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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., APRIL 13, 1870.

No. 15

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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No. 20 Vesey St., New York City.

LUTHER E. 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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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1870.

Rebuke.

The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said.
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again;
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain:—

Rippled the song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood.
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

The world is false though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lip of a childish prayer.

Missionary Correspondence.

CAMP CHANDRA, INDIA, Jan. 28, '70.

Our tent stands on a dusty market ground, but this is not market day, and the bazaar is quiet enough. Across the way a little group of Bengali traders sit talking over the merits of Christianity. It was dark when we got in, and while my tent was being pitched, I preached to them over at that confectionery shop. They are now discussing what was said to them, and it is pleasing to observe their frankness and friendliness. Do you know, my Christian reader, that a great deal of good may be done by this sort of work at the shops? How often it is the case that people don't come to us, and we need to go to them. Almost every day we preach on some shop verandah, in some private court, on some threshold floor to the men who drop work and cheerfully sit down to listen, or under a shady tree by the road side. There is nothing like taking men just as they are, if you would preach to them to advantage. Every day we catch little companies in this way at their work here and there, and preach to them. This is certainly a blessing to us, and God makes it such, I hope, to some who hear the truth.

What a busy day this has been! Since early light I have been steadily on the move. Besides packing the boxes and getting off the bullock cart for our second tour among the Santals, there have been many little things to do before leaving home. Two hours of the morning were devoted to the Class meeting, and S. S. Teachers' Class. Then there were several letters to write, and ten children, nine of them black, to be vaccinated, and a number of invalids to wait upon, and arrangements to be made for the Bazar Book Room for next month, and lots of odds and ends to see to, so that it was 2 P. M. before Dula and I left the bungalow for our twelve-mile walk to this bazar. On the way we have preached thrice, but, though this has not been a very hard day's work, still I'm really tired enough to fling this quill away and go to bed. But I'm afraid this sheet will never be finished if I leave it to-night.

On the last day of 1869 I wrote you from Birbhum. After that American mail was made up, we had a good, old-fashioned watch-meeting in camp. "We" stands for Dula and me. It was good to be there. Camped on the threshold floor of a Santal village, everybody sound asleep around us, there in our little tent we plead with God in behalf of the poor Santals. Dula's prayer in his mother tongue was most earnest, and to me deeply affecting. I believe him to be thoroughly in earnest for the salvation of his own people; still he labors under certain serious disadvantages as a preacher. That midnight hour, how he opened his heart to God, and poured

out his touching plea for these ignorant children of the forest. I am not yet familiar enough with the Santal to pray in it without embarrassment, though it always seems to me that I am more helped in praying than in preaching. Is not this true the world over? Are we not all more conscious of divine help when praying than when talking to the people? Is it because, when talking with God, we feel more deeply the need of help, and look more eagerly for it than when addressing our fellow beings? But, not to run this moralizing too far, one thing more may be said. Every Christian knows that, when he is in a frame of mind to talk best with God of men, then is he in just the frame of mind to talk best with men of God.

I prayed in Bengali, a language in which, thank God, I can now express myself with freedom, so that I never have to think of the words, but let the thoughts find their own utterance. God has richly blessed me in learning Bengali, and now it has quite got the start of my English, so that it is much easier for me to preach to the natives than to white folks. Very little English work, however, do we have here, whereas we are in the Bengali all the time. And right here, before I forget it, let me record my devout gratitude to God for helping me learn another language. I know enough of Santal to tell the old story of the cross, and I never try to without thanking God for conferring upon me so great a privilege. I hope my dear friends in America, friends of other days, forsaken but not forgotten, will pray for me, and make this special petition,—that such a knowledge of the Santal be given me as that I can freely and fully convey to the minds of this rude and benighted people of the hills and jungles the glad tidings of salvation. When learning Bengali, I used to think and thank God that the prayers of my Christian friends were being answered in my behalf. Now I humbly ask for the same help again. Don't forget to offer this special prayer for me, and may the Lord hear it.

But I have almost lost sight of our watch-meeting. Dula and I talked of the work among the Santals, and made that our special object of prayer. Perhaps some of you across the sea were also "praying the old year out and the new year in." We did not forget you, for we could not. Nor did we forget the dear Freedmen of the South, for without ceasing we have remembrance of them in our prayers night and day. And we prayed too for our beloved Zion, that in God's strength she might rise to more systematic and more self-sacrificing labor for the evangelization of our lost world. I shall not soon forget that watch-meeting in camp. In it our hearts were drawn closer together by being drawn closer to Christ.

After our watch-meeting (for this letter runs rather on the journal track to-day) I was permitted to work on uninterrupted for a fortnight among the Santals. On the 10th inst., news came from home of my child's illness, a loud call to return quickly. It was Saturday evening, and we were 120 miles from Midnapore. In your land of steamships and railways, you can't know what a distance this is. The short note was read in a hurry, the men directed to move camp on a straight line homeward, and then we had a season of prayer. Oh, how refreshing is prayer at such a time, when the heart is anxious and sad! The messenger had dragged a tired pony after him to camp, to help me to the public road, twenty-five miles distant. At 7 P. M., in the beautiful moonlight, we started. I walked full thirteen of the twenty-five miles. At Raniganj there is a telegraph office, and reaching there at 2 A. M., Sabbath morning, after much trouble I succeeded in waking up one of the signallers, but was sorely disappointed on being told that there could be no communication with Midnapore before 6 o'clock, when the line would be open. At M. the office is open night and day, and I thought it was so here. The signaller went back to bed, without so much as offering me a seat. Out on the street again, I looked along for a place to sleep, and finding nothing better, at 3 o'clock I lay down on an open mud verandah. It was a cold, windy night, but I was too tired to sit up and shiver. My pony was hitched to a post, and began helping himself to some straw. After three hours of rest I again hastened to the telegraph office, and soon succeeded in sending a message to a friend and near neighbor in Midnapore. My note from home was written on Tuesday, and this was Sunday, so I anxiously waited for my answer. In such a country as India, disease does its work with fearful rapidity, and my child may have been nearly a week in the grave. The answer was to decide whether I should press on homeward, or rest "the Sabbath day according to the commandment." Did you ever sit in a telegraph office awaiting such an answer? Oh, those long, desolate hours! Time never seemed so tedious before. My friend must be out of town. The telegram may have to be sent several miles by a peon. There may be trouble about the line. How many such thoughts rushed through my anxious mind! I had sent my heavy question to our kind neighbor, that I might spare the dear one the pain of sending me such an answer as I feared might come, for the child was so low on Tuesday morning. In that office I waited a week in four hours, and no message coming, I took my

staff and a loaf of bread and set out on foot for Bancorah, thirty miles distant, from which place there was to be a relay of horses to carry me through to Midnapore, sixty-five miles further south. The reason (I afterward learned) why no return message came, was that the office is closed from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. on Sundays.

It was 11 A. M. when I walked out of Raniganj, and at 7 P. M. I was stretched out on the Catechist's verandah at Bancorah, the tired traveler you ever saw. In twenty-four hours, I had walked forty-two miles at least, besides all the running about in R. With only three hours of sleep and an anxious mind, I assure you, I felt faint by this time. But the Lord was good to me. Those three native Christian women,—God bless them forever!—were so kind to me. Their husbands were all away on a preaching tour. How soft that hard couch felt, and how sweet the curry and rice they gave me! It took the town watchman five hours to find that horse for me. So after a good rest and a grand supper, we had family prayer, and the sisters retired for the night. I was too anxious and too weary to sleep. Just as the jail bell was striking twelve, the horse found, the watchman paid, and my sore self seated in the saddle, we moved out of the sleeping town. This was a wooden horse, and I had neither whip nor spurs. The horse that I should have relieved twenty miles out was not to be found, so I had to jerk and thorn him on fifteen miles further. Judge of his mettle when I tell you that the brute was eleven mortal hours going that thirty-five miles. About two of it, however, I had to let him rest, when search was being made for the other horse. I was too foot-sore to walk, else I could never have submitted to such torture. Yes, it was 11 A. M. on Monday when I reached Dr. Bache's tent at Gadbeta. But how soon did I forget my fatigue when he told me that my child had been mercifully spared, and was fast improving. That was the first news from home, and it filled my heart with gladness and gratitude. At 7 o'clock that evening I was safely at home, having been forty-eight hours on the journey. That was Jan. 17th, and I had been away since Nov. 1st,—quite long enough for a New Yorker to "do" all the Alaska wonders, visit Mr. Seward's Alaska iceberg and go more than half way round the globe besides. You may be sure, every one of you who reads this, that I was a happy man for once, when, resting on my own cot by the east door that evening,—while a total eclipse of the moon was "going on" outside, I felt that the last barley corn of the long, hard journey was over, and no more walking or riding ahead. And having had only three hours sleep in sixty-three, I was not slow in "turning in."

What a disconnected, disjointed letter I've written! Well, as half of the *Star* goes to New York, please let this stay in the Dover half, for it has traveled enough already, and is too tired for anything save Pullman's sleeping car.

J. L. P.

A Tourist's Letter.

Shortly after sending my last, I came to Edinburgh, where I have spent a few most delightful weeks. It is one of the finest cities, and is filled with the largest percentage of really refined and educated people in the United Empire. It is not placed upon one hill alone, but, like Rome, is built upon seven hills. It is the only city in the world that wears a castle on its head and a palace on its feet. Many centuries ago it was shod with a palace and crowned with a castle, and both the shoes and the coronet promise, with the usual amount of repair, to survive centuries to come. Indeed, the whole city seems to be composed of palatial residences, colossal structures for the use of the church and of the state, halls of learning, gorgeously fitted galleries of art, and richly-endowed hospitals, interspersed on every hand with parks and gardens, and splendid monuments erected to the memory of the good and great of the British Empire. The beauty of this city was the more keenly realized as I had just left the dust and the dirt, the smoke and the soot of Glasgow. These are the two principal cities of Scotland, but differ each from the other as widely as the poles. Glasgow is the commercial metropolis; Edinburgh the metropolis of learning; the former is characterized by money-getting, the latter by money-spending; in the one is gathered a large surplus of the ignorant and vulgar, in the other is centered, at least at this season of the year, nearly all the nobility of Scotland.

The clergymen of Edinburgh are generally of a high order, and many of them are men of powerful intellect and marked genius. Glasgow has her Dr. McLeod, who is the only fresh and vigorous preacher of the city. The Rev. Prof. Caird, whose sermons a few years ago thrilled the whole nation with their fire, is now shut up in the Divinity Hall connected with Glasgow University, and seldom appears in the pulpit. But Edinburgh has Drs. Guthrie, Candlish, Alexander, and a host of others whose names are towers of strength in the various denominations to which they belong. I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Candlish in the new and beautiful church which has just been erected for his use. Most of the

churches are old, and were built in a period marked by severe plainness and hatred of embellishment. These churches are necessarily dingy, dismal and comfortless. They are seldom heated in the winter, and what little light is admitted through the contracted windows, is absorbed by the dark-colored walls which present an almost filthy aspect. In many newer edifices, the walls are dark, the windows are small, the atmosphere is cold and damp, the seats are dirty and uncushioned, and through the "dim, religious light" it is difficult to get a distinct outline of the preacher's countenance, much less catch those vivid expressions which put life into the utterances of the lips. But Dr. Candlish's new church is a model of simple beauty, chaste ornament and homelike comfort, and every nook and corner was fitted to overflowing. The Doctor is a little, insignificant looking, white-haired, fidgety old man. He crawls up into the pulpit as if it required the exertion and contortion of every muscle in his body. When he has entered the pulpit, and commenced the services in a low, husky, almost inaudible voice, you feel a still deeper disappointment, which is only relieved by the fine curvings of his immense mouth. The text is announced and the sermon is commenced; but the contortions of his body and his manifest nervousness increase. First, he seems to lean upon the pulpit as if to stretch himself out to rest; then it is gripped with both hands as if to tear it from its moorings; then his shoulders are pushed up in a marvelous manner almost burying his head out of sight. But after the first few indistinct sentences of the sermon are ended, the voice rises in tone and increases in point; his eyes, which are lifted from his closely watched manuscript at the close of every sentence, begin to flash out their native fire; his whole manner gradually becomes animated; and as his profound but plainly expressed thoughts begin to take hold of you and master you, all his fidgety and nervous maneuvers are forgotten. You are led on, until every cough and murmur and breath is hushed. Here and there you see a handkerchief placed to the moistened eyes as the preacher pictures in the most touching manner the love of Jesus, in searching after, and the love of the Father in receiving his rebellious child, and as both the loving Saviour and the loved sinner come back together, and on bended knee at his feeble mangle their voices in a subdued and mellow tone, saying "Our Father." Upon reflection, one can easily see how such a man, aided by Dr. Chalmers and others, could enter a solemn protest against secular interference with ecclesiastical affairs, and, being unsuccessful in obtaining a majority in the assembly of the Scottish national church, could lead the way out of the Hall with the cry,—"Those for God and the right follow us,"—bringing with them several hundred gospel ministers who were the cream of the whole church. This was the stormy period known as the "disruption," and which resulted in the formation of the Free church of Scotland,—by far the largest, most influential and powerful denomination in the country.

Indeed, nearly the whole population is Presbyterian. The National or Established church is Presbyterian, and is supported by government, but is under the management of the patrons of the parishes. In some parishes, Dukes or Lords have the patronage; in others, ordinary land owners; and in many cases, the City Council appoint or remove ministers to or from churches. It was against this that the Free church protested. It was not against state aid; for they still hold that the state should provide for the religious instruction of the people by supporting the ministry; but it is against hat control of ecclesiastical affairs which has so often caused the church of England to eat dirt, that the independence of the Scottish mind revolted.

But there is still another body of Presbyterians who are nearer the truth, have a greater amount of spiritual life, and have also a number of distinguished ministers in their ranks,—the United Presbyterian church. They protest against state aid as well as state interference; believing that God has in the past, and will for all time to come, provide within the church everything necessary for its spiritual and material edification. This is a principle which American churches must fully understand if they would stem the tide of grants to the Roman Catholic institutions, which has been such a stream to some of the states in the past. I may just state that the earnest efforts on the part of some members of the Free and the U. P. church to affect a union is most rabidly opposed by several members of the Free church, and another disruption is threatened and deeply feared. The principle of state aid alone is between them, and yet they cannot follow the noble example of the American Presbyterian churches. The Scotch never compromise.

R. C.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

Immensity of the Universe.

The late Prof. Mitchell closed one of his lectures on Astronomy with the following passage, which, delivered in his impassioned manner, must have produced a thrilling effect. After speaking of the unfathomable distance which no telescope can penetrate, lying far beyond the system in which the earth revolves, and yet filled with independent systems of worlds of infinite numbers, he said:

Light traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars,—beautiful diamond points glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

God called man in a dream into the vestibule of Heaven, saying, "Come up hither and I will show thee the glory of my house." And to His angels who stood about His throne He said, "Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart!"—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles. A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of Heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light—the light with lesser speed came to meet them: In a moment the blazing of suns around them,—a moment, the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again on the right hand and the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down, crying, "Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none." "End there is none?" demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout, "End there is none!" "End there is none?" demanded the angel again; "and is it this that awes thy soul?" I answer, "End there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning."

Events of the Week.

STATE ELECTIONS.

Connecticut and Rhode Island held elections for state officers last week. The contest in the first of these States was less exciting than in some previous years, but the parties are so nearly balanced that a good deal of effort is made to get out the voters. The vote was somewhat lighter than last year, owing, in part at least, to the severe storm. English, the democratic candidate for governor, was elected by about 800 majority. The Senate stands 11 republicans to 10 democrats; the House, 127 republicans to 112 democrats. Hereafter, as a fruit of the fifteenth amendment, the negroes of that state will go to the polls, and, as parties are at present constituted, will hold the balance of power.

The republican ticket in R. I. was successful, as usual, by a majority two-thirds as large as the democratic vote. The chief interest in the election centered about the question of United States Senator, as one is to be chosen during the present year. There are several gentlemen, even in that little state, who are patriotic enough to be quite willing to take the office. Present indications point to a re-election of Hon. H. B. Anthony.

TWO ARMY BILLS.

Congress is considerably agitated over two bills in which the public is generally interested. They come, the one from the House and the other from the Senate, and both have to do with the regular army. The features of both are similar, and the changes which they propose to make seem quite fair and impartial. The House bill leaves the army at its present size, while the Senate bill (Mr. Wilson's) cuts it down seven thousand men, fixing it at twenty-five thousand after next September. The House bill reduces the pay of all officers from Brigadier-General up, and increases the pay of all but the Chaplain below, and Mr. Wilson's bill does the same. Each bill provides for a large reduction of the number of officers, through they differ as to how the reduction shall be made. The other features of the bills have a similar resemblance, and but for the reduction proposed in Mr. Wilson's it would matter but little which became a law.

INDIAN TROUBLES.

Some of the Indians in the West are seemingly bent on destroying what little sympathy had been awakened in their behalf by the recent Piegan massacre. The tribes in Wyoming territory have lately perpetrated outrages of a very serious nature. A young man of Atlantic City in that territory, was surprised by a party of them in the outskirts of that place, and fatally shot with bullets and arrows. A company sent out to protect other white men who might be in the vicinity, soon returned with the horribly mutilated bodies of four citizens of the place; and others are

still missing, who, it is feared, have shared a similar fate. The Governor of the territory has authorized the raising of three regiments of Militia to repel Indian invasions and protect settlers. Companies are formed at different points, and mounted as minute men, and there is a determination to repel attacks at all hazards. The spirit of revenge probably animates both sides, and when either party finds its friends murdered by the other, it isn't apt to remember that it is merely a return blow for one previously given.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES DISORGANIZING.

Not the least significant of the events attending the ratification of the XVth amendment is the disorganization of the leading anti-slavery societies. The Female Anti-slavery Society of Philadelphia celebrated the completion of its work and disorganized in that city recently, and the American Anti-slavery Society held a similar service in New York last Saturday. The occasions were eminently suggestive, and one cannot contemplate the circumstances which rendered such action proper without feelings of the most devout gratitude. They have done a good service, and their coming up to disorganize seems like the homeward march of a victorious army. The veterans in the cause may well congratulate themselves on the result of their efforts, and feel a glow of enthusiasm as they contemplate the grand possibilities which freedom and equality open to the country.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1870.
TRIBUTE TO GEN. THOMAS.

All that we have here, illustrious by achievement or dignified by position, were assembled last evening in the Hall of Representatives to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. The Hall was suitably draped in mourning. Gen. J. D. Cox, Secretary of the Interior, assisted by Vice-President Colfax and Speaker Blaine, presided. The President and his Cabinet,—the justices of the Supreme Court,—Senators, Representatives, officers of army and navy, &c., &c., filled the hall to overflowing, all divisions testifying their respect for the memory of the deceased. The exercises were opened by prayer by the Rev. Dr. Newman, the chaplain of the Senate, and were continued by addresses from the chairman, Gen. Sherman, Chief Justice Chase, Senator Carl Schurz, Gen. Garfield, Senator Warner, Gen. H. W. Slocum and Gen. Stoughton. Gen. E. M. McCook introduced a series of resolutions which were adopted as expressive of the feelings of his comrades and countrymen. The majority of the speakers had been associated with Gen. Thomas in the field, and spoke of his character, services and worth from personal knowledge. Altogether it was a worthy tribute to the memory of a most worthy man.

THE TARIFF BILL.

The House are busily engaged in wading through the details of the Tariff bill, and it looks as if they would really go through with it. The items principally discussed thus far have been tea, coffee and sugar. Oddly enough, the Democrats, who are usually so loud-mouthed in their denunciation of oppressive taxation, were opposed to the reduction of tax on tea and coffee, proposed by the bill. If taxes are to be reduced anywhere, it would seem to be right to begin with articles consumed by the poor as well as the rich, but by some perversity of intellect or intention, the Democratic members could not see it in that light; nevertheless the proposed reduction was sustained in committee of the whole. While the article of sugar was under consideration, Mr. Fernando Wood distinguished himself in an entirely new character, greatly to the amusement of the House. He gravely proposed that the reduction of the tariff on sugar should not apply to countries and places wherein slavery existed, because to do so would be to give a premium to slave labor. This, coming from Fernando Wood, was too much, and completely upset the gravity of the House. Gen. Schenck felt compelled to quote a passage from Job,—"And last of all Satan came also," and said that, having had so severe a struggle with the party of which Mr. Wood was a member, to abolish slavery in this country, he should decline to follow the gentleman from New York in the attempt to control slavery in other countries in the manner proposed by him. Mr. Kelley asked Mr. Wood if he had ever said so much for the negro before he became a voter. But Mr. Wood demanded tellers upon his motion in order to determine, as he said, who were the friends of slavery and who its enemies. The count proceeded, but the "enemies of slavery," according to Mr. Wood's test, had dwindled to the few Democrats present on the floor, and the motion failed.

THE FUNDING BILL, GEORGIA, &c.

The funding bill is still before the Committee on Banking and Currency, and is the subject of much debate and consideration. The National Banks are still urging the impropriety of the provision of the bill which requires them to exchange the bonds they hold for lower rate of interest bonds. If by their tenacity and efforts the funding bill should be defeated, they may have occasion to regret it. The National Banks have reaped a rich harvest since their establishment; and ought to be willing to assist in the work of refunding the national debt at a lower rate of interest. The manifestation of a too greedy, grasping spirit now, may imperil the whole system. They should weigh well this aspect of the case.—The question of ratifying the treaty with San Domingo is still undecided by the Senate. The original time for the exchange of ratifications has passed by, but President Ranz is understood to be willing to keep the matter open for an indefinite period.—The Georgia bill still lingers in the Senate, and is likely to do so for some time to come. The reason of this is that senators do not yet see their way clear to action. It is quite probable that a majority of the Senate are opposed to the Bingham amendment. But will it be safe to simply strike out that, pass the bill and let Gov. Bullock and the present legislature have full swing under their interpretation of the Georgia constitution? It is felt that this will hardly do. What then? Shall Congress step in and prescribe a term of office for the legislature of a state? If Congress does not fix and determine the matter, are not strife and bloodshed likely to ensue? These are troublesome questions, and not readily answered. Many senators will attend the funeral of Gen. Thomas, and the Georgia bill must wait.

Communications.

Ministers' Salaries.

There has been much said and written on the subject of salaries. Not unfrequently have ministers censured the churches for their negligence in regard to their support. Churches also have often complained of their ministers for preaching "little, poor sermons," and for not having made more religious visits. In both cases there may have been just cause for complaint. While I would have our ministers preach greater sermons, and with more zeal and earnestness, I would also have our churches pay them a salary sufficient to enable them to devote their entire energies and time to their calling; and to enable them to obtain the necessary appliances for study. That this may be the case, one very important error must be removed from many of our churches.

A church wishes to employ a minister; they look around for the right man, and agree on Rev. Mr. A. They know, however, that if his services are obtained, they must subscribe liberally, as he has not been accustomed to pinching and starving his family. They also know that he can obtain a liberal salary elsewhere. They try their strength. Dea. B. offers thirty dollars; C., fifty; D., twenty; and so it goes round until six, eight or ten hundred dollars are pledged. Finding the necessary sum can be obtained, they give the "able minister" a call, but find him engaged. What now is to be done? They hit on an expedient, which, though it may not meet their spiritual wants, will save their money. Some fifteen or twenty miles distant, there resides a good brother who has not entered the ministry as a "learned profession," but from a sense of duty and in obedience to the divine call. Not having enjoyed great advantages, and being a poor man, with perhaps a family when entering the ministry, he has not been able to make such rapid improvement as he might have done under more favorable circumstances. Under such embarrassments, he has never ventured to demand any stipulated sum for his labors, only receiving such presents as some of the more liberal have been disposed to bestow. The church knowing this, give him a call. They plead "hard times," and wish him to preach as cheaply as possible. The minister, feeling that "woe is me if I preach not the gospel," comes to the conclusion that, by wearing his old coat another year, his good wife turning her old dress the other side out to make a new one, their children going without suitable apparel to attend the Sabbath school, and by keeping them from the high school, where the children of the church-members are attending, he can eke out a sort of existence on two or three hundred dollars.

He makes known his decision. A subscription is circulated. Deacon B. signs five dollars; C., ten; D., five; and so it goes around until half the amount is subscribed. The poor man, sad and discouraged, makes known the decision to his disheartened wife. Together they weep and pray, and pray and weep. Finally, having put all on board "Zion's Ship," they decide to accept the scanty pittance and leave the result with God. The sequel is, the minister is compelled to labor hard during the week, perhaps working out by the day or the month. Saturday evening finds him worn down with his week's toil. He takes up his Bible and looks for a text; but, too much exhausted for study, lays down his Bible and pen, and retires to rest. On Sabbath morning, as soon as the light glides the east, he starts, perhaps on foot, several miles to his appointment. He arrives at a late hour, perfectly exhausted. He takes the first text that occurs to his mind, and preaches as best he can. The wonder is not why he does not preach better, but that he preaches so well.

The remedy I would propose is this. If four, six, eight or ten hundred dollars can be raised in a church under any circumstances for preaching, let that amount be raised; and then if the "able minister" can not be obtained, employ the good minister alluded to, and pay him the full amount that they would have paid the man of their choice. How the heart of that dear brother would beat with joy. It is not presuming too much to say that, in due time, the good brother, under such favorable circumstances, would perhaps even outstrip the "smart man." Or if this brother can not be obtained, call to your aid some of our good old ministers who have labored hard for years, preaching without a salary, until by stern necessity they have been compelled to suspend their labors in the ministry and engage in some other employment, in order to support their families and pay off debts contracted while in the ministry. How those good old ministers would rejoice to renew their labors in the gospel field, provided they could receive merely a scanty support, or even the approbation of their brethren! And how that broken-hearted wife, who has spent many sad and gloomy days and nights, cold and hungry, who has listened to the cries of dear children calling for bread when she had none to give, and who has been even tempted to curse the church and the ministry, could see a prospect of a moderate support, would once more rejoice and praise God. When this course shall be taken, churches will prosper, ministers will preach greater and more spiritual sermons, the cause of Christ will be built up, and God will be honored. Try it, brethren.

OLD MAN.

The Baptist Family.

Unless all signs fail, the time is near at hand when there shall be no prefixes to the name of Baptist. Already the feeling is

quite wide for the union of the many branches which hold to Scriptural baptism. And the progress of charity and truth has been such of late, that the errors which have rent us into so many factions must yield ere long. Calvinism and Close Communion have been the dividing wedges. The former is almost yielded in the preaching and fresh publications of those who have been known as Calvinists. And the latter makes haste to die. It can not much longer separate the hearts of brothers.

The law of Christian charity and the family likeness of the several bodies of Baptists forbid that the traditions of men should build a wall, or suffer one already erected to stand much longer between those in whose veins flows the same family blood. We not only see the sky reddening with the coming morning, with joy, but are eager to climb the hills the sooner to greet the full day. There are, at present, things to keep us apart from each other, it is true. But who the responsible parties to this schism among Baptists are, it is not hard to divine. Open or Close Communion will soon swallow up all other issues. And then the whole battle must drift to this one point. We have no fears for forts and rifle-pits that we have ever held. We have no hard words for our Close Communion brethren. Yet we must fight them with love and logic, Scriptural truth and prayer, until they are willing to meet us as brothers; or rather, we must oppose their errors on this point until this barrier shall be torn out from between us. The ground we occupy they must take before many years, or they will have "war in their camp." The heaven is at work rapidly. They may for a time hush the rising spirit of discontent in their own ranks; but sooner or later there will arise some bold and loving spirits to lead them out of their bondage. It may be they will rather change their position on this question for the purpose of present peace. We predict that the line of march which they will take in their retreat from Close Communion will be as follows: First, they will agree to commune with all baptized believers. Secondly, they will suffer their churches to practice open or close communion as they may elect. Thirdly, they will take the Scriptural ground—"Let a man examine himself," "and so let him eat." There is where we may meet them as partners to a union. There the names, "Close," "Open," "Free," "General," "Calvinist," "Regular," "Irregular" and "Defective" will be buried; and "Baptist" will be the name we shall together wear, theirs and ours.

It may take years to effect the union of Baptists. But it will come, if we do not become impatient over the progress of truth. God is sweeping forward with the speed that the fathers dreamed not of, in the unifying of his legions of Christian soldiers. And we expect him to far exceed the anticipations of the most sanguine of his children, in hastening the day when "the watchmen shall see eye to eye." We pray for the downfall of everything that keeps the children of Christ from sitting together around his cross.

Names and lesser points of difference among Christians signify little with us; but principles are God's. No man has any right to barter them for the emoluments and honors of the strongest alliances on earth, or for any peace possible. But, whosoever hopes for great triumphs for the gospel, must feel like protesting against any and all needless separations of the great family of Christians. This leads us to protest, in the name of Jesus, against Close Communion as wrong.

MONEY CREEK, MINN. T. H. D.

Chips.

True eloquence is but the flame of a fire burning in the soul. A soul unmoved by deep emotions can no more give birth to eloquence than tropical flowers can bloom amidst the snows of Greenland. He who loves God and loves man, who believes the gospel and has a divine appointment to preach it, will not probably be the dullest of speakers.

"Of making many books there is no end." Books of all kinds multiply. Some of these are deadly poison, others hurtful, others vain and foolish; but there is some occasion for concern lest the fast increasing variety of books bearing religious titles with "Histories of the Bible," Commentaries on the Bible, &c., &c., shall not, after all, render some more ignorant of a true knowledge of the sacred text. The library of pious old farmer B.—consists of a much worn Bible and an Almanac; yet I seldom meet with one who has such a practical knowledge of God's word as he. We are more fond of studying the map of Palestine than the map of our own hearts, and of studying and criticizing other lives than our own lives;—yes, trashy volumes have more lovers than has God's truth.

In my boyhood I was very fond of gunning, and in those days we used the flint lock gun. It would sometimes happen that look or flint was out of order, and the gun would snap, snap, snap, without striking fire. This was especially provoking when choice game was in view. I have sometimes heard speakers in religious meetings, even in times of special interest, who reminded me of the old flint locks that would snap without striking fire.

A peacock is but a peacock, though his plumage be ever so gaudy.

Perhaps one reason why Christ sometimes charged those who had witnessed his wondrous works "to tell no man," was to set an example of modesty for his followers, that they should not speak much of what they had done, or be over-anxious that the world should behold their greatness. But the more he charged them, the more they blazed his fame abroad; even so those of humble and modest mien, who make no parade of their own talents or virtues, are taking the surest way to be duly

appreciated by persons of discrimination. All that we assume to be more than we really are, will in the judgment of the wise sink us so much lower than we otherwise should stand.

The true disciple sees many imperfections in himself to deplore, which the world may fail to discover; but the false professor is sometimes blind to his own glaring faults which the world readily sees. The former sees goodness only in Christ, the latter sees goodness only in himself.

It is written that in the last days men shall have a form of godliness while denying its power. It means that class of professors whose religious forms are of a godly character, of whose creed we cannot complain, yet, who live like the world, drinking in its unhallowed pleasures, covetous, proud, boasters, lovers of their own selves especially; heady, high-minded, giving no evidence that they walk with God.

Flattery is a white-wash, but plain reproof is as the fuller's soap. False priests and prophets have always used the former, while God's true servants have always used the latter, bringing upon themselves the hatred of the wicked. We may abound in reproofs for unpopular sins, but we sometimes fear to touch the popular ones. "Iest we hurt the cause." He who "cries aloud and spares not," is often pronounced not the man for the times. False ministers or priests have always been in the way of receiving the severest rebukes of any class, and rightfully, too; for of all men they are the worst, and they stand most in the way of the work of God. Elijah exposed and ridiculed them; Isaiah terms them "greedy dogs which can never have enough;" "Christ denounced them as wolves in sheep's clothing, and hurled upon them the sentence of condemnation. We may not be permitted to pass severe judgment on hearts and motives, but the wrong in conduct must be reformed in order to be corrected.

J. HAYDEN.

Means of Grace.

The Christian Union has a correspondent who signs himself "Laicus." His letters cover a wide field, and they never lack point, pith or pungency. They admirably mix common sense with sound theology, and improve the usual flavor of piety by freeing it from all hackneyed forms of expression, and giving it robustness and broad human sympathies. The following article from his pen will give a very good idea of his way of looking at things and his skill in putting them, and at the same time it will well repay a careful reading. He says:

Our minister last Sunday preached a sermon on "Means of Grace." I have no doubt it was a very useful and very excellent discourse. But it set my mind upon a train of thought quite different from that which the minister pursued. In fact, this is by no means an infrequent occurrence. Some sermons do me good by giving me something to think of. Other sermons do me good by telling me to think for myself. I very often start with the text and weave a very different fabric from that of the workman in the pulpit. Wandering thoughts in public worship are often chided. But wandering thoughts are sometimes the best ones. They wandered very wide of the leader last Sunday. I thought to myself I should like to preach a sermon on "Means of Grace." The church I was in would afford me abundant material for illustration. I fancy the discourse would be unlike that which the minister delivered. The heads would be something like those I give below, but the subject would be capable of very great expansion.

I. Fresh air.—A curious soporific tendency seems to belong to the church at Wheat-hedge. It reminds me every morning of the legend of Sleepy Hollow and the German story of the *Dornroschen*. The minister attributes the dullness and heaviness of his congregation to spiritual stupidity. I attribute it to lack of oxygen in the air.

Under our church is a basement. It is occupied as a Sunday school room, and is crowded from half-past nine till eleven, with four or five hundred children. A hundred and fifty children breathe over and over its fetid atmosphere. There is no ventilation—no chance for any. In this basement are two portable furnaces. They warm both the basement and the church. The deodorized air goes into these furnaces and supplies them with their only draught. What little oxygen the children have left, the furnaces consume. The atmosphere, thus deprived of all means of supporting life, is then sent up into the church. The doors are double. The windows are kept tightly closed. Lest, however, any particle of oxygen should be carelessly admitted, a couple of red-hot stoves are put right in the entrance to consume what little air the incoming worshippers bring with them. No wonder the congregation grow heavy. No wonder the minister always has a headache in the afternoon. No wonder that Deacon S.'s head nods occasionally on his breast, and Mrs. Hardcap has to divide her energies equally between taking care of Johnny, whose head is pillowed on her lap, and poking the hymn-book at Mr. Hardcap to keep him from snoring. No wonder the choir sings draggily—

"Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach immortal joys."

"Why," cries the minister, in his prayer, "are we so dull and heavy and stupid? Why are our souls so blind and we are so unable to appreciate Thy presence and the glory of unseen and immortal virtues?" Why? One reason is because we can not breathe. We can not expect to be spiritually minded when we are half suffocated. Drop a window. Fresh air is not an insignificant means of grace.

II. Some reasonable provision against changes of temperature would be a very

desirable means of grace. Three or four Sundays ago it was cold—cold at least for this tropical winter. The church was not half crowded. The parson preached with his overcoat on. My wife kept on her furs and her arctic overshoes. Our noses were red and our toes half frost-bitten, and our teeth chattering with cold before service was over. Every man, woman, and child fired a shot at the poor sexton. He was absolutely riddled. The next Sunday was like spring. The sexton, mindful of previous criticisms, arranged his fires for a temperature at zero. The furnaces roared and blazed as if they had been especially prepared to illustrate the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. The stoves were red-hot. We sweated all through service. Deacon S. opened a window. Mr. Wheaton shut it down again, because it blew on his wife. One Sunday the thermometer was about 50 degrees. The next it could hardly have been less than 75 or 80 degrees. I do not think the church profited either Sunday much by its "means of grace." Must we thus alternate between the equator and the poles? I do not know that it was the sexton's fault. He did as well as he knew how. The care of a church ought never be left to a sexton; certainly not when he is a carpenter, or shoemaker, or farmer, or saddler, through the week, and only a sexton on Sundays, at the meagerest of meager salaries, or at none at all. The church that is left to the sexton is like the house that is left to servants. The session or Board of Trustees ought always to have a committee, who would personally look after the condition of the church.

III. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Is there not such a text in the Bible? It is good enough to be there, at all events. If it is true, godliness must be a long way from some of our churches. A church may be poor, ill-furnished, bare in walls, uncarpeted; but is there any excuse for dirt? Two or three Sundays ago I saw a curious scene. Jennie Wheaton and her cousin Lucy came in before the rest of the family. Jennie is about ten or eleven years old, the very pink of neatness and propriety. Before she took her seat she took out her pocket-handkerchief and carefully dusted the back of the pew. Then she lifted her silk over-skirt carefully to guard it against the dust that still remained. Her precaution was not unnecessary. I have seen Mrs. Laicus more than once carry her mark of the church on the back of her velvet sack. It is dreadfully discouraging to spiritual feeling to be compelled to go through a cleansing process after you get home from church. Sunday before last Mrs. Laicus and the children and I went to our pew as usual. When Mrs. L. reached the door she stopped abruptly. The children waited her movements. I waited on them. We blocked up the aisle. I looked back to see what was the cause of the obstruction. The stove-pipe had sprung a leak. A little pool of creosote had formed on our seat, and bespattered the cushion and the floor. We looked on a moment in dismay, then scattered. Mrs. L. found a refuge in Mr. Wheaton's pew. I sat with Deacon S. We at last got places. But I do not think we got much grace out of the means that Sunday. Perhaps it was the creosote as much as the parson's text which set me thinking. At all events, the result of that Sunday's service was this lay sermon. I claim no copyright in it. Any minister is welcome to these heads of a discourse on "Means of Grace." He will find, I think, that with time and thought the theme will develop into one of large proportions.

Selections.

Comforters.

"Why did God let sin and trouble come into the world?" I often hear that subject discussed. Why did he allow it to come into this world, so very fair and beautiful as God made it? Why not keep it as a cost God no more to make a rose than a thorn. Why more thorns than roses? God can make a good apple-tree as well as a crab apple-tree. Why were there any crab apple-trees? God can make a well man as easily as a sick man. Why any sick ones? Why not have a whole race in leisure, instead of this tug and tussle for livelihood? "Oh," you say, "we must keep busy to keep out of mischief." But, if there were no sin, there would be no mischief. Why not every man a beautiful and all ages joyful with sinless men and women?

Well, I'll tell you—when I get on the other side of Jordan, if we meet there, and God grant we may all meet there and talk over these mysteries! But while here, we must accept the fact without any explanation, that God did let down the bars, and whole herds of wolves have come in and trampled down everything good. One sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. There are more people under the ground than upon it. Graveyards are in the majority, with countless millions of millions of dead; six thousand winters making more years than all the summers that come after can ever cover up. Trouble has taken up the great heart of the world in its two hands, and pinched it till all ages have wailed with the agony; trouble coming to beautiful homes where everything is pleasant, and taking every blessing and in one hour dashing it to splinters, never to be gathered up again in this world. If the graves that have been made were placed side by side, you could step from mound to mound and go all around the world, without treading on any other ground.

Why is it so? Why has God let sin and trouble come? I can not tell. But I can tell, in such a world as this, the grandest work that man or woman can do is consolation. I think we all need to study this art, this science of sympathy. There are comparatively few people that understand it, and sometimes a man in trouble can look around on all his friends, although they are all well-meaning people, and say, "Miserable comforters are ye all! You don't touch the sore spot, you don't know how to sympathize." Loquacious people are unfit for this work. Bildad and Eli-

phaz came to Job, and they talked, talked, talked; almost bothered his life out with words. And you know as well as I know people who, when others have trouble, come in and talk, talk, talk, and tell all their own sorrows, and say to the afflicted: "It is hard for you, now, but you will feel worse when the visitors are gone and you are left alone." Silence! How dare you with such miserable court-plaster try to heal a wound that has gone down to the depths of the soul? Walk gently around a broken heart, say what you have to say, and then go your way. It is not the number of words in which your sympathies are expressed. Sometimes it is just silence. Sometimes it is the grasp of the hand, and one word is more than fifty dictionaries.

Here is a man who has been wounded in the body. The doctor comes and binds up the wound very carefully, and says, "Now let that be, it will heal!" Here comes along some curious person, and says, "Let me see that wound." He tears off the bandage, and after a while the hand and the arm and the man loses it. Here is a man smitten with some terrible bereavement. Some one comes and says, "Let me see that wound." The divine Surgeon has bound it all up. The balm of divine grace is on the wound. Somebody comes and says, "Let me see that wound. You did not give me all the particulars. How do you feel?" Rip off the bandage! Open the wound! Oh! when the Lord Jesus Christ, the Physician of souls, has bound up a wound, let it heal. Don't talk the man to death.

Again: "Those who belong to the stoical school say: 'Take this matter coolly. Brace up. Don't give way to your emotions. Cultivate an iron temperament as I do.'" An iceberg lecturing a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. Why do you not blame the violin for making sounds when the hand of the performer sweeps across it? Here is a soul that God has strung with ten thousand exquisite sensibilities—oh! how delicately strung—don't you blame it when the hand of trouble sweeps across its strings. Some of the mightiest natures have been mightiest in their grief. One of the sweetest passages of English history is an account of the statesman who every day went out and wept on the neck of the pet horse of his dead son. Some people call that silly. I call it great. Was David silly when he wept for Absalom? Was Christ silly in weeping for Lazarus? The last man I want to see when I have any trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Those who have nothing but religious cant are miserable comforters. Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted in proportion as they groan over them. There are times when such a one would give a thousand dollars to see a cheerful face. But everybody who comes looks so doleful. Do not whine over an afflicted soul. Better tell the promises of God's grace to him in a firm voice. Don't be ashamed to smile. Don't drive a hearse through the man's soul. Don't tell him the thing was "foreordained." It was foreordained, but this is not the truth that is now to be presented to him. When you bind up a broken bone of the soul, and you want splints, don't make them out of cast iron. Don't tell the man it is the justice of God. Tell him it is the mercy. Don't give him aqua-fortis when he needs valian.—S. S. Workman.

Young People's Meetings.

One reason why so many adult members of our churches never take any part in social religious meetings is, that they were not trained to do so from the start. Their "early education" was sadly neglected. When I asked an excellent man of thirty to take part in a prayer-meeting, he replied, "I was not called out by the pastor of the church where I joined ten years ago, and I have never learned. It is hard to begin now."

A new convert's subsequent career commonly depends on the first six months of his religious life. He should at once be "put into harness." He should be called on to pray, and to say a word for Jesus, and to engage in some kind of practical work. Like a raw recruit, he should be drilled, and taught to handle his spiritual weapons.

One of the best training schools I know of is the *Young People's Meeting*—a weekly gathering for those who are yet young in years, or young in religious experience (even though they be forty years old). A new convert is not so bashful in the presence of young disciples gathered in a private parlor as he would be in a church lecture-room before the elders or deacons, or the veterans of whatever name. If he "breaks down" in his first attempts, he does not mind it so much. He soon gets used to the sound of his own voice; he acquires fluency; he learns how to use "the gift that is in him." From this training school he comes into the Sunday school, or the weekly conference meeting of the church, with some equipment for Christ's service.

During the last fifteen years there has been such a "Young People's Meeting" in the two churches (of New York and of Brooklyn) to which I have been permitted to minister. It is arranged on this wise. The meeting is held in a private house, for by this method a social intercourse is promoted throughout the congregation. In the course of the year fifty different families open their houses for an evening visit from the other members of the flock. The place of meeting is selected by a committee chosen annually. It is held on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, and commonly lasts one hour. The spot selected is announced from the pulpit on the Sabbath. No inconvenience is occasioned to the household who receive the "meeting" under the roof. The sexton of the church takes a cart load of camp stools to the house about supper time, and a box of hymn books. They are placed in the hall. As each one comes in he helps himself to a seat and a hymn book.

The service is conducted by some one designated beforehand. As soon as a new convert has spoken a few times, and "got the hang of things," he is appointed to lead a meeting. Some may object that this process may tend to produce forwardness and self-conceit; or, else, that the meeting may suffer from being in the hands of an inexperienced novice. But I have never seen either of these results to follow. The crying sin of our churches is not excessive forwardness for Christ in anything; it is rather an excessive backwardness or a tongue-tied timidity.

The meeting begins with a lively hymn. Then follow a prayer and a passage from God's Word. After that the way is opened for every one to take part. If a man has an experience to relate, he gives it. If a troubled soul wishes prayer, he or she rises and makes the request. If a young wife is burdened in spirit for the conversion of a husband, she either sends a note to the leader, asking special prayers for him, or else makes the request herself audibly. If

any one wishes to sing a verse of a familiar hymn, like "Jesus, lover of my soul!" he strikes up, and the others chime in. Appeals are made to the impenitent. Questions of conscience are discussed. Statements of personal labor for the Master are made. Each one speaks, sings or prays as the spirit moves. Often there are twenty different addresses and prayers made within the single hour. The interest seldom flags; and there is such a perpetual freshness in these meetings, that although they have been kept up for every Monday evening through nine years, the service of last evening was crowded to the doorway. During the most of the year, the average attendance is from seventy-five to one hundred. Sometimes it rises to two hundred, and occasionally two neighboring houses are required to accommodate the attendants. It is a blessed "institution" in our church, which we would no more give up than we would give up our Sunday school. Every church that is large enough to "run alone" should try a Young People's Meeting.—*Christian at Work.*

Lawyers and Ministers.

Lawyers and ministers are often compared together to the disparagement of the latter. We have no confidence in such comparisons. If they must be made, let a poor minister be compared with a poor lawyer, and not a poor minister with an eminent lawyer. The result of such a fair comparison would probably be nothing. In our opinion, there is very little to be learned or gained by trying to bring one profession to the standard of another.

It is often said, by way of berating a people for not being captivated with an aged ministerial candidate, that lawyers and judges grow in public esteem as years and experience bring wisdom; but ministers, forsooth, must pass for worn-out men as soon as they reach a ripe age. A good rod to chastise a foolish people with; but it will not bear much leaning on as an argument. How many aged lawyers and judges depend upon their public speaking for their usefulness? There are in Boston, perhaps, five hundred lawyers in active service. Dropping in to the office of a lawyer friend the other day, we asked him,

"How large a proportion of the Boston lawyers depend for their business on appearing in court?"

"Seven-eighths of the legal business of Boston is office-business," he replied.

"How many lawyers derive their success from eloquence in court?"

"You can count them on your fingers." The simple fact is, that, in the ministry, public speaking is almost universally required, while in the legal profession it is comparatively of little account. What matters it that a judge seventy-five years old delivers his opinion in a thin, squeaking voice that can hardly be heard across a narrow court-room? If his hearing remains tolerably good, as his mind is unimpaired, all is right. But would he do for a preacher? and is it any disparagement to him to say that he would not? The model lawyer is a counselor rather than an advocate. Will the time ever come when the principal work of the ministry will be to give counsel in private on the great questions of religion? If it does, then it will be found that aged spiritual counselors will be more revered, more popular, and as well supported, as the venerable counselors-at-law.

Our legal friend answered one question which we did not ask. "One-third," said he, "of the Boston lawyers, do not make a living by their profession." We did not ask him how he knew, or what was the reason for the fact, or why he told us off; but, on thinking it over afterwards, we thought he might have meant to offer a crumb of comfort to ministers pinched by small salaries.—*Sabbath at Home.*

Sharp and Strong.

The *Hours at Home* for April has more of the sharp criticisms of Rev. George B. Bacon, on the literature, prose and poetic, of our Sunday schools. The "professional" Sunday school men don't like his right-at-the-mark way of telling things; but having the best of the argument, he can afford to be both bold and pointed. That he is both, no one will doubt, after reading the following:

If we object to the doggerel which the children are required to sing, for instance, we are confronted by the demand to furnish something better. If we are meekly reluctant, in the interests of the Golden Rule, after every bright rather than the excessive gloom of the morbid memoir on the one hand, and the excessive gaiety of the thrilling romance on the other hand; we are challenged to show how Sunday schools can live and flourish without these things—without such hymns as these to sing, without such books as these to read. If we do not give the children such things as they wish, the children will not come to Sunday school, we are told. And if one particular school ceases to be jolly, there is another of a different persuasion on the opposite side of the street, or only a few squares off, that is jollier than ever, and that draws crowded houses weekly; and so, under the working of the great law of competition, and of that other law by which the more one's itching ears are tickled the more they itch—the demand for novelties in prose and verse becomes all the time more lively, and the publishers make an extremely good thing of it.

For ourselves, we think too highly of the religious power and Christian wisdom underlying the Sunday school idea, to accept the dangerous argument by which so much of the Sunday school practice is defended. But if our schools can not live except by becoming nurseries of bad literature, then, no doubt, they would better die, and the sooner the better. If it is only by singing songs which, if there were a Mother Goose in Israel, she would be ashamed to own, that our children can be attracted to the Sunday school, then let us give over trying to attract them. And if we are only to feed them with poison or with slop, let us have attracted them, then let us feed them better to let them shift for themselves. For they could not well do worse if they were left to choose their own supplies of literature; and it is quite conceivable that they might do better.

The Master's Presence.

Where shall we find the Master?
Our yearning hearts entreat:
What service shall we render?
How wash the sacred feet?
A voice speaks out from heaven,
With power our souls to thrill—
"Ye have the poor and needy,
In them ye have Me still!"

Our feet spring up to duty:
Our hands to tender care,
The highways and the hedges
Reveal the Master there;
The Master in His children,
Disguised by grief and shame;
O Christ, 'tis sweet to succor,
Because they bear Thy name!

We rather glean Thy harvest
Than reap in earthly soil;
We haste to seek the morning,
For love makes glad the toil;
So weak are we and humble,
The precious trust to hold;
But as Thou lead'st our footsteps,
We bring them to Thy fold.

We gather from Thy bounty,
And in Thy name dispense;
We learn our human weakness
On Thy omnipotence;
And when, disconsolate and stricken,
Thy royal form appears,
We deem it highest worship
To wash Thy feet with tears.

O over-present Master!
We find, where'er we tread,
Such service for sweet ointment
To pour upon Thy head;
We bow with deep thanksgiving
That Thou our work wilt own;
The joy is ours of serving,
The praise is Thine alone.

Crossing the Lake.

I went to prayer-meeting one Sabbath night rather reluctantly. I preferred, it must be confessed, to stay at home and read and study my Sabbath school lesson. The night was so dark and cold, and home was so warm and pleasant, and then I did not care, I thought, (but I fear my own heart was cold,) to hear Mr. A.'s long exhortations, or Mr. B.'s cold prayers. What is the use of going? I said; why not stay at home just for to-night? I went, however, to prayer-meeting, and I was glad I went; for although I still think less meetings on the Sabbath (if the minister and church could so agree) would be more profitable to all, yet I heard much that night which benefited and interested me. The subject was God's providence, and his goodness in answering prayers. After considerable pleasant talk upon the subject, and some unusually warm prayers, Dr. C. illustrated the matter by a thrilling and appropriate story:

"A traveler," he said, "came to the shore of a northern lake late one March evening, expecting to cross on the ice and then go on to his distant home. Asking for a conveyance, he found that no one was willing to carry him over. The ice was unsafe. His business was urgent, and he was willing to attempt the passage, but not for a thousand dollars would any driver run the risk. At last a fellow-traveler was persuaded by him to attempt the perilous journey on foot. Together they went along for a while cheerfully and safely, but when about half way over, they suddenly became aware that the ice was growing thin and porous, so that in some places they could easily thrust their canes down through to the water. Then the traveler realized his danger, and after constant fervent prayer to God that he would save his own life, and that of the impenitent friend he had urged to accompany him. Silently they picked their way around the dangerous places, hardly knowing how they went, but guided on in some mysterious manner. The shore was in sight, and breathing more freely, they thought the danger passed. Soon they saw stretched between them and the land a belt of open water shining in the clear moonlight. They were too weak and weary to call for assistance with any hope of an answer, and at that late hour it seemed unlikely that any one would see them. Again a silent prayer was offered, and instantly from a house not far distant, a person came forth with a plank in his hand which he placed over the water, and called out:

"Come over quickly."
They went and were saved. Then the Christian asked his friend:
"How did you feel when on the ice?"
"I felt that I was going to perdition," he replied, "and resolved if my life was spared to serve God."
Reaching his home, the pious traveler found that his wife, not knowing his danger, or that he was on the lake, spent the whole night in praying for his safe return. Is not this," said Dr. C., "a wonderful instance of God's overruling Providence, and his willingness to answer prayer?"
It is wonderful, I thought, and as I returned to my home, the night seemed no longer so cold or dark, for I thought of the starlight beyond the clouds, and the warm sunlight the morrow would bring, and of the good Lord who ruleth over all, who sent his Spirit to shine into my heart.—S. S. Times.

To Preachers.

The Christian says some good things for the benefit of ministers which are worth reading and remembering:
Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets. A board hurts a man more when it strikes him edgewise. An ounce bullet will kill quicker than a sack of wool. Do not condense too many words into a few thoughts. Make your discourse proportionate. If your talk is narrow and shallow, do not fail to make it short. If it is deep and strong, the stream may run longer. Do not think every brook is deep, because you can not see the bottom of it, nor call a man a deep diver because he always brings up mud. Know what you are talking about; then you can make others understand you. Stand for God, if you stand alone. Keep out of the clutches of party hacks, and religious politicians. Do not play with edge tools, nor fool with temptations. Look to stars instead of weather-cocks for guidance. Be earnest, but not wild. Do not be a clown. Let the devil make his own fun, carry his own mail, settle his own quarrels, and foot his own bills.
Make few promises. Learn to say, no, very sweetly. Keep out of debt. Do not feed bones to babies. Do not abuse people for believing what you once believed your self. Respect honest convictions. Judge no man. Be patient toward all. Make friends with the children. Be cheerful with the young. Keep clear of gluttony, dyspepsia, and pious grumbling. Remember each sermon may be the last you shall preach, or your hearers shall listen to. Keep the judgment in view. Please God, and you will please Christians. Let others

praise you. Live for Christ. Preach the word.

Home-Land.

"For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country," Dr. Ripley, in his "Notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews," translates it thus: "For those who say such things make it evident that they are seeking a home-land." How sweetly suggestive is that compound word, "home-land!"—just the word befitting the drift of the context, and denoting the idea in the minds of "strangers and sojourners" who are seeking a place of permanent abode. It is characteristic of the Christian to say, and often to sing,

"This world is not my home."

He is a wayfarer passing through it, intent on a better, that is, a heavenly land, of whose existence and transcendent blessedness he has reliable information. Having that faith which "is a strong confidence as to things hoped for, a firm conviction of things not seen," that "home-land" is to him so much a reality as that he speaks of it as something perceived:

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!"

"Bright glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes—
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies."

"There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught."

Christian lyrics, expressive of the higher spiritual emotions, are redolent of the idea of heaven in the perspective, attracting the pilgrim onward to a place that has all the pure endearments of a home. Nor is this the product of imagination; it is an effect of that wonderfully perceptive and apprehending faculty of "the new man," faith, of which the apostle speaks in such strong terms, and of which the half-inspired Watts writes:

"The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearls of grace appear;
Far into distant worlds she spies,
And brings eternal glories near."

It is the result of that process which Philip, of Maberly Chapel, would call "Heaven realized." "A country," even "a better country," does not express the whole conception. Thanks to Dr. Ripley for giving us the fuller idea of the original word, *patrida*, "home-land."

"If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears."

A Remittance Every Week.

I have only a glimpse of the worship of heaven, but it is long enough to allow me to see the elders casting crowns of gold at Jesus' feet. If I wish to be in fellowship with any church of Christ, either in earth or heaven, I must worship him with my property. It is true, he does not need that; should give to supply his wants; but I have great need to give to subdue my sins. I am too fond of making money, and too fond of enjoying it. I scarce believe that I am hastening to a land where all my cash will be uncurrent money. I see thousands of my fellow-Christians whose souls are dying of covetousness. Let me take heed lest I be infected with that sickness. Let me put my finger on the wrist of my purse, and feel how it throbs calmly and regularly when cash is going in, and with what a flutter it is affected if it is drawn out for the service of my owner. I must begin and mortify this feeling. I must at once get into a habit of giving at least one-tenth of my income in the worship of him who gave it all to me. I do hope to reach heaven through the mercy of Jesus, who, though he was rich, for my sake became poor, and I must begin to lay up treasure there, else I shall be a very poor man among its wealthy citizens. I will from this day forward make a remittance to heaven every week.—Dr. Patterson.

Make Them Strong.

The great end of all teaching to-day should be to make the membership of our churches individually strong. In the realization of that result lies the hope of the future. The generations to come are to be generations subject to great temptations, like an orchard of young trees planted on the northern slope of a mountain, our children will grow up in a morally hazardous exposure. A nation of cities, where masses of men are crowded together, where wealth begets injurious luxury, and poverty leads to crime, where travel is a popular custom and a popular necessity, where nothing is permanent, nothing is settled, is a country where virtue must be strictly individual, if it is to survive at all. We must remember that much which contributed to the assistance of morality in our fathers' day is no longer with us. The home influence, for instance, the potent and beneficent sentiment, will never again be felt as we have felt it. Cities, railroads and emigration make home impossible. Your children will not derive their gravity, virtues and health from such sources as were open to you. Between the young man of 1840 and 1870, is a vast gulf of change, let us hope, of progress. The tide ahead runs with whirling swiftness, and the air is full of drifting spray and patches of froth. Those who sail the future must beat their way up in the teeth of the tempest. Men and women that stand erect under such pressure as awaits the next generation will stand because of some other reason than that they are church-members, or because they are restrained by the fear of public opinion.

What Then?

"I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner, a pardoned rebel, all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which Infinite Wisdom could devise.
"I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a temple of God, and surely ought to be pure and holy.
"I am a Christian. What then? I am a child of God; and I ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy and gratitude.
"I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself.
"I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones in singing the song

of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth."—Payson.

Grande Ligne Mission.

It is this mission for which Rev. R. Cameron is now collecting funds in England. The following facts from a correspondent of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* will interest our readers:

I wish to draw attention through your paper to a very interesting field of labor at Grande Ligne, Canada East, the Swiss Mission inaugurated by that remarkable woman, Madame Feller, for which she labored till her death, two years since.

In 1845 the Foreign Evangelical Society refused to grant further aid, so many of the missionaries were Baptists. The Home Missionary Society belonging to that denomination for several years paid the salaries of the missionaries, and different friends of the mission supported the schools, but several of the missionaries being open communion Baptists, that Society refused further aid, and Grande Ligne has been struggling on under great embarrassments ever since; more especially since the death of Madame Feller. There are in all at Grande Ligne and other stations, 18 missionaries, 35 places of preaching. Their salaries have been but half paid during the past year. Yet amidst privations and trials they have continued to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and many have been converted from the errors of Romanism. But they must retrench, if means to sustain the work be not found. In a letter lately received from one of the missionaries, it is asked, "Where shall we retrench? shall we close schools? or take shepherds from their flocks? or call in the heralds who go forth with the word of life in the shape of colporteurs?"

There is an association of ladies in this city who collect for this mission. If any Christians, from love to the Master and the souls of men, will help to sustain it, their contributions will be gratefully received. Mrs. T. C. Doremus, 47 East 21st street, First Directress; Mrs. E. Probyn, 36 West 52nd street, Second Directress; Mrs. Jas. Lee, 28 West 11th street, Treasurer.

Extending Christ's Invitation.

Unless in the sense of guarding their peace of mind from being disturbed by temptation, and their purity from being stained by sin, those who find treasures in the gospel do not hide them. On the contrary, they seek to make the great discovery known, and to communicate its benefits to all. There is no temptation to do otherwise, for it is to ourselves, since it has blessings in the pardon and peace of God, enough for us and for all others. It is as if one of a caravan that had sunk on a burning desert were, in making a last effort for life, to discover no muddy pool, but a vast fountain—cool as the snows that replenished its spring, and pure as the heavens that were reflected on its bosom. He revives at the blessed sight, and pushing on to the margin stoops and drinks; yet ere his thirst is fully quenched, see how he speeds away to pluck his friends from the arms of death, and hark! how he shouts, making the lone desert ring with the cry, "Ho! every one that thirsteth: come ye to the waters!" None ever found Christ but they wished that others also might find him; were ever saved without a desire to save springing up in their hearts—theirs is the spirit of Andrew, when he went to his brother Peter, saying: "We have found the Messiah"—of those who said, "Come thou with us, we will do thee good," "Arise, for we have seen the land, and behold, it is very good."—Guthrie.

Just as I am.

A few weeks ago, a poor little boy came to one of our ward missionaries, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn, of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me!
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick, and loved it so much that her father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a falling leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath-school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find in it, we may hope, the gospel of her salvation. Could she in any probability have gone down into death, sweetly singing that hymn of penitence and faith in Jesus, to her latest breath, without the saving knowledge of Him which the Holy Spirit alone imparts?—The Christian at Work.

Sabbath School Books.

J. C. Garrigue & Co., Philadelphia, have published a pamphlet by John S. Hart, LL.D., on the subject, "How to Select a Library for a Sunday-school," in which these restrictions are recommended:

1. No book that is carelessly written.
2. No book that is weak and trashy in substance.
3. No book that contains erroneous doctrines.
4. No book that recommends or countenances that of doubtful propriety.
5. No book that is dull and prosy.
6. No book that is above the comprehension of the scholars.
7. No book that requires coaxing to induce the scholars to read it.
8. No book the interest of which depends in any considerable degree on love and matrimony.
9. No book that is not distinctly religious.
10. No book whose religious teachings are not Scriptural.

The Widow's Monument.

A certain king would build a grand cathedral, and so that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade that anybody but himself should give anything toward building it. A tablet was placed

in the front of the building with the king's name inscribed as the builder.

But one night, in a dream, he saw an angel come down and erase his name and write in its stead the name of a poor widow. This was three times repeated, when the enraged king summoned the poor woman and demanded what she had done, and why she had broken his command. She replied, "I love the Lord and longed to do something for His name and for building up His Church. You forbade me to touch it in any way, so in my poverty I brought a wisp of hay for the horses that drew the stones."

And the king saw that he had labored for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of her Master, and he commanded that her name should be inscribed upon the tablet.

Home.

Love watches over the cradle of the infant,—over the couch of the aged,—over the welfare of each and all; to be happy, man retires from the out-door world to his home. In the household circle the troubled rest. The joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say that they go home. Their longing for heaven is to them a home sickness. Jesus also represents the abodes of eternal happiness under the picture of a home, a father's house. Does not this tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of heaven and a forerunner of that higher home?—National Magazine.

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When you have the SCIATICA, (that I have just got through with,) that most awful most heart-withering, most strength-destroying, most of all diseases, that can afflict our poor human nature; When you have the

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

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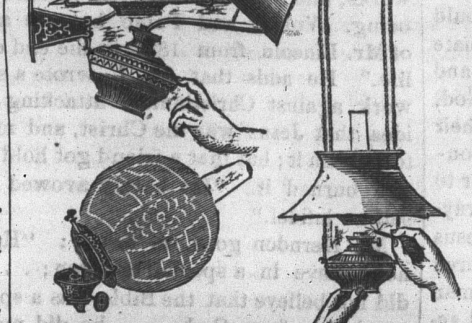
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1870.

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

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Jesus First.

"Come to Jesus," is the burden of our sermons, our exhortations and our songs. From the lips of age and childhood the precious invitation flows like a perpetual melody of love. "The Spirit and the bride say, come." "Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound." "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." It is a glorious privilege that all may come to Jesus and be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." "Seek the Lord and he will be found of thee."

But there is a richer favor shown than even this. Jesus has not only made atonement, offered mercy, assured all who seek him of a hearty welcome, but he first seeks sinners. He is so eager to save, his love is so great, his zeal so ardent, that he is not content to prepare the feast and simply invite the guests. He goes out, seeking, as a shepherd seeks the lost sheep, and earnestly persuades, compels them to come in. Were it not so, none would come. Men naturally hate the light, hate Jesus, turn from him to worldliness and sinful pleasures. When they know God, they do not love to retain him in their thoughts; they incline to evil and that continually. So no one asked for a Saviour to visit the earth; there was no desire or prayer lifted on high for redemption. And Jesus did not wait to be invited, or to be assured of a hearty welcome, to know that man was sensible of his distress and would accept deliverance with delight, before he came. He knew that man did not desire his advent, would not welcome him, but would bitterly oppose, abuse and revile him, and subject him to untold sorrows and a shameful death; yet he resolved to come, while we were enemies even, he died for us. Such is the eagerness of his soul to save the lost.

Hence the sinner is not called to such an indifferent Saviour, to lay his case before one who barely responds when petitions are urged upon his attention. Much less is he asked to seek one who gives grudgingly, and needs to be teased, worried and over-come by importunity. Our Saviour does not even wait to be sought; he goes out himself seeking the lost; his heart yearns to bless them; he is grieved most of all when they refuse his mercy; he is more than willing to pardon and save the penitent; he is infinitely anxious to do so. We have not to ascend up into heaven, have not to purify ourselves, and by any skill or effort reach his throne on high, to settle this case. He comes to our own doors, to our very hearts, and pronounces the words of pardon; we have not to go down and by our sufferings and woes excite his pity; he pities and loves us now, and asks no agonies of ours to commend us to him. He seeks us, and will be prevented from saving us by one thing only,—our refusal to receive his mercy.

"He came to his own and his own received him not." Oh how that grieved him! What tears he shed over this stubborn refusal to be saved! It is just the same now as then. Jesus comes to us in his word, his ministers, his churches, the Holy Spirit in his people, and, by every possible influence, to arouse the conscience, turn from sin and win to himself. He is actively, personally, persistently seeking us, and entwining influences around us to draw us to salvation, and is overwhelmed with sorrow when we refuse. Yet he does not soon give us over. "He is long suffering," "not willing that any should perish," lingers at the door, and knocks, and calls, and knocks again, and calls, and never ceases so long as there is any hope. How feeble words are to express such love as this; how utterly inadequate to describe the earnestness with which Jesus seeks the lost!

We greatly desire to magnify this endeavor of our Lord. It is the striking feature of the gospel scheme; it is so surprising and wonderful, so expressive of love, so touchingly generous, that if realized, all hearts would welcome him with wonder, love and praise. It would add largely to the faith and courage of Christians, for they would see and feel that one stronger than the "strong man armed" was leading in the mighty effort to rescue the lost; they would believe in the presence of an invisible power which can penetrate to the center of human hearts, and make feeble means "mighty to the pulling down of strong holds." It would add force and inspiration to their thoughts and expressions, and enable them to say, in manner, spirit and word, so that the world would feel it, that the divine Saviour is personally present, and bringing his power to bear, to turn sinners to himself. This would give them great courage and efficiency, and endow them with a real spiritual power such as made the apostles invincible.

And the more Christians realize a present, working, persuading, loving Saviour, the more sinners will feel it. A deep, solemn conviction will steal over them that it is not man but the Lord who speaks; that the unseen Saviour is feeling for their hearts, and that in relating the drawings to repentance, they are resisting the real personal Christ, fighting against the Lord. This is emphatically true; they are resisting him, but know it not. It is of infinite importance that they should know it, and feel it, too. Their salvation depends upon it. The gospel will never become the "power of God to salvation" to them, until

they do feel that Christ utters those warnings, counsels and promises. So long as they regard him afar off, some one to be sought at a distance by great efforts, they will not repent. Jesus is near them, he personally pleads with them, he speaks directly to their souls, and urges them to receive life at his hands; and if they consent, life will enter their hearts as light rushes into temples when windows are thrown open and the way made clear.

Was Mr. Lincoln a Skeptic?

A long letter has just been published in *The Index*,—the new paper edited by Mr. Abbot in the interest of "Free Religion,"—which purports to give a true account of Mr. Lincoln's religious opinions, and to discredit the statements that have represented the martyred President as a real believer in Christ. The letter is written by Mr. W. H. Herndon, for many years Mr. Lincoln's law partner, and he claims, as it is natural that he should, to have known Mr. Lincoln well from 1834 till the time of his death. He denies the truthfulness of Mr. Holland's representation of Mr. Lincoln's views, and virtually accuses Mr. Holland and Mr. Bateman, who furnished Mr. Holland with the most important material bearing upon that point,—of collusion, misrepresentation and garbling of testimony.

Mr. Herndon's statements are surprising. He says that Mr. Lincoln read Volney's "Ruins" and some of Thomas Paine's works, and "assimilated them into his own being." Volney and Paine became a part of Mr. Lincoln from 1834 to the end of his life. He adds that Mr. L. wrote a small work against Christianity, attacking the idea that Jesus was the Christ, and meant to publish it; but that a friend got hold of it and burned it. "He boldly avowed himself an infidel."

Mr. Herndon goes on to say: "He did not believe in a special creation; . . . he did not believe that the Bible was a special revelation from God; . . . he did not believe in miracles; . . . he did not believe that Jesus was the Christ; . . . when he left this city (Springfield) for Washington, I know he had undergone no change in his religious opinions. He held many of the Christian ideas in abhorrence, and among them there was this one, namely, that God would forgive the sinner for a violation of his laws. . . . He was a Theist, as we now understand that word." Mr. Herndon tells us that he knows the whole story which Mr. Holland tells,—apparently on the authority of Mr. Bateman, touching Mr. Lincoln's avowal of interest in Christianity and profound faith in the Bible,—to be "untrue in fact and spirit;" and he adds that, though he is not now at liberty to give all the evidence in his possession, he has notes of it, and "the world will sometime know who is truthful and who otherwise."

This is surely a strange state of things. That Mr. Lincoln's experience as President did much to deepen his sense of God's presence, to nurture a prayerful spirit, to vitalize his religious convictions and open to him the meaning and ministry of Christ's sympathy, so that his faith was more a power and his devoutness more a habit during the last years of his life than ever before, is what is generally believed; but that he was an open disciple of Volney and Paine, and was shocked at the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, is what Mr. Herndon must fortify with positive and irrefragable testimony before the public will accept his statement. He seems anxious to clear Mr. Lincoln from the appearance of being a hypocrite. But if this statement were to be unqualifiedly accepted, we fear that Mr. Lincoln's eminent straightforwardness and profound sincerity would suffer a serious discount in the estimation of the American people. The testimony to the Christian faith and interest of Mr. Lincoln has come up through many witnesses and in many forms; it must be unequivocal evidence that makes it null and void.

Undoubtedly there is an excessive and mischievous tendency to quote and press into notice the sayings and concessions of men holding eminent positions, when they utter a word favorable to Christian doctrine. Their honest and unforced testimony may be used on proper occasions; but if Christianity be divine, it is not in a condition to need absolutely the prop of their consenting speech to keep it from falling into perdition, and they owe it a thousand times more for its grace than it can ever owe them for their confession. If Mr. Lincoln was really a Christian, a denial of that fact is an attempt to take away the crown from his manhood, and to use his great name to hide the true Messiah's autograph from the eyes that need to behold it; if he was not, it is for Christian fidelity to say, calmly, firmly and openly, though with appreciation and sadness, "One thing thou lackest." The Great Teacher's authority extended even over his keen intellect, and the call and the promise went with their full emphasis up to his high station and his anxious heart.—"Come unto me, . . . and I will give you rest."

Old and New.

The world moves. The theology of today stands in sharp contrast with that of a hundred years ago. Ability and inability; grace and human agency, the province and prerogatives of each, their points of contact and true relations, have not been fully defined, their boundaries fixed, their operations traced. Yet several important points have become clear, and are now preached in nearly every pulpit and accepted by the mass of hearers; such as that God loves all men and desires their salvation; that Christ died for all, and offers life to every man without let or hindrance; that man's responsibility is according to the exact measure of his ability, that they both "begin and end together, and that man is able to seek the Lord and ought immediately to do it."

It would be a novelty indeed to find a preacher now proclaiming doctrines which made the staple of sermons less than a century since. There are none willing to preach such doctrines and none who would endure to hear them, except, perhaps, in some benighted corner of the land, where men are found in a fossil state, and neither learn nor unlearn anything.

And it is a curious fact, that these very people, who take these generous views of the character of God and the plan of salvation, and assert the freedom of the human will, still call themselves Calvinists. The distinctions of John Calvin they unequivocally deny in books and sermons; they outstrip Arminius and all his followers in asserting free will; and yet they are Calvinists! Some of them retain Calvinism in their creeds, but get around it, explain it away, or ignore it in some way, which allows them a blessed freedom from its fetters, and relieves them from the necessity of believing or preaching his horrible doctrines. We are right glad that it is so. They hold on to the Christian truths which Calvin and Arminius taught, and discard the human speculations which were a hindrance and burden and a dishonor to Christ. We only wish that they would drop the name of Calvin and Arminius both, and go back to Christ and the apostles in name as well as in spirit.

And while Christian teachers lose their sharp corners, drop their extreme notions, they come closer and closer to Christ and nearer to each other, in trust and reliance upon the grace of God. Calvinists say that Arminians have changed, that they are becoming more orthodox, more Calvinistic; and the Arminians say that the Calvinists have changed, that they are more scriptural, more generous in their views, and not so "God-dishonoring in their doctrines." Perhaps both have changed in doctrine; it is certain that they have changed in feelings, in mutual love and respect, and are essentially one in doctrine. If their creeds were buried and forgotten, and they should now sit down to draft a declaration of faith, there would be no material differences in the results. So they had better not quarrel over the question of change, but each hold fast to the belief that the other party is "growing better, more orthodox, more like us, more pleasant and agreeable and Christian in sentiment and spirit;" and the old cords of sectarian bitterness and rivalry will soon be entirely severed, and we shall rejoice to be "one family," with one name, and that the divinely-approved name of "Christian."

If free-willers have ever dreamed of salvation by works; if they have slighted the grace of God and have not felt deeply their entire dependence upon Christ and his mercy; if their doctrines have led them to undervalue the divine agency in seeking out the sinner, enlightening him, moving his heart to faith and repentance, and regenerating him by the power of the Holy Ghost, there were good reason for a change in doctrine. Every tendency to weaken our sense of dependence on Christ is evil, hurtful error. The more grace is magnified the better, the more scriptural and correct, so long as man's liberty and responsibility are not restricted. Man is lost and powerless to save himself, yet he is able to accept the grace offered, to receive the bread of life since it is pressed to his lips, and all should be, and thank God, all are agreed in ascribing all to grace, sovereign, free grace. Calvinists and Arminians must hold fast to this, for this is essential Christianity, the very life and soul of the Christian.

Making Opinions.

There was an old Fendal Lord who made it a rule to behead each of his subjects who expressed a doubt that God weighed 97 pounds 3 ounces, and was just 4 feet high. The rule was seldom applied, however, for his lordship soon found that his vassals valued their heads above their moral convictions, and so were quite ready to prove false to the latter to save the former.

The case is by no means an isolated one; nor is it so remote as to have no counterpart at the present time. Opinions are coined with a facility which rivals that of producing small change at the beginning of the war, and the worthless metal which went into circulation in the one case is accepted in the other. Unprincipled men, who are animated by no high resolves or charitable motives, who are dwarfed by selfishness, and measure every grand conception in others by its wavering image in their own experience, abound in all the walks of life. They appear in every state capital to hinder wise legislation, and in every community to oppose the enforcement of good laws. They make traffic of the highest interests of society, and band themselves against the advancement of every humane plan. As incapable of a grand thought or pure ideal as was the old Norman ruler, they have, at the same time, supreme confidence in their own wisdom, and dispose of abstruse questions in politics or theology with the utmost complacency. They assume control not only of men's actions but of their thoughts, and he who withholds the allegiance of either becomes the object of their fiercest abuse. Multitudes surrender their personal convictions, and these self-constituted leaders soon have their train of followers.

This servile obedience to another's opinion is best witnessed in the working of political parties. A few assume the leadership, while their supporters are almost entirely men who have a chronic fear of an opinion. They neither dare to assert their own convictions of right and duty, nor to oppose the wrong principles of others. They lose confidence in the presence of that self-assurance which knavery is so skilled in practicing, and yield their most cherished convictions without a word in their defense. It is this class of men who become mere instruments in the hands of

unprincipled leaders. Arrogance prepares the guillotine, and cowardice basely submits to its demands. Imperious Bulterism wields the ax, and degrading sycophancy seeks only to avoid its blows. Conceited ignorance demands an office, and servility runs quickly to bestow it. A selfish policy frames its laws, and bankrupt principle sells its votes to enforce them. And so a class of slavish followers almost unconsciously pass under the control of domineering leaders. They put even their moral opinions in a state of vassalage, and will subscribe to the most ridiculous theories to keep a position or to save a dollar. And, consequently, the administration of public affairs becomes degraded. The life of a party becomes paramount to the best interests of the state. Shrewdness triumphs over honor, and integrity is too often foiled by fraud and cunning. The dignity of debate is prostituted to the sharp exchange of personal abuse, or is made the occasion of a mere dictatorial harangue. Local interests demand public patronage, and attempts to force measures of doubtful expediency meet with quite too much success.

But it is not alone in political affairs that men assent to pernicious theories. Wherever self-interest has a scheme to develop, there this domineering spirit appears, and usually finds an obsequious rabble ready to do its bidding. The church is made the field of its operation as well as the state. Atheism denies a God, and its followers submit their immortal interests to the arbitrament of chance. Fanaticism publishes its creed, and an eager crowd gives it a ready acceptance. Superstition proclaims its impossibilities, and credulity affects to believe. Men will not take the trouble to think for themselves, and so they are apt to give credence to what is vague and improbable. Their opinions are made by others, and not formed by themselves; they are accepted on mere assertion, and not established by reason and experience. It is indolence eating the fruit of another's toil, without examining whether it is healthful or not. It is ignorance content in its poverty, and not seeking to enrich itself by patient labor. It is the autocrat assuming control of the thought and the act; and whether it be the old Norman ruler with his ax and his God, or the modern politician with his imperiousness and his hobby, there are the same arrogant assertion and servile obedience.

In too many cases men do not act as they believe. And this is not from choice, but because there is not many independence enough to follow an honest conviction. There is with most of them a reserve of pure manhood, a love for the right, and an under-current of moral feeling that prompts to better deeds. But there is, also, on the part of the masses, a species of cowardice that fears to assert its integrity, and sees safety only in seeking to please everybody. Of a thousand who would face a storming battery without flinching, there are not ten but would desert a principle and flee before a counter opinion. They are traitors to the trust that God has given them; through ignorance they disgrace their honor and betray their souls to perdition. With such men the right soon degenerates to the expedient, the expedient becomes a mere question of policy, policy is dictated by self-interest, self-interest seeks only to avoid present consequences, and the most glaring absurdities become current. The type of character developed under such circumstances is degraded. It sells its votes, it barter away its integrity, it deserts its convictions, it is false to its better self, and those great results which ought to flow from the exercise of a free choice and the assertion of personal opinions, are never fully realized.

The best remedy that can be applied in such a case is a wider education and a training to habits of independent thinking. The multitude that so readily accepts its politics or theology at second hand, is made up almost wholly of the ignorant and the superstitious. It soon accepts the idea that our thought compasses the whole of life, and that the weight of a sterling principle is, after all, merely nominal. It soon learns to bend the truth to the models which are set for it, and even to dress out sin and crime so that many of their defects are concealed. We want a manhood founded on intelligence, and in keeping with those facilities for forming correct opinions that are so abundantly provided. Then fealty to party would mean a devotion to principle, and not a blind assent to the articles of a political platform; a vote would represent an opinion, and not the meager sum that had been paid for it; a religious profession would proceed more from moral convictions, and be less dependent on the deductions of human philosophy. This would give us a manhood that would proceed cautiously and act intelligently; that could not be corrupted by bribes, nor poisoned by time-serving; that would know only the right and then proceed boldly to honor and serve it.

"Why are we Separated?"

The *Christian Era* and several other Baptist papers are pretty sharp on us for remarks about communion. The *Era* denies that "we were driven out of the Baptist fold, because we could not in conscience forbid the Lord's children a place at his table," and appeals to history. And what says history?

We quote the "minutes." "Benjamin Randall, of New Castle, N. H., left the Baptist denomination in 1780, because he could not peacefully preach the doctrine of a general atonement, in distinction from high-toned Calvinism, close communion and a formal religion. Randall preached the doctrine of a free salvation, the free agency of man, a living faith, active piety, and open communion."

Would not Randall and his associates have remained in the Baptist denomination, if

they could have preached these doctrines in peace? If he had persisted in remaining, does anyone suppose it would have been permitted? They went out because they could not peacefully remain in the Baptist church. Were they not driven out? Were not open communion doctrines one chief cause of this exclusion?

But the open communion Baptist denomination did not all spring from this movement in New Hampshire. It is composed of several bodies of Baptists, of separate and independent origin. In New York, at about the same date of Randall's separation from his old ecclesiastical home, several Baptist ministers began to preach the right of all Christians to celebrate the Lord's death; and so violent was the opposition to this, that they could not peaceably remain among their brethren. The result was, in a few years as many as forty churches, and nearly as many ministers, were organized under the name of Open Communion Baptists. In Canada, Indiana, North Carolina and Georgia, similar movements, of considerable magnitude, have occurred. In New York and Canada, the communion question was the only one involved; while in New England, the extent of the atonement and freedom of the will were also involved. So that it is true that "we were driven out of the Baptist fold because we could not in conscience forbid the Lord's children a place at his table."

Not only so, but after we had been excluded, we were denied the use of the family name, "Baptists." We were called "Free-willers," "New Lights," "Water Methodists," "A mongrel set," "non-descript organizations;" and from such respectable sources as the *Examiner* & *Chronicle*, the *Christian Index*, &c., the same scornful terms are applied to us still. Close Communions are unwilling to own us as Baptists; they call themselves "Regular Baptists," that we may be considered "irregular" and "disorderly." They refuse to recognize our preachers as Baptist ministers, to grant letters to their members who wish to unite with us, or in any way to acknowledge our churches as properly churches of Christ. Could they do more to cast us out of the Baptist fold?

And why do they do this? Not because we preach that Christ died for all men, for they now generally preach the same; not because we believe in the freedom of the will, for they generally assert this as positively as we do. But it is because we "cannot in conscience forbid the Lord's children a place at his table," and for nothing else. Dr. Bright tells us that an open communion Baptist church is a "non-descript," "a mongrel affair," and he speaks the logical conclusion to which close communion forces every man. He is consistent with his premises, for they contain the very essence of intolerance. He declares that if he were to become an open communionist, he would go straight to the Pedo-Baptists. That is very likely. Many good men have that infirmity; they are sure to run to one extreme or the other; to swing out of the highway on one side or the other. As for us, we prefer the medium path of truth and charity, holding fast the ordinances, just as Jesus gave them to us, and recognizing all new born souls as "one family," just as Jesus does.

The *Era* confesses that "it is taking great responsibility to command a true Christian to leave the Lord's table;" and says: "Let him (the *Star*) show us that authority (thus saith the Lord), and we will invite every body." The "thus saith the Lord" is easily found. We ask our brother to read 1 Corinthians, 1:2:—"Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

To all these the Spirit speaks, to all "that are sanctified," to all "saints," to all in every place, who call on Jesus." And that includes all time as well as "every place," for the Spirit here speaks to all churches to the end of time. Now read along in this letter until he speaks of the Lord's supper,—Ch. 11: 23—26. "For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you; That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said: Take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner he took the cup, when he had supped, saying: This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do in remembrance of me. For as oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

Please notice the words,—"delivered unto you." Unto whom? Of course to those addressed by the letter, to all "saints,"—"all in every place who call upon the name of the Lord,"—all Christians. "Take, eat." Who shall "take, eat?" "Saints," the persons addressed by the letter, "all in every place who call on the name of the Lord." "This do ye." "I.e., all in every place, who call on the name of the Lord." "As ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death." Who are thus addressed? To whom does the spirit speak such weighty words? To "saints," of course; to the persons included in the address of the letter,—all in every place who call on the name of the Lord. Can language be plainer than this? Here is a positive command for all Christians, "all saints," to eat and drink of the Supper. Will the *Era* permit the saints to obey? Will he consent that Baptist ministers invite all whom the Spirit invites in these words? Or will he persist in commanding them to leave the Lord's table, when the Lord has commanded them to partake, and show his death till he come?

Copies of Kennedy's work on Communion will still be furnished as a premium for new subscribers to the *Star*. See the liberal offer in another part of the paper.

Current Topics.

—PROF. BUTLER'S COMMENTARY. We have received specimen pages of the Commentary on the New Testament, which Prof. Butler, of New Hampton, has been for some years preparing, and the first volume of which, containing Notes on the four gospels, is now going through the press. The entire work will be published in three volumes, which will be retailed at \$2.00 each. One volume will appear during the early summer, and the others are expected to follow at no distant day.

So far as these specimen pages indicate the character of the work, it may be unhesitatingly commended as a plain, thoughtful, discreet, unambitious and eminently practical commentary upon the New Testament records. There is no pedantry; no attempt to be original, or brilliant, or startling; no waste of words; no search for hidden or double meanings when the real thought lies on the surface. The Notes are generally brief, sometimes pithy, always direct, definite in aim, and excellent in spirit. The author is manifestly intent on one thing;—and that is, to help his readers find the real thought which the Spirit of truth intended to convey. Hence, if he does not always kindly by fresh suggestions, nor fully satisfy the inquirer's mind in the exposition of some difficult passage, he never bewilders by a cloud of phraseology, nor seeks to satisfy himself by parading half a score of antagonistic opinions which his predecessors have hazarded. In the fewest and simplest words he states the results of his inquiry, and passes on to his next task. Never brilliant or exhaustive, he is yet always instructive and plain. Asking no compliment over his own learning or critical skill, he is simply intent on unfolding the truth which he accepts as the highest word of God, and on impressing the lessons which he believes alone have power to make men wise unto salvation. The work will be especially adapted to the use of Christian parents in the family, Sabbath school teachers and members of Bible classes, and theological students and ministers will often find it of real value. We trust that it may attain a wide circulation.

The mechanical excellences of the work are many and marked. The paper is substantial and good, and the typography thoroughly clear, somewhat unique and really beautiful. As a specimen of book-making, it may safely challenge comparison with almost any work of its class which has yet appeared.

—DROUGHT AND SUFFERING IN PALESTINE. The latest reports from Jerusalem all agree in representing the condition and prospects of central and southern Palestine as sad and depressing. There has been no rain during the usual rainy season which is just ending, and the whole region about the holy city presents a picture of almost perfect desolation. Water is brought from a considerable distance, in goat-skin bottles, and sold to supply the ordinary demands of the people. Besides this, Bishop Gobat states that the locusts are spread over the mountains of Judea and Samaria, through the valley of the Jordan and in the great plains, and are supposed to be depositing their eggs. The Arabs say that each couple lays two hundred eggs; so that the prospect for a harvest is dreary enough. These insects not only devour the vegetation, but seem to leave a temporary poison where they settle, which prevents the growth of grass. There is great alarm throughout the country. Those who can do so will probably leave the country during the summer; but the masses who are tied by necessity will find the struggle with their circumstances a severe and painful one. Aid is urgently solicited from abroad in behalf of the Moslems, the Jewish proselytes and the native Protestants.

—POLYGAMY DEFENDED IN CONGRESS. The speech of Hon. W. H. Hooper, delegate from Utah, in the U. S. House of Representatives, in opposition to the bill for the suppression of polygamy among the Mormons, and in defense of the harems of Salt Lake City, has been put into pamphlet form and is being sent over the country. We like Mr. Hooper's frankness better than we do his rhetoric; and his acquaintance with the theologians who have lent an endorsement to the idea that a man may have as many wives as he can get and care for, is larger than his knowledge of logic. He glorifies the enterprise and saintliness of the Mormons; he frankly avows his belief that Joseph Smith was a divinely inspired prophet, and that polygamy at Salt Lake has the sanction of special revelation and is more than justified by the unequalled purity of the social state in Utah; he denies that Christ or Paul ever meant to frown upon a plurality of wives; he insists that the social evil is to be cured by adopting the policy of Brigham Young; he denies the right of the state to interfere with a practice founded upon religious belief; he tells us that Heaven has no other martyrs so conspicuous and the Union no helpers so efficient, in this nineteenth century, as the church of the Latter Day Saints; and he utters some very rhetorical prophecies that, if the Government attempts to suppress polygamy by force of law, it will rush upon suicide and "disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision before the first blast of such a convulsion as would inevitably follow." To all of which mass of fanaticism, special pleading and extravagance, the American people will listen with such patience as they can, and such pity as they must, and then go calmly, wisely and resolutely about the work of displacing the abominations that belonged to an ancient state with the better institutions that modern society is set to plant and cherish.

—UNOURED FOLLY. It is said that a good cause must be so often impeded and

Poetry.

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by;
The tears fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes described
Three little chairs, placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said,
"Mother, those empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small, dark room up-stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children went away;
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit here every day."

Johnny still whistles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts;
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say a good-night to me:
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

Evangelist.

The Old Barn.

Rickety, old and crazy,
Shingless, lacking some doors;
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting boards in the floors;
Beams strung thick with cobwebs,
Ridgepole yellow and gray,
Hanging in helpless innocence
Over the mows of hay.

How the fierce winds turned around it—
Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seed,
Whisking the straws away;
Streaming in at the crannies,
Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
Into a flowery dell.

Oh, how I loved the shadows
That clung to the silent roof!
When placed in memory's web of life,
They gleam out a golden web,
Splendor, wealth, may not charm us,
Association is all—
We love the home of our childhood
Better than marble-floored hall.

I've roamed o'er the southern country,
Stood in the mosques of the east,
Galloped in the western prairies,
Gathered in contentment at last;
And I'd rather scent the clover,
Piled in the barn's roomy mows,
Than sit in the breath of the highlands
Poured from Appennine brows!

The Family Circle.

Little Blossom's Dove.

BY MARY LATHAM CLARK.

Little Blossom received one day a beautiful present from her cousin Willie. He sent it in a little basket by their dear grandmother, who had been there to make a short visit. It was something white and alive.

"Oh, a kitty!" No, it was not a kitty, for Willie would not have sent a kitty so far, when he knew that his little cousin had three or four already.

"A rabbit, then; a darling little rabbit, with long ears and pink eyes!" No, it was not a rabbit, but a dove, white as snow, excepting around its neck, where the feathers were tinged with blue. It was a charming and unexpected present, and little Blossom was delighted with it.

The little dove was so tame that it would eat from her hand, or even take a bit of sugar or cracker from between her lips.

Willie sent word to her that its name was Blanche.

"I will ask papa to build me a little house for my pretty dove," said little Blossom, as, the evening after her grandmother's return, she sat in her old place in her lap, while the dove, on the table beside her, was cuddled up to sleep in its little basket.

"That will be fine," said grandma, stroking the white feathers of the dove, and then the soft hair of her pet.

"O grandma!" exclaimed the little girl, giving the dear old lady a "tight hug" as she spoke, "how I have missed you all these long days, you and your sweet Bible stories!"

"Have you, dear?" said the grandmother. "Then I must tell you one to-night, to help make up for the days you have been without."

"Could you?" asked little Blossom, looking up with sparkling eyes. "I should like to hear it, oh! so much! but I thought I would not ask you, for fear you might be too tired."

"Not so tired but I can tell you one little story, my darling. What shall it be about, this time?"

"Is there anything," said the child hesitatingly, "about a dove in the Bible?"

"Oh, yes," answered grandma; "there is a beautiful story of a dove, that will please you very much, I know."

"What a wonderful book the Bible is!" said little Blossom; "full of stories about everything. How I shall love to read it when I am old enough, and how it will always make me think of you!"

"Yes, it is indeed a wonderful book," said the grandmother; "full of everything good and beautiful and comforting."

"I am going to tell you now about Noah," continued she, "and his dove."

"And Noah's ark?" asked the little girl, thinking of one of her favorite toys.

"Yes, and Noah's ark. This is the story: 'Many years ago, the people had grown so wicked that God determined to destroy them all, except the family of a good man named Noah. God wished to save them, so he told him to build a large boat, called an ark, so that he and his family, and some of all kinds of birds and beasts, could be saved from the great flood that he was going to bring upon the earth.'

"Noah went to work at once to build the ark, and when it was done, he and his wife, and his three sons with their wives, and all the animals that God wished them to save, went into it, and God shut the door."

"Then it began to rain. Oh, how it rained, for forty days and forty nights! The water kept rising higher and higher until the trees, hills and mountains were all covered, and far above them all floated the ark with its precious burden."

"Of course everybody, and everything else were drowned," said little Blossom, with a sorry look in her eyes. "Doesn't it seem almost too bad, grandmother?"

"It was a very dreadful punishment, to be sure," said the grandmother, "but it was right, for God did it."

"When several months had passed away, God caused a wind to pass over the earth which dried up the water so much that, by and by, the ark rested upon the top of a high mountain."

"After awhile Noah opened the window in the top of the ark, and let out a raven which did not come back."

"Next, he sent out a dove, perhaps a little, white dove like yours, but it found no place to rest its 'pretty, rose-colored feet' upon, so it went back to its home in the ark, and Noah took it in at the window."

"When seven days more had passed away, he sent his little dove out again, and in the evening it came back with a green leaf from an olive tree in its slender beak."

"Noah and his family must have been very glad to see that green leaf, because now they knew that the water was so far gone that they could soon go out into the pleasant sunshine and free air again."

"God told them at last that they might go out of the ark, and very happy they must have felt to set foot upon the solid earth once more, after having been shut up in the ark so long!"

"How joyously the animals must have frisked about in the sunshine, and how merrily the birds must have sung!"

"It makes me happy just to think of it," said little Blossom.

"God set a beautiful bow in the clouds," said the grandmother in conclusion, "and said that it should be a sign that he never would send another flood upon the earth."

"I shall think of that," said the child, "the next time I see a rainbow; and I am sure I shall love my sweet dove all the better to know that it is a Bible bird."

Dahlia and Buttercup.

"How fine I am!" said the dahlia; "I am really so fine that I am astonished at myself."

"Cousin!" But "cousin" was said in such a wee tone that the dahlia did not hear it.

"Yes, every one admires me," said she; "I have suitors without number, but I shall not accept any of them. If I marry at all, it must be in a noble family. I think the king of the Butterflies would propose if he dared. But no! I don't think that I would have even him." She tossed her head so high that it had not been very fast to her neck it would certainly have come off.

"Cousin!" This time the dahlia heard. She looked down.

"Cousin, indeed, Mr. Buttercup!" said she, in a scornful voice; "I would like to know how you came here? This garden is sacred. None but court ladies and gentlemen are admitted. We don't brook intrusion. Cousin! Do you dare claim relationship with me? I am one of the royal beauties, I would have you to know."

"We have both sprung from the same earth," said the buttercup. "You are indeed much grander than I, but yet we have common ancestors."

The dahlia felt very much annoyed. That word "common" always grated on her ear.

"You don't know what you are talking about," said she. "Your ancestors may have been common. I don't pretend to know anything about your family. Have you a family record? I knew very well you had not—but my great great grandfather's name is written in a book. Some of my cousins are princes. Common! Really I feel as if I should faint."

"I meant no offense," said the buttercup, humbly.

"Of course you didn't," returned the dahlia. "Such low beings as you haven't intellect enough to know when they offend. You are plebeian. It would be impossible to teach you good manners. There is a natural coarseness about you which education could not remove. You can't help being low, and therefore you are to be pitied. I only condescend to be angry with my equals, but I must tell you that you do not know your place."

"But I have had a little experience," said the buttercup. "I suppose I shall learn my place in time. I only opened my eyes this morning. I am not yet a day old; so it is not strange that I am not so wise as you."

Now the dahlia was more vexed than ever. She knew in her heart that she was growing old, but she tried to deceive others, and when asked her age would always talk about something else. "I make no pretensions to wisdom," said she. "Our family is noble, and we have no need of being philosophers and poets; to shine

poets are always poor, and so they ought to be, pretending to be something great when they spring from nothing. I dare say now you will set yourself up for a poet."

"I wouldn't like to contradict you," said the buttercup, "as you are my elder."

"You are very insolent," said the dahlia. "You are certainly much older than I, or at least you look older. Your face is all wrinkles. There is a dew-drop at your feet. Look and satisfy yourself."

"I am small," said the buttercup. "I don't occupy much space in this world, but I won't own to the wrinkles. You can't see your own defects."

"I could very well see them if I had any," said the dahlia, in a rage. "I have a clearer looking-glass than you. Every day the young girl from the palace comes and bends over me, and I see myself in her bright eyes."

"I hope she will bend over me," said the buttercup.

"You need not flatter yourself. She will not stoop so low."

"Don't be angry," said the buttercup. "Truly, I admire you very much, but you don't look well when you are in a passion. I would ask you to marry me, only I am afraid you are so tall that I never could reach up to kiss you."

"Kiss me!" cried the dahlia; "you will kiss the dust out of which you sprang first." She forgot that she too sprang out of the dust. "I am engaged to the sun," said she, loftily.

Now that was not true. But the sun heard her, and asked, "Will you be my bride?"

"Yes, if you will love me always," said the dahlia. "Swear it."

"I can't swear," said the sun; "it is against my principles. But I will love you as long as you are beautiful."

The sun is terribly fickle—worse than Bluebeard. He marries a new wife every day and kills her directly. Oh! he is cruel. Yet the dahlia flattered herself that he would be true to her.

"I must kiss you," said the sun; but his breath was like fire, and the dahlia felt that she was burning up.

"Mercy!" cried she, "don't come so near me. Your kisses are not agreeable at all. I'd rather have married this little buttercup."

"I can't help that," said the sun; "you have chosen me for better or worse." So he kissed her again, and all her leaves fell.

"Now, you are dead," said the sun, "and I will seek a new bride. After all, she was old and homely." He laughed, and set out again on his travels.

But the buttercup bent low over the fallen dahlia. "Poor thing!" said he, "I would have died for her if she had not been so proud; but pride must have a fall."

The Green Spot.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life, and he never closed the narration but with swimming eyes:

"During the financial crisis and crash of '57, when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs."

The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything,—of his bills receivable and bills payable, and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board,—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends, but in vain.

Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words, 'Our paper is protested' when a gentleman entered my department unannounced. I could not locate him nor call him to my mind any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make your individual note for one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold, for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued:

"You don't remember me; but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintending School Committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabby-dressed child, though clean. When our class came out on examination-day, you asked the questions. I fancied that you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by."

"But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well; and then you told me I could do better still, if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown were open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning-point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a great god without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered, and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul-wealth you gave me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

In possession," he said with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned granddaughter! Oh, hearts like that man's are what bring earth and heaven nearer together!"

About Reading.

Our writing-master used to say to the class—"Write slowly; take pains; when you have learned to write well, 'twill be time enough to begin to write fast." So in reading. Do not attempt to cover defects by a rapid utterance. The old lady who said that whenever she came to a hard word in the Bible, she "called it Jerusalem, and let it went," has plenty of descendants, but I hope you are not one,—or if you are, that you will not follow this example of your pious and otherwise excellent foremother. would not make sport of anybody, but you would laugh till your face ached, if I should tell how Anna Graham misread certain words in reading a piece in the newspaper the other day. She needn't have been in the least ashamed to have paused and examined the difficult word, and if still unable to make it out, to have said—"I am not sure about this word"—or, "Will some one be kind enough to help me with this word after I shall have spelt it." I have known a learned Doctor of Divinity do as much as that; and all who heard thought the better of him, as a man and a scholar, for it. The greatest heads cannot contain everything; and to pretend to know what one does not, is nothing less than an attempt to deceive—and a poor attempt it is.

If you would be a good reader, you must practice reading aloud a good deal. Don't get impatient if some one is kind enough to correct your mistakes. Grown up people, sensible people, are not always aware of their faults, by any means. I was told the other day of a public man who talks with a shocking drawl, and he made this remark about himself—"I used to drawl my words, but I broke myself of it."

In reading, let your tone be natural and easy—as if the thoughts were your own and you were just talking them out of your heart, instead of reading them from a book. Not that I should wish you to have all the thoughts in your heart that are found in books,—but you understand. Putty (diminutive of Putnam) had been heard reading in the next room, and coming out was asked by Uncle Hardrap what it was he was reading. "A versification of the Lord's Prayer," says Putty. "Indeed," rejoins his approving relative, "I could not hear the words, but from your voice and style I judged it to be Yankee Doodle."

What I mean, then, is that you should read sacred things sacredly—without overdoing, for you are not in training for an actor—pathetic things tenderly, merry things merrily—and so on. Now as it often happens that all these phrases are contained in the same article, you should be able to adapt your style, changing with the subject. Stand or sit erect, that the organs may have free play; draw your breath at the pauses, and so quietly as not to be perceived by your listeners. If, however, you find yourself following one of those unhappy authors who drag out their sentences to almost endless length—going over a road without any stations, it is better to halt anywhere and air up, than exhaust your engine entirely. Adapt the quantity of voice to the circumstances,—that is, read more or less loud, according as your audience is near or farther off. It is very ridiculous to sit down in the room with a person and vociferate as if you were making a stump speech; on the other hand, it is very trying to listeners to be compelled to use, not only ears, but eyes, and even body and spirit, and after all, fail to catch a word every now and then, so losing the sense of the reading.

The True Test.

I stopped on my way down stairs, last evening, to speak with Jennie Barnes, who had just gone to bed in her cosy little room. I bent over to kiss her.

"Jennie," said I, "do you love Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Why, of course I know," said she, "Don't I feel it all over inside?"

"That's good," thought I. "I wish every one had that same consciousness of love; there wouldn't be so many fearful, trembling Christians."

"Do you think Jesus knows that you love him, Jennie?"

"Why, of course," she answered again. "Don't He know everything? Don't He look right down into my heart, and see it there?"

"Well, Jennie," I continued, "how shall I know it? I can't look into your heart."

Jennie sprang instantly to her feet. On the wall at the side of her bed hung a large picture sheet, containing twelve scenes in the life of Christ, and a number of short texts. His own dear words, were printed here and there around the gaily-colored border. Putting her tiny finger on one of these, without speaking, she turned around and looked triumphantly up into my face. I put up the glass and read the words—"If ye love me keep my commandments."

I kissed my little friend, and helped her again under the warm bed-clothes, saying as I did so, "That is the very best answer any one could have given."—*Christian Index.*

A GREAT SAVIOUR NEEDED.—It is said that once in a company of literary gentlemen Mr. Webster was asked if he could comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man. "No sir," he added, "I should be ashamed to acknowledge him as my Saviour if I could comprehend him. If I could comprehend him he could be no greater than myself. Such is my sense of sin and consciousness of my inability to save myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Saviour, one so great and glorious that I cannot comprehend him."

Literary Review.

THE CHINESE CLASSICS: A Translation by James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. Part I. Confucius. Part II. Mencius. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870. Octavo. pp. 163, 219. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The great Chinese sage is gradually passing out from the misty region where he has long dwelt, as half an enigma and half a myth, and assuming definite features, wearing a human aspect, and taking a distinct place in the historical period of mortals. A great deal of loose assertion has been indulged respecting the antiquity of his era and the wonderful wisdom of his teachings. Men, calling themselves scholars and philosophers, have insisted that he was a by-gone prophet long before the date which the popular chronology assigns to the creation of Adam, and that his teachings, in wealth of intellect and moral authority, are superior to those found in the Christian Scriptures. But, like many other similar extravagances, these views have been found utterly untenable when tested by fuller inquiry. The birth of Confucius, as is now generally conceded, must be fixed at about 550 B. C., and his teachings, though not without interest, significance, freshness and indications of clear insight and great mental vigor, have nothing that justifies the opinion that they are the products of any marked spiritual illumination. His mind seems to have been of the same general quality as Bacon's. His teachings relate principally to the ethics of political and social life. He embodied a system of practical education, the seven steps of which are,—the investigation of things, the completion of knowledge, the sincerity of the thoughts, the rectifying of the heart, the cultivation of the person, the regulation of the family, and the government of the state. His emanation of this system of culture, when he speaks of the results of it as having been wrought out in his own case, is very decided and striking. He says: "At fifteen, I had my mind bent on learning. At thirty, I stood firm. At forty, I had no doubts. At fifty, I knew the decrees of heaven. At sixty, my ear was an obedient instrument for the reception of truth. At seventy, I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing what was right."

Mencius was born some two hundred years later, and his writings, though original and highly esteemed, have never won so large a degree of attention, either at home or abroad, as those of his more illustrious predecessor. But they richly merit the attention of scholars, and abound in striking and suggestive aphorisms.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are doing an admirable thing in bringing out, in a form so accessible and excellent, the works that have so long stood at the head of Chinese literature, and which have been sealed treasures except to a very few scholars. The edition will be completed in five or six volumes, of which this is an attractive specimen. The letter-press, the binding, and especially the very ample indexes, are features that must commend the republication to the sympathy and approval of all who take an interest in the early classic literature of the East. The volumes will almost surely find their way to the shelves of all our public libraries, and many private scholars will hail their appearance with enthusiasm.

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS, recorded by an unknown writer, for the use of authors and publishers. To the first for doctrine, to the second for reform, to both for correction and instruction in righteousness. Edited and published by Gail Hamilton. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press. 1870. 12mo. pp. 258. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The spiciness, the wit, the literary freshness, the woman's pluck and the sharp personal thrusts and retorts that are peculiar to Gail Hamilton, and which appear on every page of this new volume, are really the chief if not the only things that give to this record a dignity beyond that which attaches to the reports of any other personal or professional quarrel. And even these qualities can hardly prevent any discreet friend of the author from regretting that she should thus parade her griefs, her resentments, her acidity, her wounded pride and her mental exasperations, along with the details of her protracted contest with a leading publishing House, in order to get a larger percentage on her books, which she believed was due her. From first to last she is the partisan and advocate, intent on making out a case, and apparently enjoying the opportunity of employing her "all in the use of satire. She claims to represent philosophy and oppressed authorship, and she will have it that her former publishers represent a blind and selfish and unprincipled greed of gain common to the guild, and which victimizes the slave part of the literary genius of the age. She tells her side of the story pungently and effectively, but the fact and the style of telling it will be likely to take away more sympathy than it will yield her, and raise very serious doubts whether an author that wields so sarcastic a pen in reporting a contest, kept her spirit unruined and her mouth full of honey and her demands within the bounds of charity, while the contest went on. She purports to be the publisher of the book,—a very proper relation for her to assume in respect to it; it would have been quite as well if she had given its actual dates and names, instead of seeming to hide them under a veil of the thinnest and most transparent verbal gauze. That the book is interesting in a certain way can not be denied, though the whole story could have been thoroughly told in fifty pages instead of being spread out over nearly three hundred of them. That she did not receive a fair compensation for her work as an author, and trusted unwisely to the discretion and generosity of her publishers, may be true; but even if the House which is so severely assailed answers only by silence, we have no idea that the public confidence will be seriously shaken in its integrity by this story of a "Battle" which was unfortunately fought and still more unfortunately reported.

MUSIC-HALL SERMONS. By William H. H. Murray, Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 16mo. pp. 278. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

We have several times referred to these Sabbath evening discourses of Mr. Murray, as they have been successively preached, and now and then reproduced an extract from the reports of their publication by the daily journals. Looking them over as they are bound together in their complete form, we see much in them to commend in strong terms, and very little over which to indulge hostile criticism. They are not remarkable for freshness or breadth of thought, and there is nothing very marked or attractive in the style. The topics chosen are familiar ones, and the discourses lack Beecher's picturesqueness and allusion, Spurgeon's evangelical fervor, and Storrs's rhetorical finish and intellectual momentum. But they deal with vital and practical themes; they have a downright, hearty, manly earnestness; they indicate a close acquaintance and a profound sympathy with the world of men and women as it is to-day; they throw in every paragraph with a Christian man's desire to see his race lifted up and saved; they frankly concede that the Christian church has not always been faithful to its high trusts; they give a cordial recognition to every other agency that works in the direction of human welfare and both offer and invite cooperation; and they bear witness to the strong faith of their author in the possibilities of human nature and in the power of the gospel to make this possible actual. Music Hall has been crowded with an eager audience to hear the

discourses from the preacher's lips, and the still larger audience to which he will speak in this new form can hardly fail to derive profit from his quickening words.

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT. By William Mountford. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 12mo. pp. 612. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

It would require much space to state the views which Mr. Mountford has set forth in this volume with a rare thoughtfulness, a marked ability and an unexceptionable temper, and still more space to subject them to a proper analysis with a view of separating the correct from the incorrect theology, and running the line between theologic which is real and that which is only seeming. He makes a strong argument and a fervid plea for the spiritual and supernatural, as essential to a vital faith in the Scriptures, to the health of the human soul, to the proper interpretation of history and surrounding life, and as the only thing that can neutralize the materialistic tendencies of physical science, and render Christian faith supreme in experience and society. He holds that miracles may be still wrought; that special revelations may be looked for now as in the days of the prophets and apostles; and while he puts emphasis upon the fact that very few of the purported revelations of individual spirits through magnetized mediums can be properly trusted, yet he insists that the spiritualistic phenomena do indicate our close connection with another and far less material realm of life. But we can only hint at the author's views, and commend his book to the attention of those who are interested in such inquiries, assuring them that they will come in contact with a man whose mind is acute, and whose utterance is always thoughtful, generally finished and forcible, and sometimes positively vigorous and eloquent.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OF YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE, ART, FOR 1870. Edited by John Trowbridge, S. B., aided by Samuel Kneeland, M. D., and W. H. Nichols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1870. 12mo. pp. 354.

The merit of this annual publication has long since put beyond question. It is an admirable epitome of what is most significant in the various departments of science and art, as the past year has witnessed the development of new principles and facts. In the classification and arrangement of the materials, on which the value of such a work so largely depends, the present volume is superior to many of its predecessors, and is excelled by few if any of them. It is like a cabinet, with the specimens thoroughly classified and distinctly labeled. A fine and speaking portrait of Prof. Benjamin Peirce fronts the title-page.

RELIGIO MEDICI. Hydriothopia, and the Letter to a Friend. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knight. With an Introduction and Notes by J. W. Williams, M. A., LL. B. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1869. 16mo. pp. 196. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

THE ESSAYS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY. With Life by the Editor, Notes and Illustrations by Dr. Hurd and others. Same Publishers, etc. 16mo. pp. 190.

These two beautiful volumes, whose rich, cream-tinted paper, clear type, flexible covers and delicate gilt exhibit the best results of English book-making, are additions to the "Bayard Series" of volumes, which these enterprising importers and publishers are sending into the American market. They are worthy additions, taking us back to that wonderfully fruitful period in the history of English literature,—the seventeenth century. There are both quaintness and vigor in the style, and they combine with the nature of the themes chosen to produce a genuine interest such as no cultivated and wholesome taste will fail to discover.

STRAWBERRY HILL. By Clara Vance, author of "Amy Luttrell." Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1870. 16mo. pp. 432.

STARLIGHT STORIES. By E. A. Same Publishers. 1869. 18mo. pp. 19

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, the Georgia bill was under discussion. The House passed a bill fixing the time for the election of representatives and delegates in Congress from all the States and Territories on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, 1872, and each second year thereafter. The tariff bill was then discussed, and one amendment carried in the item of sugar.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the Georgia bill was debated, Senators Sumner and Carpenter making long speeches. In the House the bill for closing up the Freedmen's Bureau was passed, and the duty on clarified sugar made 2.12 instead of 3 cents per pound.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the Georgia bill was laid aside and the session spent in considering the deficiency appropriation bill. In the House, Mr. Dawes introduced a bill providing for the taxation of shares and other property in national banks. Mr. Wood presented a series of charges against the administration of General Howard as Commissioner of Freedmen's Affairs, which were referred to a committee for investigation. The tariff bill was considered, and an amendment adopted increasing the duty on cigars.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a resolution was passed directing inquiry into the effects of the Fifteenth Amendment upon the Indians, and Mr. Wilson urged a reduction of taxes. In the House, the San Domingo question was discussed, and a deficiency bill passed to meet the dues on foreign ministers' salaries.

On Friday, in the Senate, there was a discussion on Indian affairs until the expiration of the morning hour, when the Senate adjourned out of respect to Gen. Thomas. In the House, a bill was passed providing that, after the present Congress, the House shall be composed of 270 members. The tariff bill was discussed, and several cotton and woolen articles were taxed additionally.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the matter of granting subsidies to proposed Pacific railroads was under discussion. In the House, Mr. Butler failed to get in his resolution for the annexation of San Domingo. The paragraph of the tariff bill relating to yarns, flannels and blankets was got through in committee of the whole, after much debate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. T. Stewart, of New York, has just reduced all of his rents from ten to twenty-five per cent. It is estimated that the United States coal fields cover an area of 304,216 square miles.

The Mormons have made 60 converts on Long Island.

Governor Hoffman has signed the new charter and election bills for the city of New York, and refused to reprieve or respite Reynolds.

There is a strike in the Schuylkill region, and work has ceased at all the collieries.

Louisiana crops never looked more encouraging.

A jury for the trial of McFarland has been secured and the case is progressing.

The faculty of the Michigan State Agricultural College has decided to admit six young women to the benefits of that institution.

Among the graduates at the annual commencement of the New York Medical College for Women, on Wednesday, was Susan M. Smith, a colored woman. She delivered the valedictory address.

Subscriptions for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Stanton amount to \$150,000. Pennsylvania contributed \$55,000; New York, \$55,000; Boston, \$25,000; and \$10,000 in Washington.

Nothing has been heard of the City of Boston, and probably nothing ever will be heard from her.

The snow in the Lake Superior region was six feet deep on a level in the woods on the 2d inst., and three feet deep in the main streets of the towns.

The report of the Superintendent of Freedmen's Schools shows that there has during the past year been a large increase in the number of schools, teachers and scholars, an improved mode of instruction, and much more tolerance of the schools on the part of the whites.

The republicans carried the city elections in Cincinnati and Cleveland, in Ohio, and in Denver and other cities of Colorado. In Cincinnati enough new members of the school board were elected to make a majority of that body in favor of retaining the Bible and religious instruction in the schools.

Dr. A. L. Stone carries away from Boston \$17,000 toward the \$25,000 which he needs for the present necessity of the Pacific Theological Seminary.

A quarry of marble, said to be equal in every respect to the Carrara marble of Italy, has been discovered in Loudon county, Virginia, and a company has been organized to work it.

A very deep feeling of alarm pervades North Haverhill, N. H., in consequence of several sudden deaths that have recently occurred in that village and vicinity; the malady is supposed to be "spotted fever."

Rev. Horace Cook has demanded a trial before the New York Methodist Conference which convenes Wednesday. His defense is that his action in taking a young girl away, some time since, was brought about by temporary insanity. His trial will be private.

During the stoppage in Boston, covering a period of sixty-three days, 21,490 families, comprising 108,000 persons, patronized the liberal bottles of the city at the Station House.

There are over 300 Jewish congregations in the United States.

A mass meeting at Salt Lake City, Thursday, adopted resolutions to Congress against the Cullum anti-polygamy bill. The protest recites at length the Mormon occupancy of the territory, and gives a full statement of their religious creed, justifying polygamy by Divine authority.

The Democrats of Connecticut elected their candidate for governor by 800 majority. Both branches of the legislature are republican.

The republicans of E. I., elected their ticket by the usual large majority, and the Assembly is said to be composed largely of those favorable to the reelection of Hon. H. B. Anthony for the U. S. Senate.

Irish emigration to the United States has reached this season with great activity.

FOREIGN.

The first number of a new religious journal, of which Pere Hyacinthe is the chief editor, appeared lately in Paris.

The Empress Carlotta is very much worse.

The Governor General of India is making a tour of the cotton growing districts, urging an increased cultivation of the staple in order to compete with the United States.

Napoleon having determined to have his way in the matter of the Plébiscite, one member of the Cabinet has resigned, and there is a commotion in political circles which perhaps betokens other important events.

Rural and Domestic.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, and her husband have signed a document consenting to a separation.

It is said that John Bright's health will soon compel him to resign his place in the English Cabinet.

The schism at Constantinople in the Catholic Eastern Church will lose the Pope at least a third of its members.

The senatus consultum is unsatisfactory to the liberal papers of France, although it is sustained by the ministerial journals.

The Spaniards have begun a vigorous campaign in the central department of Cuba.

The conscription riots in Spain have been serious, and many lives were sacrificed before they were repressed.

Queen Victoria's health is failing. On March 10, the Queen was unable to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was not able to join the royal family at dinner in the evening.

According to the Registrar-General's return for 1869, the city of London occupies 77,997 acres, or 122 square miles, and has a population of 3,170,754. The number of houses is 406,507.

The Carlton, bound from England to Quebec, has foundered at sea. Two boats, with the crew, have reached Ireland, but a third boat is still missing.

The London Times says that, as the evidence stands, Americans are not to be blamed for their deep resentment towards Captain Eyre of the Bombay.

The Dominicans have voted in favor of annexation to the United States 30 to 1. The West India newspapers favor the scheme, declaring that the United States will civilize, tranquillize and enrich the island.

Paragraphs.

The true crocodile has lately been discovered in Florida, though previously unknown in North America except as fossil in the chalk and miocene periods. It was probably identical with the *Crocodilus acutus* of South America.

Prof. J. D. Dana, in a late paper on the Geology of the New Haven region, says that the action of the Drift area was wholly of the character of glaciers and that the supposed sea over New England in which icebergs floated, had no existence.

It has been calculated that the absolute zero of cold—that is, cold with no heat at all—is 493 degrees below the melting point of ice. Probably this is the temperature of the celestial spaces. It has been calculated that they are at least as cold as 239 below the melting point of ice.

Most people dry their umbrellas handle upward. This concentrates the moisture at the tip, where it is close, rusts the wire which secures the stretchers, and rots the cloth. It is better, after the umbrella is drained, to simply invert it, and dry it in that position. This is better than spreading it to dry.

In Florida there are many lakes which have holes in the bottom and underground communication, so that they will sometimes shrink away to a mere cupful, leaving many square miles of surface uncovered, and then again fill up from below and spread out over their former area.

Some of them have outlets in the ocean far from shore, bursting up in a perpetual spring of fresh water in the very midst of the briny saltiness of the sea. In times of low water, during a long, exhaustive dry season, men have gone underground in one of these subterranean rivers from lake to lake a distance of eight miles.

The American Methodist notices the naturalization of the English House Sparrow in Boston, and that it is beginning to spread in the villages in the vicinity. It promises to be an exceedingly valuable ally in the work of fighting the insects that infest our fruit and shade trees. In the suburbs of New York it is proving itself of extreme utility. Two summers ago we remember that the trees in Brooklyn were stripped of leaves by the worms, and many times have we seen men and women step into the streets to avoid them as they hung from the branches over the sidewalk. We have seen at certain seasons the air white as with a snow-storm with the fluttering about the trunks of the moths after they had matured. The papers discussed methods of destroying them. But last summer for the first time the sparrow appeared in considerable numbers, and we had comparative freedom from the worms. We prophesy that it will be impossible again for the nuisance to prevail as in years past. New Haven, and every such town that prides itself on its elms, should import a few of these birds. Jersey City could spare them easily. The nest, under the eaves of buildings or in houses made for them.

The French and Austrian governments have begun to rear sponges artificially. The attempt is said to be successful and very profitable.

The late discovery in Australia of the remains of the New Zealand Moa or Dimorphia, and the discovery in New Zealand of Saurian reptiles, such as have been found in Queensland, are proofs that at a previous period the two islands were connected.

The Student (London) is inclined to believe there may be something in the popular notion of the diving-rod. We know a most respectable Congregational clergyman of liberal education who insists that he has this power of discovering underground currents of water, and we have seen a red rod in his hand in such a way as was quite inexplicable to us on any other theory.

The barque Maria J. Smith was abandoned by her crew on the Pacific coast in the belief that she could not be got into port. Subsequently she was found by Indians, safe and sound, near Bella Bella, almost five hundred miles from the point where she was deserted. It seems quite incredible that a vessel could thus make her way, as we are assured, without aid of helmsman or compass, through intricate channels and dangerous tide-rips, to a safe harbor. Hardly less singular, however, is the fact that this is the second time the same craft has been abandoned and the second time she has saved herself. The veritable "Flying Dutchman" is credited with performances scarcely more wonderful.

According to the *Scientific American*, in the south of France an immense business is devoted to the cultivation of flowers for the purpose of extracting their perfumes. The product of one year has been 1,475,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 500,000 lbs. of roses, 100,000 lbs. of jessamine, 75,000 lbs. of violets, 45 lbs. of carnations, 5,000 lbs. of geranium leaves, 24,000 lbs. of tuberoses, 5,000 lbs. of daffodils, besides a large quantity of lavender and many other flowers. The odors are extracted by means of fats which absorb the essential oils.

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Rural and Domestic.

Parthenogenesis in the Bee.

A writer in the *Free Journal* takes up the singular theory, that the queen bee produces without fertilization, and seems to substantiate it by experiment. He says that a distinguished German Naturalist, after much labor and careful observation discovered a set of voluntary muscles for imparting some of the male element which is stored up in the spermatheca, to every worker egg, during its passage through the common oviduct. He also discovered lively spermatozoa in the semen of the drones, as well as in the contents of an impregnated spermatheca, and detected the same spermatozoa in worker eggs, whilst they were entirely wanting in those eggs that would produce drones.

Another great Naturalist has apparently established the fact that the queen has the power at will to lay drone or unfertilized eggs, or fertilized worker eggs. The writer then proceeds to state the result of his own experiments, thus:

It has been stated by a number of writers on bees, that the queen has to lay worker eggs a certain length of time, and then a quantity of drone eggs. But I have seen the queen in my glass observatory hive lay worker eggs, then a few drone eggs, and immediately work eggs again, all in a few minutes; and I saw these worker and drone eggs hatched out into perfect bees, which conclusively proves that the queen has the power to fructify the eggs or not, at will.

I always like to confirm or not, all these theories about bees, by my own experiments. So, having received some beautiful Ligurian queens direct from Switzerland, on the 23d day of September, I thought a few days after that it would be a very conclusive confirmation of this wonderful doctrine if I could raise a queen so very late in the season, as every drone has disappeared several weeks before. So, on the 7th day of October I examined the combs in one of the stocks, to which I had joined one of the imported Ligurian queens, on the 23d day of September, and found a very large quantity of eggs laid in three combs. I removed one of the combs, and put it into another stock, from which I removed their queen.

October 13, examined the combs and found five royal cells sealed (11th day).

October 22, examined the combs about three o'clock, and found one of the queens just ready to leave its cradle (13th day).

October 23, found four young queens thrown out on the alighting board.

October 25, examined the combs and saw the splendid virgin Ligurian queen.

November 14, again examined all the combs and could not find a single egg laid. I saw the splendid virgin Ligurian queen, now twenty-three days old.

February 24, I found a drone pupa on the alighting board.

February 27, examined all the combs and found drones hatched and brood in all stages of development in two combs containing only worker cells. I saw drones emerge from these cells. Removed these combs as specimens, also a few of the small drones that were hatched. I put into the hive bar frames containing drone combs. I saw the beautiful virgin queen.

March 6, examined the combs and found eggs and brood in two combs.

March 31, a number of drones flying out.

April 7, examined all the combs and found exhaustive dry season, men have gone underground in one of these subterranean rivers from lake to lake a distance of eight miles.

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The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.
For the week ending, Apr. 6, 1870.

CANDLES.
Moules.....12 1/2
Adamantine.....22 1/2
Cotton.....20 1/2
Pilot.....20 1/2
Anthracite.....20 1/2
Superior.....20 1/2
Cotton.....20 1/2
Pilot.....20 1/2
Anthracite.....20 1/2
Superior.....20 1/2

PAINTS.
Lead, Red, Am.....9 1/2
Lead, White, Am.....9 1/2
Lead, White, Eng.....9 1/2
Lead, White, Fr.....9 1/2
Lead, White, Ger.....9 1/2
Lead, White, Ital.....9 1/2
Lead, White, Rus.....9 1/2
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