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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., MAY 4, 1870.

No. 18

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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No. 30 Vesey St., New York City.

LUTHER B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

REMITTANCES must be made in money orders, bank checks, or drafts, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrears is made, as required by law.

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1870.

Myself.

All others are outside myself,
I look my door and bar them out,
The turnstile, tedium, gad-about.

I look my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all!

If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race,
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward, with pathetic voice,
Who craves for ease, and rest, and joys;

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog, whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

—Rossetti.

Missionary Correspondence.

CAMP KAPPADA, INDIA, Feb. 28, 70.

How quickly this happy month has gone! And I have been trying to-night, while looking back over its many scenes of interest, to select what may be both pleasing and profitable to your many readers. What stands out most prominently in my own mind is the very inviting field for missionary labor in this territory of Dhalbhui.

How many strong, earnest expressions like these I have heard during the past few weeks: "Saheb, do come and live in our country, and make schools for our children;" or, "We ignorant Santals of the jungles have no one to teach us; wont you be our friend, and make your home here?"—or such words as these from young men anxious to learn: "Do tell us, our friend-Saheb, when we shall have a school in this large village that we may learn to read and write." In several instances a company of villagers has come to the tent to ask for a school, and all the encouragement I could give them was to say that I hoped soon to be able to help them. There is a great and increasing desire for learning among the Santals, and there are no less than a dozen, perhaps twenty, excellent openings for schools in the large and central villages of Dhalbhui.

But there is more to be said than this. I firmly believe that the Santals are becoming very favorably disposed towards Christianity, and that by a series of kind and discreet measures, many of them may be persuaded to renounce all their dark superstitions and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Could you have heard, Christian friends, the deep heart-words that I have heard more than once, of late from the lips of a Santal, I know you would say: "Go without delay and take up that new ground for Christ, and publish in the ears of the weary, waiting Santals the precious message of salvation." But manager Libby will presently send over a dispatch from Headquarters at Dover that will be sure to run like this: "Cash out and credit lost; no new move so long as the treasury is dry, and the churches dead. Hold on to what you have, and never mind the rest." There is not much poetry nor classic beauty in such words; still, they carry the strong, blunt sense of sheets of letters, telling why we can not go ahead, and how hard it is to raise the funds, and so on, *ad infinitum*. If there is a man in all America whom I pity, it is Bro. Libby. A Secretary who has to write such little pieces for the Star and Freeman as he is obliged to in order to "make a raise" to "run the mission," quite earns twice his \$1,000 per annum. Believe me, dear read-

er, it fairly makes our ears tingle to read some of those "urgent appeals" that we have had of late. Surely, it must be "a hard case" when a body of three score thousand Christians needs to be addressed in terms so plain and painful in order to "shell out" the comparatively meager sum required to carry on this little mission in India. And then the sweetest of it is, to be told that "the concern" is in debt, and all arrears must be paid up sharp! Won't the good brother who said he wished "the Foreign Mission was on trucks that it might be wheeled down South," be putting in a positive protest against such lawless work? On whose authority, may he not ask, did the mission Treasurer act when he borrowed money to make out the regular remittance to the missionaries? I don't wonder the occupant of the Foreign Mission office in the new Star building gets the blues now and then. God help him, that he may yet see glad days, when the people shall bring "all the tithes into the storehouse," and that his "gray hairs" go not down "with sorrow to the grave."

Thank God for letting me tell of His great love in a new tongue. Praise Him with me, my Christian friends, for the precious privilege now granted me of publishing the glad tidings of salvation to the Santals in their own language. I first tried to talk to the people about two months ago, and these few weeks have been filled with more than convert-joy. Indeed, the using of new words has vividly brought back to my mind the ineffable joy of the first words I ever tried to speak for Jesus. As that dear old "Mathematical Room" at Whitestown seemed a sacred spot, full of heavenly blessing, so now does every Santal threshing floor and cow-house seem most precious on account of the Redeemer's presence and power. This is to me a new experience, for I never felt so when commencing to preach in Bengali and Oriya after my return to this country. There is a newness about the Santal that I could not have in the other languages, from the fact that I knew something of them in my boyhood. And there are other reasons perhaps why I enjoy preaching to Santals. These rude aborigines are so intent upon catching all one says to them, and so careful to get a clear understanding of what they hear! Frequently a man will break the silence after the preacher is done by such a question as this: "Who was he that came to save us?" And then upon hearing again the name Jesus Christ, he will say it over and over again, to fix it in his mind. I have been deeply moved, too, at the full, hearty answer which a company of Santals often give after being told not to forget what they have heard. "Aha! hiding-a," (we shall not forget) is the strong, sober reply of many voices, sometimes the very women and children joining in it. Do you wonder that such an answer sometimes starts the tear and melts the heart so that one can not speak until the emotion is suppressed? That single, silent moment, when the heart is too full for utterance, how sweet it has been to put up the prayer:—"Grant it, O Father, most mercifully grant it, that these dear people never forget Thy message of love. Help them to remember Thee, for Thou has remembered even them, and sent them joy and hope in the gospel of Thy Son."

Oh, I wish several of the brethren I know in school, who are huddled together as pastors of little churches of half a dozen sects in the same village, where God knows they are not greatly needed, would come here and take up this new territory for Christ. If the New York Protestant Council of next autumn does nothing more, it will earn a place in history if it devises a proper plan for so unifying Christian interests in the unnumbered villages and country towns of America and England, that a host of good men and strong, now confined as pastors of small, struggling churches, may be spared for more extended usefulness, and sent as messengers of mercy to the millions still sitting in pagan darkness. Let one single case be cited to illustrate what I mean. It is said that, in New England, there is a pastor for every four hundred souls. The papers may be wrong in this, so we'll say one for every thousand souls. Now look at China, a land as dear to heaven, teeming with souls as precious before God as those of favored Massachusetts. But China has but one pastor for every four million inhabitants! Where now is the Christian logic to longer justify so significant and so sad a contrast, now that America is on such excellent terms with the Celestial Kingdom, now that science and commerce have brought the two countries so closely together, and the favorable treaties of 1861 stand in full force? When will the surfeited pulpit of New England make a bold, blessed move toward supplying this remarkable deficiency in the East? When shall the hundreds of American clergymen, who long ago gave up the pastorate for lyceum-lecturing, book-making, newspaper editing, magazine-writing, school teaching and what not, feel the call again, and answer to the Macedonian cry of the benighted heathen of Asia and Africa? Must all this leaving the direct ministry of the gospel come under the head of "tent-making"? And must these men of acknowledged ability, who had the "special call" to preach the gospel, be allowed to vacate the pulpits of all Christendom, and the young men, fresh from the seminaries of learning, summoned to

the empty places, while all heathendom sits suffering and sinking to endless woe? These are not hurried questions, put down on the spur of the moment. They are rather the serious, sad musings of some of us who, occupying a far different standpoint from our brethren at home, feel more forcibly, it may be, the condition and the claims of that vast multitude of our fellow beings, who up to this hour are deprived of the light of the gospel.

I will tell you how we feel about it. Looking first at the power of the great arch-enemy of souls, who holds under his immediate command so immense a host of immortal beings, and then at the beauty, the discipline, the superior skill and strength of the great Christian army with the Captain of our salvation eager to lead it on to sure and signal victory, we feel as we did when that grand army of the Potomac was drumming and drilling itself away for long months in those Virginia swamps, instead of making a resolute move, in the face and fire of Lee's defying battalions, through the rebel lines, straight into Richmond. If we take the Lord's great commission for our rule of action, how can we justify the extreme reluctance and tardiness with which the church is to-day carrying on her missionary work? That the church owes a duty to science, and that she should promote the interests of popular education, no one can deny. But why expend all her energies at home, and lay out just the proceeds of an occasional excitement for the heathen abroad? And certainly those plain-speaking figures which the Secretary published a while ago, would seem to indicate that, up to this day, after we have had a third of a century's experience in Foreign Missions, the majority of our churches have failed to afford themselves even so much as an excitement once a year on Missions, to say nothing of the want of steady, hearty effort on the part of many of those churches that have reported themselves at the F. M. office. The question is just this, my brethren: When shall we come to feel and to act as if we believed it our chief duty to obey Christ's last command, and publish salvation to the world? Like the man in the gospel, are not many "Christians and many churches saying," "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father?" Mark that word, first. Must all our seminaries of learning be richly endowed first, must all our churches build fine meeting-houses first, must everything else in short be done first, and then shall we move out to seek and save the lost in other lands? Brethren, let us rather "seek first the kingdom of heaven" by carrying the glad tidings of great joy to those sitting in the region and shadow of death. Let us seek to more worthily represent Him who left His home in glory and lived such a life of sacred sacrifice on earth for the good of man. Let the abundant blessing of Almighty God upon the devoted labors of the Moravian brethren, the very vanguard of the Christian host, cheer us to more hearty and heroic toil for perishing souls. Let it never more be intimated that our protestantism has no reach of philanthropic effort, no depths of devout consecration, no heights of sublime self-abnegation, no patient persistency in evangelical labors, and no unquenchable zeal for the triumphs of the cross, to be compared with the temper and toil of those strangely and sadly misguided men who crouch at the feet of that poor foolish and fallible mortal, the greatest monument extant of human superstition. Let us have more hard work, direct, decisive work for the spread of the gospel among men. Would that we could hear some of the home pastors saying,—"Here am I, send me;" and some of the home parishes answering,—"Yes, go, to the heathen who need you more than we do; go, and we'll unite with that parish yonder, and travel a mile or two farther to meeting that the heathen may have the gospel which we enjoy; go, and we'll worship in a barn ten years longer that you may have money for the mission; go, and we'll educate our sons and daughters in unendowed schools and send them to help you; go, and our hearts and hands shall bless you, and we shall ever pray God to prosper you." Let us have a forward movement along the whole line. "The Lord of hosts is with us."

J. L. P.

A Tourist's Letters.

We give this week the remainder of Bro. Cameron's letter, which was cut short last week, and by accident left without signature:

I did intend to give you a whole letter on an interesting visit which I enjoyed at Dunfermline, the Westminster, and Sterling, the Thermopylae of Scotland; but these old associations may not be so thrillingly interesting to your American readers as they have been, are still, and ever must be to those whose blood is descended from that heroic stock who fought and fell, first for their country, then for their liberty, and finally for their religion. It is not simply that they fought—that they were enabled to defeat their enemies, and in turn sustained a bloody defeat themselves, that challenges our admiration; but the fact that, whether they were the victors or the vanquished, the conquerors or the conquered, they still maintained their independence, refused to

relinquish their barren hills, spurned the yoke which the tyrant strove in vain to place upon their necks, and, amidst the fulmination of Popish Bulls, the proclamation of royal decrees and the pursuit of the unprincipled and bloodthirsty Claverhouse, retired to their mountain fastnesses and to the sacred quiet of their native glens and moors, and worshiped God as their consciences dictated. Those characteristics of the past infuse themselves into the life and blood of the present. And although the whole of Scotland has a population less than the city of London, England, less than several of the states of the American Union, her influence extends to every land and to every branch of human industry and human science. Considering the narrow limits of their country, the barbarism from which they have arisen and the triumphant struggles through which they have passed, it is a wonder to me that pilgrimages to this sacred soil, stained with the blood of so many martyrs, have not been one of the features of this liberty loving age. I will only say that I visited with delight the "ruined pile" which marks the spot where Malcolm Canmore erected a castle in honor of his having cragged a deer upon that hill, and where he wedded his Queen Margaret, who plays such an important part in the work of introducing Christianity among the Scottish people. The cave in which she worshiped and the nursery which she established are still pointed out to the visitor. The old Abbey church in which Scotland's kings and princes and nobles worshiped and beneath which they were buried, is still kept in repair and used constantly by a church worshipping in it. Here, a few years ago, while excavating some of the ground to make further repairs, the remains of King Robert the Bruce were recognized from the fact of his sawn ribs, which was done after his death, so that his heart might go to Jerusalem to fulfill the vow which his death prevented him from performing. But the old palace is in ruins, Malcolm's Tower is a heap of rubbish, and the whole scene seems to speak with a power that words can not express, that "all flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field." How necessary to have a house of God, a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

R. C.

Vt. M. E. Conference.

We have received from Rev. C. B. Peckham, a long report of the last session of this body, to which he was Cor. Mess. from the Vt. Y. M. He reports the Conference as embracing four districts, and containing about 80 effective preachers. The reports of the Presiding Elders for the past year showed a large amount of work done for Christ. The contributions to the various benevolent institutions have been liberal, Missions and Educational interests having received generous aid. The condition of the Sabbath schools in the several districts received considerable attention from the Conference, and the best means of promoting their interests was earnestly discussed.

Besides the usual routine of business, several young men were ordained to the ministry, and the ordination sermon by Bishop Simpson was the most interesting feature of the Conference. His subject was God's method and purpose in calling men to the ministry, and his treatment of it showed the highest type of Christian thought and experience. The other sermons, as well as the speeches at the various anniversary exercises, were to the point, and evinced a disposition to do earnest and effective work. The whole Conference is reported to be in a very creditable and encouraging condition.

A Curious Legend.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* finds and reports this peculiar and suggestive legend. It suggests plenty of superstition, but there is a deep undercurrent of meaning in it:

When Adam was far advanced in years and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave; it took root and grew, and from it was made Aaron's rod, and Moses's staff with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last, it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree, healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred

years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Saviour.

Sad Testimony.

The regular New York correspondent of the Boston Journal gives this sorry account of the prevalence of intemperance in that city. The redeeming feature in the present state of things appears in the newly awakened interest among the friends of the good cause. He says:

There never were so many public temperance meetings held as now, and the religious community are going into the work with heartiness. There never was more need of it. I met the other day in the street quite a well known minister, who was so drunk that two friends could hardly hold him up, and his language was neither chaste, reverent nor decent. Quite an excitement was produced in one of the Brooklyn Ferry boat cabins, when most crowded, by a party too drunk to navigate, who insisted in announcing repeatedly, his connection with the religious press, which he really held. It is no uncommon thing to see in the cars and on Broadway, women, some of them quite young, and some very fashionably dressed, so intoxicated as to attract attention. The drinking customs of New York are fearful. One of our banks, at its annual election, provides a general carousal. Brandy, whiskey, wines, punch, *ad libitum*, are furnished, and old directors and stockholders and young clerks get gloriously fuddled; nor is this custom singular with the bank. Men come up from the excitement and tempest of Wall street and cool off with astonishing draughts of liquor before they eat. The great number of disabled young men in New York arrests attention. Paralysis in the feet and lower limbs is a common complaint with fast New Yorkers. There is more drinking and drunkenness in the higher circles of New York than in the lower.

Events of the Week.

ACCIDENT IN RICHMOND.

There was a most tragic occurrence in Richmond, Va., last Wednesday, by which nearly two hundred persons were killed and wounded. A decision of the late contested mayoralty cases was about to be rendered in the Supreme Court, several hundred having assembled to listen to it, when the floor of the Court room suddenly gave way, precipitating the audience to the floor below. Several prominent citizens are among the killed, including a brother of General Schofield, several ex-Confederate civil and military officers, distinguished lawyers, members of the press, &c.

MARTIAL LAW IN IRELAND.

In accordance with the bill recently enacted for the preservation of life and property in Ireland, several districts in the island have been proclaimed under martial law. The freedom of the press is being taken away, and if a journal publishes anything against the policy of the Crown it is speedily suspended. Under such circumstances, serious outrages can but be frequent. The Irish, smarting under a sense of their supposed wrongs, murder the officers sent to enforce the laws; while the law, in a hurry to demonstrate its authority, is quite apt to punish the innocent as well as the guilty. Fenianism is also rampant in the island, and several editors are threatened by its members with death if they continue the publication of hostile articles.

SPAIN.

The Spaniards are becoming dissatisfied with a provisional government, and wish it to be discontinued. Prim tries to pacify them with the promise of a speedy choice of a king, but his promises have been too frequent and their fulfillment too rare to win much confidence. Latest reports indicate that Prince Frederik of Prussia is now the favorite candidate for the throne, but Napoleon objects to this solution of the difficulty, saying that the consequences of such an election might be so grave as to involve France and Prussia in war. Agitation in political circles is increasing, and Serrano says that he is willing to accept of a republic, even, if Prim will agree to it.

FRANCE.

Political differences are threatening serious results. The Emperor proposes to submit to a vote of the people on the 5th of May, the ratification of his policy and measures for the last 10 years. Those who oppose his policy will, of course, not vote in favor of it, and all such votes, the Emperor says, mean war. Both parties are engaged in a busy campaign, and it remains to be seen whether there will be enough negative votes to give occasion for alarm. Napoleon has not yet published what his immediate course will be, in case an unfavorable vote is returned. Meanwhile, people are wondering how it is that there can be such a fierce boiling and bubbling of passions throughout the Empire, with so few bitter threats and no serious blows.

BRIGANDAGE IN GREECE.

Desperadoes in Greece have long been a terror to unprotected travelers. They recently captured several members of the English and Italian legations, and on the appearance of Government troops to rescue them, cruelly butchered their captives and fled. All Europe is indignant at the outrage, and calls on the Greek govern-

ment to exterminate the brigands. The request is heeded, and the government is preparing to rid the peninsula of the outlaws. As a preliminary, the resignation of the present Greek Minister of War has been demanded and received, and his successor is charged with the most direct orders to spare no effort to rid Greece of the curse of brigandage.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27, '70.

THE WINNIPEG REBELLION.

Senator Chandler has the annexation fever badly, but he turns to the cooler regions of the north to allay his fever, instead of rushing to the tropical regions of the Gulf. He proposes that the President shall appoint commissioners to treat with the people of Winnipeg for annexation to the United States. He thinks England would have no right to complain of such a proceeding, because of the precedent she set in the hasty recognition of our rebels as belligerents. Or if that is not a sufficient ground of action, he proposes to seize the territory in part satisfaction of the Alabama claims. Sometime since Mr. Chandler declared those claims to be a mortgage upon the entire British possessions on this continent, and although the time has not yet arrived for foreclosure, he would take Winnipeg by way of keeping down the interest of the mortgage debt. There is very little likelihood that our government will deal with this matter in the offhand, and, if I may say so, brazen-faced style proposed by Mr. Chandler, but the Winnipeg rebellion is quite likely to become a matter of serious consequence, demanding the careful attention of our government. This will certainly be so if the attempt be made to reduce the Winnipeg settlers to obedience by force of arms. If the report be true that the Dominion proposes to employ Indians to make war upon the rebels, this government could hardly look on with indifference. Aside from our abhorrence of the employment of savages to make war upon civilized people, such a course would become a positive danger to us from its tendency to precipitate an Indian war upon our frontier settlements already threatened with such calamity. As a precaution, our government has forwarded to the vicinity of the disturbance all the troops on duty here or in the state of Va., two or three regiments in all. If we are to have annexation in any direction, this region is more desirable than any other whose annexation is proposed. Here is a fertile, well watered region, large enough for a half dozen of states, sure to be filled with a hardy, industrious and intelligent people. The bracing climate will forbid the degeneracy which occurs in tropical regions, and the territory is not encumbered with a vicious and ignorant population, to become a perpetual source of danger and weakness to the Republic. The Northern Pacific Railroad, now being constructed, will afford the means of easy communication with this region heretofore denied, and will turn the tide of emigration in that direction. This region hitherto has not received the consideration it deserves, but coming events are likely to turn the attention of the American people in this direction.

PROGRESS IN LEGISLATION.

The Senate has adopted a new rule for the transaction of business, to wit: to go through the calendar, taking up such bills as are not objected to and passing them without extended debate. If debate arises to any considerable extent, it is passed over and another bill taken up. Under this rule, more bills have been passed in three days than had been passed for three months preceding, and there is little doubt that it will very materially shorten the session and greatly facilitate the transaction of the business before it. But while the Senate has thus improved its pace the past week, the House has accomplished very little. It has been occupied mainly on the Tariff bill, and made very little headway. So much time has been already consumed on it, that it is generally conceded that it has no chance to pass both Houses, and it is supposed that the attempt to carry it through the House will soon be abandoned, and a short and simple bill passed that will effect a reduction of duties.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The progress of the House has been considerably obstructed by the absence of members. A call of the House was made last Friday evening to remedy this. As is usual on such occasions, the House did not make a very dignified exhibit of itself, but it is believed that it will have the effect of securing a fuller attendance hereafter. The funding bill still lingers in committee, and, if report be true, the efforts of the National banks have been successful in prevailing upon the committee to strike from the bill the provision compelling the banks to refund their bonds. If this be so, it evinces that the bill will render it comparatively worthless. In connection with this subject, and of like character, is the pressure to throw off the income tax. If there be any one tax which as a whole is paid by those best able to pay, it is the income tax. A portion of this tax is paid by salaried men upon whom, as at present levied, it bears hardly. This ought to be remedied by increasing the amount of the exemption and leave the tax still resting upon those who now pay the great bulk of it—the rich men. If the exemption were carried up to \$2,000 per annum, it would reduce the tax less than ten millions of dollars, and would leave not more than one hundred and fifty thousand individuals, and those the richest in the land, liable to pay an income tax. But these rich men possess and control the newspapers and other organs of public opinion, and through these they pour a constant stream of denunciation of the income tax.—The Howard investigation is being pursued vigorously, but the result has not transpired farther than has been reported by witnesses who have been examined by the committee. It appears that Gen. Howard had become possessed of the idea that the charges against him had been concocted by members of Dr. Boynton's church, at a meeting held for that purpose. Members of his church, and Dr. Boynton himself, were examined to ascertain if this were so, but all gave the most emphatic denial to the charge. The idea perhaps arose from the fact that Gen. H. V. Boynton, son of Dr. Boynton and correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, has made statements in his correspondence similar to Wood's charges, but, nevertheless, had never had any communication with Wood prior to his making his charges.

He is worthy of honor who witheth the good of every man, and he is much unworthy thereof who seeketh his own profit and opposeth others.—Cicero.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

Communications.

Spiritual Blindness.

Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., New York, publish Mr. Beecher's Sermons, weekly, in pamphlet form, on excellent paper and in clear type, so paged as to make them ready for binding into a volume. Mr. Beecher has not only elements of wonderful popularity and power as a speaker, but, in spite of excesses and aberrations, he illustrates, applies and enforces the great truths of religion as few living men can. We reproduce the principal portions of a sermon recently delivered, copying from the pamphlet edition of the Messrs. Ford & Co. He chooses for his text the passage in 2 Cor. 4:3, 4:

"But our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

Experience shows that the intellect of man ranges from a very quick sensibility to truths, moral and social, all the way down to stone-blindness. If you take men as they rise in society, you shall find that many—and I think the number increases—are competent to discern truths upon their presentation. They are quick; they are sensitive. You can present to them no truth of justice, none of honor, none of rectitude, none of character, that they do not comprehend instinctively. Their minds are so adjusted, their intellect has been so accustomed to play with their moral feelings, their understanding is so saturated with moral sentiments, that the moment their attention is called to these truths, they are like truisms to them.

From that higher point men grade. You will find some that are competent to judge of certain kinds of truth, and insensitive to all other kinds. You will find other men that are competent to judge of some kinds of truth by an effort, when they strive to come up to them, in their more favored hours, when all their better affections have been roused up, and their worst ones have been put in subjection, but only under such circumstances. In a time of calamity, of affliction, of one or another experience, you will find that men are able to discern moral truths; but not truths that are below these. You will find men who can discern the strongest colors of moral and social truths, but very little besides. Then you will find other men that do not understand these truths at all. It is like casting pearls before swine to tell them about social truths and moral truths. They not only do not understand them, but they do not believe in them. And they turn again and read you if you preach them.

This describes the condition of men in human society as they actually are on the presentation to them of pure forms of religious truth, and of the higher forms of social truth. Not only do we see this to be so upon the bare statement, but we act upon it. Men see differently all the time, and we act accordingly.

For instance, a man is solicited to buy some pictures. He has never thought much of pictures himself. He has known that he was getting rich, and has meant by-and-by to live as other folks did; and he has understood that folks that lived well, lived with pictures in their houses; and he has expected that the time would come when he should live with pictures in his house. He has learned that having pictures is a part of gentility, and has made up his mind that he will have pictures.

At last the time has come when he has a little more money than he wants in his business, or knows what to do with; and his wife says, "Now buy some pictures;" and his daughters say, "Why don't you, Pa?" and he concludes that he will. A speculator, finding out that he is going to buy pictures, catches him by the elbow, and draws him into a place where there are pictures for sale, and says, "You ought to have these pictures. Look at this one. It is one of the most glorious pictures anywhere to be found. Don't you see?" The man, after looking a moment, says, "I do not exactly like the frame." "Well, but the picture," says the speculator—"do you see that?" "The picture may be well enough; but I do not know much about these things. Must get the advice of somebody that knows about pictures."

Here is a class of truths that this man confesses he does not know much about. He looks, and does not see what he looks at. He does not know what to look for. He does not know whether the colors are right or wrong. He does not know whether the forms are according to nature, or a violation of nature. He knows nothing about grouping, or about drapery. He knows nothing about "tone." He looks upon the picture as a mere swab of color all about the canvas. Here is a case in which he is incapable of judging for himself, and he knows it.

Who does he get to judge for him? There is a spider-bellied man yonder, in a little hole, whom he has employed whenever he has been "shaving" notes or speculating in paper. His judgment is good in money matters. He is keen as he can be in this direction. His eye glitters like a basilisk's. He is sharp as a razor. He scarcely ever makes a mistake in giving his opinion with regard to financial operations. And the man says to himself, "I think I will go and ask him about pictures." And then, after a moment's thought, he laughs, and says, "What does that old miser know about pictures? He is not the man for me to go to. I must find somebody else." And here is another instance in which a man that is familiar with one kind of truth, does not know much about another.

By-and-by the man thinks of another person, and he says to a friend, "Who is that fellow that failed two or three times—the son of a rich man, who traveled in Europe,

and spent a great deal of money on his education, and only succeeded in one thing—making a popinjay of himself? I recollect hearing it said that he had a great taste for pictures." The man hunts up this "fellow," as he calls him, saying to himself, "He has an eye to see what I can not, and what this old money-maker can not." They are blind in art, but have good sight in finance; and he has good sight in art, but is blind in finance. They have succeeded on the street, and he has failed on the street.

The man, when he has found this connoisseur, says to him, "Go with me and look at some pictures, and give me your judgment about them." So they go to see the pictures that the speculator gave such a glowing account of; and after glancing about the room, the critic says, "Are you going to buy these pictures?" "Well, I do not know. The man recommends them very highly. He says that is a Rembrandt, and wants me to buy it." "A what? A Rembrandt! What does he say that is?" "That he says is a Rubens." "A Rubens! Look here, my friend, just you come out of this place. Do not get caught by being persuaded to buy any of these pictures. A man with half an eye can see that they are mere daubs. They are only copies, and miserable copies at that. I would not give twenty shillings for the whole of them."

One of these men is stone blind about pictures; but the other sees them. And men, the moment they want anything done in a direction in which they can not see, go for advice and help to men who can see in that direction, though they may not be able to see in other directions.

Would not that be true to nature? Is it not true that many men are blind respecting that class of subjects? You yourself are every single day sorting out men on the principle that some men can see some things, and can not see others; that some men know some things, and do not know others. And when you speak of what a man knows, you do not speak of ideas necessarily. Men may know a great deal of mathematics, a great deal of machinery, a great deal of invention, and yet not know that which shall fit them to be your counselors. There are some things about which, if you question them, you will find that they are all blank. If it were a matter of any delicacy, you would not think of going to them. If it were a matter of courage and strength, you would not think of going to some others. You sort men on the supposition that they are differently developed, and that some can see and some can not; that some can see some things, and not others; that some can see a little way up, some further up, and some far up. Men recognize this in their daily business; but they do not stop to see that it is part of a great moral problem; that it is a truth exemplified in secular and social life which underlies the whole teaching of the Bible, and has in it the most tremendous issues and consequences.

If we take this average experience of men, or if we take this secular recognition of the fact that men are or may be blind to truths, we perceive how they grow in this direction. They are not so at the beginning, always. It is one of the most melancholy things in the world, that while, usually, the executive part of a man grows sharper and more effective as he advances in life, those things which make his manhood, his noble traits, average worse as he grows older. The effect of the sorrows of the world, of its strifes, its disappointments, its rivalries and collisions; the growth of pride and avarice—these are such that, without the Gospel to hold them back, and sweeten their dispositions, persons ripen poorly, badly, and are seldom as generous, seldom as honorable, seldom as sensitive, seldom as fine in their perceptions, as they were when they were boys and girls. In their executive nature, their force-nature, men gain, and in their higher moral nature I fear they lose, as they advance in life. Let us look at the steps by which they lose.

Men grow blind to moral truth simply by pre-occupation; by having their minds so full of other things, that there is nothing in them that looks or sees. A man goes down through the streets so full of thoughts of business that he does not know one man that he meets. A man goes through a long ride, and he is so occupied with his companion, or with his own thoughts, that when he comes back he could not tell you anything about the scenery. He could not tell you whether he has seen any trees, or any birds, or anything else. The trees flitted right before him; the birds sang from the thicket which he was skirting; the flowers exhaled the sweetest perfumes; the farmers were in the fields plowing; and the crows and black-birds were following for grubs; and the opening scenes around about him were enough to make a poet half crazy; but he went through the circuit of a seven or eight miles' ride; and when he returns, and the invalid girl says to him, "Father, is the grass growing?" he says, "What, my child?" "Is the grass growing?" "I do not recollect. I did not think to look." "Well, did you not see any birds while you were out?" Poor thing! there she has lain on the bed for months; her strength is gone, her hands are thin, and white as alabaster; she longs for the country, and says, "Oh! if I could only see the flowers again, and hear the birds sing once more! Father, were the birds singing?" "Why, my child, if I had thought you wanted to know, I certainly would have listened." She can not get anything out of him. His mind was so full of something else, that, though he went through a most beautiful region, where there were countless objects and sounds to delight the eye and the ear, when he gets back home he can not tell a thing that he has seen or heard, but says, "I have been looking inside all the while."

Men can be so pre-occupied that their minds become quite insusceptible to impressions. This may occur not simply in physical things, but also in social and moral things. A man can take one or two interests in life, and give himself up to them

with such absorption, that all the greater truths of life are unheeded by him. Of the spiritual influences that are permeating society; of that which God is doing by his providence; of that which he is doing by the ministry of angels; of what the Holy Ghost is doing in the hearts of men—of these things that are going on from day to day, around about him, he never has a suspicion. He does not see them; he does not believe in them; he does not understand them when he hears others talking about them, his mind is so perfectly filled with secular affairs.

People often say of such a man, "He is a good sort of a person. I never heard that he did any harm." Did you ever hear that he did any good? He is entirely absorbed in one or two secular things. His whole life beats in those one or two things.

The process of blindness to spiritual things may grow in a man, too, by the principle of elective affinity. Men feed on that which they hunger for, morally, and socially, and intellectually. They seek the qualities in life which they desire. When, therefore, one class of men go down the street for business, they see only the side of life which pertains to business. When another class go down the street for gayety, they see only the sides of life that reflect gayety. One class of men, going the street, think only of men; for they are managers of men. Another class think of customers; their business is to gather and to keep customers. Another class think of companions; they are seekers and lovers of pleasure more than anything else. That which is strong in men absorbs their attention. The strongest passion or feeling in them controls. And by this principle of elective affinity they seek out that in life which they most desire.

That is the principle on which men read the Bible. If a man is intensely conscientious, he reads the Bible so as to gather out all the conscience-element there is in it. The love element will not touch him. He will go over that and not see any of it. To him the Bible will seem to be one long series of conscience-propositions. Another man, who has a very little conscience, but who has a great deal of veneration; a man in whom the worshiping instinct is strong, will go through the Bible and glean out all that appeals to that predominant quality of his nature. Another man, whose predominant feeling is love, as he goes through the Bible, will see no conscience, and no veneration, but will be struck with the love principle, and will glean that all out.

And men do just so by life. They glean out of it the things to which they are attracted by elective affinity. Those are the things which they see; and to everything else they are indifferent and blind.

Men become blind to the truth, also, by nourishing passions which are antagonistic to it. Every one knows by his own experience that there are some states of mind which preclude others. If a man is angry, he cannot be mirthful, or if he is mirthful he cannot be angry, at the same time. The mind is apparently made with antagonistic passions; and if one is in ascendancy, its opposite is in depression, always. And that is the secret of discipline, if people only knew it. When your child is furiously angry, and you wish, without chastisement, to make him good-natured, if you can present that which is ludicrous to him so as to make him laugh, you will see the point at which the anger strives and bubbles and foams, and the point at which, finally, the laugh gets the upper-hand, and the anger goes down. This is a trick of the nursery. Children play it on each other. And this principle is important—namely, that the feelings move at opposite poles, and that if one is in ascendancy, the other will be in depression. You cannot have destructiveness and benevolence dominant at the same time. One puts the other down, or is put down by it. And so it is in the whole realm of the human mind.

Now, no man can be saturated with pride, and have any discernment of those spiritual truths which turn on humility. No man can be filled with sensuous passions from day to day, and yet know anything about the truths of disinterestedness, and pure, true spiritual friendship. No man can live from day to day in the spirit of self-indulgence, and yet have any conception of what Christ meant when he said, "Take up your cross, and follow me, daily." No man can live in a grasping selfishness, and yet have any conception of affluent benevolence. Where men live in the indulgence of the lower passions of their nature, it is impossible for them to see any truths except those which are colored by those passions. I had almost said that they are a mechanical obstruction. Certain it is that no mechanical obstruction could be more effectual than this moral obstruction. In the very nature of things, where lower passions fill the mind, men are blind to higher moral elements.

By habit this may become a second nature—and it actually does. Men grow away from the power of seeing things. Men grow away from art. Men's eyes grow less sensitive and delicate. They come to know less about proportion; less and less about those elements which are constituents of art. And so, men grow away from household purity. They are not so good boys as they were little children. They are not so good young men as they were boys. They are not so good in middle life as they were when they were young men. They are in old age worse than they were in middle life. That is the history of hundreds and thousands. And men grow away from moral feeling. It never, perhaps, was very strong; but it grows less and less declared—less and less effectual. What by pre-supposition, what by elective affinity for other things, and what by the antagonistic influence of the baser passions, they come to have less sensibility to moral truth. They begin to call it an ism, an abstraction, or metaphysics, and often deride it, and say, "It is not practical; it does not belong to common life and common sense."

If you read Paul's letters, you will see

that, although he was a man of an intensely logical mind, never did the name of Christ come up in the midst of an argument, that it did not shatter that argument to fragments. Never did it burst in upon him, that he did not have to stop and unfold Christ's character, and express his adoration for him, before he could get his own leave to go on with his argument. And there never was a more ragged arguer than his New Testament writings show him to have been. And that is the peculiarity of the Bible. No man knows how to read the Bible who does not understand the exploration of sudden emotions of love in the midst of logic; who does not understand the deflections it makes.

Paul went out to preach this Christ; that made him tingle from head to foot; and men listened; and some said, "What will this babbling say?" and others said, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange Gods;" and philosophers listened with a leaden and half-curious ear, and forgot what he had said before they left the spot. To be sure, there was one widow out by the river who heard it gladly; and here and there a poor servant or slave accepted it; but after years and years of labor he said, "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are." And yet, there was living in his imagination, and glowing in his heart, a radiant and transcendent image of beauty—the most glorious conception that could fire the heart of man, exalting it, elevating it, comforting it, and promising it joy in the life that now is and in that which is to come. And when he preached it in Athens, he got nothing; when he preached it in Corinth, he got a handful; when he preached in Asia Minor, he gleaned a few here and a few there; but the great mass of men were clamoring on. The god of this world had blinded them so that they could not see the truth, and the beauty, and the joy, and the glory, which there was in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, that which was the experience of Paul, is the experience of every man whose own soul has ever been made enthusiastic by the love of the Saviour. When he attempts to preach Christ to men, the conviction which he looks for in them does not exist. The sentiments which he expresses find no echo in their bosom. The rapture and zeal which he feels meet with no response from them. They are preoccupied. And it is this fact that makes them blind to these things. They are engrossed with other things which they like better, and that makes them blind. They are under the dominion of those coarser passions which are antagonistic to any such feelings as these. And thus, from every side, and for every reason, men are blind, so that they hear the Gospel preached, and are told what Christ is, and see men rejoicing in him, almost without any sympathy whatever.

And so it comes to pass that the whole of human life—its industry, its civic economy, its social fabric, which was meant to be a grand means of grace, training men not only to outward thrift, but through this to a nobler reason and spirituality—it comes to pass that these things, instead of promoting the objects for which men were created, are making them carnal, secular. This world which was meant to be a symbolization of the other life, becomes a curtain, and hangs before that life, and shuts out the light of it. All the processes of society and nature that were meant to teach us of God; all the economic relations that exist among men; all the sweet relationships of social life, in father and mother, and brother and sister, and friend and neighbor, which were meant to be so many teachers of the various inflections of life, designed to give us some conception of the nature and disposition of the great Father in Heaven—these things are perverted to wrong uses and made to teach men falseness, to hide the truth from them, and to render them blind to those things which above all others they ought to see.

Men thus go on exerting the whole force of their life in producing moral deformities. Dwarfs are usually not simply smaller than other men, but deformed. The hands and the feet will perhaps be enormously large, and the body and legs and arms excessively small. No person takes pleasure in looking at a deformity of the body. It is a painful sight for any one to behold. Men sometimes shrink with irrepressible shudders from each other's physical deformities. And yet you are so familiar with deformity within, that you can without shrinking or experiencing any pain, see men destroy their whole moral nature, or leave it almost ungrown, the hands and feet by which they work and walk in this world being, like those of the dwarf, overgrown; but conscience, and veneration, and faith, and hope, and love, and sweet, divine sympathy, being almost in the bud, scarcely unrolled, and not at all developed. Men are living so as to dwarf themselves in their higher nature; and when they come to the hour of death they will not be able to carry out with them that for which they have given their whole life. The thing that men work for, and sacrifice everything for, in this world, is that which they can not carry one step beyond the grave. And their better nature, which they have cramped, and crippled, and deformed, and destroyed, and sacrificed, is the only part which they can take out of life with them. Having made themselves morally hideous for the sake of earthly things, they leave all those earthly things behind them at death, and wake with them moral cripples, morally hideousness, moral deformity, in the other life; into

that profound mystery of the future; into that great void—no, into that land of joys and of woes; into that land which no human thought can fathom.

In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, there are chasms into which one may throw stones, and listen, and listen, and listen, and hear no answer. So deep are they that no sound returns.

Men stand on the verge of the eternal world, and throw over their questions, and listen, and listen, and no answer comes back. Nor do we know anything about that world, except that Jesus, who came from it—Jesus the pure, the serene, the sweet, the gentle—said, "These shall go away into everlasting life, and those into everlasting punishment." That is all we know—just this simple separation of the dead from the good forever, in the world that is to come. And we take the mighty enginery of this world; we take all its forces, and all its incitements, and all its treasures, the whole royalty of its wealth, to cripple and destroy that part of ourselves which is to go out of this life; and all the things that we have lived for we shall leave behind. And so, having been blind all the way through life, we go to be blind in the land of darkness beyond.

My dear friends, is not this true, to your own personal knowledge? All you that have not been enlightened by the saving power of the Holy Ghost, all you that have not felt the power of the truth as set home by the Spirit of the living God, is it not true that you are blinded—blinded to the love of Christ; blinded to the sacrifice of Christ; blinded to your obligations to Christ? Are you not blind to the great economy of truth that is going on silently, solemnly and surely, above your heads, and around about you?

All the earth is moving. The Lord God, who sits regent, is not deterred by philosophy. His cause goes forward, in the church, and out of the church; by ministers, and in spite of ministers; with skeptical philosophies, and with faith running to the other extreme. Under all circumstances, the great Kingdom of God—the kingdom of reason, the kingdom of justice, the kingdom of truth and sympathy, the kingdom of love and gladness, the kingdom of purity—is gaining ground. It is growing stronger and stronger in all the earth. Selfishness does not stop it; and all man's pride, foaming out against it, does not stop it.

Since the sun has begun to come back, who can stop the growing day? Who now can make the hours dark that the sun is making light? It lingers longer in the west, and comes up earlier in the east, and the day is growing. And let the north blow out its puffs of ice as much as it will; let the snow come as much as it will, they can not keep the summer off. It is coming. It is advancing through the air. I hear the birds singing. I smell the flowers blooming. From far southern latitudes the sun is advancing. The summer will be here before long.

And so, He that is the Sun of Righteousness is bringing in the summer-day of redemption; and all men's belief and wickedness and foaming passions may set themselves against it, but it comes through the air. It comes through the ages. It comes by the mighty power of the omnipotent God. And no man shall stop it. The day will yet come when it shall be triumphant over all. And you shall see it—some of you in sympathy and rejoicing; and some of you, I fear, on the other side, on the left, with scowling sadness. Woe be to those that are not on the Lord's side when he comes in the day of his power, to execute final justice and judgment!

"Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

How often when duty prompts us to point some friend to the Lamb of God, do we urge this as a reason for silence. We may not use just these words. In truth we may hardly be conscious that we make the plea at all. Yet, were our hearts placed before us as an open book, how plainly should we see the words—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

We see our friends rushing thoughtlessly down the broad road of earthly pleasure, unhalloved ambition; we know that, unless they accept of Christ's love, they will be lost, and yet we are silent! No tender word of warning, no thoughtful appeal, made earnest by the love of Christ, escapes our lips. If, in moments of thoughtfulness, the truth is pressed home upon us that we are, in some sense, our brother's keeper, we shrink from the cross, with feeling that it is too heavy for us; we are not able to bear it. Others are better fitted for this particular duty. Others may, in some way, lead souls to Christ, and they may after all be saved. So with this shrinking from the cross, we remain silent, apparently indifferent, while precious souls are lost,—lost,—lost forever from the paradise of God.

How can we, who trust that we have been born again,—born into the blessed love of our Lord and Saviour,—thus neglect our duty, and still be guiltless before our Maker? Will not the brightness of all our future be tarnished by the remembrance of this neglect? Will not the voice of our brother's blood cry unto us, echoing the sounds of despair through all the chambers of the soul? If we shrink from the responsibilities which Jesus, in his tender, loving wisdom, has laid upon us, how can we expect that the glorious cross of unfading light will be ours? If we are silent and inactive, through fear of the world's scorn, how can we look for the rich blessings promised to him that overcometh? How dare we claim Christ as ours, when the sneer of the unbeliever is of more weight with us than even the precious inheritance of His sacred love?

Awake, my heart! No longer rest in idleness! Shrink not from the work that God has assigned thee! Christ knoweth all thy weakness, all thy fears. The cross

may sometimes press heavily, but Jesus hath borne it before thee, and he hath purchased pardon, peace and rest for all who love him, and keep his commands. He has said—"If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Oh, what blessedness, what joy, to feel that we have "kept his words," and that the sacred guests will ever be ours! MARILLA, Money Creek, Minn.

An Early Missionary Sermon.

The first missionaries that went from our country to preach to the heathen were the Revs. Messrs. Judson, Newell, Nott, Hall and Rice. Their ordination took place in Salem, Mass., Feb. 6, 1812. The sermon was by Dr. L. Woods, late Prof. in Andover Theological Seminary, from Ps. 67:1, 2: "God be merciful unto us and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That they may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations." The sermon was afterwards printed, and we have lately seen it. The subject was, "The duty of Christians to send the gospel to the heathen; the reasons and methods for it."

I. The worth of souls. II. The plenteousness of God's redeeming mercy. III. The command of Christ. IV. The conduct of those who had this command from Christ. V. The gospel plan of salvation universal.

One who was present wrote of it, that it was delivered in a very animated and feeling manner, and in the closing part, while addressing the candidates, it affected many in the congregation to tears.

But a few days later, Feb. 17, the missionaries sailed. They parted with their friends on the wharf with great calmness. So one stated who was there. And this one went down the harbor, spent the night on board, and returned with the pilot the next morning. He states that it was one of the most interesting and happy nights that he ever spent. They sang, and Mr. Judson read and prayed.

Glorious things came of those first missionaries. Mr. Newell died after about nine years, and Mr. Hall after fourteen, but much fruit of their work appeared. Dr. Judson labored about forty years with distinguished success. The wife of Mr. Newell died, her biography was published, and this, with the biography of the wife of Dr. Judson, and finally of Dr. Judson himself, have extended the missionary spirit. By these and the influence of their work in heathen lands, "being dead, they yet speak." F.

A Green Old Age.

Dorcas Pearce, of Providence, R. I., is ninety-two years of age, and in excellent health. She has lived a widow thirty years. She is neat in her appearance, cuts and makes her own dresses, has always worked and now works every day. Her eye-sight is good, so that she sees to knit, sew and read. Her hearing is good. She stands and sits very erect, has always and does now manifest a cheerful and amiable temper, eats her regular meals, weighs 139 pounds, and seems to retain her faculties wonderfully well. Above all she is an agreeable Christian. She says she is as happy as she desires and is as well as she could wish. In the morning worship she knelt and offered a fervent, intelligent, humble prayer. She lives with her daughter, Rebecca Williams, wife of Harrison, the seventh in a direct line from Roger Williams.

How is all this? This woman has never destroyed her health by any of the mischievous methods so much in fashion.

JOHN TILLINGHAST.

Providence, R. I.

True Sayings.

Better suffer for truth than prosper for falsehood. Repent.—The best time is now; the best place is here.

The beauty of holiness, like the sun, is seen by its own light.

The only way to be permanently safe is to be perpetually holy.

The smile of God and the peace of conscience will more than counterbalance a universe of frowns.

If we stand, Christ must be our foundation; if we would be safe, Christ must be our sanctuary.

There is no coming to the fair haven of glory without sailing through the narrow straits of repentance.

We often omit the good we might do in consequence of thinking about that which it is out of our power to do.

What need a child fear, though the house be full of rods, seeing that not one of them can move without the Father's hand.

When you send up your prayers, be sure to direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they will never miscarry.

Christianity has given to truth a dignity independent of time and numbers. It has required that truth should be believed and respected for itself.

We have had a great many translations of the Holy Scriptures; the best of all would be their translation into the daily practice of Christian people.

Every hour comes to us charged with duty, and the moment it is past, it is registered for or against us in the final account which all must give of their actions.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purpose of sense or happiness.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments when much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offenses in bad men.

Selections.

The Future.

What may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door.
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gain
Of all our toiling, in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
No glories, no stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here;
No word came from our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starry night before us,
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellation o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet ever toward that midnight dark and hollow
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

Your Standing at Home.

We often hear the question asked of such and such a one—"What is his standing in society?" or "What is his standing in the church, or among business men?" But we never think of asking before we take him into our confidence—"How does he stand at home?" And yet the man who can make reply to this question with an untroubled heart and a clear conscience, is a hero not so often met with, but that he is worth looking after and closely cultivating.

"Home again, dearest! Safe at home, once more! Oh, how I have missed you!" So exclaims a glad wife, as she meets with a caress the weary man for whose coming she has watched and waited until the twilight has deepened into night. She draws him into the cheerful family room, talking all the while, and bustling herself in the meantime in sundry little contrivances to make him comfortable. And here come the children! You hear chirping voices and pattering feet in the hall long before the little rosy faces come in sight.

What a shouting and climbing, and what playful disputing to see which shall get to papa first! So much to tell! So many questions to ask! So many kisses to be given and taken! And then there is a headlong race and a promiscuous scramble, ending in a general head-over-heels tumble at a suggestion from mamma that papa would like somebody to fetch his slippers, maybe.

How pleasantly she scolds over the distracting noise with a "Now, children, do be quiet!" But it is plain to see that she enjoys the uproar as much as any of them, while to the contented man, who is so snugly ensconced in the most comfortable chair in the room, this hour of relaxation is a full repayment for all the toils and weariness of the day. This is one of the men who stand well at home.

"How I have missed you!" You must stand well at home, before any body there will ever say these words to you just as they ought to be said. "How I have missed you!"

How much of grateful affection is expressed in that one sentence! It tells of hours of tender, brooding thought, for an absent loved one. What a blessed thing it is to be missed! How we treasure love's remembrance!

How involuntarily the question arises in the heart of the absent, "Do they miss me at home?" And how desolate and bitter the heart, when we feel that there are none to miss us! Not one to send loving wishes and thoughts out after us! Not one kind voice to greet us when we come! How very hard it must be to lead a loveless life! I think there can be no other cross so hard to bear.

God pity and soften the man whose standing at home is not good; whose feet shrink away in fearful silence as his foot crosses the threshold; whose children shun the room that he darkens with his presence; whose wife meets him with a pale, spiritless, crushed look, which tells how small is her hope of future, how scanty have been the loving words and looks that have brightened her life. God help those who love him! for it is a pretense to love such a man. And God bless the generous, cheerful, large-hearted man, who always brings the sunshine with him; who leaves his cares and his business "down town," and brings only his own cheerful and cheerful face to his family; for his face is a never failing source of gladness to those who love him; and his tenderness is their highest pride and surest shield, after God's.

Ah! if your standing at home isn't a good one, dear reader—irrespective of sex—be in greater hurry to make it so than you are to do any other thing in this world! Don't wait until the memory of the grievous look upon some dear face—almost habitual to it by reason of your habitual unkindness—subdues you into gentleness, when that face has gone forever from your gaze, and you can never call forth a smile to dwell upon it again!

Our Daily Bread.

We easily forget, and yet how unreasonably, our personal and constant dependence on God. We can see how the poor widow, whose barrel of meal has failed, and whose cruse of oil is spent, should and can ask thus humbly and urgently the day's provender; but it seems strange to us at first, that such a petition should suit as well the rich, the owner of houses and farms and bank-stock, the man whose garner contains food that would supply bread for myriads of mouths besides his own, and this not for to-day only, but for years hence—the merchant, it may be, whose groaning warehouses would vitiate whole navies. We can see how David might naturally and most urgently offer such a prayer as is our text, on the day when he and his soldiers were lingering, and the show bread was given them; but how Solomon, his son, could use it, when his purveyors sent him, month by month, such profuse supplies for his table and palace, seems not so easy to be understood. And yet this very language would equally suit both—the hunger-bitten father in the day of his want, and the luxurious son in the season of his imperial opulence. Job in his palmy days, when he was the richest of all the men of the East, and when his sons were feasting each in his own house; and Joseph, when opening the granaries of Egypt, where he had laid up the food of seven plenteous years, for an entire nation—each needed the spirit, if not the terms, of this prayer; and we doubt not each was wont to sit down to his own well-stored board in the temper, dependent and grate-

ful, which is inculcated by this very prayer. Do not the rich depend? Let an incensed and forgotten God send but a horde of his insect ravagers into the garner of wealth and pride, and how soon, and how surely, is all their accumulated abundance converted into rotteness. Let him allow their tried sagacity to be at fault, and how easily one rash speculation sweeps off, as with the besom of destruction, the gains of a lifetime, and writes them bankrupt and penniless.

A man may be proud of his industry and economy and skill; a nation may exult over its enterprise and energy; but are not these, or the qualities that win bread, and win it abundantly, themselves gifts of heaven? "Is it not He that giveth thee power to wealth?" The statesman or political economist, who overlooks this palpable truth, has little reason to boast of his discernment. All the praise of a man or of a measure—of a political leader, or of a party and its policy—that stops short of God is like the stolidity of the heathen fishermen represented in Scripture as burning incense to his net and drag. Is it not He that bestowed all the material constituents of wealth, the ores and gems hid in the recesses of the earth, as well as the harvest reaped from its field; and is it not His providence that discovers to man, in the fitting age and hour, the treasures of nature, and suggests all the inventions of art? If He be forgotten or defied, it is but for Him to speak, and the blight on the wheat, or the blasting of the root on which a whole people feeds, shall send famine, and perhaps pestilence through all its borders; or leaving to a nation these stores, he may curse them, and our abundance pamperers our sensuality and poisons our virtues.—*Dr. Williams.*

The Two Saint Peters.

In history there are two St. Peters. One is the ambitious, the unscrupulous, the cruel and tyrannical creation of the church at Rome. Every unhalloed and worldly impulse was gradually numbered among the attributes of the great apostle. In the third century his Roman defamers began to invest him with an ambitious design of subjecting all other bishops. In the fifth, Leo openly demanded for him a universal primacy of authority that was denied both at Chalcedon and Constantinople. At a later period he was made a temporal prince, ruling over the Roman states by force and fraud. In the eleventh century the haughty Hildebrand, in the hallowed name of Peter, proclaimed himself the temporal and spiritual master of the world. In the thirteenth, Innocent III. to give the authority of Rome, filled Europe with bloodshed, and exterminated the heretics of Provence. St. Peter was now made the author of the Inquisition, the champion of the Crusades, the oppressor of the humble, a universal persecutor. Still later, he was represented by the horrible voices of a Borgia. At the Reformation he was held up to mankind as the foe of rising knowledge, the patron of a dull conservatism. He was supposed to have inspired the bitter malevolence of the Council of Trent, and the papal and spiritual master of the world. In the nineteenth century, his name is once more invoked by the bishop of Rome in exciting a new assault upon human freedom. Priests and pope, in their final council, present once more to mankind their traditional St. Peter—ambitious, cruel, tyrannical—and declare his infallibility.

Very different was the true St. Peter of the Gospels and the Acts. He was ever lamenting his own fallibility. In a moment of terror, at the thought of death, he had denied his Saviour. On him the eye of affliction had been turned reproachfully; to him had been spoken the words of indignation, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" His fervent love had won forgiveness; he was the rock on which the church was built. Again he had denied his Master when he strove to enforce the Mosaic law on the followers of Christ; again he yielded, conscience-smitten, to the intercession of James and the fierce denunciation of St. Paul. At the sacred supper it was not Peter that leaned on the bosom of the Lord, and only his age and his rude eloquence gave him any precedence among the disciples. Often the first to act or speak, his advice was not always followed. To James the just, to John and Peter, the Lord, after his resurrection, communicated a divine knowledge, and Peter seems to have paid a willing deference to the family of his Master.

His true greatness, his inspired eminence above mankind, lay in the humility with which he subdued his own impetuous nature, in the lessons of gentleness and purity which he so freely inculcated upon his disciples. To him the worship paid to a modern pope must have seemed a shocking idolatry. "I am but a man," he cried to the Roman convert who would have adored him. He could scarcely have presided at an auto de fe, for his language is ever merciful and forbearing. For himself he disclaimed all superiority, and would be only an elder among elders. Instead of the vicar of Christ, the lord of kings, and keeper of the sword of persecution, he would have all men humble themselves to one another. "Love as brethren," he cried; "be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil." "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." To such a nature the vain strife of contending bishops, the pretensions of priests to spiritual and temporal despotism, the unhalloed splendors of the medieval church, the horrors of the Inquisition and the massacres of the religious wars, the pride of a Hildebrand, the cruel rage of an Innocent III., must have seemed the orgies of evil spirits clad in a sacred robe.—*Harpers Magazine.*

Losing Scholars.

An exchange has the following excellent remarks on this subject:

Many a child is lost, lost forever, out of the Sabbath school class, when, seemingly, a single visit from the teacher would have restored him to the influence of that Sabbath home. A professed Christian who had long been living in neglect of his church covenant vows, was led to return to his first love, and re-consecrate himself to Christ's service. In making confession before the church he stated sadly that little by little he had gone back and down from the right way, and this in full sight of his brother members, not one of whom ever laid a hand tenderly on him and asked him to do better. Ah! there are many such step-by-step wanderers from the Sunday school fold. Let no teacher be so faithless that his scholar can speak thus of his neglect. John B. Gough was rescued through a tap on the shoulder and a kind word from Joel Stratton, and Dr. Cuyler beautifully suggests that in the thunders of applause at Gough's triumph in Exeter Hall, or the Academy of Music, he heard the echoes of that tap and those words of loving sympathy.

The teacher who follows his Sabbath

scholar as he is led astray, or is becoming heedless and unstable, may speak a word to Jesus for that scholar's soul, the echoes of which shall be heard in the song of the redeemed eternally.

Teaching by Parables.

We copy from *The Interior* the following incident, which not only illustrates the difficulties that missionaries meet in their efforts to teach the Hindus, but suggests a method of reasoning that might be profitably used by our own clergymen and Sabbath school teachers:

In certain parts of India the cocoa-nut tree grows in great abundance, and you will frequently see large groves of it, which have been cultivated not for the fruit, but to obtain the drink called toddy, of which the natives are so fond. This liquor is at first perfectly harmless, but by being kept, and undergoing the process of fermentation, it becomes the strong, intoxicating drink called Arrack. It is obtained in this way: The tree grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, without any branches, but it is surmounted by a beautiful canopy or crown of long slender leaves, directly underneath which a large bunch of nuts is formed; but when the tree is intended to produce toddy the nut is not allowed to form, but the young shoot from which it would be produced is cut; this destroys the fruit, as the sap which would go to its formation oozes out through the opening; a native man climbs the tree each day, and removes the vessel which had been tied there the previous day, and again paring away a small portion of the shoot, attaches another vessel to the same place. A pint, or sometimes a quart of sap is obtained every twenty-four hours.

The Hindus pride themselves on their intellect, and profess in religion not to believe what they cannot understand. A missionary who often followed our Saviour's example of taking his text of illustrations from familiar things around him, was once preaching by the wayside, near one of these cocoa-nut groves. He was trying to teach these poor Hindus the character of the *Trine* Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as the one God and Love, when a sudden stop was put by a man in the crowd calling out most scornfully: "I will not believe that, for I can not understand it, and I will never believe anything I can not understand."

A number of voices then joined: "That's so; we will not believe against our reason." The missionary being perfectly aware that these men, with all their boasted reason, were perfectly ignorant of the simple laws of nature, even of the generation of the sap, for the growth and support of the vegetable kingdom, cried out: "Stop! stop! look here! I see a man every day climb up to the top of that cocoa-nut tree with an empty can in his hand, and he brings it down full of toddy; he tells me he gets it from the top of the tree, but I can't understand how it gets there, so I will not believe it. That which he brings down can not be rain, for no rain will lodge in the branches, they and the leaves are so formed as to shed the water; besides, he obtains this in the dry season, when there have been no showers for a long time. It is not water that runs up the outside of the tree, for we never see it, and then water runs down, not up. Then if you were to cut down the tree so as to see the inside, you would find no water there; and should you pour water on it, the stream would run off, not into the wood. Now then, you see it is impossible for the man to get the toddy up the tree, my reason tells me so; I can not understand it, he must carry it up in his can. My friends, will you explain this to me?"

There was a general laugh, and a murmur of approbation at this argument. "Now you see," continued the preacher, "if we can not understand, with all our boasted reason, the simplest work, how can we expect to understand the more mysterious? When that man tells you that he gets the toddy up the tree, you believe it, even though it is against your reason. So when God tells us in his word, of any truth, that it is so, we must believe it, though we can not understand it. Some few years ago, before you ever saw any ice, you did not believe it possible that water could become hard enough for a man to walk on; now you have seen it and know it is so, though you do not understand how it becomes so; yet the same thing existed before, though you did not believe it. So it is with the truths of God; because you have no faith in them, your unbelief does not make them untrue."

"True! true! true!" was the general reply. "Sabbath, we will think of it."

Little Gifts.

Rev. Samuel Cox, in the *Sunday Magazine*, eloquently points out how those possessing only little gifts and few opportunities may serve God and men. He says:

But some will say, "How willingly would we serve men if we could! But we have no special gift, no great opportunities. We have nothing to give which our neighbors would accept. The little we can do is not worthy the name of service." Is it not? In a forest, or an orchard, there must be trees of many kinds. All can not be olives, nor all figs, nor all vines. But if every tree yield its fruit, and the best fruit it can, does not the orchard prosper? Under the larger trees there must be many briars, many brambles—perhaps a score, or a hundred of these for every tree that throws lofty branches into the air. And a few of these brambles might get together, and say, "We are of no use; the forest does not need us; men do not care for us. O that we could bear olives, or figs, or grapes! As it is, we are good for nothing but to be cut down and cast into the fire. Why should we wait for that? Let us catch fire and burn the forest down." But need the brambles thus despair of themselves? Ask the birds who dine off the hips and haws of the thorns all the winter through! Ask the boys who pluck blackberries off the briars! Even the bramble, if, instead of catching fire, it will give itself to its proper work, is capable of bearing a fruit which many prize above the sour olive or the too luscious fig, a fruit as sweet, but not so perilous, as the grape. And just as the bramble may always either yield fruit, or store up the sweet juices which turn to fruit, so we, if we will use our few gifts, and the trivial opportunities which every day brings us, may be always either yielding our fruit, or making ready to yield fruit which our neighbors will find both nutritious and sweet.

Confidential Sundays.

When God wishes especially to bless the inner ring of the Christian circle—the "Peter, James and John" fraternity—then it is

that he permits a rainy Sunday to intervene. What pastor has not felt a peculiar atmosphere to pervade the house of God on such days, when the "two or three" are assembled in the name of Christ? They are such confidential days!—those rainy Sundays. Pastor and people come so near together, the services are participated in by all; the homilies become so pointed and direct; every exercise has so much of the "thou-art-the-man" about it, that no one has any margin left for his neighbor. If yours is a church-soul, you must have felt your religious life have risen to such a comfortable heat in God's house on a rainy Sunday, as to enjoy such days, rather than abominate them. Be sure that it is wholly impossible for you to be there, ere you absent yourself, for the "Lord has something to say unto thee."—*Guardian.*

Ice in the Pulpit.

A pastor asks and answers the question—Who put it there?

You, Deacon Jones; you put it there! At least, you have done more to put it there than any one else in the parish. Your whole course for the last three years has constantly tended to put out the fire in your pastor's heart, and turn him into an iceberg. You have neglected or been slow to pay your portion of his salary, and so fill his mind with the cares of the world; you have neglected the prayer-meeting, and have come late to church; and left your pastor to bear the whole burden of soul and body. Your example have encouraged others to do the same, while you have given yourself up to successful money-getting.

If your pastor is frigid, good people, thaw him out. Do not try to break the ice. Melt it. Harshness and fault-finding will start any stream, no matter how long it has been frost-bound.—*Christian at Work.*

Varieties.

Sanctified afflictions are like so many artificers, working on a plous man's crown, to make it more bright and massive.

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

To speak truth and to do good is to resemble in some sort the Deity we worship.

The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

Many calumnies are injurious even after they are refuted. Like the Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blither when dead.

Words are little things, but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power.

Fifty spoken, they fall like the sun-shine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain; but when unaided, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

Youth scatters its affections with a liberal hand, like a young heir, ignorant as yet of the value of his possessions.

The light of religion is not that of the moon—light without heat; but neither is its warmth that of the stone—warmth without light.

Religion is the sun, the warmth of which indeed swells, and stirs, and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to all others.

Temptations, like noxious weeds, are best killed by putting the knife to their root.

Our prayers and God's mercies are like two buckets in a well: while the one ascends, the other descends; so while our prayers ascend to God in heaven, his blessings and mercies descend to us upon the earth.

Some one has said of those that die young, that they are like the lambs which Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the mothers of the flock may follow.

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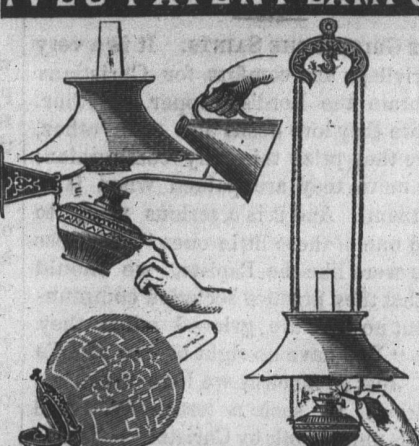
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Make Money for Jesus.

Money, money! every one wants money. How they strive for it! How distressed they are over its loss! Men sacrifice honesty, honor and peace to gain it; grieve at its loss more than at the death of dear friends. "The love of money is the root of all evil," but the use of it, to bless the world, is not. It is sinful, degrading to "serve mammon," but noble and Christian to compel it to serve God. Covetousness is fatal to all piety; but a generous use of money in the cause of Christ is the ripest fruit of spiritual growth. It is vastly easier to get men to be devout prayers, singers and rejoicers, than generous givers. Hearts which melt in devotional tenderness, often become dry and hard the moment tithes for the Lord are mentioned.

There are three classes of money sinners: Those who gather greedily, that they may be rich. These are idolaters. Those who gather that they may "consume it upon their lusts." Such serve the flesh and are aliens from God. And the shiftless idlers, too indolent to make money. They are lower and meaner than either of the others, for they have no ambition, no enterprise, and merely hang on to life, absorbents, cumberers of the ground.

It is a Christian duty to make money, not that we may be rich, or voluptuous, but to honor Christ in saving souls. The ways of using money for this purpose are innumerable. We can never lack opportunity; the disposition and the means we should eagerly seek. It is duty to "provide for our own," but not to terminate our efforts with them; "charity begins at home," but it should never remain there, but go abroad seeking to save the lost. As the higher types of Christian life prevail, this generous use of money is better understood. But we need a larger growth in grace, more of the Spirit of Christ, "who, though rich, became poor, that we might be rich." This spirit is increasing in the churches, yet very few have come up to the dignity of unselfish efforts to make money, for the chief purpose of doing good.

At all times we should give liberally of our income to extend the gospel. The poor should give, and by industry and economy, strive for means to increase their contributions. It would bless them in "basket and in store," as well as in soul, to do so. Many persons are poor because they lack this high resolve; if they once possessed it, they would receive a large increase of energy, wisdom, economy, and power to make money, as well as to use it for the glory of God. All persons, of every condition and talent, would be benefited, made more competent to do business, make money, use money, by the possession of this great, inspiring motive, to make money for Christ. It enlarges the judgment, quickens thought, makes self-denial a luxury, elevates the whole character, enlarges all the currents of life. It is lack of ability, foresight and executive force, and not lack of opportunity generally which keeps men poor; and when this mighty enthusiasm inspires them, when this grand purpose leads and regulates all their thoughts and actions, they reach their highest possible capacity and skill to devise and execute. If this divine grace were fully enjoyed by the whole brotherhood, it would double their money-making and money-saving power, and more than double the resources of churches for evangelical work.

We ought to have men, many of them, who do business exclusively for the church. Why not? There are hundreds of them who have provided for their families; there is no danger of want. Why should they not use their talents, experience, business power, to make money for Christ? Why not turn over all the profits of business to Christian uses? There are many men without families; why do they not labor, and scheme, and study, and get gain, for this cause? When Christians attain a high-type of piety, they will do it. Most of them are too low, too selfish, too much under the domination of the flesh, to do it now. The spirit of Christ, the wonderful unselfishness of his nature, is not sufficiently incorporated into Christians' lives, to produce these mature fruits. They can pray, and sing, and live moral lives, and give pretty well, but do not yet know the full meaning of "Christ formed within," of "not seeking their own," of "seeking first the kingdom of God." When they do, we shall find men and women in all our churches who are working, firms, running shops, driving business with energy and persistence, and giving all the profits to the cause of Christ. Then there will be others, who will work like heroes, push business with vigor, and make all they possibly can, and give three-quarters of the income. Such a spirit will stir all, even the widows with "two mites," and the poor with one mite, to energy, and they will begin to earn more, save more, work with more judgment and tact, and have more money to use and more to give. As the brotherhood rises to this higher life, their whole nature will be elevated, their capacity enlarged, their worldly prosperity increased, their usefulness magnified, their morality and piety improved, and their life testimony, that Christianity is from heaven, will become invincible.

Sabbath Schools wishing the *Myrtle* for the current year should send in their orders at once, if they desire to commence with the first issue of the volume.

Fruits of Close Communion.

1. IT GRIEVES THE SAINTS. It is a very great privilege and comfort for Christians to celebrate the Lord's supper together. The more they love Jesus and each other, the more they prize this holy communion, and the more they are pained when it is denied them. And it is a serious thing to "offend one of these little ones." If Close Baptists were like the Papists, we should prefer that they practice secluded communion. But now we are grieved when they tell us: "You have no right to the Lord's table." Just so much as we love them, we are grieved by such a testimony. And thousands united both by Christian and family ties, are thus thrust aside and condemned by the practice of Close Communion.

2. IT GRIEVES CHRIST. A cup of cold water given to or withheld from the least of his disciples, is regarded by Christ as done to himself. But Close Communion denies to the saints the "cup of blessing," the cup which betokens a blessing and brings one to the soul. Does not Christ feel grieved over such an act?

3. IT VIOLATES THE POSITIVE LAW OF CHRIST. The Lord made a revelation to Paul on this question. He says, (1 Cor. 11: 23-25): "I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you." To whom was Paul speaking? He distinctly tells us,—"All in every place who call upon the name of Christ Jesus our Lord." And this means "all," to the end of time, for he says, that they are to "show the Lord's death till he come," v. 26.

Now therefore he says, to "all in every place who call upon the name of the Lord," "I deliver unto you" the bread and cup. Whom does "You" refer to but to "all who call on the Lord," "all saints?" "Take ye, eat, this is my body, broken." For whom was it broken? Whom does "You" denote? "This do ye." "Show the Lord's death till he come." There is no command in the Bible more specific and positive. "All in every place who call on the name of the Lord," "all saints" are commanded to partake; and Close Communion forbids what Christ commands.

4. IT WEAKENS THE TESTIMONY OF BAPTISTS FOR THE TRUTH. They make the impression that to embrace Baptist views, is to become narrow, proscriptive and sectarian, and this prejudices good men against those views.

5. IT DIVIDES THOSE CHRISTIANS WHO OUGHT TO WORK TOGETHER. There are tens of thousands of Baptists, in other churches, who would feel more at home, grow in grace faster, and do more good, in Baptist churches than where they are, but they are excluded by Close Communion. They must sacrifice their home with the Baptists, or be cut off from communion with dear Christian friends; and they prefer to sacrifice the church of their choice.

6. IT FORCES BAPTISTS TO BELITTLE THE LORD'S SUPPER. What are they now endeavoring to prove? That the "Supper is not a Christian ordinance, but a mere church rite." Why do they assert that? To quiet their consciences under the offense of excluding Christians from the chief token of Christian fellowship. If it is a Christian privilege to partake, then they have no excuse for excluding them. So they belittle the ordinance, call it "a mere rite," and obscure the fact that it stands as the visible token of atonement, the Calvary of all saints, the center and source of every Christian's hope, the symbol of the one mystic body and the one blood by which we are joined to that body. If the Lord's Supper is not the chief medium of Christian fellowship, the highest point of heart fellowship with Christ, the center, and life of all, spiritual language strangely misleads us.

7. IT HINDERS THE USEFULNESS OF BAPTISTS. They have immense resources for good. Their modes of thought, democratic ideas and feelings, their faith in the written word, and tender, social spirit, are elements of power which the nation and other churches very much need to feel more than they really do feel. Close Communion tends to isolate them; they repel others, and are in turn repelled. The other churches desire to be on terms of close communion, in the best sense, with them; but they cannot wholly overcome the feeling that injustice is done them by declaring them unfit to approach the Lord's table. It is a fact that many Baptists feel that they are crippled and hindered in their work by this custom which binds them. The President of one of their leading universities said to us, recently: "We shall never take the place which we ought to, in the great religious movements of the day, unless we get rid of this Close Communion."

Because of these points, we oppose, grieve over and pray for the extinction of Close or Sectarian Communion. We cannot feel content, we have no right to be content, while the cause of Christ is injured, the saints offended, the usefulness of an excellent people hindered by a usage which is contrary to the express law of Christ, contrary to the spirit of the gospel, and in no sense justifiable.

Writing for the Papers.

Ministers and laymen ought to write more for the papers. It would do them good to write, and do the public good to read what they write. But if they attempt the task, they should count the cost and resolve to meet it. It is more than likely that they will be wounded to the heart at the outset, by editorial criticisms and rejections. Editors are relentless fellows towards all writings except their own; and hard before they are welcomed to the honors of publicity. Such afflictions are "not joyous, but grievous," but if well endured and properly used, they will bring out tal-

ents which would slumber, unknown, but for the scourge and gibbet.

One lesson well learned, and a gracious welcome awaits the writer. Learn this: to put your thoughts into short, terse, direct sentences, without introduction or peroration. It is not lack of thought that incapacitates writers, but attempts at fine writing, the use of platitudes, flourishes and ornate phrases. Whoever attempts this has a terrible run of words and poverty of ideas. How many articles come to hand, beginning after this fashion: "It was evening. The sun had just bid adieu to the busy scenes of day, and majestically entered the mysterious depths of—" "Whew! Nonsense!" blurs out the editor, and flings the parchment into the waste-basket. The anxious author watches every issue of the paper with excited expectation; the heart springs to the throat, the hot blood rushes to the face, the perspiration stands on the brow. "What is the matter, that my article doesn't appear?"

This is the matter; you left out your ideas and sent only words. The next time, send the ideas and keep the words at home, and you will see yourself in print without delay. Follow the example of the little six-year-old, who lisped: "I have made a discovery, mamma. Dis is it. It is good to be good, and bad to be bad," and so ended her philosophizing. Yes, say something, say it in a few words, and stop.

We repeat; more persons ought to write for the papers, and if they are rejected, try again, and keep trying, till they acquire the facility of writing so tersely, putting so many thoughts into few words, that all the editors will be eager for their productions. It requires practice to do this.

Any one can write a long article without sense; but few can write a short one full of sense. Try it, reader, and see how you succeed. Our waste-basket is large, it will do you good to help fill it, and you may reach a more honorable place and very useful results.

Baptist Educational Convention.

There are a few things more that we wish to notice in the utterances of this important gathering of Educators.

1. The chief aim of all the colleges, universities and academies, among Baptists, is to educate ministers. They are glad to educate others, of course, but this is the inspiring, potent motive underlying and overshadowing all others. The arguments, plans and appeals all hinge on this great work,—to provide a competent ministry. The stress laid upon educating leaders in scientific investigation, was chiefly supported by the influence which such Christian scholars would have upon the ministry.

2. It was conceded by all, that the great majority of Baptist ministers must be thrust into their work without the advantages of a classical education; that men of sense, piety and zeal, called of God, should be ordained to the work, wherever the churches desire their labors, and wherever they have skill to bring sinners to Christ. We were surprised to hear this policy so heartily and unanimously asserted and urged as indispensable, by these enthusiastic advocates of the very highest culture, whenever attainable. In this they showed their strong common sense and appreciation of the wants of the churches. They said truly, that it would have been utterly impossible for Baptists to reach their present strength and numbers, had they restricted their ministry to liberally educated men.

The two denominations which have taken the deepest hold of the masses in this country, are the Methodists and Baptists, on account of this latitude allowed in qualifications for to the ministry. And this convention regarded it undisputable that this policy must be continued.

3. It was declared, by such men as President Anderson, Profs. Hovey and Robinson, with the endorsement of others and the dissent of none, that men who are called to the ministry late in life, from twenty-five to forty years of age, should not attempt a classical course of study, which is sure to break up their old modes of thought, without the power to create and mature new ones; but that they should give attention to theology and reading, and engage in the work with their business type of mind, undisturbed by an abortive attempt to make them classical. The verdict of experience, say these educators, is that, in most cases, an attempt at classical culture by such persons does them more hurt than good.

4. They were agreed also in the policy of opening the doors of their theological seminaries to all who come, and giving instruction to all, adapted to their wants; allowing them to enter any classes and pursue any studies for which they have ability. And it appears that quite a percentage of the students in these schools always have been and are now direct from business life, without any classical preparation.

5. Great emphasis was put upon the necessity of inducing the largest possible number of young men to make thorough preparation, secure the highest attainable culture before entering the ministry; that ample funds should be raised to aid them, every possible encouragement should be given them, to induce them to secure the best discipline of the schools. The well-known facts were urged, that men of thorough culture, on an average, work more years in the ministry, last longer, don't break down so soon; and though they do not begin so young, they are effective later in life than those without such preparation; and that they are much more useful, while they do work, than they would have been without such preparation. The haste of young men to enter the ministry unprepared to save time, to have more years for labor, is a delusion.

Now, all Baptists seem to be on a level, and agreed in educational matters, and agreed in the difficulties which hinder our work. The arguments, replies to objections,

policy of procedure, relation of education to piety, the varied qualifications allowable, and the great importance of more earnestness in promoting the highest possible culture, observed in this convention, are just what we have heard in our educational meetings, for years.

There is no danger of raising the standard of ministerial education too high; we, with Baptists, need to make great progress in this direction yet; and while every man who can preach the gospel should be encouraged to do so, whether educated or not, we should make every possible effort to induce our young men to secure the very best preparation within reach. The usefulness of those with little learning, the influence of the churches upon the public mind, the power to resist error and defend the gospel faith, the strength and success of our religion, depend upon the labors of scholarly ministers. We need Peters and Jameses and Johns, but cannot succeed without Pauls, and the more we have of them the better. So said this convention, so say we, and let all the people say, Amen.

Current Topics.

—FAILED. It will be remembered that, about two years since, Rev. Rowland Connor was disestablished by the School St. Universalist church, Boston, in consequence of his virtual rejection of the Scriptures as infallible and of divine authority. Mr. Connor has since acted mostly with the Free Religionists, and has been preaching to a congregation at Horticultural Hall; and there have been frequent attempts, by means of using the press, to enlist the public sympathy and give the impression that a marked prosperity has been enjoyed by the new society. But the facts recently developed indicate that the prosperity has been both partial and ambiguous. The income has been falling off until the rentals hardly suffice to pay for the use of the hall, and the most earnest supporters frankly confess that there is nothing to be done but to abandon the attempt to maintain the meeting.

The meeting has therefore been given up, the society has been disbanded, and Mr. Connor is left to provide for himself as he may, and find a company of supporters who are willing to take the responsibility of paying a preacher to discourse upon religion, when they themselves have no faith in any religious teaching save as that teaching is affirmed by the soul of the hearer without the aid of any outside voice. The cohesive power of skeptical opinions is not very great, and the reasons for practicing self-denial and generosity for the sake of religion, are not apt to be controlling reasons with men who wholly lack a real and positive faith. The negative work of skepticism absorbs most of the energy which its representatives possess; they have very little force to spare for the service that builds vital institutions into permanence and power.

DR. McCOSH IN BOSTON. The visit of Rev. Dr. McCosh to Boston, and his lectures before the Boston Theological School, have produced a marked impression upon the thinking portion of the people. His mental vigor and freshness, his familiarity with the metaphysics and theology of the present day, his masterly analysis and iron logic, his thorough devotion to the evangelical system coupled with his largeness and catholicity of heart, and his honest, direct, downright Scotch frankness won him a full and repeated hearing, and his lectures have left a decided mark upon the Puritan city. He dealt with living and practical questions. The scientific assumptions and the growing distrust of spiritual agencies that are becoming prominent were dealt with in a way that was at once skillful and effective, and the criticism employed upon the theories of some of the leading skeptics of the present century, was not less courteous than caustic. He has done religion a noble service by his visit and his utterances, drawn about him many of the best men of Boston whom he met as strangers but parted with as friends, and compelled the theological antagonists, to whom he addressed many of his most effective words, to pay him the homage of a profound respect. We owe the old world not a little for such a gift as she has sent us in the person of the Princeton President.

—NOT FREE FROM FRICTION. The reunion of the two Presbyterian Assemblies was a grateful fact, and many of the earlier fruits have been grateful. But nothing is quite perfect in human life, and the grace of God does not root out all the frailties of human nature even in ecclesiastical circles. Mr. Barnes has generously withdrawn his theological works, that were largely called out by the controversies springing from the causes that led to separation, from the list of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, to avoid discord and help bury unwelcome memories. But some of his special friends complain of this as involving a surrender, and as having been prompted by the overbearing and unbenevolent policy of some who have been distinguished as Old School zealots, while men on the other side ask for even greater concessions than this. Some warm blood shows itself, and now and then a little wounded pride appears in the garb of caustic speech. The question of the organ of the united body is not quite satisfactorily adjusted, and the old persistent dislikes and distrusts are not quite buried. But time, and patience, and common interests, and joint toil and trial can hardly fail to make them a real brotherhood in fact as in name.

—MOTHER'S LOVE. Lamartine, the French writer, beautifully illustrates a mother's love in the following words:

In some spring freshet a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer home. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, its wicker cup of unfiled song, and fluttering beside it as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she went,

her cries of agony and fear piercing the pines in the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion that child might be, it mattered not, though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

—THE INCOME TAX. The discussions in Congress and in many of the papers over the income tax is becoming earnest and warm. The demand for its abolition is heard in many quarters. The Boston *Journal* drives at it with most determined energy, using argument, protest, appeal and satire. In this it echoes the opinions of many of those who pay a tax on incomes, and its points are reproduced on the floor of the Capitol. But Mr. Schenck, who stands at the head of the Committee having that subject in charge, in the lower branch of Congress, is not yet ready to approve this unequalled crusade. He thinks the present law may need modification, that the sum exempted may be properly increased, and that some of the temptations to fraud and perjury may be fittingly removed. But neither he nor Mr. Boutwell is ready to approve such a decided reduction in the receipts of the government as would follow the entire abolition of the tax. Only about a quarter of a million of people contribute to these receipts, but the aggregate amount is considerable, and the desirableness of putting the national debt on the way to extinction is a matter of so much consequence that the stopping of the process seems a calamity. And yet the nation naturally feels that it ought not to be compelled to carry this burden unless the necessity is absolute.

—CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE BIBLE. John Henry Newman, a leading Roman Catholic, has thus expressed himself on the English Bible:

Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten; like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities, often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in the Saxon Bible.

Reading to Advantage.

A writer in *Old and New* makes some very fitting suggestions respecting the methods of providing for the supply of ample reading matter in those towns and neighborhoods where large public libraries are not to be had, and where few persons have the means of supplying themselves with a broad range of literature. The plan presented is simple and feasible. Where the taste for reading exists, and the usual amount of social fellowship prevails, some such arrangement as the following would be very timely. The writer says:

"There is not a town of five thousand people in America, in which are not twenty persons who would gladly spend five dollars a year for books. Let these twenty form the reading club of the town; admit all applicants till the maximum, say of thirty members, be reached. No matter if they never heard each other's names. Suppose there are twenty members. Let them pay five dollars each to a common treasurer. Let him and the President be a purchasing committee. With thirty dollars a year they can take ten of the best magazines. With twenty dollars ten new books, and with the rest of the hundred dollars one new book a week as the year goes by. Arrange the names of the members of the club in the order of their residences, on a printed list to be pasted on the cover of each book. Then you will start with ten magazines and ten books. Let each subscriber have one new one. At the end of the week let him pass one to the person next him on the list, and receive one from the person above. With every week a new book is put in circulation. With every month ten new magazines are put in. Every family of twenty is at its wit's end to keep up with the supply.

When the year is ended, sell your books and magazines at auction, to the members of the club. That will give you some forty or fifty dollars to add to the next year's subscription. This system, which will seem perfectly common-place to half our readers, ought to be tried by three-fourths of the other half. It has been developed in England to such an extent, that central London establishments are carried on at a gigantic scale, merely in the business of feeding these local clubs, and such individuals as avail themselves of the same machinery. No other system can so effectually supply the want of a well conducted public library."

Shot at the Door.

Under this title, the *N. Y. Observer* describes an incident which recently occurred at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting:

A man stood back in the crowd near the door. He spoke with a loud, clear voice, and said: "This is the second time I have been in this meeting. The first time was five years ago. I had to crowd to get in. I stood near the doorway. I never had been to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting before. I never have been here since. I got an arrow in my heart from the bow of the

Almighty when I was here before, and I went away wounded like a stricken deer. It was a wound which none but the Great Physician of the soul could heal. I carried it many days. It was very painful. I knew I was a guilty, perishing sinner. The cry of my soul every day was, 'Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, of whom Moses and the prophets did write.' I went mourning many days. At length I met Him whom my soul loveth. He became mine, and I was His. I basked in the light of his countenance. I felt that my sins were all forgiven. I began a new life. These five years have been the happiest years of my life.

I live far from here—hundreds of miles away. I have not had the second opportunity to come in here until to-day. The first time, I came to this meeting out of the merest idle curiosity. I could not have told the reason why I came.

Now I am here to bring my thank-offering to God, that His Holy Spirit ever led me to this place of prayer. I came, I have no doubt, in answer to the prayers of a dear pious mother. It was to be God's way of answering prayer, which had gone up for me ever since I was born. I came also in answer to your prayers.

I stood in the doorway of the old room, and there, as by a flash, I was struck. I remembered all my mother's years of anxiety that she might see me a Christian. I felt as solemn as death. I felt that I stood on holy ground. I heard how you prayed for sinners. I thought,—"This is just as my mother prays for me. She longs for my conversion with an unutterable longing." I said to myself,—"My poor mother shall not be disappointed. I ought to be a Christian. I will be a Christian. I will go to Jesus and give myself up to His service."

But it was not so easy. I did not know the way to be saved. I knew I must believe on Christ, but I did not know how to believe. Who could tell me how?

But in process of time I found myself believing, and I never could tell how. When I felt I could do no more—and I could do nothing—just right then and there, Jesus stepped in to my help. I was persuaded and enabled to believe in Jesus as he is freely offered in the gospel. I never could tell how I came to believe. But I have a joy in believing which I cannot describe. I am happy every day. I cannot tell you how precious is this place of prayer to me, nor how endearing the remembrance of this Fulton Street Prayer Meeting is to me. I cannot forget the merciful Providence which brought me here five years ago. I would never forget that God's Holy Spirit arrested me when I stood listening to the prayers which were offered, and was thus reminded of my mother's prayers.

One thing I did not find out till long afterwards. It was this—that my mother, having ascertained that I was coming to New York, was praying at that very time that God would incline me to come to this meeting. But so it was—as she told me, and had sent to you to pray for the same. No wonder this place of prayer is precious to my soul.

Lay Preaching.

The *N. Y. Mail* utters the following thoughts concerning lay preaching:

The subject is one of the most important with which the friends of religion have to-day to deal. We have among the ranks of our clergy very many men who have the power to throw themselves so into the personality of other men as to know just their troubles, to recognize just their needs, to apply just the remedies.

The number of men in the churches outside of the ministry, able, and if properly called upon, willing to do just this work, is very large. Rich in Christian experience, coming in contact in their daily life with men of all sorts, knowing their strength and their weaknesses—this is the material which at the present stage of growth of the Christian church it is now ready to receive. We look forward to a time not far distant when all our large public halls will become, on Sunday, houses of religious worship, where will officiate men from all professions and stations in life, and where the broad gospel of Christ will be preached to the help and comfort of thousands who now lack the consolation and the joy of the faith. May the day come quickly.

TWICE SUGGESTED. Once more we call the attention of pastors, superintendents, and other purchasers of books in Boston, to the fact that there are special and strong reasons for commending to their attention and patronage the House of Messrs. D. Lothrop and Co., No 38 and 40 Cornhill. Sabbath school libraries, and books of almost every class can be obtained at this place on especially favorable terms, and at the same time an important denominational interest will be served by purchasing directly of Messrs. L. and Co. We trust our readers will frequently send them orders and give them calls.

The Religious Press.

The *Examiner & Chronicle*, after speaking of the various methods adopted by pastors in performing their work, has these forcible and practical suggestions:

We need pastors who will set themselves to work in developing and sanctifying the latent talent of our lay membership, and the pastor who succeeds in doing this, is in the best and highest sense, successful, whether he is so regarded or not. The true test of a pastor's efficiency is found in asking the question, How did his church run in the interregnum after his death or resignation? Those are the most successful pastors who "rest from their labors and their works do follow them;" not those whose falling asleep creates a void which cannot be filled.

On this principle, to be sure, some men who have the reputation of being, the

An Illustrated Circular, containing full descriptions and prices, will be sent post paid, on application.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH, Boston, Mass.

Poetry.

Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces,
To keep them fresh and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism,
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism,
Woman's work!

Sewing on the buttons,
Overseeing relations,
Soothing with a kind word,
Others' lamentations,
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
Coaxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company
And reading recent books,
Woman's work!

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
Healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick,
Woman's work!

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath,
Woman's work!

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample,
Woman's work!

At last cometh silence,
A day of deep repose;
Her looks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek.

The hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The cold lips know no smile,
The noble heart no thrill;
Her pillow needs no smoothing,
She craves for no care,
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

A grave in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
Another lesson taught,
That life may not forget;
A face forever hidden,
A race forever run;
"Dust to dust," the preacher saith,
And woman's work is done.
—New Orleans Picayune.

The Family Circle.

Pearl and Pearl Divers.

There is injustice, grievous wrong and cruelty in the early history of almost all oriental pearls; for, as Barry Cornwall sings so well:

"Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest tress,
A single, peerless, priceless pearl,
(All filmy-eyed) forever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blush—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn
When her purple veil's withdrawn—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale.
Yet, what doth all avail,
All its beauty, all its grace,
All the honors of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth without life or motion,
In his early dwelling—dead!
All his children, one by one,
When they look up to the sun,
Cursing the toll by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue."

For sad is the life, and fearful are the dangers through which the unfortunate pearl-diver passes before his few years are ended, and he enters into eternal rest. How strange is the providence of God which places the precious diamond in the hand of the poor Brazilian slave, and grants the precious pearl to the half-starved Indian! Far out, off the coast of Ceylon and Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, are the great deposits from whence come to us most of the gems we value so highly. It is a strange sight to see in the season, in the months of February and March, those desert and barren spots suddenly bloom forth in gorgeous colors as the sands and coral rocks are covered with tents of richly dyed materials, and a motley crowd assembles on the forsaken spot. There are divers and merchants, fish-sellers and butchers, boat-culkers and sailmakers, jewelers and idle talkers, men from Asia and Africa, all talking loudly, jostling each other, eager to become rich, by some lucky venture. There are priests also, who levy tribute on the superstitious fishermen, imploring offerings and prescribing holidays, so that the poor fisherman's earnings are half-spent in advance, and his actual work-days amount to little more than thirty in a season.

When all is prepared, a Hindu or Parsee blesses the water to drive away the sharks—for a consideration; and when the boats are ready for a start there is seen in the chief boat a jolly old cheat, a conjuror and binder of sharks, who waves about his skinny hands, and jumps and howls till the poor fishermen are as much afraid of his incantations as of the sharks themselves. They must fast rigidly while he performs his wicked rites, nor will he allow them to start till he has declared the moment propitious.

At last he lifts up his voice in a hideous way, the divers join in the chorus, a kind of toddy is made and liberally distributed among the excited crowd, and the work begins in earnest. The boats generally assemble at a late hour of the night, and when all are together, a signal gun is fired, whereupon they set sail for the banks, which are not far from the west side of the Persian Gulf. The purpose is to reach there before daybreak, so that the divers may be able to begin the moment the sun rises above the dark waters. In each boat there are, besides the pilot, ten rowers and ten divers. The latter, perfectly naked, but with their skin well rubbed with fragrant oil, work five at a time, leaving the other five to recover and recruit the meanwhile. Before the divers jump in, they compress the nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out; stuff their ears with beeswax for the same purpose; fasten a network bag, which is to hold the oysters, by a string to their waist; and aid their own descent by a large stone of red granite, which they catch hold with their foot. Then they go quickly down to the bottom. Here they dart about as swiftly as they can, picking up with their fingers and with their toes, which they use with wonderful agility, fill their bag, and shake the rope that is held above in the boat, in order to be drawn up at once.

In favorable weather the divers may go down from twelve to fifteen times a day; if the weather is less propitious, they dive at most five times. They remain, on an average, not over a minute under water; to stay a minute and a half, or two minutes, is possible only for a few expert divers, and can only be reached by extraordinary efforts. A few, who have endured four or five minutes, are spoken of, as we speak of the men of genius that adorn a nation's annals; and the greatest of divers is a half-fabulous Indian, who remained full six minutes under water. The exertion is extremely violent, and generally when the poor men return to the surface, blood flows from nose, ears, and eyes. Hence divers are generally unhealthy, and without exception, short-lived. They suffer from heart diseases and sores, and are easily recognized among the mixed population of those regions by their bloodshot eyes, staggering limbs, and bent backs. These are part of their wages. Sometimes they die suddenly on reaching the surface, as if struck by a shot, and are seen no more. The stories of some of their number being regularly slain, in order to throw their limbs to the sharks for the sake of saving the lives of others, or of eye-balls starting out of their sockets, and the tympanum of the ear breaking under the pressure of the water, are of course fables; but the pains, perils and penalties of the poor pearl-divers are in all conscience sad enough to surround the fruit of their labor, the beauteous pearl, with a melancholy interest unknown to other jewels. They have, however, their companions of suffering in higher regions also, for Dryden's words, "He who would search for pearls, must dive below," apply to gems more precious even than the costliest of oriental pearls.—Wonders of the Deep.

To Young Ladies.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Young ladies, if you wish to be happy and contented after the marriage ceremonies and honeymoon are over, I would suggest the following:

Do not choose a lazy man, do not fall in love with a mustache, neither with a hat, neither fashionably cut trousers, nor blackened boots, pomaded nor artificially curled hair; neither look upon graceful dancing and horseback riding—no, indeed, for with all the above mentioned qualifications of, now-a-days called, a fast young man, you would not be able, with the best culinary skill, to cook a meal of victuals with it. If a man come to ask you for your heart and hand, inquire if he is a skillful artisan, or a thrifty, industrious farmer, who is up early and late, and rather does his own work and likes to do it, than complain of hard times; or if he understands how to manage his fortune, if he has any, or has the ability to acquire one; ask him if he thinks there are six days in the week to work, and if he improves them, and then one Sunday to rest on, and to praise the Lord and go to meeting.—If so, and you can otherwise love him, take him, for he is sure to provide for you.

But if he is one of those who loaf about half, and more than half the time, dressed in fashionably-cut garments, afraid to work for fear of soiling his clothes, always thirsty, and who has the sixth commandment seven times abolished—of course, let him stand in the cold and give him the mitten; for, with such a lounging, good-for-nothing dandy you would be unhappy so long as you live.

If all the young ladies would at once join in a society and determine never to marry a lazy, flippant, good-for-nothing do-nothing, the effect would be marvelous, and create wonders; for the young men on matrimonial business intent, would soon see the secret and go to work, earnestly and honestly, and endeavor to be sober and industrious in order to get them a wife of their wishes; and the whole army of loafers and street-corner-watching gentry would disappear from the earth like frogs in winter. The recipe is bitter and severe, but it will cure undoubtedly. Try it and see.

Boys' Rights.

Talk about the women, and the darkies, and the—the—all the rest of 'em; none of 'em all are half so badly used as boys are. I know a lot, and can give you all their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you, to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world.

You're to take all the sass that's given to

you, and give none back, 'cause you're a boy. You are to pay full fare in the cars and omnibuses, 'cause you're a boy, and not a child; and never have a seat, 'cause you're a boy, and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full, and looks about her; everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says, "My son," reprovingly. Conductor says, "Come now, you boy!" You've paid your sixpence. No matter, that's nothing. You have been on your legs with bundles all day. Who cares?—you're a boy. Now a horse has such a load given to him as he can carry, and a man won't take any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There's no limit to it.

Who doesn't know a boy who does a man's work, and does it well, for a tenth of what a man would get for it? Who hasn't seen an advertisement for a boy who writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful, boards with his parents, is trustworthy, no objections to sitting up all night, no impudence about him, the best recommendations required, and two dollars a week wages!

Ask boys whether old folks don't make as much fuss about such places as if they were doing you a favor that would set you up in life.

Who wants a boy anywhere? Your sisters don't in the parlor. Your father don't; he always asks if you're not wanted to do something somewhere. You make your mother's head ache every time you come near her. Old ladies snap you up. Young ladies hate boys. Young men tease you, and give it to you if you tease back. Other fellows, it's because they're aggravated so, I know,—always want to fight, if they don't know you; and when you get a black eye and a torn jacket, you hear of it at home.

You look back and wonder if you ever were that pretty little fellow in petticoats, that everybody stuffed with candy; and you wonder whether you'll ever be a man, to be liked by the girls, and treated politely by the other fellows, paid for your work, and allowed to do as you choose. And you make up your mind every day not to be a boy any longer than you can help it; and when your grandfather or somebody complains that there are "no boys now," you wonder, if he remembers the life he led, that he don't consider it as a subject of rejoicing.

There is only one comfort in it all; boys will grow up, and when they do, they generally forget all they went through in their youth, and make the boys of their day suffer just as they did.

Reward Offered.

A handsome reward will be given for the arrest and delivery at headquarters of Messrs. "They say" and "I understand," who have been, and now are, committing fearful depredations throughout the country; such as tattling, lying, stealing, cheating, destroying property and character, robbing, and, in some known instances, even taking life.

The above catalogue does not complete the list of charges against them, but is believed to be sufficient to warrant their arrest. None are safe, not even the "very elect," so long as they are permitted to run at large.

They are twin brothers, and, I believe, still have a father living, although he is very old, and from present indications, is likely to live to be much older, notwithstanding he is suffering severely from a bruised head, which will doubtless prove fatal to him in the end.

His family is very large, and all are doing a "driving" business, known as the firm of Bellal, Abaddon & Co., as original proprietors; but they are doing business in every neighborhood under assumed names, some of which are very pretty.

"They Say" and "I Understand" generally work under the auspices of the "Poking-your-nose-into-other-people's-business Society." They have often been closely pursued, but always manage to elude their pursuers, keeping next door ahead. They have been known to belong to a church and to say prayers; and, if I mistake not, they have tried their hand at preaching. Their weapons, however, are generally aimed at church members.

I can not give a personal description of these zealous characters, but they may be known by certain characteristics. For instance, after delivering their budget of interesting items, they will primp their sweet little mouths, go off in a convulsion of sighs, and piously groan out, "I'm va-ry sorry it's so; don't know how true it is—I always feared it would turn out so—don't tell any one, for the world," and similar expressions.

Whoever apprehends the above characters, and risks society of their peculiar services, will make his name a sweet incense to the wise and good,—no trifling reward.—Religious Telescope.

Dildrum and Doldrum.

Dildrum and Doldrum, these are our two small cats. They are very funny, and full of frolic. Dildrum and Doldrum have breakfast, dinner and supper like the rest of us. They have a box in the woodhouse to sleep in, where they can catch a mouse on its way to the piggery, or a fat spider spinning her web in a corner.

And yet, would you believe it? they will but I must tell you. When they come into the kitchen the other day, "I smell milk," cried Dildrum; "let us jump up on the table and lap!"

"Is it the lap?" asked Dildrum.

"We were never told not to," said Doldrum.

"Yet will it not be that ugly thing they call stealing?" asked Dildrum.

"Is jumping up on the table stealing? I should like to know?" snarled Doldrum.

"Tabby does it every day, and goes to sleep there as grand as you please."

"That is so," said Dildrum.

"And don't we lap every time we eat our supper?" snarled Doldrum again.

"Why, yes," said Dildrum, somewhat confused by the logic; "but then—"

Before, however, she had time to say more, Doldrum was high and dry on the table. The boldness of the act was not without its effect on poor Dildrum, who presently followed her example.

There was the pan of milk, which Doldrum had no scruples to put her tongue into. Dildrum had her misgivings. Every noise scared her. She could do nothing but listen; as every boy and girl, who has a conscience and don't mind it, well knows.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Dildrum, hearing the household coming. Down she jumped, and hid. Down Doldrum jumped, and hid. But nobody can hide the proofs of their guilt. If there had been any doubt who did disturb the pan of milk, there were their whiskers.

Such a beating as Betty gave them!

"And to be called such hard names!" mewed poor Dildrum, her back smarting.

"Oh, people will call things by their right names, and you can't help it," cried Doldrum, scudding under the woodhouse floor, much disgusted with the way Betty put things, as well as with the world at large.—Child's Paper.

Not one Step.

Jennie is a little girl, even for six years old. She goes by our house to school every day. She often carries a small basket in her hand. One day I saw her open the basket. It had a pocket-handkerchief in it, and a piece of cake. Both looked so nice.

Jennie's mother tells her to come straight home from school. "May I not play some by the way?" asked Jennie.

"No," said her mother; "come home first, and then go out and play."

"Mayn't I stop at any girl's house?" asked Jennie.

"No," said her mother, "come home first."

I wonder if the little girl minded. Did she not sometimes forget? Did she not sometimes think, "I'll go into Benny Carter's just once?"

Benny Carter one day said, "Come into my house, Jennie, and see my sister's white mice, they are so droll; come."

"No," said Jennie; "I can't come."

"Do," said Benny.

"No, Benny," said Jennie.

"Just step up one step," said Benny.

"Not one step," cried Jennie; and she added, "if I go one step I shall go two steps."

"That's just what I want you to do," said Benny.

"Not one step!" cried Jennie; and she started on a trot home as fast as her small legs could carry her.

She went home and asked leave to go to Benny Carter's house and see the mice. Her mother gave her leave, and she had a very pleasant time seeing the little white mice play in their blue cage.—Child's Paper.

The White Hen's Chickens.

"Don't throw those crumbs so near the door, Nannie. The white hen's chickens are learning to come into the house."

"Oh, it don't make any difference, mother; we shall kill them all this fall."

And so Nannie kept on throwing out the crumbs, and the chickens grew bolder and bolder, and their bad habit got firmly fixed.

"It's time those chickens were killed," said Nannie's mother, again, one cold day, late in the fall. "I believe you had better do it to-night, Robert. There are the white hen's chickens, and the rest of Goldie's," and accordingly, when night came, Robert took the lantern and his little brother to carry it, and went out to the hen-house.

What a nestling there was as the light from the lantern shone on them,—the white hen's chickens, and the rest of Goldie's! How they winked and giggled, and tried to look wise, and made such funny, sleepy noises!

"Say, Bob," said little Al, "it's too bad to kill that black pullet; she's a regular beauty. I'm going to ask mother if I can't have her," and away he went, lantern and all, to the house.

"Yes, she's mine; now you needn't kill her," he panted, as he came rushing back; and so the black pullet, one of the white hen's chickens, was spared.

"Al's hen is a perfect nuisance," stoutly affirmed Miss Nannie, the next summer. "She torments me nearly to death. There's that pan full of milk on the floor; by my trying to chase one of her miserable chickens out doors; and she wants to keep the whole brood trooping through the house the minute the doors are open. I can't see what makes her act so; the rest of the hens keep away."

"Don't you remember the crumbs, Nannie? She is one of the white hen's chickens, you know."

Nannie looked sheepish. "But I didn't think it would do any harm, mother, you know."

"Yes, I know; but remember, my daughter, it's not best to learn evil if we don't expect to practice it."—Little Sower.

Whipped Out of Him.

Coleridge, when young, was destined by his parents for a clergyman; but at a certain early stage, which school-boys often reach, he fell in love with skeptical notions, and boldly told his teacher he was an infidel. Without more ado the teacher flogged him, "wisely, as I think," wrote Coleridge afterwards—"soundly as I know." Any whining or sermonizing would have gratified his vanity and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly."

The Richest Boy.

The papers are telling about a boy in New England, now fourteen years of age, who is supposed to be the richest boy in the United States, because he has a great deal of money. To our mind the richest boy in America is the one who is good-hearted, honest, intelligent, ambitious, willing to do right. He is the one who loves his mother, and always has a kind word for her; who loves his sister or sisters, and tries to help them, and regards them with true affection. He is the boy who does not call his father the "old man," but who loves him, speaks kindly to and of him, and tries to help him as the hairs of old age gather fast upon his brow.

The richest boy is the one who has pluck to fight his destiny and future. He is the one who has the manhood to do right and be honest, and is striving to be somebody; who is above doing a mean action—who would not tell a lie to screen himself or betray a friend. He is the boy who has a heart for others; whose young mind is full of noble thoughts for the future, and is determined to win a name by good deeds. This is the richest boy in America. Which one of our readers is it?

This boy we like; we would be glad to see; would like to take by the hand and tell him to go on earnestly, that success might crown his efforts. And if he is a poor boy, we should meet him at the threshold, bid him enter and give him good advice, well and kindly meant. That other rich boy, in New England, we don't care anything about, for there are fools and snobs enough to worship, flatter and spoil him. —Exchange.

Literary Review.

TOM BLINN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and other Tales. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.—1870. 16mo. pp. 316.

Ten Nights in a Bar-Room did excellent service in swaying the public mind to the evils of intemperance, and impressing the duty of undertaking their removal. The volume is still popular and useful. This new contribution to the same department of literature is of the same general character as its predecessor, and will be similarly useful. The opening story which gives the volume its title is unique and effective, and the ten stories that follow it present the subject in a great variety of phases, and can hardly fail to do great good at the present juncture. They may be unhesitatingly and strongly commended, as is the case with all the books issued by this House.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Francis Bert Hall. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 12mo. pp. 239.

These sketches of life, as it was lived in California during those first years of mining, speculation, adventure, desperate struggle and reckless conflict, are wonderfully racy, vigorous, daring, and yet they never violate good taste even when they deal with matters that require delicate and wise treatment to escape the charge of vulgarity. They show a large acquaintance with practical life, and real appreciation of the qualities that distinguish the pioneers who lead our civilization westward. Mr. Hall's style is marked by qualities that render his sketches particularly attractive, and they serve to bring back with great vividness the experiences that were fading into dimness. They who know by actual trial what the life was in the California camp twenty years ago, will live over some of the most significant passages of their history as they go through these attractive pages.

MISCELLANIES. By Wm. M. Thackeray. Vol. V. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 12mo. pp. 631. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

This new volume of this choice edition of Thackeray's works is one which will be especially welcome to his many admirers. It holds some of the best of his braver papers, quaint, humorous, critical, keen and artistic, and ends with his ballads, that are very pleasant reading. A fine portrait faces the title-page, which embodies the very qualities that appear on his attractive pages.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas a Kempis. Cornhill Edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1870. pp. 207.

This is the most beautiful and fitting of all the editions of this most excellent and well-known work that we have met. It is convenient for the pocket, and the typography is as attractive as a picture. We commend it with special emphasis, for it unfolds a type of religious life that is becoming far too rare.

Messrs. L. & Co. also publish "The Call of the Hour," a vigorous and effective appeal from the author of "The Young Man setting out in Life," that ought to rouse all to whom it comes. It is sold at 20 cts. per copy.

The recent issues of this House in the department of juvenile literature are excellent. Strawberry Hill, Starlight Stories, Brother and Sister, Willie Maitland, When we were Young, &c., will be found very attractive. Additional volumes are soon to be issued, and their shelves are always filled with the best Sabbath School and miscellaneous books.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April brings us eight papers, every way worthy of the substantial publication in which they find a place. The articles devoted to The Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism, Darwinism in Germany, Poverty and Public Charity, The Norman Conquest of England, and Tenot's Coup d'Etat, will be found especially suggestive and satisfactory to many readers. The book notices are unusually limited in number, but are models of critical thoroughness. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for April is as excellent as it always is, in the letterpress and illustrations, and those whose work ties them largely to the sphere with which it deals, will find its facts and principles, its theories and discussions, its fund of information and its timely suggestions, full of stimulus and value. New York: Western & Co.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW is a work prepared on a higher plane and ministering to a better instructed class of readers. It has much science and art in its pages, and has always many things of great importance to say to thoughtful and studious architects, who are not content with being copyists, but are at home in dealing with ideas and principles. To men of this stamp its value is both large and peculiar. Phila.: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Foremost in the order of their coming to represent the month of May, as well as distinguished for the enterprise that stands behind them, are several of the popular monthly magazines

already lying upon our table. PUTNAM'S (G. P. Putnam & Son, New York) is unusually full of choice things, and has hardly a dull page or a questionable paper.—THE GALAXY (Sheldon & Co., New York) which has acquired such a reputation for sparkle and intense life that nobody could possibly suspect it of learned dullness or finical propriety, is really going up to a higher literary plane, and is scarcely less meritorious than captivating. Draper, Thurlow Reed, McCarthy, and the author of "Ten Years in Rome," with many other contributors, help in making up a rare number for May.—THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.) is as good as ever, and since these enterprising American publishers took hold of it, it has been made increasingly welcome by the promptness with which it is delivered to its subscribers on this side of the sea. This, with their GOOD WORDS and GOOD WOODS FOR THE YOUNG, exhibits what is best among the popular magazines issued in England.—GOOD HEALTH (Alex. Moore, Boston) brimful of the soundest and most practical suggestions bearing upon hygiene, and ought to be circulated everywhere. It steadily gains in interest, variety and value.—ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, and THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (T. S. Arthur & Sons, Phila.) have won their way to favor by means of merit and adaptations that are sure, sooner or later, to be appreciated. The first is always pleasant, wholesome and elevated in tone; the last is the gem among magazines especially intended for the Little Ones.—THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL (N. P. Boyer & Co., Parkersburg, Penna.) abounds in just such information as the experience of leading stock-growers, both in this country and in Europe, are offering to the masses of our farming population for a small price. It fills its niche and does its work in a way that can hardly fail to be satisfactory.—THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE (New York: Hurd & Houghton) is breezy enough for the season, both in its always striking and speaking illustrations and its attractive contents. "School's Out" will carry many older readers back to juvenile days in the country, and many of the papers will not fail to get the verdict "splendid" from readers of both sexes. The Riverside is a live Magazine.—OUR BOYS AND GIRLS (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.) has an established reputation, such as may well be prized and envied, and articles like those in the present issue contributed by Mrs. Whitney, "Carleton," H. C. Weeks, Trowbridge, and others not less attractive, forbid that reputation to suffer.

OLD AND NEW for May is the best number of this periodical yet issued. There are not wanting light and racy papers, stories that have sentiment, sketches that sparkle, poems that breathe real melody, and there are not a few witty discussions and thoughts that are put into serious and weighty words. "Christ the Life" by Everett, is truly and impressively religious; "Catholicism and Protestantism" is timely and instructive; "The Mormon Problem" presents the elements of strength and of weakness in the system that is embodied at Salt Lake with great fairness and force; while "Religion in schools" and "Authority in Religion" will commend themselves at once to thoughtful and inquiring readers as papers of a high order. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE closes its fortieth volume with the issue for May, and it was never more attractive nor so full of promise as it is to-day. In the abundance and beauty of its illustrations and the great variety and large measure of its reading matter, it has never had a rival, and the present issue has a few papers such as would make a mark anywhere. The articles on the Indians, Spots on the Sun, The Church of Jerusalem, Cuba and Ostend Manifesto, Secular and Sectarian Schools, will be found able and valuable. The Easy Chair, Scientific Record and Drawer need no commendation. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE ATLANTIC is almost at its best. My Secretaryship is a pleasant story; The English Government as the Siamese Court vividly pictures some fresh phases of oriental life; The Lyre of Jubal is a long poem that will generally get a second reading when it has fairly got the first; while Our Money Problem, and The Duel of the Spanish Bourbons will especially interest those who study the politics of the two continents. The Atlantic is a fixture and an exponent that has really become a part of America. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

HOURLY AT HOME has become a marked periodical. Never catering to the lower taste, and never content with mere literary brilliancy, it has always something that will touch the popular heart, along with papers that overflow with profitable thought and wholesome instruction. Its scientific articles by Prof. De Vere have been of great value, while its historical, topographical and religious contributions are generally of the best sort. It begins its new volume in splendid style. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE is growing in strength and attractiveness. It has always been a model of beauty and good taste. Its issue for May will be found very attractive. McCarthy's Echo of Appomattox, Ford's Virginia Tourist, Tuckerman's paper on Hawthorne, and Mary Wells's Coming Woman, would be noticed anywhere. The lighter contributions are not wanting in character or art, and the editorial work proper is carefully done. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. A Fast-Day Sermon: Preached in the South Congregational Church, Concord, N. H., April 7, 1870. By Rev. S. L. Blake, Pastor.

Mr. Blake reasons on a line and speaks in the use of a rhetoric that remind one of Mr. Fulton's crusade against the movement in behalf of female suffrage. He condemns this movement as against Scripture and reason, and as involving the loss of what is choicest in the character and most needful in the influence of woman. He states his points tersely and defends them with vigor; though we cannot help thinking that some of his reasoning is faulty, his tone is not always elevated and is liable to grave objections. In seeking to expose the extravagances of those who clamor for female suffrage, he weakens his protest by the extravagances into which he himself now and then falls. But the discourse is well worth reading.

DERENHAM'S VOW. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbare's History."

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By an Old Boy.

THE RULE OF THE MONKS, or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By General Garibaldi. New York: Harper & Bros.

In the last of these novels, Garibaldi proves that he is not only a bold and skillful soldier, but is also ready with the pen, and that he thoroughly hates the despotism of the monks.

THE BEE KEEPERS' JOURNAL AND NATIONAL AGRICULTURE have been consolidated, and removed from Cleveland and Pittsburgh, respectively, to 240 Broadway, New York, where it is hereafter to be published. The two papers combined make a very valuable Journal, and it has a good circulation. We hope all possible success will reward the proprietors for their enterprise and industry.

HOWE'S MUSICAL

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Physical Basis of Oratory.

The *Saturday Review*, in an article bearing the above title, argues the necessity of an ample physical basis as an element of success in oratory. Mr. Bright is taken as the best type of popular oratory of the present generation. After advertising to his perfect adaptation to any time or circumstance, and the fine instinct that always leads him to humor, argument, or passion, the *Review* thus speaks of his physical qualities:

All these natural gifts and rhetorical arts would be of small avail if Mr. Bright's oratory did not rest on what we may call an ample physical basis. He is essentially that which he has quarreled with Mr. Charles Buxton for not being, a robust politician; and he is a robust orator, too. His presence fills the eye, as his voice fills the ear. In these physical advantages lies half the battle. Even in more historic reminiscence they go a long way. Readers of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution* can see that the lion-roar of Mirabeau and the voice of Danton reverberating in the roof have had a good deal to do with the place which he has assigned them among his heroes and half divine men. On the other hand, the shrill treble of the Abbe Sieyes and the thin pipe of the Incurable Sea-Green have aggravated his scorn of the men of formulas. A small O'Connell would not have been O'Connell. If Mr. John Stuart Mill's shoulders had been half a foot broader, and his chest a couple of inches deeper, he probably would still be member for Westminster, and might have rivalled the great Beales himself on platforms and in Trafalgar Square. Of course, when a man impersonates the idea or fanaticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A tenderness is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inestimable treasure. So Robespierre's words were hung upon in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Russell was a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bill. Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he asked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak, and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them. Sydney Smith, however, proved equal to the occasion. Lord John, he told the Devonshire grumblers, was naturally much bigger, but had been reduced by his labors in the cause of Reform. Mr. Bright has never needed any such apology, and is not likely to require it.

Physical qualities run into attributes which are mental and moral. With the robustness and massiveness which belong to Mr. Bright, there is associated a remarkable stability and self-possession. He is said to be a great reader and admirer of the speeches of Charles James Fox, to whom he has some sort of personal resemblance, but with whose oratory his own has nothing in common except a certain masculine energy. Fox's unrestrained vehemence, the swaying figure, the wild gesture, the voice now rising into a scream, now descending into a growl, the inartistic sentences—these things were the accompaniments of an eloquence wholly unlike Mr. Bright's. Passion more intense, perhaps, but more under command; words so chosen as to express something less than the speaker feels; action limited to a few simple but imperative gestures which emphasize the points of a discourse, and seem almost to command the attention of his hearers; a voice clear, modulated, and a simple English style set off by occasional sentences framed with the heart of a French epigrammatist, are some of the characteristics of Mr. Bright's oratory. He is master of himself, whatever that self may be. If there is storm in him, there is a power also which rules the storm. A figure firmly planted, delivering such sentences with an energy which seems the greater for the slowness and deliberation of the utterance, a watchful eye held of the effect of each word and each syllable, and apparently framing the next so as to follow up the blow, or to soften it, as may seem needful, a perfect clearness as to his own intentions, and an almost instantaneous apprehension of the mind of his audience, are apparent in Mr. Bright.

It is a well-known psychological law that free indifference in the gestures natural to strong feeling acts in turn upon the feeling which suggests them, and intensifies it; nay, that you may proceed in cold blood from the gestures to the passions. Mr. Gladstone seems to need these aids of oratory. To be upon his legs is not a mere Parliamentary figure of speech with him, or an oratorical accident. Not to have a leg to stand upon, physically, would place him at the argumentative and rhetorical disadvantage which the phrase metaphorically expresses. . . . Mr. Gladstone's oratorical fire, if it is to be kept alive, needs to be fanned. The self-command, doubtless the accompaniment of a stronger physique, which enables Mr. Bright to watch the impressions which he makes on his hearers, and to adapt himself to it, gives him a great rhetorical advantage over Mr. Gladstone. For the purpose of observation, a sharp and quick eye, as well as an apprehensive temperament, is needed. . . . Mr. Bright's superiority as a speaker over the other members of the triumvirate, is, in part at least, due to the ample physical basis on which his oratory rests.

Secret of Success.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. When that is spoken which has a right to be spoken, the chatter and the criticism will stop. Set down nothing that will not help somebody;

"For every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."
The affirmative of affirmatives is love. As love to matter, so love to mind; so it enlarges, and so it empowers it. Good will makes insight, as one finds his way to the sea by embarking on a river. I have seen scores of people who can silence me, but I seek one who shall make me forget or overcome the frigidities and inebrieties into which I fall. The painter Giotto, Vasari tells us, renewed art, because he put more goodness into his heads. To awake in man and to raise the sense of worth, to educate his feeling and judgment so that he shall scorn himself for a bad action, that is the only aim.
"The cheap and easy to destroy. There

is not a joyful boy or an innocent girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty, in all the street full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word. Despondency comes readily enough to the most sanguine. The cynic has only to follow their hint with his bitter confirmation and go home with heavier step and premature age. They will themselves quickly enough give the hint he wants to the cold wretch. Which of them has not failed to please where they most wished it? or blundered where they were most ambitious of success? or found themselves awkward or tedious or incapable of study, thought, or heroism, and only hoped by good sense and fidelity to do what they could and pass unblamed? And this witty malefactor makes their little hope less with satire and skepticism, and slackens the springs of endeavor. Yes; this is easy; but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action, that is not easy, that is the work of divine men.—Emerson.

Huffy People.

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the facility which some have for taking offense where none is meant.—"taking huff," as the phrase goes, with reason or without,—and making themselves and every one else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with, of all ages and in every station, neither years nor condition bringing necessarily wisdom and unsuspiciousness; but we are bound to say that a larger proportion will be generally found among women, and chiefly among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are unhappy in their circumstances, not to speak of their tempers. Huffy, which seems to be self-assertion in what may be called the negative form, and which the possessors thereof classify as high spirit or sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is in reality the product of self-distrust. The person who has self-reliance, and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status and of happy private condition, is never apt to take offense.

Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people; and sure as you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest esplanade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good humorously, and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status and of happy private condition, is never apt to take offense. Many and great are the dangers of action with huffy people; and sure as you are to flounder into the bog with them, while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solidest esplanade, the dangers of speech are just as manifold. The dangers of jesting are, above all, great. It may be laid down as an absolute rule, which has no exception anywhere, that no huffy person can bear a joke good humorously, and nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status and of happy private condition, is never apt to take offense.

Facts and Opinions.

Dress, dress, always dress! Where is the prophet among women who will emancipate us from the tyranny of clothes? Is she yet born? If so, would that we knew the Bethlehem of her nativity, that our wise women might hasten to bow before her and bless her coming. Not that dress is more simple, healthy and comfortable will be it possible for women to compete with men in the world of work,—and yet we can not afford to sacrifice the element of beauty. Where is the genius who will combine what is needed, and give us a dress that will express and not imprison us; of which we shall be as unconscious as our souls are of our bodies. A dress free from impertinence, that will not thrust itself between us and the woman we seek, but take its proper place as a secondary and altogether subordinate fact. I know of nothing more truly representative of the worst aspects of woman's character and condition at the present day than her dress. It is "a thing of shreds and patches," full of pretense and unreality. It is often composed of the flimsiest materials, it consists of bits, it is fastened with pins, and a woman once taken to pieces, the work of reconstruction is truly formidable; from first to last her dress is without unity, harmony or completeness. "Why does it take you longer to dress than it does me?" said an impatient husband whose morning paper lacked its appropriate adjunct—the cup of coffee—waiting for the wife's appearance at the breakfast table. "For several very good reasons," said the wife. "In the first place, I have three times as many things to put on as you. I know, for I counted them. You have ten pieces, I have thirty; yours fasten with buttons, mine with pins; yours might be called self-adjusting, while mine need an endless amount of fixing, and then think of the difference in our hair. Here, surely, is food for thought. How to simplify dress, how to lessen the cost of living, how to make our home life more enjoyable, and social intercourse more rational and satisfactory are important questions; questions that are pressing upon us for immediate solution.—*Woman's Journal*.

Anecdote of Gen. Thomas.

Among the stories told of General Thomas, is one of an incident which occurred when he and his chief of staff, General Garfield, were inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga in 1863. They heard a shout, "Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you!" and General Thomas found that he was the person addressed, by an uncouth, back-woods, East Tennessee soldier. He stopped, and the dialogue which ensued was as follows:
"Mister, I want to get a furlough."
"On what grounds do you want a furlough my man?"
"I want to go home and see my wife."
"How long since you saw your wife?"
"Ever since I enlisted, nigh on to three months."
"Three months!" good-naturedly, "Why, my good man, I haven't seen my wife for three years!"
The East Tennessean stopped whittling for a moment, and stared incredulously at length he said: "Well, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind."

soldier without an answer. Of course it is General Garfield who tells the story.

Wine vs. Cannon.

Wendell Phillips, in an address in Music Hall, Boston, once said:
"I know a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, who was picked up in the streets of Philadelphia, one year ago, a complete wreck—a confirmed inebriate—but who was, by the love of a sister of charity of a Boston home, placed once more on his feet. He was at Ball's Bluff, and three times, with unloaded musket, charged upon the enemy. He was one of the six who heroically defended and brought away the body of the fallen leader of that bloody fight. The captain of the company to which he belonged died in his arms, receiving the last words of consolation from his lips. He was afterward conspicuous in the conflict, until orders were given for each one to seek his own safety. Removing some of his apparel, he plunged into the inhospitable river, and after great exertion landed on the opposite bank, seven miles below the encampment. Nearly exhausted, half clad, half starved, he finally reached the camp. The captain of the next company to which he belonged kindly said to him, pouring out a glass of wine, 'Let me give you this; you will perish without it.' 'I thank you, sir,' said the soldier, 'but I would sooner face all the cannon of the enemy than that glass of wine.'"

Icebergs.

The prodigious size which these mountains of ice attain is wonderful. Dr. Hayes measured an immense iceberg which had stranded off the little harbor of Fessussak, to the north of Melville Bay. The square wall which faced to wind his base of measurement was 315 feet high and fronted over three quarters of a mile long. Being almost square-sided above the sea, the same shape must have extended beneath it; and since, by measurements made two days before, Hayes had discovered that fresh water ice floating in salt water has above the surface to below it the proportion of one to seven, this crystallized mountain must have gone aground in a depth of nearly half a mile. A rough estimate of the size, made on the spot, gave in cubical contents about 27,000,000,000 of feet, and in weight, something like 2,000,000,000 of tons!

Though often dangerous neighbors, the bergs occasionally prove useful auxiliaries to the mariner. From their greater bulk lying below the water-line, they are either drifted along by the under-current against the wind, or, from their vast dimensions, are not perceptibly influenced even by the strongest gale, but, on the contrary, have the appearance of moving to windward, and every other kind of ice is drifted rapidly past them. Thus, in strong adverse winds, their broad masses, fronting the storm-like bulwarks, not seldom afford protection to ships moored under their lee.

Obituaries.

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

NANCY, widow of Mr. Robert Place, late of Alton, died in Alton, March 30th, in her 88th year.

ELLEN FRANCES, daughter of Joshua R. and Mary E. Chesley, died in Barrington, April 6th, aged 15 years and 7 months. She was much loved in life and deeply lamented in death, especially by her family connections and her youthful companions. A. LEADER.

THOMAS STONE died in Pultney, N. Y., Feb. 22, aged 80 years. He was baptized in 1828, by Rev. J. Bignall. But few men leave the world, for whom the affection of neighbors and relatives is stronger, than it was for him. In his dying hour, he was attended by his wife and daughter, and with his parents and brothers around him. Services by the writer. L. HANSON.

MARY ANN, wife of Joel Bailey, died at West Cortland, N. Y., aged 41 years. She was an excellent wife and mother. In her death, she was greatly lamented. One son and a daughter, husband, mother, and brothers mourn her loss. Services by the writer. J. D. CROSBY.

GEORGE G. BOSSERT died of consumption, in Charleston, Mass., Jan. 7th, aged 31 years and 7 months. He long and painful illness was borne with great courage and patience. He died trusting in Christ. He was one of the early friends and helpers of our cause here. A wife and child are bereft of a loving husband and father. O. T. MOULTON.

MARCELLA H., wife of John C. Lougee, died in West Chelsea, Feb. 20, of bronchial consumption, aged 34 years. She was the daughter of Rev. Nathaniel and Lydia Hood. The father being helpless, the mother never was left, their living near or together till her death. She was to that mother the best friend and comforter, and they ever took sweet counsel in God together. She was to her husband a faithful and affectionate wife, to her children a thoughtful Christian mother. She was converted at about 17 years of age, was baptized by Rev. G. Sanborn, and united with the N. Tunbridge church, of which she remained a consistent member till death. Funeral services by the writer. C. C. FOSTER.

GEO. O. ELLSWORTH died in Belmont, N. H., of consumption, March 23, aged 31. His sufferings were those of a whole year, and were very great. In the course of his sickness he calmly reflected upon his needs and the sufficiency of the gospel, and gave himself to the service of God, and was comforted by the assurance that his loss is his eternal gain. O. F. R.

ELLA S. BARBER, wife of Bro. Murray Williams, died April 5th, at the residence of her father, in Gerry, aged 23 years and 7 months. The subject of this notice, at the early age of eleven, gave her heart to God, was baptized by Rev. A. N. McLaughlin, and united with the branch of the Ellington F. B. church and was a worthy member until death. Her death has cast a gloom over the family circle. Her pleasant voice was missed daily, but long will she live in our memories. A large gathering of mourning friends, with others, met to weep over a loss that earth can never replace. May God sustain the bereaved parents, husband, child and numerous other friends. Funeral services by the writer. R. E. CORNWALL.

JOHN HOYT died in New Portland, Me., March 23d, aged 84 years. He was one of the early settlers of the town, and served his country for three years as a soldier in the war of 1812. He experienced religion some forty years ago, and with his parents was baptized by Rev. Samuel Hutchins and united with the first F. W. Baptist church in New Portland. The nature of his disease was such that his last year was a year of much suffering, which he endured with Christian patience, looking forward with hope to the hour when he should depart with his Christ. He leaves a companion and seven children, wife, husband, child and numerous other friends. Funeral services by the writer. E. WINSLOW.

ABEL DUDLEY died in Alton, Jan. 9, aged 60 years. FRANCES, wife of Edmund Williams, died in Gilsum, March 21, aged 68 years. Sister W. chose Christ as her friend at the age of 17. For years she was a worthy member of the F. W. B. church at Gilsum. Her interest for 10

welfare of Zion did not cease through a protracted and painful illness. In her was exemplified true piety. She often expressed to the writer a desire to wait patiently for her summons to God. The undoubted evidence of her rest with Jesus consoles a deeply afflicted companion, children and sister together with other mourning relatives. Funeral services by the writer assisted by Rev. J. G. Munsey. J. C. O.

ELIZA, wife of Judge Wm. Hartford, died in Torre Haute, Ill., March 18. Sister Hartford was nearly 73 years of age at the time of her death. She and her husband were baptized by Rev. David Dudley in 1844, and united with the F. W. Baptist church in Torre Haute, from whence they emigrated to Ill. in 1852. The next year they united with the Wheatland church at its organization, of which church she continued a faithful member till death. Noted for her hospitality, her house was always open, especially to the people of God. Her last sickness she bore with great patience and cheerfulness. Her faith in Christ was unshaken, and she died triumphant. Her funeral was attended by a crowd of weeping friends, among whom was the writer. C. M. SEWALL.

ANNE MARSTON died in Nottingham, March 28th, of dropsy, aged 18 years and 5 months. The subject of this obituary was the daughter of Mr. John H. and Mrs. Sarah A. Marston, who had been tenderly but strictly trained; hence she had become the light of the household. Her strict moral deportment and amiability of disposition endeared her to many friends, and possessing a mind matured far beyond her years, she was preserved from many snares. She preferred the society of home more than the frivolities of youth. Being a regular attendant at the house of God and the Sabbath school, her mind became stored with divine truth, and about two years ago the Spirit of God powerfully convinced her of sin and the need of salvation through Jesus Christ, but she did not fully yield her heart to God. She was aware of this, consequently did not settle down with a false hope. When disease arrested her some seven months ago, upon being visited and prayed with, she made a full surrender to God, and ever after found the grace of God sufficient. A short time before her departure she sang the hymn, "But what will it be to thee?" Thus she departed this life for a blissful immortality. She leaves loved and loving parents, two brothers and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss, but with joyful hope. W. ROGERS.

BETSY E., wife of the late Daniel Bond, died in Little Valley, N. Y., April 8th, of pneumonia, in the 68th year of her age. Sister B. experienced religion in early life, and in 1834, with her husband, joined the F. W. Baptist church in Little Valley, of which she has always since been an honored and exemplary member. She has been a constant reader of the *Star*, for upwards of thirty years, and was a happy, Christian influence, an only and almost idolized son was led to seek the Saviour, but died in early manhood, while preparing for the ministry. In her latter days, although bereft of the loss of her husband and son, she maintained the same firm, Christian spirit that had characterized her early life. Her parting words of kindly Christian counsel and advice will long be remembered by those who stood beside her in her dying hours. She approached death, even, "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." Her Christian love was well proved, her long life well lived, and the Master hath said, "Come up higher." S. A. MCKAY.

Academies, &c.

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LAPHAM INSTITUTE.
THE SUMMER TERM will commence on MONDAY, April 23, at 10 o'clock. G. H. RICKER, Principal. North Scituate, R. I. March 1870.

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THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will open March 22, continuing 12 weeks. Board, \$3.00. Tuition from \$5.00 to \$7.50. For further particulars address the Principal, Rev. G. S. BRADLEY, Evansville, Wis., Feb. 17, 1870.

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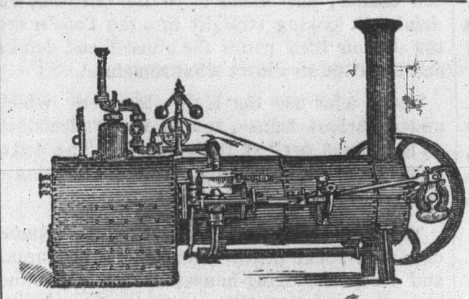
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