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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., MAY 11, 1870.

No. 19

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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LUTHER R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1870.

Go Forth and Reap.

When thou hast sown the precious seed
Of truth and love, by word and deed,
In patience then the Master heed,—
Go forth and reap!

When thou hast viewed the whitened field,
Burdened with its abundant yield,
Prepare the harvest blade to wield,—
Go forth and reap!

Alas! alas! the precious grain
Is trodden by the hoof of gain.
O saints, let love of Christ constrain!—
Go forth and reap!

When thou hast prayed, and waited long,
For truth that hast suffered shame and wrong,
Take up the hopeful reaper's song,—
Go forth and reap!

The reaper wages full receives,
And garners up immortal sheaves;
Let him this promise who believes,
Go forth and reap!

—Congregationalist.

A Tourist's Letters.

While in Scotland I had the privilege of mingling with all shades of Baptists, but do not remember that I have named any particular church or minister in my letters from that country. Let me now attempt to lump the whole together, and give to your readers a brief account of their history and peculiarities.

The Baptists are but a handful, all told, in Scotland. Presbyterianism, in its various branches, claims more than three-fourths of the whole population. But, few as the Baptists are, they have ever exercised an important influence upon the spiritual condition of the Christian church in that country. The sentiments of Baptists, were, in many respects, those introduced into Scotland by Saint Columba, in the third century, when he brought the Island of Iona and established an ecclesiastical college and Cathedral upon it. About the ninth century, the corruptions of Papacy gradually worked their way up through the north of England into Scotland, and these primitive apostles of the Christian faith, known by the name of the Caidas, were either expelled as heretics or killed as a pious act of God's service. History gives no evidence of the existence of any parties holding Baptist principles in Scotland from this time until the time of John Knox, who warns his adherents against the Anabaptists, as he called them, who held "strange notions, and sought to establish a pure church." It is a historical fact, however, that the Baptist principles were so general at the time of the formation of the "Westminster confession of faith," which is still the acknowledged standard of the whole Presbyterian body, that the mode of baptism was warmly and for a long time discussed, and when put to vote, was only carried in favor of sprinkling by a majority of one. Once decided, it has remained decided amongst them, and the whole clergy manifested a submission worthy of the abject slaves of another system, against which Presbyterianism has ever protested and fought. For two hundred years, subsequent to this decision, there is no evidence of the existence of our sentiments in Scotland. But in the year 1750, Sir William Sinclair and a few of his dependents, were baptized and quietly worshiped God according to their own convictions, in the castle of this noble Baronet. This church still exists at Keils, in the county of Caithness.

At that time, however, its existence was little known, and it was not until twenty years afterwards,—one hundred years ago,—that the present organization of Baptists had a beginning. The state of religion throughout the whole country was fearfully low, the drinking habits of the people ex-

tending alike to the pulpit and communion table. On this account, a godly minister by the name of Carmichael, grieved at what he was unable to reform, left the Presbyterian church, and was about to take charge of a dissenting Congregational church in Edinburgh. He had doubts, however, upon the subject of baptism, which he mentioned to an intimate friend by the name of McLean. The attention of the latter being thus called to the subject, he gave it a careful and searching investigation, and within a year, wrote and published the ablest defense of believers' baptism that has ever been produced in Scotland. Still, he had not the courage to practice what he so ably defended, but his treatise thoroughly convinced the Rev. Wm. Carmichael, who was soon afterwards baptized in London by the venerable Wm. Sill, and returning to Scotland, baptized McLean and four others, who constituted the first Baptist church of Edinburgh, and so far as was then known, the first in the whole of Scotland. Thus, while McLean led the way in pointing out what duty is in theory, Carmichael has the honor of showing what duty is in practice, and that, too, in the face of a whole nation, and in opposition to his earliest instincts, his first instruction and the most sacred associations of his religious life.

Once McLean became decided, he proved himself a man of no ordinary depth of thought, of remarkable executive ability and unquestioned piety. He was, in fact, the founder and the leader of the Baptist body in Scotland. He was a voluminous writer, and many of his works are still found in the libraries of almost every Scottish minister, while the existence of the Baptist denomination in Scotland is a living evidence of the fruitfulness of his labors. Since the time of McLean, the two Haldane brothers, who figured so conspicuously in the revival movements in Britain and on the continent during the first part of the present century, also the late Rev. Chas. Anderson of Edinburgh, have been greatly blessed in strengthening and molding these churches. From the lack of later leaders the churches have not grown in numbers and in Christian intelligence as they might otherwise have done. Moreover, there were weak points in their theology and in their practice, from the very beginning. Rebelling against the priestcraft that had held them in error so long, and getting hold of the plurality of Eldership in the churches, they generally discarded a regularly ordained ministry, and sternly opposed the principle of supporting pastors over the churches. Hence, as might have been expected, a number of ignorant novices were elected church officers, who were hindrances instead of helps; annoyances instead of comforts; wolves instead of shepherds. Under this system parties were formed; schisms entered; judgments, each upon the other instead of each upon himself, prevailed; in subordination was generated; pride, selfishness and proscription split the whole denomination into numerous sects, whose distinguishing shades of belief none but the hair-splitting mind of a metaphysical Scott could possibly comprehend or define. Most of these churches were also hyper-Calvinistic in their theology, and as inconsistently close in their practice upon the communion question, as are the great body of strict Baptists in America. Their theology chilled their zeal and shut them up to a defensive rather than aggressive policy, while their views upon the communion question have had the same effect here that they have had everywhere,—each man became a little Pope by himself, and all his interpretations of Scripture were infallible; a morbid conscience prevented co-operation in any common movement, and the constant manifestation of exclusiveness amongst them prejudiced the minds of all Christians with whom they came in contact. In a word, the term Baptist became a synonym for a crooked, crotchety individual, professing to be an extraordinary Christian.

But these Baptist churches had their points of strength as well as of weakness. From the very beginning, they recognized the oneness of the interests and the hopes of all Christians, both temporal and spiritual, and held all their possessions as nearly in common as possibly could be, and yet not be.

Again, they had the good sense to see the evil of the spasmodic nature of the churches around them, and were amongst the first in Britain to maintain the even tenor of a daily and weekly Christian life. Presbyterians had their annual "Sacrament seasons," the church of England its quarterly "Holy communion," and the Congregationalists, their "Ordinance day," and all of them were more or less removed from the practice of the Baptists who keep the "body and blood" from their adherents until a few hours before death, when it is given as a means of salvation to the soul. They plainly saw this from the beginning, and fully realized that every day should bear the same duties and every Lord's day the same privileges. Moreover, their close study of the Scriptures, which has always been one of their striking characteristics, taught them that the main object for which the early churches met on the first day of the week was "to break bread," and that all other services were but subsidiary to this act of worship. Seeing this truth, they earnestly adopted it, and nearly all Baptist churches in Scotland, whether of the "Scottish Baptist" or "English Baptist" type, steadily adhere to this primitive simplicity and purity. It ought to be stated in passing, that, not

having parties to support, they were the more able to contribute to the support of Evangelists to preach the gospel beyond the sphere of their own churches.

These churches, so thoroughly independent of each other, simple and Scriptural in some things, but so inconsistent in others, are known as the "Scottish Baptists," and at present only represent a small fraction of the Baptist body in Scotland. Ten years ago, I am told, there were but one or two open communion churches in Scotland, and but a small minority had a recognized pastor supported by the church. Now a large majority of the churches are open communion, or at least sufficiently so that they receive to the Lord's table all baptized believers, whether connected with Baptist or Pedobaptist churches; and they quite generally have pastors who devote their whole time to their flock, and are supported by the church.

The service at their meetings is unique, and as it is quite uniform, I may describe my experience with one of them. Generally speaking, in their morning meetings, the brethren, in the order and by the individuals previously appointed, announce a hymn, read a chapter, offer prayer, or exhort during the time appointed for service. This service is seldom given up for any one or any thing else, but considering the distance from which I came, the whole of the service was always placed in my hands, so that I cannot speak of their power to edify. No doubt it is sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometimes rich instruction; at others, the merest twaddle. After these services are ended, the principal portion of the members adjourn to a school-room, where they have what they call a "love feast." This is commenced by a short hymn and a few words of prayer, after which, coffee and bread and cheese are served. That done, the pastors give in a report concerning all the sick members, stating who is better, who is worse, &c. As silence is strictly enjoined upon all the female members, they are never in the church. The meeting is then open for remarks from any brother, relating any matter of interest connected with Missions or Missionaries to which they contribute, any case of awakening or conversion, or any single feature which is to be made a subject of special prayer. Then at 2 P. M., the congregation and church assemble again, and the first part of the service is conducted with direct reference to the "breaking of bread," after which a sermon is preached and the audience separates for the day.

One word with regard to the want of success of Baptist views in Scotland, while they have grown and spread amongst all classes in England. There is, first, that to which I have already referred,—the exclusive and intolerant spirit which has prevailed amongst them. Now that a more loving, charitable and Christ-like element is weaving itself into the warp and woof of their practice, a greater success is attending their labors. Then there is the fact that the Scotch seem to be adapted to Presbyterianism and it to them. This system of church government and Christian belief is connected with their national life, is associated with all the heroisms of their later history, and it is ground into their minds and hearts by the formulas of the shorter Catechism which every child in the nation is taught at the common school.

But I must not forget to mention the conservative tendencies of the Scotch themselves. Some American has recently stated that a Scotchman ought to be right in the beginning, for, once wrong, he remains eternally wrong. And yet, I have no doubt, nor is it doubted by the more intelligent portion of Scottish Baptists, that close communion, with its attendant tyranny and proscription, has, more than anything else, hedged up the way of the denomination and crippled all its efforts in that country.

R. C.

Halifax, Apr. 12, 1870.

Length of Sermons.

Dr. John Hall does not sympathize with the demand that sermons shall be uniformly cut down to a prescribed and fashionable length to gratify exacting and indolent hearers. Speaking to a company of theological students recently, he said:

There is at this moment a kind of fashion, as it seems to me, in favor of short sermons. There are many people who seem to think that the less we have of the sermon, upon the whole, the better. If there are two sermons, one long, the other short, of two evils choose the least. (Laughter.) I cannot understand what you should do to find this desire for brevity in sermons. You do not find this in public things. Men at the Bar, in any public assembly, don't as a rule feel themselves shut up to such a brief limit as twenty-five or thirty minutes in the discussion of a question. They don't feel that they can thoroughly go through it within a limit like that. It is like the story I heard once of a man who went into a fashionable restaurant and asked for a mutton chop. After waiting for a long time, after great preparation made by the servant around the table for the reception of that mutton chop, at last, in came the waiter with a plate upon which was deposited a chop done to the smallest dimensions. Slicing his fork into it, he put it to the horror of the servant, into his mouth at a mouthful, and munching it a moment, said, "Yes, that is it; bring me some." I sometimes feel tempted to say,

when one of these diminutive sermons of five and twenty minutes is finished, "Yes, that's what I want; bring me some." I myself really do not feel that I have fairly got under way until five and twenty minutes have passed, and one who has got into sympathy with the subject and with the people will feel the same thing. It is, I depend upon it—it is because a great deal of the preaching has been rather poor preaching, that people have come to this conclusion in favor of short sermons. These men on Sunday feel uncomfortable if they do not hear a sermon, and because it is not good they want it as brief as possible—just long enough to satisfy their consciences. Brethren, a sermon is to instruct; it is to awaken the attention; it is to arouse the conscience; it is, if possible, to enlist the whole man in behalf of the truth of which you are the herald and messenger. If you will put your whole strength upon one of these great truths, you will be inclined rather to think, when you have done your very best in trying to put it in the clearest and most concise manner, in order to present it to the minds of your hearers, that thirty or thirty-five minutes is not time enough. Not that I suppose, for a single moment, that a man must put all the truth into a sermon on every occasion, but every man must use his own good and cultivated judgment in determining the form and shape of his sermons, in order to carry conviction to the judgment and conscience of the people.

An Illustration of Scripture.

A correspondent of the *Christian Union*, writing from Palestine, thus describes what every traveler is likely to see, and shows its bearing upon certain passages of Scripture:

Once we saw, yoked together in a furrow, driving an old-fashion beampoint into the tough earth to tear up the shallow soil, a camel and a cow! And if one ever expects on this mixed-up planet to behold a mis-match, let him see that first: the long eared, dun-colored cow, short in the legs, and lengthened along the back, into an ugliness inexpressible—and the tall, gaunt hump-backed camel with his homely nose clear in advance of him; these two at the ends of a yoke full ten feet long, slanting up like an inclined plane from the lowly to the lofty, unable to keep step, each (I am sure,) ashamed of the other, and each quite ill tempered to be out in the sun working at all. Without exception, this was the most ludicrous and least antic team I ever saw. But from it we gained that which I am ever so glad to find—a new Scriptural illustration. It recalled the commandment of the law and the precept of the Gospel to our minds. Moses said, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." And Paul said, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." I understand this last passage to catch its figure from the first, and to have the same general sense. God meant to teach his ancient people the power and the use of keen, careful discrimination. They must not confound things which were intended to be separate, nor link into one those which were intended to contrast. And the aim of this was to instruct them in deciding between right and wrong, between holiness and sin. Hence all such forms of prohibition otherwise inexplicable: "Thou shalt not wear a garment of diverse sorts as of woolen and linen together." And again, "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed." The teaching of such distinctions centers upon the incongruity involved. The chosen people were to guard against a listless and unthinking confusion upon any point, lest the blurring of moral distinctions should result. Things contradictory in nature should always be kept apart, lest by looseness in estimate one should eventually come to confound the actual principles of right and wrong.

God With Us.

Theodore Parker sometimes put a great and precious truth into his nervous and robust rhetoric. Here is a specimen:

If you want to get rich, to get office, to get honor, America is the best country under the sun of God, and opportunities are plenty enough. But if you wish to seek for higher things, you must go on your own feet, the pioneer ever of yourself; and the good God who was with the slow tongue of Moses, and brought Israel out of Egypt, will go before you as a pillar of cloud in your prosperity, a pillar of fire in the day of trial, and will lead you into the land of promise; dry-shod you shall pass the Red Sea, and water in the rocks; every mountain shall smoke with the presence of God, and glitter with the lightning of his commandments; Jordan shall dry up before you, as your feet touch it; and, bearing the ark of God's covenant in your hand, all the glories of the promised land shall open before you.

A Child's Religion.

Some one has put in this simple, direct and forcible plea for religion, among children:

The Gospel involves no conditions that a child can not fulfill; it imposes no requirements that a child can not meet. A child may trust its promises, realize its blessings and anticipate its rewards. The death of Jesus is the child's plea; the grace of Jesus

is the child's strength; pleasing Jesus is the child's easiest rule of right, and going to be with Jesus is the child's best thought of heaven.

Our Engineers.

The New York *Democrat*, in an article recounting the heroism of an engineer on the Erie road, closes as follows:

And who of those who ride ever think of the engineer, with his oily clothes, his keen eye, his well-trained hand, his advanced position, and his responsibility? Too few of us we fear. We chat with the conductor, we tell him stories, and say he is a good fellow, as he is, but there is another on the train whose keeping we are when rushing over the rails, and that is the engineer. Thank God, they are brave, sober, earnest men. They are undervalued, overworked, and underpaid; they are not noticed because they do not dress well; they are seldom thought of or spoken of, because they are workmen or "mechanics," but who of us all are better, braver, or more deserving than the railroad engineers of America?

Events of the Week.

MEDICAL CONVENTION.

The American Medical Association has been in convention in Washington, D. C., during the past week. The chief feature of the meetings was the manifestations of an alarming attack of colorphobia, under which many of the fraternity are laboring. The committee on credentials reported against admitting colored physicians to membership in the Association. A minority report, in favor of giving the colored man his due, was submitted, and as there were many southern members of the Association present, the battle over the report was fierce and continued. It was finally decided not to admit colored physicians to membership in the Association. The discussion of the question was important as showing that there are still many of our citizens who find it as difficult to comprehend and accept the advanced position to which the events of the last ten years have brought them as do Dr. Hall's Esquimaux in adapting themselves to our habits of civilization.

SENATOR REVELS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The Senator from Mississippi has been on a tour through Massachusetts, and lectured at Worcester and Boston. While in the latter city, he was the guest of Collector Russell, and also of Governor Claflin. The Senator conducts himself with dignity, does credit to his position and seems in no imminent danger of being spoiled by the honors and attention that are shown him. Boston is very complacent over the compliments that he pays her, but says nothing of the mobbing that she gave the friends of his race some years ago. Then, the few who advocated the rights of the colored man were obliged to assemble in a small room by themselves, and arrange their plans in private. Now, the representative society of Boston assemble in their chief place of meeting to listen to him, and express their approval by applause and congratulations.

BANK ROBBERY IN MAINE.

An entrance was effected into the vault of the Lime Rock Bank, of Rockland, Me., on Tuesday night, the 3d inst., and the safe was blown open and rifled of most of its contents. The burglars obtained about \$26,000, and made good their escape, but were subsequently captured through the treachery of one of their number, and nearly the whole amount of property recovered. They were mostly New York and Boston roughs, assisted by one or two Rockland desperadoes, and members of the city police force whom the burglars had bribed not to notice any unusual occurrence.

MEMORIAL CONVENTION.

As this is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, the Congregational churches propose making it a year of extra effort in behalf of education and religion. A convention of all their clergymen in the United States has just closed in Chicago, at which the best means of memorializing the event was discussed. It was voted that three objects were worthy their special efforts, viz.: the better endowment of all their Colleges and Seminaries; the building of a memorial Cong. church in Boston; and the payment, so far as practicable, of all their church debts. It is hoped that \$3,000,000 can be raised to be devoted to these objects.

TURKEY.

At a meeting of the Divan of the Sublime Porte, the Sultan reviewed the events and progress of the past year, and said the government would not stop with what had been effected. He promised that reforms in the Civil Policy, the development of education and the fostering of trade should have his careful attention, and that steps would shortly be taken for a thorough re-organization of the army and navy, and the improvement of the highways and lines of communication throughout the Turkish dominion.

ASSASSINATION PLOT DISCOVERED.

A deep-laid plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French has been discovered in Paris. Circumstances led to the arrest of a suspicious-looking individual, upon whose person were found a revolver, dagger and several other weapons. Upon examination, he confessed to a purpose to assassinate the Emperor at the earliest opportunity; that there was a plot laid extending

back to last July, and having many prominent men among its instigators; that there were arms concealed, and that they only waited a favorable opportunity to strike. Acting on information thus gathered, about 2000 arrests were immediately made, and bombs, hand grenades, &c., discovered in one or two places. The plot seems to extend throughout the ranks of the Republican party. Gustave Flourens is implicated by several letters discovered in his possession, and in other places, bearing his signature, and it is even asserted that Rochefort, before his imprisonment, was prominent in the plot. Several of the leading English journals discredit the existence of such a plot, claiming that it is merely a ruse of the Imperial party to win sympathy and influence votes in favor of the Emperor's past policy. The High Court of Justice has been convened to try the conspirators, which rather gives the alleged plot the appearance of fact.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4, '70.

PETITIONS FOR PARDON.

Petitions for the removal of political disabilities pour into Congress in a broad and steady stream. From the State of Virginia alone many thousands have been presented. She either has a greater number of "disabled" persons within her limits than any other lately rebellious state, or else there is a greater "willingness to be forgiven" existing there than elsewhere. Perhaps both suppositions are correct. There was always a great fondness for office-holding on the part of the "F. F. V's.", and the old appetite is reviving all the more keenly on account of long abstinence. The petitions referred to make but little show on the records of Congress. When presented they are referred at once to the special committee on the Removal of Political Disabilities and quietly take their place in some pigeon-hole of the Capitol. Yet, if some future historian ever disturb their slumber, they will be found to throw many rays of light upon the interior and personal history of the great rebellion, illustrating the spirit and temper of the times more vividly than the more public transactions which furnish the chief staple of history. I venture to transcribe a few passages selected from a number of these papers to give your readers an idea of their varied tone and spirit. First, I will give an extract from the petition of a late rebel who does not seem to be oppressed with a very deep sense of his guilt. He says he had "held the office of Justice of the Peace and taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and afterwards joined the army of the Confederate States and engaged in insurrection and rebellion. These are the only grounds of your petitioner's political disability." A very light offence, evidently! Here is an extract from an original, but now repentant, secessionist. He, too, had been a Justice of the Peace and "had voted for the act of secession and acted with the South in the late sad and lamentable war; but I have long since accepted the situation in good faith." Here is another showing that the fever of secession burned as fiercely in the old as in the young. The petitioner had "been Sheriff, Commissioner of Revenue, and delegate in the legislature, and afterwards aided and abetted the rebellion, not actively (as your petitioner is now 70 years of age), but simply by feeding soldiers, and contributing agricultural supplies to the army of the C. S. A." Another illustrates the rigor of the conscription. The petitioner had been "Capt. and Col. of Militia before the war. The part he acted was voting separation, feeding soldiers, &c. I was conscripted, being then not quite 50 years of age; but he was discharged by the examining board and "done no service." One or two extracts a little more at length, to illustrate the situation of "Union men" in the South, and I have done. The petitioner had been and now is deputy sheriff of his county, "was a Union man during the war, but, situated as he was in a part of the country that was disloyal to the government of the U. S., he feels that he has given such aid and comfort to rebels, and done some other acts involuntarily as would prevent him from conscientiously taking the oath required of office-holders," and therefore prays relief. Another writes as follows: "I hereby respectfully solicit the Congress of the United States to extend its clemency to a repentant rebel in the removal of my political disabilities. I am not disfranchised, but in view of obtaining appointment to a Federal office I would be compelled to take the oath of July, 1862. I don't know that I could do that. I served four years in the rebel army as a beggarly private and was forced to do that, not at the point of the bayonet, but by the equally potent instrument of public sentiment, and I am not certain that this is a valid excuse with your honorable body. I held no office before the war, and regret to say that I have not been able to get one since. Was before the rebellion a true blue Whig. Always regarded (like that patriotic party) secession as an odious and dangerous heresy, and feel I am deserving of pardon."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Senate still perseveres in the good work of clearing up its calendar. Twenty or thirty bills per day are disposed of, and the calendar has now been gone through with for the first time under the new rule. The knotty and difficult questions are left undisposed of, but meritorious parties, who have been delayed through inability to reach their cases, have been greatly relieved. The House is still hammering away at the Tariff. An attempt was made on Saturday to lay aside the present bill, but Schenck stuck to his bill, and the House sustained him. The great battle has been upon iron and steel in their various forms. These clauses have now been gone through with, and it is hoped that more rapid progress will be made. Certainly if this be taken for a thorough re-organization of the army and navy, and the improvement of the highways and lines of communication throughout the Turkish dominion.

Communications.

English Tea Meetings.

When I went to London, last summer, I had a great desire to attend at least one Tea Meeting; for I had had much to do with such meetings in former days. But as these meetings used to be more common in winter than in summer, I feared I might not enjoy this privilege. But quite a number of opportunities presented themselves, of some of which I availed myself.

But what is a Tea Meeting? It is a gathering for the purpose of giving Christians and others an opportunity for social enjoyment, and at the same time to enlist their sympathies or increase their interest in certain religious or benevolent objects in connection with which the meeting is held, and sometimes the security of funds for carrying out those objects is added thereto. But they must not be confounded with levees, soirees, and such like gatherings which have become so common with us, at which the motto too generally seems to be,—"Get money. Use any means, and every means, to get money. The mode is of little consequence, so that you get money." To those in love with these gatherings, an English Tea Meeting would seem a very tame affair.

Sabbath schools, Tract Societies, Auxiliary Missionary Societies, &c., have long been accustomed to hold these meetings at stated intervals; and if a new church is to be erected, there are usually one or more Tea Meetings in connection therewith. First comes the social meal, and then, the meeting being organized, and commenced by singing and prayer, various addresses are delivered with reference to the special object in connection with which the meeting is held. These addresses are not always what we would call strictly religious; but it is expected that they will be pervaded by a religious spirit. It is understood that if the speakers choose to be merry, they will be also wise; and that if they say things which will excite laughter, they shall be things which will not exert a bad influence, nor lead themselves or others to think of them with regret; and that they will always remember that they are not buffoons who are talking for the amusement of the crowd, but Christians who are speaking for the edification of those who are assembled.

Nearly thirty years ago, an experiment was tried. It was said: "These meetings are evidently useful to Christians, and to those under Christian influences. May they not also be useful as a missionary agency? Man is a social being. Can we not in this way get those together who are not interested in religious things; and, while showing them that Christianity does not interdict social enjoyment, secure the opportunity for speaking to them important spiritual truths?" The experiment proved a success. I can now see mentally the Mission room in the suburbs of London, where I believe the experiment was first tried; and where, for nearly nine years, a goodly company was gathered several times a year, and seldom without being the means of inducing some one to become an attendant on the religious services held there. This mode of Christian effort has now become very common in London, and in addition to general Tea Meetings in City Mission districts, we hear of Tea Meetings for cabmen, for omnibus men, for navvies, for gypsies, and for other special classes whom it is desired to interest in religious things. And not infrequently Christian employers get up such meetings for their employees and their families.

Of the meetings which I attended last summer, one was for "Fast Young Men," and was held in a hall at Islington; another was for Cabmen, and was held on a Sabbath afternoon in a hall in Whitechapel; another was a meeting of workers in connection with the Midnight Meeting Movement, and was held in a hall at Hampton, a few miles from London. This combined a railway excursion, and a visit to Hampton Court Palace, with the tea and the addresses. Another was in connection with the "London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution." This was held at one of the Homes in Fulham, and the usual order was inverted; for the public meeting and addresses came first, and then the company adjourned to the garden, where tables were set in the open air, among the flowers, against the trees and bushes.

The meeting in which I attended last summer, was one got up in my old City Mission district, by one of my former fellow laborers; it gave me an opportunity of meeting some of my spiritual children and others for whose benefit I formerly labored. This meeting was addressed by a number of my former fellow laborers as well as by myself, and many kind things were said by them, as well as many interesting reminiscences brought up. Since my return home, I have received a newspaper report of this meeting, which to me is very pleasing.

The largest of these meetings which I attended, was that in connection with the Anniversary of the "Open Air Mission." It was held at Hampstead, June 29th, in the grounds of Mr. C. H. L. Wood, who kindly threw them open for the occasion. As the company arrived, they were at liberty to stroll through the gardens and conservatories, where there was much to interest. At half-past five o'clock, they were summoned to a large marquee erected for the occasion, where tables and seats were placed. When all was ready, the verse appropriated to these occasions was sung by the hundreds assembled:—

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here, and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee."

The company then partook of the re-

freshment provided, consisting of tea, bread and butter, cake, gooseberries, cherries and strawberries. At a little after six, the closing verse was sung:

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more for Jesus' precious blood;
Let manna to our souls be given—
The bread of life sent down from heaven."

The tables were then removed, and the seats arranged for the public meeting. Mr. R. N. Fowler, M. P., himself an open-air preacher, presided. After prayer and the reading of reports, a presentation was made to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. John MacGregor, of a painting, an address on vellum, and a copy of Bagster's "English Hexapla." Mr. M. had recently returned from his cruise on the Jordan and the lakes, in his famous canoe, Rob Roy, and this presentation was an entire surprise to him. After this, addresses were delivered by ministers and others, on the importance of the qualifications and tact for, and the success attending open-air preaching. There were about four hundred and fifty who sat down to tea, and about five hundred attended the public meeting. Most of these were open-air preachers, and a large majority of them laymen, who labor in their various callings, and devote their Sabbaths and other times, gratuitously, to this work which God has largely blessed.

W. H.

Baptists and Communion.

The historic position of Baptists on the question of qualifications for the Lord's Supper is of importance in determining who may properly be called Baptists within the denominational meaning of that term. In tracing the history of Baptists on this question, it will not be necessary for us to begin at an earlier date than that of the earliest well defined organization of English Baptists.

The persecutions to which the Dutch Baptists were subjected on the Continent, in the early part of the sixteenth century, were by no means relaxed after their arrival in England. In 1575 a body of them, who were imprisoned in the Marshalsea, issued one of the earliest confessions of faith which is preserved, as such, in the English language. Other Confessions were issued by English Baptists in 1611, 1615, 1643, 1660, 1670, 1689, 1691, 1768 and 1770.

During the period embraced within these dates, there was no little controversy on the subject of the Lord's Supper. Notwithstanding the extent to which the question was agitated, the confessions of 1611, 1643 and 1660 are believed to be the only ones in which Baptism is declared to be a prerequisite to the Lord's Supper; and these were put forth by comparatively small bodies of Baptists,—that of 1643 being issued on the authority of seven churches of London and vicinity; and that of 1660, by a small portion of the General Baptists, after the division between them and the Particular Baptists on the question of Arminianism versus Calvinism. The statement of the confession of 1643 was in the mild language that Baptism "ought to precede the Lord's Supper," and this position was reviewed in the larger assembly of 1670, and this declaration left out.

Among those most active in securing this end were Major Gifford, Bunyan's pastor at Bedford, and the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's Pilgrim; Bunyan and Henry Jessey also took a very prominent part in the controversy in favor of Catholic or Christian Communion.

In the General Assembly of 1689, representing over one hundred churches of England and Wales, the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed; and that assembly endorsed the action of the Assembly of 1670, omitting from their confession the prerequisite clause, and passing a resolution explanatory of that omission, declaring that "on the question of the Lord's Supper, every church is at liberty to walk as seemeth it right in the Lord." This confession, far more elaborate and logical than any that had preceded it, Baptist historians tell us "became at once the acknowledged formula of the denomination." From that time to the present, the Baptists of England have become more and more generally open communion in faith and practice, until, with the exception of those in Yorkshire, exclusivism is scarcely known among them.

What was the general practice of the early Baptists of America on this question, we have little means of determining; but this we know, that this confession of 1689 was almost universally adopted by them during the first century and a half of their history, and is still the standard of many of the older churches and Associations, without any modification of this open communion principle. That this confession is understood to favor Open or Catholic Communion is shown by the fact that a few churches of the intolerant sort have found it necessary to supplement its thirtieth chapter with a clause declaring Baptism prerequisite to the Lord's Supper. Of such action the Second Baptist church of Rochester is an instance. Most of the older churches, however, retain this confession unaltered; and the second or Baldwin Place church of Boston holds the title deeds to its property on condition of adhering to this confession unaltered.

It was not until 1833 that any other confession was in use among American churches. At this date, the late lamented J. Newton Brown compiled what is now known as the New Hampshire confession of Faith, in the fourteenth Article of which is a clause declaring that Baptism "is prerequisite to the privileges of a church relation, and to the Lord's Supper." Since that time, the majority of what have been known as Calvinistic or Associated Baptist churches of the United States, have, at their organization, adopted this new confession with its exclusive clause.

Thus, while our English brethren have,

for two centuries past, been steadily advancing towards Catholicity and comprehensiveness, our American churches have recently been retrograding, in dogma at least, towards intolerance and exclusiveness. But, thanks be to God, they are beginning to open their eyes to the fact of this theoretical and too often practical exclusiveness, and to adopt a principle and practice more in harmony with Baptist history and with the genius and spirit of the religion of Christ,—a religion which commands: "Whom the Lord hath received, receive ye him, for God hath received him," and which brings its blessings and privileges to "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord."

J. D. BEUGLESS.

Among the Santals.

BHIMPORE, MAR. 5, 1870.

We came here on the 28th ult. Having found an excellent bazar, with a deep, dark, dense foliage, and broad spreading boughs that droop around our tent, we are measurably comfortable and secure, even, though the weather is becoming oppressively hot. The mornings and evenings are still delightful, and the villages are so numerous in this vicinity, that a vigorous walk gives us a new one daily; and the people generally have a mind to hear. At once we reach a village, we are invited to a seat on the park (native cot), and a Santal hymn sung by Mrs. P. and Ida fails not to bring us a crowd, when conversation begins. We find them ready to listen, free to discuss, and usually frank to admit the absurdities of their traditions, and also the beauties and manifest truth of the Mosaic account of creation, &c. It is greatly to our advantage, that we can recognize in their tradition the great fact of a single human pair from whom the whole race of man sprang. Starting with this known and acknowledged truth, and assuring them that we have the full account recorded in the holy scriptures which God has sent them by us, a paternal feeling springs up, when they are prepared to admit the utter absurdity of their "Palchuh harnam and Palchuh brudhi" having sprung from ducks' eggs! Also the sin of having forsaken the true God and Father of us all, and gone after false gods.

Then comes the old story, viz.: "Our fathers believed and practiced thus; we are ignorant, blind, and can but follow as we are led. Where has this light been that neither we nor our fathers ever heard of it before?" We usually reply, "Your fathers were only men, weak, fallible men like ourselves, and may have erred and gone astray; and certainly they have led you in the dark; there can be no doubt of this. They had not the light that has come to you, hence they were not accountable for not giving heed to it. By the blessing of God the true light now shines,—has come even to you in the jungles, and if you will only open your eyes you can but see. God our Father loves you, loves all, and invites you to come to him. He calls you to turn away from your vain and false gods, love and obey him, and be saved and live forever. As a proof of his great love, God has given his only Son to teach us the way of life and to die to atone for our sins." All this, together with an account of the death, resurrection, and intercession of Christ are listened to with interest, while pertinent questions are often asked. When the interest begins to lag, a second hymn at once arrests attention and collects back the stragglers, and on again goes the thread of discourse.

Here, I am assisted by Pachu Manghi, the head man of the village, and the eldest of the three brothers lately baptized. He seems to have a pretty clear idea of the gospel plan, in several important bearings, and as he is highly respected (outcast though he be counted by them) his influence and advocacy are valuable. The second brother, Raju, is absent with James, to the west of this; the third teaches a school in Bhimpore. Sremut, another of the new converts, and a teacher in a village seven or eight miles distant, has been to see us, and is to be here again to-morrow. Sanaton, still another teacher in a village near by, is also one of the converts. We had a very pleasant visit at his village, day before yesterday. His wife comes out cheerfully, and is ready to meet and converse with us. She has spent several hours in the tent daily, learning to sew and read, and is getting along finely. The old mother and wife of Pachu have been furious in their opposition, and still maintain a close and vigorous siege. How long they will hold out it is hard to say. The wives of the other two brothers are more reasonable and friendly though, by no means forward as yet in their desire to learn and embrace a more excellent way.

On the whole, the prospect in this neighborhood is a very pleasing one, and the location is a very desirable one for a station to labor for the Santals. The country is sufficiently open and dry, soil good, trees numerous, and what is a great rarity, several excellent springs that send forth living streams of pure, excellent water, clear as crystal. It is situated about twenty miles west of Midnapore, and there is a public road about three-fifths of the distance. With a few acres around one of these springs secured for Mission premises, it would be a delightful and comparatively easy task, one would suppose, to create a young Eden here in the wilderness.

Bro. Bachelier's schools have done much to introduce the good seed among the Santals in the vicinity; the reading of the Word has certainly produced fruit. Pachu Manghi has a fresh recollection of my tour through here about 25 years ago, and of some things he then heard. Verily, we may all thank God and take courage; for,—

"The precious seed shall not be lost,
Though buried long in dust."

J. PHILLIPS.

Mission Work.

JOURNAL OF EVERYDAY THINGS.

Last evening, David MacDonald got a long letter and a photograph from the gentleman whose name he bears, and who supports him. It was interesting to see his eyes glisten, and to see the pleasure and surprise flashing over his face as the letter was read and interpreted to him. It almost seemed as if his manliness and dignity had grown an inch when the letter was done. That "consecrated money" went up before the Lord like sweet incense, and brought a soul saving blessing down upon a poor jungle lad. It would be very encouraging if every one who supports boys in this school would write to them. This is the second friend, only, who has written. John Sinclair gets letters from his Foreign parents, which does him a world of good. Why don't somebody write to Billy Burr. He is a very fine lad, but not yet affected by the home prayers sufficiently to give himself to Christ. Prayer, that is, real prayer is an all powerful agent, and we all believe that the answers to such prayer are not at all affected by distance. These boys show plainly enough, when they are brought in the arms of faith and laid down at Jesus' feet; and when they are brought there, there we find them, often very unexpectedly to us. But we recognize the power, and in our hearts we bless the dear Saviour who holds them there by love.

We will give a list of the named boys now connected with the school, and if there is any mistake about any of them, if the friends will send us word, we will correct.

Ben. Bachelier, George Pinkham, Arrad. Losey, Joseph L. White, Elliston F. Sheldon, James A. Howe, Nat. Parinton, David Harrison, Billy Burr, Wm. Alger, Samuel Dudley, Joseph Odell, Adam Brown, Moses Brown, Adam Plummer Brown, Pickering Brown, Brown Adams, Wm. C. Byer, David MacDonald, Jacob Cilley, Cornelius Stowetts, Fennimore Haughtaling, Leonard Hathaway, Reuben Jenness, Joseph Chadwick.

We will try to say something about each boy twice a year, and will now begin with the first one on this list.

Ben. Bachelier, a boy about thirteen years old, an excellent scholar, can say the multiplication table from two to twenty as fast as he can speak, without missing a word, and knows other studies equally well. This is not so much his merit, as it is a natural quickness to learn, for it must be confessed that he is quite lazy, both as regards study and work. Once in a while he tries to be good, and makes a prayer like a minister, almost. He has the elements of a smart man. George Pinkham is a nice little boy. Year before last he got a present of a suit of clothes, for being present at S. School every Sunday in the year.

We earnestly beg the friends to pray for these dear boys and young men that they may become workers in this whitened harvest field.

Midnapore, March 12, 1870.

S. P. B.

Selections.

Sermon from a Railroad Man.

"Won't you play a game of euchre with us?" The questioner laid his hand on my shoulder as he spoke, and asked with considerable earnestness, for he had been rather unsuccessful in trying to start a game at our end of the car. He was a gentlemanly looking man, with an air of respectability and wealth; hale, hearty, and portly; carrying his sixty years as comfortably as he carried the heavy watch-chain across his capacious vest. We were in one of Pullman's palace cars—the through car for New York—on the Michigan Central road. My card-playing acquaintance was one of a group of prominent railroad men, who, without meaning it, preached to me finely all the way.

The car ahead of ours had broken down, and they had accordingly come and occupied seats in my section. It was evident that they did not regard me as a capitalist, by any means, much less one likely to be dangerous in the railroad line, and the thin man in black was involuntarily, but most agreeably entertained, therefore, after it became too dark to read, with a most comprehensive, minute and racy overhauling of all railroad men and matters in the North-west. If anybody wants to know anything about "Blue Line," or "White Line," or "Red Line," about the history, honesty, or capacity of railroad officials or freightmen in this section, or about tariffs, past, present, or to come, let him apply at my office. It appeared that two of them were the General Superintendents of two of our principal roads; the third a railroad official apparently of still higher rank; and three men more intelligent, keen, and thoroughly wide-awake, it struck me, it would be hard to find. Capital bishops over their iron dioceses; men with a parish, each, of round-houses and depots; of treasuries and engines, and thousands of rolling cars; presbyters of the passenger and freighting world, those talk showed plainly enough that they, at least, were fully awake to the advantages of "Union."

But after awhile something a little lighter than railroads seemed to be in demand, and two of them proposed the euchre. The third, (call him Mr. A.) who was the youngest of the party, was of course the first invited. My neighbor turned to him.

"Come, A., let's have the table up, and try a game."

"It's no use to ask A.," said the other. "I'll tell you when A. says he is going to learn to play euchre. When his road pays seven per cent., then A. says he will learn to play euchre."

A. gave a short, decisive nod, and a quiet "that's so," in reply.

That was the first head of the sermon he preached to me. I might say, perhaps, the text; and it was quite as impressive as if he had stood in a pulpit and said, while smoothing down his manuscript over a velvet cushion, "My text, dear brethren, you will find in Philippians 3:13. This one thing I do."

After one or two other unsuccessful attempts (I felt constrained, myself, to de-

cline), the euchre party was formed; a very agreeable lady furnished the pack, and made the first deal with her jeweled hand, and in the next compartment, close by our seat, the game was begun. I was so shockingly idle myself, for a time, as to watch the game. Not so, however, my neighbor A., the man of "seven per cent." His sermon was only begun. It proceeded on this wise:

As soon as the rising of the others gave him a little more room, he pulled down his cap to shade his eyes, and drawing up to the lamp, prepared for work. Out came a brown account-book, and over that he studied, and figured, and knit his brows, perfectly oblivious of everything around. Did you ever try to write in a railroad car? Did you ever try to do it by the hour, and at night, sitting bolt upright, without anything to support your dorsal column, and holding your book at arm's length, up to a flaring, smoking lamp? If you did, your back ached, and your arms ached, and your eyes ached, I am sure, before you got through. But then, perhaps, you were not fired on "7 per cent." My railroad man was.

The brown book was finished, and then out came a red one. Over that he studied, and figured, and knit his brows again. The cars rattled and jumped; the passengers were crowding to and fro; peals of laughter broke from the card party at his elbow; but not once did he look up from his work. "Has the man got any eyes?" I said to myself. "Has he got a spine, I wonder?" Yes, he had. At last he put down his book, rubbed his eyes, and yawned. But then, "7 per cent." He shook himself, threw off his yawn, and picked up his book again. But the yawn came back. He looked up with tired eyes, shut his book, leaned back in his seat, and in a moment was sound asleep. There he sat, not conferring with flesh and blood so much as to take the corner, but slept as he sat; and how he nodded and snored!

The nap was short, however, and it was no sooner over than the red book was once more in hand, and the resolute man was at his work again. The players played and laughed; game followed game. I put my own eyes in peril over Judge M.'s arguments in the Bible controversy; but the railroad man outworked me ten to one.

The red book was finished, and now out of his baggage at the other end of the car he produced a yellow-covered volume. "Ah, a novel!" I said to myself. "He has got enough of this heavy work." Not a bit of it. It was a book on Railroads. The maps, four feet square, would answer pretty well; but the double column, diamond type, and the solid tables, page on page, at that hour of the night, appalled me. He set his lips, drew up to the lamp, and buried himself again in the diamond type, until my eyes fairly ached for looking at him.

The players were tired at last, even of euchre, and came back yawning. A. was ready for them; no small talk for him. In to a sea of railroading he had them at once, and kept them at it, until I had to say, "Well, gentlemen, I think of going to bed, to-night. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to move, and let the porter make my bed."

They moved; the bed was made, and I was soon behind the curtains. Every one else was abed; but there they sat, and talked me to sleep on railroads. The last thing I heard was that sharp, clear voice, cutting through all the rattle and rumble of the train. "There's no use doing this thing by halves." "Just as well run three thousand as three hundred." "They'll have to agree to that at Chicago," etc., etc. One thing I thought they would have agreed on at Chicago, if they had passed that night with me, viz.: that if sleepless zeal and unflagging work could do it, the road, under that man, was bound to earn its "7 per cent." Euchre was no temptation.

I said that he preached to me. He made me think—oh, how sadly!—of many a Christian enterprise which was paying no dividends, even of 7 per cent., as usury is reckoned in the Kingdom of heaven; of many a church grievously below par in its yield of souls, where meetings are thin and devotion drags; where the hungry are not fed, nor the sick visited, nor the fatherless and the widow comforted; where Sunday school classes languish, and troops of the unconverted say, "No man cares for my soul," where work is needed, and prayer for daily by a disheartened few; and where the members of the church are—playing euchre!

I believe in resting when one is weary, and playing to fit for better work; but I do not believe in middle-aged Christians spoiling their days by nights of childish pleasures; and I could not help wishing that some younger Christians, who, in great wicked, weeping Chicago can spend three nights a week in dancing-school, could have heard that railroad sermon on earnestness.

Shiloh.

Draw a line from Shiloh due north eighty-seven miles as the crow flies, and you strike the Leontes, the northern boundary of Palestine. Deflect the line slightly to the east and the eighty-seven miles bring you to Dan. Now draw a line from Shiloh due south eighty-seven miles and you strike Kadesh-barnea, the southern limit of Palestine. Again, draw a line from Shiloh due west thirty miles and you reach Joppa; draw another due east thirty miles and you reach the valley behind Ramoth Gilead. These two points mark the western and eastern frontier of the Holy Land.

Shiloh is thus the exact center of the land, undoubtedly chosen for this reason as the place of the tabernacle and central service of Israel. That service was exceedingly plain, though ceremonial. There was no costly or gorgeous display. All that came in with David and Solomon and their temple. The tabernacle was a small tent. Its few articles of furniture (six in all) were of gold or brass finely wrought, with wooden frame-work beneath, (except the laver and candlestick, which were holier.) But although they were thus beautiful and of great value, there was nothing imposing in their appearance. The priestly garments were very simple. The High Priests were an exception on special occasions. Shiloh itself was a little village, not a large city. For four centuries this plain worship was offered at Shiloh.

These were the palmy days of Israel. We call the government a theocracy. That is only half true. It is a theocratic republic. It was a genuine republic, with a divine oversight and care through the High Priest at Shiloh. Never was human liberty so complete on earth till these United States were founded. Never was there so pure a people. The two records at the close of the book of Judges were exceptional, and the wicked acts there noticed called out the indignation of all Israel. Those records are proofs of the purity of the people. Never was there so happy a people. We find a common notion that those were days of fearful trials and dreadful sin. This is a great, though natural error. The ac-

count in Judges makes prominent the trials and the sins, and hence we conclude the history is all trial and sin. But in those four centuries only ninety-six years were times of oppression. What are we to say of the other three hundred years? They were without incident, because so peaceful and happy. There was no king to lord it over Israel, but each man was a thorough republican monarch himself, and did what was right in his own eyes. Individually, thus brought out, must, of course, have developed some errors. But, on the whole, these errors corrected themselves, and the nation was peaceful, prosperous, and happy.

When the desire to be like the kingdoms round about entered the Israelitish heart, and the people clamored for a king, then came the beginning of the end. Then were sown the seeds of national ruin. It was rebellion against God, and hostility to the simplicity of manners and worship he had enjoined and fostered.

Accordingly, in his providence, Shiloh is destroyed, the tabernacle and ark separated from one another, the former going to Ramah, Nob, and Gibeon, the latter to Philistia, Kirjath-eim, and Jerusalem. A king is made, a court established. Royalty culminates in Solomon. Everything is magnificent and extravagant. A temple, most rich and dazzling in its glory, takes the place of the simple tabernacle ordered by God in the pattern on the mount. God permits the temple-building and controls its details, just as he permitted the kingdom and controlled its details, but neither kingdom nor temple was of God. But in spite of God's control, and constant warning against all the evils of riches and display, from the day that the temple was finished, Israel began to sink in sin. The seventy Sabbath years neglected, for which Judah served in Babylon for a seventy years' captivity, count back exactly to the tenth year of Solomon. Monarchy and magnificence of worship will ruin any State. They beget the self-consequence which pushes God aside. If Israel had been content with the tabernacle and Shiloh, they would have had no king to be given in anger and taken away in wrath. The happy republic would have continued forever. To a plain and humble worship in the despaired Jesus will they come at last. The prophecy of Jacob to Judah was fulfilled when a few Jews gathered around Jesus in Galilee as the earnest of the universal church gathering around him.

"The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet ('ad-ki jabo Shiloh') until he come to Shiloh, and unto it (Shiloh) shall the gathering of the people be." Shiloh is the simple worship to which the apostles came when they came to Jesus. Are not the above thoughts suggestive regarding the ritualistic splendors so coveted and courted by many Christians?—*Christian Union.*

Crosses.

I frequently visit the sick-chamber of a Christian young lady, whom I have known intimately from her childhood. For two long years, since this dark cloud came over her life and hopes, these four walls have been her widest horizon of the world, save as a few times she has been carried forth to seek relief and benefit in change of scene. Mostly, day after day, hour after hour, she has dragged out existence on this unchanging bed. At times there is intense and remorseless pain, mental darkness and horror also; the star of hope shining out with promise of returning health, diffusing gladness and buoyancy, to be soon again darkly obscured. Yet, with all these sad incidents of life, it is good for the visitor to be in this place. Christ is there. Cheerfulness, patience, courage, and hope, such as only He can give, are brightly exemplified. There are no murmurings against God, but loving acquiescence in these strange thwartings of his hand. There are kind words for every one. With thoughts ever heavenward, there is still lively interest in the friends and things and events of the outside world. There is a mind struggling against unbelief, against the weakness and irritability of disease, against carelessness to whatsoever may befall a lady and wound the taste of those who tend or visit her. There is continuing prayer, and the cry, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and suffer for meekly all the Father's will.

The cross of the Great Sufferer is always present to her, not only in her dark experiences, but to her bodily eyes in representations of it upon the walls of her chamber. Graceful and loving hands have braided in various sizes and tints those paper crosses which of late are seen at so many windows, as if to give assurance that there is Christ living within. We wonder sometimes if it is true. And these unbleeding and tiny arms of the cruel wood whereon Jesus suffered and expired, doing the same Heavenly Father's will, are so aptly distributed that this martyr maiden, however she may lie or turn herself upon her bed, may see the same image.

These crosses strike me strangely here. I don't know whether to be pleased with them or not. It seems to me they may be fitter for places where there is no suffering—where men and women, through easy conscience, through selfishness and self-indulgence, slip away from the obligation of sacrificial duty to themselves and their brother men—to remind such that "there's a cross for every one," and that without bearing a cross they cannot follow Jesus, experience his grace, nor achieve his glory. But here in this seclusion of living agony, of self-conquest, of strivings of faith toward the Man of Sorrows, I see so many real crosses that these thinks of beauty and fine sentiment merely appear a cruel mockery, a hideous vision.

Still we would not rebuke these ministries of sympathy. They are kindly meant. They can bring to mind the fountain of all grace and comfort. But I am sure that real cross-bearers—all who are bravely beating their way heavenward, all who have fellowship with Christ's sufferings, and are so clinging to his cross—must rather shudder at these flippant, flaunted symbols of their life-agony, as they cry: FATHER! IF IT BE POSSIBLE, LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME.—*Independent.*

There is but one full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. It is Christ Jesus our Lord. His act of sacrificial death was once made upon the altar of the cross. His action of sacrificial offering of himself, the Lamb of God once dead, but alive forever, is continually made in heaven. By representation, we men continually offer the one action on the cross, but Christ Jesus making the sacrament, being therein present by his own power in a mystical and incomprehensible manner, continually in it offers himself, the living God-man, not only for his whole church and body, both living and dead, but to us, to be our spiritual food and sustenance by our communion, not of mere elements, but of him.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1870.

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

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

Truth Applied.

Two men went together as applicants for a place of trust. The merchant, whose advertisement they had answered, sat in his counting-room and bade the men be seated. After looking them over, and stating the nature of the service that was required, he asked them to present the evidence of their fitness for the work and the trusts. One of them made a full and somewhat rhetorical statement of the work to be done, of the qualities that were needed, of the importance attached to ability and trustworthiness in such a sphere, and closed by confidently asking for the post. The other, after being urged to present the evidences of his adaptation to the work, at length said, with a modest blush and a voice that was not without a quiver in it, "All that this man has said I would try to do." The merchant at once engaged the applicant who so evidently exalted practice above theory, and never had occasion to regret his selection. The modest worker soon rose to the place of leading partner; the voluble theorizer served out a long term in the penitentiary as a defaulter.

Talkative men are not always hypocrites and rascals, nor are silent men always hidden heroes or saints in disguise. There are those who plot mischief with the intellect while holding the tongue firmly in the grasp of the will; and there are others whose many words are the accurate photographs of a spirit in which Christian sincerity and love are always at home. One may sin by silence as well as by garrulity, and it is sometimes the case that a man is largely dumb because he has no ideas to utter, and slow to applaud a noble sentiment because he hates it in his heart.

But the tendency is both strong and general to give a noisy and vehement approval to even radical truth when it is uttered from the platform or the pulpit, and then to go on as though this approval had discharged the duty owed it. Abstract truth offends few people; it is when there is an attempt to apply it that the restiveness develops itself and the quarrel begins. Louis Napoleon welcomed the Peace Congress to Paris, showed its members special favors, and smiled blandly over the strong statements that all war was unchristian; he only stipulated that nothing must be said about the *comp d'état* that had recently made him Emperor, nor about the use of French bayonets that were just then red with the best blood of Italy and were guarding the Pope on his way back to the Vatican. They might argue for and glorify universal peace to their liking; but they must take care that no syllable of hostile criticism fell from any lip over the military policy or excesses of the French empire. War in general might be gibbeted with maledictions; but the armies that paraded on the Champ de Mars must be treated to nothing but compliments. Peace in the abstract forced a smile from the Tuileries; Peace that did not tolerate Napoleonism could find no rest for its feet till it had crossed the border line of France and accepted the fate of an exile.

This fact does not stand alone, by any means. Men generally assent in words to much which their conduct denies and condemns. They noisily recite the creed which their practice disowns. And, still worse, they seem sometimes to suppose that they have purchased the right to crucify a truth in life by testifying for it in word. They copy Pilate, and declare that they find no fault in it, and then send it away to the cross, washing their hands to symbolize their innocence. They charge the wrong upon society or upon circumstances. They regret that what deserves a better fate should not be able to escape a crucifixion. They would be glad to see it recognized and honored. They confess that it is made an innocent victim. But they will not testify for it when and where it is maligned. They will not defend it against earnest and passionate attacks. A homage that costs is what they decline to pay. They take no risk in its behalf. If it triumphs, they are quite ready to come in for their share of the honor and the profit. If it is overborne, they take care not to go down with it to the tomb and wait for its resurrection. They grow pale and flee, like the disciples in the garden, when they see the hostile force leading away the truth which they have often applauded, and in whose behalf they have declared it an honor to suffer and die.

Illustrations are all about us. The Sabbath congregation praise the preacher's sermon on fidelity to Christ, are complacent over the fact that they keep such a man in their pulpit, and let him speak his whole thought without abridgment or protest; and then many of them go away to serve mammon, and court a corrupt society, and build up themselves by methods foreign to the gospel. A crowd hangs on the lips of the orator who points out the mischiefs of political partisanship, and answers his appeals with enthusiasm; and then half the company departs to the caucus to plot infamy, and is ready to sell a vote for an office, or enjoin a trustful citizen with ambiguous promises or villainous whiskey. Men swing their hats to express their approval of a law against the sale of strong drink, and take the oath to enforce it with the gibbets of tongues; and then refuse to touch the worst transgressor so much as with one of their fingers, and decline to aid the magistrate who would

gladly be faithful, lest they meet with a frown, a threat or a defiance. Few are found to quarrel with even the highest claims that are set up in the Sermon on the Mount; but when it comes to the application of those divine precepts, how many falter, and hesitate, and ask to be excused!

There are several phases of skepticism prevalent. They are all mischievous. What ever undermines real faith in God and spiritual things, takes the moral stamina out of character and weakens the best bonds of society. But there is no phase of skepticism more to be dreaded than that which shows that men are losing faith in the sacredness of duty, and are coming to think of the gospel as something quite impracticable for actual life. When it is simply used to foster sentiment, and solace suffering, and charm away the disquiet of a self-accusing soul, and nurture occasional devoutness, and point a paragraph in a lecture, and supply a hope of another life, and illuminate a death-bed, and suggest an epitaph for the grave-stone over the dust of the departed, but is put quite away from the spheres of daily toil, as though it were a dream not to be indulged or an intruder not to be tolerated,—when it is thus put out of the very sphere where alone it cares to contend for supremacy, there is reason for anxiety and alarm. The Lord of whom it tells is already speaking to such disciples in those words whose severe reproof is equalled only by their infinite pathos,—“Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?”

Empty pulpits do indeed plead and wait for strong preachers. But do not the pews still more need a practical earnestness? Ministers with piety are indeed in demand. But is not the call equally urgent for laymen with principle? More sanctuaries need to resound with the word of the gospel uttered by lips that God has touched. But would it not be more effective preaching if the marts of business were illuminated with lives that incarnated the Sermon on the Mount, and thus exhibited its beauty, its adaptation and its transforming power? We cannot spare the truth, to be sure; but only when it is faithfully applied will it really become effective to convince and mighty to save.

Wanted—A Prodigy.

Dr. Anderson, in a valuable paper presented at the late educational meeting of the Baptists, portrayed the college Professor that is wanted in all our higher institutions of learning. The man described is certainly a very attractive personage. He has a vigorous body, a set of elastic muscles, a powerful digestive system, and a nervous force that no ordinary strain would be likely to break down. Beyond this, he has a marked mental robustness, an abounding common sense, a quick insight into human nature, a practical shrewdness that would honor the exchange and the Stock-Board, broad views, a hearty sympathy with the young while being a natural companion of mature men, an ample knowledge of literature and life, a magnanimous spirit, a personal magnetism that denotes a powerful individuality, and a royal will that renders him a master of the multitude.

Now that is a grateful picture of a genuine man. He ought to meet a welcome and justify it. He should be able to find a way for himself, or make one. Educational Boards would not be likely to condemn such a man's credentials and leave him seeking a position in vain. He is pretty sure of a place, and is not likely to lack appreciation.

But it is very doubtful whether all the chairs in our colleges and professional schools can be filled with such men as this. The difficulty is not in securing places for them, but in finding the requisite number of occupants. If Professors, many of them are likely to remain for some time vacant. Such men do not abound. They will not come at our call. They cannot be manufactured to order. They are the rare gifts of Providence. A college that turns out one such man every year in a class of one hundred, is sure to win public attention. And a Faculty that numbers two such men will act like a magnet on the students of any state. It is well to have such an ideal. It will stimulate effort by its exhibition of the wide contrast between what is and what is wished. But the great mass of our instructors, even in the higher institutions, must be men who are far inferior to this exalted model. The large majority of the teaching secured must come from those who are neither prodigies nor paragons. Unless we can take up with respectable attainments and fair skill in our teachers, we shall be forced to do without the instruction that most of us are ignorant enough to need and which we should be greatly profited in securing.

What has been said of the Professor's chair is equally applicable to the pulpit. The model minister would be described in nearly the same terms that Dr. Anderson uses. We do need the best qualities in the pulpit. There is room for them in that broad and lofty sphere, and the work belonging to it will tax the amplest and most varied powers that combine in any gifted mortal or in any thoroughly trained scholar. Nothing is too good for the ministry. The rarest gifts honor the preacher's function less than the sphere and the divine call honor the occupant. The idea that anything and anybody will do for the pulpit is a pitiable one. A young man who is willing to carry ignorance and an untrained mind to the ministry, thereby shows how poorly fitted he is for its functions; and a congregation that is content with a ranting fervor, or an egotistic smartness, or a whining pathos under the name of a sermon, proves that it is still scarcely able to digest even the skim milk of the gospel, and needs to be taught the first principles of a Christian life. To preach is to hold up the

highest type of character and conduct and press its claims on the hearer; and the real errand on which the people are sent to the sanctuary, is to learn how to reach the moral majesty embodied by the Lord Jesus. A Christian church is the divinely constituted school where men and women are bidden to outgrow their frailties and slough off their weak and worldly habits as soon as possible. All that is true, and needs to be remembered.

But this does not justify the extravagant demands often made upon the pulpit, nor excuse the style of thought and speech that is more or less indulged by parishes in quest of a minister. It is proper that every congregation should obtain the best pulpit gifts which it can command, appreciate and profit by. But this general outcry for prodigies is both weak and wicked. The Beechers and Halls and Spurgeons and Tyngs are necessarily rarities among preachers; just as the Websters and Clays and Sumners and Gladstones are rarities among statesmen, or as the Rothschilds and Peabodys and Stewarts and Vanderbilts are rarities among business men. If the sanctuary is to be deserted save as such men are to be heard in it, then most people must make up their minds to get on without a preached gospel. These great pulpit marvels are not to be had, no matter how urgent and general may be the clamor for them. Nearly every congregation is disposed to insist that it must have the first class talent. One church demands it because it is strong and can use it; another, because it is weak and can only rise and prosper when lifted and helped by such a mighty man. The city parish needs the prodigy to hold its own among eager competitors; the country parish must have him to overcome the general indifference. New England demands the culture which such a man has gained; and the West insists that his robust and driving energy can find no other field for its exercise equal to those on the prairies and in the Mississippi valley. He is called for as needful to edify the church and make it a power, to enlarge the society and add to its resources, to convince the unbelieving and win them to faith, to lead public opinion that it may not go astray, to magnetize and master youthful energy that is in danger of becoming wayward and defiant, to conciliate the prejudices of the disaffected, to assuage the griefs of the smitten, and hold the whole community like a magnet to truth and duty.

Now it is folly to raise this outcry against the pulpit because it is not always the sphere of a giant or a prodigy; it is an equal folly to insist that nothing else will do for our particular pulpit, whatever might answer elsewhere; and it is the greatest folly of all to expect that such a marvel of a man is to come and to preach to us, when, it may be, there is neither capacity enough in the pews to comprehend and digest the strong preacher's ordinary sermon, nor ability and generosity enough in the parish to give such a man a decent support, nor enterprise enough in the community to furnish a proper sphere for the exercise of more than a mere fraction of his directing energy. An ambitious, exacting and fastidious pulpit may sin no worse than do jealous and aspiring pews. A church demanding a prodigy in its minister, finds only its counterpart in a minister who insists upon having a paradise in his parish. Both demands are simply unreasonable and vain. Piety, solid Christian worth, and a wise, faithful and loving service ought to so far content a church as to unite its heart and its labor with the work of its under shepherd; and a minister that has an opportunity to honor his Master by working for the spiritual welfare of a reasonably generous, confiding and coöperative people, may well go about his tasks thanking God for the grace that has given him a service so abounding in sacred opportunity, so uplifted with honor and so bright with promise. Entering into labor in that spirit, many vacant pulpits would be speedily filled with true pastors, and not a few sinking and complaining churches would spring to a truer life and win a steadier and a richer success.

Journalism.

No modern improvements indicate more remarkable progress than is evident in public journalism. The size, beauty and comprehensiveness of the sheets now thrown from the press, the amount of money invested, and the brain power employed upon them; the variety and power of the discussions, the excellence of the writing and the fullness of information which grace their columns, did not exist, even as an ideal, twenty-five years ago. It was then supposed that books were the only proper medium for the best thoughts, the most thorough and exhaustive discussions, the most elegant writing, the fruit of the ripest scholarship; but now the weekly and daily journals are laying the very best talent under contribution, and on their pages are found the finest writing and richest displays of thought which adorn the English language. We would be glad to speak particularly of dozens of religious, literary and political papers, point out their great excellences, and contrast them with what they were, or what first class papers were, a quarter of a century since. We will mention two or three.

The Independent, the largest and most powerful weekly in the land, is a cyclopaedia of wisdom in itself. A complete library on almost all important topics might be taken from its columns. Religion, philosophy, science, politics, current events, are served up to the public weekly, in the most attractive and vigorous style, bespeaking immense resources, great industry, talent and taste. It is only in this generation that such a paper became a possibility.

The Watchman and Reflector is among Baptist papers the best, and is not excelled in ability of management, variety of matter, courtesy, Christian charity and good taste,

by any denomination. Its whole history has been one of progress, and its present wealth of matter and excellence of style is one of the triumphs of our day. The National Baptist and the Examiner are following hard upon the track of the Reflector.

The New York Evangelist has always been good, spiritual and earnest, but how it has grown, and increased in breadth and power, during the forty-one years of its existence! It has increased in youthfulness, beauty, vitality, as well as in wisdom and power, as it has increased in years. Yet it scarcely excels other papers published in the interests of Presbyterian and Congregational Christians.

The Methodist journals of power are sent from all the great centers in the land. Their improvement in style and compass is even greater than that which has marked papers of other denominations.

The secular press is the wonder of the age. Such journals as the Tribune, Times, Herald, and Post, send forth every day an amount of matter, well condensed, well digested and well expressed, which excites surprise and astonishment. Let a man look over these sheets, and ask how much money, how much thought and labor, what rare and varied endowments, learning and industry they cost, and he will set them down as among the chief triumphs of modern enterprise. We have always taken peculiar pleasure in the make-up and vitality of the Evening Post. Among the New York papers, it has always excelled in literary qualities, and commended itself to public confidence by its great ability, its candor and entire freedom from partisan heat and personal spite and trickery, and by a uniform testimony for liberty and social reforms. It always instructs, elevates the taste and improves the morals of its readers, and never offends the cultivated and pure by ribaldry or coarseness in thought or style. And we are glad to say that, in all the other leading secular journals, there has been great improvement in these respects, during the last decade.

Literary weeklies and monthlies have not lagged behind in the march of progress. But we cannot speak of them now. There has been progress in railroads and steamships and telegraphs, but these are fully matched by the triumphs in the field of Public Journalism.

The Logic of Love.

Not very long since, a pious Presbyterian lady came from Scotland to visit her brother, who was pastor of a leading Baptist church in New England. Her visit was in every respect delightful, especially her joy at hearing her dear brother preach the blessed gospel.

In due time communion day arrived, and her brother was perplexed to dispose of his sister, so as not to offend or wound her feelings. After much thinking, he concluded to advise her to go to the Presbyterian church on that occasion. But she warmly answered that she could not be persuaded to lose a single one of her brother's sermons, whom she expected soon to leave, and see no more on earth. He suggested that it was communion day with them, that his people were "very peculiar" in their customs, and she might not enjoy it. But she, suspecting nothing, assured him that she had set her heart upon receiving the tokens of the Saviour's broken body and shed blood from the hands of her dear brother. He persisted that his people were "very peculiar," and he feared that she would not enjoy it. The real cause of the trouble now broke upon her mind, and with deep emotion, her eyes fell of tears, she cried out:

"Oh me brother! I ha' come a' the way frae auld Scotland to sit wi' ye at the Lord's table in the flesh, and will ye nae ha' me eat wi' ye?"

This was too much for his logic. His heart failed him, and he told her to be content till he could see what might be done. The case was laid before the deacons, and a wish expressed that she might be allowed to partake; and the deacons said: "Let her receive the tokens," and so she did.

From this case some queries come up. Was the Doctor right or wrong in allowing this breach of the rules? If it was right for his sister to partake, why exclude any Christian? Is not that reasoning fallacious which forces a Christian minister into such a perplexing dilemma? Is it duty to do violence to the purest and noblest impulses of the human heart and of Christian love, at the behest of a logic which, at best, rests on "mere inference"? Is it not better at once to surrender a theory which stands upon a basis so inadequate, and leads to difficulties so formidable and unpleasant? Other cases similar to this of the good brother, are occurring all over our land, and Pedobaptists are invited covertly, or allowed without remark, to commune in Baptist churches. Would it not be much more honorable and spiritually healthful to change the secret custom of violating the restrictive rule, by openly asking all true Christians to partake?

Plymouth Rock and Chicago.

This is the two hundred and fiftieth year of Puritan history in America. The Congregationalists of the land, who regard themselves as the special representatives of Puritanism and the appointed guardians of its principles, are to hold special services to commemorate the landing in Plymouth in 1620, and propose to signalize the year by raising three millions of dollars for religious and educational purposes. That is both fitting and practical, and their avowals and their Christian generosity may well beget interest among all who have the religious welfare of the country at heart. A Memorial Convention has just been held at Chicago, at which a large delegation of New Englanders assisted. The congratulations were impressively uttered, the Pilgrims were duly praised, the conquering

energy of the Puritanic spirit was fondly dwelt on and exalted by illustrations which complimented the East and West into good nature and some mutual admiration, the special work of the year was set forth and accepted, and the Convention adjourned to meet in Boston on the real anniversary of the landing, in December. Drs. Bacon, Storrs, Thompson, Post and others treated the audience and the Western Metropolis to fitting and eloquent words, and the whole spirit of the meeting was admirable,—unless an exception must be made in view of the earnest and unsuccessful effort of the western members to get a resolution passed in emphatic condemnation of masonry.

The Convention adopted several resolutions, which very well symbolize its spirit, embody its sentiments and set forth its practical plans. We reproduce a portion of them in full, both for the intrinsic interest which they possess, and as an exposition of the spirit of a sister denomination over whose good work we especially rejoice:

Resolved, 1. That the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, like the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, the founding of Rome, and the rise of the reformation under Luther, marks a grand epoch in human history, and is justly to be celebrated as having led the way to results both in church and state of almost unequalled magnitude.

2. That in the assembling of so large a National Convention of the representatives of the principles and polity of the Pilgrims, at a point more than a thousand miles westward of Plymouth Rock, and drawing its members in part from churches two thousand miles still further west, we see a reason for devout thanksgiving to God, who has given such permanence and extent to the results of their labors and sacrifices.

3. That as the pilgrims recognized an educated and pious ministry as the right arm of the power of the church, there can be no more fitting memorial in their honor than the raising during this anniversary year of not less than \$3,000,000 to aid the theological seminaries of our Congregational churches, in establishing their institutions upon the broadest and most permanent basis, and for like purposes of benevolence contemplated in the following resolutions.

4. That as the local church was the center and circumference of the pilgrim ecclesiasticism, it becomes us during this memorial year to see that it is made strong for its work in every community; and we do therefore recommend that the effort be earnestly made, by all the churches which are under the incubus of a debt, to discharge by a special memorial offering their liabilities, and thus put themselves in a condition to promote effectually every department of Christian enterprise.

Current Topics.

SENATOR REVELS IN BOSTON. Boston honored itself last week in sending her wisest, bravest and best to Tremont Temple to listen to the address of Hon. H. R. Revels. His lecture, on the "Tendencies of the Age," was a good one, worthy of the man, of his office, of the place and the audience. But his presence there in that capacity was a fact surpassing in its own eloquent suggestions all the force of mere words. The scene itself exhibited both the tendencies and the achievements of the age in a way so wonderful, that Mr. Wendell Phillips very naturally said that he had been, during half the evening, feeling that he was passing through a dream instead of bearing a part in a real transaction. The noble Senator from Mississippi, filling the seat of Jefferson Davis, is the symbol of an accomplished revolution. There is hardly anything else that at once asserts, suggests and predicts so much. And it was especially fitting that Boston, the home of Garrison and Phillips and Sumner, the early battle-ground of anti-slavery men, and the theater of the Anthony Burns tragedy, should give Mr. Revels her most cordial greeting, and clap her eager hands over the consummation of an object which she was among the first to avow and the most persistent in seeking. The magnates of the civil and literary spheres were present to witness and share this triumph, and the dignitaries of State Street contended for the honor of grasping the dark hand that has now a true man's warmth in its pressure and an honored citizen's power in its grip. He and his race have passed beyond servitude and sneers. They have borne both nobly, and we believe they will not succumb in the fiery ordeal to which a plotting flattery will subject them. Having carried the slave's cross for centuries without being crushed, we expect them to bear the citizen's scepter without being spoiled.

PROFESSIONAL SLANDER. One of the counsel engaged in the McFarland trial allowed himself to use the most severe words of accusation against a woman who had some connection with the case. No viler epithets would have been employed in characterizing the worst specimens of the sex. When rebuked for it in a public journal, he replies that he has no thought that the lady is anything else than a most virtuous and estimable woman, and says that he only spoke professionally, and in accordance with legal practice and the direction of the associate counsel who assigned him his part in the programme. As a man, he is ready to believe her an honor to the most virtuous of her sex; as a lawyer, he is equally ready to brand her as a panderer and a procuress; and he distinctly intimates that this exhibits the general view and practice of the members of the bar.

It is the severest accusation against the profession that has been made. We hope for the honor of human nature and the credit of the profession, that his charge is not true. If it is true, it is time that young men were warned against the sphere, and the men of principle in the ranks should at once set about the work of radical reform. If it is not true, there should be a formal and sworn denial from those who ought to know, and who have credit for sincerity and truthfulness. This attempt to distinguish between the professional actor and the man, is the worst and the flimsiest of heresies. The plea reminds one of the retort made

by the Puritan preacher to a similar attempt. "Yes," he replied, "I see that you would make the man a Christian while allowing the officer to be a villain. But when the devil gets the officer, what will become of the man? Answer me that, sir."

WOMEN AND CLINICS. The contest on the part of the students of the Pennsylvania Hospital, to prevent the attendance of the female medical students, comes to a very proper and grateful result. The ladies have kept their patience and maintained a most becoming dignity through it all; and the calm statement of the officers of the Woman's Medical College to the public has had its effect. At a recent meeting of the managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, largely attended, and after the fullest discussion of the subject and the hearing of objections,—the following resolution was adopted by a large majority:

Resolved, That the Managers, after conferring with their medical and surgical staff, shall, if practicable, arrange for appropriate, thorough clinical instruction in the Pennsylvania Hospital to the students of Woman's Medical College in this city.

We rejoice in this triumph of consistency over prejudice, and of womanly discretion over the rowdiness of unfledged M. D's.

The timid convivance of officers, who ought to have put down the clamor of those young men by prompt and decisive discipline on the appearance of its first symptoms, has been properly rebuked, and we trust the lesson may not be forgotten.

THE GIN AND MILK CASE. One of the daily papers of New York reported, some weeks since, that a clergyman who had been preaching on the School question, and had quite a number of reporters present to take notes of his discourse, invited them, at the close, to a neighboring saloon, treated them to refreshments, including a beverage of gin and milk, and testified by his example to the palatableness of the compound. The statement was supposed to be a hoax or an exaggeration, but it seems to have been literally correct. The minister's name is given, and the church of which he is pastor is designated in the papers. He is a Presbyterian, but he certainly needs to find a place in the "reformed" branch of his denomination. His Elders and his church generally are greatly mortified and grieved, and they have dealt out to him a formal and decided admonition which we hope he may heed. Whether the compliment which he thus purchased at the hands of the reporters is accounted a proper offset to the censure which he took from the lips of his elders, we do not know, but it is likely to prove a pretty expensive indulgence and a really perplexing lesson.

COLORPHOBIA AMONG THE DOCTORS. The proslavery spirit dies hard. Its animus is the same, though its phases are legion. The latest development appears in the Medical Association now holding a meeting in Washington. Many of the members are bent on refusing the hand of fellowship to colored physicians, and they exhibit their hostility in plotting and passion, indecent speech and pitiable behavior. As devotees of science, they ought to be able to see the folly of all this assumption based on qualities that lie only skin deep; and as professed gentlemen, they ought to be ashamed of the procedure which deliberately flings about insults to gratify a prejudice. They will not really harm the negro by their tactics and sneers, but they will disgrace themselves and awaken a natural distrust of the profession. It is not strange that young medical students can insult women, when old practitioners go into hysterics over the negro.

ACCEPTING THE FACTS. The Anti-Slavery Standard, so long the able and unflinching organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, has accepted the adoption of the fifteenth amendment as a reason for retiring from the special field which it has occupied, dropping a part of its name, becoming a monthly magazine instead of a weekly sheet, and devoting itself to General Reform and Literature. It is now simply The Standard, and appears in a pamphlet of 64 pages, well printed, and of course ably edited. The same men and women who have been so long known as leaders in the fight against slavery, will still supply the principal portion of its articles, and their papers are sure to have pith, point and effectiveness. The weekly sheet has long been a power in the nation. Though not always able to approve its radical dogmas or its fierce invective, we have hailed it as a strong and needful educator of a people that would often answer only to stinging and vehement words. We bid the weekly sheet a sort of reluctant good-bye; we hail the monthly magazine with a large hope.

CLINGING TO POWER. Washington correspondents generally agree in the opinion that Mr. Jencks's Civil Service Bill will be defeated when it reaches a vote in the House of Representatives, and that no other proposition which takes away the power of Congressmen over the appointment of men to civil office is likely to succeed at present. We regret this, though the surprise is not great. Mr. Jencks's bill has been ably advocated in Congress, widely endorsed by the press and the people, and the abuses against which it strikes are many, flagrant and obvious. This particular bill may have some objectionable features, but if Congress really desired to effect a change, it would be easy enough to amend instead of defeating it. The perquisites of various sorts, which the present method of making appointments gives to Congressmen, the hold which they thus get of political supporters, the ability to reward friends and punish enemies which it supplies, and the aid which it renders them in keeping the official positions which they have gained,—these are personal ad-

Poetry.

Upward.

Up, to a higher level,
To a nobler range of thought!
Up! for the sunlit summits
The day's first beam have caught;
Leave, leave the petty trifles
Which enervate the mind;
Thou shalt find gems of richer worth
Than all that's left behind.

Up, to a higher level,
To a truer style of life!
And dwell above the surges
Of worldly care and strife;
Live for the glorious future
Which lies before thy soul;
Walk in the paths of energy,
Wisdom and self-control.

Up, to a higher level,
A stronger, holier heart!
And seek unflinching guidance
From revelation's chart;
Onward and upward, seeking
A better, happier sphere,
Where dwells a clearer, purer light,
A warmer atmosphere.

Up, to a higher level!
There are heights above thee yet;
The blazing star of progress
Shall never on thee set,
Till rises on thy vision
The glory-lighted day,
When earthy darkness, night and storm
Have rolled like mists away.

Up, to a higher level,
With a pure and steady aim!
Fix not thine eye on pleasure,
Nor the flashing meteor, fame;
But speed with eager footsteps
Where Jesus' feet have trod,
Straight up through duty's narrow path
To happiness and God.

—Christian Banner.

Sun and Rain.

A young wife stood at the lattice-pane,
In a study sad and brown;
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down;
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sigh'd, "Ah, me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lip once more,
And an arm around her waist;
Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the somber room was lighted again
By the blessed sun of love;
"Love, love, love!"
Ran the little wife's murmur'd lay;
"Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

The Family Circle.

Under the Ruins.

Of the sixty thousand inhabitants of the proud city of Lisbon who perished by the earthquake of 1755, there are few accounts in history of the terrible individual experiences of men who participated in that catastrophe.

All we know is, that a great city fell, and that many perished. How many thousands of mangled, crushed, and suffocated men and women lingered in the ruins for days or weeks, in the agonies of what must be an inevitable death, we know not. Some, perhaps, were dragged down by the timbers, only to be struck down by the hands of the plundering survivors. Others were devoured by the flames which soon enveloped the city; and yet others, unhurt, but imprisoned between standing walls and fallen roofs, died of starvation.

Among the citizens of the unfortunate capital, was one Henrique Colon, an expert painter in fresco, who was employed in decorating the ceiling of the new church of San Juan.

On that memorable morning of November, 1755, he had gone, as usual, to his place of work, and had reached the scaffolding, which was suspended from the lofty ceiling, and was about to commence his day's labor, when there broke upon his ear, as upon thousands of others, that low, rumbling sound which the inhabitants of volcanic regions hear with emotions of the utmost terror. For a moment it grew louder, and the terrified painter found himself swaying to and fro, while the roof to which he was attached trembled, and the walls tottered, as with the throes of dissolution. With a feeling of unspeakable horror he clung to his scaffolding, in momentary expectation of the final crash that would bury him beneath the ruins. The walls rocked, as if reluctant to yield to the force of the shock, and at length, with that slow, heavy movement that characterizes the giving way of a mass of masonry, tumbled outward; the roof fell in with a crash that was lost in the din of a falling city, while the unfortunate painter, hanging beneath, lost all consciousness in the prospect of certain death. He felt himself precipitated downward, and knew no more. How long he remained thus he never knew, but awoke to find himself lying bruised upon his scaffold, his hands still clutching the rope. The densest darkness surrounded him; above, beneath, nothing of shape could be discerned—all was black. No sound, except his own breathing, broke the gloomy stillness. Rousing himself somewhat, he began to feel the boards on which he lay, and, creeping timidly along, he found the edge, and then he knew it was his scaffold. He then groped about over the edge, in the endeavor to ascertain his position; but, on whichever side he reached, nothing rewarded his efforts. He now began to think. Was he

suspended far above the ground, or could he reach it by a bold leap?

He knew the roof must be above him, to which the scaffolding was attached, but had it fallen at all? or was it suspended half way? Might not another shock send it crashing to the earth?

For a long, weary time did he perplex his mind with these fears, until at last he began to realize his true situation. He knew that the roof that supported him was not much inclined from the horizontal, because it was quite easy to keep from slipping from the scaffolding; and he concluded that in falling it had been intercepted on one side by the piles of rubbish which lay beneath, or more probably by the lower portion of the wall, which was not likely to give away, and that the other side had reached the ground. The masses of timber and bricks from the neighboring buildings had buried it on all sides, thus cutting off all communication with the outer world. Satisfied now of his position, he undertook to devise some means of at least reaching the ground beneath, but the horrible darkness rendered him helpless, and discouraged all experiments. A dozen schemes of determining his distance from the ground were proposed and rejected, when at length a very simple one was successful.

He drew out his pocket-knife, and leaning over the very edge of the scaffold, dropped it, and listened. It struck the earth in an instant, and encouraged him to swing off and endeavor to touch the ground with his feet. He was unable to get a foothold, however; and so, letting go his hold, he dropped, he knew not where, into the darkness. The distance was happily but a few feet, and he alighted in safety. After scrambling for an hour over piles of bricks, fallen pillars, and broken beams, he reached the altar in front of the church. Here he found a candle, which he was enabled to light, and, as the flame grew brighter, he looked around him in mute wonder at the appearance of his prison-house. He was literally buried in a mound of ruins. He knew, however, that his danger was not great, except in case of a second shock, and resolved to extricate himself.

As long as his light lasted, he was employed in the fruitless and somewhat dangerous task of clambering over the ruins, around the sides of his prison, in the hope of seeing a ray of sunlight dart through some opening through which he could escape; but in a few hours his candle burned out, and left him again in darkness. He now began the labor of working his way out through the pile before him, without tools.

For three days he worked, never despairing. He heard the rush of the tidal wave that swept over a portion of the city, and expected every moment to see the waters burst through the walls which were so impregnable to him. But it retired, and he labored on.

He heard the roar and crackle of the fierce flames that licked up the ruins of the city, and, as the clamor grew louder and nearer, the heat seemed to penetrate even the intervening stone and brick. But the fire went out; and for another weary day he labored, until at last he saw the sunlight. But oh! it shone on a scene of desolation. He escaped at length to the hills, and long lived to tell of his miraculous escape from the common destruction that befell the fair city of Lisbon.

Tom's Capital Joke.

Tom Devon had just thought of such a capital joke.

The treasurer was passing round the contribution box in Sunday school when the good joke came in to Tom's mind, and the joke was to drop a counterfeit bill into the box. Tom's father, the night before, had taken a bad fifty cent bill from his pocket, saying, "There, I must throw that away. If I am not careful I shall pass it on some one who cannot afford to lose fifty cents as well as I can." But Tom had picked up the money and kept it. He had shown it to the boys in his class, not letting them have a very good look at it, lest some of them should detect the cheat. As Tom's father sometimes gave his son considerable money to put into the box the boys did not take much notice when Tom put it in, except when he said, "That was my money." The boy next to him made a face, and said, "Oh! as if he did not believe a word of it. Just then the bell rang to close school, and nothing more was said about it.

Mr. Barnes, the treasurer, as he was going home late after school, took the contribution money and put it into his pocket. Happening to want some small change he took some from the envelope of Sunday school money and put a bill in its place, used the change he wanted, and put the rest in his vest pocket. One of the small bills that he took out was Tom's counterfeit fifty cents. It remained undisturbed for a couple of days. One afternoon, about dusk, as he was visiting a poor woman in a rickety tenement house, she told him of a poor family in great want, down stairs. The oldest child was a boy about eleven years old, just about Tom's age, but he was not so large. Mr. Barnes gave him Tom's fifty cent piece, and told him to get some wood for a fire, and some supper. Little Will picked up his ragged cap, buttoned his ragged jacket closer round him and ran out into the cold night. His bare feet were chilled by the cold stones, and the night wind whistled through his jacket, but he held the money tightly in his hand, and ran to the baker's. There was a new man there, and poor Will, shivering with the cold, held out the money and asked for some bread. The baker showed two loaves toward him, and took the money. He handed it right back, saying,

"That's bad, give me something else."
"That's all I have," said Will.
"Give me back that bread, then," said the man, roughly. "I believe that you

knew the bill was counterfeit, you rascal."

"Indeed I did not," began Will, but the man stopped him, saying, "Come, be off."

As Will opened the door to go, he added, "Take care of your counterfeit money." A policeman standing near heard the last remark, and followed Will down the street as the boy walked off. Will did not notice the policeman; he was saying to himself, "That gentleman couldn't have given me bad money; I'll try at another place." Here he was refused, and went, almost in despair, into a grocery store. The policeman who had followed him, entered, and in spite of the child's crying, took him off to the station-house for trying to pass bad money.

"A gentleman gave it to me," said Will. "I've no doubt of it," answered the policeman. "I guess you know more about it than you pretend to."

Meanwhile, Willie's sick mother and little brothers and sisters waited for him. He did not come. An hour passed, then two, and no Will. By-and-by they heard a man's step on the stairs, and when they opened the door there stood Mr. Barnes, with some food and clothes for them. Instead of the happy faces that he hoped to see around a little fire, they sat in the dark, and the little ones had cried themselves to sleep on the floor.

Bad news travels fast. It did not take Mr. Barnes long to find what had become of poor Will. While the children warmed themselves by a bright fire and ate the supper that Mr. Barnes had brought them, he went to the station house to find Will. He tried to think, as he went, how Will could have got counterfeit money, and finally concluded that it must have been some of the Sunday school money.

Poor Will had to stay all night in the station house. In the cell that was next to the one he was locked up in was a drunken man, who swore, and shouted, and sang drunken songs till towards morning. There were others, thieves and drunken men, that Will was taken into court with, but Mr. Barnes was there and got him liberated immediately. It was not very pleasant for Will to hear a great ugly boy that lived in the same house with him call out in the street: "Why, Will, how long have you been out of jail?"

Next Sunday Mr. Barnes told the superintendent of the Sunday school that he wanted to speak to the boys. "Boys," said he, "there was a large piece of money put into the box last Sunday; can you tell me who put it in?" Tom did not feel inclined to tell, but one of the boys near him, who thought it very nice that one of their class should have given so much, answered, "Tom Devon."

"Stand up, Tom," said Mr. Barnes. "Did you put fifty cents in the box last Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it a good bill?"

"I only put it in for fun," said Tom; "the other boys put in buttons, sometimes."

Then Mr. Barnes told the whole story. How would any of you have liked to be in Tom's place?—*Christian Union.*

Influence of Home.

In one of the rooms of a prison sat a pale-faced girl, mending stockings. By permission of the governess I was allowed to speak to her, and laid my hand on her head, saying,—

"How old are you, my child?"

"Fourteen years of age," was the reply.

"And how is it you are here?"

"A man stole a garment, and gave me two pence to take it to the pawn shop; and they say I stole it, but I did not."

"Did you go to the Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir. Do you think they will have me back at the Sunday-school, after having been in the New Bailey, sir?"

"Yes, I do hope they will," I replied.

"Have you any mother?"

"She burst out weeping, and said,—

"O yes, sir; and she is poorly, and nearly blind, and I think my coming here will make her worse."

"Where does your mother live?" I asked.

"In Byron street; and Oh, I wish you would go to see her, and tell her I am very well, and that I did not steal the coat. Do tell her I will be as happy as I can. If you will, Oh, I will thank you, for it will do my mother good."

Miss Ord and myself, in sadness, turned away from the sorrowing, imprisoned girl, promising to call on her mother. After a little trouble we found the street and the number. On entering the miserable looking house, I asked the woman if she was better.

"My eyes are a little better, but I am still very poorly," was her answer.

"Where are your children?" I asked.

"I have only two; one is out nursing, and the other,—Oh, the other,—I wish you had not asked me."

"We have just seen her, and she wished us to tell you that she will be as happy as she can for your sake."

"Seen her? Seen my poor imprisoned child! O! let me bless you. O! my dear, dear child. Ah! how is she? Have you seen her in prison? O! bless you for coming to tell me."

The girl is now liberated from jail, restored to the Sunday-school, and to her mother. But that mother, I have been recently informed, never attends a place of worship, and, I am pained to write it, is a drunken woman. Hearing this, I did not much wonder her child was in prison; the good influences of the Sunday-school had not overcome the bad, counteracting example at home. I wish they had, for

Happy children:—

Three happy ye, whose pious parents lead you to the house of prayer; and daily kneel with you before the throne, to ask from heaven that wisdom, prudence, light, and love they feel

That wisdom, prudence, light, and love they feel

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That wisdom, prudence, light, and love they feel

Of kindness and of love; do what you can To lure them back to those sweet paths; from which, Through guiding mercy, you have never strayed, And God will bless the deed.

The Canary's Wish.

It is said, but I will not affirm the truth of the story, that a pretty yellow canary, in a fit of fretfulness, cried out one day:

"I wish I were dead!"

Upon this the tortoise-shell cat looked up, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and said:

"I don't wonder at it, my poor dear. Shut up as you are in that cage, it is not strange you should wish for death."

"Yes," replied the bird, "I am shut up, while my friends are out in the bright sunshine sporting among the beautiful flowers. It is too bad!"

"So it is," rejoined the cat, in a tone of tenderness.

"And such a sweet singer as I am, too," added the canary.

"Yes, dearest, your songs are sweeter than those of the birds that are free. I don't wonder you are wretched."

"O I do wish I were dead!" groaned the bird. "My life is all pain and vexation. I'm a poor miserable prisoner."

"My little love," replied the cat, as he rose to his feet, "if you will have the pluck to come out of your cage, I will help free you from your grief and pain."

"What! what!" chirped the canary, with a terrible flutter in its heart, as the cat rose up on his hind legs, and placed one of his fore paws on the door of the cage.

"It pains me to do it," replied the cat, "yet for your sake I will stifle my grief, and help you out of your misery."

The bird screamed. A footstep at the parlor door made puss turn his head, and then, seeing his master, he slunk through an open window into the garden. Canary breathed freely again, and having been very near the death it had so foolishly desired, was henceforth a wiser and happier bird.

"Foolish little canary!" I hear a thousand voices exclaim. "Yes, a foolish little canary indeed is that little boy or girl who also often utters rash wishes, as 'I wish I were dead!' or 'I wish I didn't have to go to school!' or 'I wish I could get away from home!' or any other equally idle wish. If such a child should be taken at his word, as the cat was about to take the canary, he, too, would learn both the folly and danger of foolish wishing and fretful feeling."—*S. S. Advocate.*

Neddie and Me.

Four years ago, James, a little orphan boy, joined a Mission Sunday school.

One day, seeing the other children carry in their money for the support of the missionaries in foreign countries, he felt a desire to do something for the heathen children himself.

For several days he tried in vain to think of some plan to get money for Jesus.

At last, "a very nice thought," as he called it, came into his mind.

James got his living by carrying round fruit and vegetables for sale, in a little donkey cart.

He said to himself, "I will save the profits of one day in each week, and give it to the heathen."

From that time the boy put by the profits of the day fixed on in a little brown bag.

At the end of the year he carried it to the school.

Placing it on the table, he said, "I give that for the missionaries, sir."

The teacher found \$30.00 in that little brown bag.

"Stop," said he, as James turned to go away. "Tell me how you can afford to give so much money?"

James told his simple story, and closed by saying, "Please take the money, sir. I must make haste, for it is late, and Neddie and me get up before it is light in the morning."

"Tell me your name," said the teacher, "and I will put it down in the list of my juvenile collectors."

"No, sir," replied James, with beautiful truthfulness, "it would not be fair; I do only one half, and Neddie gives labor; so one name must not go into the book unless both do."

"Who is Neddie?" inquired the teacher.

"My donkey, sir!"

"Well," said the teacher, smiling, "I shall put down 'Neddie and me.' Good-night, my boy; may God bless you, and what you have given."

The Beggar Woman.

During a time of dearth, a poor beggar-woman, miserably clad, but very clean, went through a village asking alms.

From some doors she was driven away with harsh words, from others she received a few dried crusts or other refuse too moldy and decayed to be eaten by the family. One poor laborer, however, noticing her destitution, invited her into his house, made her sit by the stove, and his wife cut off from a fresh-baked loaf a liberal slice. The poor old woman enjoyed the warmth and food, and with many thanks went on her way.

The following day all the villagers were invited up to dine at the castle. As they entered the dining-room, they were astonished to observe that on the great table were many dishes, with here and there bits of moldy bread, raw turnips, and a handful of bran—nothing more. On a small table at the head of the hall was spread an array of all sorts of nice things.

The lady of the castle, stepping forward, welcomed her guests, and then said:

"I was the disguised beggar-woman who yesterday passed through the village, and I was anxious to know how, in these hard times, the poor fared, and thus put your benevolence to the proof. Of all, these two

poor people, shared with me their best. They shall now eat with me, and I shall settle on them a yearly sum. The rest of you are welcome to take back again what you gave me, and which you will find on those plates—and remember, also, that as we sow on earth so we reap in heaven."

—From the Germans.

Literary Review.

TIMELY WORDS: being fifteen Sermons by J. Jackson Goadby. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 302.

The vigorous common sense that is a species of genius; the knowledge of human nature that

gives effectiveness even into ordinary words; the habit of looking at the highest religious truths and the most exalted Christian experiences as something that bears upon our common lot and life; the aim to saturate character with the religious spirit and exalt the lowliest duties by means of a heavenly aim and purpose,—these qualities in the author of these sermons have left their impress upon every part of his work as this volume embodies it. They are eminently "timely words" that appear here, and they have a permanent adaptation to men and women as well as a special fitness for the congregation to which they were at first addressed. The author is a son of the late Rev. J. Goadby, who represented our General Baptist brethren, with Rev. Dr. Burns, at the General Conference in 1847, and a brother of our well-known English correspondent. He exhibits the mental robustness of the family. His discourses are well worthy of this permanent form, and they can hardly fail to do good as they are delivered to the larger and wider audiences which the preacher will reach by means of the press. The subjects are varied; the titles chosen are at once felicitous and suggestive; the style is fresh, free, direct, and having no theological mannerisms; many of the points are made with rare skill and effect, and the whole tendency of the discourses is to lighten the spirit and solidify the moral nature of the reader. These titles may be taken as samples of the list, and they keep the promise to the heart which they give to the ear: Spiritual Progress; Silence and Song; Character; Dawn of the new life; The Master's Test; The Dream and its Awakening. The volume proves that sermons may be both devout and vigorous, faithful and entertaining, orthodox and juicy, and send a divine message on its way with a true artist's tone and a strong man's emphasis.

THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT: A Record of Travel across the Plains and in Oregon, with an examination of the Mormon principle. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870. Octavo. pp. 567. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

It is no ordinary praise bestowed upon a volume, when we say that, after all the many attempts to photograph that remarkable portion of our national domain lying between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, in which some of the keenest observers and the most eminent writers of travel and adventure have brought their highest powers into play,—it was still left for Mr. Ludlow to give us perhaps one of the most attractive series of pictures that has been brought

ness, the warmth, the picturesque attraction, and the power to stir the pulses and kindle the imagination that usually belong to the first tales of a newly opened territory or a fresh chapter of a life till now quite unknown. He takes his reader with him among the scenes in which he mingles, and the prairie, the mountain peak, the buffalo hunt, the Indian lodge, the glory and the shame of pioneer life, as well as the glitter and the rust of salt Lake city, all stand out with the vividness of reality as one turns page after page of this attractive book. There is a pleasant mixture of science and popular narrative, and the serious and the comical tread on each other's heels. Many pages are devoted to the Mormon problem that is just now so deeply interesting us, and Mr. Ludlow has many facts to report and suggestions to offer that are well worth attention. The mechanical work has commendation enough when it is said to be worthy of the Riverside Press.

IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Improvisatore," etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870. 12mo. pp. 280. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

We have already spoken of the special excellences of this edition of Andersen's works; and the appearance of this fourth volume furnishes another opportunity to commend it with special emphasis. It has no rival, and successful rivalry will, for a long time to come, be quite out of the question. The painting of life in Spain and Portugal, as it appears on these pages, is admirably done, and one sees what is wonderful and attractive through the author's observant eyes.

The same Publishers send us Part XXVI. of SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE, that is as nearly above the need and the reach of ordinary praise as anything that has been lately attempted. It is expected that the great work will be completed in six additional parts, and happy is he who can call it his own.

CROWNED AND DISCROWNED; or, The Rebel King and the Prophet of Barmecide. By Rev. W. Culver, A. M. With an Introduction by Rev. G. W. Eaton, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1870. 16mo. pp. 149.

This volume furnishes a very good illustration of the use to which the narrative portions of the Old Testament may be put, in teaching lessons that are applicable to all times and all experiences, and which have to do with the highest interests of men. The life of Saul, after he had become an ambitious self-seeker instead of a magistrate to execute the orders of the Great Sovereign, and especially as his life touched that of the prophet Samuel, is the one thing around which the interest revolves, and out from which the chief lessons spring. The volume is really a suggestive one, and ought to aid ministers in their work of bringing from the treasury of Scripture things new and old, and giving to each a portion of meat in due season.

THE AMERICAN TUNE BOOK: A complete collection of the Tunes which are widely popular in America, with the most popular Anthems and Set Pieces, preceded by a New

