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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., JULY 27, 1870.

No. 30

THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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

LUTHER E. 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.

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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 27, 1870.

Work Hopefully.

We make the soil ready,
And plant the seed;
With heart and hand steady,
We do this deed;

And the sun, the rain, and the cloudy weather,
Each helps the seed grow, and all these together.

A word for the Master,
We speak in fear,
Our hearts beating faster,
In the eye a tear;

But down to the depths of a sorrowing soul,
That word speaks release from the devil's control.

The blow of a hammer,
A lifted hand,
Fair speech, or a stammer,
The low or grand—

The Lord can use all things in working his will—
His servants, though falling, are conquering still.

Gird, gird on the armor!
Fling out the flag!
March! march! is the order,
Let no man drag!

Strike the foe that's before you, and left and right,
For ere the sun's setting you'll win the fight.

—Christian Intelligencer.

Missionary Correspondence.

MIDNAPUR, INDIA, MAY 28, 70.

Thank God, the rain, long-looked for and prayed for, has come to revive and refresh the dry and thirsty land, and cheer these suffering multitudes. For nearly a fortnight we have been having showers, and now the hard, burnt earth is carpeted with velvet green, and the naked trees filled out with dense foliage to gladden both man and beast. There is nothing in all the world like this rapid and luxuriant growth of vegetation in the tropics at the setting in of the rainy season. It is no less a miracle than a mercy in such a land as this. The thunder storms have routed the cholera, and everybody I know of, black, white and indifferent, is feeling better. The chances are that the farmers will be able to "get in their sowings," as Indigo planters say, and that we shall be saved from famine. But there is no such thing as chance in this matter of weather. The Lord sends what ever he judges best for people. And his sun may scorch or his flood drown the crops, and thus bring grief to these millions who hear not the Creator's voice, nor heed his commands. "Now, ask your God for rain, for our Brahmins fail to move our gods," said a rich Bengali to me a day or two before the clouds began to gather. And he said it seriously. We were at that time making special prayers in the church for rain. O, that this people might feel the folly of idol-worship, and turn to God with a true and penitent heart!

This month we have been making efforts to organize bazar Sabbath schools. Two of our more experienced S. S. teachers have been in this new field of effort, and I am highly pleased with their diligence and determined industry. I may say that two good bazar schools are already organized, and our brethren are devoted to the work of teaching the poor children. These are mainly a poor class of boys, of a low caste in the Hindu scale, but disposed to learn and grateful for instruction. We hope to be able to do some good in this way, though this class of people is not of a very hopeful order. It will do our church members and our Sabbath school good to work for the bazar children, and we hope God's blessing may attend our efforts.

Since last writing you I have visited both of our branches, and wish to mention a few particulars that may interest our friends at home. At Bandarmani I received a truly hearty welcome. It had been ten months since my last visit. Some one of the

brethren has visited them almost every month. There had been great changes since I saw them last. Bangsi Mahanti, the eldest of the converts, and by God's grace the spiritual father of the rest, died last October, and his widow and children had moved from Degadia, the other family accompanying them, to Bandarmani, where the son-in-law lives. So now all of them are together, and being only twenty miles from us here, they can more readily be visited than before.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday when I reached the house of Madhu Das, and before daybreak on Monday I was on my way home, so the Sabbath was truly a busy day. We had our three services, as usual, and I was pleased to see that the interest in worship had perceptibly increased during the interval since I last saw these disciples. Some of their Hindu neighbors came on to the veranda, and listened to our exercises, and I had chance to preach to them by themselves. In the evening the Lord's supper was administered to the five brethren and sisters, and we all renewed our vows of consecration to Christ. It was a delightful and profitable season.

But I wished to tell you a thing or two about the last hours of our departed brother. His widowed companion told me much of what he did and said, when his feet were stepping down into the Jordan of death. He had been an invalid for months, and gradually sinking out of life, but his spirit had been rising to higher and purer communion with the Redeemer of sinners. The last day he lived, he asked that the brief biography of a Bengali convert, who was a sufferer from the same disease, and died in triumphant faith in Christ, might be read to him. That morning one of our lay preachers, a man whom he had brought to Christ, as Andrew brought Peter, was with him, but apprehending no immediate change, he had gone away on a preaching tour. As night came on, after a day of suffering, our brother seemed to realize that his time had come. He had already given directions to the family about what to do after his death, and commended them all to the mercy of God. And now, as he lay dying, would you know, Christian reader, what was the last request of this man, who, so short a time ago, was an idolater, worshipping dumb images? Calling to his cot his son, a lad of fifteen, who was baptized with his father, he said in a faint, but beseeching tone, "Nara, bring the New Testament, and read to me once more how Jesus Christ died for sinners." It was the believer's soul feeling for the cross, and at the entrance of the dark valley clinging fast to the precious promises, and leaning hard on the rod and staff. The narrative of the Saviour's crucifixion was read, and of his glorious resurrection and ascension. The book was closed, and a word was addressed by his wife to the dying man, but no answer came. The body was lifeless, and our brother was "forever with the Lord." Now, two of the converts at this branch have joined the church triumphant in heaven. I have the little Oriya book that brought Bangsi Mahanti to Christ, and I wish our churches at home could see it. Would not such a book, that has already been instrumental in the salvation of nine persons, move our brethren to help the Bible and Tract enterprise, which many seem to have forgotten? Dr. Bacheiler, who has the disposition of its funds in connection with our Mission Press, remarked the other day that they were in arrears, and I presume that the financial status may be represented by a minus sign of serious length and significance. Who will help print books for the heathen? This is the question. Think of it, and answer it soon.

At Bhimpur, our Santal branch, I spent three days very pleasantly. Our new brethren are making progress, and seem determined to show forth their faith by their works. Their little chapel will be completed in a month, and the work is going on briskly and cheerfully. These three Santal brothers are, as you have been told before, men of means, and they command a great influence in the community. Their becoming Christians has raised quite a spirit of persecution, which is slow to die out. Their aged father still lives, but is too feeble to walk about, and just dying as it were. Their mother and the wife of the eldest brother are their chief persecutors in the family. These two women do all they can to make life uncomfortable for the Christians, and their virulent abuse and turbulent rage keep the house in a constant confusion, that must be hard indeed to bear. I believe our new brethren are doing nobly, and by gentleness, patience and forbearance bearing up against their domestic trials. Let every pious reader pray for the conversion of these furious women. The women among the Santals exert a vast influence for either good or evil, and could some of them be brought to Christ, the event would herald an auspicious day for the Santals. These disciples are often urged to renounce Christianity and become re-established in caste. Said Panchee, the eldest of them, "The Santals say they'll take us all back for a rupee and a quarter each." This fee would be spent in drink and offerings to the gods of the grove. "What do you answer them when they urge you to backslide?" I asked. "Why, I say to them," he promptly replied, "we don't fear your gods, nor do we believe in all your superstitions;—we can't be Santals again, for we have found the true God and love and fear Him." Wasn't this a sensible answer?

The Sabbath at Bhimpur was a good day. I was very glad to get a chance to preach in Santal again. But I find that the people of this place use Bengali quite as much as, and perhaps more than, their own language. Even common laborers, while at their work, were chatting in Bengali. One needs to go further from Midnapore to find the real Santal, who knows hardly enough of any language besides his own to express himself intelligibly.

I was enabled to attend a market on the way to Bhimpur, and preach to a large mixed audience, and also to visit several villages in the vicinity, in two of which are small schools. It was a real pleasure to preach to the Santals, and I lived over again the happy seasons of a few months ago, when I was traveling among them. And this only deepened my already deep desire, and made more intense my ardent longing to devote my whole time to this interesting people. Would that I were free to go to the Santals. Who shall set me free? The man you send from America to take my place at Midnapore. Until some one comes, there is no use of talking of leaving here, for we have no right to tear down in one place in order to build up another, or to quit an old field to take up a new one. The magistrate and collector of a famine-stricken district said to me four years ago, "You must hawl, if you want money for relief purposes." Must we "hawl," and keep on howling until help comes? But you are too far away. There is One who "heareth prayer," and to him we make our plea for the poor Santals. He can not send us empty away.

J. L. P.

Closing Scenes of Congress.

After the long and tedious session of the last Congress, the final adjournment must have been a welcome occasion. Mary Clemmer Ames, in a letter to the *Independent*, thus describes it in her graphic, inimitable style:

It is the last day of the session. The House presents a wild scene. It was in session all night. It commenced again at nine this morning. The thermometer stands at ninety-four. The galleries are full, so is the House; and both present a vast extent of flying palm-leaf fans. The President is in the President's Room, trying to keep up with his advising friends—talking Motley, Frelinghuysen, war, and Indians, all at once. Two or three of his cabinet are roving about below. Here is Secretary Belknap, dressed in black, but looking very hot; Secretary Robeson, with a scarlet face, sitting behind the door, looking hotter still; Secretary Cox, walking serenely up and down, looking intellectually cool.

The Clerk reads the telegram that "France accepts the war that Prussia offers;" and at once House and gallery begin to wave fans and clap their hands and feet in the greatest glee. It is so exhilarating, you know, to those who stay at home, to have their fellow-creatures slaying each other! The excitement and tumult increase to such a degree that it is found impossible to transact business, and an hour's recess is voted. After talking war and taking lunch, the House re-assembles; but its mood is still of the most antic description. Mr. Dawes, from the conference committee, reports the acceptance of the Indian Appropriation Bill in agreement with the Senate; whereupon Pandemonium is let loose. Half a dozen opponents begin to gesticulate and scream defiance together. Just here the President's message comes to the desk, and is read by the Clerk. Here Pandemonium outdoes itself. At least a score of men are beating the air with their palm-leaf fans and screaming together. Gen. Schenck, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, rises—one of the six men to whom the House always listens; but he can't be heard now. He tries to shout; but Gen. Garfield is shouting also. So is Mr. Dawes, his sharp treble clashing against their bass. He and Gen. Garfield are shaking their fans in each other's faces in the most frantic manner imaginable. The President wants the Indian Appropriation Bill fixed. He wants a new shipping policy to meet the exigencies of European war. He wants—oh, most momentous martyrdom of all—Congress to stay a little longer!

Do you wonder at the Bedlam below? Three-fourths of these gentlemen have their ear-corks in their pockets, and their sleeping-berths for the night secured. It's fun and "jolly" you know, to have these Prussians and Frenchmen fight. We wish them well, and hope that they will make good, clean shots; but, after all, what is France and Prussia, certain mails, and peaceful Indians, when a railroad-ticket and sleeping-berth, and a thermometer in the nineties, is on the other side of the balance? They will go home before morning, so they will, in spite of France, Prussia, Indians, and ships. Thus they insist and persist, rush about, roar, and slash the air with their fans as if they were trying to scalp each other; while Speaker Blaine pounds with his thaliet, till we are sure his back must ache and his desk must break. At last he sits down, declaring that he will not recognize a man of them, or have anything to do with them, till they take their seats and behave themselves. Thus he proves himself a strong speaker, subdues the House, compels it to the dispatch of business, and controls it to an honorable close. By half past four

the Indian Bill is reported from the Enrolling Room, receives the President's signature and is a law. Let us hope, in addition to his horses, that it will propitiate Red Cloud to behave himself, and save the lives of the women and children of the Plains.

Amid a filibustering call of the yeas and nays, the mallet falls, and the Speaker declares the House adjourned *sine die*, amid wild handshakings and shouts. By ten o'clock the American Congress, tucked in its sleeping berths, is flying toward every point of the compass in the cars. Perspiring patriots depart in peace!

On the evening train one comrade—one of the younger senators, Senator Norton, of Minnesota—moves on in the quietness of death, with white lilies on his breast, to his final home. We can no longer evade the midsummer sun. At last it hangs pitiless and brazen in the heavens. The tender green shrivels in its fire. The hills seem to flicker and flame in its white heat. It seems to blister the very bricks, and palpitates in the dusty streets. The little leaves turn their edges in the parching air, and implore rain; but it comes no more. The long-deferred, inevitable Washington summer is here—the sultry mornings; the long, airless, dewless nights. Through it we hear, far off, calling the mountain breezes and the murmuring sea.

Anecdote of Burlingame.

Vice President Colfax tells some very interesting anecdotes of the late Anson Burlingame, among which is the following:

Conversing with Anson Burlingame often while he remained at Washington, he gave me one evening a personal experience of his, resulting from his novel and unprecedented position, which has never been published. After he had accepted this diplomatic trust, and just before he left the shores of Asia, he saw a newspaper which bitterly denounced him for renouncing his American allegiance, as it charged, to take a lucrative appointment from a foreign power. In the weeks of his long journey across the Pacific, it often impressed him with gloomy forebodings. Before he reached the Golden Gate they became, at times, almost unendurable. "Is it not possible," he reasoned to himself, "that Americans may regard my acceptance of this foreign trust as a selling out of my birthright?" He knew he had been conscientious in consenting to take it in the interest of civilization, humanity, progress and international good will. But he knew, too, how harshly and unjustly public men are sometimes judged; and he told me, when the steamer sailed up to the wharf at San Francisco, he was in a state of feverish excitement. The wharf was densely crowded. He looked from the deck of the steamer upon them, and wondered if it were possible that, inflamed by hostile criticism, they had come there to jeer and insult him. The first man who came upon the deck before the steamer had swung round to its place, was a porter or baggage-man, who of course did not know him. Burlingame asked him as coolly as possible, what all the crowd meant. "Why," answered the man, "the whole city is here to welcome the new Chinese Minister, and the city authorities to proffer him its hospitality." The suspense was over, and he told me his heart never throbbed a sincerer "Thank God!"

Immunities of the Poor.

Poor people never live in brown-stone fronts, or elegant villa residences with all the modern improvements. Consequently, in the dead of winter their furnace-grates never break down, their flat roofs never leak, their water pipes never burst. Their plate-glass windows are never broken, their dumb-waiters can never give out, their patent burglar-alarms never go off at the wrong time. Their coachmen never get drunk, careless servants never crack their Sevres china. In fact, one of the chief happinesses of poverty is exemption from the affliction of servants. No Irish rage around the humble dwellings of the poor. When the daughters of poverty exchange calls, their conversation may dwell on pleasant themes than the trials they have undergone with the cook, the minute of the chamber-maid's slovenliness, the fact that the second girl is more than mistrusted of "taking things;" it not being fashionable yet to speak of defalcating with the spoons, though we shall doubtless soon reach even that point of whitewashed sepulchralism. The enormities generally of what Punch has dubbed "servantgism" disturb not the peace of poverty.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

In the ancient palace of the Caesars of Rome, on the wall of the barracks of the Imperial Guard is an etching, representing a human figure with the head of an ass, hanging on a cross, and a soldier worshipping it. Underneath are the derisive words, "Alexandros worships his God." The rude picture, like some fossil dug from a primitive strata, tells its own story. There was one Christian among the Imperial Guard; he was faithful to his convictions; he worshipped Jesus as God; he was persecuted with ridicule by his heathen companions whose rude sketch expressed their contempt for the soldier who could worship a crucified man. What a history that sketch reveals!

Stingy Christians.

The following is from the *Cleveland Evangelical Messenger*:

Is there such a thing as a stingy Christian? Can we not just as properly talk of swearing Christians, tipping Christians, thieving Christians? Is there not just as much logic and Scripture in one as the other? Indeed, is not the stingy Christian just a little meaner than these others? Let us see. Ask that professor who got mad and swore, about his sin. What does he say? "O, I know I did wrong. I was greatly provoked, and I let my temper get too high, and almost before I knew it, I swore. I am very sorry for it. I'll try to be more watchful hereafter." Or question that professor that got drunk the other day; "Yes, I know I did very wrong, and I'm ashamed of it. I ought not to have touched the glass. It roused up all my old appetites, and I drank too much. I've asked God to forgive me. I hope the church will bear with me once more. I'm resolved never to be guilty again." Honor to the man for his honesty. We sympathize with him and will pray for him. But here comes the stingy professor. Now we'll get a riddling for our forbearance with the brother that swore, and the one that yielded to temptation and got drunk. He has heard about those cases. It's the third or fourth time they have been guilty of those sins. He declares that those members ought to be expelled at once. Their professions of sorrow don't amount to anything, he says. The church is awfully disgraced. He has a special inspiration on half-hearted Christians and church purgings. Now is your time. Try to measure him by his own rule. He hasn't had but one liberal impulse in a year, and that was when he expected to die. Tell him about his God-defrauding, heaven-insulting, heart-contracting, and soul-damning fault. The man that was drunk owned his fault. You saw his tears of sorrow. Does this stingy brother own his? Not he. He feels awfully insulted because you call him stingy. He thinks he knows his own circumstances better than anybody else. He gives all he can. Yet everybody knows that his neighbors give five, ten, twenty times more according to their means for benevolent causes than he. For years he has been a steward over God's goods, and God has never demanded his own without being grumbled at, and jewed down to the smallest possible figure, until everybody except this stingy man was ashamed of it. Yet strange to say he is great on honesty. Indeed, he is so honest he must rob God to pay his debts and provide for his family. He has 1 Tim. 5: 8 always on the end of his tongue. But he don't know much about the 3d chapter of Malachi. He is also a great lover of old-fashioned Holy Ghost religion. And he often breaks out into long Jeremiahs over the want of good old times, when preachers worked for a living, and people were not troubled by everlasting begging for preacher's salaries and missionary money. Now, alas! his prospects for big shouts are so often annihilated by an untimely collection announcement. It's the call for money that makes havoc with his rejoicings.

Memories of Dickens.

The following sketch is from Mr. James T. Fields's article on Charles Dickens, in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

No writer ever lived whose method was more exact, whose industry was more constant, and whose punctuality was more marked, than those of Charles Dickens. He never shirked labor, mental or bodily. He rarely declined, if the object were a good one, taking the chair at a public meeting or accepting a charitable trust. Many widows and orphans of deceased literary men have for years been benefited by his wise trusteeship or counsel, and he spent a great portion of his time personally looking after the property of the poor whose interests were under his control. He was, as has been intimated, one of the most industrious of men, and marvelous stories are told (not by himself) of what he has accomplished in a given time in literary and social matters. His studies were all from nature and life, and his habits of observation were untiring. If he contemplated writing "Hard Times," he arranged with the master of Astley's circus to spend many hours behind the scenes with the riders and among the horses; and if the composition of the "Tale of Two Cities" were occupying his thoughts, he could banish himself to France for two years to prepare for that great work. Hogarth penciled on his thumb-nail a striking face in a crowd that he wished to preserve; Dickens with his transcendental memory chronicled in his mind whatever of interest met his eye or reached his ear, any time or anywhere. Speaking of memory one day, he said the memory of children was prodigious; it was a mistake to fancy children ever forgot anything. When he was delineating the character of Mrs. Pipchin, he had in his mind an old lodging-house keeper in an English watering-place where he was living with his father and mother when he was but two years old. After the book was written he sent it to his sister, who wrote back at once: "Good heavens! what does this mean? you have painted our lodging-house keeper, and you were but two years old at that time!" Characters and incidents crowded the chambers of his brain, all ready for use when occasion required. No

subject of human interest was ever indifferent to him, and never a day went by that did not afford him some suggestion to be utilized in the future.

Events of the Week.

SUICIDE OF M. PARADOL.

M. Prevost-Paradol, the new French Minister to the United States, whose arrival we reported last week, committed suicide in Washington on the morning of the 20th. He had complained Monday of exhaustion from the heat, and appeared at times to be nervous and excited, but nothing serious was apprehended before the report came that he had shot himself through the heart. The act seems to have been premeditated, for he purchased the pistol, with which he committed the deed, only a day or two previous, and also left directions concerning his property and family. It is presumed that he became prostrated by the heat, and thus was unable to endure the varied responsibilities and perplexities of his new position. He was a distinguished man, eminent in his sphere, and his death will be a heavy loss, both to his country and his profession.

GEN. SHERIDAN TO GO TO EUROPE.

The President has decided to send Gen. Sheridan and two or three members of his staff to Europe, to observe and report upon the operations of the contending forces on the continent. He will be accompanied by several officers representing the artillery, engineer and infantry branches of the service. They will study the plans of campaigns and the methods of carrying them out, the disposition of troops and the way of handling them in battle, the manner of caring for the wounded in the quickest and best way, hospital service, and in fact everything that pertains to the successful conduct of modern warfare. It is said that the General will leave for Europe immediately.

LADY CLERKS IN WASHINGTON.

The recent act of Congress, authorizing the appointment of women to clerkships in Washington at the same rate of pay as men receive, went into effect on the 19th. Two ladies in the Treasury Department, who have long occupied important positions there, were each put on duty at \$1200. These promotions mark an era in the employment and remuneration of female labor, and the advocates of woman's rights may well congratulate themselves on this favorable action at head quarters. It is a step in the right direction, and the direction is one in which we should like to see very long and rapid strides.

DIFFICULTIES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

There is an authoritative Commander of Militia in Alamance County, N. C., who has been creating quite an excitement. Last week he set out one day with a posse of followers, and without writs or any show of legal power, began an indiscriminate arrest of the leading citizens of the County. Protests were offered, but they were of no avail. The victims demanded the reason of their arrest, and were knocked on the head. In behalf of the prisoners, Chief Justice Pearson issued writs of habeas corpus, but the Militia man refused to obey them, remarking, "that sort of thing is played out." The eccentric Commander offers no apology for his conduct, but keeps his prisoners under guard, and promises not to detain until compelled to do so by military power. He is to be compelled at once.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

The only weapons used thus far in the war have been telegrams and dispatches by couriers. A great battle has been daily expected, but at this writing the troops have had no other exercise than the daily drills. A squad of 200 French soldiers crossed the frontier, and were captured by the Prussians without shedding blood. The English press is outspoken in its condemnation of the course of France, and there are rumors that England will be drawn into the conflict to preserve the neutrality of Belgium. Russia is leaning more and more towards Prussia, and the Pope has also declared in favor of the latter power. Italy will probably go with France, while Austria seems to be inclined to follow the course of Russia. Evidently, Prussia has the best of it so far, for besides the assistance of friendly powers she has the strong influence of worthy motives to give inspiration and courage. Efforts at mediation are reported to be wholly in vain, and it hardly seems possible that another week should pass without some decisive action.

THE VENEZUELA REVOLUTION.

Latest dispatches indicate that the revolution in Venezuela still continues. The country is in a very disturbed condition, and business is completely paralyzed. The Monagas party still hold several of the principal ports, and have possession of a fleet commanded by Oliva. The squadron occasionally sallies forth, and after doing what mischief it can, returns to port. Some excitement is created over the fact that it recently fired upon a British vessel, the shot carrying away the main mast. The opposing or Guzman party are equipping themselves anew, and expect to give battle as soon as a naval force is arranged. There is great misery and suffering among the inhabitants, but patriotism is so strong on the one hand, and passions are so fierce on the other, that the natives prefer to endure the pangs of hunger and even starvation, to the mortification of a surrender.

Communications.

Let Your Light Shine.

Beecher's Lecture-Room Talks are often among the happiest of his utterances. Here he is free, informal, practical, juicy and sometimes humorous, but he has always a definite purpose and seldom shoots without hitting. We quote the following report of one of his latest Talks from the *Christian Union*:

I suppose that there are almost enough letters of church membership in New York to build a church with if they were laid one on top of another—letters of members of churches who have come down to live in New York, and who have put these letters in their trunks, and have never made themselves known to any communion, and are, on the whole, if the truth were known, glad that nobody does know that they ever professed to be Christians. And they contrive, with admirable success, to prevent any one's having the slightest suspicion that the grace of God ever abode with them. It is a pitiful thing; and yet there is an army of cases around us of that kind, I have no doubt, in these two great cities. And many of them have come to this deplorable state simply because they have lost the social influence of religion.

If you take a winter's fire that is burning brightly, and giving forth plenty of light, and an abundance of warmth, and just draw out one stick, and another, and another, and another, so that there shall not any sticks touch each other, though the fuel may be dry and well kindled, in a very short time the fire will all go out. You can not make a fire burn one stick to a time. You must lay fuel to fuel. And it is in the quantity that you get power of heat.

Now it is not absolutely so in a Christian life; yet this is a sufficiently near illustration to answer my purpose. It is possible for a single man to be a Christian when in the providence of God it is necessary that he should stand alone. There is grace for those that are solitary, as well as for those that are set in families. But where persons who call themselves children of the Lord Jesus Christ, absent themselves from the house of God, and have no fellowship and no companionship, and are in want of God's grace, and are standing alone, and are tempted of evil to stand alone,—it is not possible for them to maintain inwardly, or long, outwardly, any Christian decorum or consistency.

The lesson of all this is, that Christians ought everywhere to seek their fellows, find company, and to make themselves known. It is bad for any man to have his best company non-Christian. Every Christian heart needs a Christian heart over against it, and fellowship of grace, as well as mere society in the secular sense of that term.

As we are in the summer, and are to be dispersed abroad a great deal, this is a matter of no small practical importance to us.

In the first place, there are a great many who travel. Far be it from me to advise you to be vociferous of your Christian influence. Far be it from me to advise you to obtrude in an unwise way, in times and places where it is not expected nor desired, a word or a testimony. In other words, religion ought to have the benefit of politeness. Not only ought it to be polite, but it ought to be full of common sense. And, then, it ought also to be faithful. It ought to be true. It is a part of your business to let your light shine. It is not best to let it shine so as to put out people's eyes—though I do not think there is any particular danger of that, so far as you are concerned. It is not best to let the light shine when it would be unbecomely or unwelcome.

If, for instance, we were sitting about the hearth, and properly discoursing of some social matter, and a stranger should come in and commence, at once, a sermon on the Lord Jesus Christ, everybody would feel shocked and hurt at the untimeliness of it. I have known persons who felt it to be their duty in whatever company they might be, to first or last say something directly on the subject of soul-religion. If you have the gift to do that, well and good. It is a rare gift. Harlan Page, and a few others, could perhaps do it; but I can not. To do it expertly and wisely, to do it so that when you are gone everybody is glad that you did it; to do it so that you win persons to Christ, and so that you leave a sweet savor on your name—this is a rare gift indeed. And if you could do it, it would be a good thing for you to do. But you all know that it is not an easy thing to do.

Therefore I would not counsel you to make the subject of religion, in its proper doctrinal, or even in its personal and experimental respects inevitably a matter of conversation wherever you go. You can make yourself known without resorting to that. One man who sits in a company that smoke, or otherwise piggy themselves, and will maintain cleanliness of person, quietly rebukes them by his example.

I have seen men traveling on steamboats, who, when the bell sounded, would make a rush for the table, and pitch and pull and haul to get something; and I have seen gentlemen who stood aloof, and looked upon them almost with pity, and who utterly refused to lay aside that decorum which they were accustomed to observe at home, and would not touch a morsel until they could take it as a man ought to take his food. And after the pigs had satisfied their appetites, they had manhood enough remaining to look upon such an example and feel ashamed of themselves. When a man is pretty hungry, the things are few that he thinks of; but after he has satisfied his hunger there are many things that he had forgotten, which come to him again. One example like that is enough to reform a whole company.

I recollect the case of a man who did

this while going on a boat from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati. The better part of the company sided with him after the first meal; and from meal to meal others were added to his party; and at last the matter was so arranged that everything went on as orderly and as calmly as if they had been at home. And yet, this man did not preach a sermon. He did not say a word. It was his example that spoke, and exerted the influence which wrought such a change.

In conversation in a stage coach, or on a railroad car, or in a hotel where you stay over night, politics and the social matters of the day will come up and be discussed. One takes one view, and another takes another view; but you do not say, "I am a church member, and I think these things ought to be settled so and so." You do not assume any such ostentatious as that. You simply take a higher rule by which to measure right and wrong than anybody else (or you should do so); and everybody feels, "That man is measuring by a higher standard than any of us are." Other men's thoughts are thus drawn toward you. In other words, they see that you have been with Jesus, and that you are living according to a higher pattern, and on a higher plane, than they are.

It does not take a psalm, it does not take a prayer, certainly it does not take a long face, to make people know that you are Christians.

I have seen people traveling who were very nice people as the world goes; but they looked down upon the servants. They never had a kind word to speak to the waiter, or to the hostler, or to the laboring man. Boys were mere incumbrances in their estimation, and they cuffed this one, and pushed away that one, and scolded the other one; and from beginning to end their sympathy was never seen going out kindly toward anybody that was below them—toward any body that was less fortunate than they were. They stood on their own dignity. They were never condescending. They were proud and unbenevolent. If they had shown a genial interest in the welfare of all that were about them, not excepting the children, and the humble; if they had thought of the convenience of other people; if they had gone out of their way to do kindnesses (and there is no lack of opportunities for the performance of generous deeds where a man seeks them), there would have been some persons who would have been led to say of them, "They must be Christians," unless the predominance of some other traits had led to the supposition that they were not Christians.

Many persons have gone for pleasure in the summer to watering places, and mountain retreats, and country villages; and carried with them their long cloak, their mask, and their masquerade, too; and when the time came for religious exercises in meetings, they straightened themselves up, and changed their voice, and got it into a praying tone, or threw it into a whining tone, as the case might be. Everybody knew that they were Christians when Sunday or the times for meetings came round; but there was nothing else that would lead any one to suspect that they were Christians. There was no luminousness, no warmth about them. They made nobody happy.

Once, when I was talking with Edwin M. Stanton,—one of the noblest men that the late war brought forth,—in speaking of the superior fighting qualities of Sheridan, whom he characterized as our young Napoleon, he said, "When he was in a fight he carried around him an orb of fire five feet in diameter." I have thought, frequently, that a Christian ought to carry around him an atmosphere of fire, or magnetism, so that everybody who comes within five feet of him shall feel a genial, warm, kind, divine element, which is essentially love and beneficence.

Now, when persons tarry in these places of summer resort, there are a thousand things which they can do to honor Christ, and to win others to Christ. There are a thousand trifles, a thousand incidental things,—if a man's heart is only right, if he wants to do good,—which are indications of the ground on which he stands.

And it seems to me that Christians, when they go abroad, ought to feel for their mates; ought to reach out and see if they can not find Christians; ought to feel lonesome if they are deprived of the society of Christians. But, on the contrary, I fear that a great many persons, when they go away from home, feel a sense of relief, and say to themselves, "Nobody knows me here, and I can do just as I please. I can stretch out my hands once more. I have got back to my liberty." When men's religion is a bondage to them, I think myself that they had better throw it off, both at home and abroad, and begin all over again. But a true religion is liberty, is light, is sweetness, is joy in the Holy Ghost. Joy is music in the soul, and it ought to be music on the lip. And Christians, when they go abroad, instead of shunning to be known, instead of avoiding all appearances of being professors of religion, ought to find out their fellows everywhere.

When I was in Europe, in 1863, I found our country in such bad odor that I loved every American I met. I can not tell you what a feeling the state of things there produced on me. When we were going over, there was a person on ship-board who wanted to attach himself to our company, and we were determined that he should not. So we contrived to slip him in Liverpool; and he went one way, and we went the other. But when, after having made our respective circuits, we all came back to London, I felt that an American abroad was sacred to me; and I would have gone any distance to help a countryman. We were in such an unfriendly atmosphere, our country was so hated, our cause was so maligned, and my indignation was so kindled, that I said, "I will defend any man that belongs to America." I was exalted to such a degree that I even defended the Democratic party. They were Americans, if they were Demo-

crats. I defended the Southerners, too. When people praised the way they fought, I said, "Of course they fight well; they are Americans." I did not want to hear anybody spoken against on either side. For, as opposed to European public sentiment, those of both subdivisions were all my countrymen. I felt that I was bone of their bone, and blood of their blood. I would stand up for the Southerners as long as I was abroad, and fight them when I got home.

This is a good illustration for us to apply to ourselves as Christians. We are all in a foreign land. We are countrymen who have been made of one blood by the Lord Jesus Christ. We are walking together strangers and pilgrims across a hostile country; and we ought to feed each other's hearts. We ought to be dear to each other. And wherever a man knows there is a Christian, there his heart ought to be—especially if he is away from home. Wherever we go, everybody should seek to touch somebody's shoulder with his shoulder.

Where this duty is performed, where this reasonable and rational view is carried out practically, it makes our dispersion useful. We are seed-sowers. We go abroad doing good. We raise the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in honor and regard just in proportion as we ourselves are good, and true, and right-minded. This I suppose to be the meaning of our Saviour, when he speaks of letting our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Mission Work.

EVERY-DAY THINGS.

May 3. Sonarton has brought his wife into Midnapore to live, and she attends Mrs. Phillips's girl's school. This is a step in advance of everything. No Santa-ley has ever before left her jungle home to come into Midnapore. This woman is a dear little creature, fifteen or sixteen years old, and learns very fast. Sonarton, her husband, is a fine young man. He is in the English school and takes to English critically,—a new thing. He has joined the biblical class, and it is hoped that he will be a great benefit to his own people.

It is very hot. It is one o'clock, P. M. Our house has to be shut up in the morning and not opened till nearly sunset. But we have no time to be miserable over the melting heat or anything else. Work, sweet, stirring work fills our hands and hearts, and we are always glad of it and in it.

May 5. Yesterday was the weekly prayer-meeting for the native Christian women. It would be something very particular to make women at home expose themselves to as much inconvenience as our dear sisters faced yesterday. The heat now is something fearful, and the wind is high. When they crept in at the half open door, a hot blast rushed in after them. But we had a good meeting. The special interest of prayer was that the Lord would open the way for the sisters to go out and labor among the heathen women and children, in the villages near us. Let not the reader confound the size and population of a village at home with a village here. A village here is usually a collection of houses among trees, with a tank, winding paths, and often one well or more. Each house has its little cleared patch for a garden, and close in front of many of the houses is the sacred tuloooy, a small bush very much like home lily. A village contains from fifty to five hundred people. There is a number close to us. One of Mrs. J. L. Phillips's girls has begun to go out in the morning with sister Julia.

May 10. Not a drop of rain yet, and the heat is fierce. Cholera rages, and will, till we get rain. Santa school is just out. It is a never ceasing pleasure. The boys will get on well. The first class are reading the life of John Newton, and they are very much interested in it. After reading their lesson, they write sentences on the slate given from the mouth of the teacher. This exercise is given to make them correct in spelling, and sometimes a boy will not have a single mistake. Joseph White and John Sinclair have the fewest mistakes, and David MacDonald the next fewest. This class contains twelve. They are almost through geography. America is the last country treated of in their book. Their lesson to-day was the lakes of North America. It is droll to see the Bengali spelling of foreign names, and to hear these people pronounce them—"Eewintind keengdom" spells United States. I rebel at the last word, and make them say instead of "keengdom," little countries. Some of these boys and young men give evidence of being real earnest seekers, or we think it safe to say, Christians.

May 11. Bhim is the eldest son of Rju. He is about twenty years old. He has come into Midnapore to study, and in the English and Bengali schools. Sunday before last he came to the little church candidates' class meeting. He said he was resolved to be and live a Christian. Last Sunday he said: "I feel now that Jesus has come into my heart; all doubt is gone."

The jungle Christians are gaining a little ground. Their wealth and high position secure them from violence, but Satan is angry and won't give up the Santals,—that is, he doesn't mean to, but the "Santals" is rolling and he will get crushed before long.

The wells and tanks are drying up, and everybody and everything seems to be crying out for water. "A dry and thirsty land."

May 13. Mrs. Proby, the English chaplain's lady, and I went down into Barea bazaar last night, to see about the Baboo's girl's school which is to be started again. It was got up about four years ago, by Mrs. Herschel and the Judge's lady, and has been supported by the English ladies of the station, but the ladies in this country are changing, as their husbands seldom stay more than two years in a place. So the new ladies did not visit and support it

promptly, and it went down. The new chaplain's wife is a thorough working Christian. We found the Baboo who is furnishing the school-house for the girls, sitting on a little veranda in the narrow, crowded street. His Baboo friends were sitting with him. He invited us to go in and see his wife. It is one of my Zenanas. A native gentleman's house is always a wonder to a foreigner and this particular one is a particular wonder. It is in vain to try and describe an indescribable thing. However, a little attempt herewith follows. The place of entrance is a tiny buggy room, open to the street. We squeeze along between the wheels and walls, rumpling and soiling our dresses, and get into a narrow covered alley, and then into a little open court, then a little covered court, then, turning a short corner to the left, and up one step into another covered walk, then down a step into an open court about fifteen feet square, with rooms and verandas on every side, across this court, and up two steps, through a door of the veranda, into another smaller covered court, with a well at least eight feet square, sunk right in the center of the floor. We pass through this court on a raised walk close to the wall, with a sharp eye on Mary, for that house lake is frightful. One more step up and and over, and we have arrived at the ladies' apartments, and about in the center of the whole establishment. It is a beautiful, large, square court, open to the sky, with wide verandas, and rooms opening beyond them. Here is a world, isolated from the world without. We found the bamboo well disposed and arrangements were made to have the school open again in a few days. A high caste native woman is engaged to get the girls from each house, take care of them in school, and see them all home again.

Afterwards we went to see the Master and Mistress, who have just come down from Calcutta. When we got away, at last, from the masses of houses and people, out into the European part of the city, it seemed like coming into a new world, and the moonlight drive home, though late, was pleasant.

May 16. Yesterday morning, at half past nine, through the fierce hot wind and blazing sun, Mary and Julia suddenly came in, all flashing with heat and happiness. They went out early in the morning about a mile and a half to a jungle village to teach a little Sabbath school. These little jungle villages are so near together and so much alike, that they managed to lose their way among the winding paths, and so were late out, and when they at last got home, Ida told them Mr. B. was ill; so without sitting down, they came over to see him. Our houses are on opposite sides of the old military parade ground, not quite half a mile apart, and all in sight of each other. These "girls" are as fresh and young to all appearance as when they first came to the country, and are always finding something new to do for the many around us. Their hands are always full of work, and they love it, and so they keep young and happy. Ten of their orphan girls are consistent church members and active Christians. Mr. B. is a little better to-day, but is very weak. This is his first sickness since he was seven years old,—that is, the first time he has been wholly laid by. The heat continues dreadful. Oh, for rain!

Named Boys. Joseph L. White and Elston F. Sheldon are two orphan brothers. Their heathen names are Keerson and Lukyon. Joseph has stood at the head of the Santa and English schools for smartness, but now there are two or three others almost equal to him. He has to contend with a proud, unyielding temper. Let those who have named him, and who support him, pray earnestly that he may become a meek and humble disciple of Jesus. He possesses rare gifts, but, unsanctified, they will be of no use. Elston is about three years younger, perhaps ten years old. He has a very pleasing face, and is a good scholar, when he applies himself. Nat. Pariston, the youngest brother of David MacDonald, is about ten years old, and is a very nice boy, bright and capable.

S. P. B.

Gleanings.

TIME. A peculiar emotion is excited in the mind by the word Time. Few know its value until about to be deprived of it. One would suppose, by beholding the various pursuits of mankind, that the thought that time would soon close with them, forever, had never entered their minds. Gold and silver are precious metals; but time is infinitely more precious. When it is once gone, no treasure can redeem it. Voltaire, the boasting philosopher, in his dying moments, informed his physician that he would give him half of his estate if he would restore to him six months of life. But his request could not be granted. As our present and future happiness depends upon the wise improvement of time, how careful should we be to improve it to the best advantage.

RELIGION. The world can not produce anything so beneficial to man as religion. We may possess riches; but they may take to themselves wings and fly away. We may be surrounded by friends; but they must soon be parted from us by death. Thus we see that all earthly enjoyments are changing; but religion never changes. It will support the sinking heart, cause the terrors of death to vanish, and make eternity glorious.

A CAUTION. Keep yourselves "unspotted from the world." Young professors, especially, are too often led from the path of rectitude by mingling too freely with the world. It is a serious defect in a young Christian to be often associating with the wicked for amusement; for but few can do it without suffering great loss.

AFFLICTIONS. Men are too apt to murmur when adversity spreads its dark mantle over their sky. Now this is not right, because God, who is infinite in power and wisdom, can see further than mortals. He knows that our natures are so formed that we can not bear much prosperity; therefore, he sends afflictions, or chastises us only for our own good.

CONTENTMENT. Contentment is that which constitutes true, genuine happiness. Could we know the restless desires of mankind, we should doubtless be led to acknowledge that few possess this choice blessing, contentment. But whenever we find a contented person, we usually find a humble, self-denying Christian.

NOT HONORABLE. Many reject the gospel of Christ because they think it is not honorable. It must appear conclusive to every rational mind, upon careful investigation, that such persons are ignorant of true honor; for they imagine that it consists in human applause. Sad mistake! It is not honorable, in the highest degree, to obey the requirements of Him who rules heaven and earth?

A CONTRAST. Men toil day and night to lay up earthly treasures, which can not be of any benefit to them after a few fleeting years. But the sinner feels no inclination to lay up in heaven a treasure, which will be to him a source of uninterrupted happiness for eternal ages.

ACTION. The present state of things affords an ample field for benevolent action. Vice is rapidly gaining ground; infidelity is prevailing to an alarming extent. Shall Christians remain inactive at this important crisis? God forbid! If professors do not manifest more activity in the cause of God, there is not just reason to suppose that our happy country, boasted over for its superior privileges, will ere long go down to ruin?

CONFIDENCE. Some complain that they have not confidence to speak or pray in public. The fault, in most cases, may be attributed to themselves. Perhaps they do not live godly lives before the world. No wonder, then, that they have no confidence to speak or pray publicly.

DEATH. This word conveys heart-rending thoughts to the sinner. It makes him weep in moments of reflection; it causes many sleepless nights; it pierces his heart like a dagger. Why endure all this suffering, when there is a remedy? It is in Christ; it is in religion. Make, then, the proper application, and the sting of death will be removed, and victory over the grave be achieved. S. H. B.

Melchisedec.

THE BIBLE ACCOUNT OF HIM. Abraham was returning from the war of the confederate kings, and this man appeared. "And Melchisedec, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God." Gen. 14: 18. Melchisedec blessed him,—blessed God; who had done so much for Abraham, and gave him tithes of all. Salem, as named here, was Jerusalem.

The Psalmist, speaking of the everlasting priesthood of Christ, says: "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec." Ps. 110: 4. This passage is quoted in Heb. 5: 6. In v. 10, it is said "Called of God, a high priest after the order of Melchisedec." Nearly the same expression is repeated in Ch. 6: 20. In the seventh chapter, it is said of him: "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually." In the same chapter are other allusions to Melchisedec, in an argument that Christ, the great high priest of whom Melchisedec was a type, had come.

OPINIONS CONCERNING MELCHISEDREC. The remarkable account of him in Hebrews, that he was without father or mother, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, has led to many different suppositions of him. It has been thought that he was a supernatural being. Ambrose and others thought him a manifestation of God, the divine Logos. Others, that he was a manifestation of the Holy Spirit. Origen supposed him an angel. Some thought he was pious Enoch returned to earth. Others thought him Ham, a son of Noah; others believed him to be Shem. And others still thought him a man specially created by God, placed on the earth and afterward borne away as the incarnation of the divine Spirit, or at least of some celestial existence.

WHAT IS REGARDED AS THE TRUE ACCOUNT? It is that he was a man as much as any other. That he was a very good man. That he was a righteous ruler. This name signifies 'My righteous king.' That he worshiped God by sacrifices. He was called a priest. He offered for himself and probably for the sins of the people. In his goodness he was a type of Christ, who was without sin. Also in his office as king. Christ is king in Zion. And then as priest. Jesus is the world's high priest.

It is a circumstance not a little interesting that David, having conquered Jerusalem, put there the worship of the most high God, and there was king; he was in a sense a second Melchisedec. Christ was there after Melchisedec. These three, Melchisedec, David and Christ appeared there a thousand years apart. God embraced them all.

But the most difficult part of the account of Melchisedec is that he was without father or mother, descent, beginning of days or end of life. The received view of the pious and learned, somewhat extensively, is, that there was no record found of the genealogy of his family, no record of his birth or death. Of other important scriptural characters we have some of these particulars. Thus he stands for Christ the uncreated, who abideth forever. F.

Rev. William Ensign.

Rev. William Ensign died in Portage Township, Cameron Co., Penn., May 31st, 1870. Bro. Ensign was born in Chester, Mass., 1797. At the age of 12, he became a follower of Christ; at the age of 20 he felt a call to the ministry. He was a member of the Methodist church for a number of years, in which denomination he was deacon for several years, and was ordained Elder, June 12, 1842. The above ordination was at Yorkshire, N. Y. In 1845 he joined the Freewill Baptists, and continued a faithful member until his death. Formerly he traveled and preached much, and was instrumental in considerable revival work. Shortly before his death he signed a pledge of \$100 to the Freewill Baptist Foreign Mission society. He leaves a widow and several children. Thus on his birth-day,—aged 73 years, he took his departure from this world of suffering to be at rest in heaven. Funeral services by the writer.

F. G. STEPHENS.

Crumbs.

—In my wanderings I crossed a stream of water which, from its breadth, appeared to be quite a river; but afterwards I crossed the same stream some miles lower down, where it strangely appeared to be much smaller. On closer observation I discovered that what the stream had lost in breadth was more than balanced by an increase of depth and power. This well illustrates certain forms of Christian life which sometimes appear. There are those which have a great deal of outward expansion, appearing to be much more than they really are, but it may be hoped that as the course of life runs on they may lose self-complacency and ostentation, and have an increase of spiritual depth and power.

—Let every Christian know that he can not enter a modern dance hall or place of fashionable amusement, for participation in such entertainments, without pawing his soul to the chief manager,—the devil.

—As certain flowers will always turn toward the sun, so will the hearts of true Christians always incline toward the Saviour.

—Human training can make blind Papists or staunch Protestants, but nothing short of the sanctifying grace of God can make true Christians.

—Does my life give proof that the Holy Spirit is my constant guest? Do I cherish such thoughts and feelings as are always agreeable to this guest? Unless I have the Holy Spirit dwelling constantly in me, I am "none of his."

—The preacher, who, when begging money for charitable purposes, told his people that the more money they gave, the more they would get, ought not in his next sermon to have told them that the reason why the best people were the poorest was because they were "so benevolent."

—Why are our American homes becoming so unhappy, divorces so common, and our ladies so disgusted with maternal duties that they render themselves murderers in the sight of God, in many cases? Are we not indeed living at the time mentioned in prophecy, when "they should be without natural affection?"

—It was not at all strange that an old Universalist should respond "Bless the Lord," when the minister spoke of a friend of his, dying without professing faith in Christ, yet he "thought the Lord loved him so well that he would not permit him to be lost."

—Be careful how you attempt to harness a strange horse, for the animal may be vicious; and be more careful still how you use big words with which you are not acquainted, for these are surely harmful. One of our ministers once preached to a large and intelligent congregation, a sermon against Universalism. After he had arrayed all his arguments against it, he capped the whole by three times asserting and repeating that "Universalism was a complete paradox," which being interpreted is, "it seems to be false, yet it is true in fact." That last word destroyed both the argument and its application.

—If, as in Egypt of old, the destroying angel should pass through our land, smiting all prayerless households, how many, think you, would escape?

GERSHOM.

The Vine Bears Grapes.

What! forty years a Christian, and nothing to tell but that you were once born again? Suppose a man should continually, until he was fifty years old or more, want his old nurse to tell over and over, how he was born, how he cried, and the whole history of his babyhood—is there nothing later in his experience to be remembered? Is there no such thing as growth—is there no such thing as variety? Are there no such things as victories? No man can go around the world, even as a navigator, without meeting endless change of scene and phenomena, endless variety, endless beauty, endless wonders, and shall a man navigate the eternal sphere, with all the power of the heavenly kingdom on him, without having from day to day new experiences? Shall a man live a Christian life and have no conflicts, no doubts, no fears, no strange victories, no aspirations, no sorrows, no joys, no moral ecstasies? Go away, you barren natures! You are not Christians. If you bear much good fruit, and bear every summer different clusters, then you are Christians. The trellis on which a vine is trained is not a vine. The vine is valuable because it bears grapes. If it does not bear grapes, then the trellis is just as good as the vine.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1870.

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

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

Women.

The woman question is but a symptom of the condition of our social life. Unrest is general. Amen. Anything is better than stagnation. Hunger betokens health. Fault-finding precedes reform. The gospel cures human ills by first making us chafe under them. It is now moving the public heart to do justice to women. The aim is to change laws and customs, so as to permit and help morally forceful women to make the most of themselves, to become in, the highest sense, womanly.

If this is the result, the fruitage will be blessed. Man and woman rise or fall together. If she is made more womanly, she will make him more manly. But if nature is perverted, and changed, and she is warped into a more masculine being, the results will be deplorable. The sexes differ. Their voices are the keys to their respective natures, the woman's an octave above, the man's stronger, and of greater volume; they are not complete apart, but, blended, make rich and mellow chords. The man is not complete without the woman, nor the woman without the man.

The conditions of development are the same in both sexes,—opportunity, emulation and necessity. It should ring in the ears of every human being, from childhood,—“You are free to be or do anything that is good, and true, and honorable, in the whole broad circle of real or possible life.” So the object of laws and customs should be to encourage, guide and help men and women to do their best, to find the best positions and fill them with honor and advantage. Why not open the world of opportunity to women? Why not allow and help them to do anything they are willing and able to do and which they can do well? Ability and disposition are the most fit and authoritative license for place or work. It is safe to open wide the doors, and urge all to choose their station. Nature works safely when it works freely, but suppression and restriction breed mischief and peril. In Europe and Asia, women delve at rough and heavy tasks, because they must; but when the yoke is lifted from their necks, and nature allowed free choice, they turn to more domestic, refined and womanly pursuits. Women are not all alike. If any desire and are able to dig, and saw, and plow, command ships, sing bass, play the polka, preach the gospel, figure “on change,” and sit on juries, serve as sheriffs, or do any such tasks, why not let them do it? There is no danger in freedom. Open wide the door of opportunity.

But woman will seldom enter these rough and toilsome pursuits, unless compelled by dire necessity; her natural tastes and inclinations are all to more delicate and quiet callings; she can never compete with man in them, and will not willingly endure the mortification of inferiority. Moreover, as society is improved, the pursuits which agree with her ability and tastes become more numerous, varied and profitable, and she has less and less occasion to resort to others.

But opportunity and necessity constitute the school which brings out great and noble men and women. A world of opportunity alone will not yield a dozen in a century. Without the necessity of thinking, toiling, contriving, enduring, suffering, and the cheer of hope, joy, sympathy and love, the mind is sluggish, the faculties wither and twist, and take monstrous shapes, and never become strong, and rich in graces.

Nature, experience and revelation assure us, that the position of wife and mother, where the household is directed by virtue and intelligence, affords just that combination of influences, of opportunity and necessity, of trial and cheer, which matures the richest and noblest elements of womanly character. Years of care, contriving, unselfishness, solitude, patience, love, fellowship with guileless, confiding, loving children, pious endeavor to lead them to Christ, and make them good and happy, are unsurpassed in power to enlarge the heart, suppress all narrow, low, sinful impulses, and develop the noblest, purest, and most Christ-like graces that ever adorn a human nature. This is not theory alone, it is experience. Facts corroborate our statement; history gives conclusive testimony, that the best, the noblest, the wisest women the world has ever seen, were made so in the family school of discipline and culture.

There are peculiar women, who are not women in any noble, womanly sense, who are unfit to enter the family relation. Their hearts are too cold, unsympathetic, for its duties or privileges. There are indolent, ignorant women, who disgrace the relation by neglecting its sacred duties, and falling of course to profit by its high and varied privileges. There are unfortunate women, who are bound to low and brutal men, who make their burdens grievous, and poison every cup of domestic life. Yet they often become the brightest jewels among all the good.

There are sinful, selfish, passionate women who fret and fume, and pervert the blessings of home and make them bitter curses. The highest opportunity and richest blessings always become the greatest curses, when misused, and home, which ought to be a miniature heaven, is often made a burning hell.

But these sad cases do not change the fact, that there is no position on earth, where a woman can both get and do so much good, as in the relation of wife and mother. So far as reformers of woman's position make this fact prominent, and impress it upon the minds of the whole people, they will serve the best interests of society; but if they suppress or deny it, they do an evil work, lead astray, and impede the true progress of woman's elevation. We owe a great and solemn duty to the unmarried, to those who do not choose to marry, and that still larger class, who have no opportunity to marry worthy men, and rightly refuse to marry others. Every possible facility should be afforded them to fill up the measure of their days in useful and profitable pursuits. Every profession and industry to which they may incline, should give them welcome and reward. But it is false and foolish to assert that their position is to be preferred to that of wife and mother, under proper conditions.

“Free Russia.”

“Despotic Russia,” the multitude would say. The people generally do not realize what mighty changes have been going on in this great empire of the north. It is now by no means as in former decades. For a marvel, they have a radical reformer for an Emperor. Ardently, wisely, and persistently, he has been, since his ascent to the throne, endeavoring to emancipate his people from old abuses and oppressions, and make them free. But it has not been the Emperors who have been oppressors. Nobles, orders, corporations, societies, excelled the head of the empire in this, and these have formed the chief obstacles to reform. They are too strong and incorrigible for the Emperor himself to manage. Mr. Dixon gives us graphic descriptions of the internal working of these domestic forces, secular and religious; and shows how selfishness, prejudice, bigotry and arrogance withstand these reformatory measures.

The emancipation of the serfs was a grand step, but not so difficult as to elevate them, and make them appreciate and properly use and profit by their new-born liberties. But progress is made in this, and the citizens are rising in the scale of intelligence, and so add to the wealth and glory of the empire.

The Russians are peculiar. They are devotees of the ancient and venerable. This trait works both evil and good. It makes them deprecate change, unless it be to some old faith or usage. Modern improvements are not easily introduced; and they oppose the use of tobacco and beer, because they are modern customs, and prevail among the Germans.

When the Emperor proposed the introduction of the Bible, they welcomed it with delight, because it was an ancient book, and dear to the early fathers. Hence they revere, study and are blessed by the Bible, and hold it as they ought, more sacred and precious than rituals or traditions, even of the saints. As fast as the common people learn to read, they become Bible students, and where there are a few readers in a village, they are beset to read to others, and out of the ancient Book. The Bible reading which began on the accession of the present Emperor, drove the Jesuits from the land. They were working their way into all parts of the empire, but when Bibles came, they set themselves against them; and the issue arose,—Jesuits or Bibles. The Emperor and the people chose Bibles, and the Jesuits were expelled.

The empire has a state religion, the Greek church, and the Emperor is the head. This was not always so. A few centuries since, the innovation occurred, and a very large proportion of the people have never to this day accepted the change. Mr. Dixon says that several millions still strongly dissent. They are called “Old Believers.” They assert that the Emperor is not rightly the head of the church; that the church ought to be separate and independent of the state; that the clergy appointed by the crown are not the true clergy, and the sacraments administered by their hands are not true sacraments. They refuse marriage at their hand, and there being no other legal marriage, their children are, in the eyes of the law, illegitimate, and incapable of inheriting the estates of their parents. They thus refuse the protection and privileges of church, and state, for conscience' sake. They have heretofore suffered persecution, and still suffer severe disabilities.

The Emperor has made great efforts to relieve their hardships, but it is a difficult task to reconcile these two conscientious churches which stand in sharp antagonism on scores of points. Compromise in such cases is out of the question. Conscience, intensified by bigotry, never compromises; martyrdom is preferred. There is but one solution of the difficulty, and to that they will ultimately come, i. e., entire freedom of religion from state control and state support.

The Russians are a singularly gentle and tender-hearted people. Their intense religious characters never take the cruel type of the Papists; the infliction of severe penalties, even, is tempered with mercy. But they are fearful superstitious, believe in ghosts, visions, miracles, relics, and all the nonsense of benighted enthusiasts. But as light and liberty increase they will outgrow their weaknesses, and become more and more noble in character as they gain instruction from the word of God.

Mr. Dixon has made a very instructive and valuable book, and opens to us the interior life of a nation which has been but partially known, and but little understood. It is worthy a wide reading, and time spent in the perusal of it can not be otherwise than profitably employed.

“FREE RUSSIA.”—By W. H. Dixon, author of “Free America, &c.” New York: Harper and Brothers.

Was He a Christian?

This question has agitated the press and pulpit for the past few weeks, as never before perhaps, in a so direct and personal form, and in this form may seem to be strange and well nigh unaccountable.

Charles Dickens, the immediate subject of it, was no obscure individual, whose light, if he had any, need be “hid under a bushel,” but a man who has for a quarter of a century filled a larger place in the public eye, as an author, than any other man living. “Nor was he a man of changeable character and pretensions, sometimes making a profession of religion, and then denying it in word or life, so that it might be doubtful whether he ‘died in the faith,’ and equally doubtful whether he lived in it. While living, he was judged by quite another standard than Christian. Why, then, this so general and stirring controversy, when dead?”

It seems to have been sprung upon us by the merest accident, and most unexpectedly. So far as it can be traced, it had its origin in one of Beecher's prayer meetings, a brother propounding it, and Mr. Beecher, not answering it exactly, but remarking on it in his way. This at once gave it notoriety, and so the discussion, thus opened, has been carried on in general and in detail, sharp and incisive in character, and yet wholly unsatisfactory in results.

The answers have been strangely diverse. The extremists affirm, on the one hand, that his life and writings, especially the latter, have proved more pernicious and demoralizing than those of Voltaire and Paine, and on the other, that his “ministrations” have been as Christian and useful as those of Beecher himself! And these judgments come from men claiming to be equally evangelical. The evidence of his Christian character, so far as we have been able to comprehend it, rests mainly on this: He was a friend of the lowly, not so much in his public or private charities and personal efforts, as in his writings, striking damaging blows at the world's bloated aristocracies, and lifting the poor and despised ones of earth to a higher plane of merit and consequence. This shows that the question, in its present form accidentally thrust upon us, is not itself an accident. It has a deeper and more radical significance. Its treatment, in many respects, is the legitimate offspring of the speculative and even skeptical spirit of the age, as it regards personal religion, and the question easily resolves itself, as it has already done, into the more general and vital one, What is it, after all, to be a Christian? The question in this form has nowhere, to our knowledge, met with a satisfactory answer; but quite the reverse, whether attempted by pulpit or press, either orthodox or heterodox.

To write a book in broad caricature, and in style just suited to the popular taste, however by its drawn characters condemnatory of aristocracy and laudatory of the poor and despised, is not of itself a very decisive proof of Christian discipleship; for an infidel, or a well-instructed heathen, could do that. There are other and more essential elements and evidences of Christian character. The question is wider and more radical in import, whether applied to Dickens or anybody else.

Some, nay many, have treated it as though it might be resolved into this? To what communion did Dickens belong, if indeed to any? That is, was he Pagan or Christian? Was he Catholic or Protestant? To what creed did he subscribe? To what shibboleth did he give ear? Was he a Calvinist, or an Arminian? Did he believe in seven sacraments, or two, or none? Was he Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, or Congregational, or neither?

Now all this is little better than trifling, when we stand at the grave of a great man, and inquire after the destiny of the soul that has passed away from earth.

First. To be a Christian then is to accept the essential doctrines of Christ. A disciple of St. John, as Polycarp for instance, a Platonist, or a disciple of Plato, or a disciple of any other man, is of course supposed to be a believer in the leading and characteristic principles of the religious philosophy or science embraced and taught by these great masters respectively. That is clear and indisputable.

Second. To be a Christian is to experience just what Christ insisted on in that significant declaration, “Ye must be born again.” “Born of the water and of the Spirit.” There is a significance in this inner regeneration, pertaining more to a heavenly influence than to a human and natural, or Christianity has its place only among the world's philosophies.

Third. To be a Christian is to do the specific work of a Christian,—to bear Christian fruit, just such as attended the life and labors of Christ and his apostles, namely, the salvation of souls. To bless the bodies and intellects of men is indispensable, as an evidence of Christian character. So is it to labor to raise men in the scale of moral being. But while all this is to be done, the other ought not to be left undone.

Now, was Charles Dickens a Christian after this manner? Did he show by his profession, by his writings, or in any other way, that he accepted the great and leading doctrines and precepts of the gospel? Did he, as a public teacher of men, in any way whatever, proclaim them as objects of a sincere and earnest faith? Was he a regenerate man? Had the inner springs of his life been touched by the Spirit of the living God, making him, by that gracious touch, “a new creature?” Do the fruits of his life bear testimony to this fact? Do men, when under the spell of his great genius, laying aside his most approved and effective representations, exclaim, “What shall we do to be saved?” Did he enter into sympathy with the great mission of Christ, not merely the moral improvement of the world, but the salvation of the souls of men?

While in New York, had there been a convocation of the great and good of all nations, to take counsel together how best to carry the gospel to the lost, and to enlarge the kingdom of Christ in the souls of men, would he have waived a reading of his fiction, to lend his voice, or if not that, even his presence to that specific Christian work?

Had some poor, crime-hardened, yet sin-sick soul approached him, and inquired, “Sir, what shall I do to be saved?” would his answer have really approximated even to that of our Lord to the young moralist, or to that of Paul to the conscience-stricken jailer?

In case of a reformer, a moralist, a benefactor of man, or a teacher of virtue in the ordinary sense, these questions might not seem quite pertinent or in point, but when made to bear directly on the question of Christian character and man's future destiny, they become awfully significant, and fearfully decisive.

Let us not too severely judge any man, but leave him to stand or fall to his own master. Still, let us not ignore, much less do violence to, the essential elements of Christian character or to the vital principles of the law of Christ.

The Evangelical Alliance.

In answer to inquiries in respect to this meeting, we will state the rules adopted by the managers:

1st. The regular delegates are to be representatives of auxiliary Alliances, and those only. No delegates from ecclesiastical bodies, as such, will be received.

2d. Any Christian man who desires a seat in the convention, will be welcomed, as such, but not as a representative of any ecclesiastical organization. The gatherings will be a kind of “mass meeting,” resting upon a delegated basis of representation from auxiliary Alliances.

3d. Any city, village, or town, may call a meeting of evangelical Christians; organize an Alliance; report to Rev. Dr. Prime, of the New York Observer; send on their delegates, and they will be received as constituent members of the body. That is the proper thing to be done, in every place which wishes to be represented. There is no limit as to the number of delegates, which any auxiliary Alliance may send. Send all who will attend, and they will be entitled to seats.

As to entertainment, no arrangement has yet been made for that. A very few may be accommodated in our church here, but not a tenth part of those who expect to attend. The better way is to engage rooms at hotels, and get meals at restaurants. Nice, clean rooms can be had for one dollar a day, and meals at restaurants need not cost more than from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day.

Current Topics.

—DISTINGUISHED VISITORS. Three celebrated English scholars, Carlyle, Tyndall and Huxley, are about to visit the United States. We allude to Carlyle as a scholar, for he has earned the title in no other way, he surely has in his researches for words of great length and extravagant significance, with which to express his contempt of all sham and hypocrisy. His zeal in denouncing cant has often betrayed him into the employment of it, and his very abuse of specious slang often becomes no more than slang itself; but his growing has not been wholly in vain. It is true that he once called us thirty millions of bores, and never misses an opportunity to express his infinitely small opinion of everything that is American, but we shall be glad to see him nevertheless. Should we chance to behave ourselves well during his visit, he may possibly revise his opinions concerning American boorishness. Tyndall and Huxley, like Carlyle, are coming where they are well known, for, like him, their literary works have preceded them, and given them an envied reputation. They are unmistakably at the head of the new school of scientists, and should they chance to enter our lecture field, can not fail of large and appreciative audiences. To listen to the advocate of protoplasm on his favorite subject will be a rare treat, and the author of the works on Light, and Heat, and Sound, can not fail to say many things to be heard and remembered.

—PUBLIC DEBTS. Previous to the reign of Charles the Second of France, when rulers undertook a war or any other expensive enterprise, they demanded the money or the supplies of their subjects at once, to meet all the necessities of the case, or they “lived on the country,” and never paid at all. The Jews were the stated subjects for plunder on such occasions, because papal Christianity held that this “stiff-necked people” had no rights which they were bound to respect. But as civilization and the sense of justice increased, those thievish customs were changed to legal measures. The fashion now is, for every nation, state, city and village to contract debts, and seize the products of personal labor, in a very civilized and proper way, to pay them. The new system is more equal and orderly than the old, but it is far from agreeable now, and tax-payers will be slow to believe that public debts are a blessing to the public.

—SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARIES. Sunday school work is not all in the school room. “A house-going pastor will have a church-going people,” is a proverb quite as applicable to teachers as to preachers. The most prosperous schools are those which work outside as earnestly as they do inside. The teachers are the best possible missionaries to visit the scholars and explore for recruits, and they ought to feel under the most solemn obligations to do this

that, a few months since, were without work. But there are cases often, to which they can not well give attention. Special missionaries should be appointed to whom such may be referred. Some schools sustain a man or woman, to constantly attend to such work; not to excuse, and relieve the teachers, for that would be a curse to them, but to open up new fields, and do work which teachers can not do. Every school should in some way keep the outside work well up.

—DISARRANGEMENT OF THE FOREIGN MAIL SERVICE. The prospective war in Europe is seriously hindering the transportation of American foreign mails. Fear of being seized by French cruisers keeps the German Steamers at their wharves in New York, and thus our mails are left without reliable means of transportation. Should the dilemma lead to the establishment of an American line of Steamships, it will prove a very fortunate circumstance. While every other nation of respectable size has numerous lines of Ocean Steamers carrying its flag, the United States are obliged, in nearly every case, to patronize foreign vessels. Our national policy has been such as to discourage all private attempts at establishing a line, and now the Government finds itself in a very perplexing position on account of it. Several American companies are taking advantage of the present state of things to urge their claims of government assistance, which it is sincerely hoped may be favorably considered. The adoption of plans by which other nations have profitably aided private companies in similar attempts, can not reasonably prove injurious to American navigation. The loss of nearly a million tons of our shipping during the last ten years ought to warrant a careful consideration and ready application of all measures that are at all likely to restore it. There is that which withholdeth, but it tendeth to poverty.

—ANTIQUITY OF AMERICA. We had always supposed that America was rather a modern than an ancient country. We have never doubted that it was discovered in 1492, and that at the time of its discovery it was covered by forests which were filled with savages. But here appears one Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg, who places the time of its discovery far anterior to that date. In fact, he would lead us to favor the idea that it was never discovered at all, but that it was the ancient home of all the learned, both in the fine arts and occult sciences, in morals and politics, and in all those branches which usually receive the attention of the best scholars. Even Greece is no longer allowed the honor of having been the “land of scholars and the nurse of arts,” but becomes only a pupil of ancient American teachers. In proof of his position, the Abbe draws upon the sciences of geology, chronology, philology, &c., and especially relies upon the results of his recent investigations in Mexico. He has there discovered unmistakable evidences of the highest antiquity, and affirms that the languages, civilization, arts and sciences of all the Oriental countries, as well as of Europe and Africa, have proceeded in all cases directly from America. The Abbe will shortly issue a work on this subject.

—A UNION OF THE OPPOSITE PARTY. Medical Associations have been in existence time out of mind. The doctors have always claimed the right to establish their own rates of charges, and by all agreeing to the same rates, have compelled the sick generally, to accept their terms. But this time the Association is formed by those who are sick, or liable to be so, and while the doctors receive the usual fees for their services, the terms are made especially favorable to those of limited means. The first organization of the kind alluded to has just been established in London, and is based on the slight probability that any large proportion of a limited number of healthy individuals will need medical aid during the year for which the rates are paid. For \$2.62, one person can share the benefits of the Society for one year; a family of four, the same length of time for \$5.25, and in about the same ratio for a larger family. No one is allowed to become a member of the Association whose income exceeds \$1000, thus confining its benefits to those especially deserving them. The subscriptions are so numerous that the best medical aid can be secured, which obviates the necessity of employing medium skill, and also guards against the imposition of charlatans and quacks. There will soon be similar Associations in the United States.

—NO TRAVELING COMMITTEES. About as wise a thing as Congress did during its last session was something that it didn't do. Heretofore it has been the fashion for that body to authorize three or four bands of roving Congressmen, to proceed, each summer, up and down and across the country, at the country's expense, to ask questions of about everybody they met, concerning matters that interested hardly anybody, and to report at the next session the results of their investigations. The country got quite enough of these proceedings long ago, and Congress has for once adjourned without authorizing its usual traveling agents. The Senate did at one time give a special committee authority to travel up and down the Mississippi during the vacation, and ask various questions about the levees, but thought better of it the next day and withdrew its consent. The House came very near making a similar appointment, but a nervous objection by Mr. Scofield convinced them of their folly, and the appointment was not pressed. Taken along with the utter disregard which Congress showed during the last session to the wishes of its constituents concerning financial matters, these are refreshing instances of a considerable performance of duty, and merit the compliments which they are receiving.

Denominational News and Notes.

Theological School at Lewiston.

Arrangements are now made for opening the Theological school at Lewiston, Me., on the fifteenth of September next, with a corps of three Professors. Fuller information, covering details, will be given hereafter. Meantime, persons wishing to make specific inquiries, will address Pres. Cheney at Lewiston, or Prof. Fullerton or Butler, at New Hampton.

Apponaug, R. I.

This is a village in the town of Warwick, located near the Narragansett bay, and but ten miles from Providence, having Railroad communication by the Stonington line. A Free Baptist church has been in existence here, for many years, and was in charge of Rev. B. Phelond, until about a year ago, when his health became so impaired as to induce him to resign a pastorate of about twenty years. Late in January last, I was invited to supply the pulpit, and as it was compatible with my main business in the state (that of lecturing on Temperance,) I responded, and in March was urgently solicited to settle as pastor. Although I have not assumed that relation, I have labored on, desiring to do them all possible good. The Unitarian meetings at the Armory Hall, and the Church of England gatherings at the Town Hall, have been given up, though the latter were, I am told, regularly observed for years; and hence, the only Protestant meeting in the village is at our Meeting House, which is a comfortable structure, well located. The living, active members of the Baptist church are few in number, but there is a goodly number of C. Baptists, Methodists and other evangelical Christians, who worship with us, and who are very active and useful in the Sunday school, which is one of the best in the country.

I have been thus truthfully descriptive, hoping that the eye of a good minister of Jesus Christ, (Free Baptist would be preferable) might rest upon this paper, whose heart might be moved by the Holy Spirit to come this way. Judging from the kind reception I have had among the people, I feel warranted in saying that the man whom the Lord would delight to honor as a minister of the gospel in this large field, would be heartily supported. While I esteem it a pleasure to preach the gospel of Jesus to all people, as much as in me lies, and labor for the unity of the church of Christ, if I preach, as a pastor, I prefer a field in my own denomination. Therefore, this field will be open for another supply by the first of September. Perhaps I should add that I have not intimated my purpose to leave, to any one, and hence this article will be the first notice to any one here. A Bro. Wallace, here at the Quarterly Meeting last winter, was well received. Is he at leisure?

E. N. HARRIS.

P. S. The copies of the *Morning Star*, with the hundred copies of the *Myrtle* (every school should have the *Myrtle* for it is unsurpassed) ordered by me, are well received. More subscribers for the *Star* might be obtained.

July 20th, 1870.

White Co., Ind.

During the past winter and spring Rev. D. Mills did a good work for the cause of Christ at Badger's Grove and in the adjacent towns. More than one hundred souls have been hopefully saved from sin, and organized into churches, with good prospects of permanence and usefulness. The church at Badger's Grove numbers fifty, and has a Sabbath school of eighty pupils, and one a few miles away of sixty. This church represents a property of not less than \$100,000, in a thrifty farming community. The church and community are adopting measures to build a house of worship this fall, 36 by 50 feet; and although the scarcity of money, from the failure of crops the past year, is forcibly felt by them, yet they are resolved to build. God has done so great things for them, they seem constrained to acknowledge it, in doing what is so much needed for the success of his cause among them at this time.

Burnett's Creek church is located in an adjacent town, and was organized with thirty members. It has a Sunday school of sixty members, and represents a property of about \$150,000. They purpose to build a house next season. This church is located about nine miles from Lafayette and has a large field for usefulness.

Round Grove church, in another township, has a membership of twelve; is doing something in Sabbath schools, and is also the fruit of this revival.

Bro. Mills, under God, has gained, during the past six months, a great victory over sin in these communities, and it is gratifying to know that he is adopting successful measures to secure the best results from it. These churches, together with the Rensselaer church, have formed a new Quarterly Meeting, extending over a promising section of country. A large portion of the new membership are heads of families, in middle life, and although mostly strangers to our doctrines and usages as a denomination, yet they feel and act quite at home, and are zealous in our cause. Another minister is very much needed in this Q. M. at once. Our doctrines have not been preached very extensively in this part of the state, and this work is an indication of what may be done by consistent efforts. Our Brother has made an important acquisition to the denomination as well as to the cause of Christ, and we trust he will live to see yet greater things in this section.

We can say truly, that our work of “church extension,” is not only begun but is making good progress. Several Quarterly Meetings in northern Illinois, that, a few months since, were without

Poetry.

The Aspens.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

I sat beneath the tremblement
Of Aspen's light and shade;
The glint, and changing shadows, too,
On a young brow were laid.
The flecks of gold in the brown hair,
Like gleaming gems inwrought;
But more of shadow than of light,
The lifted face had caught.
It kept the change from light to shade,
That told of deep unrest.
Near unto me, and tenderly,
The questioning face was pressed,
And lips quite old enough to frame,
I thought, a better plea,
Asked mine to tell again,—
The legend of the tree,
That moved not when the others swept,
In leafy grace, the ground,
When Christ passed by to Calvary,
When Nature went around.
But after,—when the Christ had died,
Took on this form of grief;
And whisp'ers down the ages now,
Remorse in every leaf.
The small leaves shimmered over us,
Each hung on thin thread;
The lips had caught their tremblement,
The faltering lips that said,—
"And I have heard the Christ go by;
Like trees bowed in the wood,
Strong hearts bent beneath, while all unmoved,
Mine, mine alone hath stood."
"And I have watched the Christ go by,
And knew my own sin lent
Weight to the cross, beneath whose load
The Man of Sorrows bent!"
Then came a hush, and in our hearts
The silence deeper grew;
Such stillness brooded o'er the wood,
Ere summer storm sweeps through.
I knew so little of the soul
—Did not dare to teach,
To break the silence of that heart
By any form of speech.
Where'er it listeth, to the wind,
On unseen wings is borne,
And thou art touched by breath of God,
O heart, in life's sweet morn.
While wearing all the tenderness
And freshness of the spring;
How soft and sweet the notes shall wake,
When God's breath stirs therein!
O heart, where in sweet tremblement,
The light and shadow meet,
Through this great silence hear once more
The passing Saviour's feet!
Bow low in tenderness, dear one;
But thou a better type
Than mourning Asph'ra tree shouldst choose;
Thou shouldst wear more of light
And restfulness through all thy heart;
And rare, glad notes should run,
With silvery sweetness, o'er the chords
That are so finely strung.

The Little Shoe.

Laughing, and humming an idle air,
I threw the drawer's contents aside;
Trifles of old days I scattered there,
And papers in haste untied.
Struck, as it were, by a random shot,
I felt an old wound bleed anew;
Carelessly seeking I knew not what,
I came on a little shoe.
Memory flashed on me; sadly sweet
Rang out the merry laugh of yore;
Echoed the beat of those tiny feet,
That pattered along the floor.
Chubby, round face, so demure and wise,
Shone out with brow so angel-fair;
Dreamy reflection of hare-bell eyes,
And halo of golden hair.
Pet names and jokes of her infant play
Struck on my heart with a sudden blow,
Life in the morn of one dreadful day,
And death ere the sun was low!
Poor little relic! brief hour of sport!
What shame to me if I fear will fall!
Spring-time of babyhood, oh, how short!
This poor little shoe, how small!

The Family Circle.

Our Boy.

"WANTED—A home for a soldier's son, eight years old. Address, with terms, till the 1st of August."

So it read in our daily paper. We had been married thirteen years and had no children. We had been realizing for some time that we had reached the period when people begin to grow old. We had considered what we should do for home companionship, and sympathy, and care as we advanced in years, and had painfully forced upon us an appreciation of the value of children. We had determined to take a child to bring up. Our duty as Christians and to the world required it. More selfishly, we thought we saw in it the means of providing against a companionless, gloomy, helpless old age. So we were on the lookout.

My wife wanted a boy; I wanted a girl. She thought a boy would be exposed to less fatal perils than a girl. I considered the quiet, domestic character of girls and thought how pleasant it would be to have one about the house all the time.

My wife saw the advertisement and insisted that I should answer it. "Pooh!" said I, "a boy, eight years old! He will be a staver. He will smash things generally, and be ten times as much trouble as he will be worth." She persisted, and I dispatched an answer, hoping and believing that that would be the end of the matter.

One day an elderly gentleman came to my office, leading a shy little fellow who looked like anything but a staver. Something in his face softened me and suggested that he might not prove a nuisance. The man had received a large number of answers to his "want." I avoided committing myself in the conversation and referred him to my wife, giving him her address. As he went out, I again thought that would be the last of the boy.

When I got home the boy was there, helping shell lima beans. The man had been around and had not been sued. It was raining, and he did not want to take the boy back to the country that night. My wife had agreed, in the kindness of her heart, to keep him a week and try how she could get along with him.

The boy had been cared for at the Soldier's Orphan Home at —, where he had received the wholesale fare and the wholesale treatment in which such institutions deal. The establishment is considered a well-managed one, and the fare and treatment good. Doubtless they are good of their kind, but they are not what the family gives and fall very short of what the child needs. He had passed the usual period of childhood's diseases and had just got up from his last attack, which had left him as attenuated and forlorn in appearance as ever a child of his age was and live. His hair was cropped in a home-made fashion, and his face had a 'downcast, cowed look, which told of machine rule and the privation of sympathy, and obscured what signs of intelligence he might have exhibited if he had been allowed to be himself. Our friends noticed this air. Some pronounced him a "dummy," and insinuated that we had gone into a very poorly paying business. Others spoke more hopefully and predicted that the peculiar look would shortly wear off, and the boy would brighten up. They had seen children from orphan asylums before, and they all looked that way at first. We believed the latter, for the child had already found the way to our hearts, and we could perceive, working upon him and changing him, the influences of a happier life than he had enjoyed before.

The boy made himself at home with us, from the beginning. He addressed us as "Papa" and "Mamma" of his own accord, at once. He discovered, as if by intuition, where everything was and belonged; he put the things away and got them out when they were wanted, and before he had been in the house a week, he talked of "our things" as if he had been born and brought up among them.

One day he tipped over the rocking-chair and himself. He picked himself up, and was perfectly quiet for a few moments, when he looked up and said, "A'n't you going to whip me?" This revealed the way he had been trained.

When he came to us his mind was a blank so far as the effect upon it of external influences and instruction was concerned. He was of an age at which most boys know much of both, yet he seemed to know nothing, either of good or evil. He had but a slight idea of what were his duties and obligations, but was as innocent of guile as a new-born babe. There was hardly more for him to unlearn than a babe would have. There was no mistrust about him. He never thought of doing anything but the right, but had only a dim comprehension of what the right was. He had been taught his letters as they stood in the column and could say them off glibly, but could not tell one from another when they stood out of their order. So with his counting.

We have not had our boy a year yet. The cowed look wore off in a month. His face is bright and beams with intelligence, happiness and grateful affection. He exhibits an uncommonly fine form of play action, and compares in appearance to his own advantage with ninety out of a hundred of the best-favored children one meets. He wins upon everybody. Those who pronounced him a "dummy" are astonished at the way he has come out. Friends who had heard of him, and had laughed at us for taking him, are surprised, when they see him, into exclaiming, "What a fine boy!" Strangers to his history remark upon his beauty and his resemblance to his parents. He is popular with his playmates. He is as a ray of sunshine whenever we go out with him into company. We have not sent him to school, for we think home is the best school for such as he till they attain a certain stage of advancement. The home school is well kept. He has learned to read with tolerable facility and pleasure, and has displayed an aptitude for arithmetic and music.

He has faults. He is careless, or rather does not appreciate that there are consequences. He is a real boy, and as he develops, acquires a boy's activity and a boy's manners, which bring care and vexation after their kind. But he acquires also the nobler qualities of a boy's heart, to which he takes, and not the mean ones, to which he takes not at all. We are satisfied with our choice. It has given us a new lease of life, and has been a revelation of a new source of happiness. To lose him would be like losing part of ourselves. He looks to us with the fondness and trust with which a child may look at its own parents. His name is Willie.

The moral of this, which is a true story in every word, is, that children are a blessing which married people can not afford to do without. The want of them is a void in life which enlarges as age advances, and is an occasion of unhappiness and fretfulness which often appear of inexplicable origin. With all the care and vexation they cause, they bring joy and hope which more than compensate. The experiment we have narrated is recommended to childless pairs. The world, which contains many such, is also the wandering place of numerous orphans, who are wretched or going to the bad for the lack of parental care and affection. They are running to ruin in the highways, or are accumulated in orphan asylums, where Procrustean machinery is shaping them into mere formalities. Look about; somewhere a child will be found that will awaken interest. Take that one, and undertake to train it into a man or woman of the right stamp. The verification alone can bring an appreciation of how much your life, your manhood or womanhood, will be ennobled by the occupation. —*Christian Union.*

Why Anne Was Unhappy.

Little Anne got out of bed feeling very unhappy. She had not rested well the first part of the night; and, in the morning, when everybody else was up and wide awake, her little peepers begged for more sleep. She thought mamma, sister and nurse were cross; though, in fact, they were as pleasant as usual.

Instead of dressing herself, she sat down on the floor and gazed at her toes. You would have thought, from the expression on her face, that they had been very naughty little toes and had done her some great injury.

When she had become tired of looking at them, she began to dress. She washed her face and hands; the soap got into her eyes. She put on her boot; the string got twisted in a knot. She combed her hair; it got into a snarl. She put on her dress; and a pin, which she had left in it the night before, scratched her.

When she ate her breakfast, her coffee was too hot, and the cakes were too cold. She was too near the fire, and she would not go nearer the window. Johnny looked too sober, and Allie laughed too much. She was sorry she had risen so early, and she was sure she would be late at school.

She was in such a miserable humor that she made all the family uncomfortable by her complaints. Johnny said she must have got out of bed head first; and Allie thought she had better go back and get up again in the right way.

Her mother asked her kindly if she were sick. No. If she wanted this or that, naming several different things. No, she did not want any of them. "Well, then, my child, what do you want?" asked her mother.

Now Anne could not think of anything in particular that she did want. She only knew that she did not want anything that she could have; so she said: "I want something that you have not got, mamma."

Then Anne had a real good cry. After that she felt a little better; but two or three days passed before she felt quite happy again.

Now, what do you suppose made everything look so blue to Anne that morning? Her mother did not know, and Anne did not think she has found out yet. But I think I know; for I was visiting at her house the evening before and saw Anne eat heartily of meat, hot biscuit, rich cakes and preserves for her supper. I am sure that, if I had eaten such a supper, I should have been cross and unhappy, too, the next day.

It seems strange to me that grown-up people will allow children to eat such things, particularly at night. Hot bread and rich cakes should never be eaten by anybody, at any time; and they are more injurious at night than early in the day.

I sometimes see men and women who are nervous, peevish, and unreasonable; and who, by being so, make all about them uncomfortable. I always feel pretty sure that such persons eat or drink that which is hurtful, and too much of it, too.

God has made for our use an abundance of good and healthful food and drink; and, if we would be content to use such only, we should be healthier and happier.

Neither Anne nor her mother suspected that the food she had eaten was the cause of her wretched feelings that morning, because she had no pain in any particular spot.

If any person had treated Anne as she had treated her stomach, she would have thought herself very badly dealt with. If her stomach could have spoken, it might have said: "Please do not make me work so hard to-night, to digest all these unwholesome things. I have been busy all day helping to change the breakfast and dinner you ate into the blood which is to carry nourishment to every part of your body. I am tired and need rest, so as to be able to work for you again to-morrow. Take only a light supper, and I will allow you to sleep well all night, and you will awake in the morning refreshed, and cheerful."

We call men, who drink whiskey and other intoxicating drinks, very foolish and wicked; and so they are. But I think that persons who eat too much, and food that is not wholesome, are foolish and wicked also.

People seem to forget that the stomach has anything to do with the rest of the body. They remind me of a little boy I once knew. His mother told him to come out of the water, in which he was wading. She told him that getting his feet wet would make his tooth ache again. He thought she was wiser than she, so he replied: "But my feet are not near my teeth."

If children wish to be healthy, happy, and useful when they grow up, they must be temperate in eating as well as in drinking. They should eat plain, healthy food, and not too much of it. —*Independent.*

Pet Monkeys.

I have two monkeys of whom I am exceedingly fond. Their names are the 'Hag' and 'Tiny.' The 'Hag's' original name was 'Fanny,' but she has so much of the character of a disagreeable old woman about her that I call her the 'Hag.' Tiny is a very little monkey indeed, not much bigger than a large rat. My friend Bartlett brought her to me from the Zoological Gardens as a dead monkey; she was 'as good as dead'—a perfect skeleton, and with but little hair on her. She arrived tied up in an old canvas bag. I put her into the 'Hag's' cage. The old lady at once 'took to her,' and instantly began the office of nurse; she cuddled up poor Tiny in her arms, made faces and showed her teeth at anybody who attempted to touch her. Tiny had port wine negus, guinea wine, beef tea, egg and milk—in fact, anything she could eat; and the 'Hag' allowed her to have 'first pull' at whatever was put into the cage. In time

Tiny stood up, then began to run; her hair all came out again, and she is now one of the most wicked, intelligent, pretty little beasts that ever committed an act of theft. Steal? Why, her whole life was devoted to stealing, for the pure love of the thing.

The moment I come down to breakfast I let out the monkeys. I keep a box of sardines specially for the 'Hag,' who immediately helps herself and sits on the table, grunting with pleasure as she licks her oily fingers. The moment Tiny is let loose, she steals whatever is on the table, and it is great fun to see her snatch off the red herring from the plate and run off with it to the top of the book shelves. While I am getting down my herring, Tiny goes to the breakfast table again, and, if she can, steals the egg; this she tucks under her arm and bolts away, running on her hind legs. This young lady has of late been rather shy of eggs, as she once stole one that was quite hot and burned herself. She cried out, and the 'Hag' left off eating sardines, shook her tail violently and opened her mouth at me, as much as to say, 'You dare hurt my Tiny!' If I keep too sharp a lookout upon Miss Tiny, she will run like a rabbit across the table, and upset whatever she can. She generally tries the sugar first as she can then steal a bit, or she will put her hand on the milk jug and pull it over. If she can not get at the sugar basin or milk jug, she will kick at them with her hind legs, just like a horse, and knock them over as she passes.

Tiny and the 'Hag' sometimes go out stealing together. They climb up my coat and search all the pockets. I generally carry a great many cedar pencils; the monkeys take these out and bite off the cut ends; but the great treat is to pick and pick at the door of a glass cupboard till it is open, then to get in and drink the hair-oil which they know is there. Any new thing that arrives they must examine, and, when a hamper comes, I let the monkeys unpack it, especially if I know it contains game. They pull out the straw, a bit at a time, peep under the paper, run off crying, in their own language, 'Look out, there's something alive in the basket!'

The performance generally ends by their upsetting the basket, and, if they turn out a hare, they both set to work and 'look fleas' in the hare's fur. I once received a snake in a basket, and let the monkeys unpack it; they have a mortal horror of a snake. When they found out the contents of the hamper, they were off in a double-quick time, crying 'Murder! thieves!' and it was a long time before they would come down from behind the casts of salmon on the top of the book shelves. Luckily, the monkeys are afraid of a stuffed Australian animal that hangs in my room. When I have any specimens or bottles that I do not want the monkeys to touch, I simply set down the 'bogies' to act as sentry, as I know the monkeys will not come near it.

Although my monkeys do considerable mischief, I let them do it. I am amply rewarded by their funny and affectionate ways. If any of my readers have monkeys, and want to get them tame, they should give them the run of the room, and let them out at meat time to eat and pick what they like. Summer and winter they should wear green baize jackets. —*Prof. Buckland.*

The Good-natured Dispute.

"There is a little account on my slate against you," said a market-man, in a polite tone, to a gentleman whom he saw passing his steps.

"Ah! what is it?" asked the gentleman. He was somewhat surprised, because it was his habit, and the habit of his house, to pay for whatever was bought, at the time of the purchase. Besides, he did not remember to have patronized that particular market.

But the man replied that it was a charge for some pounds of sirloin.

"I do not remember buying it," said the gentleman.

"No," replied the meat-merchant, "an old gentleman came for it; he looked enough like you to be your father, and he said, 'charge it to Mr. Druggendorff.' I know I am right about it."

"Very well. I will speak to my family," said Mr. Druggendorff.

So he did; but his wife and his cook, and waiter and his father-in-law all said no such piece of meat had been purchased by them, or at their order, and no such piece of meat had been brought to the house.

The gentleman said the vender was so positive about the charge he thought it would be well to pay it, as, even if there were a mistake, it was of but little consequence; since he knew it must be a mistake, and not a fraud, from the good character of the market. But Mrs. Druggendorff was unwilling to pay for what she knew had never come into the house, being equally positive with the claimant, and moreover, like Mrs. John Gilpin in the ballad, of "a frugal mind."

"I will go in and see the man," said Mrs. Druggendorff's father; "I will tell him I am the only old gentleman in the house, and, when he sees me, he will perceive his mistake."

But not so. On the contrary, the market-man said, "You are the one who bought it; I remember your face well, and I remember selling you the sirloin, and the conversation about it, and how you said, 'Charge it to Mr. Druggendorff,' and here it is on the slate."

He spoke very good-naturedly; both the man laughed about it, but both were equally positive.

"I am sure it will come to your memory," said the man, standing among his meat and vegetables, "and I am willing to wait until it does. If you can't recollect it, you need not pay me. But I know you bought that meat of me."

"It is not our practice to have charges,

and I can not think how the mistake could come," said the father-in-law of Mr. Druggendorff, in his pleasant, quiet tone.

So they parted. But the next day, as Mr. Druggendorff passed the market, the man, standing in his door, said to him:

"I shall have to back down on that little matter of the sirloin. The man who bought it came in a few hours ago, and as soon as I saw him I knew I had made a mistake, and that he was the man I had in mind. He said, 'Charge it to Mr. Tressle-wharf,' and when I spoke to him about it he said it was he who bought the meat."

Nations have declared war from disputes between them as of little consequence as this good-natured dispute about the meat. Duels have been fought, many and many a time, from far sillier misunderstandings.

And I think all the wrongs and mistakes might be easily righted if men always ruled their spirit and were slow to anger; and you know he who does that is better than the 'mighty,' and even than he who taketh a city.

"Couldn't see the Need."

The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys, in a certain town in Tennessee, had, occasion, recently, to correct a little boy named Johnny. Now, Johnny had what is called the sulks, because he was whipped, and in order to convince him that he was justly and necessarily punished, his teacher had recourse to the following argument:

"Well, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further, what would you do?"

Johnny stilled up his sobs for a moment—and looking up through his tears, innocently replied—"I'd cluck to him, Sir."

"But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what then?"

"I'd get down and lead him, Sir."

"And what if he were obstinate, and wouldn't let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, Sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny."

Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

Literary Review.

WOOD'S ANIMAL KINGDOM. Illustrated. Edited by Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., author of "Wood's Natural History," etc. Embellished with about five hundred engravings on wood by Dalziel Brothers, from new designs by Coleman, Harvey, Wolf, Weir, and others. Complete Edition. London & Boston: H. A. Brown & Co. 1870. Royal Octavo. pp. 800.

This has long been a standard work in its own department. It deserves its eminence. Not too learned or technical for use among the mass of intelligent readers, animated and popular in style, abounding in illustrative incidents, set off by cuts carefully executed, and having a letterpress and binding such as will at once attract and gratify, it is at the same time a repository of scientific information well classified and happily arranged. The publishers have laid the public under a heavy obligation by issuing this very admirable edition of a truly choice work. Whoever buys and reads it carefully will do himself no ordinary or doubtful favor. It is a trustworthy commendation of a book when the imprint of this House appears on the title-page. They do not deal in trash.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES on the Life and Character of William Pitt Fessenden (a Senator from Maine) delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives, 41st Congress, 2d Session, Dec. 14, 1869. Published by order of Congress. Washington. 1870. Royal Octavo. pp. 82.

It is a pleasure to get the full text of these eulogistic addresses pronounced over Senator Fessenden by his associates in Congress, after his career had ended, and sufficient time had elapsed for the formation of just and deliberate estimates. It is not often that such a subject as he was called for the testimony of our statesmen, and it is rare that this sort of public speech is tempered with so much real reverence, repressed feeling and moderation in language. The words were generally worthy of the occasion, and among so many witnesses, it is especially grateful to find such a general consent in the opinions that are expressed, and such a chastened expression of them. Mr. Fessenden was an eminent statesman whose integrity stood above suspicion, a splendid parliamentary debater worthy of the strongest antagonists, a friend whose attachments survived many passages of arms that were animated by seeming fierceness, and a true patriot who ever carried the interests of the country close to his heart. It is worth any young man's while to read these impressive words, and learn how a thorough and steady devotion to the public good is sure to get a proper recognition, and how far the real statesman that stands on principle rises above the mere demagogue that knows no law but expediency.

Pamphlets Magazines, &c.

THE BAPTIST QUARTERLY for July is one of the best numbers yet issued. Its articles are genial, scholarly, able, and are devoted to subjects that are almost sure to enlist the interest of thoughtful readers. Besides a brief article on Exegetical Studies, and several pages of discriminating notices of books, it treats of Miracles; Subterranean Rome; Bible Chronology; Gladstone's Juvenis Mundi; Exegetical of Hebrews XII. 18-24; The True Humanity of Christ. Every one of these is richly worth reading. Phila.: Am. Bapt. Pub. Society.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW has the final article of Mr. Barnes on Sin and Suffering in the Universe, a valuable statement of the main features of Oosterzee's Theology of the New Testament, an account of the Mather Papers, a brief but keen criticism upon Prof. Huxley's doctrine of the Protoplasm, a protest, more earnest than satisfactory, against the idea that Deity can suffer, and several other papers that fully sustain the high reputation of this excellent Quarterly. New York: J. M. Sherwood.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY is, as usual, scholarly, vital, ardent, self-reliant and positive, but it makes a real contribution to our higher theological literature every three months. Its papers present marked contrasts in respect of strength and value, and the peculiar theological opinions of the disciples may be found emphasized in every number; but we always welcome it gladly, and never fail to be rewarded for the time spent over its beautifully printed pages. The number for July discusses—The Law of Liberty; The Law of Divorce; Christian Experience; Education of Children; A Page of History

ry and a Line of Revelation, and The Infallibility Dogma. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

A Catalogue of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary has been received, which shows that the amplest provision is made at that Institution for the education of women who desire a training for the work of the physician, and increase in the size of the medical classes indicates that its offers of aid are meeting appreciation. We rejoice in the interest which women are taking in the study of physiology and hygiene, and in the efforts which they are making to fit themselves to be ministers of relief to the suffering. It is a fitting sphere for the exercise of their skill and sympathy.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Greek Brigands.

Brigands in Greece are not, as in other countries still cursed with brigands, a class completely cut off from society. Each troop had then, and probably has still, its director, its impresario, as it were, sometimes at Court, sometimes at the capital, sometimes at the seashore, often return to civil life, for a few weeks, when he knows that a good haul is to be made. The job finished, he returns to his tillage. Of all the countries in the world, Greece is the country in which opportunity has called forth the greatest number of highwaymen.

A Frenchman, residing in Athens, has told how his servant one day timidly accosted him, twisting his cap between his fingers.

"You have something to ask me?"

"Yes, effendi, but I dare not."

"Dare, nevertheless."

"Effendi, I want to spend a month on the mountain."

"On the mountain! What for?"

"To stretch my limbs, saving your respect, effendi. I get rusty here. In Athens, you are a heap of civilities (I have no intention of offending you), and I am afraid of catching your complaint."

The master, touched by such valid reasons, allowed his valet to take a month's man-shooting. He returned at the expiration of his leave-of-absence, and never touched so much as a pin of his master's property.

There was a poor gendarme who, for long, long years, aspired after the rank of corporal. He was a good soldier, brave enough, and the least refractory in his company; but his only patron was himself. So he deserted, and turned brigand. Here he was able to display his talents. He was soon well known to all the heads of the gendarmery. They tried to catch him, and missed catching him five or six times.

Giving up that game, they sent a friend to treat with him. "You shall have your pardon, and, to make up for your trouble, you shall be made a corporal to-morrow, and a sergeant in the course of the year."

His ambition was satisfied. He consented to be made corporal, awaiting his sergeant's stripes. He had long to wait for them. One day, his patience was worn out, and he returned to the mountain. He had not killed three men before they made haste to make him sergeant. He afterward rose to be an officer with no other patrons than the persons he had put under ground.

There did exist one amazing commandment of the gendarmery, who seriously endeavored to put down brigandage. In a few months he made all the brigands hide their diminished heads in their rocky dens. But the authorities lost no time in dismissing him. He was sapping the foundations of society.

Two travelers of M. Abou's acquaintance, on the point of starting for a province infested with brigands, thought of asking for a safe conduct from the great personages who patronize the principal bands; but one reflection made them desist. "If those gentlemen, to oblige their underlings, should give them notice of our coming, on the sly, and so make them a present of our luggage! Better trust to chance than to the honor of a Greek." They set off on their journey without a safe conduct.

They were very near repenting it. One day, after climbing a steep mountain all alone, they were quietly contemplating the landscape, when they found themselves exposed to three guns, levelled at them by three Pellicanes. Hemmed in on three sides, they escaped by the fourth, and ran down the hill much more quickly than they had come up. In vain the three gunners shouted, "Stop! stop!" One of the fugitives stated that, during the first run, for the first time in his life, he felt for stages and other poor creatures who are hunted and shot at, with no means of defense but flight.

A Frenchman was cleaned out while returning from a short excursion. The brigands took their choice of his clothes. They left him his percussion gun, those worthies only caring for flint guns. Of course they took his money; but, as he spoke Greek extremely well, he explained to the chief of the band that he could not possibly return to town without half penny. Whether for the love of the Greek tongue, or out of pure charity, the chief very generously gave him five francs. This adventure happened within six leagues of Athens.

Athens was once all but taken by brigands. The famous Griotsidi had got together, in the island of Euboea, a band which was almost a little army. He marched on the capital, and probably would have taken it, if the first shot fired at him had not disabled one of his arms. He fell, and his followers took to their heels. But, having shot bullet missed its mark, Athens would have been in the pleasant condition of a hare in the midst of a pack of hounds.—*Every Saturday.*

Dickens on Wine Countries.

The following from Dickens is to the point, and he had a good opportunity of knowing whereof he speaks:

The wine shops are the colleges and chapels of the poor in France. History, morals, politics, jurisprudence and literature, in iniquitous forms, are all taught in these colleges and chapels, where professors of evil continually deliver those lessons, and where hymns are sung nightly to the demons of demoralization. In these haunts of the poor, theft is taught as the morality of property, falsehood as speech, and assassination as the justice of the people. It is in the wine shop the cabman is taught to think it heroic to shoot the middle class man who disputes his fares. It is in the wine shop the workman is taught to admire the man who stabs his faithless mistress. It is in the wine shop the doom is pronounced of the employer who lowers the pay of an employee. The wine shops breed, in a physical atmosphere of malaria, and a moral pestilence of envy and vengeance, the men of crime and revolution. Hunger is proverbially a bad counsellor, but drink is worse.

Ation, causing nervous debility, premature decay &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy has discovered a simple means of self-cure, while he will send free to his fellow sufferers on receipt of a stamp to pay postage. Address J. H. REEVY 78 Nassau St., New York. 1927

