

Bates College

**SCARAB**

---

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

---

6-15-1870

## **The Morning Star - volume 45 number 24 - June 15, 1870**

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scarab.bates.edu/morning\\_star](https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star)

---



# The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., JUNE 15, 1870.

No. 24

## THE MORNING STAR. A Weekly Religious Newspaper For the Family.

OFFICES, No. 30 Washington St., Dover, N. H.,  
No. 20 Vesey St., New York City.

LUTHER B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

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

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

Each Subscriber is particularly requested to note the date on the label for the expiration of his subscription, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.

### NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.
4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on money sent for the Star is allowed in deduction.
5. We send no books out to be sold on commission, or otherwise, with the privilege of returning them.

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1870.

### "Thank God for Sunday!"

Now God be thanked! that he has given—  
Blest boon to saint and sinner—  
A day of rest—one day in seven,  
Where toil is not the winner;  
Rest for the tired and jaded brain,  
The wearied hand, on Sunday,  
That they might gather strength again,  
For toil renewed on Monday.

The merchant, in his counting-room,  
The clerk, at his desk and ledger,  
The artisan, at forge or loom,  
The officer and the soldier,  
The laborer, who must toil and slave  
From early dawn of Monday  
Until the week sinks in its grave,  
All cry: "Thank God for Sunday!"

The day that lifts the weary chain,  
Which all the week hath bound us,  
That respite gives to heart and brain,  
From thousand cares around us,  
That in the toilsome march of life  
That bids us take, for one day,  
Rest from the battle and the strife;  
Oh! God be thanked for Sunday!

If thus by all one day of rest  
Be hailed, as respite solely,  
How to the Christian doubly blest  
Must be Sabbath holy;  
As, in fifth light, he lifts his eyes  
To that bright world where, one day,  
He longs to spend beyond the skies,  
One blest, eternal Sunday!

### Romanism vs. Liberty.

We find in one of our exchanges this strong and impressive statement respecting the intrinsic and historically-proved hostility of the very genius of the Romish church to the doctrine of civil and religious liberty as it is defined and held in this country. The author is Rev. James Lisie, and he manifestly speaks out of a full knowledge of the subject:

Rome is the determined foe of every civil government not controlled by herself. Of course, then, Rome is the enemy of American liberties.

By our proposition, we do not mean that Rome has any special dislike to any particular form of civil government. She has none; but she approves of all that approve her. Whether despotic, or constitutional, no government, no form of government is distasteful to her, if she can be the power behind the throne, ruling the rulers.

We must here, too, make a distinction between Romanism as a system, and those who profess it. Many Romanists in this and other countries, are doubtless pure patriots, and ardent lovers of liberty. But they are in spite of the system, not on account of it, or because it advocates liberty.

Any citizen has a right to labor for the improvement of the social and political order, and if even radical changes be necessary to effect this, he may consistently advocate them. But any changes are revolutionary and treasonable that would transfer the governmental power and authority, either wholly or in part, to foreign and irresponsible power.

Now, Romanists teach that the Roman Catholic church is superior to the civil or secular power, and that all civil governments should be administered in her interest. Thus, then, while she does not seek, here or elsewhere, to annihilate the secular power, she does, everywhere, aim to control it, and subject it to herself, that Rome may be "all in all."

Many seem to think that Rome claims supremacy only in spiritual things; and Romanist writers and speakers in this country constantly tell us that Rome is the friend of liberty, and advocates the largest freedom. According to Romanist ideas of freedom, this is doubtless true. But on this, as on many other points, they and we do not see "eye to eye." What they call liberty we be-

lieve to be priestly oppression. Hear what Pope Pius IX. says of liberty, in an allocution delivered but two years ago:

"The Austrian government passed an odious law, to be carried out and strictly observed in every district of the empire. \* \* \* That law establishes free liberty of all opinions, liberty of the press, of every faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine. \* \* \* She has also promulgated a law on education, which suppresses all the influence of the church over education, decreeing that the whole superior supervision of education, literature and science, as also the inspection of schools, appertains to the State; \* \* \* that any religious society may open private or special schools for the youth of its faith," etc., etc.

He then proceeds: "You see, consequently, venerable brethren, how necessary it is strongly to reprove and condemn these abominable laws, sanctioned by the Austrian government—laws in flagrant contradiction of the doctrines of the Catholic religion."

There is the creed of Rome; there is what she says concerning liberty. Take away the things here condemned, and what will you have of liberty, but the name? Incidental errors, and wrong decisions there may have been; but look at the points condemned by the Pope, and tell me that the church can call these laws odious and abominable, and that declares its purpose "strongly to oppose and condemn" them, can with any consistency or truth, be called the friend of liberty?

But hear the Pope still further: "In a virtue of the same authority which appertains to us, we declare those decrees null and powerless in themselves, and in their effect, both as regards the present and the future." Could the Almighty, the King of kings and Lord of lords, use loftier words than these?

And this is not a solitary example, for in a previous allocution, the Pope used similar language concerning laws enacted by the government of Italy.

How did the Pope, a pretended teacher of religion, obtain authority to annul State laws, and to abrogate the decrees of national governments? Is he the "annointed one" to whom the kingdoms of the earth belong? To be sure, the Pope is a temporal prince, (thus serving mammon, while he pretends to serve God, a feat our Saviour declares none can successfully perform.) And in this capacity he can claim obedience in temporal things, but only from those under his temporal governments. What right has he to dictate the political conduct of other nations and people? And after these explicit declarations of the Pope—the head of the church—who will say that Rome favors liberty, either civil or religious?

We need not discuss that part of the political conduct of Italy and Austria that called forth the thunders of the Vatican. But we ask, Are these governments charged with abridging the liberties of Roman Catholics? Not at all. The whole "head and front" of their offense is this: Leaving the liberties of Romanists intact, they granted liberty to others.

Why did this offend the Pope? Simply for this reason: His kingdom, unlike that of our Divine Master, is "of this world." Who, then, will say that Romanism favors liberty here, or anywhere? Or, rather, who cannot see that what she calls liberty is simply permission for Rome to trample down all opposition—to "break in pieces and bruise?"

### Church Bells.

Tell a campanologist of a bell with an inscription on it, and he is at once eager to reach it, braving all the dangers of imperfect, rickety ladders and rotten belfry floors, the wrath of owls and jackdaws at seeing their realms invaded, to say nothing of the certainty of being half-smothered in dust and cobwebs. One such we remember who fell through the belfry door, but was luckily caught by two joists under his arms. There he remained suspended—being an elderly man, and fearing lest the joists should also give way if he made strenuous endeavors to extricate himself—till the clerk happened to come into the body of the church, and then ascended to his rescue. Most fortunately the good man had a habit of carrying his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket (like the first Napoleon), and was just able to reach it and supply his nose during his unpleasant imprisonment, to which, he used to say, he owed much of his equanimity while suspended. "Jesus bells," as they are called, are not uncommon. Sir H. Partridge won four such—the greatest of their kind in the kingdom—from Henry VIII., at a single cast of the dice. The oldest bells bear the name of the saint to whom they were dedicated. Then follows the *ora pro nobis* of pre-Reformation times, specially common in the fourteenth century. In the fifteenth century snooded short Latin hexameters or laudatory mottoes.

In the eastern countries of England, where Puritanism most prevailed, is found a curious inscription:

I sound not for souls of the dead, but the ears of the living.

English mottoes did not come into general use till the seventeenth century; after which English and Latin legends were (as they still are) indiscriminately used. "God save the Church" or "the King" is frequently found.

I to the grave do summon all,  
And to the Church the living call,  
That I may see you kneeling here,  
And to the Church the living call.

is on a bell at Southwell church, and on many more.

After 1600, bell-mottoes lose, for the most part, their religious tone. They record the parsons and the church wardens' names and the date of casting. Longer inscriptions are often frivolous or irreverent, such as:

My sound is good, my shape is neat;  
Somebody made me all complete.

At St. Helen's, Worcester, is a set of bells on which are recorded Marlborough's victories.

Leonine or rhyming Latin hexameters are frequently found on bells; others are called alphabet bells, from bearing the letters of the alphabet in quaint old types on their rims. Lest these minutiae should prove wearisome to any save professional campanologists, we hasten to conclude this paper by culling a few bell-legends at random from Mr. Ellacombe's interesting collection of those to be found on Devon church-bells.

MORS VESTA VITA.

Squire Arundel the great my whole expense did raise,  
Nor shall our tongues abate to celebrate his praise.

BEATI IMMACULATI.

When you me ring, I'll sweetly sing.

I mean to make it understood,  
That though I'm little, yet I'm good.

When I begin, then all strike in.

Some generous hearts do me here fix,  
And now I make a peal of six.

Come let us sing, Church and king!

EGO SUM VOX CLAMANTIS PARATE.

Recast by John Taylor and Son,  
Who the best prize for church-bells won,  
At the great Exhibition,  
In London, 1, 8, 5, and 1.

I tell the funeral knell,  
I ring the festal day,  
I mark the fleeting hours,  
And chime the church to pray.

Chamber's Journal.

Another Portrait.

The character and administration of President Lincoln still enlist the attention of many thoughtful men, and there is scarcely a philosophic student of life but has tried his hand at sketching the mental nature of the man who filled and still fills so large a place in American history and government. Mr. John Weiss thus pictures him in the last issue of *The Standard*:

The President's mind was plain, with a tendency toward metaphysical speculation so decided that he sometimes told his friends he had missed his vocation. One of his earliest efforts was a rationalistic treatise, which an over-zealous partisan put into the stove, lest it should hurt his political prospects. This quality appeared conspicuously in his early analysis of the sophistries of Senator Douglas, and was always like some cleaner or picker, that frees a staple of its refuse. His common sense kept it in the service of practical questions, and it never interfered with his natural ability to grow up to their level. He did not represent the prophetic thought of a few nards, but the great bulk of thinking, or rather of the popular instinct, which is coming up abreast of the finest intelligence. It was not his mission to proclaim the truths which were necessary to America, before there was an America to adopt them. His healthy growth was due to the sagacity which waited for the impulses of the country to gather headway, and which never mistook a good deal of local feeling for a deliberate American conviction. But he had a faith in the ultimate resolution of the people, that kept him steady all the while. The advanced points of truth often sighed to hear the trumpet's comfort and assurance from his lips, and lamented the silence. But his roots were in the prairie, where he absorbed both sun and air; and when he went to the grist, he went full of nature. His temper was not enthusiastic; he never fired the popular heart, any more than the corn and wheat do in growing. He never appeared to yearn after the point which at length he gained; but, as if he had the instinct of all the country's staples in him to make the fruit itself put forth its own blossom, his feeling could not be hurried to anticipate his growth. When the time came, he said something that struck another hour of liberty's life. For his roots tapped our hearts, and went working all around for every drop, slowly to draw in and change the people's secret hopes into the people's unconcealed America, whose eyes this morning beam with majesty and confidence.

His fancy was homely, and seemed to point his thought on purpose with the commonest illustrations, as if to satirize the flowery politicians. Fifty years of oratory, self-laudation and arrogance, of corrupt expedients ably recommended, of crimes against the people adroitly argued, of latent treason covered by that flouting rag called patriotism—this bad dream of a restless country was broken by a rude and honest voice; as when he said,—"Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold."

There is no chance for bribery in that. How welcome were his sentences, bare as your hand, but closed firmly on their object, to hold it, and nothing more; not to play fast and loose with our great ideas, but to win and keep them for the benefit

of all. The large, hard-featured hand which tore all our old hunting to the ground, hung out the flag of the common people of America.

### Prayer not Lost.

Dr. Hedge summons reason and science to his aid when he pleads for a belief in the real efficacy of all true prayer:

If there be the personal God whom faith conceives, there must be the personal relations and communications with him which faith supposes and religion craves. Our spirits must be in contact with his kind. Somewhere and somehow there must be an answer to every true prayer. For surely the economies of the moral world are not less exact than those of the natural. In the realm of matter, there is no waste. Not a grain of dust, not a drop of water, not a particle of vapor, can ever be lost to the sphere of which it is a component part. The dew which bathes the summer rose, and glorifies the meadow with its morning sheen, had its origin in what might seem to be the escapes and wastes of the planet. And, when rose and meadow have exhaled their dews at the touch of the sun, the viewless, imponderable vapor is not dissipated beyond recall; it is not all spent in the thankless air; it is gathered and garnered in the chambers of the sky, and returns again in due season, according to its circuit, in orient dews or refreshing showers. And shall not the finer exhalations of the soul—the prayers that are breathed from the depths of the breast, the secret vows, the God-ward thought, the devout aspiration—shall not these also return again according to their circuit, and bring their blessing?

### Christ's Fullness.

Dr. Guthrie thus impresses a great and precious truth with a fine and effective illustration:

I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble-rolling river, and to think that, although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever; his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fullness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day rejoicing. For when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness, or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fullness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, Divine Redeemer, in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more! What thou hast gone to heaven to prepare, may we be called up to death to enjoy.

### The Proof.

The tendency to exact testimony in support of religious truths, such as is demanded in no other part of life or field of inquiry, is well exhibited in the following incident:

Some years ago a Frenchman, who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sand, called on his God. Day after day passed, and the Arab never faltered; till at last, one evening, the philosopher, when he arose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his burning eye on the scroffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man and a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were fading over the lonely desert, "that footprint is not of man."

### A Long Life.

Somebody has happily expanded the brief statement touching the longevity of the oldest man, found in Genesis:

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years; and he died."

Died—and he did not grow weary of life, and lay it down as a great burden, which he had long borne, but from which he should forever more be free?—joyfully resign the weariness, the darkness, the bitterness of existence? Nay! for had there not come to him nine hundred and sixty and nine springs, with the beauty and fragrance of flowers, with the song of birds

and the hum of bees,—come with the laughing voice of brooks and winds, to gladden life, that so it could not be weary.

Nine hundred and sixty and nine summers had come, bringing the cool splash of fountains, the brightness of the sun, and the green luxuriance of the woods,—bringing bright, beautiful, blue skies, and balmy air to brighten life, that so it could not be dark.

Nine hundred and sixty and nine autumns had come, bringing gorgeous robes for the trees, plentiful sparkling, new-made wine,—come with beauty and plenty to sweeten life, and so it could not be bitter.

Nine hundred and sixty and nine winters had come, with mantles of snow, and the keen, cold blast of winds, with glistening frost and glittering icicles,—come killing with chill breath the roses of Sharon, and silencing the tops of the cedars of Lebanon; come like death to warn life, and so it could not be forgetful. And methinks that when Methuselah came to die, looking back through the bright vista of the past, he thanked that God who had made earth so fair and life so beautiful, that he had yet reserved for those who love Him a fairer home and lovelier life; then, clasping his aged hands in prayer, he looked up to heaven, and thus died.

### A Suggestive Record.

Thomas K. Beecher seems to enter with unusual fullness of sympathy into the peculiar elements of experience that distinguish the true Christian woman. One might be sure that he had a rarely excellent mother. Here is one of his latest tributes:

—Born in 1795.  
—Brought up on a farm.  
—Married in 1820.  
—Fifty years a wife.  
—Mother of six children.  
—One year a constant sufferer.  
—She has entered into rest, 1870.

A thoughtful man is simply overwhelmed and silenced by the volume of the labor and deserving that is implied in such a record as this.

Of pain, and care, and watchings, and labors incessant, who can assume a larger share than she who bears sons and daughters, and trains them up to manhood? To lose a night's sleep is mentioned among men as a hardship. To enjoy a night's sleep is something unusual with mothers. Calling to mind these cares in the night season and labors in the day; the three meals for six children year after year, with all that their getting and serving implies; the clothing made or altered spring and fall; the little mendings daily and the great ones weekly; the ailments of the children which each must have, and be comforted by the same comforter, as if no other had ever suffered; the giving forth without receiving, (except there be strength and blessedness in such giving)—in short the life and labor of her who trains six children up to manhood, and without a murmur, dismisses them to seek their own prosperity and found new homes, is a sufficient explanation of Paul's much questioned utterance: "Nevertheless she shall be saved in child-bearing." The God of all grace and bounty has not upon earth or among men another illustration so fair and intelligible of his own essential, self-sacrificing love as she who cheerfully accepts and faithfully discharges the innumerable duties of wife and mother.

Years pass by. The mother's work is ended. The children are grown and gone. How large the house is, and how strangely quiet. And the work lets up as the strength to do it fails. Children, bringing grandchildren, come home to visit, and for the first time, being mothers, learn to honor mother.

She who has borne the grief and comforted the sorrows of a household shall yet endure one trial more—patiently to bear her own pain and lift mightily to make her own weight less to those who care for her. Till that, having borne the burdens of many, and not refused to bear her own exceeding load, her record is at last complete, and, revered by all except herself, she leaves her labors and forsakes her pains and enters into rest. Her angel, who always has beheld the face of the Father, his guardian care no longer needed, speaks without contradiction among the shining ones, "Blessed is this poor in spirit, for hers is the kingdom of heaven."

### Lingering Prejudices.

A correspondent of the *Independent*, who was present at the recent meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, describes a portion of the proceedings that had an element of mingled ludicrousness and grief in them. We trust that the old feud thus reappearing will find a real grave and a deep burial soon. Here is the story:

Decidedly one of the richest things during the whole sessions of the Assembly was the response of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly to the proposal for the opening of a Christian and fraternal correspondence between the two bodies. This Assembly, now holding its sessions in Louisville, represents the Old School Presbyterians that separated from the Northern Church during the war, organized themselves into a distinct body, and went in for slavery and treason to the death. The war being over, the Assembly meeting at Philadelphia sent

a deputation to Louisville, in which were included Dr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, and the Hon. William E. Dodge, of New York, for the express purpose of conveying Christian salutations and preparing the way for a fraternal correspondence. The deputation was courteously received. Yet the Southern Assembly squarely decline the correspondence, alleging, as the ground, the patriotic utterances of the Northern Presbyterian Church during the war, and also its doctrinal corruption by this fusion of Old and New School elements in the same organism. Even Dr. Van Dyke gave it up when the answer sent to the stated clerk of the Philadelphia Assembly was read. He said frankly that he was disappointed and mortified; and that, so far as he could see, all hope of reunion with the Southern Church was for the present at an end. Dr. Beatty, who was not quite so despondent, thought that, when some of the leaders should be graciously translated, things would look better with the Southern Church; and we more than suspect that he is about half right. Dr. Adams of New York, who is constitutionally a peace man, brought in a preamble and resolution which gracefully drop the subject, and leave it to the future developments of Providence. The simple truth is, these Southern Presbyterians, brimful of orthodoxy and love of slavery into the bargain, want a little more time for mulling; and the Northern Church can well afford to give them all the time they need.

### West Virginia Correspondence.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., June 1, 70.  
This place, now the capital of the State of West Virginia, contains a population of about 3,500. It is washed on two sides by the Kanawha and Elk rivers, and nearly surrounded by a circular line of gigantic hills, covered with a varied green. The Kanawha river, about one-third as large as the Ohio, is a beautiful, navigable stream, passing through what is called the "Kanawha Valley." This valley, with the exception of the "bottom-lands" on the Ohio, is the most fertile part of the State. Residing in it are many rich farmers, who pay a yearly tax of from one to three thousand dollars,—enough to make a poor man independent.

The new State House is in process of erection, and will be completed this summer. It is situated about three hundred yards from the Kanawha, on Capital avenue. It is being built of brick with stone facings, in the Italian style of architecture. Its dimensions are to be nearly as follows: Length, 137 feet; width, 55 feet; height to eaves, 65 feet; height in the center, 145 feet. The building embraces three stories, independent of the basement. The grounds connected with it contain five acres, and at no distant day will be enlarged.

The different executive officers are, for the time being, located in the buildings of the Merchant's Bank and the new Bank of the West. The State Superintendent of schools, Rev. A. D. Williams, is doing a good work in arousing the people on the importance of free schools. He is well qualified for the position which he occupies, and has thus far given almost universal satisfaction. He will be able to exert an influence highly favorable to West Virginia College, with which he stands connected; and, also, in introducing our denominational views and sentiments, which are nearly unknown in this new and rising State. He has, I believe, preached the first Free Baptist discourse in the Capital, which was favorably noticed by the press of this place.

Gov. Stevenson appears to be a man of about forty-five, tall and erect, possessing a predominance of the sanguine-nervous temperament. His position, as chief executive of the State, does not seem to elate him. Free and easy in manners, he can not be otherwise than popular with the people. At least, one is very favorably impressed upon a first interview. He will no doubt labor to his utmost ability to promote the general interests of the States. He truly has a great work before him,—many plans to form and mature. The laws are, in many respects, defective; public improvements have only just commenced; and the work of building up a new State, emerging from the degradation of slavery, is a task of no small magnitude.

Of late there has been a good revival interest in the Presbyterian church. Some fifteen or twenty additions have been made. An attempt is making to form a Young Men's Christian Association, an organization greatly needed at this juncture of affairs. Now is the time when every Christian young man may exert an influence which will tell upon the future interests of the place, morally and religiously.

Indeed, this State is missionary ground. A great and effective work can here be consummated if proper exertions are immediately put forth. And shall not Free Baptists have a hand in this good work? Shall not the good seed be sown by us on West Virginia soil? True, a beginning has been made; but this is not enough. The field of our operations should be enlarged, and that speedily. Who will enter it? Who will go forward? Who will unfurl the banner of the Cross? Who will proclaim a free salvation to the inhabitants thereof? Shall this field be neglected, and shall we bear the responsibility of that neglect?

SELAH H. BARRETT.



## Communications.

## Regeneration.

Evidently there is something wrong in man and his relations in the moral world. A revolution has taken place since the blessed morning when life began. Man's state is not what it was designed to be by the Creator, when he pronounced the completed work "very good." Sin enters into everything that he does. The fountain head of the life of the race has become corrupted, so that it sends forth bitter waters instead of sweet.

The Scriptures tell us of the origin of evil among men. They tell us that all sin—that ours is a sinful race,—that the "whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." Moreover, they teach us that some change must take place in man before he can be a state of peace. Our natures are sinful, not from necessity, nor from our connection with a fallen race; but because we freely choose evil. We inherit sinful tendencies, it may be true; but this makes no man a sinner. It is only voluntary actions which are capable of making any being a sinner in reality. But man needs help from without himself to enable him to overcome the evil tendencies of the heart. It is not enough to resolve with the strength we have, to change the whole bent of our natures. This is needed. But, working in connection with us, there must come in an effort of the divine spirit, ere the bonds of sin shall snap asunder and we rise into the new life. Human resolves alone become but ropes of sand. It takes God's power to convert a soul.

The term regeneration is found but twice in our English Scriptures, viz.: Titus: 3, 5. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 19:26,—"Ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." But the idea is often presented in other terms. Ps. 51:10,—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Ezek. 36:25, 26,—"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." Jno. 3:3,—"Except a man will be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Jno. 1:18,—"Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Such are some of the passages relating to this subject; and they teach us that there is some work to be done for man and in him by the Lord, before he can lay claim to true spiritual life.

Human philosophy and educational processes are too weak and earthly to transform the soul and send its aspirations heavenward. There must be some repairs by the great Architect upon the broken shrine before it becomes a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Nay, it must be renewed in Christ. The agencies employed in this work are God and man. Truth is the means.

1. God presents the truth to sinners. This he does in the Scriptures, preaching and labors of his people.

2. The spirit convicts and calls the wandering. "He takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us." The naked truth would be inoperative but for the energizing of the Spirit. This makes the word go as an arrow and with power to the heart.

3. Man has an active history through all the processes from indifference to adoption. (1) He is at first careless; (2) then he hears and examines the message; (3) then he believes, repents, chooses and submits; (4) he is free in every action which affects character.

4. God's spirit cleanses, renews, sanctifies. God makes use of means to affect this work. Truth is the instrument directly employed. It is a supernatural change,—a change effected by a power above nature. It is God's work; yet man is not idle. He must submit to the change, else there comes to the wintry heart no spring of bud and blossom, and singing of birds.

Nor must men deny the work of God in the reforming of a soul, as some vain theorists try to do. The test is its own proof; the transformation of heart and life force assent to the truth of the new birth. Under this brooding of the Holy Dove, there stirs in the heart a new life which is "God in us the hope of heaven." Man's second birth far exceeds his first. One is into the earthly,—the other into the heavenly realm. "Ye must be born again." T. H. D.

## Human Greatness.

Rev. Dr. Spear, who is one of the vigorous, thoughtful, self-poised writers of today, and whose productions are always richly worth reading, thus discourses in the Independent on a subject that needs to be better understood. We copy and commend his suggestions:

There is a sense, far too often unheeded in the world's esteem, in which every man is great. A real greatness belongs to human nature, as the common heritage of all, and therefore peculiar to none, being as true of the savage as it is of the sage. The origin of man as the creature of God; his endowments as a rational and moral being; his sensibility as the subject of happiness or misery; his responsibility and affiliation with others in a social and moral system; his endless longevity of his spirit, with the resulting destiny and progress of his capacities—these are elements of greatness that God has bestowed upon him. They are essential, conational and inalienable, and admit of no decrease or enlargement—the work of God, and not of man.

Construed to these views, though not contradicting them, there are others which present human nature in a very different as-

pect. They assign to man the appearance of littleness. How brief his life! He wakes, and breathes, and moves, and dies. His natal morn and final hour are separated by the space of but a few moments. Compared with the great forces that are at work in the bosom of nature, how feeble is man! These forces hold him subject to their control, and may at any time make him their sport. How complete also is his dependence! What can he do without that power which underlies and upholds his being? What can he do against that power? See him gasping for breath; and what is he but the embodiment of the most helpless weakness? His knowledge, too, even in its utmost expansion, when measured by the unexplored and illimitable unknown, grasps the merest fragment of truth. He is far more characterized by what he does not know than by what he does know.

These antitheses in human nature present the common greatness and glory, and the common littleness and weakness, of men.

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, How complicated, how wonderful is man! Though sullied and dishonored, still divine! Dim miniature of greatness absolute! An heir of glory, a frail child of dust! Helpless immortal! Insect infinite! A worm's a god!"

There is, however, in popular nomenclature, such a phenomenon as human greatness in the distinctive and personal sense. We are accustomed to look at it with a kind of wondering curiosity, and frequently with emotions bordering upon reverence. Yet it is well to remember that all great men are such only relatively. They are merely greater than others, just as one hill is higher than another. If all were Bacons, or Wellingtons, or Websters, then all would be but common articles; and their relative distinctions, of course, would be lost. He who emerges above the ordinary level of humanity is distinctively great only by the degree of his elevation above this level. This is the only thing that makes him conspicuous; and but for it his place would be among the crowd.

So, too, great men are generally great only at some particular point or points. Seldom, perhaps never, are they universally great. One may be a great thinker, another a great fighter, and another a great inventor in some branch of the useful arts. They are all great, but not in the same respects. Nature, indeed, does not admit of an universally great man—one who is above the level of his species in all things. Even those most distinguished for the vastness of their intellectual power are great only in those departments to which they have given special attention, while in other respects they may be very small men. History contains an ample supply of such great small men.

To this we may add the general fact that most great men appear greater when seen at a distance than they do upon a more proximate survey. The reason is obvious. In the one case we see only what makes them great, this being the visible point; and in the other we come near enough to observe other things, which lead us to correct or modify the first estimate. Distance lends enchantment to the view, a part of which is almost always broken by a more contiguous and intimate survey of the object. A mind or character that seems great in the distance, and at the same time bears familiar acquaintance, well-giving us the fewest occasions to correct or modify our first opinions—presents the truest marks of real greatness.

There is still a deeper question, having reference to the rule by which we decide that a man is great in the best sense and in the purest form. What is this rule? Is it that he is born to rank and station? This is merely the accident of his birth, and may be as true of a fool or a villain. Is it that he is extensively known to fame? This may be true of a tyrant. A great rascal may have a world-wide reputation. Is it that the masses admire him and shout his praises? This has not always been the fortune of truly great men; and, whether it will be that of any depends upon the rule by which greatness is estimated—a circumstance variable with the moods of the popular mind. Is it that he has done some remarkable thing or things, such as but few ever did before him and but few will ever do after him? This, though it may suffice to make him conspicuous, may be largely due to the circumstances by which he was surrounded and favored. He may have been born at just the right time; and, moreover, the end he had in view—the actual tendency of his acts as designed by himself—is always a very material question. An act, or a series of acts, may prove great power and display great skill, and in this sense show the greatness of the actor; and yet, at the same time, the horrible depravity of his character may be equally observable.

The truth is—and it is a truth that can not be made too prominent—that real greatness always supposes virtue. Strong intellectual endowments, fitted for brilliant achievements and bold adventures, may be attractive and fascinating. Yet, every one upon retiring within the chambers of his own spirit, feels that the use of gifts in the ends to which they are consecrated furnishes the true rule of judgment. To be good, to be a genuine philanthropist, a faithful lover of God and man, having virtue grounded upon truth and enthroned in the heart—this is always better than intellectual splendor. Virtue is a greater element than talent, and ought to be more esteemed. Intellect without virtue is a mighty force, more likely to do harm than good. Power without virtue at the helm, is an element of danger rather than of safety. Talent is truly great only when well used; and then it becomes a star of the first magnitude, healthful in its light and benignant in its effects.

It is folly to sigh for gifts not our own, or to envy renown that seeks other names; yet all may find a place in the temple of virtue, and forever carry the garland of victorious goodness. This really makes the

great man—the man whom God honors, and who reads the path of immortal fame. This is "legal tender" in both worlds. This is the primary element. Without it humanity is but a wreck beating on the stream of life, and sure to become a greater wreck on the ocean of eternity. This is the thing to be sought first, last, always.

## Winning Confidence.

A writer in the *National Sunday School Teacher*, has some very fitting words respecting a sphere of effort that is becoming more prominent and important every day. This is the way in which he puts the case:

It requires but a few grains of common sense to know that a teacher, especially a teacher of religion, is powerless for good without the confidence of his pupils. How to get and retain this valuable ground are the great questions. Such general platitudes as "Love them," "Be what you profess," etc., do not meet the case. Many a teacher who does love his pupils with a strength of affection which would lead him to do anything in his power for them, and who is no hypocrite, nevertheless fails to win that confidence which is essential to effective teaching. On the other hand, declaim as much as we will about the wonderful sagacity of the little ones in reading character, it is the easiest conceivable thing to deceive them, and they are continually giving their confidence to those utterly unworthy of it. In fact the very wisest, who in one breath tell us with such an air of profundity that we cannot deceive these little philosophers, may in the next tell us—and this time with truth—that a fearful responsibility rests upon the teacher, because of the wonderful susceptibility of the child.

It would be unwise, because untrue, to deny that we differ from each other greatly by nature, in respect to this endowment. It is not more true that one is born with a scepter in his hand, a natural ruler, than it is that another is born the very incarnation of social and affectional magnetism. But these are the extreme cases. There are but few such. Most are mediocrities in this regard, with more or less susceptibility of development.

It would be well for the teacher who is conscious of a lack of this power, to ask himself the question, "In just what respect do I want my pupils to have confidence in me? Do I want them to believe that I am learned? Do I want them to think I am smart? Do I want them to acknowledge and respect me for social position or influence? Or do I want them to feel that I am a devoted, earnest, and intelligent disciple of Jesus? Having settled this point, the direction of effort is settled. I will not discuss it, fellow-teachers, but simply commend it to you as worthy of prayerful consideration. Whoever will candidly consider it, bringing to bear upon it just, good, Christian, common sense, such as the Holy Spirit will give to those who seek, will find himself far advanced on the road to success.

Assuming the truth of what has been said, I wish to make a few practical suggestions. They are so simple, that I am almost ashamed to write them; but as they are constantly disregarded by many well meaning teachers, I can but think them worth repeating.

1. Remember that what you seek is not begotten of a sense of duty. You can not lecture it into your pupils. It is, in this respect, like some other things, "the less said about them the better." The more you talk to them about giving you their confidence, "the more they won't do it." It is even possible for you to make them feel that they ought to do it, while they know they don't, and believe they can't.

2. Do not be too demonstrative and direct in your efforts to secure what you desire. Not long ago I was at a friend's, and while conversing with him, I noticed a bright, sensitive, nervous, little girl of two or three years, playing with her picture books, and occasionally eyeing the stranger. She was one of those little ones that you feel at once an irresistible desire to "get hold of." I looked over towards her, and said something to papa about her books, but so that she could understand it. Every now and then I threw in something, not about her, but about what I knew she was deeply interested in. She was soon describing a sort of irregular curve around my chair, but at a respectful distance. I talked on to papa. By and by I extended the hand a little towards her. We talked on, and the coy little creature kept steadily to her work, of getting into my arms over the bulwarks of her innate modesty and infantile timidity. But she kept at it, and conquered. "Well," said her father, "that is the first time any stranger ever got hold of her." What my success would have been if I had plunged at her at sight with that ejaculation, "You darling little sweet, how I love you," anybody can imagine. (Pardon the silly, personal allusion; it illustrates my point.) It is not what you can do for them in direct effort, but a feeling which is wrought in them by what they discern in you, that constitutes the confidence you seek. You cannot force the flower into bloom; but supply it with nourishment, warmth, and light, and it will unfold of itself. Make a direct effort upon it, and you destroy it.

3. Labor continually, and this you may do directly, to strengthen and increase their confidence in others. Small, mean souls make a fatal mistake just at this point. They seem to think that by just as much as they undermine our confidence in others, they win it for themselves. Nothing is farther from the truth. In all proper ways seek to increase the respect and love of your pupils for worthy persons around them, for the superintendent, the pastor, and other members of the school, and of the church, and above all for the sinner's best and wis-

est friend, the Divine Redeemer. In doing this you are cultivating the very plant whose tendrils you would have twine around yourself; and in addition to this, you are exhibiting just those attributes of character which are best calculated to win esteem. Do the opposite and you simply destroy the very possibility of what you seek, by undermining their confidence in everybody.

## The Pope at Mass.

A writer in the *Christian Union* who seems to be thoroughly informed concerning the Romish Church and its secret practices, gives the following account of the precautions observed when the Pope celebrates mass:

The Pope may not eat with or pay visits to any one under kingly rank. He is attended by no one under the rank of a priest. The utmost precautions are taken against treachery and assassination. Two chamberlains watch the door of his bed-chamber, which is further protected by guards with drawn swords. Every night before his Holiness retires, the walls and doors and every article of furniture in the room are carefully sounded and examined. To prevent the repetition of the crime perpetrated on the Pope who suppressed the Jesuits, Clement XIV., the following is the ritual most scrupulously adhered to at the celebration of mass by the Pontiff: The sacristan of St. Peter's is Monsignor Marinelli, Bishop of Porphyria (*in partibus*), who is assisted by two monsignori. He is personally responsible for the quality of the wafer and wine and water used in the Pope's mass. The wafers are made by the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, in Trinita di Monte, of pure flour and water, unfermented, and stamped with the effigies of the crucifixion and the Madonna. The wine is the light Italian vintage preferred by the present Pope, who introduced it, contrary to the standard regulation, which prescribes red wine. The late Gregory XVI. used *Laetyma Christi rosso*, which seems very appropriate. At the time of mass, before the consecration, the box containing the hosts is placed on the altar, from which the Holy Father selects three, which are placed in a row. The Pope indicates one, and refrains from touching it. This the deacon takes to Monsignor Marinelli, who consumes it at once, being careful "to look into the eyes of the Pope." The Pope then points to one of the remaining two, which the deacon at once consumes, looking at the Pope. The third is used by the Pope himself, no one being allowed to touch it, under pain of excommunication. The deacon then takes the cruets containing the wine and water, and, without wiping the chalice, pours a little of each into it. This is drunk by the sacristan, looking at the Pope as before. The deacon then does the same. The remainder is consumed by his Holiness.

These precautions presuppose that if the sacristan is guilty of poisoning, either personally or by collusion, he will show symptoms in his countenance when he has to consume the elements. Hence he must look at the Pope. Then the deacon, who is a cardinal generally, is interested in the sacristan's good faith, for he shares the same risk. If the chalice is poisoned, it will probably be by some mixture rubbed on its sides. This might be removed if, as usual, the chalice were first wiped. This is much more than a ceremony, and the present Pontiff exacts every tithe of it. It is certainly not wholly superfluous. A priest some time since was served with oxalic acid in mistake for water. He was compelled to drink every drop, and fell dead on the altar steps. I knew a clergyman in England who used port wine at communion. This was kept in a closet along with saucers and other bottles. By mistake a black bottle exactly resembling the usual port-wine bottle was brought to him, and proved to be mushroom catnip! Unluckily it was not discovered till after consecration, and by the communicants.

## Notes with Suggestions.

THE BIBLE A HELP. A statesman, lately living, was accustomed to help prepare himself for any great intellectual effort by reading a portion of the psalms, prophets or epistles. He did this as he found it gave vigor to his mind, clearness and justness to his views. In a similar manner, reading the Scriptures will help others in all duties. They will help in walking the path of life.

ONE EFFORT OF PRAYER. It brings the mind under spiritual influences by which moral strength is gained. By such influences the wavering judgment is guided aright, and force, dignity, beauty and pleasure are given to works and tasks otherwise not agreeable. Pray much.

ENDURABLE. It depends much upon how we get into trouble, whether it will be very disagreeable or endurable. Jonah and Paul were both in a storm. The first got in by disobedience, and found it all but insufferable; the other was in the path of duty and found it pleasant. The angel of God stood by him, and the everlasting arms were beneath him.

THE SABBATH VIOLATED. The Pacific railroad is gone over by cars on the Sabbath as on other days. The Bonds are advertised as good investments. But the curse of heaven is likely to rest upon Sabbath breaking.

THE TRAP CARRIED WITH THEM. Some wild animals are caught in a steel-trap and go off, but carry the trap, biting and tormenting them all the while. So with some who commit sin. They deny it, attempt to cover it up or run away, but the trap, guilt and pain, is carried with them. Their agony is terrible. Would that they would repent and surrender to God.

NOT FOR THE POOR. In the Berkley St. church, Boston, some of the pews are said to be estimated at ten thousand dollars.

Wonder if the poor ever go to that house for instruction or worship!

TIME. It is one of the most valuable possessions we have. Franklin said, it is the stuff of which life is made. Well spent, well employed, it will bring the highest good. Do not waste it.

A LITTLE VAIN. An evangelist, in a book lately published, gives the strongest intimation that if others had the faith which he has, they would see as much accomplished as he does. A preacher of one of the largest congregations in our country, said, not long since, in speaking of enlarging their place of worship,—"If I should die, a larger building would not be needed." Great and good men have weak places to guard.

WHY THIS WASTE? The Cathedral of Milan has been building 500 years. It has cost more than hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the best places of worship in America. It seems that it might be called finished, yet thirty workmen are still employed on it at a cost of thirty thousand dollars a year. It is said it will require more than the remainder of this century to complete it. Will God accept it and dwell there? Will there be spiritual worship in it, and souls be guided to heaven? If not it will be a terrible waste of money.

## Selections.

## Stray People.

There is a large population, both in town and country, of Protestant training, so far as they have any, who neglect church and religion, and who belong nowhere, when you talk of either. And in counting church-goers, our City Missionary statisticians always lump them off as "never seen in church."

The statistics are mistaken. What city church knows all its attendants? Are there not some churches which do not know the half of them? Where is the city minister who, in a year, does not preach to ten times as many people whom he does not know as whom he does know? Here is Rev. Mr. Sharpey, my neighbor. He tells me he officiated at twenty-three funerals last year, of which three were members of his own congregation, and the rest were of people of whom he knew nothing.

"But how came the parties to get you to officiate?"

"O, they had heard me preach, and knew me well enough, though I had no knowledge of them."

What do three-quarters of the people, says Mr. S., want of a minister? Why, just this: they want a minister to live in the town, for without him the town is not complete. But then they do not wish to support him, nor to be in any way responsible for him. They wish to know him by sight, and they wish to go to his church and hear him preach, when it suits them, on this condition—that he shall not know them. They do not wish him to visit them, and to see how they live, nor to be brought into the recognition of his church or congregation; nor, in fact, to be meddled with religiously, in any way. Many of them are poor, and their furniture and dress are not such as the world makes fashionable. Their church attendance is apt to be in the evening, and they go to one or another church, and are found—most of them—where the crowd is, and where something exciting is going on. Of course, they are out of the church before anybody can speak to them, and their faces do not become familiar at any one place. Some of them go frequently, others at intervals of once a month, or once a quarter, or semi-occasionally. When their young people get married, they will often employ a minister. When the friends die, they want his services at the funeral, which they not unfrequently want to be in the church, with a "funeral sermon." Sometimes in a case of severe sickness, they will send for him, very likely waiting till the person is just conscious, and with a sort of Catholic idea that he can do something, by virtue of his office, to better the estate of the dying, as the priest is supposed to do. And no matter what the deceased's life has been, if the minister will put him in heaven in his funeral sermon, they feel content. A good many of these people—and you will be astonished to find how many—have been professors of religion, or, at least, have thought they experienced religion at some time in their lives—a good many are of foreign birth, and not unfrequently their ideas will be such as they have gathered in connection with a State Church system. Such attach much importance to infant baptism, seeming to have ideas akin to that of baptismal regeneration. They have heard more than once, ministers and churches accused of "doing little or nothing" because they do not get these people into the church and convert them. Now, I would not discourage any minister or missionary from going among these people and stirring them up, in any way and degree possible. But I wish to show that the whole case is not seen on any one side of it. These people do hear the gospel—at least multitudes of them do—and they hear it in the way they choose to hear it. And my friend, Sharpey, puts it down as one of the consolations of his ministry, that he is enabled to preach to so many of them, in his own church. His opinion is that, standing there, he can speak to more people in a year than he could do by going about to hunt them up.

As to making chapels for such—that has been often enough tried, and has commonly failed. Such people, when they go to church, want to go to church, and not to a chapel. And if they dread recognition in the church, they will love it no better in a chapel.

Some may suppose such as I have here described to be few. I know them to be numerous. As to the church neglecters in the country, they are on a different footing. There is with them often a want of church facilities. But in the city it is a thing of choice. As to the hope of its getting better, a good many things are to be said, which I will not now attempt to say. Some of these people adopt more regular religious habits, as they get on in their worldly affairs, or as a new church is established in their neighborhood, or they get acquainted with the minister, or as their consciences are quickened in any way. A great many can be reached by large churches with many cheap sittings, where their self-respect is not offended, and yet their means are consulted. But until our mixing up of society is over, and perhaps longer, we shall plainly have such a population.—*The Interior*.

## Rejoice in the Lord.

Joy is the ring of health in any man or woman. Sadness and melancholy come to us all in a personal way, and we must yield as the tree bows to a tempest. But it is not a normal condition. When the storm is past, the tree rights itself, and stands straight and handsome. So ought a soul to rebound from sorrow, and not cherish it as a thing to be loved. It will not please the dead we grieve for, to see us sad. Paul enjoined the Corinthians expressly upon this matter, that they must not sorrow as others who have no hope, lest the heathen should think that the Christian religion was not so cheerful and hopeful as their own. And that is the right frame of mind to cherish; the habit of looking at the bright side, and hoping for the best. It is best for ourselves; it is most hopeful to others, and it shows a more perfect trust in God.

It is best for ourselves, because it is the condition of all kinds of growth. Every thing that grows is cheerful in its growth. The mind grows better when the heart is hopeful. It is then in the same mood in which the creation was made. God made the universe in a loving mood; and hence, as we put ourselves into the same frame of mind, we get hold of its secrets and comprehend its truths. If you want to enjoy a piece of music fully, you need an argument or libretto which puts you into the author's mood; then the spirit and life of the music runs from his soul into yours, and you sigh and smile, and love and hate with him. So it is in our relation to this life. God ordained it in a mood of love; a love, indeed, which often rises into the higher and grander offices of discipline, under which generations some times bend or break; but still, as each long-bidden purpose comes to light, it is hailed as a token of love grander than we had dreamed, more beautiful than we had hoped. I will listen to a cheerful teacher, for he is in the way of truth; but away with whine and snivel in the theology as in science. Why, out of all the moods which human beings are capable of, they should have chosen the grave and mournful alone for worship, I know not. You may talk with a man upon all other subjects in a bright, cheerful way and natural tone, as if there were grand things to live and hope for; but the moment you touch upon religion and the good God who gave all, and the good soul that may inherit all, you are amazed at the change which comes over him. His chin drops, his words are drawn, his tone changed; he stops laughing and wants to cry, as if you had referred to some delicate family matter which had broken his heart. The old Jew would have been disgusted with such performances before the Lord, and washed his hands in token of purification. If there is any one thing for which I respect Beescher more than another, it is for the merciless war which he has waged upon the whole tribe of pious croakers and snivlers, and the way in which he has insisted upon manly and womanly speech upon this as all other matters.

There is a sublime trust implied in calm and conquering cheerfulness. The soul seems to have such an understanding with the universe; such a childlike confidence that its Father will do all things well. That a being so frail as man, with such a destiny at stake, in a condition so grand, walking amid forces whose rage he is impotent to control—that such a one can be cheerful and happy, shows an inborn conviction that God holds them all in the hollow of his hand. How sublime is such a trust! How it contrasts with the fearful gloom of guilt! How thrillingly Robert Browning brings the two into contrast in "Pippa Passes!" In the palace of murdered Cenci and Othello, and her paramour, hating the light and all living sounds, and mocking at all the wealth which crime has brought them. Under their window the little factory-girl pines to enjoy her one holiday, and sings as she goes,

"The year's at the spring; the day's at the morn;  
The morning's at seven; the hillside's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing; the snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

Oh! that cheerful, child-like trust, which believes that all is right with the world because God is in heaven; which believes that whatever storms shake earth or heaven, the everlasting pillars are not shaken. Is it not sublime?—N. A. Staples.

## I Might Have Been.

Every person, in looking back upon his course, can trace two lives, the life he has led, and the life he might have led. In proportion as these two coincide, he is happy in the retrospect. The disparity between the two is the bitterest of all the misery of fallen man or fallen angel.

A person who has enjoyed opportunities for intellectual development, looking back may say: The man I might have been, endowed with fair talents and possessed of ordinary advantages, used all his powers to the utmost, left no opportunity unimproved. Each victory gained was but a means of new attainments. His acquisitions gave him access to the society of the learned and refined; and in turn their example and the companionship gave him an impulse toward new conquests. Every degree of mental vigor was a means of gaining new stores of knowledge, which, in their turn, contributed afresh to his intellectual strength. The power thus gained he used for the benefit of his fellow men, and lived to see himself crowned by their applause and gratitude.

The man I have been failed to realize his advantages. Opportunity unimproved, slipped from his grasp. His natural abilities unemployed, dwindled. Outstripped by his comrades, he became at length discouraged; ceased to aspire; and rested in contented mediocrity. In turn he ceased to maintain even this position, and merely achieved his own meager support. Without great vices, without anything great, he has missed his destiny, solely from his own procrastination and nervelessness. His life, useless to mankind, useless to God, useless to himself, has been wasted.

Another, from whom wealth has not been withheld, may recall the two careers. The man I might have been, realized that his wealth was a trust, to be employed not for himself, but for the good of his fellow men. To this object he devoted himself, his time, his means. He saw institutions of learning and of charity, rising under the creative hand of his munificence. Catching the inspiration, other men of wealth followed his example, and mankind received a new conception of the glory that attends wealth nobly used. His name shall be dear to remote ages.

The man I have been turned all his thoughts inward, thought only of himself, sought only the increase of his gains. Any purpose inconsistent with this design was excluded. He had his wish. He became the richest man of his neighborhood. And that is all that can be said. His mind, as well as his heart, became narrowed, every generous aspiration was quenched, and now without a single consoling memory, a single radiant promise, he draws near to the end of a wasted life.—*Standard*.







## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1870.

GEORGE T. DAY, EDITOR.

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

## Christian Enthusiasm.

No great thing is ever done without enthusiasm. Talents, learning, fine opportunity, do not insure success. Thousands who have these, live and die with little advantage to themselves or others. Abundant resources are vain, if the soul lacks the inspiration to put them to service. Men of moderate talents often outstrip their superiors, because they have strong faith and high resolve. The lowest become the highest, and the highest become the lowest, the last shall be first, and the first last, through this diversity in enthusiasm. Where one has a solid faith in his chosen mission, and his work becomes a part of his life, a constant presence by day and by night; where ardor, fixed resolve, and warmth of zeal, and steadiness of purpose, become an abiding habit, great success is inevitable.

A capitalist in Wall street recently said: "A bank never succeeds well, until it has a president who takes it to bed with him." Ecco Homo attributes the wonderful success of the early Christians to the enthusiasm for humanity with which Christ inspired them. That enthusiasm has been a power in the church ever since, and success has always been measured by the degree of its presence; when that has risen to sublime earnestness, the church has been invincible; when it has fallen to lukewarmness, it has become like Samson with shorn locks. Whitefield melted and subdued the multitudes before him, because he believed and felt what he preached as few men have ever felt it. Ardent gives point and efficiency to truth; a sharp blow from a whip will do more execution than a deliberate swing of a bar of iron.

The great present want of the churches is enthusiasm for Christ and sinners. There are talent, learning, numbers, wealth enough to stir this world with a tremendous impulse, and if they were all set in motion, warmed into vigorous action, nothing could resist them. At present, faith is weak, love is lukewarm, purpose is feeble, the whole life lacks tone and force. We need a new inspiration, an impulse from the heart of the Master, which not only begets strong desires to subdue the world to him, but courage to undertake the conquest, and prosecute the work with ceaseless energy and patience.

There are two classes of patient people;—those who try to do for Christ to the full extent of their powers, and who often go beyond their powers, hoping that they may do more, and never cease to try, though repeated failures befall them. If one scheme does not succeed, they try another; opposition sharpens their courage and confirms their purpose. They will not be quiet, cannot endure inaction, are always plunging into some new scheme; accepting, yes, seeking some new responsibility, or clinging with tenacity to some long protracted and much hindered work. These are patient as Jesus was patient, but inspired with unflinching enthusiasm.

The other class are patient, but not anxious; are content to wait, but not earnest to undertake; are cool and quiet, but never stirred with a great zeal to do some mighty thing for the Master. They need to be set on fire by a new and mighty love. They will never imitate the Saviour, till inspired with an irrepressible zeal, a great earnestness of soul, which shall be like "fire shut up in the bones," till they have a type of faith which makes them vigorous to run a race, do a large work, correct wrongs and establish the right. Christian enthusiasm is a power in Christian character.

## Covenants.

Church covenants are unique. They are generally concise, comprehensive, direct and positive, binding the conscience to faithful service to Christ, to the church, to sinners, to the family and the world. In them Christians agree to be true, earnest, punctual and persevering in every good work, to put away all sin and maintain the highest type of Christian life. We sometimes wonder that they are so willing to make such promises; but they are more than willing; the stronger and sharper the pledges, the better they like them. They desire to be learned, they want to be good, and hope that a strong covenant will help them to obey the gospel.

But, alas, how few keep their covenants! Many promise and forget it, as if the whole duty began and ended in the promise. Like D. Oakes's foolish man, who regarded his debts fully paid, when he had settled by "giving a note for thirty days;" so they solemnly agree to "seek first the kingdom of God," and make no proper effort to fulfill it, but straightway give precedence to the world. They covenant to be generous, but practice selfishness; they agree to attend all the regular meetings of the church, but prefer a social party, business engagements, lodge meetings, any other calls, to church obligations; they promise to honor God in their families, and maintain family and secret prayer, but their children never hear their voices in supplication, nor any testimony which commands the Saviour to their faith. When they give their notes for money, they remember and honor them, but their vows to God hold them no firmer than a rope of sand. They are punctual and faithful in business, but vacillating,

unreliable and spasmodic in Christian duties.

What does this all mean? Is the blight of death, of moral paralysis, so powerful upon them, that they cannot be reasonable and consistent in religious things? Is their life so weak, are their souls so lightly touched by grace that their promises really lack heart, and are only a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal?" Are they the "forgetful hearers" whom James describes, who "receive nothing from the Lord?" because they do not seek it earnestly? If they should give thought and attention enough to the matter to compare their lives with their promises; if they should chance to read the covenant which they have taken, and see how they have broken every pledge, and that habitually, without compunctions, without even feeling that they have done any improper thing or been guilty of any improper neglect, they surely would be astonished. What can we say of or to such Christians? If we appeal to their honor, their conscience, their fears, there is no response, our words take no effect, but glide off like water from an oiled surface. We can not make them feel their duty, their guilt, or inconsistency. We can only pray that the Lord may open their eyes, show them that they have no "oil in their lamps," before they mourn when there is no hope and "no place of repentance" is left for them. Dear reader, will you not remember your covenant?

## The Test of Labor.

When Peter said, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee," Jesus told him to feed his sheep. He required some evidence of love,—some self-denying labor to show that his profession was the result of a desire to serve him. The mere assertion of love was not enough. It was one thing to stand at his Master's side and feel conscious of his protection, and there proclaim his devotion and boast of his zeal for work. It was quite another thing to stand alone in the ruler's palace, surrounded by blasphemers and persecutors, and still manifest the same zealous spirit.

What the lips speak is not of so much consequence as what the heart purposes and the hands accomplish. A word is not enough. A profession is insignificant unless it has the accompanying spirit of labor. Not entirely insignificant, though, it may indicate the amount of hypocrisy, the insincerity, the speciousness and the falseness of motives that have to rely entirely upon words for their manifestations. He who boasts the most may in the end accomplish the least. People are not so much interested in what we are going to do, as in what we are doing. This is a shrewd, calculating age, and it will keep casting up the present worth, in spite of us. A man's word, as well as his note of hand, is sure to be discounted after the usual days of grace. The world is generous enough to accord us a fair trial, but if we disappoint it in that, it is slow to trust us afterwards. It looks for deeds, and it will never be satisfied with mere words.

It is to the credit of the world at large that it applies about the same tests to its workers that the Lord applied to his disciples. "If you love me, work for me. If you profess to be my followers, and do not keep my commandments, the truth is not in you." And so, all through his ministry, Christ gave his disciples distinctly to understand that he should not allow inconsistencies. He would let them use words only to define their acts. "Thou knowest that I love thee" was not enough. He virtually said, "Show that love by doing my work, and I and the world will be convinced of it. What if you do fast twice in the week, and give tithes of all you possess? Are there no more cheerful faces nor hopeful hearts on account of it? Are poverty and wretchedness undiminished since your contributions, and is your own life neither sanctified nor made daily better by your fastings and prayers? Then the time you have used in fastings has been wasted, and the tithes you have paid into the treasury have been squandered."

And it is in nearly the same way that the world makes its estimates. Its poor can not live on gifts that are promised in the future. Its ignorant ones can derive no profit from scholarships that are to be established by and by. Reforms can not be secured by propositions, nor can suffering be relieved by merely benevolent intentions. The world doesn't believe simply in what it hears; it is convinced only by what it sees. Nothing but deeds can satisfy it, and he who has the largest share of the world's confidence is the one who daily accomplishes the most of the world's work. It tells the kid-gloved exquisite, who would like to appear only at dress-pardes, that his ranks are full. It tells a myriad, who come dusty with marching and armed for service, that it would like a myriad more. It says to the petitioner for a patent,—"Show us your model, and we will consider your claim." It hears this man say,—"I shall build a church," and straightway forgets it. It sees another roll up his sleeves and prepare to lay the corner-stone, and it will be around in a month or two to learn when the dedication is to occur.

It is well for humanity that the world is so inclined to be on its guard. There are visionary schemes enough at best, and only those which can struggle up through opposition and distrust are worthy of acceptance. The world was just right in doubting the practicability of Mr. Field's Atlantic telegraph project. It was time enough for it to be convinced when the cable was successfully laid, and both Continents were transmitting messages. We are inclined to think, too, that it was highly creditable to the world at large that it did imprison Galileo for affirming that the earth moved, and that it did persecute Harvey for proclaiming his

circulation theory, and that it did ostracize Jenner for introducing vaccination. Theories that become established in this way have a perfect development;—they prove their worth; they are accepted on their merits; they are the outgrowth of eternal principles, and themselves grow into principles.

And so, notwithstanding the multitudes who allow themselves to be deceived by words, there sits the great mass with its hard, practical visage, and when we boast of worth, or ability, or efficiency, or zeal, it coldly says,—"Prove it." Temperance that wastes itself in words; patriotism that exhausts itself in cheers; philanthropy that displays itself only in sighs; and charity whose sole aim is its intentions, the world has no sort of regard for. It is obliged to be practical in its demands. It must measure its men before it enlists them, and it must test their principles before it adopts them. But for each it has ample room, and both, if they are true, can find a ready acceptance.

## Our Yearly Meetings.

June is especially distinguished by the number of Yearly Meetings that are held during the month. New Hampshire leads in the procession of sacred festivals, and then they come crowding upon each other. Many of the largest bodies among us will be in session during the next fortnight, and this issue of the Star will find not a few of our brethren in the midst of the associations and privileges and labors of those annual convocations.

Such re-unions are not only pleasant, but profitable and needful, when they serve their real purposes. There are many practical questions that need attention there. Old plans are to be reviewed and new ones adopted. The labors of the past year require a careful estimate, and the programme for the year to come needs to be somewhat definitely made out. The partial failures that have to be reported are instructive as well as painful. The successes that have been won bring a cheer and a stimulus that even the most hopeful and believing can not afford to lose. The field of labor widens as the toilers come up from their scattered posts, bringing a golden sheaf or putting in a touching plea for needed laborers. The work in which we are engaged grows in magnitude as one and another set it forth in impressive outline or striking detail. A headlong zeal is chastened when some serious loss is reported as the result of lacking wisdom or of a failure to follow up effort with a patient steadfastness. A half-hearted and half-hopeless servant feels himself rebuked into penitence and pressed to a fresh consecration by the simple, modest story of some true worker, who always remembered to do his duty, and never forgot that the special blessing of God was needful to success. The world's one great want stands out with new and startling distinctness as the preacher warms with his theme; and the glory and adaptation of the Christ of the gospel are seen and felt afresh, as the aged saint trustfully brings out his varied experiences, and the new convert tells the story of his awakened life and his higher purpose in the language of love,—a story that is still as fresh as the morning thought as old as the human race. And they who go up to the great convocation in the spirit of sympathy and docility, ready alike to take and to give, can hardly fail to go down from the mount of privilege repeating the words of Peter,—"It is good for us to be here."

Business is inevitable at our Yearly Meetings. It is often important, and must not be neglected nor crowded out of its proper place. Those who account all business a needless impertinence, and set down an enthusiastic conference meeting as the one essential thing, may be very good and very honest people; but it is a great mercy that Providence has not left the interests of the world or the welfare of religion wholly to their hands. The brain that plans till it is fevered, and the anxiety over a programme that keeps a Committee away from the sermon that they are eager to hear, and out of the beds for which their weariness is pleading,—these things are among the most essential to the life which we have organized, and without them our successes would be far less than they are.

And yet, mere business details should be disposed of as speedily as possible, and their interference with the great moral and spiritual ends directly sought at our Yearly Meetings, should be reduced to the lowest point. Merely local interests and personal ambition should be kept in the background. The pride of being seen and heard is wholly out of place. Our mission and educational interests ought to have a larger place in the exercises of the Yearly Meeting. Church extension should be lifted at once into fresh prominence. Whatever can help us, on such occasions, to apprehend more clearly the general and the special work assigned us as a people, should be dealt with, earnestly, freely, practically. System should regulate our exercises, and time be carefully economized. Every Christian man and woman ought to go away from the Yearly Meeting with stronger and higher purposes, and with an added sense of dependence upon the waiting help of God. It is not the place for mere spiritual dissipation, but the ecclesiastical armory where every Christian soldier is to equip himself afresh for future battles under the lead of his Great Captain. Gathering in this spirit, and working under the influence of these high aims, our Yearly Meetings will be strong magnets whose attraction will be felt widely and long before they arrive. Used for their highest purposes, they will be like the meat furnished to the old prophet, in whose strength he went on his sacred errands and wrought at his difficult tasks for many long days, and without fainting or fear. And such purposes we trust they are going to serve.

## Current Topics.

—A STATESMAN'S RECREATIONS. Since Disraeli was allowed by the English people to retire from his post as premier, and so, by consequence, to return to private life, he has been busying himself with his old occupation of novel writing. His new book has the title of "Lothair," and deals quite freely with the spirit and workings of Romish priests and officials; though nobody suspects the dethroned Jew and acrobatic politician of having any special interest in Romanism, either as a religious scheme or a political force. The fact that Disraeli was to write a novel excited the public, created a general conviction that it would be made the medium of developing his political philosophy, if he really had any, and he is likely to bear heavily upon his parliamentary opponents. Hence the orders that poured in upon the publishers were many and large. Its authorship and its literary qualities will secure for it a wide and eager reading. We select the following critique from a long review of it in the Boston Advertiser:

The book is full of worldly wisdom, but of the most polished and agreeable kind. Worldly wisdom implies a certain degree of satire and delicate irony, of which Mr. Disraeli has long been notorious as a wonderful master. Of course, therefore, there is much of this in the novel. But it is really very pleasant; not at all fierce or sarcastic, or in the nature of an assault on our common humanity. It is only the witty, shrewd observation of the man who reads his fellow-men keenly rather than unkindly. It cannot be called genial, because it is too highly refined for that; but it is courteous and gentlemanly, and not ill-natured.

The style in which the book is written is remarkable and bad. It is so highly ornamental that it often provokes merriment and sometimes ridicule. It is the style of yellow-covered literature adopted by a man of education and real ability. Mr. Disraeli might fear that a less ornate phraseology would seem as much out of keeping with the incidents and the characters as a beggar's robe upon a queen. But though a rich attire might be becoming to his conceptions, it is impossible to approve of shoddy. His pages are positively luminous with gorgeous words. In reading some of his finer passages it seems cruel that they should be printed in ordinary ink upon ordinary paper; they rather deserve to be emblazoned in thick gold upon creamy vellum. Then the setting might be worthy of the jewel. We are really sorry that we have not space to transcribe some of the brightest flowers from this Garden of Paradise. The effect would be highly novel and pleasing.

The object of Mr. Disraeli in writing this book has been anxiously sought after. It seems impossible that he should be seriously alarmed at the progress of the Papal creed in England. The keenest observation fails to discover any effort at political influence. Probably the world will be obliged to content itself with the solution offered by the Saturday Review. "It," says that caustic critic, "it is asked why Mr. Disraeli writes a novel, which is certainly not of the highest order of art, it may be safely answered, that his main object is his own amusement."

—SATIRE WITH A REASON. The following merry and comic representation of the recent heated and peppery debate in Congress over the question of keeping a U. S. Minister at Rome, is not merely a clever performance of Punchinello, but a piece of ridicule which the House of Representatives has more than once invited and deserved. It is something else than a caricature which this graphic picture presents:

Then there was a debate upon the proposition to abolish the mission to Rome.

Mr. Brooks said most of his constituents were Roman Catholics. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Dawes said that Brooks used to be a Know Nothing. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Cox said they used to burn witches in Massachusetts. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Hoar said they didn't. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Voorhees said they burnt a Roman Catholic Asylum in Boston. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Dawes said they burnt a Negro Asylum in New York. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Voorhees said Dawes was another. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Republican Chorus—"You are."

Democratic Chorus—"We ain't."

Republican Chorus—"You did."

Democratic Chorus—"We didn't."

Solo by the Speaker—"Order."

Democratic Chorus—"There should be (da capo with gavel accompaniment)."

Republican Chorus—"There should not be (ditto, ditto)."

After weighing these arguments, the House adjourned without doing anything about it.

—A QUESTION FOR PEDO-BAPTISTS. Our excellent neighbor, the Christian Intelligencer, has been saying some earnest and wise things against Close Communion, recently. And yet we fear that its views on the relation of baptism to the Supper, really justify the practice which it condemns. We would like to know if it regards baptism as essentially a pre-requisite to the Supper, as to make it improper, under any circumstances, for a Christian to come to the latter before his observance of the former. Close Baptists shield themselves under the assumption, that all Christians sects agree with them; that baptism must in all cases precede the Supper, and that the only question at issue is, What constitutes baptism? If this is true, pedo-baptists can not consistently object to the Close Communion of the Baptists. But we know that very many pedo-

baptists deny this relation to be so necessary and absolute as to justify the exclusion of those who have failed to be baptized. We believe it to be orderly and proper for baptism to be first administered, but that any failure to be baptized, or any mistake as to the act of baptism, which does not imply guilt or intentional disobedience, should not deprive a Christian of the privileges of the Supper. Does the Intelligencer object to this?

—MINISTERIAL INSURANCE. It is becoming common for ministers to unite in mutual insurance for the benefit of their heirs. The usual plan is to pay an initiation fee of five or ten dollars. This will pay the expense of circulars, postage, &c. Nothing is paid for salaries or office rent. When a member dies, his brother members are assessed enough to pay his heirs one thousand dollars. Where the number is large, they are divided into several bands of one thousand each, and any person can be a member of each band if he chooses, and be subject to the assessments of each; and when he dies, his family, heirs or assigns will draw a thousand dollars from each band. By this means, provision can be made for our families, at one-third the expense of ordinary insurance. The project of such a society among us has been agitated, and ought to be put into operation. Very few of our ministers are able to lay up anything for their families; by such a combination, at an expense of one dollar each, we can secure a handsome sum to the families of these poor brethren, and shed sunshine into the hearts of the dying minister, and impart consolation to his needy family. Shall we have a Mutual Insurance Company for our ministers?

## The Religious Press.

We give below extracts from several of our contemporaries, as specimens of their modes of treating the great questions of the day, as well as for the value of the utterances themselves. Speaking of the efforts made by the Romanists in this country to secure grants from the state funds for the maintenance of Catholic schools, and of the arguments against our system of public education, *Zion's Herald* says:

It seems, then, that that Church can not bear transporting from the misery of the Old World to the better conditions of the New. What would such a Church be good for, if transported to the better country above? By their own confession, the Church perishes before mere literary training. No wonder they cry "down with common schools." Like one of those rivers of ice, that comes down in snaky windings from the region of ceaseless cold, crushing all before it, but is thawed away as it comes into the genial warmth of the valley, letting its prisoned waters go to promote the beautiful green vegetation, and to rise at the call of the sun into the free heavens, so comes this Church from the ages of darkness and oppression, counting itself commissioned to crush all opposition; but as the light of knowledge falls upon it, the genial influence of Christian love, as manifested in charitable institutions, comes to melt it, and the airs of freedom breathe upon the prisoned spirits, they are let loose under general skies, they flow in channels of usefulness and delight, and we hope that the Sun of Righteousness may draw many a one to heaven.

But having "learned of the enemy," we must fling out our banner for common schools. The Bishops will soon return from the great Council, inspired with the spirit of the central power. What has been already uttered, are but the signals of the skirmishers to each other.

The bugle-notes for a charge along the whole line are soon to be sounded. We have no fears for the issue. We have conquered one rebellion without the help of Catholic powers and Church authorities. We can conquer another. In the coming conflict we shall have Catholic parents largely on the side of common schools, if we can steadily refuse the moneys raised by taxation to sectarian schools. Give sectarian schools what public moneys they may claim, and we shall have the schools of Italy and Austria. But when Italy and Austria are obliged to repudiate such schools, in order to live as nations, we must give a moment's countenance to the idea. England has tried every possible plan of education, under the charge of various religious sects. The system is condemned by all experience, and the rapidly advancing toward free public schools. We will not give up demonstrated success for a demonstrated failure. Let the Pope see that we will fight for our institutions with every weapon; platform, press, pulpit, ballot, bullet, and we shall not have to fight with any.

Some very appropriate things are said by the *Examiner & Chronicle* respecting the danger and the mischiefs of spiritual dissipation. The general drift of its utterance may be seen in the following extract:

But there is a class of Christians in our churches who are chronic sufferers from the effects of spiritual dissipation. The men and women to whom we refer are never satisfied with the appointments of their church, however numerous. They contrive, somehow, to drop into every adjacent parish at least once a week. They devote no time to that religious meditation which promotes digestion; they have no inclination for that religious work which is, to the full soul, what exercise is to the over-fed body. Their one idea of a religious life is, to cram with sermons and prayer meetings day in and day out—always receiving, seldom or never imparting—their ideal of Christian experience being most aptly typified by the process which fits a Strasburg goose to minister to the tastes of the epicure.

Such persons need to realize that there is such a thing as spiritual dissipation, and that their excesses seriously endanger their spiritual life. As the cramming process goes on, they lose their taste for the plain, simple, nourishing food of the gospel, and seek, far and wide, for high-spiced and dangerous viands. The constant excitement of their emotional nature, unaccompanied by any attempt, even, to give religious emotion expression in religious action, leaves them as thoroughly demoralized, as callous as regards real suffering, as much a prey to gross sensualism, as the professional novel-reader. Let it be laid down as a rule, that no more spiritual sustenance should be taken in a day than can be immediately assimilated, and find expression in healthful activity. Then our churches will exhibit a

sounder type of Christian character than they do at present.

The alleged timidity of American politicians is endorsed by *The Independent*, and the chief explanation is found in our peculiar system of representation. Its view is fairly brought out in these words:

But in explanation of the great timidity of American politicians, both in thought and conduct, there is another view which we have reserved to be spoken of last. We refer to our senseless geographical qualification for the people's representatives in the two houses of Congress. The most attractive department of our form of government to men of talent is, of course, the legislative. Here statesmen prove themselves in the sight of all the nation. Here is an arena for the exertion of every kind of personal power. Here men strive for the highest reward of American political service. To get to Congress, and then to stay there till he goes higher, is the great object of every aspiring politician among us. But on what does this precious object depend? It depends on the ability to adapt one's self to the varying moods of a single constituency. If the favor of that single constituency is lost, it is all up with a man. Now, in England, for instance, they have in Parliament great men who dare to be brave men, too; because in England, if a great man loses one constituency, it is not an extinction of his political existence, for he can get back into Parliament from another constituency. In England, therefore, public men are encouraged to think for themselves, and to be true to their own thinking. Had the English made residence a condition of membership of Parliament, such names as Chatham, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Pitt, Canning, Brougham, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, would never have illustrated their political annals. In the first place, these men, on our system, never could have gotten into Parliament; and even if they could have gotten in, they would not have staid there. Burke braved the prejudices of Bristol, and was rewarded for his manliness by being returned for Malton. When John Bright lost Manchester, he gained Birmingham. When Gladstone was thrown out by Oxford, he was put in by South Lancashire; and, rejected by South Lancashire, he was accepted by Greenwich. But in America we have none of this. Our congressmen have but one string to their bow. No wonder, if, in his anxiety to save that one string from snapping, he should degenerate into a condition of chronic mob-baiting and cowardice.

The *Watchman & Reflector*, in dealing with the prevalence of intemperance, the audacity of those engaged in the traffic, the divisions among temperance men, and the apathy or hopelessness of many who ought to be at work, thus points out the path to relief:

What do we propose as measures of relief? We answer, in general, *The arousal of the pulpit, the press and the parlor.* The law is powerless without this. We believe in prohibition. We believe it justified even on the principle on which Mr. Mill condemns it;—it is a State necessity. But there is no excuse for a minister's doing nothing, because he does not believe in prohibition. A pulpit silent on intemperance discredits itself as much as one silent on dishonesty. What adequate specific measures do we propose? Not a State police. Not because it is unchristian; for we do not so regard it. Nor because it is not efficient, for we believe it may be. But because it is insufficient. Nor would we propose to conduct the temperance reform on the basis of moderate drinking and the license law. This plan was tried until 1836. Its utter failure is matter of history.

As to positive measures, we would suggest, 1. The securing of the full allegiance of the great middle class. This class is above the whiskey ring, and it is the power of the pulpit, press and parlor to secure its hearty allegiance. 2. The discountenancing of social drinking in parlors and club rooms. John Bright finds the custom falling into desuetude among the members of the British Parliament, as Henry Wilson does in our own Congress. Already it is no longer a discredit either to furnish or decline the wine cup in the highest and best families of Boston. Social drinking is at least the left hand of the whiskey ring. 3. The increased use of all measures to remove the secondary causes of intemperance,—poverty, ignorance, vice &c. 4. The formation everywhere of organizations as shall secure the universal presentation of the pledge to each generation. 5. The use of the most advanced light of science. Alcohol may not be literally a poison; admit it, if science says so; but it is scientifically true that alcohol has a fatal affinity for the brain. 6. The Chalmers plan. Chalmers took the dirtiest part of Edinburgh and washed it clean. Map into districts; visit thoroughly; establish religious services and Sabbath schools; bring into requisition every form of lay effort. 7. Keeping the suffrage within certain moderate educational tests. Make the simple ability to read a test, and 18,000 votes would be dropped out of New York.

—The *Christian Union* deals wisely and effectively with the high power of moral and Christian agencies, as compared with those which are more outward and imposing:

Moral influence, therefore, has been greatly decried because it does not and cannot instantly accomplish a desired end, regardless of the natural laws which govern it. Because, in spite of the preaching of the Gospel, men have preferred to lie, steal, and swear, and legal restraints have been necessary to maintain citizens in their rights of person and property, it is inferred that moral suasion and godly example are far inferior to legislation as supports to Christianity. Preaching is not half as good as a law against intemperance, and one policeman is worth a barrel of sermons—says the eager reformer. One might as well ridicule Prof. Agassiz because he cannot whip JOHN MORRISSEY. The one moves on a higher plane than the other; has another purpose; uses other means; and accomplishes, though more slowly, far grander results. The State simply undertakes to keep the peace, that men may be protected in the possession of their rights. It uses compulsion for the mere purpose of preventing unjust private compulsion, which would be the disruption of society. Its organization, instruments, laws and methods of administration are as directly adapted to this end, as JOHN MORRISSEY's muscular development, and doubled fists, and "rules of the ring," and dexterous "passes" are adapted to the purpose of prize fighting, or the pounding of his antagonist. The State is the higher power, ordained of God to do the work of power, to restrain those who would commit oppression.

But Christianity moves on the moral plane; aims at moral results and uses







## Poetry.

## A Crimean Incident.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied,  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff  
Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon—  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
Yet as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers;  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With screams of shot and burst of shell,  
And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For singer, dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Oh, soldiers, to your honored rest  
Your truth and valor bearing,  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

## Peter Gray.

Honest little Peter Gray  
Keeps at work the livelong day,  
For his mother is as poor as a mouse;  
Now running up and down  
Doing errands in the town,  
And now doing chores about the house.

The boys along the street  
Often call him Hungry Pete,  
Because that his face is so pale;  
And ask, by way of jest,  
If his ragged coat and vest  
And his old-fashioned hat are for sale.

But little Peter Gray  
Never any shape nor way  
Doth evil for evil return:  
He is true to his clothes,  
And no matter where he goes  
There is some one the fact to discern.

You might think a sneer, mayhap  
Just a feather in your cap,  
If you saw him being pushed to the wall;  
But, my proudly-foolish friend,  
You might find out in the end  
You had sneered at your betters, after all!

He is climbing up his way  
On life's ladder day by day;  
And you, too, to laugh at him, stop,  
On the lower rounds, will wake,  
If I do not much mistake,  
To find him sitting snug at the top.

—Alice Cary.

## The Family Circle.

## Bees.

A writer in the *Riverside Magazine* gives us these curious facts about that very common little fellow, the "busy bee." It will be more interesting to watch these little honey-makers, after reading this:

Look at his eye. Did you ever examine an insect's eye? Many of them are many-sided, and so it is with these of our little friend, and they enable him to see objects at a very great distance. Take him three miles from his sweet home and watch him. He flies round and round in spiral and increasing scope of flight, upward, upward, as if "Excelsior" were his motto. But see, his movements change. He has reached a sufficient height, and now, with a bee-line, he strikes directly for the hive. I think he must have seen it.

What is the matter now? He has arrived at home, but he appears not to see the door. It is small, to be sure, but he has been there often before, and ought not to go bobbing and buzzing about the side of the hive, like a man who has been too long at the club, and who can't make the latch-key fit.

Look again. Notice those long feelers before his nose. There are twelve joints in them if he is a worker, or thirteen if he is a drone. By these he gains his knowledge of objects near at hand. See, he is now feeling all along the face of the hive, and now he is out of sight to us in the darkness within, for he has stumbled upon the door. Once inside, he uses his wonderfully jointed feelers to great advantage, for, working in the dark, he has to feel things all over to know what they are; he has to feel his neighbors, too, to know who they are.

But we ought to have examined our wandering friend a little more closely before he went into darkness. Ah! here he comes again! Quick! let us look at his feet. There are six of them, and they each end in a curious hook. Mr. Bradley says they use these to hold on to the hive and to each other with. You have seen a bunch

of bees hanging on a branch, and though but a few were able to cling to it, all the thousands below appeared to be easily sustained. One would think their tiny legs would be pulled out of joint.

The two hind legs of our little worker-bee differ from the others. There are very curious cavities hollowed in them which are guarded by thickly set hairs. In these the pollen is carried, and the red bee glue, or propolis, with which the bottom of the hive is covered, and the crevices that would admit the air stopped. The other legs are furnished with hairs by means of which the pollen is brushed off from the bee's body. Sometimes, in the spring, the little fellows must have more food than the hive affords, and then, if they are given rye flour, they will roll themselves in it, and when well covered, fly away. Then, poisoning in the air, or carefully alighting in a convenient place, they will dust all the flour into the cavities of their hind legs, with the brushes on their other four legs.

Now let us look down this fellow's throat. Bees do not make honey; they only gather it. They suck it up with their proboscis and then deposit it in their stomach.

There are two of these, of which the first is only a big bag,—big for a bee, I mean,—and just holds a large drop of honey. The second stomach is used for digestion, and is connected with the first by an intestine so guarded by a valve, that food, though it can go readily from the first into the second, can not by any means get back again. Thus the honey can not be mixed with the food. When the first stomach is filled with honey, the bee hurries home and deposits it in the cells prepared for it.

It is time for us to look into the hive now. It is as dark as a pocket, and as tight as a drum. Why, do you ask? It was a long time before any one could guess, but if you expose a little honey to the sun's rays, you will see for yourself. A change comes over it which makes it unfit for use by the bees. The bees make the hive tight to keep out dampness, but they take special pains to have it well ventilated in all its parts.

They need pure air, and a number of workers are delegated to furnish it. Some are stationed at the entrance who make currents with their wings and others continue the draughts in different parts of the hive until a complete circulation has been effected. This causes the humming noise heard in the hive.

The colony in a hive consists of a queen, who is the mother of all; of drones or males; and of workers. The queen is larger than the others. Her size varies, but in the laying season, at the time of her greatest development, she is about an inch in length. The drone, who is the father of the brood, is a trifle smaller, and the worker is still less in size. If we had a natural hive of 20,000 bees all told, we should expect to find in it one queen, 500 drones, and 19,499 workers. Now 500 is too large a number of lazy drones to support, as they are good for nothing after the eggs are laid by the queen. Therefore careful bee keepers have discovered an ingenious method of decreasing the population by several hundred of them, and they are able to avoid raising a single drone if they choose to do so. We cannot now explain the process, for we must examine our queen more closely.

She has a larger body than her subjects, her colors are brighter and purer, her abdomen is long, conical, and tapering, and is crossed with bright yellow bands. Her head is smaller, her tongue shorter and more slender, and her jaws are notched. The drone is a lazy fellow, a great eater, with a short, thick body, blunt at each end, and no sting. He is only tolerated because the queen must be married, and there must be a father as well as a mother for the brood.

The workers are essentially female in their organization, but their growth is arrested before they are developed. For this reason they are smaller than the queen or drones, and their colors are not so bright. Any of the larvae of the working bees may be developed into a queen, by being fed with a stimulating food, and thus the loss of a queen may be repaired.

We have now reached a very interesting point in studying the body of our little socialist. It is no less than his sting. This is composed of two needle-shaped darts in a sheath. Near their extremities these are armed with saw-like teeth which make it impossible for the bee to withdraw it from an object which it has pierced, in which case the bee dies. There is a bag of transparent acid poison near the base of the sting, which is squeezed into the wound by a violent contraction of the surrounding muscles. When one is stung by a bee, it is very natural to attempt to withdraw the sting with the fingers. This forces the poison into the flesh, whereas, if the spot were gently scraped with a knife-blade, the sting and poison would be taken out together.

It is curious that while the queens and workers have stings, the drones have none. The queen's sting is only used to defend herself from another queen, and is turned inward at its end. There is only one queen in a hive, but two hives may get united, and sometimes, on the loss or death of a queen, more than one larva is highly fed, and by these means two queens may be in the hive together. If such a thing should occur, there would be an irrepressible conflict. The two queens would prepare for battle. The other bees would form a ring around them, and a true prize fight would begin. When bees fight they rear up on their hind legs like dogs, and exert every nerve, and in such a position the curved stings of the queens are, of course, just the thing for effective use. The combat is not given over until one is dead, and the survivor ascends the legal waxwork throne in triumph.

The sting of the worker bees, is curved outward, for in their case it is a weapon of defense against outsiders, and they have no business to quarrel with one another. But they do fight, nevertheless, for there is a

good deal of human nature in a bee. The brilliant, thoroughbred Italians have much of the old Roman spirit, and a great amount of pluck and muscle. In these respects they excel the humbler black bees, with which our hives were formerly stocked.

The queens live about four years, the drones three or four months, and during the winter, the workers live five or six months. During the summer, however, the little busy workers labor so hard to heap up something for posterity that they use themselves up in six or seven weeks. What a sad warning to those who labor too hard!

## How They Quarreled.

I bought me a neat little penknife. I mean what I say—a penknife; for after using gold pens for twenty-seven years, I have learned that quill pens are far better for him who must write page after page. I shall teach all my boys and girls to make pens of a quill before I give them a pen of gold; and they must learn to sew well with a needle, before I can let them sew fast with a machine.

A neat little penknife, I said, to lie in my vest pocket, right-hand side, with a neat little gold toothpick for his chum. To these two little fellows I gave my pocket, rent free, in consideration of trifling services now and then to be rendered by them to me. Whole days they spend in elegant idleness, and so of course they have quarreled. People with nothing to do always quarrel, or do worse. The gold toothpick, it seems, had left its mark on the white ivory of the penknife, and thus the wrangle was going on when I first overheard it.

"Well, you are a pretty piece of gold! See there, how you've crooked my side! If you are gold, I hope I may have a squid of lead for chum, next time."

To which the toothpick replied, being of royal metal, and very high bred—

"You probably are not aware that the purest gold is softest. A ring of pure gold will surely 'crook' the white finger that wears it. Gold rings and pins and studs that never 'crook' as you call it, are not pure gold. If I mark you by touching you, the mark is an honor to you. It shows that you keep good company."

"White's good enough for me. I don't know why gold marks are any better than ink spots. I'd rather be clean than respectable. I'd rather be useful, than genteel. I've seen enough of your aristocratic Gold breed. You put on airs, but when it comes to doing anything, you aren't there! Now I've got an uncle—old Uncle Axe. When he meets a man that suits him, they can cut down a big tree in a half hour! But what can you do?"

"This insulting talk of Penknife did not seem to vex Toothpick. High-bred people are never vexed by trifles. 'I was well acquainted with your Uncle Axe. I have introduced him to several good men. Indeed, the Gold family are very busy introducing things that are needed to people that need them. We visit a great deal, first and last. We see a great deal of the world. We never leave a friend without getting some one that he likes better to come and take our place. Your old Uncle Axe, I presume, is in Michigan now, on the Saginaw river, trimming twenty pine trees a day—a very useful Axe. But he never would have got there, had not a full brother of mine stayed behind in Chicago in a hardware store and let your uncle go. But we never stay long in one place. Men love the Gold family chiefly because we are so accommodating and good natured, and willing to give up our bed and board to any new guest whom the master may fancy. That brother of mine that stayed in Chicago, I suppose I shall never see again; but when I heard from him last—"

Knife broke in—  
"I'd rather do something myself, than spend my life getting out of the way for somebody else to come in. I can do something. My master never wants to get rid of me. I cut quills, and pare his nails, and erase wrong words, and I do all sorts of little jobs. I'm none of your common Jack-knives. I'm genteel. I'm a Penknife—white-handed—Rogers's best."

"I've seen a great many dozen like you," replied Toothpick. "The man that made you will take Gold for any day. If the master had a dozen of you, he'd let eleven go for one piece of gold. And I shall stay here longer than you will. I know you Knife family. You break and rust and get borrowed and are gone; but we gold Toothpicks stand by."

At this point Knife began to be angry, and to undoubt and get open to out Toothpick—a thing which I have forbidden. No open knives in my pocket. It was time for me to interfere. I took them both out, and stood them up on end in the penholds of my inkstand, like naughty boys in a corner, and began to talk to them.

"You are both foolish, good-for-nothing trifles," said I. "When I take you and use you, then you are useful—one as useful as the other. I have a good mind to let you alone, put you away in a box—quarrelling in my pocket!"

They both seemed ashamed, as I left them stuck in the inkstand, and went out to saw wood.

When I came back, Toothpick pushed up his point a little, and said, submissively, "Master, may we ask you a question?" "Yes," said I.

"Penknife and I want to know whether, when men quarrel about which is smartest, they will ever get stuck in an inkstand and talked to in this way?"

I stopped and thought fully five minutes, and then five minutes more; and then put down my pen, and have not answered yet. But I am thinking, and Penknife and Toothpick are in my pocket again—waiting for the answer to their question.—*The Little Corporal.*

## The Land of Disorder.

"Johnny," said his mother, "do come back and put up your books."

"John," cried his sister, "here are your shoes that I found on the stairs."

"Jack," said his father, "I am sorry to see that you are a very careless boy."

"When will you ever learn," added his grandmother, "that you should have a place for everything and everything in its place?"

Johnny did not dare to answer; but he was so angry that he went out and sat on a bank, and kicked his feet as hard as he could.

"I wish," he said, "that I could go to some place where such a thing as a place for everything had never been heard of."

Just then, what should he see walking up the road but his old dog-eared spelling-book, that was never in its place, like all the rest of Johnny's belongings.

"Hello! where are you going?" asked Johnny, a little afraid, and a good deal more astonished. "Why, the fact is, returned the spelling-book, confidentially, 'that I am so tired of the fuss everybody makes about you and me, that I am going to the land of disorder, where everybody and everything is hit or miss and nobody need be pestered out of their life about order and system.'"

"I declare! that must be the very place for me," answered John. "I will go along too." So he and the spelling-book set out together for the land of disorder though certainly no one could ever have supposed that John would be on good terms with his spelling-book; and they walked till they saw the grass growing roots up.

"This must be the place," said the spelling-book. "Look at that grass, and look at that oak tree. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What are you laughing at?" asked the oak tree.

"Why, at you," said the spelling-book.

"You look so funny with some of your branches where your roots should be, and some of your roots on top, and your acorns sticking on your bark and your leaves growing across each other."

"I don't see anything in that," replied the oak. "In this land we don't come up according to rule and measure as in your stupid country, but just as it suits us, which is much the best way."

Johnny said nothing, but he thought that if coming up any how made an oak look like that it was not the best way.

They went on, however, and as Johnny was getting hungry, they stepped in at a baker shop to buy some gingerbreads.

"Gingerbreads!" said the baker, searching around; "why, yes, I have some gingerbreads, but dear me!"—tumbling over a great heap of bread and biscuits—"I can't find them just now."

"Why, don't you have a place for them?" asked Johnny.

"A place!" repeated the baker; "O! that would be too much trouble."

So Johnny went out in disgust, and asked where he could find another baker shop.

"Don't know, I am sure," said the man of whom he asked. "We are always moving here, but yesterday there was one on the corner of Main Street."

So Johnny and the spelling-book walked along, looking at the signs on the street corners, but they could make nothing of them, for none of the letters came in order.

"I don't like such a country," said Johnny. "Let us take the boat and go home."

Accordingly, they asked where the boat landed.

"Don't know," said everybody. "Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another."

"Then we will take the cars," said the spelling-book.

But nobody knew anything about the cars.

"Indeed, they only run now and then," they said; "for sometimes the engineer couldn't remember where he left his engine, and then the cars were scattered about all over town, and as there was no time-table when trains did run, they were sure to run into each other, and it was not often anybody traveled in the Land of Disorder, because, as nobody knew where anything was, they couldn't."

"O dear me! I wish I was home," said Johnny. And with these words, there he was, back on the bank, kicking his feet again as before.—*Western Soldier's Friend.*

## Girdles.

"I say, Harry, are you asleep?" called Charlie softly one night, after they had been in bed some little time.

"No, are you?" asked Harry somewhat sleepily.

"No, of course not, else I shouldn't have asked you. I've been thinking, and I never can get to sleep when I'm thinking."

"Seems to me, you think a good deal," said Harry, who greatly admired his brother. "What was it about this time?"

"How mamma gets things out of the Bible. I do believe she thinks its got something about everything under the sun in it. I wish I could think about something, that she would have to own up there was nothing about in the Bible."

There was a minute's silence, then Harry popped up his head—"I've got it, Charlie! I've thought of one thing mamma can't find in the Bible. Its—Lily's blue sash."

"To be sure," assented Charlie. "I wonder I never thought of that. Lily looks so sweet in it, too. It's just the color of the sky in a clear, cold day."

"I like her paid on the best; it makes me think of a rainbow, or the sunset at the sea-shore. But we had better go to sleep now, and ask mamma about it to-morrow."

This wise resolution was accordingly put into practice on the next day, and they were electrified when she said, with a smile, "To be sure it speaks of little girl's sashes, and little boy's sashes, too."

"Now, you're joking, mamma, for little

boys don't ever wear sashes; at least, not when they are as big as I am." And Charlie tried to look very tall.

"Yes they do," cried Harry. "Don't you know that little Scotch boy, who wears such a funny dress? He wears sort of a sash; it looks like a scarf."

"It is something like that I mean. But in the East they are not called sashes, but girdles, and men, women, and children all wear them."

"Are they made of ribbon, like Lily's?"

"No; sometimes they are made of leather."

"Oh yes! John the Baptist wore one," interrupted Charlie.

"Often of linen, embroidered with silk, and gold and silver thread. Sometimes they were very much like my sash; that you admire so—the one with the bright colors and large figures. The priests wore very handsome and expensive girdles."

"They must have looked very funny," said Harry.

"They thought they looked very nice. You have seen pictures of their dress."

"Yes ma'am. It looks like a long loose night-dress."

"Sometimes they were several of those, and they would be very much in their way if they were not tied around by the girdle."

"When they went to work or run, they took their loose dress up into their girdle, out of their way—then they can run very fast. This is called girding up the loins. The Bible teaches us a number of lessons from the girdle."

"Oh! Tell us about them," cried both boys in a breath.

"Paul bids us put on certain garments, as mercies, kindness, humbleness, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing, forgiving, etc.; then he says, 'Above all these things put on charity,' or love, like a girdle, to bind together the others, and make them more perfect."

"I like that, go on," said Charlie.

"In another place he tells us to be girt about with truth. And Jesus bids us be ready for his coming—having our loins girt about, and our lights burning. Not to be tangled up and burdened with worldly cares, but ready instantly to hear his voice and follow him. For such, John tells us in Revelation, golden girdles are prepared to wear with those white dresses we were talking of."

"I'm glad we asked you about Lily's sash, or girdle we'll call it now. And, after this, I won't say there's anything in the world that there's nothing about in the Bible."

—Reaper.

## Buried by Bugs.

It is a queer story—and almost too queer for belief—that a writer in the *Newport News* tells of the burial two beetles gave to a dead snake in his garden. Each were about an inch long and, when first discovered, were under the reptile, pushing it with their feet.

The little fellows had evidently taken possession of the reptile, with a purpose of conveying it to their hole; but as their size was so ridiculously disproportioned to that of their dead prize, I was determined to study their maneuvers, to see if they would be able to accomplish it. On an examination of the ground in the neighborhood, I discovered at a distance of nearly a yard from the spot where the snake was lying, a small hole in the soil, nearly the diameter of a half dollar. The efforts of the beetles were apparently being directed to the conveyance of the tail of the reptile to this opening in the ground; and as it was evidently an awkward thing to do, their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost, and I watched the operation with an absorbing interest. After a vigorous tugging at the animal's tail, which had become slightly stiffened, and which, responding to their efforts, would move to the right and left, but never flung itself directly in front of the aperture, the beetles would appear to be perplexed how next to proceed. They continued, however, to act in concert; and after working for a while at one extremity, they would uniformly proceed together towards the other, and, lying upon their backs beneath the head, they would, with their united legs, recommence their vigorous pushing process, and so effectively that in the space of ten or fifteen minutes, they had moved the snake's body two or three feet from its original position; but still the tail persistently refused to enter the hole.

Suddenly, the labor ceased altogether, the two little beetles entered their hole, and I began to conclude that they had at last found their prey too ponderous for them to manage. My interest, nevertheless, was so much excited that I could not leave the spot, and I continued to watch, almost certain that they would re-appear.

At length, I thought I saw a breaking of the earth at a place directly opposite the point where the serpent's tail rested. And, almost immediately, the two beetles issued from a second hole, which they had been preparing. They forthwith seized the end of the serpent's tail, and by a determined effort, lying upon their backs, in the manner before described, they succeeded in forcing its point to enter this new orifice in the ground, and then going themselves inside of it, I could distinctly see the whole body of the snake move slowly forward, as if it were being pulled by their united efforts.

The beetles worked at the snake much of the day, and in the afternoon when I was able to visit the spot again, I observed that nearly three-quarters of the dead snake had disappeared in the hole. I was examining carefully the earth in the vicinity of the head of the snake, when I was witness of the most interesting operation of this altogether singular proceeding. I thought I detected a slightly undulating motion in the broken loam. It continued to increase, until the entire surface, for a length of three inches, extending parallel with the serpent's

head and neck, appeared to be elevated into a little mound. The mound gradually increased in height, until the entire mass of earth was slowly lifted, and then precipitated upon the portion of the body which had, until then, remained uncovered, and in a second's time, the snake was as effectually buried as if it had been sunk a foot below the surface.

The little beetles, emerging from the heap, walked backward and forward over the mound, and then disappeared entirely from sight.

I examined the spot the following morning, but could not detect, even by removing a portion of the earth, the place where the snake had been buried the evening previous.

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## Professor Huxley.

It would be wrong to regard Huxley merely as a scientific man. He is likewise a literary man, a writer. What he writes would be worth reading for its style and its expression alone, were it of no scientific authority; whereas we all know perfectly well that scientific men generally are read only for the sake of what they teach, and not at all because of their manner of teaching it—rather indeed despite of their manner of teaching it. Huxley is a fascinating writer, and has a happy way of pressing continually into the service of strictly scientific exposition illustrations caught from literature and art—even from popular and light literature. He has a gift in this way which somewhat resembles that possessed by a different man belonging to a very different class—I mean Robert Browning, the poet, and the great part of his rhetorical success to the prodigality of varied illustration with which he illumines his speeches, and which catches, at this point or that, the attention of every kind of listener. Huxley seems to understand clearly that you can never make scientific doctrines really powerful while you are content with the ear of strictly scientific men. He cultivates, therefore, sedulously and successfully, the literary art of expression.

A London friend of mine, who has had long experience in the editing of high class periodicals, is in the habit of affirming humorously that the teachers of the public are divided into two classes: those who know something and cannot write, and those who know nothing and can write. Every literary man, especially every editor, will cordially agree with me that at the heart of this humorous extravagance is a solid kernel of truth. Now, scientific men very often belong to the class of those who know something, but cannot write. No one, however, could possibly confound Thomas Huxley with the band of those who write with a gift of expression is denied. He is a vivid, forcible, fascinating writer. His style as a lecturer is one which, for me at least, has a special charm. It is, indeed, devoid of any effort at rhetorical eloquence; but it has all the eloquence which is born of the union of profound thought with simple expression and luminous diction. There is not much of the poetic, certainly, about him; only the occasional dramatic vividness of his illustrations suggests the existence in him of any of the higher imaginative qualities. I think there was something like a gleam of the poetic in the half melancholy half humorous introduction of Balzac's famous "Peau de Chagrin" into the Protaplast lecture. But Huxley, as a rule, treads only the firm earth, and deliberately, perhaps scornfully, rejects any attempts and aspirations after the clouds. His mind is in this way far more rigidly practical than that even of Richard Owen. He is never eloquent in the sense in which Humboldt, for example was so often eloquent.

Being a politician, I may be excused for borrowing an illustration from the political arena, and saying that Huxley's eloquence is like that of Cobden; it is eloquence only because it is so simply and tersely truthful. The whole tone of his mind, the whole tendency of his philosophy, may be observed to have this character of quiet, fearless, and practical truthfulness. No seeker after truth could be more earnest, more patient, more disinterested. "Dry light," as Bacon calls it—light uncolored by prejudice, undimmed by illusion, undistorted by interposing obstacles—is all that Huxley desires to have. He puts no bound to the range of human inquiry. Wherever man may look, there let him look earnestly and without fear. Truth is always naked and not ashamed. The modest, self-denying profession of Lessing that he wanted not the whole truth, and only asked to be allowed the pleasing toil of investigation, must be almost unintelligible to a student like Huxley; and indeed is only to be understood by an active inquirer, on condition that he bears in mind the health and racy delight which the mere labor of intellectual research gave to Lessing's vigorous and elastic mind. No subject is sacred to Huxley; because with him truth is more sacred than any sphere of inquiry. I suppose the true and pure knight would have fearlessly penetrated any shrine in his quest of the Holy Grail.

## English Conversational Terms.

In England, letters are posted, not mailed; periodicals are taken in, not taken; a friend on a visit stops, but does not stay; you order something to be fetched, not brought; you ride on horseback only, never in a carriage; foremen men are clever, not smart; a high wind only is a storm, not a fall of rain; meadows are uplands, never bogs or swamps; cooked meat may be underdone, never rare; Lady-day, Midsummer-day, Michaelmas and Christmas are the times when all quarterly rents are due, never March 31st, June 30th, September 30th, and December 31st; it is the rental of a house you pay, not the rent; autumn is the late season of the year, not fall; hedgcs, shrubs, and trees are quick, not alive; and you ask that two or more things may be done at once (at one time), and not necessarily instantly. Cocks and hens, rams and ewes, bulls and cows, stallions, mares, and geldings, jacks and jennies, bucks and roes, dogs and sluts, still retain their Saxon names, and it is at no time offensive to use them. And women of good blood and gentle breeding, in common with the other sex have ankles and calves, knees and legs, and do not blush to speak of them.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

STYLE IN WRITING. Style means such an arrangement







## News Summary.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, a bill was passed regulating contracts for Chinese labor, and another repealing all laws authorizing the transportation of merchandise in bond to Mexico. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed, and the resolution increasing census-takers' salaries passed. In the House, Mr. Schenck carried through his new tariff bill in connection with the bill reducing taxation. The committee of ways and means was instructed to report a bill putting coal on the free list. The post-office appropriation bill was passed, and in the evening there were speeches on various topics, including one by Mr. Hoar on his bill establishing a national system of education.

On Tuesday, the Senate, when not in executive session, was discussing the Indian appropriation bill. In the House, Mr. Garfield's banking and funding bill was considered, and several speeches were made on the subject.

On Wednesday, the Senate, after an exciting and bitter controversy, referred the memorial of Mr. Hatch of Connecticut concerning his imprisonment in San Domingo, to a special committee of seven. The Indian appropriation bill was passed after being amended so as to provide for the sale of the Osage Indian lands in Kansas for the benefit of the tribe. The House spent the session on Mr. Garfield's funding and banking bill, and left it as good as dead.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the bills for the appointment of Representatives were debated. In the House, the naturalization bill reported by Judge Davis of New York was killed. Mr. Garfield reported the Senate bill providing a national currency and equalizing its distribution, and moved to substitute his \$35,000,000 bill with the funding sections omitted. A vote was prevented by filibustering.

On Friday, in the Senate, the day was spent chiefly in a discussion of the franking privilege. Mr. Sumner, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Morrill of Maine making speeches on the subject, the former advocating his substitute reducing rates of postage. In the House, there was another flurry over the sensational despatches of a newspaper correspondent concerning corruption in connection with the Cuban business. The general appropriation bill was sent to a conference committee.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the bill for revealing the Central Pacific Railroad by a grant of some thing more than two million acres of land was taken up and passed. In the House, the general appropriation bill was taken up, a substitute for the Senate amendment concerning department clerks adopted, the amendments appropriating money for government buildings in Washington and for raising salaries disagreed to, and the bill sent to a conference committee. The conference committee's report on the army bill was adopted.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

One hundred women are now preparing themselves for admission to the bar in the United States.

The New York Commissioner of Public Parks has decided to have a Zoological Garden in Central Park, similar to that in Regent's Park, London.

Voorhees, in a political speech at home, announced his intention to run for Congress once more.

The gold yield of California is estimated at 300,000 ounces less than that of last year.

The State Medical Society of Pennsylvania is considering a proposition to rescind all its action hostile to women's position in the profession.

North Adams will have a new sensation, next week, when seventy-five Chinamen, now on the way from San Francisco, reach that town, for the purpose of working in a shoe factory.

United States Senator Cragin of New Hampshire was nominated for re-election by the republican legislative caucus, at Concord, on the second ballot.

Buffalo has the largest tonnage of any port on the lakes.

The republicans in Oregon concede the State to the democrats by about 400 majority. The legislature will be democratic on the joint ballot, insuring the defeat of Williams for United States Senator. The negroes voted unopposed.

In the United States Court in New Orleans, Judge Bradley decides that Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines is entitled, under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, only to the possession of land in the control of the city at the time of filing her bills. The result is quite a disappointment to the plaintiff, and is a great victory for the city, as it only adjudges the right and title for vacant squares. Her large claim was to the property sold by the city in 1836. The principal basis of Mrs. Gaines' demands and expectations is still in dispute.

The House foreign affairs committee gave a hearing to Cyrus W. Field on the Asiatic and Sandwich Island telegraphic cable project, as also to representatives of the Belgian cable line, which simply asks a right to land on our shores. The committee is not likely to make any report on either bill, but will await whatever action is taken by the Senate.

The municipal election at Washington resulted in the election of Mr. Matthew G. Emery, the candidate of the reform Republicans, by an overwhelming majority. The police arrangements were so perfect that there was very little disorder during the day, but toward evening disturbances occurred in several of the precincts, but they were soon quelled. One man was shot while resisting a police officer. His wounds may prove fatal. This is the only fatal result thus far reported.

## FOREIGN.

A large portion of the best part of Constantinople has been burned.

The great fire is reported to have destroyed 7000 houses and caused the loss of 1000 lives. The destruction of property is estimated at over \$125,000,000.

The city of Oaxaca, Mexico, has been visited by a terrible earthquake; 103 persons were killed and one-third of the city rendered uninhabitable. Buildings and life were destroyed in all parts of the State.

It is reported that Disraeli is about to retire from politics. He will be raised to a peerage.

Charles Dickens died at twenty minutes past six o'clock last Thursday of paralysis.

Queen Victoria has sent a letter of condolence to the family of the late Charles Dickens, and the most distinguished literary men of the kingdom have also expressed their sympathy.

The discussion in the Ecumenical Council is of a serious character. The minority opposing the attempt to choke off debate on the question of papal infallibility, represent probably more than half the Catholic Church, and certainly the most intelligent portion of it. But the Italian Bishops and the Jesuits have full sway in the Council, and can enact just what they please.

Little Women, by Miss Alcott, has proved a great success in England, as well as in this country, 42,000 copies having been sold in London.

Glens is to be admitted this year to the Oxford local examinations.

The police are discovering ramifications of the Fenian plot in every direction, not only in London, but elsewhere in England, and in Wales. Arms and ammunition destined for parties in Dublin, and apparently designed to be used immediately, have been discovered here. Several boxes and barrels of war material, ready for shipment, have been seized at Holyhead, and the persons in whose charge they were found were taken into custody. The authorities are watchful, and public excitement has not abated.

## Paragraphs.

An experiment shows that the vibration of a tuning-fork tends to make a cord near it approach. May not this be a hint toward the explanation of that difficult problem how the sun can attract toward it the distant earth? There must be some physical connection between the two, and it would not be the strangest discovery if gravitation should yet be resolved into vibrations.

Miss Shirk, one of the young women who, during the Vallandigham campaign, rode in a cart labelled "White husbands or none," has changed her mind somehow, and married one Kelley, who, to the slight disadvantage of being a State prison convict, adds the serious one of being a black negro.

The soundings made in connection with the laying of submarine cables show the average depth of the Atlantic Ocean two miles from the Irish coast, from which the descent to deep water is very rapid, reaching 10,500 feet in 50 miles, from the Irish coast, and making the declivity greater than that of the Italian Alps. The deepest part of the ocean on the American side near the Newfoundland banks, where an immense basin exists, ranging east and west for nearly 1,000 miles, and whose depth is supposed to exceed the height of the Himalayan range.

Among the valuable collections of books and pamphlets presented to the Portland Library and Public Institute by the Hon. William Willis, is a small volume entitled "Medulla Theologiae Moralis, facili ac Perspicua methodo resoluta causa conscientiae," etc., which bears on the fly leaf the following statement: "This book did belong to Monsieur Ralle, the Jesuit and missionary from France among the Eastern Indians, who was killed in Narragansett by Col. Harmon, Major Moulton and company in the year 1724. This book was the Jesuit's 'vade-mecum.' It was given by Major Joshua Moody of Casco Bay to Major Welsted, and was published in London in 1822."

The Manufacturer and Builder says that his polysulphide of soda is an excellent substitute for common soda in washing clothing. It is now produced cheaply for photographic purposes, and may be readily obtained. It will not attack the skin of the hands nor delicate tissues which are to be washed, while it is very effective as a bleaching agent in removing spots.

Illinois has one mile of railroad to every four square miles of territory. France has one to every twenty-six, Great Britain one to every nine, the United States one to every eighty-one. Illinois has one mile of railroad to every 704 inhabitants.

There is a movement on foot among the colored people, to raise a fund for the benefit of Mrs. Lincoln. They say they can easily raise sufficient among themselves, without any help from Congress, to make the widow of their benefactor comfortable, during the term of her natural life.

Brazil is the greatest producer of coffee, furnishing the article known as the Rio coffee to the amount of 400,000,000 pounds yearly, or more than one-half of what is supplied by the whole world, viz., 713,000,000.

The victory of Egypt has presented the University of Oxford with a complete collection of Oriental books printed at Boulaek, amounting to seventy-four distinct works in one hundred and forty volumes.

A new method of coloring photographs is spoken of in Berlin, by which the dusky, smeary appearance so often complained of in tinted photographs is done away with, and the colors are so put on as to seem to have been done by the same process by which the photograph itself was created.

The East India government is exercising itself over a ruinous destruction of the forests in various parts of that land. There seem to remain, however, enough wooded jungles in many districts to protect wild beasts from extinction. This prevalence of the animals most destructive to human life in one of the oldest inhabited lands of earth, and in the midst of a dense population, is certainly an anomaly, particularly as the people have not been without a civilization lifting them far above the lowest grades of humanity. The chief reason is said to lie in the superstition of the Hindoo, which forbids his taking animal life, even when the alternative is the sacrifice of his own.

It has been ascertained that Dr. Munck, the Swedish naturalist, was one of the victims of Lopez. His collections, however, were saved, and are now on their way to Stockholm.

Railway carriages in Sweden are warmed by means of hot sand placed in cases along the side of the cars, and heated and renewed at each terminus.

A monster aerolite has recently fallen in Fezzan, near Mourouk. It weighs nearly 5000 pounds, and it is thought to be the largest meteoric body yet discovered.

A French society of a hundred persons have each by special agreement bequeathed their bodies to the dissecting room, to forward the progress of the science of anatomy.

An important discovery of an old stone is reported to have been lately made at Jerusalem. It is said to bear the figure of a god sitting on a throne with priests on both sides, and a Hittite inscription two lines in length. It is said to have been brought from Yeman.

The golden rose, which the Pope is accustomed to sometimes send at Lent to a female Sovereign who has most distinguished herself by religious zeal, is destined this year for the Empress of Austria.

In the square of St. Mark's at Venice, is a clock, and two bronze men strike the hours on a bell. One day an inquisitive stranger put his head between the hammer and the bell, and the bronze man knocked his brains out.

Whenever the Emperor of Russia has the delirium tremens, and that happens unfortunately, rather often, he believes he sees the ghost of his father Nicholas, and labors under the terrible delusion that he poisoned his imperial father. His groans and shrieks on such occasions are said to be horrible beyond description.

The Paris Cosmos states that a material which can be pressed into the form of combs, buttons, knife handles, etc., may be made from leather straps by cutting them into small pieces, and keeping them for several days in chloride of sulphur. In this way they become hard and brittle. After being washed, they are dried, ground to powder, and mixed with glue, or a solution of gum arabic, or any other adhesive substance, when the mixture is ready for the molds.

Mr. Motley enjoys a literary and social celebrity as great as any of our ministers to England have ever had. The other day, the Queen of Holland having told him she should like to meet those literary men of England whose acquaintance she was not likely to make in court and fashionable circles, invited them to dine at his house with her Majesty, who is one of the most learned women in Europe and a great favorite in the intellectual society of Paris.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Muck on Sandy Soils.

Prof. Dana, in his treatise on muck, remarks: The power of fertility which exists in the silicates of soil is unlimited. An improved agriculture must depend upon the skill with which this power is brought into action. It can be done only by the conjunction of salts, geline, muck and plants. Barren sands are worthless, a peat bog is little better; but a practical illustration of the principles which have been maintained is afforded by every sandy knoll made fertile by spreading swamp muck upon it. This is giving geline to silicates. The very act of exposure of this swamp muck has caused an evolution of carbonic acid gas; that decomposes the silicates of potash in the sand; the potash converts the insoluble into soluble manure, and is a crop. The growing crop adds its power to the geline. If all the long series of experiments under Von Vogt, in Germany, are to be believed, confirmed as they are by repeated trials by our own agriculturists, it is not to be doubted that every inch of every small knoll, on every farm, may be changed into a soil in thirteen years, of half the number of inches of good mold.

That the cause of fertility is derived from the decomposing power of the geline and plants, is evident from the fact that mere atmospheric exposure of rocks enriches all soil lying near and around them. It has been thought among the inexplicable mysteries, that the soil under an old stone wall is richer than a little distance from it. Independent of its roller action, which has compressed the soil and prevented the aerial escape of its geline, consider that the potash, which is the work of nature's chemistry, disappears. The agents to hasten this natural production of alkali are plants and geline. The abundance of these has already been pointed out in peat manure.

Next to this, dry crops plowed in; no matter how scanty, their volume constantly will increase, and can supply the place of swamp muck. Of all soils to be cultivated or to be restored, none are preferable to the sandy light soils. By their porousness free access is given to powerful effects of the air. They are natural in that state to which trenching, draining, and subsoiling are reducing the stiffer lands of England. Manure may as well be thrown into water, as on land underlain by water. Drain this, and no matter if the upper soil be almost quicksand, manure will convert it into fertile arable land. The thin covering of mold, scarcely an inch in thickness, the product of a century, may be imitated by studying the laws of its formation. This is the work of nature's apprentice hand; man has long been her journeyman, and now guided by science, the farmer becomes the master workman, and may produce in one year quite as much as the apprentice made in seven.

## Lightning-Rods.

The peeping of frogs is no surer indication of the opening of spring, than is the appearance of the lightning-rod peddlers. There may be respectable men engaged in peddling lightning-rods, but most of them we have met are unmitigated swindlers. Our letters indicate that many of them are swindlers, and that when one gets a chance at a house the owner is made to pay roundly. There has been so much that is unpleasant and suspicious, attached to the lightning-rod business, that some whose opinions are regarded as authority, have asserted that all lightning-rods are humbugs. We can not agree with this view, but think that a properly constructed rod is a protection. There are many cases in which buildings furnished with rods have been injured by lightning; this is no testimony against lightning-rods in general, but only against those particular pieces of work. The kinds of rod offered for sale are numerous; and by twists and turns, and by the use of the word "rod," the peddler makes his goods appear to be of great value. The cheapest material is iron; copper is a better conductor, but its expense leads to the use of a larger rod of iron. A solid iron rod 3/4 of an inch in diameter, is found to be best and cheapest. It should be as continuous as possible, using screw couplings where the lengths can not be welded. The rod may be painted black as a protection against rust. Iron fastenings are as good as the glass insulators, sometimes used. When glass is used the insulating power is destroyed. The upper end should terminate in one or more platinum points. Merely covering with gold-leaf is a poor protection against rusting. The lower end of the rod should terminate in permanently moist ground. All the better if it can terminate in a well, below the lowest point the water ever reaches. In cities, the lower end of the rod may connect with the main gas or water pipes. A tin or other metallic rod should be connected with the rod. The number of rods required will depend upon the size of the surface to be protected; the rule given by electricians is, that a rod will protect space around every direction from its base equal to twice its height. In practice we believe rods are put nearer together than this rule would require. There are no objections, save those of expense and appearance, to having any number of rods, provided they are properly constructed. We have given what are considered by the best authorities the essential requisites in a lightning-rod. The various "improvements" which have been patented from time to time are not considered to be of practical importance. We believe that our best constructors of rods do not claim to have any patent about the matter. If some one would make and advertise platinum points, any person could put up his own rod with the aid of a blacksmith.—Am. Ag.

## Good Eggs.

Did you ever think that there is as much difference in the quality of eggs as in the quality of meats? There is. We will not say what kind of hens lay the best eggs, but the Brahmas seem to be the richest for the size. Some four years ago, we had a lot of Brahmas during the cold season, and got rid of them when hot weather came. For a long time we could find no eggs that tasted so good, but finally concluded it must be a national idea. We got them just as fresh, but never so good. A few days since our friend Moses D. Stokes sent us a lot of eggs from his Brahmas,—eggs large enough to be worthy of remark. One was a monster, and on breaking after it was boiled we found two yolks, almost two perfect eggs in one shell. That accounted for the size. There were two distinct eggs inside, only two ends had flattened, and grown together like Siamese twins. But the point we wish to bring out is, the eggs tasted just like those we had four years ago. The quality, to our liking is fifty per cent. better than the common run of eggs.

We should like to hear from others on the qualities of eggs.—Union Farmer.

## Compost Heaps.

Farmers whose land is partially worn out, and who depend on the manure they make from year to year for paying crops, will do well to gather all the waste vegetable matter that they possibly can, and throw it into their compost heap. We do not recommend to do this, except

at times when no other work is pressing. All vegetable matter should be cut when green, and a load of weeds will more than pay for cutting and gathering them, in the manure they will make. A load thrown occasionally into the hog pen will give a good return. The fall of the year, during a dry time, is the season to cut muck from low, wet places, and place it in ridges near your barns, to be ameliorated by the frosts of winter, and in the spring to be placed in layers in the compost heap,—a layer of muck, then a layer of stable manure, and so on, with a covering of muck in a roof shape, to carry off rain, will make excellent manure, after laying over one season.

## Orange Culture.

Orange growing is undoubtedly to be one of the leading enterprises in reconstructed Florida. No crop in that State is surer or more remunerative. It requires only a moderate capital to establish a grove of 4,000 trees. The wild orange grows every where in the State, and is easily transplanted and grafted with the sweet variety. The cost of transplanting and budding is estimated at one dollar per tree; and good trees will produce from 1,500 to 2,500 oranges. The fruit does not all mature at once, the same tree showing blossoms and green and ripe fruit at the same time, and the fruit season covers the period from October to May.

Oranges have sold on the plantations during the past year for from two to three cents, the buyer picking the fruit. \$2,500 have been realized in one season from a single acre on the St. Johns River. This is for the mature crop, after a growth of seven years from the time of budding, for after the third year the crop nearly doubles every year.

## Treatment of Children.

Children, who, while growing, must form more tissue than they waste, consume more food in proportion to their weight, and possess more active digestion than adults. They should have their meals with shorter intervals, and care should be taken to avoid all influences that may disturb digestion. Prominent among these is a deficiency of clothing. The human body, like any other thing of greater warmth than the surrounding air, has a constant tendency to part with its excess of heat by radiation, and to check this cooling process we develop ourselves in non-conducting fabrics. It stands to reason that the greater the surface exposed the more rapidly will radiation occur; and yet we frequently see children with chest, arms, and legs bared by fashion in the coldest weather, without regard to the general depression of temperature, which must also involve that of the digestive organs. The diet of children should be regulated by a consideration of their functional capacities. In infancy, nature furnishes in the mother's milk all requisite elements in condition requiring no mechanical treatment, but merely simple chemical action. A little later, as the first teeth begin to make their appearance, food easily separable may be allowed, and as the masticating apparatus advances towards perfection, articles requiring more tearing and grinding may be gradually added to the catalogue.

## Short Rules in Rural Economy.

Paint all tools exposed to the weather, and if with a light-colored paint, they will not heat, warp, or crack in the sun. Dip well-seasoned shingles in a lime wash, and dry them before laying, and they will last much longer, and not become covered with moss. Dip the ends of nails into creosote, and they will drive easily into hard wood, where they would otherwise double and break.

In plowing or teaming on the road in hot weather, always rest the horses on an eminence, where one minute will be worth two in a warm valley.

In setting young orchards, always register varieties immediately, in a book, where they may be referred to, in a few years, when the trees commence bearing, and the labels are lost, and names forgotten.

In laying a garden for fruits, and vegetables, place everything in drills or rows, so that they may be cultivated by a horse, and thus save the expense of hard labor.

When board fences become old, and the boards begin to come off, nail upright facing strips upon them against each post, and the boards will be held to their proper places, and the fence last several years longer.

## Summer Diseases.

Diarrhoea is a very common disease in summer time. Cholera is nothing more than exaggerated diarrhoea. When a man has died of diarrhoea, he has died of cholera, in reality. It may be well for travelers to know that the first, the most important, and the most indispensable in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels is absolute quietude on a bed; nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is, to eat nothing but a common rice, parched like coffee, and taken with a little salt and butter.—Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bile of food may be eaten and swallowed with will. Every step taken in diarrhoea, every spoonful of liquid, only aggravate the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woollen bound tightly round the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front, and kept well in its place. In the practice of many years we have never failed to notice a gratifying result to follow these observances.—Hall's Journal of Health.

## Cotton in the East.

The cultivation of cotton in the East Indies, it is asserted, has become more popular among the natives, who have discovered that it is more profitable to grow cotton at twenty cents a pound, than to raise the millet grain for consumption at home. The cotton exported from India in 1860 amounted in value to \$27,500,000, but the crops for 1869, it is estimated, will bring \$100,749,135. The East Indian cotton is short staple and decidedly inferior to that grown in the United States; but greater care in cultivation has been exercised, and more attention paid to picking the bales without the admixture of dirt.

## Farm Statistics in Utah.

The Territory of Utah has 65,000 square miles, population 120,000, not 5,000 of whom are Gentiles; has under cultivation 135,000 acres of land—50,000 acres are in cereals, 2,000 in sorghum, 7,000 in rye and clover, 200 in the southern section in cotton, 900 in apple orchards 1,000 in peaches, 75 in grapes, 105 in currants, and 30,000 in melons. They look upon cotton as a success, for their own use. Ninety-four thousand acres were irrigated, at a cost, during the year, in making canals, ditches, etc., of \$247,000.

## American Women.

Every month or so newspapers contain accounts of some bride's outfit for married life—her jewels, her silks, her satins, her various finery—all which looks and reads very much like extravagance, and leads often to grave moralizing upon the wastefulness of American women. No doubt there are extravagant women; but, after all, look at this: The value of silk and the manufactures of silk imported into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1869, was \$92,338,654. Now, in this State of New York, 1865, there were 1,467,638 women and girls over ten years of age. The sum of \$51,330,554, the total value of imported silks, divided among these women and girls, of our state alone, would give only fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents worth of all the silk goods imported into the United States to each. This is the value of two gallons of fine brandy "imported from France," but in fact often made at home. This simple fact seems to show that, as a class, American women are not extravagant; as a whole, they are in fact the best of economists; for they make small gains far greater in their own expenses and in their households, than any women in the world.

That there are extravagant women, as there are men, no one of course denies. That there are some who live only to make a show and glitter is true; but in comparison with the whole number of wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters, these are but very few indeed. They will make, more cheerfully and without complaint, more devoted sacrifices for their husbands and children, than any other women. They bow with more dignity and grace to the loss of property, and bear up with more resolution and fortitude under adverse circumstances, than any others of their sex. There never has been exhibited in the world's history more and nobler heroism or greater self-sacrifice, than by the women of the United States during the late rebellion. Go up and down Broadway, through all the streets, into all the cities and large towns, and where you find one place fitted up for women to trade and buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, grogshops, cigar stores, sample rooms, concert halls, and other places, where men pay large sums in the aggregate for things which profit neither "body, mind, nor estate," but weaken the one, enervate the other, and waste the last.—Evening Post.

## How to Grow Pie-Plant.

A writer in the Country Gentleman tells how to grow rhubarb that will surprise your neighbors, and pay well. He says: Dig a trench about two feet wide and eighteen inches deep; then scatter barnyard manure to the depth of three inches in the bottom of the trench and thoroughly mix it with the soil by using a spade fork, spading the ground to the depth of eight inches; then mix manure with the soil as you throw it back into the trench. After all the dirt has been thrown back into the trench, it will be several inches higher than the general surface of the garden, and in setting the roots care must be taken that they are set deep enough to have their crown a little below the general surface of the ground, when the dirt in the trench is well settled. If the above plan is strictly followed, mammoth pie-plant will be the result. The writer, a few years since, set two or three dozen plants according to the above directions, and they drew visitors for miles around, all of whom wanted some roots of the "new sort of pie-plant." The varieties were Myatt's Victoria and Linnæus. It was hard work to make them believe that the secret of its enormous growth was manure.

## To Settle Coffee.

A lady correspondent says that she finds the best method of settling coffee is, as soon as you brew your coffee, and while the kernels are yet warm to mix it with a beaten egg yolk one egg to a pound. The egg forms a covering around the kernels, preserving the aroma, and when ground acting as an admirable settler.

## FIFTEEN PER CENT.

## GUARANTEED.

We guarantee to purchasers of our property from 12 to 15 per cent. per annum; that is, at the expiration of one, two or three years, we pay New York principal, and 12 or 15 per cent. interest per annum, if the purchaser then prefers that amount of money to the property he has purchased, we of course taking the property upon paying the money. The time and rate per cent. agreed upon at the time of sale in each case. We place money upon loan on two and three fold Real Estate securities, at 9 and 10 per cent. per annum, the interest payable semi-annually.

We invest on joint account, that is, in purchasing property for others, we take half the pecuniary responsibility for half the profit.

## GRAHAM, PERRY &amp; CO.,

ROOM 8, MAJOR BLOCK,

Corner LaSalle and Madison Streets,

Chicago, Illinois.

SEEN BY PERMISSION.

Hon. J. Y. Seaman, Chicago; 24 National Bank, Chicago; Nash, Spaulding & Co., Boston; Harding, Grey & Dewey, Boston; 1st National Bank of Genoa, Ill.; A. C. New, New York; J. H. B. Smith, St. Louis; President Hanover Insurance Co., N. Y.; 1st National Bank, Richmond, Ind.; Perry & Co., Albany, N. Y.; D. S. Jeffrey, New York; J. H. B. Smith, National Bank, Erie, Pa.; James Calder, Harrisburg, Pa.; C. O. Libby, Dover, N. H.

## The Markets.

NEW YORK WHOLESALE PRICES. For the week ending, June 7, 1870.

APPLES.	MAPLE SUGAR.
Dried.....\$12 00	White.....\$12 00
Green Winter 5 00 6 00	OATS.
BARLEY.	New York.....\$7 00 7 50
State & Can.....\$9 00 8 00	Western.....\$7 00 7 50
BEANS.	ONIONS.
Marrow.....\$2 00 2 25	White.....\$4 00 4 75
BEER.	Canada.....\$9 00 1 00
Ex-Mess.....\$15 00 18 00	Marrow.....\$7 00 1 00
COUNTRY DO.....\$15 00 18 00	PRIME.
BUTTER.	Mess & bbl.....\$20 00 25 00
Orange Co.....\$4 00 5 00	Prime.....\$20 00 25 00
Butter.....\$15 00 18 00	State.....\$20 00 25 00
Factory.....\$15 00 18 00	Hams smoked.....\$15 00 18 00
Farmer's.....\$15 00 18 00	POTATOES.
Western.....\$15 00 18 00	Morocco.....\$2 25 3 00
Yellow West.....\$15 00 18 00	Peach Blows.....\$1 00 1 50
White West.....\$15 00 18 00	POULTRY.
State.....\$15 00 18 00	Live Turkeys.....\$20 00 30 00
Western.....\$15 00 18 00	Dressed Turkeys.....\$20 00 30 00
LIVE GOATS.....\$5 00 6 00	DOCKERS.....\$20 00 30 00
FLAX.	RYE.
Ex State.....\$5 00 6 00	Western.....\$1 00 1 50
State.....\$5 00 6 00	SEEDS.
Ex Southern.....\$5 00 6 00	Timothy.....\$7 25 7 75
Ohio & West.....\$5 00 6 00	Clover.....\$14 00 15 00
Canada.....\$5 00 6 00	Flax.....\$14 00 15 00
HOPS.	TALLOW.
White.....\$25 00 30 00	Prime Cakes.....\$15 00 18 00
NEW YORK.....\$25 00 30 00	Barrels.....\$15 00 18 00
OLD AND DAM.....\$25 00 30 00	White.....\$25 00 30 00
NEW YORK.....\$25 00 30 00	Wool.
OLD AND DAM.....\$25 00 30 00	New York.....\$25 00 30 00
NEW YORK.....\$25 00 30 00	Ohio.....\$25 00 30 00
OLD AND DAM.....\$25 00 30 00	Vermont.....\$25 00 30 00
NEW YORK.....\$25 00 30 00	Unwashed.....\$25 00 30 00
OLD AND DAM.....\$25 00 30 00	Sheep Pelts.....\$25 00 30 00
NEW YORK.....\$25 00 30 00	
OLD AND DAM.....\$25 00 30 00	
NEW YORK.....\$25 00 30 00	