

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

7-13-1870

The Morning Star - volume 45 number 28 - July 13, 1870

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., JULY 13, 1870.

No. 28

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 B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

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

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

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

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

4. When Agents receive premiums, no percentage on money sent for the Star is allowed in addition.

5. We send no books out to be sold on commission, or otherwise, with the privilege of returning them.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1870.

Trust.

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Till a heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempests all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Dean of Canterbury.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, June 25, 70.

The most memorable annual meeting of general Baptists in England which it will ever be our privilege to attend, the Centenary Association, has just closed. It opened on Monday last, amid great expectation and joy of heart; it has terminated amid universal regrets that it is over, so much were its services enjoyed. It has left behind a hallowed and sacred impression, storing the memory with earnest words and inspiring scenes of fellowship and communion, and saturating the spirit with a blessed savor of Christ. A new fire of zeal has, I verily believe, been kindled in some souls; a new glow of love to the Saviour has been infused into some hearts; and a new consecration to God's service will henceforth mark not a few, I hope, of the devoted men whom God has called to work for him in our churches. The attendance was all that could have been anticipated or desired. Scarcely any of the 159 churches were unrepresented. The central position of Leicester, its easiness of access from all parts of England, together with the fact that the churches which are the strength and stay of the connection sprang up spontaneously in and around Leicestershire a century ago, or rather before and just after the New Denomination was formed;—these things made the place of the celebration exceedingly appropriate. Moreover, in the town of Robert Hall a fair representation of Particular Baptists might be expected to attend such gatherings and show their sympathy with the brethren to whom they have approximated in opinion, very closely since 1770. The weather was brilliantly fine during the week. Overhead, only blue sky and glorious sunshine appeared, with an occasional curtain of cloud, and a most refreshing and copious shower on Friday morning, to cool the air and brighten the verdure of the fields for the friends who visited the seat of Lady Jane Grey at Bradgate.

The first general meeting was very fittingly a devotional meeting, followed by a sermon. After fervent thanksgiving and prayer, the Rev. J. C. Jones, M. A., of Spaulding, preached. His theme was: "I am made all things to all men that I might

by all means save some; and this I do for the gospel's sake." He spoke of the intense, whole-hearted earnestness of Paul, and found in the text a noble ambition,—to save souls by all means; a generous compromise,—to be and become anything that will really contribute to this end; and an indication of collateral results,—for the glory of Christ in the gospel, and the richer enjoyment of the blessings and rewards of grace. The sermon closed with an appeal to the young brethren to imitate the early fathers, and give up everything to save souls.

The sermon on Monday evening did not close the proceedings of the day, for at a late hour the Temperance movement was advocated in a Presbyterian chapel by the Revs. T. W. Mathews, Dr. Burns, B. Wood and J. Clifford. Mr. Cook of Leicester, the well-known tourist's guide, himself a General Baptist and a descendant of one of the fathers of 1770, presided at the meeting. Nevertheless at a large and spacious chapel a mile off, as early as seven next morning, a considerable number of friends met to worship God and hear a sermon from the Rev. T. R. Stevenson of Luton. The chapel and the man were chosen to fit each other. The grandfather of the preacher began his ministry in that place in 1806, and the uncle of the preacher is the senior pastor at this time. The sermon was eminently characteristic and was very appropriate to the occasion. Our Lord's words to Nathaniel,—"Thou shalt see greater things than these," were used as calling us to greater consecration, greater effort, and greater prayerfulness in Christian enterprises. The work of the century was admitted to be great, but greater things were possible, and to be hoped for in the future. The clear voice, the calm, quiet earnestness, the youthful appearance of the preacher, no less than his terse, epigrammatic style and freshness of anecdotal illustrations gave much interest to the sermon, and made it a very profitable and pleasant morning service. While speaking of sermons, the other two that were preached during the week may be mentioned. The first was by Dr. Burns of London, and was from a comprehensive and most glorious theme,—*"Christ is all in all."* The pre-eminent position of Christ in creation, in Providence, in the various dispensations of grace, in the experience of the Christian life and in the hope of the future, was well and fully brought out, and the bearing of the theme on the celebration was admirably enforced. The fathers held this glorious truth, and so separated from the men who emptied it of meaning; and all along the testimony of the connection has been uniform and emphatic upon this great doctrine. The worthy Doctor's sermon was his best possible vindication against those rumors and charges which have been industriously circulated concerning his fraternization with spiritualists. So long as "Christ is all in all" with the Christian ministry, he will not be led astray by the jugglery of spirit-rappers, or the wizards and witches of the new cave of Endor. Our brother Cameron spoke to us on the last morning of the association, giving us some useful counsel from the words, "Lord, increase our faith." It was a great regret to him, our good brother said, that Dr. Ball was not himself there to speak to us with his depth of pathos and ripeness of Christian experience.

The chairman's address was seasonable and suitable. With that quaint, Thomas Fuller-like humor for which he is remarkable, Dr. Underwood, of Chilwell College, reviewed the condition of the world and the church in 1770, and the principles and growth and men of the New Connection from the beginning unto the end of the century. The principles of 1770 had been again and again re-affirmed, and were stoutly maintained at the present time; they were gaining ground in the other part of the Baptist denomination, from which one-sixth of the ministers now presiding over the General Baptist churches were drawn; the men of the past had not discredited us, the men of the future must be of good courage and give the best service of their lives to God, to be worthy successors of their brave and distinguished ancestors in the faith. With the chairman's address may be coupled the "Letter" on the future of the denomination by our Foreign Mission Secretary, the Rev. J. C. Pike. The possibility of our living to see all the churches of the land free from state patronage and control, the probability of a near approximation of all churches to our practice in the rite of baptism, the certainty that the old gospel in all its essential characteristics would still be our only theme and hope, and that present organizations in the church, in the school, and in Foreign Missionary enterprise would only have to change so as more fully to meet the wants and demands of the world;—these were the chief features of the "Letter," which was written in vigorous English and read with much animation.

Of the Public Meetings, all of which were crowded, it may be said, that the Home Missionary meeting and the Centenary meeting were scarcely sustained throughout with that life and energy which were required and made possible by the occasion. The platform seemed to grow weary, and to flag before the enormous capacity of the audience for speech-hearing was in the slightest exhausted. The men who spoke were representative men, and some of the speeches were admirable addresses, stirring, suggestive, doubly-jubilant; but perhaps,

as is customary with speakers, only a few can ever rise equal to a great occasion. The lessons of the past were, however, very fairly enforced, and hope for the future was kindled in many a soul. At the Foreign Missionary meeting of General Baptist missionaries or ministers, Mr. W. Bailey was the only speaker. He is about to return to India, leaving his wife and family in England. The other speakers, exclusive of the Secretary, were Mr. Sampson, late of Serampore near Calcutta, and Dr. Hayercroft of Leicester. The meeting was in the beautiful chapel where the Rev. J. P. Mursall preaches, and on either side of the pulpit the tablets in memory of his predecessors, Robert Hall, and William Carey, looked down upon us, uniting the past with the present, and bidding us take heart for all years to come. A Sunday school conference was held on Wednesday morning, at which papers were read about the schools of the past century and the needs and requirements in all-Sunday school work henceforth. An excellent brother, a Sabbath teacher and local preacher, Mr. B. Baldwin, of Loughborough, read one paper, and the Rev. J. Clifford of London, who touches nothing that does not freshen and vitalize, read the other.

Of the business of the Association but little can be said, because little was done, and all was hurried to make room for the sermons and public meetings. There was an announcement made about the progress of the Centenary fund which called forth additional pledges and sent up the promises and contributions, with the proceeds of the Bazaar, to about half the £5000 it is proposed to raise. The Bazaar was a great success; the ladies worked with extraordinary energy, proving themselves once more capable of "quitting themselves like men" in earnest effort, and surpassing men in taste and the decorative arts. The contributions from the United States were conspicuous by their absence. It was much to be regretted that brethren Graham and Ball were unable to be present. Brethren Herick and Cameron were heartily welcomed, and supplied the lack of service of these Doctors, with much efficiency.

The Centenary Association was a great occasion, and its celebration was a season of lively joy. The communion service of Wednesday afternoon was attended by over one thousand persons, and an appropriate address was given by the Rev. I. Preston, of Halifax. From the jubilant scenes and inspiring fellowship, the congratulations and counsels, the songs and prayers, the greetings and farewells of this Centenary celebration, we go forth girded with a new purpose, fired with new zeal, emboldened with new faith and courage to work for God and the souls of men in the opening years of the New Century.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Where Shall we Go?

The time has come when many are asking the important, practical question, Where shall we spend the coming summer vacation? The papers take up the refrain, and attempt a satisfactory answer. A distinguished Divine has just now attempted a solution by recommending, above any and all other places, Saratoga. He cites the particular hotel, bill of fare, comparative moderation of expense, especially for clergymen, religious character of the house, &c., &c. He says one may there be by himself in quiet, or be in the crowd, just as he may choose. But can he easily choose just as he ought to? And will he? that's the question. He says, moreover, one may there be free from all contaminating influences, provided he is always on a sharp lookout. Doubtless this is in a measure true. But why should one be at so much trouble and painstaking, when he is in quest especially of rest, and relaxation from care and mental exertion?

Now for a great majority of visitors and pleasure-seekers, with precautions and restrictions above named, and with the advantages of air and water to which the writer in question calls attention, perhaps Saratoga is just the place, for they have no great need of rest; no very extraordinary exertion of either body or mind calls for relaxation or quiet. But not so with the man whose brain has been actually overtaxed, and is thoroughly jaded, and threatens rebellion against sense and reason. Wrung and twisted into agony by knotty questions of Theology, Law, or Political Economy for a twelvemonth, it cries out for a complete respite and release.

All this is not furnished by any fashionable watering place, least of all at Saratoga. The popular lecturer will be there, mounted on his favorite hobby, some real or supposed reform, some real or supposed discovery. To gratify curiosity, to accommodate a friend, or to gain some supposed needed information, you will be betrayed into the agony of a two hour's harangue in a crowded Hall, on a sultry evening. Even the Sabbath will not be what it was designed for you in your present exhausted state, a day of rest. Some Divine of celebrity at home or abroad, will be round to give you a dog-day sweat over an elaborate, and perhaps profound discourse, to be digested on the spot, or to furnish a subject for protracted discussion at the table, or on the verandah. Now all this, as well as the buzz and bustle of a hotel accommodating "a hundred and fifty

boarders," is not what a case, such as we have described, needs. It is not good, but evil, and that continually.

Therefore, commend us to a "cot by the seaside," with a few select and considerate friends, or an extemporized hut in the mountains, or, last but by no means least, a simple canvas tent in the deep wilderness around the grand old Adirondacks. There is nothing like that, that so thoroughly dismisses from the brain corroding care, or so completely cuts one off from the exciting and vexatious topics and questions of ordinary life.

While sojourning there last summer, so far did we seem removed from the actual world of business, so little was there to remind us of its real existence, and so oblivious did we become even of our former self, that we verily believe had we of a sudden been asked what was our profession or occupation in life, we could not have told without a little time for reflection. We would have required a considerable metaphysical pinching to restore us to anything like a conscious identity with our former self.

There are no temperance lecturers, no woman's rights harangues, no clergymen, so good and beneficent in their proper places, there to remind you of the distant world from which you have happily escaped, or to drag you into the old channels of thought, and active employment.

We do not mean to say that there is no religion there, no Sabbath, no worship,—God forbid! You have all these, but wholly without the old forms and conventionalities. We shall never forget that bright and glorious Sabbath morning, when at early dawn we sat alone on the bare log, on the high bluff, in half costume, mingling the responses of our own spirit with the murmur of the waters below and the whisper of the pine tops above in an anthem of joyous praise to the Infinite One.

The rest of the day we spent in reading some of the easiest Scripture lessons, conversing with a friend about the simplest practical Christian duties, and walking reverently in the nave of God's great temple, the primeval forest. We did attempt, if we rightly remember, to read one of the elaborate essays of the Bibliotheca Sacra, but for that indiscretion we sought and obtained pardon long ago. There, fellow sufferer, you have our advice; take it or not, as you choose. But go. Go somewhere. Go at once, and do not stand on the order of going.

J. F.

Mass. Cong. Association.

PILGRIM MEMORIAL JUBILEE.

It is now the 250th year since the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, and this fact of the Jubilee gave some interesting features to the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Association, which represents more of the Pilgrim churches than any other state. The delegates from the 505 Congregational churches of Massachusetts met at Taunton, not far from Plymouth rock, June 21-23, and had a more than usually animated and pleasant meeting. A committee was appointed to arrange for Jubilee meetings in the principal cities of the state, and another to confer with committees from other states in organizing a national Conference of churches, to meet probably once in two years. A desire is quite widely felt for a more intimate fraternity among the churches, and a feeling is increasing that this fraternity may be promoted by uniting in a National Conference, formed of delegates from the district conferences. There has been great jealousy of anything looking like authority over the churches, and hence opposition to any great bodies, even though composed of delegates elected for conference and not for assuming authority. But the feeling of sympathy, co-operation and fraternity is increasing, and therefore this action, which is regarded as very important.

The meetings were well attended and profitable. Rev. E. Maltby, who has been pastor of the same church more than forty-four years, welcomed the members, and Rev. Dr. Seelye of Easthampton was moderator. One of the best addresses was by President Stearns of Amherst College, on "Modern Unbelief no Cause for Alarm," in which he showed the fallacies of Infidelity, the superficial and partisan nature of the attacks on Christianity, and the certain prospects that Christ would be triumphant. Also Rev. Mr. Whiton of Lynn read a spicy essay in advocacy of having Free Seats in the churches, in place of the present prevalent system of hired seats, or pews owned by individuals or by families. The prayer meetings were among the most precious seasons, as Christians then drew near to the throne of mercy or told of their joys and of the triumphs of grace, experienced the past year. Though not a year of revivals in many places, yet the gracious Spirit has made his power manifest in the frequent refreshings and conversions, and the number of churches has increased by five and of members by one thousand.

R. M. S.

Self-control is the best evidence of a cultivated intellect and a clear conscience. It is a great pleasure to meet those who wisely listen and observe; who review what is said without prejudice and with or without advice commit no errors. Nothing is so difficult to do, nothing so rarely done.

Free Pew System.

The most common objection urged against the introduction of the free pew system into our churches is that it is not practicable. The change may be desirable enough, but the difficulties in the way are too great to be overcome. The *Advance* of two weeks ago thus reasons concerning this objection:

There is scope for wisdom in the practical details; first, as to the occupation of the seats, whether it shall be miscellaneous, as people happen to arrive and to find vacant places, or by some allotment to families, so that they shall know where their regular seat will be; and secondly, as to the contributions, whether they shall be the chance-offerings thrown into the box as it is passed from pew to pew, or shall be regular subscriptions, in amount as each may feel able, paid in weekly or monthly. Much depends, also, upon the spirit with which the plan is commenced and prosecuted. Under judicious pulpit-instruction, continued from time to time as on other points of Christian privilege and duty, and with earnest co-operation by leading laymen in the way of example, exhortation and prayer, a church should accept the plan deliberately, intelligently, unitedly and joyfully, as that which the Master desires them to do.

It is to be noticed, that our whole voluntary system of churches in this country, as distinguished from church establishments abroad, is based on the practicability of depending upon the free offerings of worshippers. One potent argument in the old world for sustaining established churches, supported by taxation, or by governmental endowments, has been, that in no other way could religious worship be maintained throughout the entire land. It was urged that if it was left to every man's choice to pay for the support of churches, so few would contribute liberally, if at all, that only favored places would be supplied with religious privileges. America tried the experiment, and proved the worthlessness of the objection; and now, under the influence of our example, the establishments of Europe are crumbling to their fall. It is a similar lack of faith in the voluntary principle which induces men to cling to the pew system.

It is further to be observed, that when we undertake our grandest and most costly Christian enterprises, we always depend upon voluntary offerings. When some vast undertaking calls for the energies of a whole denomination, the simple appeal is to individual liberality, though the donors are scattered over half a continent, and the sense of responsibility is at its weakest. Thus, if we want to raise \$200,000 a year for Home Missionary work, we simply invite the members of our churches to send in their gifts; and the money is raised. If we need about half a million of dollars, annually, for the use of the American Board in efforts to evangelize the wide world, we do not try to sell something, but we ask Christian people to give as the Lord has prospered them; and the funds are secured. But after this encouraging success, in the gospel way, if we wish to evangelize a small spot on the globe, say half a mile square, by means of a local church, whose members are all at hand and under the direct pressure of responsibility, we fear to trust the plan, and insist upon commercial proceeding; that a man shall purchase or lease a pew in the sanctuary, just as he purchases or leases his family dwelling; the rich taking and paying for the best seats in the church as they take and pay for the costliest houses on the avenues! Not otherwise could we support the gospel. "O ye of little faith!"

For some reason the free-seat method was found to be practicable in other days. The triumphs of primitive Christianity were won under it. The rapid spread of Methodism had this among its accompaniments; and there can be no doubt that it was an element of great power. Romanism has largely used it, especially in the old world, where rich and poor have worshiped for ages in the venerable cathedrals side by side and on equal terms. Has human nature changed? Is the gospel less potent than of yore?

We only add, that pious churches, in England and in this country, in villages and in cities, and of all denominations, have successfully tried the free-seat plan within the last few years. Our Episcopal brethren (and it may surprise some to learn it, especially the High Church and Ritualistic portion) are leading off nobly in this direction, and we hope that in this, as in some less worthy respects, they may succeed in making the practice fashionable. It is found, on trial, that wealthy Christians give more generously as an offering to the Lord, than when they hire a pew on business principles; one who is content to pay \$100 or \$200 for a pew, will subscribe \$500 towards the preaching of the gospel. The poor, also, learn that, by means of weekly contributions, they can pay twice the sum demanded as rent for the seat they would occupy. A little more courage on the part of three or four wealthy churches (who should be ashamed to leave the plan to be tried by poor mission-churches) will render its adoption general in a very few years, and then the wonder will be, that anybody ever dared to sell out the choice places in the house of God according to the length of a man's purse, in the face of the second chapter of the epistle of James.

Events of the Week.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The 94th anniversary of American independence was celebrated with the usual use noisy and patriotic demonstrations. The customary accidents from the careless use of firearms and by other causes, are reported, but the destructive conflagrations that have usually formed a part of the day's programme were fortunately escaped. Public gatherings of all kinds were quite numerous, and there was no end to the display of buncombe oratory and frenzied patriotism. The most important gathering was at Woodstock, Conn., where President Grant, General Butler, Henry Ward Beecher and several other distinguished citizens spent the day in speech-making and otherwise assisting the inhabitants of Windham Co. in celebrating our national boasting day. On the whole, the country did itself credit in the observance of its birthday, and came about up to the average of previous similar occasions.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

Serious apprehensions are again revived of a general Indian war. The Red men are gathering in force in several places along the line of the Pacific Railroad, and are unusually aggressive and defiant in their conduct. Red Cloud seems not to have been wholly appeased by his meerschaum pipe and paper of tobacco that President Grant and wife gave him, but has encamped his band near Fort Fetterman, and is believed to be collecting the tribes for the purpose of waging war upon the whites. Several tribes which have hitherto been peaceable, announce their intention of going upon the war path soon. The whole far west is somewhat alarmed, and General Sherman has ordered the U. S. troops in that quarter to hold themselves in readiness for active service.

A NEW BASIS OF REPRESENTATION.

Congress has developed a bill which changes both the number of Congressmen and the time of their election. The date of election is to be the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and the first under the bill will be held in 1872. The section relating to appointments provides that after March 3, 1871, the House of Representatives shall consist of 300 members, and if any State has its number of members increased or diminished, those added, and all those remaining in any State where representation is diminished, shall be elected at large. The basis of representation is to be determined from a preliminary report of the population, which will be made next September.

ANNEXATION OF CANADA.

There is a growing interest in Canada in favor of annexation to the United States. Organizations have been formed throughout the New Dominion, called Union Leagues, and having for their object the agitation of this annexation project. The movement is in the hands of prominent and influential citizens, and their efforts are characterized by dignity and seriousness, as well as by earnestness and ability. A very noticeable gathering was held at Niagara Falls on the Fourth, under the auspices of one of these Leagues, at which annexation was very warmly advocated. The realization of their scheme is, without doubt, some distance in the future, but no citizen of the United States can watch without interest the increasing enthusiasm in its favor. How the Queen will regard their wishes when they are formally made known to her, remains to be seen.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

A telegram from Peking gives the particulars of a fearful tragedy which occurred in that city on the 24th of June. A mob of Chinese, influenced by an intense hatred of the foreign residents in the city, especially the French, made a bloody attack on them, sparing neither age nor sex. A slight resistance on the part of the French only increased the fury of the ruffians, who invaded the homes of their victims and applied the sword and flame with merciless cruelty. The residence of the French Consul was broken into by a party, and he, with his Secretary of Legation, was brutally murdered. Several Sisters of Charity, together with a number of Priests are also among the slain. The Roman Catholic cathedral was sacked, the worshippers shamefully maltreated, and then fire was set to the building which was wholly consumed. The report reads as though it was a chance leaf blown over from the dark ages, and one is loth to believe that such persecutions can have a place among the events of modern times.

TROUBLE IN EUROPE.

If France would forbear thrusting in her objections, there would be a speedy solution of the Spanish difficulty. Prussia has offered the crown to Leopold, a Prussian Prince, who accepts and is sustained by the Cortes. France, however, objects to this settlement of affairs. The Emperor informs Prussia that he will wage war upon her if Leopold is allowed to take the crown. Prussia promises to sustain her Prince in his accession to the offered throne, and Napoleon at once calls home his Ambassador and orders the French fleet to the Mediterranean. It is also proposed to increase the army by 100,000 men, and to resist to the last the realization of Prussia's new scheme. The situation is critical, and unless there is yielding on somebody's part, the whole of Europe will be involved in war.

Communications.

"Speech or Silence?"

Having noticed, in the *Star* of the 8th of June, some queries and remarks concerning the privilege and prohibition of women speaking in the church, I offer a few remarks on the subject.

I do not understand that the phrase, "speak in the church," written by the Apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. 14:34, 35, had any reference to women's praying, praising, exhorting or preaching; nor to their acting in the church; but to the practice of intruding upon the order and peace of the assembly by asking questions while some other one was speaking by prophesying, or by tongues, interpretation or revelation.

By critically considering the main subject and tenor of the instructions of the apostle in this chapter, we readily perceive that his purpose was to correct some habits that tended to confusion, and to teach Christians how to do all things pertaining to the services of public religious devotion "decently and in order;" and that this instruction was designed not only for the church at Corinth, but for "all the churches of the saints," as seems to be intimated by his introduction of this Epistle which was addressed "to them that are called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ." Then we can not regard these rebukes and teachings as being called out by or designed exclusively for the church at Corinth, or any other place, or limited to any age; nor as being applicable only to the habits or customs of any one nation, but as rules of decorum, embracing the harmonious order in which religious worship should be conducted in all public congregations, to the edification and comfort of Christians, and the convincing of those without.

Among these rules we find directions how unknown tongues should be heard and interpreted: That not more than two or three different tongues should be spoken in one assembly; and that each should be interpreted, or remain in silence; that two or three prophets or preachers might speak by course to the same assembly, and others judge or witness; and that if any thing be revealed to another that sitteth by, after the one speaking first holds his peace, all may speak, one by one, and all may learn and be comforted; and also the direction to women to keep silent while others are speaking, and not to interrupt the exercises of the meeting, by imperinently asking questions, or by speaking out, in a disorderly manner, to call for explanations concerning what had been spoken in the hearing of the audience.

This erroneous practice probably originated from the custom of public assemblies, when addressed by Grecian orators, who used the newest phrases and the most sublime style of language in their orations, and to gratify their auditors, and to exhibit their own skill, indulged their hearers in rising up to ask for explanations of any phrase or words that had been spoken by them, and vied with other orators in making a show of their ingenuity in suspending the subject of discourse, to give explanations, and then resume the subject without confusion or derangement.

This practice, it seems, had crept into the church at Corinth, and probably would have prevailed extensively in other churches, had it not been checked by the divinely inspired apostle to the Gentiles, who discovered that this disorderly habit tended to impede rather than to promote the progress of the church, and to quench the spirituality of their devotions, and commenced his rebuke of it where it most frequently occurred. For as the Grecians did not educate their women, they of course would more frequently fail to understand what was said in the church than the men, who were educated, and knowing that if the men understood, the women could learn by asking their husbands at home, he therefore says: "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak." And if they would learn anything let them ask their husbands at home." This kind of speaking is not to teach, but to learn, and this prohibition has no reference to women's laboring in public meetings, by prayer, praises, exhortations or preaching; but simply to the shameful and disorderly practice of speaking out during the services of public worship to ask questions, that often gender strife instead of edification; and can be more conveniently solved at home than at public meetings.

With this understanding of the subject, we see no discrepancy between Paul's instructions to women how to pray and prophesy and this prohibition; or between his acknowledgment of the help of females who labored in the Lord, and his protest against a woman's teaching or usurping authority over the man in 1 Tim. 2:12. This has no reference to public meetings or to collective associations; but to private, individual woman ruling the man in the domestic affairs of life. We may just as well forbid women to take any part in singing as in praying; for in doing this they speak in the church; and in publicly professing godliness they are under the necessity of saying something in the church, as well as in the observance of the ordinances of the church. And indeed, if in the church there is neither male nor female, but they are all one in Christ, and may "all speak one by one as the apostle allows," then there is no exclusive privilege, nor excusing of the different sexes in the labors of the church of God inculcated by the gospel.

Then let Miriam and Deborah sing in the congregation or church; let Hannah and Esther pray in the closet, and in the palace; let Rachel and the daughters of Jerusalem lament and weep for themselves and their children; let Anna speak of Jesus to all in Jerusalem; let the Marys tell the church

that Christ lives; let the daughters of Phillip prophesy; let Tryphena and Tryphosa labor in the Lord; and let the Pentecost women prophesy as Joel predicted; and all who are anointed, or moved by the Spirit, labor on till the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy; and sighing and sorrow shall flee away. E. B. ROLLINS.

Why I Like It.

In the *Star* of March 16, I find the following:

"The Lewiston church has adopted a good order. They divide their funds, two-fifths to Foreign Missions, two-fifths to Home Missions, and one-fifth to Ministerial Education."

I like this. 1st. Because it appears to be a just and equitable distribution of our funds for benevolent purposes, at present. God has blessed us in our Foreign Mission. This is the oldest of our Benevolent Societies. It did much to prepare the way for the others, and to awaken and foster the spirit of benevolence in the denomination. It has already accomplished a noble work in idolatrous India. Yearly its opportunities for extended usefulness are on the increase. It only waits for an increase of means and the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit to accomplish a vast deal more. God holds us to this enterprise, and grants us no reprieve. Unrepented still stands emblazoned on the inspired page: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, lo I am with you alway."

The Home Mission is also a necessity, a denominational necessity. With small means, strong hands and earnest hearts, it has done and is doing a glorious work, and must be sustained. God smiles upon its labors, and excellent fruit is gathered in. It is a burning shame, that Free Baptists, with their vaunted hatred of slavery and all oppression, their intense love of freedom, freedom for everything that is good, should allow a Mission like ours to the freedmen, a mission born of long and cruel suffering, peril, anguish and death, to languish and pine for want of the small amount of funds needed to carry it on. Upon what scene, if not on such a mission, does the eye of the blessed Redeemer rest with approbation? To whom, if not to the authors of such a work, will He last, say: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me?"

If, in the course of Providence, I should again be permitted to revisit my loved native land, most certainly shall I wish to visit our friends in the south, and extend to them the grace of a cordial right hand of Christian fellowship, on behalf of our eastern churches.

Then our Education Society must have more ample means for educating and training young recruits. With suitable means at command, and the everlasting power about location disposed of, this Society may, it would appear, have 100 students in training for the gospel ministry in place of the small number now aided.

Rev. D. M. Graham tells us the number of students is equal east and west, and that there are now about forty at Hillsdale, studying with a view to the ministry. It is but reasonable to suppose that once due provision was made, both at Lewiston and Hillsdale, for the prosecution of Biblical and Theological studies, the increase of interest would bring a large increase of students. With a hundred young recruits under drill soon to take the field, our Zion could safely contemplate a forward movement. And while Bro. Ball labors to show the world in general, and the Baptists in particular, that Free Communism is all right, being the only consistent Christian communion, our onward march would crouch the argument, by showing our fellow Christians in general, and our Baptist brethren in particular, that we are not unworthy of their co-operation and fellowship.

While no countenance should in any case be given to any man, whatever his pretensions, who is an idler or a trifler, our young men, called of God to the ministry, should all be made to feel that they have friends at home. It makes a man a deal stronger to know and feel assured that his friends have confidence in him, need and expect his services, and are ready to stand by him. Educated in our own schools, our ministers would become more homogeneous and promote cohesion in the connection, an element by the way very much needed, as in our radical independency we are but too ready to fly to pieces. The Education Society is needed, and must be sustained.

2. I like the proposition because it tends to interest all our churches in all our Benevolent Enterprises, and disposes at once, and finally, of all perplexity and dispute in relation to a division of funds. Nothing is more unseemly and out of place, than to represent the claims of these different societies as rivals and conflicting with one another. In the amicable and loving spirit of the father of the faithful, let us rather say: "Let there be no strife I pray thee, between me and thee; and between my herdsman and thy herdsman; for we are brethren." In place of disputing about the division, let us rather heed the apostolic injunction, and every one of us lay by him in store according as he is prospered, that we may make sure of having something to give. And may God enable us all to do our duty, both to ourselves and to the world! May our sons and daughters be made to feel that they are loved, trusted, confided in, needed and depended on at home! Then whatever of intelligence, strength and manly virtue they may possess, we may expect to see laid on the altar of God, and used for his glory and the conversion and salvation of sinful man. J. PHILLIPS.

Santipore, May 16, 1870.

Abraham and Falsehood.

Abraham was a descendant of Noah in the line of Shem. He was the founder of the Jewish people. Jacob, a grandson, was the father of twelve sons, from whom descended the twelve tribes of Israel.

Abraham is called "the father of all them that believe," "the friend of God," and as he was a man of great faith, it is said, "They which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham."

Abraham's career was a striking one. Was there any imperfection in his character? If so, it was because he was human. It is worthy of great admiration, as to the Scriptures, that there is fidelity in the narratives which exhibit the most eminent men and saints of God. The faults of David, Solomon, Judas and Peter are as carefully noted as their virtues. This is one evidence in favor of the authenticity of the Bible.

God promised Abraham the land of Canaan, and called him to go to it. He went, found a famine there, and for the time being, went into Egypt. Knowing the dissolute character of the Egyptians, it came into his mind that they might kill him for the sake of taking his wife, who was fair and beautiful, to the harem of the monarch, who had concubines in great numbers, and scrupled at no measures to obtain them. He therefore directed his wife to say that she was his sister. Again, about 23 years later, in the land of the Philistines of which Abimelech was king, "Abraham said of Sarah, his wife, she is my sister."

Was Abraham at fault in this? Did he tell a lie? Many have thought he was faulty. But his statement was not to all intents a falsehood. A part of the truth was suppressed. Abraham explained this to Abimelech. She was a half-sister. She was daughter of his father, but not the daughter of his mother.

This partly relieves the patriarch. The Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge says: "Perhaps it was no more than an act of common prudence." But many think a fair statement of the case and a straightforward course would have been better. In the Notes of the Cottage Bible it is said, Abraham could leave home, but could not trust God to protect his wife. Also that it was timidity. Scott says, there was distrust and unbelief; that, in this case, this illustrious man was somewhat under an eclipse. Bush says, the simple, straightforward, honest course of truth, candor and pious dependence on God, is always safest and best. Taking for our motto, Jehovah-jirah the Lord will provide, we should cast ourselves on his direction.

It is the duty of all good men to defend the truth and the eternal principles of right, however some may have failed to carry them out. But Abraham was a very good man, usually manifesting the strongest faith. If there was some failure in the instances given, and there are farther extenuating circumstances, he should have the benefit of them.

We note, then, that deception is not in all cases, lying. And, farther, there is a difference between uttering a lie and a part of the truth. And on this last we have seen that Abraham rested his defense. And modes of speech giving only a partial view of the truth, seem to have been blamelessly adopted by good men in warlike times and in cases of great emergency. Instance the following: Moses, by direction of God, led Pharaoh to believe that he was to lead the Israelites three days into the wilderness to sacrifice, when the great thing aimed at was leading them away to the promised land. Ex. 3:18, and 5:3. David, through fear of Achish, misled him by feigned insanity. Paul, on finding that a part of the Council were Pharisees, said that he was a Pharisee, but kept back a part of the facts respecting his religion. Acts, 23:6.

There are two practical inferences growing out of this subject. The first is, no one is so eminent in religion and the graces of the Spirit that there is no danger of imperfection or a divergence from the path of strict rectitude. Hence watchfulness, the exercise of constant dependence, faith and trust are requisite.

If there is evidence that the patriarch failed in the last, it is a warning to all who read, to take heed and shun the very appearance of evil. Abraham had trials of his faith, he overcame as a whole, and now inherits the promises. F.

The Water of Life.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," the blessed waters of divine love. However thy heart may be scorched by the drifting, desert sands of sin, there is a healing stream that may cause that barren waste to blossom as the rose. You may say that you have long sought for happiness, and still it recedes from your grasp. You have vainly studied the inspired writers. They give you no joy, no hope. Your thirst is greater than ever, and you earnestly wish the Bible had ever remained a sealed book. Ah, my dear friend, is it not still a sealed book to you, if the invitation to all who thirst, to "come to the waters," comes unheeded to the door of your heart's sanctuary? While thus studying these blessed pages, have you sought to assuage your thirst at the fountain? Have you prayerfully endeavored to do God's will, that you might know whether the doctrines were of God, or whether they speak of themselves? If not, ho come to the waters; come now! Do not wait until the chill dews of death shall fall on your parched lips. That moisture, unless Christ be there, will be like the fatal fall of an eastern wind on the parched and drooping flower, withering forever its last hope of reviving.

Let us imagine a case. A little boy, tired and thirsty, after a long day of wandering and play beneath a burning July sun, comes to the home of his parents to find rest and refreshment. He comes directly to the wall of the house. Lights are

gleaming from within, but to him, worn and dispirited, their radiance is like something far away. The shadows are deepening. He hears the voice of his mother calling, "My son, come to the door! I am waiting for you, and here is water to quench your thirst;"—and, as he listens, a feeling of disobedience arises in his heart.

"No, no," he murmurs. "If I can not go in right here I may as well have stayed away." Clouds are rising above the mountain top. Darker and darker grows the evening. Still the boy is without, and oh, how terrible is his thirst! Yet more strong, more deeply ingrained with terror is his feeling that he will not go to the door. The loving mother is anxiously waiting, holding in her hand the cup of water, which she would gladly carry to her thirsting child, were it not that this would, encourage his disobedience. Again she calls: "Oh, will you not come? I know you are thirsty. I know you are weary, and my heart yearns to relieve you. If you long for water, you have only to come to the door and receive it. Come now, my child, my darling! You will surely perish if you do not come!"

Will he stay away until the last ray of light is withdrawn;—until even a mother's voice is hushed by the knowledge that the call is in vain? Oh will he not rather quell the risings of a disobedient heart, and hastening to the door, reach out both hands to clasp the refreshing cup of water, with which his mother has so long waited his coming?

Thus has our Saviour called, and is still calling. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Oh, hasten to drink of the living fountain, and everlasting life shall be thine. MARILLA.

Money Creek, Minn.

The Christian's Hope.

All, to a greater or less degree, indulge in hope. The unbeliever, if he is not in possession of the Christian's hope, nevertheless indulges in hope. But what is his hope compared with that of the true believer in Christ? His hope is founded on the uncertain things that pertain to this life. He has no faith in the cleansing blood of Jesus, and therefore can not hope to receive the crown which it is his privilege to look for and expect. "The world, with all its allurements, is before him; his eye kindles, his brain reels at the hope of becoming great, perhaps, or amassing wealth, which is his greatest ambition. He asks no aid from the great God who made him, but relies upon his own strength. But his hope, unlike the Christian's, is as it were momentary.

To-day he may content himself with the thought that his hopes have been realized. He looks around him, and he has all that in his belief is essential to his happiness. But as he stands by the bedside of a dear companion, or a darling child, about to take a departure to the spirit land, where are his hopes? Does hope cheer him with the thought that he will meet those dear ones again? or has it vanished, and left him to grope in darkness? The latter is most certainly the case.

But not so with the child of God. His hope is a hope that reaches beyond the grave. Adversities may crowd his path; poverty may stare him in the face; friends may desert, and the hand of death wrench from him his dearest earthly friends. But does this weaken the Christian's hope? Oh, no, far from it. Earthly hopes may be blighted, but the hope that bears the soul above the perplexing trials, points to a world of eternal bliss, where sickness and death can never come. Why then this unbelief? Why build our hopes without a substantial foundation, that when the flood shall arise, and tribulation assail us, leaves us to feel that we have been trusting in a false hope?

Dear reader, where is your hope founded? Are you resting on a foundation that can not be shaken? If not, look up until you can say,—"I know in whom I trust." Then will your hope brighten, then will the rugged path of life seem smooth as you journey on your way to that better land. S. KNOWLES.

Christian Culture.

If Paul has given the Christian church abundance of Christian science, Peter has given, most fully, clearly and concisely of all, perhaps, the rules of Christian practice. Peter says of Paul that there are many things in his writings hard to be understood. It is no less true that there are many things in Peter's writings hard to be practiced.

Many things are written and said about the formation and cultivation of a good Christian character, but we often wonder that so little is said definitely of how this is to be done. We often hear, too, of ripe Christian character, and the perfect fruits of it, but not so often what these are, nor the full process of attaining them. One writer speaks of brotherly kindness, the grace which we are glad to see, becoming fashionable again, as the crowning fruit of such life. Another dwells upon perfect faith, as if that were all that is necessary; another, upon perfect holiness, as the final fruit; while many dwell upon points really non-essential, as those to be primarily sought. None of these are alone complete or final, unless we except holiness, which may bear little or much fruit, or even none at all, perhaps, in different cases. But there is a natural and necessary symmetry of Christian growth, a regular development of character, which alone leads to the highest fruitfulness. Peter, the Apostle, gives it, and we wonder that it is not often noticed and insisted upon. Let us note, 2 Pet. 1:5-7: "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and

to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

Here is the growth and the only perfect fruit of the Christian life, which we may hereafter notice more particularly. CAP. ET COR.

Rev. Nathaniel Harvey.

Another of the Fathers is gone! Rev. Nathaniel Harvey died in Evansville, Wis., June 3rd, 1870, aged 83. His death resulted from injuries received in being thrown from a wagon. He lived only three days after the accident.

He was born in 1787, in the town of Nottingham, Rockingham County, N. H., and experienced religion in early life under the labors of Benjamin Randall. At the age of 18 he visited the state of Maine, where he commenced preaching. His labors were mainly in the thinly settled towns of Penobscot County. After about a year's labor in this direction, he returned to his home in N. H., staying about two years, when duty seemed to lead him to Maine again. He settled in the town of Atkinson; was ordained about the year 1812; was pastor of the first F. B. church in Atkinson about 30 years. He not only performed the duties of pastor during this time, but often walked eight or ten miles to attend meeting in some desolate neighborhood, returning home the same day.

In 1844 he moved to Fulton, Rock Co., Wis., where he lived till about four years since, when he went to live with one of his sons in Evansville. After his removal to Wis., he connected himself with the Close Baptists, of which body he remained a member till death.

Father Harvey lived an earnest Christian till death, frequently preaching in the neighborhood where he lived. He leaves a large circle of relatives to mourn his death. A large concourse of sympathizing friends followed his remains to the burying ground, thus testifying the respect they felt for him. G. S. BRADLEY.

Rev. John Walker.

Rev. John Walker died June 1st in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was born in Rochester, N. H., and was the son of Robert Walker. His parents being poor, he was apprenticed when quite young, hence his school advantages were quite limited.

He was converted in the great reformation that swept through Alton, N. H., in 1805, was baptized by Elder John Bradley, and united with the Alton church founded by Randall. He soon began to hold meetings, and reformation followed his labors.

In 1807, he was married to Miss Betsey Piper. Her constitution being slender, he was much confined, and his privileges of teaching very much circumscribed.

In 1819 his wife died, leaving him with six children. In 1820 he was again married to Miss Betsey Haley, by whom he had one child. Four only of his seven children survive him. In 1824 he moved from Alton to Tuftonborough.

As his temporal circumstances now began to improve, he was able to travel and preach more extensively. Tuftonborough, Wolfborough, Wakefield and Ossipee shared in his labors. In 1830, a powerful reformation broke out in Tuftonborough, in which he was deeply interested. The converts wishing him to baptize them, he submitted to ordination about this time, which was attended to at East Ossipee, John and Wm. Buzzell, Place and Burbank officiating. In 1833, he moved to Ossipee, where he spent the 37 last years of his life.

He attended 73 funerals in one year, but as he kept no journal, the whole number of funerals he attended, the marriages he solemnized and the baptisms he administered, can not be known.

Father Walker was a man of fair native talent, an acceptable Bible preacher for his day, and strong in prayer. He was a man of much firmness; none of the isms of the past fifty years seem to have moved him. He was a model of promptness, both in paying his debts and meeting his appointments, and he has left us his record without a blot. He had been failing for a year, and rapidly for the last month; and though friends did all they could to keep him here, he has gone to "rest from his labors, and his works follow him." His companion, with whom he lived 50 years and 24 days, survives him, being now 75 years old. She needs our prayers. The funeral was attended June 3rd, and a discourse given from Psalms 12:1. Ministers present,—Fernald, Erskine, McDonald, Quint, Fairbanks and the writer. JOHN CHICK.

Crumbs.

—Most men handle the word of God as the lawyer handles the law in behalf of his client, trying not so much to come at the truth as to make out a case favorable to themselves.

—How beautiful the vision of the redeemed host seen by the Revelator! But it should be impressed upon our minds that every one of that host "had washed their robes and made them white," and that if we would stand with them, our garments too must be without spot or wrinkle; and the washing must all be done on this side the river. Perhaps the charity and forbearance of brethren may now tolerate spots that will soon prove to be the seals of eternal damnation.

—If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

—He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Selections.

The Approach of Death.

I make the preliminary remark, that in most cases where consciousness exists, there is a distinct impression on the part of the patient that a change, the change of death, has come over him. It can not be described, but there is something in the experience which infallibly conveys this truth to the mind. The expressions which we often hear, lead to this belief, such as, "I am going," "This is death," "This is the last of earth," &c.; or without words, the hurried and anxious look, or as frequently, the more calm and silent farewell tokens, reveal to those around, the new and inward experience of death.

A state of perfect consciousness very often exists down to the very last moment of life, and long after both the eye and the tongue have ceased to perform their office. A gentleman whose wife was about to die of an exhausting disease, said to her that he would hold her hand when she was dying, and when she became unable to return his demonstration of affection by the usual mode, he would press her hand and desire her to return the pressure as a token still of recognition. Long after speech was gone, and every faculty seemed shaded in death, and down to the last moment of respiration, she feebly responded to the pressure of his hand.

A mental condition sometimes exists, and it is of the deepest interest, where there seems to be a quickening of the intellect, or may I not say of the immortal part, to the appreciation of something beyond the boundaries of this world. I think that every one who has been observant of the process of dying, has been sometimes impressed by these manifestations. The martyr Stephen, just before his death, said, "I see the heavens opened," &c.; or, without words, a miraculous vision, but in this view it demonstrates the fact that while in the body, the eye of the mind may penetrate into the scenes beyond the natural. The death-scenes of many subsequent martyrs and men of holy lives are on record, whose experiences, somewhat similar, are described. Senator Foot who died in 1866, after lying quiet for half an hour before his death, suddenly lifted his hands, and with eyes now open and full of unearthly light, exclaimed, "I see it, I see it; the gates are wide open. Beautiful! Beautiful!" and almost immediately expired.

Once stood by the couch of a young woman of intelligence who was dying of dysentery. A little before her death the palm was read to her, containing the passage, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," &c. When life was almost extinct, her mother asked her if her mind was at peace. She faintly replied: "Yes, I see my way through."

A gentleman of about forty years of age, who had led a worldly and very thoughtless life, was the subject of heart disease. I was in attendance upon him in his last illness. He did not expect to die, and I was forbidden by his family to inform him of the certain and speedy fatal issue of his case. He seemed to feel assured that, notwithstanding the agony of his paroxysms, I could and would do something to relieve him. When the last and fatal paroxysm of coughing occurred, he was sitting in his easy chair, not being able to lie down. He suddenly raised himself to an erect sitting posture, his eyes started from their sockets, peering, as it seemed, into something before unseen. He raised his hand, forcibly striking his forehead, and holding it there, gazed with apparant horror at something which seemed to be present to his horrified vision. With his hand still to his forehead, he continued in this attitude for a few moments, then his hand relaxed, his jaw fell, and his spirit took its flight. It was in pressing in witness of this death-scene, that death had come upon him most unexpectedly, and that when he found himself in the death-struggle, his eye and his attitude indicated the terror which seized his mind, as eternal scenes seemed to break upon his vision.

Such cases as the above, are, however, the exception to the general rule that, even in the full possession of the mental faculties, calmness and resignation are the usual mental characteristics of the death hour. It is generally believed that a religious or irreligious life modifies the manifested experiences of the hour of death. It has not usually proved to be so in my observation. As a rule, men die in the same moral and mental state, in which they had lived. Blessed are they whose life has been cheered by the presence of Jesus. His felt shadow gives a calm and quiet confidence, and secures from all "fear of evil" in the dark valley.—*Old Physician in N. Y. Evangelist.*

Religion for the Rich.

Our preached religion is for the rich. Protestantism does not reach the masses. In our costly churches the poor have no place. The expense of the Gospel is so enormous, the buildings are so magnificent, the ministers' salaries are so high, the music is so extravagant, the decorations are so sumptuous, that church-going becomes a luxury in which only the wealthy can indulge. Genius, talent, eloquence command so exorbitant a price in the market, that the poor can derive no benefit immediately from their instruction. The Gospel is bought up by the opulent people of the community. The wealthier classes appropriate it and use it as a species of spiritual upholstery, to make the first day of the week as delectable to the sense as the other six are. Comfort spreads velvet carpets on the floor, cushions the seats, and lines the pews; elegance stains the walls, paints the ceiling, colors the windows; taste decorates the altar and the font. Fashion makes the Gospel an exclusive privilege. A box in the corner perhaps enables the trustees to say that the poor have free seats provided for their occupation, but every thing else says the gospel is not for them. It says it, the prayer, the sermon, the attitude of the congregation, the place, the assembly, the service, says unmistakably that this Gospel is not for the poor. The poor have no part in it. I am describing now—I am not fault-finding or criticizing. Such a state of things is natural; it is unavoidable. It is not perhaps altogether evil. What I say is, that the Gospel is no longer a Gospel to the poor. O. B. Frothingham.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowned the slow years with trial, seeing no such result as effort seemed to warrant—may, perhaps, disaster instead,—to stand firm at such a crisis of existence, this is greatness, whether achieved by men or women.

What the wild Waves Say.

Where the breakers roar on the rocky shore,
Full many a pleasant day,
At our little nook, with our talk or book,
We have seen pass swift away.
On the sparkling strand, in the pure white sand,
I sit me alone by the sea,
For a dream comes from a sovereign grand
Has taken you from me.

But the glad waves dance in the sun's warm glance
As boldly to shore they roll,
And along the reach of the long, curved beach,
I hear their solemn toll.
Foam-fingers white, o'er the sands so bright,
They are reaching up to the shore;
Then they hasten back to the ocean's track,
Repeating their labors o'er.

But at every time they essay to climb,
A victory they gain,
Through weariness and pain,
And they never recede nor their struggles heed,
But higher rise and higher;
If they seem to fail, it is but to recall
New strength for their great desire.

Our life is a sea as majestic to me—
Our hopes, the billows that roll,
Aspirations grand, up eternity's sand,
From the ever-living soul;
And the shelving beach, and the rocks we reach,
That tuck us from our way,
Are the petty cares and the worldly snares
That thickly strew the day.

But the shelving sands can but stay our hands
For a moment at a time,
We shall onward go, as the breakers flow,
In our upward march sublime;
To the topmost reach of the snowy beach
We are gaining every day—
It is surely ours in the coming hours,
And shall be ours away.

And our restless soul, as the waves that roll,
Shall visit every strand;
And with knowledge gain'd, never by self retain'd,
It shall bless its native land,
And the surging wave shall all useless rear,
That separates you and me,
For time and space shall have run their race,
And no more our barriers be.

—Woman's Journal.

Heart Keeping.

We were reading the familiar words,
"Keep thy heart with all diligence," etc.
An eager reader paused to ask, "Keep thy heart! What does that mean?" Sure enough, and how many other persons, pausing over the words a moment, would ask the same? Perhaps what I write now will help such to understand it. Note, then, that by the heart is meant your dispositions—all that goes to make up your moral character or your moral self. By keeping the heart is meant your keeping it pure from sin, or keeping it holy, that you may be a moral being indeed. The first thing, evidently, is to know how to do it, and the chief thing is to do it. The last I may help you by a few plain directions.

1. Meditate often. By this I mean, close your eyes to the world and turn your thoughts in upon yourself. In other words, search your heart by often asking, "What is now occupying my thoughts? What do I chiefly desire? Is it the creature or the Creator? the things of the world or the things of Christ? Do I answer, A good conscience alike toward God and man? and in all things, whatever its influence upon the opinions of others or my worldly interests, is my heart supremely set upon pleasing God and being approved by him? These are serious questions, but they will help you to know your own heart, and thus to avoid sin and follow holiness.

2. Pray much. This is all important. Meditation enables you to know your wants, but prayer takes you to him by whom they are supplied. "Devotion," said Bishop Hall, "is the life of religion, the very soul of piety, the highest employment of grace." By devotion he means chiefly prayer; and the lives of all who have been eminently successful in keeping the heart tell us how they abounded in this exercise. I say, keep your heart; you must pray always, keeping your heart in the frame of our steadily "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." "Up-hold me by thy free spirit!" must be the cry your heart is ever pouring out to Him who alone can keep you from falling and present you spotless at his appearing.

3. Watch vigilantly. At how many points does the enemy assail us! How often does he worry or surprise us into unholy words, or thoughts, or deeds! How often does he attempt to set us against our duties and ensnare us into sin! Here he lifts the heart up with pride, there he casts it down in despair. Bring my soul out of prison! has been the cry of many a tried and vanquished heart. Happy for you if you are wise to detect and quick to escape out of his snare. Happy for you if, when in any degree overtaken, you do not forget to fly at once to your true and Almighty Helper. "Watch!" said our Lord to Peter. Had he obeyed, and been vigilant and self-distrustful rather than confident and careless, what agony of mind he would have escaped!

4. Deny yourself. By self-indulgence you weaken your moral powers and give sin an advantage over you. All your members and faculties must be kept subject to the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, or you are not safe. Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, it must be to the glory of God. That is, in all things you must reveal a moral control over your entire self, giving evidence that your whole being—soul, body, and spirit—is held subject to this one great purpose: the will and the glory of God.

5. Maintain good works. Without these faith is dead, being alone. Love to God can not—as monks and nuns dream—exist apart from love to man; for, if we do not love our brother and the image of God, who is daily seen, how can we love God, who is unseen? The sum of the law of God is not love to God alone, nor love to man alone, but love to God and man, and, in perfect, the love of man to God. The unused hand is as good as dead; so is the fruitless Christian, in so far as he fails to exercise himself in any required duties.

6. Study the word of God. This I name last, but it is not least. Here we learn what is required of us. This is our judge, whose approval or condemnation we must pronounce upon ourselves. This is our mirror, in which we must learn what manner of persons we are, that we may amend what is wrong, and improve what is right. It is a true saying, "One who studies the Bible much, with a prayerful and humble mind, will not be apt to go wrong in matters generally." It is not what the Church will let you do, but what Jesus Christ sanctions, that must be your guide.

Payson gathers up all means into one. "The best means of keeping near to God is the closet. Here the battle is won or lost." Why does he say this? Is the battle ever lost to him who daily casts himself, by prayer, upon the grace of God? No, no! But then it may be lost—it is lost—when the closet is neglected, or only resorted to in proud fulness or empty form. Always the battle is won when, with a sense of our poverty and need, we hunger and thirst after righteousness, and by prayer, draw water out of the wells of salvation. And if the battle is gained

Surely there is no want of incentive to keep our heart with all diligence.—Observer.

Voiceless Prayer.

Dr. Cutler, of St. Ann's Episcopal church, Brooklyn, and Dr. Spencer, were great friends; but neither ever let slip an opportunity to "crack a joke" at the other's expense. The two had frequent arguments upon the efficacy of prayer and the use of the prayer-book, but without ever reaching any common ground of agreement. One day Dr. Cutler saw Dr. Spencer passing his house, and hailing him, called him to admire a beautiful painting he had just purchased. It was a vivid representation of a wrecking scene, and the artist had with most fearful reality pictured all the details—the lashing of the wild waves, the breakers dashing over the unprotected deck, the torn sails flapping in the angry wind, and the clinging crew grouped with dramatic effect upon the deck of the doomed craft. With the enthusiasm of a connoisseur, and the satisfaction which the possession of a rare article always gives the owner, Dr. Cutler pointed out the beauties of the painting. "See," said he, "see the captain there—bracing himself in his stalwart manliness against the expected shock, his very attitude the embodiment of stern resolve, and courage speaking through every feature of his countenance. And see, just beyond that group of tear-stricken sailors, that kneeling figure. What expression the artist has thrown into it! Notice the look of confident faith in that upturned face, and the appealing gesture of those clasped hands. Why," he concluded warmly, turning to Dr. Spencer, "the artist has made that whole figure pray!"

Dr. Spencer advanced closer to the canvas, as if to examine the figure more critically, viewed it first on this side and then on that, and finally turned to Dr. Cutler with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and said, "Do you think so, Doctor? But where is the prayer-book?"—Interior.

Progression not Perfection.

Progression not perfection, is the attribute of all finite intelligences. Heaven will to the redeemed be a state of progression in knowledge, in holiness, in happiness also; for progression in knowledge, and holiness must ever be accompanied by increase of happiness. In its accumulating stores of knowledge, the soul will be ever rising higher towards the Supreme Intelligence. In its increase of moral excellence, the soul will be ever growing in likeness to the God of unspotted holiness. From the first, doubtless it will possess that entire accordance with the divine will which will insure the absence of all transgression; but, in the continued discovery of new points of adaptation and fresh methods of service, it will find a conscious expansion of moral being, a sensibly increased union with the divine nature. From the first it will possess that peace of God which passeth understanding, from which all intermingling sorrow shall be forever removed; but every fresh point of advance, whether intellectual or moral, will bring a keen sense of enjoyment which shall be always perceptibly adding to the store of happiness. So will heaven be found a scene of continual progress.

Talleyrand's Death-bed.

For nearly half a century the veteran diplomat acted a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. As the prime minister, or ambassador of the directory, the consulate, the empire, and the monarchy, of Louis Philippe, he negotiated the important treaties which determined the boundaries of empires and the fate of kingdoms, and formed plans which made Napoleon Emperor or an exile. Such a man's view of an eventful life of fourscore years furnishes instructive lessons to men who are wasting the energies of being on political ambition or worldly aggrandizement. Just before his death a paper was found on his table, on which he had written, by the light of the lamp, such lines as these: "Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What ill-will! What sad complications! And all without results, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past."

Contrast with this the exclamation of "Paul the aged," as he was about closing his earthly career: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." A death-bed is the triumphal chariot of the useful Christian, however humble; it is the executioner's cart of the worldly believer, however exalted.

"Thou God Seest Me."

One day the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples, and the other was watching to make certain that nobody saw them, feeling certain that they were undiscovered. But there sat Prof. Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is often with men. Because they do not see the eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the eye of God is upon them and not an action can be concealed. If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science constituted for his use, the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon their circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth which He has made the resting place of his feet?

The Newspaper.

In a recent sermon by one of the Presbyterian ministers in Cincinnati, on the secular and religious press, it was said:

We can get along without coffee for breakfast better than we can without our paper. Not only as a vehicle of news is the paper powerful; not only by the paper does Flora McFimsey do her day's shopping, and the merchant his day's buying, but especially because it does the practical thinking of a large part of the people. They are too busy or too indolent to do it for themselves, so they get a man to sit up nights, state the facts, and draw the conclusions and advocate a theory for them, do the whole up in a convenient package and slip it under the front door. In half an hour, while they sip their coffee, they

have not only learned what is going on in the world, but exactly what they ought to think and how they ought to feel about the mixed up business in this great rushing world of ours.

It is idle to say a newspaper is a very ephemeral thing, or a very unreliable thing, and that people do not believe what is in newspapers. It is ephemeral only as the leaves of the summer are ephemeral, easily trampled, but forever renewing and exerting their influence on the face of the world from generation to generation. The paper you had at your table today is easily thrown under the counter, but the power it speaks of is one you would not care to grapple. And as to not believing the papers, while there is a great deal of that kind of talk, I believe that half of the business community, affecting to patronize the press, believe in it with a surrender of faith more absolute by far than they give to the Bible. The preacher thunders on Sunday, "He that believes shall be saved," and he that believes not shall be damned; and it scarce makes a ripple in the dreadfully placid sea of the people's life. They go home and sleep soundly under the terrors of the message that has been launched over their heads. But on Monday morning a single line in the paper telling how yellow dust has run up or fallen throws every man of that placid people into a fever. A few letters of type, more forcible than so much powder, shoots him through the street as if he had been shot out of a mortar, and more quickening than so much electricity, makes him quiver through all his flesh and spirit as he rushed around a change.

God spends the day when, forgetting our littleness, our party stripes, our denominational Shibboleths, we shall comprehend the breadth of the land of our heritage, stretching from the river to the sea; when our wealth, our enterprise, our activity, as well as our faith, being pledged to God, we shall use, with all enthusiasm as un-matched as our work is glorious, every element of nature as well as every force of grace, for the progress of the truth and the redemption of man. Then, impatient of the feebleness of human breath alone, we shall use lightning and steam to the heralds of the Gospel, and count foremost among the agencies for the elevation of man, an elevated secular and an enterprising religious press, twining their banners together for a common advance upon the ignorance and the wickedness of the world.

"Now I Lay Me," etc.

There is much in the manner in which religious exercises are conducted in the family. The worship is none the less solemn because familiar. All the surroundings should therefore be in keeping with the hour when the family comes into the presence of the great God. Let father and mother sit side by side, let the children not be scattered in lounging attitudes round the room and at a distance, but placed near enough to each other to make a group, so that the unity of the worship shall appear as well as exist.

Parents are not as careful as they ought to be of these outward things in a child's religious education. The little one is taught to "say his prayer," but how? Perhaps with noise of conversation or play about him, he kneels after he has clambered on his bed, and rattles over the set words, while he gazes round the room, ready with the "Amen" to burst into a laugh with those that laugh around. It is not at all wonderful that he grows to consider the whole affair as very useless and unmeaning.

Give your child different thoughts. You are doing what the disciples asked the Lord to do, when they said, "Teach us to pray." You are teaching your child to pray, and to pray aright, is as Coleridge said, "the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth." At this hour of his childish prayer, your boy comes into communion with the Most High, and you should breathe softly, while angels listen. They see a deeper meaning in the act than you can recognize. That infant petition has in it what may touch your heart, if you will think:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I give thee Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Who can keep his soul but God? What a possibility is in that little word "if," a possibility which darts a thrill of anguish through your breast! Into what arms could his soul nestle if not Christ's, if it should go forth from that fair body to-night? Will you not, then, hush the room, and have father and children stand silently by, as with clasped hands and bowed head your child kneels reverently at your knee and solemnly lips that prayer? Perhaps your face will rest upon his head while your faithful heart joins in the petition.—Atkman's Life at Home.

The Runaway Knock.

"Teacher," said a bright, earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says 'ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted." "Did you never sit by your cheerful parlor fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a loud knocking at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out into the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the patter of feet of some mischievous boy, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but we do not really expect them; we knock, but we do not wish to enter; we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with the new light dawning in his soul. "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep knocking until he can not help opening the door."

That is our glory, to be made conformable to the image of God, and of Jesus Christ. If an image had sense, it would desire nothing so much as to look on the original whence it received its name, and to become more and more like it; so it is the pleasure of renewed souls to be looking on Him, and to be growing daily more like Him whose image they are, and to be fitting themselves for that day of glory wherein they shall be like Him in the perfection they are capable of.

When the soul is weary and tired of this world, when reason leads to no rest or comfort, then the only refuge which gives light, warmth and rest is that faith which leads us to confide in things unseen and invisible.

ERIE RAILWAY.
THE BROAD GAUGE, DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
BETWEEN THE
ATLANTIC CITIES
AND THE
WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

THIS RAILWAY EXTENDS FROM
NEW YORK TO CINCINNATI 800 miles,
NEW YORK TO CLEVELAND 625 miles,
NEW YORK TO DUNKIRK 400 miles,
NEW YORK TO BUFFALO 425 miles,
NEW YORK TO ROCHESTER 385 miles,
AND IS

22 MILES THE SHORTER ROUTE.

Four Express Trains daily leave New York from Depot foot of Chamber St. at
8.00 and 10.00 A. M., 5.30 and 7.00 P. M.
23d St. Depot.

7.45 and 9.45 A. M., 5.15 and 6.45 P. M.
running through WITHOUT CHANGE and connecting with all WESTERN AND SOUTHERN LINES.

Trains leave Cincinnati by Columbus, O., time from Depot cor. 5th and Broadway Streets at
7.00 A. M., 1.15 and 9.45 P. M.
running through by New York without change.

Leave Cleveland by Columbus, O., time from Atlantic and Great Western Depot, at
7.25 A. M., 3.25 P. M., and 10.25 P. M.

Leave Dunkirk by New York time from Union Depot, at
1.30 P. M. and 9.50 P. M.

Leave Buffalo by New York time from Depot corner Exchange and Michigan Streets, at
7.00 A. M., 2.50 P. M., 6.25 P. M., and 11.20 P. M.

Leave Rochester by New York time from Genesee Valley Depot, at
7.15 A. M. and 4.00 P. M.

22 New and Improved DRAWING ROOM COACHES are attached to the train leaving New York at 10.00 A. M. and Buffalo at 7.00 A. M., running through without change, and affording a fine opportunity for viewing the varied and beautiful scenery of this line, while enjoying the comfort and refinement of a private drawing room.

22 Magnificent Day and Night Coaches, of a style peculiar to this line are run through without change between New York and Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Cincinnati and intermediate points.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.
Fares as low and time as quick as by any other route.
ASK FOR TICKETS via ERIE RAILWAY.
Which can be procured at all principal offices throughout the country.
L. D. RUCKER, (May 24, 1870) Gen'l Pass'r & A. C. W. HARR, Gen'l Supt.

FIFTEEN PER CENT.

GUARANTEED.

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

Remember, it is in purchasing property for others, we take half the pecuniary responsibility for half the profits.

GRAHAM, PERRY & CO.,

ROOM 8, MAJOR BLOCK,
Corner LaSalle and Madison Streets,
Chicago, Illinois.

REFER BY PERMISSION.

Hon. J. Y. Seaman, Chicago; 21 National Bank, Chicago; Nash, Spaulding & Co., Boston; Harding, Grey & Dewey, Boston; 1st National Bank of Genesee, Ill.; C. Corbin & Co., bankers, New York City; E. S. Wolcott, President Hanover Insurance Co., N. Y.; 1st National Bank, Richmond, Ind.; Perry & Co., Albany, N. Y.; D. S. Brown, Utica, N. Y.; Keystone National Bank, Erie, Pa.; James Calder, Harrisburg, Pa.; C. O. Libby, Dover, N. H.

COOK'S PATENT
Giant Turbine
Water wheel.
We are prepared to furnish the above wheel of any size. We are receiving testimonials from them that are using them, recommending them above any other wheels in use. Those in want can refer to Ralston Car Co., Jackson, N. H.; Fast Tilton Excelsior Mills, N. H.; Parks and Dickey, East Haverhill, N. H.; Knapp & Bowls, A. L. & W. G. Brown, Whitefield, N. H.; Ames & Clough, Ashland, N. H.; Hersey & Emerson, Gilsum, N. H.; and J. W. French, Haverhill Mills, Ipswich, Mass. Please send for Circular.
Lake Village, June 10, 1870. B. J. COLE & Co. 6204

HAYDEN AND OTHER POEMS.

By the author of Life Below. 1 vol 16mo. Price \$1.50.
"The artistic reproduction of this sorrowful romance, the sweet, tender, purity which hallow the words that apply match the sense—all attest the instinct of the true poet and the skill of the natural writer."—Chicago Post.

"Thoughtful and poetic, some of the minor poems being especially charming."—Boston Post.
A pure, elevated Christian enthusiasm imbues every production that we have seen of this young poet, not the mere sentiment of Christianity, but also a manner the graces of the Poet with the subtleties of the Philosopher."—Jewish Messenger.

HURD & HOUGHTON, Publishers, New York.

H. O. Houghton & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

2127

1840 1870

After thirty years' trial, the "PAIN KILLER" may justly be styled the great medicine of the world, for there is no region of the globe into which it has not found its way, and none where it has not been largely used and highly prized. Moreover, there is no one to whom it has not proved itself to be well adapted for the cure of a considerable variety of diseases; it is a speedy and safe remedy for burns, scalds, bruises, wounds and various other injuries, as well as for dysentery, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints generally. It is admirably suited for every race of men on the face of the globe.

It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.

TURNER & CO., Proprietors, 150 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

6019

I will send the receipt by which I was cured of Catarrh and Deafness, free of charge, to any person who will send me a card, addressed to Mrs. M. Leggett, Hoboken, N. J.

6120

INDIAN CURE

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS

6121

6122

6123

6124

6125

6126

6127

6128

6129

6130

6131

6132

6133

6134

6135

6136

6137

6138

6139

6140

6141

6142

6143

6144

6145

6146

6147

6148

6149

6150

BUCHANAN'S
CARBOLIC SOAPS.

Carbolic Disinfecting Soap

Will positively destroy all insect life on cattle and care Mange, Scatches, and Sor. s of all kinds.
Boxes of 10 lbs., \$1; boxes of 3 dozen tablets, \$3.50.

FOOT ROT.

For this disease now so prevalent, a cheap and reliable remedy is offered in the CRESYLIC OINTMENT. Not a single instance of its failure has been reported.
1 lb. cans, 50 c.; 3 lb. cans, \$1; 5 lb. cans, \$1.25.

CRESYLIC SHEEP DIP.

This preparation is far superior to tobacco, not so disagreeable, much less trouble, and more permanent; cures SCAB, destroys Lice, Gids, Ticks, &c.
5 lb. cans, \$1.25; 10 lb. cans, \$2.25; 50 lb. kegs, \$10; 100 lb. barrels, \$25.
One barrel will dip about 2,000 sheep.

Granulated Carbolic Powder.

For Poultry Houses, Stables, &c. In boxes of 5 lbs., \$1; 10 lbs., \$1.75; 20 lbs., \$3.75; 50 lbs., \$8.00.
BOWMAN & BLEWETT, Sole Agents,
52 Barclay St., New York.

FREE BAPTIST BOOK STORE

IN BOSTON.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES

And Religious Publications.

The most Complete Assortment and Lowest Prices.

D. LOTHROP & CO.

1720 38 & 40 Cornhill.

1721

1722

1723

1724

1725

1726

1727

1728

1729

1730

1731

1732

1733

1734

1735

1736

1737

1738

1739

1740

1741

1742

1743

1744

1745

1746

1747

1748

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1870.

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

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

The New Creation.

The work of grace exceeds creation. It renews sinful natures; changes vile, selfish hearts into holy ones. This Christ effects not by mere force, by recreating power alone. "He works in us," and induces us to "work out;" he helps, and begets aspirations in us for a higher life, and induces us to struggle to overcome. He first seeks us, and induces us to seek him; he offers us the full measure of his grace and strength, on condition that we use our own strength, earnestly, persistently. "He gives us the victory," if "we so run that we may attain."

So this great change is not effected in an hour, nor a day, nor a year. It is not completed in regeneration, nor in what some call "the second blessing," nor in the third, nor in the fourth blessing. The new birth is the beginning; the new life is a blessed reality, a pure spiritual love implanted, but it is an infant life. The soul receives all of Christ which it can, its spiritual capacity is small, and must be increased by degrees. We are not born full-grown men, in the spiritual any more than in the physical kingdom. Scripture and experience verify this. Conversion is a precious event, but it is a shame to always be "babes in Christ." We are urged, commanded, to "go on unto perfection," to rest not "till Christ be formed in us the hope of glory," and we are "filled with all the fullness of God."

How may we reach this consummation? Are the teachings of those who write and preach about the "higher life," and "the second blessing," according to truth? There is truth in them, but they mislead. They impart the idea that this high experience is to be reached by one mighty struggle of soul, one rich baptism of the Spirit. It is true that great hungerings of soul are followed by great feasts, that there are periods when light and love rush into the heart like a flood, and large growth comes in a short time. But these precious visitations are not limited to one or two, but are repeated again and again. But it is hurtful to fix the heart upon such experiences, and seek them as the chief method of spiritual progress.

The student who dreads the toil and wearisomeness of the long climb up the hill of scholarship, would be delighted with a process that would lift him to the summit at once. If he deemed such a thing possible, he would close his grammar, and diligently seek the patent elevation. Why should he wear the daily yoke of drudgery, if wings can be found to raise him to the coveted eminence? There are many Christians who are eager to find some means of escape from daily conflict with the flesh; they are weary of perpetual watching and striving, and long for perfect freedom, perfect love, a completed work of Christian excellence, just to escape the hard toil of daily warfare. They are willing to make prodigious effort, to pray with persistent fervor, experience a tremendous travail of soul, if they can but win a final victory, crush the enemy and end the war. With such a feeling, they are in hot pursuit of the "second blessing," and will give themselves no rest till they have attained it. When such fancy that they have won the victory and received the blessing, they, of course, settle down at once into a complacent, comfortable, contented state, relieved from the unwelcome watchings, strugglings, fightings, which pertain to "enduring hardness as good soldiers." They feel safe, at rest, and are happy, but they are really in great danger, and know it not.

Our discipleship, our scholar life, will never cease in this world. We "grow up into Christ," by the discharge of daily tasks and the appropriation of daily grace. It is a great thing to incorporate the wealth of Jesus' heart into our own experience, have him "formed within," and if life was ten fold longer, we should need to study, toil, aspire, hunger through it all, and should be able to rise higher and higher, take in more and more of this divine life and love, have his image more and more complete in us even unto the end. This spiritual mount is very high and glorious, and long climbing leaves us far from the summit. But as we climb, we "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord," gradually, constantly, and also by special exaltations. There are periods of great refreshing, all along the ascent, not the "second blessing" merely, but the third and fourth; many times the Spirit will breathe a great love and a great peace into the soul, as we "follow on to know the Lord," "perfecting holiness" by a life of entire consecration. In all this course, we feel, and confess, with Paul, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," "but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind," not always singing,

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

Not looking back and regarding the past as the perfection of love, "but reaching forth to those things which are before." The ripest Christian appreciates Christ only in part. The more we learn of him, the higher our appreciation of him, the more his life, his thoughts, aspirations and feelings become ours, the better prepared we are to go higher, to have deeper views opened to us; and such rich lessons and experiences will be given just as rapidly as

we are prepared to receive them. Jesus gladly opens his heart, and imparts his life to all who can receive him, and grieves that his disciples make so little progress, and receive him so slowly.

Spiritual Intercourse.

We tread on the verge of eternity, but can not penetrate the veil. Our dear ones leave us, and not a word, nor a look, nor any sign of recognition, can come back to our desolate hearts. We long to see them, hear their voices, catch some tangible evidence of their presence, but there is no response. Thousands stand on the banks of "the river," and with unutterable yearnings, wish for a visit from the departed. They would pay any price, endure any hardship, for one hour of real, personal communion.

Imagination, superstition and delusion have attempted a response to these heart yearnings. Such hunger of soul welcomes any relief; clings to shadows, trusts to phantoms, rather than have nothing to trust. What crushed, mourning heart has not reached out into the dark, if haply it might grasp some comfort, and find some assurance that the lost ones are near. Spiritualism offered to satisfy this great longing, but failed. Was it Satan's mockery? Did he invent those wonders to insult and aggravate our grief? Those who hoped to be comforted, found lies only. The most plausible identification of friends proved to be fraud and delusion. Even the devotees of spiritualism confess that no dependence can be placed upon the statements of the pretended spirits. They lie worse than men in the flesh; lie without any apparent motive; lie from the love of it; and no satisfaction can be gained from their utterances.

But do not the departed visit us? Why does not the Bible give us light here? Perhaps they do sometimes return to cheer those who are left behind. Moses and Elias talked with Christ; and the old prophets paid visits to John on the "Isle of Patmos;" but the records rather imply that these cases are exceptions. We are warned not to seek unto "familiar spirits," as if there was danger in that indulgence; and demon worship, i.e., the worship of the spirits of dead men, is emphatically condemned.

Though nothing is said in the Bible of the visits of our departed friends, the visitation of angels is made prominent. They are "ministering spirits," serving all the saints. Why is this, and no such works of love ascribed to the spirits of men? If our friends do come back to us, it might do us injury to know it; we might be tempted to pay them undue homage; cherish ideas of them too high, and too low, and human, and make them hindrances to a higher and better trust in God.

Why should we desire their return to us? Can we not trust them in the bright world? Would we turn their thoughts from things above, to us and our transient conflicts? Would we cherish their presence, and seek their help and consolations, rather than those of Jesus? Do we really need these visits as much as we suppose? We should not forget that, while the scriptures are so silent on visits from human spirits, they are full and explicit on a higher and better visitation. The Holy Spirit is promised to be with us always, to strengthen, instruct and console. Is not this infinitely better than anything our dear ones can do for us? Is it well for us to mourn, and hunger, and long, and distress ourselves, about the ministry of a dear parent, or child, when Jesus is always near? Human love and grief often fill the soul and exclude Christ. We think so much about our dear lost ones, that we forget that Jesus is father, mother, brother, sister, to us, that he brings to us more, much more than the richest, sweetest comfort which can come from any and all of these relations.

Jesus said, "I must go away," so must all fleshly ties be severed. Parents, children must go away; but the promise, "I will send another comforter," should not be forgotten. We should not seek or be content with human comforts, when we are freely offered the divine. The Spirit is better for us than all other helps. He is our teacher, our light and life, and in him and through him and by him we hold converse with the spirit world. Can converse be better, sweeter, safer than this? Can we learn of immortality, heaven and glory from a better teacher? Can we accuse God of parsimony in revelations of the spirit world, since he reveals himself and welcomes us to close communion with him? We do not always appreciate our privileges; we mourn as if heaven was far away, and all intercourse forbidden. Can we not trust our friends with God? Can we not be satisfied with revelations of glory by the Holy Ghost? Is not the Spirit more to us than angels or glorified spirits? Let us wait, trust and hope.

Papal Fruits.

For more than a thousand years the Papacy has had full sway in Spain. It has been a charming field for operation. The climate, soil, and natural character of the people, offered splendid material on which to work. The situation is central, the natural advantages superb, and they have had full control. In other nations, religious, social or political hindrances have existed and modified their work, but here no such obstacle stood in their way. And they have made the nation what it is. Spaniards are the legitimate offspring of the papal spirit; their methods of thought and life are molded, constructed and inspired by her essential character. Whatever is good or bad in them they owe to their mother, the church of Rome.

This church assumes infallibility, claims to be the only true church, and ought to bear good fruit. If she does not, her assumptions are false. By her fruits we shall know her. Spain, more than Italy, France, or Austria, is the fruit of her labor. What is her character? Is it good or evil? Does it prove her to be a true or false church? a good or bad tree? The case is perfectly clear. Her people are far behind any other nation of Europe in civilization, intelligence and morality; they have been retrograding for centuries, instead of advancing; their material resources are not developed; their children are not educated; brigandage and robbery mock the threats of law, and flourish under the shadow of her city walls; life and property are at the mercy of the riotous and lawless. Spain is hardly a civilized nation. She has some able and honorable men, but lack of general integrity has destroyed confidence, crippled enterprise, retired capital, jeopardized liberty, and paralyzed all departments of national life. While other nations have been rising higher in all that makes up honorable nationality, Spain has been sinking lower and lower.

Papacy is responsible for these results. No other people were ever so absolutely made and molded by any religion, as this nation has been by this. This fact ought to be held up to the view of every Catholic and every Protestant. The world ought to know just what this false religion does for a people. It is a curse in all cases, and the more distinct and exclusive its opportunity, the more fatal is its influence. It is an enemy to God and humanity; opposed to all that improves and elevates our race, and fosters all that perpetuates ignorance, and insures degradation. The action of Papacy is ignorance and bondage; the reaction is infidelity and anarchy; the only cure is pure Christianity, as it comes from the Master.

The Spanish Throne.

The difficulties that have beset the attempts to find an occupant for the Spanish Throne seem to increase in their very solution. The course of General Prim, in offering the crown to a Prussian Prince, Leopold of Hohenzollern, has aroused France to a high pitch of excitement. The Emperor protests; the Corps Legislatif becomes too excited over the affair to proceed with business; and the Imperialist newspapers cry loudly for war. Why France is so agitated at this attempted settlement of Spanish difficulties, it is easy to see. The humiliation at Sadova still rests like a shadow on the memory of Napoleon, and French diplomats still remember the defeat that they sustained there. To allow a friend of the North German government, a protégé of Bismarck, to sit now upon the throne on which once sat Charles V., would be to extend the victory at Sadova over a still greater territory, and consequently increase the humiliation of the proud-spirited Frenchmen. Consequently, France demands of Prussia not to allow Leopold to accept Prim's offer. Leopold accepts, however, and the Spanish Cortes sustains the action of Prim by a large majority. France talks war, recalls her ambassador from the Prussian Court, and threatens serious measures.

Whether there is to be another bloody conflict which shall go into history as the Second War of the Spanish Succession, can not now be determined. A war between France and Prussia would not be confined to those two powers: It would involve the whole of Europe, and would cost an untold amount of life and treasure. But we do not consider such a war as imminent and unavoidable. It may be a mere *coup d'état* of Prim, and result quite differently from what the outside world has generally planned. At any rate, he could adopt no better course to show the utter impracticability of peacefully giving Spain a king, and it may be his thought that the Spaniards will seek to avoid serious complications by accepting as a ruler the Prince of Asturias, son of the dethroned Isabella. In that case, the authority of the King would be merely nominal, of course, and Prim would get his coveted position of the real power at the throne. Probably we shall not be kept in uncertainty many days, but shall witness a settlement of the flurry that will be neither startling nor serious.

The Golden Mean.

It is a feat of skill to find and keep it. Every generation has suffered from extremes. Ours is no exception. Thousands are sure to be in one ditch or the other. They are so conscientious as to be cruel, or so lax as to excuse all vice; so orthodox as to be intolerant, or so indifferent as to allow truth to sink to oblivion, and error to flood the land without a protest. They go into ecstasies over the glories and virtues of the age, or denounce it as the vilest and wickedest the world ever saw. It is more common for youth to overdo cursing than excusing; they gain large complacency, when they berate all politicians, all sects and classes, all Christians, all customs, all methods of labor and popular ideas of life. They feel peculiarly virtuous, when they have punctured and revealed the falseness of others. They love to make strong cases, that the Papists are just ready to possess and ruin, and that public virtue will suddenly swallow us up; that true religion has about all departed from the church; that all the great men in church and state are dead, and pigmies only remain. Simple faith in Christ, and enthusiastic devotion to his cause, will prevent these morbid extremes, harmonize thought and feeling, and make us good Christian citizens, workers for human weal, wide awake to evils, stern and kind to oppose and reform, and generous and appreciative toward all the good and true.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Current Topics.

—LOOKING BACK. The story of Lot's wife is one that still needs to be read. Looking back has not ceased to be a tribulation, a folly, a sin and a peril. Even young men are not free from the liability. The recent national convention of Christian Associations at Indianapolis was most unfortunately mastered by this tendency. The subject of extending the benefits of the organization to the colored population of the country was presented in a very simple and modest resolution, and it was like dropping a firebrand among dry stubble. The convention was at once in an uproar, and by means of parliamentary tactics a square vote was prevented, the resolution was pushed aside by the colorphobists, the proceedings were then expunged from the records, and the representatives of the press were foolishly and timidly asked to omit all reference to the most excited debate of the session. All that was sad, weak, humiliating and pitiable. To attempt a revival, in the name of religion, of the prejudice and exclusiveness that have been put under ban by the sense of common justice and the authority of civil law, is not exactly the work that belongs to what is claimed as the vital, working and practical element of the Christian church. We trust that another year is to witness such a prompt undoing of this wrong as shall show the spirit of repentance and redeem a sadly tarnished reputation.

—PANEGYRIC IN SUPERLATIVES. *Zion's Herald* is expected to glorify Methodism often and freely. It would not be itself if it failed to do this. Its general self-complacency over whatever is really Methodist is thoroughly chronic, and by no means wanting in quiet and wholesome merriment to outside readers. But once in a while its extravagance in this direction sets one smiling audibly by the prominence of its comic side, and wondering a little at the *sans froid* of its boasting and the nature of its illustrations. The latest development of this sort appears in connection with its report of the proceedings of the Hamilton Camp Meeting, called especially to promote that perfect love and holiness of which humility is a prime characteristic. Here are a few choice morsels:

Seldom are such sparks of genius struck out as at a camp-meeting love-feast, or experience meeting. Gents that Shakespeare would have picked up, and put in his best passages, often fall from these half inspired lips. What an answer to all the pomposity of rationalism and free religion was a word dropped from unknown lips at Hamilton! "What do I know of myself? I cannot see my own eye." Bacon never beat that. Clarke and Frothingham will do well to ponder its full significance.

Rev. B. Pomeroy's sermon and speeches were full of brilliant points, that should make Holmes and Lowell look out for their laurels. "Eloquence," said Emerson, "is dog cheap at the anti-slavery meetings." It is far cheaper at camp-meetings. It is without price. Nowhere do wit, pathos, sublimity and sarcasm find such oratoric seats as in a camp-meeting assembly. The wisest of the clubs are dull to its two-edged thrusts. The sweep of the former is narrow to its mighty range.

Who would venture to criticize camp-meeting utterances after being solemnly assured that Bacon and Shakespeare in their best hours and choicest speech fell below the random utterances of the unknown men and women whom the Love Feast attracts and inspires? What a world of expressional wealth the world has lost for lack of reporters! The phonographers should be rallied at once.

—AN EXPLANATION NEEDED. We have received a lengthy and strong *ex parte* statement respecting the efforts of the Baptist Home Missionary Society to absorb the interest and funds of an institution chartered and aided by the government at Washington, for the special benefit of colored preachers, and at the head of which Rev. Dr. Turney has been standing for some years. The statement at hand bears very severely upon the Missionary Society, suggesting that the members of this last organization have alike disregarded legal right and moral honor. It is due to themselves and the public that the managers of the Society in question openly, frankly and promptly explain their procedure, and so supply a full statement of the case.

—CONGREGATIONALISTS. We delight to honor this people. They have an awkward name, but are rich in Christian graces. Take them all in all, we regard their Christian development as equal to that of any other denomination. They are precise in doctrine, but not fastidious and illiberal; devoted to their own sect, but generous and kind towards others; they give freely to their own enterprises, but are by no means confined to them in their benefactions; they are quiet and sometimes seemingly formal in their devotions, yet a real warmth and conscientious earnestness pervade them, in the family and the church; they are noted for the careful instruction of their children, and a deep interest in public schools, colleges, and all measures of reform. They hold a high and honorable place among the civilizing, elevating, saving forces in our country, and are doing a great work for the world. They are not above criticism; their women are not allowed to speak or pray or vote in their churches; they don't become Baptists as fast as we would like to have them; but we love and honor them for their many virtues, and pray that they may abound in these graces more and more.

—THAT BOOK ON FREE COMMUNION. The printer is rapidly pushing the unique work of Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, on this subject, through the press. It will be out in a few weeks. It is a book to be read. Brother Smith is a bundle of originalities, and his book is just like him. He has skillfully woven into his web argument, allegory, sober prose and word pictures, narration and

drama, gravity and wit, pathos and appeal, and made sharp points at every step against sectarian communion, and in favor of what he quaintly calls, "Close Communion with Christ and his disciples." Whoever reads will be profited, unless blinded by a very thick veil of sectarianism. We hope our brethren of the *Examiner & Chronicle* will take an early opportunity to read it, and settle their minds as to the true position of the "genial pastor of Sec. Avenue Baptist church," on the Communion question.

—WOMEN AS DELEGATES. Several Congregational Associations have been troubled, recently, by having female members sent up to represent the churches. They have all been rejected, of course. So long as they are not allowed to speak or vote in the churches, it would be very inconsistent to admit them to the Associations. Free Baptists have always enjoyed the testimony of the sisters, in their prayer and Conference meetings, and the benefit of their counsels and votes in business meetings, and have frequently sent them as delegates to Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, where they are always welcome; and we can bear witness that it is not only safe but profitable to allow them the same privileges and liberties which we accord to men. We held that "in Christ Jesus, there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female;" and we hope that our Congregational and Presbyterian brethren may soon attain to the same liberty.

—CREDIT WHERE IT BELONGS. The beautiful little poem, entitled "The Golden Ladder," which we lately published and credited to the *Evangelist* was written expressly for *The Little Sower* where it first appeared. We were misled by an exchange, and are glad to give proper credit to one of our best little juvenile publications.

Denominational News and Notes.

A Statement and an Appeal.

The convention to consider the condition of the M. C. Institute met according to call in Lewiston, June 28th, 1870. A. M. Jones, Esq., was chosen Chairman, and Rev. C. H. Smith, Secretary.

Rev. N. F. Weymouth made a statement of the financial condition of the Institute, showing that \$15,000 would be needed by the middle of Dec. next, to meet the demands against the Institution, and that \$600 must be raised at once to pay interest now due.

On motion of Rev. G. W. Bean the whole subject was referred to a committee of five, to report at an adjourned meeting what measures shall be adopted to meet the pressing demands of the Institution. The committee consisted of Revs. Burgess, Weymouth, Bean, Penny and J. W. Perkins, Esq.

At an adjourned meeting, the committee reported the following resolutions and recommendations:

Resolved, 1. That we recognize the Maine Central Institute as under our own special care, and that we pledge to the Trustees our fraternal co-operation in the work of freeing it from its embarrassments and giving it the facilities for doing the work of a first class Seminary.

2. That in view of the great work we have for this school to do; in view of the high promise we see in its past career, we give our ready assent to the conclusion, that if we would show ourselves to be the men for the place and the hour, we must not turn away from the friends of this school, in this, their time of need; but join them in a prompt and generous effort that shall win a speedy success.

We recommend:

1. That the Trustees of the Institution place an active agent in each Y. M. of the state, immediately, if possible.
2. That an effort be made here and now to secure the \$600, needed to meet pressing wants.

Dear Brethren of the F. W. Baptist churches of Maine, will you respond when the agents of this Institution shall give you a call; and respond nobly and promptly? This Institution is yours, and you can not afford to lose it. You must provide for its continued existence. The funds must be raised immediately, or it must go into other hands. This I trust you will not allow. Then let us take hold together, and free it from embarrassment and secure its future prosperity.

C. H. SMITH, *Ag't. M. C. Institute.*

Maine Central Institute.

"Better lose twenty of your best churches than Hillsdale College should fail."

So said one of the workers for Hillsdale in the early days of that institution. The occasion was a New England Yearly Meeting. Some of the brethren were disposed to disregard the plea on the ground that "other interests" forbade any special aid for the College. But "No!" said the brave hearted man; "I shall not be put by; my cause is God's cause; this College in the west, if you challenge a comparison, is of more consequence than twenty of your churches; and if there is to be any going down, it must be the churches and not the College."

But by the direction and to the praise of a good providence, there was no sacrifice of College or churches.

In the midst of other cares I snatch my pen to say that the Maine Central Institute must be saved. The denomination can better lose more than one church than the Institute. The success or failure of the Institute is the rising or falling of many a church in Eastern Maine, and in no small degree, the rising or falling of Bates College and our Theological School. A Convention was held in Lewiston, Commencement week, to take measures for saving the Institute. I was present in the Convention but once, and then but a few moments;

so I am not informed as to any particular plans. But I understand that a vigorous campaign was organized; that men are to enter the field as agents whose names mean work; and, bringing, as I trust they will bring, the cause of the Institute to the consciences of the noble men and women composing our churches, I pray they will give them no rest until the embarrassments are lifted.

The fair honor of our people in Maine is not to be stained, and the denomination disgraced on the small sum of twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars. It is said that the buildings are "too large and expensive." The same was said of the dear old Maine State Seminary at the time of its crisis thirteen years ago. But who thinks so now? What a blunder if they had not been what they are to-day!

All I have to say is;—let any man go to Pittsfield; let him look upon the magnificent structures; let him cast his mind's eye over the vast territory of which the Institution is the center; let him know of its plans and prospects; and he will say that one-half of its glory was never told him; and if he has ever complained, asking to be forgiven, he will never complain again.

There seems to be some power at work that subjects us as a people to a severe discipline in the founding of all our institutions of learning. There is hardly an exception. Well, this may all be for the best, a wise providence so ruling. One thing is marked among us. We love our schools. There is a live enthusiasm awakened at their Anniversaries, and may not the cause of this be that we have suffered with and for them? We love and prize what costs us something. Dear brother in the ministry, do you desire a good revival among your people? I know you do. Then lend a hand to help the Institute; do it just now, and God will bless you. We are to bear one another's burdens; so we fulfill the law of Christ. Our brethren in Eastern Maine are, bearing burdens that are rarely borne; and we will put under our shoulders. Yes, we will, say we all.

I write on my own responsibility. I have no authority to write; my love for the cause is my only apology. O. B. C.

Wisconsin: Y. M.

The 25th session was held at Evansville, June 17-19th. Rev. A. Coombs conducted the opening devotional exercises, and, by request of Conference, the usual opening sermon was preached by Rev. H. J. Brown of Waupun. A permanent organization was affected by the election of the following officers:

Moderator, Rev. A. H. Huling;
1st. Assistant, " S. F. Smith;
2d. " " R. Cooley;
1st. Clerk, " J. M. True;
2d. " " Rev. J. R. Pope.

The reports from the several Q. M.'s were unusually interesting and encouraging. Several powerful revivals have been enjoyed, and nearly all report an increase of membership and a deeper spirit of consecration pervading the churches.

Bro. J. Miller and A. Felch were chosen members of the Board of Trustees, for a term of three years each, and Bro. J. W. Parker, for one year.

The special Committee, appointed at the last session, to confer with the stockholders of Evansville Seminary, with reference to its transfer to the Y. M., reported the complete success of the negotiation, and their action was ratified by a unanimous vote. Subsequently, in accordance with the amended charter, the following named brethren were nominated as members of the Board of Trustees of said Seminary:—A. Munger, C. J. Mitchell, W. H. Hatfield, E. W. Stearns and Reuben Wine-ton.

The following is a summary of the resolutions presented by the several Standing Committees:—

EDUCATION.

Whereas, The establishment and maintenance of Literary and Theological Schools in our midst are an essential necessity for the education of our people, and especially for the preparation of young men for the Christian ministry, therefore,

Resolved, That the location of the Western branch of our Biblical School at Hillsdale, Mich., is greeted with joy, as meeting a necessity of the West, and also as expressive of a proper appreciation of the rapidly growing demands of this section of our denomination.

Resolved, That we will thank God and take courage, for His care and blessing on the Rochester Institute and the Evansville Seminary, manifest in the revivals of religion enjoyed in their midst, and the continued favor He has given them in the health of the people where they are located.

Resolved, That we are highly pleased with the effort made by the Honey Creek Q. M., at its last session, to liquidate the debt of the Rochester Institute, and we would encourage the churches of that Q. M. to press that work nobly, until all embarrassments of that nature be fully removed, and the future permanency of that Institution be put beyond a peradventure.

Resolved, That the generous, prompt and noble action of the people of Evansville, in raising \$7000 for the material work of Evansville Seminary, and over \$1,000 for its endowment, has our highest praise, and should prompt this Y. M. to make quick work to complete the endowment of \$10,000, as specified in the contract of transfer.

Resolved, That we highly esteem the work of Rev. A. H. Huling and others, who have so successfully conquered the difficulties which so unexpectedly sprung up in their path, and recommend that Bro. Huling be appointed a General Agent for raising the \$10,000 endowment fund.

Resolved, That we recommend our Institutions of learning to the hearts, prayers and purses of the brethren and sisters of this Y. M., and especially request that they take an active interest in securing all possible patronage to them.

Resolved, That, looking upon our Common Schools as of vital importance to the best interests of our country, we indignantly

St. Lawrence Yearly Meeting held late session with the Free Baptist church at Harrisburg, Lewis Co., N. Y. On account of the distance from the railroad the delegation was not large, yet a goodly number of brethren and Sisters were together. The ministers present, all but two, the writer and Rev. R. Parker, were new to this part of the great field.

close in the fall; and the Post Office address is
the school and the name of the pastor of the
church. A. DEERING.

Richmond, Me.

S. S. Library.

We have at Farmington a library of some 2
volumes that we would like to exchange with
some school. Any one wishing to exchange
please write to C. R. Bumpus, Farmington, Me.
A. DEERING.

For BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTIVE
AND THROAT DISEASES, they have a soothing effect.
SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS use them
clear and strengthen the voice.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the
Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are
offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure
OBTAIN the true

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. 6m4

"BUY ME AND I'LL DO YOU GOOD." The best medicine in the world is DR. LANGLEY'S KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE. It is the only medicine recommended for all Bilious Diseases, Humors of the Blood and Skin, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, and all diseases arising from Disordered Stomach, Liver, or Impure Blood. They cleanse the system, purify and new create the blood, restore the appetite, build up and strengthen the whole body. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston. Sold by all druggists. 4ms

An air-line from St. Paul to St. Louis and
Chicago. These lands covered over \$8,500,000. Total
amount of mortgage \$4,000,000.

PRICE, 90 AND ACCRUED INTEREST.

The coupons are payable in January and July.
Famphlet, with full particulars and map can be
obtained at the office of

WHITE, MORRIS & CO.,
BANKERS AND FINANCIAL AGENTS
OF THE COMPANY, NO. 29 WALL ST.

tf25

WANTING AGENTS—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is licensed, makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch" and is warranted for 5 years. Price \$15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for \$15 or less are infringements. Address: OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Boston, Mass.

1124

Poetry.

I Wonder..

I wonder and wonder at even,
As the twilight fades away,
If children have birthdays in heaven,
Or if they are young always;
And whether the angels name them,
Knowing the name we knew,
And if the mothers may claim them,
When there's no more work to do.

I wonder, and still I wonder,
Since my pretty flower was sown,
Deep down the daisies under,
That to give it room were mown,
If every hour she's growing
Away, away from me,
While the river of life is flowing
Into the hidden sea.

I think of my darling ever,
With her pretty baby face—
The shadowy forever,
Will she wear her infant grace?
And when I long to hold her,
I long for the little form,
I can't think her older
Than the day she first was gone.

And I wonder will the morning
That dawns beyond the sea,
With the glory of its dawning,
Give my little one to me?
Yet while I wonder, weeping,
On the hidden yet to be,
I trust the Christ is keeping
My little one for me.

The Little Culprit.

From the school-house old and gray,
Under branches pink with May,
Clatter, patter, all together,
Little feet have hurried out,
Echoing with their noise and rout,
Through the brooding spring-time weather
Poised uncertainly between
April cloud and summer sheen,
Half enamored of delay.

Only one poor little drone,
Silent, sullen, stays alone,
With his book unheeded lying
Near the useless, broken slate,
In a storm of rage and hate
Flung at random on the floor;
Proud, rebellious, obstinate,
For a weary while before
He has waited, vainly trying
To repress the tears that rise
In the angry baby eyes.

Well enough it is to play
All the golden hours away;
Well enough, unlucky scrover
Of the schoolroom's common law,
Idle curve and line to draw,
While the classes read and spell;
But when work is fairly done,
To be left the only one,
In a dark and dusty corner,
Surely is not quite as well!

Naught for note of time has he,
Save a neighboring apple tree,
That a lengthened shadow swings,
Nearer, clearer, through the hour,
Trajectory of leaf and flower
Marks upon the wall so plain,
Almost seems it he can see
On the bough the eager bee
To the shaken blossom clinging,
Mid the breezy petal-rain.

Oh, you naughty little elf,
Punishing your silly self,
While the sun is well nigh setting!
Do you fancy Bob will wait
All the evening by the gate,
With his boat upon the shelf?
Let the ready tears have way!
Seek forgiveness while you may;
Lest you find yourself regretting
A repentance come too late.

The Family Circle.

Evenings With the Children.

BY V. O. RAMSEY.

SECOND EVENING.

Henry and Laura studied hard in order to get through their lessons early, and when they were completed, they begged of their mother that they might continue their travels.

"Very well," she replied, quite pleased to find them interested; "we have made some observations in the vegetable kingdom, and now we will turn our attention to the animals, which you will find as strange and unfamiliar as the trees and flowers. We suppose ourselves traveling on the railroad, and, looking from the windows, we may see a sluggish stream creeping along in the dark shade of the great trees, or spreading itself out over the sands or muddy marshes. The green, slimy current is very different from our sparkling, dancing streams, and the animals which inhabit it are such as you have never seen. There are alligators twenty feet long, lazily floating about in the water. They are frightful monsters, and you will not wish to bathe in the streams where they are found."

"Alligators are plenty in the Southern States," Henry said. "I have heard the soldiers who were in Texas and Mississippi during the war talk about them."

"Yes, they abound in all the southern streams and lakes; and are very dangerous to men and animals. Sometimes they assemble in large numbers in the evening, and make a frightful bellowing noise, which may be heard for a mile. When the alligator is about to lay her eggs, she digs a hole in the sand and deposits them, to the number of fifty or sixty, in layers, separated by leaves or dry grass. She watches about the spot till the heat of the sun warms them into life, and the little reptiles come forth; and then she leads them about and protects them as well as she can for several months. Fortunately they have so many enemies that very few of them live to grow large. At the approach of the cool season these creatures bury themselves in the mud, and sink into a sleep so profound that nothing will arouse them."

"But this is not the only strange animal in these waters. The Manati, or *vaca marina*, so common in the Amazon and its tributaries, is found here. This is said to be the largest fish inhabiting fresh water. It

is sometimes seventeen feet long and weighs as many hundred pounds. It is covered with a hard, black skin without scales. Some travelers have imagined that the upper part of the animal has a grotesque resemblance to a human being, and call it the human fish. Instead of the fins of an ordinary fish it has short arms, terminating in a sort of hand, with which it handles its young with great dexterity."

"What a strange fish!" said Henry. "I wish I could see one."

"It is indeed a strange fish, for the flesh resembles pork, only it has a strong fishy flavor. The Indians of South America make great use of it for food."

"These swamps are alive with lizards and snakes. If you are not careful you may step on a venomous cotton moth or be caught in the coils of the dreadful emperor boa."

"I have heard of the boa constrictor," said Laura, "but not of the emperor boa. Pray tell us about it, mamma."

"Boa constrictor is the general name of an order embracing many species of huge serpents found in the hot regions of the earth. The name constrictor is applied to them because they destroy their prey by crushing it. They lay in ambush in trees, grasping the trunk or branches with their tails, and when an animal approaches within reach of one of them, he darts upon it, and winding himself about it, crushes it in his terrible coils. A large boa will seize a deer in this way, and when he has broken all the bones, crushing the whole animal into a shapeless mass, he opens his monstrous jaws, and draws the head into his mouth, distending his neck till it seems ready to burst, he sucks the whole body down. He then quietly seeks his den, which is generally in the clefts of a rock, or under the roots of a large tree, and coiling himself up, he sometimes lies torpid for a month. When he has digested that meal, he sallies forth to seek another. The emperor boa is the species found in Mexico and Central America. They are beautifully tinted, and gleam in the sun like a coil of splendid jewels."

"How large are they, mamma,—how long," Laura enquired.

"One twenty-five or thirty feet long is considered large; but if we may credit the ancient historians, Diodorus Siculus and Suetonius, serpents of this order were found in their days, fifty and seventy-five feet long."

"What awful monsters!" cried Laura. "I am glad they do not grow so large now."

"I wish they did," said Henry, "and I could see one,—but girls are always so timid."

"Don't boast of your courage till it is tried," replied his sister. "I do not think you would wish to meet even a modern boa in the woods alone."

"We should rather see these monsters in a cage, than to encounter them in their native haunts," said the mother, smiling, "but they are not the animals most dreaded by those who explore the forests of this country."

"I am sure there is nothing of which I should be more afraid than of those awful snakes," said Laura, with a shudder.

"The jaguar is more dangerous. Among the beasts of prey which inhabit the earth, perhaps no one is more formidable. This animal resembles the African leopard, which he excels in beauty, strength and ferocity." He generally lies concealed in the dense forest during the day, and at night he goes forth in search of food. He knows where the antelopes and mustangs resort for water, and he will climb into a tree, and, concealed by the thick branches, wait till one comes within his reach. Then his eyes glare, and his powerful limbs quiver with excitement, and with a tremendous leap, he pounces on his victim, fastening his terrible teeth in his neck, while his claws are struck deep into his back and sides. The poor creature makes violent efforts to shake off his enemy; but the jaguar with fierce growls begins to devour him while yet alive."

"I think that is just as bad as being crushed by a boa," said Henry.

"The carcajou, or wolverine, another fierce and dangerous animal, is found here; and there are a great many others of which I will not tell you now. You will learn about them when you study natural history."

"Please, mamma, let us hear something about the birds," Laura said. "I am sure they will not frighten us like the snakes and jaguars."

"The birds of this region are numerous and beautiful. Parrots of gay plumage flutter amid the dense foliage, and chatter and scream to the sloths and peccaries. The mocking bird is as common as the robin in the north. His plumage is plain, but he has the most wonderful power of song. His natural notes are bold and spirited, and he has the faculty of imitating with deceptive fidelity, every sound he hears. He screams like the eagle, chatters like the parrot, barks like the dog, and repeats the exquisite notes of the nightingale and thrush with such superior execution, that the vanquished songsters are silent from mortification. He often deceives the hunter and sends him in search of birds which perhaps are not within miles of him. The resplendent trogon is found in the dense forests, and the scarlet ibis on the borders of the rivers and lakes. This region, as well as Mexico and South America, is the natural home of the humming birds. They love the land of perpetual sunshine and flowers, and they are the most exquisite ornaments of garden and grove. Audubon tells us there are a hundred species of these beautiful birds on this continent. You know that they sometimes visit us in summer, and enchant us with the beauty of their plumage, and the gracefulness of their rapid movements, but in this tropical region they are much more brilliant, so that they can only be compared to the most gorgeous gems, and the richest metals. Here they are seen in flocks, flutter-

ing with such airy, graceful motions among the flowers, that they seem as if upheld by magic; and as they wheel and glance in the sunlight, if you watch a single one, he appears to you, now as a burning ruby, now as a topaz, now as an emerald in a coat of transparent gold, and now, darting into the shade, he wears a shining velvety black."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Laura, "how I wish I could see those beautiful birds."

"They would delight you greatly, my dear, for among the beautiful works of our heavenly Father, there is nothing more deserving of admiration. Feathers are among our most beautiful ornaments, and though we have no cause to be proud of our borrowed plumage, they are certainly very graceful and becoming. The Mexicans, at the time they were conquered by the Spaniards, possessed the art of making a beautiful kind of feather work. On a web of fine cotton they wrought the gorgeous plumage of these tropical birds into patterns which are described as very magnificent. This work was used in robes for the royal family, in hangings for the temples, and banners for the army. Many pieces were carried to Spain by the conquerors, and worn by ladies of the highest rank."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Laura, "I remember reading about this feather work in Prescott's History of Mexico. But have they lost the art?"

"If they have not, Laura wants to send for a cloak," said Henry, "a cloak of green parrots' feathers, with a border of red."

"Now Henry, do be serious," said his sister, "and attend to what mamma says."

"The art seems to have been lost," continued Mrs. White. "Perhaps the poor Indians had no heart to do this work, after their princes were slain, their temples destroyed, and their armies dispersed."

"I am sure," said Henry, "as the isthmus is but thirty miles wide, we must be near Panama."

"So we will consider ourselves, and looking back over the railroad which we have passed so rapidly, we will remember the adventurer who first crossed this narrow neck of land. The Spaniards took early possession of the eastern coast, and one day in the year 1511, as Vasco Nunez de Balboa was weighing some gold, a young Indian chief who was present, struck the scales, and scattered the precious metal about the apartment, exclaiming, 'if this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your homes and risk your lives for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels.'—and then he told of the great Peruvian empire, whose shores were washed by the mighty, unknown sea. Fired by this account, Balboa not long after achieved the perilous adventure of crossing the isthmus, probably not very far from the route of the railroad. Reaching the shore of the great ocean, he rushed into the water, and cried out that he claimed this unknown sea with all it contained for his master, the king of Castile, and that he would make good his claim against all Christians or infidels, who dared gainsay it. This bold cavalier commenced the settlement of old Panama, which was some distance east of the present city; from that point expeditions were sent out to explore the unknown coast, and from there the modern traveler takes a steamship for the ports of South America."

Riding the Horse to Brook.

In these days, if a boy would go a horse-backing, he must have a gay caparison—saddle of the best leather, stirrups silvered, martingales bestarred, housings flamboyant, tasseled whip, jingling spurs, gauntleted hands, and crocodile boots able to swallow him to above the knee.

But we are persuaded that it is not the best way for a boy to ride. About seven o'clock in the morning the farm-horses, having had oats and currying, must be taken to the brook for the watering. The halter is caught into a half hitch around the horse's nose, and brings him to the fence, the boy leaps astride. It is no rare occurrence that in his avidity to get aboard, the boy slides off on the other side of the animal, and it is fortunate if the latter, taking advantage of the miscalculation, does not fly away with a wild snort, finding his way to the brook.

But once, thoroughly mounted, the rope-halter is held and sail sufficient. It is very easy to guide a thirsty horse when you want to take him to water. A poke of your bare feet into his ribs and a strong pull of the rope are enough to bring him back from any slight divergencies. Passing through the bars, all you have to do is to gather up your feet on his warm, smooth back, and having passed the post, again drop anchor. Nothing looks more spirited or merry than a boy's feet bouncing against the sides of a glistening bay. The horse feels them, and the more briskly gallops down the lane.

At his first plunge into the brook, his sudden stop would have sent the boy somersetting into the stream, but for a quick digging of the heels into the sides, and a clutch of the scant lock of hair at the end of the mane. With lip and nostril in the stream, the horse cares nothing for what his young rider wills. There may be a clearer place below that the boy chooses for the watering, but the horse lifts not his head at the shout, or the jerk of the halter, or stroke in the flanks. He wants to drink just there; intent upon that are mouth, and gullet, and felloek, and spot in the face. Sitting astride, the boy feels the jerk of each swallow, and sees the accompanying wag of the pony's ears. The horse lifts his head, takes a long breath, clashes his teeth, and rinsing his jaws, drops the tuft of hay that lingered in his mouth, with right foot paws up the gravel from beneath, giving notice that he is ready, if you are, throws himself back on his hind feet till his front lift from the mud, gives a quick turn, and starts for the barn. In a minute he has made the length of the lane,

and stands neighing for the barn-door to open.

This ride was the chief event of the day. Alas, if there are only two horses when there are four boys! for two of them are disappointed, and keep their grudge for most of the day. You linger about the barn for hours, and pat Pompey on the nose, and get astride his back in the stable, and imagine how it would be if it were only time to ride him down again.

We would like to have in our photograph-album a picture of the horses that in boyhood we rode to the watering. Sitting here, thinking of all their excellences, we forgive them for all the times they threw us off. The temptation was too great for them, and the mud where we fell was soft. The dear old pets! One of them was sold, and as he was driven away we cried such large tears, and so many of them, that both coat-sleeves were insufficient to sop up the wretchedness. Another broke his leg, and was taken to the woods and shot. We went into the house and held our ears, lest we should hear the cruel bang that announced the departure of our favorite sorrel. Another said on the place, and was there when we left home. He was always driven slowly, had grown uncertain of foot, and ceased to prance at any sight or sound. You could no longer make him believe that a wheelbarrow was anything supernatural, nor startle him by shaking out a buffalo-skin. He had out-lived all his contemporaries. Some had frisked out a frivolous life, and passed away. Some had, after a life of kicking and balking, come to an ignominious end; but old Billy had lived on in an earnest way, and every Sunday morning stood at the door waiting for the family to get into the wagon and ride to church. Then he would jog along seriously, as if conscious that his church privileges would soon be gone. In the long line of tied horses beside the church, he would stand and listen to the songs inside. While others stamped, and beat the flies, and got their feet over the shafts, and slipped the halter, and bit the nag on the other side of the tongue, Billy had more regard for the day and place, and stood silent, meditative and decorous. If there be any better place than this world for good horses, Billy has gone there. He never bolted; he never kicked. In plunging, he never put his foot over the trace; he never balked; he never put back his ears and squealed. A good, kind, faithful, honest, industrious horse was he. He gave us more joy than any ten-thousand dollar courser could give us now. No arched stallion (careerer on Central Park, or foamedashed Long Island racer could thrill us like the memory of that roaster.

Alas, for boys in the city, who never ride a horse to brook! An afternoon airing in ruffles, stiff and starched, and behind a costumed driver, can not make up for this early disadvantage. The best way to start life is astride a farm-horse, with a rope-halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels, and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day far on in life, when you are in the midst of the hot and dusty city, and are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study or counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old-time orchard, and by the old-time meeting-house, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, where he stops to take his morning dram; or you hitch him up to the rocking-chair in which you have for twenty years sat rheumatic and helpless, and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father and mother at either end of the pew, was learning of the land where there is no pain, and into which John looked, and said: "I saw a white horse!"—*Hearth and Home.*

Example Better Than Precept.

"Now, remember!" said the Gray Cat to her kitten. "You understand what I have been telling you. Never take anything that does not belong to you. If you do, you will suffer for it. You have escaped undetected this time, but you are not likely to do so again. Think of my words, and always be honest."

"I'll be sure," said the Kitten, who was longing for a romp with a ball that lay near.

"It is such a shocking thing to steal," pursued the Gray Cat; "it becomes such a habit! If you don't conquer it now, you will never overcome it when you are older. You will grow up a confirmed thief,—be disliked by every one, and break my heart."

"I won't," said the Kitten, looking much impressed.

"You see, habits of that kind always grow upon one," said the Gray Cat again. "Don't you agree with me?" appealing to the old Tortoiseshell.

"Very much so," replied the Tortoiseshell. "You don't mean to say that your little one is addicted to stealing?"

"Not often," said the Kitten, deprecatingly; "only just a little milk, once or twice."

"A little is as bad as a great deal, if it doesn't belong to you," said the Tortoiseshell, who was the model of an honest, well-behaved cat.

"Just what I have been saying," observed the Gray Cat. "It is very sad,—a melancholy fact to contemplate. I can't imagine how a kitten of mine can have so forgotten herself, or what can have put it into her head."

"I could tell you that easily enough,"

said the Kitten, who was rather apt to be pert.

"Do. What is it, my dear?" asked the Gray Cat, unguardedly.

"Well, I didn't see mother, why, if you took butter out of the larder, I mightn't take milk out of the pantry," said the Kitten, taking care to keep at a respectful distance.

"Ah, I see!" said the Tortoiseshell; "I understand now. Take care, Mrs. Gray Cat, that with all your talking and teaching, you don't by the mere force of example, turn out your child an arrant thief, probably ten times worse than you are yourself."

And the Gray Cat slunk away without a word to say for herself.

At Ease in Society.

O dear, I can remember perfectly the first formal evening party at which I "had a good time." Before that I had always had to go to parties, and since that I have always liked to go. I am sorry to say I cannot tell at whose house it was. But I could tell you just how the pillars looked between which the sliding doors ran,—for I was standing by one of them when my eyes were opened, as the Orientals say, and I received great light. I had been asked to this party, as I supposed, and as I still suppose, by some people who wanted my brother and sister to come, and thought it would not be kind to ask them without asking me. I did not know five persons in the room. So it was that I stood sadly by this pillar, and said to myself: "You were a fool to come here where nobody wants you, and where you did not want to come; and you look like a fool, standing by this pillar, with nobody to talk to." At this moment, and as if to enlighten the cloud in which I was, the revelation flashed upon me, which has ever since set me all right in such matters. Expressed in words, it would be stated thus: "You are a much greater fool if you suppose that anybody in this room knows or cares where you are standing or where you are not standing. They are attending to their affairs, and you had best attend to yours, quite indifferent as to what they think of you." In this reflection I took immense comfort, and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this. I don't remember in the least what I did, whether I looked at the portfolios of pictures,—which for some reason young people think a very poky thing to do, but which I like to do,—whether I buttoned some fellow-student who was less at ease than I or whether I talked to some nice old lady who had seen with her own eyes half the history of the world which is worth knowing. I only know that, after I found out that nobody else at the party was looking at me, or was caring for me, I began to enjoy it as thoroughly as I enjoyed staying at home.

As it is with most things, then, the rule for going into society is not to have any rule at all. Go unconsciously; or, as St. Paul puts it, "Do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think." Everything but conceit can be forgiven to a young person in society. St. Paul, by the way, high-toned gentleman as he was, is a very thorough guide in such affairs, as he is in most others. If you will get the marrow out of those little scraps at the end of his letters, you will not need any handbook of etiquette.—*Our Young Folks.*

Literal Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."

"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunder. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go then?"

One day, at Lake George, a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful islands on the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and a straw hat dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Halloo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool; what do you s'pose?"

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied:

"I think they're going to thunder."

Also the following dialogue:

"Halloo, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also when Patrick O Flynn was seen with his collar and his bosom sadly begrimed; and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O Flynn! how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

The Dutiful Son.

A class of six boys was called to recite. Five were handsomely dressed and carried gold watches; the sixth wore patched clothes, and when he wanted to know the time, had to glance at Mr. Graham's clock in the corner.

"Who is he?" asked a visitor of Mr. Graham when the class had passed from the room.

"Which one?"

"The one who will make his mark; the poor one, to be sure."

"Ah! Why, Judge, he is Jones Brown, the son of a laboring man. He is as honest and persevering a boy as ever the sun shone on."

"I thought so. His address, if you please."

Mr. Graham gave it without question, though he wondered what the odd judge was about to do. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and six children were surprised at tea-table that night by a call from the stranger. Jones remembered him as the visitor to the schoolroom. In five minutes he had told his errand. He was Judge Rood, of Acton; he had taken a fancy to Jones; would Mr. and Mrs. Brown give the boy to him to be educated as a lawyer in his office?

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were speechless with delight. Jones clasped his hands gratefully. Arrangements were speedily made. Jones had but a month longer to stay at Mr. Graham's school. Then! ah, the glorious time!

Jones was a Christian, an anxious every day to serve Jesus with his whole mind, soul and body. Just now his heart was fairly dancing with joy that God had seemed to open before him such a bright future. Already his little trunk stood packed in the loft chamber. Brothers and sisters gathered about him daily, with little scraps of talk about what they should do without him. The five handsomely-dressed boys at Mr. Graham's no longer sneered at his patched clothes or hard hands; it was possible that he might be a judge himself some day. In view of this they could condescend to treat him civilly. Jones cared little for all this.

Just a week before he was to go to Judge Rood's a fire happened in the neighborhood. Mr. Brown, while helping some one to escape, was himself killed. Mrs. Brown, broken-hearted, died, and Jones, on the day he was to have gone to Judge Rood's, stood in the midst of his family, the only protector of brothers and sisters. What was his duty? He looked into the eyes of each of the helpless ones, and, with a trembling step, went up to his little loft chamber. The children could hear him walk to and fro; then came a silence. Jimmy peeped through a crack in the door; Jones was on his knees. Presently he came down, wrote a letter, and took it to the office; then walked down the street straight to Mr. Jordan's machine shop.

"Will you hire me, Mr. Jordan?"

"Why, I thought you were to be the young judge."

"That is past; my family need me."

"Why, bless you, brave boy, I'd make work if I hadn't it; but here it lies plenty, and I'll give you royal wages."

"Thank you sir. Can I come to-day?"

"Today! was there ever such a boy? Yes, in two hours."

"In two hours, then; good-bye till that time," said Jones, not a muscle of his face showing the sad heart within.

"God will bless that boy," thought Mr. Jordan, wiping his eyes.

God did bless him, even in this life. For years, without a murmur, he worked in that machine shop, till the youngest child in his father's family was able to care for herself; then, very difficultly pushed out of the way, Jones went back to study. Helping hands were held out all around, and to-day Jones Brown stands a monument to the blessedness of obedience to that command, "Honor thy father and thy mother."—*S. S. Visitor.*

Youthful Ambition.

EVERY ONE SHOULD BE WILLING TO CREEP BEFORE HE WALKS.—There is hardly a young man that goes out from his father's house who does not want money before he earns it. There is hardly a young man that goes out into life that does not want the reputation of being smart before he is smart. There is hardly a single circle in which you see half a dozen young men, that you do not see them aping something; making believe; "putting on airs." They wish to have the appearance of a bravery, a position, or something else, which they have not attained. They are not willing to creep before they walk. The very beginning of life develops a tendency in men to false appearances; to insincerity; to an estimation which is radically unmanly; to a desire to have what does not belong to them—what they have no right to claim by reason of anything that they are, or that they have been. To be without pretense; to desire to have only that which you can legitimately lay claim to, of praise, of sympathy, of reputation, of means—to have a manly pride, by which you shall be the factor of that which is in your own possession—that is thoroughly salutary. But honest manhood scorns pretense and appearances.—*Central Baptist.*

Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing a bad name on a bad man, made the following noble reply: "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."

News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, there was a long session, which was distinguished by an important debate on Mr. Williams's amendment to the naturalization bill, providing that it should not apply to the Chinese. The debate was very spirited and at times quite personal. It ended by a reconsideration and rejection of Mr. Williams's amendment striking out the word "white" in all naturalization laws, the adoption of an amendment permitting Africans to be naturalized, and the passage of the amended bill. The House was not in session.

On Tuesday, the Senate had under consideration the bill permitting imports to be transmitted in bond to interior cities. The tax-tariff bill was passed at the evening session, after an ineffectual attempt to renege the tax on gross receipts and abolish that on incomes. In the House, the postal telegraph bill was reported and two contested election cases decided.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the river and harbor appropriation bill was passed, after several amendments, chiefly for the benefit of Southern ports. The conference committee's reports on the postal appropriation bill and the currency bill were adopted. The bill for the payment of Massachusetts war of 1812 claims was passed. In the House, the deficiency appropriation bill was reported. Several matters of more private than public interest were disposed of. Bills were passed to make good the awards to England in several Admiralty cases. The report on the pension appropriation bill was agreed to.

On Thursday, the Senate got through considerable business. The naval and fortifications appropriation bills were passed, also the bill fixing a date for the election of congressmen by all the States, to which the House bill fixing the number of members of the next House at 300 was attached as an amendment. In the course of the day the condition of the navy was severely commented upon by Senators Wilson and Anthony. In the evening the army reduction bill was taken up, and after debate laid on the table by a large majority. In the House, the funding bill was sent to a conference committee, and the tax bill to the ways and means. The naturalization bill was killed for this session. The conference committee's report on the currency bill was agreed to. A bill regulating trade with Prince Edward Island was reported by Mr. Hooper.

On Friday, in the Senate, Mr. Wilson gave notice that he would press the army bill in an amended form when the army appropriation bill came up. The bill relieving about 5000 persons of political disabilities was passed. The conference report on the diplomatic appropriation bill was passed. The Georgia bill was sent to a conference committee. The servile labor bill was debated through the evening session, Mr. Sumner again pressing his amendment to the naturalization laws. In the House, the conference report on the river and harbor bill was agreed to. The deficiency appropriation bill was passed, also the bill regulating the adoption of constitutional amendments, and a bill authorizing the President to retire judges on full pay on certain conditions. During the day a scene occurred between Mr. Dawes and Mr. Peters of no credit to either.

On Saturday, the Senate agreed to the conference report on the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill. There was some debate but no action on the proposition to pay Mrs. Lincoln a pension. In the House, the Senate amendments to the tax tariff bill, concerning the income tax and the special taxes were agreed to. The conference report on the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill was agreed to. No judges, salaries are increased.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Last week 5339 immigrants arrived at New York.

Horace Greeley is still very unwell with fever and chills.

One thousand passengers for Europe sailed from New York, Saturday.

In a balloon ascension at Chicago, on the 4th, a couple were married while nearly 200 feet from the ground.

One hundred and seventy-five Chinese have arrived in Louisiana to work on plantations.

After five previous unsuccessful attempts to commit suicide, Richard Oliver, a well-to-do boiler maker of Patterson, N. J., blew out his brains last week.

Over one thousand contributions have thus far been received, mostly from telegraph operators, for the memorial statue to Prof. Morse, the telegraph inventor, which is to be unveiled on April 23d, 1871, his eightieth birthday.

The exploring party which went to the Pacific coast in the interest of the museum of the Netherlands is going overland from San Francisco to Oregon and Washington Territory, and thence to Alaska, on a five years' tour.

One Cook, an overseer of Indians out in New Mexico, shot an Indian dead because he did not shovel dirt to suit him. While making ready to shoot others the Indians killed him.

Information has been received at the military headquarters, Chicago, that Lieut. Young, of the Second Cavalry, with 35 men, attacked 200 hostile Indians on the 26th of June, 35 miles from Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and killed 15 of them, besides wounding a number of others. None of the soldiers were killed and but one wounded, Sergeant Keenan, who was shot in the hip.

The Secretary of the Treasury will sell \$1,000,000 in gold every Wednesday this month, and buy \$1,000,000 in bonds every Thursday.

Gen. Sherman and Lieutenant-General Sheridan are both apprehensive of a speedy and widespread Indian war, and are making preparations for the event.

Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who fell at Wilson's Creek, at the head of his little army, in the first year of the war for the Union, lies buried at Eastford, Conn., his native place, without a stone to mark his grave.

Some senators are desirous of extending the time fixed for the adjournment ten days, being apprehensive that by the 15th instant the necessary business cannot be transacted, but the House will not consent, believing that with less talking in the Senate there would be no difficulty in adjourning at the time named.

Secretary Fish has asked to be relieved on account of his health, but the President has urgently requested him to continue in office if possible. There is no truth in the rumor that Minister Bancroft is to be removed.

Several southern cities have sent agents to New York to engage white servants. Seventy women have been sent to Little Rock, Ark., by one agent.

A child 6 years of age, nearly starved, has been discovered naked and chained in a hole beneath the floor, in the house of his parents, who are Germans, at Newport, Ky.

Bannister Anderson, an aged and influential citizen of Halifax County, Virginia, and father of the late Senator Anderson, was murdered, Wednesday, by negroes, for his money.

A cargo of tea was received at Cincinnati, Wednesday last, forty-five days from Japan via Yokohama on the 22d of May, and San Francisco, June 10th.

A man named William Follett, who was engaged with four others in the robbery and murder of David P. Skinner at Independence, Ohio, Sept. 15, 1868, was arrested at Chicago recently. The other four were arrested and disposed of by execution or imprisonment at the time.

FOREIGN.

The Spanish Cortes has been convened to meet on the 20th inst.

Thomas Hughes will sail on the 2d of August for a three months' sojourn in America.

Eighteen thousand emigrants left Liverpool in June for various American ports.

The London Spectator criticizes the Indian policy of the United States, and anticipates an immediate Indian war, resulting in the extermination of the race.

Canadian advisers say annexation meetings are rapidly spreading. Another Union League is organized in Montreal.

The French Corps Legislatif has voted 174 to 3, not to allow the Orleans Princes to return.

The Fourth of July was generally celebrated by Americans in German cities. Minister Joy presided at the meeting in Berlin.

The Fourth was celebrated by Americans in London, Paris and Havana. In Paris ex-Governor Washburn of Mass. presided at the festival.

The Pall Mall Gazette applauds President Grant for his recent message on Cuban affairs. There has been a great earthquake in Greece, destroying a town and submerging an island.

The prospect of war in Europe appears imminent. The delay in receiving an answer from Berlin to the last demand of Napoleon has renewed and heightened the alarm in Paris. Preparations for immediate war are active. The cable is burdened with rumors of more or less importance affecting the situation, for many of which there seems but slight foundation. It is evident that the danger of armed conflict is increasing, and the conduct of Prussia would seem to indicate that she is not anxious to avert it.

Paragraphs.

Vinnie Ream writes from Rome that she hopes to have her Lincoln statue completed by January next. She will accompany it to America in February next, and present it to Congress before it adjourns. She will spend the summer and autumn at Carrara, at work on the marble.

The Terre Haute Express says: "As an indication of the intensity of heat required in making pig-iron we give the composition of the bottom of the furnace now being constructed in our busy suburb of Bagdad. The lowest layer is twelve inches of sand; next, eight inches of Brazi fire-brick; then nine inches of sand, and lastly twenty-one inches of Shenango fire-brick. Impenetrable as this would seem, it will require repeated after being in use two years, as the melted iron will find a way into or through it."

Photographing is now done on wood for the purposes of engraving. The face of the block is moistened and then whitened with enamel rubbed from the familiar visiting cards. The superfluous enamel being then dusted off, the surface is brushed from right to left and crosswise, making it smooth and hard. This is then coated in turn with two solutions, one of albumen, the other of nitrate of silver, the formulas for preparing which are quite intricate, after which it is ready to be placed beneath the negative and to receive the impression. A further manipulation is fit for the engraver's tool. By this process we may now have engravings of perfect accuracy.

Alum contains a very large percentage of water of crystallization, which a temperature somewhat above 212 degrees will liberate. It thus constitutes a most important element in the construction of fire-proof safes, and is largely used for that purpose in the shape of fillings for the walls. One firm engaged in the business is reported to consume from twenty-five to thirty barrels a week. Much of this alum is obtained by chemical processes from aluminum clays, a soil which New Jersey furnishes in great quantities. The clay is dried, ground, calcined, purified, digested in sulphuric acid, washed, concentrated by means of the introduction of sulphate of ammonia, again washed and purified, then boiled, and finally transferred to immense tubs to crystallize, a process requiring a number of days.

The dome of the Capital at Washington is one of the largest in the world, being 137 feet in diameter at its base, and 200 feet high. The architect, Mr. Walter, naturally thought so large a mass of iron would be affected by the sun's rays so that the expansion would be unequal, according as the sun shone on one or the other side. To ascertain the extent of the expansion, he extended a wire within the dome from the top to the bottom, and connected with it, by a delicate mechanism, a pencil, which would draw on a paper the line of movement. He expected quite a regular curve, as the opposite sides of the dome were affected by the daily passage of the sun. But he found that it is not the sun but the wind that has most effect. The *American Journal of Science* contains a copy of the figure drawn one windy day, showing all the changes and lulls of the storm, and making a very curiously complicated figure.

An anchor that belonged to Americanus Vespucius, and bears his name, is now one of the sights at Brussels.

In 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 545, the cold was so intense that the birds allowed themselves to be caught by the hand. In 763, not only the Black Sea, but the Strait of Dardanelles was frozen over. The snow, in some places, rose fifty feet high. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, the winter lasted very long, with extreme severity; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1123, it was so extremely cold in Italy that the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1233, the Po was frozen, and loaded wagons crossed the Adriatic to Venice. In 1344, it was clear frost from November to March, and all the rivers in Italy were frozen over. The year 1408 was one of the coldest winters ever remembered. The sea was frozen over between Norway and Denmark, so that wolves driven from the forests came over the ice into Jutland. In 1684, the cold was so excessive in England that coaches drove along the Thames, which was covered with ice eleven inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

This is to be a wonderful year in Holland, for this is the year of the blue tulip. A prediction exists that in 1870 some successful horticulturist will raise a blue tulip, and a prize of many thousands francs awaits the producer of the rare flower. Already there are some six hundred different kinds of tulips in Holland.

A London chemist, Dr. Andrews, announces the discovery that the gaseous and liquid state of matter are continuous. His experiments have chiefly been made upon carbonic acid, confined in fine glass tubes, and subjected to various pressures up to that of one hundred and ten atmospheres. They show that from carbonic acid a perfect gas to carbonic acid as a perfect liquid, the transition may be accomplished in a continuous process, and that the gas and liquid are only distinct stages of a long series of continuous physical changes.

Rural and Domestic.

Overstocking Pastures.

I used to think there was a great deal of danger of getting a pasture stocked too hard with cattle, and when I saw a drove of cattle in one of those large, run down pastures that are so common in some parts of New England, and saw them lean and hungry looking, I used to think it was because there were too many cattle for the pasture. But I have changed my mind very much about that, as I have about many other subjects. I think as much grass grows because the pasture is understocked as it does because it is overstocked. Grass, especially pasture grass, is like the shoots in an asparagus bed. Cut often and it grows rapidly and is tender and sweet, and full of nutrition. Left to grow a little too long, and it is tough, dry, woody and of little value. If grass gets a little too large before cattle are turned in, or grows faster than they can eat it, they will not eat it at all, but rather run over it, and cut it here and there in wet and shady places, a bite of that which is more tender and juicy. Those bits being so far apart they will not get enough, while the old grass stands there, growing ripe and dying upon the stump, and then falling in winter to kill or choke out the young grass another year. I would rather have one-third more cattle than my pasture would carry well, than a third less. They will come out of the pasture in better shape in the fall, as in most of our hillside pastures they will lack for food only in the few very dry weeks that we usually have in August. They may suffer then, but the fall rains will give them good feed and plenty of it in most of these old pastures. My way, of late years has been to put in very early, if the pastures had any meadow or wet place of any kind that starts early, and to keep about as much or more stock in than can get a good living in the pasture, in the spring. Then, as soon as they appear not to get enough, to begin to feed them a little grass that I cut, around the house, or elsewhere, cutting a little for that purpose every day, as long as I have any to cut, bringing the cows in a little earlier than most of people do, in the afternoon, in order that they may have time to eat it.

By the time the grass is gone, I have a little fodder corn to cut. This I continue all through the season if the cattle need it. Usually after the fall rains begin, they do not. This saves some time in going after the cows, as they are always ready to come home, and are at the end of the field as punctual to the time as a school-boy is when he first begins to wear a watch. This, also, saves much of the manure in the barn yard, that would otherwise be lost or wasted by being dropped around in the pastures. And I think the cows do much better and pay a better profit when I manage in this way than when they are entirely dependent on the pasture, which sometimes has more grass in it than they can eat, and sometimes, especially in dry weather, has not more than half enough for them even in a very good pasture. So I say, put in as many head of cattle as your pasture will carry in the best season for it, and when it gets poor, take out a part of them, or make up the lack by still feeding with green food. You will find it better for the cattle and better for the pasture, for a lot of dead grass left in the field just kills the grass under it another year.—*Boston Journal.*

About Canning Fruit.

THE PROCESS.—Everything should be in readiness, the jars clean, the covers well fitted, the fruit picked over or otherwise prepared, and cement and corks, if these are used, at hand. The bottles or jars are to receive a very hot liquid, and they must be gradually warmed beforehand, by placing warm water in them, to which boiling water is gradually added. Commence by making a syrup in the proportion of a pound of white sugar to a pint of water, using less sugar if this quantity will make the fruit too sweet. When the syrup boils, add as much fruit as will cover, let the fruit heat in the syrup gradually, and when it comes to a boil, ladle it into the jars or bottles which have been warmed as above directed. Put in as much fruit as possible, and then add the syrup to fill up all the interstices among the fruit; and then put on the cover or insert the stopper as soon as possible. Have a cloth at hand dampened in hot water to wipe the necks of the jars. When one lot has been bottled, proceed with more, adding more sugar and water if more syrup is required. Juicy fruits will diminish the syrup much less than others. When the bottles are cold, put them away in a cool, dry, and dark place. Do not tamper with the covers in any way. The bottles should be inspected every day for a week or so, in order to discover if any are imperfect. If fermentation has commenced, bubbles will be seen in the syrup, and the covers will be loosened. If taken out, the contents may be saved by thoroughly reheating.—Another way is to prepare a syrup and allow it to cool. Place the fruit in the bottles, cover with the syrup, and then set the bottles nearly up to their rims in a boiler of cold water. Some wooden stands should be placed at the bottom of the boiler to keep the bottles from contact with it. The water in the boiler is then heated and kept boiling until the fruit in the bottles is thoroughly heated through, when the covers are put on, and the bottles allowed to cool. It is claimed that the flavor of the fruit is better preserved in this way than by the other.

WHAT MAY BE PRESERVED.—All the fruits that are used in their fresh state or for pies, etc., and rhubarb, or pie-plant, and tomatoes. Green peas and corn cannot be readily preserved in families, as they require special apparatus. Strawberries. Hard-fleshed sour varieties, such as the Wilson, are better than the more delicate kinds. Currants need more sugar than the foregoing. Blackberries and huckleberries are both very satisfactorily preserved, and make capital pies. Cherries and plums need only picking over. Peaches need peeling and quartering. The skin may be removed from ripe peaches by scalding them in water or weak lye for a few seconds, and then transferring them to cold water. Some obtain a strong peach flavor by boiling a few peach meats in the syrup. We have had peaches kept three years, and were then better than those sold at the stores. Pears are pared and halved, or quartered, and the core removed. The best, high-flavored and melting varieties only should be used. Coarse baking pears are unsatisfactory. Apples. Very few put up these. Try some high-flavored ones, and you will be pleased with them. Quinces. There is a great contrast between quinces preserved in this way and those done up in the old way of pound and pound. They do not become hard, and they remain of a fine light color. Tomatoes require cooking longer than the fruits proper. Any intelligent person who understands the principle upon which fruit is preserved in this way, will soon find the mechanical part easy of execution and the results satisfactory.

Housing Manure.

Experience has long since demonstrated that four months of rain and sun on any manure heap, or on any yard set apart for the purpose of making manure, decreases the value of the fertilizing material nearly, if not quite, one-half. How can this loss be made less, or the waste be saved altogether? Where there is a barn collar abundance of muck or loam is spread over the bottom in the fall, the saving is at once and completely accomplished. When there is no barn collar, a roof can be joined to the main building, and be made to jut out ten or twenty feet, as the circumstances may require, under which the stable manure may be deposited without large loss.

But most needed of all is a covering for our summer cattle yards. Suppose a farmer has a dozen cows. Each day, an hour before the setting of the sun, they are driven into the barnyard, there to remain for the next twelve hours, and to deposit most of the food in another form, that has been gathered from the fields during the day. If this could be all saved and returned again to these same fields, it would produce as much animal food, and under some circumstances considerably more than was required to furnish the material thus deposited.

Instead thereof, at least three-quarters of the work of this manure is dried out by the summer sun, or washed out by the summer showers or the winter storms, till the next spring, when it is taken from the barnyard to the cornfields, it is almost worthless, and the whole summer grazing of a large farm is measurably lost.

Our barnyards should be covered, or the manure should be gathered each day into a pile. Some cheap but durable roofing over this would pay for itself every two years, possibly each year.

A Perfect Waterproof.

A writer in the *Illustrated Times* says: "By the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travelers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India rubber waterproofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and for the benefit of my readers, I will give the recipe. In a bucket of soft water put a half pound of sugar of lead, and a half pound of powdered alum; stir this, at intervals, until it becomes clear, then pour it out into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and a gentleman—have worn garments thus treated, in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short they were really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind, such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This, I think, a secret worth knowing, for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, in any way, better than what we know as waterproofs."

Household Hints.

Some cooks will throw out the water in which meats have been boiled, without letting it cool to take off the fat.

Bits of meat are thrown out which would make hashed meat or hash.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan left with the dough sticking to it.

Pea crust is laid by to sour, instead of making a few tarts for tea.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when oftentimes they can be steamed for the next day.

Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast nicely.

Dish cloths are thrown down where mice can destroy them.

The scrubbing brush is left in water.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Cream is allowed to mold and spoil.

Coffee, tea, pepper, and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession.

Vinegar is drawn in a tin basin and allowed to stand until both basin and vinegar are spoiled.

Dried fruit is not taken care of in season and becomes wormy.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become useless.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scaling.

Bones are burned that would make soup.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled.

Crows and Other Bipedes.

Rev. H. W. Beecher has crow talk in the *Ledger*:

Aside from this special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy, and that is human. He is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is manlike. He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy-nature. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He is a mischievous fellow with a belly full then when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when he has nothing else to do. No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off their wings and put them in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

The Garden.

Nothing about the farm pays better than a judiciously planted and well cultivated garden. Unlike the fields which make up a farm—many of them quite remote from the dwelling—the garden is a home institution, easily accessible at all times where the odd hours between regular farm labor may be most heartily and profitably employed. Some farmers start well in the spring; pay proper attention to the preparation of the soil in the garden; plant a commendable variety of seeds, and then act as though the garden work was finished for the season. What is the result? The seed planted germinates in due time, and so do those of weeds, and the latter being quicker of growth, overshadow the others and steal the nourishment necessarily essential to the perfection of them. The farmer is disgusted, and jumps at the conclusion that the garden does not pay. In this he is right as respects his own, but wrong as to the garden itself. With proper and timely culture the garden would have paid many fold better than any other equal section of his plantation. What the garden wants is a daily dressing, and being so ready of approach morning and evening, there is no excuse for the neglect with which it is sometimes treated. An hour's labor morning and evening in the garden, will pay two fold more than the same amount expended elsewhere.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

CANDLES.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

MOLASSES.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

PAINTS.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

FLOUR AND MEAL.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

FISH.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

PRODUCE.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

FRUIT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

SEEDS.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

IRON.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

TALLOW.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

SUGAR.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6, 1870.

WHEAT.

For the week ending, July 6