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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., OCTOBER 26, 1870.

No. 43

THE MORNING STAR A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

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LUTHER B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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them.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1870.

Anniversaries.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—OCT. 12.

The Anniversary of the Home Mission Society was held this evening. The President, Rev. J. L. Sinclair, was in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. Boyd. The Treasurer, Rev. S. Curtis, reported the receipts for the year as \$10,577.45. The expenditures have been \$10,087.20. The permanent fund invested is \$2,393, the interest of which only can be expended. These figures embrace chiefly the receipts from New England and New York. Most of the contributions from the west go to another treasury.

The report of the Treasurer was followed by that of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. G. H. Ball. It opened with a reference to the hopeful view of the situation, and after speaking of the condition of the treasury, it said that church extension was the great work of our day. The churches have hitherto suffered, and unless we save them, both Church and State will be destroyed. For us not to grow is to die. In other countries churches may remain stationary, but not so with us. Action will strengthen the men whom we now have, and will draw others to us. We have men and money, and we must plant churches at important points. Our Foreign Mission will suffer if we fail to do our work at home. Our General Baptist brethren did splendidly for some years in India, but failing to do their home work at the same time, they suffered greatly. Our doctrine demands aggressive work. They are of such a character that all evangelical Christians are being drawn to us. We shall fulfill our mission in this regard just in proportion as we are aggressive. We must not remain in seclusion, but let our light shine. Boasting will not do it. We must push.

Our geographical position demands that we should be aggressive. Our churches, though many of them are in the country, are stretched through the best portion of our land. These churches must and will help plant churches in the cities, in places where our work will be seen. During the year the Society has received contributions from 200 churches, and many churches in important positions have been helped. The mission among the freedmen has been prosperous. The report from Vermont is cheering, and new life has been infused everywhere. The labors of Rev. J. S. Manning in the south-west and those of Rev. D. G. Holmes in the west have been greatly blessed. Twenty new churches have been built the past year. The close communion sentiment is dying out, and the great body of Baptists is being drawn toward us. Young men are giving themselves to the ministry in large numbers.

Rev. L. B. Tasker, the first of the speakers appointed, said that, in order rightly to understand our condition we must consider briefly our position in the past and the present. The change in the character of our ministry is known to almost everybody. The work of the fathers was evangelical, and they traveled from place to place. In the changed condition of things, the ministry find enough to do at home. We must not only consider the change in our ministry, but also in our field of operations. Once it was largely in the rural districts but now it is far otherwise. We are spread over a larger territory, west and south. We have also a large number of churches in cities. The question is, "How shall we meet the obligations imposed upon us?" To me, the subject seems to magnify itself. This work seems to be the great work of our day. Once small, it has now become large, and it is to be hoped that we shall be able to meet its demands. He spoke of the qualifications of Mission Agents and Mission

Committees. They should be live men, feeling a deep interest in the prosperity of the denomination and the temporal prosperity of their brethren in the ministry. The speaker closed with an earnest appeal for increased effort in this cause.

Rev. A. H. Morrell, the second speaker, spoke largely of our field of operations in the south. He spent much of the last winter in North Carolina, and gave a very interesting account of his experience and labors there. He was now on his way to Harper's Ferry to labor in that field. Though he went without any appointment from the Home Mission Board, he trusted in God to sustain him, and believed that he should not trust him in vain. Already had light burst in upon his pathway.

Rev. G. H. Ball made a stirring appeal. He thought the pastor should not confine his labors to his own parish, but go out and engage in missionary work in the true evangelical spirit. The speech was both earnest and eloquent.

Miss A. S. Dudley, by request, then gave an interesting account of the progress of the work in the Shenandoah Valley, and spoke of the aid and sympathy which she had received while she had been at the north for the past few months. She was now on her way to Martinsburg, where she expected to commence her work anew. Her remarks were wholly unreportable, and they elicited not a little interest, sympathy and pecuniary aid. The anniversary was one of marked interest. At the close a collection was taken, amounting to nearly fifty dollars.

THURSDAY MORNING.—OCT. 13.

A prayer-meeting was held from 9 till 10 o'clock, led by Rev. A. H. Morrell, which was well attended and most interestingly sustained.

At ten o'clock the Temperance Society was called to order by the President, Rev. J. Rand. After singing, prayer by Rev. H. Whitcomb, and the appointment of a Com. to nominate officers, the audience was addressed at length, and in a very effective way, by Rev. A. Deering.

Bro. Deering occupied himself very largely in giving statistics exhibiting the pecuniary bearings of the rum traffic, its direct and indirect cost to the people, until the figures became mentally burdensome and morally appalling; while his allusions, witicisms, pungencies and home thrusts kept the audience so constantly magnetized that it frequently discharged its strong feeling in bursts of applause. A mere outline of his course of thought and an occasional item from his array of statistics is all that could well be reported or for which we can find room.

He said he had been puzzled to decide what phase of the subject to present, but, partly from the suggestions of brethren whose advice he had asked, he had concluded to present that view which was most likely to touch the very sensitive nerve running to the pocket. We need practical views and a consistent conduct. Praying on Sunday against the devil of slavery and then voting for him on Monday was found to be a miserable policy, and there is quite too much of that sort of procedure in the name of temperance. Facts ought to lead to true action, and startling facts are at hand. Alcoholic liquors, when genuine, are bad enough, but when adulterated and fabricated according to modern methods, they are worse in quality, and we are doubly cheated. And over 90 per cent. of the liquors sold are of this class. Two cents worth of strychnine will make some gallons of whiskey. For example: there are twenty thousand pipes of Porter made in England; and yet she sells forty thousand pipes to be used in London, and sixty thousand are sent to this country. Much liquor is sold, as reported, for mechanical purposes,—that word *mechanical* being used with peculiar meanings; as when a man bought two gallons of rum on that plea, and it was learned afterwards that it was used to move a barn. We use in this country, according to the most reliable statistics, 400,000,000 of gallons annually, a quantity too large to be comprehended. The annual cost is set down at \$1,088,000,000,—a sum large enough to run the U. S. Government ten years, or to pay off the national debt in a little more than two years.

All of us aid in paying these bills, though we do it indirectly. Nine-tenths of our pauperism comes from temperance. Massachusetts paid fifty millions in one year for pauperism and crime, and about one-fifth as much for education. And there is no other pauperism so bad as that induced by rum. The drunkard will sell his wife's clothes to the pawnbroker, and his own loathsome body to the surgeons, for the sake of rum.

There were 2500 licensed grogshops in Chicago in 1868. For these licenses the city received \$100,000, and paid the same year \$450,000 to take care of her criminals manufactured by these grog-shops. Was not that a shrewd and profitable way of doing business?

One half the insanity is traceable to intemperance; one half our idiots come of drunkenness, and there are twice as many more who are about half fools from the same cause. Ten per cent. of our grain goes to make liquor, and so one dollar on every barrel of flour, and two cents on every pound of sugar that we buy, goes to pay our grog-bill. In all, this nation is paying, in this incidental way, \$262,000,000 a year for grog bills,—that is, a sum

equal to the interest on the national debt. And then a million of laborers, occupied in one way or another in connection with the liquor business, are thus withdrawn from the army of profitable workers; for one man, shoveling snow from a railroad track, is worth more to the community than the whole million employed to make and distribute liquor. And the lost labor of this army of men is worth at least \$300,000,000 a year.

Look at the matter from another standpoint. We pay a few millions of dollars annually to sustain the gospel at home and preach it abroad, and at the same time we spend \$1,650,000,000 a year to promote the worst kind of heathenism. How long will it take to convert the world at this rate? With the money annually paid for grog-bills you could build 70,000 meeting-houses, and so provide sittings for our whole people, and then have enough money left to put a minister into every pulpit and pay his salary eternally, then give every Sabbath school in the land a library every year worth \$125. This shows the relation of rum and religion. Freewill Baptists are taxed \$2,000,000 a year as their share of these indirect grog bills, and they contribute perhaps \$50,000 a year, or one fortieth as much, for general objects of Christian benevolence. This Society should put and maintain an agent in the field so that some portion of this vast outlay may be saved for other and better objects. If one-tenth of this waste was saved for the cause of Christianity, what glorious results might be reached!

What is the remedy for this state of things? Well, there must be a settled purpose to find and apply the remedy, and do it at once, allowing no plea of postponement to prevail. Prohibitory laws must be executed fairly and faithfully. Now and then a complaint is made and an offender punished,—but it may be because the Mayor's son has been brought home drunk, or a complainant has been moved by personal spite. Officers must be held as fully responsible for the execution of the laws as for framing them. They should be forbidden to exercise any personal preference or discretion in the matter, or to turn the law over to private citizens. Suppose the laws relating to taxes and to their collection were left in this way. Would the taxes be collected or the official indifference be tolerated? Why insist that the examiner of milk shall seize the can or the measure wherever he suspects fraud, and forbid the proper officer to touch the jug of rum, or leave him at liberty to wink it out of sight? Officers say they can't do anything in the way of enforcing the law against the thefts and murders that come of the rum traffic; but let a man build a weir and catch a few alewives, and he is pounced upon at once and dealt with in the sternest way. The alewives are cared for, but our wives are left unprotected. Oh, that women might speedily rise to the dignity of fish!

Every denomination of Christians is summoned to action. Some professors of religion refuse to join any temperance organization or make any special effort, and yet claim to be good and consistent friends of the cause. There is a fallacy here, or something worse. Suppose Christians should utterly refuse to go into any church organization or join in any systematic Christian effort. It would take as many such Christians to convert the people in a community as it would snowballs to heat an oven. If the professing Christians of the land should refuse to vote for a man or set of men who were not consistently temperate, no party would dare to nominate them, even for the pettiest offices. After doing all that can be done by other methods, we have got to meet this question at the ballot box. Decisive measures are demanded. All the evils that can be killed by soft blows were dead long ago. This devil of rum must be treated to constant pounding, for he has a tenacious life and is forever playing possum.

There is need of all classes of workers. The whole Christian army should be, at once brought into the field, and each division set to perform just the service to which it is adapted. I would put the Episcopalians into the forts. The Congregationalists should manage the movable batteries. The Unitarians and Universalists would serve nobly as cavalry and scouting parties. The Baptists, who naturally take to the water, would find their proper sphere in the monitors. Each of these divisions should in turn be brought into effective service. The Episcopalians should open with their heavy siege guns upon the army of Rum. And when the ranks began to waver, and confusion was apparent, the Congregationalists should bring up their flying artillery, pouring in grape and canister. Then, when the retreat had commenced, the Unitarians and Universalists should charge in upon them with the fury of Sheridan's troopers. And as they were driven in hot haste down to the sea, to find a way of escape, and curse some other land where they might do their evil work, the Baptists should open on them from the monitors, until they went down like the Alabama under the fire of the Kearsarge; and as the waves closed over the sinking enemy, we would all join in a shout of triumph and thanksgiving like that which went up to heaven when the Israelites sang their anthem at the Red Sea!

At the close of this address, the Com-

tee to nominate officers reported the following list of names, and the nominees were elected: President, J. Rand; Vice Presidents, H. E. Whipple and S. D. Bates; Rec. Sec., E. N. Fernald; Cor. Sec., J. B. Davis. These officers are to constitute a Board of Directors.

A Committee on Resolutions, consisting of A. Deering, E. W. Page and I. D. Stewart, was appointed, who subsequently reported the following, and they were adopted:

Resolved, 1st. That as a denomination we should hold no fellowship with any person who shall rent a building as a drinking saloon or tippling shop, neither knowingly admitting him to membership in our churches nor to a seat at the table of the Lord.

2d. That the wide-spreading desolations of intemperance so hinder the progress of Christianity, as to demand of every Christian, and especially of every Christian minister, an active and outspoken opposition to this fearful evil; and that every church and Sabbath school should be an active temperance organization.

3d. That we deem it our imperative duty to secure the enactment and enforcement of such laws as shall most effectively stop the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in this country; and to this end we pledge ourselves to vote only for such men for office as shall use their official influence to accomplish this object.

An expression of opinion was taken, approving the idea of giving prominence to the subject of Temperance in the columns of the *Star*, after which the society adjourned.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

At half-past one o'clock, the Education Society met for the transaction of business. Among other things, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Disbursing Committee be authorized and directed to make special provision for colored students, preparing for the ministry in connection with our normal schools.

At two o'clock, the anniversary of the Society was held. The President, Rev. G. T. Day, occupied the chair, and prayer was offered by Rev. D. M. Graham. The Treasurer, Rev. S. Curtis, made his annual report which showed, among other things, that the funds of the society were well invested. The Cor. Sec., Rev. W. H. Bowen, then read his annual report. It referred to the fact that the past year had been an eventful one in the history of the Society. It opened with doubt and discouragement respecting its future plans, and it closes with its condition and prospects of a very encouraging character. Bates College has so taken the School under its care that it furnishes it with a home and provides for its instruction. The Society is now at liberty to employ its funds for the aid of young men in preparing for the ministry, and thus do a more legitimate work than it has hitherto done. The friends of Theological education have great reason to rejoice in view of what has been accomplished.

Quite a portion of the report was devoted to an argument in favor of the aid of beneficiaries, and in urging the churches to devise liberal things. We need men not only to meet existing wants, but for emergencies as well.

The Theological School, removed to Lewiston, has entered upon a vigorous life, and a generous interest is awakened in its behalf. The services of Professors who have spent years in the service are still retained, while new talent is added. The Society, however, will need additional funds to carry on the work which it has marked out for itself. While the number of beneficiaries is nearly or quite double that of last year, the funds of the Society are not so ample as they might at first appear, and the churches will be called upon to contribute even more than hitherto, in order to meet the pledges and wants. At present there are twenty-two students in the School—a larger number than has been present at any one time since the School has been in New England.

At this juncture, a paper was read showing the financial condition of "The Commission for the Promotion of Education in the South," which is about to transfer its property to Storer College. It appears that the Commission has now property to the value of about twenty thousand dollars to transfer, while the estimated value of the property of the College is from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

Rev. G. H. Ball, the first speaker, said that it was a pleasing feature in our work, as manifested at these Anniversaries, that there are so many sides to it. The theme, however, is one. The fact that the work has assumed so many phases is one indication that we are making progress. The history of our educational work is interesting. Twenty years ago or more, we had but few educated ministers, and the educated laymen were less in proportion. We had then, comparatively few schools, and no colleges worthy of the name. During this time a great change has been wrought. At least \$1,000,000 have been raised for educational purposes,—a grand accomplishment, considering the point whence we started and the location of our churches. During this time also a large number of ministers and laymen have been educated. In New England especially, our educational work is prosperous. Bates College has grown to be a strong and influential institution. Maine Central Institute, New Hampton Institution, and other schools, are doing a good work, though they must have

additional help at once. Bates College will bide its time, but the denomination will not rest content until it has an endowment of \$400,000 or \$500,000. In the West, Hillsdale College is doing a good work, and other institutions are springing up. Well may we say, "Thus far the Lord has led us on."

In the accomplishment of this work poor men have contributed. They have even given when they should have been recipients of favors, and the Lord has blessed them in so doing. It will indeed be an unfortunate period in our history when we cease to have the spirit of sacrifice. Just so far as we are unselfish, just so far we represent Jesus. We shall be called upon for sacrifice in time to come.

The Lord, in answer to prayer, is multiplying the young men who are coming forward to preach the gospel. Already has there come to the knowledge of the Society the cases of no less than seventy-five young men who are looking to the ministry, and most of them need help. It is probable that there is actually double this number. We must have funds to aid them. Bates College has done nobly in providing a home and institution for the Theological School, but we shall need more funds. Collections must be taken in all the churches to aid young men. It is a grand and noble work in which we are engaged. All should rejoice in it and assist in carrying it forward. The speaker became more and more interested in his subject as he proceeded, and closed with an earnest appeal in behalf of the cause.

Prof. Hayes, of Bates College, was the next speaker. He said:

The encouragement of our educational institutions, and the assistance of students who are preparing for the ministry, demand from the churches a stronger interest, a more persistent and unanimous effort to than ever before. Because:

1. We have now a larger number of candidates for the ministry desiring an education than ever before.

2. These are not now looking abroad to the institutions of other denominations to educate for us,—on shares,—but to our own.

3. Every church seeking to supply the place of a retiring pastor, every Home Mission station, and every community containing individuals who desire to establish a meeting under the auspices of our denomination, is desiring to look to our educational institutions to furnish it the "right man."

4. While so many of these imperative demands can not be supplied for the want of trained men, there are scores of young men who ought to become preachers of the gospel, who are unable, without the assistance of the churches, to avail themselves of the advantages of our institutions, and who therefore turn a deaf ear to their call, or else enter the ministry under circumstances calculated to cripple their usefulness, if not to render them an actual disgrace to the ministry.

5. The institutions which we now have,—and no additional ones should be inaugurated for a long time,—have cost an immense exertion and sacrifice sufficient to show us the magnitude and importance of the work of education about which Providence has set us. These have cost far too much to be allowed to decline, or become bankrupt for the want of further sacrifices.

6. Our youth now have faith in us, that our policy is to be such as will meet the demands of the age; and if we fail to fulfill that expectation it will be at our peril.

7. We find a motive for larger exertion and sacrifice to secure an educated ministry, when we consider the characteristics and demands of the present age.

Public sentiment in this country at the present time demands a profounder, wider and more many-sided culture in the ministry than in any other profession. In other professions a man may more thoroughly know his own business in proportion as he withdraws his attention from all other affairs; but it is demanded of a teacher of religion that he know something of everything. And every man or child is disposed to withhold confidence, in relation to all subjects, from the minister whom he is able to convict of ignorance upon any. Such is the activity of the critical and inquisitive spirit of the present age,—a spirit which we welcome, and to the production of which no profession has contributed more largely than the ministry,—that the religious teacher finds all adult minds preoccupied, with questions to which they demand an answer, or at least a reason why they can not be answered. And these questions, though they influence the reception of the preacher's message, relate not wholly to the matter of the message itself, but are drawn from every department of history, chronology, language, science and philosophy.

The minister, in this age, finds no community where public teachers are few and these few operative with him; but every community welcomes the daily paper, the magazine and countless fictions, claiming the time, absorbing every power of thought and feeling, and teaching every imaginable combination of error with truth.

The multiplication of facilities for the cultivation of a literary taste, causes men to turn in disgust from whatever outrages or figures that—hence defects of language and manner that would have evoked little

or no remark in many places, two generations ago, would be intolerable to many in every community at the present time.

Another characteristic of this age, calling for fuller preparation for the ministry, is found in the vast additions made to the knowledge of the world during the current century. Simply to comprehend all the modern discoveries in science and philology, which throw light on the subjects of theological inquiry, demands years of study.

The peculiar forms of infidelity that are rife in this age, add to the energy of this demand. Every new science is taken possession of in advance, not by the real advance guard,—rather by the "bummers"—of the army of scientific inquiry; and the attempt is made to convert it into a stronghold of skepticism, when it is in reality an armory of weapons for the defense and exaltation of the truth of Christianity; and it is only the ignorance of its ministers that allows these weapons to be temporarily turned against it. The New Testament is to be for the next half century as truly a battle ground as it was in the second. At this we may rejoice; a new conflict is an opportunity for a fresh victory. But it demands of him who is now preparing for the ministry, and who would not be ignorant both of the nature of the attack and of the means of defense, an amount of preliminary study that was not required of our fathers.

The changed circumstances of our ministry also necessitate far more labor in preparation than formerly. Once they were evangelists, preaching but few sermons at a time in any place, and often able to meet the demands of a year's preaching by the preparation of a smaller number of fresermons than many of our Theologia students annually produce while prosecuting their studies.

Let us not hesitate to accept the necessary conclusion from these considerations, because of the great demand that will result upon our sympathies and our benefactions, or because it seems to place the educational work highest on the list of the enterprises of the church. This is its true position. Our Home Mission work depends upon it. The very perpetuity of our churches depends upon it. The success of our Foreign Mission depends upon it; for even in heathen lands, the half-century has brought a change. The missionary is no longer met simply by the inertia of stolid idolatry, but by skepticism, intellectual, alert, malignant. No man will be able to take up the work of teaching, of translating, of attacking heathenism and defending the gospel, at the point to which Phillips and Bachelor have carried it with their thirty years of experience and the mastery of more than half a score of languages, unless, with a large degree of the same spirit in their hearts, they are also blessed with a large degree of intellectual acuteness and facility in the acquisition of languages, and have also enjoyed the best opportunities for culture which our institutions afford.

How shall we fulfill the obligations which these demands of the age lay upon us?

I answer:

1. Educate our own children, in our own institutions.

2. Consecrate them to the service, not of mammon, but of the kingdom of Christ. Follow them with our prayers while they are in the schools, that there, if not already Christians, they may be converted and called to the work of the ministry.

3. Sustain, not only with patronage but with liberal appropriation of funds, our educational institutions. They are not finished; they are only in a hopeful infancy. They will reach maturity, they will be preserved alive, only by a general appreciation of their worth and a general effort to relieve them from embarrassment, like that which has already been shown by individuals.

4. Let every church and Quarterly Meeting charge itself with the work of providing constant aid for those who are devoting years to the work of preparation for the ministry. Let this work be done by systematic contributions, along with the effort for the support of missions.

Do you say, "Let our young men have the pluck to depend upon themselves as their predecessors did?" Consider well what the fathers endured before you require these to go through the same, together with the added years of preparation demanded by these times, without aid or sympathy. Let us look into the early home of one of those fathers, where his little family are gathered at evening in one room of a log-house, while the father lies at full length on the hearth, studying by the light of pine knots. Would you gladly have thrown an additional knot on the fire that the student might not be interrupted in his study, when the fire grew dim? Would you, when the pile in the chimney-corner began to fail, with the student still yearning to continue his reading, gladly have given him a candle?

Logs to build a house can no longer be had for the cutting, and pine knots cost five dollars a cord; yet when the young minister has toiled as long and suffered as much as then, he has but just begun his course of study, and the demand that he shall study is still ten times as urgent as then. Shall we not gladly help him till he is through with his apprenticeship, and we can welcome him into visible service in the Master's vineyard?

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Communications.

Mutual Benefit Association.

It has been thought best for me to say something about the objects and workings of our Association, which shall be done in the simplest and plainest manner.

First of all, let me say that we do not intend to oppose "Life Insurance," to question the propriety of the large expenses of "Life Insurance Companies," nor to answer the embellishments of canvassers, and certainly not to imitate them.

EXPENSES. The officers and agent of our Association do not receive a cent for any of their services, and the cost of printing, stationery and postage is to be paid from the income of the admission money, so that every dollar paid by the members will go unbroken to the families of deceased brothers.

Seventy-two Life Insurance Companies doing business in New York, report that, in 1869, the amount paid for expenses was \$17,515,375, while the amount paid for losses by death was \$16,130,141;—the expenses exceeding the losses by \$1,385,434. Our Association, by doing its business without expense, reduces the cost one-half, which is a real saving for its members.

EQUALITY. Ours is an equality of benevolence, for it favors largely the older ministers. Our younger ministers that I have seen, with a noble generosity, are willing to favor those who have been longer in the work, and under less favorable circumstances. No one who refuses to let go of a dollar until sure that he shall get at least an hundred cents back for his own pocket, can sympathize with the spirit and object of this Association, which aims not only at the benefit of one's self and one's own, but as far as may be, to benefit the families of all our ministers. But if we admit that the younger men will have to pay double their proportion, it will be seen that by saving half the cost, they will give away only what they save, and thus sustain a real and large charity at little if any actual cost; for it will not be likely to cost the younger men more than by Life Insurance Companies, and the older men not as much. The officers are only doing what they deem a privilege, if it shall be so generally accepted as to accomplish the good intended. But they will not beg as paid canvassers do; they cordially offer their services in forwarding what they consider a good work.

INCOME. No company has an income for any person, only so far as money of his in their hands shall earn it. No one can get an income from what he does not own, anywhere in this world, so far as I know. If any one desires our Association to have an income for his benefit, he can deposit with the Association a sum sufficient to earn enough to pay his assessments, every dollar of which shall be paid to his family in addition to the One Thousand dollars, or it may be withdrawn at any time when he shall request it.

HEALTH REQUIRED. The Board examines each application, and while they will be liberal, they do not propose to accept broken down and worn out ministers; but to accept those who are in fair health and working condition.

WAITING TO BE OLD. We propose, after giving an opportunity to the older ministers one year to secure the benefits of the Association, not to receive after that time any who are over forty years of age.

SECURITY. We think that we can rely upon the amount proposed being actually paid to our families:

1st. Because we are an Association of Christians, and brothers of one family, who know and sympathize with each other; and it is hardly to be supposed that one would fail to pay the sum needed to go to a deceased brother's family.

2d. By neglecting to pay, one forfeits all his interest in the Association; and members will not be very likely to do this.

3d. The Association will hold the admission money of each member, and if one fails to pay his assessment, it will be paid from this money, and so it seems well secured.

FORFEITURES. It is possible that some may, after paying awhile, stop and forfeit the interest. But it does not seem probable that any worthy minister will be unable to meet these assessments. Either by self-denial, or by the assistance of his brethren, or of the church of which he is a pastor or member, the money can doubtless be obtained. If sick or old, the money can easily be hired in anticipation of the amount soon to be received. Very few will ever be compelled to forfeit their membership.

ACTUAL COST. We have refrained from estimating the annual cost, not being willing to put it too low. The deaths of ministers in our denomination, as reported in the Register, have averaged about 1-12 per cent. I shall be satisfied with two per cent, or twenty dollars a year.

I believe the Association is a good thing, and ought to be sustained by having our ministers generally join it, and do and get the good which it offers by promptly and cheerfully paying what it costs. Let each one judge and act.

D. R. WHITTEMORE.

What can I Do for Jesus?

A short time since, while attending a prayer-meeting, I was forcibly impressed by this uttered query. A man, whose head throbbed and ten years had whitened, arose and asked,—"What can I do for the cause of Christ? I have lived nearly my allotted time. I am so old I can not often get out to prayer-meetings. My influence is diminishing. Soon, at the longest, I shall be called home. It is many years since I sought and found the Saviour; but I have done little or nothing for the

cause; and now if I could only say some word, or do some deed which would live after I am gone and have an influence in building up Christ's kingdom, it would give me unspeakable joy."

Great tears rolled down his cheeks. His breast heaved with emotion. I could not but feel that he meant just what he said. In his inmost heart he wished to do something if possible. He would gladly make any sacrifice, and trust God for the reward.

What a pity, I thought, that more of our young men are not imbued with this same spirit; young men who are strong, and whom God is calling to enter the Christian ministry. Here are the fields which have long been "white for the harvest;" churches on every hand, where the flocks are scattered for want of a shepherd; whose souls are drifting down to ruin, with no one to warn them. Going out from meeting, I met a brother, a young man, struggling nobly against poverty in order that he might fit himself for the Christian ministry. The conversation turned to Brother L. and his desire to leave behind him some influence which would assist in building the Master's kingdom after he was gone to his reward, and how this should encourage us who are younger to press onward. My friend became silent. At length he replied,—"I wish Bro. L. could see what a glorious chance God has given him to do this very work. He has thousands of dollars in the bank, besides his large farm and all the property you see around him. Now why does he not give a few thousands to one of our Colleges, or to the Theological school, and help them a little in their necessity? He might give enough to found a professorship in the Theological school, and thereby do a deed which would fill his crown with stars, in the day when God shall gather home his jewels; or he might at least give enough to found a scholarship in a college, and this, too, would forever remain to work for God and truth."

Since then I have thought of this subject continually. I believe there are many such brethren, who, departing to their heavenly home, would gladly leave behind them some influence which would never cease to assist in the rearing of Christ's kingdom.

And now, my brother, has not God given you the means of doing this work? Look at it carefully. The fields are "white for the harvest," and "the laborers are few." It is also just as true that many of the laborers are suffering terribly for want of means with which to carry on their work. You have often prayed for God to increase the laborers. Tears of honest sorrow have run down your cheeks as you have seen the ripening harvests exposed to the pitiless storms of sin. You can not go and reap, and you sit down in despair, forgetting that God is testing your honesty, by giving you the means to answer your own prayers. Have you taken that money which God has lent you for the building up of his cause and hid it away in some bank, unmindful of that voice which comes ringing down through the ages, saying,—"The silver and the gold are mine?"

We, as a denomination, have but just awakened to the fact that education is one of the strongest pillars in the structure of Christianity. The denomination can not advance faster than its educational interests move. There is not a school in the whole denomination which is not suffering for the want of money, and especially is this true in respect to the colleges and the Theological school. Is this God's fault? Does any one suppose that he has made the blunder of creating a want, without also creating a supply? How long shall these things be? How long shall a college, given us by a State and the munificence of our friends, run in debt two thousand dollars a year? How long shall the Theological School go without needed professors because we have "hid our Lord's money?"

May the Lord help us all to answer these questions.

A. F.

"Reform Needed".

The article headed thus, in the *Star* of Oct. 5, utters a very singular sentiment. It appears like language used at the breaking of a certain alabaster box.

Several questions force themselves upon the reader in spite of himself. Have not men a right to act upon their own judgment in starting a church?—And have they not a right to ask a well established church to help them?—And have they not a right to send their pastor or other agent to ask them to do so, without his being called a beggar and "sent home to honest toil," unless he "have an endorsement from some of our benevolent societies?" What more benevolent society than the church?—And has the sentiment obtained a footing among us of a centralized power?—By what principle are all required to go to the "Home Mission Board," or any other Board, to seek permission to ask help in their hour of need? Paul did this kind of work. He says: "I robbed other churches, taking wages of them to do you service." To what Board did he go?

The "legitimate" contributions are those which the donors see fit to make, and the object for which they give is the "legitimate" object, are they not? Are the contributions of money to run in particular and never-varying channels, and be compelled to go in those channels or not go at all? Are ministers and brethren so dishonest, or so lacking in good judgment, that they must be under tutelage to a particular fountain of wisdom? Or are the churches so shortsighted, that they launch out their money without due consideration, and upon unworthy objects? Who are the "responsible" men to whom the question, "Shall we build, or shall we not build," is to be referred? Who, whether we shall organize a church or not, but the council of ministers chosen upon such occasions? And are they not the ultimate and "responsible" men? Have they not the vows of God

upon them? And suppose they see best to organize a church, and recommend them to build, where it is absolutely certain they must have help, who has higher authority to forbid?

It certainly takes more than one man to start a church, and men are ever held responsible to God for their acts. And who can read a neighbor's duty clearer than himself? Some of the most flourishing churches of to-day started with few in numbers and very weak, and have struggled up through adverse circumstances, being compelled to ask aid from others.

The article certainly will not bear a very close examination, and the writer did not very carefully consider the scope of his language, unless he entertains the opinion that all our movements should be under a centralized power, amounting to Episcopacy, not to say popery.

W. F. E.

NOTE. The writer of the article above is allowed liberty of speech, though he has doubtless failed to apprehend very clearly the precise object of the article which he criticizes, and makes some of his own points wear the aspect of excess.—Ed.

Sufficiency of Jesus.

We copy from "Plymouth Pulpit" the following extract from a recent sermon of Mr. Beecher. He has a rare faculty in setting forth the fullness of Christ and the adaptation of his ministry of grace to the necessities of the human soul. These words ought to carry instruction and encouragement with them:

Men, in their life-struggles, are to look to Christ rather than to turn their eyes upon themselves—which is the tendency of men. We are apt to think very little of ourselves until we begin to attempt to break away from bad habits and evil courses; but then we shoot into the opposite morbid extreme, and think of almost nothing else. It is very true that one must examine himself, and know something of himself; but it does not follow, because we must have a knowledge of our own sinful condition, and so must think about ourselves, that the more we do it the better we are off. It is wise that a man should know himself to be so sick as to need to see his physician; but the physician says, "Think about your sickness as little as you can." He draws him off from his symptoms as much as possible. And when a man is roused to a sense of sin, and the consequent danger of sin, it is not wise for him to look at himself too much. It is not wise for you to turn your eyes inward too much upon that gulf of the heart, which every one of you has in him. We are not to swing round as in an eddy or whirlpool in a dark gorge. We are to look unto Jesus, rather. Every man whose pride is wounded; every man whose vanity is wounded; every man who has been overthrown by lusts; every man whose appetites have carried him away captive; every man who has violated the law of the land and overstepped the bounds of divine law; every man who has gone counter to the dictates of his own conscience, and disobeyed the tribunal of his best thoughts; every man who convicts himself of wickedness, is not to sit and read over and over and over again the sentence of the condemnation that is pronounced against him. God does not think this needful. His command is, "Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith."

It is this very moral sensibility that he has begun; and out of this very moral sensibility he will work cure to the world. And the first step for every wholesome nature, when conscious of having done wrong, is certainly not to go back and chew the bitter cud of memory, ruminating on transgression, but to look unto Jesus and be forgiven; and then, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, to press toward the work for the prize of the high calling of God." That is the command. And it is sensible. It addresses itself to the moral consciousness of every man, and to every man's sense of things fit and right.

And yet, there are many persons who set their life up before them, and look it over, and review it again and again. Sometimes people keep journals; and when a man keeps a journal of his religious experience he never will lack a fool's looking-glass; and he will see himself in it every time, too. If there is one place where the devil is surer to get a man than anywhere else, it is when he is writing his journal. And yet many think they grow in grace by an anatomical process of analyzing their motives. They think about their motives, and they want to discriminate as to what they shall put down; and, generally speaking, a man lies every time he dips his pen into the ink. For although a journal has, in pompous letters, on the outside, "To be read by no one but me, and in case of my death, I enjoin my affectionate friends to burn this manuscript," he knows that these affectionate friends will read it, for the same reason that when you see on a door, "No Admittance," you are all the more anxious to go in, because you think there is something there worth seeing. And when a man says, "I have a journal that has something in it which I do not want anybody in creation to read," everybody in creation wants to read it, and all creation would not stop you from reading it. And when it is read, it is exaggerated. It is filled with deceptive statements. A man does not choose to gibe himself on every page of his journal, and told how wicked a man he is. A man may tell how wicked he is, but not how mean he is. And, after all, the meanness is the worst part of wickedness. But that is the thing which does not go down in a journal. Yet there are persons who draw out the long black lines of record, as if it were of any use to them, or to anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath. A journal of a man's morbid economy might better not be kept. You have enough to do with that economy anyhow. It is sufficient that you have experiences growing out of it

from hour to hour and from day to day. Cast behind you these things. The sins that you have committed are evil. Do not keep them. Throw them into the draught. Let them sink to the bottom of the sea.

There are men who have committed great sins, and who are like the knight that used to wear sackcloth in order that the scratching might remind him of having, perhaps, murdered his royal master, and who never wanted to forget that he was a murderer. But what is the use of remembering one's crimes? Some set apart days to remind them of the sins of the olden time. They want to keep them in memory. But what is the use of keeping one's sins in memory? You are not the children of night, that you should set up a monument of darkness of this kind. It is not worth a man's while, after he has once escaped, to ponder the things of the olden time. It is not in accordance with New Testament truth, or God's truth, or Christ's truth. Forget, forget, forget! God promises that he will do it; and he commands you to do it. "I will never make mention again of your transgressions," he says to men. He declares that their sins shall be cast as into the depths of the sea. And why should a man trouble and vex himself about his past sins? Do you suppose you are any better for remembering that which crushes you and fills you with pain? Pain is like emery. If it scours anything that wants to be scoured, it is good. Otherwise it is not good. He who seeks mere pain is an idolater. While the strife and conflict of sin is on you, then look at it and fight it; but when it is past, then throw it away, and forget it. Never look long at yourself, or at the old burnt out craters in life. Never linger long in the precincts where you have suffered a great deal. You are children of light. Look unto Jesus. Look unto him, as he sitteth above, in the midst of the myriads of those who have been just like you; of those who have wept over ten thousand transgressions; of those who overcame their sins at last, and are saved with an everlasting salvation. In their midst, crowned with joy, floral as the summer, Christ sits. And every sinner who mourns over his sins, and would triumph over them, is commanded to look to him. Do not look to yourself, nor to your sins, but to Jesus.

Christ is to be sought, not after we have overcome our sins; nor after we have gained a victory over our transgressions. In the old lists, or in the Schutzen games of the knights, the queen was selected, and she sat in the center on the upraised seat; and after the knights had made proof of their skill and prowess, and their adversaries were cast down, then the one that had come out conqueror, soiled and weary, and with his armor dashed and dented, came forward, and was crowned by the queen. But he had to go through the conflict first.

A great many think that Christ sits with a coronet in his hand, to crown those who are victorious, after they shall have fought their own battles. And so he does, in one sense. We are to be final victors, and then are to be finally crowned in heaven. But there is a sense in which this is false. That is to say, if you suppose that the condition on which you are to look to Jesus for succor is that you shall overcome your pride; if you say, "I have fallen into habits of self-indulgence, I want to be free, and I would go to God and promise him that I will reform, only I have been a thousand times, and it has never availed, and I shall fail again, and I dare not go any more until I have some evidence in myself that I shall be able to stand in my own resolution"—then you take a wrong view of this matter. People say, "I would go to God if I felt that I could promise anything, and that I could keep my promise." That is not it. You are a helpless captive; you are under a tormenting master; and Jesus is your deliverer. And shall not the captive cry out to his deliverer until he has broken his own chains? Are you not sinning every day? Is not sin your master? And while you are sinning are you not an unfortunate soul, carried away captive? And is not declared that Jesus came to break shackles, to open prison doors, to give sight to the blind, and to give hearing to the deaf? He comes to rescue men. And the time when a man is to look to Jesus most confidently is when he is in his sins, and when he knows that he will sin again.

Your cup betrayed you to-day, and your cup will betray you to-morrow. You have fallen into self-indulgent pleasures to-day, and you know that you will fall into them to-morrow. You have tried for months, and perhaps years, to get rid of your sins, and you can not get rid of all of them. You can give up one thing and another that is wrong, but you can not give up all wrong things. You can not help longing to be a better man, and you can not prevent these evils which spring from the flesh. You are waiting, and hoping that the time will come when you can present yourself as a fit person to join the church, and when you can present yourself at the table of the Lord, saying, "I have conquered." Oh! it will be a joyful day when you can say that; but you need to go to him, to get pity; to get succor; to get inspiration. There is no time when Christ is so needed by a man's soul as when that soul is sinning from day to day. That is the time, above all other times, when you need to go to him.

I used to work out my sums wearily—when I worked them out at all—at my seat, on my slate; and when I had done them, I went to my master to show them to him with pleasure; but I did not need to show them to him, so far as any benefit to me was concerned. I did not need to be helped, after I had worked out my sums myself. But when I had got stuck—which was ninety-nine times in a hundred—I then went to him, in order to have him show me how to work them out. And then it was

felt good when I got out the sum—rare triumph! but ordinarily I went to him that he might teach me. It was help that I needed.

It is a good thing for a man whose physician has just saw him with all the airs of an invalid, to surprise his physician some bright morning, by falling upon him, and saying, "Behold a man risen from the dead, Doctor!" That is a very pleasant thing. But ah! it is not then only that a man should see his doctor. When he lies full of suffering, and is growing worse and worse, is the time that he should send for his doctor. A man should send for his physician, not when he has got well, but while he is sick, that he may get well.

We need to go to Jesus as victors, as we shall, one day; if we are faithful; but ah! he will not be so necessary to me when I shall have passed through death, as he is to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, until I die. It is now that I need him. My times of need are in my conflicts here. It is in this mortal thrall, it is in the breaking of the bands which are tougher than my strength, it is in the temptations that lurk about me on every side, that I need help. It is in the midst of my strifes and struggles that I need a Saviour. And it is in your times of need that you should go to Christ; but not when you are conscious that you are getting better, but when you know that you are getting no better, but worse. Jesus is your soul's physician, and teacher, and abiding friend, and he has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And if there is any one who is conscious of being in moral degradation, the command of him is, Look unto Jesus. He is the All-helpful, and he will succor you, and will teach you how to gain a victory.

We are not to grieve Christ by despondency and despair in over-measure, arising out of our evil courses. Many persons fall into the notion that in some sense they make atonement for sin, if afterwards they compel themselves to suffer for it. But we are not to be selfish. We are to remember that, being delivered from our transgressions, we are not our own, but another's—that we belong to Christ.

When Christ was on earth, men were brought to him to be healed. You will observe how he healed them. He said to them, "Take up thy bed and walk!" Suppose a man had taken up his bed, and also his crutches and gone hobbling off, what would the multitude have thought? And if they had dropped him, and questioned him, and he had said that he was healed, would they not have said to him, "Why do you not stand up straight, then? Why do you lie?" Nobody will believe that you are healed. That is not the way to reflect credit on the Master and his power. Throw away your crutches, and take your pallet on your shoulders and walk so that everybody will see that you are well.

When a man has been drinking forty years, it is never necessary for him to say, "I have been a drunkard." Everybody will know it; and there will be enough to throw it up to him and keep him in memory of it. You do not need ever to say, "I have been a gambler,"—for I believe that Christ is able to save even a gambler. You may have been an impure person; you may have wallowed in wickedness; and when you have risen out of your degradation, there will be a strong temptation for you to run along on the ground and make yourself humble by degrading yourself. But remember that you are healed by the Lord Jesus Christ, and that you have a testimony to give to him, which all the world may see; viz., that, whereas you were blind, now you see. And it is the healing that is to be uppermost in your testimony. It is the grace of God which has restored you, that is to be on your lips. "I once was lost, but now am found," is to be your declaration. Your song should be one of glory and joy, and not one of remorse. Look forward. Do not be forever tormenting your peace by looking backward. Bear a testimony that shall be worthy of him who has loved you, and redeemed you, and is to make you a king and priest unto God.

My Mother's Bible.

On one of the shelves in my library, surrounded by volumes of all kinds, in various languages, stands an old book, in its plain covering of brown paper, unpretending to the eye, and apparently out of place among the more pretentious volumes that stand by its side. To the eye of a stranger it has certainly neither beauty nor comeliness. Its covers are worn; its leaves marred by long use; its pages, once white, have become yellow with age; yet old and worn as it is, to me it is the most beautiful and most valuable book on my shelves. No other awakens such associations, or so appeals to all that is best and noblest within me. It is, or rather it was, my mother's Bible—companion of her best and holiest hours, source to her of unspeakable joy and consolation. From it she derived the principles of a truly Christian life and character. It was a light to her feet and the lamp to her path. It was constantly by her side; and as her steps tottered in the advancing pilgrimage of life, and her eyes grew dim with age, more and more precious to her became these well-worn pages.

One morning, just as the stars were fading into the dawn of the coming Sabbath, the aged pilgrim passed on beyond the stars and beyond the morning, and entered into the rest of the eternal Sabbath—to look upon the face of him of whom the law and the prophets had spoken, and whom, not having seen, she had loved. And now no legacy is to me more precious than that old Bible. Years have passed; but it stands there on its shelf, eloquent as ever, witness of a beautiful life that is finished, and a silent monitor to the living. In hours of trial and sorrow, it says: Be not cast down, my son; for thou shalt yet praise

him who is the health of thy countenance, and thy God. In moments of weakness and fear, it says: Be strong now, my son, and quit yourself manfully. When sometimes, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come back to the study, weary of the world and tired of men—of men that are so hard and selfish, and a world that is so unfeeling—and the strings of the soul have become untuned and discordant, I seem to hear that book saying, as with the well-remembered tones of a voice long silent: Let not your heart be troubled. For what is your life? It is even as a vapor. Then my troubled spirit becomes calm; and the little world, that had grown so great and so formidable, sinks into its true place again. I am peaceful, I am strong.

There is no need to take down the volume from the shelf, or open it. A glance of the eye is sufficient. Memory and the law of association supply the rest. Yet there are occasions when it is otherwise; hours in life when some deeper grief has troubled the heart, some darker, heavier cloud is over the spirit and over the dwelling, and when it is a comfort to take down that old Bible and search its pages. Then, for the time, the latest editions, the original languages, the notes and commentaries, and all the critical apparatus which the scholar gathers around him for the study of the Scriptures, are laid aside; and the plain old English Bible that was my mother's is taken from the shelf.—Dr. Haven in Independent.

Selections.

Christ Rejected.

Rev. E. P. Smith, during a brief visit to St. Louis, was invited by Miss McBeth to see a Michigan soldier in Jefferson Barracks, in whose case she felt a peculiar interest. He says:

I saw at a glance that he had not long to live. In his pale, thin face, flushed with the last sign of flickering life, there was a beseeching, a piteous longing, such as in all my hospital experience I had rarely seen. At first he gave me little heed, but as I laid the back of my hand upon his burning cheek, and stroked the hair from his forehead, he turned his eyes full upon me, in a look that spoke things unutterable:

"How are you to-day, my soldier friend?"

"Poorly, sir; very poorly; a few days more,—only a few."

"You are all ready, I trust?"

"I'm going,—there is no help for it; if you call that 'ready,' I am ready."

"But I mean, are you prepared to die? Is this exchange of worlds going to be pleasant to you?"

"Pleasant! It is awful, sir; horrible beyond all account! But I have got to come to it!"

"No, my brother, there is no such 'got to' about it. You are in this world yet, and it is a world of mercy. This is the world where Christ died. Let me tell you what he says: 'Whoso cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"I know it, I know it all; I have heard it a thousand times."

"Well, isn't it true?"

"It may be,—but not for me, now."

"But he says, 'If you will come to him,' he does not say, 'If you had come,' or, 'If you would have come,' but 'if you will come'—'whoso cometh'—comes to-day,—'he will not cast out.' It's a great pity you haven't come already, but—"

"Pity! It's my ruin, sir. I can not come now,—I will not. See there, stranger, do you think I am going to give that withered, dried up hand to God, after I have given all its strength to the devil? Do you think I'm going to drink the devil's wine all my life up to this last day in hospital, and then offer the settings to Jesus?"

"It was wrong, it was mean for you to refuse the best to your God, but see what you are doing now, Jesus has followed you all through, and to-day asks for this remnant of your life, 'these settings,' as you call it. He really desires your affection and trust in him for the little while you will lie on this bed."

"Is it honorable or decent to give it now?"

"If he can ask it, is it honorable or decent for you to refuse it now? You have refused everything; Jesus makes a last request; will you refuse that?"

"I see it,—that's so,—but,—I am afraid I shall. You come a little too late! It's getting dark now."

I prayed at his bedside, but he was only partially conscious. As I sat watching him, he said in a whisper, scarcely audible:

"If I could get back again,—back again."

Supposing he was thinking of his friends, I asked about his home in Michigan; ran a ring slightly, and with a shake of his head, he said:

"No, no,—a boy again,—a boy again."

Thinking that he might have fallen into a sleep from exhaustion, I left him for a while. But it was the sleep of death. The consistency of sin held him straight through his course. He could not break it. He must begin anew, if at all, he thought, with the beginning of life; but, alas! for the boyhood with its thousand invitations, it came back no more!

To begin a Work of Charity.

Think over your plan well. Mature it in your own mind. Discuss it with one or two whose judgment is worth having. Give it form and shape before you call in others to your aid. Then present it for general support, as it is. Do not begin with proclaiming your object, and calling a meeting of all who are friendly to it. Some will come who think they know all about it as well as yourself. They will talk wisely, as they think; make suggestions, propose methods of procedure, without a clear idea of what you design, and the meeting will adjourn upon the appointment of a committee, which may never meet. No, begin in a quiet, natural way. Let the thing develop itself under the fostering sympathies of a congenial few. It may be small and weak for a while, but if it be a germ of true life it will vegetate, it will strike root and grow. When it has acquired a body of its own, then throw it open to all who will, to supply the requisite nutriment for its growth and expansion, but not to trim and fashion it after notions of their own. If they help you in the right way, thank God and take courage. If not, no matter. It will flourish, that is, if it be "a plant which our Heavenly Father hath planted." If it be not, they could not keep it alive; and the sooner it withers and dies the better.—W. A. Muhlenberg, D. D.

(Continued from first page.)

Rev. G. W. Bean, agent for Maine Central Institute, then presented the claims of that institution and solicited subscriptions in its behalf. It seems that the institution is now burdened with a debt of more than \$20,000, from which it must have immediate relief. Several responded to the appeal made, and several hundred dollars were subscribed. Some of the remarks made indicated that the spirit of self-sacrifice is still prevalent in the denomination, and that hard work and heavy burdens can be cheerfully accepted and carried forward without complaint.

At the close of this effort the Society adjourned.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The anniversary of the Foreign Mission Society was held this evening, the exercises commencing at the usual hour. The President of the Society, Rev. E. Knowlton, occupied the chair, and prayer was offered by Rev. J. L. Sinclair.

The Corresponding Secretary, Rev. C. O. Libby, then made his annual report, confining himself to a general statement in regard to the Mission and its progress, as no regular report had been received from India.

The missionaries are the same as last year, with the exception that Rev. O. R. Bachele and wife were, in consequence of failing health, on their way home. It is hoped that a residence in this country will soon restore their health, so that they may resume their labors at some future day. The report also made mention of the sickness of Miss Crawford, who, through the instrumentality of our physicians at Midnapore, is now able to perform the duties assigned her.

During the year there has been some slight change in the location of the missionaries.—Rev. E. C. B. Hallam and wife having removed to Midnapore, where they are now stationed with Rev. J. L. Phillips and wife, and Miss Julia E. Phillips. Rev. B. B. Smith and wife are at Balasore, where general prosperity attends all departments of the work. The Christian village of Metrapore, at one time supposed to be lost, has been partially recovered. Miss Crawford is doing her usual work at Jellapore. The Girls' Boarding school numbers about one hundred and forty pupils. A steady and continuous work of grace has been enjoyed in the school. At present more than half of the scholars are professing Christians. Rev. J. Phillips and wife are still at Santipore, and are doing a large general work. Buildings have been erected, schools supported, and a system of successful village farming has been carried on, and the spiritual interests of the people promoted.

Bazar preaching is kept up at Midnapore, and a Bible class sustained for the benefit of the natives. The press at this place has also been doing something the past year. Larger contributions are solicited for its support. Zenana work continues interesting, and is becoming more extensive. Santal schools are still progressing and inspire hope for the future, while the work among the Santals is holding on its way. In fact, every department of the work seems to be prospering. Since the last report, thirty-six have been added to the several churches by baptism.

The Mission Society in New Brunswick, which has assumed the payment of the salary of Rev. J. L. Phillips, is still carrying on its operations. The receipts of the parent society, during the eleven months covered by the report of the Treasurer, amount to \$10,487.68, while its disbursements are nearly as large.

The meeting was then addressed by Rev. G. T. Day.

He began by referring to the remark of a distinguished convert to Romanism, that the history of Protestant missions was a farce and a scandal; and said that the man was to be pitied for the prejudice which blinded him to the glory of one of the most striking chapters of modern history, or for the malignity which made him such a reckless accuser of his former brethren. A Christian who was not thrilled by the missionary record of the last fifty years, beginning with the departure of Judson for Burmah, must either be a stupid reader or lack moral nerves. This foreign mission work grew as it was inspected, and stirred men in proportion as they came into close contact with it and made it a study. And yet, in loving and pleading for this cause, one need not lose his interest in others, or press them into subordinate places. All these interests that have been urged on our attention belong to a common family and are mutual friends. We abuse them and stultify ourselves when we set them up as antagonists. Out from the necessities of this very foreign mission work comes a most urgent plea in behalf of every other interest that has here asked attention and aid. It pleads for true Sabbath school work, that the young may be early consecrated to the only true life,—that which aims, in its large and unselfish generosity, to profit men and lift the world nearer to God. It pleads for Home Missions, as necessary to supply the resources on which we are forced to draw. It pleads for Temperance, that it may save capital from waste and get pure men for a redeeming work. It pleads for Education, because it must have the well-trained minds that are alone capable of grappling with the difficulties that beset the missionary who would turn the heathen masses from their senseless idols and the heathen scholars from their bewildering philosophy. And so it is fitting that this anniversary should end the series by embracing and harmonizing all that have gone before it, and expanding our hearts by the breadth of its plans till they have room enough for all these good causes to nestle within them in loving fellowship.

The basis of the foreign mission work is very simple and obvious. It is found in

the command to preach the gospel to every creature. The chief impulse to it springs from loyalty to the Master, and from love to those for whom he died and for whom he bids us toil. It is to be presumed that he includes us in the commission, for no authorized edition of the New Testament has been found where the command has a qualification excepting F. Baptists from the service. It may sometimes seem, as a matter of human policy, that our particular work is less extensive than this; but faith in the Lord's word is a surer dependence for a Christian, than presumption upon the authority of human logic and the guidance of worldly expediency. Christ's way is always the right way, even when it crosses the path of our mortal theories and selfish plans. They who take care only to heed the Lord's voice, go to safety and triumph, even when pressing into the sea and striking for the desert; while they who take counsel of mere worldly prudence, find that promises cheat them and disaster waits upon the assurance of success. We can afford risks with God; without him the surest plans forever miscarry.

We need this view of the foreign mission work, so that our interest in it may be a thing of conviction rather than of impulse,—a steady and practical outflow rather than an occasional gush of sympathy or a toss of money, induced by the worn face of some stricken missionary who has just staggered home to die, or by the magnetic speech of some anniversary orator who extorts a donation but leaves no abiding interest and no working purpose. The great cause is not to be carried forward by spasms of sympathy, but by the steady work of Christian principle and the effectual prayer of a vital faith. A mere surface enthusiasm is not worth seeking for; a settled, serious, fruit-bearing conviction, carried away from this meeting, would warrant and reward any amount of effort. If we can learn to heed Christ's command and believe his promise, there will be no lack of laborers, or funds, or success.

But it is not hard to find obvious reasons for service in this field. There are grounds for this work such as all of us may see. The benefits of this sort of labor may be easily discerned. And it may be well to look at these for a few moments.

The speaker then went on to say that these encouragements to foreign mission work appeared in several facts.

1. The number of apparently genuine conversions which have taken place in connection with the labors of our foreign missionaries, appears to be quite as large, in proportion to the number of laborers employed and the time spent, as in the fields of labor at home.

2. A conversion from heathenism to Christianity signifies much. It proves the power of the gospel. It arrests the attention of many eager and intense observers. It is an open, striking, radical, suggestive, prophetic fact, which is sure of study, and which operates like leaven in the surrounding community. It involves a radical change in the social life of the convert, and so makes itself heard and felt. And so it is a living seed, dropped into the soil of an awakened and stirred neighborhood. In this respect it is lifted into an importance that seldom attaches to a conversion at home.

3. This foreign mission work reacts upon the churches at home, and so tends to broaden their plans, vitalize their faith, elevate their ideal, consecrate their service, and so add to their spiritual power and their home successes. A great cause like this enlarges the hearts that cherish it. The greatness of the work deepens the sense of dependence, gives fervor to prayer, and stimulates true enterprise. The cheerful sacrifices of missionaries, and the rare joy which springs from them, interpret and put emphasis upon the requirement to leave all and follow Christ, and upon the promise that a hundred fold of blessing shall succeed. That magnificent gallery of portraits, where the transfigured faces of heroic men and saintly women look down from the walls,—faces that have gained their luster in the fields of missionary effort,—rebuke all our low aims and half-hearted service, stir our shame, kindle a worthier ambition, beckon our aspiration, animate our faith, and tell us that the true soldier in this warfare goes to certain triumph, and that no victor misses a coronation. That sacred stimulus, in the form of reaction from our effort, is one of our choicest possessions,—that gallery of portraits is a spiritual treasure, which, though seeming to cost us much, has been bought at a paltry price.

4. But the chief work being done in the foreign field is one of steady undermining. Every error exploded by our missionaries, every great truth taught, every conversion attained, every Zenana that is entered with Christ's message, every Christian family planted, every true prayer breathed into the ear of God, is, slowly it may seem, but steadily and surely removing the foundations of that great system of false religion that hides the redeeming light of the gospel and holds the millions in moral captivity. That system may seem huge and strong to-day, but the time hastens when it shall topple and fall with a crash that startles the world and heralds the great triumph of the Messiah. Napoleonism seemed strong three months since; but in its sudden overthrow at Sedan, and in the birth of the Republic after one slight throes at Paris, we may see an illustration of that great spiritual process by which, as the prophet tells us, a nation shall be born in a day. And as none of us would consent to sell the satisfaction, at any price, with which we recalled our work for freedom when the bastille of slavery fell and the bondman leaped into citizenship, nor consent to sell the opportunity granted us to assist in the succeeding work of reconstruction; so when Hindulism tumbles into ruin, and its devotees stand aghast before their dumb and broken idols, waiting for the living God who may have a record worthy of a

reading, and find a task awaiting us such as God puts as a special privilege only into the hands of a people whom he would honor in the sight of the world.

Rev. C. O. Libby, the second of the speakers announced, said that, twenty-eight years ago, when he first went out to try to preach the gospel, he did so simply for one Sabbath; but when the next Sabbath came round, he found himself under the necessity of going again. Such was the case the next Sabbath, and so on to the present time. Very much like this is our Foreign mission work. We have commenced it, and we must carry it forward. It is even more expensive for us to relinquish the work than to carry it forward, and this has been one motive which has impelled us onward in times of discouragement. It costs even more to pay the expenses of a missionary home than to sustain him a year in the field. It should not be forgotten, however, that regular remittances have to be made to our missionaries every three months, and the treasury must be supplied with funds with which to do it. It is a great advantage to our cause in India to have our missionaries paid promptly. It causes a loss of respect and influence for them to have to borrow of the natives or of the resident Europeans. Just now two of our missionaries, Bro. and Sister Bachele, are on their way home. The consequent loss to the mission is great. Speaking of their departure, one of the missionaries recently said in a letter,—“It is not every mission which has a Dr. Bachele to lose,” and so it is. His return will cause additional expense to the mission during the year to come, and we shall be unjust to him in his poor state of health, unless we make some provision for his support for a few months after his arrival in this country. The churches will bear this in mind and act accordingly.

The speaker closed with an earnest appeal for contributions. After taking a collection for the object, the Society adjourned.

The President of the Anniversary Convention at once called that body to order, when votes were passed most enthusiastically, expressing gratitude to the various railroad companies that had furnished tickets at half fare, to the church and people of Augusta for their large and generous hospitality, and to the Com. who had had the arrangements in charge, for their timely and efficient service in providing for the success of the Anniversaries. Prayer was then offered by Rev. G. T. Day, the Convention adjourned *sine die*, and the Anniversaries were over.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1870.

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

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

Our Crowded Columns.

We have preferred to complete the report of the Anniversary Meetings in the present issue of the *Star*, rather than continue them to another week. Our readers will, we are sure, be interested in examining them carefully, and will excuse the absence of the usual amount and variety of editorial matter occasioned by their insertion.

We are also obliged to omit a prepared report of the meeting of the N. H. Baptist State Convention, and of the Baptist Ministers' Institute, held during the past week in Dover, and must put it over till the next issue. For the same reason, we lack space to deal with topics of public interest which would otherwise claim attention,—such as the magnificent but satirical speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips in Boston, in opening the campaign as the candidate of the Temperance and Labor Reform parties in Massachusetts,—the meeting of the Unitarian National Conference in New York and the struggle over the question of a creed for that body,—the new phases of the contest between Prussia and France, &c. But all these matters can wait, and we are glad to give our readers an opportunity to receive and enjoy, in some measure, the facts, thoughts and influences which made the meetings at Augusta a real privilege to the goodly company of brethren and sisters who sat down together here in conference and fellowship.

It is the Lord.

The Lord is often near us and we know it not. When the disciples went to Emmaus, the Saviour walked and conversed with them, but they did not know him. When he spoke to them from the shore of the sea of Galilee, after his resurrection, they knew him not. His voice was strange to them, when he asked,—“Children, have you any meat?” Mary even did not know him when she stood weeping at the sepulchre, but supposed him to be the gardener. “Their eyes were holden.” They could not see what was directly before their eyes, because they were not spiritually discerning. It is likely that the Saviour wore a visage more divine and spiritual after his resurrection than before. He was the same person, had the same face and expression, but a higher glory was visible, which the disciples did not at first recognize. So he was often present and they knew it not.

This he is with his saints to-day in various guises. He often walks and talks with them, and they suppose some other one is near them. Their hearts burn within them, and they credit the inspiration to the brethren, when it is Christ who speaks. He is in the precious prayer room; he walks with those who converse upon divine reali-

ties; he enters the circles of sorrow and brings a strange consolation to bereaved hearts; he quickens the thoughts, arouses the feelings, sharpens conscience, revives hope, strengthens faith by his presence, but we do not discern that it is the Lord.

Yet the eyes are not unfrequently opened, and then we see him at our side. How precious was that revelation when “he was made known to them in the breaking of bread!” The mystery of their peculiar interest, hope and comfort, while they walked and communed, was then explained. There were good reasons for their happy experience. Jesus had been with them. That was a joyful surprise when John's eyes were opened to discern Jesus on the shore of the sea. “It is the Lord,” said he; and all on shipboard were thrilled with delight. Peter plunged into the sea and swam to the shore in his gladness. Suddenly the night of sorrow and discouragement which enveloped them broke away, the very center of their lives was in an instant set aglow with divine light. This has been the experience of the saints in all ages. From the depths of sorrow and gloom they suddenly spring to unspeakable joy. Their eyes are opened, they see the Lord and find a Friend and Redeemer near when they imagined themselves alone and forsaken.

Jesus is always near, but many things hold our eyes and we fail to see him. Worldly dust gets into them, or we look in a wrong direction,—look after other objects, and set our hearts upon them. If we looked for Jesus in all the paths of life, if we desired and expected to see him, he would meet us often, yes, he would be always with us. He would be seen in our joys and sorrows, in our cares and duties, in our homes and places of business, in our temptations and triumphs. We look so much upon the material, the things which are seen with the carnal eye, that our spiritual vision is dull, and if we see at all, our Saviour too often seems afar off, or like a shadow, an impalpable, unsubstantial personality. We need a large measure of the Spirit to keep our vision clear, and enable us to discern that our Lord is the most real, substantial and personal of all beings, and most to be honored, loved, trusted and enjoyed. Whenever we perceive the real truth, the facts with which we are in constant contact and which largely enter into our soul life, we shall feel the wealth and significance of the Saviour's words,—“Lo I am with you always to the end of the world,”—to a degree which will bring exceeding strength and comfort to our souls.

Freewill Baptist Register.

The Register comes out promptly, and in appearance corresponds to the enlarged and improved issue of last year. In typography and general make-up it would be a credit to any press; and in respect to price, it may be questioned whether it is not sold so cheaply as to raise a question over its real worth. Ten cents per single copy for a closely printed and neatly bound 12 mo. pamphlet of nearly a hundred pages, is a marked example of economy to the purchaser. The edition ought to go off at a jump, and every Freewill Baptist family should blush at the confession of having no Register for 1871, should Thanksgiving day find them destitute.

The figures in this little book are always instructive, generally significant, sometimes truly eloquent. They stand for some of the most heroic struggles, the heaviest burdens, the sorest trials, the noblest triumphs, the most pathetic and hallowed experiences which our churches know. They will recall revivals that filled sanctuaries and homes with praise; baptisms, that seemed to reproduce the glory of the scene at Jordan when Christ fulfilled all righteousness, and the people saw the dove and caught the benediction descending from heaven; feasts at the Lord's table, when the circle grew larger and gladder in the coming of new members to the sacred board; dismissions to other church homes and to heaven, when the pain of separation was soothed and sanctified by the hope of an eternal reunion; exclusions, that grieved worse than death would have done, and made the very heart of the church ache with a sense of loss and mourn over the dishonor cast upon the Master and his cause. All these things will be suggested and recalled as these silent columns of figures are inspected, making the Register both a reminder and a sermon.

The reported gains for the year in our membership are small,—11 churches, 35 ministers, 218 members. The gains in the ministry are cheering, supposing that they represent increased working forces; and if the added churches are vital bodies of disciples, comprehending and accepting their true work, they will bring in harvests in the future. The 66,909 members ought to make an impression upon the country and the world; and with the fifteen or twenty thousand other members belonging to bodies that are only a step removed from our family fellowship, and that seem about ready to take that step, we ought to go up to 100,000 a year hence.

The actual gains, however, have been considerably greater, in our various Yearly Meetings, than the aggregate statement here would indicate. The Ohio Association, which last year reported a membership of 646, does not appear in this year's table. For some reason, five churches in the R. I. Association, which last year reported an aggregate of nearly 500 members, are not at all credited this year. It may be a species of deserved discipline meted out to those churches for neglecting to report their statistics, but it leaves a false impression. Other cases, like that stated by the clerk of the Boston Q. M., seem to exist, which make our reported membership stand on a basis different from that of last year, and materially change the figures to our apparent disadvantage. But this may be better

than exaggeration to make a show, though the exact truth would be best of all.

But, as it is, the Register is something for all F. Baptists to possess and study. It is calculated at once to instruct, reprove, encourage and stimulate all, who inspect it with care and heed its lessons. Send for it at this office.

Help the Pastors.

Great responsibilities rest upon a pastor. If he has not the right spirit, and is not thoroughly versed in the Scriptures, and skillful in expounding them, he may preach to empty seats. But after he has done all that he can, and done it well, he will fail unless the church co-operates. The following from Spurgeon is suggestive, and may do some brethren good:

Quite enough for a Pastor to fill the pulpit well, and that the filling of the pews depended upon the zeal, the earnestness, and the diligence of those with whom he commenced his ministry; if they would support him by their earnest co-operation, the meeting-house would soon be full. I remember, when I first came to London, preaching to eighty or ninety in a large chapel, but my little congregation thought well of me, and induced others to come and fill the place. I always impute my early success to my warm-hearted people, for they were so earnest and enthusiastic in their loving appreciation of “the young man from the country,” that they were never tired of sounding his praises. If you, any of you, are mourning over empty pews in your place of worship, I would advise you to praise up your minister.

Events of the Week.

PRISON REFORM CONGRESS.

An article in the *Star* of Oct. 5, calls attention to this Congress and gives a general idea of the business to be transacted. It was held in Cincinnati from the 11th to the 20th of the present month, and was well attended. It drew together a large number of those interested in the physical and moral welfare of criminals, and was more successful than any other meeting of its class. Papers were read by eminent philanthropists, both American and English, and there was a free discussion of the most salutary methods of dealing with the vicious and criminal. Superintendents of prisons and of State charities took an active part in the Congress, and thus largely increased its interest. One of the conclusions reached was, that prisoners would be generally benefited by more humane treatment, and that the effort should be to lift them to a higher plane of life, instead of, by cruelty and severe discipline, arousing their hate and making them still more revengeful and criminal. Next year there is to be an international congress of those interested in prison reform, and the result can not but add very much to the benefits of those already attempted.

A SEVERE STORM.

Since the fall rains commenced, we can not complain but they have been frequent and copious enough. They have amounted in most cases to continued showers, and that with the accompanying high winds has made them somewhat destructive. The storm of last Tuesday was especially so. It amounted to a hurricane along the great lakes, and was quite severe in many parts of New England. In this State and in Maine several buildings were demolished, and on Lake Erie there were destruction to shipping and considerable loss of life. The wind was by no means as high as in Cuba last week, where two thousand lives were destroyed by its fury, nor was the rain as copious as that which produced the recent flood in Virginia, but no one in New England therefore envies those other places.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

In addition to the hurricane we have also had an earthquake. It occurred on Thursday, at half past eleven, A. M. It was felt in the greater part of New England, and in many places the vibrations were quite marked. It seems to have been in the track of a wave which swept from the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence across the New Dominion, the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio in a line from northeast to southwest, and about parallel with the St. Lawrence river and Lakes Erie and Ontario. In Vermont and Maine bricks were toppled off the chimneys, and in New Hampshire some glass was broken, besides other slight damage done. In Boston the large buildings were generally swayed, and bricks and mortar were loosened in many places. The *Journal* states that many of the girls ran out doors, and were pale, and refused for a time to return to their work. Also the window weights rattled against their casings, furniture was disturbed, and panes of glass were cracked, and an old Californian said it was a genuine San Francisco shock. It will be remembered that we experienced a similar disturbance about a year ago, but this last one seems to have been less severe than that. We shall now probably have several columns of prophecies concerning the fate in store for us.

THE WAR.

The week has been marked by the expression of an increasing desire for peace, but no definite steps are yet taken towards securing it. The reports of intervention by England, Russia, &c., are repeated, but they have proved false so often before that they receive hardly any credit now. Bismarck is reported to have offered more favorable terms to France than ever before, but it is a French report, and is doubtless employed to impress the outside world with a sense of the Frenchmen's increasing valor. Great and frequent victories are also reported for the French in Paris, but it is impossible to discover who the conquered enemy is,—certainly it is not the Prussians.—Solomon capitulated to the Prussians on Sunday, the 16th. There were 4,000 prisoners and 132 guns captured. This opens

the second line of railroad to Paris, and gives the Prussians that much additional advantage.

Denominational News and Notes.

Aroostook Co., Me.

Much is properly said of the West as a field for Home Mission effort. It is of great importance that the preaching of the gospel and the regular institutions of religion should keep pace with the foremost wave of emigration that sweeps toward the Pacific. But it is well to remember the claims of the East. Aroostook Co., Me., is a field of rare promise for F. Baptists to occupy. It is a most fruitful land, whose undeveloped resources are large, and where an intelligent, hardy and enterprising population is steadily gathering and settling into permanent forms. They need the gospel, and they appreciate the work which a true minister of Christ is set and anxious to do. Faithful and wise laborers are needed here, and they may be sure of a welcome. The few churches of our denomination already planted there, may be made important centers. We have a few ministers in this field who are working nobly under disadvantages, winning esteem, doing good, and awakening a desire for more. They are but a handful where a large company is needed. Their fields are too large to be properly cultivated. They are burdened with cares, sometimes oppressed with a sense of weakness, and they long for the fellowship and strength which would spring from the presence and sympathy of earnest co-laborers.

Houlton is reported as a village abounding in thrift and throbbing with enterprise. We have a neat house of worship there, and a good, vigorous, resolute church. A faithful and earnest pastor is needed at once, to direct the energies which that young household of faith holds ready for service. And there are other points, not a few, where, as we are assured, faithful effort and a limited amount of Home Mission aid would doubtless, in a short time, result in the planting of churches equally vigorous, capable of radiating light over a large and promising territory, and issue in most grateful and substantial results.

There are few better openings for missionary work to be found by us anywhere. So we are assured by those who ought to know, and the statement accords perfectly with what we have often been told, and with our own settled convictions. Let old Aroostook not be forgotten in selecting fields for seed sowing.

Boston Q. M.

By some inadvertence arising from a change of clerks, the statistics of the Boston Q. M. appear in the Register just issued under the head of “No Returns.”

The statistics of this body in the Register of 1870 were also imperfect, so that, since any full returns were made, several important changes have occurred within its limits. A year and a half ago a church was organized in the beautiful town of Winthrop, Mass., five miles east of the State House in Boston. Bounded on the west by the city limits, and about to be connected with the city by horse rail-road, its annexation to the “Hub of the Universe” is only a question of time. A more delightful spot for a home can not be found in New England. It was my privilege to supply the church from its organization till quite recently. It has been thoroughly united from the first, although originally composed of members from three different denominations. Its prayer-meetings have been well sustained and unusually interesting. It has received two additions by baptism the past year, making its present number twenty-five. Rev. D. M. Graham, D. D., is now supplying the pulpit.

Another important interest has also sprung up in South Boston, chiefly through the agency of a few brethren from the Boston church. It secured a church organization a year and a half since, and exhibits a spirit of genuine enterprise. Rev. T. D. Clements has been from the first, and still is, its pastor. His labors, seconded by the church, have been signally blessed. About fifty have been added to the church by baptism the past year, so that at present it numbers nearly a hundred members. The Society has recently purchased a commodious house of worship in a good locality, which they are struggling hard to pay for. It is to be hoped that their calls for aid in the good work will meet with a liberal response.

The churches in Amesbury, Mass., and Pelham, N. H., are now without pastors. The remainder of the churches are supplied with pastors as follows:—Boston, Rev. A. P. Tracy; Charlestown, Rev. O. T. Moulton; Natick, Rev. S. E. Root; Haverhill, Rev. E. A. Stockman; Lowell, Rev. J. E. Dame; Lawrence, Rev. J. A. Lowell. The growth of this Q. M. for a few years has been rapid but healthy, and it is now a vigorous and efficient body.

E. N. FERNALD.

Oct. 17.

Nebraska Frontier.

I write from Dryden P. O., Jefferson Co. The P. O. is kept by one of our ministers, Rev. R. D. Preston, and is about one mile from the Kansas line, on the northern bank of Rose Creek, looking into the state, and having in view about a dozen of her cabins erected this season. This is the last P. O. west, and is in the last organized county; yet the very rapid settlements will soon call for other Post Offices and counties. This valley, about a mile wide, is very rich in soil, timber and bluffs, the latter lined with oyster beds, petrified in limestone. This very fine location of Brother Preston on a great traveled road, was thought to be so far in the frontiers that two years ago he would not touch it. Rail-roads are being

Poetry.

Our Angel Stella.

BY S. A. P.

A little bird flew to our home,
One bright and happy day;
We loved, cared for and tended it,
And pleased with it to stay.
A lambkin frisked within our door;
No owner seeming near,
"It is our very own," we cried,
"Its loss we need not fear."

A tiny child unfolded for us
Her eyes so bright and fair;
We said, "It is God's special gift,
And our especial care."
A bird? a lamb? a child, say I,
That blessed us so that day?
Nay, 'twas an angel, seeking heaven,
That lost her shining way.

The weeks fled by into the months—
The months into a year;
And still the darling child seemed ours—
Still cherished by us here.
At length, ere twice the year came 'round,
A stranger came to see
The little one who dwelt with us,
And filed our home with glee.

We asked him whence he came, for what
He rapped upon our door;
He answered, "for the child I'm here,
And would have come before;
But the good Father held me back
Till she your home should bless,
With music from her pattering feet,
Her voice and sweet caress.

Chide me not for coming early;
I have tarried at the door,
Till the angels fire of waiting
For her on the upper shore."

Then we gave to Death our darling;
He unclasped the golden chain;
But the Saviour came to take her,
Followed by the heavenly train.

Then were opened wide the portals,
And the gates were set ajar;
And we almost caught glimpses
Of the angel band afar.

Fled our darling! fled our treasure!
Fled our angel, Stella May!
Lost to us, but found to heaven,
Treading now the golden way.

Only a Word.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste—
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look, and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread, with weary feet,
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony;
Sweet Love lies bleeding or dead!
A poisoned shaft, with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has rent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As a whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil, and done more
Wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe,
Than all the armies age to age
Records on history's blood-stained page.
—Harper's Bazar.

The Family Circle.

Evenings With the Children.

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

"Now we have had our lesson in history," said Henry, "and I think we ought to proceed on our journey. I would like to travel down the eastern slope of the Andes, and see if the country is as wild as when Pizarro visited it."

"They ought to have a road by this time," said Laura. "I hope they have, for I shall not like to cut a path through the forest, and wade the unbridged rivers."

"Oh, that is nothing," replied her brother. "I shall be along to help you over the bad places—but girls always are afraid!" Mrs. White laughed. "This journey of which you are talking has tried the strength and courage of the bravest men," she said, "but escorted by my valiant son, we need not fear, so let us set off. You thought that traveling over the mountains on mules was rather rough, but if you go east you will have to trust to your own feet."

"What, all the way, mamma?" cried Laura.

"Not quite all the way. Setting out from Quito, we find a bridge path to Papallacta, a distance of forty miles. This path lies over the eastern Cordillera and rises to the elevation of fifteen thousand feet."

"So we have to climb, getting out of Quito, as well as getting into it," said Henry.

"Yes, my dear, and from this high point we have one of the most magnificent prospects that the earth affords. The mountains we are leaving lie around us. To the north is Inaburra; the w d means fish producing, and comes from the fact that this mountain sometimes pours forth from its crater immense quantities of mud and water, with thousands of fishes. At its feet is the beautiful ace of San Pablo which contains fishes of the same species as those which have been thrown out of the mountain."

"That must have been a pretty kettle of fish," said Henry, "which was boiled in that volcano, and thrown out with such a wasteful hand; just to think of it, thou-

sands of fishes served up with mud and water?"

"My dear," said the mother, laughing, "your remark proves that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but if this thought helps you to remember the fact we will pardon it."

"Still nearer in the same direction is Cayambi, standing exactly on the equator. I told you of this mountain before, and I wish you to notice and remember it. Its appearance from this point is indescribably sublime. Rising to the height of nineteen thousand and five hundred feet, it seems a mighty mass of ice and snow which the sunlight kindles into ineffable glory. South is Antisana, a fierce volcano in ages past, second only to Cotopaxi. Its sides have been rent by internal fires, and plowed by rivers of molten lava, but now the snow lies cold and still, covering it three thousand feet below its inaccessible summit. And still a little farther off is Cotopaxi itself, the most beautiful, and most terrific of volcanoes. We can see the silvery cone, from which issues a great cloud of black smoke, and we can hear the deep rumbling thunder of its subterranean fire. Eastward is the great valley we are about to enter. It looks like a great ocean of foliage rolling wave after wave up the mountain side.

From this point the descent is frightful, through quagmires and swamps, and down flights of rocky steps. General Putnam's famous ride was nothing to it, but the Indian horses are trained to such roads, and generally manage to carry their riders safely.

Here, on the eastern slope of the mountains and western edge of the great forest is Papallacta, a village of thirty houses, or rather hovels, miserable and dirty beyond description. With their usual hospitality, the poor people offer us the best they have, and even the governor and his family will turn themselves out of doors that we may have their best bed, which is a raw-hide stretched over some round poles."

"Who can ever sleep on such a bed?" said Laura.

"You remember" you thought it very strange that so few people travel in South America. You begin to understand that it involves such hardships as very few are willing to encounter. If you follow the track of Pizarro you must prepare yourself for still greater privations.

Here we must bid farewell to our horses and hire Indians to carry our baggage, and guide us through the wilderness. Our outfit for this journey requires more calculation and care than for a voyage round the world. We shall be cut off for weeks, perhaps for months from all resources east or west, and we must carry everything with us that is indispensable to life."

"Why can we not catch game, and live as travelers do in Africa, and in our own western forest?" inquired Henry.

"Because wild animals are not plenty enough to be depended on for food, especially in the dry season, which extends from November to April. In the rainy season the swollen streams and flooded plains render the journey impossible even to Indians.

An Indian will carry seventy-five pounds, made into a bundle and bound to his shoulders by straps across his forehead and breast. With fifteen or twenty of these peons, as they are called, bearing our food, clothing, medicine, tools, &c., we plunge into the forest. Laura thought there ought to be a road, but there is only a trail, and that so little used we are in danger of losing it.

What a journey is before us—over the hills, through the swamps, across the unbridged rivers! Strong men think they have done well when they have traveled twelve or fifteen miles a day. When night overtakes us there is not even the shelter of a bamboo hut; but our Indians make us a booth of palm-leaves under which we must rest. We want a fire to cook our supper, but we wonder how we shall get it, for everything in the forest is dripping wet. The Indians know what to do. They look about till they find a tree which they call sidicacapi—which means wood that burns—and gathering the green boughs they make a pile, and kindle them with a match. This tree seems a special provision for our wants. So we hang our dripping garments by the cheerful blaze, and sip our hot chocolate under a canopy of leaves so thick that the sun never pierces it. We will thank God for the wood that burns where everything is wet."

"Ah, mamma," said Laura with a sigh, "it is very dreary traveling here in the wilderness. What shall we find to pay us for our trouble?"

"The manifold and wonderful works of God, my child; and only those who have an enthusiastic love of life, forget the discomforts of the situation. Here are ferns fifty feet high, with stout rough stems like trees; and rushes, plants akin to those you have so often gathered in the swamps for playthings,—which are twenty-five feet in length and here is the water-tree—huanhuac, the natives call it—a kind of bamboo, which sometimes yields two quarts of clear water between the joints; here also are curious orchises which can be found in no other part of the world, and wonderful parasites."

"Pray, what are parasites?" said Henry.

"Parasites are a class of plants which, instead of having their roots in the earth, fix themselves on other plants or trees, from which they draw their nourishment. They abound here, and we frequently see trees of stupendous growth, strangled in their twining arms, and standing like skeletons in the midst of wonderful masses of flowers and foliage which they have nourished with their very lives."

"What selfish and ungrateful plants!" exclaimed Laura. "They remind me of wicked people who live at the expense of others."

"This thought has occurred to others," replied the mother, smiling. "The German traveler, Burmeister, observes that 'the

contemplation of a tropical forest produced on him a painful impression on account of the vegetation displaying a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation and craftiness.' Another traveler has expressed that a tropical forest is a fit emblem of humanity. The fierce struggle for existence in which the strong show no respect for the weak, and the selfishness of parasites which advance themselves at the expense of others, find their parallels in human society. There is another aspect which reminds us of our own lives. Leaves have no set time to fall, and flowers do not wither 'at the north wind's breath,' but they are budding and decaying all the year. It seems like a constant struggle between life and death.

Where ever upon old decay
The freshest verdure springs.

"The silence in this deep forest is almost perfect. We may travel for days without the sight of any living creature except insects. If we meet with no misfortune we may hope to get through the wilderness in two weeks and reach the village of Archidona, where there is a Catholic mission. We are very glad to escape from the leafy canopy and to look up into the sky. We are glad to see the faces of human beings, and though this is a poor place, it seems full of comfort to us, and the Catholic missionary is a friend and brother. This has been a missionary station two hundred years. The Indians are childlike and docile, but the corrupt religion which has been taught them, has benefited them very little. There is a church, and morning and evening the people assemble to sing and pray, but there are no signs of the spiritual purity, or intellectual growth which always accompanies a pure Christianity.

Another day's journey brings us to the Rio Napo. We will rest here to-night, and to-morrow proceed down the river to the Amazon."

Something Wrong.

Something was wrong with Nell that morning. Every one at the breakfast table noticed it when she came in.

What was it? Were not her clothes in order? Yes; her dress was neat and whole; and she had on a pretty white apron; it could not have been that.

Was there rain to spoil any of her plans? No; the sun was shining beautifully, and the birds were singing gaily. But Nell did not sing with them; she did not feel like singing—something was wrong.

"Have n't you finished your composition?" asked her brother Henry, looking across the table at her cloudy face.

"O, you need n't worry about my composition!" Nell answered, ungraciously; and Henry shrugged his shoulders, and said something about "getting out of bed on the wrong side."

Now, Nell might have said a pleasant "Yes" to her brother's question, for she had her composition written and folded nicely away within the leaves of her Reader.

What could have happened to make Nell speak and act so?

Nothing went right, and nothing looked bright to poor Nell all that day. It was such a beautiful, sunshiny day, too!

On her way to school, she overtook some of her classmates, who were flitting about in a field of early green grass, like so many happy butterflies, and talking and laughing merrily.

"O, Nell! see here," one cried as she came up. "Just look what lovely violets, and such heaps of them!"

"And buttercups, too!" called another, holding up her hand full of the shining yellow flowers.

"Come in and get some! I'm going to take Miss Denton a splendid bunch for her desk!"

"Who cares for violets? I don't want any; it's too much trouble to pick them!"

"Why, Nell! I thought you liked violets."

"Well, I would n't go in that nasty wet grass for them, anyhow!"

O Nell, Nell! the beautiful wild flowers, and the sweet fresh grass which God made! how could you speak so of them? How sorry it must have made him, to hear you talk so ungratefully about the pretty things which he sent to make earth pleasant for you!

"May be Nell has new shoes on, and does n't want to get the dew on them," said one of the girls, laughing, and then taking another step right into the pearly drops that shone on every blade of grass.

Nell made no answer; but walked slowly on, wondering what made the girls "all so crazy for flowers that morning, and why some of them could n't have gone on with her. She did n't believe they cared for her at all—not one of them, or they would n't treat her so."

Then the little cloud grew larger and darker; and the day went on without any sunlight at all for Nell.

What was the reason? Nobody else seemed to have any trouble. Miss Denton praised the girls' compositions, and that made them all feel happy, except Nell—who did not seem to care much.

And after school, Alice Lee asked her to go home with her and play croquet, as she had often done before. But Nell said "No," and then went on home, thinking to herself how she "would have liked a game, only she guessed Alice did n't want her much, or she would n't have left her, just to get those violets in the morning."

Poor Nell! her unsatisfying, cheerless day came to an end at last. And when she lay in bed, and thought it all over, I am quite sure that she must have found out why it was that everything seemed to go wrong.

What do you suppose was the reason? I will tell you. Nell had not spoken to God all that day! Just think of it! Not one single word!—not so much as a "good morning," or a "thank you," or a "please."

His loving arm had been folded about her

all night long; and when she awoke that morning, there was his beautiful world, all full of good and pleasant things, waiting for her to arise and enjoy them.

But she went out and began the day without saying one word to the dear Father in heaven, who gave her so many blessings.

How sad it was! Do you wonder that everything went wrong with her that day? How could a day be pleasant and right and good without God's smile upon it?

Dear children, did you ever spend a whole day without speaking to God?—If you did, I know it was just such a naughty, unhappy day as the one Nell spent.

Why, just think of it! Suppose you should spend a whole day without speaking a word to your father or mother; would you not think it dreadful? To be in the room with them; to eat with them; to hear their voices; to see your mother mending your clothes, and father going out to labor for you—and yet not speak to them all the while! why, I don't believe you could bear it!

And now think of God,—the great God who made you and who died for you, and who loves you a great deal more than father or mother does, who does so much to make you happy, and who never forgets you for a single moment,—think of living on his earth; no matter where you go, think of him walking by your side all the time; think of smelling his flowers, and listening to his little birds, and breathing his sweet air; and yet not speaking one word to him! Is it not treating him very ungratefully?

Do not treat the dear God so! Do not have such gloomy, crooked days as Nell had!

Talk to God every day. Tell him everything; thank him for everything; and see what bright, beautiful days you will always have.—Prof. Churchman.

Old Zachariah.

Sunday after Sunday his shiny bald head came into church, with its fringe of snow-white hair; the ruddy hue of his cheek deepening and deepening as he grew older. There he was in his place, forenoon and afternoon, singing as only those sing who have learned to say lovingly and filially, "Our Father;" he, and the children God had given him,—a round dozen girls and boys,—half and half,—"not one too many," as the old man said every time a new name was registered in the Family Bible; Sally's and Mary's and Jenny's and Helen's; Tommy's, Charley's, Billy's, and Sammy's; all of them free to chop up the piano for kindling wood if they chose, and that perhaps was the reason they did n't choose. I don't think the old man ever thought of the phrase, "family government;" but for all that he had a way of laying his hand on little heads, that was as soothing as the "hop" pillows, which country ladies use to hurry up their naps with. One after another, the girls grew up to maidenhood and womanhood, and one after another married, and left the old homestead for houses of their own; throwing their arms around the neck of the good old man as they went, but still with a word of love and pride in the fearful glance which rested the next minute on the husband they had chosen. Ah me! one after another came back, doubled and trebled, to lay their heads again under the old roof-tree, where they could never know again the lightsome, care-free dreams of girlhood.

Not a complaint, not a reproach for their misfortunes (for such things have been) from the silver-haired old patriarch. He, smiling, blessed them all the same, rising up and sitting down, going out and coming in,—they and theirs; that they were poor and desolate built up no separating wall between them. A few more chairs at the hearth,—a few more loaves on the table,—that was all. There was enough and to spare in that father's house, for their tastes were simple, and the morning and evening prayer went up on as strong wings of faith as if no cloud had settled on the fair, matronly faces about him.

The boys? oh yes, the boys; well, they out-grew jackets, and went into long-tailed coats and "stores." Business fought shy of them. I suppose, because they were too honest to cheat; but the old man said, "Never mind; try again, boys; there's always a place for you here, when things go awry." And things did go awry; and one after another the boys came home, too, till they could "turn round again." Never a wrinkle more on the smooth face of Zachariah,—never a smile less on his placid face; no frownings and fidgetings and pshawings when little feet pattered loudly in parlor and hall; some on his shoulders, some of his knees, some at his feet; still, "not one too many," and each, as he said, worth a thousand dollars apiece; and heaven knows they cost him that, first and last; but he was not a man to remember it, as he sat in their midst, with his spectacles on his nose and his Bible on his knee, reading all the precious promises garnered there, for just such as he. "It is all right," he said to the altar; "It is all right," he said over the coffin; "It is all right," he said, when he folded his worse than widowed daughters to his warm, fatherly heart.

Ah! laugh at this good old man's Bible if you like; I know it is the fashion; it is considered smart and knowing, and all that, to put out the sun, and try to grope through the world by one's own little-glimmering taper. Dark a bit,—till your feet stumble on the dark mountains; till the great cry of your agony goes up to that God, whom, loading you with blessings, you yet reject and disown: like the willful son, who, in the lordly pride of new fledged manhood, turns contemptuously from the mother who will never cease to love him; and yet,—and yet,—his first great sorrow finds him with his head on her breast.—Fanny Fern.

Literary Review.

SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF A JOURNEY IN BRAZIL. By Louis Agassiz and his traveling companions. Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. By Ch. Fred. Hart, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. With illustrations and maps. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870. Octavo. pp. 620. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The public have long and eagerly waited for the issue of this promised exhibition of the more scientific results of the Thayer Expedition to Brazil, the admirable narrative of which appeared some years since, chiefly from the skillful and graphic pen of Mrs. Agassiz. The expectations formed of Prof. Hart's work were high, but the volume is likely to justify them. His explorations were systematically and carefully made, and the information has been judiciously classified and put into a form marked at once by scientific accuracy and literary attractiveness. The various districts of the country are dealt with in a natural order of succession, and the reader is set to study the features and characteristics of the country one by one, before he is asked to harmonize a mass of information too large to be readily mastered. Abundant illustrations give great help in rendering the narrative clear and the facts definite, and the mechanical excellences are such as make the work equally noticeable and attractive. The style of the volume corresponds to that prepared by Mrs. Agassiz, and it may safely challenge criticism.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., late Head-master of Rugby school, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By Arthur Henry Stanley, M. A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Two volumes in one. Eighth American edition. Same Publishers, &c. 1870. 12 mo. pp. 778.

To praise this work would be a waste of words. The subject was one of the truest, noblest, simplest, and grandest of modern Englishmen, whose presence was a stimulant to what is best in the human heart, whose learning had no pedantry but an abundance of practical common sense, whose spirit was at once as genial as sunshine and as magnetic as a battery, whose life fertilized a generation, and whose death served to set his power free for a broader rule in the empire of mind. And the biographer is set down as one of the finest literary artists of which this generation can boast,—a man of the broadest sympathies, the highest appreciation, and who takes hold of this task with the enthusiasm of an ardent admirer and the affection of a devoted friend. The seal of public approval was long since set upon this work, and a place was promptly assigned it in the first rank of biographies. The publishers have done a thing thing in giving us this cheap and excellent popular edition, that will multiply readers and not fall of a long and useful life.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. By Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council," &c. From the seventh London edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870. 16 mo. pp. 276. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Those who have read the previous works of this author will welcome this book with especial satisfaction. Mr. Helps is in his way an admirable literary companion. Always quiet and suggestive,—making hackneyed themes appear fresh,—utterly free from the intense and sensational,—genial in his deepest philosophy and wholesomely playful even when most profoundly serious,—so sincere that shams and affectation and cant are silently rebuked and shamed out of sight whenever one looks over his pleasant pages,—and so soothing his reader's passions and giving both intellect and heart a higher and truer activity,—he is sure to be a favorite with all thoughtful and healthy natures. The companions of his solitude here brought forward are the best of his thoughts, and they keep their meditative air while he introduces them, one by one, to the literary public; and they soon become intimate, permanent and grateful acquaintances.

THE LIFE OF ARTHUR TAPPAN. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870. 12 mo. pp. 432. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

It will prove a most acceptable service to many,—who knew of the high integrity, the eminent public spirit, the broad Christian philanthropy, the genuine moral courage, and the costly anti-slavery devotion of Mr. Tappan, in the days when these qualities were rarer and more needful than now,—that the brother who shared his confidence and his labors, has given to the public a biography of this honored Christian merchant and faithful reformer. The story deserves telling, and the man's life has a voice whose lessons we can not well afford to lose. The biographer, Mr. Lewis Tappan, has told the story in a very plain, clear, just and unambitious way, feeling that the facts needed no embellishment and that high-wrought eulogy was wholly out of place. Mr. Tappan was one of the few men remaining who fought the great battle for the slave's freedom through from its beginning, without once faltering in the strife or distrusting the most thoroughly Christian weapons, who cheerfully risked reputation, and spent money, and braved censure, and defied violence, and mixed prayer with principle, and held up his heroic courage with a sublime patience, and lived to witness the slave's jubilee and the nation's triumph, and then went up to tell his gratitude to God. We welcome this record with especial satisfaction, and commend it to our readers.

FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Arthur Gilman, A. M. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1870. 16 mo. pp. 231. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

The great merit of this manual of English Literature is found in the thoroughly systematic way in which the material is arranged, showing that everything is made to contribute something to a preconceived and excellent plan, and in the remarkable and lucid brevity with which the author states his facts, characterizes his authors and puts down his criticisms and estimates. A vast amount of valuable and well arranged information is crowded within a narrow compass, and as a hand-book for beginners in the study of English Literature, it is alike calculated to gratify and stimulate the desire for a practical acquaintance with the great literary benefactors who enrich our world of thought. It is modest in its pretensions and satisfactory in its results; its aims are definite and it hits its target.

WORKDAY CHRISTIANITY: OR, THE GOSPEL IN THE TRADE. By Alexander Clark, author of "The Gospel in the Press," &c. Patric. Glasgow: Kemsan & Haffelinger. 1871. 12 mo. pp. 300. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Mr. Clark has a high appreciation of that feature in Christ's teachings which is exhibited in his parables, similes and illustrations drawn from the various spheres of ordinary and practical life. The moral uses of any fact are to him significant beyond all others. And he has manifestly a habit of looking for a spiritual significance in every natural phenomenon, and an ability to trace out important analogies between the world of matter and the world of mind. He finds texts in the common tasks of the peasant and artisan, the complex machine of the inventor becomes to him the preacher of a thrilling sermon, and a nice method of the skilled workman made a telescope through which he teaches us to

see the wondrous processes by which God carries on his work of fashioning a human soul for his fellowship. His previous volume was unique and valuable; in this, while applying the same general methods of thought, he has taken his reader into the spheres of human activity instead of the forest, and he has interpreted with added skill, embodied his thought in a more vigorous style, given us more nervous vigor of expression, and, by maintaining a completer self-poise, has added to his effectiveness of speech. A little florid and vehement at times, not wholly innocent of hyperbole, and perhaps occasionally magnifying one side of a truth at the apparent expense of the other side,—he has nevertheless given us a most readable, suggestive and quickening volume, which many an instructive but heavy preacher might profit by studying, and which thoughtful young men and women could hardly read without being helped to find most valuable means of grace in the street and shop as well as in the Bible-class and sanctuary.

THE COMING OF CHRIST IN HIS KINGDOM, and the "Gates Wide Open" to the future Earth and Heaven. Adventism, Millenarianism and a gross Materialism exposed and refuted, and the true nature of Christ's Kingdom, as promised in the latter-day glory of earth and the consummated glories of heaven, unfolded, &c., &c. By a Congregational minister. New York: N. Tibbals & Co.; Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo: pp. 340.

The title of this volume suggests its character. It is a labored argument, made with some show of learning, reason and Scripture, against the semi-materialistic views of prophecy, the second advent, the millennium, the resurrection, the day of judgment, the reign of Christ with his saints, &c., and with a view of proving that a more spiritual interpretation should be put upon the teachings of the Bible and the Church relating to these subjects. An earnest purpose, a devout spirit, a strong faith and a brave hope run through all these crowded and fervid pages, and the discussion will deeply interest a considerable body of religious readers.

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY DYING. By Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Cornhill Edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1871. 18mo. pp. 310.

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING. Same author and publishers. pp. 249.

Among all the beautiful and convenient editions of these standard devotional works, from the brilliant and fervid pen of the good Bishop of Down, this is certainly the most attractive. The delicately tinted paper, the clear typography, the red line border, the rich and exquisite binding, seem almost faultless, and constitute a most fitting casket for these gems of Christian thought and felicitous of literary expression which have charmed and blessed so many Christian souls. The beauty of the volumes should tempt many purchasers to buy, and the excellence of the contents should make their ministry a steady and grateful one in all Christian circles.

THE POCKET SCRIPTURE ATLAS. Twelve maps, colored. By William Hughes, F. R. G. S. From the London edition. Chicago: Sewall & Miller.

A beautiful, convenient, accurate, instructive and durable atlas, easily carried in the pocket, and ready for use in the Sabbath school class or elsewhere, full enough for all ordinary purposes, and exhibiting the various geographical sections and aspects of the ancient and modern oriental world, so as to answer the requirements of the Scriptural narrative of the chosen people from the beginning to the end. Few things of the kind have pleased us so much as this, and we shall be surprised if it does not prove to be what many have long waited for.

ROY'S SEARCH; or Lost in the cars. By Helen C. Pearson. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication house. 1870. 16mo. pp. 364.

HOPEDALE TAVERN, and what it wrought. By J. William Van Namee. Same Publishers. 1870. 16mo. pp. 252.

We are always sure of finding something of merit when books reach us with the imprint of this enterprising House, and are not disappointed. While especially aiming to supply the young with an entertaining temperance literature, the publishers never become indifferent to the general wholesome of what they issue, and take care that their books shall possess a fair share of literary merit. These two volumes are thoroughly good. The chief hero of the first volume is a boy whose parents are unknown, and who seeks them till they are found; and his uprightness and devotion are properly rewarded. The list of personages introduced is a long and striking one, not a few of whom are strong and unique characters; but through the humor and zest of the volume, the wholesome lessons find themselves clearly stated and strongly enforced.

Hopedale Tavern is a tale of the evil work of the cup, such as life is constantly furnishing, an impressive warning against tampering with the poison, and an indirect but strong plea for the pledge and the united effort of all who would see the land freed from one of the direst of evils.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, who publish Sabbath school books in a quantity and quality that make the House a noticeable one, send us, among their recent issues, the following:

BYE-PATH MEADOW. By Rev. Paxton Hood, author of "Lamps, Trumpets and Pitchers," &c. 16mo. pp. 464.

LITTLE BEN HADSEN; or, Do Right, whatever comes of it. By W. H. G. Kingston. 16 mo. pp. 247.

ALICE BENSON'S TRIALS. 16mo. pp. 118.

LITTLE BLOSSOM STORIES. Five beautiful 18mo. volumes in a box, entitled respectively,—Fair Play, The Daisy Mission, Whitegreen Girl, Kitty's Tableaux, Bold as a Lion.

LITTLE BERTIE'S PICTURE LIBRARY. Twelve illustrated 24mo. volumes in a box.

Of these volumes it is not needful to say much. The first is a book having abundance of character as the authorship would of itself assure us. It holds an interesting story of English life, but its chief merit is found in the wise counsels and faithful warnings addressed to the young by one who is at once sympathetic, earnest and wise.—Little Ben Hadsen is an excellent book, detailing the striking experiences of a lad who knew not a little of both hardship and temptation, but who clung fast to the right and through it all won a noble victory. The volume gives much information respecting the various countries which the little hero visited during his life as a sailor.—Alice Benson's Trials will supply not a little in the way of illustrating the experience of young girls who are bent on following Christ, and who find that faithfulness costs much prayer and patience. But her identity gives her a peaceful conscience and brings her a noble victory at last.—The Little Blossom Stories, and Bertie's Picture Library are admirable. Compiled by Rev. J. D. Strong, who knows what children want, and who brings to his task a true sympathy and a large skill, filled with charming and instructive stories, set off with an abundance of choice pictures, and bound in a style that honors beauty and good taste, we shall be surprised if there is not a steady and large demand for them wherever they are known.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

Inside a Mosque.

We have nothing in our land by which to give a notion of the plan of these Mohammedan churches. Generally they are constructed around a court yard, paved, and with a fountain in the center. Entrance is made through an arched gateway; and then a long colonnade is disclosed, surrounding three or four sides. Before the door of the mosque itself, oftentimes hangs a heavy leather curtain, swinging away by the corner when one wishes to go in.

No pictures or statues are ever allowed in Mohammedan places of prayer. In this, and in other respects, they set a praiseworthy example, which their papal neighbors, claiming the Christian name, would do well to follow. Indeed, they carry this notion so far that it is only within a very few years that any Mussulman would allow himself to be photographed. They are taught to interpret the second commandment so literally that they assert, as a doctrine of the Koran, that all painters and sculptors are forbidden to make copies of the human frame or person; they will be compelled to furnish eventually souls for all the bodies of men they fashion on canvas or in stone.

No seats are needed in the mosques, for all persons in the East prefer to sit or recline on the floor. The enclosures are kept quite clean, and are ventilated well. In this respect they are in agreeable contrast with the gaudy and filthy churches in Italy. On one side, against the wall, is wont, on set occasions, to stand an officer, called an Imam, in a niche prepared for him, to read prayers and chapters of the Koran. Another man, called a Moolah, on Fridays arranges the people, taking his stand in a conspicuous and often richly carved pulpit approached by a high flight of steps. Generally, however, the devotions are personal, and in good measure solitary. The devotee enters sedately, and immediately commences his multitudinous genuflections and prostrations, murmuring to himself a kind of liturgy that sounds like an incantation. The abstraction these people exhibit is truly wonderful. It would seem impossible to disturb them, even though the heavens should begin to fall. An intense business-like absorption appears to hold them in this exercise perfectly under its power.

Open at all hours of the day, entirely unlimited as to any bounds of parish locality, free to every one, these places of prayer afford a cool and comfortable retreat for all conceivable classes of incomers. The utmost quiet and decorum prevail. At almost any time a curious and interesting spectacle may be found within the wide precincts. A few persons will be seen engaged busily in their laborious devotions. Now and then a group of men will be discovered conversing in sedate tones, as if impressed with the gravity of the spot. And most singular sight of all, you will see some at full length sleeping on the soft carpet, their heads buried in their extended arms, and covered to the most sufficing extent with their heavy blankets.

The poor wandering Arabs especially find their welcome in these consecrated buildings. No one ever drives a worshiper away, and no one ever assumes authority to turn the weary and overheated out of these cool places of refreshment. They consider it God's house for every creature of God, and that makes it his home. Even the birds, building their nests in the nooks of architecture, are not disturbed. Sanctuary privileges, therefore, are free in these precincts to the poor and rich, the stranger and home-born alike. What arrested my mind more than anything else in some of these splendid temples, was the sense of right to be inside of them, which every person by his very manner claimed for himself, and no one ventured to deny to another.

It would be easy to give detailed descriptions of many of these edifices, but I can not hope to prolong the interest they gave us in the actual inspection. That one which gave us all the most pleasure, we found on the very summit of the Mokattam hills, within the enclosure for so many years the center of all history and power. It is the most conspicuous of all the edifices that show their roofs above the high wall of the citadel, and stands close by the palace.

Do not like its architecture altogether, for the minarets are so lofty and thin that they resemble a candle with the extinguisher on the top. Hence the exterior commands admiration only for the beautiful finish of its material. The entire edifice is constructed out of veined alabaster. Once fairly inside of the enclosure, we could hardly restrain our exclamations of delight and wonder. It is the finest in Cairo; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the most costly edifice I ever beheld. It is artistically expensive, magnificent in the rough, with mere solid profusion of silver, precious stones and gold. The inside and the outside, as I have said, are pure alabaster, of a yellowish white color, great columns of polished stone glittering like variegated glass clear to their summits. The porch with its multiplied ornaments, the arches of the court yard, and the domes that make the roof, are full of points of rare architectural beauty. And then within, on every hand over the vast area, the exquisite tablets inscribed with verses from the Koran, traced skillfully in characters of graceful Arabic; the pulpit, the winding staircase, the curiously-fashioned lamps suspended like so many vases from the ceiling by silken cords; the beautiful figures in the thickly-tufted carpets, the stained windows in the lofty casements elaborately carved, the cornices projecting heavily with pendants as tenuous as frost-work—all these to-day seemed so like the imagined scenery of the Thousand and One Nights, that I could almost bring back the dream of my childhood concerning the times of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid. (Rev. C. S. Robinson.)

Apoplexy.

The reported deaths by apoplexy are of astonishing, if not of alarming, frequency. Daily we see new and familiar names added to the long mortality record, and learn that they, our friends, or the great men of the world, were stricken down, while in apparent health, with apoplexy. And with what fearful suddenness the attack comes on! Governor Andrew was conversing cheerfully with a friend; Corwin was in the midst of his humor; Stanton was happy in his family circle; and Dickens was sitting at the family table, when the shadow of death fell like a pall upon the brain, shutting out forever all consciousness of earthly objects.

Apoplexy is defined to be "a disease essentially characterized by the sudden loss, more or less completely, of volition, perception, sensation, and motion; depending on sudden pressure upon the brain, originating within the cranium." This pressure may be due to an unusual tendency of blood to the brain, causing congestion; or to the rupture of a blood-vessel, followed by an

escape of blood upon or into the brain; or, finally, to the escape of the watery part of the blood (the serum) through the coats of the vessels. True apoplexy, or the kind here considered, is due to the rupture of a blood-vessel and an escape of blood in or upon the brain.

Apoplexy is a disease of advanced life, though it has been observed in children. One author states that it is most frequent between 40 and 50 in males, and between 50 and 60 in females; a second writer fixes the periods of greatest frequency between 40 and 50, and 70 and 80; a third says it is most usual between 40 and 70; a fourth has generally met with it in persons between 50 and 80. It is evident, therefore, that apoplexy occurs much more frequently during the later periods of life.

Apoplexy is all but universally the sequel of disease of the artery which is ruptured. It is due neither to a short neck, nor broad shoulders, nor great obesity. These conditions do not in any respect even contribute to the disease. Quite as many very fleshy persons live to die of old age, or, indeed, the very lean. The change which takes place in the artery may occur in any constitution, and probably in old age does occur in the arteries of many persons. It is the change of the coats of the arteries to fat (fatty degeneration) which leads to their rupture. This change is usually preceded by a low grade of inflammation, which slowly progresses, and leads to a gradual degeneration of the arteries affected. This inflammation is induced by certain conditions of the system—such, for example, in persons subject to diseases which affect the blood unfavorably. Such diseases are gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidney, etc. A strong predisposition is also created by intemperance and excesses in eating. Sudden changes may take place in the blood-vessels from impaired nutrition. This condition is often seen in persons who rapidly take on fat. They have a low grade of vitality, and many organs become more or less converted into fat. The nutrition of the brain is impaired, and its vessels rendered weak and liable to rupture. In many persons, the brain long overtaxed ceases to be properly nourished, and the same process of degeneration is set up, and finally terminates either in a rupture of vessels or softening of the brain-substance.

An artery of the brain once rendered weak by the cause mentioned is the initial stage of most cases of apoplexy. Any undue pressure upon the circulation in the brain may now, at any time, be followed by a rupture of the affected vessel.

Mental excitement, fatigue, physical exertion, and, above all, stimulating drinks, and a stomach overloaded with indigestible food, are exciting causes which almost daily destroy those already predisposed to apoplexy.

There are generally premonitions of the apoplectic condition. The weakened artery often temporarily yields under undue pressure, and that portion of the brain pressed upon loses its power, whether of motion or sensation. Hence such persons often feel a sense of temporary numbness or tingling of a limb or part, a sense of dizziness, occasionally a momentary loss of consciousness, or inability to articulate certain words or letters, or double vision.

The severity of the attack depends upon the position and size of the vessel ruptured, and the amount of extravasated blood. If but a small quantity of blood escapes into the central portions of the brain, or at its base, it may prove quickly fatal. Or it may, in time be absorbed, and the pressure so relieved that the attending paralysis may disappear. It is owing to the fact that a small vessel may first rupture, and the patient recover; and afterward a larger vessel may rupture, and recovery follow; and, again, a still larger vessel rupture, and death result—that many have the popular notion that there are generally three attacks before the disease proves fatal.

The fallacy of this belief, we have recently had numerous very notable examples. Apoplexy, like most other severe diseases, is best treated by preventive measures. A person subject to the premonitory symptoms mentioned should be extremely cautious, and avoid all causes which excite undue pressure upon the cerebral circulation. The food should be free from all pressure; the food should be light and nutritious; stimulating drinks should be used in moderate quantities, if at all; and all severe mental and physical excitement must be scrupulously avoided.

The approach of the final attack is often noticed by the sufferer, and he gives a moment's warning of the danger. Dickens felt a pain shoot through the side, and spoke of it; this was doubtless occasioned by the rupture. The best treatment to be adopted by the bystanders is to lay the patient down with the head elevated; remove all constriction from the neck; apply cold to the head, and heat to the extremities. The great object is to prevent the effusion of blood by withdrawing it from the brain.

How the Empress Escaped.

A correspondent writes to the London Telegraph, of the 8th of September, thus:

I have just returned from Paris, where I had special opportunities for observing the stirring events of Sunday, and I give you what I know to be the true story of her Majesty's escape. The deposition of the Napoleon dynasty was voted in the Corps Legislatif about one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. At two o'clock, M. Fierstein, Prefect of Police, rushed breathlessly into the Emperor's apartments at the Tuilleries, with the startling announcement and warning:—"The dechance has been declared. I have not a moment to lose. Save your life, Madame, as I am now hastening to save my own!" Then he disappeared, and with good reason, too, for the revolutionary government would give something to be able to lay hands on him now. The Empress found herself alone with her old and trusty secretary and friend, Madame le Breton, and with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who were urged her to fly at once. But her high spirit made this a most unpalatable counsel. It was cowardice—une lâcheté—to desert the palace. She would rather be treated as was Marie Antoinette by the mob than seek safety in an unworthy flight. For a time all persuasion was useless; but at length her Majesty's mood calmed somewhat, and she saw the utter uselessness of remaining.

Attended only by the two companions we have named, the Empress fled through the long gallery of the Louvre, but suddenly her course was stopped short by a locked door. The little party could distinctly hear the shouts of crowds who were invading the private gardens of the Tuilleries. M. de Lesseps, to gain time, proposed that he should go out on the terrace and get soldiers on guard to hold the people back for a few minutes, while the crowd addressed the Empress. The report to this expedient was not necessary, as Madame le Breton found the key, opened the door that had obstructed her progress and gave egress to her Majesty—who, accompanied only

by her tried friend, issued into the street at the bottom of the Louvre. There they hurriedly entered a common fiacre, not without a risk of detection on the spot, for a diminutive *gamin* de Paris, not more than twelve years old, shouted "Vive l'Empereur!"—Luckily no one about heard or heeded him, and the cab got safely away with the two ladies.

They drove to M. de Lesseps's house, in the Boulevard de Malesherbes, where the Empress sat still until she was joined by M. de Metternich, who did what he could to facilitate her departure to a place of safety. Later in the evening the Empress, still accompanied by Madame le Breton, drove to the Garde du Nord, escaped detection—thanks to the thick veil which she wore—and at seven o'clock rolled safely and unexpectedly away toward the Belgian frontier.

The Short-cut Method.

"Business Colleges" are in a decline that they will probably never rally from. The Nation doubtless suggests the true reason:

A good illustration of the way in which people are led astray in our day by the growing demand for "special education," or, in other words, for short-cuts to all the trades and professions—is afforded by those eminently deluding institutions, "business colleges." They have been called into existence by the growing desire on the part of young men to dispense with the long apprenticeship without which it was difficult in old times to obtain a recognized and respected place in the commercial world. So a crowd of raw boys are collected in a large room, and employed in playing at the mechanical operations of trade, running from one end of it to the other, making sham deposits in imaginary banks, drawing sham checks, and making sham purchases—or, in other words, familiarizing themselves laboriously with the forms of business. Now there would be little objection to this in itself, if they were not at the same time kept under the hallucination that they were learning to be "business men." It would be just as sensible to tell them that, in learning the manual of arms, they were qualifying themselves to command armies. To become a good business man requires a certain training of the judgment and character—the acquisition of certain habits of mind which can only be acquired by long exposure to certain practical conditions, such as those to which a boy is exposed who is taken young into a real mercantile house, and employed in real transactions involving real responsibilities, and familiarized day by day with the spectacle of men whom he looks up to, and who are masters of their work, engaged in the solution of the various problems of trade. His whole moral and mental constitution is in this way molded to suit the exigencies of his calling. He learns when to be bold and when to be cautious, and he learns above all things the enormous difference between facts and fancies. This training is no longer very common, we admit; but neither is the type of merchants which this training created. The modern type approaches more nearly to the gambler than the trader. The "graduate" of the business college rushes into the market with his check-book and his invoices and his account current, and feeling himself utterly incapable of working for distant results, or following the thread or complicated combinations, tries to make his fortune and "go to Europe," by a happy throw or two in some speculative commodity, and furnishes, after a few years, one of the innumerable wrecks which now warn men away from "business," and give the great money markets of the world such a close resemblance to Baden-Baden and Hamburg.

Public Gratitude.

A sad letter of M. Prevost Paradol to a friend in France, in which the minister speaks despondingly of his position, has been published since his death. It is the letter of a man entirely left at ease. He would have renounced politics, but it was impossible. He ought to be in the Chamber of Deputies, but could not afford "to devote his time to a thing, to insure an insertion. He is specially important. Not more than a single square can well be devoted to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

DEA. DAVID MARVIN died in Davenport, Delaware Co., N. Y., Oct. 23, aged 70 years and 3 months. At the early age of fifteen, he consecrated himself to God, and after becoming a member of the Free Baptist denomination, of which he remained a worthy member till death. Bro. Marvin had held the office of deacon about forty years, and secured to himself a great personal fitness, more than any other. He often expressed deep anxiety for its completion. His last days were quiet, and the veteran soldier laid aside his armor. God gave him an honorable discharge, and he was universally mourned.

Mrs. ALICE RANDALL died in North Providence, May 15th, of dropsical complaint, in the 88th year of her age. She was born in 1782, and was a member of the F. B. church. A few years since, she united with the High Street Congregational church in Providence. She was a devoted and interesting family, whose mutual care failed not to the last. M. W. B.

JAMES FLANDERS died in East Andover, N. H., Aug. 13th, of typhoid fever, aged 49 years and 9 months. He was born in Dorchester, where he was reared, and was a member of the F. W. Baptist church in Wilnot some twenty-two years since, with which church he was united at the time of his death. He was really a society man, and was universally loved. He was a Christian, and he was a faithful member of his last public testimony for Jesus, given while tears fell from his eyes, so deep was his love and interest in the blessed cause. At the time of his death, he was a member of the F. W. Baptist church in Wilnot, and a teacher in our Sabbath school. Services by the writer.

WILLIAM SANBORN died in Loudon, Sept. 17th, aged 59 years and 11 months. Brother S. had been a great sufferer for years with chronic rheumatism. His last sickness was short, being an attack of paralysis which terminated in death. His dear brother gave his heart to God in June, 1820. Sept. 16th following, was baptized by Rev. S. B. Dyer, and united with the Free Will Baptist church in Loudon, where he labored and labored for its prosperity. It can be said of him, He was a Christian. He possessed an amiable disposition, such as few share. He loved the church, and the service of God, in which he filled his place with cheerfulness. Praising God and singing the songs of Zion were his delight. His Bible was his most esteemed book. He was a patron and reader of the *Star* for more than thirty years. He has gone down to the grave ready for his Father's kingdom. He leaves the companion of his youth, for a short time, two sons, a father, brothers and sisters. May they be united in the same happy life in the future. Services by Rev. J. Clough.

Mr. JAMES HOOK died in Chester, N. H., Oct. 3, very suddenly, aged 61 years. He was

Fishing for a Wig.

I always possessed the dangerous faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of every thing, and was famous for making "fun." This was the source of some trouble, both in boyhood and in after years, and I have always sympathized with every boy who was "prone to mischief." I mean without malice. And every opportunity for a joke, was a strong temptation, almost irresistible. How, when I have seen the baker, with a tray of loaves on his head, my toes would fairly curl in my shoes, with the longing just to put out my foot, and give him only one little trip. I think one of the severest punishments my father ever gave me, and I richly deserved it, was for a trick of the kind, which boys call "fun." A dapper little man, a tailor by profession, attended the Methodist chapel, where my father used to worship; and his seat was directly in front of ours. He was a bit of a dandy, a little conceited, and rather proud of his personal appearance, but was a sad stammerer. He had what was called a "scratch wig"—a small affair that just covered the top of his head. One unlucky Sunday for me, as I was sitting in the chapel, with his head and wig right before me, I began playing with a pin, and having bent it to the form of a hook, found in my pocket a piece of string, tied it around the head of the pin, and began to fish, with no thought of any particular mischief, and doing what boys often do in church when they are not interested in, or do not understand the service. So with one eye on my father, who sat by me intently listening to the discourse; and one eye alternately on the minister and my fishing line, I continued to drop my hook and haul it up again very quietly,—when, becoming tired of fishing, I gathered up the line, and resting the pin on my thumb, gave it a snap; up it went; I am not again, and I should be severely punished. The temptation was so strong to pull off that wig, that it seemed to me, I must do it; my fingers itched; I began almost to tremble with the excitement. I looked at my father. He saw nothing. All were attentively listening to the preacher. I must do it; so, looking straight at the minister, and giving one sudden jerk, off came the wig. I let go of the string; poor Billy sprang from his seat, and, clasping both hands to his head, cried, "Goo—Goo—Good Lord!"—to the astonishment of the congregation. But there in our pew lay the wig, with pin and string attached, back to front, evidence against me. One look at my father's face convinced me "that I had done it," and should "catch it," and "catch it" I did. My father waited till Monday, and in the morning conducted me to Billy Bennett's, and made me beg his pardon very humbly. Billy was very good-natured, and actually tried to beg me off; but my father declared he would "dust my jacket for me." And he did; or at any rate, would have dusted it most thoroughly, but he made me take it off,—so that the jacket was none the better for the "dusting," but my shoulders and back "suffered" some, and it served me right. All through my life this tendency to "make fun" has been of no advantage to me, though it has given me many a hearty laugh.—John B. Gough.

Obituaries.

Particular Notice! Persons wishing obituaries published in the *Morning Star*, with each patronize it, must accompany their notices with cash to the order of the publisher, and give the great money markets of the world such a close resemblance to Baden-Baden and Hamburg.

DEA. DAVID MARVIN died in Davenport, Delaware Co., N. Y., Oct. 23, aged 70 years and 3 months. At the early age of fifteen, he consecrated himself to God, and after becoming a member of the Free Baptist denomination, of which he remained a worthy member till death. Bro. Marvin had held the office of deacon about forty years, and secured to himself a great personal fitness, more than any other. He often expressed deep anxiety for its completion. His last days were quiet, and the veteran soldier laid aside his armor. God gave him an honorable discharge, and he was universally mourned.

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Mr. JAMES HOOK died in Chester, N. H., Oct. 3, very suddenly, aged 61 years. He was

among the most industrious and enterprising citizens of the town. He had been an interested member of the *Star* for about thirty years,—reading every paper and book,—had a retentive memory, and was interested in the general affairs and movements of the age. For about twenty-five years he indulged a deep-seated desire to be a lover of music, and but few listened to good preaching with greater interest. His widow and only son with his wife are greatly afflicted, as are many other relatives and friends. The funeral was very largely attended. Discourse by Rev. J. Fullerton, from the passage, "Be still, and know that I am God." Com.

T. H. BENTON FLANDERS died in East Andover, N. H., Sept. 22d, of fever, aged 17 years and 10 months. Truly we are living in a vale of tears. Scarcely had Benton seen his father close his eyes in death, found the mystic form of the unseen messenger was hovering about his path. For a time he tried to resist his power, but like all others when called for, he passed away. Benton was a dutiful son, and a kind brother. He was a member of our Sabbath school, where his regular attendance gave him a strong influence. He was also an active member of the Temperance Society in this place. We have often looked upon him with a degree of pride, and have hoped that he might be spared, as the world needs just such bold, valiant young men. But the wisdom of God, it was otherwise ordained, and though we loved him, and would gladly have retained him with us, yet we will not repine, but try and say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." Services by the writer.

Mr. SILAS BUNKER died in Lower Gilmanston, N. H., Oct. 1st, aged 86 years and 10 months.

HANNAH T. wife of Thomas G. Potter, died Oct. 4, aged 51 years and 3 months. In early life she sought and found the Saviour, and her Christian life has been nearly unexceptional. For the last three years she has been confined to her room, and although at times a great sufferer, she has never without a murmur. Wonderful grace was manifested to her as she approached the heavenly shore. Through the whole of her sickness, her countenance was radiant with the hope of heaven. On Jesus' breast she leaned her head, and breathed her life out sweetly there. She leaves a husband and a large number of friends to mourn their loss. Funeral services by the writer.

Mrs. MARY, wife of Jonathan Bean, died in Candia, Sept. 24th, of heart disease, aged 67 years. She was a member of the F. W. Baptist church in Candia, and although deprived of the privilege lately of attending meetings on account of sickness, she retained her hope to the last.

ELLA J., only daughter of Josiah Richardson, died Oct. 6th, of consumption. The deceased was 27 years of age. In the early stage of her sickness, she sought the Lord in earnest, and found him precious to her soul. She died a most triumphant death.

ISAAC B. EDWIN died in Stratford, Vt., Sept. 23d, aged 64 years and 5 months. The deceased was a member of the M. E. church in town, but was for years attended and helped sustain the F. W. Baptist meeting. He leaves a wife and three daughters in deep sorrow. May the Lord sustain them. Funeral services by the writer.

MERCY, wife of Ezekiel Chase, died in Sebco, Oct. 6, aged 66 years and 5 months. Sister Chase found Christ about 40 years since, was baptized by Rev. Asa Burnham, and joined the Sebco F. W. Baptist church, of which she was a member. Her husband was an agricultural and a kind husband, and an indulgent father, esteemed in his neighborhood and town as an honorable man and a Christian. In earlier days he was a member of the M. E. church in town, but there is no church of that kind now; he has for years attended and helped sustain the F. W. Baptist meeting. He leaves a wife and three daughters in deep sorrow. May the Lord sustain them. Funeral services by the writer.

Academies, &c.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE. The Fall Term of Hillsdale College will open on Tuesday, September 26th, 1870. Catalogues will be sent on application to the Secretary, JAMES CALDER, Pres. L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. 363

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY. The Winter Term will commence Tuesday, Dec. 6 and continue 13 weeks. ALBERT R. SAVAGE, Principal, ALBION O. TUTTLE, Pauper. Special attention given to those fitting for college, and to those preparing to teach. Board, and rooms to those wishing to board, terms furnished at reasonable rates. Apply to the PRINCIPAL, or to THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D. Pres. E. S. TASKER, Sec. Northwood, N. H., Oct. 18, 1870.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE. REV. J. L. COLLIER, A. M., President. REV. L. D. ADKINSON, A. M., Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages, and of Mathematics. WILLIAM REED, Professor of Mathematics. Miss JORIE SUMPTON, Teacher of Primary Department. Miss MARY J. E. ADKINSON, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

Calendar for 1870-71.—Fall term begins September 1st, and ends November 25th. Spring term begins March 7, and ends May 27. Summer term begins June 6, and ends August 18. 36

LAPHAM INSTITUTE. THE WINTER TERM will commence on MONDAY, Nov. 14, 1870. Complete courses of study for both sexes. G. H. RICKER, Principal. North Scituate, R. I., Oct. 10, 1870.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE. THE FALL TERM will commence Sept. 1. J. B. FILES, A. B., Principal, and six other teachers will constitute the Board of Instruction. The department will be under the care of E. E. WADE, A. B. For particulars address the Principal, or Rev. A. L. GERRISH. N. F. WEXMOUTH, Secy. Trust. Pittsfield, July 27, 1870.

LASELL FEMALE SEMINARY. AT AUBURNDALE, MASS. Ten miles west of Boston. Instruction thorough, complete. Advantages for Music, Painting, French and German, unsurpassed. Particular attention paid to common and solid branches. Teachers chosen with great care. Combines the advantages of a boarding school and a college. Number limited to 40. Next year begins September 15. Address CHAS. W. CUSHING. 612

WILTON SEMINARY, WILTON, IOWA. THE SUMMER TERM commences Sept. 7. Tuition, \$10.00; board, \$10.00; 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, Supt. Parsonsfield, Maine, 27, 70.

PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY. THE FALL TERM of this institution will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 23, under the personal supervision of MADISON K. MARRY, 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 B. Stanley, Teacher of Music, French, Italian, Piano and Organ; Mr. J. W. Titcomb, Teacher of "Spencerian System" of Penmanship; Miss Abbie May, French Department. Tuition: Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$4.00; Languages, \$4.00; Music, \$5.00; Use of Instrument, \$2.00; Drawing, \$3.00; \$5.00; Penmanship, \$1.00. Board, \$3.00 per week. Wood and lights extra. Those desiring to board themselves, books furnished by the Principal at Portland prices. A Teacher's Class will be formed for the purpose of thoroughly drilling those who propose to teach coming winter. Special attention paid those students preparing for college.

PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY. M. E. SWEET, M. D., Sec. of Trust. Parsonsfield, Maine, 27, 70.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY. THE FALL TERM of this institution will open Aug. 23. Its courses of study are as follows: In Female Department—Classical, English, Medical, Natural Science, and Vocal Music; Miss M. A. Pike, Teacher of Modern Languages, Painting and Drawing; Miss B. Stanley, Teacher of Music, French, Italian, Piano and Organ; Mr. J. W. Titcomb, Teacher of "Spencerian System" of Penmanship; Miss Abbie May, French Department. Tuition: Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$4.00; Languages, \$4.00; Music, \$5.00; Use of Instrument, \$2.00; Drawing, \$3.00; \$5.00; Penmanship, \$1.00. Board, \$3.00 per week. Wood and lights extra. Those desiring to board themselves, books furnished by the Principal at Portland prices. A Teacher's Class will be formed for the purpose of thoroughly drilling those who propose to teach coming winter. Special attention paid those students preparing for college.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY. J. S. GARDNER, Prin. Whitestown, N. Y., July 27, 70.

WEST LEBANON ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of Lebanon Academy will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 3, and continue seven weeks under the following instructors: G. H. Pearson, A. B., Principal; Miss M. H. Vernal, Music; Mrs. E. J. Cowell, teacher of Drawing; T. A. Sney, teacher of Penmanship and Vocal Music; Miss A. V. Hayes, teacher of Work Work.

Tuition. Languages, \$6.00. Higher English, \$5.00. Common English, \$4.50. Primary, \$4.00. Penmanship, (12 lessons) \$1.50. Use of Instrument, \$2.00. Drawing, \$3.00. \$5.00. Good boarding places can be obtained. Special attention given to those fitting for college. JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH, Sec. Center Stratford, July 27, 1870.

AUSTIN ACADEMY, CENTER STRATFORD, N. H. THE FALL TERM of 11 weeks, will commence Tuesday, Aug. 30, under the instruction of MR. A. N. MARSTON, OF BATES COLLEGE, Principal.

Mrs. SARAH E. MONTGOMERY, Assistant, Tuition. Primary, Common English, \$3.50. Higher English, \$4.00. Languages, \$4.50. Penmanship, \$1.00. Instruction given in Latin, Greek, French and German languages. Board from \$2.25 to \$3.00. Rooms can be had for those who wish to board themselves. WARREN FOSS, Sec. Center Stratford, July 27, 1870.

GRANITE STATE MILITARY & COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, REEDS FERRY, N. H., on Nashua & Concord R. R. Rev. S. N. HOWELL, Principal. Advantages:—Retired location, very easy of access; No saloons, or places of idle resort; Full corps of teachers; Thorough instruction, &c. Pupils received at any time. Send for Circular. 839

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THE LYNDON LITERARY AND BIBLICAL INSTITUTE. WILL open its First Term at Lyndon Center, Vermont, on TUESDAY, August 23, 1870, for the Academic year 1870-71. CALENDAR.—Fall term begins August 23; ends Nov. 4. Winter term begins Nov. 12; ends Jan. 20, 1871. Spring term begins Jan. 27; ends April 14, 1871. Summer term begins April 26; ends July 6, 1871. The Institution will be under the charge of MR. GEORGE W. WORTHEN, Principal. Miss SARAH E. MASON, Pauper. Mr. HIRAM M. PEARL, Teacher of Commercial Department, and of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship. Miss LUTELLA I. REIGS, Teacher of Music, with such other assistance as may be required. 36

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 26.

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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The President has appointed Nov. 24 as a day of thanksgiving.

There were 11 deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans on Sunday.

Wilson, the murderer, says he was induced to give up his plan of starving himself to death by the hope of a new trial.

Chicago has 539 miles of sidewalk, lighted at night by 5,388 lamps.

The Fenians, Owen Starr, Wm. L. Thompson, and Ed. J. Mannix, after their release on Saturday, by the clemency of the President, were serenaded at Auburn, and made speeches, in which they declared that they did not thank the President or the Republican party for their release; they thanked only the people.

Chief Justice Chase has been forbidden by his physicians to take his seat on the bench at the opening of the approaching term on the 30th instant. He has sent word, however, that he will return by the 1st of January.

Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks has been renominated for Representative to Congress. He will probably continue to be renominated and reelected so long as he will consent to serve.

A Grand Council of the Indian tribes will be held at Leavenworth, Kansas, in December.

Four men have been drowned at the Hoosac Tunnel.

The official returns from 76 counties of Ohio show the Republican gains in that state to be 14,612, and the Democratic gains 4,412. The Republican majority will probably be a little over 17,000.

The fields near Ravenna, Ohio, are overrun with mice, and they are doing an immense amount of damage to corn standing in the fields.

A private letter from the Hon. A. H. Stephens represents him in very deplorable health, feeble, and unable to leave his room.

It is finally settled that Commissioner Delano will succeed Secretary Cox. Mr. Delano's friends assert that this is the result of an arrangement regarding a new commissioner of internal revenue, although the name of his successor is not known.

A member of Congress says that Senator Morton assured him that under the circumstances he should not consent to go to England.

Senator Cameron was stricken with paralysis in Baltimore. One arm and one side were very badly affected.

The report that Senator Cameron was stricken with paralysis at Baltimore, Friday, is denied. He is said to have arrived at Harrisburg with no ailment except a cold.

Unofficial returns for South Carolina indicate the re-election of Governor Scott, by a reduced majority. Two colored congressmen are probably elected. The so-called union reform party has elected a congressman—perhaps.

Four of the crew of the New Bedford whaling ship Robert Edwards were assigned in the United States court in New York, Monday, on a charge of setting fire to the ship on the high seas in July last. The penalty of the law is death.

In the conference between the President, Secretary Boutwell and Commissioner Delano, Saturday, no conclusion was reached regarding a successor to the latter.

FOREIGN.

A French army is forming at Tours for offensive operations.

Fifty persons were killed or wounded by a powder explosion at Alexandria, Egypt.

On the 10th instant a bomb, fired from Fort Mont Du Valerion, fell in the bed-room of Napoleon first, at St. Cloud, destroying the famous mirrors.

Twelve men have been killed and many seriously injured at Newcastle-on-Tyne by the fall of a ship in the dock.

Burnside's peace mission is unsuccessful, the Parisians being determined on defense.

In a terrible hurricane in Cuba, 2,000 lives were lost, and immense damage was done.

Minister Motley's despatch from London, to Secretary Fish, giving the report that a peace is arranged, is much believed, but is not yet officially stated here.

Chateaudun has been captured by the Prussians.

General Fleury has arrived at Lausanne to arrange the private affairs of the French Emperor.

The belligerents are still confronting each other near Orleans.

Garibaldi has been enthusiastically received at Belfort.

There is great insubordination among the troops at Marseilles.

The Americans have received permission to leave Paris.

Several soldiers were killed and wounded by the explosion of an ammunition wagon at Sedan.

The French were driven from Creteil, near Paris, on the 12th, and a sortie from that city on the 14th was repulsed.

The French foreign office has issued a circular to neutral powers, denying any responsibility for the present war. The representations by Prussia as to the state of affairs in Paris are affirmed to be utterly untrue. France desires peace, a durable peace.

The stories in regard to the offer of Cuba to our government for a fixed sum, seem to have no other foundation than the efforts of a set of speculators who are laying out their work for the next session of Congress. There is the same activity manifesting itself in San Domingo matters, and a strong effort to secure annexation at the coming session is to be made.

At Aberdeen, Scotland, one of the leading papers is under the control of a woman.

The Prussians say that everything will be in readiness to commence the bombardment of Paris this week.

A squadron of German hussars allowed themselves to be surprised at Athis, and one hundred were killed.

Minister Washburne, it is said, has made arrangements for the departure of 300 Americans from Paris.

It is estimated that the Prussians, who captured Orleans, numbered 95,000. The report of another battle at that place, in which it was said the French were defeated, is not confirmed.

The Germans are endeavoring to sever the communications around Tours, and that city, it is feared, may be cut off at any moment. The story of the sudden departure of ministers and members of the Diplomatic Corps from Tours for Bordeaux, proves to have been a card.

October 28 has been fixed as the day for the entry of King Victor Emanuel into Rome. The Roman provinces are to be consolidated into one, with five prefectures.

It is reported that the candidature of the Duke of Aosta for the throne of Spain has been definitely accepted.

Paragraphs.

An immense petrified tooth, evidently that of a mastodon, was found yesterday in one of the coffer-dam excavations of the Cincinnati and Newport bridge.

Mr. Mason of Virginia, the associate hero of the Trent affair, is not aristocratic in his appearance and manners. He drives daily to Alexandria, in an old wagon behind a wretched-looking cobb, and dresses in a style not different from other farmers of the neighborhood.

It is the opinion of many persons that the late unprecedented freshet in the James and Shenandoah rivers was not caused by a continued rain, but by something like the bursting of a water spout on or about their head-waters, and their sources are not a very great distance apart. The flood came down in the Shenandoah in great waves, succeeding each other rapidly.

A literary correspondent of the New Orleans Sunday Times gives the origin of a quotation which has puzzled literary circles in the Crescent City as well as in the North, viz: "Consistency is a jewel." It appeared originally in Murray's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, 1754. In the ballad of "Jolly Robyn Roughhead" are the following lines, in which it appears:

"Tush! tush! my lassie! such thoughts resigne;
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency's a jewel."

For thee and the coarse clothes that best;
Rude folks in homely raiment drest,
Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn.

In Lincoln, Omaha, they have struck, at a depth of six hundred feet, a flood of salt brine eighty degrees in strength, flowing at the rate of two barrels per minute.

The value of the coffee which is annually consumed is one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars.

An Indian, while digging a well recently, came across five hundred old silver dollars ten feet below the surface.

It has been established at last that the sponge is an animal product, or rather, that it belongs to those low forms of animalcule comprised under the term zoophytes. The sponge of common use, however, is but the shell or dwelling place of the animal. When found clinging to submarine rocks it is filled with a black jelly-like mass which has been proved to possess a low form of life, analogous to the oyster.

The anthracite coal deposits of Pennsylvania underlie four hundred and seventy square miles of mountain and valley. More than forty million dollars have been absorbed in mining capital, about the same sum in canals, and seventy millions in railroads, constructed almost solely as a means of transportation for coal. Sixteen million tons were sent to market during the past year.

When John Saxon, editor of the Canton Repository, the oldest paper in Ohio, heard of the battle of Sedan and the capture of the Emperor, he wrote and published the account of the event in a column parallel with a reprint of the account he wrote and published in the same paper of the surrender of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815. He is the only editor, probably, in the world, who has written of the exit of both Napoleons in the same paper.

The Russian Czar on receiving the news of the battle of Sedan, at Moscow, September 3d, gave a dinner, when, having drunk the health of his royal uncle of Prussia, he broke the glass, according to German custom, which prescribes that none shall drink again from a glass which has been used for very solemn toasts.

In reference to English railroads, an expert testifying recently, said that a number of lines converging at a great business center are a source of some security against railroad accidents, because the officers of each line will manage it so well that accidents may prove almost impossible.

Among the curious results of the war is that bringing the French Bourbons again to the surface. The Count de Chambord appears as a pretender to the throne of France, and, calling himself "Monseigneur," promises to present himself at the proper time and claim his own. He declares that the monarchy will hunt the invaders from the soil and gain an honorable peace.

It has been repeatedly remarked by persons who have had to conduct the correspondence of the French wounded, that the soldiers, and even the officers, show a great deficiency in education, and especially in all that regards geography. Many of the under-officers can not write their own names. One soldier placed the fortress of Mayence on the Danube, and others placed a little fortress in Bavaria in Turkey.

It seems that the Empress Eugenie sent for General Bourbaki, and her object was to propose through him conditions of peace, on the basis that Prussia should retain Alsace and Lorraine, and leave the Prince Imperial under her regency, to govern France. When told by Bourbaki that nobody in France would tolerate even the presence of the Prince, the Empress burst into tears. A letter from Eugenie to the Emperor, of which the Countess Cowper was the bearer, doubtless referred to this project.

A new submarine four-wire cable has just been laid between Ireland and Scotland, by way of Donaghadee and Port Patrick, and in a few weeks a seven-wire cable is to be laid to England, by way of Howth and Holyhead. With the existing seven-wire cable to Scotland from Whitehead, County Antrim, and also the four-wire cable to England from Wexford, there will be a total of twenty-two wires between Ireland and Great Britain.

The Carlshue Zeitung states that Ulrich, the commandant of Strasbourg, was formerly employed in the post-office of Offenbourg, in Baden. In 1849 he suddenly disappeared, taking the cash box with him, and although tracked by the police he succeeded in reaching Africa, where he enlisted in the Chasseurs d'Afrique. We shall not attempt to solve the curious psychological question, how far his obstinate defense of Strasbourg was the result of heroism, and how far it was prompted by a very intelligible dislike to revisit Offenbourg as a prisoner of war.

In France they are building two story railroad cars. There is a great saving on first cost in them, and also in dead weight. The latter amounts to only two hundred pounds per passenger, while in this country the dead weight per passenger is rarely less than five hundred pounds, and often more. The new style would probably be of great advantage to roads that carry a large number of passengers for a short distance, as on lines converging to the great cities, where there is a great population within five or ten miles that have to be transported to and from their business daily.

REMEDY FOR POISONS.—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful of each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it. This vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach. But for fear some of the poison may remain, swallow the white of one or two eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee.—These two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any other dozen of articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, sweet oil, lamp oil, drippings, melted butter, or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

Rural and Domestic.

The Chestnut as a Crop.

Fifteen or twenty years hence chestnut timber, scarce and costly even now, will command a price which will make the owner of a chestnut wood-lot a rich man, providing the lot is large enough, and the trees of sufficient size to make good timber. The chestnut grows very rapidly, and will flourish on soil which is not suited for the cultivation of ordinary farm crops, as well as on the now treeless prairies of the West. A peculiar value is just now possessed by chestnuts, as its wood happens to be fashionable for the interior decoration of houses. There can be no question but that the beauty of its grain will be the same a quarter of a century hence, and although it may pass through one or two periods of comparative unpopularity it will of necessity be in demand for many purposes. The great demand for railroad ties also enhances its value at present, but we do not look upon this demand as likely to last beyond the present generation, as it is quite possible that some manufactured substitute will be adopted before many years, if, indeed, railroads themselves are not superseded by some improved means of travel. At all events, we believe it capable of demonstration that it would be much better to raise one good crop of chestnut trees on land suited for the purpose, than twenty poor crops of wheat or corn on land of the same quality, but, comparatively, unsuited for their culture. Chestnuts for seed should be procured as soon as they are ripe, and may be sown at once, although there are several methods by which they may be kept 'so as to retain their vitality until spring. Among these may be mentioned packing in dry moss, burying below the frost in dry soil, or mixing them with three times their bulk in dry sand. We remember that once in our boyhood we discovered a chestnut tree standing at the edge of a plowed field. The season was spring, and the furrows were filled with leaves packed down by the winter storms. Under these leaves was abundant store of chestnuts apparently in as good order as when the frost opened the burrs in the fall. We kept our secret, and were for many days the coveted possessor of pockets full of fresh chestnuts out of season, and now we suggest chestnuts and earth as good packing for chestnuts to be kept through the winter. The best plan is to plant the seed pretty thickly in drills in the fall, and after sprinkling soil lightly over them, cover with two or three inches or more of leaves. In the spring rake off most of the leaves, and when the plants have started an inch or two draw the fine soil around them. In planting the orchard the tree should be ten feet apart in every direction, and the field must be well fenced to protect them from damage by cattle. A few years will place them beyond danger from this source, and the field may even be used as a pasture, while during the earlier period of their growth ordinary farm crops may with proper care be raised among the young trees. The American chestnut is a variety of the European species, and although smaller in size is equal or perhaps superior to it in flavor. Doubtless it could be greatly improved by cultivation, and the selection of superior seed might help the owner of a chestnut orchard to tide over the somewhat long period which must elapse before his timber harvest is ready for market.—Chris. Union.

Preserving Crab-Apples.

The fruit is prepared by first cutting out all decayed portions; then wash clean, and place them in a kettle with sufficient water to cover the fruit entirely. Have a tight-fitting lid to the kettle and boil, over a moderate fire, until the fruit is soft enough to pierce with a straw; drain off the water, and strain through a coarse cloth or jelly bag, and set it aside for jelly. The apples, in boiling, will have burst their skins, which are easily removed; the cores are taken out by pushing them through the blossom end, with a goose quill or a stick of equal thickness, being careful to press the stem end against the fingers to prevent breaking the apple. The fruit is now ready to preserve whole or to make into marmalade; for either, the proportions are 4 lbs. of fruit, 3 lbs. sugar, 1 pint of water. Put the sugar and water into the preserving kettle; set it over the fire until it boils, then drop in the fruit, (if it is to be done whole,) boil until clear, and remove into a jar. If there is more syrup than will be needed, boil down to the desired quantity; pour it over the fruit while hot, and cover with a cloth, cut of sufficient size to cover and tie down. This cloth dip into a cement made of two parts of bees-wax to one of rosin, adding enough tallow or lard to keep it from cracking. While the whole is warm, I draw the cloth tightly over the top of the jar and tie down. To make marmalade, the boiled fruit must be mashed to a pulp before being added to the syrup, and then boiled and stirred until it becomes clear, which is usually in half an hour.

For jelly, I use equal portions of the water in which the fruit was boiled, (which has been previously strained), and sifted sugar. I seldom resort to scales. One tumbler, even full, or sugar to one of the juices, gives the required proportion for all jellies; but for other jellies, and put up in the same way. Many persons fail in making jelly by endeavoring to boil too large a quantity at one time. I have always found better success with 2 quarts or less of juice at a boiling, than when I have undertaken more.—American Agriculturist.

Bonquets.

For successful effect in floral decorations, much depends upon the judicious arrangement of colors; violent contrasts are to be avoided, as also the sameness produced by having too much of one color.

In producing harmonious contrasts of colors, it should be remembered that there are only three primary colors, red, blue and yellow. From these, other colors arise—orange being composed of yellow and red; purple, of blue and red; green, of yellow and blue.

These form contrasting colors to the primary three, with which they are in harmonious opposition, as the orange with the blue, purple with yellow, and green with red.

Olive is formed of a combination of purple and green; citron, from green and orange; and russet, from orange and purple. Red and blue and yellow harmonize with each other, and they may be placed in juxtaposition; but purple should not be near red or blue, as it is composed of those colors; for the same reason, orange should not be placed next to yellow or red. Another rule is that the neutral hues, brown, maroon, slate, lavender, etc., should be used in the greatest quantities, and the primary colors used in smaller quantity, for heightening the effect. If you lack the proper shades for producing the necessary harmonies, and find that two colors do not harmonize well, separate them by a white flower.

Again, always place the brightest colors in the center of your design, and gradually decrease the intensity of the tints as you approach the exterior; and avoid spots or patches by using as much as possible, one prevailing color.—Horticulturist.

Fruit as Food.

Fruit, such as berries, apples, pears, peaches, grapes and plums, affords delicious, healthful and nourishing food. As such it should be used freely, and regularly taken every day in the year, and as a part of the regular meals. Most persons who love fruit ignore it at the table, and eat it between meals. This is a bad habit, and fruit thus eaten is injurious. The stomach needs rest, and should be allowed to fully digest one meal, and rest and recuperate a while, before it is asked with another. But the irregular eater gives the stomach no rest, and works it on night and day, until it breaks down with dyspepsia, and rebels against continual abuse. The stomach is a faithful servant. Use it kindly and it works to the end, and does its part of life-work, without freak or pain. Three meals a day are enough—all that any one needs. Let a part of each of these meals be good, ripe fruit, without sugar, spice, or condiments of any kind, and you will soon find the good results. Constipation, indigestion, piles, and kindred troubles will disappear. Ripe fruit may be cooked, or eaten without cooking—it may be preserved by drying or canning, but if you wish to use it so as to promote health, keep it, at all times, free from sugar and spice. Spice is indigestible, and sugar is excessive nutrition, and overtaxes a weak stomach, and is the basis of all fermentation and acidity. Millions are every year killed by sugar; but the slaughter is greatest among the children. Their little stomachs are to a fearful extent taxed and over-worked to digest confectionery, and sweetened food, and condiments, until they break down in fermentation and acidity, producing cholera infantum, canker, or fever. Excessive nutrition, followed up, is sure to break down the health in man and beast. The intelligent farmer and stable-keeper understands this, and is careful how he feeds. He knows that if the food of his animals is too rich, or if he feeds irregularly, weakness or disease is the result. The human economy also needs care. Give man good food, regularly administered, let his habits be temperate in all things, with sunlight, exercise and air a plenty, and in general health will be good.

A TEST FOR COLORS.—M. Nickles has found that fluoride of potassium will dissolve a Prussian blue color, and not affect the indigo and aniline colors. The information will interest calico printers and dyers. A fact of more general interest is, that fluoride of potassium will remove ink stains from cloth.

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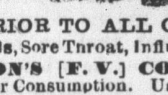
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