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The Morning Star - volume 45 number 27 - July 6, 1870

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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., JULY 6, 1870.

No. 27

THE MORNING STAR

A Weekly Religious Newspaper
For the Family.

OFFICES: No. 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.,
No. 30 Vesey St., New York City.
LUTHER R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1870.

The Puritan Meeting-house.

The June sky seems not far away,
The sunshine, clear and golden,
Drifts, through the blindless windows, down
On faces young and olden.

It flings a sudden halo round
Stern brows in no wise saintly,
And sober ribbon, dingy gown,
Pat on its luster faintly.

The high-backed pews, the pulpit vast,
The whitewashed wall blank-staring,
Catch the illusion nature gives
To all her bounty sharing.

Young dreams lurk here, beneath the lids
Down dropped in grave reflection;
Some doctrines these fresh hearts reject,
Still clinging to perfection!

The chances missed, the hopes delayed,
Round elder thoughts may hover,
Where wrinkled cheek and faded eye
The outward signs discover.

But still the preacher's voice rings on;
Its paragraphs unending
Float out upon the fragrant air,
With lesser voices blending.

A robin on the window sill
Breaks in with tune ecstatic,
Translating, in melodious phrase,
The speaker's words emphatic.

For love—however warped and veiled—
The good man's heart makes tender,
And he, the wise Interpreter,
Award to that shall render.

We smile and question of the creed
Denying forms of beauty,
Which still in iron molds would shape
The aspect stern of duty.

Yet faith and hope, onlooking, caught
Gleams of a life elysian,
The boundless future was the near,
The present oft—the vision.

And heaven has long attended, I ween,
In its unguessed completeness,
For all the outward grace they lacked,
Who won the inward sweetness!

—Cong. & Recorder.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, June 11, 1870.

Englishmen, it is said, can neither build a statue nor keep a festival. Coronations, victories by land or sea, the passing of measures of reform, it may be possible to celebrate when they occur. But the remembrance of any of them, after the time, would never keep a festival alive. A "Fourth of July" is impossible in England. The churches and denominations might perhaps be expected to show themselves more demonstrative and "celebrative" than the nation at large. It may be questioned whether they are so. At all events, the general Baptists of England, in whom your readers feel some degree of interest, did not indicate any departure from the national characteristic, "uncelebrativeness"—pardon the word—on the 7th of June, 1870. That day was the hundredth birthday of the Denomination. It was the double jubilee of their declaration of independence. How did it find them? Jubilant and grateful, retrospective and anticipatory? specially thoughtful and glad, remembering all the way God had led them, and forecasting the probable duties and blessings of the future? It may be so, but they did not show it. If anywhere the demonstration of joyful remembrance might be looked for it would be in the Midland counties. On the 7th of June, 1770, eight ministers from churches in this district met in London with two ministers from the east, one from the north and eight from the south to form a new association of Christians. The New connexion of general Baptists was formed, marking itself off on the one hand from Socinianism and on the other from Calvinism. The eight ministers of the south ultimately fell

away, one from the east took the lead in the secession, and only the Midland men with their northern organizer and his eastern friend remained. The Midland churches have really carried on the denomination, and been its life-blood, back-bone, inspiration or whatever else represents the essential part of a thing. Among the Midland churches one would suppose the desire to commemorate this Centenary would be strongest and most vigorous. It may be so; the Centenary Association at Leicester the week after next may show it, but at present it does not appear. Yet the 7th of June, the exact date of the formation of the denomination, afforded the opportunity. It was the day fixed for the Quarterly Meeting, or Conference, of the Midland district. About 70 churches and 9000 members are represented in this Quarterly Meeting. It was to meet at a chapel, itself a hundred years old, and itself having its own Centenary in the evening. There was no great difficulty of access to the village where the meeting was to be held; the railway runs within a mile and a half of it. There was nothing in the weather to make a journey unpleasant; it was a bright sunny morning, with clear fresh air and an Italian sky of deep liquid blue. There was no absence of attractiveness in the neighborhood; the hills of Charwood forest are in sight, and fields richly wooded, flowery meadows, grassy rocks, nestling cottages, large mound-like elevations covered with something like primeval forests, and other picturesque objects diversify the landscape below. Nor was the programme of the Quarterly Meeting without interest. The author of "Timely Words," the writer of "By-paths in Baptist History," the grandson of one of the earlier fathers of the denomination, was to preach; and the usual business of the afternoon was to be supplemented by the task of remodeling the constitution of the Conference. Yet notwithstanding all this, there were not more than sixty people at the morning service, and scarcely more than thirty when the service began. Something is attributable to holiday-making and "Sunday school treats,"—always popular at Whitsonide,—but much more is attributable perhaps to our national inaptness at celebrations, and our denominational apathy.

The morning sermon was appropriate. It spoke of other men's labors for us, and our labor for other men. It sketched incidents of local history during the century, and pointed the moral of many a feature in the work of the past. There was something "knotted and gnarled" in the composition or delivery of the sermon; there was a flow as of a strong and powerful current over the stones and rocks of a broken, irregular river-bed. But it was an able and appropriate discourse, another "timely word" added to the many that have come from the same lips. The afternoon was assigned to business, the hearing of reports and the revision of the constitution taking up most of the time. The evening was a local festival. It was the Centenary of the chapel in which we assembled. The speakers sketched the men of the century who had ministered there, and the spirit of their toil. The Treasurer of the Foreign Missionary Society occupied the chair. The President of the college, a former President, the Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, a returned Missionary, and your correspondent were the speakers. In interest and attendance it was a fair, average day for a Quarterly Meeting, but as a meeting on the very day when, 100 years ago, the New Connexion of General Baptists was formed, it was a very meager and wretched thing. Perhaps the churches are saving themselves for the Centenary Association at Leicester, the week after next. God willing, we shall see, and you shall hear.

It is to be regretted that brethren whom we have expected to welcome from America not be with us. It is to be sincerely and devoutly wished that not one only but two brethren will be here in their place. The Centenary Bazar will, it is predicted, be a great success, and the Centenary fund has turned the corner of the first thousand pounds, and is on the way towards the next. I regret to find that in one of our London daily papers,—not the most reliable of them,—Dr. Burns is said to be fraternizing with spiritualists! It can not surely be true that the worthy Doctor, the very incarnation of good sense and sound orthodoxy, should so far forget himself as to go to the cave of the modern representatives of "such as have familiar spirits." At all events, in the absence of any explanation it is our duty to doubt it.

An account of the action taken at the Quarterly Meeting of General Baptists in the Midland counties on the 7th of June in reference to the Education question finds a place in the *Times* of to-day. It is not often we are thus presented to the notice of the great English nation by the mighty thunderer. But a nod from a lord is a fool's breakfast, and that is all.

The news of Charles Dickens' death will outstrip the mail, having reached you, no doubt, yesterday, as soon as it reached us. A great gap is made in our literary ranks, by his decease. Whatever his defects, he has filled a larger space in the public eye than any other writer during the last thirty years. His was that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." His funeral is to be strictly private, yet many would like to express their regard for his kindly, genial nature. The Queen has already telegraphed from Balmoral her sympathies

and sorrow at the sad news. With Dickens himself we may say: "Of every tear which mortals shed on such graves some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there springs up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

THOMAS GOADBY.

A Remarkable Death Bed.

The Month, of London, gives this account of the last hours of Czar Nicholas:

All night long the imperial family and the two physicians, Mandt and Karel, watched anxiously in the adjoining room, without daring—so despotic was the Emperor's word—to open, or even to knock at his bedroom door. About two o'clock, Mandt, hearing a faint moan, ventured to scratch at the door; but even that displeased the Emperor, and it remained closed. He called Mandt in the morning and said, "I think you were right; I believe I am a dead man." "Oh, Sire, I only said that to dissuade your majesty from such imprudence." "Look me in the face and tell me it is possible to hope." "I think so, Sire." "I tell you I am a dead man. Come, do your business and sound me; I should like science to confirm my own conviction." Mandt did as he was ordered, and shook his head. "Well?" "Sire!" "Mandt, you are troubled, your hand is shaking; you see I am braver than you. Come, pass sentence on me quickly, for I must finish my business in this world, and there is a great deal to do." "Your majesty is more alarmed than is necessary. There is nothing to despair of, yet; and with God's help—" Nicholas fixed his eyes full upon the physician, and Mandt could not meet them. "Mandt, you know that I am not easy to deceive. Come, the truth, and the whole truth. Do you think Nicholas does not know how to die?" "Sire, in forty-eight hours you will be either dead or saved." "Mandt, I thank you," said the Emperor with the utmost calmness. "Now, farewell; let my family come to me."

Then, as the physician was turning away, he recalled him. "Mandt, let us embrace, old friend. We shall probably never see one another again on earth. You have been an honest and faithful servant, I shall recommend you to my son." "What, Sire—do not see you again! On the contrary, I hope, and my utmost care—" "Ah, henceforward your care will be useless. There is nothing left for me but to call the priest, to see my Ministers, and make my peace with God. Human skill can do no more, and I would rather try nothing." "Sire, I rebel!" exclaimed the poor physician; "I have no right to give you up like this, and it is my duty not to do so." "Will you guarantee my cure?" The physician bent down his head; he could not reply. "Farewell, my friend." "Sire, God is great, and for the sake of Russia, which He defends, He may yet work a miracle." "It is because I know that God defends Russia that I neither hope nor wish to be cured. Mandt, send my family to me; I assure you that I feel that I have no time to lose."

The Emperor's family remained with him at least three hours, leaving the room, after taking leave of him, one by one. One by one his grandchildren, sons, and brothers came out, the hereditary grand duke the last, with his face bathed in tears. Another hour's agonizing suspense passed, during which there was a total silence in the imperial chamber. Then a noise was heard in the corridor, and a courier from Sebastopol was announced. The general aid-de-camp thought himself justified in knocking at the Emperor's door. Then came a faint murmured reply, "What am I wanted for? Let me be left in peace." "Sire, a courier from Sebastopol." "Let him speak to my son; I have nothing more to do with that." Then came the Metropolitan Nicanor and his clergy, in procession, to bring the dying Emperor the last consolations of religion; and after these, appeared the ministers of state, with Count Orloff at their head. At ten o'clock at night the Emperor sent for the officers of his household. His grand, immovable face, now ashy pale, bore the impress of approaching death. Stretched upon that poor camp-bed, he bade them all farewell, and even while dismissing them with kind words, he was interrupted by the death rattle, and his agony had begun. He signed to the attendants to leave the room, and they never saw him again alive. The next day, February 18th, 1881, the grand chamberlain went into the Emperor's room, and on coming out, announced that Nicholas Paulowitch was dead.

Work and Study.

Dr. Wayland, through life, at least till the failure of his health, was a hard student. Others, less successful, may have read or thought more hours each day than he. But when he did either it was with effect. He prepared himself for the task by vigorous physical exercise. Some of us will never forget his frequent appearance between an early breakfast and 9 o'clock, at work in his garden or elsewhere, in suitable attire, and sweat dripping from every part of his face, if not from the ends of his straight black hair. He thought more than he read. Hence he had more knowledge than learning. His reading was select, and when he read he subsided the author. He once

said to me, that he not only enjoyed thinking better than reading, but that on the subject in which he was engaged he could think it out in less time than he could read it out. His thoughts were not reveries. Attention, on which all the other mental faculties depend, was wonderfully in subjection to his will.

An incident will illustrate his habits of study. During eight years that I was his pastor, with an intimacy peculiarly free, never but once did I venture to intrude on his morning and choicest study hours. Knowing the annoyance he felt by the briefest interruption at such times, that he often studied with locked door, or did not respond when solicited, I had invariably regarded his wishes; but necessity knows no rule. I rapped at the door of his study in college where he was secluded. There was no response. Satisfied that he was within, and that if he knew my errand he would welcome me, I addressed him by name, saying, "Dr. Wayland, I must see you." To this he replied in a gentle tone, "Come in, Pastor." I opened the door, merely crossing the threshold. I found him with pen in hand, standing his back to the little light which crept in through the shutters nearly closed. In this room, thus darkened he was thinking. It was at the time, I well remember, when he was making his analysis of his work on "Political Economy"; not one of his most difficult treatises, but requiring a large generalization, as well as a minute analysis. Everything at this period of his life was made tributary to his mental discipline. I never knew a scholar so rarely interrupted in study hours as he; and to this in no small degree is his success to be attributed.

Meteors.

Some remarkable discoveries have been made within three years, in regard to those mysterious bodies we call shooting stars. No longer ago than in 1866, it was generally believed by astronomers that there existed a belt of meteors travelling around the sun in an orbit not differing greatly in dimensions from that of our own earth, through which we passed once a year, in November, when the phenomena of "meteoric showers" took place. This theory has now given place to a totally different one. During the past two years, the principal astronomers of Europe and America have been studying, more closely than ever before, the nature and path of meteors, and have lately discovered that they travel in an orbit, long and eccentric, extending far out into space beyond Uranus, the most distant of planets; are thirty-three years in accomplishing the circuit, and flow in a continuous stream from 50,000 to 500,000 miles in depth. Once a year, it is true, the earth plunges into this vast "school" of celestial bodies, but its own orbit is nothing in comparison with theirs. Striking our upper atmosphere, multitudes of these little planets are consumed by the friction of their own enormous velocity; yet the great current still rushes on, apparently undiminished. As to their rate of speed, a writer says: "When they encounter us, the meteors are moving with the inconceivable rapidity of about thirty-five miles per second. But the earth's velocity adds importantly to the swiftness with which they penetrate the upper regions of the atmosphere. Their actual rate, looking on them as projectiles hurled against the earth's air-shield, is no less than forty miles per second; or more than one hundred times the rate of speed which men will ever be able to give to any projectile they can devise!"—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Alps at Dawn.

The dawn was showing pink in the east next morning, when we again scrambled through the beech scrub to that point above the lake. Like an ink-blot it lay, unrolled, slumbering sadly. Broad sheets of vapor brooded on the plain, telling of miasma and fever, of which we on the mountain, in the pure, clear air, knew nothing. The Alps were all there now,—solid, unreal, stretching like a phantom line of snowy peaks, from the sharp pyramids of Monte Viso and the Grisola in the West, to the distant Bernina and the Ortler in the East. Supreme among them towered Monte Rosa,—a queenly, triumphant, gazing down in proud pre-eminence as she does "when seen from any point of the plain." There is no mountain like her. Mont Blanc himself is not so regal; and she seems to know it, for even the clouds sweep humbled round her base, girdling her at most, but leaving her crown clear and free. Now, however, there were no clouds to be seen in all the sky. The mountains had a strange, unshriven look, as if waiting to be blessed. Above them, in the cold, gray air, hung a low, black arch of shadow, the shadow of the bulk of the huge earth, which still concealed the sun. Slowly, slowly, this dark line sank lower, till, one by one, at last the peaks caught first a pale pink flush; then a sudden golden glory flashed from one to the other as they leaped joyfully into life. It is a supreme moment, the first burst of life and light over the sleeping world, as one can only see it in rare days, and in rare places, like the Monte Generoso, and the earth—enough of it at least, for us, to picture to ourselves the whole—lies at our feet; and we feel as the Saviour might have felt when, from the top of that high

mountain, he beheld the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them. Strangely and solemnly may we imagine to our fancy the lives that are being lived down in those Cities of the plain; how many are waking at this very moment to toil and a painful weariness, to sorrow, or to "that unrest which men miscall delight;" while we upon our mountain buttress, suspended in mid-heaven and for a while removed from daily cares, are drinking in the beauty of the world that God has made so fair and wonderful. From this same eyrie, only a few years ago, the hostile armies of France, Italy and Austria might have been watched, moving in dim masses across the plains, for the possession of which they were to clash in mortal fight at Solferino and Magenta. All is peaceful now. It is hard to picture the waving cornfields trodden down, the burning villages and ransacked vineyards, all the horrors of real war to which that fertile plain has been so often the prey.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Gratitude for Talents.

"On one occasion only," says Andersen, "did I hear Jenny Lind express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support; nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"But have I not still a disengaged evening?" said she; 'let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices.' Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes. 'It is, however, beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so.' Indeed, it was beautiful that she could sing so; but it was still more beautiful that those eyes should fill with tears of gratitude at the thought of being able to do so much good with her talent. Her whole life presents a noble example to all artists who, by their magnetic influence, can draw from the world so much wealth and power. In fact, hers is an example not only to artists, but to all men who have been blessed by any special talent whatever, by which they are distinguished from their fellowmen; and it illustrates how a grateful recognition of such talents leads to a grateful use of them."

Night in a Japanese Hotel.

As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were simple enough; a mattress in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long, by four wide, was spread on the floor; and over it was laid an ample robe, very long, and heavily padded, and provided with large sleeves. Having put on this night-dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps, i. e. if he has had some years' practice in the use of this bed.

But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long, and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on a pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, exposing a clean surface without the expense of washing a pillowcase.

I passed a greater part of the night in learning how to poise my head in this novel manner; and when I finally closed my eyes, it was to dream that I was being slowly beheaded, and to awake at the crisis to find the pillow bottom side up, and my neck resting on the sharp lower edge of the box. During my stay in the country, I learned many of its customs, mastering the use of chop-sticks, and acoustomng my palate to raw fresh fish, but the attempt to balance my head on a two-inch pillow I gave up in despair, after trying in vain to secure the box and trying it to my neck and head.—*Pumpelly's Travels.*

The Tomb of Lord Byron.

Some six miles from Nottingham, on the Mansfield line of railway, lies the miserable collection of cottages and shops dignified by the name of Hucknall Torkard. Approaching it from Nottingham, you pass one or two other small places as grimy and unpoetical looking as itself; then comes a wide sandy tract of unclaimed land, covered here and there with stunted bushes and blackened furze, which is all that remains of what was once Sherwood Forest, and still bears that name; and at length the train stops where the dark woods around Newstead are just visible in the distance. The village is not more than a stone's

throw from the station, and consists mainly of one long, dirty, irregular lane, at the top of which is the church. The edifice is a small weather-worn building, supposed to date from the eleventh century, and stands in a churchyard that reminds you of nothing but Arabia Petraea without the sun. In a vault beneath the chancel, Lord Byron, his ancestors, and his daughter, Lady Lovelace, are buried. Buried, indeed! Shut out, not only from the living world, but its very remembrance. More lonely, more forsaken by his fellow-men in his death, than in the darkest moment of his self-imbittered life.

Events of the Week.

THE CRISPINS AND THE CHINESE.

The members of the Crispin fraternity, and members of labor leagues generally, are allowing themselves to become very highly excited over the introduction of Chinese laborers. Mass meetings in opposition to the practice have been held in various places, at which the movement is denounced in the strongest terms, and various wild and foolish threats are made against those who do the importing. One Crispin leader hints that trains bringing Coolies will hereafter be liable to various shocking casualties, and that potent agencies will be employed to break up the system of Coolie importation. These threats, looking only at the prospect of their execution, are simply foolish, and of no account whatever, but they show the strong feeling of opposition that is at work in the community, and make it probable that there will be a fierce struggle in determining both the social and the political condition of the Chinese in the United States.

AN ADJOURNED CONVENTION.

The Democratic party in Maine attempted to hold a Convention last Wednesday in Portland. After the choice of Hon. Eben F. Pillsbury of Augusta as President, and four other gentlemen as Secretaries, of the Convention, Geo. F. Emery, Esq., offered a resolution that it was expedient for the Convention to adjourn to the 9th of next August. This caused an exciting debate, in which some rather sharp things were said, and in which Mr. Emery and his friends were characterized as enemies to the best interests of Democracy, and as seeking to divide the opinion and force of the Convention. But when it was explained that it was proposed in the meantime to recruit their ranks with disaffected Republicans, and to nominate a citizen's candidate who would ensure the defeat of Mr. Perham, the adjournment was readily agreed to. We must wait now and see if their plan succeeds.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

The past week has witnessed the annual gala season in the courses of several of our American Colleges. Quite a number of them, including Harvard, Brown, Princeton, Williams, Bates, &c., have held their Commencement exercises, and several hundred young men have stepped out into active life. The various reports show that good success has attended the Colleges during the Academic year, and that the classes graduated are quite up to the average rank, both in scholarship and morality. Several Colleges have also reported munificent bequests during the year, and all have been more or less aided with means to increase their facilities for future usefulness.

PROGRESS IN ENTRE RIOS.

The revolution in this South American province has signaled itself by a battle. The engagement was between the Argentine forces and Lopez Jordan's troops, and the latter were most effectually punished, retreating in disorder and after great slaughter. The engagement was of a most terrific character, and the revolutionists were overcome only by the superior discipline and equipment of the regular troops. It is doubtless vain to hope for peace and prosperity in this part of South America, but after so exhausting a battle we can, at least, anticipate a short cessation of hostilities while the conquered party is recruiting itself. Jordan is a determined man, but a reckless adventurer, and will not allow the government continued quiet.

A STRIKE IN IRELAND.

When strikes first became fashionable it was the habit to quit work, and remain peaceably idle until the different parties could agree upon terms. That was sufficiently exciting to begin with. Such a course soon lost its charms, however, and now strikers find satisfaction only in the role of rioters. Cork, Ireland, is following the lead of several French manufacturing districts, and its tailors, objecting to work at so low rates as imported journeymen agree to, are in arms against the civil authorities. Vagabonds only, and idlers joined their ranks, at first, but now the dissatisfaction has become quite general, and nearly all the laborers in the city have joined them. The streets are barricaded, the stores of their former employers are sacked, and misrule generally prevails. The Police succeed in making but few arrests, and both they and the soldiers receive rough handling. Latest advice indicates, however, that the authorities are gradually restoring order, and that the furor will be as shortlived as many of its predecessors have been.

Communications

A Sermon.*

Labor not to be rich. Prov. 23:4.

This precept from the divine word, it would seem, has been strangely overlooked; and not only by the irreligious, but by very many professed Christians. For do not men form their plans with this precise purpose, to become rich? And do they not labor with a very earnest perseverance, so long as there is an ability to labor, having this as the most prominent object in view? Let this sacred precept be properly heeded, and an important revolution in the ordering of life would be witnessed in a very large multitude of the members of the Christian church, and in a much larger multitude of the non-professing part of the community. If such a revolution could occur, then would a chief hindrance to the success of benevolent enterprises have disappeared.

If the denomination of our choice had only the right measure of concern for gaining worldly riches, then there is good reason for believing that our Home and Foreign missionary treasuries would be much more abundantly supplied.

1. Speaking negatively, I remark, that the precept found in the text, does not prohibit industrial efforts. The various portions of the Bible do not conflict with another, but do ever coincide with and confirm each other. By an examination of other divine precepts, we may expect to obtain a correct view of this in the text. The Bible directly and plainly enforces the obligation to labor, to work, to be diligent. It is obvious, therefore, that there are other motives, besides a desire to become rich, that are to persuade us to be industriously and usefully employed.

2. Nor is a frugal and economical habit discountenanced in the text. For it is practically taught in the Holy Oracles, that there should be a careful saving even of fragments; that valuable pieces of property, as useful animals in danger of being destroyed, are to receive the attention necessary for their preservation.

3. Nor does the text necessarily condemn the getting and the possessing of money or other kinds of property. The earth is filled with wealth, and there is no reason to doubt that God intends that it shall be in human hands. It seems to be an inevitable result from the various natural business capabilities of men, that some should secure large possessions, while others are to dwell in the very vale of poverty. As the poor are always to be with us, so it is doubtless in accordance with the divine will that some should gain, and others inherit, the riches of earth. An inspired writer asserts, that "money answereth all things." Money is essential to the transactions of trade and of commerce; money is required, whether for physical comfort, for mental improvement, or for the culture of the moral and religious nature. Money is made to print and circulate the sacred Scriptures; to preach the gospel both at home and in the heathen world. Money, wisely used, subserves the highest interests of the individual, the family, and the state; money must, in good measure, equip the Christian missionary, furnishing him for his expeditions, as he goes forth to his field of toil; and, till that toil is ended, must provide his temporal sustenance.

Speaking affirmatively, the text does prohibit the strife to become rich as an end, a final object. Perhaps no purpose is so general, especially with young and middle-aged men, as to become rich in worldly good. The firm, abiding and determined resolve is, to secure as much money as possible. Some resolve to compass their object, by the most scrupulous integrity; others, heedless of the principles of honesty, determine to be rich at all events; by right methods, if so they may; by wrong methods, if thus alone their goal can be reached.

Now to frame this resolve and to act in accordance with it, is a grievous error; as being, 1. a sin against God; 2. against one's own soul; and 3. against human society.

1. The divine will is shown in the text very distinctly. It is revealed, too, in numerous other portions of the Bible. They that will be rich, fall into a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts that drown men in destruction and perdition. An ancient servant of God, possessing very great wealth, after sharing in a signal manner in whatever temporal benefits his wealth was able to supply, declared, "that all was vanity and vexation of spirit." Again, the sacred warning is, "How hardly shall they who have riches, enter into the kingdom of God." And again, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Therefore, to seek first the wealth that perishes, is practically to reject, nay, must wickedly despise, this precept given from the lips of the Lord God; and not only this precept, but many others of similar import and of like authority; and the transgression of which is similarly offensive to the infinite Majesty of heaven. Most significant is the inspired declaration: "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." God entrusts the silver and the gold to men, to be used for necessary objects; and objects connected with his own glory, and with the establishment of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Is God forgotten by men in the employment of money? Is his glory wholly unheeded by the possessor of wealth? Surely God must be angry with such a transgressor. For the divine will is as truly disregarded in the misemployment of money as in the conduct of the blasphemous, the murderer, the thief, and the adulterer. How unequivocal the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all

thy strength;" this is the first commandment; and in this again:—"Love not the world; for where the love of the world is, the love of the Father is not." But he who labors simply to be rich, tramples upon these sacred precepts as ruthlessly as does the horse upon the mire of the street. And is the perfect, the just God indifferent, when men thus care nothing for his distinctly revealed will? Nay, Dives, the rich man whom our divine Lord describes in a parable, met such retributive justice as awaits each and every finally unrepentant devotee of mammon.

2. He who violates the doctrine of the text, sins against himself. He does this, by assuming burdens inordinate and grievous. No amount of wealth can of itself compensate the possessor for the accompanying toil, care, perplexity, harassing anxiety, vigilant watching, and fear of loss, by the flames, the floods, the burglar, and even the dagger of the highwayman. For such fearful apprehensions and forebodings are the certain accompaniments of great riches. The wealthy ones of earth are held to the most constant drudgery, when the inspiration and compensation of the fear of God is absent. They are slaves to mammon, whose aims are simply to get and to keep. They have food, raiment, and a sheltering roof; beyond these, there are chiefly burdens, difficulties and dangers. But oftener than otherwise, the purpose to become rich is defeated. Yet there is a resembling bondage. Still the struggling, the strife, the labor, the anxiety, are characterized by a like intensity; the mind, the time, the energies, all being enlisted to secure the coveted prize. But does not such an effort involve its subject in the most terrible self-abuse? Is not this, a being weighed down with burdens, exceedingly undesirable, because excessively oppressive?

With wealth, there come temptations. The proud and haughty king of Babylon, vaulted himself upon his great possessions; saying, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" So now with wealth comes the temptation to indulge in pride and self-adulation; and a consequent forgetfulness of the Giver of every good gift. Hence the proud, God knoweth afar off. Again, they who inherit wealth encounter the temptation to lead an indolent and a useless life. And indolence and Christian love abide not together. Said Jesus, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." His followers he directs to enter forthwith into the vineyard and labor. Jesus went about doing good. And whatever dissuades from the most earnest and beneficent employment of all our redeemed powers, is an evil enticement. But how great is the danger that heirs of large estates may become simple drones in society. Surely a life of indolence is but a life thrown away, and much worse than this; because of the contagiousness of such an example. Also wealth supplies the facilities for a vicious life. And too frequently the sons of affluence bring upon themselves swift destruction. What with gaming, by licentiousness, and from strong drink, the steps hasten swiftly to the ruin of each fair hope for the future; and the early and untimely death of the body, but introduces the spirit to its inheritance of death eternal.

Thus does the wealth for which men so earnestly toil, too often secure very great evils to themselves and woe unutterable to their descendants. But among the chief and most terrible results of laboring to be rich, is the filling of the soul with the sordid element of avarice. Greed for gold becomes the master passion. And when avarice possesses the top-most seat in the heart's temple, every generous, humane and charitable purpose is excluded and driven away. Human needs are ignored. To get and to hold,—this is the key that reveals the spirit, the purpose, the hope, the life of the avaricious man. And the spectacle he presents is one of the saddest and most pitiable beneath the sun. And methinks if the infinite God could weep, he would pour out floods of tears for so great a perversion of the abilities of the undying soul and for such terrible degradation and debasement of the creature of his hand. And he who gives himself to toil for gold, as his final reward, usually foregoes the cultivation of the intellect. As respects mental culture, he consents to go through life as a mental dwarf. In the science of numbers, he progresses scarcely beyond the principles of "simple addition;" for he gives himself to the solution of problems only of this kind; and will, it is probable, reckon his interest money by automatic tables, such as demand neither science nor mental exertion for their employment. Most painful is the vision of an old person who has given his whole life to this manner of labor. The mind has no breadth, no expansion. Its horizon has no reach beyond the area of daily toil. The countenance has an intellectual aspect. There are the lines and furrows which anxious toil has left. There is such a visage as suggests the thought of a beast of burden; and surely there are to be seen resemblances between them. The body is jaded and worn; the mind is withered, like a garden left to itself, yielding scantily, and of the very meanest sort. The heart, too, is woefully and fatally neglected. The affections, intended to be fixed upon celestial objects, grovel on the earth. Merely material and visible things receive the outpouring of the wealth of the soul and obtain its affections, its supreme love. Like the locusts of Egypt, consuming every green thing, so the avaricious propensities appropriate to themselves the place of all generous and amiable qualities.

And into human society such a name brings nothing of strength, of beauty, or of blessing. He is rather a negative quantity therein. His is a life for himself alone, whereas he ought to find his chief inspiration in a desire to make that life to others as a benison, a beneficent fountain of all things glad, elevating and helpful. For a man to mingle with society, while seeking simply to augment his private estate, is certainly to curse society. The real estate he holds, it would seem, were for the time better to be submerged in mid-ocean. And whatever wealth he gets in possession, is often but so much property withdrawn from the channels of useful commerce; and certainly it is withdrawn from all charitable and beneficent employment. Now who should be found consenting to be thus practically hostile to the general weal?

But it is quite time to ask and to answer, this following question: "If a man may not labor to be rich as an end, yet he is held in duty to labor; and as money is the chief means of realizing the proper rewards of lawful industry, what are the incentives to a suitably diligent and wisely toilsome application to the necessary vocations of life?" The incentives are these: to provide for the wants of the body, the physical man; also for the mind, for its cultivation and development; and to provide for the heart. For while the grace of the gospel is bestowed without money and without price, yet the ordinances of our most holy religion, though by no means costly, yet do demand a pecuniary support. Houses of worship are required. The ministers of Christ, that they may not fail of accomplishing their God-appointed work, must live, sharing in the temporal good of them to whom the word of life is preached. And still further, and what is now specially to be insisted on, the benevolent agencies employed by the Christian church for the world's evangelization, are to be continued and enlarged by monied contributions.

These latter objects, these religious and benevolent uses supply some of the noblest as they are among the strongest incentives to industrial pursuits; and they persuade the wise in heart to do what shall bring to them pecuniary possessions. Money is useless in itself if remaining in iron chests, and fire-proof and burglar-proof vaults. Indeed, as we have seen, it is far worse than useless, when gained only to be kept. For then it becomes the object of the heart's love. And the love of money is the root of all evil.

Money is needed to give the gospel to the world; for how shall men preach except they be sent? Money, therefore, should be sought for, with all due earnestness,—for this as well as for other objects.

Perhaps no obligation is more frequently or more plainly enjoined in Holy Scriptures, than that of making charitable bestowments. This divine instruction is familiar to every habitual Scripture reader. But how large an amount is to be given? The sacred Scriptures give this direction,—that we give in charity as God hath prospered us, or according to our pecuniary ability. This precept obviously indicates some definite portion, some part or proportion of the whole. The poor are to be given according to the little they hold in possession; and the rich, according to the abundance entrusted to their keeping.

We shall receive instruction, by considering what were the divine directions given to the ancient people of God.

A recent writer prepares the following list of contributions as demanded of the Jews under the Mosaic economy:

1. The Levitical tithe. "And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land or the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's, is holy unto the Lord. And of the herd or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." And behold I have given the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel for an inheritance, for the service which they serve.

2. The Feast, or Poor tithe, given every third year.

3. The first-born, both of man and beast. The first-born of man was to be redeemed with money.

4. The First-fruits. "The first of the first fruits of thy land, thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God." The Jews suppose this might have amounted to a twentieth of the crop.

5. The census-tax. "When thou takest the number of the children of Israel, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord."

Besides these regularly occurring religious offerings, there were also gifts that were occasional; and yet were of large amounts in the aggregate:

1. For building or repairing the sanctuary many voluntary offerings were given.

2. The sacrifices must have involved the Jews in large expenses.

3. Free-will contributions, accompanying vows and ceremonial consecrations.

4. Great losses must have attended upon the Jubilee year. The land lay untilled, debtors were released, and servants were set free from their servitude.

All these contributions, it is estimated, consumed somewhere from one third to one half of the whole income of the Israelites.

But what does the Jewish history prove? This most significant result; that when there was the strictest regard had to the making of these offerings the nation enjoyed the highest temporal and spiritual prosperity. When these offerings ceased to be faithfully rendered, then there came dearth, and blasting, and mildew, and famine, and the paying of grievous and heavy exactions of tribute to their conquering enemies. But our God is the same unchangeable being, whom the Jews honored when obedient in making their offerings; the same being who exalted and prospered his obedient people, making them rich in temporal things, and still richer spiritually; the same God who chastised them when disobedient, with temporal poverty, with captivity, and with leanness of soul. For now, as then, the silver and the gold are his; and he giveth them to whomsoever he pleaseth. The Jews provided for their own nation only in making these large and varied offerings. Now, the command of the same Holy One is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Then, the small territory

of Palestine was the field to be occupied; now it is the habitable earth. Now to every creature in sin, the word of life is to be borne. For us, the special services of the sanctuary worship, are far less costly than they were to the Jew; leaving a larger proportion of our wealth for the benefit of those abroad. We spend far less time than did the ancient people of God, in religious worship, employing as they did several whole weeks each year, when every male must appear before the Lord. Our sanctuaries are near at hand. The ancient people of God must be at the pater, three times in each year, to collect together at their temple in Jerusalem.

In view of these considerations, the inquiry is, "How much is it God's will that the Christian shall at this day give for the world's salvation?" I can not assert the precise proportion. I do not know what it is. Some believe it is a tithe, that a tenth part of our income, should be sacredly given to Christian uses. Some, especially of the wealthy, should consecrate to benevolent objects more than this. Some ought, doubtless, to give all their income for religious uses, having no further need of an increase of their capital, thus literally doing business for God, for Jesus and for the church. It does not seem probable that in any case, less than a tenth should be thus set apart. For the converted heathen, many of whom are exceedingly poor in worldly wealth, are devoting a tenth of the proceeds of their industry, to the interests of true religion, and are prospering abundantly in both temporal and spiritual things. Examples are occurring, which show most manifestly, that the divine approval is thus secured. It seems to be an unavoidable conclusion, that in this Christian land, we can not be innocent in the presence of the great Head of the church if we do not do as much as those converted heathen are doing.

Does a minister of Christ receive \$500, \$1000, or \$1500 per year? From the tithe, he has \$50, \$100 or \$150, to distribute for charitable uses, and so great is the joyfulness accompanying such a labor, that the assertion is ventured, that no minister of the gospel of love, who has once made a proper trial of this method, will be willing to forego the privilege of continuing the practice. For can there be any other employment of a like amount of money, which would bring so rich a blessing to the heart? So, too, there is gladness of soul for the agriculturist who tithes his harvests, his farm products, such as grain, orchard fruits, and herds. What an inspiration, what real joyfulness, is given to the severe labors of the farmer, when he thus takes the Lord Jesus Christ into a close partnership! Such a man will commune with God in the fields as well as in the closet. As he sits at the table, to supply the body's hunger, how will his heart ask, and his faith expect, the divine blessing upon his repast! For it is as if the Lord's needy ones, the poor, the ignorant and the swartly idolator, were sitting by his side. For he comes to that table from labors in whose rewards all these needy ones are allotted a share! It seems impossible to imagine such a man, as failing of the divine blessing. Nay, as his body feeds upon the bread that perishes, the soul will as surely be supplied with the bread of God.

And these are but illustrations of the results which appear in whatever lawful vocation God's servants may be found giving in charity a due proportion of their possessions.

In the support of missionary operations, I urge the wisdom of systematic and regular contributions. Regularly and frequently recurring bestowments of money secure larger results than would otherwise appear; and serve, also, to maintain a livelier interest and a deeper concern for the progress of the gospel than would exist by any other manner of bestowing. We need a daily, an habitual heart sympathy in the work of our missionaries. Otherwise, we shall not uphold them by our prayers. Indeed it is an exceedingly important consideration, that giving and praying co-exist, each inciting to the rendering of the other. We need not expect that the professed Christian, who does not contribute of his money for the missionaries, will possess the concern for their success, that will move him to prayer in their behalf.

There should be systematic and habitual mission contributions, so that, while money is continually coming into, and passing out of, our hands, a due proportion shall thus be placed in the safest of all depositories, that of an active benevolence. What is thus used, is wisely saved. So much is saved, and is beyond the possibility of loss. As for the rest, there are many liabilities to loss; for riches certainly take to themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle, toward heaven. By such habitual giving, the divine blessing is continually shared, so that the good man's charitable bestowments bring the most immediate returns of that wealth which maketh rich the soul. And why should there be a waiting till death, in order to get the blessing of the cheerful giver? Some toil to be rich, in order that, in their wills, they may leave their gains for the good of the world. But this is a woful mistake. For shall a man make of himself a mere tool, foregoing the daily gladness of the beneficent giver, in the uncertain hope that, when life is ended, his money can become the source of such benefits to the needy as can be a sufficient compensation either, to himself or to the world?

Shall a man consent to be such a mere beast of burden, even till death, and be content with the expectation, that his bequeathed estates shall do for him a heaven-approved work? It is a far wiser thing, in person to superintend the placing of money in the treasuries of benevolent organizations and in the hands of the destitute. For the experience of our own missionary societies is furnishing the most convincing proof, that money, left to be disposed of for benevolent objects, through the agency of executors

and legal heirs of estates, is often fraudulently diverted from those objects. And several law-suits recently, and even now, upon our hands as mission societies, supply this significant evidence. Therefore it is wise to let a charitable distribution begin with the beginnings of personal property possessions, and to let it continue till death; so that the experience of the whole period of this earthly life may practically prove that it is more blessed to give than to receive, so that it may personally be known daily that God loves the cheerful and habitual giver.

The poor ought to give for missions as well as the rich. The poor need the divine blessing as truly as others. The Scripture example of the two mites of the poor widow given into the Lord's treasury, is recorded, there is no doubt, to be an abiding encouragement to the poor man to seek a blessing from God that shall be peculiarly precious, as a certain return for very small offerings for religious uses.

Let those who are burthened with debts, bestow in charity. By so doing, such indebtedness will, by the divine blessing, be removed the more speedily. My confidence is, that the prospect of future pecuniary prosperity is made fairer and more promising, by the habit of charitable bestowments and that even from scanty resources; benevolent giving causes money to have a nobler value in the giver's estimation, than it would otherwise possess. And he is thereby persuaded to a more careful earning and saving of money. Much money is wasted by prodigality and vice. Many are poor for such reasons. If the poor can come to be influenced by the inspiring motives that abide in the benevolent heart, then, by industry, economy, and self-denial, there is a probability that money will be secured, not only to bestow in charity, but that much more will be secured to be added to one's permanent personal possessions. It is the testimony of a successful business man, that he never began to save property, until he commenced to give away.

And I wish to urge the habit of giving for religious objects, as important for the young, for children and youth, as well as those who are older in years. Early habits are enduring. This use of money ought to be one of the first lessons taught to the young. This should be done, so as to exclude and correct the money-loving and avaricious tendencies of the heart. If the child is taught to save, to deposit his pennies and dimes in his miniature bank, in order to provide for a future day of need, let the Family Mission box be placed by the side of such depository, that he may gain a symmetrical education in his juvenile political economy. Let him early learn that the poor and the heathen have claims upon his money; that God entrusts money to his hands for meeting these claims, as really as he does for furnishing food and clothing for the wants of the physical frame.

Let the habit be thus early formed to give in charity regularly and systematically, when possible, and also a fixed proportion of all his possessions, and the result will be, that the heart will be filled with a sympathy with every good work. The ordinary claims of established charities will be welcome, and extraordinary and providential calls will, with the utmost cheerfulness, be responded to. All information of new objects deserving aid will be welcomed, whether of individual persons in want, or of charities of an organized and public character. And there will be a cheerful and glad co-operation in all reasonable means and methods, for securing funds for charitable objects. At public collections, the passing round of the collector's box will present a pleasant and interesting spectacle. When the plan of a regular subscription is adopted there will be the most cheerful and ready acquiescence. Indeed he who has right views and right habits, will be glad to see the Lord's treasuries replenished by whatever right methods or modes of proceeding. The monthly missionary concert of prayer will present attractions for such a heart, second to those of no other religious assembly; and among all furnishings of the parlor center table, or of the sitting-room mantle shelf, the Bible and the Family missionary box will be accorded the most prominent and conspicuous places.

Let me not omit to add, that recent events occurring in our missionary fields, supply especially encouraging inducements to continue and to increase our work therein. Every blow that has been struck in the Shenandoah Valley, has evidently been effective. Let but the effort be made wisely, in almost any given town or community, and a church has at once sprung into being, and conversions have been multiplied. Thus God has set his seal upon these operations in a signal manner. In India, the temple of idolatry totters towards its fall. Its abominable rites are already mostly laid aside. The Zenana work is effecting a wonderful influence upon its special objects, the women, whom heathen customs so terribly degrade. The pupils in mission schools are numerous converted to God; and the Santals send imploring calls for teachers and preachers of the word of life.

We should be grateful that, as a denomination, we are having an active participation in the work of supplanting idolatrous abominations, by the ordinances of the gospel. For our own department of the Foreign field is not an exception to the generally increasing fruitfulness of missionary efforts. Shall we not, therefore, gladly continue, and, as far as possible, increase our endeavors in the promotion of the mission work? Let the missionary enterprise be fostered for our own profit; because, in the orderings of a beneficent providence, contributions for the heathen world are so sure to be accompanied by efficient correctives of indolence, of pride, of the vicious and avaricious tendencies so liable to mislead us.

Let one and all cease laboring to be rich! Rather let us strive for God's blessing, in the bestowment of money to promote the gospel of his son! Let us be chiefly concerned to be useful, as only Christians can be

useful. Let us henceforward find a chief employment for money, in buying a heavenly inheritance. Inasmuch as any good work is done to the poor and needy on earth, Jesus, our divine Lord, will account it as done unto himself; and will, at last, reward every man as his work shall be. The wealth of earth, if loved and doted on, will ruin the soul, will banish God's spirit from the heart. But money used aright, used for the divine glory, for the good of the intelligent creatures of God, shall not only benefit them who receive, but shall bring eternal rewards to him who bestows.

When charitable obligations are thus fully discharged, a symmetrical piety is developed; an important evidence of real piety is supplied to the world. Such a piety is respected, and is therefore influential. Thus the religion of Jesus Christ becomes a power in the earth. And will we not do our whole duty in this matter? Let us do it fully, becoming rich or poor in this world's goods, as God shall appoint; so shall we assuredly become rich toward God, so shall all generous and benevolent affections make us truly wealthy. Then, among our attainments, shall be that chief, that crowning, that principal grace, charity! The penuriosity can not be thus enriched. The possession of this grace constitutes the most important of our claims to divine approval. Without it, we can not be Christ-like. For Jesus is love. Our religious profession will be declared a sham without this; but with it, all that Heaven has to bestow is a sure possession.

Christ's Promises.

I know of no present blessing for which the heart, oppressed by care and suffering, is so devoutly thankful as for the precious promises given by our Saviour. Again and again we turn to them for comfort, and each time with a renewed love for Him who thus cared for His followers. Though doubts may, at times, darken the mind, some half-forgotten expression of our Shepherd's tender watchfulness will come in a moment of the greatest darkness, dissolving every fear and waking the soul to a song of trust and joy.

One who had long been sick, and was unable to speak aloud or be moved from the wearisome position she had so long occupied, had lain all night, suffering intense pain, both physically and mentally, without one moment's rest. Already the morning star had pale beneath the rosy dawn, when suddenly, as if on angel pinions wafted, she seemed to hear the words, "He giveth his beloved sleep." "Oh, yes," she whispered, "and he will give me rest." For a moment her face was radiant with joy, then the shadow returned, deeper than before, for the thought had come to her, as it may have come to others, "You have no right to claim that promise. If you were one of the beloved, he would have given you rest ere this." Again the voice whispered, "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you." This indeed was rest, was joy, and she felt assured that Christ would care for her and her dear ones in life and in death.

In a few moments those sacred promises accomplished what medicine and care had failed to do, and the sufferer was calmly sleeping. On waking, she could whisper, truly, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

"He maketh my heart in its gladness to rest In the green, fertile vales, 'neath the smile of the Blest."

Not yet may the wearied one rest from her labors, but she may rest in the assurance of God's love and care. MARILLA.

MONEY CREEK, MINN.

Crumbs.

—An excess of food must be followed by a corresponding dose of physic; and excessive pleasures will be followed by excessive sorrows.

—Glorifying means employed, rather than glorifying God, is a most common and heinous sin. Would Israel have been justified in praising the rod held out over the sea, instead of the God who parted the waves? or Naaman the waters of Jordan rather than the God whose power healed his maldy? Glorifying in churches, or preachers, or Sabbath schools, or any other agencies, however good in themselves, is contrary to both the spirit and law of the gospel, and it is not strange that our folly should be followed by spiritual leanings.

—Let rottenness be covered with earth, but the mistakes of integrity with the mantle of charity.

—What man counts reason, God sometimes counts unbelief. When Israel came to the Red Sea, reason could see no way of deliverance, and cried out against God and against Moses; yet faith stretched out its rod over the sea and its waters parted. When food had failed, reason rebelled; yet faith strewed the ground with plenty. When waters failed, reason cried out in despair, yet faith smote the rock and the waters gushed forth. When they had reached the borders of the land of promise, reason procured their return to the wilderness to perish; while faith gave its two solitary possessors an inheritance in Canaan.

—Strong men can bear reproof, but weak ones crave flattery.

—What a beautiful tree would that be," exclaimed my companion, "were it not for those ugly dead branches." "And then I thought, what a beautiful tree would be the church if it was not deformed by so many dead limbs.

—The church have hold of the hand of the thorns only, and thus hobble along in religious life; but if they would reach higher and take hold of the hand of Jesus, they would find it much easier going on their pilgrimage.

*Preached at the last session of the N. H. Yearly Meeting in Franconia, June 8, by Rev. J. A. Lowell, and published by request.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1870.

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

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

The War of Labor.

Labor is now inspired with ambition. It is no longer servile, contented, submissive, but aspires to better its condition, to sweep away its enemies, and gain the mastery of the situation. This is commendable, hopeful, full of promise for the future.

But this ambition is not always just, generous or honorable; it is often selfish, mean, oppressive, cruel. It should never be weaker, but it ought to be wiser and better. In its selfishness, it often defeats itself, and robs its fellows of their rights. When trade-unions force poor men to "strike," drive master-workmen to extremes, losses and bankruptcy, in their greed for higher wages; execute vengeance upon those who dare to work contrary to the decrees of the unions, as they have often done, in this country and in England, they deserve no sympathy, but condemnation only. They reap no real advantage from these wicked deeds, but do themselves great injury. They have broken up profitable business; driven capital out of trade; frightened men of means, and turned them away from investments in productive industry, and thus made employment scarce, wages low, and the products of industry high; all of which oppresses the laboring man. They have cruelly persecuted those who were forced by poverty, or inclined by a sense of duty and right, to work contrary to the decrees of the unions, and in that way have entailed great suffering.

While men are so selfish, ignorant and dishonest, it is dangerous for them to possess the power to oppress or injure their fellows; and experience proves that more evil than good results from all combinations to force either labor or capital from an honest and free employment. Ship carpenters attempt to force wages by strikes, and destroy the business of ship building, and bring poverty and distress upon their families. Shoe-makers strike, and disturb the trade, so that work is dull and shoes are high, and the poor man suffers. The colliers strike, and every poor family in the thousand cities which use coal, is taxed and distressed to pay the bill.

There has been murder, wholesale murder, in California, to prevent free competition of labor. Similar violence is threatened in North Adams, Mass., to drive the Chinese from the field, and maintain the old monopoly. The Irish hate and maltreat the Negroes and Chinese, not on account of race, but from lust of monopoly.

Oppression of labor by capital is cruel; oppression of labor by labor is equally cruel, and more unnatural and usually far more exacting and violent. The capitalist, who "oppresses the hireling," will reap disaster, as well as commit a crime; the unions do more harm than good to those they assume to protect, whenever they resort to force, to promote their measures. If laborers were honest, wise, and true to their own best interests, they would not work such mischief to themselves; but the major part of them have neither of these endowments; and hence, under the pretense of securing justice, they commit the grossest crimes against society and humanity at large.

But this agitation will ultimately in good. There will be action and reaction, wise measures, and foolish and criminal ones; but reform will come by and by; come all the sooner for the agitation. As badly as current measures now work, it is better to have this blind, blundering, vulgar activity, than total servility. Active minds can be taught and reformed, but servile, stupid ones, never. We are glad, therefore, to observe this seething, surging commotion in the ranks of labor; it gives promise of better days, when man will accept the "golden rule" as best for capital and labor, too. But Christian teachers must do the work; men will never learn the lesson of themselves; they must have the gospel, or they will wax worse and worse. There is no reformation nor salvation through the evolution of internal force, without the aid of grace. Christ, "the carpenter's son," must save the laboring men, or they will destroy themselves.

Saved, or Lost?

"What business do you now follow?" was once asked a friend. "The greatest of all enterprises, the education of my children," was his reply. Here was wisdom. His words signified all that a great soul could express by them. And is not this the greatest business of earth? Is not a failure to do it well, the greatest, the saddest, the most deplorable of all failures? Parents who by neglect, mistake, or from any cause, suffer their children to become dissolute, mean and miserable, have made a terrible failure. And it is all the more heart crushing, since it is unnecessary. There are none so badly born, or so sorely tempted, but that wise treatment, on the part of parents, with the free grace of God, would establish them in virtue. Native depravity is a terrible fact, but the gospel working through the daily ministrations of parents, is an effective remedy. None need be lost; none need grow up in sin; no children of Christian parents would ever recruit the ranks of Satan, if the best possible influences were always exerted over them.

But alas, the best possible influences are seldom exerted. Ignorance and incapacity,

in many cases, prevent, inattention and sinful neglect, in still more. Many do not try to do their duty; they furnish bread and raiment, but make little or no effort to elevate and ennoble the soul; they have energy and skill to accumulate wealth, but exhibit no wisdom nor purpose to secure a wholesome Christian influence in their homes. The moral atmosphere in their families is worldly, selfish, vain; the Lord is not honored in their prayers, conversation or deportment. How many children have never heard the voice of prayer in their homes, have heard no thanks pronounced at the table, seen no signs of piety in the household,—yet the parents are professors. On the other hand, some hear talking enough, but poor living neutralizes all their good effects. Some are ruled as with a rod of iron, and learn to hate religion through the despotism of parents, when Christian love would have better ensured obedience, and drawn their hearts toward all goodness. Thus, in too many cases, parents, the responsible guides, the appointed saviors of children, work their destruction with terrible energy, with fearful certainty. It requires wisdom and grace to save them.

Sunday Schools.

Higher and higher the tide of interest rises; more general and earnest the efforts become to train children for the kingdom. Sunday schools are recognized as essential to church life and success; they are auxiliaries and nurseries; they both develop and employ our resources, and especially utilize our lay forces. They are doing quite as much for the teachers as for the taught, and are working a reformation, if not a revolution, in the methods of thought and action, in the whole Christian church.

The State conventions, just now occurring, are phenomena of interest, the outgrowth of enthusiasm in this work. There is a felt want of these meetings, because there is a profound sense of responsibility. So, earnest workers are eager to speak and hear about the experiences, successes, trials, thoughts, desires, plans and methods, which pertain to their undertakings. These conventions do good. They both instruct and inspire; the warm hearts which come together are so many spiritual batteries, ready to impart and to receive; they are the most communicative and receptive of Christians, superabounding in activity. There is always some egotism, useless heat, and wasted effort, but, upon the whole, they are productive of strength, courage, enlarged views of the work, and enthusiasm to prosecute it.

These gatherings bring ministers and laymen together, where, thinking the same thoughts, bearing the same burdens, moved by the same impulses, they increase their co-operative power; the clergy dropping down from theory to the practical, and the laity rising to the spiritual. They are also teaching laymen to work for souls, to explain and enforce the gospel, making them preachers, and skillful to win the lost. They likewise reform the style of sermons, and make them more direct, incisive and practical, and create a public taste for such terse and heart-searching addresses. They bring Christians more together, and cause them to exalt the practical facts and duties of religion above the theories and dogmas which have so long divided them. All who come up to these convocations are blessed, and even those who enjoy no such privileges, are benefited by the reflex influences which spread through all the nation, imparting new life and earnestness among those who merely hear the reports of others' words and deeds. Thus, by action and re-action, the Sunday school work has become a power in the land.

Bates College—Commencement.

Bates College held its fourth commencement last week, and the exercises were of such a character as to reflect no little credit upon the Institution, and furnish to the citizens of Lewiston a pleasant and grateful entertainment. Sixteen young men took their diplomas and left the College for the various spheres that await them. Several of them will at once enter upon a course of Theological training with the ministry in view. Others will enter upon other departments of special study, and others still pass at once to the living world of men to take up their earnest life-work. Their scholarship indicates that the work done for and by them during the last four years, is real, significant and fruitful, and they prophesy, through their spirit, a service that will do credit to their Alma Mater and make the world feel their presence and profit by their toil.

The commencement exercises began with the baccalaureate sermon by the President on Sunday afternoon. It was timely, practical and effective. Rev. C. H. Malcom, of Newport, R. I., preached a scholarly, instructive and stimulating discourse before the Theological Society on Sunday evening, taking for his subject, "Christ and the Church." The analysis of the Messiah's character, and the presentation of Him as the Lord and Redeemer of men, were at once critical and reverent; and the exhibition of the church, in its true idea and its actual history, was at once suggestive of critical research, careful thinking, generous views, and a trustful longing for a still fuller development and a better exhibition of the kingdom of God on earth. Mr. Malcom is elected Professor of History in the College, a chair which the friends of the institution hope he may be induced, at no distant day, to accept.

The Prize Declamations on Monday evening were well spoken of by those who heard them, as are the various examinations of the College classes. These occupied most of the time during the earlier part of the week, while the Trustees and Overseers were busy with the usual duties of the annual meeting, and with the still

more significant work of providing for the reception and accommodation of the Theological school. The conditions specified by the Education Society at its recent meeting were cordially acceded to, and it is now expected that the school will be opened in the new Seminary Building, during the early part of September. The building is a fine one, every way, and will admirably serve its new purpose.

Of the exercises of Commencement day, there is no need of many words. The young gentlemen acquitted themselves well. The orations were generally vigorous in thought, unambitious in style, elevated in moral tone, decidedly practical in their bearing, and were delivered with a manly dignity. There was very little that suggested even a budding piety, or an ambition to parade the supposed distinctions of the curriculum, the diploma and the freshly-gained A. B. We shall be disappointed if those young men do not show themselves ready for study, downright work, and if they do not welcome the tests to which the living world will subject them.

The Commencement Dinner was as bountiful and enjoyable as an epicure could wish; the presence of the ladies added not a little to its animation and zest, and the post-prandial part of the entertainment very manifestly helped the work of digestion. The statement of the President touching the financial condition and prospects of the College was both a gratification and a surprise. We have no room for that statement in detail here, but it was one which lightened anxiety, made the future bright with new promise, and called out most hearty, fervent and spontaneous expressions of gratitude toward several friends of the institution, and many a thankful "God bless him," over the freshly reported munificence of Mr. Bates. We shall publish the statement in full hereafter.

In the evening, Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston, addressed the Literary Societies of the Nature and Uses of Poetry. It was a rich and rare literary treat. His analysis was at once skillful and exhaustive, his style is the very perfection of critical accuracy and scholarly taste, his manner has the subtle charm of quiet enthusiasm, and the recitations of poetry, to illustrate and emphasize his points, were worthy of a master of elocution. It was a fitting theme very admirably handled. The exercises at the meeting of the Alumni, on Thursday, when Mr. Heath crowded an oration with vigor and beauty, and Mr. Stockbridge saturated a poem with geniality and grace, awoke no little enthusiasm. The festivities ended with the Class Exercises in the evening, and were enlivened by humor, and by the choice music of the Germania Band, whose harmonies were the subject of admiration all through the several days of Commencement.

As a whole, the exercises were such as would anywhere have needed little apology; and taken in connection with a College so young as this, they help to make a most creditable record and predict high things for it in the very near future.

Editorial Correspondence.

CHESHIRE, N. Y., June 24, 1870.

The Genesee Y. M. is in session here, on the old battle ground: where Marks and Wire once preached with power and success. The church to which they preached long since became extinct, the meeting-house sank into dilapidation, and moral and physical ruin fell upon the cause. Other denominations have, from time to time, attempted to establish a church here, but their efforts have not been crowned with permanent success.

A few months since, Brother Taylor was induced to visit the place; a revival followed; a church was formed; they now have a commodious house of worship, nearly completed; their prospects are good for a permanent interest. Free Baptists are becoming not only as formerly; and when they seem to be dead, they spring to life again, and flourish, nurtured by the dust of apparent extinction. So Cheshire begins a new life, and bids fair to prove a blessing to a large and rich population, which before had no regular religious privileges.

This Y. M. meeting occupies the most fertile and beautiful part of the State of New York, and contains some excellent churches and ministers. In former years they suffered from feuds, rivalries and strifes; but that has all passed away, and for many years harmony and hard work have been their experience. We miss the earnest workers who have led the hosts of Zion here in former years; some of them have gone west, and some to the "land beyond the river." They are gone, "but their works do follow them." An excellent class of young men fill the ranks, with a few experienced warriors from other parts to lead them on.

A good spirit prevails throughout the body. They all have a mind to work, have an enthusiasm to make aggressions, "lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes" of Zion; and they are doing it. Some of the Q. Meetings have been very "low," but seem now to be starting on a new race. Revivals have been enjoyed, evangelical efforts have been made in old and abandoned fields; weak churches have been aided by visits from pastors of other churches, and the disposition to build the waste places, to go among the weak and neglected, and help where help is needed, is becoming quite a passion among them. It is cheering to hear these young men talk of plans to win souls. We had mourned over the decline of the "Pauline spirit" among us, and feared that we were losing impetus, decreasing in action while increasing in strength; but the tone and the inspiration which are exhibited here and there among our young men, revive our courage. The fact is, increase of culture and mental strength, and a corresponding loss of physical energy, make our cause less hopeful. A

sharp, quick blow with a riding whip, will do more execution, than a slow, spiritless stroke with a bar of steel. The motto of the ministers in this Y. M. is, action, action, earnest, rapid action, in the name of the Lord. If they follow it up, they will gather a great harvest.

The cause of Missions and aid to young men preparing for the ministry, were heartily endorsed, and collections taken for Home and Foreign Missions. It was also recommended that all the churches should use the mission boxes, and take quarterly collections, devoting the proceeds of the first quarter to Foreign Missions, the second, to Home Missions, the third, to the Students' Fund, and the fourth, to State Missions. This plan of devoting a three months' collection to each of the specific objects, seems to be popular among the churches in this State. They prefer it to the former practice of mixing all sorts of collections together, and having no special time for any of them.

It was in this Y. M. Meeting that Storor College was made a certainty. The session was held in Fairport; the grand opportunity of showing our regard for the freedmen by our works was presented, and in a few minutes, every minister present, if we recollect a right, responded with a pledge of one hundred dollars, and in a short time we had the required ten thousand half raised. Other parts of the State followed this example, and the ten thousand were secured, and one of the noblest institutions under our care sprang into being. The brethren love to talk about that meeting at Fairport. It was a glorious time. The results of it will be experienced long, long after those who made it a success have gone to their reward.—G. H. B.

Current Topics.

JAPANESE STUDENTS. There are fourteen young men from Japan in Rutgers' College, N. J. They belong to the ruling class, possess fine abilities, were selected by their government on account of their aptness to learn, and sent here to be educated in all the wisdom of the land. They are reported to be well behaved students, well up in their studies, and much respected. No efforts are made to convert them to Christianity, though they have free access to theological books, and are inclined to study them. Through this influence, two of them have already embraced the gospel, and others seem inclined to follow their example. Peradventure the Lord may use these young men to bless their own nation and people. Christian people should pray for them and for Japan.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? Labor Unions have from time to time been charged with criminal conspiracies against liberty, life and property. A correspondent of the *Star*, defending the St. Crispins, in the case of Sampson, the Chinamen, &c., at North Adams, allows strange suggestions to crop out. He says:

North Adams is an out-of-the-way, quiet manufacturing village, in the northwest corner of the state, whose residents, whether native or foreign, have that provincial character which leaves nothing to dread from that unruly element so terrible when excited in great cities. He was permitted to bring the Chinamen here, although it would have been easy to stop them, and the propriety of doing so was discussed by the labor unions who abandoned the project because it would certainly create a sympathy for the Chinamen, make a martyr of Sampson, and provoke hostility to their organization among the masses.

The foundry men and machinists of Troy have a large and powerful labor union, similar in its character to the St. Crispin Society, and as a friendly manifestation of their sympathy, they, at certain points on the Troy and Boston Railroad, tried to fix one of the rails so as to insure the destruction of the train, of eight full passenger cars that brought the Chinamen from Troy. This and all other projects of a similar character were authoritatively forbidden by the leaders of the National Labor Union, who were confident that by the exercise of political influence they will defeat the project of introducing Coolie labor. So Sampson and his party were permitted to come through safely, and being here, they are safe for the factory where they are quartered is a strong brick structure, originally built for the manufacture of cutlery and hardware, made to permit the use of heavy machinery. The gates that close the driveway are of iron, and the exterior presents a square of solid brick walls, enclosing a court garriaged by a hundred men. It could be held against a thousand, without cannon. All this has been considered by him, no doubt, and he is availing himself of these natural advantages. Nothing more is due to him than credit for strategy.

His example will not be largely followed at present by manufacturers in large towns, whose factories are made of wood. What does this mean? They were deterred from murder, because the "masses" would be excited to hostility against the labor union! The Chinamen are now safe, because the walls of the factory are brick and strong, and the gates iron! Sampson's example will not be followed in cities, and in wooden factories, where destruction is feasible! Are powerful unions like that in Troy, accustomed to make such friendly proposals as the one mentioned? Does the national labor union entertain and discuss such offers of sympathy, and dispose of them for such reasons? What does this mean?

THE EVIL FRUITS. Those in power at Albany last winter repealed the "Sunday clause" of our Metropolitan excise law. Six thousand liquor sellers demanded it. Liquor buyers were not anxious for it; very few, if any, complained of the restriction of the law. But these vultures of the law were greedy for the earnings of laboring men; they wanted custom; Sunday was their best day. So, to give them a good chance to ensnare, fleece and madden the poor slaves to a base appetite, the repeal was carried, and free rum and beer is the order of the Sabbath. The result is, tens of thousands spend the earnings of the week in dram shops, drunken men are again staggering and swaggering around our streets, arrests

for disorder and crime have nearly doubled, and untold misery has been carried to thousands of families.

Who is responsible for all of this? The curse of the drunkard's wife and miserable children will rest upon the heads of those who destroyed their legal protection. Six thousand rum-sellers rejoice, but six times six thousand poor creatures are crushed to earth, and overwhelmed with horrors on this account.

LICENSE. Some good temperance men are bewildered by this word, supposing that license laws are permissive, whereas, they are really prohibitive. Ordinarily, all men have a right to sell just what they please; liberty of trade is a natural right, not to be restricted, except where the welfare of society demands it. License laws restrict this liberty; they decree that trade shall not be free; that men shall not sell except on specified conditions. They prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, by all who have not a special permit; on certain days, and in certain forms, and to certain persons, all are prohibited from selling. They create no right to sell, and confer no privilege, but deny both. The only trouble is, they don't deny it to all, at all times, and under all circumstances. But they do assert the right to prohibit, and they do prohibit to some extent, and we devoutly pray that partial prohibition may soon become absolute and universal.

Denominational News and Notes.

Mission Boxes.

The New York church makes the first report. The Boxes had been but partially distributed; twenty-four were out a little more than a month, and made a return of over twenty-five dollars. Will any church do better? The "first fruits" are generous, what will the full harvest be? Two missionary collections had just been taken, yet the Boxes yielded more than a dollar each.

Those who use the Boxes, like them. They bring Christian benevolence into the family, mix it up with every-day life, make it a daily habit to give, afford a ready means to confess Jesus before and to visitors, by presenting the box to them, and it challenges the respect of the unconverted, by rendering religion tangible and practical. If the families in our denomination would generally use them, we should increase our mission contributions many fold, and the consequent revival of religion among us would be refreshing. Suppose that our twenty-five thousand families should each give weekly to this cause; what a large sum we should collect! How much good it would do them to give and the cause to receive!

We have many examples worthy of imitation. Our pastor, on receipt of Boxes, canvassed his entire congregation, and his Sunday school also. The people were delighted with the call, and pledged a faithful use of the Boxes. One little boy asked pennies from companions, and adults, and filled his box in a week. We hear of several little girls, who are collecting the pennies very rapidly. Several pastors have repeated their orders two or three times. As they distribute, the field widens, and the interest deepens. Those not members of the church ask for them; the children in the Sunday school want them; some families take two or three, one for each member. One brother says: "We like the Boxes first rate. Our pastor brought them to us, and is to call once a quarter, to open them, so we shall be sure of four visits a year from him, and can afford to fill the Boxes every time."

Some Yearly Meetings recommend their use on this wise: Open the Boxes quarterly; take public collections the same week they are opened and the contents reported, that all may have opportunity to give, and appropriate the funds thus: those collected the first quarter, to Foreign Missions; those of the second quarter, to Home Missions; those of the third, to the Students' Fund; and those of the fourth, to State or local Missions, to meet special calls. That is a very good plan. It adds interest to a collection to have a specific object before us; and when the proceeds of certain months are devoted to different objects, people feel a deeper interest, will give more, and enjoy it better. Those denominations which raise the most money, never mix their collections, but have a set time for each object. Once a year they give regularly to one cause; and every month has its cause, and its collection. It would simplify and increase the funds and force of our Mission work, if we should adopt some such order of action.

In most of the States there are local enterprises calling for help,—there ought to be in all of them. But every church ought to contribute to general as well as local objects. One collection at least should be taken for Foreign Missions. All agree in this. Home Missions are equally important. The work among the freedmen, and in new and important fields, is immense, and all should help. So also the young men who are studying for the ministry, must be aided. This is quite as important as either of the other causes. Every church should contribute to the Student Fund. Why can we not use the Boxes, make public collections and subscriptions, to aid each of these by turn, giving to each a time and place in our year's contributions. G. H. B.

Commendable.

The following note explains itself:

D—E. O., June 21, 1870.
Bro. Libby:—Times and people change. Next September will make 45 years since we joined the Free Will Baptists in Maine. For the last eleven years we have been in Ohio, and as there is no F. W. B. church nearer than 20 miles, we have boarded with the Methodists, and have very good fare. But still we remember our old home, and send five dollars for Foreign Missions.

P—R. AND WIRE.
We hope others in like circumstances will "go and do likewise." C. O. LIBBY.

Maine Central Yearly Meeting.

—This body assembled at West Waterville, Me., June 22, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Following devotional exercises, the conference was organized by the choice of officers as follows:

Rev. J. S. Burgess, of Lewiston, Mod.;
" E. W. Porter of Bath, Asst.
" A. H. Morrell, of Phillips, Clerk;
" A. A. Smith, of Topsham, Asst. Clerk,
and Revs. S. Savage, A. W. Purington, A. Deering, O. Pitts, and Bro. W. H. Ellis committee on overtures or business.

Delegates from other Christian bodies appeared, and were welcomed to a seat in the conference. They were Rev. C. O. Libby, from N. H. Y. M., Rev. J. Stevens, from the M. W. Y. M., Rev. A. Redlon from the P. Y. M., and Rev. M. Ladd, from the M. E. Conference.

Very cheering reports of revivals and of progress in every good word and work, were brought to us by these messengers, from the several bodies they represented.

Appointments of delegates made at this time:

Rev. C. F. Penney, to P. Y. M.
" W. H. Bowen, " M. W. Y. M.
" E. W. Porter, " N. H. Y. M.
" A. W. Purington, " Mass. and R. I. Y. M.
" J. S. Burgess, " Nova Scotia F. B. Con.

" A. A. Smith, " Cong'l S. Con.
Pres. O. B. Cheney, " C. Bap. S. Con.

Responsive to resolves passed by the M. W. Y. M., a committee of conference was appointed to consider the question of State Home Missions, or of a plan for the promotion of H. Missions, within the state. Revs. G. W. Gould, of East Dixfield, J. S. Burgess, of Lewiston, and A. H. Morrell, of Phillips, constitute the committee.

A. H. Morrell, of Phillips, was re-elected Home Mission Agent for the ensuing year. Committee to locate next Y. M.: Revs. W. T. Smith, of Brunswick, S. N. Brooks and C. Campbell, of New Sharon.

The conference authorized the clerk to furnish credentials to such a delegation, to the Evangelical Alliance at N. Y. city, as, upon inquiry, he may find this body is entitled to.

Voted, That the time, in future, for holding this Y. M. be the first week in Sept., on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

REPORTS FROM THE Q. M.'S.

These were deeply interesting, affording the most cheering tokens of the Spirit's presence in many of the churches and of real progress in the right direction. With permission of the *Star*, a fuller report of the Q. M.'s will appear at another time.

The following resolutions were passed:

ON MISSIONS.

Resolved, That, in view of the brevity of human life, the widening fields for gospel labor, at home and abroad, the multitudes of perishing souls and promised rewards to faithful labor and sacrifice, it becomes our Christian duty largely to increase our contributions for missionary purposes.

TEMPERANCE.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, cider, beer, ale, or wine-drinking, are the most fruitful sources of habits of intemperance.

Resolved, That we believe that the use of tobacco not only injures the physical and mental system, but leads many to the use of intoxicating drinks. We therefore earnestly recommend to all our brethren to abstain from its use, except in such cases only as render it absolutely necessary as a medicine.

Resolved, That, in view of the duty of the Legislature to furnish some more efficient police force for the execution of the prohibitory law of the state against the sale of intoxicating liquors, we most earnestly recommend that all our ministers make the cause of temperance more prominent in their labors, and use their efforts to stay the fearful tide of intemperance.

Other resolves on this subject, setting forth the duty of the church and ministry, in regard to temperance, among our youth, the introduction of pledges into the Sabbath schools, the enforcement of efficient temperance laws, &c., after earnest discussion, passed the conference.

EDUCATION.

Resolved, That we greatly rejoice in the noble work now being done in our literary institutions, and that they shall still have our prayers and alms for their future encouragement and support.

Resolved, That while we earnestly recommend as thorough an education as possible for all our ministers and members, and rejoice in its promotion amongst us, we greatly fear that there is more lack of spirituality than of education, and sincerely hope that the latter will never be allowed to take the place of the former.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Resolved, That we hail with joy the present movement to locate our Theological School within the limits of this Y. M., and should it come, promise to give it our warmest sympathy and support.

LACK OF PREACHING.

Resolved, That the lack of preaching amongst our churches is largely owing, not so much to inability to support preaching as to the lack of the true spirit of benevolence; and we recommend that our ministers labor in to correct this evil.

FALSE DOCTRINES.

Resolved, That, in view of the alarming spread of false doctrines, it becomes the duty of every Christian, and every Christian minister, to be more thoroughly armed and fortified with the spirit and word of God, to meet these inveterate foes of the gospel.

REMARKS.

Preaching at this session was marked for its intelligence and spirituality; social religious exercises were moving and precious; discussions, spirited, weighty, kind and profitable; the business was all harmoniously done, and Missions, both Home and Foreign, grasped with a firm hand and a warm heart, receiving liberal contributions. This Y. M. stands recorded in the experiences of many, as among the best.

Sincere thanks were offered, by the convention, both to the families of West Waterville, who so bounteously and cheerfully entertained us, and to the railroad companies who so kindly furnished us with return tickets free. A. H. MORRELL, Clerk.

A Sabbath at Lawrence.

It was our privilege to spend Sunday, the 10th inst., with our church in Lawrence, Mass. It is generally known that this church has been left without a pastor under circumstances somewhat peculiar and trying. We know that a deep interest has been felt abroad in its behalf, and it gives us pleasure to report, from personal observation, that there is a most gratifying, and so far as we know, a universal determination on the part of the church and congregation, to "abide in the ship," and "stand by the flag." Most strenuous efforts have been and are still being made to secure a minister. It must be somebody's duty to go there. Duty, that's the word. Let us be done with engaging pastors, and being engaged as pastors, as a mere commercial transaction. Let us return to the "old paths." Is there not a man in the denomination who feels that he has a message from God for Lawrence?—then let him go, "doubting nothing," and he will surely find a good field of labor.

We found the more active members of the church composed largely of middle-aged business men, just the right element for efficiency. They have a good house, most eligibly situated, a very fair congregation, and, as we should judge, a working band of live Christian men and women. And what is better still, the Lord is with them. We learned that several young men were standing ready for baptism. That interest must not be left destitute of a pastor, long. Not only is a pastor needed to secure what has already been gained, but there are in Lawrence opportunities to press our cause into "regions beyond" its present limits, promising enough to satisfy the reasonable ambition of an many who has brain and heart to work largely for Christ. We have said this, because the interest we have felt in our cause in that city, which was before considerable, has been greatly increased by our visit, and to divert attention to this loud and imperative call for ministerial help.

W. Va. Mission.

It may be of interest to our friends to know that the Mission as well as the school is still very prosperous. We have recently organized a church of 14 members in Baltimore. Bro. Dunjee visited and preached to them last Sabbath and feels hopeful of their success. I enclose a letter from Bro. Ward of south-east Virginia, which will indicate what the openings are there. If our brethren could see the openings and opportunities there are for us in all this country, I am sure we need not be left to limp along as we are. Bro. Ward writes as follows:

AMELIA, VA., June 24, 1870.

Dear Bro. Brackett:—We are getting along with our Mission work very well. The day school is doing well, and so is the Sabbath school. The church continues to prosper. Last Sabbath I baptized two strong young men who have been waiting three years to find a home among the Baptists. They will be a great help to us, and we think they will bring a number with them into the church. Since my last letter, we have organized another Sabbath school at Jetersville of seventy-eight scholars. These might be gathered into a day school if we had another teacher. Jetersville is on the R. R., four miles above here. They let us have the use of the church there. There might be another church there if we had some one to attend to it. I think we might establish churches from Richmond to Danville, if we had the men and the means. I am doing what I can with my poor health and limited means. I do not know how long I shall be able to stand it, but I shall try to till some one comes to help us. We would be very glad to have you come down and see us, and look over the ground, and see what, in your opinion, the chances are for raising up churches here. You spoke one of your letters of sending us a young colored man. Such a man, if he is of the right stamp, will find enough to do, but can't expect much pay.

Yours truly, JOHN H. WARD.

Bro. Ward went to S. E. Va. a few years since for his health. He has received no help. Can we not help this new interest a little? Very sincerely yours,

N. C. BRACKETT.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va., June 28.

Revivals, &c.

BRADFORD & CHARLESTON, ME. Quite a revival has been enjoyed in these places the past winter and spring. Eleven have been baptized and added to the F. W. B. church in Bradford. On Sabbath, the 12th inst., the writer united with Rev. J. Chadbourne, of the Christian denomination, and together we baptized twelve converts in Charleston. H. GRAVES.

SOUTH HARMONY, N. Y. The Church in this place has been in a low condition for years. Meetings have been held lately, which have resulted in great good. Twelve have given their hearts to God, and eleven have been added to the church. Rev. A. Losee has labored with us part of the time. D. S. FOWLER.

Ministers and Churches.

The Charles St. F. B. church of this city have voted their pastor, Rev. J. Malvern, a three months' leave of absence. He will go abroad in two weeks and will spend the most of his vacation in England and on the Continent.

Rev. E. G. Knowles has received and accepted a call to preach to the F. W. B. church in Nottingham, in place of Rev. Wm. Rogers, resigned.

Church Organized.

A council of nine from the Oakland Q. M., of which R. L. Howard was chairman, met at Lapham Corners, in Salem, Mich., May 28, and after examination organized a F. W. Baptist church of seven members. Since its organization, four have been added by baptism and otherwise, so that the present number is eleven. Rev. A. M. Simonton was chosen pastor, and Rev. John Smith, deacon. The brethren and sisters seemed determined to live to God and the salvation of their fellow men.

A. M. SIMONTON, Clerk.

Donation.

Rev. A. M. Simonton and wife thank their friends at Lapham Corners for a donation in April of \$53.25 in cash.

Quarterly Meetings.

CORINTH Q. M.—Held its June session with the 2d church in Corinth. Attendance and interest good. Church reports mainly quite favorable. As a result, in part, of the local Home Mission efforts, another new church was received, called the Washington church, and still needy souls cry out for help. Next session, 3d Saturday and Sabbath in Oct., with the church in Northfield. Raised for Missions about \$30.

C. C. FOSTER, Clerk.

SALEM, IND., Q. M.—Held its last session with the Bear Creek church. A full delegation from all the churches. Enjoyed a pleasant session. The word of life was preached by Pres. J. L. Collier and Prof. I. D. Adkinson in a clear and impressive manner, which we hope will be productive of good. One church was received, called the Washington church, and still needy souls cry out for help. Next session, 3d Saturday and Sabbath in Oct., with the church in Northfield. Raised for Missions about \$30.

ASA FIERCE, Clerk.

SAUK Q. M.—Held its June session with the church at Kilbourn city. All the churches were reported by letter, and all represented by delegates excepting the Richmond Center. The reports were quite encouraging; the meetings of worship were well attended and the interest was good. Bro. J. Westlake from Waupun Q. M., was with us and added much to the interest of the occasion. Q. M. and Rev. G. C. Andrews, was ordained to preach the gospel in the following order: sermon by Rev. J. Westlake; reading Scriptures by Rev. J. Aldrich; prayer by Rev. A. Tyler; charge by Rev. A. Turner; right hand of fellowship by Rev. L. Jackson. Next session with the church at Hillsborough.

C. K. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

MEIGS, O. Q. M.—Held its summer session with the 1st church, June 3—5. A portion of the churches reported a good degree of prosperity, while some appeared to be in a declining state. We were favored with visits from Rev. J. F. Tins, of Miami Q. M., Rev. J. Carpenter of Athens Q. M., and Rev. G. C. Andrews, of Taylor, W. Virginia Q. M. The Q. M. agreed to donate one hundred dollars to the Salisbury, Chester and Orange churches, providing said churches employ a minister to devote his labors to them for the ensuing year. Agreed that the next Yearly Meeting be held with the 1st Rutland church, and that the following persons be delegates to said meeting: viz., Ministers—G. W. Hixson, S. H. Barrett, W. Hooper and S. Church; laymen—G. W. Giles, J. Coughenour, S. Coughenour, W. Coughenour, Jos. Mauck, E. S. Branch, J. W. May, W. W. May, P. Roush, G. W. Chase, B. Mackall and J. Walker. Next session Q. M. to be held with the 2d Rutland church, commencing Sept. 2, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

S. H. BARRETT, Clerk.

CHAUTAUQUE, N. Y. Q. M.—Held its last session in Kennedy. We were favored with the labors of Bro. Blake of New York city, who added much to the interest of the meeting. From letters we find that about 30 have been added to the various churches in the Q. M., as a result of the revival that swept through the Q. M. last winter. This is especially the case at Ellington, Cherry Creek and Villanova. It is believed that a large number will yet be gathered into the church of which as shall be saved.

J. C. STEELE, Clerk.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

GENERAL.

Out door preaching is in vogue in New York again.

Gov. Claflin gives \$5000 to the Boston Theological Seminary, having given \$10,000 before.

Jefferson Davis is one of the vestrymen of a Memphis church, and figured the other day as a speaker at a Sunday school celebration.

An exchange mentions a city church which has an "Invitation Society" whose members look up people who would not otherwise go to church, and persuade them to come in.

The minority of the Methodist Book Committee have published a card stating that there are many false statements and misrepresentations in the Christian Advocate version of the Book Room troubles.

The Episcopal Clergymen's Insurance League now number 400 members. When a member dies each surviving member pays in \$2 for his bereaved family.

At the Social Science Convention last week, Robert Collyer and Robert Laird Collier had a friendly tilt over the Richardson case, the latter holding that by the confession of his own correspondence Richardson was a seducer and the former denying it.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Patton of New Haven preached on the State House steps on Sunday evening, June 5, to a large audience, and Dr. Daggett upon the previous Sunday evening. The meetings are under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Rev. H. S. Bennett, of Nashville, has, during the past year, conducted a Sunday school among the convicts of the penitentiary. The closing exercises were held on the 29th ult. The school has been successful and well sustained throughout, the smallest number of scholars present on any one Sunday being three hundred.

The members of all the Methodist churches in the world now number about three and a half millions; ministers, 190,449; local preachers, 57,934; Sunday School scholars, nearly four millions.

The regular Baptists are more numerous in Virginia than in any other State. There they have 764 churches and 107,534 members. In Georgia, they report a greater number of churches than in Virginia, but a less membership by 4,124.

The Midnight Mission is attempting to raise a building fund of \$40,000 by 1000 subscriptions of \$40 each.

The Trenton (N. J.) Baptist Association has passed a resolution disapproving of the use of tobacco by its members.

At Tripoli, Syria, four Turkish soldiers, high erio Moslems in their religion, have declared themselves Protestants.

A Jew in Monterey has bought for \$5000 in gold one of the finest Jesuit churches in Monterey, and given it to the Protestants worshipping there.

A Baptist centennial celebration has just closed in Leicester, England.

The Greek church is earnestly meditating the calling of a Greek Ecumenical Council.

The Sultan of Turkey has granted about 600 acres of land near Jaffa, free from land tax, for a Jewish model farm.

Father Hyacinthe has been visiting Munich, as the guest of Dr. Dollinger, and quite a number of earnest Catholics met together in conference.

A movement is on foot in Hungary, headed by Professor Schwicker, looking for the establishment of a Hungarian National Church, independent of Rome. He says in a pamphlet that it is the firm and unchangeable conviction of all the Catholics in Hungary that such a church be organized.

Charles Dickens, in his will, urged his children to practise Christianity in a broad spirit, not accepting the narrow construction of any man or sect.

GLUCINE mends everything, is always handy, and for sale by Grocers and Apothecaries. Only 36¢.

A gentleman afflicted with the chronic rheumatism says, "No description" of my case can convey the vast amount of benefit I have received from the use of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. I believe it is the best article in the world for rheumatism."

If a horse has a good constitution, and has once been a good horse, no matter how old or how much run down he may be, he can be greatly improved and in many respects made as good as new, by a liberal use of *Sheridan's Coughing Condition Powder*.

Will Hall's Sillian Hair Renewer change gray hair to its original color and not dye the skin? It will! and is a preparation of acknowledged superior merit.

A New Addition to our National Bill of Fare. The committee of ladies appointed by the Farmer's Club of the American Institute, among whom was an eminent medical graduate and the wife of the Secretary of the Institute, state in their report that a packet of Ssa Moss FAIRIE, costing twenty-five cents, will produce, when combined with milk, in due proportion, half sixteen quarts of blane manna, while a packet of corn starch, matzema or farina, costing sixteen cents, will only produce with a like quantity of milk, from four to six quarts, thus showing that the new food staple is actually worth, as a means of nourishment, about one hundred and fifty per cent. more than the heretofore popular preparations from maize and grain. It is also stated that it has none of the heating properties of ordinary farinaceous food, and is digested and assimilated with wonderful rapidity.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY is no Patent Medicine gotten up to dupe the ignorant and credulous, and to represent as being composed of rare and precious substances, brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the great Desert of Sahara, and then, after a long and arduous journey, brought across the Atlantic ocean on two ships. It is a mild, soothing, pleasant Remedy, a perfect Specific for Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Croup, Hoarseness, and kindred diseases. The proprietor, R. W. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., (whose private Government Specie for Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Croup, Hoarseness, and kindred diseases, brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the great Desert of Sahara, and then, after a long and arduous journey, brought across the Atlantic ocean on two ships. It is a mild, soothing, pleasant Remedy, a perfect Specific for Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Croup, Hoarseness, and kindred diseases. The proprietor, R. W. Pierce, M. 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Poetry.

Childhood Land.

There is a beautiful far-off land,
Lying in sunlit seas;
But never a ship to that magic strand
Was wafted by fiftle breeze.
For where her radiant shores unfold,
Night stretches her purple bars,
And fastens it in with her gates of gold,
And guards it with sentry stars.

Over the fathomless summer skies
Snowy clouds come and go;
Through every valley that dreaming lies,
Musical rivers flow.
Mountain, and forest, and glen, and glade,
By the soft south wind fanned,
Birds and blossoms that never fade,
Brighten this fairy land.

Every vanished, forgotten day
Scatters its sunshine there;
Buds unfolding that passed away,
Are living more fresh and fair.
Loving deeds that the hands have done,—
Sheaves of life's ripened grain;
Work unfinished that souls begun,
Made perfect, there live again.

Men have sought it for weary years;
Yet never to their yearning eyes
The glow of the mystic sky appears.
Where the land of the beautiful lies,
Yet all have wandered its bright vales through,
In the quiet of peaceful hours:
Each heart the calm of its joy once knew,
And the sweet of its deathless flowers.

But hour by hour, from the hidden shore,
Our feet have journeying gone;
And days that have faded can know no more
The light of its tender dawn.
Yet we may find in the great Somewhere,
Its stretches of pearl-white strand;
The bloom and beauty that dwell there
Make Heaven the Childhood Land.

Little Corporal.

Two Pictures.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Marian Douglass.

The Family Circle.

Evenings With the Children.

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

FIRST EVENING.

Henry and Laura had been studying their geography lesson, which was on South America; and were busy trying to draw a map of the continent. They had succeeded very well with the outline, and were "putting in the filling" as Henry said.

"Here," said Laura, marking away with her pencil on the eastern side, "the Amazon, the largest river in the world, rolls its mighty waters into the ocean."
"And here," said Henry, making turkey tracks near the western coast, "here are the Andes, the longest range of mountains in the world; and here I shall place the mighty Aconcagua, with his snowy head piercing the skies, and here is Cotopaxi, the tallest of volcanoes."

"And here," continued Laura, "is Patagonia, the land of giants, and Terra del Fuego, the land of fire, in the midst of snow and ice."

Henry laid down his pencil, and turning to his mother, who was sewing by the table, said:

"Do tell me, mamma, what is the reason nobody goes to South America. The newspapers are always full of letters from Europe, and I feel as if I had been a dozen times over the road from Paris to Rome, and had seen the Alps, and the Rhine, and the Rhone; and we hear a good deal about Asia, and since I read Paul Du Chaillu's book, I think I know something about Africa; but I never hear of anybody who has been to South America, though it seems to me it must be a very strange and interesting country."

"It is no doubt a strange and interesting country," replied Mrs. White; "and travelers do sometimes visit it. Have you not heard of Prof. Agassiz's visit to the valley of the Amazon, and of Prof. Orton's journey across the Continent?"

Henry blushed slightly. "Oh, yes," he said; "and I tried to read some of Prof. Agassiz's letters, but they were all about strata, and debris, and shell-fish, with names I could not pronounce. I want to know how the mountains and rivers and animals look to common folks. I wish I could go and see."

"And are you, my daughter," said Mrs. White, "so anxious to become acquainted with this great country of which you hear so little?"

"Indeed, I am, mamma," Laura replied. "If I could travel, I think I would rather go to South America than to Europe. If I wrote letters from there, I could tell of something that everybody has not heard of over and over again."

"It is very true that travelers go to Europe and Asia much oftener than to South America, because on this continent there are no great works of art, no wonders of architecture, like St. Peter's church, nor old historic associations to attract them; but

the country has not been so much neglected as you seem to suppose, and, if you wish for information, it may be found."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Henry; "but you know we have not time to read big books, even if we had them."
"Which we have not," and so we must content ourselves with what Mitchell says about it," Laura said, taking her pencil, and resuming her work on the map.

The mother laid her sewing aside and took up knitting.
"You might travel in imagination," she said; "and see what you can learn. I will be your guide."

The children clapped their hands with delight, and insisted on starting at once on their journey.

"Very well," she said; "what part of the country do you wish to visit first?"
They agreed that the western coast must be the most interesting on account of its great mountain ranges.

"The natural features of the western coast are no doubt the most wonderful and its history the most interesting," said the mother.

"Then let me proceed, at once," cried Henry; "and have a few lectures on history as we go along."

"Then let us suppose we left New York eight or ten days ago by one of the splendid steamships on this line, and have reached the City of Aspinwall on the Gulf of Mexico. Here we find a railroad ready to convey us to Panama on the western coast. This railroad, over which we pass with such rapidity and comfort, was built at great expense of life and property, on account of the very unhealthy climate of the country through which it passes. It has been said that it cost a man's life for the length of every rail."

"Oh, mamma, I wonder it was ever built," cried Laura.

"You see, my dear, how convenient it is to us, and before the completion of the Pacific railroad, it was more necessary than now. Then if we had wished to visit California or the western coast of South America, we should have been obliged to cross this Isthmus or make a long voyage round Cape Horn. Thirty years ago, when the tide of immigration first turned towards California, it was a difficult and perilous undertaking to cross the Isthmus, though it is less than thirty miles wide."

"I should not mind that, with a good horse," said Henry.

"But this country is very different from any that you have ever seen. Here are dangerous swamps full of poisonous reptiles, and covered with pestilential vapors; here are forests, with trees so large, and so filled with underbrush, and interwoven with vines, that it is very difficult to pass through them; and there are unbridged rivers, and precipitous mountains; but worst of all the route was infested by roving bands of robbers."

"I do not wonder people did not travel in South America in those days; but we are gliding along safely enough on the railroad," said Laura, "and I fancy I can see those dense forests, and great trees in the distance. What kind of trees are they, mamma?"

"The mahogany tree grows here,"—
"Ah," said Henry, examining the sofa on which he was sitting, "this is beautiful wood."

"Yes, and the forest which you imagine you see is composed largely of those valuable and beautiful trees; and here also the red-wood, or Nicaragua-wood, and log-wood grow in great abundance. You see the great trees are festooned with enormous vines, and covered with such a profusion of gorgeous blossoms as we never see in the North. Here the cactuses, and passion flowers, which we cultivate with so much care, grow in wild abundance, and here are curious parasites and strange orchids which are never seen beyond the tropics. For some of these the natives have great reverence, regarding them as the symbols of spiritual things; and they are indeed very wonderful. One resembles a tiny white dove, perfect even to the little red bill, nestling in a crystal cup; and as the passion flower, with its cross and triple crown suggests the crucifixion, this reminds us of the Spirit descending in the form of a dove, and lighting on Christ."

"How very curious," said Laura; "I would go a long way to see some of those flowers. Are they not cultivated in hot-houses?"
"I believe no plants are considered so difficult of cultivation as those of the orchid genus. In these dark tropical forests and pestilential swamps, they grow in the greatest abundance and perfection; and a few species are found here in the north, by those who are willing to search for them in unfrequented woods. They seem to delight in wildness, loneliness and desolation, and they disappear at the approach of civilization, and die at the touch of man."

"Are the flowers of these which grow here so strange?" said Laura.
"Not so wonderful as the tropical species, but they are all very strange and grotesque in their forms. When I was a child I knew a dark place in the forest, where, in the month of June, I could find a curious flower which looked like a pink bumble-bee, sitting on a stalk so slender that it bent under its weight. I have often filled my hands with them, quite unconscious that they belonged to this wonderful orchid family; but they disappeared years ago, and now I do not know where one could be found."

"Are these plants good for anything except to be looked at?" asked Henry.
"The aromatic vanilla, so highly valued as a perfume and flavor, is obtained from the seed of a climbing orchid, which grows here in Central America."

"Oh! I had almost forgot we were traveling," cried Laura. "I will keep a bright look out, and perhaps I shall see a vanilla plant."

"Always keep your eyes open when you travel," said the mother, smiling. "You

may see a grove of cocoa palms, or plantations of indigo, or nopal."

"Pray, mother, what kind of plantations are you speaking of?" asked Henry.

"The indigo plant, from which the most valuable blue dye is produced, is extensively cultivated here, and the indigo is a principal article of trade in the sea ports. The nopal is a kind of cactus on which the cochineal insect feeds. It grows here, but is more extensively cultivated in Mexico."

"I have seen you coloring scarlet with cochineal," cried Laura. "I did not know it was an insect. Pray tell us about it."

"The nopal plant grows ten or twelve feet high. It consists of broad, juicy leaves, growing one out of another. The plants are set two or three feet apart, and when they are sufficiently grown, a few of the insects, which are called in natural history, the *coccus cacti*, are placed among them. Like most insects, they multiply with wonderful rapidity. One will lay a thousand eggs, and six generations are said to be produced in a year; so you see that in a very short time the plants are loaded with them. In December they are carefully scraped off, and dipped in boiling water to kill them, then they are dried and ready for use."

"It seems to me," said Henry; "that we are much indebted to this region for dye stuffs,—red-wood, log-wood, indigo, and cochineal."

"Certainly we are, and I hope you will remember that this little insect we are indebted for the means of producing the most permanent and beautiful color."

Henry looked very thoughtful. "People were able to color scarlet in very ancient times," he said. "The Bible speaks of it. They could not have been acquainted with this American insect in those days."

"Not with this American insect, but probably with a cousin."

The children laughed, and begged their mother to explain.

"There is an insect of this genus called the *coccus ilicis* by naturalists, because it feeds on the oak. It is found in abundance in Arabia, and in the South of Europe. The ancients were acquainted with its use, and it is supposed that the famous Tyrian purple was colored with it, and that the Israelites used it in the wilderness to dye the curtains of the tabernacle. The Arabs call it *kermes*, and from this are derived our words, *carmine* and *crimson*. There is another species of this insect found in India, from which the lac dye is produced. Scarlet, properly colored with these dyes, is permanent. I have seen it stated that paper-makers find means to extract all colors except scarlet, but no chemical has been discovered which will remove this. The prophet Isaiah mentions this color, saying, 'Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow,' and I hope you will remember this text in connection with what I have been telling you. Remember that sin makes the deepest and most indelible stain, and there is nothing in the universe can wash it out, but the mercy of God through Christ, and that can make the scarlet white as snow."

Mrs. White paused as she observed that the clock indicated the time for the children to retire to bed.

"Oh, mamma," said Laura; "must we stop right here? But you will tell us more about this strange country to-morrow?"

She promised to do so, if they tried to remember what she had told them; and if my young readers will try to do the same, I will report their next conversation.

The Water Lily.

At the bottom of a wild, dark, muddy lake, there lay a very small root. The mud covered it, the fish swam over it, the frogs hid under it, and once a great moose actually trod on it.

"O dear," said the little root, talking to itself, "how dark and lonesome it is down here! Hardly a ray of light comes to me. They tell me it is light and beautiful up above me,—there is a lovely sky there; but the heavy waters lie on me and press me down. Nobody ever thinks of me, or ever knows that I live. I am a poor, useless thing. I can't communicate with any one,—I might as well not be!"

The snow covered the earth, and filled the forest, and the ice covered the lake, and there lay the little root, coiled up in loneliness. But when the spring had returned, and the snows were gone, and the ice had melted, and the birds had come, and the forest had put on its mantle of green, the little root felt that the water was warmer, and she peeped up with one eye, and then she nestled and felt a strong desire to see the light. So she shot up a long, smooth, beautiful stem till it had reached the top of the lake. But when she attempted to draw it back again, she found it would not come. But instead of that, a little bud grew on the end of the stem. She called, but the bud gave no answer; it only swelled, and grew larger and larger, and the rains fell on it, and the sun and the moon seemed to smile on it, and cheer it, till at last it broke open, full of joy, and found itself the white, sweet, pure water lily. Its leaves were of the purest white, while in its center was a golden spot covered with down. It lay on the top of the water and basked in the sun, a most beautiful object. The root fed it, and felt that it was really herself, though in a new form. The hummingbird paused over it, and thrust in its bill to suck its sweetness. The air all round was made sweet by its fragrance. Still it felt that it was of no use in the world, and wished it could do something to make others happy.

At length the splashing of oars was heard, and the lily turned round to see what it meant. Just then she heard the voice of a little boy in the boat, saying:
"O, father, what a beautiful lily! Do let me get it!"
Then the boat turned slowly towards it,

and the child held it in his hand. It seemed the sweetest, fairest thing he ever saw.

"Now, what will you do with it?" asked the father.

"I'll look at it, and smell of it!"

"Is there nobody else that would like to see it and smell of it?"

"I don't know, sir. O, yes, now I think, Would not Jane Irving like to have it?"

"I think she would."

That afternoon poor Jane Irving, who lived in the cottage just under the maple trees, lay on her sick-bed alone. She was a poor, motherless child. She knew she had the consumption, and must die. She was thinking about the dark, cold grave, and wondering how Christ could ever open it and make her come out. A tear stood in each eye, just as the little boy came to her bedside with the water lily.

"See here, Jane, I got that away out in the lake, and brought it for you. I thought you would like it."

"Thank you, thank you! It is, indeed, very beautiful and very sweet. What a long stem! Where did it grow?"

"It grew out of the mud in the bottom of the lake, and this long stem, as long as a man, shows how far down it grew. It was all alone,—not another one to be seen. I'm glad you like it; but I must go, and away ran the little boy."

Jane held the pure white flower in her hand, and the good Spirit seemed to whisper in her heart, "Jane! Jane! don't you see what God can do? Don't you see that out of the dark, foul mud, he can bring a thing more beautiful than the garments of a queen, and as pure as an angel's wing; and can't he, also, from the dark grave, raise your body, pure and beautiful and glorious? Can you doubt it?" And then the voice seemed to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and the heart of the poor child was filled with faith, and the angel of Hope wiped away her tears, and the lily preached of peace and mercy. When it withered, she thanked God that nothing need be regarded as useless.

Apple-Woman's Philosophy.

It was only an old woman—a wrinkled, little, old woman, whose youth had been jerked from her cruelly by hardship, friendlessness, and trouble upon trouble. Yet there was no trace of these upon her countenance. The look resting there was of to-day—a look of common-place recurring needs, easily to be met as long as she was sharp and held her own in this apple and chestnut-eating world. All traces of old-time longing and disappointment had passed away; even the questioning, weary look was gone. The only shadows that came and went were when some lounging passer-by, after glancing at her corner stand as if half tempted, went on his way without buying; or when a sudden chill in the air made her think, with a well-to-do regret, of that other faded, grimy old shawl at home with shavings tied up in it. The little boot-black near by had been troublesome; but she had conquered him one morning early, whether by words or blows none but she and he knew; but it had been once for all as she thought, with a queer war of her head, while looking over at him. More than this, her ambition had, in a sense, been satisfied.

The stylish old fellow near by, with steel cells for marking ladies' and gentlemen's linen, had lately unbent with a "Good morning, marm," and even the orange man at the corner, a licensed vender, with a son established on the Tenth Avenue cars, didn't mind obliging her now and then, in a neighborly fashion, in the matter of small change. Then there were certain customers whose wont it was to sometimes throw down a kindly word with their pennies. We were of these, and so it was that we had come to know a little of her. We knew of her rheumatics coming on dreadful in the damp spells, and how uncertain apples were; bought bushel clean from them market men, not giving a body so much as a chance to find out if they run fair to the bottom. We knew, too, how sassy gentle-folks' boys could be, grabbing at an honest woman's nuts afore one knew; but how newsboys were generally the soul of honor, particular as could be sir, wanting full measure, always, but you could trust 'em for a month; and again, how the perils had to be civil and straight to decent bodies, because there was a law for them too, so there was. These things we knew; but we did not know that the old woman was to preach our New Year's sermon:

"Quart, sir?"

"No, a pint; can't carry so much."

"Sorry, sir; 'cause I find it easier carry in the price of a quart than a pint."

"Ha! Ha! I likely enough, my good woman (tossing her twenty-five cents); no, no, never mind the change: and a happy New Year to you!"

"Same to you, sir, and thank you kindly; but your honor's safer wishin' it than me."

"Ah! how do you make that out?"

"Why, you see, I'm settled, in being poor and hard working. Made up my mind to it; don't ask no more of the Lord than to keep for me as he is keepin', savin' it's sometimes a little cold o' nights. But I'll be bound sir, 'taint so with you gentry. You're fatted in o'-fretting for more, and such as me is tempered down. We get good hearty satisfaction out of a bite of most anything, we do; and what's more, we know as how, if we're honest and heartsome, and gives good measure, and says our prayers o' nights, we'll rise up after the end of it all bout as much angels as rich folks. That's what I mean to say, sir. But, bless me! I ain't jabbered as much as this'n a long time, no more I ain't. But you looked sort o' troubled, sir, an' I'm thinkin' the troubles of rich folks ain't in the things about 'em, nor yet in the air above, but it's in 'emself not been settled what's come to 'em. Now you, little boy, what you want? No, them specked ones is only a cent; but don't handel 'em 'an make 'em worse'n they are already."

We passed on, she, meantime, nodding a farewell that had no smile in it, yet that somehow was strong with the cheering assurance that if one were honest and heartsome, and gave good measure, and said his prayers o' nights, he might rise up at the end an angel of some sort, after all.—*Hours at Home.*

Rigor for Young Lije.

How much the fond friends of young folks need this home word from Dr. Bel-lows:

Life is an earnest battle. It is no trifle to have a nature fearfully and wonderfully made—strong desires that must be resisted, fatal proclivities that must be resisted and overcome. And therefore it is that we so much need that early training, that early discipline which it is hard to see whether parents and governors are more slow to apply or children and youth more reluctant to receive. Let the fault lie where it will, it is a fatal fault. Success, usefulness, virtue, happiness, peace, salvation, heaven,—all depend upon our entering life fitly armed in suitable moral harness; with proper convictions as to what the exposures, pangs, and temptations of body and soul are, and with such settled rules, habits, and principles, such an established reverence for God and duty, as must deprive the world of all its power to deceive and betray.

Those of us who are parents should remember that it is we who put the harness on our children. They don't gird themselves. It is we, then, who are mainly responsible for its want of strength, its looseness, its ill fitting character. In our tenderness we refuse to draw the buckles where they will hold; and if the shoulder chafes or reddens ever so little with the strap, we are the first to remove it. We are sorry to think that the young bosom must contract its inspirations beneath so sturdy a coat. We lift the scandals and plead for the feet that are to press their rough seams; but where are our recollections, that we do not think of the soapiness of the spear that heavy corselet is to resist, the weight of the battle-axe that leather head piece is to annul, the roughness of the road those stout shoes are to make smooth? It is not because of the tenderness of the flesh that we need our leather mail, and we are to dread our armor more than our enemy? That is the miscalculation of life,—the sacrifice of our life-long safety to our immediate convenience; of our whole usefulness and honor and triumph as men and women to our short season of careless, self-indulgent, negligent happiness, and freedom from self-imposed restraint as boys and girls, as young men and maidens.

Little Savings Banks.

"There is no use in keeping a pig this year," said Mr. Positive to his wife. "I haven't a doubt but the pair we fattened last year cost us thirty cents a pound. It's a great deal better to buy one ready dressed in the fall and put it up."

"But think what a convenience that pork barrel and tub of lard have been to us all this winter. I don't know how we could have got on without them, with all other provisions so dear. I am afraid you will think a pig costs so much ready money in the fall that you can't afford to buy one. We don't feel its cost when we pay out a little at a time."

"That's just a woman's way of looking at the matter," said Mr. Positive with a sneer. "They never can be made to see that money in a lump is just the same as money broken into dimes and quarters. You know it will be just the same in the end. So what is the use in discussing the matter?"

Mrs. P. sighed to herself, "what is the use, to be sure." She had learned by experience that there was very little use in trying to set her husband right, no matter how crooked his notions were. Her only consolation was, in the present matter, that experience is a sure, if it is a dear school.

Well, the season rolled round. There was much refuse from the kitchen that must be wasted because there was nothing to eat it, which would have gone a long way towards keeping a pig. The time for packing down the pork had come and as is quite common, it had "suddenly taken a rise." That is, it was two cents a pound higher than was expected, and Mr. Positive was indignant. "Catch him paying such an exorbitant price for pork. No indeed; he could go without rather than to submit to such extortion. Forty dollars a good pig would cost him. He should like to know where the money was to come from. He hadn't half that sum ahead."

Mrs. P. did not say, "I told you so," but I am afraid she looked it a little, and I am quite convinced she thought it. Mr. Positive was convinced, if he did not own it. He missed his delicate doughnuts, and delicious, flakey pie crusts that winter; and he was obliged to depend on a very indifferent market for his supply of meat and sausages.

The fact was that he learned what many others are slow to learn, that such things as pigs and poultry are the householder's small savings banks. The money they spend on them would be flitted away on trifles, and not saved up so as to constitute a fund for making such purchases all at once. They help also to form habits of frugality and thoughtfulness, without which no one can thrive.

I know a lady who always puts her refuse into the stove. If crumbs and crusts are left over, they are scraped into the fire. If a pie is burnt so as to be unfit for the table, it shares the same fate. It is a very bad example to set before children and servants, and may lay the foundation of future thriftlessness and poverty.

It is a handy thing to have a dozen or two of chickens to fall back on in an emergency, when a good dinner is wanted for unexpected guests. Poultry is always high, and out of the reach of many who could easily raise

a brood or two of chickens and never miss their food.—*Country Gentleman.*

Literary Review.

LIFE IN UTAH; or, The Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism. Being an expose of the secret rites and ceremonies of the Latter-day saints, with a full and authentic history of Polygamy and the Mormon sect from its origin to the present time. By J. H. Beadle, Editor of Salt Lake Reporter, &c. Sold only by subscription. National Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Octavo, pp. 640.

If the state of things at Salt Lake City is not understood by the public, it certainly will not be for lack of historians, expounders, reporters, letter writers and dealers in oratorical harangue. Mormonism divides the attention of the public with the question of woman's suffrage, and indeed the former is used to emphasize the appeals put forth in behalf of the latter. Mr. Beadle has made a not unimportant contribution to the discussion and the literature of this question. He has had pretty good opportunities for becoming acquainted with the people of whom he writes, he has some special aptitude for collecting testimony, he means to be fair, he holds his prejudices subordinate to his judgment, and he possesses a fair ability to present to others what he knows and believes. He does not give evidence of any remarkable power of logical analysis or effective statement, and his own experiences have not tended to make him excessively charitable when dealing with the system, or the leaders of Mormonism. He has not told us much that is new, for there was not much fresh matter for him to obtain; but he has given us a plain, fair, interesting, instructive and suggestive account of a people whose character and history are one of the wonders of the age. The evil tendencies and evil maxims of this system are very plainly though not bitterly sketched, and he allows nobody to doubt respecting his own position and views. He does not like either the system or the men who give it currency and power, and he does not pretend to do so. But, by means of a plain and unambitious narrative that suggests an honest purpose, quotations from official documents, the statements of Mormons themselves, the testimony of those who have left them, copious illustrations and an attractive letter-press, he has made up a book that will almost certainly find many readers, and fairly reward them for the outlay in time and money.

POEMS. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1876. 16mo. pp. 280. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

We have never time nor space to speak of this gem of a volume as it deserves. But it is the rich, mellow, juicy, ripened product of a rare mind, whose thoughts, fancies, emotions and aspirations are put into a verse as full of melody as is the air above an English meadow when the larks rise to give the morning sun a greeting. There is genuine poetry here, such as will bring benedictions while it takes the reader's heart captive. It should be read leisurely, lying under the shade of trees on a summer afternoon, or by the side of the infinite sea at nightfall. Only a careful and sympathetic reading will interpret its best lessons and write them on the soul.

O. T. A DANISH ROMANCE. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1876. 12mo. pp. 280. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

MRS. ELLIOTT'S HOUSEWIFE. Containing practical receipts in cookery. By Mrs. Sarah A. Elliott. Oxford, N. C. Same Publishers, &c. 1876. 12mo. pp. 347.

One never tires of reading Andersen. His narratives are pictures, and he makes his readers see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and more or less appreciate with his appreciation. This volume unfolds most wondrously the characteristics of the land and life that make up such an important feature of Northern Europe, and both past and present live together and here as we read. Nothing finer in the way of a complete edition of his works could well be asked than these publishers are giving us.

Mrs. Elliott's volume will be welcomed most cordially by housekeepers who wish to reduce their work to a science and an art. She is full enough for usefulness, and avoids the prolixity and detail which have given not a few similar attempts over to failure.

THE SEAT OF EMPIRE. By Charles Carleton Coffin. "Carleton." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1876. 12mo. pp. 232. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Our northwest territory is a wonderful land,—wonderful in its natural scenery, resources, variety and promise. Every competent tourist and inspector comes back from a survey of that country filled with wonder, enlarged in thought, and ready to prophesy great things of that special section, and of the nation that is to increase and embody its mastery power in that part of our domain. "Carleton's" qualifications as an observer and literary photographer are known to be of the rarest and most eminent sort, and his best and most attractive service has been put within the covers of this book. It ought to be read widely, and it will be.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1876. 16mo. pp. 319. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The same work, in paper covers, octavo, pp. 360. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. This new volume of Reade, which has been running as a serial through the *Galaxy* during the past year, is now ready for readers in a more permanent form. Fields, Osgood & Co. issue it in a style uniform with their admirable edition of Reade's works, of which we have several times taken occasion to speak in terms of high and deserved commendation. The New York House has also got out a very good and cheap edition. Reade is—Reade always and everywhere.

HISTORY OF QUEEN HORTENSE. By J. S. C. Abbott. Harper and Brothers, New York.

Mr. Abbott was charged with extravagant eulogy in his memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte and Louis Napoleon, the present emperor of France; but no one will make that charge against this effort. This daughter of Josephine was a lady of rare abilities, and worthy of all the commendatory chapters which here set forth her merits. Her trials were severe, her hopes high, her experience changeful and exciting, affording ample material for a fascinating volume; and Mr. Abbott has displayed his skill as an author, and given to the public a work of unusual value and interest.

Since making up the notices a week since, others of the Magazines have been laid on our table, whose varied contents are not less, but, if possible, even more attractive than usual. The specific characteristics of each have been often indicated, and they are still retained. We can only call attention to them by their titles:

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. July, 1876. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. July. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HOURS AT HOME. A Popular Monthly of Instruction and Recreation. July. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Almansa and Alicante.

We take the following from Hans Christian Andersen's "In Spain and a Visit to Portugal," recently published by Hurd & Houghton:

We are going to travel again. It was night when the train came to the door to take us to the station. The train was to start at dawn of day. Not a light was to be seen, but the stars were shining in their full magnificence. The narrow, crooked streets were as dark as pitch; not a human creature was stirring, until, after a long, tedious drive, we reached the railway station. Outside of it, on the bare ground, some lights and lamps were burning; here were small booths where were sold water for drinking, anise, and very fine fruit. We found ourselves amidst a crowd. People with goods and people without goods were hurrying up—peasants enveloped in burnoose-looking mantles, reeking with cigars; girls and elder dames, with crowds of children, sat gazing around them with wonderment. People became quite adepts in waiting and dawdling about. It was very long past the hour named for departure before we could even get the conveyances opened to admit us. But when, at length, we did make good our entrance into a first class carriage, we found it quite a nice little room, with sofas and soft cushions.

And now we started! Day broke; the skies looked red, and the air became transparently clear! We were flying through a land of sunshine, in which lofty palm-trees waved their green, fan-like branches in the glowing atmosphere, and pretty, white villas lay amidst bowers of orange-trees. Vines grew as if woven over the ground. The slightly rippling waters of the canals yielded a subdued, pleasing sound. The whole landscape, taking a bird's-eye view of it, looked like an enormous carpet, embroidered with all sorts of fruit that ever painter saw fit to transfer to canvas. We stopped an immense time at every station, but that gave us an opportunity of seeing the many-colored dresses of the people.

In the old Moorish town, Jativa, which, with its citadel, is exceedingly picturesque, we bid adieu to the gardens of Valencia, and passed from its fruitful oasis into wilderness of stones. The sun was burning fiercely, and it seemed as if the stony ground, which had retained the warmth of the sun from the preceding day, let it now stream forth in the already too hot air. At vast distances from each other lay solitary dwellings, with fortress-like walls—defenses against wild beasts and bad men. Not a tree was to be seen; the only green visible were some cacti, which, in the clefts of the rocks or at the back of fallen walls, pushed themselves forward like fungi. Heavily laden wagons, drawn by six or eight mules, harnessed the one before the other, gave some little life to this otherwise dead, scorched, and desolate landscape. Boiling water had overflowed the whole region—as if the burning sun had blighted every blade of grass, and had not even left their ashes behind.

Suddenly we stopped at a large station. The road here branched off in two directions: one led to Madrid, and the train followed it without delay; the other led to Alicante, which was to be the termination of our day's journey. It was just ten o'clock in the morning, and we had to wait until six in the evening before the Madrid train would arrive, by which we were to proceed. However, we had to eat, to sleep, and to look about us; and with these three occupations the time might be got through. Here, at the station, was a very good restaurant, kept by a Frenchman; and close by there was, for the convenience of travelers, an Oriental-looking, shady building, having cool, lofty rooms, where one could draw one's breath—in fact put up for the night if one wished it; and as to anything remarkable in the neighborhood, we had only to take a short walk to reach the little country town of Almansa, so well known in the history of the war.

The streets were straight, very broad, and without pavements; the houses were low, with whitewashed, slanting walls, holes for windows; here and there a shutter which could be closed, but not a single pane of glass was to be seen in the whole long street. The wide doorway was concealed by a reed mat; where that was put to one side, you could see into the poor, half-dark room. There sat its inhabitants at work; outside they could not have worked—the sun was too overpowering. Every cottage opened upon a small green space, either shaded by a vine, or at least adorned with some flowering plant. Dark eyes, dark hair, and brownish yellowish skins had the few human beings I met in the streets, which sloped down toward a steep rock, on the summit of which arose the ruins of a fortified castle. Down below where I stood, in a sunshine which was like flames of fire, lay the church, and a couple of buildings composed of heavy hewn stone, with arms carved over the gateways.

Noble families had once resided there. Now the halls stood empty and deserted, the walls were split and crumbling away, the boards hung loosely over the broken windows. Amidst this desolation and solitude, even at midday, you came to a monument—a pyramid with a lion hewn out of stone—a souvenir of the battle of Almansa, when the town won the glorious name of "Fidelissima." Then was this heated, stony plain a bloody field of carnage; several thousands lay there wounded, thousands more lay dead, but the conqueror bore a hundred and twelve standards from the field. All this has been long since forgotten in story and in song; the sun and the wind, with their destroying touch, have carried over this enormous stone table, in which, as in a mosaic, Almansa is laid; the blood of warrior and conqueror, so freely shed, has been effaced from the soil.

Having seen all that was remarkable in the town, I had to wend my way back through the wide, sun-scorching street, always ascending between the blinding white houses; it was like passing through a Hindu funeral pile, or a slow, long-lasting *Auto da Fe*; and when at length I reached my room, with its closed windows, and cool red mat over the floor, I had a perception of what it must be to come from the heated sandy desert of Sahara into the shade of an oasis. I sank down, drew a long breath—and had it been possible for me to think, my thoughts would have been,—I am in the land of the sun; my blood is so thoroughly warmed that I shall be able to dispense with a stove the whole of next winter at home in the North. What an advantage! what a saving! The hot sun-kissed Spain, with its heated air, had entered into my lungs, and inflamed my blood. I could think only of the sunshine. I could dream only of the sunshine; and so one becomes acclimated. Blood-red skies blazed like a procession of torches as we started on our journey from Almansa.

GRACE to the body is like good sense to the mind.

Jane Austen.

A few years ago, a gentleman visiting the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The vergers, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she was buried?" We fancy the ignorance of the honest vergers is shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, of Mackintosh, of Macaulay, of Coleridge, of Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her lifetime she was known only through her novels. Unlike her gifted contemporary, Miss Mitford, she lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; her correspondence not by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equaled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Even during the last two or three years of her life, when her works were rising in the estimation of the public, they did not enlarge the circle of her acquaintance. Few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more of her than her numbers. It would scarcely be possible to mention any other author of note, whose personal obscurity was so complete. Fanny Burney, afterward Madame D'Arbly, was at an early age petted by Dr. Johnson, and introduced to the wits and scholars of the day at the tables of Mrs. Thrale and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anna Seward, in her self-constituted shrine at Litchfield, would have been miserable, had she not trusted that the eyes of all lovers of poetry were devotedly fixed on her. Joanna Baillie and Maria Edgeworth were far from courtship publicity; they loved the privacy of their own families, one with her brother and sister in their Hampstead villa, the other in her more distant retreat in Ireland; but fame pursued them, and they were the favorite correspondents of Sir Walter Scott. The chief part of Charlotte Brontë's life was spent in a wild solitude compared with which Stevenson and Chawton might be considered to be in the gay world; and yet she attained to personal distinction which never fell to Miss Austen's lot. When she visited her kind publisher in London, literary men and writers were invited purposely to meet her; Thackeray bestowed upon her the honor of his notice; and once in Willis's Rooms, she had to walk shy and trembling through an avenue of lords and ladies, drawn up for the purpose of gazing at the author of "Jane Eyre." Miss Mitford, too, lived quietly in "Our Village," devoting her time and talents to the benefit of a father scarcely worthy of her; but she did not live there unknown. Her tragedies gave her a name in London. She numbered Milman and Talfourd among her correspondents; and her works were presented to the society of many who would not otherwise have sought her. Hundreds admired Miss Mitford on account of her writings for one who ever connected the idea of Miss Austen with the press.

It was not till toward the close of her life, when the last of the works that she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of distinction that was ever bestowed upon her; and that was remarkable for the high quarter whence it emanated rather than for any actual increase of fame that it conferred. It happened thus: In the autumn of 1815 she nursed her brother Henry through a dangerous fever and slow convalescence at his house in Hans Place. He was attended by one of the Prince Regent's physicians. All attempts to keep her name secret had at this time ceased, and though it had never appeared on a title-page, yet it was pretty well known; and the friendly physician was aware that his patient's nurse was the author of "Pride and Prejudice." Accordingly he informed her one day that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels; that he read them often, and kept a set of her works at his residence; that he himself therefore had thought it right to inform his Royal Highness that Miss Austen was staying in London, and that the Prince had desired Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her. The next day Mr. Clarke made his appearance, and invited her to Carlton House, saying that he had the Prince's instructions to show her the library and other apartments, and to pay her every possible attention. The invitation was of course accepted, and during the visit to Carlton House Mr. Clarke declared himself commissioned to say that the Prince had had any other novel forthcoming was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. Accordingly such a dedication was immediately prefixed to "Emma," which was at that time in the press.—*Harpers Magazine.*

Perils of Atlantic Voyages.

The truth is that, notwithstanding the extraordinary degree of exemption from disaster and calamity which has been attained in the navigation of the northern Atlantic, through the vast advances which have been made in modern times in nautical science and skill, there is probably no other great thoroughfare of commerce or of human intercommunication on the globe so beset with danger and difficulties as the voyage from New York to Liverpool. The Gulf Stream brings a current of warm water fifty miles wide and a thousand feet deep—and flowing at the ordinary rate of the current of a river—from the tropical seas, and pours it out in a vast expanding mass over and beyond the Banks of Newfoundland, where it turns off to the eastward; while, to the westward of it, a counter-current coming down from Baffin's Bay—a current of nearly equal magnitude and force—pours into it a stream of icebergs, ice-floes, and ice-cold water. The effects of this confluence are, beneath the water, the accumulation of vast deposits of sand and rocky debris brought down by the ice, and in the atmosphere above an almost perpetual succession of fogs and mists and driving rains accompanied by gales and squalls, and every other possible meteorological commotion.

The region most disturbed by the conflict between these opposing forces and temperatures is on the higher side of the Atlantic, and affects chiefly the first half of the voyage; and the danger, moreover, is the greatest at that season of the year which would on other accounts be the most convenient and the most agreeable for making the trip—namely, in the early months of summer. The ice-floes break up, and icebergs are detached from the great Greenland glaciers, crowding out from the land, in the early summer of one season; and as they require about a year for their twelve or fifteen hundred miles' voyage, they do not reach the track of the ocean steamers until the early summer of the next. They

drift very slowly at last, and melt very gradually under the feeble radiation of even June and July suns in the latitude of Labrador. Some portions both of the floes and of the icebergs reach as far south as the Banks of Newfoundland, but few go much farther south than this. Their advance ceases here, partly because the force of the current, by which they are brought down, becomes well nigh exhausted, and partly because the masses of ice become by this time so diminished and so weakened by the increasing heat, both of the latitude and the season, that they are easily beaten to pieces and dissolved. Sometimes, however, mountains of ice come down of such prodigious size that it is long before they entirely disappear. Captain Price informed us that on one of his voyages he passed two immense icebergs, and on his return voyage, after sailing nearly fifteen hundred miles to and fro, and making the usual stay in port, he passed them again. They had drifted during the winter about four miles. They had diminished somewhat in size, but they were of such magnitude still, and their forms were so peculiar, that their identity could not be mistaken.—*Harpers Magazine.*

Wordsworth's Love of Nature.

Every object in nature was invested, in Wordsworth's eyes, with a halo of poetry, a thorn on a hill-side, overgrown with lichens, an old huntsman in his tattered scarlet coat talking of his hounds, a

Solitary Highland lass
Reaping and singing by herself

in the harvest-field, a group of children gathering flowers on the banks of a stream, the notes of a cuckoo, the shadows of the falling leaves dancing amidst the sunshine, a poem in every glen, a romance in every ruin or castle crag; and, consistently with his theory of poetry, he never hesitated to follow in thought wherever he could find "an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings." "Poetry," he said, finely, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge. It is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all sciences;" and, in his opinion, the appropriate business of poetry, her privilege and her duty, is "to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear, not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist in the senses and to the passions." He has thus been called the English Plato; and the phrase is an apt description of his genius and tone of thought. His appreciation of the diversified beauty of nature was as keen and as pure as that of the keenest and purest of the Greeks; and, when contemplating nature, he, too, like the Greeks, loved—to use his own phrase—"to send the soul into heaven." "What delightful variety there is in trees!" he was simply expressing the thought which was probably always uppermost in his mind, in his strolls. Years and years before, writing to his sister from a Swiss cottage in the Alps, he had expressed the thought that underlay this remark, by a touching description of his sensations at quitting scenes with which, as he says, "I have, as it were, conversed so long, and with such increasing pleasure, that the idea of parting from them oppresses me with a sadness similar to what we feel at leaving a friend." He idolized Rydal Mount as much as it was in his nature to idolize anything, and often asked himself what would become of it after his time. "Will the old wall and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away, with all the beautiful mosses and ferns, and wild geraniums, and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild flower, 'Poor Robin,' is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting my way of feeling in quitting a beloved friend." He idolized Rydal Mount as much as it was in his nature to idolize anything, and often asked himself what would become of it after his time. "Will the old wall and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away, with all the beautiful mosses and ferns, and wild geraniums, and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild flower, 'Poor Robin,' is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting my way of feeling in quitting a beloved friend."

This was Wordsworth's theory of poetry. To Byron, and to men of Byron's tone of thought, it was a stumbling-block. To the Edinburgh Reviewers, and to the mass of people, it was, and is still, perhaps, foolishness. But to Wordsworth it was a living faith; and when, strolling through the woods at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott, he exclaimed, "and the soul into heaven," "What delightful variety there is in trees!" he was simply expressing the thought which was probably always uppermost in his mind, in his strolls. Years and years before, writing to his sister from a Swiss cottage in the Alps, he had expressed the thought that underlay this remark, by a touching description of his sensations at quitting scenes with which, as he says, "I have, as it were, conversed so long, and with such increasing pleasure, that the idea of parting from them oppresses me with a sadness similar to what we feel at leaving a friend." He idolized Rydal Mount as much as it was in his nature to idolize anything, and often asked himself what would become of it after his time. "Will the old wall and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away, with all the beautiful mosses and ferns, and wild geraniums, and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild flower, 'Poor Robin,' is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting my way of feeling in quitting a beloved friend." He idolized Rydal Mount as much as it was in his nature to idolize anything, and often asked himself what would become of it after his time. "Will the old wall and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away, with all the beautiful mosses and ferns, and wild geraniums, and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild flower, 'Poor Robin,' is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting my way of feeling in quitting a beloved friend."

Estimate of General Grant.

In his work on the rebellion, A. H. Stephens records as follows his estimate of General Grant, as formed by a personal interview:

I was never so much disappointed in my life, in my previously-formed opinions, of either the personal appearance or bearing of any one about whom I had read and heard so much. The disappointment, moreover, was in every respect favorable and agreeable. I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything like affectation, show, or even the usual military air or mien of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log cabin, busily writing on a small table, by a kerosene lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. Upon Col. Babcock's rapping at the door, the response, "Come in," was given by himself, in a tone of voice and with a cadence which I can never forget. His conversation was easy and fluent, without the least effort or restraint. In this nothing was so closely noticed by me as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem either to court or avoid conversation, but whenever he did speak, what he said was directly to the point, and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw, before being with him long, that he was exceedingly quick in perception and direct in purpose, with a vast deal more of brains than tongue, as ready as that was at his command.

Sea Sickness.

Seasickness is odd, said to be caused by disturbance of circulation in the spinal column; both back and head ache, and the whole body is sick. The stomach, sickness is only sympathetic, but so demonstrative

as to characterize the whole. It seems to be, in part, a nervous affection, responds readily to the imagination, and measurably, at least, to the will. The best preventive would seem to be a strong flow of the life currents; hence fresh air and exercise are so good. Of course, the rougher the water the stronger the tendency to sickness, and, unluckily, at the same time the greater difficulty in staying on deck. But to keep well you must stay above, no matter if the spray drench you,—salt water is enough of an irritant to the skin to prevent you taking cold,—indeed, it warms you up. There is a common notion that, in the end, seasickness is a good. The ship surgeon says not,—keep well if you can, and if physic be needed, take it some other way.—*Western Advocate.*

"I Wish I Had Capital."

So we heard a great, strapping young man exclaim the other day.

"I did want to give him a piece of our mind and bad; and we'll just write to him. You want capital, do you? And now suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital, do you? Well, haven't you hands and feet, and muscle, and bone, and brains, and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give anybody?"

"Oh, but they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't know how to use them? If you don't, it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plough or hoe, or jack-plow or broad axe you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield a large interest. Ah, but there's the rub! You don't want to work! You want money on credit, that you may play gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation, with plenty of hirelings upon it to do the work, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame on you, young man. Go to work with the capital you have, and you will soon make interest enough upon it to give as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money on the capital you have, you could not make it if you had a million dollars in money! If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let what capital you have lie idle, and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about idle, a great helpless child, waiting for somebody to come and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so long as you do it well. Yes, whatever you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you have, you will soon have plenty more to manage, but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage.

Do you hear, young man?

Plants in Sleeping Rooms.

Though the air is dependent for the renewal of its oxygen on the action of the green leaves of plants, it must not be forgotten that it is only in the presence and under the stimulus of light that these organisms decompose carbonic acid. All plants, irrespective of their kind or nature, absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid in the dark. The quantity of noxious gas thus eliminated is, however, exceedingly small when compared with oxygen thrown out during the day. When they are flowering, plants exhale carbonic acid in considerable quantity, and at the same time evolve heat. In this condition, therefore, they resemble animals as regards their relation to the air; and a number of plants placed in a room would, under these circumstances, tend to vitiate the air.

While the phanerogamia, or flowering plants, depend on the air almost entirely for their supply of carbon, and are busy during the day in restoring to it the oxygen that has been removed by animals, many of the inferior cryptogamia, as the fungi and parasitic plants, obtain their nourishment from material that has already been organized. They do not absorb carbonic acid, but on the contrary act like animals, absorbing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid at all times. It is, therefore, evident that their presence in a room cannot be productive of good results.

Aside from the highly deleterious action that plants may exert on the atmosphere of a sleeping-room, by exhaling a portion of carbonic acid during the night, there is another and more important objection to be urged against their presence in such apartments. Like animals, they exhale peculiar volatile organic principles, which in many instances render the air unfit for the purposes of respiration. Even in the days of Andronicus this fact was recognized, for he says, in speaking of Arabia Felix, that "by reason of myrrh, frankincense, and hot spices there growing, the air was so obnoxious to their brains, that the very inhabitants at some times can not avoid its influence." The influence on the brains of the inhabitants may have been due not so much to present interest; we have only quoted the statement to show that long ago the emanations from plants were regarded as having an influence on the condition of the air; and, in view of our present ignorance, it would be wise to banish them from our sleeping apartments, at least until we are better informed regarding their true properties.—*Galaxy.*

History of Spectacles.

The origin of spectacles is, alas! involved in obscurity; for in no ancient author, speaking of glass and its numerous uses, is there a single word referring to the use of spectacles.

The most ancient document that we can quote relating to spectacles, is dated in the year 1308, and is to be found in the *Grande Chirurgie*, of Gui de Chauliac. After having prescribed the use of certain eye-salves, this author adds: "If that does not suffice, recourse must be had to spectacles."

The use of spectacles was known then, in 1308.

Jerome Savonarola, (1490,) in a discourse on death, informs us "that, as spectacles fall off, it was necessary to put a small bar or hook to fix them, and prevent them from falling."

This is an indication of the first improvement.

An ancient Latin chronicle, formerly existing at the convent of St. Catherine, of Pisa, recorded that "Brother Alexander of Spina, a good and modest man, possessed the talent of copying every work that he saw or that was described to him. He made spectacles, the manufacture of which the inventor was not willing to teach, and freely made known the processes."

Thanks to Alexander of Spina, then, the employment of spectacles has spread; but who was the inventor? For we see that Spina was only a skillful copier. The *Florence Illustrated*, of Leopolda del Migliore, a celebrated Florentine antiquarian, raises the veil and informs us that the first inventor of spectacles was Signor Salvino Armato, which is confirmed by the inscription on his tomb:

QUI GIACE
SALVINO D'ARMATO DEGLI ARMATI
DI FIRENZE
INVENTOR DEGLI OCCHIALI
DIO GLI PERDONI A PECCATA
ANNO DOMINI MCCXXVII.

(Here lies Salvino Armato d'Armato, of Florence, inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1317.)—*Wonders of Glass-Making.*

The Art of Reticence.

But there is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, yet never telling anything which it is not wished should be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing oneself to a statement or an opinion which might be used against one afterward—*ars celare artem* in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things. It is only after a long acquaintance with this kind of person that you find out he has been substantially reticent throughout, though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly, undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of this seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidences to him. You know such people for years, and you never know really more of them at the end than you did at the beginning. You cannot lay your finger on a fact that would put them in your power; and though you did not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done now, you feel that they have never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence. But you are at their mercy by your own rashness.—*Saturday Review.*

Effects of Absinthe.

A French savant, M. Magnien, has just been trying experiments with guinea-pigs, to illustrate the baneful effects of absinthe. He administered to one animal (says a correspondent) four grammes of strong brandy—which is an ingredient of a Frenchman's deadly drink—with the natural result of making the poor little pig shakily and unsteady. To another, an unfortunate creature of the same species he gave essence of absinthe, pure and simple, and as a consequence extreme suffering was produced. "If the dose be weak," says M. Magnien, "it causes vertigo; the animal hanks down its head, evinces sadness, and remains motionless. Then a shudder comes over the anterior part of the body, gradually followed by starts in the muscles of the neck. This symptom will, by degrees, extend to the whole of the animal's fore parts; the creature will appear as if under the influence of electric shocks; its fore legs are stiffly stretched to support the body, while the hind legs are slightly bent, as if to seek a purchase. A larger dose will induce violent nervous fits."

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.

MOSES CARPENTER died in Newmarket, April 30, of chronic inflammation of the bowels, aged 44 years and 10 months. Bro. C. made a public profession of religion some thirteen years ago, receiving baptism at the hands of Rev. W. V. Varney, pastor of the Newmarket P. Baptist church. During considerable portions of the last nineteen months, his sufferings were very great, yet he bore his pains with a noteworthy patience and meekness. He was a member of his family and was much respected for an upright and consistent course of Christian conduct.

DOROTHY W., wife of the late Jacob O. Brown of Concord, died in Canada, May 19, aged 75 yrs., 2 months and 19 days. Mrs. B. made a profession of her faith in Christ and joined the Congregational church of Ipswich, fifty-three years ago this summer. She was a woman of prayer, delighted in the worship of God with his people and was loved and respected by all. She leaves a faithful husband and one sister, with a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. On the 21st inst. she was brought to Ipswich and buried beside her husband. The funeral services were held on May 21, by Rev. Mr. Peabody, pastor of the Cong. church.

OLIVE E. WILDER, peacefully departed this life June 15, aged 19 years. The deceased was a daughter of Rev. A. G. Wilder, of Brunswick, O. She became a subject of divine grace in Feb., 1857; received the ordinance of Christian baptism soon after, and united with the first P. W. Baptist church of Liverpool. She was a consistent Christian, and during her protracted illness was patient and gentle, expressing confidence in the gospel and a resignation to the will of her Saviour, even in death. The friends mourn not without hope. We believe she sleeps in Jesus. Funeral discourse by the writer from the text, "She hath done what she could." Mark 16:7.

NATHANIEL STEPHENS died in Portland, Me., March 10, of heart disease, aged 68. Mr. S. was highly esteemed wherever known. He had a kind and benevolent heart, and gave liberally to the poor and to sustain the gospel. The writer, having known him for eighteen years, can say that he has always had a reputation for high moral worth. He was deeply interested in temperance and the anti-slavery cause and gave the first vote in Westbrook, Me., for the slave, before the city wife and two children to mourn their loss.

CHARLES T. THOMES died in Harrison, Me., June 5, aged 47 years and 36 days. Bro. T. was converted under the labors of Rev. O. Bartlett and united with the F. W. B. church in Harrison in 1839, of which church he remained a member until his death. For several months previous to his death he was afflicted with a disease which baffled the knowledge and skill of his physicians and which gradually wore his life away. He has left a widowed mother, a wife, three children, a brother and sister to mourn their loss. May they be sustained by the consolations of the gospel.

DAVID MARTIN, of Lawrence, Mass., died May 31, aged 72 years, 7 months and 14 days. Bro. M. experienced religion some 54 years ago, and united with the F. W. Baptists in Maine. He moved to Andover, Mass., before the city of the original members of eleven who were organized into a F. W. Baptist church in that city, 1824. From that time till his death, he remained a worthy member. I venture to say that no member was more highly esteemed than Bro. M. He has stood by the church through

all its struggles and borne his part of the burden. He has mourned over her defeats and rejoiced over her victories. He was one of the most constant attendants upon all the meetings and ordinances of the church. During the protracted five years with that church, I never knew him absent from church on the Sabbath, forenoon or afternoon, communion or any business or conference meeting of the church, unless confined to the house by sickness. The more the preacher had to say in the praise of Jesus, the better was he pleased. Four weeks to a day, prior to his death, I attended his golden wedding, when were present a large circle of his friends, the members of the church, his five children and five grand-children, all of whom with his beloved companion are left to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and honored father. The church has lost a faithful brother, and the world a devoted Christian and loyal citizen; but he has gone to his reward in glory. COM.

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