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The Morning Star.

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NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., JUNE 8, 1870.

No. 23

THE MORNING STAR.

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For the Family.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1870.

He Leads Us On.

He leads us on,
By paths we did not know;
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness of obscure day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dream-laden hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Thro' all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and of clouded days,
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we can live,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The many struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

A Tourist's Letters.

Although I have arrived in London, and have attended several of the May meetings, together with the meetings of the Baptist Union, I shall not attempt any description of them, as your excellent English correspondent, whom I have had the great pleasure of meeting, will serve them up to your readers with the relish that characterizes all his letters. I shall therefore wander back to some persons, places and scenes still fragrant in my memory, although they may have lost much of their freshness by not having been sent to you sooner.

I spent a very pleasant Lord's day at Sunderland, a city of considerable importance on the western coast of England. It is located near the spot where the venerable Bede, England's first historian, and one of her noblest Christian Bishops breathed his last, just after he had finished dictating the first translation of the New Testament Scriptures into the English language. Nearly fourteen centuries have passed away since that memorable event, and during all that time, the tide of public opinion has surged to and fro, sometimes prohibiting the reading of the Scriptures, and burning such copies as were found amongst the people, and at other times scattering the Bible over the nation as God scatters the dew-drops in summer. To-day a Christian Queen lives to declare that the secret of England's greatness, the tower of her strength and the foundation of her glory, spring from an open Bible, written in the mother tongue, and placed in the homes of her sons.

I was surprised when told by a friend, on the Saturday evening on which I arrived, that "the Spurgeon of the north" lived and preached in Sunderland. As I take it for granted that many readers may be in the same ignorance, I will devote the greater portion of the present letter to this extraordinary man and his extraordinary church. Early in the morning I started for Bethesda, as his chapel is called, and found the ground floor capable of seating about 1000 persons, filled to its utmost capacity. About two seats removed from the entrance doors, I noticed arches over the aisles, and on each arch printed—"For members only." Had I not been introduced to Mr. Rees the evening previous, and received from himself the kind invitation to make my way forward and break bread with them, I should have felt no little uneasiness in finding myself beyond the prescribed limits. I afterwards learned, however, that this expedient was adopted only to facilitate the passing of the bread and wine, and to prevent any mistakes that might occur, it being always understood that sitting behind those arches is equal to saying, "I do not wish to

communicate with you." I have said that the ground floor was crowded with people, but I ought also to add, that there was scarcely a single soul in the gallery. During the service, all sang, all prayed, all found the Scripture that was read, and closely followed the reader, and all seemed to enter heart and soul into the acts of devotion. I thought of that stanza so often sung:

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee:
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way."

I have seen the heartiness of the Scotch churches in singing the Psalms of David, and have also been delighted with the general interest in the whole congregation which the litany and chants of the Episcopalian church usually beget; but then, one is always compelled to acknowledge, in thinking of the mixed communion and mixed congregations of these bodies, that much of this apparent devotion is but whitening the sepulcher and gilding the coffin. Here, however, I found myself one of an assembly of nearly one thousand persons, all of whom had, in some way, made a profession of faith in and love to the dear Redeemer. And, although there was a narrow box of a pulpit elevated about fifteen feet from the floor, there was no one in it, and to all appearance no one individual conducting the exercises. Mr. Rees did the reading, some of his deacons gave out the hymns and engaged in prayer, the whole congregation responding at the close of each prayer with a hearty Amen. After several hymns and prayers, Mr. Rees announced the topic of meditation in one of the chapters of John, and after sufficient time had been given for each to find the passages named, the deacons proceeded, without any ceremony, to pass through the great audience with the bread and the wine. During the time of communion, all seemed to be silently and devoutly meditating upon the passage of Scripture announced. It was a most precious season. The very absence of ceremony added to the freshness and preciousness of the privilege.

When all had partaken, and the cup and bread were returned to the table, Mr. Rees announced a hymn, after which he preached a most excellent and faithful sermon to the Christian assembly, there and then gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus. The sermon was to a great extent conversational. It was remarkable for its plainness, clearness and distinctness. It had much of the sharpness, piquancy and sarcasm for which the speaker is noted. It was filled with antitheses, with current proverbs enclosing golden truths, and with the rarest gems of Christian thought. In it were some of the tenderest expressions, indicating his hearty sympathy with the great Shepherd who carries the lambs in his bosom; and, side by side with these comforting words, were the plainest, boldest utterances against the hypocrite and the inconsistent that I ever heard from a gospel minister. I will not attempt to quote any of these utterances which produced a breathless silence in the whole audience; for unless accompanied by the tenderness and the sympathy with which he dealt with all souls truly struggling for a higher and purer life, I should give a false impression of the character of this eccentric but excellent man. After the sermon, a few words of prayer and the benediction closed this simple, unique but profitable service. I ought to have said, however, that before the sermon was commenced, he referred to a special offering of thanksgiving which had been made that week, by the church, at the termination of their ecclesiastical year, and gave to the members three rules to be observed in all their gifts to the Lord and his cause, which I take the liberty to copy here:

1. "Let your giving always be an act of worship. 'To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'"

2. Have two purses, one for the Lord and one for yourself. Lay aside as the Lord prospers a certain proportion, and put it in the Lord's purse. Then when you are asked to contribute to any cause, the giving is done already; it is only a matter of appropriation. This will save all that grudging which so much mars the giving of many Christians.

3. Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth. This will prevent giving from sinister motives, and enable the Christian to do all as a service to the Lord and not to man."

In the evening I went again, and found every seat in the building occupied, the aisles filled, and others still wishing for admittance. There could not have been much less than two thousand persons present, and I am told that this same interest has continued during the twenty-five years of Mr. Rees's ministry in this house. The morning service was for saints, the evening for sinners. Hence the sermon was of a different character altogether. It was a simple presentation of the plan of redemption, and its adaptability to the wants of the human heart. Whatever objections may be urged against this mode of conducting public worship in the separate objects of different services, there is certainly this advantage, that the unconverted do not become confused by picking up and applying to themselves, in their rebellious condition, truths which are only applicable to the loyal-hearted servants of the Lord. In the delivery of this sermon the preacher occupied the pulpit. It was earnest but not pathetic, spiced with wit and humor but not wanting

in dignity and force. It was an able exposition of the plan of salvation, and all the more excellent that it was made plain to the comprehension of a child. Such a sermon could not but do good;—it was full of comfort to those who had believed, and full of hope to those who had not. A little more of the love which beseeches, and a little less of the sarcasm which withers, would bring him nearer to one's ideal of the true gospel minister. But he fights in his own armor, it fits him well and the slain have been many.

I have named some peculiarities in the construction of his chapel, but one other ought not to be omitted. I say his chapel, for, although like the Scotch Baptists, he believes in the plurality of elders, yet his church is so thoroughly satisfied, and he himself seems to be so thoroughly satisfied, with Arthur Rees and his gifts that no other elder thinks of edifying the church or presuming to manage its affairs. Bora to rule, and accustomed to rule when an officer in the British navy, he still continues to rule as pastor of Bethesda church, Sunderland.

But to get back to this peculiarity. Most of people become humble when they go to the house of God to pray, and seek the lowest seats in the lowest room. They generally find themselves down in the basement, even if it be cold and damp and dreary. This chapel has no basement, but it has a room in the roof, in the "house-top," if not on it. In this "upper room," above the gallery, above the ceiling, and under the roof,—a room large enough to contain about 300 people,—this church meets for prayer every week, and I was told when it was shown to me, that they have many repetitions of the day of Pentecost when about 120 disciples of one accord in one place continue in prayer and supplication.

Excepting Mr. Spurgeon's, this is the largest Baptist church in England. It is entirely the result of Mr. Rees's labors. He had been a Church-of-England clergyman and came out on account of his convictions of truth. Many followed him, and in a short time the chapel in which he now preaches was built, paid for, and the builders had money in hand which they gave to George Muller's orphanage as a thank-offering to the Lord. Everything is voluntary. The minister only gets what is put in the weekly offering boxes for the support of the ministry. He has never lacked, and never will while he trusts in the Lord. His church receives all who love the Lord Jesus, both to membership and to the Lord's table. It holds baptism as the duty and the privilege of every one who becomes a disciple of Christ; but as it is an individual duty, leaves the matter between the consciences of the individuals and their Master. Many unite previous to being baptized, few remain unbaptized after becoming members. Christ is the central point around which this church moves.

Discrepancies of Scripture.

Rev. Dr. Newhall, of the Wesleyan University, thus deals with a topic over which there has been not a little controversy. Many foolish and extravagant charges have been made by skeptics, and some very unwise pretensions have been set up by those who claim to be Christian apologists and scholars. These suggestions are worth attention:

The Scripture writers are all too much busied with the essentials of truth to be critically punctilious about its drapery. They produce broad impressions, aiming at the average heart and conscience, instead of choosing phrases for critical ears. Spiritual freedom emancipated them from the restraints of form that cramped the Rabbis and Fathers as with fetters of iron. The early Christian fathers, as Clement, Polycarp, and Justin, show much of the same freedom in quoting Scripture phraseology; but as we approach the medieval era, the letter stiffens into a stony hardness and coldness that crushes out the spirit.

If, then, the objector press the question, "Was the word spoken on Sinai *zamor* or *shamor*?"—was the declaration at the baptism "Thou art" or "This is"?—we reply that we do not know, and that it is not essential that we should know; for literal exactness is not essential to the real purpose of revelation. Had it been so, faithful photographers could have given us better Gospels than the inspired evangelists; a Galilean Boswell would have been selected rather than the spiritual and contemplative John. But while the Divine Spirit, bringing all things to the remembrance of the disciple, does not call up in his memory the precise language of the heavenly message, he does suggest its precise import.—In Luke as related to the world without, in John as related to the world within. Not to the weakness or ignorance of the human co-worker in revelation, not to caprice or accident, are we to charge these irregularities or variations from literal exactness in the records. Not, as some have taught, because the substance is from the spirit, and the form from the man, do we find these diversities; for both form and substance are from the spirit and from the man. The word is divine and human—the divine coming through the human. By this variety in form, the Divine Spirit would teach us that truth, while ever the same, is yet ever manifold. The stiff, precise formula can set forth only one of its aspects; its whole meaning cannot be cramped into an inflexible sentence. The Scripture is not

addressed to the logical understanding, but to the man. It is not a collection of dry and bristling formulas, but of living truths, which, like the cherubim of the apocalyptic vision, look before and after, above and beneath, without and within. Science may gather up these truths as well as she can, and arrange them in her cabinets of philosophical theology, but she has no right to demand that the winds of the Spirit should blow, and the Sun of Righteousness shine by her tables and formulas.

In the second place, there are apparent discrepancies, not only between different Scripture authors, but between different works of the same author, arising from differences in the point of view. The same truth is viewed on different sides, or in different connections, or is differently applied for the enlightenment and instruction of the reader. Under this head comes the subjective condition of Scripture authors. They are greatly diverse in mental character, education, and circumstances. They are scattered through a series of ages, in different lands, in different civilizations and barbarisms. This it is that gives the Scripture its infinite variety, its wonderful manifoldness in thought and expression, its inexhaustible adaptability to man at all periods of life, and in all the varied phases of thought and feeling, and even to the whims and caprices of this manifold human nature. God speaks through kings and through herdsmen, through lawgiver and statesman, philosopher and poet, through shepherd, fisherman, and tentmaker. He calls a lonely Nomad from far off Ur of the Chaldees, who wanders all his life, pitching his tent among his flocks and herds. He talks with the lawgiver among the grandeur of Egyptian civilization. He speaks to the prophet orator who pours forth warning and invective and consolation in the gateways of Jerusalem. He touches the harp-string of the shepherd-poet so that it thrills through all time. He speaks from the miry prison of Jeremiah, and from the banks of the Chebar, where Ezekiel sits amid the solemn and sublime monuments of Assyria. He speaks through Solomon, the royal sage, as on his ivory throne he receives ambassadors from the ends of the earth; through Daniel the captive, and Nehemiah the cup-bearer, mourning the desolation of Zion. The day Matthew, the graphic Mark, the circumstantial Luke, the mystic John, the stern James, the fiery Peter, and the logical Paul, each are channels through which one and the same spirit pours the water of life upon a thirsty world. This wonderful variety cannot exist without wonderful diversities. Seer and sage, poet and logician, king and peasant, each sees his own vision of the same truth, and tells us what he sees. He who hath ears to hear can feel that the Epistle to the Romans chords with the Psalms of David, and the lamentations of Jeremiah with the great shout of the triumphant Church of the Apocalypse. Many-sided humanity could be reached only by this many-voiced revelation. Man must be addressed by man, else he could not understand; but manifold men are requisite to touch all the sides of man. The Infinite Spirit must use a vast number and variety of finer channels to pour itself upon the world.

Christ All and Enough.

A writer in the *Christian at Work* supplies this fresh and striking illustration of an old and familiar truth:

A devout Christian woman called at my house to ask me if I would go to a hospital to see a dying man. He had been caught and carried round by a shaft in the factory where he worked. His forehead was crushed in, his legs broken and his body dreadfully bruised. He had led a wild, rollicking life, and even now, in his same moments, his impatience and profanity made the duty of caring for him an exceedingly trying one. My informant had been watching with him, and had tried to turn his thoughts toward Christ, and wanted me, if possible, to help her in the work so much needed and so quickly to be done.

As I entered the hospital ward, he was in a doze. A glance at his face and a moment's talk with his attendants assured me that anything that could be done must be done quickly. I felt that he could not bear many words,—that in all likelihood I should never see him again. The one thought was, how to put the Gospel into a few words. When he awoke, one or two questions brought from his own lips the facts that he had in very early childhood been taught something of the truth, and that all his after-life had been one of reckless sin. I began just there: "We are all sinners, and because we are so bad, we must be helped or lost. Jesus knows all about our need. He says, give up everything else and trust Me. We are lost in a wilderness. Won't you put your hand in the hand of Christ, and let him lead you out? You are fearfully bruised and mangled, and you know that we would make you whole if we could. Jesus loves you more than we ever can. He longs to save you; trust him and you are saved."

And then in prayer, with his hand in mine, I shaped the words as of one turning from everything else to Jesus Christ. As I rose there was a new light in his eyes. I left him quiet. He lived, against all our hope, for several days after this. But there was no word of profanity or impatience; and whenever I saw him he was

full of gladness that Christ had led him out of the wilderness. And he died in hope.

I learned anew how simple is the Gospel and how complete a Saviour is Jesus Christ.

Events of the Week.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

The ceremony of decorating the graves of our fallen soldiers was quite generally observed on the appointed day. There was hardly a soldier's grave, from the local burial places at the north to the national cemeteries at Arlington, Gettysburg, &c., but was visited by kindred and friends and strewn with evergreen and flowers. Even the graves of those who were starved in Rebel prisons, and isolated graves throughout the south, were not forgotten, but all received the offering of grateful hearts. This is fast coming to be a day of national observance, and the spirit in which the service is performed evinces the grateful memory in which the nation holds its dead.

INDIAN ARRIVALS.

Red Cloud, the famous war chief of the Brule Sioux Indians, arrived in Washington, June 1st, accompanied by several chiefs and half a dozen squaws. Spotted Tail, another chief, arrived with a band of attendants a few days previous to Red Cloud. They come in behalf of their race, to see if hostilities can not be prevented between the Indians and the United States. Spotted Tail, who is a social, merry Indian, has already made a two hours' call on the President, from whom he received presents and assurances that the claims of the Red man should be carefully considered. Red Cloud has called at the Indian department, but maintains a reticent and sullen disposition. A grand council will be held in a few days, at which it is hoped that a treaty may be made which will avert the threatened Indian war.

STATE GOVERNMENTS ORGANIZED.

The Legislatures of New Hampshire and Rhode Island assembled on the 1st of June. Of the former body, Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler of Dover was elected Speaker of the House, and Hon. Nathaniel Gordon of Exeter, President of the Senate. The session promises to be one of unusual interest. The meeting of the Rhode Island Legislature was celebrated by a Military display. Hon. A. C. Barstow was elected Speaker of the House, and Governor Paddock and other state officials took the oath of office. Hon. Henry B. Anthony was nominated for reelection to the U. S. Senate.

THE CENSUS.

General Walker, superintendent of the census, has sent out millions of copies of the census laws, schedules, &c., preliminary to taking the census. According to general instructions the assistant marshals began the enumeration of their subdivisions, June 1, and will continue it without interruption till completed. An intermission in the work will be sufficient to cause removal. No graver offense can be committed than for the marshals to divulge information acquired in the discharge of their duty. The plan embraces five schedules, each enumerating the particular classes of objects to be noted in it. It will of course be a long time before the labor of compilation and classification is completed, but, doubtless, some of the more important and interesting statistics will be published before the full grown Census Report is sent to the printing department at Washington.

THE FENIAN FAILURE.

As was intimated last week, the attempted raid on Canada was a complete failure. In the two or three skirmishes that occurred, the Fenians betrayed the utmost cowardice, and fled in confusion at the first demonstrations of the enemy. The Fenians have returned to their homes, their arms and ammunition have been seized by the U. S. authorities, and the principal officers are being brought to trial for violating the neutrality laws. As soon as the failure of the enterprise appeared inevitable, leading Fenians in New York issued a proclamation stating that the whole movement was unauthorized, and condemning those who had participated in it. By such men, the Irish allow themselves to be defrauded of their earnings, and led to disgrace and ruin. The Canadians sustained no loss of life or property, and the English are satisfied with the course which our government pursued in the matter.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

Reports from Constantinople show that a fearful war of religious intolerance has broken out in the province of Roumelia in the Turkish Empire. A secret organization had been for some time past plotting the extermination of the Jews. On Sunday, the 29th of May, at a preconcerted signal, and during the absence of the reigning prince from the province, the Christian populace arose, and began a bloody work of butchery. The houses of the Jews were entered at an early hour, and all who were unable to escape were massacred in cold blood. The butchery was conducted with perfect fury. Those who attempted to flee were cut down by an armed mob, and men, women and children were ruthlessly murdered. No cause is assigned for the act, other than the blind zeal of religious bigotry and fanaticism. The Emperor promises to put a speedy stop to the bloody work. President Grant has shown his condemnation

of these outrages and his sympathy with a persecuted people by appointing a leading Jew of Roumelia as our Consul-general at Bucharest.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1, '70.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

On Monday, Congress passed from its accustomed labors and, in company with the President and his Cabinet and vast multitudes of the citizens of Washington, repaired to Arlington to honor the memory of the nation's heroes. The cemetery grounds embrace about one hundred acres immediately surrounding and including Arlington House, the former home of the rebel General Lee. Within these grounds are gathered the remains of more than fifteen thousand Union soldiers, white and colored, and also those of 316 rebel soldiers, who died while in our hands as prisoners of war. In one large vault or tomb, are gathered the remains of 2,111 unknown Union soldiers. Upon this tomb rests a massive monument of granite inscribed as follows: "Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand and one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deeds are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. Sept. A. D., 1866." The demonstration at Arlington was but one of thousands of similar manifestations of the gratitude of our people to these martyrs for their country, but it was conspicuous, however, by its magnitude and the dignity of the participants. Here, more especially, the nation, in the persons of its chief Magistrate and highest officials, paid homage. The exercises consisted of firing a national salute, prayer by the chaplain of the Senate, a poem by Dr. C. C. Cox, an oration by Gen. Logan, and music by a choir of five hundred voices accompanied by the Marine band. Special ceremonies were held at the tomb of the unknown soldiers, in which the orphans from the Soldier's Orphan-Asylum here were the principal actors. It was a very touching part of the ceremonies. After this came the decoration of the graves, and notwithstanding their vast number none were neglected. Much of this work had been done earlier in the day, however, both by the hands of private friendship, and by the action of the Grand Army of the Republic having the celebration in charge. The grounds were beautifully decorated. Banners hung suspended from the trees, and thousands of miniature national flags were planted in regular order among the graves. Flowers were furnished by the citizens and from the public gardens in immense profusion. The monument to the unknown soldiers was a rare spectacle of beauty. A pavilion of flags that had been borne in battle was erected over the monument, and crosses, wreaths and festoons of evergreen and flowers were suspended beneath it, while the monument itself was almost hidden from view beneath the mass of beautiful and brilliant flowers with which it was adorned. If it be true that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," then will the sight of this monument as decorated on Monday last, long continue to gladden many hearts. Only one unpleasant incident occurred in connection with the celebration. As above stated there are rebel graves in the cemetery. Some evil disposed persons, of secess sympathies, at different times during the day were detected in taking flowers from the Union graves that they might adorn the rebel graves therewith. This same spirit led to the offering some indignity to a miniature national flag planted by a Union grave near to those of the Confederates. These demonstrations were entirely out of harmony with the prevailing tide of patriotism and created a little disturbance; but altogether the observance of the day was highly creditable to the people participating therein, and, if the spirits of the departed are permitted to take cognizance of earthly transactions, could but be agreeable to them.

HAWAIIAN RECIPROCITY.

The Senate is engaged in the consideration of the Reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Islands. The object had in view in negotiating this treaty was the promotion of American interests there, by an increase of commerce between them and us. The main feature of the treaty is the reciprocal admission of certain products of each country into the other, duty free. By this means it is hoped to secure the predominance of American influence in the Islands, and prevent their falling into the hands of any European power. Nevertheless there is strong opposition to the treaty,—some from the sugar-growing interest, because sugar is admitted free; and some from general opposition to reciprocity treaties, so that it is not unlikely that the treaty may fail of ratification.

SAN DOMINGO.

The President yesterday sent a message to the Senate relative to the treaty for the acquisition of San Domingo. It enclosed an additional article extending the time for a ratification to July 1, and suggests certain amendments desirable to have incorporated in the treaty. In order to obviate the objection that the treaty will involve us in an indefinite amount of debt, he recommends that the loan on the public lands of San Domingo be relinquished, and our liability for her indebtedness be limited to a million and a half of dollars; that two commissioners be appointed, one by each party, to whom the money shall be paid, and who shall apply it, first, to pay debts due from San Domingo to foreign governments; second, to pay debts due citizens of other governments; third, to pay her domestic debt. It is hoped that these amendments will so far obviate objections to the treaty that it may be ratified.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the House Mr. Lynch's bill for the revival of American commerce has been recommitted, and this probably disposes of the bill for the present session. Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, has introduced into the Senate a bill having the same object in view, but differing somewhat in details; but it is doubtful whether any bill can be matured before the adjournment of Congress, and American shipping must get on for the present as best it can. The House are now engaged upon the bill for the reduction of taxation, and have nearly completed the consideration thereof. The income tax is the only remaining item that will give rise to much debate. It is, however, the pivot of the whole bill. Unless the views of the committee on this matter are substantially sustained, the bill will fail.—The first and only veto of President Grant was overruled in the Senate yesterday. It was the bill for the relief of Rollin White. The veto was based entirely upon reports of army officers, and he referred to the reports for his reasons. The Senate believed that these reports had misled the President, and therefore overruled the veto.

Communications.

Explorations in Palestine.

It is perhaps generally known that an English Society has for several years been engaged in making explorations in Palestine, and especially at Jerusalem. In a circular recently issued by this Society, they say: "The work of this Society is of the greatest interest and importance. The historical statements of the Bible are being confirmed, light is being thrown on difficult texts, the whole plan of the buried city of Jerusalem is becoming known, the natural history, botany, &c., of the country are being studied, questions of topography are being decided, and the manners, customs, and traditions of the present inhabitants of Palestine investigated; and, in short, a foundation laid for a more useful and accurate commentary on the Scriptures than we have ever yet possessed."

The English government have assigned to this work, Capt. Warren, an officer of the Engineers, two non-commissioned officers of the Sappers and Miners, and a few privates, who all seem much interested in it; and the Society pays the expenses, which amount to about twenty-five thousand dollars a year. More than fifty shafts have been sunk, revealing archways, galleries, buried halls, reservoirs and water-courses, thus getting glimpses of the city as it was.

While I was in London last summer, I visited the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and spent some time in the Dudley gallery, where, at that time, the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund had on exhibition a collection of photographs, pictures and models, with pottery, glass, ear-rings, &c., found in the shafts at Jerusalem, or brought from other parts of Palestine.

The gallery is a large hall. Nearly four hundred photographs hung on the walls; the specimens were in glass cases in different parts of the room; the models stood on tables in the center, towards the upper end of the room. The first thing that attracted my attention was a large colored panorama view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, lent by H. Pilean, Esq. Near this was a Hebrew parchment roll of the Scriptures.

Many of the photographs were very interesting. They included views of Beir-el, Beir-el, and quite a number of the Great Mosque of Damascus. There were several of Baniyas, taken from different points of view. Dr. Robinson thinks this place is identical with Baal Gad, under Mount Hermon, the limits of the conquests of Joshua towards the north. Philip the tetrarch enlarged this place and called it Cesarea Philippi; and it is probable that John the Baptist was confined and beheaded in the castle which is seen in many of these photographs. There are a number of pictures of Genesareth, a lake so interesting to every Bible student, because so much of the time of Jesus was spent on or near it. We also see Nazareth, where he was brought up; and Kerazeh, (Chorazin,) and Tell Ham, the probable site of Capernaum; and also Jerizim and Ebal, with the valley in which the people stood, and some of them probably on the sides of the mountains, while the blessings and curses were pronounced, to which all the people answered solemnly, "Amen."

There is Hebron, where Abraham dwelt. That oak tree is not the one which was there in Abraham's time; but probably it may be near the place where his tents were pitched. And here is Jerusalem, the city of the great King. From these pictures we can gain a fair idea of the present appearance of this city; but how different it is now from what it was when the King himself was there! We see also the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Lydda, Jaffa and the Dead Sea.

In addition to these and other views of numerous places in Palestine, there are a number of groups photographed, as Armenian priests and pilgrims at Jerusalem, Samaritans at Nablus or Shechem, Russian pilgrims at Jerusalem, Polish Jews, Women grinding at the mill, Leather water bottles, &c. Some of these groups are very clear and distinct; others are not so. These people were not accustomed to have their pictures taken, and some of them made poor work of it. There is one of the Samaritan groups in which some portraits are very much blurred. Some of the women are holding their hands before their faces, evidently because the lens affected their eyes.

But let us turn to the cases and look at the archaeological specimens. A considerable number of these came from the shaft sunk on the Hill of Ophel, which lies south of the Haram wall between the valley of the Kedron and the valley of Hinnom; and was formerly a thickly populated suburb of Jerusalem. From this shaft I saw portions of colored tiles, various articles of pottery, coins, specimens of bronze and copper, mosaic work, and an ancient seal with an inscription on it,—"Haggai, the son Shebanah." Whether the Haggai who owned this seal was the prophet whose writings we have, I do not know; but the identity of name will lead many persons to think it probable. There is a shaft at what is called Robinson's Arch, on the west side of the Haram wall. This excavation passes through ruins of houses, &c., and from it I saw numerous specimens of pottery, including pitchers, vases, and about eighty small lamps, measuring each about three inches long by about two inches wide, and a little more than an inch high. The end which I suppose was intended for the wick was narrower than the other end. In a shaft sunk at what is called the Virgin's fountain, a rock cut passage has been discovered, running from thence to the Pool of Siloam, and from this passage, I saw some large jars, and two singular looking glass lamps.

From the tombs and caves of Mount Olivet, I saw more pottery, including lamps, some of which were whole, and some broken. One case contained a large number of specimens of glass. None of these were quite perfect; but some of them were so joined as to complete the article to which they belonged. Among these were some "tear bottles," illustrating the prayer of the psalmist.

In addition to these and numerous other antiquities obtained from the excavations, there was a number of specimens lent to the Society for the purpose of exhibition, which served to illustrate the Palestine of the present day; and as fashions do not change there, the articles of clothing and ornaments also illustrated former times. Mr. J. Mac Gregor made a tour in Palestine early in 1869, and spent a number of days in his canoe, the Rob Roy, on the Dead Sea, the sea of Galilee, and the river Jordan, tracing it to its source. One case contained numerous articles lent by Mr. M.; including Olive wood from the oldest trees in Gethsemane, bamboo and wood from the Dead Sea, Ixer horns from Jericho, a spoon found in the desert, &c., &c. From others there was a horn such as is now worn by the Druze women, and probably similar to those mentioned in the Bible, in connection with lifting up the horn; gold and silver jewelry, Hebrew rolls, a brass ink-horn, with reeds for pens, Jewish leather phylacteries, a walking stick of about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, cut from a wild mustard tree on the plain of Esdraelon, a crown of thorns, locust beans, and insect locusts, with scorpions and beetles, tares, shittim wood, a cord of goat's hair, &c., &c.

I should like to describe the models of which I spoke, but have not room. One was a model of Jerusalem, prepared in accordance with the ordinance survey made by the English government. Another was of ancient Jerusalem, giving all the principal buildings as they are supposed to have been in the time of Jesus Christ, with the wall and gates, and the surroundings of the city. The third was the "church of the Holy Sepulchre, with covenants, chapels, mosques, houses, &c."

I was much interested by my visit to this exhibition, and hope I have succeeded in exciting some interest in the minds of my readers with reference to the researches now being made in the Holy Land, where the people of God formerly dwelt, and where Jesus lived, died and made an atonement for us. W. H.

What is Taught?

One of the main texts upon which our Close Communion brethren rely to prove the correctness of their position is Acts 2:41, 42. "None open an argument on this subject without bringing forth this, their strong battery, as they think, to silence the guns of Free Baptists. But while we respect these good brethren for the boldness of their stand, and love them despite their inconsistencies, we cannot accept all their positions without question. In their veins there runs some of the stern blood of Roger Williams; and therefore we call them brothers. But there is too little liberty left to meet the wants of these years. We object to their interpretation."

1. There is some question whether the above mentioned passages refer to communion at all. Some take the position that they mean simply the common meals eaten in token of friendship. Certainly the wine is not mentioned; and if this refers to the Lord's Supper and we are to be governed by the apostolic example here given, may we not imitate the Catholic, and so withhold the wine entirely? Remember, we are told that we are to take the literal reading. Is it said, "wine is implied"? We have then only an implied example; too weak to justify the breaking of the great law of charity.

2. But even though a sound exegesis lead us to believe that these passages refer to the communion, there is no evidence that the practices of the apostles are to be followed literally, without considering the similarity of our situations; or that they were always correct. Surely they were not at all times one in judgment. Witness the difference between Paul and Barnabas, Acts 15:39. True, we are to study the examples of the ancient disciples and draw instruction therefrom; but it yet remains to be shown that we are to imitate their practices strictly, when there are precepts elsewhere at seeming variance. They exhorted us to "follow them as they followed Christ." And because in this given case they may have pursued a certain course, shall it be taken as an invariable rule for us, regardless of the conditions? Because Paul wrote on parchment shall we never do otherwise? Shall we imitate the ancients who, when they read, "Give to him that asketh" thought their children cried for baptism, and made haste to sprinkle the infants? Not much better or more relevant are some of the texts quoted to justify a kindred error. We are not condemning the apostles or lightly valuing their doings. They filled their places well as the men of Christ. But he who insists on wearing Peter's "cap" or Paul's "cloak" may not always appear to the greatest advantage in these times.

3. If the exact order is mentioned, by which we are to be governed, then prayer is not to be offered till after all else is done. Do our C. Baptist brethren insist on a literal interpretation which makes prayer unauthorized till after the supper?

4. Still further, if any insist on being exact, we should sell all our goods and make of them a common fund for the poor. The apostles did this on one occasion; shall we not do it on all occasions?

5. There were no disputes among the apostles about baptism as an act. Those who refused it were not esteemed Christians. Not so now. Many of the best Christians mistake on baptism. Shall an error of the head be counted a sin? Forbid it, charity!

6. None were forbidden to eat. "They that gladly received his word,"—all that believed,—were at the table, whatever it was. Do not Pedobaptists "believe,"—gladly receive his word? Why drive them hence? In the name of our common parentage as Christians and as consistent Baptists, take the flaming sword away from the table, and let our brothers, there meditate with us upon the price of our redemption! T. H. D.

A Practical Question.

By what scale are contributions for Missions to be gauged?

Years ago, the writer listened to an impressive missionary sermon by that eloquent and devoted man of God, Alexander Duff. He represented the cause of Christian Benevolence at present, as occupying the place of Lazarus at the rich man's gate, and compelled to be content with the crumbs which fall from Dives' table, while Self, like Dives, clad in purple and fine linen, dwells in the palace and fares sumptuously every day. Every conceivable want, real or imaginary, that selfishness can devise, is supplied without stint or measure; while to the cause of Benevolence mere crumbs, dribbles, are doled out with a parsimonious, grumbling, grudging, grasping hand. The preacher proposed that there should be an inversion of the order; viz.: that Christ and his cause should be installed in the palace, enjoy the purple and sumptuous fare, while self be allowed to retreat to the dung hill, outside the gate, and be content with the crumbs.

Such a proposition, at the present day, may appear strange, extravagant, and even be branded as fanaticism. But, after all, would it not savor very much of that giving up of all for Christ, so often insisted on by our blessed Lord and his apostles? and what is there in the idea itself so strange or unreasonable? Are not the interests of Christ's kingdom in the world, the enlightenment and salvation of the heathen, for instance, of vastly greater importance and deserving of greater respect and honor and sacrifice than the comfort, convenience or dignity of any poor mortal?

By what rule, then, is the Christian's conscience to be hushed to silence by the giving of a few dimes or even dollars once or twice a year to aid in spreading the gospel of Christ among the destitute, while self occupies the palace, faring sumptuously every day? True, large donations, for education at home are becoming rather common. Would that they were more so! But where is the first \$10,000, the \$50,000, the \$100,000 or million donation to plant a colony of earnest Christian workers, preachers, teachers, mechanics and farmers in the midst of a heathen people? Echo answers, "Where?" Would not such an enterprise be eminently Christian? Would not the pouring out of hoarded treasures for such a noble object very much resemble the ever blessed Son emptying himself of the glories of heaven in order to save a lost world? When shall we learn to be whole hearted Christians? When learn of Jesus not to please ourselves? When learn to lay our all on the altar of Christ and live a life of loving trust? J. PHILLIPS.

Who will give us Light?

Paul says,—“Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted them to speak.” Also,—“It is a shame for women to speak in the church.” And,—“I suffer not a woman to teach.” With all this Scripture before them, men of learning and deep piety say,—“There, wife, the bell rings for prayer meeting. Don't let us wait, and do my dear wife, let us hear from you in the prayer meeting; you know we always have the best meetings when the sisters take a part.” During the prayer meeting the pastor says,—“Now let the sisters speak and pray. Don't grieve the Spirit, stand up for Jesus.” The sisters may remember that Peter says,—“Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands,” and Paul says, “Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.”

Now how are these wives to obey the teachings of Paul? Do they not disobey the Bible when they speak or pray in the social meetings? And if they did not speak would they not disobey him, for their husbands say, “speak?” Paul says “I suffer not a woman to teach.” A man who professes to follow the great apostle very closely says,—“Oh, that does not prohibit her teaching children; but she must not teach those who have arrived at the years of manhood.” Now what are our Yankee school ma'ams to do, who are sent to teach our colored people that were formerly slaves? Not only girls, boys and women come to them to be taught, but young, middle aged, and even men with gray hairs come and say, “Missus must teach me.” If she teaches them, does she by so doing disobey God who spoke by the apostle, or do those who oppose her misinterpret the word of inspiration?

Many a school teacher, besides those among the blacks, may look with thankfulness to men who were under her instruction in the District schools, even after they were old enough to vote. Ought she to regret that she improved the opportunity given her to exert a holy influence over those to whose hands the interests of her beloved country are entrusted? In the olden time, the All Wise spoke to a “perverse” prophet by the mouth of Balaam's beast, and is it true that he does not in these later days speak by the mouth of woman? The risen Saviour commissioned woman to be the messenger of the first gospel of the resurrection, “go tell my disciples.” And does he now forbid her to tell where and how he may be found?

The above questions are not asked for the sake of cavil or controversy, but for the truth's sake. May God put it into the heart

of some brethren to answer them through the Star.

SINCERE ENQUIRER.

A Grateful Record.

JELLSORE, APR. 9, 1870.

My dear friends, and friends of the mission in general:

Will you help me thank our merciful Heavenly Father that he has restored me to health and permitted me to resume my labors in this chosen field? On the 30th of Nov. last I was taken very ill, and so stubborn was the disease, that it took long for our good senior medical missionary to conquer it. Seven weeks I remained in his house in M., where the kindest care of sister B. and other sisters was added to the skill of the doctor to restore me.

At last, consent was given for a traveling tour. Two weeks were spent in Calcutta; in the family of Rev. Mr. Leslie, amongst the first dear friends I found in India in 1851. My next visit was to the good Norwegian and German missionaries at Ebenezer, where four of my good girls had previously gone to form a part of a girls' school to be established at that station. My welcome there was as warm and hearty as could have been given in my own dear native land. How true that “Strangers and Foreigners are made glad by the blood of Christ.” Two weeks soon passed, in which time I saw that the mission at Ebenezer was doing a great and good work for God amongst the poor Santals. May the divine blessing rest on them henceforth as hitherto.

The 5th of March found me again in Calcutta, where the warm weather and Dr. Woodford's medical treatment caused the last echoes even of a dreadful cough to die away. Acquaintance was renewed with several old and faithful missionaries, amongst whom I mention Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce. One of this couple I was told was 70 and the other 75 years of age, and still they love the work too well to leave the field. Mr. Pearce took me into the school-room to see and hear his class of young Bengali men under training for the ministry. They all appeared to understand their Bible lesson well, but I was sorry, though not the least surprised, that two or three of the fourteen merited a reprimand (which they received) for not coming in until late. When the natives of this country learn the value of time, and practice punctuality, the millennium will be at hand. Clocks and the rail road will help bring about the happy day.

On the morning of March 18th I had the great pleasure of greeting all our dear mission band in Midnapore, where they had met for conference. Six days later saw me safely at home, where more than a hundred glad voices mingled in giving such a welcome as would have made the most cold hearted happy to witness. Oh what a luxury it is to be at work again.

My sheet is full, but my heart is not half emptied of what I wished to write. Wishing you all the best of blessings I remain,

Yours ever,

L. CRAWFORD.

Prayer.

Prayer constitutes the life and soul of religion. Without it there can be no true, heartfelt devotion. Yet some who make high pretensions to Christianity, are delinquent in this respect. But those who attach importance to a holy, spiritual life, can not live without prayer. To such nothing is more delightful than to hold frequent and intimate converse with the Author of all good.

Christ most explicitly enjoins his followers to pray. “Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.” Besides, he has taught us how we should pray, and in what manner we should ask for temporal and spiritual blessings. As we are dependent upon God's mercy, it is obligatory upon us to obey his commands; for in no other way can our spiritual wants be supplied. And how glorious the promise: “Ask, and it shall be given.” How easy the terms! Who would not then supplicate the throne of grace? Who would not pour out the soul's desires in fervent prayer? The weakest saint can thus make known his wants, and his prayers will come up in everlasting remembrance before God. While men of the world sink under the accumulated ills of life, the true, living Christian is supported.

It is the indispensable duty of those who have families, to pray with and for them. “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” Youth are susceptible of early and abiding religious impressions, and are often led to the Saviour through parental influence. Hence, prayer can not fail of proving a blessing, not only to the suppliant, but to the young.

It is also apparent that public prayer will produce the same happy effects. Then why should professors excuse themselves by saying that they have no gift to pray in public? Such an excuse is not valid in the sight of God. If there be a right spirit, there will be no lack for utterance; if sufficiently humbled, there will be a willing disposition. It will be a delight to “pray one for another.” All will join with one accord in praising and glorifying God. The blessings of heaven will descend, and none will have occasion to say that God does not manifest his power in the public assembly of the saints.

“Pray without ceasing.” Let this be the motto of every professor of religion. “Watch unto prayer.” Live a holy, practical life. If you do this, earth will be a paradise. Prayer will be a constant delight, and God will signally manifest himself unto you as a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. Peace and happiness will be the result of a watchful, prayerful life. Great advances will be made in the divine

life, and the glorious perfections of Deity will be more fully unfolded to view. In this state of mind, death can be welcomed with pleasure, because it introduces us into the immediate presence of the God we adore.

As an objection, it is said that, to have daily stated times for prayer, it will result in formality. True, it may. But will we sleep only one night in a week, eat only one meal in a month, or perform only one day's work in a year, for the sake of avoiding a form? No. We know that regularity in these things is highly beneficial. Then why not in devotional exercises? To be sure, a form of prayer without the power is of no avail. But let a good form be adopted, and then seek for the power, and God will give it.

S. H. B.

Selections.

Lyman Beecher.

1775-1863.

These few letters stand upon the end of a large recumbent slab of granite. A cross lies flat upon the top of the block, being raised by having the surrounding surface cut away. This is all. The material, the symbol, and the inscription well befit the burial place of the man. Here, in New Haven, he was born and educated. The house still remains in which his father lived. It is not five minutes' walk between his grave and his cradle. Yet it was not the love of birth-place that brought him back to New Haven for burial, but his love of Nathan Taylor. This was a love of man to man surpassing the love of woman. It was like that of David and Jonathan. After he had forgotten almost everything else in extreme old age, he remembered this one wish, and by signs and broken sentences indicated his wish to be laid by the side of “him.” For Taylor's personality and heart remained in his memory after he ceased to remember his name. That must needs have been a noble nature that through a long life was so loved by such a man as Lyman Beecher. Side by side they lie, between whom there never came a cloud, and that, too, when both of them were theologians, and often differed, and sat up half the night in high discussion. Oh, it was charming to see men who believed in what they taught, with such an abandonment of faith, that not the visible world, nor human life, nor household love was so real and so transcendent to them, as abstract truth! Nor is it without a certain beauty that the farther away from fact the thread was spun, the more important it seemed. The globe and the universe, to their thinking, hung upon distinctions finer than a spider's finest film. We see them now, in the old Litchfield sitting room, come home from some meeting, sitting down around the fire, and after a little family chat, begin to edge toward the discussion that had broken off at their last meeting. They laid down their positions cautiously, like two knights riding around each other, in survey, before the real struggle begun. Soon they went at it. They grew earnest. They stopped each other. Now one seemed pushing the other with an irresistible analogy—but in a little time, some lucky turn gave back the advantage, and all the lost ground was regained and some steps besides. Some explosion of wit would set them both into a roar of laughter, and refresh them for the next wrestle. The hours flew on. It was eleven o'clock, in a town where folks went to bed at nine—it was midnight—it was one o'clock—and back and forth the arguments flew, sometimes while they walked up and down with their arms over each other's shoulders, sometimes Beecher sitting on Taylor's knee, sometimes sitting face to face, arms going in gestures, the forefinger pointing out the line of argument. At length a tall and pale form at the head of the stairs calls out, “Father, father! Do you know what time it is?”

“Well, Taylor, stick a pin there, and we'll go on to-morrow.” The amount of truth got out, if all was true that each thought to be so, can never be known, but must have been immense. But it seemed difficult to reduce to record these surprising discoveries. On one occasion the topic of debate was the Will. The next forenoon Dr. Beecher spent a considerable time in making an “ex cathedra” statement on this topic. After he left, we looked into his blank book and saw a page with at least twenty paragraphs begun, and struck out. Then—

“In considering the human will”—a pen was struck through that—and again he started—“No theory of the will is valid”—pausing unsatisfied,—that, too, was dashed out, and then two or three times over he got on as far as “The will.”—A definition of the will,—and, finally, after many modifications and partial sentences, the last entry made was, “The will is.”—What the will was to have been shown to be, we shall never know.

But the benefit of this practice on infinite themes, and of this intense conviction of the truth of speculations, is not to be estimated by the immediate products, but by its reflex influence on the soul and reason. When these men handled the great themes of truth, there was a scale of sublimity, and an invisible force to their reasoning, which no one could have had but they that dwelt much in the higher moods of mind and in the great invisible realm of faith! There they lie—the grass grows green, violets and myrtle-vine blooms are shining this day blue on the grass. Little birds come and sit on their monuments and dress their feathers, sing a single strain, and fly off. What do the birds know of the great names that lie asleep below them? And are men on this earth so different from the birds? We sit hither and thither on this monumental globe, and hardly dream of the history that is under our feet, or of the thoughts of God, of which this earth is but a mighty incarnation!

Largely engaged during his life-time in controversy, it was the popular impression that Dr. Beecher was a stern warrior. His personal appearance favored the idea. And no one ever heard him in his prime, and in his best moods, but felt that he was a master in discourse. Yet a more simple-minded and child-like nature never lived. When in hours of transfiguration his heart revealed the tenderness of his love—it was almost like opening a window in heaven. With his children he was sportive to frolic some. Down on his hands and knees he has given us many a ride,—and great has been our exultation, when, after a prodigious show of wrestling, we found him full length upon the grass. The faint suspicion that “he let us do it,” did not on the whole dispel the illusion of victory.

As we grew up, nothing that ever he said impressed us so much as all that which

we silently saw. When the winter was severe, and the storm was high, the unshrinking promptness with which he ventured forth, night or day, to some distant appointment, inspired in our young souls a contempt of danger, and a feeling that a resolute courage was more than a match for nature in her howls and threats. Although his name was much on men's tongues, and much printed, his unfeigned modesty was striking. We never heard a single boast. Even when yet quite young, we were impressed with a certain bashfulness and timidity, with which he recounted his own adventures.

We never saw either anger or impatience under abuse or obloquy. Artless and simple-hearted, he had a natural insight into men, and was seldom deceived in his judgment.

Looking back upon that inside life, when men's unconscious acts reveal their true nature, we see his example to have been one which inspired faith in manhood, in disinterested affection, and unfeigned piety. He seemed to the world without, a good and true man, but he was better than he seemed.

Sleep on, great hearts! Side by side ye were in life, side by side ye are in slumber, side by side ye shall be in the glory of immortality!—H. W. Beecher in *Christian Union*.

Plucked from the Burning.

One of the gentlemen connected with the Water Street Mission, New York, writes this incident of their work to the *Church Union*:

There came to the mission to-day one lately cleansed from the leprosy of sin, her face radiant with heavenly love, and said, “I asked permission of the lady with whom I am living in Brooklyn to take time enough to come and tell you what the Lord has done for me. I have felt that it would be ungrateful not to do it.” Her history, as hastily narrated, was substantially as follows: Two years since, her husband deserted her, and these years had been to her full of sadness and sorrow of heart. To drown the anguish of her spirit, she resorted to the occasional use of intoxicating drinks. Soon the love of stimulation, and the habit of indulgence had such control of her that she became a victim of intemperance. During these two years she very naturally dropped down power and lower in life, all the while becoming more and more disconsolate, till hope finally died out. Then, having determined to drink to the very dregs the cup of iniquity and sin, she came over into Water street on a rainy night, late in October, to carry into execution that fully formed purpose, by entering the first door opening into a den of prostitution, to use her own language, “to accept the first offer made to her on the street.”

In passing our door she heard the voice of Christian song. She came in and sat down. “Strange,” she fell out, her cat. The story of Jesus' love touched her heart. The felt want of her soul, it seemed to her, could now be realized. God, she thought, was speaking to her as a wandering prodigal to come back to her father's house. Her whole soul went out in prayer for help. The meeting closed, she signed the pledge and went her way, God alone guiding her footsteps. On the following day, wandering through the streets of Brooklyn, a houseless one, a lady in search of a scrubbing woman met her and asked her if she would work. She went with her; this done, an engagement followed for cleaning her house, then another as housekeeper. And there she is to-day in that household, preaching Christ, by telling how Jesus loved her, and how he saved her, “happy now all the day long.” When she spoke of her rescue, she seemed overcome with emotion. Again she said, “it made her shudder to look back upon her narrow escape,” the act of destruction determined upon, God thwarting her plan for carrying it into execution, by directing her steps into a prayer-meeting, when she would have entered a house of infamy. How forcible, as applied to her, the expression, “a brand plucked from the burning.” Counseling her to look to Jesus now for help in the hour of temptation, she replied, “Oh! if I had not been taught to do so, I should not have been here to-day. The Lord picked me right up in the street, and shall I not trust him?”

We have detailed the case as illustrative of the wonderful manifestations of God's power in saving the “lost ones,” in the hope you will become so interested in the work as to inquire what you can do to help in carrying it forward. With the limited accommodations in our mission-house, we have been burdened with the care of those whom Providence has sent to us, many of whom have become the subjects of grace. So great has been the pressure upon us during the past two weeks that at times it has seemed that unless sympathetic hearts come forward with help in caring for these “rescued ones” the work must be hindered. Never before have we realized the burden imposed upon the good Shepherd in the “parable of our Lord,” as he bore upon his shoulders the lost sheep which he had found it, so literally true is it that these lost ones, if saved, must be borne from the temptations that surround them, to a place of safety. The most eligible, unquestionably, is the bosom of a Christian family in the country.

“Call Me.”

The following anecdote in connection with the labors of President Finney is vouched for as fully authentic:

He was preaching years ago in one of the central cities of New York, to a large audience in a time of revival. He had been explaining that men, under conviction of sin, would sometimes show their conviction in singular ways. Sometimes it would make them cross and fault-finding. They would scold their wives and make all about them uneasy. Then he added, “If I knew you as well as your pastor does, I could point to you where you sit. You are in this condition; you know you are a sinner, and need now to repent, and will not. You have been scolding that good wife who has been praying for you these years. I could call you out now by name! At this point he was interrupted by a voice from the farther part of the room saying, “Call me.” The man after a moment explained that he verily expected to hear his name announced, and only spoke to be beforehand. He could not at first be persuaded that Mr. Finney did not know his case, or had not been told it by some one. He said: “This very morning I scolded my wife, and everything else besides, all the while knowing I was a miserable sinner. Then I addressed my horse and came into the city with her to church. I supposed some how you must know my name. O, for such preaching as makes men feel ‘I am the man!’”

An able man will arrange his interests, and conduct each in its proper order. Our greediness often hurts us, in making us prosecute too many things at once; by earnestly desiring the less considerable, we lose the more important.

Uncertainty.

O Father, hear!
The way is dark, and I would fain discern
What steps to take, into which path to turn;
Oh! make it clear.

My faith is weak;
I long to hear thee say, "This is the way;
Walk in it, fainting soul; I'll be thy stay."
Speak, Lord, on, speak!

Let thy strong arm
Reach through the gloom for me to lean upon,
And with a willing heart I'll journey on,
And fear no harm.

I wait for thee
As those who, watching, wait the coming dawn;
Pant, as for water pants the thirsty fawn;
Oh! come to me.

It is thy child,
Who sits in dim uncertainty and doubt,
Waiting and longing till the light shine out
Upon the wild.

My Father! see,
I trust the faithfulness displayed of old,
I trust the love that never can grow cold,
I trust in thee.

And thou wilt guide;
For thou hast promised never to forsake
The soul that sees its confidence doth make;
I've none beside.

Thou knowest me;
Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope;
And, oh! thou knowest that my only hope
Is found in thee.

Whither are we Drifting?

"I wish to relate to you a few facts, the faithful consideration of which is pertinent to the present time," so began a speaker in the Fulton Street meeting. He is an old clergyman who once labored long and earnestly as a pastor in the West.

"It is just 30 years ago that I was walking down Main street in Cincinnati, Ohio, in company with a Roman Catholic priest with whom I was acquainted. He was a scholar and gentleman, in the usual acceptance of the words. Our conversation turned upon the aspirations and designs of the Roman Catholic Church. He confessed that it was his great desire to see the day when their religion would have universal sway in these United States, and the Roman Catholic faith have its place as the religious faith of the country. The time must come when it must be supreme, and to its authority all hearts must bow.

"You know," said he, "you Protestants have no religion. You have sectarisms, but you have no common faith." This he said good humoredly, smiling all the time, but having a grim meaning.

"Do you think," said I, "that yours will ever be the established religion in this country?"

"Certainly I do. It must be so."

"Never," said I.

"Never," he repeated.

"Now, never," said I, with vehemence.

"Now, now," said he, playfully, "not so fast. Don't be so positive. Why do you think ours may not one day be the established religion?"

"Because our Constitution and our laws are against it."

"But we will change your Constitution and your laws."

"Change them?"

"Yes, change them—amend them."

"But the people will see that you shall not do that."

"We will change the people, too."

"Not in your day, or mine," said I, resolutely.

"Perhaps not," he answered, very coolly.

"Perhaps not. But we have purposed and it will be done—if not in your day or mine, then in the days of those who shall come after us."

I looked at his face with astonishment, as if I could not believe my own senses. He saw, and added quickly:

"Oh, do not be alarmed. It will be done very quietly. It may be a long time coming—but it will come, when the Catholics will rule the nation, and the Catholic religion will be the ruling faith of the country."

"Oh! you cannot believe it."

"Yes, I do believe it. We are at it now. And you know what we Catholics are. When we take hold, we hold on, and never let go." This was said with a very solemn and determined look, and he then added: "We will upset your institutions and establish our own."

We parted company at the foot of the street, I scarcely realizing the amount of meaning there was in the priest's threats; for in that day we had no such apprehensions as now.

We come down thirty years. Whether this priest is alive or dead, we know not. But the work, which he said was begun, of supplanting our institutions, is not dead. Quietly, persistently, encroachingly, the Catholics have gone on in their work, proselyting where they could, buying up votes where they could, till at last they fill our places of trust and office with creatures of their own. Our judges, our lawyers, our military leaders, our senators and representatives are fast becoming Roman Catholics, and the profession of this faith, which was never "delivered to the saints," is a sure passport to office or preferment. The politician has found it to his advantage to confess his sins and get absolution from a priest, and be accepted as a good Catholic. We stepped into a police station for a moment, the other day:

"Ting-a-ling—ting-a-ling," went a little bell. And then a message came from another station.

And this answer was returned: "Tell him that he is a good Catholic and a good Democrat."

"What is that?" said I to a friend at the "machine."

"Oh," said my friend, "we are only keeping up a little conversation with one of the primaries."

"What is the object?" said I.

"Oh! only to have a little voice in the matter. We know on which side our bread is buttered."

"And how to get the butter?"

Exactly so, said he, with a chuckle.

We came out, saying to ourselves, We have drifted some ways from where we were 30 years ago, and where are we drifting?—Observer.

A Hymn in a Gambling Den.

In the Boston Daily News of April 25, says the Independent, we find a letter from Hong Kong, China, written for the purpose of being read to a Sunday school in this country, but which the editor was allowed to print on account of the interesting character of its contents. The writer had been entrusted with packages for a young man and from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry, learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither; but not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come. The place was a bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows.

Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun; and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the eldest shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards; and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phoebe Cary:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer to my Father's house
Than I've ever been before.
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

At first, says the writer, these words, in such a life place, made me shudder. A Sabbath school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, started at the singer's moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: "Harry, where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, the one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday school in America. "Come," said the elder, getting up, "come, Harry, here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business." The writer saw these two men leave the gambling house together and walk away arm-in-arm; and as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily, God moves in a mysterious way." It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breasts of two tempted and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life!

The Kind Shepherd.

Rambling, a few summers ago, in the lake district of England, I came to Washdale Head, where I passed the night at the cottage of a shepherd friend. The next morning I set off to cross the mountains on my way to Buttermere. As I approached the summit of the pass, a little lamb was bleating in tones more sad than I had ever heard before. It seemed to say, as plain as in words, "Pity me! help me! save me!" I sat on the grass, and it came up to me; and putting its face almost close to my own, repeated its cry: "Pity me! help me! save me!" It was evident that the lamb had been forsaken by its mother, for it was a mere skeleton, and its loosely hanging skin and sharp features betokened starvation. I could not resist its appeal; so I took it in my arms and carried it toward a sheep that was browsing not far off. But the sheep moved away, and the tiny lamb ran back to me, still imploring help. Again I took it in my arms and carrying it toward another sheep farther off, put it down where some bracken would hide it from me as I rapidly stepped back. The lamb did not go near the retreating sheep, but remained where it had been placed, and still repeated its sad cry: "Pity me! help me! save me!"

I took it in my arms once more, and sat down meditating what I had better do. Should I carry it forward with me till I reached the first house, several miles distant? But might not such an act seem suspicious if I met the owner of the flock? At any rate, I would not, could not, land to perish a helpless creature, which had cast itself on my protection. Just then, looking down into the valley, I saw a small object at the foot of the mountain, moving upward. It was a man. Still nearer. It was my shepherd friend. I at once showed him my lamb, and entrusted it to his care. "Poor thing," said the shepherd; "its mother has forsaken it; they sometimes do when pasture is scarce. It would have died in an hour or two. But I'll take it some milk, and it will soon get right."

Then the shepherd took in his arms the little trembling lamb, which at once nestled its head in his bosom and hushed his pitiful cry. And as this great, strong, tender-hearted man stalked down the mountain-side like a giant, bearing its tiny burden, I thought of the words of the prophet: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." (Is. 40:11.)

Thus reflected: "If a degenerate creature, sinful and selfish, as all are in their degree, yet had pity enough in him not to suffer a worthless, half-starved lamb to perish which cast itself on his care, will He who is the Author and Fountain of all tenderness be deaf to the cry of any wandering soul that comes to Him in fear and sorrow, saying, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! Save, Lord, or I perish?' Will the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the flock, reject any feeble lamb, any lost sheep, that comes to Him with the cry, 'Jesus, pity me! help me! save me!' He never will. He never can."

The next year I was again at Washdale, and inquired of the shepherd how the lamb had fared. Said he,

"It is now the fattest and the strongest of my flock."

And thus many, even the very chief of sinners, when ready to perish, have been taken into the arms of Jesus, and under His fostering care have soon become as holy and useful as any of the flock.—Newman Hall.

Luther on Preaching.

Cursed are all preachers that in the church aim at high and hard things, and neglecting the saving health of the poor unlearned people, seek their own honor and praise, and therewith to please one or two ambitious persons.

When I preach, I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. I preach to those, directing myself to them that have need thereof. Will not the rest hear me? The door stands open unto them; they may be gone. I see that the ambition of preachers grows and increases; this will do the most harm and mischief in the church, and produce great quietness and discord; for they will need teach high things touching matters of state, thereby aiming at praise and honor; they will please the worldly wise, and meantime neglect the simple and common multitude.

An upright, godly and true preacher should direct his preaching to the poor,

simple sort of people, like a mother that stills her child, dandles and plays with it, presenting it with milk from her own breast, and needing neither malmsey nor muscadine for it. In such sort should preachers also carry themselves, teaching and preaching plainly, that the simple and unlearned may conceive and comprehend and retain what they say.—Luther's Table Talk.

Apostolic Practice.

Paul did not simply pray that somebody might bring him a cloak to keep him warm the ensuing winter, but he wrote to Timothy to bring the one he had left at Troas with Carpus. When he thought of the poor saints at Jerusalem, he doubtless prayed very earnestly that the Lord would supply their wants. But he did not sit still at Ephesus, praying and doing nothing. He worked hard to get up a collection, among all the churches within reach. He gave command for a regular systematic contribution in Galatia and Corinth. He sent an agent to Corinth, once and again, and labored himself as a collector in Macedonia. His second epistle to the Corinthians contained so much of earnest pleading for the collection, that we may be very sure some of the grumblers at Corinth said it was "entirely too much about money." That contribution would relieve the needy, would benefit the givers, would help to prevent the threatening schism between the Gentile and Jewish churches. So the Apostle strained every nerve to make it general and liberal; and the inspired word of God contains one of the most impassioned appeals for money ever written.—J.A. Broadus.

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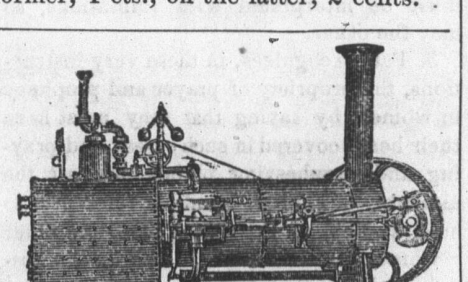
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Protoplasm in Court.

Prof. Huxley has invented a new term. It is *Protoplasm*. It is not a very musical word to the ear. It is not likely to suggest any very definite idea to one who hears it for the first time. It hints at something hazy, learned, scientific. It is really meant to cover up an extravagant notion which has met very general distrust when plainer and simpler words have been used to convey it. It stands for the ultimate form in which vitalized matter appears. Protoplasm is the primal cell from which the various living organisms are developed. Now it comes up by the process of evolution into the oyster, now into the pig, then into the monkey; at one point into a Digger Indian, and here at last into the philosophic Prof. Huxley. But protoplasm is at the bottom of all these diverse beings. It is the same thing everywhere. All these diverse beings come from it, as the plant from the seed. It holds them all in the rudimentary form, as the acorn holds the oak, as the egg holds the eagle, as the spermatid holds the elephant's tusks and trunk. And this is what Prof. Huxley discovers at the end of a long research, and announces with an enthusiasm that is very marked. "Eureka!" *Ecco Protoplasm!* The mystery of creation is solved!

No doubt Professor Huxley is a learned and able man. His scientific eminence is conceded on all hands. He is an authority in his own sphere. He doubtless deserves to be. It may be all plain to him now. To his own eyes the mysteries of life may have all disappeared. Protoplasm may have scattered all doubt, as the sun disperses mists. This new key in his hand may open every door where hidden truths have been concealed. But some of us are still puzzled. The mysteries remain. Protoplasm is still a riddle, a sphinx, a dumb oracle, a sounding name to conjure with. That may be our fault, or our weakness, or our misfortune. But it is better to be frank and confess ignorance. That is the only way to learn,—it is the only line of honesty, too. And we can not find the promised light in the word "protoplasm," nor in the thing for which it professes to stand. The explanation wants explaining. We have other questions to ask.

For example: Is the germinal cell which Prof. H. calls protoplasm a new discovery? Is his keen eye the first that has discerned it? Or has it been long known to physiologists? Has he just found the thing, or only invented the new name? We have an impression that we have heard of these primary cells before now, and also that the chemical elements of which they are composed, and which he gives us with so much emphasis, have been stated by other men. And where does this germinal cell come from? Its presence is made to explain the higher phenomena of life. But what explains it? How came the chemical elements to combine in that form, and in just those proportions? Indeed, how came they to combine at all? Nay, whence came the elements themselves, with their peculiar affinities and latent power? Having the chemical elements that enter into the protoplasm, can Prof. H. combine them in his laboratory so as to produce the thing in question? And if not, why not? And if protoplasm is the same thing everywhere, whence this variety in development? Why does it here come to a lobster and there a gorilla?—now a donkey and then an English philosopher? Is the ultimate result accidental, or determined by circumstances? If accidental, whence the evidence of system and plan?—if determined by circumstances and conditions, how and by what force are the circumstances arranged?

Now all these questions may seem very simple to a man like Prof. Huxley, very needless and very perverse. But, really, they are questions that keep asking themselves in our thought, and the answers do not come to silence them. Somehow, it seems to us that this explanation of life and its varied phenomena only pushes the difficulty a step farther back instead of offering a solution. It shows us organized matter in a simpler form, but it is the same old matter, after all, with only its old properties and powers. It is a more refined materialism, but it is materialism, nevertheless. The demand for a creative and controlling mind remains as before. We want the all-pervading, intelligent force in spite of the protoplasm; we want it even on account of the protoplasm. That is, we want God. If Professor Huxley will let us have Him as before, we have no objection to taking the protoplasm too; but if he means to displace Deity with his new invention, we decidedly object,—not only in the name of religion, but in that of science as well,—to putting this modern Baal in the seat of the everlasting Jehovah. "God is a spirit," says Christ. "Protoplasm is matter," confesses the English scientist. We prefer to pay homage to an omniscient mind rather than bow down before the mystery of a microscopic cell, even though dignified with the sounding name of Protoplasm!

Students in physiology, who largely confine their attention to the physical phenomena of life, are tempted to accept materialistic theories; and to them this new dogma of Prof. Huxley is likely to look attractive. They often disparage mind in their exaltation of nervous tissue. An example ap-

peared in the late McFarland trial. Dr. Vance, of Bellevue Hospital, who was summoned to support the view that the murderer was probably insane, in trying to explain abnormal mental action, brought out his materialism without disguise. According to the report, he said:

The brain is composed of gray-matter cells and white-matter nervous fiber to conduct sensibility; these cells are very minute, requiring the aid of a microscope; thought is the result of changes in this gray matter; a residuum is left by each act of thought, and from the action of these residua arises memory. . . . The brain is regarded as the organ which gives rise to the mind; the mind is the effect of the action of the brain.

That is sufficiently plain, sufficiently dogmatic, and sufficiently presumptuous. "Thought is the result of changes in this gray matter;" the brain gives rise to the mind; the mind is the effect of the action of the brain." Of course, then, as brain wastes, mind wastes; when the brain ceases to act, no mind remains; when deposits cease to be made in the skull, there is no memory, and the past, as well as the future, is virtually annihilated. The man ceases to be, and not even Professor Huxley's protoplasm can restore that lost individual existence.

Physical science deserves to be respected while it keeps in its own sphere and busies itself with its own proper work. But it makes a sorry appearance when it invades the domain of metaphysics, and justly exposes itself to distrust and ridicule when it attempts to decide by an oracular statement the fundamental questions in religion and theology. When it undertakes to banish God from the world and tear the hope of immortality out of the human heart, it may expect condemnation and besure of a defeat.

Christian Sorrow.

Christian fidelity does not always bring unmixed sunshine. Sorrows, crushing griefs, sore disappointments, sufferings, make a large portion of Christian experience. The word says that, "in the world ye have tribulation," that if we "suffer with Christ we shall also reign with him," and it is mentioned that we are to "fill up the sufferings of Christ" which remain, as a part of our legitimate work. This seems strange to casual observers. They cannot understand it. It seems as if, the better one becomes the less he should suffer. When a great sorrow comes upon saints, they are often amazed and bewildered. They ask,—"What does it mean? Why should I be so afflicted? What have I done that the Lord should punish me thus?" It is very difficult for them to feel that all is done in kindness, that the dark cloud is laden with mercy, that grief comes to prepare the way for joy. Not a few Christians have been plunged into trials, where it seemed almost impossible to say from the heart,—"Thy will be done." We recollect a devoted saint, whose heart was bleeding in anguish, and the best he could do was to cry out,—"I hope I shall feel that it is all for the best." He did soon feel it, but in the hour of darkness he could not. And his almost despair was not sin, for he held fast to the promises, though he could not realize nor feel their precious certainty. It is easy to trust when all is prosperous; it requires much higher faith and more spiritual heroism to heed the scripture,—*"Let him who walketh in darkness and hath no light, trust in the Lord and stay upon his God,"* and so the Saviour regards it. There is no integrity like that which refuses to yield, but stands firm when the very foundations of hope are obscured, and there seems to be nothing real and substantial which we can grasp.

Jesus found the path of duty flooded with sorrow, and why should not we? The highest Christian conquests are reached through deep mortifications and disappointments. The shame of overthrow to our plans is often necessary to our real success. Our greatest failures are often but steps to still greater successes. But we do not always know success when it arrives. What seems a misfortune is often real fortune, and what seems to us essential to success may be wholly an evil.

Of one thing we may be certain, that the richest blessings come to us through the gates of sorrow. It is impossible for us to receive the choicest and sweetest consolations of grace, until we are driven to extremes. When pushed to the agony of despair, when floundering in the very heart of midnight, we feel the need and appreciate the value of light, help, deliverance, as we could never do but for the sore trial. And we can never fully enjoy a blessing until we appreciate in full our need of it. So our experiences grow richer, deeper, broader and more perfect "through sufferings," than is possible in any other way. We don't know what a Saviour we have until we fully see our need of one; the wonderful resources of grace can never be learned without multiplying forms of want; wounds make it possible to demonstrate the virtues of the "oil of gladness."

We are "monuments of grace," witnesses to the fullness of the great salvation, in our diverse experiences. Christ desires to develop the capacity of the gospel to meet every human want, heal every wound. He uses sorrow, misfortune, every form of trial, to increase the moral wealth, the joy and excellence of the spiritual life. Are we willing to be thus used for Christ? If we are called to show how grace sustains a bereaved heart, are we willing to be bereaved? Jesus calls for representations of the measure of grace to the poor, to the disappointed, the unfortunate, the weak, the maligned, the persecuted, the sick, the careworn, the discouraged, to sufferers of all possible calamities; have we the heart, the fidelity and courage to accept our lot, and show how a Christian can meet, bear up under, overcome, and profit by the trials which are upon us? Some complain that they are so situated that they can do

no good. None are thus situated. If they show how a Christian can find comfort, hope, exercise patience, and cherish love and courage, in their peculiar position, they do a great work. The world needs such testimony; sinners need to see such cases, where grace has well subdued the carnal passions and developed the image of Jesus; Christians need such examples.

The whole gospel, in its wonderful fullness, its adaptation to every situation and want, sorrow and responsibility, cannot be brought out without these examples, and we individually cannot attain the ripest Christian experience without them. So then, let us rejoice in afflictions; and if the heart is too sad for joy, if the sorrow is so deep that we cannot quite say, "Though he slay me, yet I will trust in him, let us at least bow our heads in reverence, and amidst tears of anguish, say as clearly as possible,—"I will hope in thy mercy."

Speech, or Silence?

A correspondent, whose article appears on the second page, is troubled with the question of woman's proper part in religious services. Paul seems to be on one side, while logic, experience and the best sentiment of Christendom appear to be on the other. What and where is the truth? Did Paul really mean to protest against all public speech on the part of women?—not only in the first century, but in every century?—not only in Corinth, but in every other place where Christian teaching should penetrate?—not only when such public speech was coupled with abuses and defied accepted custom, but also when intelligence, discretion and Christian modesty regulated it, and the sentiment of society rendered it peculiarly welcome and eminently effective? The whole difficulty seems to us to be lodged in these questions. And when they are answered, we shall have a plain path.

Without stopping to debate the question at length, we have simply to say, that we regard these rebukes and teachings of the apostle as having been called out by the local excesses and needs of those to whom his letters were addressed; and that they are misinterpreted when they are made to carry a divinely-uttered protest against woman's ever bearing a public testimony to the great truths of the gospel. Some of the grounds of this opinion may be hinted at in the fewest words.

1. The letters in which these instructions are found, were written to specific congregations or individuals; they were mostly called out by specific necessities; they deal very largely with the topics that are suggested by the local circumstances and necessities of the particular congregations or persons; and very many of the directions themselves are such as could have only a local and temporary bearing.

2. The apostle, in connection with the direction respecting woman's speaking in the church, points out in detail the extravagances and abuses that prevailed in the church at Corinth, that he may rebuke them; and it seems quite obvious that the women in that place were guilty of these extravagances, and recognized these reproaches as directed against what was obviously an abuse of their functions.

3. The language used indicates that Paul was speaking here chiefly in behalf of order, decency and social propriety, as those words were then understood. He closes his reproaches and counsels in 1 Cor. 14, by saying,—"Let all things be done decently and in order." In the statements made to Timothy, the reason given for the counsel offered is stated to be, that the woman may "give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." The "silence" enjoined is set over against her tendency "to usurp authority over the man."

4. The statements made on other points indicate that Paul was writing in behalf of what was then recognized as social propriety. For example: Paul says that a woman dishonors her head by praying without a covering for her head. Certainly the dishonor is not in the thing itself, but in the disregard of what custom has prescribed. Nobody would here and now accuse a woman of gross impropriety for praying without a bonnet or veil. And yet the direction is of the same positive sort as the direction to keep silent in the churches. If the one must be interpreted with limitations, so may the other.

5. Paul recognizes, in these very instructions, the propriety of prayer and prophecy in women, by saying that they must have their heads covered in such cases; and praying and prophesying plainly suggest the assembly or church. And his references to such women as Priscilla, Phebe, and other "women that labored with him in the gospel," indicate that the important Christian work of the early church was not all performed by laborers of Paul's own sex.

6. The unavoidable inferences which follow the doctrine that women must not be allowed to take any part in the work of public religious teaching, are such as almost no intelligent Christian man can accept, and such as, if applied, would cheat the church and the world of a large fraction of the best agencies which are at work for their welfare, and such as every year is multiplying, and can hardly fail to multiply still, as Christian education proceeds. And, inasmuch as the conclusion seems manifestly false, and the logical process is legitimate, we are almost shut up to the necessity of rejecting the premises.

APPLICATION.

The practical outcome, then, is just this.

1. Whatever may be done for the promotion of any proper object, without compromising true womanhood in the estimation of the general public, may be unhesitatingly done by Christian women for the promotion of godliness.

2. If our correspondent is a man, who has objected to woman's fitting speech or fervid prayer in the Christian assembly, he had

better withdraw his objections and give his fettered wife or sister her liberty.

3. If the writer be a woman, who wishes to find an excuse for silence when her voice is needed, she had better give up her search for excuses and look after her duty.

4. If the querist be a woman, who has felt herself "bound to these eighteen years," more or less, by these misapplied directions of Paul, she had better at once accept the timely words of Christ as though they were especially meant for her own sanctified tongue,—"Loose it and let it go!"

Presbyterian Union.

Every step towards the union of the Old and New School Presbyterian churches has given us pleasure, and the final consummation at Pittsburgh, and now its joyful ratification in the great united assembly at Philadelphia thrill us with delight. The warmest sympathies of our heart are stirred by every movement towards Christian union; and when brotherly love asserts itself so emphatically, as in this case, and brings sundered parts of Zion together, we rejoice with exceeding joy, for it seems to us but the first fruits of a blessed ingathering of all the saints into "one family" in the Lord.

This case of the Presbyterian churches sweeps aside all those fallacies which are urged to justify the existence of sects. It is often said, that "many denominations are better than one," that "more good is done by these divisions into sects;" but no one can sustain such assertions in the presence of this Christian return to union on part of the Presbyterians. Was it better for them to divide than to work in union? If better, then better than what? Living sects are indeed better than dead unity. Protestantism, in a thousand fragments, is better than Papacy united; and it is possible that Presbyterians had better have been divided than remain united on dangerous terms. But when it is better to divide, there is sin at the bottom. There is error in the heads and selfishness in the hearts of Christians, when they can do more for Christ by schism than by union.

So that all special pleadings to justify the existence of so many sects are confessions that the whole thing is the fruit of wrong; the root is evil, and the fruit is evil also. It may be a less evil than possibly might result from corrupt union, but if the first cause were removed, if "hatred were conquered by love," if the root of discord were removed, it certainly would be much better to be united than to be split into sects. For this Christ earnestly prayed, and for this every Christian ought to pray and labor.

This union of the Presbyterians is good in itself, a thing to be rejoiced over, and it is an omen of good to Zion at large. All Christians must feel the impulse; the bond of brotherhood which everywhere exists among real Christians, though restricted and repressed in its development, will gain strength and vitality from this example; the arrogance of sectarianism stands rebuked by it; it begets the query in every Christian heart, "Why may not all divisions be healed in the same way and all Christians work together?" There is but one reason,—error. We are rent and kept asunder by errors of head or heart. More love would cure it all, for it would either lead all to the truth, or constrain us to "forbear one another in love."

The churches are not yet ripe for this wished-for event, but they are coming to it. The spirit of the Master is subduing the asperities, removing the darkness, dispelling the bigotry and willfulness which cause the mischief, and Christians are everywhere growing in brotherly love. That will correct all errors, heal all differences, and finally obliterate the sects and give the world the grand spectacle of a united, living church. Then shall the world believe in Jesus; the testimony of a united church will confound unbelievers, and extend the kingdom of Christ "from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

Current Topics.

—ANOTHER SIGN OF EQUALITY. Michael Howard, a lad of 17, halling from Mississippi, has appeared at West Point and entered upon his life as a cadet. He is the first negro pupil that has been admitted to the privileges of that somewhat aristocratic and exclusive institution. His advent there produced an impression similar to that which the appearance of Senator Revels made in the Senate Chamber. Some of the young men, who have not outgrown their weaknesses, and hardly realize the revolution that has been wrought among us, would be glad to set upon him and compel him to retire; but the large majority, though not wholly relishing a negro associate, intend to deal honorably with him and give him a fair chance. The officers and professors will doubtless take care that he is not cheated out of his rights nor molested in the enjoyment of his privileges; for they will be watched by Washington officials and by the mass of the people, who mean that the promise to the negro's ear shall not be broken to his hope. Young Howard has had very limited educational advantages heretofore, and so commences his work under some disadvantages. There may be a disposition to exact too much of him; but as he was recommended by Senator Revels, it may be presumed that he has at least the average capacity, and will not be likely to discredit to his position. If he can get on successfully with his work and his associates, the victory will really be greater than if he brought with him the commanding intellectual ability of Fred Douglass. In that case, it might be his brilliant intellect that won him a recognition and brought him fair courtesies; as it is, the deference must be brought out by his manhood. An exceptional negro cadet might be readily tolerated on account of his genius; an average sample will win practical

respect, if at all, chiefly by means of the common rights that inhere in the man whom God has endowed, instead of those that attach to the citizen whom the state has promised to shield. The career of young Howard will be watched with an eager and sympathetic interest.

—THE FIZZLED FOLLY. The Fenian movement upon Canada, referred to last week, proves to have been even more pitiable in its character and results than we imagined, or than its worst enemies would have predicted. The military leaders acted apparently without concert, plan or skill, and most of them showed the bravery of Jack Falstaff,—fighting battles with huge promises and swaggering reports, while keeping carefully away from the places where the air had the odor of gunpowder. Nothing was accomplished; the deluded men who hurried away to the frontier, found themselves poorly equipped, wholly unfed, speedily deserted by their leaders, and compelled to wait with empty purses and sorrowful hearts for the means of getting back to the homes which they had hastily left and now sadly missed. It is at once the maddest and silliest specimen of military adventure, under high sounding professions, that has disgraced the United States or amused the world for many a day. The officers of the Fenian organization at Philadelphia now publicly disclaim all sympathy with the movement; but their rhetorical manifesto would have appeared to much better advantage if it had been sent out a week earlier, while the forces were hurrying to the border, than it did when it appeared as a kick at a prostrate combatant whom they had helped to arm, taught to drill, and urged to fight. If this experience shall teach moderation, and put hot-headed revolutionists under ban, the farce just enacted may not be without some compensation. There are some men who are blind to the intrinsic meanness and folly of an undertaking; their consciences are armed against it only by its collapse and the shout of ridicule that follows. But even these ought to be cured of sympathy with Fenianism by the events of the last fortnight.

—RELIGION AND REFORM. Among the many American women who have become effective speakers on the platform, there is perhaps no one who represents the finished culture, the refinement, the keen insight, the exquisite subtlety, the philosophic discrimination, and the high artistic sense that makes many of her sentences suggest a poem or a statue, so perfectly as Julia Ward Howe. She says more or less radical things, and expresses but beautiful half-truths at times when she seems to herself to be announcing a full and comprehensive principle; but, though working more or less with those who treat sacred things with great irreverence, she bears a clear, strong, uniform testimony to the divinity and power of Christianity. In a recent speech in New York, she uttered these fitting words:

"Religion in its relation to reform is a theme whose proper entertainment would fill volumes. First let me say that, to the human race in general, to reform is as constantly necessary as to form. Nature only half makes us; she leaves us much to finish, and something at every step to undo. So reform is always a word of good society; for if we do not constantly reform and transform, the enemy reforms. Religion is, I need not say, the true, only reformatory power. She sometimes wears one garment, sometimes another. The crown of art, the veil of philosophy, the hard and shining armor of the law—all these by turns disguise her; but when these various forms effect anything, we find that religion was at the bottom of what was done. Our applications of religion are often defective, often at fault. Men build stone cathedrals in place of living temples, and invent story-creeches in place of discovering vital doctrines. In view of this, I would repeat one of the prayers familiar to my youth. I was taught long before I knew any thing of spiritual or other anatomy, that God would take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh. So now I will pray that God would take away our church of stone and give us a church of flesh, with the living blood of the body politic circulating through it."

—DOES IT MEAN DEATH? The last issue of *The Radical* contains a hint on its last page that suggests rather than states that its publication is likely to be discontinued. We infer that it falls for want of patronage. It has had brilliant papers, though the shining has been more like the glitter of arctic icebergs than like the life-giving beams of the summer sun; its patrons have often been extravagant in their compliments, but they have probably been too few, and have forgotten that the grocer's bill cannot be paid in panegyrics; itself has very freely boasted over its power and greatly magnified its mission, but it may be that it has overrated its influence and counted too confidently upon the helpfulness of its friends. It has been sufficiently belligerent; for, while its contributors generally have fought evangelical religion with a good deal of spirit, they have still had ammunition left to fight each other freely. It does not seem to us that the real interests of the world will seriously suffer from the decease of the teacher that has so earnestly sought to divert attention from the Messiah who calls the world to redemption through faith in him.

—THE INDIANS. Secretary Cox, in his letter to the Cooper Institute meeting, recently held, reproached Christian churches with indifference to the condition of the Indian. There is a feeling among Christian people, that the roving habits of the Indians, and still more, the vile influence of the border men and traders, and the

former policy of the government are such, that it is of little use to attempt to Christianize the red man. If any means can be devised by which their children can be gathered into schools, placed upon farms, boarded and cared for by the whites, something decisive might be effected. If government would place as much money at the disposal of Christian people, for educational purposes among them, as it is spending to fight these poor fellows, our Missionary Societies would find some means of educating the children, and thus of civilizing the tribes. But so long as war, and presents, and annuities, characterize the policy of the government, churches have little encouragement for attempting much in their behalf.

—DANGEROUS. Mrs. Stanton, and some other ladies of public repute, have from time to time intimated that the interests of women demand a revision of the laws of divorce, and provisions for more easily dissolving the marriage bonds. Cases of abuse, uncongeniality and suffering are cited as a reason for such changes. State laws generally provide for divorce, in cases of hardship; and even in New York, where the laws are more stringent than in most other states, partial divorce may be had for any cause which renders the relation intolerable,—i. e., divorce without the right to marry again. The best interests of women would be jeopardized by any greater laxity than this. They, more than men, must suffer from any license or disregard of marital obligations. The hardships of the few, who might be relieved by an easy law of divorce, is nothing to the evils which would come upon the many. Marriage is the fortress of security to women, its sacredness involves their weal, its easy dissolution must bring innumerable and great evils. Women should guard and cherish it, and resist every suggestion which weakens its bonds or tends to its easy dissolution.

—A PROBLEM. Life insurance has grown to large dimensions. It is popular. No one is considered wise or prudent who has not a policy. It is deemed a reproach to a man not to have one. It really looks like a good thing to be insured when death comes; a thousand or more dollars are very acceptable to a poor and bereaved family.

But we are perplexed about the manner of doing the business. It costs too much. These insurance companies expend millions to run their business. They have an army of highly salaried agents and officers; they occupy the most elegant and expensive offices in our large cities; the directors live like princes on their incomes. Who pays all this? The policy holders, of course. Is it good economy to support this army in luxury, to secure a pittance for our families at our decease? Is not the cost more than the profit? Is there not danger that expenses will consume the funds, and, by and by, leave those who have paid in their money to whistle for their claim? We certainly have to pay much more than is necessary, or these expenses would soon render our policies worthless. We are the victims of fraud, or extortion, somewhere or somehow. It is not fair, nor right, nor safe, to do this business in this extravagant manner.

—WORK AND WAIT. Our annual reports, just now being made, lead to reviews, grave reflections, and frequently to sadness over unfaithful labors. We work and look for a harvest; if it is delayed, we are discouraged. This will never do. We must learn to be patient and impatient; eager for immediate results and courageous to hold on and wait and hope, though they may be long delayed. In two ways we often make a failure;—by not seeking, desiring, striving, and agonizing for immediate results; and also by lack of faith and patience to hold on and work and wait, until the harvest comes, if it should be delayed. The easy, contented soul, who leaves it all to God, and feels no special concern himself,—and the impatient, fitful soul, who leaves his field, dodges from place to place, gets discouraged when delay or obstacles confront him, are equally wasteful of their energies, and liable to rest nothing from all their sowing. Inexpressible longing for immediate success, eager desire and strong hope, tempered with great patience and unflinching perseverance, are the elements of character in which God delights and which win the largest success.

A WORD OF JUSTICE. In the article on the "Grand Ligne Mission," published recently, while doing only justice to other workers, there was an accidental failure to give proper credit to Madame Feller, who built her very life into that mission and made it her significant and grateful monument. She was a power in her active service, and her memory will preach effectually for her grave.

Dignity of Temperance Effort.

Wendell Phillips made a speech on temperance lately, and is reported by the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, as follows:

"There is one singularity about the temperance movement," Mr. Phillips said, "and it is this: All that class which arrogates to itself the name distinctively of the educated class, the rich and upper and influential class, looks down on the temperance movement as something not only vulgar and narrow, but as confined to the very warm zeal of a few unthinking men and women—rather ignorant than otherwise of the limits of a legislation, presuming that law can do a great deal more than it ever did or can effect—men and women that never studied science; have no acquaintance with the human body, its weakness or its needs; and altogether the children of their own excited imagination, who exaggerate a superficial evil into a great social disease; alarming themselves with an overdrawn picture of its strength and of its evil results. You can hardly probe what we call the rich or book-educated men without detecting this flavor of contemptuous indifference. Or

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Poetry.

If You Should Get Married.

If you should ever get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement
Just big enough for two;
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
If you'd begin Love's life aright,
You had better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait;
One looking-glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate;
And Brussels, too, and other things
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it they
Will better better a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly, too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said,
A tent, with love within it,
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickering every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John—
Your wife can do the best;
For love to make the biscuit rise
Is better far than yeast;
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey on the table,
'Twill better relish by-and-by,
When you are better able.

For all you buy pay money, John—
Money earned every day;
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing
(If thing you choose to call it)
When it hangs over a man who has
No money in his wallet.

And now, when you are married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
It took them many a toilsome year
To gain their envied niche;
And if you'd gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning,
And what you win will well repay
The care and toil of winning.

A Mother's Gossips.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little rosy eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little error of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this day of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene;
Instead of odors in a censoring snuff,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber hides away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of light,
And Heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen glances all their ways adorn.

The Family Circle.

Dandelion's Discontent.

BY CHERRY MAY.

Dandelion awoke one morning feeling very discontented. I shall have to particularize a little, because there are so many thousands of the little yellow flowers, dotting the fields and roadsides all over with spots that look like gold, that you will never be able to know this unless I do. Well, this one lived near a little rock, on the prettiest green that could be found growing anywhere, by the side of the road that led to the village.

"Oh, dear!" said she, in a complaining tone; "I am so tired of it all."

"Tired of what?" said her neighbor Violet, who had just wished her a "good morning" in her cheeriest tone.

"Of living just as we do, right here in this out-of-the-way place, by the side of a road where the school children are always raising the dust. If we only lived in a garden, or in a hot-house."

"I had rather live here. Think how free we are. If we lived in a garden like the Roses and Asters, and my cousins the Pansies, who are so very aristocratic, we should have to be plucked off for bouquets to put in the parlor vases. And as for a hot-house, I believe I should stifle there; and how pure and good the air is, here," said Violet.

"Yes," sniffed Dandelion in an injured manner. "The air is too good, in fact. I really felt quite chilly this morning after our heavy shower of last evening, so that I was unable to prepare Mr. Bumble-bee's breakfast for him, and he left quite disgusted, saying that he shouldn't trouble me further."

"I think the shower was delightful," returned Violet. "See how fresh everything looks, and the dust is all settled, so you will have no cause to complain of it all the day."

"I see plainly that you do not intend to sympathize with me in my discontent. There is something else that troubles me. I am so plain that Mr. Farmer's daughters pass right by me with dainty little vases, in search of 'some pretty wild flowers,' as they say, and they never think of looking at my yellow head; though the other day they picked a great many of your sisters. If you had gone, too, I should have died from mortification at being left alone."

"I am sure," said Violet, giving a little sigh, as if the thought troubled her, "I don't want to be plucked. Do you know they say that flowers don't live very long in people's parlors? They fade and die—blight."

"Pshaw!" said Dandelion, impatiently; "I don't believe we should die any sooner; we are short-lived, anyway, and we should have a chance to see what folks have indoors."

Just then Pink Elder came along with her sister Rachie, on their way to school; and Pink must step her little bare feet on a thistle, and, of course, cry.

"I trod right on a splinter, Rachie," said she.

"Well, don't cry, Pinkie," answered her sister, soothingly, "and I will get you just the cunningest little violet."

Violet heard, and crouched a little lower to the ground; she didn't want to be picked.

"No, I don't want it; 'tisn't big 'nuff to hold. I want a pity dandelion to make a curl of, to wear behind my ear."

In a trice our dandelion was picked, and Pink began triumphantly to curl it. Dandelion didn't want to be curled, and suffered a little in the operation; but after she was nicely fixed behind Pink's ear, she thought it was rather nice to be sailing along in that way; and, besides, she should have a chance to see how school was kept. Once Pink dropped her in the road. But Rachel picked her up, and shook the dirt off so gently that she thought she didn't mind it so very much.

"Long curls is very fashionable," whispered Becky Jones, who sat in front of Pink.

"Yes," said Pink, decisively. "I heard mamma say so, and she has got a great, big, long one of real hair, though it was very 'sensitive.'"

"I never knew scholars sat so still," thought Dandelion; "and that woman in the desk won't let Peter White throw his book on the floor."

"Becky Jones, come right out here," said that woman in the desk. "Now tell me what you were laughing at, or I shall have to punish you."

"Pink Elder tickled me with her dandelion," whimpered Becky.

"Pink, go right out of doors and throw that dandelion away," said the teacher, severely.

Pink didn't dare disobey, so out she went and tossed the dandelion among some rubbish; and the sun shone down and wilted it, and noontime found the poor Dandelion dying.

"Ah me!" she sighed, "if I was only back by the roadside, how cool it must be there—I would never again be discontented with my lot. But it is too late."

Yes, it was too late for the dandelion, but it might be well for us in the real world to be contented with the position in which it has pleased our Creator to place us, and to improve our one talent before the "too late" comes.

Miss Peachy's Way.

Miss Peachy lived quietly by herself in a little high-backed house on the street just behind Dr. Gabriel's school; but she was not alone much; for she was aunt, or cousin, or niece, or sister to half the people on the street, and belonged to a family that was continually running out and in each other's houses.

One bright winter's day, she sat by a front window in her parlor, mending a pair of gloves. There was a blazing fire in the grate; a pair of gold fishes were flashing about in a glass globe full of water, that hung in a side window, over a pot of full-blown hyacinths; there was a table of new books and magazines, pictures on the walls, plenty of easy chairs, and no sound but the crackling of the fire and the clatter of the plates from the kitchen where Miss Peachy's colored cook was clearing up after baking. One could not imagine a more cheery room; and yet nobody ever went out of it without feeling as though they had accidentally stepped on a nettle.

"Ah, Bella! Good morning! Are you sure it is you?" cried Miss Peachy, on this particular day, tapping upon the window to a tall girl, black-eyed and black-haired as a Jewess, who was crossing the street. "Really, you should have your card pinned on your back, that your friends may know you," she continued, going to open the door. "Where have you been this long while?"

"I have been in Dr. Gabriel's school for the last hour, Auntie," replied Bella, tilting herself on the arm of a green sofa, and looking like a tropical bird alighting for an instant on a leafy bough.

"Well, I suppose you found the doctor as affectionate as ever to his dear young ladies. He is such an old humbug!" returned Miss Peachy.

"Why, Auntie! I think he is a nice old gentleman; and he is a splendid teacher. I wish I were half as quick at my sums as his algebra class. The girls make their fingers go just like lightning. I could not move my hand so fast to save me. They didn't know, either, how their problems were coming; for Miss Dunstable went in with me, and she selected a problem—the doctor asked her to—while I named a girl to work it out."

"Oh! that is an old trick of his. I have heard of that way of showing off to visitors," replied Miss Peachy, indifferently. "He has probably drilled the girls all winter on that particular exercise; and he wouldn't let you select examples from anything in the book. He understands how to make a school appear to the best possible advantage; no doubt about that."

"Do you think so, Auntie? Anyhow, if that is what he is trying to do, he succeeds well. And the girls are all so attached to him! Miss Dunstable said he seemed like an old patriarch in the midst of his children."

Miss Peachy twisted her lip with an air of disdain.

"Miss Dunstable is as poetical in her ideas as a black sheep," said she; "just about."

At that moment, the door-bell rang.

"A disabled soldier selling sewing silk, or Mrs. John Rogers trying for twenty-two subscribers to the paper, in order to supply herself with a 'Grover and Baker' for the support of her fatherless children! I hate beggars in any form," said Miss Peachy. "Oh, it is the letter carrier! I hope he has his tippet twisted about his neck often enough," she added, looking from the window, as the door opened and shut.

Directly, the colored girl came in with some papers and a letter. Miss Peachy took them from her hand.

"How horridly your dress fits, Ariadne!" said she, looking her over.

Ariadne hurried from the room with a mortified air.

"What a good looking girl Ariadne is, Auntie!" said Bella. "And she isn't so very black, either. She could pass herself off as a brunette very well."

"Yes, she is handsome, and she knows it, too," replied Miss Peachy, opening her letter. "From Caroline Pease," said she, after reading a while. "She is as full of distress as ever. Her sister Charlotte is very strange, she writes—partially insane; so that she is no comfort to her friends, and has gone to her brother Silas, who is poor in everything but children, and thriftless, besides, I suspect. So there is no place for Caroline but with her sister Rhoda."

"Isn't that place enough?" asked Bella.

"Oh, no! she can never bear to stay there. Her sister's husband is a farmer in the country, where, she says, there are no 'privileges' beyond a weekly newspaper. All they think of is work and worry; and she has to live right in the family in the kitchen, with her diseased spine, and nothing but a wooden rocking-chair."

"What a disagreeable life! And Caroline is a person of so much taste and refinement, that it must be really hard. I do pity her, from the bottom of my heart and the top of my soul!" exclaimed Bella, with the ready sympathy of youth.

"Yes, Caroline always puts on a great many literary as well as invalid airs, and she feels that the luxuries of life are necessities for her. I would have her here for a little visit; but, oh, dear! I am afraid she will want to stay all summer. I am sorry for her."

Bella sat for a moment looking steadfastly in the fire; then she began on quite another subject.

"Did you know," said she, "that Julia Perrine is at home, with her baby?"

"Oh, yes! I called there yesterday," replied Miss Peachy. "Julia is looking very well; only she will wear black, and that is so fearfully unbecoming to her."

"She has a beautiful baby; don't you think so?" asked Bella.

"Ye-es," answered Miss Peachy, reluctantly; "only I never like to see so much hair on so small a child. And his eyes are too near together for him to be very smart."

"Well, well," cried Bella, starting up, suddenly; "I mustn't stay so. I have an errand to do for mother before dinner, away down town; and it is time I was doing it."

Miss Peachy followed her to the door. "Don't stay away so, Bella," said she; "but don't come again in that horrid hat. I never like you in that."

"How is it Aunt Peachy always manages to make one feel so uncomfortable about one's self and all one's friends?" asked Bella, when she went home.

"It is nothing but a habit," replied her mother. "She was always looking for the thorns on her roses when she was a child."—*Sabbath at Home.*

Wings.

"If I only had wings like you!" said Addie Lewis, speaking to her pet bird as she opened the cage door.

"Chirp, chirp!" answered the bird, flying out and resting on Addie's finger.

"Sweet, sweet!" said Addie.

"Chirp, chirp!" answered birdie, fluttering his wings in delight.

"Ah, birdie, if I only had your wings!"

"Wings!" spoke out Addie's mother.

"What do you want with wings?"

"To fly with."

"Fly where?"

"Oh, anywhere and everywhere."

Mrs. Lewis did not reply for several minutes, during which time Addie was playing with and talking to her bird.

"You have wings," she said at length, in a quiet way.

"I, mamma?" There was a tone of surprise in Addie's voice.

"We all have wings."

Addie looked at her shoulders and then at her mother's. "I don't see them," she said, with a little amused laugh.

"No, you can't see them, but we have them for all that."

"If we can't see them or use them, I don't see what good they are."

"We are using them all the while," said Mrs. Lewis. "Did you never hear of the wings of thought?"

"Oh! That's what you mean!"

"Yes, dear. Now don't you remember what I said to you yesterday, when we talked about birds and beasts and all things that God has made?"

"You said, they were all created for man."

"Yes, and I said that there was a likeness in man to all visible things in nature. He is bold and fearless like the lion, cunning as a fox, innocent as the lamb, cruel as the tiger or vulture, timid as the hare; his thought is winged as the eagle, and can fly swiftly here and there, now resting in a pleasant valley, and now sweeping over seas and mountains."

"Our thoughts are our wings?"

"Yes; and our minds can fly with these wings higher and farther than any bird can go. If I read to you about a volcano in Italy, off you go on the wings of thought and look down into the fiery crater. If I tell you of the frozen North, you are there in an instant, gazing upon icy seas and the wonders of a desolate region. The wings

of an eagle are not half so swift and strong as the wings of your thought. The very king of birds would perish in regions where they can take you in safety."

Remember your Mother.

It seems, indeed, almost impossible that, coming from a happy Christian home, any young man should ever go widely astray. But alas, the strange thing happens. We see it every day. The youth crosses the threshold of affection, receding from all paths of open sin and shame as a white-winged bird from a ravening vulture's nest. But alas, to that young heart the guileful tempter comes! He points, he whispers, he smiles, he smooths the path down gently for the feet. His first words are all gentle and of good fellowship; he would improve the youth's manners, beguile his lonely hours, increase his knowledge of the world. Presently he takes a bolder tone; insensibly he paints vice in radiant colors. The youth at first recoils. It is hard work to force that immortal bark into the outer circle of the moral maelstrom. Conscience moves. Memory whispers. In visions of the night the father's gray locks seem to move, the mother's eye to watch and weep. But the tempter is not foiled; he comes again and again. The youth yields little by little to his honeyed words. "I need not picture him further. He has cut from his moral moorings, and the bark, on a wild, deep river, is carried mightily downward."

And what is that young man now? Ah, me, a fearful "heaviness" to that father's life, and to that mother's heart. Into that distant home have been borne rumors of that child's evil courses, of vile companions, of desecrated Sabbaths, of unseemly revels. And see that father and mother now! Ah those tear-stained cheeks—those sobbing, wrestling prayers! Had the news come that that dear child was only sick, only dying, this might be borne; for close, close to that dying pillow would parental love have pressed, and the bitterness of the hour been sweetened by the fond hope of meeting in gladness beyond the grave. But alas, a son upon whose soul the pestilence has fallen—this is a burden that presses, oh, how heavily!

I cannot enlarge here. I speak not to describe the downward road, but only to warn you against entering it. We have small hope of reclaiming the abandoned.

We speak chiefly with a hope to preserve the unfallen. Nevertheless, if it should happen, as indeed it may, that I speak this night to one young man who has yielded to temptation and is rushing to ruin, then I fling myself in that young man's path with my text's strong motive, and I say to him now, "Remember your mother!" Ah, I care not for that smile. I know that conscience works and stings beneath it. You are not yet a fiend, and the last angel that deserts your soul will be your mother's memory.

So I look into that scornful face and cry, "Remember your mother!" Do you say "She is dead?" Thank God in her behalf, then. She is saved from the living agony of beholding a son's ruin. But for you, my motive is as strong. Dead, is she? And does this wild autumnal wind make melancholy music over her distant grave?

Well, then, I tell you that every step you take in your present sinful course tramples the dust of her broken heart deeper in the shadows of that sepulcher. Or if she live, then I tell you that that faithful, gentle heart lives with you, dies with you. See, see, right in your downward path it rises—a phantom, with a pale forehead and weeping eyes? O pause, young man. Your feet! Your feet! Behold, they are trampling on a mother's broken heart!

But I turn from this picture. I speak now to the unfallen, whose life is beautiful with purity and filial love, and I seek to warn you against the first beginnings of evil. Young man, you have yonder in your room your mother's picture. Or if you have not, go get one, and carry it ever with you. Bind it to your bosom; and when tempted to any evil, consult that silent monitor. Draw forth and look upon that speechless face. O what tremendous power to keep back from all evil there would be in the simple vision of a mother's face!

Imagine a young man sitting in some place of evil concourse—in a gambling house, an infidel club room, at the sumptuous board of an inebriate revel, or in some place of darker, deeper infamy! And now, in some scene like this, let Divine power work me a simple miracle. Behold a shadow rises as along the fabled mirror of Agrippa! It grows denser; it takes shape and lineaments. And, a human face looks out—a calm, pale brow and eyes of earnest love. A mother's face. And see this young man now! How his cheek grows pale! how his knees smite together! how he springs from his repose, and rushes from that haunt of iniquity, as if pursued by an avenging specter from eternity.—*Rev. Charles Wadsworth.*

Striking a Child in Anger.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doring, to his son William, a young lad of twelve years. "Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head, "and that, and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over the plow that was standing at his side. "Get up, now, and go into the house," continued the father, "and see if you can't keep out of mischief for awhile; and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for!"

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went.

"It is astonishing," said Doring, addressing a neighbor, named Hanford, who was near in the barn and of course had seen and heard all that had passed, "how troublesome boys are! Just see these oats, now, that I have got to pick up for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And was it for that trifle that you assaulted your child, and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked from the oats in surprise, and repeated—
"Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over that plow?"

"Why, well,—no. He kind of stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Have I not a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner, and in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doring, let me ask you another question: For what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why, to make it better,—to do it good, of course," answered Doring.

"For any other purpose?" quickly asked Mr. Hanford.

"Well, no; not that I can think of, just now," replied Doring, thoughtfully.

"And now," friend, kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment to your son, a few moments ago, did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is now preaching in Charlestown?"

"Yes; you have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I have noticed it," said Doring, "and asked how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford with emotion, "the dear boy could never be made to say that it was occasioned by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak:

"When Charles was about the age of your son William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and prowess. But unfortunately I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty, and enlightened affection."

"One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor, and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few moments ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left side so badly that the result was he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covered his face with his hands.

A short period of oppressive silence followed, which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford, saying:

"When I found that my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm, and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face,—his look,—arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt."

"I am afraid that I am, pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked in great alarm; for, notwithstanding my brutality, I fairly idolized the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand up on his hip.

"In silence I took him in my arms, and carried him to his bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had; cruelly struck down on that pile of stones. But after many months, he came forth, a pale, saddened little fellow, hobbling on a crutch!"

Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's cheeks. When he resumed, Mr. Hanford said:

"This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you, had I not supposed you needed the lesson it contains. It is impossible for me to give you any adequate notion of the suffering that I have undergone, on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But, fortunately it has been overruled, to my own good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me, except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection."

I devoted myself to poor Charley from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think but few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him, and I have sometimes tried to think that his life is happier, on the whole, than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice."

Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try and profit by it."

And he did profit by it, and we hope that every parent, who is capable of striking his child in anger or petulance, that reads this sketch from life, will also profit by it.

The world is a sea of glass; affliction scatters our path with sand and ashes, in order to keep our feet from slipping.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Things to Remember.

Edward Everett became overheated in testifying in a court-room, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draught of air until his turn came to speak; "but my hands and feet were ice, my lungs on fire. In this condition I had to go and spend three hours in the court room." He died in less than a week from thus checking the perspiration. It was enough to kill any man.

Professor Mitchell, while in a state of perspiration in yellow fever, the certain sign of recovery, left his bed, went into another room, became chilled in a moment, and died the same night.

If, while perspiring, or while warmer than usual from exercise or a heated room, there is a sudden exposure, from still, cold air, to a raw, damp atmosphere, or to a draught, whether at an open window or door, or street corner, the inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which waste and impure matter, which was making its way out of the system, is compelled to seek an exit through some weaker part. The idea is presented by saying that the cold had settled in that part. To illustrate: A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware, but wishing first to get an orange, at a fruit stand, she ran up the bank of the river, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water, and her clothes soon felt cold, which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption.

A strong man was working in his garden in May; feeling rather tired about noon, he sat down in the shade of the house and fell asleep; he woke up chilly; inflammation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest there was such an extensive decay, that the yellow matter was scooped up by the cupul.

A Boston ship owner, while on the deck of one of his vessels, thought he would lend a hand in some emergency, and pulling off his coat, worked with a will, until he perspired freely, when he sat down to rest awhile, enjoying the delicious breeze from the sea. On attempting to rise, he found himself unable, and was so stiff in his joints that he had to be carried home and put to bed, which he did not leave until the end of two months, when he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on crutches.

A lady, after being unusually busy all day, found herself heated and tired towards sundown of a summer's day. She concluded to take a drive to town in an open vehicle. The ride made her uncomfortably cool, but she warmed herself up by an hour's shopping, when she turned homeward; it being late in the evening, she found herself more decidedly chilly than before. At midnight she had pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs), and in three months had the ordinary symptoms of confirmed consumption.

A Visit to the Dead Sea.

We made the Frank Mountain our starting point, where we found the tanks just running dry, and the water of the mud-eat. Early next morning we started, passing Tekoa, thence down Wady Hasana, and arrived at the top of the Ain Jidy pass about 4 P. M.

The view from this point was magnificent; the sky was clear; we were two thousand feet above the Dead Sea, and yet as it were, hanging over it; the sea below us appeared of an intense blue, with yet, a curious milky film over it, with here and there dark moving spots passing along, as if floating islands; the hills beyond were thrown by the setting sun into striking contrasts of light and shade, the rocks being of a rosy tint; below, on the narrow strip of the Ghor, a vivid green struck the eye, which one could almost conjure into the palm and other tropical trees we knew to be growing there. The hills themselves were not in one monotonous line, as seen from Jerusalem, but collected into masses of different heights, broken by deep and narrow gorges, above one of which Kerkak was to be seen, the houses and battlements coming out most plainly in the glowing sunset. It is seldom that the atmosphere in summer is clear enough to allow of a view such as we saw that afternoon. We had to hurry on to get to our camp before dark; the sun down is very bad, but not dangerous. It took us an hour to descend the fourteen hundred feet, and then we found ourselves on a little sloping spur, from the top of which Ain Jidy gushes, falling down by cascades into the sea some five hundred feet lower. We had felt the heat increasing gradually as we descended; and when we reached the Ain our thermometer (after sunset) stood at 95 degrees Fahr., and we were still a good height above the sea (500ft.), the hot air from its shores coming up constantly and in most disagreeable and stifling puns. We found our guards bathing in the Ain; but we banded them out and turned in ourselves, and had a most delightful bath, though the thermometer in the water stood at 81.

We slept very little that night, owing to the heat and noise. We had a guard of sixty men; we had only paid the sheikh for thirty, but we did not feel very comfortable in the country of Jellahin, and each man had his double. All night long, camel loads of salt (from Udsun) were winding up the narrow staircase as we went, our guards kept up an incessant noise, talking to the camel drivers, with whom they conversed at a distance of several hundred yards. It is astonishing to what a distance the Arabs manage to pitch their voices when they wish it.

In the morning (Sunday) we were awake by the first rays of the sun shining on our tent and raising the temperature to over 100; we had to turn out quickly, swallow a hasty breakfast, and start off for shade, in the Wady Sudier, in search of the grotto described in Tristram's "Land of Israel." It was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the spur on which we were encamped lies between Wadies Areyah and Sudier, and catches any stray puffs of fresh air that may happen to be struggling about; but Wady Sudier is a regular sun-trap—a cleft with hills 200 ft. in height at the mouth and increasing towards the upper end. We soon became quite exhausted, struggling amid the tall bamboos; and we presented a ludicrous spectacle, crouching down under the pieces of rock which gave a few inches of shade. Eventually somebody found an overhanging rock near the bed of the torrent, with bamboos making a lattice work in front, and we here collected our forces, the Bedouins wanting to share the shade with us. It was a charming little retreat, only so very hot. When we had recovered, the church service was read, and somebody producing an "Ancient and Modern," we were enabled to sing a few hymns, the sound being mellowed by the rushing noise of the torrent close by. An appropriate sermon on the Dead Sea fruit closed our proceedings. We dared not, however, leave our retreat until late in the afternoon, when we followed up the torrent, coming upon some beautiful cascades, one of them twenty feet high. After a little slippery climbing, we arrived at the grotto of which Mr. Tristram speaks so enthusiastically. It is certainly a most beautiful spot, but I fancy more water was flowing from it when we were there, as we were unable to get very near it without getting wet through; the sun was now low, and we clambered back to our tents.

The heat was extreme, and after sunset the thermometer stood at 110 degrees on the shore of the Dead Sea. After taking some angles with the theodolite, we left Ain Jidy at 6:40 A. M., for Sebbek. At 8:50 A. M., we arrived at two fresh water springs near the sea-shore; here we filled our skins and jars, as we were told we should find no more drinkable water until we arrived at Wady Um Baghek, on the other side of Sebbek. The old fortress soon loomed in view, and we began to look out for shade among the curious flat-topped hillocks through which we were moving. We could find nothing approaching to shelter until we had passed the south-east of the rock, standing over the bed of a dried-up water channel; at the foot of this was a narrow strip hidden from the sun, and here we were able to breathe freely.

We started to ascend at 2:20 P. M.—Dr. B., myself, three Bedouins, and a little flask of water. Our men had never been up before, and as we were on the wrong side, we felt doubtful whether we should double the southern side of the fortress and so get into the regular path, or should go towards the north. Circumstances guided us; we found that full on the eastern side we had less difficulty, and we thought to creep round at a higher level; when, however, we were about half way up, we saw right above us a sort of broken path, and we were so knocked up that the danger of the short cut appeared as nothing to the long pull round. We commenced scrambling up by a path more dangerous than difficult, for the natural lay of the rocks is such that they crop out perpendicular to the steep side of the hill, and thus each stone you scramble up is overhanging and ready to topple over and crush you, should your weight be sufficient to overbalance it. One of the Bedouins suddenly disappeared over a rock; suspecting him, I caught him before he had quite finished the flask of water with which he had been intrusted. On getting close to the top we were nearly stunned; before us were two upright pieces of wall, of about fifteen feet each in height, without any apparent path; we found some toe-holes in these and climbed up. A false step here would have been destruction. We arrived at the top at 5:20 P. M., and gave three cheers, re-echoed from below; we found we had landed full on the middle of the eastern side of the flat surface of the fortress. Whether the path we went up by, or came down by is the "Serpent" spoken of by Josephus, appears to be a question which cannot be solved by reference to Whiston's translation; but seems probable that it should refer to the more difficult path to the east, by which we ascended.

Whether the "Serpent" is proved to be the eastern or western path is a matter of little moment, as they both wind considerably; but it is of some importance that we should have come up by it, and have so far helped in a small way to verify the description of the Jewish historian.

The ruins are well described by Lynch, De Sauly, and Tristram, and we were not long enough there to do more than make a short examination, but quite long enough to find that the place has not been half looked over, and that a stay of two or three days in the winter time on the top of this rock will be necessary before it can be properly examined and described.

Our views were not completed by sunset, and Corporal Phillips elected to stop at the top all night in preference to going down and up again in the morning. We had not gone down far before darkness came on, and we soon found ourselves in difficulties. Our guides hardly knew the way, and as we could not see before us, we kept on as best we might, ourselves treading the air, being somewhat impressed with the account Josephus gives of the chasms on either side of the road. Thankful we were when we met some men who had been sent up to find us with a light, but it was not pleasant to see that we had had some narrow shaves in the darkness. With regard to the height of Sebbek above the Dead Sea, with two aneroids taken independently I made it fifteen hundred feet. Mr. Tristram makes it seven hundred feet higher. This discrepancy is very great; but though I do not know what was the error in my observations, I can not vouch for their accuracy, as the extreme heat made it impossible to observe with great care. Next morning we awoke dull and unrefreshed. As we looked out on the early dawn, a quivering mist hung over every rock; a heavy silence filled the air, and made us feel the utter desolation of the place; funny, jagged, flat tops of marly rocks jutted out in all directions looking like castles slumbering under the enchanter's wand; not a sound from bird or beast could be heard.

The moment the sun rose all was changed; his rays lighted up and brought back life to the barren rocks, and we were in the world again.

Sending up Corporal Phillips his breakfast, we left him a horse and mule, and hurried on with the rest, for, poor beasts, they had had nothing for nearly twenty-four hours, and were regularly parched up. Part of our way we noticed driftwood in a line thirty feet above the then level of the sea. Our road then lay through the water, as the rocky shore was too steep, and it was difficult to see the animals sniffling up the salt, bitter brine. At 11:45 P. M. we arrived at Wady Um Moghik, and found a beautiful stream of water in a deep gorge, where we could hide away from the sun. We sat down to lunch, but were very anxious for our mules; they took so long to get along, and came straggling in, each looking more done up than his predecessor. Only one could not get up to the stream, and to it water was taken, and it revived.

We passed on by the curious hill of salt, and examined "Lot's Wife," a very large pillar of salt, something like a figure out of "Noah's Ark." At the eastern end we came to the mouth of a large cavern in the hill through which a stream appears to flow in winter time; inside, the temperature felt quite cold after the heat outside, though it was hotter in there than the average temperature at Jerusalem in July. The rock of Jebel Udsun is partially formed of enormous masses of salt, presenting a series of pinnacles and sharp angles formed by the sun and moisture in winter. On our road we met with most beautiful specimens of salt crystals, like icicles, only pointing towards the sky; we collected some of these, but they melted away at Jerusalem. As we were moving campwards, and were talking of "Lot's Wife," the attention of all three was suddenly attracted. We saw before us among the pinnacles of salt, a gigantic "Lot," with a daughter on each arm, hurrying off in a south-westerly direction, their bodies bent forward as they were in great haste, and their flowing garments trailing behind.

Webster's Death-bed.

In the evening, the will, which had been drawn up by Mr. Curtis, was brought to Mr. Webster to sign. He was then in a sitting posture, supported in his bed by pillows.

By this time, nearly the whole household were assembled in his room. He asked if Mrs. Webster and his son had seen the will, and if they approved it; both assured him that they fully assented to it. Then he said, "Let me sign it now." It was placed before him, and he affixed his signature to it, strongly and as clearly written; and, as he returned the pen to Mr. Curtis, he said, looking at him with a peculiar smile, "Thank God for strength to do a sensible act;" and then, immediately, and with great solemnity, raising both his hands, he added: "O God! I thank Thee for all Thy mercies."

He then looked inquiringly around the room, as if to see that all were there whom he wished to address. As he was manifestly about to say something that ought to be preserved, Mr. Curtis took notes of his words. He spoke in a strong, full voice, that might have been heard over half the house, and with his usual modulation and emphasis; but very slowly and with an occasional pause. He said:

"My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's will. I thank Him now for all the mercies that surround me. I thank Him for the means He has given me of doing some little good; for my children,—these beloved objects; for my nature and associations. I thank Him that I am to die, if I am, under so many circumstances of love and affection. I thank Him for all His care."

No man, who is not a brute, can say that he is not afraid of death. No man can come back from that bourne; no man can comprehend the will or the works of God. That there is a God, all must acknowledge. I see Him in all these wondrous works. Himself, how wondrous!

The great mystery is Jesus Christ—the Gospel. What would be the condition of any of us if we had not the hope of immortality? What ground is there to rest upon after the Gospel? There were scattered hopes of the immortality of the soul, running down, especially among the Jews. The Jews believed in a spiritual origin of creation. The Romans never reached it; the Greeks never reached it. It is a tradition, that after communication was made to the Jews by God Himself, through Moses and the fathers. But there is, even to the Jews, no direct assurance of an immortality in heaven. There is, now and then, a scattered intimation, as in Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," but a proper consideration of that does not refer to Jesus Christ at all. But there were intimations—preparatory—twilight. But—but—but, brought life and immortality to light—rescued it—brought it to light. There is an admirable discourse on that subject by Dr. Barrow, Preacher to the Inner Temple. I think it is his sixth sermon.

"Well, I don't feel as if I am to fall off; I may."

He now paused for a short time; a drowsiness appeared to come over him, and his eyes were closed. In a moment or two he opened them, and, looking eagerly around, he asked: "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" "No, no, dear sir," was the response from all.

He then began the words of the Lord's Prayer; but, after the first sentence, feeling faint, he cried out, earnestly, "Hold me up, I do not wish to pray with a fainting voice." He was instantly raised a little by a movement of the pillows, and then repeated the whole of the prayer, in clear and distinct tones, ending his devotions with these words:

"And now unto God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be praise forever and forever! Peace on earth, and good will to men—that is the happiness, the essence—good will toward men." George Ticknor Curtis's Life of Daniel Webster.

Sheridan's Wit.

His impromptu speeches were, like his letters, generally poor and pointless; and when the conversation at dinner happened to take a turn for which he was not prepared either by thought or reading, Sir Walter Scott says, Sheridan would sit sullen and silent, gazing glass after glass, rather a hinting at a hint, says Sheridan, a coloring this statement a little, says Sheridan, a coloring "wait patiently through a whole evening for the exact moment when the shaft, which he had ready feathered, might be let fly with effect. There was no effort, either obvious or disguised, to lead to the subject—no "question detached" (as he himself expresses it) "to draw you into the ambuscade of his ready-made joke;" and when the lucky moment did arrive, the natural and accidental manner in which he would let this treasure of sentences fall from his lips, considerably added to the astonishment and the charm. So bright a thing, produced so easily, seemed like the delivery of Wieland's Amanda in a dream; and his own apparent unconsciousness of the value of what he said might have deceived all people into the idea that there was really nothing in it."

His forte in conversation was banter; and he shone best when attacking some person in the company; or some opinion which he had heard expressed. Byron thought him superb in this. "I have seen him cut up Whitbread," he says, in his diary, "quizzing Madame de Staël, annihilating Coleman, and doing little less by some others (whose names as friends I set not down) of good fame and ability." Of course, like all men of wit, Sheridan could throw out retorts and sarcasms on the spur of the moment; and when driven to bay, he was generally equal to the occasion. His reply to Pitt when taunted in the House of Commons with his genius for the stage was very apt. "Flattered and encouraged by the Right Honorable Gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if, even I am again engaged in the composition he alludes to, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, the character of the angry boy in The Alchemist." There was a touch of the master, too, in his reply to the lady, who, after pestering him at a country-house half the morning to walk out with her, and being put off with the excuses on account of the weather, discovered him at last escaping by a side door. "Well, I see it has cleared up," Mr. Sheridan, said the lady with all a lady's archness under the circumstances. "Why, yes," said Sheridan, making good his escape. "It has cleared up for one, but not for two." His excuse to the man who remonstrated with him for drinking when his theater was in flames: "Well, sir, and may not a man drink a glass of wine by his own fireside?" is characteristic, but second-hand. It is at least as old as Hierocles. His reply, however, to the watchman who found him half-seas over in Covent garden, and asked him for his name—"Wilberforce"—is, I believe, as authentic as it is humorous. But it was not in sallies of wit that Sheridan threw out his best things. His was not like that of Theodorick Hook and Douglas Jerold, of Horne Tooke and Sidney Smith; it was rather like that of Rabelais and Butler. Sheridan, like Swift, was of a saturnine humor; and his wittiest sayings—those by which he will be best remembered—were those which he had turned off when he was lying in bed in the morning, when idling at his dressing-table, or at his desk preparing for the after dinner chat of the evening.

Chamber's Journal.

Hon. Gerritt Smith.

Dr. Lees, in a letter to the Alliance News, says of Mr. Smith and his home:

I write from the family mansion of one of the most notable men of this age and country, in a room which the eloquent George Thompson and the good Joseph Sturge occupied in the early days of the anti-slavery struggle—I mean the Hon. Gerritt Smith, formerly senator of this district of the State. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Smith at Oswego, the strongly fortified outlet of the State upon Lake Ontario, connected with the Hudson by means of the famous Erie Canal, in which city he has much valuable wharfage, and where he is engaged in deepening the artificial waters for the largest lumber vessels. I was pleased to visit the public library there, which he founded, and which contains an oil painting of himself that has the negative merit of not flattering. The person of Mr. Gerritt Smith is very striking, and illustrates the best type of the Scottish and Dutch races, from which he springs, made lively by American climate and culture. Picture a stately looking man of seventy-three years, with gray hair, a flowing beard nearly white, hazel eyes sparkling with unabated fire, a benevolent and rosy countenance, dressed like a gentleman of the olden time, in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, copious white wristbands, falling shirt collar and loose cravat—the tout ensemble radiant with an earnest, grave manner, yet full of a beating enthusiasm. With the intellectual characteristics of this brave, patriarchal man, now a great grandfather, are already familiar from his speeches and writings; but though they are always strong, and some might deem them harsh at times, they come from a soul unaffectedly pious, considerate and gentle. He would conduct me from Syracuse hither to his native village on the Stockbridge Hills, once owned by the Indians of that name, who made a grant of fifty thousand acres to his father.

Peterboro' is a village of some eighty families, (composed of retired farmers,) prettily laid out, with trees on either side of long, broad streets, and environed with rich pastures and wooded knolls. The drink traffic has been shut out by "local option" since 1848; and though instances are known of inveterate drinkers standing for a jug or bottle of whiskey from towns five or ten miles away, the young men have not fallen

into temptation and ruin. Crime is all but unknown; the last case, some years back, being a drunken assault. Gerritt Smith, as you already know, has inaugurated the anti-dram-shop party, and is working energetically to make it go. May he live long enough to see, if not its triumph, the sure tokens of that ultimate victory which I am of the opinion it is destined to achieve.

The Popes.

The following summary is from the Neue Freie Presse, of Vienna, by no means a Protestant paper. Now that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is attracting so much attention the record is suggestive at least:

From St. Peter (in supposing that he ever was at Rome) to Pius IX. there have been 297 Popes, including 24 Anti-Popes and one female Pontiff; 19 of them left Rome and 36 reigned in foreign countries; 8 ruled a month only; 40, one year; 22, two years; 54, five; 51, fifteen; 18, twenty; and 9, only for a longer period. Among the 297, 31 were declared heretics and 64 died of a violent death; that is to say, 18 were poisoned and four strangled, the rest perishing in other ways. Independent of the Popes of Avignon, 26 Pontiffs were deposed, expelled and banished from Rome; 28 others could only maintain themselves by the aid of the foreigner. Out of the whole number, 155, or more than one-half, showed themselves unfit for their office; 6, in spite of their vows, had children. Leo IV., it is said, was a woman, and died in childbirth. Urban V. confessed his fallibility, and submitted to the censure of a council; 2 other Popes, Victor III. and Adrian VI., confessed in public that they had sinned, etc. . . . Certain it is that, in this long history of Christ's vicars, none may be taken of the frequent absences of the Holy Spirit.

New and Strange Sect.

Macopin, Passaic county, New Jersey, has been excited lately over a new sect, called "Jehovah's B-and," which pretends to be allied to the Methodist church. The Newark Courier thus describes it:

Their form of worship develops itself in pulling, blowing, whistling, shouting, jumping, wrestling, falling to the floor, and rolling over and kicking. Both women and men engage in the exercises. Baptism is by immersion in the village mill pond, at the dead hour of the night. On Sunday they hold continuous service, and take a recess for meals only, refusing to read a newspaper, or even to receive a letter on that day. John Rhinensmith, a wealthy and well-to-do farmer of the neighborhood, is the chief man of the band, and recently had his house rebuilt especially to accommodate the brethren; one room resting on strong beams, stands the jumping; but about a month ago an ardent member, in a paroxysm of fanaticism, declared that he felt as light as air, and even though he jumped upon a looking-glass he would not so much as bruise it with a scratch; whereupon he began to leap upon the stove-hearth, and broke it off, and then leaping on the top broke in the frail covers, and finally smashed a table rocking-chair, before he subsided. Recently, Rhinensmith, baptized Mr. Gilbert B. Speaker, a man of family and a convert to the new faith, the baptism taking place in Rhinensmith's mill pond, before the members of the band and amid shouts and cries, the whole gang at one time shouting "fire," to the alarm of others in the neighborhood, it being then after midnight. The Society numbers 500 members.

Warning to Young Men.

Charles Lamb told his sad experience as a warning to young men, in the following language:

The waters have run over me, but out of the black depth, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand how drear is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and a passive will to his destruction, and have no human power to stop it, and yet feel it all emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, fevered with the last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repeating the folly; could he but feel the body out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

Removing the National Capital.

The only good, so far, that has been evolved in the discussion of the proposition to remove the national capital from Washington to some juvenile city of the West, has been to provoke a little fun. It seems to us, that the only really correct and impregnable view of the matter is the view taken by the Hon. J. A. Johnson, of California, who exploits the idea that the true locality for a capital is in California. "A long time ago," he admits, "Washington City was a name that could not be pronounced without kindling emotions of patriotism, whereas now it suggests only a great ragged picture of negro processions, election riots, and a lobby of white speculators who could not be satisfied by a legislative donation of the whole world, unless it was tendered with a vote of thanks." He proposes, therefore, the Pacific, where pacification may be found in the soil, the air, the fruits and the juices, the ledges and the placers. "Let us go," he says, "and locate the capital at 'Red Dog,' among the breezy pines, where long, slanting shadows fall with witchery to charm upon the surrounding hills; where the mountain streams babble music to the glass-slipped fairies, and invite the 'howling coyote' to lap of their waters. If this grand site, seated in a saddle in the mountains, pleases not your fancy, then 'You Bet,' is a fitting place. No hostile fleet can ever there ascend. 'You Bet,' is too high. 'You Bet,' our future capital can never be shaken by mortal foe. 'You Bet,' our capital, is above tide-water. But if you like it not, 'Yuba Dam' is a favorable place. But, still further and lastly, if you will accept none of these for safety or for beauty, then 'Jackass Gulch' is an appropriate place; there every ass can bray 'with none to molest or make him afraid.' Moreover, 'Red Dog' is a name implying fervent domestic attachment, and should bring fond memories of the past to the mind of every truly loyal gentleman present. 'You Bet,' implies genial good-humor, affability of manners, and a carelessness in financial matters equal to that of

the cabinet officers who looted up the estimates for our appropriations. 'You Bet,' as a place of safety from a warlike foe, has no equal on this continent. Had Troy been 'You Bet,' 'you bet' it would be standing to this day, and Hector would be driving the 'turn out' of Achilles through a streets.

But why take time to present the advantages of 'Red Dog,' 'You bet,' and 'Yuba Dam,' when 'Jackass Gulch' can hardly meet with opposition? Jack is a jolly fellow; ass is the superlative, stentorian, verbose orator; gulch means a nice shady place, with rippling waters, where gold may be found. Who could wish for more—jolly fellows, long thundering speeches, plenty of money, and lying in the shade? No leave to print there; every gentleman could speak his well-digested piece in peace. He of the true Bashan thunder could roar and make his tale ring about your ears to his heart's content. There we should have no infamous measures in an infamous Congress to bring us to disgrace. On the contrary, we should be as innocent children tickled with the funny prattle of the cooling daws. There 'Shoo Fly' must come or remain a meaningless hymn to the Congregational mode. There the thick leaved rhinoceros need never ridge itself in packs, horns, flicker, or flinch in fear of the little stingers that play and dance and sing in the speaking rays of the setting sun." Harper's Magazine.

Obituaries.

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

Miss RHODA HATCH died suddenly in this city, May 14, aged 68 years. She had been for more than thirty years a professed Christian, and was endeared to all who knew her.

ARTHUR WEARE, youngest son of Rev. S. C. and Elina S. Kimball died in Wells, Me., May 17, aged six weeks.

Mrs. MARTHA GILLET died in E. Randolph, Vt., May 15, aged 68 years. Sister Gillett united with the Cong. church in Thetford, in her youth. She died in hope of a resurrection in Christ.

JOSEPH BOWDITCH died in North Randolph, Vt., May 13, aged 80 years. Bro. Bowditch was a member of the Cong. church in Thetford, for 51 years.

Mrs. LAVINA WHEELER died at Odsawa, March 25th, of consumption, in the 45th year of her age. Sister W. embraced religion in early life, united with the Odsawa church at its organization, of which she remained a faithful member until her death. She was firm in her faith in the gospel, and ever ready to give a reason of her hope. Her death is a great loss to the church and society. Our prayer is that God will raise up others to fill her place.

DEA JOHN P. GHOULD died in North Hampton, April 15th, aged 64 years. He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. Although of retiring habits, yet he was not ashamed of his Lord, but without hesitation defined his spiritual belief when it appeared that such would most fully honor Christ. When a young man he adhered somewhat tenaciously to the doctrine of universal salvation, but under the guidance of the Holy Spirit he was led to renounce this error, and he never again relapsed. After having been regenerated, he unhesitatingly destroyed the books he possessed, advocating that error. From that period he had a decided Christian character. He greatly enjoyed religious exercises, and being a man of prayer, he constantly grew in grace. He suffered much during the last few weeks of his sickness at times intense. When near the close of life, and conscious that he would soon be in eternity, he shouted "Glory to God," with much animation. He was baptized and united with the F. W. Baptist church at Stratham, in June 1858, from which he never removed his relation. He was an efficient Deacon in that church for ten or fifteen years. After he ceased to be stated in his own church, he became a cordial and constant attendant at the Congregational church in North Hampton. His views were broad, his heart was large, and he loved all true Christians. He leaves a companion, lonely and sad, with much to mourn his loss. His life was so noble and true that his name will long be fragrant in memory.

CHARLOTTE, wife of Wm. Stacy, died in Gaines, N. Y., March 24th, of cancer and rheumatism, aged 70 years. Sister Stacy was a devoted Christian, and a member of the F. W. Baptist church in Gaines, where she remained a faithful member until she departed to join the triumphal throng above. Sister S. was a woman of rare excellence and virtues, many of which were unseen by a giddy world. She was ambitious to do good; never seeking distinction or honor of men; quiet in her manner, even in her temper and life; devoted largely to the interests of her family and the church; her hands and table were cheerfully open to the needs of the care-worn pilgrim, as the records of eternity will tell. It may be sufficient to say, sister Stacy was most esteemed by those who knew her best. Her friends often said she was a saint, and as they look upon the joyful mound where rests the sleeping dust, they joyfully think of meeting the freed spirit in the better land, and joining in the harmony of everlasting rest through Christ. Sermon by Rev. J. Kettle. A. Z. MITCHELL.

ROSILLA, daughter of John A. and Sarah Briggs, died of typhoid fever, in Lowell, Mass., aged 37 years. Funeral services in Corinth, with her friends, May 13th, by the writer.

LOVEY W., wife of H. W. Niles, daughter of Stephen W. and Margaret Libby, died at Farmington, N. H., May 21st. Sister Niles was born in Pittsfield, she became interested in the great salvation under the labors of Rev. D. P. Cullen at Pittsfield, nearly thirty years ago; was baptized by him, and united with the F. W. Baptist church at that place. Although her last sickness was long and painful, yet she bore her trials with a truly Christian fortitude and resignation. When the summons came, she was fully prepared, and bidding her husband, children, and friends an affectional good-bye, with a prayer for their happiness and final salvation, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

ELMER L., only son of Bro. and Sister James Wentworth, died in Newfield, Me., May 11, of hemorrhage, aged 5 years and 10 months. Elmer was suddenly taken away, while he was thought to be recovering from scarlet fever and painful sore throat. He was a promising little boy, and his death is very deeply felt by his parents and only remaining sister.

KEZIAH SEAVY, our beloved Christian mother, died at West Farmington, Me., May 11th, aged 87 years. She embraced the religion of Christ during the "Great Revival" in Saco, Me., in 1808, and with her husband was baptized by Elder Tobie, both uniting with the Free-Will Baptist denomination, at that time. She and father Seavy had, at the time of her death, enjoyed the relation of husband and wife, sixty-two years and eight months. During her years of protracted infirmity, every want was faithfully supplied by her affectionate household. Nothing less than a task of love, did any of her family regard it, when called upon to fulfill her wishes, or minister to her comfort. Her life was truly Christian, and the end peaceful. We ask the prayers of God's people for our venerable Christian father in his affliction.

MISS BETSEY BODGE died in Barrington, May 18th, of typhoid fever, aged 71 years and 4 months. She made a profession of religion in her youth, lived a Christian life, and died in hope of heaven. She has left a brother, a sister, an adopted daughter, and other friends to mourn their loss.

hour; when found, life was extinct. His age was about 20 months. May the Lord sustain the afflicted parents.

J. MEADER.

SYLVANIA B., wife of E. L. Wedgewood, died at Farmington, N. H., May 15th, aged 24 years. Sister Wedgewood was born in Lebanon, Me.; she embraced religion in early life, was baptized by Elder Pinkham, and united with the F. W. Baptist church at South Lebanon. None knew her but to love her. She lived by faith on the Son of God and died in the full assurance of a blissful immortality.

MARY A., wife of Henry W. Horne, died at West Lebanon, Me., May 15th, aged 87 years. Sister H. sought and found the Saviour in her youth; was baptized by Rev. S. Curtis, and united with the F. W. Baptist church at Great Falls. On removing to Lebanon she united with the church at that place, and remained a member until called from labor to reward. A husband and two sons, with the church and congregation, mourn their loss; but what is our loss in her finite gain.

JOHN BLETHEN died in Durham, Me., April 23, aged 80 years and 7 months. Brother Blethen became a Christian about sixty years since, and united with the church in Durham. He bore his last sickness with Christian resignation, and expressed his confidence in Christ. That religion he had professed so long was his support in death. Waiting for the summons to come he calmly passed away to his Saviour. A faithful wife cared for him till the last, and now mourns in hope of a glorious resurrection.

G. PLUMMER.

NEW COMMENTARY.

NOW IN PRESS, AND TO BE ISSUED June 1st, A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT, by J. J. BUTLER, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Institution at New Hampton, N. H.—In three volumes. The first volume will contain about 400 pp., on superior paper, and will be bound in the best English muslin.

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