuddered to hear.
These sinful men were, however, greatly
amused, and seemed to be enjoying the
dreadful scene very much. Now Johnny
knew that these men were never seen in
church, that they often drank, and broke
the Sabbath, and did things which he
had been taught to believe wicked. He
knew they were gathered in this way for
no good purpose, so he did what he would
not have thought of doing in a meeting of
Christians, for I have told you how well he
always conducted on these occasions. Pick-
ing up a long stick, he entered the school-
house, and standing in the aisle, bowed
over it as he had seen old Mr. Bell do, and
began to imitate him as well as he could in
voice, gestures and appearance. Of course
he could speak no words,—though he was
deaf he was not dumb, and could give ut-
terance to sounds if they were not the most
musical. All recognized the resemblance
to Mr. Bell at once, and burst into shouts
of laughter. Their mirth was so great they
could not think of longer continuing their
sinful employment, and it came suddenly
to an end. That was the only meeting that
Johnny ever attended in which his conduct
was not perfectly proper. Can the same be
said of all little people who can hear? I do
not think it was just right to mimic the
poor old man, but the little deaf boy did
not think of that, and fortunately it result-
ed in good, or it broke up the wicked meet-
ing for that time.

You will be glad to learn that, soon after
this, Johnny was sent to the asylum for the
deaf and dumb, where he learned to talk
more easily by means of the alphabet which
he made with his fingers. He was also
taught to read and write and cipher, and
pursued many studies which you do in your
own school, though of course in a different
manner. Is it not a blessed thing that there
are schools where the poor deaf mutes can
acquire such useful knowledge? And how
thankful ought you to be that God has not
deprived you of speech and hearing! Then
will you not employ these faculties, and all
others which He has given you in His ser-
vice? And when you meet with one thus un-
fortunate, do not mimic and call him cruel
names, but treat him with thoughtful kind-
ness, remembering that it is only the good-
ness of God which hath made you to differ.

Elfin's Ride down Hill.

The brown sled with a blue stripe paint-
ed round it, stood at the gate, and Val was
knocking her feet impatiently against it to
keep warm, and looking up the path for lit-
tle sister.

Little sister's flying curls were being put
away under a blue hood, and it did seem to
Val that mamma took an unnecessary
amount of time to cover them.

"But I'm already now, Val, dear," cried
the child, scampering down the walk; "and
my feet aren't cold one bit. So I guess
you'll be glad you waited."

"They'll get cold; they always do," said
Val. "But then you mustn't cry. Hop on,
and I'll ride you."

So the sled went skimming over the snow
with its light burden, and Val and Elfin
thought there never was such a nice winter
morning. They were going to slide on
Round Top hill with Lottie; and they might
stay as long as ever they liked, for it was
Saturday.

"I wonder if Lottie will let me take her
little sled," said Elfin. "She must always
do, you know."

"Then I don't see the use of wondering
about it this time," replied Val; "so El-
fin was relieved in her mind, and waved a
little mitten in joyous response to Lottie's
greeting as she watched for her friends
from the window. She was all ready, and
both sleds too; the big red one whose steel
runners were so swift and sure, and the
little no-colored one that Elfin had come to
regard as her special companion.

Then the procession set out again; Lottie,
who was tall and thin, Val, who was short
and plump, and Elfin who wasn't anything
particular but a thistle-down of a child, the
wind could almost blow away. Trusty
racer Lottie, barking around them. I don't
wonder Lottie called it "splendid," walking
through the fields on the glittering snow-
crust which sparkled in the sun, and crunch-
ed pleasantly under the tread of the happy
feet. There is no carnival of coasting, like
that New England children enjoy when the
first spring thaws have softened the top of
the drifts, and then sharp nights have frozen
it again to an icy crust of delightful hard-
ness.

I wish you could have seen Elfin steer
her sled. She knew as much about it as a
bumming-bird, and it was just about as fun-
ny to see her. First she gathered herself up
in a little heap on the sled and shut her eyes
tight.

Then the sled went slowly and gravely
half way down the hill and turned around,
either spilling off its little burden or back-

ing gracefully down and stopping some-
where a dozen yards away from the place
Elfin had aimed for. Or else she dragged
her mites of feet all the way, which made
the sled turn round and round and scrape
sideways over the crust; and in this event it
was always a question which would be up-
permost in the end,—the sled or Elfin. But
whatever happened, the little sister took re-
sults with perfect gravity and pleasure.

As for Val and Lottie, they were trying
as hard as they could to break their own or
each other's limbs, by sliding over the
"pitch" made by the stone wall where it
was least covered by the snow; and the
more of a flying leap the sleds made, the
better were their riders pleased. But pre-
sently Lottie discovered that the little figure
pulling up the hill presented a forlorn ap-
pearance. For the curls were loosened
from under the blue hood, two large holes
were scraped in the mites of rubbers, and
the chatterbox little mouth was uncommon-
ly silent.

"What's the matter, pet? Your feet
cold?" inquired Lottie, stopping short.

"Ye-es," said little sister. "But I
ain't a crying. Val told me not to. I
think they're cold they feel so heavy; and I
guess there must be a hole in my mittens
by the feel of my fingers."

So a consultation was held over the case,
ending in the proposal that Elfin should go
over to Lottie's house and get warm.

"Then you must come, too," said Elfin.
"Oh, no; that's a good girl. You can
come back when you are all comfortable,"
coaxed Val.

"And the crust is just lovely now; you
wouldn't want to make us come away too,"
added Lottie.

"I can't possibly go alone," answered the
selfish little midget, who didn't want to
leave the sliding herself.

"You little—" Val was just going to say
"plague," but she changed it to "goose,"
which sounded pleasanter. "I suppose I
shall have to go with her,—oh dear!"

For in truth it did not know a big sister
more loving to a little one than Val has al-
ways been, and as she retied the blue hood,
and rubbed the little chilled fingers, the
frown quite faded from her brow.

"Let's wrap her feet up in my scarf,"
cried Lottie, suddenly; "then maybe she
won't need to go at all, if she is warm
every way else. She can slide with us,
you know."

This was approved. The long scarf was
muffled about her feet. Val's veil covered
the rosy face, the grey cloak cape was pin-
ned down over her arms, and in the end
Elfin was only a budget of wraps that could
hardly move at all. A happy little budget,
however, who greatly enjoyed the swift
rides down hill and the slower ones up,
when Val and Lottie held the sled rope
and talked merry nonsense.

But for these two to be quite content,
they must do something experimental.
So presently they decided to all ride down
on one sled and see if it wouldn't be fun.
Val got on in front and took little sister
before her, while Lottie perched on the
small edge of sled that remained and pre-
pared to steer. Unfortunately the sun had
risen higher and softened the crust a little.
The sled went bravely on with its heavy
load a few yards only, to plunge through
and stick fast in the snow with their feet
shock that sent the girls pitching over the
front. Plump Val was shot off to one side
and sunk in the yielding snow up to her
waist. Lottie rolled over and clutched her
with much frantic struggling of her long
limbs.

Poor little Elfin! she wasn't heavy
enough to break through the crust, and
with pinioned arms couldn't help herself.
She went rolling over and over, down the
hill, while Lottie shouted, "Stop! oh stop!"
and Val strove to free herself and go to
the rescue.

The girls were horribly frightened. For
all that, they couldn't help laughing at that
funny figure rolling faster and faster down
the slope like a great worsted ball. The
ball stopped at the foot of the hill at last,
and when they got to it was sitting up look-
ing very much astonished.

How Val and Lottie unbundled those wrap-
pings! Out of them finally appeared Elfin,
very much disordered, her eyes very round,
and her cheeks very red, but without a
scratch or bruise!

Didn't she get a hugging?
"I tell you," said Val, presently; "you'd
better think I was glad I hadn't been cross
to her, when I saw her rolling off that way!"

"Next time I'll go alone," said Elfin so-
berly. "But you are always the goodest
girl, Val."

And she is of the same opinion to-day.
Cong. & Recorder.

The Prison Convict.

I was on board a little suburban steam-
er, four or five years ago, which stopped
at Sing Sing on her way down to the city.
On board, also, happened to be my friend,
the Recorder of New York. He privately
called my attention to a young man sitting
away forward, on the upper deck. "He
is just from the State Prison," said he, "to
which I sentenced him five years ago." The
happy fellow was cleanly shaved, and was
cheerily but not unattractively dressed in a
mixed dark gray suit, which was furnish-
ed him on leaving by the officers of the prison.

Without seeming to notice him, I joined
him after awhile, and, without forcing my-
self upon him, I entered into a hap-hazard,
passing conversation with him. He made
no secret of who and what he had been and
was. "If you had been in that big marble
hotel, as I have been for the last five years,"
said he, pointing to the white prison flash-
ing in the afternoon sun, over the glassy
river, "you would be as happy as I am.
I am too happy to talk, in fact; and haven't
been much used to talking lately, either."
He told me his brief story. He had been a
head book-keeper in a large dry goods

establishment; loved his business, but the
luxuries of the city restaurants more; began
to alter his figures and pocket the proceeds,
until he was suspected, accused, arrested,
found guilty and punished. He had never
been in the shower-bath, or worn the yoke,
or been in the dungeon. He had served
out his time without a complaint against
him for any infraction of the rules, and he
left the prison a thoroughly reformed man.
"It was the first step," said he, "that did
it, and thank God!" he added, "it shall be
the last." And it was the last. He is now
an honest man, and respected by all who
know him and have known his trials.

I asked him who was the hardest period
with him in his confinement, and was
surprised at his answer: "The first two
months, and the last two. I was over-
whelmed with painful anxiety as the time
of my liberation drew near; I could
scarcely eat or sleep; I was almost afraid
I should die before my time was up."

One thing he dwelt upon, which I will
repeat here,—for it is an evil which must
be corrected,—and that is the association
of young criminals with old and hardened
offenders. "There were boys in our shop,"
said he, "in for their first offense, who
have been taught lessons in crime; and
as sure as they come out will profit by their
instruction from scoundrels who had twice
been recommended to Sing Sing."—*Pack-
ard's Monthly.*

Literary Review.

Miss Phelps's new book, "Hedged In," men-
tioned last week by its title, is a work of more
genius, literary art and real power than her
"Gates Ajar." She writes, here as there, with
a high moral purpose, and out of an interest in her
subject that a thoroughly studious brain and a
heart all alive with strong Christian sympathies
have rendered both intelligent and intense. Be-
fore, she sought to give relief to the anxieties
with which so many souls struggle toward the
mysteries and silence of another life; now, she
grappling with the question,—How may a woman,
who has parted with her honor and her virtue,
so that the world knows her shame, and yet who
longs with her whole heart to live a pure life
henceforth, be restored to herself and to the
sympathy and confidence of society? It is a
great practical problem, and Miss Phelps has by
no means solved it in her powerful and touching
story of Nixy Trent. Though her pictures are
wonderfully life-like, her characters thoroughly
human, and the language and conduct of the
helpers who rally about the unfortunate girl are
wholly free from cant and stilt, yet the case is a
very exceptional one. Nixy is a mere child
when she sins, and does it almost without a
knowledge, or a conscience that impels to any-
thing better; and when her moral nature is af-
terwards appealed to, it develops a vigor and a
grace that, coupled with her clear mind and penit-
ent intellect, make her criticism fall almost
powerless at her feet or rebound with violence
against her persecutors. And Margaret and
Christina Purcell open the doors into such a
home as few unfortunate are likely to find, even
though their patience and suffering and agonized
longing for a true womanhood are as marked as
in the case of Nixy Trent.

But we heartily thank Miss Phelps for her
book. On its literary side it is something un-
usually fresh, artistic, brilliant and effective. On
its moral side, its plea for justice, discrimination,
bravery for the truth and a charity that is at once
manly and Christian,—its rebukes, its demands
with a true woman's intense scorn of mere seem-
ing, and with Christ's sublime pity for the sinful
who are ready to wash his feet with their tears,
her exquisite word-painting, her flashing wit,
her pathos, her genial humor, her dramatic gen-
ius, her robust common sense, and her incisive
and penetrating logic that leaps out in an ep-
igram or makes its way by the aid of a metaphor,
all find ample illustrations on these pages, that
are as sure to enchain the reader as anything in
Uncle Tom's Cabin or the Les Miserables of
Victor Hugo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Mr. Emerson's new volume, "Society and
Solitude," is made up of a dozen of his charac-
teristic Essays, a few of which have appeared
elsewhere, but the majority now see the light for
the first time. He is, as always, crisp, epigram-
matic, and having now and then a paragraph
of speech, and having now and then a paragraph
that suggests a nugget of gold with only a small
fraction of dross. He has not forgotten how to
get up paradoxes, and there are some fallacies
and misleading half-truths scattered over the
scintillating pages. But we have especially en-
joyed reading the Essays on Civilization, Elo-
quence, Art, Domestic Life, and Old Age, and the
rest of them will furnish much food for thought.
His later utterances are less ambiguous, contra-
dictory and extravagant than his earlier, and we
owe him not a little for the stimulus to the brain
which a page from any of his works is sure to
supply. Some of his earlier essays are more
writing than anything found within the pages of
this book. Mr. Emerson appears here in his
wisest and most thoughtful moods, and will gratify
his appreciative readers not a little by means
of this new volume, and more or less compel ap-
proval from even his jealous and challenging
critics. Same Publishers.

"The Tone Masters" is the first of a series of
popular works, intended to supply information
respecting the great masters of musical composi-
tion, bring out their peculiarities, unfold the
principles of musical science and criticism, awak-
en a new and deeper love for what is truly ex-
cellent in the harmonies of sound, and so make
us a more artistic and reverent people. The in-
itial volume is thoroughly interesting and valua-
ble. It deals chiefly with the lives, genius and
works of Mozart and Mendelssohn, keeping its
facts and criticisms strung on the thread of a sort
of story. The volumes are brought out under
the general supervision of Mr. Tourjée, and will
happily fill a vacant niche in our popular juve-
nile literature. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Dr. Hall's volume, "Health by Good Liv-
ing," discusses the question of selecting, pre-
paring and using food, as a chief means of gain-
ing and preserving health, in a plain, forcible,
intelligent way, such as will commend its book to
the favor of those who love common sense and
have a dislike and suspicion of the doctor's ad-
dle-lags and medicine-case. Hurd & Houghton.

The new volume of the Lake Shore Series, fur-
nished by that prince among writers for boys,
Oliver Optic, is just as good as any of its prede-
cessors, and that is praise enough. It is en-
titled, "Brake Up," and inculcates the best and
manliest spirit as the only one that is becoming
to those for whose special benefit he writes.

If any word of ours can have weight in in-
ducing our young female readers, who have the least
interest in the idea of an improved home-life, to
procure what can hardly fail to ennoble the do-
mestic duties in their eyes and make them suc-
cessful in imparting a new attractiveness to the

home, we commend to their special attention the
work of Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe,—"Prin-
ciples of Domestic Science," which may be had
of H. A. Brown & Co., Boston. It is something
of rare and genuine excellence, and will carry a
blessing with it wherever it goes.

WONDER STORIES TOLD FOR CHILDREN. By
Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Im-
provisatore," &c. With illustrations by V.
Pedersen and M. L. Stowe. New York: Hurd
& Houghton. 1870. 12mo. pp. 555. Sold by
E. J. Lane.

This is the third volume in the excellent
edition of this author's works which Messrs. Hurd
& Houghton are steadily bringing out. These
short stories have been widely and deservedly
popular, and their appearance in this attractive
form will insure them the heartiest soft of wel-
come. The superhuman element is more promi-
nent in these narratives, but the lessons
taught are those belonging to every day life, and
not a little addition is made to their impres-
siveness by the author's imagination. Another vol-
ume will follow, in which matter of fact will
chiefly supplant the fictitious element that here
appears. This edition of Andersen has no rival.

EARTH-CLOSETS AND EARTH SEWAGE. By
George E. Waring, Jr. Illustrated. New
York: Tribune Association. 1870. Octavo.
pp. 104.

Mr. Waring was one of the first to call public
attention to the subject of earth-closets, and his
arguments were weighty because they were
plain and seemed conclusive. He has now been
able to complete and fortify his views by experi-
ence, observation, and the almost uniform and
conclusive testimony of many persons who have
tested the appliances with complete success and
large profit. The whole subject is clearly pre-
sented in this pamphlet, on all sides, and the ad-
vantages of using this method for escaping the
discomforts of the ordinary closet and utilizing
the animal excrements, are presented in a way
that almost forbids mistake and leaves little
room for doubt. They who buy and carefully
read Mr. Waring's book will make a very judi-
cious use of fifty cents and a few hours of time.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

Messrs. L. Scott & Co., New York, who re-
print the English Quaterlies, &c., carry not a
little enterprise into their undertaking, and the
products of their work always reach us promptly.
We have on our table THE LONDON QUARTERLY
REVIEW, THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, THE NORTH
BRITISH REVIEW, and BLACK-
WOOD'S MAGAZINE for March.

The London Quarterly deals with Tennyson's
Holy Grail in a tone that has quite as much of
rejoicing as appreciation; it discusses Papal
Infallibility in a way that is not very complimen-
tary to the brain of Pius IX. nor to the character
of the Jesuit clique that is declared to be man-
aging him in its own temporal interest; it takes
occasion to criticize the various attempts that are
making to solve the Irish problem, and yet
brings forward no plan of its own. But its re-
view of Mrs. Stowe's volume on the Byron son-
netry is the most characteristic thing in the
number. It is keen, caustic, savage, insolent,
unjust, and by no means as conclusive as its im-
patient and oracular tone and parade of new evi-
dence would imply. The additional letters of
Lady Byron are in perfect consistency with Mrs.
Stowe's theory which they are brought forward
to destroy. But it is probably the end of the
controversy for the present, unless Lady Byron's
executors are induced to publish her memoirs.
The Edinburgh deals with Froese's portrait of
Queen Elizabeth, it reports the latest theories of
the geologists, estimates the influence of Calvin
in church and state, reviews the recent Memoir
of Hamilton, and takes its turn at that stand-
ing theme of English reviewers,—the Irish Question.

The North British is solid as usual, and has a
good table of contents.—Blackwood keeps on
with its serials, both in position as an exponent
of scholarship and Toryism, and tries to prove,
as it has been doing for twenty-five years, that
the American republic has undertaken the solu-
tion of insoluble problems, that it is presumptuous
in expecting success, and ought to turn
about and retrace its steps toward the ante-revo-
lutionary days.

News Summary.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, in the Senate, a good deal of time was spent in executive session, during which the nomination of Judge Bradley to the Supreme Bench was confirmed, as was also the nomination of Gen. Pleasant to succeed Collector Bailey of New York. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the relief of the First Battalion, Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers. The Georgia bill was debated. The House adopted a resolution, declaring it to be the duty of Congress to provide for funding the debt at a lower rate of interest, and that non-interest-bearing notes should not be taken up by substituting interest-bearing bonds. A bill amending the census law, was passed. The tariff bill was debated.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the eligibility of General Ames was debated, and in the House there was a discussion on the bill for the government of Utah.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the chief part of the session was consumed in a discussion of the case of Senator-elect Ames of Mississippi. In the House, the final report of the committee investigating the cadet appointment irregularities was presented. The committee's majority report on the Sutter tunnel business was put through, and the bill for making polygamists uncomfortable was passed after amendment.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the whole day was spent in executive session, deliberating on the San Domingo treaty. Senator Sumner began a speech against ratifying the treaty, which was continued for four hours without coming to an end. In the House, the chief part of the session was taken up in discussing the report of the military committee on the cadetship irregularities. After the evening session a speech was made in favor of continuing the duty on pottery.

On Friday, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced his bill for reducing and reorganizing the army. Soon after the Senate went into executive session. Several nominations were confirmed. Senator Sumner concluded his speech on the San Domingo treaty. Senator Morton spoke in favor of its ratification. The subject was not disposed of. In the House there were some personal explanations in the cadetship business, and then the tariff bill was debated.

On Saturday, the Senate was not in session. In the House, the tariff bill was discussed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Alabama judge has been assassinated. Destructive fires have occurred in Bangor, Me., and Boston.

The Missouri Democrats will not nominate state officers this year. An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the residence of the Belgian Consul in San Francisco.

The Cherokee protest against the proposed Territorial Government for their country.

The military officers so long quartered in the departments at Washington, are almost ready to begin active service on the plains.

Ten negroes were registered as voters in St. Louis, Monday.

The committee on ways and means is at work on the tax bill, and it is likely that very essential reductions will be recommended.

The Society of the Army of the Potomac will meet in Philadelphia, April 9.

The Chancellor of New Jersey has decided that a debt incurred before the legal-tenant law is payable, principal and interest, in specie.

The English consul at Portland has been instructed by the home government to thank the citizens of that city for their courtesies to the officers of the Monarch.

There appears to be little doubt that Collector Bailey of New York has gone abroad, and still less doubt that he is a defaulter to the amount of \$100,000 or more.

The Senate committee on foreign relations has voted to report against ratification of the treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas.

Four members of the House committee on foreign affairs oppose the reported measure regarding neutrality between the Spaniards and Cubans. An explosion of a boiler in a Pennsylvania colliery, last week, caused the loss of three lives and the wounding of several workmen.

It is now reported that the machinery of the City of Boston was in such a condition that the danger of fire was greatly increased, and special precautions were taken to prevent such a calamity.

The House committee on naval affairs has agreed to recommend the sale of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the proceeds to be placed in the Treasury, and the material to be divided among other yards.

In New Bedford, Thursday evening, a young grocer was shot down by a woman in the hall of her boarding-house. The afterwards shot herself through the body.

It is expected that the definitions of Collector Bailey will amount to about \$120,000. Some believe he has committed suicide.

If troops are sent into the South, it will, probably, make necessary an increase of the army.

It is reported in New York city that the factions of the democracy in that state have effected a reconciliation, but Albany despatches do not confirm the report.

A desperate riot has occurred in Iowa between some railroad laborers on a strike and those who took their places.

The severe gale which prevailed Sunday night raged all day in Baltimore and New York. In the former city, twenty houses were blown down.

In Westville, near New Haven, Sunday, a man returned from church, took a pistol and fatally shot his wife.

FOREIGN.

War has broken out again in New Zealand. Mr. Bright's amendment to the Education bill has been withdrawn after a speech by Mr. Gladstone.

Most of the Paris papers commend unreservedly the new reforms proposed by the Emperor.

The Captain of the Bombay has been permitted to sail away from Yokohama, notwithstanding the protest of the American Minister.

Mr. Phillips, U. S. vice-consul, driven from Santiago by the fury of the Spaniards, has arrived at Jamaica.

The submarine cable from Suez to Bombay is complete.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte has been acquitted of the charge of murder, the jury being out one hour. This verdict occasioned great surprise and sensation throughout the country.

The priests of Spain are required to swear allegiance to the Constitution within one month. Marquis de Banneville has left Rome to confer with his Government.

The Pope has refused the demand of Count Daru that a representative of France should be admitted to the Council.

A commercial panic exists in Buenos Ayres. Paraguay having been laid waste by war, the people are in a condition of great wretchedness.

The trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte began at Tours last week. One or two of the republicans who appeared as witnesses conducted themselves in an exceedingly disgraceful manner.

There is another crisis in Spain. Admiral Topete has resigned his seat in the cabinet, and it is expected that Serrano will resign the agency.

Mr. Gladstone has carried through the House on its second reading the bill for the suppression of disorder in Ireland. A bill permitting dissenters to be buried in church burial grounds was carried through after strong opposition.

There is a famine in Jerusalem. The prosecutors of Prince Bonaparte have abused him until he has the full sympathy of the spectators of the trial.

There is much agitation throughout Germany in favor of reducing the armies.

Reports from England say that the Queen's health is failing.

The revolution in Venezuela is likely to be successful.

Paragraphs.

A singular phenomenon occurred at the commencement of a recent storm in the harbor of St. John, N. B. A rumbling noise was heard, and immediately afterward a portion of the bottom of the harbor, on the Carlton side sunk bodily, so that where before was low tide there was a beach there are now 20 feet of water. Some wharves were destroyed and lumber carried drift.

We learn from the *Congregationalist* that the magnificent Chicago telescope is faithfully employed in the important drudgery of mapping the heavens, under the charge of Professor Safford. The German Astronomical Society has projected a catalogue of all the stars down to the ninth magnitude, numbering 100,000. The work has been divided up between 11 observatories; of which one is in Russia, one in Norway, one in Prussia, several in Germany, and not since until this project was started. It is considered the most important work in this science for some time past. It will require from five to eight years to complete the observations, using all the cloudless nights. The object is to get the present position of each star, and then, by comparing this with the record of former observations to learn the motion of each. Every star requires at least two observations to verify the result. Prof. Safford's belt contains 8,000 stars, and he expects to make 20,000 observations. Last year he made 4,300, and with his industry he hopes to get his patch in the heavens spied out in five years. This telescope has also added 12 nebulae to those previously known.

A children's ball of the most fashionable pattern was lately given in Irving Hall, New York. Girls from eight to fourteen were made to ape their elders in puffs, paniers, powdered hair, and flirtations with their juvenile partners, who had their cigars and liquor flasks in easy reach. They kept it up from three in the afternoon until midnight. Talk about the Murder of the Innocents! Herod didn't equal this.

Living in Harrodsburg, Ky., is an old negro woman over 100 years of age, whose face, hands, neck and arms have become perfectly white, and her hair is snow white, besides having lost much of the black and graying. The old woman says she was "born a nigger," and felt no little alarm when she began to turn white.

The paper called *Our Dumb Animals*, proposes that we shall kill fish, instead of allowing them to die by a slow process after having been taken from their native element. The Dutch kill the fish by making a slight longitudinal incision under the tail, and the operation, which is performed with a very sharp instrument can be done so quickly that it is practiced even in the largest fisheries, not excepting those for the herring. It is the custom in Holland to kill the fish as soon as he is drawn from the water, while we let him lie in an agony which produces the effect of a sickness on the animal economy, softens the flesh, and gives to it the principle of dissolution.

The agricultural returns show that last year there were upwards of forty-six millions of acres under cultivation in the United Kingdom, or nearly half a million of acres more than were reported in 1868; but the difference is largely accounted for by the greater minuteness and accuracy of the returns for 1869. There are still some farmers in England who refuse to make returns. The total average of the United Kingdom is upwards of seventy-eight millions.

The magnificent plant, the Victoria Regia, has thriven to an unprecedented degree during the past summer in the Botanic Garden at Ghent. Several leaves have attained a diameter of nine feet, and have supported a weight of 250 lbs., and even the enormous weight of 500 lbs. Every four or five days a fresh flower appeared, which lasted only two days, or rather two nights, opening in the morning of a perfectly white color, diffusing about 5 or 6 p. m., a very powerful odor of vanilla, closing the next morning at 8 o'clock, A. M., opening the same day towards evening, the time of a beautiful carnation, and finally closing the next morning.

The telegraphs in Great Britain are all now transferred to the government. The price is uniform for all distances, on the basis of six cents for every five miles or fraction of five.

Some of our Nova Scotia brethren advocate the hanging of these citizens of that Province who favor annexation to the United States. They regard it as high treason to the British crown to advocate such a measure. There is no probability of the remedy being tried, as all prudent friends of the Dominion government must see at once that its adoption would create a feeling of indignation in this country which the government could not repress, and we should see the Fenians not quite alone when they make their next border raid.

The authorities of Cambridge University, England, have formally announced their readiness to hold examinations for women, in such places as shall hereafter be indicated, commencing July 4th and continuing to the 9th inclusive. The authorities will receive applications from places which will guarantee twenty-five fees, and will provide an efficient committee of ladies to superintend all matters connected with the gathering and accommodation of the female applicants. No lady can be examined who has not completed the 18th year of her age.

A trigonometrical survey of England and Wales, on the scale of one inch to a mile, was begun in 1791. It was completed three weeks ago.

Old and New says that of 125 persons with 6 fingers or toes, whose sex is recorded, 80 were men and 45 women. The number of right limbs affected was 142, of left limbs 135. The affected hands were to the feet as 195 to 94. There were 105 double little fingers and 84 double thumbs.

M. Ch. Royer calls attention to the fact that those flowers which sleep during the night place their petals in the same position which they had while in bud. He says that this is analogous to the fact that animals when asleep unconsciously take the position of the fetus.

Rural and Domestic.

Norway Oats.

The current sensation in the agricultural world, at the present time, is the introduction of the Norway Oat. Its introduction last year was attended with great opposition, and men of high influence among the farming community, expressed strong opinions adverse to its distribution. The results of the last crop seem to have silenced all opposition. The *New York Tribune* lately published a very interesting tabular statement of the yield last year, which shows its productiveness to be nearly three times greater than that of the varieties of oats now in general use. Its discovery and introduction form a curious and interesting paragraph in the history of agricultural progress. The question is, where did the stranger come from? It has been compared with the varieties generally known throughout the world, without discovering its counterpart. The fame of the giant oat, as it is called, has extended to foreign countries, and it seems that the new world bids fair to revolutionize the old in the production of this important grain. We are informed that large shipments are being made to Northern Europe with prospects of extensive sales there another year. The profits to our farmers in growing this seed, will undoubtedly be large for a year or two to come.

Action of Frost on Soil.

Sandy soils are not as a rule benefited by fall plowing, and by thus being more exposed to the action of the sun and frost than they otherwise would be. This is doubtless because the organic matter which is so important in this class of soils is much more rapidly decomposed and caused to disappear when thus treated. Peaty soils, or those in which there is an excess of organic matter, are benefited for the same reason, and because the peat becomes less peaty or fibrous, whichever nature it has, and more granular. A very marked example of the effects of frost on some organic substances may be observed in case of crop backwater, intended for plowing under, be caught by a severe frost. Though the crop on the field might have amounted to several tons, the frost and the decomposition which follow will reduce it to an apparently valueless mass in a very short time. Little besides the stubble is left to the appearance, and we are assured by a farmer accustomed to plowing under green crops, that not enough of value is left to put turning under. This we doubt, but we do believe much besides water is actually lost.

The action of freezing and thawing in clayey and heavy gravely soils is different; while it destroys a portion of the organic matter in them, which, however, is not of such importance to them as to lighter sandy soils, as it compacts the particles, renders clods friable, and brings a larger portion of the inorganic part into a fit condition to be appropriated by the plant.

The beneficial action of frost is not due to the holding the soil in a frozen state, but to the act of freezing; consequently, thawing is almost as useful as freezing to the soil, and this useful action takes place most in moderate weather. In cold winter weather it is best for the soil to be covered with snow, which is well called "the poor man's mantle," for the alteration of freezing and thawing is not altogether arrested by the covering of snow; while, if the ground is bare, the high winds of winter scatter great quantities of the finest particles of the soil.—*Am. Ag.*

Farmers' Homes.

There has been a very great change for the better in the homes of all classes of our people within the last thirty years. We think quite a large share of this improvement is found in the strictly rural districts, and is fairly the result of the opportunities and privileges of agricultural life. The average rural parish is the equal of the city parish in intelligence, in good morals, and piety. Social life has not so much shown and brilliancy, but quite as much solid happiness. The children coming up in the country have a much better chance of sound health, of good education, and of a useful career in life. The division of labor, brought about by the introduction of manufactures, has blest the farmer almost as much as any other class. He no longer provides his own clothing or makes his own furniture. He can buy cheaper. The thrifty farmer in the older States has an architect to build his house, and there is taste displayed in the building and in its surroundings. He knows a good deal about fruits and flowers, and what he does not know his wife or daughter does. The flower border is quite up to the town standard. The upholstery may not be quite so attractive, but the floors are carpeted, and the windows have blinds and curtains quite as good as those of the city. The table is neatly spread, and the china-ware and other appointments come from the same manufacturers that furnish city homes. The cookery, peculiarly that part of it furnished by the mistress of the mansion, is above the average in cities. Pianos and melodeons are very common, and the same songs are heard there as in the town, and they are sung about as well. Professional singers do not go to the country for their audiences, but the country comes to them and furnishes a fair share of their appreciative listeners and admirers. There is leisure in the country, time for reading and reflection, plenty of newspapers and magazines, and the village library has its numerous patrons in farmers' homes. Farm life in this age of railroads and steamers is quite different from the life led by our fathers. It moves in the right direction.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Raise Sheep—Eat Mutton.

Good mutton, well fatted and neatly butchered, is the most wholesome, nutritious and cheapest of meats. It grows quickly, and costs little to produce it, compared with beef and pork. Every farmer should have a few long-wooled coast sheep, at least—Cotswold or Leicester. They are little trouble, and will keep fat on the oats of the cattle. They usually bring two lambs, which will sell to the butcher for from \$3 to \$4 in the first of July. Their deers averages from eight to sixteen pounds, with from sixteen to twenty-five per cent. shrink, only. Their wool is now, and will be in the future, worth thirty per cent. more than merino, which shrinks forty to sixty per cent., according to the family and treatment of the flock. Long wool makes strong, excellent and durable stocking yarn, though it is mostly used to make the brilliant, light, lustrous Orleans goods, for the apparel of our pretty women. Two such sheep will yield as much profit as a common cow, and five of them can be kept as cheap as a cow in milk. Their lambs and wethers would keep a farmer supplied with the best of fresh meat of one kind, as often as necessary, the year round, and would make an agreeable episode to the eternal round of salt junk and pork, and be far more healthy than either. Those who eat principally salted meat show it in their complexion, their skin being less clear and smooth. Pork, at best, eaten constantly, produces irritation and eruptions of the skin.

We have now a plenty of sheep in the country over 32,000,000 head (and that number, before, according to the population.) Then let all manufacturers, mechanics, and all men who are interested to have good meat and the board of operatives cheap and wholesome, see to it that the mutton-raising and wool-growing are properly encouraged, as a matter of health and economy. Meat is a great item in the expense of board of operatives, and if we grow our own wool, we shall always have mutton plenty and cheap. This will affect materially the price of other meat, and the whole people, including the manufacturers, will probably gain as much by cheaper meats as they would lose by a protective duty on wool; for, encouraged, both wool and mutton would be plenty and cheap.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Color in Flowers.

According to M. Morat, the coloring matter of flowers consists, first, of cyanine, or a blue pigment, second, a pink or rose-colored matter, the reality of which with the first, and only ally, is colored matter, xanthine insoluble in water, and xanthine soluble in that liquid. Cyanine is prepared from the petals of violets or iris flowers by means of boiling alcohol, the solution is obtained, which soon turns brown, but is restored to its primitive color by being shaken up in contact with air. In order to obtain the coloring matter in a pure state, the alcoholic solution is evaporated to dryness in a water-bath, and the residue taken up with water, wherein the blue pigment is soluble, while fatty matter and resin are left behind; the aqueous solution is precipitated by means of acetate of lead; the ensuing green color precipitate is decomposed by sulphuretted hydrogen filtered and washed; afterward the filtrate is evaporated to dryness in a water-bath; the residue is exhausted with absolute alcohol and the cyanine precipitated from its solution therein by means of ether. Cyanine does not crystallize, is soluble in water and alcohol, and insoluble in ether; acids turn it red, and alkalies green; it is a very sensitive reagent for both.

How to Break a Colt.

Procure a good bludge, bit of your own. If you can not afford that, rather than of your neighbor's, or rather than do without it. Bit the colt up once a day, for three or four hours, for about one week. He will by this time get accustomed to the bit. Next procure two ropes, one to hold the head, and the other to hold the hind legs. There are five mediums through which the horse can distinguish one object from another, namely, sight, touch, hearing, smell, and taste. He will by this time get accustomed to the bit. Next procure two ropes, one to hold the head, and the other to hold the hind legs. There are five mediums through which the horse can distinguish one object from another, namely, sight, touch, hearing, smell, and taste. He will by this time get accustomed to the bit. Next procure two ropes, one to hold the head, and the other to hold the hind legs. 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