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## **The Morning Star - volume 45 number 34 - August 24, 1870**

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# The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., AUGUST 24, 1870.

No. 34

## THE MORNING STAR.

A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

OFFICES, { No. 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.,  
No. 80 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, AUGUST 24, 1870.

### The Clouds.

How dark is the earth, and how dreary;  
How fell all the air of dismay;  
How hard is life's road, and how weary  
The plodders that faint by the way!

How black are the heavens stretched o'er us;  
How threatening the clouds of despair;  
How throbs the tired ear, with the chorus  
Of woe-spirits haunting the air!

Oh, the wailings of doubt and the anguish  
That sound through the tenanted soul!  
Oh, the broken-winged longings that languish  
On the banks where the deep waters roll!

Yet, though starless the night of our sorrow,  
And pathless the steeps where we stray,  
Still we wait for the slow-coming morn,  
And long for the breaking of day.

We must know—for the Father hath told us—  
The sin for our soul to despond;  
For the clouds are but mist that enfold us,  
And there's light in the valleys beyond.

Ay, light our brief darkness to scatter,  
And crown us with that purified brow,  
Soft seraph hands breaking each fetter  
Which binds us relentlessly now.

Then, dark though the earth be and dreary,  
And full all the air of dismay,  
We will falter not, faint not, nor tarry,  
For there's rest at the end of the way.

But we'll sing, through life's darkest of hours,  
Faith's jubilant psalm—for we know,  
On the graves of our earth-hopes, the flowers  
Of joy everlasting shall grow.

### Sunday at Wheeling, W. Va.

Thursday, Aug. 11th, found us in attendance upon a Teachers' Institute at French Creek, in the southwest portion of Upshar Co. By the way, this French Creek is a "yankee settlement," composed largely of Youngs, Goulds, Leonards, Brooks's, Tottens, Clarks, and others, who originally emigrated thither from New England, and have settled in one of the prettiest parts of our state, and built up a thriving and respected community. A horseback ride of nearly forty miles brought us to Flemington on Friday night, and a railroad ride of upward of a hundred miles brought us to Wheeling on Saturday, with the hope of a night ride by rail to Cleveland, to surprise Bro. Moulton, by an addition of one to his congregation on Sunday, and to be ready for a meeting of the National Superintendents' Association on Monday. But alas! the cars are so respectful of Sunday as not to leave Wheeling after 2 o'clock P. M. on Saturday, and so we have to add the one to a congregation here, instead. Bro. Moulton will excuse us. The will was good enough. But the physical wasn't equal to a foot-ride so far in the time.

At Wheeling we stop at the "Grant House," where a first class hotel is kept and whiskey isn't, and where, once upon a time, a member of the Legislature was sent adrift for getting slightly jolly upon the article kept in a demijohn secreted in his room,—the proprietors of which "go to meeting" at the "Fourth Street" Methodist church, and what is more, "belong to the class." We drift in the same direction,—not exactly to the class, but to the church, and soon find ourselves in the pew of a quondam Minnesota friend, John Wagner, formerly a clerk in Minneapolis, and an occasional auditor of ours there, and now cashier of the first national bank of this city. So drift we around the world, with occasional meetings here and there, to review or manifest singular and unanticipated changes of fortune.

This "Fourth Street church" is in striking contrast to the Methodist churches, or rather "Meeting-houses," of our boyhood days. Most of these were log school-houses,

or private "residences," that included kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, sitting-room and parlor, all in one, or else were more commodious ones that had the sky for their dome, and a log or something similar, for a pulpit, and the forest trees for their pillars and arches. But this "church" is a massive, stone, gothic edifice, with turrets, and finials, and naves, and transepts, and choir,—in the architectural sense, and the modern as well,—and organ, and carvings, and moldings, and frescoes, and brackets, and beams that are for show and not for use, and we can't tell what else. Why, the good old Presiding Elder of our boyhood days, would have sturdily denounced such a structure with its "wooden singer," as a relic of the mother of harlots and a machine of the devil.

It isn't certain, however, that the old idea is the better. It clearly seems preferable that the Lord's money be used in thus building him a beautiful temple rather than in constructing distilleries or tipping-shops. While we live in "coiled houses," it is not certain that God's worship should be conducted in uncouth and out-of-buildings, devoid of suggestiveness or of ornament, rather than the edifices that bring together the choicest results of the human sense of the artistic and the beautiful, as one of our contributions of respect and love for the author of the artistic and beautiful in nature and in redemption.

And the preacher, too, was a contrast to the Methodist preacher of the olden time. Then, he was an "itinerant," with a white horse, and a white hat, and a white cravat, and a shad-bellied coat, and carried the inseparable saddle-bags—here, by the way, always called saddle-pockets—and which, however, nobody ever mistook for pill-bags; for in those days Methodist doctrine, whether it needed doctoring or not, had few or no "Doctors." And the chickens always ran away and hid, when they saw that white horse and hat and shad-bellied coat, lest they should be too lovingly embraced by the latter.

But the theology of the Fourth St. church is doctoring; and Dr. Westwood, who isn't an "itinerant," only as he goes from house to house, I trust, with strong Christian persuasions and tears, among his city congregation, doesn't wear a white hat, or cravat, and would laugh most uproariously to see himself in a shad-bellied coat, and isn't a bit scared at the "wooden singer" and the two choirs (the one architectural and the other vocal,) immediately behind him. And, if he has turned his back upon them, he seems in no great haste to increase the distance between them and himself, either physically or morally.

Two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoirdupois, or thereabouts, attests the great gravity of the Doctor, and his robust countenance would seem to suggest that the chickens, too, unlike former times, haven't run from him, and that roast beef is perhaps scarce in his vicinity. We noticed his fists clenched once or twice during the services. But he didn't strike, even at anybody, nor did he bang the Bible, nor wrench the pulpit, nor tear a passion to tatters. He didn't whine, nor have the good, old, holy tone, nor repeat many of the cant phrases often supposed to be indicative of spiritual experiences. Altogether, as it respects house, preacher, and worshippers, too, for that matter,—if one could have been transferred directly from the Methodist services of thirty years ago, to this one in this place, he could by no possibility have persuaded himself that he was in a Methodist meeting-house, listening to a Methodist sermon. And while, perhaps, some will differ with us, we enjoyed this sermon, and this service, in this place, with this people, better than we should have done one of those thirty years ago.

Dr. Westwood has a powerful and melodious voice, that has been trained to the clearest and most distinct articulation, and that has almost reached that point where the art and effort are lost sight of, in the conformity to the highest naturalness. Added to this is the most perfect self-control, which evidently is in part the result of a thorough understanding and mastery of the subject in hand. No unbeaten oil issues from that pulpit. But it is not the preparation of the memory, nor of the intellect alone. It is obviously the entering of both thought and feeling into the nature of the subject, until the absorbed brain and heart speak out spontaneously. The auditor is not thrilled,—is not especially delighted,—but he finds himself following the thought with interest, and watching for the conclusion with eagerness. The machinery of his own mind and moral nature is set at work, and with gradually accelerated movement. He is not in ecstasies,—he is not spell-bound. But he finds himself, if a Christian, walking more freely and vigorously along the pathway of life. If not a Christian, we apprehend he will feel as if that path were no far-off vision, but a near and present reality, into which he is strongly inclined to enter.

The text was,— "He will guide me with His counsel, and afterward receive me to glory!" There was a clear and natural illustration of the contradictions, and disastrous results of human counsels, illustrated by home topics, that pierced the joints of many a home in the community and congregation, but was given with so much evident good-natured straightforwardness, as not to offend even where it wounded. It was a friend, holding before us the light, by which serious dangers of the way are

discovered and avoided. Then came the safety and certainty of God's counsels, by which we may be led. Here we step off from the unsafe, the treacherous, the finally fatal ground, on to the Rock of Ages. And then the glory "afterwards," contrasted with the glory after which the man of the world is so eager! We began to feel like singing,— "You may have all the world; give me Jesus."

A. P. W.

### Choir Singing.

There is doubtless much criticism indulged over the performances of our church choirs, that is alike lacking in justice, wit and knowledge. Such critics would probably become more lenient if they were themselves set up in the orchestra for a target a few Sabbaths. But the ambitious performances of the choir are sometimes deserving of the sharp words found in a late number of the New York Observer:

I said in one of my letters, that we have as good preaching in the country as you do in the city. I can not say the same of the singing. To tell you the truth very frankly, our singing in church is not good. I might say it is poor. Indeed, if I should say it is execrable, you might think it a harsh word, and I will not use it. But the singing is very poor. I can not say anything favorable of it, except that there is enough of it, indeed too much of it, such as it is. It were better if there were less of it. And that touches the worst feature in our singing, and our singing is very much like the singing in the other churches in this region.

The other day I was late, and the choir were singing when I entered. A friend handed me a hymn book open to the place where the hymn was supposed to be. I sought for it in vain. Not one word from the choir could I understand. Yet they made noise enough to carry a moderate mill, if mills are run by noise. I looked at all the hymns and sought to catch some faint resemblance to something before me, but it was not to be. The whole line was on one string, and the words so run together that it was impossible to disentangle the sense from the sound, and I gave it up in despair. But in the last line but one of the hymn, the final word caught my eye and ear at the same time, and then I learned what hymn had been performed.

The choir have an idea that the more noise they make the better the singing. Then each one tries to see how much noise he or she can make, to swell the whole, and the combined force to the company of singers is something wonderful. It is a strife of tongues. And each one is quite sure of having outdone all the rest. And each one is right. The palm should be torn into bits and each singer should have a piece, as they tear the music all to pieces. If they only knew what would be the effect of soft, sweet sounds, and would try it upon the souls of the worshipping people below, they would do something to aid in the praise of God. As it is, they stir up quite the reverse of worship in the breast of one who has an ear to hear and a heart to feel the concord of sweet sounds.

The volume of sound is something fearful in our little country church. If our choir had been asked to assist at the recent Beethoven festival in New York, the Skating Rink, with 16,000 people in it, would have been a field worthy of their powers. What a choir they would have made! And it would have saved a vast amount of money, for our choir would have gone gratis, and considered the chance a full equivalent for their expenses.

But there is something more fearful than the amount of music they give us. In the expression, every word is given with a hardness of accent that brings out all the harsh sounds, grating upon the nervous system very much as though every voice was a rasp. Sometimes the female voices excel in this refinement of cruelty.

A few days ago I was at Williamstown, Mass., and heard a choir of ten young gentlemen of the College. They had no aid from organ, viol, or any other instrument. No female voices, no boys added their soft air to the melody. But the ten men made music, so sweet, so lovely, that the great audience were enraptured with their songs. They sang hymns. They rendered the sentiment with such delicate perception of its meaning, adapting sound to sense, that even if the words were not understood, as they were, the music itself would have told the meaning, as the dumb instrument does when its keys or strings are touched by the hand of a cunning player. This is culture. This is refined music, which tells upon all hearts alike. The great singers do not affect refined minds only. The masses are moved by exquisite music. It is so in war. It is so in great celebrations. I noticed two facts in the Paris Exhibition worth writing an essay or lecture about. The crowds of plain people gathered most where the music was to be heard and the paintings were to be seen! That is something to be thought of and acted upon. If music and painting are arts of high culture, they do not require the highest culture to be appreciated and enjoyed. The multitude are reached by the arts that address the understanding and feelings so readily and so powerfully, by the eye and ear.

We lose much when we forego or undervalue the influence of good music. It ought to be the most delightful part of worship,

as it is in all churches where artistic excellence has not destroyed the soul of praise, or rudeness utterly neglected the divine direction to sing with the understanding.

The largest Presbyterian congregation in New York city has no choir; the people praise, yea, all the people praise with one heart and voice. No one tries to sing louder than his neighbor. There is no harsh noise, no discordant sound. It is as the noise of many waters, but so blended that it is as the voice of one. I worshiped with the largest Methodist church in New York, a few weeks ago. The house was packed full. All sang. It was glorious. There was heart in it. It was praise in earnest. It was a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord in such songs.

"My willing soul would gladly stay  
In such a frame as this;  
And sit and sing herself away,  
To everlasting bliss."

### Nature's Spring Song.

The Musical Bulletin thus attempts to give expression to the thoughts and emotions awakened by the harmonies which break forth in the morning of a bright day in spring:

The lark gave the signal! Up from the fresh, bright turf of sweet-smiling grass, through the bright springy air, it briskly, cheerily flew—joy in its heart, lightness in its wings, melody streaming from its throat—and darted forth amid the feathered songsters of the grove, blithely sounding in the happy key-note of the sweet spring morn! From a thousand forest trees came the melodious responses; the matin air was gaily filled with the pretty preluding; the morning breezes caught the tune, and murmured it softly and caressingly to the countless leaves quivering on the grand old branches of the stately tree; and the leaves prolonged the full rich strain, and swelled with their soft wild harmonies the beautiful spring song—the rejoicing Pean of the new birth of the verdant and floral year. The cattle on a thousand hills, in mellow concord, full contentment lowed; and the fair faces of happy Nature basked in God's benignant smile. The morning hymn of the birds, the breezes, and the myriad leaves of the wood, joined their accordant sounds, and the psalm of Nature spread, and rolled, and widened, until it reached the serene and lofty abiding places of the spirits of the mountain tops, whose broad and mighty wings were soon harmoniously freighted with the pleasant strains, and whose majestic voices, in glorious tones, enrich the choral songs with chords sublime. What heart tranquil themes of peace and grandeur! And lo! from the mountain bed the bounteous rushing river heareth the joy-abounding tumult, thrills with the weird and many-voiced songs, uplifts his white and foamy crest with pride, to bear his potent part in that fair song, and on his broad and rapid breast, o'er crag and rock, through vale and mead, past wood and hamlet, field and town, bears the triumphant song to Ocean's well-pleased ears. And then, from the depths of the vast, murmuring sea, all grandly sounds the solemn, ponderous bass to make the song complete. The waves of the thunderous anthem swell, and the high cherubim themselves do seem to touch their golden harps and add celestial tones unto the earth's first song of spring.

### Temperance and the Church.

Rev. T. L. Caylor writes as follows to the *Christian at Work*. His words are worthy of thoughtful consideration:

There is really one ugly fact which we as Christians must not ignore—either in our conventions or in our churches—and this ugly fact is that tipping is increasing frightfully in the community, and that drunkenness is making inroads into our congregations, is blackening some names on our church rolls! I do not believe there is a church of any considerable size in our country which does not contain some members who are to-day endangering themselves by tampering with strong drink. "If some of our members do not stop drinking we shall have to discipline them," said the deacon of a prominent church to me lately. The deepest anxiety I feel for several members of my own large flock is that they may fall under the dominion of that enervating cup "which is a mocker," and which upsets a Christian's brain just as soon as any other man's. Some are endangering themselves by using ale or wine every day as a medicine. Others are tempted to take it in the chop-houses and the restaurants. "Nearly every gentleman around me calls for liquor with his dinner," was the testimony of one of my church officers to me last week.

And so the drinking usages, and the curse of drunkenness are eating their way into social parties, into our congregations, and too often into the ranks of the communicants at the Lord's table. I could give facts that would astound those who never look "under the crust," and see what the devil is about, with his "sapping and mining" apparatus. Our Christian Conventions ought to ventilate this important question with thoroughness, and yet with prayerful tenderness and wisdom. It is not a pleasant topic to handle, but it must be handled! Some of the time spent in talking about the sweetness of "Christian

union" had better be given to a discussion of that bitterness of death which wine and whisky are causing in every social circle. This whole work of saving men and women from drunkenness belongs to the followers of Christ. They have no more business to leave it to outside organizations, to "orders" and "lodges," and other benevolent societies, than they have to leave the care of all God's poor to police officers or keepers of almshouses.

Every Christian church ought to have a temperance wheel in its machinery, as much as a Sunday-school wheel. Every minister ought to preach and to practice abstinence from the social glass. If alcoholic drinks poison the body and endanger the soul, then the physical and spiritual effects of strong drink ought to be carefully explained from the pulpit. Teachers ought to do this, too, in the Sunday-school. The temperance pledge might be wisely used in every class where the children are old enough to understand its force and binding consequences. I have always thanked God that I signed a total abstinence pledge in childhood. It kept me from tampering with the "hot toddy" in college, and from "taking just a little" when I went to a wedding or a dinner party.

### Spasmodic Efforts.

Spasmodic efforts are not the ones calculated to accomplish the most in the end. So thinks a pastor in Vermont:

In this age of the world, when the body is carried a mile a minute, and thought transmitted with lightning speed, people think that every thing, however hard, and soul-waning is included, must be done in a moment, or not at all. They forget that to evangelize a community or the world requires something more than paroxysms of labor. Moral and civil reforms are not produced in a day. A large practice is not built up in an hour. Why, then, expect to produce religious reforms in a day or week? The sun does not dart into his meridian splendor. He toils from early morn till noon. The scholar, the artist, the mechanic, do not leap into eminence. The just man does not vault into excellence. The path of all these is as the shining light, which shineth more and more. The reason why the lives of so many are barren is that they trust too much to spasmodic action, and too little to persistent work. They lack that superior quality called the power of application. So if you wish to see a work of grace going on this year in your community, and the church to which you belong revived, you must settle down to steady work for Jesus. Duty must prompt you when inclination is wanting. You promised to serve Christ. You are under obligation to work for him. You should have a religious as well as business sense of honor. You must work in darkness, and amidst doubt—bear reproach—endure trial. Why need you fear grasping, as you profess to do, the hand of the Master?

### Women Lecturers.

WHAT SOME OF THEM ARE TO TALK ABOUT.

The number of women lecturers is increasing, and it is interesting to note their topics. We extract a few items from the *Lycum*, the organ of the Boston Lycum Bureau, on this subject:

Susan B. Anthony will lecture on "The Woman Question."

Anna Dickinson will have four lectures. "Down Brakes," re-written, appears as "To the Rescue!" "Joan of Arc" is a new lecture; and she has a Sunday night lay sermon, a plea for the outcasts, entitled "Out of the Depths." She will have still another, on "Woman's Rights," later in the season.

Mrs. Alice D. Dutton is a new candidate from western Massachusetts, strongly endorsed by the Springfield Republican. She talks on "Odds and Ends."

Miss Fannie R. Edmonds is a new reader and lecturer, who comes with the patronage of Wendell Phillips, Anna Dickinson, Robert Collyer and Nasby. She talks on "Dickens," with illustrative readings, and on "Some Humor and a Little Heroism."

Grace Greenwood has lectured on "The Heroic in Common Life," "Joan of Arc," "Yankee Life and Character."

Mrs. Livermore will explain "The Reasons Why" women should have the ballot, tell what was done by "Women in the War," and lecture on "Queen Elizabeth."

Olivia Logan will describe "Paris, City of Luxury," talk on "Girls," picture "The Passions," and sketch "The Sunny Side."

Ella D. Rockwood will talk on "Black Kettle," or Sir Phillip Sydney in a Red Skin, and show the "Road to Ruin Through a Wine Glass."

Mrs. Maria A. Stetson speaks on "The Practical Man" and "The Man of Force," on "Orators and Poets," and on the "Soul and Biography of Robert Burns."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (better known as Cora Hatch) has a plea for the Indian, entitled "Moketavata, or the Nation and its Wards," and a protest against the landings of Washington, entitled "Our Land-Ed Aristocracy."

Mrs. George Vandenhoff, wife of the celebrated reader, has a lecture on the "Rights and Wrongs of Children."

Mrs. Landar will make her debut as a Reader next season, in the "Boston Lyceum."

### Events of the Week.

#### DEATH OF FARRAGUT.

The death of Admiral Farragut, which occurred at Portsmouth, on Sunday, the 14th inst., sent a pang over the country. Though the tidings were not wholly unexpected, yet they were everywhere received with deep sadness. Full biographies and touching tributes have appeared in most of the leading papers. His record is a most honorable one, and his personal character was such as to silence all disparaging speech. He was a Tennessean by birth, but loved and lived for his country. He was at Norfolk at the breaking out of the rebellion, but he never debated the question in his own mind of going over to the conspirators. His services in the navy during the war were many, large, perilous, brilliant and successful. Equally brave and modest, heroic and tender, simple but dignified in manners, sagacious and frank, cool and resolute, eminent in strategy and magnetic in dash, risking nothing needlessly but daring everything for the sake of the country, a genuine hero in battle and a true friend in the cabin,—he has been the pride and ornament of our navy, and his loss is one that makes us feel the poorer. He has filled his seventy years with manly service, and the great crowd of distinguished men and of the common people that attended his funeral on the 17th inst., fittingly testified to the greatness of the loss which has fallen upon us in his death.

#### THE WEATHER.

It has been no slight relief to have the mercury fall in the tube of the thermometer to a point suggesting the temperate zone, after it had ranged so long among the eighties and nineties, and to have genuine showers break in upon the hot, dry air, take away the ashy appearance of the soil, and set the vegetation smiling with a fresh face. Heavy rains are still needed, and the heat at midday is that of August; but the nights are cool, the breezes do not suggest the mouth of a furnace so much as they do the crests of the mountains and the sweats of the sea, and the crops promise a fair reward to the husbandman and a supply for the nations of Europe whose resources are wasted by war. It is delightful summer weather as one could wish, and both tourists and stay-at-home share in the luxury which it has to offer them. He who rules in nature does not forget our wants, nor become indifferent to our joy.

#### CUBAN DISORDER.

Amid the overshadowing events connected with the war in Europe, the contest in Cuba is scarcely remembered. But peace does not come to that unhappy island. The strife between the patriots and the Spanish troops goes on very much as it has done for a year and a half,—perhaps with an increasing hatred and barbarity. The latest advices state that the Spaniards carry on their destructive work in a determined and desperate way. They have lately burned 800 houses, and killed and captured two hundred persons. Of course the Cubans will retaliate in the same style, and so the contest is prolonged, the hatreds are deepened, savage rather than civilized methods of warfare are adopted, and much of the fair island is given over to desolation. It is impossible to foresee the end of the brutal struggle.

#### JOLITY OF EDITORS' AND PUBLISHERS.

Editors and Publishers' Associations are steadily multiplying, and reunions and excursions are the order of the day. Members of the craft in Vt. have just got home from a pleasant trip; the Illinois Press Association have had a convention and taken an excursion over the lakes during the past week, and the Editors and Publishers' Association of Mass. have fixed upon the twentieth of Sept. for a visit to the lawn and grapery of Dr. Nichols, of the *Journal of Chemistry*, where their powers will be called into full play. Caterers to the public should take their turn in being served.

#### POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

A democratic convention has just been held in Me. It was reported that an attempt was making to secure Gov. Chamberlain as candidate for governor. That result was not reached. Instead, the nomination was given to Gen. C. W. Roberts, of Bangor, a man whose record is an honorable one, though he has had no experience in political life. He will probably command the full vote of his party, which will still leave him a long way from an election.

The Convention of temperance men in Mass., who inaugurated a third party movement in that state on a temperance platform, and nominated Wendell Phillips as candidate for governor, was large, spirited and able, and the step is full of meaning. We have spoken more fully of its significance elsewhere.

#### THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

Dispatches indicate terribly destructive and almost continual fighting between the armies of France and Prussia. Both sides fight desperately and lose heavily. Telegrams are partial and conflicting. Fields are won and lost. Triumph and defeat follow each other. But the Prussians press the French steadily back toward Paris, and seem to be making pretty steady gains. The Pope has written to King William, urging peace. The King replies courteously, but the fight grows fiercer. Important results are looked for during the next few days.



## Communications.

### Uncle Luke's Philosophy.

BY L. M.  
UNNECESSARY TROUBLES.

"I try, I try, I do try."  
"Then God will help you," said Uncle Luke.

"But he doesn't, at least, I don't get a bit of ease from my distress, or the smallest victory over my weakness. I am just where I was a year ago, only enfeebled through much suffering. If there is one feature less endurable than another, in my case, it is to think how unnecessary was my trouble; it was all brought about by the unadvised conduct of one person. If I could have been left alone, it might never have been. It is dreadful to be meddled with to one's hurt!"

"That is true," said Uncle Luke; "I am sorry that an evil-disposed person has afflicted one like you, whose lonely condition should insure to her only kind, thoughtful treatment."

"It was not an evil-disposed person, Uncle, that is, if I was to tell you his high calling, you would at once infer that he could not be guilty of sinister motives in his course of conduct. But I do say that he acted in such a rash, unadvised manner, that he has caused me a world of trouble, such trouble as is hard enough for a woman to bear once, and that in her youth, when there are near friends to help her bear it, and strength in the heart to rebound from its pangs."

"Then your trouble is of the heart?" said Uncle Luke, looking mildly toward the woman who had just been speaking.

A crimson color crept over her face, which betrayed her secret even more than the words she had just uttered. Uncle Luke turned his eyes away from her and added, with a wise smile,—

"What if I should try to guess it, Eliza?"

"Better not," was the answer; "for I should certainly tell you a lie rather than admit the truth."

"In that case, I should know that I had guessed right," said the old man. "I do not wish to make you tell an untruth, however, and am sorry that your trouble is anything of which you need to be ashamed, because this must add to its weight."

"If you infer that it is necessarily something of which I ought to be ashamed, because I refuse to communicate it, you are, allow me to say, not warranted in such a conclusion."

"Well, I do infer that it is either something of which you are ashamed, or something that you hold very dear," said Uncle Luke; "but I don't wish to pry into one's secret troubles. I have dropped in to-day, as I occasionally do, to see how the world is going with you. The good Book says that we should visit the fatherless and widow."

"It is very kind in you to call, Uncle Luke," said Mrs. Eliza. "Only those who have had the experience know what it is to be deprived of friends, and I may say, only the peculiarly helpless and shrinking ones experience the anguish in its keenest and most lasting form."

"Ah, well," said Uncle Luke, "let us pass from inner to outer things. I am a most practical old plodder, as you know, Eliza. This is rough weather for a woman to be out in, and I know that you are a victim of nervous pains. Let me split up for you a nice lot of kindling wood and bring it into the back room, so that it may be right handy to light your fires on cold mornings."

"It isn't necessary, Uncle Luke," was the answer; "I have two cords of fine, dry wood right in my shed."

"Well, isn't your barn watering-trough hedged in with ice? I should think it would be by this time, for we have had a long spell of zero weather. Let me clear it out and pump it full of fresh water."

Mrs. Eliza smiled as she answered:

"I skim out the ice which forms each day, and reckon that my watering-trough is less encumbered than almost any you can find."

"It must be very cold work for you."

"I don't know as it is, it seems but a trifle."

"You have much nervous pain this winter, I hear; is that a trifle, too?"

"Comparatively, I assure you now, Uncle Luke. Mechanical labor is sometimes a relief; so is physical pain."

"But it is not very pleasant to work when one is sick." "Perhaps not," Mrs. Eliza said.

"Still, you don't appear to consider either hard work or neuralgia very bad."

"No, I don't," was the decided answer.

"Thereupon I want to tell you a little story," said Uncle Luke. "I won't be long, that is, I'll try to be short, though, it is true, I am rather an old prosy. You know the Dodds?"

"Yes, I ought to; Mrs. Dodd claims me as her aunt."

"Ah, yes; I forgot that they were relations; but no matter; you will not take offense at what I'm about to say. I have just come from there, and must say that it is anything but a pleasant place to call, if one goes to enjoy himself; though a visit to the family may not be barren of a certain sort of instruction, certainly."

"They are young, married folks, comfortably off for beginners in the world, yet always in hot water. The wife is a most industrious and, what I call, an over-nest person; the husband, well, what is he? ignorant, churlish, lazy, but with an over-mastering self-conceit which is only equalled by his intense meanness."

Mrs. Eliza laughed, for Uncle Luke put a great deal of force and expression into his words.

"Isn't it so?" he asked; "do you think me wrong and harsh in judgment? I

know that the truth is not to be spoken at all times, nor would I be bruting these things abroad in the community; but what I am at now is the stating of a case to you, and I wish to state it strongly as well as fairly."

"Go on, Uncle Luke," said the lady; "you are able to do both."

"Well, then," he resumed, "I've just been calling on the Dodds; and a most unpleasant time I have had of it. The good wife had things very orderly, and, though her eyes are none of the best, was making sale socks at seventeen cents per dozen, by a small, flickering light. She sat in a common dining chair, while her husband had the only rocking chair in the room drawn up to the stove, his feet poked into slippers, and a borrowed newspaper across his lap. He did not rise as I entered, but Mrs. Dodd received me in her usual kind way. I should say that she is one of the very best of the common sort of women, who has had the misfortune to throw herself away. Married to a man of similar nature, she would have been a real power for good among those who came within her reach; but most of her efforts will be thwarted now by her selfish companion, because she has not, as I judge, the force of character sufficient to stand against him."

Mrs. Eliza smiled again, and said:

"Sharp hitting, Uncle Luke."

"But true to a hair; the nail is hit right on the head, isn't it?" asked the old man, with a wise twinkle in the corner of his grey eye. "But I felt really sorry for the woman. It was pitiful to see her attempt to smooth and gloss over her husband's boorishness, and most sad to see how his spirit of complaining begot in her a similar one which was not there by nature, but was merely a reflection of his."

"Dodd began his growlings at once. The whole world was out of kilter and needed him for its tinker. He had an ally-edited religious newspaper on his lap. Inquired if he was a subscriber. His answer was:

"No, I wouldn't have such a paper in my house?"

"Why, Harley," said his wife. "I think it is a very good paper," and then, turning to me, she added, "It is his way of speaking, but I wouldn't wonder if, when I get the money for my sale socks, he would conclude to let me send three dollars and become a subscriber?"

"You had better keep your money to buy you some shoes," said Dodd.

"Perhaps I shall have enough for both," was the answer.

"I guess you will never have so much money that you can throw some of it away on a so-called religious newspaper that dabbles in politics, for that is about one of the meanest things I know of under the sun," returned the husband.

Dodd is always talking about 'meanness' as if he was the only person free from it. So it went on from one thing to another. I said that we had remarkably cold weather for the season.

"I should say that," was Dodd's answer; "it is lagging hard on hay; the cattle eat a third more; I'm afraid mine will come short."

"You know I told you I was afraid you were selling off too much, Harley," remarked the wife.

"Well, I had to sell it to get us a barrel of flour and some clothes. I don't know what you are blaming me for."

"I'm not blaming you," she returned. "I know you have a hard time to get along, and I try to help you all I can."

"It is precious little that women can do," he said, with a sneering glance at her pile of stockings laid upon the stand.

"Oh, well," she answered, trying to smile cheerily, "you must not despise the daily of small things; must he, Uncle Luke? If I earn seventeen cents every evening, after doing the out-of-door chores, so that Harley can do his day's work at the shingle mill, don't you think I am considerable of a help-meet?"

It is notorious, as you know, the amount of work Mrs. Dodd does which her husband ought to do, and which, if he had half the soul of a man, he would do, and not have his wife enduring so many hardships to which she was a stranger in her father's house. So I wanted to answer:

"If you had a husband as willing and energetic as yourself, he would easily compass the doing of the home chores and his day's work, besides."

But I softened my thoughts on this wise: "I am an old man, Mrs. Dodd, and my observation teaches me that, when a young couple get married, it is well for the wife to start with being as helpless and tender as possible; the husband will then think he must wait upon her; he will get used to it and like it. I have a notion that the time a man spends in doing little, kind offices for his family, is spent in about the best way of any of his time."

"Oh, Harley would like to wait upon me," Mrs. Dodd hastened to say; "but we do have a hard time to get along, and I want to help him all I can."

I bowed, and now noticed that Mrs. Dodd had her right wrist swathed in red flannel. She said she lamed it in chopping ice out of the watering trough; for Mr. Dodd would water his horse late in the evening, and often forgot to put the cover down, so it would get frozen up nearly solid, the best she could do.

"And sometimes," she added, "Harley doesn't have time before he goes away to his work, to chop wood enough to last me through the day, so I try my skill, and my foolish wrists will get lame."

"I chop wood enough for you," growled the husband. "You burn too much, that is the trouble. Wood costs too much to be wasted."

"I'm sure I try to be prudent," she said; "but when you get home, you always want to find a good fire. Through the day, I put in only one stick at a time and sit close by the stove; though, it is true, when I

have the tooth-ache, I have to keep rather warmer."

"I believe you always have the tooth-ache," said Dodd.

"I have it a good deal," was the answer.

"You have the hardest time in bearing it, Mrs. Dodd," I remarked.

"Indeed, I think I have the hardest time in hearing the fussing and complaining," said Dodd; "I've lost more than one day's work this winter on account of it."

"But you know I got cold while shoveling snow," said the wife.

"You needn't, if you had taken proper care of yourself."

The wife was silent. I saw that she felt this, though, in a moment, she said pleasantly, "I know I'm fussy when I am sick, and I don't think Harley does much better; neither of us can bear pain patiently."

Then, turning to her husband, she added, "Won't you light another lamp, Harley, and bring a dish of apples from the cellar, some of those nice ones that you had of your uncle? Perhaps Uncle Luke would like one."

I said no, and left with a righteous indignation burning in my heart toward Dodd, and fervently wishing that he might have a crying tooth-ache ere long, with no wife or doctor nigh to ease his pangs for at least twenty-four hours.

Eliza laughed again.

"You were almost malevolent, Uncle Luke," she said. "I don't think so," he returned. "A man so selfish and unfeeling deserves pangs; and now my story is done, as old Mother Goose says. But I want to apply it to your case."

"I don't see how you can," said the lady, shaking her head.

"Wait a moment before you say that," the old man returned. "I go to see Mrs. Dodd; she is young, strong, healthy and has a protector, as the world reckons. I call on Mrs. Aruly; youth has passed her by, her best strength has left her, so she tells me, and she is alone. Yet, would Mrs. Aruly exchange places with Mrs. Dodd?"

"No, sir," was the quick response.

"Then Mrs. Aruly considers herself, in some respects, better off than Mrs. Dodd?"

"Mrs. Aruly certainly does, Uncle Luke," was the spirited reply; to which the lady soon added, with a regretful look: "I often pity my niece when I think of her unfortunate marriage. She was rather a smart girl, well educated, and might have excelled in teaching. Now her usefulness and, I should suppose, enjoyment, too, are ended."

"Then there are things more to be deplored than being alone?" Mrs. Eliza looked sharply at her questioner and, after a moment's pause, answered:

"Yes."

"It is easier for you to bring wood and water for one, than it would be to bring it for two, especially if the second one was a lounging husband who ought to do such work himself."

"Of course."

"You enjoy your religious reading undisturbed; your little plans of benevolence are not meddled with or thwarted; when you wish to fit up a poor little girl or boy to do church, you may do it."

"There is real comfort in that," interrupted Mrs. Eliza, brushing away some tears that would gather.

"I know there is," responded Uncle Luke. "When you wish to throw open your doors to God's people, you may do it, and, if you choose to dispose of one thing after another of your earthly possessions, for the sake of gratifying your desire to do good, no voice can interfere to say why do ye so?"

"This is a blessed liberty," said Mrs. Eliza.

"I am glad you know it," returned Uncle Luke, with a bright smile. "And now, a step farther; there is Mrs. Dodd with a heart as benevolently inclined as yours."

"Yes, Lettie would rather give anything away than eat it or wear it, I believe," said Mrs. Eliza.

"Just think, then, how hard it must be to have her benevolence hampered by her husband's selfishness. She is spending her youth and strength in toiling for a narrow-souled, tyrannical man who does not in the least appreciate one of her hardships or sacrifices; and you know she will never elevate him to her standard, because she, though good, has no force of character, while he is all flint."

"As the husband is the wife is, and I may as well add, she is married to a clown."

"It is a pity about Lettie; but then, we don't know what the future may bring; something may occur to better her condition."

"Ah, well said again, Mrs. Eliza," continued Uncle Luke. "Dodd is finding fault and complaining perpetually; he hates to work—it is a dreadful hardship for him; he is always cross about it and shirks it whenever he can. As to physical pain, if he cuts his lean finger, the house is in arms about it; is not this so?"

"Yes."

"If he did his tasks cheerfully, and was patient when he did not feel well, it would be pleasant; would it not?"

"Certainly."

"Yet you tell me that work is a trifle, and so is pain."

"But I am older and have suffered more. I no longer expect immunity from toil or pain. Nothing is gained by fretting; so I think it as well to be patient."

"Then, was the suffering which taught you this lesson of patience undesirable, since you reap the good fruits of the knowledge it has brought?"

"No, it was not," she answered, with a sober face.

"Was it even unnecessary?" Uncle Luke persisted.

The lady shook her head and said:

"I see what you are coming at."

"I suppose so," he returned. "I know

you remarked, on my entrance, that you were experiencing some very unnecessary trouble, and now I wish to inquire how it is possible for you to know it is thus?"

"It seems so," the lady answered.

"Have you not had trials before, which seemed the same, and which you now look back upon as blessings in disguise?"

"Yes, but—"

"You don't think you can ever look back on this as such?"

"No, to be candid, I don't. I am not reconciled to it; I dread to think of the person who brought it upon me by his unadvised conduct; I gain no victory over it; the only crumb of consolation is that I'm older than I was, and shall not have so long a time to suffer. And then,

"The path that has once been trod, Is never so hard for the feet; And the lesson we once have learned, Is never so hard to repeat."

"You try to pray?"

"Yes, though tears often choke me, and words fail."

"Then the Spirit intercedeth for you with groanings that can not be uttered."

"I hope so."

"You take up your every-day burdens?"

"I tell you they are not burdens, because I know a heavier. That, I can not lift."

"Try, by prayer and faith, to shove it on to Jesus, the great burden-bearer. You know what the Word tells us about being made perfect through suffering."

"I never expect to be perfect."

"Yet God may intend for you to approach as near perfection as one may in the flesh. I trust you are not deprived of your Savior's presence?"

"Not entirely; there is a morsel of enjoyment in performing duties to the best of my poor ability."

"Oh, keep up Christian activity, I charge you, my friend; and, above all things, load not today with to-morrow's burdens. Trust that, for every trial, grace will be given; and may the God of all grace, who has called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that you have suffered awhile, establish, strengthen, settle you. Good-night; and now I think of a few more Scripture words I would like to say. Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." And now, indeed, Good-night—I have made one of my long calls. That is the way with the old man, and it is likely you may see me again before many days."

"I am always glad to see you, Uncle Luke, and thank you for this evening's call. I shall feel less gloomy for days to come."

### Popery.

To the untiring efforts of Protestants, must be attributed, under God, the final success of Christianity. But it is a lamentable fact that some have become so blinded, that they scarcely perceive the iniquity of the Romish church, but aid in strengthening the hands of its votaries. They have been greatly assisted by the munificent donations of Protestants, for the purpose of erecting colleges, cathedrals, convents and nunneries. Not only this, many have become annual donors. They may have good motives for so doing; but they are certainly under a great mistake in appropriating their property to such purposes. This must, in part, be attributed to ignorance; yet what hinders them from knowing the truth? Are they not guilty for not investigating the subject for themselves?

"Every good tree," says Christ, "bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." "By their fruits ye shall know them." Upon these principles, the Roman Catholic religion may be tested. Well, what have been its fruits? History shows what some of its fruits have been in former ages. Like the corrupt tree, it has brought forth evil fruit. Its principles were corrupt; hence, it could not bring forth fruit to the glory and honor of God. When in the zenith of its glory, tyranny marked its course. Upon the Protestants, who were "the salt of the earth," were inflicted, in all their horrid forms, punishment and death. No rank in society could shield them from their malignity and violence. The learned and the ignorant, the noble and the ignoble, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, were alike compelled to suffer martyrdom, or embrace Popish superstitions. It is estimated, according to Buck's Expositor, that about fifty millions have been cruelly put to death since the rise of Popery, including a period of fourteen hundred years.

Alas! can this be pure religion? Can such inhuman barbarities and wholesale butcheries be in accordance with the holy and sublime doctrines of the Bible? Evidently not. Well, this is a faint glimpse at some of the fruits of Popery, or the Roman Catholic religion. Who would wish to have such doctrines, which strike at the foundation of vital piety, instilled into the minds of the youth of the land? Surely, none that have at heart the best interests of their country and the future happiness of the rising generation.

Perhaps some may say that the Romish church, though once polluted, has reformed. What reason has any one to come to this conclusion? Upon what grounds can we suppose that there has been the least reformation in this polluted body? Who can bring forth one assertion to prove that Roman Catholics have become any better or holier? One thing is, however, true; they have, in the old world, lost their former power. This is what makes the chief difference in the character of this people from what it was formerly. Now they have to exercise a more conciliating spirit, in order to execute their designs, and insure success. Were it otherwise, the vault of heaven would soon be illuminated with the flames of martyrs. The groans of expiring millions would echo on the hills of the north, and resound through the valleys of the south and west. Do any have doubts concerning these statements? If so, let them think of the fre-

quent riots occurring in the land. Let them think of the bold attempts made to exclude the holy Bible—God's revealed will to man—from the public schools. These things evidently show what the Catholics would do, if they had universal sway.

The progress of Popery in the United States is rapid. The emigration from the old world is astonishing. Landed on these shores every year are thousands of the staunch defenders of Rome, who are filling up the western valleys. Europe is annually appropriating large sums of money for the spread of Catholicism in this country. Catholic schools and institutions are springing up, especially in the growing towns and cities of the west, without corresponding efforts to counteract these baneful influences.

It is very evident that the Romish church hope are long to subvert this government. And there is too much reason for believing that it will be accomplished. "America is the promised land, the land of the Jesuits' operations. To obtain the ascendancy, they have no need of a mercenary Swiss guard, or the assistance of the bayonets of the Holy Alliance, but a majority of votes, which can be obtained by an importation of Roman Catholics from Ireland, Bavaria, and Austria. Rome, viewed at a distance, is a colossus; near at hand its grandeur diminishes, its charm is lost. But the Jesuits are everywhere the same—cunning, immoral and sneaking intriguers, until they have obtained the ascendancy. Rome feels her weakness at home; she knows herself to be a mere political institution, dressed in the garment of Christianity. She takes good care to uphold the holy militia, the Jesuits, in order to appear what she is not. It is a strife for existence."

In view of the alarming progress of Romanism in the United States, what shall be done? Let the pure principles of Christianity be disseminated in all parts of the country, elevating the standard of vital piety. Difficult as it is, every effort should be used to reclaim the Catholics from the error of their ways. The pulpit and the press should do all in their power to enlighten the public on the subject. Parents should have a watchful eye over their children, never permitting them to attend Catholic schools, or become connected with any of their institutions. Great efforts, on the part of Protestants, should be made to raise funds for the spread of the gospel. Much may be done in the establishment of schools of a high grade, and of a decidedly moral tone. Sabbath schools, so much hated by Romanists, are, when well conducted, a great blessing. The efforts and prayers of the righteous should be concentrated on one thing—the conversion of the world. Then there would be nothing to fear from the Papal power. S. H. B.

### Mission Work.

EVERY DAY THINGS.

May 19. Through God's great mercy, Mr. B. is much better, but the terrible heat continues. Last night we went over to the chapel compound to get mangoes. As we were coming home, Brown Adams met us in the native village street, and began speaking, looking at the same time, the other way. Of course he had to say what had been said over again, and he gathered up more courage. This was what he said: "Massa, will you forgive me for something wrong that I have done? After school was dismissed at noon to-day, I was walking under some mango trees, and seeing some nice ripe ones, I ate them, but my mind pulls, and I remember it was breaking the eighth commandment." Brown is a steady fellow, some sixteen years old, with a good amount of independent grit. For instance: Some time ago, a Santal man was taken suddenly with cholera, close to our house. His friends all left him in great fright, leaving him to die alone. Mr. B. asked for volunteers to dig the grave and bury the body. Brown was the only one who volunteered, though Porter Burbank did help. The Santals have a mortal terror of the dying and the dead, for they believe the moment the soul leaves the body it becomes a ghost to haunt them.

20. Rain, blessed rain, has come at last, and the dry earth drinks it up, and the crowds of people seem thankful. Work goes on in a new and charming way; the heathen in the many little villages around us, all at once start up and want to learn, and our dear native Christians have all at once started up and want to teach them. John Sinclair and Joseph White volunteer to-day to go and teach an hour in a school that Madhu Das has just got up, about a mile from us. They are to give them lessons in our schools first. These two boys are natural teachers, and also have an idea of their own importance, which last is quite necessary. May the great Master himself help them as they try to work for him! In our Monthly Mutual Improvement Society, yesterday, the sisters seemed wide awake. A number of them go out regularly into the little villages close by, and teach the women. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is their motto.

June 3. Refreshing showers water the earth. The other evening we got caught in a northwester in Burra bazar. While we were in a Zenana, it came up suddenly, and the first we knew it grew dark all at once, and the dense black clouds rolled up over the white, terraced roofs which surround the open court, and then seemed to fall right down, mingled with blazing light-

"A compound is an enclosure containing a dwelling-house and its accompaniments. The chapel compound contains fifteen acres, and is surrounded by a strong cactus hedge. In it are fourteen native families, with good mud houses. One good tank, which always has a plenty of good water, and another which is dry a few months; fifty mango trees, of the best varieties, sixteen other kinds of nice fruit trees, and five good wells. All these good things were got up many years ago by an English gentleman, and cost a great deal of labor and money; but the good Providence would have it, it all fell into the hands of our mission.

ning and crashing thunder. The people around us seemed not to mind it much, but I was awe-struck. My childhood's teachings have clung to me through life, and a thunder storm is always to me a solemn scene. How plain to my eyes now, after the lapse of more than forty years, is the sight that might always be seen in our large old kitchen during a thunder shower. As the shower came up, my mother had all work stopped, and the family sat in a silent row on the side of the room opposite the windows. My father and mother first, and then the children, according to their ages. Not a word was spoken, for my mother had taught us that the thunder was God's voice, and we should be silent and solemn; and so every flash of lightning and every peal of thunder seemed to bring me very near to Him. I remember how horrified I once was, when brother O. came in from the mowing field after a shower had begun, and sat down in the foot of the cradle a little distance from the rest of us. I waited every moment to see him struck by the lightning, and trembled to think how bold he was.

When at last the rain was over, and we got into the street again, we found David MacDonald, Peter (the pony) and the buggy all dripping. At the upper end of the bazar, Peter waded quite a number of rods, though it is a graveled road.

Two more boys, Bhim and Pickering Brown, have volunteered to go and teach in a school that Moses has just got up down in town, at a place called Oolegunge. Madhu Das is building a school-house for his school before the rains come on. The people are going to put up the mud walls themselves, and the S. S. has voted to pay for the timber and thatch; so things go.

SNAKES. Coming in from the gate the other morning, my attention was suddenly caught by a strange little noise at the left of the path among some low bushes. My eye was just in time to see the retreating form of a large blackish-brown snake, with a crown hovering close over him and disappearing under the bushes with him. My cry brought a rush of Santal hunters from school, who began to beat the bushes in order to bring the creature out, while others watched to prevent his getting into the top of the hedge, but he was making for it, as swift as a flash. The boys from both sides turned him back, and with a frightful speed he was on the road side of the hedge, down it and under the bridge, fairly beyond pursuit. Poor little Harry, (Henry Lamprey) lay down flat on his stomach, and gazed at the creature wriggling himself into a hole, something as a dog might sit under a tree and gaze at a cat that had got beyond his reach. The hunters went back to school in a subdued manner. It was the first time I ever knew them to be beaten on such a hunt. It is not pleasant to know that the big creature is so near us, and may take a fancy to come nearer. It is nearly snake time, and for the next five or six months, they will be common. Last year Mr. B. and the boys killed eight of the large black kind, measuring from 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 feet in length. They are not poisonous, and don't often go into a house. A small black snake, called the chittie, is the most to be feared. Its bite is deadly poisonous, and it is often found in houses. Some time ago, one of them was found coiled up on the floor right under our bed, and about the same time another was found in a large tin box that stood by the head of Mary's bed. Beyond feeling a little nervous a few days about the two last mentioned, we are not troubled with the fear of them. This is a state of mind entirely different from anything experienced when in the country before, and it calls for gratitude.

June 8th. Mr. B. has been gone from home two days. He did not get over the attack of heat, and has gone down to Chandipore for sea air and bathing. He thinks if he could once get "cooled off" he would be all right. He has taken his Bible, Hymn-book and Botany, and some little bags to get shells in. He means to "recreate."

15. Another school a mile to the west of us will be organized to-day. S. P. B.

### Pedo-baptism and Immersion.

The late Rev. Adoniram Judson, missionary in Burmah, sailed in Feb. 1812. He was then a Congregationalist. While on the passage, among other studies, he was led to examine baptism for the purpose of defending the pedo-baptist form of it. But the result was, the firmest conviction that the immersion of believers was the only Scriptural baptism. Accordingly, after arriving at the place of his destination, and in the month of Sept., about seven months after leaving America, he and his wife were baptized. Mr. Rice, another missionary who went out with him, was baptized a little later. Mr. Judson's father was a Congregational minister. In 1817, after having preached about 30 years, he had become convinced that baptism by immersion was the Scriptural form, and was thus baptized. There are specimens of many cases in which the true form of baptism has advanced. So may it be more extensively.

F.

OLD AGE.—Old age is a public good. It is aged. Don't feel sad because you are old. Whenever you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, no one ever honors you, with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow feeling with the aged ripens the soul.

SELF-PRESERVATION.—God is the safety of his people, but we tempt Providence if we do not make use of the necessary means for our preservation.

THE BIBLE.—He that puts a Bible into the hands of a child gives him a key to the kingdom of heaven.



## Selections.

## "It is I; Be not Afraid."

"And He said, Come."

Lord, it is Thou! and I can walk  
Upon the heaving sea,  
Firm in a vexed, unquiet way,  
Because I come to Thee.  
If Thou art all I hope to gain,  
And all I fear to miss,  
There is a highway for my heart,  
Through rougher seas than this.

And step by step on even ground  
My trembling foot shall fall,  
Led by Thy calm, inviting voice,  
Thou Lord and Heir of all.  
The very thing I can not hear,  
And have not power to do,  
I hail the grace that could prepare  
For me to carry through.

These waters would not hold me up  
If thou wert not my end;  
But whom thou callest to Thyself  
Even winds and waves defend.  
Our very perils suit us in  
To Thy supporting care;  
We venture on the awful deep,  
And find our courage there.

Oh, there are heavenly lights to reach  
In many a fearful place,  
When the poor, timid heir of God  
Lies blindly on his face—  
Lies languishing for life divine  
That he shall never see.  
Thine go forward at Thy sign,  
And trust himself to Thee.

Forth from some narrow, frail defense,  
Some rest, Thyself below,  
Some poor content with less than all,  
My soul is called to go.  
Yes, I will come! I will not wait  
An outward calm to see,  
And, O my glory, be Thou great  
Even in the midst of me.

—Miss Waring.

## How to Get Rich.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

A very peculiar man was old Mr. Clossom. All his life he had been to the house of God on the Sabbath. Very few men ever got so much preaching for so little money. He had been a home-man, always at work, always saving, and always laying up money. He had a sort of intuitive knowledge that the man in the pulpit with his minister, one Sabbath morning, must be after money for some good object; and so he buttoned up his coat at once, and so eloquence could not subvert it. Some neighbor reported that he was once known to give away a shilling; but that was long ago, and so lacking in confirmation that nobody believed it.

Just as the old year was going out and the new one coming in, I met Mr. Clossom in the road, looking over the wall at a fine-looking field of wheat belonging to himself. There was a glow on his face, which seemed to say, "Ah, sir! that crop will bring me many dollars next year."

"Well, Mr. Clossom, you have got a fine field of wheat, to be sure."

"Yes, sir; and it's not the first I have raised, I assure you. My land gives me grand crops of wheat. My barns are more than full of the crops of last summer."

"What are you going to do with it all?"

"Do? Why, sell it, to be sure."

"And what will you do with the money?"

"Why, there's a new trouble. It is difficult to know how to invest it so as to have it safe, and yet yield a good dividend. I must have both."

"I can tell you, sir, where you can do it."

"I doubt it; but let us hear. Will the money be safe?"

"Perfectly so."

"And the interest good and sure?"

"Yes, without fail."

"Well, tell us at once all about it."

"I advise you to invest a part in China."

"In China?"

"Yes. We are having the whole of that empire opening its gates to receive our religion, our civilization, and our institutions. The Board of Missions are about to send out a score of young, self-denying preachers of the gospel, and we want the means. Here you can invest, and the principal will be safe, and the income large."

"Do you suppose I am simple enough to believe that money given away is ever to return, or to pay a dividend? Sir, I am not quite a fool."

"I hope you can say that a thousand years hence. But may I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly, if it be a true one. None of your made-up stories for me. Every word shall be true."

"Well, sir, a few days since, I met a gentleman the owner of large paper mills. He took me through the mills, and showed me the great vats of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready for the market, and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery, and hearing his praises of his men, and how they sent for United States stocks—fifty and a hundred dollars at a time—every time he went to the city, I said:

"Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of your great success, for you told me you began life with nothing."

"I don't know as there is any secret about it. When sixteen years old, I went to sea—to work. I was to receive forty dollars a year and my food—no more, no less. My clothing, all my expenses must come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly promised the Lord that I would give him one tenth of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for future capital. This resolution I carried out, and after laying aside one-tenth for the Lord, I had, at the end of a year, much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord, whether he gave more or less, I would never give less than one-tenth to him. To this vow I have conscientiously adhered, from that day to this; and if there be any secret to my success, I attribute it to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths (though I hope I don't now limit my charities to that) than if I had kept the whole."

"How do you account for it?"

"In two ways. First, I believe God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and secondly, I have so learned to be careful and economical, that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so."—Rev. John Todd.

## S. S. Entertainments.

To the question, to what extent entertainments for the school are allowable, the *National Baptist* received these answers from well-known Sunday school men:

If you want any one to be interested in your society, you must be interested in theirs. If you want to interest your scholars on Sunday, interest yourself in their Saturday amusements. It costs very little to please a child, and instructive gatherings on week day evenings are

grand helps to the work of the Sabbath. Some of our Tuesday evening meetings the past year were occupied with audiences of four or five hundred, on Natural History, with stuffed animals; on Jewels, with handsome specimens; on Flowers, a flower for each; on Races of Men, with specimen dresses; on Japan, with maps and idols.—*Ralph Wells.*

To any extent that does not involve the displacement of the true spiritual work of the Sunday school. Much will depend on the executive. A spiritually-minded man, who is abreast of the nineteenth century, will find no difficulty in keeping any entertainment within safe limits. A stereoscopic exhibition of sacred places will impart more instruction than a year of verbal lessons on the same subject.—*Robert Lourey.*

So far as they increase interest in and for the school, without detracting from its spiritual power, or lessening the Christian dignity of its supporters. The latter points must never be sacrificed. Better let all else go. One day's undue revelry, one evening's inconsistency, will throw the work back farther than a month's toil can advance it. But cheerful entertainment, real enjoyment, solid pleasure and profit, are as legitimately dispensed in the Sunday school, as are weightier matters of the law and the gospel.—*George A. Pell.*

A magic-lantern exhibition, with good apparatus, and a man who knows how to instruct the children from the pictures, as well as to interest them, is not only allowable, but profitable. A dry man should not attempt it. A festive occasion, where the children are gorged with cake and candy, in the Sunday school room or elsewhere, as a "reward of merit," or an inducement to good conduct, has more of gobbling than goldsmith in it. A plain, easy, good-natured picnic in the woods is good, if transportation can easily be had. This is seldom the case in cities, though. One child's legs run over by a railroad train, or a child drowned off a steamboat, or a whole party soaked in a rain storm, spoil the enjoyment of almost any entertainment. Avoid overdoes of sweetmeats, and of speech-making at all entertainments.—*Alfred Taylor.*

## Being Happy.

The Art of Being Happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pick our expectations high, if we are arrogant in our pretensions, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life! The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see. Rare plays are unfolded before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Not go to theaters? Wicked to see plays? Every street is a theater. One can not open his eyes without seeing unconscious players. There are Othellos, and Hamlets, and Lears, and Falstaffs; Ophelias, Rosalinds, and Julies, all about us. Mid-summer night dreams are performing in our heavens. Happy? A walk up and down Fulton street in Brooklyn is as good as a play. The children, the nurses, the maidens, the mothers, the wealthy everybody, the queer man, the unconscious buffoons, the drolls, the earnest nonsense, and the whimsical earnestness of men, the shop-windows, the cars, the horses, the carriages,—bless us—there is not half time enough to enjoy all that is to be seen in these things! Or, if the mood takes you, go in and talk with the people—choosing, of course, fitting times and seasons. Be cheerful yourself, and good-natured and respectful, and every man has a secret for you worth knowing. There is a school-master waiting for you behind every door. Every shop-man has a look of life different from yours. Human nature puts on as many kinds of foliage as trees do, and is far better worth studying. Anger is not alike in any two men, nor pride, nor vanity, nor love. Every fool is a special fool, and there is no duplicate. What are trades and all kinds of business, but laboratories where the ethereal thought is transmuted into some visible shape of matter? What are workmen but translators of mind into matter? Men are cutting, sawing, filing, fitting, joining, polishing. But every article is so much mind condensed into matter. Work is incarnation. Nobody knows a city who only drives along its streets. There are vaults under streets, cellars under houses, attics above, shops behind. At every step men are found tucked away in some queer nook, doing unexpected things, themselves odd, and full of entertaining knowledge.

It is kindly sympathy with human life that enables one to secure happiness. Pride is like an unsilvered glass, through which all sights pass, leaving no impression. But sympathy, like a mirror, catches everything that lives. The whole world makes pictures for a mirror-heart. The best of all is, that a kind heart and a keen eye are never within the sheriff's reach. He may sequester your goods. But he can not shut up the world or confiscate human life. As long as these are left, one may defy poverty, neglect of friends, and even, to a degree, misfortune and sickness, and still find hours brimful every day of innocent and nourishing enjoyment.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## Nearing the Other Shore.

When, after the weary voyage that I first made across the ocean, sick and loathsome, I arose one morning and went upon the deck, holding on, crawling, thinking I was but a worm, I smelt in the air some strange smell, and I said to the captain, "What is that odor?" "It is the land breeze from off Ireland," I smelt the turf, I smelt the grass, I smelt the leaves, and all my sickness departed from me; my eyes grew bright, my nostrils were free. The thought of the goodness of land came to me. And when, after off, I saw the dim land, joy came and gave me health, and from that moment, I had neither sickness nor trouble; I was coming nearer to the land. Oh, is there not for you, old man, and for you, weary mother, a land breeze blowing off from heaven, waiting to you some of its sweetness? Behold, the garden of the Lord is not far away. I know from the air. Behold the joy of home. Do I not hear the children shout? The air is full of music to our silent thought. Oh, how full of music when our journey is almost done, and we stand upon the bound and precinct of that blessed land! Hold on to your faith. Believe more firmly. Take hold by prayer and by faith. Away with trials and buffetings. Be happy; you are saved. In a few hours' visions of God and all the realities of the eternal world shall be yours, and you shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.

## The Stage and the Pulpit.

Fancy the thrilling effect of the Scriptures, if read as Kean reads! Shakespeare or Macaulay! And why should we not have it so? Is it right and proper that every

book for public reading should have justice done to it except the Bible? And that while every other subject is allowed the advantage of a natural and impressive delivery, religion—which is the most important subject of all—should be denied it? The monstrous fallacy with which well-meaning but obtuse people have been beguiled, or have beguiled themselves, is, that such reading and recitation would be "theatrical," and that theatrical exhibitions are not becoming in the house of God. To this hollow and ridiculous fallacy may be traced most of the execrable pulpit reading and delivery that rob the Scriptures of half their power, and have made the dullness of a sermon proverbial. Set Kean to read the song of Miriam, or the fight between David and Goliath, or the story of the Prodigal son, or Christ's denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees, or to recite one of Chalmers' sermons, and you will see the people who had begun adjusting themselves in the corners of their seats for their accustomed snooze, sit up and listen to the very close with eager eye and bated breath. And this, simply because Kean would do the piece justice—that is, read it naturally, and as it claims to be read. On what possible ground, either of common sense or good taste, can objection be taken to the natural delivery of at least the sermon? If Garrick could set even the grim soldier, who was on duty at the corner of the street, blubbering like a child; and if Mrs. Siddons could so overpower the eminent tragedian, Young, that he could not refrain from sobbing aloud, though he was himself on the stage acting the villain of the piece at the time—and all this while merely uttering the words of a fictitious character—what overwhelming effects in the way of awakening sinners, and pressing home the message of the Gospel, might not be produced by men who are giving utterance in their own character, to the most sublime and soul stirring truths?

## Communion with God.

Seek, my friends, Enoch's introduction to the living God. Go to Him as Enoch went, believing that He is, and that He is accessible (Heb. xi: 6); and seek to get the same just and realizing knowledge of Him that Enoch got. He is revealed to you more amply, perhaps, than He was to Enoch. Believe, believe that He is not far off but near. Believe that He is not hostile, but propitious. Believe that He is all that Jesus was, and believing this, walk with Him. Admit Him into your house, that He may hallow it. Admit Him into your hourly occupations, that He may elevate and expedite them. Admit Him into your happy moments, that He may enhance them; and into your hours of anguish, that His presence may tranquilize and transform them. Let his recollected presence be the brightness of every landscape, the zest of every pleasure, the energy of every undertaking, the refuge from every danger, the solace in every sorrow, the asylum of your hidden life, and the constant sabbath of your soul. Learn, with all reverence for his greatness, but with equal reliance on his goodness—learn to make the eye that never slumbers, the companion of your nights and mornings; and the ear that never wearies, the confidant of your weakness, your solicitude, your ecstasy, your woe. Learn to have not one life for God and another for the world; but let your life be divinely devoted and divinely quickened. Let every footstep be a walk with God.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

## The Temple of Diana.

Whatever contains information respecting persons or places mentioned in the New Testament, and especially in connection with the life of our blessed Saviour or the personal labors of the apostles, can hardly fail to interest the Christian reader. The temple of Diana at Ephesus has an important connection with the history of Paul.

This temple was built, as Pliny says, on a soft foundation, to guard against earthquakes. The foundation, therefore, was laid in a swamp; wool and charcoal were interposed to absorb the wet, and the arches form a subterranean labyrinth, in which the water stagnates; all which is at the present day. The superstructure bears all the evidence of an edifice which was destroyed eight times, and took two hundred and eighty years in building. It now consists of several walls of immense blocks of marble, the front of which is perforated with small cavities, into which were sunk the shafts of the brass and silver plaques, with which the walls were faced. Several places where the walls have fallen, they have exposed cornices and moldings of a former edifice, against which the new walls have been built up.

Some of the vast porphyry pillars which formed the front portico still lie prostrate before it; but others were brought by Constantine to his new city, Constantinople. The heathen temple was dissipated to build the Christian church Santa Sophia, in which these pillars are again become the great support of an anti-Christian edifice. But the most interesting circumstance of this building to me is the great illustration it gives to the Acts of the Apostles. Here is the place where St. Paul excited the commotion among the silver and brass-smiths, who worked for the temple, and over the way was the theater, into which the people rushed, carrying with them Gaius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions. Hence they got a view of the magnificent front of the temple, which they pointed out as that "which all Asia worshipped," and in their enthusiasm they cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"—*Religious Herald.*

## "Bring Him unto Me."

The life of Jesus is full of instructive incidents. What part of it can we read without deriving encouragement, counsel, or instruction from it? When our Lord was on the mount of transfiguration, a man brought his son to the disciples to be healed, but the devil was too strong for them, and would not obey their command. When Jesus came down, he complained of their unbelief, and said, "Bring him unto me." (Matt. ix: 19) He was brought and healed, and all were instructed. The subject is full of profitable and important instruction for us.

Here is a mistake corrected. We try, then, to do without Jesus. The child was brought to the disciples, not to Jesus. So we bring our children to the means, not directly to Christ. We try to bear our sorrows, carry our crosses, master our difficulties, and overcome our troubles, without bringing them to Jesus, or calling upon him for help. We go to others before Jesus. We ought in all things to go to Jesus first. But we think over the subject, draw plans, and make effort; we go to others for counsel and assistance, whereas we ought to go direct to Jesus, spread the matter before him, ask counsel of him, and entreat him to appear for us. We keep many things from

Jesus. But we ought to carry everything to Jesus. Whatever affects us interests him; and he wishes to hear of it from us. Everything should be turned into prayer or praise. All should be laid before the Lord, that he may bless it, remove it, or sanctify it to us as the case may require. Never, in future, let us try to do without Jesus, in any place or under any circumstances.

## Three Important Things.

Let the following be kept in mind all the year:

Three things to love: courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire: intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for: faith, peace and purity of heart. Three things to like: cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity and flippancy. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to think about: life, death and eternity.

## Thinking Beforehand.

What a blessing it would be if everybody who conducts a meeting or takes part in it would studiously consider beforehand what he is going to say! There has been too much purely extemporized speaking in our meetings. A brother comes fresh from the pressure of business into meeting, feels a burden upon him to say something, especially if there is a pause; has nothing to say, and spends five or ten minutes in saying it. Pressed and busy though he may have been, he had time to meditate on some passage of Scripture, had he only thought of doing so; some passage, perhaps, which he would have found a comfort to him in the hurry and drive of business. There is no apology for the leader of a meeting (especially if he is a minister) uttering extemporized notions, unless called on without a moment's notice to lead the meeting. And even then, every Christian soldier ought to have at least one round of ammunition ready to fire off in good order. He ought to be sure, too, that it is not mere blank cartridge. An address of ten minutes by a man who has something to say, knows how to say it, and stops when he is done, is worth more than a whole day of unprepared harangue.—*S. S. Workman.*

## Varieties.

A sorrow shared lessens, as also the pleasure which is not.

The moralist draws from his own when he paints the mind of others.

Many of the proud only like shade because they consider themselves torched.

All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.

Higher considerations have taught us that the God Wish is not the God God.

We may be certain that those who assure us they are of no party, are never of our own.

Genius, like a torch, shines less in the broad daylight of the present than in the night of the past.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Mediocrity is an inn which all travelers praise, but where none alight, save when their carriages break down.

Whoever prostituted his temperance, piety, and science, gathered his harvest into a heap and set fire to it.

A great step is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

The true one of youth's love, proves a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities.

Those orators who are carried away without reason remind me of those ships represented in bad pictures, with sails all filled on a sea smooth as glass.

## Academies, &amp;c.

## HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

The Fall Term of Hillsdale College will open on Tuesday, September 6th, 1870. Catalogues will be sent on application to the Secretary. JAMES CALDER, Pres. L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. 3w33

## NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

The Fall Term will commence Tuesday, Aug. 30, and continue 13 weeks. ALBERT E. SAYAGE, of Dartmouth College, Principal, with suitable assistants. For further particulars see catalogue. Apply to the President. THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D. Pres. E. S. TARKER, Sec. Northwood, N. H., August 8, 1870.

## WILTON SEMINARY.

WILTON, IOWA. THE SUMMER TERM commences Sept. 7. Tuition—common branches and incidentals—\$7.00; extra branches, each, \$0.75. Boarding and room rent at terms to favor students. Term, 12 weeks; vacation through holidays. O. E. BAKER, Sup't.

## MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

THE FALL TERM will commence Sept. 1. G. B. FILES, A. B., Principal, MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Principessa, and six other teachers will constitute the Board of Instruction. The Normal department will be under the care of E. E. WARD, A. B. For particulars address the Principal, or Rev. A. L. GERRISH, N. P. WEYMOUTH, Secy. Trust. Pittsfield, July 27, 1870.

## NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

THE FALL TERM begins Aug. 23, 1870. REV. A. B. MESSEY, A. M., Principal, with eight assistants. Apply to Principal or to E. C. LEWIS, Sec. Trust. New Hampton, N. H., July 29.

## LASELL FEMALE SEMINARY.

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## EVANSVILLE SEMINARY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will open Aug. 12, 1870. Tuition from \$5.00 to \$7.50. Board, \$3.00. For further particulars address the Principal, ALBERT E. BRADLEY, Evansville, Wis., July 21, 1870.

The New London, N. H., Institution Begins its FALL TERM, WEDNESDAY, Aug. 17, 70. With the addition to their excellent corps of teachers; their new buildings, which have just been dedicated, and are furnished with every convenience of a first-class residence; their extremely low rates of board and tuition; they anticipate an overflowing school. For particulars, send for circulars. Address H. M. WILLARD, A. M., President, or C. S. GREENWOOD, Sec., New London, N. H. 429

## GRANITE STATE

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## BRADFORD ACADEMY

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## WEST LEBANON ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of Lebanon Academy will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 30, and continue eleven weeks under the following instruction: G. H. Pearson, A. B., Principal; Miss M. H. Fernald, Preceptress, and teacher of Instrumental Music; Mrs. E. J. Cowell, teacher of Drawing; T. A. Stacy, teacher of Penmanship and Vocal Music; Miss A. V. Hayes, teacher of Wax Work. Tuition.

Languages, \$6.00. Higher English, \$5.00. Common English, \$4.50. Primary, \$4.00. Penmanship, (12 lessons) \$1.50. Ins. Music, \$10.00. Good boarding places can be obtained. Special attention given to those fitting for College. JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH, Sec. 581

## GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence Sept. 1, and continue eleven weeks. For particulars address C. A. MOORE, A. B., Prin. Waterbury Center, Vt., July 23, 70. 581

## WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will open Aug. 23. Its courses of study are as follows: In Female Department—Collegiate, English, Musical, Painting. In Male Department—Classical, English and Science. Commercial, Superior facilities are furnished to Young Men Fitting for College. Its Commercial Department is one of the most successful in the State. Terms moderate. For full information, send for Catalogue. J. S. GARDNER, Prin. Whitestown, N. Y., July 23, 70.

## LAPHAM INSTITUTE.

THE FALL TERM will commence on Monday, Aug. 22, 1870. Complete courses of study for both sexes. G. H. RICKER, Principal. North Scituate, R. I., July 12, 1870.

## BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

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## PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 23, under the personal supervision of MADISON K. MABRY, Principal, assisted by J. Marshall Hawkes, Teacher of Classics, Natural Science and Vocal Music; Miss M. A. Pike, Teacher of Modern Languages, Painting and Drawing; Miss J. B. Stanley, Teacher of Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ; Mr. J. W. Tibbott, Teacher of "Spoken English" of Penmanship; Miss Abbie Mabry, Primary Department. Tuition: Common English, \$2.00; Higher English, \$2.50; Languages, \$3.00; Music, \$5.00; Use of Instrument, \$2.00; Drawing, &c., \$3.00 to \$5.00; Penmanship, \$1.50. Rooms for those desiring to board themselves. Books furnished by the Principal at Portland prices. Of thoroughly drilled those who propose to teach the coming winter. Especial attention paid those students preparing for College. M. E. SWEAT, M. D., Sec. of Trus. Parsonsfeld, June 27, 70.

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# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870.

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

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

## Temperance.—Real Work.

A large and spirited Convention was held last week in Boston, whose annals and proceedings look to some definite work in behalf of temperance. The call for it issued from men who have standing and influence in the community. There was no attempt to disguise their purpose. Instead, they proclaimed that purpose very clearly. They are not only temperance men in a general sense and way, but supporters of a positive and efficient prohibition statute. They believe rum-selling to be a mischief and a crime, and in such a sense as to require the intervention of authority and penalty. They demand a law that makes the traffic an offense, and a vigorous and faithful execution of the law against all offenders alike. Most of them have heretofore acted with the Republican party. They still hold to the principles of that party. They have depended on it to suppress the sale of liquor. They have asked for a temperance plank in its platform. They have besought it to send men to the legislature who would enact laws in behalf of sobriety, in spite of the bribes offered by capital, and the threats made by mouthpieces of whisky rings, and the sneers indulged by representatives of aristocracy and fashion. They have pleaded, and hoped, and worked, and waited. They believe that they have been betrayed, that the people have been willfully misled, that principle has been sacrificed to expediency, and that justice and public morals have been outraged for the sake of compassing personal or partisan ends.

And so they believe that the time has come for the formation of a third political party in the Old Bay State, whose special work is to suppress the liquor traffic. They state their conviction, their reasons for it, and their conclusion, in very plain language, as will be seen by the two following resolutions which constitute a part of their platform:

*Resolved*, That we can have no hope from a divided party representing the two extremes of license and prohibition; a divided party can neither decide for license nor for prohibition; it can neither pronounce for the life nor for the death of the dram shop system, and that its opposing forces neutralize each other so that it can neither adopt any policy, execute any laws, nor make any issue on this question.

*Resolved*, Therefore, that the organization of an independent political party is an inevitable necessity.

And on this platform they put forward, as their candidate for the office of governor, no less remarkable a man than Wendell Phillips. The announcement was publicly and emphatically made that he would accept the nomination, and enter as their standard-bearer into the fight.

That is surely a step that means something. It means that there is a reason for decisive plans and radical measures. And there is such a reason. Drunkenness increases. Liquor-sellers grow bold and defiant. Moderate drinking returns to the circles from which it was banished. Wine takes the place of water at the dinner table, and the decanter succeeds the desert. The saloons hang out their placards and boldly beckon to the passer-by. Bars come out of the cellar and the corner and seek conspicuous places. Invitations to drink are plainly given, and when they meet a refusal, it is often uttered with a stammer and a blush. Temperance statutes are repealed, or if still kept on the books, a thousand obstacles are thrown in the way of their execution. The form of the enactment remains, but it is only a dead letter. Officers touch it dauntlessly, or refuse to touch it at all. It is hard to get attention to a complaint. Warrants are issued reluctantly. The testimony is searched for flaws. Lawyers wrangle over side issues. Judges quash an indictment on a technicality. Nine-tenths of the known offenders escape arrest, and three-fourths of those who are arraigned slip through the hands of justice and go back to their work with new shrewdness and audacity. And so, many who mourn over this state of things lose courage and faith, the old doctrine of total abstinence finds few open and resolute advocates, young men fall by hundreds before the power of the tempter, desolated homes multiply, and hope dies out of crushed hearts. And this is the reason for putting forth effort in a way that will tell on the men who will yield when threatened with the loss of profits and of office, as they will not yield to argument addressed to the understanding nor to appeal pressed home upon the heart. If the logic of morality proves powerless, it is surely time to try the logic of the ballot.

This movement in Massachusetts will be followed elsewhere, unless the party in power shall, resolutely and in good faith, grapple with this evil of intemperance. It is assuming such proportions that it is either cowardice or treachery that consents to leave it to itself. The acceptance of temperance theories no longer answers the purpose. It is time to apply them in practice. This work will be imperatively demanded of any party in power as a condition of continued supremacy. The friends of the good cause are becoming earnest and resolute. They will neither admit apologies nor tolerate delays. They may be to-day in a small minority. But that minority will be larger to-morrow. It will be larger still, the day after. The balance of power will soon be in its hands.

And it will grow into absolute supremacy not long hence, and dictate terms to the political leaders who now affect to despise it. Our laws must really brand liquor-selling as a crime, and our civil officers must execute the statutes according to their oath, without subterfuge or evasion. Temperance will insist upon a proper recognition, and law must give its hand to sobriety.

If Mr. Phillips does accept the nomination for the office of governor in Massachusetts, there will be a vigorous campaign during the coming autumn. There will be no mere pretense and child's play. Something of the old anti-slavery energy and fire will enter into the canvass. The state will rock from the cape to the Berkshire hills. And ere long every school district will be ablaze with enthusiasm, as in other days and amid earlier issues. And we hope he will accept. Radical measures alone seem adequate to the necessities of the hour, and nothing but a determined and well-sustained effort promises the change that is demanded. Preliminary and practical movements in other states have helped the temperance men of Massachusetts to their present stand-point, and their plucky movement will be hailed and responded to throughout New England and over no small part of the north and west. Let the bugles sound and the battle open, and may God prosper the right!

## Preaching Habits.

There is great wisdom in the Commission,—"Preach the gospel." Preaching is peculiar to Christianity. Other religions do not employ it. But Christ asks no blind, unreasoning faith; hence, he ordains preaching, arguing, instructing, and relies upon "proving all things," and on showing by indisputable evidence that he is Lord and Saviour. His process of disciplining is to convince and convert, by appeals to reason and conscience; and preaching is the best possible means of doing this work.

Preaching is a power. There is a charm in oratory of which people never weary. The gospel is the richest and most inspiring of all themes of eloquence. It contains just the principles, motives, facts and persuasiveness which are calculated to arouse the speaker, bring out his power, and interest and move the hearers. If a man can speak well on any subject, he certainly can do so on the grand scheme of salvation, when moved by love of souls and a sense of their fearful peril.

But there are very few really eloquent preachers. Indeed, there are few eloquent men in any profession or position. This seems strange. It appears easy for one to talk, and the better he talks the easier the task appears. Yet it is really one of the most difficult of feats to speak eloquently. The wise and talented, those who abound in thoughts, are seldom able to express them well; they generally lack some of the essential elements of oratory. And many of these defects come from lack of discipline or harmful habits. Nearly every preacher has some habit, or habits, which detract from his efficiency. Natural defects can not be easily overcome, but habits may be broken up.

Some think and speak indolently, without warmth or enthusiasm. Perhaps they imagine that great deliberation is a sign of wisdom, maturity and weight of thought, and hence accustom themselves to that style. But no one can be effective and interest the people by such dullness. They must quicken motion, think and speak faster, or they will quench more zeal than they create, harden more sinners than they subdue, put more persons to sleep than they arouse.

The gospel is full of feeling; its richest features express the emotions of Christ and appeal to the emotions of men; it can not therefore be fully preached without deep feeling. A well-constructed sermon, without feeling, is a corpse; nothing more. The love of Jesus is preached by the enthusiasm of love in the minister, gushing forth in accents, tones of voice, glow of cheek, tearful eye, and ardent manner. Words can not tell the story. But by habit, many suppress feeling, run the intellect alone, and the product is cold, husky and false. It pretends to be truth, gracious gospel, "quick and powerful," but it is not; it is only the bones of truth, the semblance of life. By drill and custom, the emotions will respond to every argument, and set every idea of the intellect aglow.

"That man just preaches out of his mouth," said a little girl of a minister. It was true. He had fallen into the habit of preaching sermons as a professional task, just as a boy speaks a piece. He was attentive to rules of homiletics, centered his thoughts upon making a proper sermon; that was the aim, end and object of his efforts; and the whole thing was necessarily cold, heartless, a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." No man preaches well who does not feel unutterable yearnings of soul for the people, and aim at their salvation.

The voice! The grand, rich, wonderful voice! How marvelous its capabilities! How charming it often becomes! Yet but few speakers know how to use it. Bad habits rob it of its wealth and sweetness. The throat, mouth and nose are used too much, and the chest too little. The almost universal fault of speaking through the nose is exceedingly hurtful. The aim is to be tender, pathetic; the result is a senseless whine, and all loss of real, moving pathos. That flows through the deep rich tones which come from the chest, not through the twang of the nose. The forced, vociferous, tearing volume of voice, once so popular, is now quite unusual; but the other extreme, of a very "small voice," takes its place. If a man has a message of importance, it is aggravating to have him deal it out so faintly that one can not hear, or if he does hear, he feels indignant that mighty, thrilling truths should be belittled,

weakened, made almost contemptible, by the soulless utterance of them. But the new style is to strike both extremes, run up to a yell and down to a whisper; to speak so loud that we can not hear, and then so low that we can not hear. Why will not preachers talk right along, in a good, round, full voice, without any of these vocal gymnastics,—these machine attempts at eloquence?

Why do so many fail in articulation? The organs of speech among Americans are generally excellent. Lack of attention is the only reason. The vowels are made too prominent, and the consonants are clipped and slighted. Articulation depends upon the consonants; cut them sharply, touch them distinctly, and the words stand out plump and clear. It is easy to do this; custom will make the organs do their work with precision. When that is done, it is easy to hear, the words drop upon the ear as distinct entities, and the dullest catch them without the least sense of uncertainty. It is exceedingly pleasant to listen to such utterance. But the common habit of mumbling the consonants, clipping and skipping them, running words together, leaping a letter or two, and confounding those which are touched, is terribly annoying. And it is fatal to all good speaking; it destroys the beauty and force of the sentences, obscures the thought, and exhausts the patience of the hearers in attempts to follow the flow of words.

The gospel is worthy of being preached well. The habits which detract from our success are formed by degrees, and become confirmed. It will cost an effort to break them up, but they can be put away, and when we are once free from them, our efficiency is doubled, and perhaps more than doubled.

## Skepticism and Faith.

Skepticism abounds. So does faith. There is now more intelligent faith than ever before. Solid learning is favorable to belief, while it dispels superstition and unthinking devotion. Wicked men will of course incline to skepticism. Were it not for the voice of conscience within, and the fears of punishment which can not be banished, they would believe less than they do. Eternal judgment is a dark shadow over them constantly.

But we have a new class of doubters,—students of science and nature. Such studies do not naturally incline to unbelief. It is the peculiar stage of these pursuits which works the mischief. The great mass of scientists are just now in the sophomore period; they have learned something new; they know more than their neighbors or their fathers; they are discoverers, inventors, or belong to the family of prodigies, and feel the effect of this position. Hence their complacency, their scorn of old theories and opinions, their conceit and assurance, their flippant style of disputing all biblical doctrines, and their independent theories, based upon an exhausted bone or a fossil reptile. Such a state of mind is very unfriendly to belief in the gospel; it is the exact opposite of the child-like spirit which is necessary to find admittance into the kingdom of heaven. The experience of the wisest and ripest students of nature gives us the comfortable assurance that, as men come to know more of nature, and the novelty of discovery has passed, this inflated skepticism will be superseded by intelligent and joyous faith.

What single testimony for the divine origin of the Bible has been weakened by the progress of knowledge? Have learned men discovered how the prophecies might have come from human foresight? There are the prophecies by the mouth of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, specifically describing events which would require centuries to complete. So too of Moses and the other prophets. How could they foresee the rise and fall of empires, the overthrow of cities, which were foretold as to fact, time and manner, and all came to pass as was prophesied? Can any man tell how this occurred, except God spoke through them? The increase of knowledge makes us more certain that there was no other possible source for such results.

And has modern knowledge discovered any way by which the miracles of the Bible could have been performed by human skill or power? Heathenish and papal prodigies are stripped of mystery by increase of light, but to raise the dead, to multiply five loaves so as to feed thousands, to open the eyes of the blind, to do any of the characteristic miracles of the Bible, are seen all the more clearly to be above the highest human skill.

The power of the gospel to make good men out of bad men, to inspire its disciples with enthusiasm to do good, to reform and save men, is the greatest of all evidence of its divine origin. The fact of regeneration demands consideration as a phenomenon. How is it to be accounted for? By what power is it effected? Whence comes the impulse of benevolence which enters the hearts of converts? What works the great change in their feelings and character? Can modern scholarship point to any natural force, any occult power, any human skill, which can effect such results?

The more we know of man, of nature, of forces which may influence mind, the more clearly it is seen that no power but God's can do for man what is effected by the gospel. Here are moral effects of a remarkable character. What is the cause? It is claimed to be produced by the grace of God through the gospel. Is a less potent cause adequate to the results? Is there any other cause to which they can be traced? Is not the scriptural cause entirely adequate and legitimate? Do not results correspond with the assigned cause? Can we account for them in any other way? The more this case is studied, the more certain does it appear that the fruits of the gospel prove its origin to be divine. Common

sense teaches that we can not gather good fruit from a bad tree; that such reformation of life can not proceed from a false religion. The gospel is either the greatest of lies or the most excellent of truths. Which is it? What do the fruits say?

If it should be proved that the world existed millions of years before the Adamic period, or that there were races of men on the earth, or beings of like constitution before our race had a being, or that there are historic mistakes in the Bible narrative, or other incidental objections laid against the Bible, this would not set aside nor weaken these main pillars of testimony. The skeptic is bound to do more than raise objections to the Bible. That is very easy to do. He must dispose of the strong bulwarks upon which it rests. The increase of knowledge is making it more and more evident that such a feat is impossible. He may destroy the faith of some, but the foundation standeth sure. It is a great folly and misfortune for men to abandon the gospel, the sure foundation; but if all men should forsake it and build on the sand, it would not render the "Rock of ages" less secure and permanent. The loss is with those who forsake safety for danger, the rocky foundation for sand.

## Progress of the War.

The news from the seat of war in Europe is fragmentary and conflicting. The silence and the mixed-up dispatches are about equally bewildering and provoking. At the time of our writing it is impossible to learn the precise situation of affairs. Fighting, in which larger or smaller bodies of troops were engaged, has been going on almost continually for a week past, but with what specific aims and results it is impossible to ascertain. The great battle that has been promised and anticipated on both sides, and which was expected to engage nearly the entire force of both armies, is still delayed, or, at least, has not been reported. News may reach us at almost any hour, however, which will clear up the mystery and point out unmistakably to the final result.

But some things are plain. Up to the present time the prestige and the successes are chiefly with the Prussians, while the delays, the blunders and the disheartening reverses are with the French. In promptness, in generalship, in the courage which can both venture and endure, the Prussian army has shown a surprising eminence. In lack of plans, in being repeatedly surprised and outnumbered at the points of attack, in never being ready to offer battle, in lack of unity, in suffering its wings to be cut off from its center or doubled back upon it, the French army has surprised the public and lost reputation and hope. It has been driven back from the Saar, its first line of defense, to Metz, its second line, then mostly driven from this line, losing advantage after advantage, till it has retreated in a body half way to Paris. It suffered one terrible defeat at Wissemburg and Woerth, and its minor disasters have been many and disheartening. All the while, sensational telegrams from the Emperor report successes and triumphs, and abound in inflated promises of what is just about to be done. It is like Lee's struggle in the wilderness with Grant. "Every night," as a confederate soldier put it, "the Confederates were declared thoroughly victorious and the Yankees soundly whipped; but, somehow, every morning Lee retreated toward Richmond, while Grant thundered at his heels. What the Yankees failed to do by square fighting, they did by flanking and strategy." It is just precisely this that the Prussians are doing, as they crowd the French steadily back upon the half-terrified and turbulent capital.

Louis Napoleon gets little sympathy from any quarter. In plunging into the war he has shown his heartlessness and his desperate and dangerous ambition, and provoked the cabinets of Europe. In trying to make it appear that he was unwillingly forced into the fight to keep the peace and security of the continent in general, he has rendered his hypocrisy transparent and disgusted his apologists. In threatening Spain, and buying off Italy, and betraying the poor old Pontiff, and seeking to flatter and cajole Austria, he has shown himself a plotter and a charlatan. In meddling with the work of his chief commanders, he has both weakened and vexed them. In pretending to be at the front among the flying bullets, he has really kept himself fifty miles in the rear, with his baggage packed and ready for a run to Belgium or beyond the channel, and so purchased the name of a braggart and a coward. In promising his army a speedy and victorious march to Berlin, and then so managing, or failing to manage it that it is in danger of being driven pell-mell behind the fortifications of Paris for safety, he has evoked such curses from his subjects as would make his return to the Tuilleries a step likely to cost him his crown and endanger his life. Nothing but the speedy and decisive triumph of the French arms, such as almost nobody expects, can save his crown or deliver him from the fate of an exile.

And yet France is not likely to be conquered readily and with ease. Her army is large, well disciplined and brave. Now that the Prussians are on her soil, the nation is a unit in the desperate determination to drive back the invader, and listen to no terms of peace till the enemy is beyond the Rhine. The lines of defense grow stronger as the army nears the Capital, and the pride and the determination of the people will increase. The malcontents in Paris who demand a change of ministry, are a unit in resisting Prussia and spitting upon the policy of Bismarck. The mob that cries through the Boulevards,—"A bas l'Empereur!" would at any moment cease singing the Marseillaise to fight the German soldiers. While they hate their rulers with all

the frenzy of passion, they would readily die for the glory of France.

We can not yet see the end. But the war, if confined to these two great powers, is not likely to be a long one; it does not now appear likely to inure to the glory of France, and it does promise to send Napoleonism to burial. Should other powers be drawn in, nobody can foresee the issues. Waiting eagerly for dispatches, we pray for the triumph of right principles, and trust.

## Hyacinthe on Infallibility.

Father Hyacinthe is himself still. The action of the Council does not convince nor intimidate him. The voice that sent out a protest in advance, sends out a still more emphatic protest now that the deed which he deprecated has been done. He is still considerate, but firm; reverent before authority, but faithful to conviction; desiring to be a Catholic, but bent in any case upon being a Christian. He peremptorily refuses his assent to the dogma of papal infallibility, and he has his reasons to give for his refusal. He questions whether the present Council is truly Ecumenical. He says it avoided the light, it lacked dignity and freedom, it has probably over-stepped its power, and it still remains to be seen whether its genuineness and its decision will be admitted by the body of the Church. He doubts the possibility of securing such an approval, and if it is withheld, the proof of genuineness will be wanting, and its authority falls to the ground. He then clearly defines his own position, and closes his remarkable letter in these words:

I protest, therefore, against the pretended dogma of the Pope's Infallibility, as it is contained in the decree of the Council of Rome. It is because I am a Catholic, and wish to remain such, that I refuse to admit as binding upon the faith of the faithful a doctrine unknown to all ecclesiastical antiquity, which is disputed even now by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies not a regular development but a radical change in the constitution of the Church and an immutable rule of its faith. It is because I am a Christian and wish to remain such that I protest with all my soul against these Divine attributes to a man who is presented to our faith—I was about to say to our worship—as uniting in his person both the domination which is opposed to the spirit of that Gospel of which he is the minister, and to the infallibility which is repugnant to the clay from which, like ourselves, he is formed. One of the most illustrious predecessors of Pius IX., St. Gregory the Great, rejected as he did of anti-Christ the title of Universal Bishop which was offered to him. What would he have said to the title of infallible Pontiff? On the 27th of September of last year I wrote the following line concerning the Council then about to assemble:

"If apprehensions, which I do not wish to share, should be realized—if the august assembly should have no more liberty in its deliberations than it has had in its preparations—if, in one word, it should be deprived of the essential characteristics of an Ecumenical Council, I would call upon God and upon men to summon one really summoned by the Holy Ghost—not in a party spirit—one representing really the Universal Church, and not the silence of some and the oppression of others."

I again utter that cry. I ask for a truly free and Ecumenical Council. And, above all, now as always, I appeal to God. Man has been powerless to procure the triumph of truth and justice. May God arise and take His cause in hand and decide it. The Council, which should have done a work of light and peace, has deepened the darkness and unchained the discord among the religious world. War replies to it as a terrible echo in the social world. War is one of God's scourges; but in inflicting a chastisement may it not also prepare a remedy? In sweeping away the ancient edifice, may it not prepare the ground upon which the Divine Spouse of the church shall construct the new Jerusalem?

## Current Topics.

—INDIGNATION AGAINST NAPOLEON. The feeling that is every day more and more freely expressing itself against Louis Napoleon, even in Paris itself, is deep, indignant, audacious and prophetic. In the Corps Legislatif 60 votes are given for a measure that looks to his virtual dethronement. In the streets the cry is heard,—"Down with the Emperor!" Voices send out a demand for a Republic. His character and incompetency are the target for diatribes and curses in both the military and civil spheres. It is openly said that the days of Napoleonism are numbered. The Emperor himself, in saying that he will not go back to Paris alive unless he is victorious, probably indicates his view of the desperate situation in which he finds himself, quite as much as he shows a disposition to sacrifice himself on the altar of patriotism. It sounds like the language of a plucky soldier; it probably is the cry of an imperiled ruler who anticipates the vengeance of his desperate subjects. He would prefer to be discredited by the armies of Prussia, rather than be stripped of his purple robes by a Parisian mob. Now that the prestige of success is no longer with him, his selfish ambition, his duplicity, his tyranny, his heartless cajoleries, all come back to men's minds to edge their criticism, point their satire and emphasize their curses. The English press strikes at him with consummate skill and telling effect. Some of the Paris papers hardly disguise their malignity. And not a small part of the American journals aid in swelling the cry of indignation which his reckless rush into war has aroused, and strengthen the demand for his exile from the arena of European politics. Putnam's Magazine thus voices the bitter feeling against him which can no longer be smothered, and which not many care to hide:

A gambler from the outset, a perjurer and a murderer, he carries the motives and methods of his original coup d'état into the recovery of the world. Let us hope, as a recompense, that the world will at length discover the magnitude of his meanness and malignity. The disclosures made as to the secret treaties ought to open the eyes of all mankind to the real character of this imperial Jack Sheppard, England, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy,—all ought to see that in him they have their worst enemy,—an enemy ready for any foul scheme to be accomplished by any execrable means. That gallant and noble nation, upon whose liberties he has sat like an incubus for twenty years, ought to shake herself free of the gigantic oppression. The United States, which he would have throttled to death if he had been able, in the great struggle for union and liberty, should regard him only with loathing and hate. The most stupendous of public criminals—the shabbiest of private intriguers—the most monstrous of egotists,—the whole race of man should vomit him forth as its greatest opprobrium and pest. What is to come of the war, no man as yet knows; but if it shall have the effect of destroying the prestige of the treacherous and blood-thirsty Bonapartes, it will perhaps be worth the temporary miseries it will cost.

—MEDICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN. It is said by those who have taken pains to investigate the subject, that Europe is far behind the United States in affording opportunities to women for medical study and practice. Here the profession of medicine is drawing female practitioners from every quarter, and the oldest and best endowed institutions are opening their doors to female pupils. The opinion is generally accepted, that the proper sphere of woman covers the science of physiology and the art of healing. The old world moves more slowly and cautiously. Customs are more changed with difficulty. Innovations begot special dread. And so many of the leading medical colleges hold out against the demand for the admission of women. In Edinburgh, the Council of the University voted down Professor Mason's proposition to admit students on the same conditions without regard to sex, by 68 to 47. In Vienna a Russian Jewess, who applied for admission to clinical lectures, has been rejected, and it is declared that women are ex-officio unacceptable as students; and in Munich, the minister of public instruction formally announces that matriculation at the University of Bavaria is conditioned upon the male sex of the applicant. London seems to be the only place where the question is much discussed, but there it is admitted that the women have the best of the argument, and that the claims of Drs.

—CHURCH POLITY. We have received a long list of questions respecting the proper usages of churches in several supposed cases, with a request that they may be answered in the *Star*. We have not the slightest objection to publishing and replying to all inquiries that spring from real perplexity, and are glad to afford any information in our power. But these supposed cases are so plain that there is room for only one answer. Some things may be taken for granted. For example: Church usages are never supposed to be at war with common honesty, common honor, or common sense. Rascality, double dealing and unprincipled policy are not sanctified by being put within church circles. A church member, under labor in one church, may not properly join another church. Such a step involves a triple wrong.—One minister may not properly seek to awaken prejudice against a brother minister, and destroy his standing secretly. Such conduct flouts at the golden rule.—An excluded minister, if found guilty, should be expected to give up his credentials, and be restored only on proof of innocence or repentance.—An accused church member is always entitled to a fair trial, and the right to be heard in self-defense is a sacred one. Cases of this sort are too plain for doubt.

—EXPLORATIONS IN PALESTINE. One might naturally suppose that Palestine is a well-known and thoroughly explored country. The interest felt in it through so many generations, the sacred associations that hallow almost every spot, the great number of travelers who every year visit and inspect it, the careful explorations that have occupied the time and attention of eminent Biblical scholars,—all this might readily lead to the opinion that almost everything of interest had been already learned, and that the whole country was well-trodden ground. But almost the opposite is true. A very large part of the country is a *terra incognita*. Away from the regularly traveled routes, the country waits inspection by competent scholars. It is not easy to get any sort of permission to explore thoroughly and in detail. And even permission does not imply security or success. The natives are ignorant, jealous, exacting and often violent; the expense of detours and surveys is very heavy; the work must be conducted, if at all, under the most serious disadvantages, and it is often interrupted before there has been time to reach any decisive results; pre-formed theories give rise to heated discussions over almost every important point that is raised, and the testimony is often too scanty to furnish proof; the old monuments are buried, the ancient names are forgotten, and the religious faith of the chief explorers is an offense. On these accounts the work of thorough exploration goes on very slowly, and the settlement of disputed questions is delayed.

But the interest in the work of exploration is every year increasing, the efforts gain in system and definiteness of object, facts are allowed to have greater weight as against theory, an irreligious skepticism finds no special encouragement and is retreating from the field, and the latest efforts are promising beyond all that have preceded them. Lieut. Warren has brought out much valuable information from the shafts which he has sunk so deeply at the southeast of Jerusalem; the geographer Kiepert is busy with preliminary examinations; the Turkish government is granting larger privileges than ever before, and there is good reason for the belief that the next few years will witness discoveries such as throw not a little valuable light upon many questions in sacred history. When the Turkish rule is at an end, an army of Christian explorers will doubtless overrun the country, and their achievements can hardly be small.

—MEDICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN. It is said by those who have taken pains to investigate the subject, that Europe is far behind the United States in affording opportunities to women for medical study and practice. Here the profession of medicine is drawing female practitioners from every quarter, and the oldest and best endowed institutions are opening their doors to female pupils. The opinion is generally accepted, that the proper sphere of woman covers the science of physiology and the art of healing. The old world moves more slowly and cautiously. Customs are more changed with difficulty. Innovations begot special dread. And so many of the leading medical colleges hold out against the demand for the admission of women. In Edinburgh, the Council of the University voted down Professor Mason's proposition to admit students on the same conditions without regard to sex, by 68 to 47. In Vienna a Russian Jewess, who applied for admission to clinical lectures, has been rejected, and it is declared that women are ex-officio unacceptable as students; and in Munich, the minister of public instruction formally announces that matriculation at the University of Bavaria is conditioned upon the male sex of the applicant. London seems to be the only place where the question is much discussed, but there it is admitted that the women have the best of the argument, and that the claims of Drs.



Elizabeth Blackwell and Miss Garrett had not been answered, that the medical profession is peculiarly a work for their sex. In Paris, however, their right to learn all they can, and to do all the good they can, is not disputed.

**BIBLE REVISION.** The English journals are earnest in discussing the revision of the Bible which is being undertaken by a Committee of scholars, appointed by authority. Criticisms, suspicions, complaints, suggestions, prophecies, protests, all these are multiplied. The Committee is made up of very largely of conservative men, not many of whom, it is alleged, represent the most advanced, independent and trustworthy scholarship; and fears are already expressed that the text will receive only that timid and dainty treatment which serves to unsettle public confidence in the version of King James, rather than meet the demand for the best translation which can be secured, and which, by its manifest vigor, thoroughness and impartiality, shall at once command the confidence of scholars and assure the people of a result which may be accepted without fear or discount. We ought to have that work undertaken and conducted in such a way as will be above reasonable complaint, and challenge the respect of all competent judges. If the heated discussion shall contribute to that end, it may prove less premature and meddlesome than it now seems.

## Denominational News and Notes.

### The Convention at Attica.

As noticed in the *Star* of last week, the N. Y. Yearly Meetings are to have a convention at Attica on the 30th and 31st of August. It ought to be a large and useful gathering. Every Y. M. should be represented, and we should be glad to meet brethren from the Penn. and Canada West Y. M.'s also. Regular delegates and volunteers will be equally welcome. All are interested in the objects of the meeting. We wish to discuss and lay plans for future work. We occupy a large field, where labor will yield rich returns, and we have ability to do a great work. The great thing to be done is to bring out our forces, get them into a good working trim, organize energies, select our fields, and decide our modes of labor; and we are quite sure of an abundant harvest.

We wish to increase the energy and prosperity of churches where they are doing well, and extend the same activity to all parts of our field. Many extinct, or nearly extinct, churches have been revived by past effort, and new fields occupied. Young men are coming forward to the work of the ministry, the spirit of enterprise is increasing among churches and ministers, and open, hopeful fields are calling for our services on every hand. The Master bids us arise and build; we have every encouragement to do so. Now is the time to lay out the work, and embark in the campaign. We are at the gates of autumn, the rush and hurry of summer will soon be past, the time for aggressive efforts is at hand.

We ought to revive scores of weak churches, and plant several new ones during the coming fall and winter. We have the men, means and opportunity to do it, if we can only get well into motion, and strike wisely and hard. If brethren from all parts of our territory meet at Attica, and spend two or three days in discussion and counsel, we shall get a good start for the winter. It will do us good to look over the whole field, to count up our resources, exchange thoughts and revive enthusiasm, and then go forth to the battle. There is much to be reported to the convention which is very encouraging, and many suggestions will be made which it will do us all good to hear. Let us have a large meeting; let every one come who can, delegates and those who are not delegates, ministers and laymen, brethren and sisters, and the Lord will be with us.—G. H. B.

### Home Missions.

If our churches only knew how great the demand is for generosity and energy in this department of labor, they would do more for the cause than they do. The calls for more laborers among the freedmen are very urgent. The field grows upon our hands. Our missions in the Shenandoah valley and the Southwest have been successful above all our hopes. Between two and three thousand have been gathered into churches, several very acceptable ministers have been raised up, a great many meeting houses, two normal schools and many primary schools have been sustained, and thousands educated in them. It cost money and hard work to do this, and it will cost more money and hard work to take care of these churches and schools.

But we are confronted with the fact that our funds have fearfully decreased; contributions are exceedingly small. This jeopardizes all that we have done. The salaries of our missionaries are not paid, they are in distress for the means of subsistence; to their appeals for help we can not respond, for the treasury is over-drawn and money does not come in. Shall we abandon the field, close up their churches, leave them to themselves, and to sure disaster? That we must do, if there is not more generosity in contributions to Home Missions.

We ought not only to take care of what we have done, but to push into new fields. We have appeals for help for missionaries from Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and other states, saying that there are several F. W. Baptist churches among the freedmen in those states, who need guidance.

The agent for the American Missionary Association in New Orleans, writes: "Can you not send a good minister down here? He could do much good. There are several F. W. Baptist churches here that need

help and instruction; and in all this region you can do more for these poor people than any other denomination." But we can not send them help, because we have not the funds.

Then, new fields are opening to us at the north, where a little money will plant vigorous churches. We now occupy some of these fields, and the work of the Lord is prospering. But the missionaries are suffering for the little appropriations that we have made them, and are unable to pay. We never had opportunities of doing so much as now, and it is too bad that we must be kept back, because brethren fail to do what they can easily do for our treasury.

The Mission Boxes please the churches where they have been introduced, and there is a prospect that they will increase our funds. But they will not work themselves. They ought to be in every family, and every member of the family ought to see to it that not a Sabbath passes without each one putting something into the Boxes. Worship God with your money; hallow the Sabbath by a contribution to missions. If that is done, we shall have funds to do a great work. We are endeavoring to introduce the Boxes everywhere. Between three and four thousand have already been sent out. Rev. C. E. Blake is about to call on some churches, to induce them to take hold of the work. Will the pastors and churches second our efforts to raise funds? We must raise more money or suffer disaster. G. H. BALL.

### New Open Communion Baptist Church.

It was reported in the papers last spring that a new Congregational church had been formed, on Greenwich st., Providence, R. I., under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Scribner. A majority of those who entered into that new organization were favorable to the Baptists, but not friendly to close communion. The pastor and leading members became satisfied, after a few months' trial, that a Baptist church would be likely to prosper better in that locality than any other, and he therefore resigned his pastorate and recommended that his people disband and proceed to organize a Free Baptist church. They immediately determined to do so.

A Council was called to meet with them on the 15th inst., to investigate the case, and, if thought advisable, to organize a Free Baptist church. The examination was entirely satisfactory, the field appeared hopeful; the purpose and ability of the brethren and sisters to build up a vigorous church seemed encouraging; the demand for a church in that part of the city appeared to be urgent, and the council was unanimous in the opinion that the organization should proceed. The Roger Williams and Olneyville churches contribute several good members to the new body, and will render them assistance in erecting a house of worship. They will start with from fifty to sixty members, mostly young people, who love to work and sacrifice for Christ, and with the excellent opportunity which is before them, they will not labor in vain in the Lord.

This makes the fourth open communion or Free Baptist church in Providence, and the fifth if we include Olneyville, which is now really a part of the city. And we might perhaps include the old First church also, which certainly is not strictly close communion, as it is distinctly understood that Methodists and Congregationalists are at liberty to celebrate the Lord's death with the church if they choose.

It is very important that this young church should secure a pastor at once, and proceed to erect a house of worship. Without these they will find it very difficult to succeed. This they fully appreciate, and will make vigorous efforts to supply these essential means of prosperity. With these and the blessing of the Lord, they give good promise of healthful and rapid growth, and permanent usefulness. B.

### Sabbath School Reports.

Allow me once more, in behalf of the Executive Committee of our F. W. B. Sabbath School Union, to call the attention of Superintendents to the importance of sending their reports to the committee at once. The time of our anniversaries is approaching, and the committee can not make reports of schools unless they are furnished. More than four months ago, the committee sent blank reports to every church in the United States, so far as their address could be obtained—over twelve hundred—and up to this date, 408 Sabbath schools have sent in their reports, and 62 churches have reported no Sabbath schools,—leaving more than one-half of all our schools that have made no report.

Dear Brethren, Superintendents, &c., will you not at once forward your reports? The committee are anxious to make the report at the coming anniversary as full as possible, and to collect from these reports facts and suggestions of interest and profit for future use in all our schools. But if you fail to furnish the material, the report must of necessity be meager and of comparatively little use.

Some Superintendents have not reported because their schools are Union schools,—made up in part of other denominations, conducted in part or wholly by Freewill Baptists. Let all such send in their reports, and they will be entered as Union schools.

Will not all Pastors of churches see to it that reports are immediately forwarded, and where no Sabbath schools are held, report the cause?

In behalf of the Committee,

E. W. PAGE, Sec.

Box 2817, New York.

EAST WEARE, N. H. The first Sabbath in August was one of interest to the church in East Weare,—five were baptized and united with the church, making ten that have united by baptism during the past year. We are hoping and praying that

this may be but a few drops before a more plentiful shower.

### Ministers and Churches.

Rev. E. Crowell, who has been laboring for some time past as pastor at Whitestown, N. Y., resigns his position, to find another field of labor where Providence may point him, and leaves an interesting and important sphere to be filled by some wise and earnest worker in the Master's vineyard.

Rev. J. A. Lowell has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Lawrence, Mass., and will enter upon his labors the first Sabbath in Oct.

Rev. J. Norris, of Littleton, N. H., an esteemed F. Baptist minister, was thrown from his carriage, and died, from the injuries received, on the 15th inst. An obituary may be expected soon. E. G.

### Ordination.

Bro D. S. Fowler was set apart to the work of the gospel ministry by the imposition of hands, July 10, 1870. Brother Fowler has had the care of the S. Harmony F. Baptist ch., some two years. It was in this place that he was ordained. A. LOSKE, Clerk of Council.

### Quarterly Meetings.

ANSON, O. Q. M.—Held its June term with the brethren at North New Portland. This was a very pleasant session. Brother Henry Houghton was set apart to the work of the ministry in the following order: Sermon by O. Andrews, Prayer by L. Hathaway, Charge by C. H. Smith, Hallow of Fellowship and Benediction by E. Winslow. Next session with 1st Madison church, Sep. 10, 11.

W. PARSONS, Clerk.

MONROE, N. Y. Q. M.—Held its June session with the Wheatville church. We found this church sorrowing the loss of one of its oldest and most useful members. We enjoyed a harmonious season of worship together, and adjourned to meet in Gaines for the next session. A. J. MITCHELL, Clerk.

PARSONSFIELD, ME. Q. M.—Held its last session at Brownfield. The next session will be held with the Denmark church, Sept. 14, 15. Ministers' Conference on the preceding Tuesday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

IRA A. PHILBRICK, Clerk.

### RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

#### GENERAL.

A Presbyterian, of Cincinnati, said, not long since, of the church in which he holds membership: "We take into church fellowship even the youngest children, but we are careful to instruct and nurture them afterward. They make our best, most reliable members."

A Catholic young lady told us the other day, that while attending the school at Carondelet, near St. Louis, she knew of ten Protestant girls who joined the Catholic communion, and she expressed surprise that Protestants, holding the views they do towards her church, should send their daughters to Catholic schools.

Both Episcopalians and Presbyterians are organizing churches in Utah Territory. The cornerstone of St. Mark's church was laid in Salt Lake City, by Bishop Tuttle, on June 30th. It is to be constructed of stone, and ready for occupancy by the 1st of October. It will be a free church.

At the Protestant Episcopal Convention for California, at San Francisco, Bishop J. P. Proctor, that Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist and Baptist preachers are not clergymen, but that Romish priests are true ministers of Christ.

The (Dutch) Reformed Foreign Mission Board has been running badly in debt, being now \$35,000 behindhand. As the annual receipts are only about \$60,000, this is a serious check. The membership of the Reformed Church is about 60,000. Dr. Guinness reports great success in the distribution of the Scriptures in France. The officials interpose no objections; the parish priests are unable, even if inclined, to prevent the work; and the people receive the Bible with avidity.

The Emperor of the French has decided that there shall be a chaplain of each form of worship attached to every regiment. One of his Frenchmen in the matter of religions are perhaps not so varied as our own; but the effect of such a plan in our own regiments would be to add a clerical contingent of about 100 men to each.

A new association has been formed called the "National Anti-Secret Society." One of its objects is to exclude from the church all persons who have any connection whatever with secret societies of any kind.

Fourteen millions copies of Spurgeon's sermons are reported to have been sold in England and three hundred thousand in America; and Spurgeon is but thirty-six years old.

Rev. Mr. Hobart Seymour calculates that of all Christians 170,314,000 souls are connected with the Roman church, 104,540,000 with Protestant churches, and 5,685,000 with Greek, Armenian, and other smaller communions.

Dr. Hirsch, of Philadelphia, has inaugurated the practice of having a Jewish business keeps them employed on the Jewish Sabbath.

At the beginning of this century there were not the hundred native Protestants in all India and Burmah. Now members are not far from eighty thousand. Church members.

John Smith has made the noble offer of \$25,000 to Andover for a memorial hall, and John Dove and Peter Smith have pledged \$10,000 more, on condition that twenty-five thousand be subscribed by others.—The building and land not to cost over \$30,000, and \$20,000 to be invested, the interest only to be spent for a library, reading room, &c. This offer stands open for six months.

More than 500,000 people bear testimony to the wonderful curative effects of Mr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery. It cures Bronchitis, and the worse lingering coughs. As an Anti-Bilious medicine for "Liver Complaint" it has no equal. It permanently cures constipation of the bowels, cleanses and purifies the blood and thereby cures the skin, as Pimples, Blisters, Boils, Rashes and Eruptions. Sold by druggists.

**The Prettiest Woman in New York** Miss K., well known in our fashionable society for her distinctive appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrined at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagar's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as the fairest of them all. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moths-patches, ring-

WENDELL TO THE DOVER CORNET BAND.—The old Alleghenian cornet band and series Bell Ringers lately returned from Europe will appear on Monday evening, Aug. 20th, at the City Hall for the benefit of the Dover Cornet Band. We copy the following extract from the Religious Press Complimentary of the Alleghenian Cornet Band.

"The Presbyterian Witness says:—'Their entertainment is interesting and novel, as well as highly-toned.'"  
"The Baptist Register says:—'Everything is good, in excellent taste, and tends to virtue.'"  
"The Christian World, London, England, Jan. 1866, says:—'No description could convey an adequate idea of the character of the following musical feast.'"  
"The Congregationalist (Southland) says:—'They have not only astonished, but won the admiration of all our lovers of soul-stirring music.'"

marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Katharine to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Katharine prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. 431

### A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT

Requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in an incurable Lung Disease.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

will most invariably give instant relief for BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTIVE and THROAT DISEASES, they have a soothing effect SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS use them to clear and strengthen the voice.

Owing to the great reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to obtain the true BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 6m44

### Q. M. REPORTS.

The following Q. Ms. belonging to the several Y. M. associations, have not sent in their reports for the next Register. If we have to get out the Register by the 10th of Oct., the clerks will see the necessity of sending their reports immediately. Other religious bodies, either in the States or British Provinces, that are Free Baptists in sentiment, but not in form, are earnestly requested to send in their statistical reports corresponding to those in the Register, and any other information concerning them that they may deem important or interesting to us as a people.

New Hampshire Y. M. Ohio River Y. M. Littleton (Ohio) Y. M. Maine Western Y. M. Marion (Ohio) Y. M. Parsonsfield Y. M. Penobscot Y. M. Aroostook Y. M. Prospect Y. M. Vermont Y. M. Union P. Q. Y. M. Enosburg Y. M. R. Island and Mass. Y. M. Boston Q. M. Holland Purchase Y. M. Hancock and Quincy Q. M. Genesee Y. M. Wisconsin Y. M. Apple River Q. M. Chicago Y. M. Minnesota Y. M. Minnesota and Houston Q. M. Zumbro Y. M. Iowa Y. M. Tama Q. M. Iowa Northern Y. M. Liberty Association Y. M. Not connected with Y. M. So. River, Iowa, Q. M. Washington Q. M.

### Notices and Appointments.

#### Theological School.

The Executive Board have decided to allow the students occupying rooms in the Theological building to furnish them according to their own taste and liking. An arrangement will be made by which they will be able conveniently to procure furniture, and dispose of it, when done with it. It is advisable, however, in cases practicable, for students to bring with them at least, sheets, pillow cases, and spread.

The society has voted to appropriate to each student, whose circumstances, in the judgment of the Disbursing Committee, require it, \$300 per annum, or as much as the funds will admit; to be paid to the traveling expenses for distance traveled in going to and returning from the school; excess of \$200 miles on certain conditions discretionary with the committee.

All persons wishing for more definite information will please direct as heretofore. J. FULLERTON, New Hampton, N. H., Aug. 10.

#### Anniversaries.

The anniversaries of our Benevolent Societies will be held in August, Me., commencing Oct. 11th.

THE VERMONT Y. M. will hold its next session with the South Stratford church, commencing Sept. 1st, at 1 o'clock P. M. Annual sermon on Thursday evening by Rev. F. L. Wiley. Subject: "The Divinity of Christ." Reports of Standing Committee on Benevolent Societies will be presented Friday, in the following order: 8 o'clock, A. M. State of Religion in the Y. M.; 9 o'clock, A. M. Church Extension; 10 o'clock, A. M. Temperance; 11 o'clock, A. M. Education; 12 o'clock, P. M. Sabbath Schools; 1 o'clock, P. M. Foreign Missions; 2 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 3 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 4 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 5 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 6 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 7 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 8 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 9 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 10 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 11 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 12 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 1 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 2 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 3 o'clock, P. M. Home Missions; 4 o'clock, P. M. 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## Poetry.

E-S-Q.

I wonder what the letters mean!  
I wonder if they show  
That some are stationed high in life,  
And some are standing low!  
If yes, I wonder which they mark!  
I can not tell—can you?  
Whether 't is honor or disgrace  
To be an E-s-q.

'Tis true that in another land  
They do a meaning own,  
And note the faintest ray that's shot  
From the scintillant throne;  
But, sending for a bookish here,  
I can not tell—can you?  
Why I should, would, could, ought to write,  
—Sam Johnson, E-s-q.

And writing to a man of parts,  
Whose claims to honor flow  
From mighty deeds or stirring words,  
What do the letters show?  
That they will luster on him  
I can not think—can you?  
We nothing add, sir, though we write  
Addendum: "E-s-q."

"But we must some distinction make!"  
Indeed! 'Tis very right;  
But quite as easy for the blind  
To tell the dark from light.  
What court shall sit upon the claims?  
I would not dare—would you?  
Say who shall be a simple man,  
And who an E-s-q.

If thou would'st challenge men's respect,  
So labor that thy name  
May glisten with an inborn light  
Upon the scroll of fame;  
Our very schoolboys' sirs, would laugh—  
And so, I think, would you—  
Over "Commentaries," written by  
J. Caesar, E-s-q.

I really wonder men of rank,  
And men of genius, too,  
Don't drop, forever and at once,  
The senseless E-s-q.  
See, gentlemen, we nameless folks  
Are aching after you;  
I marvel that you still will use  
Plebeian E-s-q.

I'm no reformer; would not choose  
To make myself a mark  
For custom's arrows, while her curs  
Follow the fashion, if you please—  
It may be meat for you—  
But let me shoot for rarer game  
Than common E-s-q.

## The Family Circle.

Evenings With the Children.

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

SEVENTH EVENING.

"What did I promise to talk about this evening?" said Mrs. White, as the children closed their school books, and drew their chairs near her.

"Why, mamma," said Laura, "we are to resume our travels, you know. We have been stopping several days at Panama, and now we are ready to visit South America."

"Very well, then we will embark on the coast steamer, which leaves Panama the thirteenth of every month, and, following in the track of Pizarro, we shall find ourselves in the city of Guayaquil in four or five days. We are fortunate, as this is the best season of the year for this voyage, and we shall probably find the great ocean, that treated those early adventurers so roughly, quiet enough to merit the name of Pacific. You remember that they were about three years reaching this point."

"But we have not stopped to explore the coast as they did," said Henry. "Should we find it so frightful now, mamma?"

"The coast retains the same natural features, but there are a few sea-porcs where we might land, instead of plunging into the mangrove swamps. There is, however, very little to interest the traveler, and nothing which we will stop to examine."

"This city of Guayaquil is situated on the river Guayas, near where it empties into the Gulf of Guayaquil. As we move up the stream to the steamboat landing, everything about us reminds us that we are in a strange land. Hundreds of canoes, rowed by dark-faced men, glide to and fro, and here are the balsas, the Peruvian balsas, just like that one which the old pilot Ruiz saw with so much surprise, more than three hundred years ago. You remember I told you about it?"

"Oh, yes," said Laura. "It was on that, that the Spaniards and Peruvians first met."

"They are bringing the products of the surrounding country into the city, for nearly all the exports of Ecuador pass through this port, and if there were among the people the same industry and enterprise which we witness in our own country, it would be made a large and beautiful town; but as we land we find that the streets are exceedingly filthy, and the buildings have a thriftless, tumble-down appearance, which surprises us. Even the great cathedral, which has an elegant design, is a shabby structure, and the pictures and images which are designed to adorn it are wretched caricatures."

"The people we meet in the street are so different in their persons, manners and dress, from any we have seen before, that they impress us more than the aspect of the city. Here is an Indian, a descendant, for aught we know, of the rich and powerful Incas. Look at him! He wears trousers, made of some coarse stuff, which reach only to the knee; a straw hat with brim so wide that it looks like an umbrella; and his shoulders are covered with a poncho striped like an Arab's blanket."

"Please tell us what a poncho is," said Laura.

"A poncho is a square cloth, with a slit in the middle so that it can be drawn over the head, and fall loosely all around. This garment, made of different material, is worn by all classes, and for its convenience, it is generally adopted by travelers."

"Our Indian has a stolid, beardless, bronze-colored face, with a sad, patient expression, as if the wrongs and degradation of his race were ever present to his mind. He never sings, and seldom laughs, but silently, with slow, reluctant steps, bears his heavy burden through the street. He is the best of burden here. You seldom see horses or carriages, but everywhere the Indians with their broad shoulders bending under their loads."

"And here is a black-eyed Spanish lady, with small feet and delicate hands, her head gracefully wrapped in the black lace mantilla. By her side walks a descendant of the conquerors, one of the race that for three centuries has ruled and nearly ruined this country. He is heavily bearded, and wears a poncho of fine cloth, and a broad-brimmed Panama hat. These Panama hats are manufactured here, and are one of the principal articles of export."

"Pray, mamma, what are they made of?" said Laura.

"Of the leaves of the toquilla, and they are sometimes called Toquilla hats, which is certainly a more proper name. The leaves, which resemble palm leaves, are cut while they are green, and split into fine shreds. It is then boiled to make it soft and elastic, and bleached in the sun till it is white, and then with great patience and skill it is wrought by the fingers of the Indian women into these beautiful hats. It requires the labor of two or three months to make a good one, but it will last a life-time, and in a warm climate it is the most convenient of hats, as it can be folded up and packed away in a vest pocket."

"That is just the hat I want," said Henry. "Why can't I have one, mamma?"

"I am afraid you can not be gratified, my dear," replied the mother, smiling. "These hats are too expensive for general use. The best ones are worth one hundred and fifty dollars, and I fear that even the poorest are beyond our reach."

"Never mind, Henry," said his sister. "I am going to learn to make Panama hats, and then you shall have a nice one."

"This Spanish gentleman," continued Mrs. White, laughing with the children, "probably has a small dagger concealed under his poncho, but you need not fear; if you do not make him angry, he will treat you with great politeness and hospitality. The poor Indians who take off their big hats as they pass us, muttering, 'blessed be the altar of God,' are harmless and kind. Professor Orton assures us that we can travel here with as much safety as in our own country, and that even among the poor mountaineers we shall be treated with a warm-hearted and generous hospitality which we do not often witness at home."

"This is the best season for traveling in Ecuador, as well as for sailing on the coast. You know that within the tropics there is neither spring, nor autumn, nor winter. The year is divided into the rainy and the dry seasons. The dry season commences here in June and continues till November, and, as we are south of the equator, July is the coldest part of the year. This port has earned the reputation of being one of the most pestiferous spots on this globe during the wet season, but at this time no place is more healthy. The alternate land and sea breezes are cool and invigorating. The climate is nearly perfect, and we are surprised to enjoy so much comfort in the torrid zone; but if we had been here five or six months ago, we should have found it very different. The air then was intolerably damp, hot and oppressive; the plains around the city, which are now covered with the richest vegetation, were then flooded with water, and even some of the streets were impassable; and the intolerable mosquitoes and cock-roaches, the disgusting centipedes and venomous snakes, would have made us wish for our northern home."

"As we walk through the market we observe the great abundance and variety of fruits. Here are oranges, lemons, limes, plantains, bananas, melons, pine-apples, and cocoa-nuts, and many others which we have never seen before. And here are ice and snow brought from Chimborazo. We can buy it for one dollar a pound, and we can get a glass of pine-apple ice-cream, which is really delicious in this climate."

"But from the balcony of our hotel we behold a landscape which makes us forget the city, and all it contains. For days, perhaps, the mountains have been covered with a veil of mist, but suddenly the curtain rises, and we are speechless with admiration and awe as the stupendous Andes, in their inconceivable grandeur, are revealed to us. Looking to the southeast, we behold a sea of hills rolling away in green billows, the color changing into indescribable tints as they rise higher and higher, till they culminate in the mighty peaks of Peru; to the northeast the peerless Chimborazo lifts its untrodden and unapproachable summit into the heavens. As the sun declines towards the west, the great snow-crowned dome reflects his rays in a dazzling glory, and as the shadows creep upward there is a play of colors on the mountain side, wonderful and never forgotten by those who have seen it. Perhaps this resembles the wonderful clouds we sometimes see at sunset, more than anything else I can remind you of; but the gold and vermilion, the purple and amber mingle and change more rapidly on the mountain, and produce more beautiful effect."

"A traveler who has seen a large part of the world says, 'It is worth a long voyage to see this picture which nature no where repeats.'"

Mrs. White paused, and Laura said, "I

do believe mamma, my eyes ache with the glory of the mountains."

"I believe they are heavy with sleep," replied the mother. "So we will rest till another day."

## Ellen Mooney's Story.

Miss Jennie Brown was a teacher in the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, near New York city. Her room was in the southern corner of the great building, and from her window she could see the spires and domes of the great city, the steamers that go back and forth upon the Harlem and East Rivers, the sloping shores of Ward's Island, with its hospitals, and the narrow channel between the two islands, full of rocks and shoals—little Gate Rapids, whose noisy waters were never still, except when the tide was high.

It was an autumn night, cold and windy, and a bright fire cast its cheerful pictures on the wall, and made doubly inviting the cosy room, where the young teacher sat.

A slight sound caused her to open the door. A dark figure was crouching there, that was recognized in a moment, as she said,

"Why, Ellen, come in, it is too cold for you in the hall; I did not hear you rap."

"I did not rap; I thought you might not want me, so I just curled down by the door."

"Oh, yes, I don't mind you, Ellen, at almost any time," and so the poor child came in, a slight, frail girl of ten or possibly twelve years of age, with a fair face, large blue eyes, more serious in their expression, even than the mouth, that never smiled, but in a kind of pitiful quivering of the lips, little like a heartsome, childish laugh.

She wore a dark calico dress, the uniform of the house, and strong stockings and shoes, much too large for her little feet. Her pretty hair was braided, but each stray hair took upon itself to protest against such a disposition of its golden treasure, by curling itself up out of the way. She sat down in the corner, by the fire, and Miss Brown thought, as the light shadows played over her face, she had never seen a more interesting one. Suddenly she said,

"Ellen, tell me your story."

"Please tell me, would Miss Brown like to hear it?"

"Why, yes, I would like to know what you ever did to be sent here; you do not seem to me to be a bad girl," said the young lady.

The child's voice was hardly more than a whisper, as she answered, "They said I stole, but I didn't."

"They? Who?"

"The man and woman I lived with."

"Tell me all about it."

"Nobody believes me."

"Perhaps I shall."

"It was only across the river, there," she said, nodding her head in that direction; "and though I don't like to stay here very well, sometimes I am so afraid Miss Strong will come and take me away that I don't know what to do; but I'm not so afraid as I used to be at first, for I've been here two years, and I guess she won't come for me, now."

"Did she treat you well?"

"She used to beat me for everything, so I tried to run away; but she always found me and locked me up, and would give me nothing to eat for ever so long; and I was small then, and I got sick; then she tried to send me back to the Alms House—there's where she found me, first—but they wouldn't keep me, and so I stayed a while longer, until, one day, she asked me where was the candlestick that belonged in her room. I didn't know, but she wouldn't believe me, and took me away to the city, into court or something, and a man there asked me if I stole the candlestick, and I said no, for I didn't, and then he sent me home."

"O, how I cried, for Miss Strong told me they'd half kill me here; but they haven't; everybody's good to me, only they don't believe me."

"But had you no friends, Ellen?"

"I had a father and mother, and we used to live in Maine, and sometimes I try to find on the map just where we lived, but I can't remember, I was so small when I came away, only it was in a country place. You see, my father went away from home, out West or somewhere, and while he was gone my mother took me and came to New York, and she fell sick and they sent her away to a hospital, I suppose, and me to the Alms House, and I shall never see my father or mother again, if they are alive—yet—but I don't think I shall live long, anyway, so I don't feel so bad about it."

"Poor child, it is a sad story," said Miss Brown.

"Please tell me, do you believe it?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, Ellen, I believe you have told me what you think is the truth; but there must be some mistake, somewhere."

Little more was said by either, for the bell rang for chapel, and with a kind good night, teacher and pupil separated. But, not long after, the teacher took occasion to visit the Alms House, where most of the children are received, and found that, five years before, Ellen Mooney had been bound out to Mrs. Strong, of — street. She then went to this residence, but Mrs. Strong had moved away.

Remembering that the year referred to was the unusual for cholera, she visited those hospitals where most patients were received, and here, too, she was successful in learning that Mary Mooney was received and discharged.

"No," she remembered only that they lived in a red house in the country, and it was somewhere in Maine.

One beautiful November day, a plain man and woman were shown into the school-room.

"These persons wish to see Ellen Mooney," said the officer: "let her be called."

The girls were all in the yard, nearly a hundred of them, scattered in groups, walking up and down in the pleasant sunshine. But Ellen Mooney, when wanted, was found by herself, looking dreamily off over the water, and mingling no more with those about her than the first day she entered.

When called by the matron she came up. "A man and woman are here, Ellen, to see you."

She gave a frightened look. "Not—not Miss Strong. Please tell me," and she caught the matron's dress.

"These people say they once had a little girl whose name was Ellen Mooney."

"Oh, please tell me where they are," and the words were almost a groan, as she followed the matron.

"Here, my child," as she opened the door where the visitors had been shown. The woman stood with her back toward the door, looking through the window. She turned—she gave but one look, and, seemingly, but one step, and, without a word, clasped the child in her arms.

"I closed the door," said the matron, "thinking that a sight too sacred for strangers to gaze upon. Not a sound broke the stillness but suppressed sobs."

Half an hour after, I opened the door to say the time of the visit had expired, and Ellen was sitting on her father's knee, one arm around his neck, while the other was clasped in the mother's trembling hands, and now and then kissed by the lips that could not trust themselves with words. One braid of hair had fallen loose, and the golden strand rippled over the father's dusty, well-worn coat, as though it rejoiced in being free."

Ellen went with her father and mother, down the broad walk bordered with the still lingering autumn flowers, in the soft November sunshine, and was seen no more. —Little Corporal.

## Became a Missionary.

Such a sweet old lady sitting in a comfortable arm-chair in the door. Nobody could see grandma West and hear her talk five minutes without loving her. Her knitting work lay in her lap, for grandma's bright needles were always shaping stockings for somebody's feet—often little feet that would have been without stockings if she had not knit them. But the little stocking had fallen one side now, while grandma's hands were stroking a little girl's hair.

"And what has my Jessie been doing to-day?" said grandma, pleasantly.

"That's just what I want to tell you, grandma," cried Jessie, in her eager way. "You know the old book—I found up garret—old brown covers—but, oh! so splendid inside. All about martyrs and missionaries, oh, it was so nice!" Jessie went on in a very confidential tone: "Do you know, grandma, I'm almost sorry that people are not killed now for being Christians, so I could have been a martyr! But may be I couldn't have stood it, and I can be a missionary, and if I go to India and do a great many brave things and die out there, somebody will write a book about me, and won't it be nice for you to read it, grandma?"

And Jessie looked as if she had the book, and was reading her own life and death to grandma.

Grandma kept back a smile that was struggling to creep around the corners of her mouth, as she said, "What are these brave deeds that my Jessie is to do away off in India?"

"Oh, fighting tigers, converting people, and showing the women how to crochet, I believe they do that now," said Jessie, rather confusedly, for her mind was already in India, so she hardly knew what she said.

"I don't know whether grandma thought fighting tigers a part of a missionary's work or not; she laid her hand tenderly on the little girl's head and said gently, 'It will be many years before you are a woman, old enough to go to India; you can be a missionary at home, now.'"

"How?" said Jessie. "There are no heathen here."

"Did not I hear you call a little boy a perfect heathen, only yesterday?"

"Oh, Mike Walsh, but I can't do him any good, he's so dirty and saucy."

Grandma laughed and said, "Did you think all the children in India would be clean and always remember to say yes'm? You can do many things at home, too; take care of baby for your mother, read the paper nicely to your father, mend Bob's gloves, and do many little things for him; then you can be a missionary to Bridget, read your Bible to her on Sunday, write a letter home for her; no need to go to India to be a missionary, Jessie, but it is time for you to go home."

Jessie kissed her grandmother good-night and went away with a cloud on her face. Grandma had not sympathized quite enough with her bright dreams. She fell to thinking again as she walked on, and was surrounded by a group of dark-skinned children, when a merry voice cried,

"Why is Jessie in the street so late. A furling from her father's gate?"

And there was Rob with a load of straw. One toss of his strong arms; and Jessie was on top of the load with the reins in her hands, and in two minutes more was at home. She forgot all about her mission till that night she dreamed she was in India with seventeen dirty Mike Walshes, and when she tried to wash them, they all turned into tigers, running at her with protch hooks in their paws. She woke up and thought the next day she would surely begin. But in the morning she forgot it again, till she and Belle Raymond, her very dearest friend, were going to school. There was little Mike sitting on the edge of a mud-puddle.

"Now, Belle," said Jessie, decidedly, "something must be done for that boy." She marched up to the puddle, and looking down on Mike, said, "You are a very bad little boy to get so dirty, don't you know it is very wicked? Come out of that water!"

Mike only grinned for reply, and threw a large handful of mud on Jessie's clean white apron, and little spatters fell on her dress. Jessie was angry, and giving Mike a sound shaking, joined Belle. The school bell was ringing, so there was no time to go home, and she took off the pretty apron and laid it in her desk. Then her nice, long pencil broke, and—did ever anybody have so many trials in one day? She stubbed her toe going home and fell down right in the street. At recess in the afternoon, she tried to help Amy Sanford find the place in her geography, but she lost patience so quick that the little girl went to Belle. So Belle helped her, and the teacher, overhearing, smiled on Belle and called her a little missionary. Poor Jessie! her cup was almost full. After tea, she saw Rob get his gloves to go out. "Now," thought Jessie, "I shall get some praise," for she had spent part of her time at noon to mend these gloves. But, no; Rob only said,

"Dear me, Jess, have you been meddling with my things? I do wish you'd let them alone—stitches a mile long."

That was the last drop. Jessie ran up stairs and for fifteen minutes had a good cry. Then she caught her hat and ran to grandma with the story of her troubles, and when she got through, sobbed out,

"I'll never be a missionary, grandma, till I'm a woman and can do something big."

Grandma showed the little girl that she must be kind to Mike and not scold him. Then she said, "Did you try to make Rob's gloves look nicely?"

Jessie blushed, but said frankly, "No, grandma, I was in a hurry to go to school to play croquet."

"That was the trouble, then, Jessie, and did you ask Jesus this morning to help you?"

Jessie answered, in a low tone, "I forgot all about my prayers."

"No wonder things went wrong; that was not the way the missionaries did," replied grandma. Then she opened a Bible beside her, and Jessie read, "Despise not the day of small things."

"Well," she said, with a long sigh, "I'll try again to-morrow, perhaps I'll do better."

Jessie does try every day, and succeeds so well that I doubt if she'll ever get to India, for they can't get along at home without her.—Portland Transcript.

## Literary Review.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July was late in its arrival, and we are still later in noticing its contents. It is always dignified, varied, independent, vigorous, self-reliant and able. The last issue is in keeping with its predecessors. Its eight articles represent an embody scholarship, definite opinions, and no small mental energy. Its second paper, "The Session," by Henry Brooks Adams, is the sharpest, sauciest and most slashing contribution in the series,—too slashing to be as just or as influential as a calmer and more appreciative tone would have made it. It reads like the diatribe of an angered critic or the accusation of a disappointed aspirant for the congressional honors, though it may be neither the one nor the other. Congress deserves less bitter denunciation and more honest praise than this article awards it, though some benefit may accrue from the plain and biting speech which is here indulged. Besides this, there is a good paper on American Art Museums, an instructive account of Competitive Examinations in China, a discussion of the Currency and Labor questions that deserves attention, a fine paper by Karl Blind on Luther and German Freedom, an essay on Chaucer and his poetry that is worthy of James Russell Lowell, and the notices of books are not wanting in the qualities that have always marked this portion of the Review. The solid strength and eminent scholarship which this Quarterly has so long embodied, are by no means wanting now. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA has nine articles, which worthily fill our abate and most scholarly religious Quarterly. The first aims to prove, not with the highest success,—that the crucifixion of our Lord took place on Thursday instead of Friday; the third, on the Creative Period in history, seeks to meet objections made by scientific critics to the Mosaic record; the fourth deals with some recent questions of unbelief; the fifth is the article of the late Prof. Shepard on Sacred Oratory, which we have largely reproduced; Drs. Wolcott and Hackett deal respectively with some questions of Topography in Jerusalem, and with the recent explorations under Lieut. Warren; and other papers, notices of books, &c., unite in filling an excellent magazine. Andover: W. F. Draper.

Messrs. L. Scott & Co. New York, send us two of the British Reviews which they republish,—THE WESTMINSTER and THE EDINBURGH. The Westminster has the following table of contents: Coleridge's Unpublished Letters; Indian Taxation; The Nationality Question in Austria,—a topic that may soon need a different treatment; The Future of the British Empire; Shelley; Colonial and American Pantheism; Roman Catholicism: Present and Future; Contemporary Literature. The Edinburgh takes a wide range. It discusses,—The Text of Chaucer; The Baltic Provinces of Russia; The Chief Victories of Charles X.; Galton on Hereditary Genius; Sainte-Beuve; Manuals of Ancient History; Faraday; Postal Telegraphs; The Adventures of Audubon; Disraeli's Lothair. These Reviews, along with Blackwood, represent almost every prominent phase of English thought, and are richly worthy of study.

THE ROYAL ROY ON THE JORDAN. By J. Macgregor. New York: Harper and Brothers.

An entertaining narration of a journey through the Suez Canal, up the Nile, and down the river of Damascus and the Jordan, in a canoe, which weighed only sixty pounds.

SONGS OF GLADNESS. By J. E. Gould. Garriques and Co., Phila.

By some means, the name of this excellent Sabbath school song book got changed in our notice of it, to SONGS OF PRAISES. The error was not so far astray as it might have been, for the book is full of praises, and those who use it are generous in praises of its excellence. We are so well pleased with it that we have made engagements to supply Sunday Schools at whole-

sale rates, thirty dollars a hundred, or thirty cents each, in board covers. We will send copies in paper, to any order, on the receipt of 25 cents. We recommend it to our schools, as one of the very best among the many good books before the public. Send orders to Rev. G. H. Ball, No. 30 Vesey St., New York.

SPEECHES, LETTERS, AND SAYINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS. To which is added a sketch of the author, by George Augustus Sala, and the sermon by Dean Stanley, Harper and Brothers, New York.

Everything from and about Dickens is interesting just now. This pamphlet of 147 pages will be read and enjoyed.

OLD AND NEW holds steadily on its way, being vivacious, serious, sharp, cultivated, spontaneous, hearty and sometimes playful and bantering. It is a thorough success on a line that is peculiarly its own. Mrs. Stowe commences what promises to be one of her peculiarly taking stories in the issue for July, under the title, "Pink and White Tyranny," and Dr. Dewey's paper on the "Validity of our knowledge of God," is in his best vein. Old and New has a future before it. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, AND GOOD WORDS, republished in this country by J. B. Lippincott and Co., Phila., are very excellent works, and they now reach their subscribers early and are furnished at very reasonable rates. Long and deservedly popular in Great Britain, they are winning golden opinions in America.

GOOD HEALTH continues to merit all the good things which we have been glad to say of, and it really gains in variety and value. Boston: Alexander Moore.

MERRY'S MUSEUM is always welcome, and in spite of its age and its pioneering-work, long ago, it is as fresh as the youngest of its competitors. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE has just introduced itself at this office, though it seems to have got half through its second volume. The issue for July is truly excellent, having real character, variety and interest, and is furnished, with its 64 pp. full of wholesome and interesting reading matter, at the very low price of \$1.00 per year. Trenton, N. J.: J. A. Beecher.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA goes straight on toward its goal, and every installment furnishes a new proof of its value and adaptation. It is the fruit of an admirable plan skillfully executed. The last Part issued takes us to the 864th page of the second volume, and ends with Minneapolis. Phila.: T. Elwood Zell.

To praise the LIVING AGH, seems like a waste of time and breath. It has established a most enviable reputation which it has never put in jeopardy, and it was never managed with better judgment or more genuine tact than it is to-day. Take it all in all, it presents the best epitome of the foreign literature that intelligent men ought to be familiar with, that can be anywhere found. The number for Aug. 13 instructs and entertains from beginning to end, and that is one example of what it is doing every week. Boston: Little & Gay.

EVERY SATURDAY is as beautiful and captivating as ever, both in its illustrations and letter-press. That is saying enough for it. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for August justifies the high commendation and the large faith called out by its contents a month ago. We shall always await its coming with interest and confidence. San Francisco: JOHN H. CARMAN & CO.

THE UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE AND TARIFF LAWS. Compiled by Harvey E. Dresser. Harper and Brothers.

A timely and valuable publication. The pamphlet contains 99 pages, is well arranged, has a copious index, gives just the information that every business man and tax-payer ought to possess, in a cheap and compact form.

The same publishers are issuing a large number of Novels. If people will read novels, we prefer that they should have those which possess some literary merit, and are not unfriendly to good morals. That much can be said for the Harpers' publications. We have among the recent issues,

MAN AND WIFE. By Wilkie Collins.

MISS THACKERAY'S WORKS.

THE VICAR OF BULHAMPTON. By Anthony Trollope.

TRUE TO HERSELF. By F. W. Robinson.

JOHN. By Mrs. Oliphant.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—This is a monthly of 16 pp. published at Brattleboro, Vt. It is filled mostly with brief articles of current interest, and well adapted to the wants of the family. We have had it in our "household" the past year, and found it a favorite with all. It is furnished at the low price of \$1.00 a year, and has a wide circulation.—J. J. B.

## "I Don't Like To."

Fred is a boy with whom the words, "I don't like to," are an all-sufficient reason for leaving any duty undone. His parents are poor, and there is a large family of children, of whom Fred is the eldest. He should be a support and comfort to his father and mother, but he is a burden and a cause of anxiety. He is a tall, strong boy of fifteen; but he does not do half the work of his next younger brother Tom, who is only twelve, and is slight and delicate. He doesn't "like to" shovel a path to



## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## The Peninsula of Sinai.

Sinai is a triangular peninsula situated between the two arms of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah, with the limestone ridge of the Th mountains running along its northern base. A strip of flat desert fringes the country round, and the center is occupied by a great mountain mass consisting of two formations—granite and sandstone. The former, the granite mountains, resolve themselves into three clusters, that in the west having Serbal for its highest point, the center (or Sinai) group, of which one of the peaks—Jebel Katarina—is the highest spot in the peninsula, and the group to the southeast culminating in the magnificent peak of Um Shomer.

These mountain groups are intersected by long winding valleys called wadies. They are not at all like the valleys to which we are accustomed in Europe, but present rather the appearance of dry, sandy rivers. They are in fact the courses along which the torrents from the mountains find their way down to the sea; but as there is but little rain here, and no soil or vegetation on the mountain sides to collect or absorb the moisture, they are never filled except on the occasion of some fierce storm bursting over the mountains which they drain. Seldom as this event occurs, and partial as it always is, the water-worn appearance of the shelving sides of the wadies and the large boulders of rock that lie scattered about their beds, show that at some time or other nearly every one of them has been the scene of one of those terrible seas or floods.

The very nakedness of the rocks imparts to the scene a grandeur and beauty peculiarly its own. For as there is no vegetation to soften down the rugged outlines of the mountains or conceal the nature of their formation, each rock stands out with its own distinctive shape and color as clearly as in some gigantic geological model map. In some wadies the mountain sides are striped with innumerable veins of the most brilliant hue, thus producing an effect of color and fantastic design which it is impossible to describe. These effects are heightened by the peculiar brightness of the sunlight; one part of a mountain will glow with a ruddy or golden hue, while the rest is plunged in deepest shade. Sometimes a distant peak will seem to blend with the liquid azure of the sky, while another stands out in all the beauty of purple or violent tints; and, with what would seem the mere skeleton of a landscape, as beautiful effects are produced as if the bare rocks were clad with forests and vineyards, or capped with perpetual snows. Nature, in short, seems here to show that, in her most barren and unlovely moods, she can be exquisitely beautiful still.

But although the general aspect of the country is one of sheer desolation and loneliness, it must by no means be supposed that there is no fertility to be found there. Many of the less frequented wadies, especially those which run down from the great granite clusters of mountains, are watered by pleasant streams, and teem with natural vegetation. The old monastic colonists of the place availed themselves extensively of the advantages afforded by these spots to plant gardens and olive groves, many of which remain to the present day. These gardens, so long as they were tended with care and skill, acted as so many sponges, or dams, to stay the course of the torrents, and, by holding and husbanding the water, turned the terrible agent of destruction into a blessing and a boon. This leads to the consideration of another most important question, namely, was the country more fertile in the time of the Exodus than it is now? Without questioning the miraculous manner in which the twelve tribes were supported, we shall dismiss many objectors if we can show with reason that there were resources in the country of which they might have availed themselves at certain seasons and at certain places, and this would account for the silence of the Bible upon many points which would otherwise seem inexplicable—I mean in cases where no special miraculous provision is recorded.

There are still many groves of acacia and other trees in the peninsula, and these, like the gardens, form a sort of barricade against the force of the torrents. Now when one of these is destroyed, and a storm comes, whatever vegetation depended on or was protected by the forest is soon swept away, and barrenness and devastation mark the course of the stream down to the sea. It is a well known fact that rain falls more gently and regularly where there is vegetation. Now the Bible tells us that there existed a large population in and near Sinai at the time of the Exodus, and the traces of which still remain indicate that they, like the old monks, did husband to the utmost the resources of the country.

Again, there are abundant vestiges of large colonies of Egyptian miners, whose slag heaps and smelting furnaces are yet to be seen in many parts of the peninsula. These must have destroyed many miles of forest in order to procure the fuel necessary for carrying on their works; nay, more, the children of Israel could not have passed through without consuming vast quantities of fuel, too. But if forest after forest disappeared in this way, if population dwindled down to a few non-agricultural tribes, if cultivation were neglected, then the rain that falls so seldom would no longer stay to fertilize the land, but in an unimpeded torrent would find its way down to the sea; a burning summer would soon complete the work, and in a few years would leave the peninsula of Sinai what we see it now. I do not think it necessary to reason away the signal miracles by which the Jewish hosts were fed, but I do believe, that whatever God thought fit, that he did for his chosen people, and that God's servant, Nature, did the rest.

The present sterility of the country makes the vicissitudes of the climate much more severe in Sinai than in other parts of Arabia. You have the extremes of heat and cold, frequently a difference of fifty degrees between the temperature of night and day, and there is little or no fuel to counteract the one or shade to repel the other. Whirlwinds and sandstorms too there are in abundance. A whirlwind is a curious creature, by-the-by; it is as violent as the most awful storm, tearing up everything in its path, but it is so partial that you may stand a yard or so off and watch its progress undisturbed.—Good Words.

## A California Indian's Dinner.

Mr. Cheever, who spent many years among the California Indians, and studied carefully their history, and manners and customs, gives the following illustration of their habits, in the May number of the Naturalist: He saw an Indian come to the banks of the Feather River, one afternoon. He was hungry, but had not a particle of

food to eat. His first movement was to start a fire. He next turned over some old logs and hunted up some grubs. He then pulled up some dry reeds, and plucked a few hairs from his own head and tied the grubs to the bottom of the reeds, surrounding them with a circle of loops. The reeds were then stuck lightly into the mud, in the shallow water of the stream, and the Indian squatted beside them motionless. Presently the top of one of them began to tremble, when the watcher put his thumb and finger upon it, and tossed a fish out upon the grass; and so he continued to watch and to catch fish until he had enough for his dinner; all going to show, that the man who wants but little here below may get that little easily—provided he knows as much as a California Indian.

## At Swampscott.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

Among the very few who make a yearly pilgrimage to this lovely place of resort, is our young girl-artist, Anna Dickinson. For several summers she has been here, always staying at the Clifton House, and always occupying the same little room, away up to the very top of the house, with the grandest outlook from its window over the water. This year she essayed Newport, but it neither agreed with her, nor she with it. She was not well there, and she was restless under the restraint of conventional, fashionable life. It did not suit her, and her thoughts turned lovingly to this wild spot, on its perch of rocks above the water. She was not long in following her thoughts, and last week found her in her old haunts at Swampscott. Her mother and sister are with her, but they leave to-morrow for Atlantic City, while Miss Dickinson stays on, undecided as yet whether she will remain all summer, or go for a little while with a party of friends to Canada. Those who are sojourning with her here are selfishly hoping that they will be fortunate enough to retain her—while other friends hope as devoutly to carry her off with them. Her own health will settle the matter.

Her work of last winter was unusually hard, and it has told sadly on her robust constitution; but the bracing sea-air is doing wonders, and the color is coming back to her cheeks once more, which have been lately too pale. All last winter, from October to May, she lectured five nights a week, and traveled over the greater part of the United States. Already most of her engagements are made for next winter, and her work will be no less hard than last season. But now she is resting, and she seems to enjoy it thoroughly. She is a great lover of nature, and she delights to amble by herself, and lying on the rocks with the sunlight streaming over her, and the breeze tossing her dark brown curls, dream out some new thought to weave into her lectures. Who can tell how much of inspiration she has received on this very spot? Perhaps it was here that she wrote her romance that grew into the story, "What Answer?" It may be that here some of her glowing sentences came to her that have fallen from her lips almost like prophecy. It is certain that she has gained physical strength here, and that the sea-breezes of Swampscott have had a great deal to do with keeping her eyes from the sun-glare. One could not want to look at a prettier picture than she makes—this warm, tropical creature—as she reclines on the gray rocks, her black and white draperies fluttering in the wind, the dark hazel eyes half shut, the full, red lips half open with a smile of the intensest enjoyment, the cheeks deepening their color under the combined influence of sun and wind, one tiny hand forming a pillow for her cheek, the other carelessly holding the wild-flower-covered hat. Beside her sits the "little mother," her daughter, who so fondly call her Quaker in every respect, from the gray dress and muslin cap to the "thee" and "thou" in her form of address, calm, gentle and sweet, one wonders a little at the daughter's impetuosity; but after a time you see the strength and decision of the character softened a little by her years and experience. She is proud of Anna; it is shown in every look and every gesture, and it is evident that the mother is the chief object of the daughter's thoughts.—Boston Post.

## Horatio Nelson.

The article in *Littell's Living Age*, "South Kensington, 1868," from the *New Monthly Magazine*, is very readable and interesting. We take from this the following portrait:

We see a spare form now; a weary, anxious look; a small-topped head; a mouth that shuts up tightly, and forms with itself and chin the smallest part by far of a long thin face that, to be symmetrical, should be divided nearly into three. This man has no right arm, and his breast is covered with gold and jeweled stars. There is no need to call out his name, and announce him as Horatio Nelson. Every one here, and elsewhere, knows him; and every one knows, also, who it is that is so closely at his side. Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton—nurse-maid, artist's model, beauty, ambassador's wife—spite of the black wrong it is to many, is near him now, as it was and she longed for her to be forever; and we see the neck she hung on, and the furrowed cheek she has so often kissed. She is so lovely, it is impossible to wonder that Nelson chose her. She is simply and irresistibly—delicious. Her face laughs out beauty and love and joy all together; her bright hair lies about in soft loose waves; she has sweet child-like features; ripe lips, a thorough challenge for kissing; clear-arched brows, long eyelashes, and cheeks the very tint of a sun-touched peach. She is *posse* now, it is true; that may make her look more winning. She has assumed one of those attitudes in which she exhibits herself for the entertainment of company (as some ladies sing a song, or gentlemen are prevailed upon to make a speech); and the Countess Vere de Vere looks coldly on her, and whisper one to another that as it was her *metier* to do this once, when she was the *mignon* of George Romney's studio, it is no wonder she is so skillful still. But she is not hindered by the taunt. Wisely enough, she knows there is no harm in having lent her beauty to be painted; possibly—and with what deep and poisonous remorse!—she her, she could laugh in all these aristocratic faces, loudly and triumphantly indeed! But

## Valleys of the Vaudois.

The territory of the Vaudois embraces scarcely sixteen square miles. The three valleys can never have contained a population of more than twenty thousand. In every age the manners of the people have been the same. They are tall, graceful, vigorous; a mountain race accustomed to labor or to hunt the chamois in its native crags. The women are fair and spotless; their rude but plaintive hymns are often heard resounding from the chestnut groves; their native refinement softens the apparent harshness of their frugal lives. Over the whole population of the Vaudois a privilege has ever rested the charm of a spotless purity. Their fair and tranquil countenances show only frankness and simplicity; their lives are passed in deeds of charity; in honest labor, and in unvarying self-respect. The vices and the follies, the luxury and the crime that have swept over Europe never invaded the happy valleys, unless carried thither by the papal troops. No pride, no avarice, no fierce resentment disturbs the peaceful Vaudois; no profanity, no crime is heard of in this singular community. To wait upon the sick, to aid the stranger, are eagerly contended for as a privilege; compassion even for their enemies, is the crowning excellence of the generous race. When their persecutor, Victor Amadeus II., was driven from Turin by the French, he took refuge in the valleys he had desolated, in the cottage of a Vaudois peasant. Here he lived in perfect security. The peasant might have filled his house with gold by betraying his guest; he refused; the duke escaped, and rewarded his preserver with characteristic parsimony. In the French wars of the last century, when Suwarrow was victorious among the Alps, three hundred wounded Frenchmen took shelter in the village of Bobbio. The Vaudois cared for their former persecutors as long as their scanty means allowed, and then, taking the wounded soldiers on their shoulders, carried them over the steep Alpine passes and brought them safely to their native France.

We may accept, for we can not refute, the narrative of their early history given by the Vaudois themselves. Soon after the dawn of Christianity, they assert, their ancestors embraced the faith of St. Paul, and practiced the simple rites and usages described by Justin or Tertullian. The Scriptures were their only guide; the same belief, the same sacraments they maintain to-day, they held in the age of Constantine and Sylvester. They relate that, as the Romish church grew in power and pride, their ancestors repelled its assumptions and refused to submit to its authority; that when, in the ninth century, the images were enforced by superstitious popes, they, at least, never consented to become idolaters; that they never worshipped the Virgin nor bowed at an idolatrous mass. When in the eleventh century Rome asserted its supremacy over kings and princes, the Vaudois were its bitterest foes. The three valleys formed the theological school of Europe. The Vaudois missionaries traveled into Hungary and Bohemia, France, England, even Scotland, and aroused the people to a sense of the fearful corruption of the church. They pointed to Rome as the antichrist, the center of every abomination. They taught, in the place of the Romish innovations, the pure faith of the apostolic age. Lollard, who led the way to the reforms of Wycliffe, was a preacher from the valleys; the Albigenses of Provence, the Waldenses of the Alps, the Anabaptists of the Netherlands, were the fruits of the Vaudois missions. Germany and Bohemia were reformed by the teachers of Piedmont; Huss and Jerome did little more than proclaim the Vaudois faith; and Luther and Calvin were only the necessary offspring of the apostolic churches of the Alps.—*Harper's Magazine*.

## A Bird.

It is little more than the drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in its quills, it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown game; it rests upon its air, it subdues it, it surpasses it, it outraces it; it is the air conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also in the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine, the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, and so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanding voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring notes, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or hissing and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day,—like little words that only make the cowslip bells shake, and rattle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air; on these the gold of the cloud that can not be gathered by any covetousness; the vermilion of the cloud-bar, the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast and throat, and open wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and sifting of the sea-sand; even the white down of the cloud, seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft to touch. And so the Spirit of the Air is put into and upon this created form; and it becomes, twenty centuries, the symbol of divine help, ascending as the fire, to speak, but descending as the dove, to bless.—*Ruskin*.

## John Ruskin.

Never shall I forget the first, last and only time I ever saw John Ruskin. His picture had hung for many years just over

my study table; that sweet, almost angelic face, which in somewhat coarser execution, still the same in character, faces the title page of some of his works. It is almost a child's face, and has not a little of the charm which invests one of Raphael's Sistine Cherubs. But the real Ruskin—how different. I think he is the plainest man I ever saw; at any rate, no face has ever impressed me with such ugliness. And as if to intensify nature, the combing of his hair and his rudely fitting dress only emphasized the natural want of charms. You have seen some faces which were even brutal in their coarseness; Ruskin is one; he has neither fineness of feature nor winning expression. His eye, it is true, is large and eloquent, but not enough to atone for the rest of his face. He read a page to a few friends that evening; not with much eloquence, but with a jerky, unnatural flinging out of the words, quite unlike the flow of a good American reader. But the charm was underneath, in the thought itself, and like everything of Ruskin, original, paradoxical, stimulating. The paper was afterward printed, and forms the first half of his *Sesame and Lilies*. He is a good American-hater, lives in great seclusion on Denmark Hill, one of the suburbs of London, is principally in his genealogies, gracious to all young art students who seek his advice, and with all his feudal tendencies, incontestably one of the noblest spirits of our age.—*Rev. W. L. Gage*.

## Meaning of the War.

Writing on this topic, the *Christian Union* says:

To us the war is a living epic. If we saw with clearer eyes, it would be a tragedy so solemn and terrible that only the highest faith in God would sustain us before it. . . . A year ago, in Dresden, we came to be acquainted with a waiter in one of the charming concert-restaurants that are found only in Germany. We learned by degrees his little family history, the hard struggle to keep aloof with wife and babies, on the beggarly wages that labor there commands. We visited his home, saw the little chamber and closet where all the family lived in cleanliness and barely in comfort. The worn-out wife—reassured after the first fright a strange visit brought to those who would expect no change but to the worse—showed us with pride her rosy babies, and explained all the little domestic economies of the household. We grew warmly attached to the modest, kind, true-hearted people; their struggle with life—so like that of millions of their country people—was to us very touching. And now the news comes, "Prussia has called out the Landwehr"—the flower in age of her male population—and we know that our poor friend must leave wife and little ones; they have no longer his arm to labor for them, his coming to look for at night; he goes to face the Chassepot rifles. Suit is all over Germany, all over France.

## Description of the Coral.

They are altogether a strange, mysterious race, these Maidens of the sea, as the ancient Greeks used to call them. Their beauty of form and color, their marvelous economy, their gigantic edifices, all had excited the attention of the curious, and given rise to fantastic fables and amusing errors.

In the hot summer months, when the waters are bringing forth, as in the days of the creation, the moving creature that has life, millions of diminutive, jelly-like spawn are thrown out by the parent animal. For a while they enjoy their freedom, and seem to luxuriate in the exercise of their powers of locomotion, which they are never hereafter to recover; but soon they become weary, and settle down upon some firm, stationary body. As soon they begin to change their color, they become star-like, the mouth being surrounded by tentacles, very much as the center of a flower is surrounded by its leaves. After some time, each one of these ray-like parts pushes out extensions, which in their turn assume the shape of tiny stars, and establish their own existence by means of an independent mouth. In the meanwhile, lime has been deposited at the base of the little animal, by its own unceasing activity, and forms a close fitting foot, which adheres firmly to the rock. Upon this slender foundation another layer, and thus, by incessant labor, story upon story, until at last, a tree has grown up with branches spreading in all directions. But where the plants of the upper world bear leaves and flowers, there buds forth here, from this hard stone, a living, sensitive animal moving at will, and clad in the gay form and bright colors of a flower.

This flower is the animal itself, seen only in its native element, and unfit for air and light. What we call coral is its house, outside of which it prefers to live, rather than within it. How they build their dwellings, human eyes have never seen. We only know that the tiny animals, by some mysterious power given them by the great Master on high who has given us a body after his image, and immortal soul, absorb without ceasing the almost imperceptible particles of lime which are contained in all salt water, and deposit them, one by one, in the interior. This is done now more, now less actively; and the denser the deposit is, the more valuable the coral. Gradually the substance hardens and thickens, until in the process of time, the *Isis Nobilis* of science, a large tree is formed, which often reaches the size of a man's waist. It is perfectly solid and compact, and adorned on the surface with delicate parallel lines. Thus on the tree-shaped limestone grows the life-endowed body of the polypus; it moves, it feeds, it produces others, and then is turned again into stone, burying itself in its own rocky house, while on its grave new generations build unceasingly new abodes.

## Snakes in Para.

It is doubtless owing to the proximity of the forest that the snake has domesticated himself in Para, and lives on terms of amity and familiarity with its inhabitants. Every house has its pet snake, and the monster appears to occasion to his keepers neither repugnance nor alarm. The Biblical doctrine of enmity between the serpent and the sons of men appear to hold good everywhere except in the Amazonian regions; where a truce is proclaimed, and serpent and citizen abide together in peace. The snakes are of the boa constrictor species, but so far as I can learn, they generally refrain from constricting or otherwise molesting the inhabitants. They catch rats and "gobulato" them, and now and then a monkey mysteriously disappears. Perhaps, as Hercules exploited himself for the fabulous ages, it would not be quite safe to trust small black babies alone with them. But tough and indigestible adults are por-

fectly safe. We asked to see "the snake" at a warehouse which we visited. He was haled from his lair in some back room or closet by a negro, who held him by gripping his neck just behind his head.

The snake appeared to be familiar with this rather ignominious mode of appearing in society, as he only expressed his emotions in a series of fatuous and imbecile wriggles, and when released coiled himself deliberately upon the floor and proceeded to take "forty winks," like the fat boy of Pickwickian memory. We stopped a street-vender who had a barrel of snakes for sale. Discerning in us possible purchasers, he tipped them upon the pavement and stirred them about with his foot, exhibiting their points to the best advantage and informed us, in Portuguese, that they were much better snakes than usual, and that if we missed that chance, we were not the men he took us for. On consideration, we determined to miss that chance, and we left the snake-man cursing and bundling his snakes back into the barrel.—*Harper's Magazine*.

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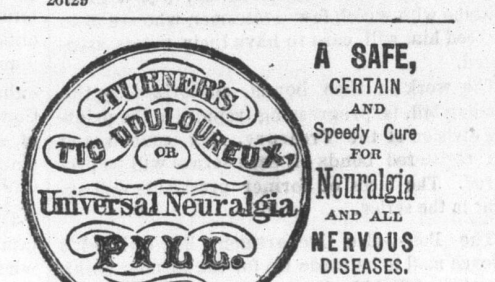
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## News Summary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Thirteen million dollars in specie have been sent to Europe in the last fortnight.

Boston schools cost last year the handsome sum of \$1,000,000. Surely Boston ought to have educated men and women.

Chicago publishes ninety-five newspapers and periodicals.

A fine-grained marble, black as ebony, has been found at Williamsport, Penn.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: The most destructive epidemic that has ever visited this country is the census of 1870. It has swept off 175,000 of Chicago alone.

Amherst College has just received \$42,000 for its library—half being the gift of Hon. Wm. Kelley of Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Many of the head cooks at the large hotels at Saratoga, Newport, and other fashionable resorts, receive from \$2,500 to \$3,000 for the season.

The New York physicians claim that soda water is largely responsible for the great number of sudden deaths this hot weather.

The Texas fever has broken out among the cattle in the southern part of California, and large numbers of them are dying. There has been no rain for some time in California, and crops are suffering severely. It is expected that there will be an average yield in the grape crop this season.

The yellow fever has prevailed to quite an alarming extent in Philadelphia. Eleven persons have already fallen victims to it.

Captain William Willard, for many years warden of the Connecticut State Prison, was murdered by a convict, on the 14th inst., who thrust through his cell-door a shoe-knife attached to a cane, which entered the victim's abdomen, resulting in his death.

The Virginians are making a good business of gathering and drying sumach for drug houses. Petersburg received, in one day last week, 600,000 pounds ready to be sent off.

Late Mexican advices confirm the almost incredible richness of Buena Vista and other rich discoveries in that vicinity. Wood and water are abundant and there are no Indians in the district.

Alaska military posts are to be abandoned.

Washington special says that Whitmore's withdrawal is compelled by fear of a criminal indictment if he persisted in pressing his claims.

An Illinois man sold his crop of hops, during the drought, for twenty-five cents. "The rains descended," and made it worth over \$500.

The population of Oregon is estimated at 100,000, and of Washington Territory at 25,000 exclusive of Indians.

The lumber merchants of Milwaukee have had to form an association so as to protect themselves against carpenters who order lumber and do not pay for it.

It is estimated that the Iowa wheat crop of 1870 was gathered from two millions of acres, and that it will amount to twenty-four million bushels. This is about twenty-four bushels to every person in the State.

Colonel Stanton, of the paymaster's office, has just completed the settlement of the last of the claims on account of expense of reconstruction in Mississippi and Arkansas. The whole cost in the former State was about \$325,000, and in the latter \$175,000.

Mr. Frelinghuysen, after long reflection, has declined the English mission. Under the circumstances it is difficult to see how he could do otherwise. It is reported that the nomination was tendered to Senator Trumbull and was at once declined. The displacement of Mr. Motley, under the circumstances, was a great mistake with which few statesmen who are fit to succeed him will care to have their names associated.

The work on these bonds, authorized by the funding bill, is progressing rapidly in the printing division of the Treasury. Six coupon and six registered bonds of each series will be prepared. The faces of former presidents will appear in the series.

The Post-Office Department has ordered a French mail to be made up for the steamer Guiding star, of Webb's line. This is the first American steamer that has carried European mails for a long time, and being an American bottom, she is allowed the United States inland and the ocean postage.

The President will remain at Long Branch until October, and no Cabinet meeting will be held at present unless events of great importance demand it.

## FOREIGN.

England adds \$500,000,000 to its wealth every year.

Spain will send 12,000 men to Cuba, next month—and then she means to crush "the rebels" in the island.

It is said that the reason of the ex-Empress Carlotta has been reawakened by the great events now transpiring on the continent, and that she manifests the deepest interest in the war.

Leghorn and Genoa were illuminated in honor of the Prussian victories. There is much animosity to the French in Italy, and sometimes it finds expression.

Gen. Sheridan, on his arrival at Berlin, Prussia, received marked official attention. At last accounts he had gone to the headquarters of the Prussian army.

There is a run on the Bank of France, but that institution continues to pay, though it has raised its discount rate to six per cent. The Corps Legislatif has authorized it to suspend cash payments.

Eight cents is the regular fee of a "regular" Chinese doctor.

A telegraph station has been established in the Garden of Eden, writes a traveler.

George B. Butler, consul at Alexandria, writes as follows: "The Americans here are chiefly ex-Confederates, and the Sun finds them od to nourish their deep dislike of a 'Yankee Consul-General.' They at first gathered around the consulate, got drunk on my wines and liquors, and then wanted to fight me for being Ben. Butler's nephew."

The cabinet of Berlin, in reply to the communication from the Pope, declines to guarantee the inviolability of the pontifical states.

Mr. Washburne, the American minister, finds himself overwhelmed in consequence of assuming the protection of Prussian subjects.

A French official dispatch announces the death of General Legrand, and reports General Montaigne missing. It also states that Prince Albert and the Prussian Generals Deering and Widel were killed.

The latest despatches from Europe contain accounts of a great victory by the Prussians on Thursday, and details of the same on the part of the French Minister of war, Marshal Bazaine is at Metz, however, with the main body of his forces, and after a battle of three hours has been driven into the town. The headquarters of the Prussian army have crossed the Moselle, and Bismarck and the Prince Royal have met in consultation with King William. The forces of the Prince Royal appear to be moving upon Vitry near Chalons and a battle is imminent. Strasbourg is reported to be in flames.

A Paris despatch says that fortune at last seems to smile on the French. Trochu is said to be the man of all others to have command of Paris. He is taking the most vigorous measures to prepare for a siege, and seems to have the full support of the inhabitants. The Bois de Boulogne and the forest of Vincennes are to be leveled, "gratin" coming into the city and mills are to be erected at once.

Nineteen Prussian spies have been executed, and more are arrested daily.

Fuller reports of the battle of Mars la Tour show that the loss on both sides was very heavy. Some accounts say 40,000, but this seems exaggerated.

Fuller reports of the battle of Longueville, the retreat of Marshall McMahon, and the movements of General Steinmetz have been received. The victory at Mars la Tour has separated the French, and it is said the road to Paris now lies open to the Crown Prince. Metz is in a famishing condition.

Prussia has refused to grant an armistice, and will listen to no offers of peace except from Paris. King William is reported to have made known his conditions of peace. The Pope has written to King William; the King replies very courteously, but says the Emperor is the cause of it all.

The police authorities of Rome announce that all strangers living in the city and within four miles of the walls must obtain permits of residence, and without such papers they will be liable to expulsion. This precaution is taken to prevent the emissaries of Italy from entering the city and creating trouble.

The Pope has decided to recall his Nuncio from Vienna, on account of the Austrian abrogation of the Concordat.

Havana advices say it is reported that the Cuban General, Julio Feriala, has been imprisoned by his own men for lack of courage, as some say, and as others say, for trying to leave the island with his acquired booty.

Frederick, Duke of Schleswig, has issued a manifesto imploring all Germans to sustain Prussia.

The Prussian government allows only one correspondent of the Berlin press at the front, and Herr Kreissler of Bosen Halle has been selected.

Baron Von Reust urged the abrogation of the Concordat on the ground that it was impossible to maintain relations with a power whose pretensions are suddenly found to be illimitable.

## Paragraphs.

Literature, science and art are already suffering from the disturbed state of Europe. In Paris the demand for art-workmanship has almost ceased; and the war threatens the great Lyons Exhibition, the first stage of the building for which was to have been laid, with much pomp, about this time. The German universities are closing, and as many of the professors will follow the students, the various branches of research will be interrupted. The Dresden Exhibition of Holbein's works is postponed. In Turkey, the reserve having been called out, the strain on the treasury is so great that much of the proposed expenditure on education must be abandoned.

Professor George Rolleston, of Oxford, in his late book on "Forms of Animal Life," gives a new criterion to distinguish animals from vegetables. He says that in the case of all animals the embryo absorbs its yolk from the inside, while in vegetables the germ of seed is surrounded by its albumen. This is a remarkable foreshadowing of the way in which the adult animal or plant absorbs its food, the former by placing it within itself for digestion and assimilation, while the latter takes its food from the outside.

The mines of the Pacific coast are by no means exhausted, but steadily continue their contributions to the national wealth. The total amount of shipments of treasure from San Francisco since January 1st, is \$21,475,000, of which \$7,461,000 was forwarded by rail to New York city.

Dickens regularly and without fail gave certain morning hours to composition. To a visitor, who asked him whether the spirit always came upon him at that time, he replied: "No, sometimes I have to coax it; sometimes I do little else than draw figures or make dots on the paper, and plan and dream till perhaps my time is nearly up. But I always sit here, for that certain time."

It has been found that hyposulphite of soda which is now manufactured very cheaply for the use of photographers, is much better than the common washing soda to wash delicate objects. It attacks neither the skin of the hands nor the objects to be washed, as does the common soda; and at the same time it is an effective bleaching agent, and takes out many spots better than any other substance.

It is estimated that, in round numbers, 110,000 tons of steel rails, equal to 1100 miles of steel road, were laid in the United States up to the close of 1869. These rails are in use on more than fifty roads, chiefly English, partly of American and some of Prussian manufacture.

Pennsylvania has produced 28,000,000 barrels of petroleum in ten years; and a larger quantity has been brought from the bowels of the earth during the last year than was brought forward in the height of the "oil fever."

Gustave Dore has just made the most spirited and dramatic drawing which even he, the master in that line of art, ever achieved. He represents the French army of the period marching by night, weird and shadowy, along the banks of the Rhine. On an eminence near the troops stand a group of veterans of the First Empire—"Napoleon's men, who, in spirit, brightness, wave aloft their banners and encourage their successors. There is, in this drawing, an intensity of power and dramatic force unrivaled, and its effect upon even the commonest, most plodding people is instantaneous. It is like the ringing out of a trumpet.

It is stated that, during the last thirteen years, 622 murders have been committed in the city of New York. The perpetrators of 155 of these have never been discovered. The adage "murder will out," would seem, then, to be inapplicable to about one quarter of the cases of murder actually committed; unless indeed there is something peculiar in the adroitness of New York villains, or in the clumsiness of the New York police to effect a different proportion than exists elsewhere.

Mosquitoes have only appeared in England within a year or two, but they have become quite a pest in Woolwich already. They have settled down in the contiguous marshes, where swarms of them appear every day. The people in the vicinity have been very much annoyed by them, and faces and hands swollen by their bites may be seen in every street. The little creatures are not too fastidious even to taste blood of Englishmen.

A bottle of Rhine wine and the glass globe to a lamp, both sea shells and moss adhering to them, have been recovered by Captain W. N. Sams, diver of the New York Monitor wrecking company, from the wreck of the United States steamer transport *Houmatou*, sunk near Charleston by a Confederate torpedo, during the late war. The bottle of wine is intact, corked and sealed, and the glass globe is part of a lamp that hung in the cabin of that ill-fated steamer when she went down.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Sheds for Farm-Yard Manure.

In a recent article under the title of "Farm-Yard Manure—Covered and Uncovered," we glanced in briefest fashion at some of the points connected with the subject; these had special reference to the making of manure in yards.

We have now to direct the attention of the reader to the making of manure under special conditions; a method different in its mode of procedure and, we believe, in its results, which are even still more favorable for manure made thus under cover, as compared with that made in the usual wasteful way described in an article we gave some time ago.

It is certainly a matter of surprise that so little attention is paid to the subject of treatment of manures, for the wasteful processes are much more numerous carried out than the saving ones. Even on farms held by men of acknowledged advanced opinions in practice, do we see that in this department their opinions and practice are by no means advanced—a condition of matters anything but satisfactory. It can not be too often repeated that the alternative conditions of the atmosphere, dry or wet, to which uncovered dung is exposed, brings about a heavy loss on the fertilizing value of it—conditions which tend to break up, so to say, the bond of union which exists between the various fertilizing constituents, freeing them from that bond and allowing them to escape. But not only are the alternative conditions of dryness and moisture which tend to destroy the value of dung, but the exposure to the sun's rays, to which uncovered dung is subjected, is even more prejudicial.

This we are aware, is a point not often alluded to in treating of the subject, but the most eminent authorities maintain that the loss from this cause is even greater than from those to which we have drawn attention. Every consideration, then, points to the value of a mode of treating dung by which it will be saved the exposure now named. In our last, we treated of the covered dung in courts; we now take up the subject of specially designed manure pits or stables. These may be used as supplemental to covered dung courts, the dung being finally deposited in the covered dung-pit, or the manure may at once be taken from the stalls, stables, and other stock-houses. The system of covered dung-pits originated on the Continent; at all events, if they were proposed here, we believe we are correct in saying that they were first carried out abroad. A covered dung-pit, properly arranged and constructed, is composed of three parts—1st, the pit proper; 2d, the roof and inclosing sides; and 3d, the liquid manure tank. The pit is generally an excavation made in the soil, the depth of which is from 3 to 4 feet below the level of the ground. The shape is oblong, the sides being three times, at least, as long as the ends; at least, this is a good proportion. The excavated portion is lined with brick, the walls being carried up a distance of from 2 to 3 feet above the level of the surrounding ground. The bottom should be made as impervious to water as possible, to which end it should either be puddled with clay, to a least, a foot in thickness, or lined with brick placed on edge, and the joints made good with hydraulic cement. We prefer to use concrete, as the best of all materials for forming the floor.

## Onion Culture.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, A. B. Crandall said that a Wethersfield, Conn. man met a gentleman who had attained great success in the culture of onions. He said the soil must be remarkably rich—the richer the better. If kept at the proper point of fertility, repeated crops may be produced on the same ground. He continues to plant onions in a garden that has been used for a similar purpose for at least eighty years, and he has found that the finest and longest-keeping specimens came from the oldest garden. His favorite plant is manured each season at the rate of 30 cart-loads per acre. The soil is not less than a foot in depth.

His practice is as follows:

As soon as the frost is out of the ground, he uses a subsoiler, which goes from one to two feet deep; a little later, he puts in a plow, which goes down about four inches. He then makes the surface as smooth and mellow as possible, and plants as early as possible in rows from 18 to 20 inches apart. For this purpose the Wethersfield drill is recommended, being cheap and efficient. The cultivation commences about three weeks after the seed is sown, and one of the great principles is to keep the onions perfectly clean. Generally, three weedings will be sufficient, and the crop does not require attention after the tops shade the ground.

The harvesting is done in September, and the best way is to make heaps of 40 or 50 bushels each, cover with straw, and leave in the field for a month or more. Six hundred bushels to the acre is a large return, but, under the most favorable circumstances, 800 can be produced. For next year's crop, it is a good practice to ridge the ground in the fall, and split the ridges in the spring. For new land, the best practice is to be gone two years ahead, and take a crop of corn, and afterward a crop of potatoes. The best manure is that obtained from cattle stalls. Occasionally, if the young blades look pale, a top-dressing of guano may be applied with advantage. The surest crop is the Red Wethersfield, a variety which is large, hardy and strong.

For raising seed, the same richness of soil is required, and the same strict attention to culture. The onions are set as early as possible, in rows 40 inches apart, at the rate of 350 bushels to the acre. They can be freed from weeds by the use of a horse-shoe. When the tops are ripe enough, they are clipped off, dried under shelter, threshed out, and run through an ordinary fanning mill.

## Deep Plowing.

Many farmers say that deep plowing injures the land. It is not generally necessary to plow new land to a greater depth than six to eight inches, if thoroughly done. This is deep plowing. Ten inches will not hurt our ordinary prairie soils and loams in the fall. It is plowing in the spring, when the land is wet, that does the mischief. Land plowed and allowed to lie in the spring until it is dry and friable, is always in condition. A short time since, in the cars, we heard a conversation between a Cook county farmer and a gentleman on the literary staff of one of the city papers. He had bought a farm and was seeking information. Said he:

"I have been reading a good deal lately about deep plowing, and I find that the experience is various, and that it is beginning to be condemned."

The farmer replied: "One should know something about the capabilities and the nature of the soil, but as a rule, on deep soils, especially clay and loam, I favor deep, fall plowing."

The amateur, however, dissented, and said: "My reading does not favor deep plowing, and for my part, I shall not plow my farm to a greater depth than a foot deep, except for special crops."

We want to visit him when he gets fairly under way, and see the teams and plows employed. He evidently is a disciple of the Grecian

armer. Our ordinary farmers would smile at such shallow plowing as one foot, but nothing is impossible to amateurs, especially on paper.

## Overstocking Pastures.

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

By the time the grass is gone, I have a little extra feed, and plenty of it, in most of these old pastures. My way, of late years, has been to put in very early, if the pastures had any meadow or wet place of any kind that starts early, and to keep about as much, or more, stock in than can get a good living in the pasture, in the spring. Then, as soon as they appear not to get enough, to begin to feed them a little grass that I cut around the house, or elsewhere, cutting a little for that purpose every day as long as I have any to cut, bringing the cows in a little earlier than most people do, in the afternoon, in order that they may have time to eat it.

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