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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., JUNE 22, 1870.

No. 25

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1870.

Near and Yet Far.

Man dwells apart, though not alone.

He walks among his peers unread;

The best of thoughts which he hath known,

For lack of listeners, are not said.

Yet, dreaming on earth's clustered isles,

He saith, "They dwell not lone like I men,

Forgetful that their sun-flecked smiles

Flash far beyond each other's ken."

He looks on God's eternal suns

That sprinkle the celestial blue,

And saith: "Ah, happy shining ones,

I would that men were grouped like you!"

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star

That clusters with its peers we see,

Only because from us so far,

Doth near its fellows seem to be.

—Jean Ingelow.

European Correspondence.

A STRAY LETTER.

Rivers are companionable. Does any one doubt it, let him become an *auswanderer*. Leaving home and friends, let him go up and down in a strange country, among a people speaking a strange language, and, I am sure, the first objects which will lose their strangeness, and for which he will come to have a feeling more friendly than that of curiosity and wonder, will be the rivers of that country.

As a traveler he only learns the important way-marks of one city before he passes to another, and finds himself wandering through its labyrinth of streets, which cross and recross, seemingly for the express purpose of confusing him, and, while he may intensely enjoy his new life, he never forgets that he is not at home. The people, too, with their diverse dialects and widely differing manners and dress, in spite of the common bond of brotherhood, are not his own brothers. He can never become acquainted with the changing moods of the mountains. Now they frown at him under low-drawn brows, now smile at him through rose-tinted veils, now hurl at him the thundering avalanche, and now woo him with the tenderness of their purple lights. He may climb their rugged sides and become familiar with their dark chasms and the outlines of their towering peaks, but he is still a stranger in their presence. Only a Tell, born among them, can hear "the spirit in their echoes" answer him. But watch him as he looks eagerly out of his car window. Does he expect to meet a friend at the next station? Yes, an old friend, for he has just read in his guide-book that the next station is Meissen, and he knows that Meissen is on the Elbe; and did he not, months ago, sail up the Elbe to Hamburg? Why does he look so earnestly at the flowing river beneath him as he passes over the beautiful bridge at Basel? Ah, that is the Rhine, and he has seen the Rhine at Cologne, at Bonn and at Bingen. Where does he first go, upon reaching Geneva, if not to attend the wedding of the Arve and the Rhone? for has he not visited the wild mountain homes of each, and is it not more than a stranger's interest which he feels in these glacier-born children? Does he not rejoice in the bold strength of the Rhone, as he rushes, with the eagerness of youth, to meet his sweet bride? He stands at the very place where they join hands, and watches them as they go singing away together; he distinguishes their blue and white robes far down the green valley. Perhaps it is the floating of the bridal veil; perhaps it is the mist in the distance; perhaps it is the mist in his own eyes; but he is sure that, just as the last happy sound of their voices comes back to him, there is a mingling of colors and only one river goes on to the sea.

Europe is particularly blessed with beautiful rivers, the waters of which are mostly clear and their valleys productive. The great cities of the continent are strung like pearls along their length; while noble castles and picturesque ruins crown their neighboring hills. Among the less important, but certainly not least beautiful, is the Neckar, which rises in the Black Forest, only 5000 paces from the source of the Danube, and empties into the Rhine at Mannheim. Of all the grand old ruins of Germany, those of Heidelberg are the most interesting and extensive; and Heidelberg is on the Neckar.

The day which I spent in wandering over, through and under them was one in a lifetime. It was a chilly morning, late in October, that, with closely buttoned waterproof, I sallied out from my hotel. A fine mist hung in the air, and threatened momentarily to come down in drizzling rain. Just one of those mornings when travelers are disgusted with themselves, and have a half impression that it is in very poor taste for them to be wandering about, when there is a warm fire and an easy chair waiting for them at home. But I had laid it down in my programme to visit Heidelberg on my return from Switzerland, and experience had taught me, that a programme gives better satisfaction, in the review, if strictly followed, even if it necessitates at the time many inconveniences; so I passed on through the one street of which the town can boast, into a narrow alley, with dark tumble-down looking houses on either side, towards the castle. I might have approached it through the more frequented carriage drive, but I have an especial fancy for these old dingy streets.

The castle was first built at the close of the XIII. century, but was enlarged and improved at various times. It stands on the left bank of the Neckar, on a wooded slope of the Konigsstuhl, 320 feet above the river. It was for many centuries the residence of the Electors of the Palatinate. Frederick V. made extensive additions on the north side in honor of his English bride, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. These parts of the walls are especially rich in decorations, among which I counted sixteen statues of the old Electors. Indeed, the whole ruins are highly ornamented, and, although time and the ravages of war have left their devastating marks, there is still many a rare gem preserved. The Arabesques on the east side are particularly beautiful, and are said to have been designed by Michael Angelo.

I first entered the castle grounds through the south portal, and thence quite around the ruins, and out upon the farther corner of what is known as the Great Terrace. This commands the finest view of the ruins and the surrounding gardens, the village below, the beautiful river and the wide spreading valley. But the fog was so dense that, although but a few rods from the castle, not a trace of it was to be seen. It was, for the time, as completely hidden from me as the stately forms which, once moved through its noble halls, and of the busy town, which I had left but a half hour before, not a roof or spire was visible. When one does not know a better thing to do, it is always wise to wait; so, leaning against the railing of the terrace, I waited. Soon, I caught the sight of some distant hills, then the fog rolled itself up, and at my feet lay the old historical town of Heidelberg, while at my left rose the lofty gateways, the massive walls, the buttresses, towers and turrets of the most magnificent ruins in northern Europe.

The effect from this standpoint is truly impressive, but the real extent, the magnitude and strength of the structure are not fully realized until you enter the open court and see this immense pile rising on all sides of you. Then go down into the cellars, see how strong and massive are the foundations, go down deeper and thread your way through the secret passages. You won't care to visit them all; for some of them are half a mile long, and your one sight only serves to show you the fitting shadows. Of course you are not superstitious; but their shadows are not enjoyable companions when you are so far from daylight. Now come back and pass through the long suites of rooms, the picture galleries, the audience chambers, the festal halls, up, up to the very top of the Round Tower, measure the thickness of its walls, 22 feet, try to estimate its height by seeing how small that man looks who is walking through the garden, how far below you seem the tops of those tall trees. Give me a leaf from your notebook; I will wrap it around this bit of plaster and see how long it is in reaching the ground. Do you know it is six hours since we came here, and how many miles do you think we have walked?

Before saying good-bye, let us go once more to our starting-point, the Great Terrace. Take your field-glass and trace the river for miles by the little towns which dot its winding course. You will travel many a day before you find a more beautiful sight than that. No wonder the conquering Romans stopped here to build a fort. No wonder the old Monks chose this as their favorite home. But long before Romans or Monks had discovered the beauty of this valley, long before Heidelberg had become the seat of learning and culture, the lone prophetess, Jutta, lived on this mountain, and the simple fishermen, who dwell in rude huts by the river, often met her at the sunset-spring, where she sang to them of the future, and foretold the time when no-

ble walls would rise upon her loved mountain, and the arts and sciences come trooping down the valley to rest in its quiet shade.

We live to see the fulfillment of that prophecy; for, standing on this same mountain, we look down upon the time-honored University of Heidelberg, while before us rise the ivy-covered walls of the Heidelberg castle,—the Alhambra of the North.

N. F.

Out of Town.

As the season is approaching when many pastors and church members will leave the town and the city to spend the hot weather in the country, the question ought to come up in a practical way.—How may the vacation be used so as to serve religion as well as promote health? The *Christian at Work* has some very plain and timely suggestions on this topic, that are worth quoting and pondering. Here they are:

We promised to have a few words with those who are going out of town. Suffer us to begin with the exhortation to such,—do not regard the time of absence as a period of respite from religious duty. Be careful not to manifest the ungrateful hypocrisy by which the Master, professed at home, is practically denied abroad. Do not think, because you go from your own church and from the sight of those who know you to be professing Christians, that you may steal a little time for relaxing the rigor of your Master's requirements, and returning to the service of the world and the devil. Be not so untrue to your Saviour, as to serve him only where men who know you may praise your consistency or blame your infidelity.

Let us be more particular. Hear constantly the words, "Be not conformed to this world." You may stop at those places where the thoughtless and the gay make their abode, and revel in their amusements. Do not be ashamed to say *No*, firmly, though respectfully, to their invitations to join in those occupations and pleasures which are pre-eminently worldly. There are some things, which, if you please, are indifferent as to their moral characters, but which belong especially to the enemies of the cause of Christ, and servants of the God of this world. There is an air and manner belonging to every class of persons, and the class should be distinguished by the style of its conduct. We are commanded to exhibit behavior peculiar to the followers of Christ. Let those open the pack of cards who never open the Bible. Let those enter the ball-room who never enter the closet and the house of prayer. Let the worldling have the poor pittance he can exact from such amusements, but let the Christian show he has meat to eat which the world knows not of. Do not let the sensual say to you, in tones of sneering disbelief: "You profess to have found a new source of enjoyment in your religion, yet you come back to us disappointed and deceived, to drink again with us at those streams which once you said could never satisfy your soul." "Be not conformed to this world."

Do not be afraid to be known as a Christian. Show your colors. Keep on your uniform. Do not go skulking under the garb of the world, lest some silly maid might point you out, and say of you, this fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth. Stand boldly by your Maker, own Him honestly and nobly through evil and good report.

Seek to know if there are Christians around you. Become acquainted with them. Talk with them of the common salvation. Get them together in a prayer-meeting. Draw out their views of truth; note their experiences that you may increase your knowledge of the truth and its operations in the hearts of men.

If you are a stranger, on the Sabbath be at home among God's people. Go to the house of God. Be in sympathy with his followers. If they are a "little flock," strengthen them by your interest, your prayers and efforts. Give them of your substance if they need it. Hear as for eternity the Word of Truth, whether it come from the lips of the humble pastor of the mountains, or the distinguished minister of the stately church in the great and wealthy city, sojourning with you for a day among strange scenes and faces. It is the same Word, and both are alike ambassadors for Christ.

Try to do your Master's work along the way. You are commanded to preach the gospel. You will meet with unconvinced men and women on the stage-coach, the car and the boat. You are likely to be drawn among those who are in especial danger from their associations and peculiar temptations. Can you pass them by without a word of warning or encouragement? To be sure, there is a time for everything, and it is not wisest to be too abrupt and bold, for more hurt than good may possibly be done. But there is a more excellent way. And Christian instinct, with manly good sense, will help to find it.

Reserve a corner in your trunk for some Bibles and Testaments. Put near them some tracts, seed to be cast by the wayside, not only for the fowls of the air to pick up, but to fall over or waft away into good ground. Do not forget some little books for little ones. You may meet some gentle girl or some noble boy who will come to you, because some instinct divines a Christian's face and moves to trust a kindly

spirit to get a smile or a word. Be prepared to tell the story of Jesus, and have about you some remembrance to give that may bring you to another meeting when journeyings are over.

You will be a care to many hearts and a burden to many hands while you are away from home. Reward those who become the servants of your bodies by the faithful service of love to their souls. Give them not only money for a thank-offering, but also a word of counsel, a book of heavenly wisdom to guide and help them to a higher service and an everlasting reward.

If you are going away in the spirit and with purposes we have described, a blessing go with you. And most assuredly it will. The Lord will not forsake such wayfarers as you will be. And then you will not come back cold, inapt and reluctant in the autumn. It will not require three long months of preaching and personal persuasion from your pastor to get you in a working frame and posture. You will return the better, the reader and more capable for your absence.

Reaching the People.

The method of gaining the attention of the masses of the people to the gospel, and of bringing them under its saving influence, is one of the most important and practical questions pressing upon the heart and conscience of the Christian church. Whoever contributes anything to the true solution is doing real service. Here are some suggestions found in a sermon by Rev. Washington Gladden, that will repay a reading:

The truths of Christianity are as old as eternity, but new statements of them are needed in every generation; and in like manner the work of Christianity in its main forces and in its grand results is always the same work, but the methods of work must be varied with the varying conditions of society. Religious education is the same in essence to-day that it was three thousand years ago; but the schools of the prophets in the days of Elisha were quite different institutions from the theological seminaries of Andover or Chicago. The methods of Christian work were not stereotyped by the Master, because he desired that the disciples in every age should exercise their wisdom in devising new and appropriate ways of communicating truth and life to men.

But the point is not only that there is room for variety in our modes of presenting Christian truth, but also that there is need of going down to the people with our religion, instead of standing upon our eminence of superior sanctity and waiting for them to come up to us. We build our fires, light our lamps, ring our bells, open the doors of meeting-house and chapel, and wait for the people to come to sermon or prayer-meeting. Some of them come; but the multitude stay away. And this refusal to accept our invitation appears to us, if we think of it at all, only as a very affecting illustration of the doctrine of total depravity; to many of us it does not once occur that there is anything more for us to do. Or, if we do begin to speculate about the causes of the refusal, we conclude, perhaps, either that a more elaborate and showy ritual would attract them to our doors, or that free seats in the churches are the great desideratum. But these are poor expedients. They do not reach the root of the difficulty. Splendid services might draw a few; but the multitudes would not be caught with that sort of chaff. The free pews might help a little; but I should not expect any very great results from that movement. The people who neglect the churches are not, as a general thing, too poor to pay for pews; most of them are persons who, if they went to church at all, would want seats of their own. The trouble with them is that they do not want to go; and, if you made the seats free and offered to pay them for coming they would not come. If the services of the Lord's house are not positively irksome to them, there are other ways of spending their time that they greatly prefer.

Now, what are we to do with these people? They will not come to our churches on the Sunday; shall we therefore conclude that we are acquitted of all obligation to them? Would it not be wise to resolve that, since the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain? It appears to me that we ought to be able to contrive ways of doing good to these people, if they will not come to church, and that it would be perfectly lawful for the churches to employ for this purpose other than purely devotional instrumentalities. Not as substitutes for religious teaching, but as preliminary to it, such measures might be profitably resorted to. We might have industrial schools in the daytime for children; we might have evening schools for adults; we might have safe places of social resort, where, without any ostentatious exhibition of piety, we could meet these people and show them that we were thinking kindly of them and desiring to do them good. There are ways enough in which the churches might establish better relations between themselves and the neglecting classes. But this can not be done unless the members of the churches give to the work their personal effort and sympathy. To hire somebody to teach an industrial school; to open a reading-room, or a coffee-room, and adopt the best rules possible for its manage-

ment; and then leave it in the care of some city missionary—these would be "useless experiments." Such work can not be done by proxy. Nothing but mischief will be the result of any such measures, unless they are inspired and guided by self-denying love, unless they serve as an expression and an evidence of genuine Christian philanthropy.

Bible Revision in England.

The leading scholars in the English Church are taking hold of the work of revising the English Bible with equal earnestness and discretion. The committee of Convocation, to whom the subject was referred, presented the following report, which was adopted:

1. That it is desirable that a revision of the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken.
2. That the revision be so conducted as to comprise both marginal renderings and such emendations as it may be found necessary to insert in the text of the authorized version.
3. That in the above resolutions we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible nor any alteration of the language, except where, in the judgment of the most competent scholars, such change is necessary.
4. That in such necessary changes, the style of the language employed in the existing version be closely followed.
5. That it is desirable that Convocation should nominate a body of its own members to undertake the work of revision, who shall be at liberty to invite the co-operation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong.

Committees have already been appointed to proceed with the work. Several denominations are represented on the Committees, and they have ample powers to secure co-operation wherever it may be obtained.

The following are the general principles to be followed in the revision:

1. To introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the authorized version consistently with faithfulness.
2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English version.
3. Each company to go twice over the portion to be revised, once provisionally, the second time finally, and on principles of voting as hereinafter is provided.
4. That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderant, and that when the text so adopted differs from that from which the authorized version was made, the alteration to be indicated in the margin.
5. To make or retain no change in the text on the second final revision by each company, except two-thirds of those present approve of the same, but on the first revision to decide by simple majorities.
6. In every case of proposed alteration that may have given rise to discussion, to defer the voting thereupon till the next meeting, whensoever the same shall be required by one-third of those present at the meeting, such intended vote to be announced in the notice for the next meeting.
7. To revise the headings of chapters, pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation.
8. To refer, on the part of each company, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars and literary men, whether at home or abroad, for their opinions.

The Perception of Purity.

Robertson forcibly states a great and precious truth in the following paragraphs:

Marvelous is it how innocence perceives the approach of evil, which it can not know by experience, just as the dove, which has never seen the falcon, trembles by instinct at its approach, just as the blind man detects by finer sensitiveness the passing of the cloud which he can not see overshadowing the sun. It is wondrous how the truth we become the more unperringly we know the ring of truth, can discern whether a man be true or not, and can fasten at once upon the rising lie in word and look and dissembling act;—wondrous how the charity of Christ in the heart perceives every aberration of charity in others, in ungente thought or slanderous tone. How shall we recognize truth? What is the test by which we shall know whether it comes from God or not. Christ says, "My sheep know me." Wisdom is justified of her children. Not by some lengthened investigation, whether the shepherd's dress be the identical dress, and the staff he carries genuine, do the sheep recognize the shepherd. They know him, they hear his voice, they know him as a man knows his friends; they know him, in short, instinctively. Just so does the soul recognize what is of God and true. There is a something in our souls of God, which corresponds with what is of God outside of us, and recognizes it by direct intuition; something in the true soul that corresponds with truth and knows it to be truth. In all matters of eternal truth the soul is before the intellect; the things of God are spiritually discerned; you know the truth by being true; you recognize God by being like him.

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and the mud, but they are not soiled by them. So a holy soul, while it remains holy, may mingle with the villainous of the world, and yet be pure in itself.

Events of the Week.

RESIGNATION OF ATTY. GEN. HOAR.

The resignation of Atty. Gen. Hoar, though rather unexpected, has been contemplated for a long time. Considerations of a personal nature have kept him in the Cabinet thus far, and he has embraced this, the first opportunity, to pass in his resignation. It was immediately accepted, and Ames T. Akerman, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H., but now of Georgia, was appointed as his successor. Mr. Akerman is about 45 years of age, was a whig before the war, and has always been a thoroughly national man. He opposed secession, but escaped conscription by accepting a position on the staff of the rebel General Toombs. This brought him under the ban of political disabilities which were removed last winter. His appointment was unexcited, and he was not aware of it until informed by telegraph.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The advocates of Cuban belligerency have received a damper in the shape of a document from the President. In a message to Congress, he reviews the position in Cuba, and says there is no *de facto* government in the Island; that Spain has not been able to suppress opposition to her authority; that the rebellion is characterized only by petty skirmishing and heartless cruelty; that there are not found in the present condition of the Cuban contest those elements which are requisite to constitute war in the sense of international law; and therefore belligerency can not be recognized. The message was quite a surprise to the House, a large portion of which was expecting that the efforts of General Banks in favor of belligerency would be successful. It has killed the Banks bill for the present, and called the attention of the House to a careful consideration of the present condition of affairs in Cuba.

MAINE POLITICS.

The Republicans of Maine held their annual convention at Augusta, last Wednesday. Hon. Sidney Perham, of Bethel, received the nomination for Governor. He unites the whole Republican party in his favor, receiving the unanimous support of the temperance wing. Mr. Perham has held several public trusts, and was member of Congress from the Maine second district for three successive terms, being first elected in 1862. In all his official relations he has shown good ability and strength of character, which have won him this gift from the people of his state. A district convention also gave Speaker Blaine his fifth nomination as representative to Congress, and Hon. J. A. Peters has been renominated from the fourth district.

CHINAMEN IN NEW ENGLAND.

The arrival of 75 Chinamen in North Adams, Mass., last week, marks an era in New England industrial pursuits; for their services can be secured at so low rates that they will doubtless be employed in all manufacturing where they can possibly adapt themselves to the work. These who have already arrived, come to learn the art of making boots and shoes. Since their arrival they have employed themselves in learning the English language, in becoming familiar with the machinery of the shoe factories and in procuring a supply of rice for future consumption. The Chinamen are highly indignant that they should be thus superseded, and threaten all sorts of punishment upon their undersigning rivals. The police are obliged to guard the Chinese quarters, to prevent serious injury.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

The series of musical concerts in honor of Beethoven, the celebrated composer, began in New York last week. The festival resembles the Boston jubilee, and is characterized by a great deal of noise, with now and then a strain of music. The exercises seem to be poorly managed, and many of the most important choruses prove utter failures, for want of an efficient organizer and leader. The occasion affords the Bostonians a fine opportunity to repay the New Yorkers for slandering their last year's Jubilee, and the opportunity is well improved.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES DICKENS.

The remains of the distinguished novelist were deposited in Westminster Abbey last Tuesday week. The funeral was of an entirely private nature. No display was made, and the procession contained only the members of his family and one or two intimate friends. At the Abbey the remains were received by Dean Stanley and other officers and placed in the Poet's Corner, at the foot of Handel and the head of Sheridan, with Macaulay and Chamberland on either side. His grave is kept covered with flowers by the thousands of visitors who continually throng the spot. Dean Stanley delivered a sermon last Sunday on his death.

THE POPE'S ULTIMATUM.

The Pope has fixed July 22 as the ultimate limit which will be allowed American Bishops to make their submission to the Holy See. If by that time they have not reconciled themselves with the Pope excommunication will be pronounced against them. The Council began the discussion of the last chapter of the Infallibility schema last Friday. It is now considered certain that Infallibility will be proclaimed in a short time, and preparations are making to celebrate the occasion on a grand scale, and with unprecedented display.

Communications

Circular Letter.*

Dear Brethren:

Permit us to call your attention to those aspects of Christian life and duty which are in special danger of neglect. The Apostle exhorted his brethren: "Be not conformed to this world." If in the early ages of Christianity, and in times of persecution, this admonition was necessary, how much more in this day of light. Is there not danger to piety from the seductive influences of a wicked world? Is the nature of the heart changed by the advance of civilization? In this progressive age and land, in these times when rage the passion for the speedy acquisition of wealth, and for equally rapid expenditures, is there not danger that the people of God will forget their high vocation, and give way before the popular current? We would ask you to interrogate conscience, and to observe the actual condition of things in our churches, and to decide whether we have not reason for addressing you a word on

YOUR PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

When John the Baptist cried in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," many came to him, inquiring, "What shall we do?" When Saul of Tarsus gained a correct view of the Saviour, his first inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" His great work was, at once, mapped out and laid before him. Your work is, instrumentally, to save dying men. Your families are to be led to Christ,—the penitent inquirer directed to the "Lamb of God" which taketh away the sin of the world,—the timid and desponding encouraged, and the ignorant instructed. Upon the individual members of the church of God, rests the fulfillment of the great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The centuries which have passed away since Christ uttered these words, prove that the gospel will not promulgate itself, nor be promulgated without human agency. "How shall men believe on him of whom they have not heard?" In order that it may accomplish its heavenly mission, you must consecrate your property and yourselves to the work of publishing it throughout the earth. Our mission treasury must be replenished,—our self-sacrificing band of laborers, in foreign lands and elsewhere, must be sustained. The work must be done. We are pledged to do it. The responsibility rests upon us as members of Christ's body, and it can not be fully met by an occasional effort, but by constant, persistent well-doing. No, dear brethren, this work is not one that can be made a wayside business. It is the most solemn and stupendous work which has ever yet been undertaken.

Solemn and responsible as it is, nevertheless, it is desirable. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is." This brings before us a general principle,—that those who fear God and keep his commandments, will secure his favor in this world. Recur to the page of history as proof of this. Christian labor has not been in vain. Ripe sheaves have been gathered from the classic soil of Greece, among the hills of Palestine, in the Santal jungles, the villages of India, the mountains of Persia, and the temples of China. Every pious heart prompts the exclamation, "Lo, what hath God wrought!" and wrought through the gospel, sanctioned and approved by him. To co-operate with him in this work, to follow in the pathways that Jesus trod, to labor to extend the kingdom of righteousness and peace on the earth, is to bring the mind directly under the influence of those principles that will develop and strengthen its faculties, and open the sources of the most exquisite enjoyment. And the pleasure derived from doing good will increase the ability, will move all the activities of the soul, and secure the favor of God in the life that now is.

Godliness has the promise of the life that is to come. Eternal salvation is secured by it. Beloved brethren, send your thoughts forward to that period when you will be spirits, bright angels before the great white throne. Then by personal experience you know something of the blessing of salvation. Compute as nearly as you can, the excellency and value of the divine favor, of the society of pure spirits, of the joy and bliss of heaven; then conceive all this to be stricken out of your experience, and your spirits kept under chains of darkness till the judgment, and then to receive the sentence, Depart! Oh, how desirable will be the favor of God in the world to come! You hope to experience it. May your hope be realized.

But where are the laborers to accomplish this work? Who shall go out into the highways and compel them to come to Christ? The ministry can not, alone, do it. They may and must go forth, bearing precious seed, and work with a will.

Dear brethren, we invite you to co-operate with the ministry. You are peculiarly fitted, by the grace and providence of God, to engage in this work. Your habits of life and circumstances are similar to those whom we wish brought to Christ. Intimately acquainted with them, you know how to approach them. All things conspire to render your position a favorable one for inviting them to come to Jesus. You have ample opportunities to do a great amount of work. During those clippings of time which are not devoted to business, those vacant hours when partially free from pressing duties, say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

This subject, dear brethren, is commended to your prayerful attention. Use faithfully

* This Circular Letter was prepared by Rev. J. Russell, according to the direction of a Committee of the N. H. Yearly Meeting, and read before and adopted by that body at its recent session in Franconia. By vote, it is sent for publication in the Morning Star.

your own talent in efforts to save souls. God has honored such employment. To win souls is wise. Sincerity of purpose will secure the divine co-operation.

From the freshly covered graves of the fathers and brethren, earnest and persuasive voices reach us. They bid us be ready also,—to pray and weep,—to work and watch,—to beware how we leave for to-morrow the work which the present hour demands. They entreat us to yield every talent and faculty to him who has bought us with his blood; to be earnest, laborious, steadfast, just and gentle, magnanimous and brave; to live soberly, righteously and godly, that the master may say to us at last, "Well done."

A Theory of Morals.

Happiness is a good. The natural aspirations of the soul reach after it. The highest happiness attainable is the real demand of every soul. Man feels that, whenever the capabilities of the being for enjoyment have their fill, there will be rest and peace. So happiness, in its perfection, is not only our privilege, its attainment is our duty; since the truly natural aspirations of the soul are the impression of God's will.

But notwithstanding happiness is desired, lawful and obligatory even, there may be a failure to reach it through a want of proper considerations. It may be striven for to the neglect of the means which make it secure. The means must be made all in all. This being done, happiness will care for itself.

The danger to the spiritual life of many Christians is, that the desire for happiness is the strongest motive. It is a good which thus becomes the greatest evil to them. Esteeming happiness virtue, they lose sight of high virtue. Making it religion, practically, they make religion mere sentiment, and thus religion fails to be an ever-living principle in them. So it becomes like the child's toy, a thing for amusement instead of the noblest of all things. Love to Christ and labor in his cause, given merely for the happiness which results, are not worthy of a Christian. Motive to service should be nobler. It should be more God-like. It was no personal consideration in Christ that sent Him to this sinful world to suffer and to die. He had the spirit of sacrifice. This is religion. He had a willingness to accept death. This is religion. The supreme desire of happiness shrinks into nothing in comparison. He who strives supremely for personal good subverts all religious virtue in himself. Profit is prized more than principle. Such virtue has no sterling worth like the martyr's, who chooses the stake to the yielding of his convictions and principles. It is superficial, weak and worthless. True virtue is deep and abiding, strong and reliable, and of value incomparable and infinite.

Notice, from what has preceded, that the one who makes happiness the aim of Christian service loses Christian excellence. But two things, strictly observed, give the life of greatest excellence, securing the soul's demand for happiness as the natural result.

The first is, being a law unto ourselves. The second is, recognizing and obeying God as the rightful lawgiver. One is the human side; the other, the divine. Each represents a different way of looking at the same thing. Looking at either, and striving to meet the demands of each, we obtain the excellence which gives the truest and happiest life. As giving this we notice:

First, Being a law unto ourselves is meant that the soul should be "loved for its own worth." In other words, loved not as a product of a substance, but as itself a substance. It testifies to us that it is of value, and that nothing compares with it in value. It reveals the fact that every right act is worthy of it, and that every wrong act is unworthy and debases. It emphatically declares that conformity to its dignity meets the great end of existence; and that in so far as the failure is to do this we fail to meet the great end of existence. It makes its possessor blush with shame; it loads him with guilt; and it condemns him as a betrayer of his highest good and a robber of his grand and noble purposes. The soul is so formed by God. This power of demanding excellence, he has placed within it. All these convictions he gives through this power, that we may be brought to what is excellent. To say that we may not and must not love the soul for its own worth, would be absurd. It would be opposed to our convictions; it would be to distrust our souls in their declarations; and, in fact, it would be an insult to God, as virtually it would be saying that, formed by Infinite Goodness, we seem to be what we are not. So, to produce the best life, we declare it to love the soul for its own worth, for its own dignity, in accordance with its natural demands, as it comes from its Creator. This must give the noblest life, for in this, our internal law is written—right, happiness, heaven, to win; wrong, misery, hell, to shun. It declares morality, Christianity, God. It will say nothing else till it is torn, shattered, bruised,—till it is nominally destroyed; and then only because of its utter unworthiness and the dissolution of its original powers. We have a subjective directory which shows the way to virtue, and this we have seen.

We also have an objection. God himself the Lawgiver. Recognizing and obeying him as such, give the same results as being a law unto ourselves. God has laid a double force upon the soul, an inner and an outer. The outer is the law of God written. If man disregards the internal; duty still appears, for the external enforces it. In so far as he conforms to it as the rule of life, he has Christian excellence. If every law is obeyed because it is a principle of right, and not simply because conformity to it gives enjoyment, he has the true spirit of religion. If he says this must be done because God, who is Infinite Reason, says

so, and not for the reward of right doing, he says as the Christian says and the result is all, that the soul demands, though not directly sought. To this the Christian must hold himself. It is the true standard. Why speak? It is right. Why pray? It is duty. Why give? It is the gospel's demand. Such must be the only considerations. Such are all that merit reward. Religion is a principle. It is nothing else. Wedded to principle, man is wedded to God. In this union the soul is satisfied. Its virtue is perfect; its measure of happiness is full.

H. R. H.

Gossiping.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There exists no greater pest to the well-being of society than the gossip.

No part of the world is free from this evil. We have no doubt the blubber-eating Esquimaux talk about their neighbors; and that the tawny natives of Terra del Fuego, indulge occasionally in a dish of scandal, who will deny?

This love for gossip seems to be born with many persons, and its practice constitutes the principal amusement of their lives. Perhaps we are all more or less prone to judge of people from our own stand-point, but, if we stop to consider the fact that we can never place ourselves exactly in the situation of our neighbor, we might be convinced that this judging others by ourselves is not always "righteous judgment."

How can you possibly be influenced and controlled by the same springs of action which influence and control another? How can you see with his eyes? hear with his ears? or feel and perceive by his senses? Are his pains your pains? his joys and sorrows yours? His hopes, his fears, his trials, and struggles, and discouragements,—can they ever, by any magical system of transformation, become your very own?

Unless this can come to pass, how otherwise do you acquire the right to judge his line of conduct as freely as you take the liberty of doing? You do not know the silent, unseen influences at work upon him; you do not know how strongly circumstances may hedge him in, and, as it were, compel him to this very course which you so bitterly condemn.

It is always easier to counsel to what is right, than to do what is right. We would all rather give advice than take it. In spite of the beam in our own eye, we see clearly the mote in the eye of our neighbor.

The habit of gossiping is a vice which grows by what it feeds upon. Its indulgence only sharpens the appetite for more of the sort. It begets an unhealthy curiosity; it stimulates the fault of exaggeration; it breeds impertinence, and propagates an overweening desire to pry into the affairs of those around us. For, in order to be a successful gossip, one must be thoroughly posted. He must know everybody's business. He must be informed as to how much Mrs. A. spends a year for dress; how much Mrs. B. pays her washerwoman; whether Mrs. C. has fish or beefsteak for dinner, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now, no person can be an agreeable, useful member of society, who does not mind his own business; and, if he lets the business of other people alone, so much the better.

Gossiping, as a rule, is productive of untold evil.

In the first place, it banishes useful conversation. The interchange of ideas between man and man is one of the most fertile sources of education, and a good conversationalist is a benefit to his race. Indeed, it is very seldom that you meet a person who does not know something which you do not. The wisest may learn from the most ignorant.

But gossiping precludes the acquirement of information from conversation, because it communicates only ideas which are of no value to any one; and, by occupying the time and attention, it excludes from society such conversation as would be instructive and useful.

We suppose that every lady gossips more or less, and we are ready to admit that some gossip is comparatively harmless. But that sort of gossip which has for its key-note the errors and short-comings of others, is, pernicious in the highest degree.

The best people judge the faults of their fellow men most leniently. Having arrived at the degree of perfection which enables them to realize their own frailty, they are willing to consider mercifully the frailty of others. If God judged us as man judges us, or as we often judge others, what shadow of hope would there be for any of us?

Secondly, gossiping injures the person who gossips. It clouds the intellect, dwarfs the power of the mind, demoralizes the sensibilities, and, unlike pleasant jest or anecdote, is no relaxation to the strain of continual thought. It leaves behind a secret sense of dissatisfaction, for your regular, bred gossip is never satisfied, because he finds it impossible to make out so bad a story against those whom he censures as he desires to do.

Thirdly, gossiping injures the person who is the subject of it. Declare, as we may, that we do not care what people say about us, we know that we do care. Few of us wear an impenetrable armor against these arrows flung at us by the sharp tongue of some evil-minded gossip. We may clothe ourselves in the aspect of indifference, and walk on our way scorning to make any sign,—too proud to write at the pain we feel; but, nevertheless, the pain is there. Many a sensitive spirit has been turned to bitterness against human kind by a bit of so-called "harmless gossip." Many a tender heart has been crushed by some idle tale breathed forth by the lips of some old or younger gossip!

It would really seem as if some people thrive upon the misfortunes of others.

They are never quite so happy as when retelling to a circle of attentive listeners some choice piece of scandal. They delight in imaginings of evil. Consciously wrong themselves, they ascribe wrong motives to others. No one is safe from their tongues. Saint and sinner suffer alike. The simplest actions are referred to the worst intentions. They see beneath every fair exterior an undercurrent of sin.

Fourthly, gossiping lowers the tone of general society, inasmuch as it tends to destroy individual independence, and to subject community more or less to its dictation. Men are afraid to act up to their convictions of right because people will talk about it. The poor man is afraid to wear the coat which is within his means, because people will talk about it, and wonder what makes him look so "seedy." The young girl is afraid to marry the man she loves, because people will wag their heads, and say that she has "thrown herself away." The business man dares not be honest, because people will say he is not so sharp as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, who made twice as much money in the same length of time.

Gossiping is by no means confined to old ladies' tea parties and sewing societies. We cheerfully admit that women are guilty of the vice to a large extent, but the other sex are by no means innocent in the matter. Gossip is heard in bar-rooms, in gaming saloons, in street cars, on the piazzas of hotels, and its very best bed is located among the loafers, at street corners, who, useless to themselves and to the world, strive to enforce the fact of their existence upon passers-by, by making themselves as odious as possible.

By no means let us be understood as desiring to crush out entertaining conversation. We would not like always to be fed upon strong meat, neither would we always have our conversation grave with mighty ideas. But that conversation which has for its object the detraction of the absent, is what we would condemn. This hostile criticism of the acts, gestures, even the personal features of our acquaintances, is what we object to.

We have heard a man condemned because of his nose, and a very worthy minister and his wife sadly picked to pieces because the latter wore pink bonnet strings and had a cast in one eye. And, not long since, in a company where a young lady was the subject of discussion, some one made this remark,—"Well, she may be a nice girl, but then her mouth is so big!"

It is one of the privileges of this free country that we can censure and find fault with everybody, from the President downward; but let us take care that we do not abuse our liberty, and give utterance to something which may injure a fellow creature, and bring upon our souls a stain which no subsequent act of goodness on our part can ever efface.

Lastly, gossiping kills the spirit of conscientiousness, and is almost always fatal to truth. The habit of exaggeration becomes fixed; and it is possible to tell a falsehood over so many times that, after a while, you grow to believe it the truth. We will do gossip the justice to believe that, generally speaking, they do not realize the harm which they inflict by their mischievous practice. We think that many persons gossip from mere thoughtlessness, or from a desire to be considered sharp and witty.

"Who steals my purse steals trash." But it is a theft of infinitely greater magnitude to steal a man's good name. Money might be replaced, but who can bring back again, to the reputation blighted by scandal, its spotless purity, its stainless whiteness?

And the worst feature of gossiping lies in the fact that against it there is no redress. Our government has a law to punish almost every class of offenders. It condemns the thief, the murderer, the man who burns your house about your ears. The strong arm of the law can reach across every obstacle and seize upon the man who defrauds government to the extent of a two-cent revenue stamp, but for the miserable gossip who, with a few insidious words, an expressive nod, a meaning smile, ruins your character beyond all hope of restoration, there is no punishment!

The practice of the golden rule,—"*Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you*,"—would cover, with so broad a mantle of charity, the failings of those around us, that we should see their virtues with an open eye; and we should exercise toward all those with whom we come in contact a forbearance as gentle, a pity as tender, as a mother feels for her sick child, whose caprices she sees and deprecates, but, out of the great love that she bears it, ignores its faults, and remembers always what is gentle and lovable in its disposition.

A Few Years Hence.

A few years hence, what changes will have taken place! That aged veteran, bending over the staff, will lie in the dust. That beardless youth, that walks the streets with such buoyancy of spirits, will see the consummation of all his earthly hopes. That idle prattler will have become a victim of care and sorrow. All the beauty and brilliancy of youth will have faded away. Those who now shine conspicuous in the gay circles of life, will have passed from view. The glory of the successful hero, the patriot, the warrior, the politician, will be eclipsed. Nothing, save the bare remembrance of their names, will be left behind. The occupants of the humble cottage and of the costly mansion, will alike be removed from their habitations. The moan of sorrow and the voice of congratulations will be changed to silence. Yes, a few years hence, where will be the present inhabitants of this globe? In eternity!

These considerations are enough to awaken the slumbering energies of a lost

world. They should admonish the Christian to activity in the cause of God. His time is short, and his work will soon be completed. Then, let him labor with untiring diligence in that cause which demands his service. Let him strive to become more watchful, more prayerful, more devoted. Let his light shine; let him do all the good in his power; let him fulfill the great design of his existence; for in a few years he will be numbered with the dead. No time should be lost when he may be the efficient means, in the hands of God, of great and lasting good.

Those who have thus far rejected the offers of salvation, have much to fear. During the last few years, how many have lived as they are now living,—and who have died as they will die, unless they change their course. Have you seen all this, and yet remain unmoved, untouched? Ah, have you considered that in a few years you will be no more? If so, why trifle with the present moment? Why delay the care of your immortal interests, and live in violation of the commands of heaven?

Think again. Where will you be a few years hence? In the world of disembodied spirits. You will then be deprived of the privilege of securing heaven for your eternal home, of meeting friends who have gone before, and of joining the saints in glory. Now, upon your present decision depends your future happiness. But are you unable to decide? Are you halting between two opinions? If so, halt no longer. Come at once to Christ; come as you are—poor, weak, needy. Come to him as your only hope and refuge. Come to him as a humble penitent, seeking deliverance from sin and death. Do this, do it heartily, and deliverance will come. Joy unspeakable will fill the soul; death will be disarmed of its terrors; and heaven will possess strong and sacred attractions.

S. H. B.

Church Polity.

In the *Star* of April 27, is an article under the above caption, in which "S." refers to my article in the *Star* of April 6, and says, "All right;" and he then asks several questions in relation to the manner of choosing a council. If the principle laid down in my article, "that councils derive their authority to adjust difficulties in the church, from the consent of the parties interested," is "all right," it is of minor importance by whom the council is selected, if the consent of the parties is secured, or the interests of both parties are properly represented.

The questions of S. are easily answered. If a mutual council is called, the accused and accuser have each a right to a voice in the selection of the council; in no other way could it be mutual. Or, the church may select a council, and if there are two parties in the church on the question at issue, each party has a right to nominate or select a part of the council, and, the accused and the accuser (or any member) have each a right to object if there is reason to believe that there are circumstances that would prevent a fair and impartial trial, or a right verdict. The Q. M. has a right to appoint a council if he believe it necessary; and a council selected in either way, having the confidence of the parties interested, has a right to try, and acquit or condemn, as the case may require, and their verdict should be final. But the decision of an *ex parte* council can never command the respect of an intelligent community, unless the decision is against the party in whose interests they were selected.

W.

Selections.

Religious Affectation.

We often hear affectation condemned in a tone which seems to imply that nothing is easier than to avoid it, and nothing so unbecomingly as to "act a part." On the contrary, we think that to act unaturally is one of the most natural weaknesses of human nature. We are all more or less prone to imitation; therefore we are constantly saying or doing that which is less our own than another's. We are all, in a measure, desirous of meeting general expectation; therefore it is that we often unconsciously conform rather to the popular wish than to promptings within us. We are all somewhat mechanical at times in our thoughts; therefore do we fall into habits of speech and manner which have no flavor of our real selves. To expect a person to be wholly and exclusively himself, is to expect of him a kind of originality which is hardly possible in a finite being.

There is, however, an exaggerated form of affectation which amounts to hypocrisy, and deserves the utmost censure. When we consciously imitate, and then strive to pass off the imitation as native simplicity; when men pay such deference to others as to disobey conscience; when we abjure our brightness of freedom, and become like machines, whose motions are as fixed as their own component parts; then are we guilty of that sin of sins which Christ denounced more severely than he did any transgression forbidden in the decalogue.

It is noticeable that cant is, in reality, a breach of all the commandments. It involves the spirit of self-glory, which would set up another God than Jehovah. The clergyman who, anxious for reputation, leads listeners to think more of him who utters prayer than of Him to whom it is addressed, has not learned "by heart" the first lesson of that schoolmaster which brings men to Christ.

Cant makes unto itself likenesses of many things in heaven, earth and hell, and ends in making obedience to them as worthy of worship. The symbols of extreme ritualism are but a repetition of the foolish attempts to represent to the eye of sense that which can be only spiritually discerned. The very existence of such symbols tends to idolatry. The graven images of the heathen were at first intended for symbols merely, and the semi-idolatrous practices of the Roman church point in the same direction.

Cant is notoriously the occasion of taking God's name in vain. Prayers full of addresses to Deity, unmeaning, because untruth; perfunctory allusions to a Divine Providence which is not revered in the conduct of life; flippancy quotations of Holy Writ;

these are all violations of the third commandment of the law.

The same spirit of affectation sets up a seventh-day sanctimoniousness, which is a profanation of the day of rest. It gives countenance to the theory that man was made for the Sabbath; that God must be worshipped because he needs the homage of man, because the creature can thereby make compensation for neglecting the Creator during the week.

It teaches a child to say "Corban," to render insincere excuses for disobedience to parents.

It leads men into those false relations with each other from which come misconception and strife, often ending in anger and bloody death.

It so deforms behavior that the attitude of the sexes to each other becomes fatally deceitful; it blinds true love, gives spur to false love, leads men and women into unhappy marriages, teaches them to trifle with the most sacred feelings of their nature.

It lowers and limits the influence of genuine goodness by casting suspicion upon its value. Hypocrisy is a dishonest system of legal tender, by means of which a multitude of assumed virtues are circulated on the basis of a few real graces, a system that confuses and unsettles the popular estimate of solid worth. It robs man of a priceless treasure—belief in the existence of exalted character.

It is quite unnecessary to show that hypocrisy is a lie.

It is as closely connected with covetousness as are robbery and theft. God made man upright, self-reliant, ambitious to develop his own powers, but he has sown out the intentions of robbing, begging and stealing. Each is led by an inordinate desire to be other than the individual he is. Man reaches the height of covetousness when he desires, not so much his neighbor's goods as, his neighbor's character—to appropriate it in some other way than by self-culture.

Thus is insincerity the sum of all transgression. But so subtle are its advances, and so strong its hold upon human nature, that the Christian finds himself compelled to be always on the watch and under arms to resist it. They who, as Paul says, "have put off the old man and his deeds," need to be exhorted to "lie not one to another."

When the conscience has been fully aroused to the enormity of direct deceit, it yet often slumbers under the mask of false behavior. We doubt if Peter would have again thrice denied his Lord in the hour of peril, but he did dissemble for fear of the Jews, thinking to serve religion by pretended conformity to a custom which he had really rejected. There are many who, like him, would be ready to face persecution for Christ's sake, who act falsehood in the prayer meeting or in the pulpit, after the manner of him who at Antioch sought to build again the things which he had destroyed.

When, for the sake of "sustaining the meeting," some brother "makes" a prayer which, however reverent in expression, and appropriate in petition, is yet not the genuine outpouring of his own present feeling, he is doing himself more harm than others good; he is doing evil that good may come. When a preacher who has the gift of ready speech allows his tongue to trip along over sacred themes without his own conscious weighing of his language; without a prayerful consideration of the wants to which he assumes to minister, he is sowing the seeds of insincerity. But he will have special need to beware of the heaven of the Pharisee when he finds himself tempted to make artificial exactions, and set forth a gospel born of subtle intellectual dicta.

Every Christian has an ideal towards which he must strive, but he commits a grievous error when he bears himself as if he had already attained. It is thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think that often leads us to simulate graces. We often profess too much. Thinking what we desire to be, we fall into the self-pleasing habit of supposing that such we are. But, when the world looks on, and sees how much our Christianity consists of assumed virtue, of words not embodied in deeds, of professions not even always bearing the stamp of down-right earnestness, what wonder that it says, "All religion is cant; there is nothing higher than decent morality under the sun!"

Lost Opportunities.

You have had many such, and so have I. Times when we have been certain that God sent one across our path for us to help, and, through indecision, or timidity, or pride, our work has been left undone. Only a moment, and the opportunity was gone forever. A kind word,—and how little, after all, would it have cost us,—a smile, which perhaps the soul was panting for, a tender rebuke—who of us can tell how far its influence might have reached?

Every teacher knows how a single really good, or really bad boy will draw upon the morals of a school. Decision, serving one master, is what tells upon those about us, and it is the opposite of this which kills our spiritual life. We daily between the good and evil inclination of our hearts. We step past the work which Jesus gives us to do, and take other burdens which we find more grievous by far to be borne. We send money, it may be to the far-off heathen, but we lift our heads above, and draw up our garments from the defilements of the heathen about our door. It is the mother whose child is sick in the dirty hut around the corner who needs your help.

Something tells you that you might influence her to become a better and a happier woman. Now is the time, when every little one lies between heaven and earth, that her heart is broken up, and that you can gain a hold upon her better nature. It will be delicate work, and, perhaps, not agreeable. You know how Jesus dealt with the very worst, and poorest of earth. He knows how to help you. Here is a stranger, with a faded shawl, perhaps, and an unfashionable bonnet, who comes to church and slips into the first pew by the door, and by her face you can see that she is not quite sure of being welcome even in the lowest seat. Do show her that you are a Christian sister, by shaking her by the hand and asking her into your own pew. It will go far for her to see a score of sermons towards assuring her of the truth of religion. I lived once, three years, in a large city, and during that time not a single person even asked me how it was with my soul, and I was among Christian people, too, and there were opportunities enough. Who lost them, and how many such are we losing?

As Christians we are too thoughtful of others, and too proud. We are constantly wondering what the world will think of us, and not what the Master thinks. There are those beside us daily, who can give them for what, perhaps, we can give them; it may be kinder. Let us strive to be more like our Leader, and let us not miss the opportunities which come with each day, lest some soul go down which might have been saved if we had done our duty.—*Advance*.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1870.

GEORGE T. DAY, EDITOR.
GEORGE H. BAILL, EDITOR.

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

A Veteran's Welcome.

The reception given to Hon. John P. Hale by his old friends at Dover, on Wednesday of last week, as he came back from his five years' residence abroad, and from his service, as Minister to the Court of Spain, was most hearty, grateful and touching. The thronged and ornamented squares, the all hail of bells and cannon, the music of the bands, the waving of banners, the parade of the military and fire companies, the formal greeting by the Mayor of the city, the escort to his quarters by a long procession through streets ablaze with beauty and vocal with unmistakable enthusiasm, the more formal reception accorded in the evening at the City Hall, where Judge Woodman, a life-long friend and fellow citizen, most admirably voiced the thought and feeling of the multitude in a brief address, and handed to Mr. Hale the Resolutions of the City Council engrossed upon parchment and having the city's seal, the prolonged burst of applause that greeted him when he stepped forward to speak, the hush that went through the audience as the voice that had been wont to peal like a trumpet, came out subdued with emotion and comparatively faint through physical debility, the half-restrained eagerness with which the crowd availed itself of the opportunity to press the hand of one whose public service had commanded their approval, as his personal good qualities had won their sympathy and esteem; all this made the 15th of June a red-letter day in the history of the city, and gave to Mr. Hale the most ample assurance that they who had known him longest and best had not parted with their faith in his integrity, and had kept a place in their hearts for the friendship which had been held sacred for a whole generation.

Mr. Hale has grown old during his absence. The round, ruddy, radiant face is thin, furrowed and careworn; the once portly form is now spare; the steplacks the old elasticity; there is less humor lurking in the eye and at the corners of the mouth; one observes a slight stoop in the shoulders, as though the added years were beginning to press like a burden; and the whole aspect suggests that labor and anxiety and time are steadily forcing him into the ranks of elderly men, where life is made up more largely of review than of anticipation, and where the soldier in the battle of life is compelled to turn over the hard and heroic service to newer recruits and more limited experience.

But his part in our public affairs has been an important one. His record makes a plain story. He heard the voice of his fellow citizens at an early age calling him to public life, and heeded it. And he has been occupied with its duties, with only few and limited interruptions, from that day to this. He has borne a part in most of the significant struggles that have marked the life of the nation during the last twenty-five years. He was one of the few statesmen who early took in the meaning of the conflict between freedom and slavery in the sphere of national politics, and who promptly chose to accept the temporary risks and losses which a pronounced anti-slavery attitude might bring. He openly wedded his service to freedom when his friends were few and feeble, and the alliance was a stigma.

His earlier contests in the Senate at Washington often seemed akin to the apostle's fighting with beasts at Ephesus. Confronting the pro-slavery leaders, who lacked neither brain nor earnestness, they soon found it impossible to crush or despise him. They saw in him at once a powerful antagonist and a thorough gentleman. He bore himself like a chivalric knight, while he riddled the sophistry and pricked the conceit which they brought to the encounter. He always tempered satire with gallantry. He often parried an angry blow with a witicism, neutralized malice with humor, purchased an apology with a magnanimous response, and disarmed enemies by a hearty and jovial "good morning." The men who had raved at him in public debate, hastened to invite him to dinner as soon as the Vice-President's gavel announced an adjournment. His abounding good humor saved him alike from the violence that was often threatened, and from the exhaustion and the cynicism which a sterner spirit could hardly have escaped. And yet his geniality did not blunt the truth, and attentions never bought his silence. While freely distributing courtesies, he still held fast to his conscience, and the debates which marked a field-day in the Senate Chamber, showed plainly enough that he had not joked away his principles at the reception held on the previous evening. However jolly a friend he might prove in the drawing-room, he was over the heroic soldier of liberty when the bugles announced a battle. And through all that long and vital contest of ideas which settled into fierceness over the admission of Texas, and at length led in the struggle with bullet and bayonet, nobody needed to ask after Mr. Hale's position, and few indeed were the occasions when he was absent from his post or chargeable with lack of vigilance.

It is fitting now to recall this rare and honorable record. It is one that would be anywhere worth recalling. Silence over it would be a grievous injustice to him; to forget or blur it over would be a pitiable ingratitude in us. Coming home with a

ed frame and spirit, to find a race newly enfranchised and a country settling into peace and prosperity, it is a poor welcome that ignores the service that, through more than a score of anxious and toilsome years, was helping to strike off the negro's fetters and cement belligerent states into a puissant Christian nation. May his remaining days be peaceful and pleasant, brightened with the prized ministries of loving and trusting friends, cheered by the music which comes through the uttered blessing of those whom he helped when they were ready to perish, filled with the satisfactions that spring from a good conscience, and hallowed by the "well done" which his uplifted heart shall find coming from the lips of the Great Master.

Mr. Hale's relation to the *Star* has been easily recognizable and really intimate. He and it long contended for the same principles of civil liberty; both shared the obloquy of the nazae "abolitionist" when the term blanched brave men's faces into paleness; both alike rejoiced in each new success gained, and looked forward in confidence to the great triumph which came sooner than either had predicted even in the most hopeful hour; each felt strengthened by the other's work; and JOHN P. HALE and WILLIAM BURE, the faithful public servant and the Christian editor, were for many years fellow-townsmen and warm personal friends. The editor has passed on; the statesman will ere long follow him. But while men die, principles live. Mr. Hale will bequeath his true political philosophy to worthy successors, who will not forget the lesson not abuse the trust; and we hope that the mantle of Brother Burr's Christian faith and devoted service is not to go about vainly seeking a proper wearer for many years to come.

Doctrinal Themes.

Doctrine is just now in low repute. There is a re-action from older times, when it was the "alpha and omega" of religion. Ethics, the practical and experimental, are now in fashion. The churches are weary of contention, sick of abstractions; they repel bony skeletons, and demand the warmth, activity and glow of real life in all they hear or honor in religion. They feel the pressure of work, are in haste, have too much to do, to allow of investigation or deep reflection. This is both commendable and deplorable. We would not return to the "old paths," where sharp distinctions and dogmatic assertions were both tests of fellowship and wedges to drive the family of saints; where sectaries were more jealous of creeds than careful of behavior, and had more doctrine in their heads than grace in their hearts. But we deplore the distaste for doctrine, because piety and virtue can not long survive without it. Doctrine is the root of all Christian experience and practice, and we can no more ripen a harvest of fruits, without roots and trunks of trees, than produce and maintain virtue without doctrine.

It is not necessary for every person to be a theologian in order to be pious and good. Such is the wonderful power of truth, that, lodged in and thoroughly worked out by a few minds, it imparts a mighty impulse to the multitude, and gives nurture and force to love and hope in myriads of souls. Some single "Father Abraham" sends the impulse of his faith down the generations; some great thinker settles the foundations of doctrine for millions. Those even who do not comprehend, and have no distinct idea of the truths which supply the life-currents, receive the inspiration, and are made good and happy. Ignorant men may live upon, be fed by, and take all the vitality of their spiritual lives from doctrines of which they can give no historic or analytical account.

But there must be doctrine somewhere, in some minds, or practical piety will wither like flowers plucked from their stems. Blight may not come in a day, the mighty impulse may drive on for a time, and many may imagine as they now seem to fancy, that no such dependence exists, and that good practice is self-produced and will perpetuate itself. A little sober reflection ought to disabuse them. There must be a cause. Ideas are roots of action. What we believe about God, sin, the Saviour, man, the soul, guilt, redemption, heaven and hell, lies at the basis of all action, and can not fail to influence us. Without faith, we are without motives, impulse and energy.

All Christian doctrine is practical. To preach it in a dry, bony, skeleton style, gives the garb of error to truth, of ugliness to beauty, and begets repulsion where we desire acceptance. Those doctrinal discussions once so common, which make God a despot, so severely just, so awful in holiness, so cold and inexorable in sovereignty, so partial in mercy, as to make humanity revolt, and force men to the agony of unbelief, or into agony in belief;—these taught falsehood in truthful phrase, dishonored God in attempts to exalt him, and repelled and cursed man by the mode adopted to win him to faith and loyalty. Let those old methods be obsolete; recall no more the unpaternal theories of God and ungenerous views of grace, but fill sermons, newspapers and Sunday school books with doctrine, all aglow with life, warmth, love and beauty, as embodied in Christ and his word, and we shall insure all Christian virtue. But if we swing to the extreme of ignoring doctrine, and preaching good works alone, we shall undermine and destroy what we think ourselves especially wise and successful in building up.

THE MYSTLE. We are glad to say that the subscription list of this Sabbath school sheet is larger than ever before, so that the edition of the early numbers of the present volume was exhausted before the orders could be filled. We regret the disappointment, arising from the delay of our friends in ordering the paper. They and others can be supplied from this date. They must order earlier next time.

Calvinists and Arminians.

Creeds are dissolving, Christian thought tends to harmony, dividing lines are vanishing, the saints are moving toward "one faith," the sharp points of sectarianism are melting away, the light of Christ's countenance is dispelling the dark image of bigotry, as sunlight banishes the shades of night; Christians are getting mixed so that it is increasingly difficult to define their differences. In proof of this, we need only refer to the intermingling of Calvinists and Arminians, in all the Christian sects, so that it is impossible to fix the lines of separation. The Earl of Chatham said, that the Episcopal church had "a Roman Liturgy, an Arminian Clergy, and a Calvinistic Creed." The creeds and clergy of all the sects are now in about the same state of disagreement. Albert Barnes presents the doctrine of the atonement in a light which Calvin denounced as deadly heresy, and a large majority of the late New School branch of the Presbyterian church endorse him, and yet are reported as good Calvinists. The most eloquent and able advocates of "free-will" are found in the Calvinistic sects, and yet are held in "good and regular standing" among their brethren. The strongest arguments against the "Five Points of Calvinism" to be found in the English language, have come from leading members of Calvinistic churches.

Are Congregationalists and Baptists really Calvinists? They have strong assertions of the doctrines which Calvin taught, but many, perhaps a majority, of their ministers preach sentiments entirely different. Are such men as Andrew Fuller, Nathaniel Taylor, Lyman Beecher, Albert Barnes and Francis Wayland to be called Calvinists? If so, very few intelligent, evangelical ministers need be excluded from the catalogue. But we are told that they are "moderate Calvinists." So we are having "moderate Calvinism," and "modified Arminianism," and they are getting so intermixed, that we can not tell how or where they differ, or draw anything but a very zigzag and unfathomable line between them.

All this signifies that Christians are coming together; the sectarian leaders can not prevent it; the currents are steady and strong, and the results are, "one faith," "one family," "one church." The very thing for which Christ prayed is not very far away; its coming glory already glides the horizon and gladdens our hearts. We have observed several articles recently in Baptist papers, on the status of the General Baptists in England, and the conclusion is, that they are "moderately Calvinistic," more closely resembling the (close) Baptists in America than Open Communion Baptists in England do. As evidence of this, it is said, that "when they come to America, they generally unite with the (close) Baptists, while members from the Open Communion churches, usually join some other denomination." Well, if the General Baptists are "moderately Calvinistic," no evangelical Christians can be denied that honor. The fact is, that doctrinal speculations are no longer tests of fellowship, and these phrases are simple compliments to old creeds, which stand stiff and hard as petrifications, but have been superseded by a wise exaltation of Christ and of life in him as the bond of union and the badge of orthodoxy. As love increases, we shall become more and more mixed, until the sharpest casuist cannot separate us, and we shall be wholly unable to pick ourselves out of the united family, and decide exactly where, among the old creeds, we belong.

Baptism, or Immersion?

Why should Baptists desire to translate baptism? To substitute immersion for baptism will not settle the controversy over the form of the rite. The dispute is about the meaning of baptism. What shall we gain by substituting the Latin, immerse, for the Greek, baptize? If we have settled it, that baptism means the same as immerse, we have no need of changing the former for the latter; and if we have not settled it, all who dispute our interpretation will also dispute our translation. The controversy will remain just where it was before, only somewhat less favorable for the Baptists.

The confession of weakness, which this "sank movement" of a new translation suggests, is a disadvantage and wholly uncalled for. Immersion is no more an English word than baptism is; it is just as truly Latin as baptism is a Greek word; so that the plea for a translation on the ground that baptism is a Greek and not an English word, amounts to nothing. Moreover, baptism has become a religious word; it is identified with our entire religious life; it has numerous and pleasant associations; immersion has none of these; it is a secular, rough, unsanctified word. It sounds harsh and painful to hear immersion in Scripture passages, instead of baptism. We suffer a great loss when we make the substitution, and gain nothing in return.

The true course is fix to the proper meaning of baptism upon the Scripture word. By a faithful, kind and persistent testimony and corresponding practice, this will be done. We are making rapid progress. It is not uncommon to hear Pseudo-baptists distinguish between baptism and sprinkling. When asked if they have been baptized, they often answer, "No, but we were sprinkled in infancy." If we are patient, and all speak the same thing, it will not be long before the word baptism will signify, to all evangelical Christians, what it does to the Baptists. But if we abandon our stronghold, or divide on a word, we shall weaken our testimony and delay the victory of truth. Every movement to substitute immersion for baptism hinders our work, and blunts the arguments which we may urge.

Orders can still be filled for Kennedy's work on Communion.

Current Topics.

—MR. DICKENS'S DEATH. The announcement of the sudden death of Charles Dickens recently, took the public wholly by surprise, and created a profound sensation. He had been apparently in his usual good health up to the very moment of the shock which at once prostrated and left him senseless. He lingered for a few hours, in a state of coma, and passed away without a sign. Even his physicians failed to detect the symptoms of his departure, and he was dead before they had looked for the end. His remains have been deposited in the famous "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey, the place hallowed beyond all others in the estimation of literary men. He leaves his "Edwin Drood" unfinished, and goes up to report his interrupted life-work to the great Taskmaster, and hear the verdict which Infinite Love and Justice promptly render over every man's service.

As a writer of fiction, Mr. Dickens has, for some years past, stood confessedly at the head of living novelists. And it may be frankly added, that he has used his eminent powers in the interests of truth, justice and humanity. He has never flattered the great and strong; he has never pandered to base passions; he has never sold his genius or his products for the mere purpose of getting worldly gain; he has never written solely for the sake of literary reputation, careless of the consequences to society. He has used his pen for the relief of the lowly, the wronged, the misjudged, the despairing, whom society was making a prey. He has exposed the oppressions of the powerful. He has unmasked the abuses connived at by the government. He has held pretension up to deserved ridicule, and showed the worthlessness of many aristocratic prerogatives. He has scathed phariseism in the church and blasted demagoguism in the state. Not a few of the reforms in English law and life, that have taught the rich charity and given the poor new hope, were induced or hastened by his service. He has clearly voiced the dumb agony at the bottom of English society, and translated into plain and effective speech the fragmentary language of virtue, nobleness and love that comes up from the hovels and garrets and cellars of the city. He has furnished whole galleries of portraits for the humblest homes as well as the highest,—portraits that light darkened rooms, and keep affections green in multitudes of hearts. His abundant humor is wholesome as sunshine and fertilizing as summer showers. He has peopled many a vacant realm for us all, and filled the sad solitude with music and laughter. They who read him, close his volumes with a fresh protest against wrong, and go out among their fellows with a kinder spirit. Though his characters are often caricatures, and his habit of exaggeration seems as chronic as an Arab's, yet he never misleads nor creates a dissatisfaction with the actual world. His works are at once artistic, exhilarating, wholesome, humane, philanthropic. If we could only add, without qualification, that they are positively and distinctively Christian, we should be able to put the crown upon his life and the sanctity upon his work which they must now consent to forego. For the much that is admirable and valuable in them we are very grateful; for the lack which they exhibit we can not but indulge a deep regret. For what he has done to secure justice among men we revere his memory; if he had duly exalted a vital faith in Christ, many generations, would rise up and call him blessed.

—A FRESH COMPROMISE. After a struggle of five months, the two branches of the Mass. Legislature agree, by enacting majorities, to pass a sort of license law, which really satisfies almost nobody, as mere compromises that are worried through the forms of legislation are very likely to do. It will have a year's trial, and almost certainly prove, like its predecessor of two years ago, perplexing, provoking and mischievous, and then be spurned, like that same predecessor, into a deserved oblivion. To tamper with the evil of liquor-selling, will only plague instead of profiting. Until a question is settled right, it is not settled at all. It will persist in coming up like the ghost of Banquo. Nothing but a prohibitory statute, enforced by an independent magistracy, will meet the want and save the old Bay State from the mischiefs of the cup. Till repentance reaches this depth and brings forth these fruits, it will be a superficial thing in itself, and prove a fraud upon the public. Radical policy here is alone simple and sure.

—FORCED TO WAIT. The special message of the President upon Cuban affairs fell almost like a thunderbolt upon Congress and the country. To some it seems timely and needful, a thing essential to clear the diplomatic air,—to others, and especially to those who have longed and hoped for a recognition by our government, it appears like an artificial bolt carrying destruction in its track. Mr. Banks represents the utterance from the White House, as untimely if not impertinent, and he made a strong effort to neutralize its force. But if the statements made by the President can be relied on as correct, it would seem as though the time for recognition had not yet come, and may not come very soon. There was never before a war that furnished such a number of extravagant bulletins as both parties to this fight are supplying. We have been solemnly assured, at least a score of times, that both the Cubans and the Spaniards were thoroughly victorious and were finally defeated. But Gen. Grant tells us that only now and then "a stray bullet" is wrought into the contest, which is mainly carried on by seditious orders, threats, assassinations and the torch. This war disgraces civilization and stains the nineteenth century. We hope Cuba may soon become a decent republic

and that Spain may have the grace to consent to it.

—INDIANS AT WASHINGTON. The visit of a large number of Indian chiefs and others at Washington has supplied a fresh sensation, brought out some ludicrous and some sorry scenes, and created a hope that methods may be devised for ending the horrible massacres on the frontier, recalling the troops that are hunting the Redskins as they would hunt buffalo or antelope, and for so changing our Indian policy that we need not continue to blush over legalized outrage and mourn over savage butchery. In some way this terrible border warfare and hatred ought to end, and that speedily. Ice-creams ought to cool the hot blood, and Washington fashions dispose of the war-paints.

—THE JUBILEE IN NEW YORK. The reporters of the New York press did what they were able to throw ridicule upon the performances at the Coliseum in Boston last year. They were witty, caustic, and now and then both extravagant and severe, though many of their criticisms had a reason behind them. The huge "Boston notion" came in for a large share of banter, and the self-complacent Bostonians, with Gilmore at their head, were pelted with all sorts of pasquinades, some of which appeared to be tinged with malice and were suggestive of envy. But New York has been trying to reproduce the musical Jubilee during the past week, on a very diminished scale, and, it must be confessed, with only partial success. It would have proved almost a complete failure, had not Mr. Gilmore, along with the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, been induced to go on and help it through, with the very arvil and cannon accompaniment that called out the sharpest satire of the Gothamite critics a year ago. New York is a great and enterprising city, and can do many big things; but there was weakness in her sneers last summer, and not less weakness in her poor attempts at copying this season what she satirized then. She finds a proper discipline in her humiliation, and we are afraid that Boston half enjoys the discipline.

—A TESTIMONY. The President, Vice President and Secretary of State have united in signing and sending out the following expression of their sympathy with the approaching meeting of the Alliance. Whether, as a piece of policy, this testimony shall be approved or disapproved, one may well be grateful that our chief officers do really cherish a sacred regard for religion, and take an interest in its growing power and larger achievements. Here is the statement which they have subscribed: "WASHINGTON, MAY 10.—Having heard of the intended General Conference of eminent divines, and others from foreign countries and our own, to be held in New York in September next, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, we have great pleasure in expressing our interest in that important assemblage of great and good men, our approval of the objects contemplated by it, and the hope that its deliberations may tend to the advancement of civil and religious liberty, and the promotion of peace and good will among men."

Denominational News and Notes.

A New Q. M.

Brother Dunjee writes from West Virginia, that a new Q. M. was organized in the Shenandoah Valley, on the 21st and 22d of May, to be known as the Winchester Q. M. It comprises the Staunton, Berryville and Winchester churches. As there are now two Q. M.'s in the valley, they purpose soon to form a Yearly Meeting, that they may enjoy all the advantages of a complete organization.

A new church was recently organized at Smithfield; and brother Roane, who has recently joined us, is making an effort to plant a church in Baltimore, with pretty good prospects of success. The younger churches which have been planted among the Freedmen are working vigorously, and doing an excellent service.

Religious Literature Free.

The following notice is inserted at the request of Mr. Moore. We have no personal knowledge of the publications in question, but presume that they are of a character which will well repay a perusal: "I have a supply of good religious publications, consisting of pamphlets and tracts, which I will forward free of cost to any person who will send me their P. O. address, and 20 cents to prepay postage."

P. A. McMOORE.
Fort Ann, Washington Co., N. Y."

Illinois Yearly Meeting.

We make the following extracts from a letter received from Rev. F. Reed, who is traveling in the west:

The session at Kewanee, June 9-12, was one of special interest. About one half of its fifty ministers were present. They are intelligent, active men; not afraid to meet the "living questions of the age." The reports from various parts of the state indicated a slight increase of members, a perceptible growth in vital piety, and especially an enlarged missionary spirit. After some warm discussion, Conference voted to raise a memorial fund for Home Missionary purposes, to be expended in the state this year, of not less than fifteen thousand dollars. This is about ten dollars per member. It is now nearly thirty years since the Yearly Meeting was organized, in a log school house near the present town of Bu-da, Bureau Co. A generation has passed away since; but the spirit of the devoted fathers seemed to inspire the meeting, which was held in a beautiful new church that was dedicated on the Sabbath. The singing was fine. Just before the sermon,

the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars was pledged on the spot, which we learn just about clears the church from debt. This caused so much joy, and consumed so much time, that it was proposed that the meeting adjourn to have the dedication sermon in the evening. This was voted down. Rev. O. E. Baker then came to the rescue, and did what few men could do in such an emergency. Adapting himself to the moment, although the crowded audience had been together some three hours in the sweltering heat, he preached a short, able and spiritual sermon, holding marked and at times tearful attention to the last.

The church is a substantial brick building, with a tower, and windows of stained glass, and is finished, frescoed and furnished in good taste.—An unfinished basement above ground is to be parted into vestries. Bro. Patch, their young pastor, and his wife are doing a good work in that city.

New Hampshire Yearly Meeting.

This religious body held its last session with the church in Franconia, June 8th and 9th. After brief religious and other preliminary exercises, a permanent organization was effected with the choice of Rev. C. O. Libby as Moderator, and the other proper officers. Various committees were appointed, and a regular programme of exercises for the session was adopted. At 11 A. M. a sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Lowell, on missions, and a recess was taken till 1 P. M. On re-assembling, Art. 3 of the Constitution, as amended one year ago by the Committee, was adopted, and the Moderator announced the Committees as follows:

On Resolutions,—Geo. T. Day, E. H. Prescott, G. M. Park.
On Correspondence,—E. A. Stockman, A. D. Smith, H. S. Kimball.
Petitions and Requests,—J. Chick, A. Sargent, L. R. Burlingame.
Pulpit,—J. M. Durgin, J. Spooner, G. H. Pinkham.
Next Yearly Meeting,—J. B. Davis, I. D. Stewart, J. A. Lowell.

Letters were read from all the Q. M.'s, excepting the Orissa Q. M., which forwarded statistics.
The Treasurer's Report was read and accepted, and delegates reported attendance to other religious bodies as follows:
P. S. Burbank, to Maine Western Y. M.
J. Malvern, to Maine Central Y. M.
L. L. Harmon, Vermont Y. M.
I. D. Stewart, to the Meth. Epis. Conf.
A. K. Moulton, to Bapt. State Con.

A letter was read from J. Rand, reporting his attendance at Mass. and R. I. Y. M.
At 3 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, there was speaking as follows:

On Home Missions, by A. K. Moulton and G. T. Day.
On Foreign Missions, by C. O. Libby and G. W. Bean.

Then Conference resumed the usual business.
The condition of the New Hampshire Charitable Society was introduced, and remarks urging its claims were made by J. Woodman, D. Moody and N. Brooks.

After some other business, adjourned till Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.
At 7 1/2 o'clock, in the evening, Rev. A. D. Smith of Laconia preached to an appreciative audience.

Thursday, 8 A. M., met as per adjournment, and the throne of grace was addressed by Rev. C. P. Heard, of Canada. Action was taken on a Circular, presented from General Conference; and the first proposed amendment, removing from General Conference its supervision over the Printing Establishment, was approved; the second proposed amendment, changing the conditions on which amendments may be made to the Constitution, was disapproved.

Delegates from other bodies to our Y. M. reported as follows:

L. B. Tasker, from Vermont Y. M.
O. B. Cheney, from Maine Central Y. M.
C. H. Webber, from Mass. & R. I. Y. M.
A. D. Williams, from Western Virginia.
Letters were read from Rev. E. Knowlton of the Penobscot Y. M., and from Rev. G. W. Howe of the Maine Western Y. M.
A. D. Smith submitted the following appointments of Cor. Delegates, which were adopted:

Penobscot Y. M.,—E. H. Prescott.
Maine Western Y. M.,—J. B. Davis.
Maine Central Y. M.,—G. M. Park.
Vermont Y. M.,—A. D. Smith.
M. E. Conf.,—P. S. Burbank.
Bapt. State Con.,—J. A. Lowell.
Mass. & R. I. Y. M.,—N. L. Rowell.
Cong. and Pres. Association,—E. A. Stockman.

A resolution providing for a re-districting of the Q. M. was presented by Rev. I. D. Stewart, and adopted, as follows:

Resolved, That a Committee, consisting of one from each Q. M., be chosen to consider the present arrangement of our churches into Q. M.'s; to inquire what changes, if any, would seem to accommodate them better; and report thereon at their earliest convenience.

In accordance with the above resolution, the following Committee were appointed: T. Keniston, I. D. Stewart, A. D. Smith, A. Sargent, J. Chick, N. Jones, G. H. Pinkham, L. D. Jeffers.

Then the subject of State Missions was introduced, and remarks were made by Rev. J. L. Sinclair, I. D. Stewart, and by G. H. Ball, Home Mission Secretary; after which a collection was taken of \$89.75, to be divided, two-fifths to H. M., two-fifths to F. M., and one-fifth to the Beneficiary Fund.

The Committee on Resolutions reported through their chairman, and remarks were made by Rev. G. M. Park and Rev. Dr. Barrows on Temperance, by Rev. Dr. Fulton on Education, and on Sabbath Schools by Revs. J. Erskine and E. H. Prescott. The resolutions appear below.

Thursday afternoon there was a sermon by Rev. G. T. Day, which, with that of Rev. J. A. Lowell, was asked for publication in the *Star*. This was succeeded by a very precious communion season, in

Poetry.

Little Sweet.

Fast asleep, with a nameless grace,
Covering hands, and feet, and face,
Baby lies 'mid billows of lace.

Half-blown rose, each dainty hand,
Tangled 'mid golden mesh and strand,
Dreaming on verge of baby-land.

Draw the crib where shadows fall,
Of climbing rose 'gainst lattice wall,
Cover the darling, crib and all.

See, one surge of the covering light,
Brings the dainty foot in sight,
Dimpled and soft and dainty white!

Cover with kisses the dreamer there,
Dimpled arms and shoulders bare,
Red, red lips, and golden hair.

Kiss the face that will sadder grow,
As seasons come and seasons go,
God be with thee, sweet! We know

She will need them all when years have brought
That sweet soul beauty which cometh not,
Only with suffering, care, and thought.

And most she'll need them when she stands
With orange buds in her soft white hands
Face to face with untried lands.

Aye, cover with kisses that golden head;
Sometime, when the years have sped,
These kisses shall make her comforted.

Cover with kisses the dreamer there,
Dimpled arms and shoulders bare,
Red, red lips and golden hair.

—Star in the West.

Good Counsel.

A RHYME SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue;
That it speak no wrong.
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes!

Guard, my child, thine ear!
Wicked words will wear,
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin.
Wicked words will wear.
Guard, my child, thine ear!

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For aye these busy three
Can unruly members be,
Guard while thou art young,
Ears, and eyes, and tongue!

The Family Circle.

Under the Sea.

How few of us, who love the sunshine
And enjoy the blessings the beautiful world
bestows, remember that there are unfortunates
who live most of their lives in the
bowels of the earth, toiling to earn the little
pittance that supplies the bare necessities
of their comfortless lives.

Of all mining, the collieries are the most
objectionable. The pit where our story
locates is, perhaps, the deepest and most
revolting of them all. It is the colliery
known as the Wearmouth, on the coast of
the German Ocean, some dozen miles from
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

This colliery is said to have been worked
over forty years, and to be now full two
thousand feet below the surface. It em-
ploys twelve hundred men. One of its
galleries is cut under the sea; and here the
men labor year after year, with the waves
above them, and ships riding upon the waters.

The wealth of coal in the Wearmouth is
found from three to six feet thick. You
can better appreciate the difficulties of
mining it when you bear in mind that when
the coal is removed, it is found necessary
to prop up the walls, which is done during
the night, that there may be no cessation in
the toil of the poor miners by day.

Some of these tunnels are not more than
three feet high, and the atmosphere is so
close that a writer, describing his visit to
the place, says, "The perspiration poured
down my face, and I was moist from head
to foot."

Think of twelve hundred persons, includ-
ing boys from nine years of age upward,
immured in such a living tomb.

But to our story. Some two miles from
the entrance to this dismal pit, there lived
an old man who had spent the best portion
of his life in the mines. We call him old,
for although he was not more than forty-
five years, the constant and cruel toil had
made him old before his time.

He was one of those who wield the heavy
picks and cut away the huge blocks of
coal, and he had stood in the same gallery
during the last ten years, with no clothing
but the shoes and breech-cloth that such
miners use, chipping his life away that others
might live.

But accidents come sooner or later to
most miners, and now that he was disabled
and left a cripple for life, it was natural
he should ask himself who was to support him
while he groped his way to the tomb.

Colliett, for that was the man's name, had
married late in life, and his first-born chil-
dren having been daughters and both dying
in childhood, he was left with only a son,
who was approaching his ninth year when
our story opens.

"It's no use, wife," said the man, speak-
ing in provincial dialect, which we shall
translate into plain English, "to argue
about it. I would not have thought of

sending the poor boy to the pits, but for
what it has pleased the Lord to send upon
me. But seeing it is his will, it ill behooves
us to rebel against our lot."

"Ah, good man," cried the woman, cov-
ering her face with her apron, that he
should not see the struggle going on in her
brave heart, "it is not only for myself that
I take on in this dismal way. I know it is
your own kind heart that is breaking while
you say it—but when I think of the lad, the
blessed sunbeam that he is, I cannot be
willing that he should be, this one pet lamb
of our flock, let down into this yawning
hell, by his own father and mother! The
boy shall not go to the mines. I will soon-
er go myself."

The man turned his face to the wall with
a weary groan.

"Hermann shall decide it himself, dear
wife. I'm weary with your willfulness, and
if the old man could but get to the gallery
once more, they might bury me alive be-
fore I would bring the water to your eyes in
that way."

"I can plant, and I can dig; I can hoe
the 'taters and the corn; I can feed the cow
and the pigs, and what more do we need,
Colliett? You may have my share of all,
for I could live longer on one look of my
boy than upon a whole harvest."

"But the winter lies between this and
planting, wife, and I hang heavy on your
hands."

"Not so, husband. The handful of meal
will be blessed even to us as it was to one
of old."

At that moment the boy, Hermann, came
in with a bundle of fagots upon his head,
which he flung boisterously down upon the
hearth, and lifted his handsome face, glow-
ing as it was with robust life and abundant
exercise, for his mother's kiss.

"Why are you weeping, mother?" he
asked.

"It's nothing, child, only that the rod has
smitten my old heart, and the waters flow
as they did in olden times from the rock."

"Was it not God who caused the waters
to trickle at Moses' bidding?" asked the
lad. "The Bible says it."

"And if he smote through you, my
son?"

"I never could make my mother weep."

"Come to my arms, Hermann. You
shall decide for yourself and us. Your fa-
ther lies there helpless. The winter is set-
ting in—the meal is low in the bin. If I
leave the poor man he will die. How are
we to live unless I do?"

A troubled look passed over the boy's
face, then the blue eyes gleamed with sud-
den intelligence.

"I am nine years old next month, and at
nine years we can go to the collieries.
What more can you ask?"

The arms of the woman slid away from
her son's neck, and she sank down like one
in a dead faint. The man groaned again,
and turned his face closer to the wall.

And so, when nothing better could be
done, the mother took the boy by the hand
and led him to the awful pit, which she
knew must some time bring death to him,
and through him to them all.

The little fellow was too much accus-
tomed to the place to be alarmed when he
was placed upon the frail platform, but he
turned his eyes to the right and left, glanc-
ing over the hills and trees, and up into the
blue sky, like one who is bidding a final
farewell to everything he loved.

"It's not I, my bonnie lad, light of my
heart, that let you down into this loathsome
place, and before ye go, tell your old moth-
er that you forgive her for seeking to live
on the young life of her boy."

"What better could I ask for?" the boy
said, shivering a little as he looked below.
"My father has been here before me, and
it is the lot of us all."

"But to think of the lamb only nine
years old, that ought to be skipping in the
field, breathing the poison of the pits. Ye
shall not go down, my laddie, ye shall not
go down."

But while the poor woman cried out, the
wheel revolved, the ropes were in motion,
the golden tresses of the lad waved back-
ward, as if to kiss her once more, and he
had sunk down into the pitless night.

We will not follow young Hermann into
the earth, since we have already been there
before him, but we will extend a cordial
greeting to him, when, at night, he is
whirled up again into the pure air, and
begrimed as he is with coal-dust and hard
labor, starts for his home, two miles away.

You can better imagine than I describe
the eagerness of his reception there; how
the mother wept over him as if he had been
released from the grave, and how the old
miner, his father, listened to the boy's glow-
ing description of what he had done and
seen, until he would have given half the
years he hoped to live, to be able to stand
by the brave lad's side, and wield the pick
as he had done in years gone by.

"And there's rats in the mines. Did you
know that, father?"

"To be sure, lad. I've seen armies of
them there; but they are the only living
things I ever saw down there, under the
sea."

"But what do they go there for, when
they could live up here, and run about in
the green woods? I wouldn't go down there
if I was a rat."

Ah, the poor lad! and because he is not
a rat, but a noble boy of whom prizes
might be proud, he must pick, pick, pick
his young life away, by the light of the can-
dle stuck in his hat-band.

Surely there is that in the world which is
sad to see!

Hermann's life was now the monotonous
toil of all miners. The novelty was soon
over; the bright, joyous expression began
to die out from his handsome face, and the
cold, sad look settled there, so familiar on
the faces of miners.

The mother had become used to it, and
with suffering and self-complaints the fa-
ther had all he could do to pity himself.

And so the months came and went.

Three years had elapsed when the rumor

spread like wildfire that there was an ac-
cident at the colliery, and frantic mothers
and friends flew to the mouth of the pit and
waited out their despair.

It is impossible to give any description of
the horrors that always attend these acci-
dents. We would not, if we could, describe
what occurred here. It is enough, that
when they bore, one after another, the dead
into the upper world, and laid them down
upon the cool, green grass, there was one
we had seen before—a boy with golden hair,
and a brow upon which genius had stamped
its glorious signet.

"That's Hermann," a man said, in a
low, smothered voice, as a woman tore
past him and flung herself upon the lifeless
corpse.

"Better that than the mines," was the
bitter reply, and surely we can only echo
the miner's words—better that than the
mines.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Genius for Affection.

The other day, speaking superficially and
uncharitably, I said of a woman, whom I
knew but slightly: "She disappoints me
utterly. How could her husband have
married her? She is commonplace and
stupid."

"Yes," said my friend, reflectively; "it
is strange. She is not a brilliant woman;
she is not even an intellectual one; but
there is such a thing as a genius for affec-
tion, and she has it. It has been good for
her husband that he married her."

The words sank into my heart like a
great spiritual plummet, reaching down to
depths not often stirred. And from those
depths came up some shining sands of
truth, worthy to be kept among treasures;
having a phosphorescent light in them,
which can shine in dark places, and, mak-
ing them light as day, reveal their beauty.

"A genius for affection." Yes; there is
such a thing, and no other genius is so
great. The phrase means something more
than a capacity, or even a talent for loving.
That is common to all human beings more
or less. A man or woman without it
would be a monster, such as has probably
never been on the earth. All men and
women, whatever be their shortcomings
in other directions, have this impulse, this
faculty, to a degree. It takes shape in
family ties; makes clumsy and unfortunate
work of them in perhaps six cases out of
nine—wives tormenting husbands, hus-
bands neglecting and humiliating wives,
parents maltreating and ruining children,
children disobeying and grieving parents,
and brothers and sisters quarreling to the
point of proverbial mention; but for all
this under all this, in spite of all this, the
love is there. A great trouble or a sudden
emergency will bring it out. In any com-
mon danger, hands clasp closely, and quar-
rels are forgotten; over a sick-bed hard
ways soften into yearning tenderness; and
by a grave, alas! what hot tears fall. The
poor, imperfect love which had left itself
worn and harassed by the frictions of
life, or hindered and warped by a body full
of diseased nerves, comes running, too
late, with its effort to make up lost oppor-
tunities. It has been all the while alive,
but in a sort of trance; little good has come
of it, but it is something that it was there.
It is the divine germ of a flower and fruit
too precious to mature in the first years
after grafting; in other soils, by other waters,
when the healing of nations is fulfilled, we
shall see its perfection. Oh! what atone-
ments will be there. What allowances
we shall make for each other, then; what
love we shall love with!

But the souls who have what my friend
meant by a "genius for affection" are in
another atmosphere than that which com-
mon men breathe. Their "upper air" is
clearer, more rarefied than any to which
mere intellectual genius can soar. Be-
cause, to this last, always remain higher
heights, which it cannot grasp, see, nor com-
prehend.

Michael Angelo may build his dome of
marble, and human intellect may see as
clearly as if God had said it, that no other
dome can ever be built so grand, so beau-
tiful. But above St. Peter's hangs the blue
tent-dome of the sky, vaster, rounder, elas-
tic, unfathomable, making St. Peter's look
small as a drinking-cup, shutting it soon out
of sight to north, east, south, and west, by
the mysterious horizon-fold which no man
can lift. And beyond this horizon-fold of
our sky shut down again other domes,
which the wisest astronomer may not mea-
sure, in whose distances our little ball and
we, with all our spinning, can hardly show
like a star. If St. Peter's were swallowed
up to-morrow, it would make no odds to
anybody but the Pope. The probabilities
are that Michael Angelo himself has forgot-
ten all about it.

Titian and Raphael, and all the great
brotherhood of painters, may kneel rever-
ently as priests before Nature's face, and
paint pictures at sight of which all men's
eyes shall fill with grateful tears; and yet
all men shall go away, and find that the
green shade of a tree, the light on a young
girl's face, the sleep of a child, the flower-
ing of a flower, are to their pictures as the
living life to the dead, beautiful death.

Coming to Art's two highest spheres,—
music of sound and music of speech,—we
find that Beethoven and Mozart, and Milton
and Shakespeare have written. But the
symphony is sacred only because, and only
so far as, it renders the joy or the sorrow
which we have felt. Surely, the interpreta-
tion is less than the thing interpreted.

Face to face with a joy, a sorrow, would a
symphony avail us?

And, as for words, who shall express
their feelings in the midst of strength? the
fettered helplessness in spite of which they
soar to such heights? The most peerless
sentence ever written bears to the thing it
meant to say the relation which the chem-
ist's formula does to the thing he analyzes,
names, handles, can destroy, perhaps, but

can not make. Every element in the crys-
tal, the liquid, can be weighed, assigned,
and rightly called; nothing in all science
more wonderful than an exact chemical
formula; but, after all is done, will remain
forever unknown the one subtle secret of
fusion, the vital center of all.

But the souls who have "a genius for af-
fection" have no outer dome, no higher
and more vital beauty; no subtle secret of
creative motive force to elude their grasp,
mock their endeavor, overshadow their
lives. The subtle essence of the thing they
worship and desire they have in their
own nature,—they are. No schools, no
standards, no laws can help or hinder
them.

To them the world is as if it were not.
Work, and pain, and loss are as if they were
not. These are they to whom it is easy
to die any death, if good can come that
way, to one they love. These are they who
do die daily, unnoted, on our right
hand and on our left,—fathers and mothers
for children, husbands and wives for each
other. These are they, also, who live,—
which is often far harder than to die,—long
lives, into whose place never enters one
thought of self from the rising to the go-
ing down of the sun. Year builds on year,
with unvarying steadfastness, the divine
temple of their beauty and their sacrifice.
They create, like God. The universe which
science sees, studies, and explains, is
small, is petty, beside the one which grows
under their spiritual touch; for love begets
love. The waves of eternity itself ripple
out in immortal circles under the ceaseless
dropping of their crystal deeds.

Angels desire to look, but can not, into
the mystery of holiness and beauty which
such human lives reveal. Only God can
see them clearly. God is their nearest of
kin; for he is love.—*Independent.*

The Drunkard's Son.

A little boy stood in the door of a dilap-
idated house in the suburbs of a country
village. His threadbare dress was of finer
texture than seemed appropriate to such a
lowly dwelling, and there was an easy
gracefulness in the child's manner that be-
spoke an early training more refined than
the children of poverty usually receive.

Eight summers only had the boy seen;
but there was an unnatural thoughtfulness
on his brow, and as he stood absorbed in
the contemplation of a subject evidently
painful, his eye gleamed with a strange
light, his bosom heaved, the blue veins in
his fair young brow grew swollen and rigid,
and the deep flush of anger spread over
those beautiful features.

"Mother" exclaimed he, turning sudden-
ly toward a pale woman who sat busily
plying her needle, "I shall run away. I
can't live in this old house and be half-
starved, and see you work day and night—
and all because my father will get drunk.
Yesterday the boys got angry with me and
called me the 'son of a drunkard.' I can't
bear it, mother,—I will run away."

The mother gazed on her boy, as he stood
there with clenched fists and gleaming eye,
and the hot tears rained down her cheeks;
for she knew how it must be for her sensi-
ble boy to meet the cold scorn of the world.
"And leave your mother?" was her only
answer. It was enough.

"I will never leave my poor mother,"
said the boy, as he threw himself sobbing
on her bosom. "They may call me names,
if they will; and mother, if we starve, we
will starve together," he added, sinking
his voice almost to a whisper.

"We shall not starve, my son," said the
mother, kissing him fondly. "He who said,
'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,'
will take care of us. Can you trust God,
my child?"

"Yes, mother,—and I will never leave
my dear, good mother." And the child
forgot alike his anger and the cause, and,
with a light heart bounded away to join
his playmates.

Day after day passed, and the high spirit
of the boy was often chafed by the scorn
and taunts of his companions. The cruelty
of an inebriate father and the wretchedness
of a drunkard's home, imparted no healing
balm, no soothing influence. Yet he loved
his mother; for her sake he was willing to
endure; and the strong restraints of her
love kept him from the vices to which he
was constantly and fearfully exposed.

We can not tell his heart-struggles; can
not tell how those aspirations to be and
to do, rising, as they do, in every noble
soul, did often gladden his future with their
radiance, only to be shrouded in darkness
by the one reflection, the one withering
blight—the aspiring boy was a drunkard's
child. Hard indeed is the heart of a drunk-
ard. But we can tell how nobly he clung
to that mother in all those years, and how
honorably and successfully he fills one of
the best pulpits in the land, aided in every
good work by that wise, loving, and pious
mother.—*National Temperance Soc. Tract.*

Where is Tommy?

Tommy was a little boy not more than
two years old. One day, Tommy could not
be found. When his papa and mamma
came home, there was no little boy to run
to the door to meet them; and to cry, "I
want a kiss!"

Where was he? No one knew. The
men went sent this way and that. They
went into the yard, they ran to look in the
fields, they went all down the lane that led
to the town; they could not hear of the
boy; no one had seen the boy, no one could
say where he was.

His poor mamma was in a sad fright.
Where could Tommy be? She looked into
all the rooms and all the closets; but no
one was to be seen.

At last some one said, "Who has seen
Pompey?"

Now, Pompey was a great, strong dog.
He and Tommy had been good friends.
His kennel was in a corner of the garden,
where nobody had thought of looking.

Then Tommy's papa and mamma went,
as fast as they could go, to the place where
the dog was kept; and there, sure enough,
they found Tommy!

The little rogue had heard the calling;
and when they came up, he was on his
hands and knees crawling into the kennel
to hide.

Old Pompey sat looking on as though he
thought it a good joke.

Tommy's papa and mamma treated it as
a joke, too. But they told Tommy that a
dog-kennel was not a good place for little
boys, and that he must never try to hide
when he heard his mother calling him.

Literary Review.

SERMONS, preached upon several occasions. By
Robert South, D. D., Prebendary of Westmin-
ster, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. In
four volumes. Vol. 3. New York: Hurd
and Houghton, 1870. Octavo, pp. 531. Sold by D.
Lothrop and Co.

Slowly, but steadily, and with most becoming
palmstalking, this splendid edition of the "Li-
brary of Old English Divines" is carried forward.
This third volume of the sermons of South gives
us the seventy-second of his famous pulpit dis-
courses. Of his marked vigor, his robustness, his
wit, his terrible satire, his flaming indignation,
especially when dealing with the puritanism of
his time, and his rich and effective style, we have
heretofore spoken. They are qualities that im-
press one more and more as the acquaintance
with him enlarges and grows intimate. His ser-
mons tone up the intellect as Peruvian syn-
crases the stomach, and every paragraph is a
powerful and effective, though indirect, protest
against sentimentalism and feebleness in the pul-
pit. He has indeed more acidity than sweetness,
he coerces instead of drawing, and is rather a
son of thunder than of consolation. But it would
do modern ministers good to read him, in spite of
all his indignation and sarcasm, his glorifications
of the royalist party, his gibes at Cromwell and
the Roundheads, his apologies for Laud and the
Star Chamber, his venom poured out upon the
Independents, and his flatteries of Prelacy. His
strong thought will exalt the preacher's func-
tion, and his clear, incisive, masterly
style will be better than many a treatise on rhet-
oric. The mechanical qualities of these volumes
represent both the solidity and beauty which
have given the issues of the Riverside Press a
standing so unquestioned and enviable.

STEPS OF BELIEF; or, Rational Christianity
maintained against Atheism, Free Religion and
Romanism. By James Freeman Clarke. Bos-
ton: Am. Unitarian Association. 1870. 16mo.
pp. 311.

The main contents of this volume were origi-
nally embodied in a series of discourses, deliv-
ered by the author in his own pulpit, in Boston,
during the past winter. The discourses are
marked by the predominant characteristics of
Dr. Clarke's mind. They are full of thought,
kindly, vigorously, lucidly expressed. His pas-
sion for the work of religious mediation, not
only between the two wings of his own denomi-
nation, but between an undefined Unitarianism
and an explicit and dogmatic Orthodoxy, comes
out all through the volume. He is pre-eminently
the representative of what may be called the
new science of Comparative Theology. His
abounding charity appears everywhere. Saying
strong things respecting the lack of logic and
warmth in atheism, protesting in plain words
against some of the extreme aberrations of the
Free Religionists, declaring that the Romish
church nurtures credulity and superstition in her
devotees that rob religion of the many quality,
he is ever on the alert to find some bond of fel-
lowship that shall attach the systems of religion
that appear, at first view, most remote and an-
tagonistic. We confess to a high appreciation of
Dr. Clarke's ability and spirit; we recognize his
real service in behalf of a positive faith and a
supernatural Christ; but we doubt the wisdom
and question the value of much that he has writ-
ten in condescension to a proud and defiant skep-
ticism, and in the interest of such a marriage
as he would consummate between a rationalistic
philosophy and the teachings of the gospel. Fall-
ing far short of its aim, this book has much that
is true, valuable and timely.

GOOD THINGS. Selected from the *Congrega-
tionalist* and *Boston Recorder*, 1868-1870. De-
signed for older readers in the Sunday school.
Boston: W. L. Greene & Co. 1870. 16mo. pp.
319.

The compilation of a volume like this suggests
the wealth and variety of literature embraced in
the religious newspaper of to-day. A larger vol-
ume than this was compiled from the same source
four years since, the rare merit and the large
which have been amply attested by the large
and steady demand for it. This book is really an
excellent one. It has vivacity and substance;
it ministers to both taste and the religious senti-
ment;—it has the liveliness of narrative, the pi-
quancy of the sketch, the instructiveness of the
exposition, the charm of true poetry, the appeal
of religious earnestness, the beauty of an every-
day piety, and the impulse that lifts steadily and
strongly toward heaven. It is alike free from
sameness and unhealthy excitement, and will
often charm while it teaches and reproveth. It
represents the choice things appearing in the ex-
cellent paper from which it is taken, and the
pens of many leading writers have been called
into effective use in supplying what is here so
well served up.

PASSAGES FROM THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF
Nathaniel Hawthorne. In two volumes. Bos-
ton: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. 16mo. pp. 410,
393. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Hawthorne's literary eminence and originality
become more marked and generally recognized
as time passes by. He had one of the most sub-
tle and artistic of minds. His creations are
products of true genius, and his observations
upon common objects and events have the
shrewdness, freshness and depth of one who sees
with searching eyes and judges with a rare in-
stinct. The literary public have long wished for
a real biography. In form we are told that this
can not be had; the nearest approach to it is
found in these Notes,—along with the compan-
ion volumes of American Notes,—and they suf-
fice to give us striking views of the *literature's*
personal qualities as they come out in the free-
dom of his familiar and personal jottings. A
sort of journal, covering his consulate in Liver-
pool, and detailing much of his social life and
his intercourse with men of letters and men of
business, notes of visits both formal and unpre-
meditated, criticisms, letters, &c., make up the
substance of two volumes as choice in their con-
tents as they are beautiful in aspect.

SYBIL'S WAY. By A. W. C. Boston: D. Loth-
rop & Co. 1870. 16mo. pp. 276.

OVERCOMING. By Mrs. Elizabeth K. Church-
hill. Same Publishers. 1870. 16mo. pp. 304.
Sybil's way is a book that, while underlain
with a Christian purpose, overflows with animal
spirits, as a soda bottle effervesces when it is
shaken. Sybil Osborne is a young school-girl
whose tendency to fun and frolic tires her teach-
er, perplexes her mother, masters her compan-
ions, makes the grave-hearted old ladies of the
churchy respect the depth of her experience and
the sincerity of her religious profession, baffles
the pastor, and makes her own heart ache bitter-
ly when she sits down to meditate. But there is

real depth in her nature, and only correct views
and a wise training are necessary to develop a
noble womanhood. The volume is meant to
show the need of dealing prudently with unique
and earnest natures, and of estimating them by
a true standard. It is a live book, and, though
lacking maturity, breadth

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Book-Wedded Men.

It has been said of fond students that they were wedded to their books. We have heard of ladies who have been jealous of over-zealous duodecimo; or perhaps they might, if every literary husband or lover were like the collegian in Chaucer, who would rather have,

"At his bed's head
Twenty books clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle or psaltery."

And yet we feel that we could very well like them, too, at the bed's head, without at all diminishing our regard for what should be at the bed's heart. We could sleep under them as under a bower of imaginations. We are over the pillow. It is like having all our treasures at hand.

But if people are to be wedded to their books it is hard that under our present moral dispensations they are not to be allowed the usual exclusive privilege of marriage. A friend thinks no more of borrowing a book now-a-days than a Roman did of borrowing a man's wife; and what is worse, we are so far gone in our immoral notions on this subject, that we even lend it as easily as Cato did his spouse. Now what a happy thing ought it not to be to have exclusive possession of a book—one's Shakespeare, for instance, for the finer the wedded work the more anxious, of course, we should be that it should give nobody happiness but ourselves. Think of the pleasure not only of being with it in general, of having by far the greater part of its company, but of having it entirely to one's self; of always saying internally, "It is my property;" of seeing it well dressed in "black or red," purely to please one's eyes; of wondering how any fellow could be so impudent as to propose borrowing it for an evening; of being at once proud of his admiration, and pretty certain that it was in vain; of the excitement of the finer the wedded work the more anxious, of course, we should be that it should give nobody happiness but ourselves.

Really, if we could burn all other copies of our originals, as the Roman Emperor once thought of destroying Homer, this system would be worth thinking of.

If we had a good library, we should be in the situation of the Turks, with their seraglios, which are a great improvement upon our petty exclusiveness. Nobody could then touch our Shakespeare, our Spencer, our Chaucer, our Greek and Italian writers. People might say, "Those are the walls of the library," and a wife would look, and sigh again; but they should never get in! No retrospect rake should anticipate our privileges of quotation. Our Mary Woolstonecraft and our Madame De Staël—no one should know how finely they were lettered—what soul there was in their disquisitions. We once had a glimpse of the feelings which people would have on these occasions. It was in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The keeper of it was from home, and not being able to get sight of the manuscript of Milton's "Comus," we were obliged to content ourselves with looking through a wire-work, a kind of safe toward the shelf on which it reposed. How we winked and yearned, and imagined we saw a corner of the all-precious sheets, to no purpose! The feelings were not very pleasant, it is true, but then, as long as they were confined to others, they would of course only add to our satisfaction.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A Berlin Aquarium.

The visitor enters a passage like the ordinary entrance into a museum. He comes to a large crystal palace, along whose sides are arranged cases in which living serpents, lizards and other reptiles are displayed. Then to large aviaries, of immense extent, with living trees, among whose branches birds are perching, bobbing about, billing, cooing and singing. He hears the sound of falling water, and looks down over a balustrade into a rocky grotto, apparently fifty or sixty feet deep, into which the water is falling in cascades. He proceeds onward and turning to the right enters a tunnel in the rock, and so passes on, through passages, caverns, grottoes, all apparently made in the solid rock, and ever descending downward, with occasional fountains, cascades and waterfalls, until he reaches the grotto which I first mentioned, where he beholds a stream of water dashing down the rocks, and looking upward as he stands on the shore of a miniature lake he thinks it is 100 feet high. And all this long extent of passage is lined on both sides by large aquariums, built of solid rocks, and enclosed in front by thick plate glass.

These aquariums are elevated three or four feet from the floor, so that one looking into them is far below the surface of the water, and views it from below, and gets a fish view of it, and obtains a perfect notion how it appears to the inhabitants of the waters. It is by far the finest collection of aquariums I have ever seen or heard of. It was delightful to flatten one's nose against those great squares of thick plate glass, and bring one's eyes within six inches of the head of a grand, gray old carp, and see the play of his gills, the movement of his eyes, the queer faces that he had made, the slight play of his tail and fins, and the almost imperceptible motion of every part of his body. There were gold and silver fish there at least 18 inches in length, and great catfish weighing 25 or 30 pounds; fish that went to sleep in great piles when night came on; hopping fish that could not swim, but only hop or flit themselves ahead three or four inches at a time; lobsters and crabs, and a most absurd shell fish of that class called, I believe, the shield fish—a queer little fellow, not more than three inches across, with a multitude of slender, weak legs, chucked in under a great, broad, thin shield of shell eight or nine inches across. The poor fellow's legs were not long enough to reach outside of his shell, or even to its extremity inside, and he was so small, and his shell so large and so thin, that whenever he got into a current, or a fish ran against him, or he ran against a pibble, or he went on his back, and then had to work half an hour to get back again. Indeed, that seemed to be his chronic condition, of being on his back and trying to get on his feet again; like some politicians I have heard of, but whose names do not occur to me just at present. I think these large catfish chew

tobacco. They have the look and movement of face and mouth that some tobacco-chewers have. This rock work is probably the finest artificial rock work ever constructed. The aquarium is the finest thing in Berlin for a stranger to visit. The galleries of art do not compare with those of other cities. Even Kohlhaas's fine frescoes do not bring them up to the average.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Ideal Voice.

For more than a quarter of a century I had listened to female amateur singers, yet in the voice of all some important qualities were wanting, to render them agreeable. They were seldom without egotism, but it was generally offensive by taking the hue of egotism and vanity. I had heard voices in many a church choir that were very acceptable in music with several vocal parts. But I have heard no good ballad singer—no one who could give a simple song for one voice without spoiling it by some prominent defects. A female voice possessing the requisite qualities of tone, guided by a certain power of expression that should deeply affect the heart and penetrate the soul, was something that yet remained unheard.

There is a little bird in our woods called the veery, that frequents the most solitary places, and has always seemed to me the most charming songster of the forest. He is most musical at nightfall, just at the hour when other birds have become silent; and his song, consisting only of a few simple strains, is so brilliant and yet so plaintive, that no person who has once listened to it can ever forget either the song or the time and place in which it was heard.

For many years I have annually, in the month of June, visited a wood frequented by this bird, to listen to his notes. No purer or sweeter tones were ever whispered into the ear of night; and I have often thought, as they fell softly upon my sense, that, if this little bird were metamorphosed into a young maid I might hear in her voice the perfection of human song.

Many years ago I knew an amateur musician, who performed on the German flute in such a manner as to afford me a clear conception of this ideal voice which I had always sought for in vain. There were many flutists who would be rated by the prevailing taste of criticism far above him, on account of their greater power of exciting astonishment; but none of them could equal him in affecting the sensibility of his hearers, or come near him in a peculiar combination of tenderness and brilliancy. Did there exist, I had often questioned, a female voice that was capable of giving the same expression to a song, which this gentleman produced with his flute? I had listened to admirable qualities in many vocalists, but still felt that in every one the most interesting and affecting quality was wanting.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Enchanted Mountains.

In one of the north-eastern counties of Georgia is a natural curiosity, called, from Indian tradition, the Enchanted Mountain. The mountain is not large, and there is nothing remarkable about it until you get on the top, when human tracks, or impressions in the solid rock, which appear to be human tracks, are seen. How these almost human tracks came to be impressed on the rock of this mountain is one of the many mysteries of this mysterious land of ours.

There were a great many traditions among the Indians in regard to this mountain, but none of them were satisfactory, and it probably never will be known who it was that left his tracks upon the summit of the Enchanted Mountain. One of the Indian traditions is curious, for it shows that they had a vague idea of Noah's flood before the advent of the white man. The story has been handed down among the aborigines that it was the landing place of the great canoe, after the deluge, and the tracks were made by the people in the canoe, as they stepped out upon the rocks, which had been made soft by the long inundation.

One of the tracks, and the largest one, is seventeen and a half inches in length, and seven and three-fourths inches wide. Unlike the others it has six toes. This must be Noah's track, and if there were anything in the Mosaic account of the flood concerning the size of Noah's feet we might have a confirmation of the Indian tradition. The size of the track would indicate that he wore number eights.

There are one hundred and thirty-six impressions of feet and hands visible on the face of the rock. The smallest foot-track is four inches in length and of perfect shape. Another Indian tradition is that a great battle was once fought there, and the large track with six toes is that of the victorious commander. This is especially Indian, as their ideas of mental greatness were circumscribed by physical size. To be a great warrior with them was to be of great size and strength. They did not recognize the size or quality of the brain as having anything to do with it.

But who made these tracks upon the enchanted mountain? If it were human feet, then whose, and at what age of the world? If they were chiseled out by human hands, whose hands, and when? Alas! that the learning of the world amounts to so little, for no man can tell.

Chinese Customs.

I am writing by the light of a Chinese candle, which is a curiosity in itself. It is not over six inches long, thicker than ours, and for wick has a straw wrapped with paper. The candle-stick, instead of being a tube in which the candle is stuck, is a stand with a sharp nail sticking up, on which the candle is skewered. On taking the candle off, I can blow up through the straw tube, and lengthen the flame as a blow-pipe would. It is like a small Argand lamp, but they lessen its value by spiking the straw tube. As the candle is a specimen of the contrary of Chinese customs and things to ours, I will mention some others. The muleteers continually hear say "Gee" to their beasts to turn them to the left, and "Ho" or "Hoh" to turn them to the right. To start them forward and to stop them, too, they are always saying "Ho!" When they meet each other on the road they keep to the left instead of the right as we do, and in mounting a horse get up on the right side instead of the left as we do. While I am writing, Mr. M. is close by me, studying a book of Chinese phrases, composed by a Chinese scholar as simple sentences. The one he is at work upon now says: "When people are too young to have beards, their faces have to be scraped with a razor." The writer's Chinese teacher being requested to write his first name, Edward, tried to pronounce it, but after several attempts gives it up in despair, saying, "My belly has no such sound in it," the usual Chinese way of saying, "I can't pronounce it." Yesterday, one of our assistants was sending off a letter, and

as their envelopes have no gum attached, he deliberately scraped his teeth with his finger nail, and used the tartar he collected as so much mud! As these natives generally use no tooth-brushes, they carry a supply with them. I learn that this is their usual way of sealing letters. Dentists are unknown among this people, and the mouths of most you meet tell the story of their destination.—*Letter from China.*

Scholars of Olden Time.

The scholar in the sixteenth century was a far more important personage than now. The supply of learned men was very small, the demand for them, very great. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the human mind turned more and more from the philosophy of the Middle Ages to that of the Romans and the Greeks, and found more and more in old Pagan Art an element which Monastic Art had not, and which was yet necessary for the full satisfaction of their craving after the Beautiful. At such a crisis of thought and taste it was natural that the classical scholar, the man who knew old Rome, and still more old Greece, should usurp the place of the monk as teacher of mankind; and that scholars should form, for a while, a new and powerful aristocracy, limited and privileged, and all the more redoubtable because its power lay in intellect, and had been won by intellect alone.

Those who (whether poor or rich) did not fear the monk and priest, at least feared the scholar, who held (so the vulgar believed) the keys of that magic lore by which the old neoplatonists had built cities like Rome, and worked marvels of mechanical and chemical skill, which the degenerate modern could never equal.

If the scholar stopped in a town his hostess probably begged of him a charm against toothache or rheumatism. The penitential knight discoursed with him on alchemy and the chances of relieving his fortune by the art of transmuting metals into gold. The queen or bishop worried him in private about casting their nativities and finding their fates among the stars.

But the statesman, who dealt with more practical matters, hired him as an advocate and rhetorician, who could fight his master's enemies with the weapons of Demosthenes and Cicero. Wherever the scholar's steps were turned he might be master of others as long as he was master of himself. The complaint which he so often uttered concerning the quality of his time, the fickleness of princes, and so forth, were probably no more just than such complaints are now. Then, as now, he got his deserts; and the world bought him at his own price. If he chose to sell himself to this patron and to that, he was used and thrown away; if he chose to remain in honorable independence, he was courted and feared.

A Wonderful Collection.

A Hungarian Roman Catholic clergyman at present in Rome, writes to the *Presburg Gazette* a curious account of a visit he paid to the Church of St. Augustine in that city. "After walking for half an hour," says the writer, "through streets uglier and dirtier than any that could be found in our small Hungarian towns, reached at last the Church of St. Augustine. When I entered, there appeared to be no one in the building; but an old bearded man soon appeared and offered (of course, for a small consideration) to show me the marvelous relics the church possessed. Having conducted me into the church, he showed me, on a rich velvet cushion enclosed in a small glass case, the cord with which Judas Iscariot had hanged himself. My companion maintained the relic to be authentic, and I could not hurt his feelings by an expression of doubt. Another glass case contains a wing of the Archangel Gabriel. I learned on inquiry that Pope Gregory VII had obtained this gift from the angel by his prayers, and my guide informed me, in deep solemn tones, that he knew a pious man, the possessor of a feather from this angelic wing, who would be happy to dispose of it in favor of another devout man. As I did not take the hint, we continued our examination of the reliquary. I was next shown the comb of the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Master, then the staff with which Moses divided the waters of the Red Sea, and afterwards the beard of Noah. My companion took care to inform me, every now and again, that in consideration of my being a 'pious man,' I could obtain a small portion of these invaluable relics at a very moderate price." The *Presburg Gazette* adds to this letter, by way of postscript: "Our worthy clergyman does not seem to have been shown what, in our opinion, is the pearl of the collection in question; it is one of the steps of the ladder on which Jacob, in his dream, saw the heavenly hosts ascending and descending."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Crystalline Analogies.

Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity than the mud or slime of a damp overgrown path in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. . . . That slime we shall find, in most cases, composed of clay (or brick dust, which is burnt clay) mixed with soot, a little sand and water. All these elements are at hopeless war with each other, and destroy, reciprocally, each other's nature and power—competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot—and squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is kept in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible. Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substances, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with the help of congealing fire, to be made into the finest porcelain, and painted on, and to be kept in king's palaces. But such artificial constance is not the best. Leave it still quiet, to follow its own instinct of unity; it becomes not only white, but clear; not only clear, but hard; but so set that it can deal on the light in a wonderful way, and gather out of the loveliest blue rays only, repressing the rest. We call it then a sapphire. Such being the consummation of the clay, we then give similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes first a white earth; then it grows clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious and infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any material whatever. We call it then opal. In next order the soot sets to work. It cannot make itself white at first—but, instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder, and at last comes out clear, the hardest thing in the world; and for the blackness it had, obtains in exchange the

power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the most vivid blaze that any solid thing can emit. We call it then a diamond. Last of all, the water purifies or wastes itself, contented enough if it only reaches the form of a dew drop. But if we persist in its proceeding to a more perfect constance, it crystallizes into the shape of a star. So, for the ounce of slime we had at first, we have a sapphire, an opal, a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow. We see, then, the seeming trouble—the degradations of the elements of earth must passively wait the appointed time of their restoration. But if there be in us a nobler life than in those strangely moving atoms—if, indeed, there is an eternal difference between the fire which inhabits them and that which animates us, it must be shown by each of us in his appointed place—not merely in the pretence, but in the activity of our hope; not merely by our desire, but by our labor for the time when the dust of the generations of men shall be conformed for foundations of the gates of the city of God.—*Ruskin on Crystals.*

Mixing the Pronouns.

Persons accustomed to writing narrative often experience the difficulty of using pronouns so that there shall be no mistake as to the noun for which they stand. In speaking of two persons of the same sex there is a continual tendency to confusion. This is ludicrously illustrated in the following account of the examination by the judge of a witness, in a case of assault and battery. Said the witness:—

"There was Mike and the dog, there, yer honor; so he flew at me very savage."

JUDGE.—"Who? Mike?"
WITNESS.—"No, the dog, yer honor. And I says to him."

JUDGE.—"To whom? The dog?"
WITNESS.—"To Mike, yer honor.—Get away wid yer!—and I just hauled off and hit him."

JUDGE.—"Hit Mike?"
WITNESS.—"No, the dog, yer honor, and he made a rush for me."

JUDGE.—"Who? The dog?"
WITNESS.—"Mike, yer honor. And I up wid him and I threw it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

JUDGE.—"Threw a stone at Mike?"
WITNESS.—"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

JUDGE.—"The dog?"
WITNESS.—"No Mike. And wid that he ran off."

JUDGE.—"Mike?"
WITNESS.—"No, the dog. And then he come back, and got me down, yer honor."

JUDGE.—"The dog came back?"
WITNESS.—"No, Mike, yer honor, and he isn't hurt at all."

JUDGE.—"Mike isn't hurt?"
WITNESS.—"The dog, yer honor."

Compensations.

Mr. Charles Dickens was upholding the theory that whatever trials or difficulties might stand in a man's path, there is always something to be thankful for. "Let me, in proof thereof," said Dickens, "relate a story. Two men were to hang at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll; the convicts were pinioned; the procession was formed; it advanced to the fatal beam; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sight-seers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women and children, in front of the scaffold; when, just at that second of time, a bull, which was being driven to Smithfield, broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering the people everywhere with its horns. Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, 'I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd.'"

General Facts.

The following facts are approximately true; sufficiently reliable, at least, to give pupils a general idea of the topics treated, and they may be made the basis of a series of short, profitable tasks by our teachers also:

There are on the globe 1,288,000,000 souls, of which—
360,000,000 are of the Caucasian race.
552,000,000 are of the Mongol race.
176,000,000 are of the Malay race.
190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race.
1,000,000,000 are of the Indo-American race.

There are 3,642 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions.
The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91-554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 62 per minute. Each pulsation of the heart marks the decrease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 33 years.
One-fourth of the population die at or before the age of 7 years.
One-half at or before 17 years.
Among 10,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to the age of 60.

Married men live longer than single men. In 1,000 persons, 95 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other month of the year.
One-eighth of the whole population is military.

Professions exercise a great influence in longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 48 are priests, orators or public speakers, 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 22 are soldiers or military employes, 29 are advocates or engineers, 27 are professors, and 24 doctors.

Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest. There are 336,000,000 Christians.
There are 5,000,000 Israelites.
There are 60,000,000 Asiatic religionists.
There are 190,000,000 Mohammedans.
There are 800,000,000 Pagans.

In the Christian Churches—
170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic faith.
75,000,000 profess the Greek faith.
80,000,000 profess the protestant faith.

Wanted.

A few living samples of the following articles:
Ten men who will do just as they agree—provided subsequent events after making their promises, should show something to their interest to violate their word.
Ten persons who will plainly and fearlessly speak and act for the right, regardless of what others say or do.
Ten persons who believe, and will show by their actions that a legal enactment can not cancel a moral obligation, and that the taking the Bankrupt act does not pay for value received.
Ten persons whose religious life shall so permeate all of their life and business trans-

actions that evil speaking, gossiping, tattling, etc., shall not be found in them. "Israelites indeed."

Any community having these articles to spare will oblige us by reporting soon—this, and some other places that we know of, are greatly in need of them.—*Milwaukee Index.*

Obituaries.

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

BENJAMIN CHAMBERLIN, after a long sickness, died in Barnstead, N. H., May 19, aged 52 years. J. P. JOY.

PHILIP, wife of Eli Tuttle, died in Tunbridge, Vt., Feb. 2, aged 70 years. Many years since, she made a profession of religion, and although she had no connection with any Christian church, her husband remarked on the day of her funeral that he thought she had lived as well as most people. In her was found the kind and affectionate wife, the indulgent mother and obliging neighbor; but she is gone, leaving a vacant place in that community, while her husband, children, brothers and her sister, severely feel their loss. Funeral services attended by the writer. E. CLARK.

SAMUEL L. DRAKE died in Edinburg, April 25, aged 55 years. Thirty-two years ago he gave himself to God and commenced living for the right. Twenty-seven years ago he united with the Free Baptist church in Edinburg, and remained a worthy member from that time until his Creator, whom he loved and served in this life, called for him to take another department of God's great house. He has left a wife and two children and other relatives. His death was a great loss to that dear friend, living in the memory of those who mourn his absence, call them all to Him who is able to make life pleasant. C. PARIS.

BETSEY S., widow of the late John Plummer, died in Chepachet, R. I., March 30, in the 88th year of her age. Sister Plummer had for a great many years enjoyed the happiness arising from the delightful service of her Saviour; and she had, too, the pleasure of seeing her husband and all her children but one happy in the same service. Her husband, who was a member of the Baptist church, had passed on to the shining shore, where, doubtless, there has been a happy re-union. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother and a faithful friend. She will be greatly missed by her children and other relatives.

GILBERT M. STEERE, grandson of sister Plummer, died April 22, in Providence, R. I., aged 26 years. He was a most excellent young man, an active Christian and a warm friend of Temperance. Indeed, every good cause found in him a firm supporter. He was suddenly killed by the fall of a lumber in his yard, but the stroke found him ready for a happy exchange of worlds. A widow, a widowed mother and an only sister feel the stroke most keenly. May the consolation of the religion which they all profess comfort and sustain in these days of bereavement, be the prayer of one also bereaved. A. R. BRADBURY.

MARGARET, wife of Abram Williams, died in Lodi, Athens Co., O., May 29th, aged 74 years. She, with her husband, came from Raleigh, N. C. in 1829. She was a most excellent woman, when 19 years of age; and after coming to O., she, with her husband, united with the F. W. Baptist church in Lodi, of which she ever remained a most faithful member. Her death was peaceful, her life was faithful. An aged husband and a number of sons and daughters mourn their loss. Funeral services on the 30th. Text, Jer. 18:16. L. Z. HANING.

JULIA A. MORE died in South Berwick, Me., May 20th, aged 45 years. For several months previous to her death, sister More suffered intensely by day and night with what was called neuralgia, but all her sufferings were borne with true Christian patience and resignation. With Paul she could exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, and I shall be glad to leave this world, and pass away she called her children to the bedside, commended them to the All-Father's care, gave them a dying mother's blessing, and urged them to meet her in the land beyond the river. As a community, we mourn the departure of our sister, but we are comforted with the blessed assurance that she has exchanged the cross for the crown of glory. J. F. LOCKE.

SAMUEL SEGGEEL died in Ossipee, April 2, aged 49 years and six months. Mr. Seggeel was a kind word for all with whom he was associated. But we shall hear his pleasant salutation no more. In this dispensation a lonely widow deeply mourns her loss. May the Father sustain her. Mrs. EUNICE ELDRIDGE died April 7, aged 55 years. Her life was one of privation here, but we hope she is better off.

BENJAMIN BODGE died in Ossipee, May 18, aged 75 years. By this sad providence a loyal wife and four children were bereft of an aged father and companion. May the Lord sustain all to their good.

FRANK BODGE, son of the above, died in Ossipee, May 30, aged 38 years. Frank had neglected his soul's salvation, but when death approached, he sought and found a refuge in Christ, and died happy. Thus, within the brief space of two short weeks, this sad family has been called to part with two dear ones. Father and son are gone. D. I. QUINN.

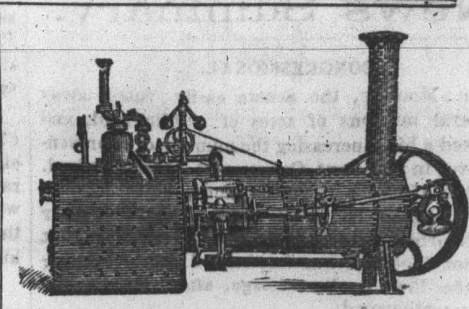
MRS. MERCY P. WITTER died in Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 12, 1869, aged 74. Sister Witter was born in Green, Me., experienced religion when she was twelve years of age, was baptized and united with the Free Baptist church at sixteen, but, coming to differ from them on communion and other points, she united afterwards with the Freewill Baptists, to whom she became very devoted. She was usually very faithful with the Scriptures, and was always faithful and fervent in the discharge of religious duties. She had lived a widow twenty-one years, her husband, Asa Witter, who also united with the Freewill Baptists from the C. Baptists, having been killed by falling from a building. Her last hours were peaceful and happy. She had been a subscriber to the *Star* for twenty-four years. A. D. WILLIAMS.

LYDIA S., wife of D. P. Dutch, died in Brownfield, May 31, aged 57 years and three months. She was a devoted Christian, and was united with the C. Baptist church of Wells, Me. Her life was one of Christian labor, as many can testify who listened to her prayers and exhortations, and knew her deeds of kindness. She was a kind wife, indulgent mother and true friend. She leaves, to mourn their loss, an affectionate husband, six children and numerous friends. Funeral services by the writer. E. C. COOK.

ABRAHAM BROOKS died at Jeddo, Orleans Co., N. Y., May 19, the 61st year of his age. Bro. B. was born in January, 1809, under the labors of Elder Hanibal, and was received into the 1st Freewill Baptist church in Ridgeway, where he lived in the faithful discharge of all Christian duties, until the Lord called him home. Although he was firmly attached to the church of his choice, he ever manifested that Christian charity toward members of other churches, which truly becomes a child of God. He leaves a companion and twelve children, to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father. Yet they sorrow not as those without hope, for they feel that their loss is his infinite gain. His funeral was attended on the 19th by a large concourse of weeping friends, who were addressed by the writer. W. R. CAMPBELL.

CHARLES A., son of Asa and Eliza, Crosby of Manchester, died May 11th, of typhoid fever, aged 27 years. He leaves a wife, child and a large circle of friends to mourn his departure.

NATHANIEL W. JACOBS died in Springfield, Mass., at the residence of his son, May 19th, aged 69 years. Bro. J. has been a worthy member of the Freewill Baptist church for many years, and was a devoted Christian. He was united with the Pittsfield church, in which church he remained until death. He was very partial to the *Star*, and read it with much pleasure until the day of his death. He was a kind and true friend, and passed the river in peace. Services by the writer. N. L. ROWELL.



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1871

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News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, the Senate passed away several millions of acres of public land, and passed a bill increasing the number of representatives in the next Congress to three hundred. In the House a fragment of the naturalization bill defeated last week was passed. The river and harbor appropriation bill was taken up, but its consideration was interrupted by the reading of the President's message, after which the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the President was asked to furnish proof that any American had been murdered by the Spaniards in Cuba, and the bill regulating the consular and diplomatic service of the United States, and fixing consuls and consular-generals was passed with amendments abolishing the consulates at Moscow and Leningrad, and Nantes, France, and establishing a consulate at Port Said, Egypt, at a salary of \$2500. In the House there was an interesting debate on the Cuban question.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a memorial against any repeal of the registry law, by which foreign built ships shall be admitted to register for any term of years in the United States, was presented, and the franking bill was discussed. In the House, an unsuccessful effort to repeal the duty on coal was made, and there was some sharp discussion on the Cuban question.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a bill passed giving condemned cannon to parties wishing to make soldier's monuments therefrom, and the franking bill was discussed. In the House a bill was reported to put coal on the free list, and there was a voting on the Cuban question, by which the Banks bill was rejected and the Brigham amendment adopted.

On Friday, the Senate was employed in debate on Mrs. Lincoln's pension and the Post-office appropriation bill. The House bill, abolishing franking, was attached to the latter as an amendment and then debated. Sumner's proposition for a one cent rate of letter postage was rejected, but a two cent rate was proposed and adopted.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the judiciary committee reported a substitute for the House naturalization bill. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe land-grant was passed, and there was debate and some reticence on the subject of franking. The House gave up the day to the consideration of private claims. Mr. Whitmore of South Carolina presented his credentials, which were not referred to a committee, but the whole matter was put over for consideration by the House, Tuesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Last Wednesday a railway train near Platte River ran into a band of 300 Indians crossing the track, killing 13 of them.

A railroad accident occurred Thursday night at Athol, Mass., on the Vermont and Mass. R. R., by which three lives were lost and about twenty wounded.

Five car-loads of Chinamen, on their way to Alabama, passed Cheyenne, Sunday night.

Sunday, the 15th, the Jews throughout the world celebrated the 3344th anniversary of the revelation of the Law on Mount Sinai.

It is reported that Riel is preparing to resist the expedition now on its way to restore the government authority over the Red River Country.

A despatch from Chicago states that the Indians are concentrating in the vicinity of Lake of the Woods, (British North America), for the purpose of giving fight to the Canadians when they penetrate the swamps. Riel's picket line extends from the Lake of the Woods to Pembina mountain.

Fare from New York to Chicago has been reduced to \$18 and to San Francisco to \$136.

United States Senators Cragin of New Hampshire and Anthony of Rhode Island were re-elected last week. Representative Blaine was unanimously nominated for reelection by the republican convention in this district.

Both branches of Congress have passed a bill establishing a Department of Law.

The anniversary of Bunker Hill was observed Friday in Boston, Charleston, and many of the surrounding towns, by various fitting exercises.

FOREIGN.

Cholera has caused 14,000 deaths in Zanzibar.

An active volcano has risen from the sea 200 miles from Yokohama.

Several villages were destroyed by a recent earthquake in Japan. A volcano on the island of Nippon, after a rest of several centuries, is hard at work.

There are on one square mile in London, 23,000 children growing up entirely without education.

The total loss of the British gunboat Stanley, in the China Sea, is reported. The commander, Wm. F. L. Elwyn, and 43 of the crew, perished. The Stanley was a screw steamer of 300 tons burthen, 80 horse power, and carried three guns.

A letter from Havana to New York says that George B. Upton landed only part of her cargo and the captain-general's report of disaster was not much exaggerated.

The drought in France continues and causes great distress and loss of property. Cattle are perishing for want of fodder and water, and fears are entertained that the crops will all be ruined.

It is known that at least two hundred and fifty persons lost their lives by the recent fire at Constantinople, and many more are missing.

Charles Dickens was buried in Westminster Abbey without any public ceremonies.

The toy steamer which left Queenstown a week or two ago for America has returned leaking.

There is great excitement in Europe over the report that the long expected alliance between Russia and Egypt, has been consummated, and that these powers will unite against Turkey.

Leading republicans condemn the revolutionary risings in Italy, which are said to be the work of Mazzini, whose only method of reforming abuses is by revolution. The authorities have arrested many of the conspirators.

Numerous Fenians are on trial in London. They are accused of distributing arms in Ireland and the North of England.

The reported massacre of the Jews following last week as occurring at Roumania, is declared to be a hoax, having no foundation in fact.

Copious showers have ended the drought in France, and there are hopes of saving a portion of the wheat crops.

The Dublin Freeman thinks the United States ought to sentence the captured Fenians to the extent of the law.

The French Cable Company has relinquished its monopoly of landing cables on the coast of France in consideration of a right to amalgamate with other companies.

M. Duvernois and all the other editors of the French Court Journal have resigned, in consequence of a disagreement between M. Duvernois and Duvernois.

An envoy has gone from England to Rome to help settle the quarrel between the Neapolitan government and the clergy.

The emancipation movement in Spain hardly sustains the "flourish of trumpets" made over it. Putting that consummation off for a period of sixty years divests the movement of whatever virtue it ever possessed.

A London despatch says that the total value of Charles Dickens's estate will slightly exceed eighty thousand pounds sterling. The memoranda for the completion of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" are complete, and the duty of editing the conclusion of this story has been assumed by his son-in-law, Mr. Wilkie Collins.

The Diario and the Voz de Cuba comment favorably upon President Grant's message upon Cuban affairs. Everybody talks of it and the Spaniards praise Gen. Grant's conduct. Prominent persons express the hope that Congress will send a commission to the island to see the matter for themselves and to disprove the erroneous statements published in the United States concerning the situation.

Havana advices corroborate the failure of the Upton expedition to Cuba. A number of men and two thousand arms had been landed when the Spanish gunboat appeared, and the Upton sailed for Aspinwall. Bad management on the part of the Cuban Junta in this city is the alleged cause of the failure. No pilots for the ship or guides to meet the soldiers were provided, and they were betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards.

Paragraphs.

In very favorable circumstances a locomotive boiler will last for 500,000 miles, but usually wears out in 350,000 miles. Meanwhile other parts of the machinery will have been renewed from three to ten times.

The saving of expense by recent improvements in machinery is marvelous. Chipping and filing iron surfaces used to cost by hand nearly three dollars per foot, but now it is done for two cents!

The oscillations of rail trains on the track is now supposed to be due to the use of wheels whose tires have a conical inclination; since in the play of space left between flange and rail, the opposite wheels run upon different diameters, causing each alternately to turn away from the rail.

Zinc tanks or zinc roofs invariably contaminate the water with which they come in contact, and make it entirely unfit for domestic purposes. The Polytechnic Journal recommends the use of asphalt varnish for coating zinc vessels made to hold water.

An eminent Boston physician is said, by an exchange, to rob the most dreaded scarlet fever of many of its terrors by administering to the patient, as often as desired, warm lemonade with a little mullage, together with the application of warmth to the stomach. For the purpose of the latter, a sheet may be wrung out in cold water and laid on, renewing the same as often as it cools.

A despatch from Corrinne states that a submarine outlet to the Great Salt Lake has been found opposite to Corrinne, and is between the Fremont and Kimball Islands. The schooner Pioneer, Capt. Harman, while sailing in that vicinity on last Sunday, was drawn into the opening, which is an immense maelstrom, or stupendous whirlpool, and the descent and circular motion of the water was so rapid and violent that the vessel was made to spin around in it with frightful velocity, and it was only by the high wind prevailing at the time that she was enabled to sail beyond the influence of the chasm. A party of scientific men leave Corrinne immediately on the steamer Kate Connor to investigate the wonder.

Potter Palmer, a well-known millionaire, of Chicago, gives notice through the papers that he will on the first of July, begin the erection of a hotel on the south-east corner of State and Monroe streets, in that city, which will be the largest in the country. It will have a frontage of 253 feet on Monroe street, be 8 stories high, contain 250 rooms, and cost, including the grounds, over \$2,500,000.

Recent explorations in Western Australia led to the discovery of large dry salt-lakes, one of which was thought to be 80 miles in length.

The East London Hospital for children is the first British institution which has honored the female medical movement; it has appointed a Miss Garrett to be one of its physicians.

It is said within ten miles of Charing Cross London, there are 10,970 beer shops, which, if placed in a single line, would extend thirty miles. Many of these are thieves' "houses of call," and the poisonous liquors vended in them are the source of incalculable injury and misery.

A railway in Wales has but two feet gauge, yet works admirably for passengers and freight. The small expense of its construction through a difficult country, and the cheapness of running light weighted engines and cars, enable it to earn thirty per cent. dividends.

On the Continental railways the use of ordinary coal as fuel is giving way to the use of "bricks," or blocks of powdered coal cemented with refuse of starch or with coal tar, then pressed, and dried in a kiln. They burn with but four to seven per cent. of ashes, and evaporate seven pounds of water to a pound of coal.

A great deal was heard of the fortified city of Sebastopol some fifteen years ago, when the British and French battered it with their artillery for nearly two years, and finally took and destroyed it. But it is now said the walls have been completely restored, and upwards of three hundred houses have been built in the place of those which had been ruined by the bombardment. A new church in the form of a pyramid, built entirely of marble, has also been erected in the church yard of the town. The funds for the construction of this building were raised by a public subscription in the whole of Russia.

An ancient bomb shell was picked up at low water above the dam at Augusta, Me., on the west side of the river, one day last week. From its appearance, it has evidently been in the water for years. Upon breaking it in pieces it was found to be filled with gunpowder and about a pint of common musket balls. It is supposed to be a relic of the famous expedition of Arnold, who passed up the river with his troops on route for Quebec, through the then wilderness of Maine, in the fall of 1775, nearly ninety-five years ago.

The attempt to recover the treasure sunk in Vigo Bay more than 150 years ago is turning out successful. After 19 days' trials made with large diving bells, 15 gallons are reported to have been found lying at a depth of a few hundred feet, and on knocking a hole into the side of the Almirante, some ingots, plate and valuable arms were found by the divers. However, further researches have been suspended for the moment, until the custom-house authorities shall have conceded a safe place to deposit the treasure. The Almirante and her consort were sent to the bottom during the war of Spanish succession, and have remained immersed in the port of a poverty-stricken nation during the whole time of the Bourbon occupation. Hardly had Queen Isabella been driven from the throne when a Spanish banker long settled in Paris, made overtures to the government at Madrid, and, on condition of handing over nearly half the treasure in case of success, M. Perelre received permission to look for the sunken ingots.

Rural and Domestic.

The Barnacle.

It requires a good deal of faith to believe that barnacles are related to crabs, for they are not the least alike, and the first is fixed like a shell fish on to pieces of timber, floating about in the sea, or to rocks washed by the tide; while the latter has legs, claws, eyes, and the power of moving and swimming. Yet it is quite true that the barnacle belongs to the same class of animals that include the crabs, shrimps, and lobsters. If a piece of rock is put into a large glass full of sea-water, many things may be seen on it which are of a white color, and whose shape is something like that of a thimble with the top battered in. If they are examined it becomes evident that the conical object is formed of several little bits of hard shell joined together very carefully, and that the top has a valve in it. When the water is quite clear and quiet, a small flapper is forked out through the valve, and is moved to and fro with a motion like that of opening and shutting the fingers. The flapper has some long bristles attached to it, and they are beautiful, feathery looking things when examined under a microscope. The movement goes on for hours, and ceases upon the least alarm. Then the flappers are withdrawn, the valve closes, and the barnacle—for such is the creature—looks again like a conical piece of stone. The flappers are the lungs as well as the hands of the barnacle, and minute living creatures are entangled by them and passed by a current of water into the mouth, which is within the shell. When the barnacle produces its eggs, it ejects them with a stream of water, and they float about in the sea, being very minute things. They soon become hatched, and then it is that the reason becomes clear why barnacles and crabs are placed by zoologists in the same class.

The young barnacle is just like a shrimp, with a long body, many long legs close to its head, and a large tail; it has eyes, and feels about most vigorously. It appears to be constantly in movement, and although actively employed in swimming and in crawling, it does not care to seek for food. After a while the young free-swimming creature rests upon a piece of rock or wood, or even on the back of a fish, and then a wonderful alteration takes place. The long legs and feelers near the head grasp the substance on which the creature is to live for the future, and a gummy substance comes from a gland which has been growing for some time close to the head. The gum sticks the legs and feelers to the substance, the eyes diminish in size, and are no longer seen, the tail and the hind legs grow into the feathery flappers already noticed, and the shell of many pieces incloses all. The barnacle is then fixed for life, laid down, and it loses its organs of sight, and receives a mouth and stomach, which he had not before, when in the free-swimming state. Barnacles do not under-go this change, for the miles of some kinds live inside the conical house which holds the female, and never have houses of their own, for they remain in the free-swimming state. All the animals of the crab class have to undergo a change in form before arriving at maturity, and the common shore crab, when it is first hatched, is a long thing with a great head, and legs fitted for swimming and not for crawling. As it grows, the body shortens by curling the tail end underneath, and the legs and claws grow out of the swimming apparatus. Some of the barnacles that live on coral reefs are very beautiful, and their shells are ornamented in imitation of the flower-like polyps of the stony mad-repores.—Scientific American.

Non-Beef Eating Nations.

The rice eating Hindoos at one time took a better position among the nations than they do now, but neither in war nor in peace did they ever attain to anything of the standard of Europe or America. The Japanese have for ages been a fish rather than a flesh-eating race, and all travelers agree that they have rather receded than advanced from the low standard of civilization to which they had attained one thousand years ago. The Chinese are as peaceful and inoffensive as we would suppose a nation of rice eaters might necessarily be. They have developed, it is true, a genius for certain mechanical arts, and a quiet skill in unique handicraft; but of those broad purposes of action that made Rome the mistress of the world, that now France the eyes of the planet to turn to France, England and America, China has known nothing for the long centuries of her history. And here I might say that in estimating the relative position of any nation in history, we do not alone consider its literature, nor its commerce, nor its mechanical genius, nor its religion, nor its system of education, nor its success in war and legislation; nor its specimens of individual greatness; but all these combined. Careless observers and thinkers on visiting for the first time the coasts of China and Japan are sometimes so powerfully impressed by the originality, and patience, and mechanical genius of the people, that they at once accord to these nations a higher relative position than they really deserve, or have ever been awarded by the voice of mankind.

The diet of the nations of Africa, and of most of the islands of the sea, is usually quite meager, and has too little of variety to afford the best kind of nutrition. The inhabitants of some districts of South America eat clay; certain negro tribes eat ants; the savages of a large portion of the tropical regions subsist almost exclusively on fruit; the Greenlanders gorge themselves on train oil and blubber; and the peasant of the Apennines oftentimes makes his entire meal of roasted chestnuts; the lower classes of Europe everywhere regard meat as a luxury, and not as a necessity, and the potatoes and soured milk of the Irish have become proverbial. But what have the natives of South America, the savages of Africa, the stupid Greenlanders, the peasantry of Europe, all combined, done for civilization, in comparison with any single beef-eating class of Europe?—Hours at Home.

Oiling Farm Implements.

Every farmer should have a can of linseed oil and a brush on hand, and whenever he buys a new tool, he should soak it well with the oil and dry it by the fire or in the sun, before using. The wood by this treatment is toughened and strengthened, and rendered impervious to water. Wet a new hay-rake and when it dries it will begin to be loose in the joints; but if it will, the wet will have but slight effect. Shovels and forks are preserved from checking and cracking in the top of the handle by oiling; the wood becomes smooth as glass by use and is far less liable to blister the hand when long used. Axe and hammer handles often break off where the wood enters the iron; this part particularly should be toughened with oil, to secure durability. Oiling the wood in the eye of the axe will prevent its swelling and shrinking, and sometimes getting loose. The tools on a large farm cost a large sum of money; they should be of the most approved kinds. It is a poor economy, at the present extravagant prices for labor, to set men at work with ordinary, old-fashioned implements. Laborers should be required to return their tools to the convenient places provided for them; after using, they

should be put away clean and bright. The mold-boards of plows are apt to get rusty from one season to another, even if sheltered; they should be brushed over with a few drops of oil when put away, and will then remain in good order till wanted.—Farm Journal.

Feeding Young Turkeys.

One may about as well feed young turkeys, hot embers and brimstone, as coarse, uncooked Indian meal. And yet, thousands of people attempt to rear their turkey chicks on such unsuitable food as raw meal and water. For twenty-four hours after the chick has burst the shell, it does not want an atom of food. Colts, calves and lambs, as soon as they spring into life, make an effort to obtain some nourishment from the natural source of supply. But chickens and young turkeys are nearly "stone blind" for more than ten hours after they are hatched. To supply the necessities of such a little bundle of life, nature has so provided, that only a short time previous to the termination of the period of incubation, the breast and crop of the embryonic chick shall open, sufficiently by clonic spasmodic motion, to allow the yolk to be drawn into the little crop. This fact shows us that young birds of every kind should be supplied with soft and delicate nourishment, such as boiled eggs, curds, thick mush made of equal parts of wheat and meal, with sweet milk. Young chicks should never be confined to either of the foregoing kinds of food. They like a small quantity, many times daily.—Working Farmer.

The Currant Worm.

This pest has appeared again, and has commenced the work of destruction in earnest upon the leaves of the currant-bush. We find no account of them in Harris, Fitch, or Kollar. The eggs which produce them are deposited on the under side of the leaf, in rows, and placed, usually, on the center rib of the leaf, sometimes on two or three of the ribs. When hatched, they eat a small hole through the tender leaf, and then march off to its edges, and frequently surround it entirely. Very little seems to be known of the fly that deposits the eggs, or the habits of the worm that destroys the foliage.

Various modes of destroying the worm have been suggested. One is to begin to pluck off the leaves containing the eggs, as far as they can be found, and follow this up, picking off the leaves containing the worms as fast as they are hatched. They are easily found by the broken leaves or bare stems. But if this process is carried too far, the growth of the fruit will be suspended, by arresting the action between leaf and fruit. The flour of hellebore, sifted upon them, is said to destroy them. This is a poison, and must be used with care. The following, if effectual, is certainly simple:

"To destroy the currant worms, go out at 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening and jar the bushes so as to throw the worms on the ground. Do this three successive evenings, when the worms make their appearance. This will finish them for the present year, and if everybody will do it for three successive years, it will destroy the race."

Fruit in Western Michigan.

The broad waters of Lake Michigan exert a strong influence in equalizing the temperature of the air on the eastern side under the prevailing winds. It is one of the best fruit regions in the United States. The large quantity of peaches marketed from that country indicate the mildness of the climate. We copy the following statement, showing its adaptiveness to fruit culture:

From 12,000 to 15,000 acres of land are devoted to fruit culture in Western Michigan, the greater portion of which is planted to trees not yet in bearing. The average prices of fruit during the season were about as follows: Strawberries, per quart, 10 cents; raspberries, 12 cents; blackberries, 8 cents; apples, per bushel, 50 cents; pears, 35 cents; cherries, 34 cents; quinces, 34 cents; peaches, per box or basket, 75 cents; grapes, per pound, 10 cents. The value of the fruit crop of the season is estimated as follows: Apples, \$113,302; peaches, \$65,732; pears, \$11,202; cherries, \$2,230; grapes, \$7,110; strawberries, \$10,757; quinces, \$50,617; strawberries, \$12,737; and plums, \$1,100, total, \$270,165. The total shipments from 12 ports in the region named are stated as follows: Apples, bushels, 141,740; peaches, baskets, 751,630; pears, baskets, 3,754; plums, baskets, 400; cherries, baskets, 630; quinces, baskets, 440; grapes, pounds, 71,100; blackberries, quarts, 1,346,324; raspberries, quarts, 421,512; strawberries, quarts, 127,372; cranberries, bushels, 370; cider, barrels, 600; tomatoes, baskets, 145.

Hints to Consumptives.

Consumption is not a disease of the lungs, but of the system, showing itself in the lungs. If you fully comprehend this, you are ready for common sense treatment. Avoid all local treatment by inhalation; all the panaceas, including whiskey and cod liver oil, (useful to-day, exploded to-morrow); employ those natural methods about which wise doctors never differ.

1. Walk in all kinds of weather two or three times a day. If too weak for this, begin with the saddle.

2. Hang by the hands, in rings suspended from the ceiling six feet above the floor, swing backwards and forwards sideways, and in a circle. The effect upon the walls of the chest is very remarkable. I have known such swinging to reduce the pulse very sensibly in a week. In such exercises continue until slightly fatigued.

3. Wash the entire skin in tepid water and good neutral soap every morning on returning from the first walk, and rub the skin to redness every night on going to bed with sharp hair gloves. Lawrence's English patent gloves are the best. All druggists sell them.

4. Sleep much, retiring before nine, adding a nap in the middle of the day. Never forget that good ventilation in the hours of sleep is vital in every case of diseased lungs.

5. Eat for breakfast and dinner oat meal, cracked wheat, beef, mutton, potatoes, plain bread, and other vegetables, except tomatoes. Use no pastry or other trash. Eat no supper.

6. Cultivate the society of jovial people. Laughter is the most precious of all possible exercises for all chronic affections.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

Cabbage for Cattle.

An English writer says: The cultivation of the cabbage is greatly extending. It comes into use when other things fail, and is far the best succulent vegetable for milk cows—keeping up the yield of milk, and preserving better than any other food some portion of the quality which cheese loses when the cows quit their natural pasturage. Cows fed on cabbage are always quiet and satisfied, while on turnips they often sour and are restless. Cabbage are given wholly in the pastures, and later in the season are either pulled or placed in the trough whole. When frosted, they are liable to produce hoven, unless kept in a shed to thaw before being used. Fifty-six pounds given in two meals are as much as a large cow should have in a day. Frequent causes of abortion are caused by an over-supply of green food. Cabbages are ex-

cellent for young animals, keeping them in health and preventing blackleg. A calf of seven months may have twenty pounds a day.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.
For the week ending, June 15, 1870.

CANDLES.

MOLASSES.

COFFEE.

CRUDE SUGAR.

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THE BRISTOL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

This is a first class stitch machine,