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The Morning Star.

Vol. XLV.

NEW YORK, AND DOVER, N. H., DECEMBER 7, 1870.

No. 49

THE MORNING STAR A Weekly Religious Newspaper

For the Family.

Office, 39 Washington Street, Dover, N. H.
LUTHER E. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1870.

The Divine Mercy.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There's no place where earth's sorrows,
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal he will not own.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Faber.

Missionary Correspondence.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA, Sept. 28, 1870.

There are now twenty-seven boys in our school here who are named for people in America, and the understanding is that the money for the support of these boys is provided by the parties naming them. Two rupees a month, or twelve silver dollars a year, is the sum required to feed, clothe and book a boy at this station. Once it could be done for half this money, but of late years, particularly since the great famine, prices have gone up full one hundred per cent. I speak of these boys to-day for two reasons. One is this. It has been said that some of our good friends are not so mindful as they might be of their obligations in this matter. If I am not mistaken, the Cor. Sec. and Treas. at home has written us to this effect. So I would just stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance, my brethren; for, as you have adopted a child in our school, and that child has been named for you or some friend of yours, it seems most natural and right that you should keep your promise and contribute to his support. For certainly, unless you do thus contribute, and preserve your interest in the child, it can neither be fair nor friendly to call the child by your name. For what else but a taunt could it be to call a boy Brown, or Jones, or Smith, long after Messrs. Brown, Jones and Smith withdrew from his support? Then again, what an awkward thing it would be to change a boy's name every time his patron falls up at home,—to call the little protegee Bob the first year, Dick the next, Tom the next, and so on; I freely confess my dislike to this plan of giving Bengali, Oriya, Mussulman or Santal children our English names. They never set well, are rarely pronounced so that the givers could recognize them, and serve sometimes to create invidious distinctions among our school boys and girls. Besides, I see no particular advantage to be derived from this foreign nomenclature. Among the natives, particularly among the Santals, a boy's English name always seemed to me to be regarded as a sort of a sobriquet,—a *nom de guerre*,—assumed in Christian company, but quickly enough dropped when back in the jungles. Still I am not writing to-day out of my dislike to this naming system, but rather out of my deep desire that those dear friends at home who go so far as to adopt and name a child in our Mission schools, should be true to their trust and continue to cherish the child, not in their pockets only, but much more in their hearts.

First, let our friends give the subject their careful and serious thought before taking steps towards adopting children in

this heathen land. It is not a thing to be done with a jerk, nor is it done when you have sent your name with the money to Bro. Libby. Think of a thing or two. Are you prepared to assume the responsibility of adopting a child in India? I mean the moral and not the pecuniary responsibility; for I fancy there are few who can not, if they will, pay so little as a dollar a month for the support of an orphan child. But the main point, as I look at it, is the moral responsibility in the case; and this is more in danger of being forgotten than the money. A worldly and wicked man once said to me with a gay laugh, "I'm god-father to several babies, and all I have to do is to give them each a silver cup when they grow up and are confirmed." "This man had more than once been questioned by the priest,—"Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?" and had answered, "I renounce them all;" still he cared little for these things. I would as soon have Satan for my child's god-father as such a man. Now all the popery apart, there is something very truly good and beautiful in this having god-parents for children, and where the arrangement has been entered into with Christian sincerity and devotion, it has many times been blessed of God to the salvation of souls. But the case above was cited to show how far one may fall in the first place to correctly understand his obligations, and, as a necessary consequence, fail to discharge his important trust. We would have our brethren and sisters fully prepared to assume the responsibility, not merely signified but unquestionably involved in the adoption of a child? Are you willing to work for the child's salvation? Do not fancy that, because the boy whom you select is far away, where, it may be, you can never see him, and under the immediate care of a missionary, you can do nothing for his soul. God hears many prayers in America and England for India, and he can hear yours for the child you adopt. In the history of our own mission, how often has the fervent, effectual prayer of our brethren across the sea been heard in our behalf? Each of these adopted boys and girls should be prayed for daily and earnestly by the friends in America. Let them not rest until they know the children are safe in Christ's fold, and then on, even to the end, let them pray for their usefulness among their pagan countrymen. I believe that, were there a truer heart-interest on the part of Christians at home in these children, more of them would turn out well and become a blessing to their native land.

Still, it is always best to look the facts in the face. Let our brethren bear in mind that these children are born of pagan parents, and from their earliest moments are beset by the worst possible influences. It is a task of no ordinary kind to teach and train these children in our mission schools. How many times the most zealous missionary feels discouraged and thinks it is of no use to try again. But the Lord is near to help, and he gives the worker heart to try again, over and over a thousand times. And how sweet is success amidst such scenes of severe trial! Thank God for the precious ones saved at last from Satan's snares! When we behold them doing the Master's work and striving most heartily to save others, we forget the trials of the past amid the present triumph.

Only another word remains to be said about this matter. We accept the charge of these twenty-seven boys as a sacred trust, and by God's help shall do the best we can for their welfare. But it would be a peculiar pleasure,—I speak for myself,—to hear occasionally from those friends who have adopted these children. We shall always be glad to tell them how their boy or girl (for there are several adopted girls in our home) is getting on. It is not to be expected that all of these boys will become ministers, nor is it desirable. Some of them the Lord may call (we should hate to if he did not) into the work of the ministry. I am happy to mark certain pleasing indications in this direction on the part of some. Others will become teachers, printers, farmers, and so on, filling, we hope, some noble and useful sphere in life. We shall try to be faithful to you, my friends, and let you know the truth about these children. Should the boy turn out badly, die, or run away, we shall tell you of it, provided always that you keep us in communication with yourselves. At present I do not know the names of half the parties who have boys in this school, and the address of but very few. Let us hear from you, then, dear brethren and sisters, and may the Lord help you and us to work hard for these children.

We are just now right in the height of Durga puja, the great social festival of the Hindus. Thousands from all the country villages round about are here to look at the gay goddess and listen to the merry music. The town is overflowing with people. My heart turns away from the noisy crowd, and prays for the speedy coming of that day when even in this pagan city of Midnapore there shall be a holy convocation unto the Lord. Oh, I long to see the multitudes coming in from every side to crown our Jesus King. How long, oh, how long, before that glad day greets our eyes and

gladdens our hearts? But it is coming, reader; yes, it is surely coming. Down in southern India the Tellugus are turning unto the Lord by hundreds. We catch the swell of their jubilee chorus across the plains, and we listen for the rumbling of his chariot wheels who comes to save the poor Bengalis and Santals. Our hands are in the work, our hearts are on the promises, and our eyes are looking for his coming who hastens to our relief and the land redemption. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

J. L. P.

Special Correspondence.

LA FLEGERE TO GENEVA.

The Flégère is a mountain some seven thousand feet in height; the highest point easily attainable, however, being some eight hundred feet less than that. This is commonly known as the Croix de la Flégère, and is resorted to solely for the magnificent view it affords of the Mont Blanc range and adjacent mountains. Numbers go up daily, and we judge from the register at the little inn near the summit, that it is quite a favorite resort. The route thither is by a mule-path which may be easily followed; so, dismissing our guide, we attempt the ascent alone. Taking a voiture to the little town of Les Pres at the base of the mountain, we are soon following the path up the mountain side. The ascent is so abrupt that a zigzag path is the only feasible one. For three quarters of an hour we follow the course of a former avalanche, which has entirely devastated the tract over which it passed. The sun pours down its rays intensely upon us, and we are heartily glad when the forest is gained; an hour or two after which we reach the summit. The view before us here is simply glorious. The entire Mont Blanc range is in full view from the famous Col de Balme on the extreme left, to the Glacier des Bossons extending into the valley miles away to our right. Nearly in front of us rise the jagged needle points of the Aiguilles Vertes, to a height of some 13,500 feet, and near them the similar peaks of the Aiguilles Rouges, which, as the name indicates, resemble immense needles, the former of a greenish, the latter of a reddish color, while farther to the right is Mont Blanc himself, with his eternal snow-fields, rising more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; and standing in front of this little inn we can count distinctly eighteen different mountain peaks, ranging in height from seven to fifteen thousand feet. Beneath us may be seen, to the left, the Glacier de Tour, and a little to its right the Glacier d'Argentière; directly in front of us across the valley we have a fine view of the Mer de Glace, miles in extent, with the Glacier des Bois at its feet; and far to the right the Glacier des Bossons, noted for its great size; while directly at our feet, and separating us from all these, is the beautiful Chamounix valley with its numerous little towns. From this point may be distinctly seen among others the little town of Argentière. This we are anxious to reach to-night; it looks only a little distance, just there at the foot of the mountain, though we afterwards find it to be miles away, even from the mountain base. If only the descent might be made on this side, what a saving of time would be effected! We determine to make the attempt. Upon inquiry we learn of the existence of an old path, which if followed will lead us down to within easy distance. The same time that would bring us back to the carriage by the regular route would, if this path were followed, take us nearly to Argentière, besides affording a pleasant variety. We will not attempt to describe the experiences of that afternoon. We found quite as much variety as we had desired, though of a different sort. As we descended, the path grew more and more indistinct until it was lost entirely; night came on, accompanied by one of those sudden storms of wind and rain so frequent in these Alpine regions; we crossed the path of frequent landslides, where, even as we attempted it, a large mass of debris, started by our own weight, moved some feet down the steep mountain side; we clambered down cliffs so steep that the only possible way to preserve one's equilibrium was to let one's self down by branches of trees and surrounding shrubs; at length, gaining the foot of the mountain, we found ourself unable to cross the river; and after wandering still farther in search of a bridge, we at length arrived, full of weariness, at Argentière. This would seem to have been enough, and doubtless would be, for a more experienced pedestrian; but we remember the inevitable lameness and stiffness which must result to-morrow from the unusual fatigue and exposure of to-day, and determine to attempt reaching one of the other little villages which looked so near when we were at the top of the mountain, but which disappeared as soon as we started on our downward journey. So on we go, determined to reach the farthest possible point to-night. We soon find that the day's labors have told upon our strength even more than we had thought, and as the weary miles drag by we long inexpressibly for a resting place, and at length find hospitable welcome in a peasant's cottage.

It is late next morning, before we bring ourselves to the task of rising, and descending from the lodging loft to the family apartments. But at length we do so, and

passing through a dark and gloomy passage, we find them to consist of two large rooms which together occupy one end of the ground floor of the building. One of these is used as a kitchen, while the other serves as drawing-room, sleeping apartment and dining-room; the table being constructed of rough boards, with benches for chairs. And this, I learn, is a fair sample of the home of Swiss peasants. A single exception might here be mentioned, however. This house had no balconies, which very rarely happens in a Swiss house; the homes of even the poorest peasants usually having at least one balcony for each story.

Although lame and weary, we are anxious to be on our way; accordingly, after a breakfast worthy a more extended notice, and paying our landlord a little more than hotel prices in this country, we set out again with guide and mule for Martigny by way of the famous Tête Noire Pass. The rain has been pouring all the morning, but we can not wait longer for fair weather, and so, providing ourself with an umbrella, off we go. Our guide is thoroughly acquainted with the whole region, so, instead of following the prescribed route, he takes a shorter one by a goat-path across the mountain spur. After a circuitous course through the valley, the base of the mountain is reached, and we see just before us a most abrupt ascent for some distance, after which the path winds along the mountain side. After re-tightening the saddle-girth and examining the various straps upon which strain may come, the guide takes the long strap, by which the mule is led where the footing is dangerous, and by which he is sometimes almost dragged up difficult places, and up we go. A little farther, and we come to a portion of the path where we have literally to ascend stone steps for a short distance, at the head of which an abrupt turn is made in the path, and we pass between a high rock and the steep bank. Just here the passage is so narrow that we must draw our feet up under us to prevent their being bruised.

Half an hour more, and we have gained the main road from Chamounix to Martigny, which, though in reality only a mule path, is still sufficiently wide to insure safety. A little farther, and we reach the highest point in this valley, which is itself nearly five thousand feet above sea-level. This point is marked by a huge wooden cross erected at the road side. The rain has been diminishing by degrees since we set out, and now, just as we draw near this cross, the clouds break overhead and the sun shines out in all his brightness.

From this point two streams flow, one to the North, falling into the Rhone, the other to the South, emptying into the Arve. How much depends upon beginnings in life!

Leaving at our left the Eau Noire, with its somewhat noted cascade, we pass on, down this stony gorge, wild and desolate, on, past numerous chalets, following the course of this mountain stream, which soon becomes a roaring torrent. Now we pass a quaint old church protected from avalanches by an immense stone wall some twenty feet in thickness. As we advance, the valley becomes narrower and the scenery grander, and in a few moments we cross the stream which forms the boundary between French and Swiss territory.

A little farther on we arrive at the Hotel de Tête Noire, a pleasant looking little house, in a wild and most romantic spot. Within a few rods of this place we pass one of the wildest portions of the whole route. The path, which for some distance has wound along the mountain side, here passes through a tunnel in a jutting ledge, emerging from which it passes along the side of a perpendicular cliff by a mere shelf, while hundreds of feet below may be heard the roar of a wild mountain stream. At this hotel we may stop for dinner and rest, and dismiss the mule.

After an hour's walk from this point, through a most lovely valley, the summit of the Col de Forclaz is reached, shortly after which we come upon a prospect such as one rarely beholds. Directly at our feet, far below, lies the village of Martigny, and beyond it, a view of the beautiful Rhone valley for twenty miles or more; while a little to the left are the Bernese Alps stretching far away in the distance. A walk of two hours more by a steep zigzag path, brings us to what was once the Civitas Vallensium of the Romans, but which is now the busy little town of Martigny. From this point the ascent of the Great St. Bernard is made.

Leaving on our left the ancient castle of La Balaz, erected by Peter of Savoy in 1260, and dismantled in 1519, we pass directly to the depot, whence a ride of a few minutes brings us to Vernayaz, where we are to pass the night. This place, though now boasting but a few houses, and only peasants for inhabitants, is destined to become prominent as a place of resort. Situated as it is in this beautiful Rhone valley, amid the grandeur of lofty and snow-crowned mountains, it must become a place of summer resort as soon as its attractions come into notice. From this point small glaciers may be visited with comparatively little difficulty, so that travelers who have not time or inclination to attempt the fatiguing tour of the Chamounix valley, may here find the attractions of that renowned locality on a smaller scale, and all accessible by rail. Just at the rear of the new

hotel is the rocky entrance of the Gorge du Trient. This may be ascended for half a mile by a wooden walk, suspended over the foaming torrent by iron rods from the overhanging ledge above, it being merely a cleft in the solid rock, which rises on either side to the height of four hundred and twenty feet. The width of this chasm varies at the bottom from five to fifty feet, while overhead the opening is so narrow that into these depths the sunlight never comes. At the upper end of the walk is a picturesque fall of thirty feet, below which the water is said to be fifty feet deep; and from here to its mouth the depth ranges from ten to thirty feet. The whole effect of the angry torrent below, as its roar reverberates through this lonely place, is weird enough; and we turn with a shudder to seek again the light of day. Not far from the Gorge du Trient is the Pissevache, a cascade of rare beauty, where the mountain stream which drains the glaciers of the Dent du Midi falls from a height of two hundred feet.

The remaining distance to the shore of Lake Geneva is accomplished by rail. A short distance from Vernayaz brings us to the site of the ancient town of Epaunum, which was destroyed in the year 563 by one of the frequent mud-streams which flow down from the mountains in wet seasons; and in a few moments more we pass the Chapelle de Veroliaz, which tradition says stands on the spot where the six thousand soldiers of the Theban legion suffered martyrdom. A little farther, and we pass an old abbey which enjoys the reputation of being the oldest ecclesiastical establishment on this side of the Alps, and is said to have been founded in the fourth century. A ride of about an hour more brings us to the renowned castle made famous by Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," after visiting which a ride of four hours on beautiful "Lac Léman," with its clear blue depths, thickly dotted with little barks bearing the graceful and picturesque lateen sail; passing in rapid succession lovely spots whose names have become familiar to us through the poets; gliding swiftly by groups of magnolias growing in great luxuriance, with here and there a grove of Cedars of Lebanon; past vineyards in endless succession, with ruinous old castles of historic interest, too numerous to mention; while snow-capped mountains tower far above all,—we arrive again, somewhat the worse for wear, though by no means regretting the adventures of our journey, at Geneva.

AMATEUR.

Geneva, Oct., 1870.

Events of the Week.

THE WEATHER.

The mild and dry weather is something remarkable. The very open winter of a year ago, the unusual heat of the summer, and the marked absence of heavy rains during the early autumn, had led the weather prophets to predict severe storms and sharp freezing during the later autumn months. But the facts are all at war with the theories. It is very rare that the first of December reaches us in such a mild mood as during the present year. Most of November has suggested the Indian Summer; the roads are dry and mellow as in September; the grass is green and succulent; frosts appear rarely; the streams flow as freely as in July; ice is wanting even on the quiet ponds; skates are a drug in the shop windows; it seems simply ridiculous for the carriage merchants to offer sleighs in the market; and overcoats and flannels lie uncalled for on the shelves. The streams and springs are very low; many wells have wholly failed; and a thorough freezing without heavy rains seems prophetic of disaster. But the wood and coal are saved; the poor feel less than usual the pinching of cold and want, and Providence may still be trusted to take good care of the world and its inhabitants.

NEW PUBLIC DOCUMENTS, &c.

The reports from several of the Heads of Departments are already given to the public. They are unusually interesting, valuable and suggestive. Gen. Sherman's report on the army, the report from the Bureau of Education, that on Indian Affairs, and the statements and suggestions from the Post-Office Department deserve special mention. We have no space for even a fair abstract of documents so full of facts and figures. But they deserve reading and study, and will amply reward both, and encourage the reader with the generally wholesome and hopeful view of public affairs which they present. There is a strong plea for the abolition of the franking privilege, which ought to take effect; and the reason suggested for some such scheme of Civil Service Reform as Mr. Jencks has been urging for three years past, are many and unanswerable. The President seems determined that the public shall not have his message till it has been actually read to Congress. He appears not to have wholly forgotten how to be reticent and willful in smaller matters;—we trust it may appear that he can yet be wise and independent in those that are greater. Congress will be in session before this issue reaches our readers, and the initial letter from our new Washington correspondent appears in the proper column.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

The interruption of telegraphic dispatches, owing to injuries suffered by the cable, leave us at the time of our writing only

partially informed of the condition of things in Europe. But enough is known to justify confidence in the statement that Russia's reported disregard of the treaty of 1856 will not lead to serious complications or a general war. A conference of the European powers is agreed to, and it will probably be held at once in London and be pacific in tone and results. The Prussian army tightens its grip upon Paris; Trochu's sortie has proved wholly a failure, as his forces were repulsed at all points with heavy losses; the army of the Loire has been defeated and driven southward, while rumor makes Paladines, its commander, a wounded prisoner; Tours, the present seat of the French Government, is in serious danger of capture, and everything indicates that the great struggle draws to a close. France is discouraged except when she gets into a spasm, and Germany is paying dearly for her great victories. How the end will come and what it will be, we can not yet exactly determine.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30, '70.
OUR CAPITAL CITY.

The winter, which is almost here, will find Washington more active and expectant than it usually is, even at that season of the year. During the past few months, the enterprise and energy displayed by our business men and capitalists have been wonderful. In every part of the city, handsome blocks of stores and dwellings are going up, the streets are being paved, the sidewalks repaired, and, in short, everything improved and rejuvenated. Never, in any one year of the history of Washington, has so much been done towards enlarging and beautifying the city, as in the year of our Lord, 1870, now drawing to its close.

That grand thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, reaching in a straight line from the Treasury to the Capitol, a distance of more than a mile, with a uniform width four times as great as that of the principal streets of Boston, is rapidly undergoing the process of paving with the best and most approved kinds of wooden pavements. Up this broad road, in May, 1865, I saw the gallant armies of the nation, one hundred and fifty thousand strong; with Meade and Sherman and the rest, march to the Executive Mansion, where sat, reviewing them the President, Secretary Stanton, Gen. Grant and other high dignitaries of the land. They walked over cobble-stones, round, slippery and uncomfortable; by New Year's, those who are so fortunate as to be here, may walk on a pavement as level as a floor. Attempts to move the Capital to St. Louis, or some other western town, cause not the slightest anxiety to the citizens of Washington. We eat, drink, sleep, marry and are given in marriage, just the same as before the name of Reavis was known to anybody but the personal friends of its possessor.

CONGRESS.

Next Monday, Dec. 6th, Congress will meet. A few Senators and Representatives are here already. Several lobbyists, for schemes good and bad, have also arrived and secured comfortable quarters at the Arlington or at Willard's. They are chiefly interested in obtaining grants of land for railroad and other companies. When Congress adjourns, last July, forty-six bills granting lands to railroads were left lying on the desk of the Speaker of the House, which could not be reached, and nearly as many in the Senate. They called for one hundred and forty-eight millions of acres of our public domain. The rapacity of these lobbyists is fearful. If they could have their way, not an acre of our public lands and not a dollar of the public money would be left. Of course, most of these schemes for getting rich at the public expense will not be successful; unfortunately, some of them will. Some grants have been productive of benefits; indeed, the Pacific Railroad would not have been built otherwise; but one can not help asking,—Has not the practice continued long enough?—It is not thought that any important changes will be made in the rates of internal taxation during the coming session. Congress is disposed to await the action of the laws passed last summer, before making further reductions. The same course will be adopted in regard to duties on imports. The present tariff will be retained, with the exception of duties on railroad iron, and a few other articles of limited use, in which the people at large feel no interest. There is one article, however, over which a struggle will be had possessing an interest for us all. A strong effort will be made to put sugar on the free list, and the indications are that it will be successful. The project for the formation of a new party, although favored by such names as William Cullen Bryant and David A. Wells, is not considered formidable. The prominent Republicans here affect to view it with great indifference, although they do not disguise their opinion, that it may compel their party to abandon, as its chief basis, the issues growing out of the war, and apply itself more earnestly to the great questions of free trade or protection, internal improvements, and "revenue-reform." But the main fight will be between Democrats and Republicans for some time longer.

FOREIGN WARS.

A general feeling of distrust of Prussia is plain. People are beginning to think that Prussia expected and desired this war long before it broke out, and now wishes to see France so weakened, as not to be able, for many years, to interfere with her own ambitious plans. The recent action of Russia has strengthened this feeling, and confirmed, also, the opinion of those who have been thinking that the interests of Prussia and Russia are identical. The feeling against Russia is very strong, although those best able to give an intelligent opinion do not think that there will be war between that Empire and England.

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC ORGAN.

The Patriot, (daily and weekly) just started as the central organ of the Democratic party, and edited by Mr. Harvey, recent Minister to Portugal, is a journal of great ability, and is conducted in a fair and gentlemanlike manner. It is possessed of ample means, and bids fair to have a large circulation and influence, especially in the south. It does not take kindly to the new party, but thinks that the principles which it advocates, and which are those of Democrats generally, are soon to become ascendant. It will not go to the new party, but is willing that the new party should come to it, and be received among the faithful of the Democratic fold. PRESORT.

Communications.

Bringing Men to Jesus.

The simple narrative which John gives us, of Andrew's efforts to bring his brother to the Saviour, is most instructive and impressive. A convert of a day, rejoicing in the new experiences which that day's communion with his Saviour had given him, seeks his brother, communicates the joyful intelligence to him, and brings him to Jesus. Thus Simon Peter became a Christian. This brief, simple narrative of the Evangelist affords an illustrious and encouraging example of the result of personal effort for the salvation of souls. It is worthy of notice, that the first disciple Jesus won, the first follower he had, at once goes forth a missionary to bring others to a knowledge of the truth. He inaugurates his Christian life by bringing his brother to the Saviour. Thus we have in the very beginning of the history of the Christian church, a worthy example of Christian effort, attended with the most encouraging results.

The work which Andrew voluntarily took upon himself—the natural result of his new life in Christ—is that to which every Christian is now called; viz., to bring men to Jesus. A Christian profession contemplates a life of active service. Every Christian man and woman is bound, so much as in them is, to do all the good they can; to labor by prayer, by personal effort, by the property over which God has placed them, to advance the kingdom of Christ in the earth. The most weighty and serious questions which any Christian can propose to himself, are: In what way can I labor most efficiently in the cause of the Master? What is the particular work to which I am called? How can I manage my business, employ my time and talent, so as most effectually to promote the cause of Christ? God calls no idlers into his church. He wants no drones there. He would have every one do something, in some way, to advance his kingdom and glorify his name. He commissions every disciple to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

And this commission is higher than that of church, Presbytery or Bishop. It is a divine imposition of hands, which sets apart every believer to the work of God. There is no one to whom the word of life has come, and to whom that word has been the power of God unto salvation, upon whom the obligation of bringing his fellows to Jesus does not rest.

There are many ways in which this work can be done. Personal conversation is an effective means. And there is no more manly way of doing good than this. It was by this means that Simon Peter was brought to Christ. It was to Andrew's outspoken testimony, under God, that he owed the very first beginnings of light in his soul. And this fact is most striking and instructive. Out of the three first members of the Christian church, one, at least, was brought to Jesus by the private, quiet word of a relative. It was not public preaching, mighty miracles or powerful reasoning that convinced him. He only heard his brother telling him that he had found a Saviour himself; and the work began in his heart. Well would it be if all men and women who have been converted themselves, would speak to their friends and relatives on spiritual subjects, and tell them what they have found. How much good might be done! There are many who will listen

word from a friend, who will not listen to a sermon. Every believer ought to be a home missionary to his family, to his neighbors and his friends. How much good might be done if Christians were always ready with a word for the Master, and had his gentleness and tenderness! This is most essential in effort to bring men to Christ. It will not do to be harsh, repulsive, scolding; but gentle and winning. It is not the earnestness of the flesh, not vehemence, nor noise, nor physical fervor, that is most persuasive; but the deep, calm, solemn earnestness of the spirit. The illustrations of the value of religious conversation, in bringing men to Jesus, are almost without end.

A young man gently reproved a companion for an oath he uttered, and invited him to come to Jesus. His words were blessed to God to his salvation. A merchant told his partner what God had done for his soul, and that he had just erected a family altar. God blessed his simple story to his conversion. "Forty years ago, two travelers stopped their horses at a brook to water. As they looked in each other's faces, one spoke to the other concerning the salvation of his soul. They parted strangers, as they met, but the words of love found a lodgment in the heart on which they fell. So Champion became a Christian, a minister and a missionary. He never knew his benefactor till, in a volume sent him in Africa from this country, he saw and recognized James Brainard Taylor." What a meeting those two had when next they stood face to face beyond the swellings of the Jordan!

Religious literature, good books, papers, tracts, are agencies which may be used to bring men to Jesus. It is not always easy to overcome a constitutional reluctance in regard to speaking on religious subjects; nor does every one always know what to say. How often in such a case, a tract or a good book is made an instrument of blessing to others. A man on a ferry boat tore a tract in pieces, in sheer spite toward the pious zeal that presented it to him; but a fragment clung to his glove, and on it was the word "eternity," and that word was the arrow that pierced his conscience and brought him to the foot of the cross. The mother of Colonel Gardiner put a devotional book in his trunk when he went from home; that saved his soul. Baxter's father gave him a tract, which was the instrument of his conversion. Baxter wrote the Call to the Unconverted. Doddridge,

reading this, was led to the Saviour. Doddridge wrote the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; this gave Wilberforce his earliest religious impressions. Wilberforce wrote the Practical View of Christianity, which was made, by the blessing of God, effectual in Leigh Richmond's conversion. Among other good books, Leigh Richmond wrote the Dairyman's Daughter, a book now printed in a hundred tongues.

The influence of a holy life and godly example will lead others to Jesus. This is really the most effective way of doing good. Nothing speaks so loudly as the silent eloquence of a holy, consistent and lowly life. Its persuasive language all may utter; and it is an argument which can not be gained, resisted or eluded. All can not be learned, rich or eloquent; but all may be exemplary; and a godly life is a constant invitation to come to Jesus.

An infidel came to a pastor to converse anxiously concerning his soul. "I could always hear sermons," said he; "I was ball-proof to argument; but I could never endure the Christian life of my wife."

Now in the ways indicated, by the blessing of God, we may lead men,—our neighbors, our friends and relatives,—to Jesus. And when a soul is brought to Christ, who can estimate the greatness of the work that has been wrought, or foretell the blessed results? A Christian knew but little of the results that would follow, when he sought out his brother and led him to Jesus. He only thought of his becoming a disciple; but he not only became a disciple of Jesus, but also a preacher of the gospel and an apostle. From the occupation in which he was engaged, he became, by divine commission, a fisher of men; and on the day of Pentecost gathered three thousand souls into the gospel net. Thus, while God saves those who are brought to the Saviour, he may also employ and dignify them, sending forth the Christian minister to preach his word, or the Christian woman to teach the ignorant way of life. All may engage in this work. The weakest of us can point our friends to Jesus. And often the simple, living, faithful invitation of the convert is more than a hundred sermons.

No tongue of eloquence is needed; no logic, no powerful argument; but, with a heart glowing with love, the simple story of a Saviour found, and the invitation to come. Time is passing. Soon our day will be ended. What we do we must do quickly. Those whom we bring to Jesus we must bring speedily.

Let this be our motto, in all our Christian work: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were we all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again."

Prayer.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed."

There is prayer without words. There are well-rounded periods of supplication without prayer. There is danger of sliding into formal prayer,—prayer from habit. Not because we have any particular desire, but because it is our custom. It is our duty,—the fulfillment of an obligation. What effect such prayer may have upon God and Christ, we will not attempt to determine. But its effect upon the world and ourselves is a field of legitimate inquiry.

The same words, used a thousand times, are effective, provided only they come from the depths of being, laden with the earnest longing of the soul. But if they come only from a pious intellect, in a matter-of-course, formal way, the effect upon the listener is paralyzing to his moral sense. As far as the present effect of prayer upon the listener is concerned, it matters but little what the words are, if they are fresh from the fountain of feeling.

The simple prayer of the publican will touch every heart in a vast audience, when it comes from a soul burdened with a sense of its sin and guilt. The same words in a pompous, pharisaical or indifferent style, fall unheeded or disgustingly upon every hearer. They lift no desire to God. They send no one's thought down to the bar of conscience to inquire of his own standing before God. Such indifferent prayer is powerless upon the listener.

Then if we look closely, we shall see that the supplicants themselves are not advanced in spiritual growth by such prayer. They may think they have discharged a duty, and quiet their consciences with the hope that it is accepted of God as good service; but when we look for the real growth in goodness, for true spiritual enlargement, we find them standing still, if not actually falling back from what they were at conversion. Such praying is dangerous. The world would be better if there were less of it.

But real prayer,—real outgoing of soul after God,—real casting our finite weakness on his infinite strength,—has just the opposite effect upon the listener and suppliant. Both are really benefited,—made more Christ-like, more alive to the enterprises of practical godliness.

Formal prayer is made to discharge a duty. Real prayer is made to be answered. And it is answered. If we saw correctly, we should probably see the soul superior to its circumstances and surroundings, and a law by which its real life throes are always effectual. Its real outgoing carries it into the infinite love and strength, and in that its work can never fail. The finite blending spiritually with the infinite, becomes, in that particular, superhuman. Prayer which takes on this type is just as sure to be answered as the sun is to rise. It is in God, and in him there can be no failure.

Poor, burdened soul! Let not thy faith falter, nor thy heart grow weary of delay. The answer may not be just according to

the plan your intellect has marked out, but it will be according to the measure of your faith, and in harmony with the infinite wisdom. The essential good will be given,—the spirit of the pure prayer will be wrought into human history, without failure.

M. C. B.

Baptism and the Church.

EDITOR OF THE MORNING STAR:

When in your office a short time since, I received two copies of the *Morning Star*, for which I am greatly obliged. Permit me to call your attention to the following paragraph found under the head of "Tradition," in your issue of Oct. 12th.

"It is assumed by nearly all sects as indisputable that baptism is the door into the church; but no such thing is taught in the Scriptures. Baptism is never mentioned in connection with church membership, nor as related to the church in any sense whatever. No one is ever said to be baptized into the church, nor to be in the church because baptized, nor out of the church because not baptized. Why, then, do preachers believe and teach it? It is tradition. They are servants of the same authority which binds the Papist."

I desire to be frank with you, and say plainly that I have been accustomed to believe that "baptism is the door into the church;" and that if in this I have been wrong, I trust you will have the charity to believe that the error has been honestly held. You account for the error by saying, "It is tradition." The word "Tradition" means something that has been delivered to us. "Now I praise you, brethren, that you keep the ordinances (traditions) as I delivered them to you." If it began to be delivered and handed down by Christ and the Apostles, the simple fact that it is tradition is no argument against it. But we more generally apply the word to certain customs or usages which have been observed by the church from time immemorial, without scriptural authority. I suppose this is the sense you intended, since you attribute the "tradition" to the "same authority which binds the Papist." But this to me is a very unsatisfactory foundation for a religious doctrine or practice.

You say: "Baptism is never mentioned as related to the church in any sense whatever." Do you mean by this that baptism is not "related to the church in any sense whatever," because not so "mentioned?" If so, to what is it related? It is not a Jewish ordinance, nor a heathen custom; it is not a political institution, nor a Free Mason ceremony. It is neither authorized nor practiced by any body of people except the church. Is it merely an unauthorized tradition in the church? Certainly not, since it was commanded by Jesus Christ, who is the head of the church, and practiced by the Apostles, who were the divinely authorized builders of the church. It seems to me, therefore, that baptism must be in some sense related to the church. I can not but think that your language expresses more than you intended.

You also say: "Baptism is not mentioned in connection with church-membership." Neither is faith, nor repentance, nor remission of sins, nor the Holy Spirit, nor a holy life, in those words. Shall we therefore conclude that a person may become a church member without any of these things? Surely this would be sufficiently liberal for the wicked and the most skeptical. What do the Scriptures "mention" as conditions of church-membership? We shall be thankful for a little light, even a little *Star*-light on this question.

You ask: "Why then do preachers believe and teach it?" I regard it proper for you to ask this question, and you ought not to ask in vain. Those who thus believe and teach should furnish the answer. Notwithstanding you have said, "It is tradition," I feel constrained to give my own response to your question, and shall be glad to have you present it to your readers.

I. My first argument to prove that "baptism is the door into the church," is drawn from the identity of "the church," and "the body of Christ." It must be conceded that the proposition is not asserted in the Scriptures in these words; it is but an inference from Scripture statements regarded as premises. But if the inference be logically drawn, it must be accepted as Scripture truth.

1. The church is the body of Christ. Christ "is the head of the body, the church." Col. 1: 18. The word "church" here is in apposition with body, designating the same thing. "And gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body." Eph. 1: 22-3. "For his body's sake, which is the church." Col. 1: 24. The church is here asserted to be the body, and the body asserted to be the church. Christ is "the head of the church," Eph. 5: 23. "He is the Saviour of the body," and gave himself for the church." Now he is not the head of two bodies, for there is but "one body" which he authorizes. Of that body he is the head. He is not the Saviour of one body, yet gave himself for another body, the church; but he is the Saviour of the same body that he gave himself for, viz., the church.

Again, The members of the church constitute the body of Christ. "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular." 1 Cor. 12: 27. This language was addressed to "the church of God which is at Corinth." Hence the pronoun "ye" stands for the "members of the church," who are therefore asserted to be "the body of Christ." "We are members of his body," says Paul. Eph. 5: 30. The pronoun "we" represents those who are "members of the church," who are therefore asserted to be "members of his body." It is worthy of notice that the phrase "members of the church" is not in the Scriptures; but we have "members of his body," an equivalent expression, because "church"

and "body" represent the same thing. I flatter myself that from these reasonings you will not dissent, and hence you will agree with me in the identity of "the church" and "the body of Christ."

2. We are brought into the body by baptism. Says Paul: "We are all baptized into one body."—1 Cor. 12: 13; into "the same body."—Eph. 4: 6; "whether we be Jews or Gentiles, bond or free." Paul also says: "We are baptized into Christ." Gal. 3: 27; Rom. 6: 3. But to be "baptized into Christ" is evidently the same as to be "baptized into his body." These expressions represent baptism as the initiating ordinance "into Christ," into "his body, which is the church." But this is just what we mean when we speak of baptism under the figure of a "door." It sustains the relation of an entrance; it is the initiatory ordinance. We conclude, therefore, that "baptism is the door into the church," or as it is well stated by Dr. Chiffolia: "Baptism is the initiating ordinance which introduces us into the visible church."

II. My second argument is based on the identity of "the church" and "the kingdom of God."

1. The church of God, or of Christ, is the kingdom of God. Our Lord says to Peter: "On this rock I will build my church; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The coherence of our Lord's words here depends upon the words "church" and "kingdom of heaven" being used in reference to the same thing; hence their identity. Therefore, whatever brings us into the kingdom brings us into the church.

2. We are brought into the kingdom by something analogous to a birth. Hence Jesus says: "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." This he explains by saying: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." This is the new birth. While the Saviour says a man "can not enter into the kingdom of God" without this new birth, he implies that a man does enter the kingdom by being born again. To be "born again" is to be "born of water and of the Spirit." There are not two processes nor two births here expressed, but two parts of one process, of one birth, and both parts are represented as equally essential. What then is the allusion in the words, "born of water?" I understand it to be baptism, because it is the only institution in the kingdom of heaven in which there is anything to do with water. I know not what other answer can be given. Says Timothy Dwight: "To be born of water here means baptism." Hence baptism is a part of the new birth, without which we "can not enter the kingdom of God." This leads to the same conclusion as in the former argument, that baptism sustains the relation of an entrance, a door; it is the initiating ordinance into the kingdom, and therefore "the door into the church," since the church is the kingdom.

In your editorial concerning the "Disciples," in the *Star* of Sept. 21, I find this sentence: "They refute the old, unscriptural tradition, that baptism is the 'door into the church,' a mere organizing act, rather than an act of personal consecration to Christ." My understanding of their position on this question is this: They hold to the old, scriptural tradition, or doctrine, that "baptism is the door into the church," not merely an organizing act, but also an act of personal consecration to Christ.

Permit me to say in conclusion, that I submit these views and reasonings to your calm consideration, and if in any respect they are incorrect or obscure, I hope the serene light of the *Morning Star* will dawn upon the darkness, dispel the gloom, and usher us into the brightness of an effulgent day.

W. W. HAYDEN.

West Pawlet, Vt., Nov., 1870.

Rev. Benjamin Bundy

—Departed this life at his residence in West Parishville, St. Lawrence, N.Y., Aug. 25, 1870, aged 74 years. On Sabbath, the 14th, he preached to his people in usual health. On Monday evening he was taken ill with what proved to be typhoid fever. As the disease progressed he became delirious, in which state he continued for some days with intervals of recognizing his friends. The writer visited him on Monday, the 22nd, and he instantly recognized him. Taking his hand which was extended, he spoke of his illness, and asked if his confidence was unshaken in the gospel he had preached so long. He replied: "Just the same;" and then, as if fearing the return of delirium, he said quickly, "I want to hear you pray." His mind was clear till the close, when he responded, "Amen."

Father Bundy was born in Conn. in 1796. When about 15 years of age, his parents having removed to Vermont, he was converted in the town of Randolph, under the labors of Elders Aaron Bazzell and Nathaniel Bowles. He was baptized by Eld. Bowles. At the age of 25 he was married to Miss Betsey Kibbey. Soon after his marriage he began to preach, and some years after he was ordained by Elders Kimball and Hall, in the town of Berkshire. He subsequently moved with his family to Moores, Clinton Co., N. Y., where he organized a church and resided many years. During his residence here he spent much time in labor as an evangelist, preaching in the "region round about," and in distant towns and counties without hire, only in souls converted. Thirteen years ago he removed to Parishville, a field where he had labored much previously, and where many could testify that the gospel he preached came to them not in "word only but in power." Here he has continued to reside and to preach, as opportunity and health permitted, surrounded by friends and respected by all who knew him, till called to his reward.

At his funeral a large congregation as-

sembled at the church, and Elder R. Parks preached on the occasion by request of the deceased. Six other ministers took part in the funeral solemnities.

Also died in West Parishville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Oct. 27, Sister Betsey Bundy, widow of Rev. B. Bundy, aged 76 years. At the time of her husband's death she was quite feeble, and continued to decline till the lamp of life went out. Sister Bundy gave her heart to God in her youth, and through her long life maintained her Christian course, always in sympathy with her husband in his labors to bring sinners to Christ. She was a helpmeet indeed; she loved the house of God, and found her chief joy in the prosperity of the church. Her last days were peaceful, and she was satisfied to close her eyes upon earthly things to enter the rest that awaits the weary traveler here in the paradise of God. They leave two children with their companions, and a grandson, with numerous friends, who will cherish their memory.

Funeral services by the writer, assisted by Revs. T. Jefferson and R. King. Text, Phil. 1: 21. "To die is gain."

WM. WHITFIELD.

Pierpont, N. Y.

Rev. Ebenezer Nichols.

Rev. Ebenezer Nichols died in Palermo, Maine, Oct. 6, of consumption, aged 67 years. The deceased was formerly a resident of the town of Morrell, where he for many years lived a most respected citizen. He married in June, 1859, the daughter of Deacon John Marden, one of the earliest settlers of Palermo, with whom he lived very pleasantly the remainder of his life. He experienced the religion of Jesus Christ when but a very small boy, of about ten years, and united with the Freewill Baptist church in Morrell at the age of eighteen years.

In 1854 he was licensed by the Montville Q. M. to preach the gospel, which office he truly and faithfully performed till his death, going down through the dark valley with his whole armor on, ready to meet that glorious reward offered the "pure in heart."

We shall miss our dearly loved brother, —miss him at home, abroad, in the church, and every where. He was a generous member of the Foreign Mission Society, for many years a subscriber to the *Morning Star*, though very often giving it to some needy family. He gained the title of a perfectly upright, honest man; social in his disposition, domestic in his habits, ever ready and always faithful to warn the youth, to instruct the middle aged and counsel the old in wisdom's ways. Long will his memory be enshrined in the hearts of thousands of his associates. Never shall we forget his advice, his prayers, and the warm clasp of his hand.

Funeral services were performed by Rev. J. Hambleton, in a very solemn and impressive manner.

A. K. M.

Palermo, Nov., 1870.

Gleanings.

THE GREAT OBJECT. The great object of life should be to do good and to prepare for eternity. There is no time to be lost. With us, the scenes of mortality will soon close. Death will soon come. Then, if we have neglected duty, sad will be the prospect before us. To secure the blessings of the gospel, now is the time to act.

TREASURE—HEART. A man's treasure and heart always go together. If his treasure be in heaven, his heart will be there; but if his treasure be on earth, his heart will also be there. Thus it is unwise to lay up treasures on earth. But on the other hand, Christ explicitly exhorts us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven.

RELIGION AND WORLDLY WISDOM. The religion of Christ and the wisdom of this world should never be blended. There is no more affinity between them than between light and darkness. The difference is so obvious, no one need err. Christ's religion gives life to the soul, and fits it for a happy reception in heaven. The wisdom of the world exalts the heart and ruins the soul.

SECRET PRAYER. There are perhaps hundreds of professors who never pray in secret. Such persons must be destitute of true love to God. They must be guilty of base ingratitude. What! has man become an independent being? Has he no temptations, no besetting sins? Has he become so holy that he desires none of heaven's choice blessings? Is God under obligation to preserve life and health without any just returns made to him? No; not by any means. It is, therefore, the duty of man to thank and adore God's holy name for his continued favors. It is not only our duty, but our most exalted privilege to hold communion with our Maker.

LIVE BETTER. Have you lived a wicked life? If so, live better. Have you lived a good life? If so, there is opportunity to live a little better. Yes, by all means do better. No one can do too well. No one can be too well prepared to depart this life, and to enter upon the one to come.

A HARD WAY. The sinner has a hard way. It is not so easy as some imagine. "He who follows the world, as much as he who follows Christ, must take up his cross;" and assuredly it will prove a more oppressive burden. Vice allows all our passions to range uncontrolled; and where each claims to be superior, it is impossible to gratify all. The predominant desire can only be indulged at the expense of its rival.

AVOID BAD COMPANY. Is it right to associate with the wicked for amusement? Do the Scriptures approve it? No. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise,

but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

PRESENT JOYS. Backslidden professors have nothing to say about present joys. If they have occasion to speak of their religious feelings, they refer back to the time when they professed religion. Then they have no more to say about religious enjoyment. Their religion must have been of short duration. But what will be the end of such persons, if they do not seek renewing grace?

BE EXEMPLARY. Be exemplary in your conduct. Many professors are quite deficient on this point. Little do they seem to consider that the religion they profess binds them under the most solemn obligations to live exemplary lives. They should remember that they are closely watched by scoffers; consequently, they should set good examples before the world. If this be not done, vain is their religion, vain are their hopes of heaven.

CONVERSATION. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."—This is an important passage. How profitable conversation might be, if it were conducted in a proper manner. But such is not always the case. Friends meet and part. They converse; but what is it about? Worldly affairs. Nothing is said that ministers grace. Now a different course should be pursued. When friends meet, their aim should be to build each other up in the most holy faith. The impenitent should be warned, and the pious encouraged.

HOPE. This is a consoling word. It buoy up the broken heart, and dries up the flowing tear. To man the hope of better days imparts new energy. The hope of heaven calms his fears and soothes his distresses. But it is well to examine the foundation of our hopes. If they are not substantially fixed, disappointment will sweep away the fondest hopes of life and immortality. No one should rest assured of heaven, until he can say with confidence, that his hope is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

S. H. B.

Not Knowing Christianity.

In the *Liberal Christian*, (Unitarian,) lately it is stated that, "It is still a question what real Christianity is, and perhaps will always be a question." "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" The writer has the title Rev. prefixed to his name, yet does not profess to know what Christianity is. If he does not know what Christianity is, he does know not as he himself is a Christian. And pray what is the paper in which the above is published? It is called *Liberal Christian*, but if it is not settled what Christianity is, it is not settled what it is to be a Christian.

A babe might tell what Christianity is, as Bunyan says of another matter. The power of Christ's grace has been attested by miracles; the doctrine he taught has withstood the fiercest opposition; has been the means of what reform has taken place among men; has made great multitudes happy; has given support in trial, persecution and death; and yet some professedly religious teachers do not know what Christianity is. Can they tell what sin is? What unbelief is? What infidelity is?

Go and learn what Christianity is, if you do not know. Sit at the feet of the great Teacher for instruction. Become his disciples. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." Then one can testify what he has seen and felt.

F.

Begin and Close with Prayer.

In the morning the mind is calm; the temptations of the day have not beset you; the duties of the day have not begun to vex you. Before you go to the duties of the day, to its cares and anxieties and temptations, begin the day with prayer. Temptations you certainly will meet; trials of virtue and patience will overtake you; and many times before night you will need the aid of your Father to help you. Go to him and ask his counsel to guide you, his power to uphold you, his presence to cheer you, his Spirit to sanctify you. Then will you have done what is equivalent to half the duties of the day, when you have thus engaged his care and assistance. And when the evening comes, when you have done with the duties of the day, the body is wearied and the mind is jaded, when the world is shut out by the shades of night, when you come to look back and review the day, when you see how many deficiencies have marked it, how many imperfections still cluster around you, how many sins stare you in the face, how little you have done for yourself, or for others, or for God, the day past, then is the hour for prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have one to whom you can go, and who will hear you; one who will forgive you if you are patient and ask in the name of Jesus Christ; one who will accept your evening sacrifice and give you strength for the morrow, and gird you with his righteousness. This hour, if rightly improved, will be like the cheering countenance of a much beloved friend. Take care that nothing comes between you and these hours devoted to God.

S.

WORLDLY ENJOYMENT.—Often, when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me, "What madness is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery?"

To tell your secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which you are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

Selections.

Ory of the Church.

Jesus, Saviour! pass not by—
Pass not by!
Lo! we join, as one, to cry,
"Bless us also, pass not by!"
Lord, fulfill Thy promise now,
Pour Thy Spirit while we bow;
Turn to us, as one we cry,
"Pass not by!"

We have heard Thy footsteps near—
Pass not by!
Pause, behold the pleading tear,
Listen to the longing sigh!
Jesus, Saviour, come at last,
Lest, in blessing, we be passed;
When Thy Spirit is so nigh,
Pass not by!

Prostrate in Thy path we lie,
Pass not by!
Lest our very faith should die—
Lord, we wait before Thee bring;
To Thy garments we will cling,
All our need before Thee bring;
Son of David, hear our cry—
Pass not by!

Lord, we can not let Thee go,
Pass not by!
In our midst Thy presence show;
Till Thou bless us with Thy cry:
Breathe, Oh breathe on us, pray!
Tarry not, Lord, come to-day,
While we wait, and watch, and cry,
Pass not by!

The Universalist Faith.

Our attention has been called to a carefully prepared statement of the theological views of the Universalists, found in the *Christian Leader*, a paper issued by that denomination in New York. We condense it for our columns, as an item of information having some significance. As will be seen, it claims both more and less than the generally accepted creed of the body as presented twenty-five or fifty years ago. The writer admits that there may be some protestations against a portion of the statements below, but says that, in most particulars it will command the assent of the great body of Universalists everywhere. We are glad to find so much in it to approve, while from the distinctive tenet of the body in question, we are forced to express an emphatic dissent. Here is the confession:

I. Universalists, leaving others to pronounce upon their characters, are theologically Christians. They have no sympathy with any philosophy or sect which does not squarely and without so much as the shadow of ambiguity, plant itself on the foundation of the Apostles, Christ Jesus being the chief cornerstone. No person at all hesitant in accepting this much could get ordained by any Universalist Council; no person becoming thus hesitant after ordination, could find any Universalist church willing to hear him.

II. Universalists believe that God is a Person. We are incapable of conceiving intelligence, goodness, justice, mercy, as any other than attributes of personality. As law presupposes a Lawgiver, so in our belief, do wisdom, goodness, justice and mercy, presuppose a Person wise, good, just, and merciful. Any theory which limits the government of the world to blind, impersonal Force, is to the Universalist of the nature of atheism.

III. Universalists believe that the Government of God over mankind is essentially, fundamentally Paternal. In this regard our belief is peculiar to an extent perhaps not apparent at the first reading; as an illustration, often used, will here explain. The so-called "evangelical" theology habitually compares God as Ruler to the monarchs, judges, and law-executors of human governments. We never go to Roman Consuls, Persian Satraps, or British Judges, when we would illustrate the character of God as Governor and Judge. Holding that God's administration—alike in the laws He enacts, and the spirit and aim of their enforcement—is essentially, fundamentally Paternal, we seek a comparison in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Not a civil government, but a model Christian home, best symbolizes God's sway over mankind.

IV. Universalists believe that punishment for sin is salutary. To say that punishment is salutary, is not to say that sinners are saved by punishment. The two ideas are quite dissimilar. God's love alone can redeem from sin, and quicken into pure life, a sinful, bruised soul; but this love may be in subordination, wisely determined and mercifully applied, the splinters and drug that shall make the vital power the more prompt and effectual. Punishment, therefore, has a salutary aim and result, but it never usurps the place of that Grace by which alone we can be saved.

V. Universalists believe that God forgives sin, and not its penalty. A few Universalists feel that certain passages of the Bible warrant the doctrine, that punishment as well as guilt is included in pardon. But the great majority think that the explicit declaration, "God will by no means clear the guilty," and that which avers that "he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done," should receive a literal interpretation.

VI. Universalists believe that Christ is Mediator between God and Man. But they believe this in a sense the very opposite of that which the Orthodox divines attribute to these words. Our belief is that not God but man is the alienated party; hence that it is the Mediator's office not to reconcile God to man, but, on the contrary, man to God.

VII. Universalists believe in regeneration, the quickening of the human heart by God's Holy Spirit. They therefore distinguish between morality and religion—morality the love of man, and religion the love of God. But though complete morality can not exist apart from religion, religion apart from morality, the two things are different. More than reformation or the life of morality, more than philanthropy or humanity, is the spiritual life; and this ensues when the Holy Spirit vitalizes the heart. In our older and firmly established churches regeneration, or the quickening of the Holy Spirit, is the burden of sermon and exhortation, as well as of prayer and praise.

VIII. Universalists believe that the character and attributes of God are a pledge of the final redemption of all souls. Evil for a day, a year, a century, a series of centuries—that is, temporal evil—may be reconciled with the goodness and wisdom of God; for that which is temporal may be overruled for good. We must desire the final good of all; what else desire, in infinite wisdom must plan to effect, what wisdom plans, infinite power must bring about.

IX. Universalists believe that the final holiness of all mankind is specifically revealed. Of many passages which might be cited, we appeal with great confidence

to Romans v. 16—21; viii. 19—21; and 1 Cor. xv., the entire chapter. The passages commonly quoted to prove the doctrine of endless punishment, seem to us for the most part misapprehended.

X. Universalists believe that God should be loved and obeyed, simply and exclusively because of his worthiness. Heaven after death as reward, or hell after death as punishment, can not, by any psychological possibility, induce that love and obedience;—they only corrupt both by infusing into them selfish ingredients.

XI. Universalists believe in the final holiness of all. The times and seasons, they pretend not to know. Many, we think most of the Universalists of to-day, especially in the Eastern States, see a connection between the soul and its character, which makes instant redemption impossible. We hold that so long as a soul is a soul, it must have all the freedom it has now. When death removes the temptations of the body, instead of making salvation impossible, it only makes it less difficult. God's saving power is not limited as to time and place.

Scenes in Elisha's Life.

It is a quiet series of pictures we have before us, but all having one grand moral—"Have faith in God."

The first shows us a sad woman, what we should now call a minister's widow. Her husband's pittance had never been enough to feed the family. He had been obliged to borrow in a vague hope that some day he might pay. But death had come, and now the widow, crushed by the bereavement, is aroused from her grief to receive a new blow. The creditor avails himself of a new-fangled law of idolatrous Israel, (utterly at war with the law of God as given in Lev. xxv. 39.) to seize the widow's two boys as slaves. In the terror of her agony she rushes to Elisha.

"What shall I do for thee?" asked the sympathizing prophet. The Spirit of God answers, not she. The prophet is full of relief. Heaven has heard her cry, and Elisha shall act for her.

A pot of oil was all the widow's house contained of marketable value. It was nothing to the debt. Ah! little she knew, when that pot of oil first came into the house, that God was going to use it as a text for a great practical sermon of his own on faith, not only to her, but to all the world to all time. Mercies do not come in with parade. They slip in at the chinks.

The prophet sets her to borrowing. What! had she not enough of borrowing? The burnt child dreads the fire. But she recognizes Elisha as God's agent. His word is God's word. And borrow she will. But now she is to borrow not money, but pots, pots from this neighbor, pots from that neighbor, all the pots she can find. The neighbors must think her mad. It is a wonder they loan her the pots. But she is very sane. Trusting in God is the sanest thing one can do. The prodigal son, when he began to trust his father, is said to have come to himself.

Now she is in the house—a one room house, probably—with her lots of pots and her two sons. What next? The prophet has told her. She takes the original pot of oil, and begins to pour into one of the borrowed ones. It is full; and the second; and the third. The sons bring the pots, and she fills them. Now they are full. Her faith has triumphed. In its flowing white heat, she sends for more pots, but the neighborhood can yield no more. It is enough. God has supplied her wants. If she may want on the morrow, God will supply her again. She pays her debts first with her oil-property. The balance is her capital for support.

There is another pot story near the end of this dear, comforting chapter. The prophet Elisha is at Gilead. There is great scarcity of food in the land, probably on account of the war with Syria. War is the father of famine. At Gilead is a theological seminary, a school or college where the sons of the prophets are trained for the ministry, some of whom the Spirit of God will one day enter, and some he will not; but it is a godly institution. Elisha and the young men are going to eat their frugal dinner. They had collected material whence they could. One green youth, had while on his forage, carried off some colicynths, (wild gourds) from their vines. They have a tempting look to a hungry man. The colicynths go into the olla-podrida in the big pot.

"O man of God! death in the pot!" one of the tasters cries out. The whole dinner is spoiled, and where will they get another for that day? The colicynth is not only poison, but like a wicked man, has poisoned all the rest. There is a little meal in the cupboard. They can eat that. But what does Elisha do? He orders the meal, too, to be thrown into the pot. That was like telling the widow to borrow. Nay, I doubt whether the theological students had as much faith as the widow, for Elisha himself throws the meal in. When man was wholly poisoned by sin, there was a person left yet. It was the man Christ Jesus. But God threw him in too. He was made sin for us. Is not that ruin? No; it is salvation.

Elisha and his disciples found that colicynths, when God served them, were nutritious and satisfying. It is not only enough and to spare that God will give his own, who trust him, but he will turn the noxious to be wholesome. It is not only an abundant gift, but it is in store for us; but the very holiness of heaven, that would have ruined us as unpardoned sinners, is now our crown of rejoicing.

This chapter brings God and his love so very near among the pots and kettles of daily life. It tells the hard worker, the poor laborer, the lone widower, the child of adversity, not to sigh too much. The dear Lord, all full of love, is close by to provide. He that feeds the sparrows, will not forget or neglect any trusting heart. On trust in God is a greater luxury than any in kings' palaces.—*American Messenger*.

Happy Nancy's Story.

"There once lived, in an old brown cottage, a solitary woman. She was known everywhere from village to village by the name of Happy Nancy. She had no money, no family, no relatives, and was half blind, quite lame and very crooked. There was no complaint in her, and yet there in the homely deformed body the great God who lives to bring strength out of weakness had put his royal seal.

Well, Nancy, singing again? Would the chance visitor say as he stepped at her door?

"Oh, yes, I am for ever at it!"

"I wish you would tell me your secret, Nancy. You are all the time, you work hard,

you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I have not any body but God," replied the old creature, looking upward. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to be thinking about their business, or their wives and children, and they are always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave all to the Lord. I think if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, making my garden things come up season after season, he can take care of such a poor creature as I am, and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost comes after your fruit trees are in blossom, and your plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose. I never can suppose. I do not want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppositions come, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it is pretty certain you will get to heaven, while a great many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I were you I'd keep him to my heart. He'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

"She was right. We do take the demon of care, distrust, of melancholy forebodings, of ingratitude, right into our heart. We canker every pleasure with gloomy fear of coming ill. We seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. We should be more child-like to our heavenly Father, believe in his love; confide in his wisdom, and not in our own; and, above all, wait till the supposition comes, and make the best of it. Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if you would follow happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils."

Paul and Goethe.

It may seem strange to some to find these two names placed together; and yet there is a profound reason for it. I do not by any means contend that Goethe was a saint; would to heaven he had been, for a most magnificent one he would have made, a sort of Jerome and Fenelon rolled into one. Neither his theory nor his practice was unexceptional; yet his theology had strong, Pauline points in it, and his life was purer than the average of his associates. He was practically very much like Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and he never allowed himself sensual indulgences that would impair his health, or dull his relish for enjoyment. He was worldly minded, and not at all self-denying in the Christian sense; but he had a truly Pauline conception of the depravity and misery of mankind, and the utter worthlessness of human life, if this is the whole of it. No one more than he saw the necessity of a savior, and he was a true believer in the Christian religion. He was a fellow-student and table-companion of the mystical Jung-Stilling, in the medical school at Strasburg; and he bears most hearty testimony to the piety and faith of Stilling, and the wonderful answers to prayer which he received. He was a lover of the Moravians, and once joined their community, and was an intimate friend of the energetic Lavater. He tells of traveling in a stage-coach with Lavater and the rough old Unitarian, Basewood, and how they ran upon the mystic with all manner of gibes; but, says he, "the good Lavater was very patient both with the old fool and the young one." "Everywhere," said he once in conversation—"we see human depravity and misery; it is the one universal fault. Compare the first five chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. He had a wonderfully prosperous life; to all appearance he was uniformly cheerful and hilarious. He had a healthful and bright old age, and finally died between eighty and ninety without disease and without pain; he only just dropped off like a fully ripened apple. And yet, what does he say for himself? "In my life," said he, in his old age, "I do not believe I have had the amount of three weeks of happiness." Why? Because he felt within himself that infinite longing for something better than this life can give; and the great attraction of his Faust lies in the depth and power of which he expresses this idea.—*Prof. C. E. Stowe, D. D.*

Where is Your Place?

A place for every man, and every man in his place! This motto is as good for Christ's Church; as it was for the army during the war. But what is every Christian's right place?

We answer that it is the one for which God made him, and for which the Holy Spirit converted him. To mistake it is a sad blunder; to desert it is a disgrace.

Sam men—like Spurgeon and Newman Hall and Bishop Simpson—were created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, strong hearts, strong lungs and eloquent tongues, and a hunger for saving souls. To possess such gifts is a clear call to the ministry. And thousands of humbler preachers who can not attract Spurgeon's crowds, are yet as clearly called to the ministry of the Word as the London Bonaer was himself. But the vain-glorious creature who can not attract an audience except by sensational "clap-trap" or by Bismarckian advertisements, was certainly never called of God to the sacred ministry. He may draw auditors, but he commonly draws them away from places where they would be more profited.

Want our churches most need (next to the baptism of the Holy Ghost) is the development of all the members. So much is brooded upon the ministry that some of us can hardly catch a spare hour for our own family and fire-side. The Spurgeons and John Halls and Gubries are being ground to death by over-work. A city pastor is often expected to prepare three sermons or lectures, to visit the flock, to see the sick, to bury the dead, and to act on a dozen committees; and to make two or three speeches, all in a single week! The church becomes Dr. Tyn's church, or Mr. Beecher's church, or Dr. Crosby's church, or some other man's church, instead of being the people's church with some good field man as its overseer and pastor.

Now I live to work exceedingly; but not one will more than I live to see my congregation work. And no man in my flock has any more right to turn his spirit out to work upon me than he has a right to sit down upon me, or to cook or eat his dinner for him. He needs his work as much as I need mine. In revival times the whole church is alive and busy. But where and when did the Master ever

give a "four-hour" to three-fourths of our people to quit the ranks just as soon as a revival campaign is over.

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his place. If he is "apt to teach," he or she will soon gather the Sabbath school class, and will be there, Bible in hand, every Sunday, even though the rain is spattering on the pavements. Commend me to the teacher who wears a "waterproof," and always consults conscience sooner than the barometer.—*Christian at Work*.

Jesus's Tear.

Jesus wept over the woes of a single city; and do you think that he never wept over the woes of a world? He wept in public, where he would certainly restrain his feelings, as much as possible; and do you think he never wept in secret? Could he lift the sacred veil of his solitary hours; of his seasons of retirement, while an obscure workman of Nazareth; of his forty days' fasting and prayer in the wilderness; of his vigils on the mountain tops and in the deserts, what prayers, what intercessions, what tears, what tender and heavenly sympathies with the sorrows and woes of humanity, would come to light? His affections were not limited to Judea; he did not love those merely who loved him. He wept at the grave of Lazarus, and over the distress of Martha and Mary; and why not over the great congregation of the dead of more than a hundred and thirty generations past, over all the broken hearts of widows and starving orphans from the beginning of the world? Why not over the distress of all the sick, the delirium of the deranged, the agonies of the dying? Do you now see why he went about with restless assiduity to console, to comfort, to bind up broken hearts, raising the dead, curing and cleansing, and restoring men to the enjoyment of health, sight, hearing and reason? How could he do otherwise, with a heart like his? He would have done so, though no man had believed in him on that account, or returned to him a grateful word or look.—*W. G. Schauffler*.

Why Jewesses are Beautiful.

Chateaubriand gives a fanciful but an agreeable reason for the fact that Jewish women are so much more handsome than the men of their nation. He says Jewesses have escaped the curses which alight upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to injury and the agony of the cross.

The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him, and the holy woman accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulcher. Woman, who weepeth? His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

"It Is Written."

Our Saviour, when tempted, chose as his defense some word of God. In this he is an example to us. A Scotch pastor found an aged Christian looking downcast. "Well, Betty, what is wrong with you to-day?" "Ah," replied the good old woman, "he's been at me." "And what has he been saying to you?" inquired the minister. "He's been saying to me," replied Betty, "that 'it's a delusion—that the Bible's a lie—that there's nae heaven—nae hell—nae Saviour; that I'm not saved—that it's a delusion.' And what did you say to him?" asked the minister. "Say to him?" quoth Betty, "I kent better than that; I kent there was nae use arguin' wi' him; I jist referred him to the Lord."

"What's wrong wi' ye now?" I thought ye were a right," said a ragged boy, himself rejoicing in the Saviour, to another who a few nights before professed to be able to trust Jesus, but who had again begun to doubt. "What's wrong wi' ye now?" "Man, I'm no right yet," replied the other. "For Satan's age tempting me." "And what does he say?" asked his friend. "I try," said he, "to sing a hymn." "And does that not send him awa'?" "No; I am as bad as ever." "Well," said the other, "when he tempts you again, try him wi' a text; he canna staun' that."—*S. S. Workman*.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1870.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

Announcements.

1. Subscribers to the *Star* who shall, before Dec. 31, pay their subscriptions to Jan. 1, 1872, and express a desire for the premium, shall receive, postpaid, a copy of "The Church Member's Book," or of "Thoughts upon Thought." Or, by sending twelve cents to pay postage, they may receive a copy of Kennedy's work on Communion, or any unbound volume of the *Freewill Baptist Quarterly*, from the second to the fifteenth inclusive.

2. New subscribers, sending the price of a year's subscription, —\$2.50,—shall receive the *Star* till Jan. 1, 1872.

3. The next volume of the *Star* will be printed on new type of the best quality, a Department for the special benefit of Sabbath school workers will be added, fresh and ample talent will be enlisted in addition to the corps of writers now employed, and earnest efforts will be made to render the paper more varied and valuable than ever before.

We especially ask our pastors and other interested friends to labor for the increase of its circulation.

Back to the Old Home.

As will be seen by reference to the statement of the Committee on Finance, found in another column, the office of the *Star* established in New York a year since, is to be discontinued at the close of the year, at the request of the Central Board of Corporators, and the work will again center at the old headquarters.

There is no need now of stopping to speak of the reasons for entering into that expiring arrangement, of its actual working during the year, or of the reasons that have brought it to an end. Of its practical value to the *Star* itself, our readers are the proper judges; of the more general objects which it has served or failed to serve, the future will probably tell more obviously than the present. We have sought to make it serviceable, and have prized every element of wholesome variety and real strength which the maintenance of the New York office and the work of the New York editor have brought to the *Star* and the denomination. The editor has been a contributor to our columns for many years, and has put the vigor of his brain and the fervor of his heart into his articles. If his retirement from his present position shall hereafter render his contributions fewer than they have lately been, he will not be likely to permit his pen to be wholly idle, nor keep his many friends waiting vainly for his words. Anxious to speak to the denomination with which his strong sympathies, abundant pledges and earnest service have identified him, he is pretty likely to utter his thoughts where they are surest to reach its ear and awaken its interest.

As to the future management of the *Star*, it may be enough to say, at present, that every plan looks to its growth in vigor, variety and value. Its great motto is "Christian Progress." Arrangements are making to give it added features of interest. New pens are already enlisted for its columns, while those that are old and well tried will work as faithfully as ever. Still other plans are in progress for rendering the next volume a little better than any of its predecessors. It is neither needful to speak of them in detail, nor to multiply sounding words of promise. Deeds are far better than pledges, and our readers will be likely to know whether we send them a good paper or an indifferent one. To them the performance is far more than the programme; they set fruits above blossoms; and they care much less for plans than for results. We shall simply try to work for them all and each, whether their homes are nearer the sunrise or the sunset, faithfully and in a true spirit; and we have faith enough in them to believe that they are not likely to err very much in their estimate either of the work or the worker. For the rest, we commit them, ourselves and the great cause we are alike anxious to serve, to the favor and keeping and direction of God, the entrance of whose words giveth light, who brings in the morning after the darkness, and who ever guards his own. We ask our readers in return only for their believing prayer, their wise counsel and their hearty co-operation.

In consequence of the change suggested, all communications, subscriptions, remittances of money, exchanges, &c., should be sent, after Dec. 31, as formerly, to Dover, N. H., until otherwise ordered. Correspondents will be kind enough to observe this direction, and thus avoid needless embarrassments and delay.

A KIND WORD. A correspondent, writing from Chicago, speaks at considerable length of the interest which has been felt in the *Star* during a period of twenty years, which has elapsed since it began to make its weekly visits to the writer's home. The very kind words sent, both those which have a general and those which have a personal reference, are greatly prized, but they come home a little too closely to be given to the public, and so we must respectfully decline to print the pleasant communication. It is put into the private drawer in-

stead of the budget of "copy," not because it is appreciated too little for publication, but because it is appreciated too much. To know that the *Star* is helping its readers in the Christian life, is to find the highest satisfaction and the truest encouragement in the work with which we are busy.

"Baptism and the Church."

Rev. W. W. Hayden has a very good argument on our second page, in support of his belief that baptism is the door into the church. We like it, because he appeals to the divine oracles. We dislike it, because he does not regard the two distinct uses of the word "church." His argument rests upon the idea of the church as a unit, including all Christians, one body, one church, one kingdom. In this sense it is never used in the plural, and never means a local congregation, but signifies the one and entire family of God in heaven and in earth. To be in this church is the same as to be "in Christ," in his service, being united with him, members of his body, in his kingdom. Any one who is "in Christ" is a child of God by faith, and "member of his body," whether a member of any local church or not. The church was a member of this body "in Christ," though all alone, in his return to Ethiopia.

Now there are three steps to this union with Christ; two are essential, one is formal; two which must always be taken, and without which this union is impossible; one which is important, significant, declarative, but not essential in the sense that the union can not exist without it. The two are faith and repentance, and these two are one, viz., renewal of heart. The one formal step is baptism. All the scriptures which Bro. Hayden quotes set forth baptism in its relation to this personal union with Christ, the matter of becoming a Christian, and not to church membership in a local church at all.

Now there is no salvation out of Christ, out of his kingdom, out of his body. Will Bro. H. assert that there is no salvation out of the local church? The whole significance of baptism rests upon its relation to this personal union with Christ. That is what Bro. H.'s argument proves, and what we asserted. But he leaps a gulf, and without logical excuse, concludes that, because baptism is thus related to union with Christ in the one church, it bears the same relation to the local organizations, the local churches. The fact is, that all Christians are in Christ and in the one church, but they may or may not be members of local churches. If baptism is absolutely necessary to union with Christ, then it is absolutely necessary to salvation. If it is possible to be "in Christ" without baptism, it is possible to be "in his body," the one church, without it, and to be saved without it. But that argues nothing concerning the door into local churches. When this distinction is observed, which is always done in the scriptures, the tradition of men, that baptism is the door into local churches, is clearly seen to be without foundation. And we object to it most decidedly, because it degrades baptism from its high and sacred relation to birth into the kingdom, and personal union with Christ, to a mere initiation into local, incidental and transient organizations, vastly less important, permanent and glorious than the "one body," which includes all saints in heaven and on earth.

Wise Folly.

The *Independent* says: "It is difficult to conceive how any scholar, even regarding Jesus of Nazareth as a mere man, can honestly belittle him into an 'inferior man;'—and adds some pungent remarks. It is difficult to conceive of the exceeding folly of sinners, whether scholars or not; but the case is not one of scholarship at all. The greatest masters of science are often exceedingly ignorant and blind in regard to spiritual matters. They know only in part, at best, and their ignorance is always greater than their knowledge, and much of it pertains to points where common people are well instructed. There are thousands of unlearned men who are wiser in divine things than men of scholarly renown; just as they are wiser in every-day affairs of practical life than men of science who have had no experience in them.

Men are frequently misjudged. The mere scientist is usually overestimated, and they too frequently overestimate their own abilities to discuss and decide questions of a religious nature. They are often conceited and dogmatic to the last degree, when they might learn much by sitting at the feet of some unpretentious farmer, who has worked hard and thought deeply on divine affairs. Their methods of thought, their occupations, and, more than all, their spiritual position, the state of their hearts, have unfitted them for appreciating the Christian system, and especially the character of Christ. The fact that they do not know Christ, and see him only as "a root out of dry ground," argues nothing against the gospel, but indicates their own spiritual blindness. They are just where they feel the full force of objections and have ability to state them, but do not recognize the divinity which dwells in the gospel; the much that they know of the world aggravates and intensifies their ignorance of God, because they do not perceive their ignorance, and take no measures to remove it. Hence they wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. If they could but see their defects, recognize their ignorance of the vast and glorious fields of spiritual life, and as children seek instruction, their skepticism would be changed to faith, and their complacency to regret, that they had cherished such hasty and false views of Christ and his religion.

No believer should be shaken by the speculations and assertions of unconverted scholars. Their opinions concerning the Christian religion are not half as valuable

as those of the humble and experienced Christian. The most conclusive proofs of the divine power of Christ are found in the experience of believers. They have tried the gospel, and proved that there is virtue in it. With mere scholars it is speculation only; with the Christian it is knowledge. He can say,—"I know him whom I have believed;" he has derived light and love from him, and knows therefore that there are light, life, love and power in him.

Facts Authoritatively Stated.

The position of Rev. J. Hyatt Smith on the Communion question is now pretty well understood. The published attitude of his church has been questioned, and the following statement, from a responsible party, will be read with interest and settle that question. Some handle has been made of the fact that the vote was taken at the conclusion of the formal meeting of business. This does not in the least affect the practical status of the church, though it may have some legal bearing in temporal affairs. Here is the statement referred to:

At a regular business meeting of the church, a resolution was introduced, not as a law, but simply as a test of the sentiment of the church as to the proper mode of invitation to the Lord's Supper. This resolution was laid on the table to be called up at the next meeting. At the succeeding monthly meeting, on the suggestion of the pastor, Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, a motion was made and unanimously passed, giving the mover of the resolution leave to withdraw the same. Mr. Smith gave as his reason for making the request, the fact that the Master gave no form of invitation to the table, but a command,—"Do this in remembrance of me." He declared that all forms of invitation were only the devices of men, and that the duty of the pastor was to announce the supper, designating the seats appropriated to communicants.

At the close of the meeting, he asked the church to tarry, saying that, as the church was so largely represented, he should like to know how many of the members stood with him touching the matter of the Lord's Supper, and requested all agreeing with him in his expressed views to rise. Of the entire number, some ninety being present, all arose but thirteen. When the negative was called, of the thirteen, six stood up. This informal and unofficial vote clearly declares the attitude of Lee Avenue Baptist church.

Blessed Sleep.

There is so much to be done, work presses so hard, time is so short, life so uncertain, that we often grudge the hours of sleep. But when nature is weary, energies exhausted, the nerves rasped, the brain heated and reeling with overmuch care, there is no medicine, no restorative like sleep. Yet many things rob us of this boon when we need it most. Overwork, disease, remorse, fear, business troubles, and lack of faith when dark clouds fill our horizon, drive

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," away, and leave the victim to writhe, and tremble, and chafe without relief.

There are times when it is unlawful to sleep. Jesus spent a few whole nights in watching and prayer, when a mighty burden lay upon him, and his whole nature was wrought up to a tremendous earnestness. But we need not appoint such periods. They will come with the occasion, when a great sorrow, a mighty purpose, a crisis is upon us, then our souls will not rest. Then let them wrestle as Jacob did, as Jesus did, as his saints have done, when the "Spirit made intercessions with groanings which can not be uttered." But ordinarily the Christian should sleep, and take his needful rest. Knowing that God overrules all things, and cares for his cause and his people, he can say as David did when hunted by his enemy, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou Lord makest me dwell in safety." Why should he not say so? God never sleeps. He watches his slumbering children. Do we need a better guard? "He is our front and rear ward." Why should we fear?

Physiologists speak of a peculiar sleep-fluid, latent while nature is strong and fresh, but when it calls for rest, then this fluid softly flows along the nerve tracks, and gently soothes the brain, shuts down the gate of force and holds all quiet until the fountain flows, then the life-powers run fresh and free again. In an important sense, it is the hand of our Father which holds us gently, his angels watch our pillows, he will not permit us to run wildly to destruction. Hence as the Psalm has it,—"He giveth his beloved sleep."

And when feverish excitement, fear, or trouble, or burning thought, repels the gentle sleep-fluid, and we try, and try in vain, to court its return, and sink to quiet rest, there is no relief so sure and good as prayer and thoughts of God. These induce faith, content, assurance that all is well, that all will work for good, since our Father rules and watches, and so soon as we can feel that all is safe with Him, chafing repulsion ends, and sleep takes us in its arms and soothes our troubled nerves until we are fresh and strong again. Thus faith is not only a condition of life, energy and power, but also of sleep. Those who believe most firmly sleep most soundly, for having done their duty well, they leave all to God, breathing grateful praise that he worketh all things well.

LATER NEWS FROM EUROPE. Since completing the statements on our first page, fresh French dispatches tell us that Gen. Ducrot has made a sortie from Paris with from 100,000 to 150,000 troops, cutting his way through the investing German line and escaping with a view of effecting a junction with the army of the Loire; that Gen. Paladines has resumed the offensive, and is driving the army of Prince Frederic Charles before him; that the tide of success is wholly turning in favor of the French arms; that Tours is chanting Te Deums, and that France generally is in ecstasies.

We give these reports as they reach us, Saturday. We suppose there must be something in them; for though the telegraph has been generally made to lie enormously when the French have manipulated it, and the reports of immense victories have usually heralded the worst disasters, we would fain believe that there is a measure of truth here. But we must wait for the smoke to clear away, and hear the other side, which may occur before we go to press. The news of Monday morning will be found on our last page. It may or may not contradict all these reports.

Current Topics.

RESPONSES TO GEN. BUTLER. Gen. Butler's speech on our relations with England has had one good effect. It has called out an almost universal protest from both the religious and secular press against his proposal to grasp Canada, and hasten pell mell into war with the nation whose relations to us are of the closest and most fraternal sort. The South insists that it wants no more war; the North, in its best sentiment, is always averse to strife, and does not covet Canada till she comes on her own motion, as she is morally certain to do; the politicians in office see that the needless provocation of a war would speedily cost them their places; and the Christian conscience and heart of the country protest against the whole spirit of national strife. The Irish would be glad to have the Federal Government take up their sentimental and headlong quarrel; but our chief national implement is not the shillalah, but a temperate and dignified justice. It is a time now for the United States to do what may be done to provide for adjusting national difficulties by rational methods, rather than to lift up afresh the false code and brutal spirit of the duelist. Such a bangle blast as this of Gen. Butler, it is grateful to see, awakens a deep murmur of discontent instead of rallying men for a crusade or a charge. He has spoken to the nation's passion, and is answered with a growl; let him speak to its conscience and manliness, and he may hope for a better response.

REINSTATEMENT OF NAPOLEON. There was a report current in Europe, last week, setting forth, somewhat in detail, a project to put Napoleon back upon the throne of France. The *London Times* declares it to be not improbable. It then goes on to state that the terms of peace have already been settled, if not signed, with Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe, whereby, upon the basis of a cession of the strongholds of Strasbourg and Metz to Germany, Napoleon and his marshals, McMahon, Bazaine, Leboeuf and Canrobert, at the head of the remnants of the imperial guard, and three hundred thousand French prisoners now confined in Germany, who are to have their arms restored, will march in pageant from the Rhine and relieve the German guard now before Paris. They will then force a capitulation of the capital. The German troops besieging Paris, being superseded by the French, will return home, except those whose presence will be necessary to hold the ceded provinces.—Whether this is simply an ingenious and audacious canard, or put forth in some sense to feel the public pulse, we do not know. That King William and Bismarck are thorough monarchists in their personal feelings is well understood, and that they cherish a sort of contempt for what is now known as the French Republic is doubtless true; but they would hardly enter upon an effort so foolish and impracticable as this.

DISCIPLINE AND REFORM. Among the 2,000,000 of people who live in and immediately around New York, there are swarms of wicked, degraded children, either born in sin and shapen in iniquity through parental influence, or corrupted by vile surroundings. But while the destroying forces, the angels of moral death, are powerful and fearfully effective, Christian philanthropy is also active in the work of rescue. The number of children gathered into and cared for by the various reformatory institutions, such as Howard Mission, Home of the Friendless, Randall's Island, Ward's Island, Juvenile Asylum, &c., during the last year, reaches the large number of 19,500. This is a formidable army, and it is certainly a very pleasant feature of metropolitan life, that Christians face the terrific evils which roll in upon them like a flood, by such earnest, costly and persistent efforts to save the children. Thousands of those gathered into these institutions are sent into the country, and find good homes among the farmers, and grow up to be respectable men and women.

DECEIT AND FOLLY. In 1865, one John McQueen, of Hillsdale, Mich., was a prophet, seer and apostle among the Spiritualists. The *Progressive Age* and the *Banner of Light*, two leading Spiritualist papers, endorsed him as undoubtedly honest, and a most remarkable medium, whose performances put the question of supernatural communications beyond all dispute. W. F. Jamieson was another of these modern seers, almost equal to McQueen in familiar intercourse with departed souls. But now we see these gentlemen in a new role. They first made money by deceiving the people, and now are making money by demonstrating the fraud. Here is their hand-bill:

MODERN SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED.—The mystery explained. W. F. Jamieson, who has been for five years a Spiritualist lecturer and debater, and who is thoroughly acquainted with most phases of mediumship and the philosophy of Spiritualism, begs leave to announce to the citizens of this place, that he has secured the services of John McQueen, the celebrated musical manifestation medium, and who was considered by the Spiritualists to be one of the most powerful physical manifestation mediums in the world for dark-circle manifestations; and will give the same manifesta-

tions with the same conditions, that the Spiritualists declare to be necessary for spirits to manifest themselves to mortals. Spiritualists will be invited to form a circle to produce a battery, when the manifestations will proceed. They are the chiming of bells, loud convulsions and rappings, the Indian spirit war-whoop, lights, &c., etc. Spiritualists are earnestly invited to witness their exposure.

How long will sensible people trust such deceivers? When will they see that Spiritualism is a fraud and delusion?

A PLEASANT REPORT. Rev. Dr. Foster, President of Drew Theological Seminary, has just returned from a European trip, and at the New York Ministers' Meeting, made the following report of a communion season in Mr. Spurgeon's church:

Before sitting down, Dr. Foster gave also an account of his visit to Mr. Spurgeon's great church, and described a most delightful communion service at which that wonderful preacher presided. A Scottish Presbyterian divine was seated at the table of the Lord on one side of Mr. Spurgeon, and Dr. Foster on the other side. Though in a Baptist church, there was no respect of denominations. About six hundred participated in the service, which was one of very great simplicity, impressiveness, and spirituality. Dr. Foster regards Mr. Spurgeon as one of the most successful ministers since the days of the apostles. Though only thirty-seven years of age, with a ministry extending through only fourteen years, he has built and paid for the most commodious church edifice in England; has received into his church, chiefly on profession of conversion, 13,000 persons, 160 of whom are now preaching the gospel; has built and paid for thirty-seven chapels, most of which are under the supervision of pastors converted under his administration; now employs 600 Bible readers; sustains an orphanage containing one hundred beneficiaries, and supports sixty young men in college. These figures are truly wonderful, and should profoundly impress us all with the value of a single life consecrated to Christian labor, and energized by the Divine Spirit.

EXCEEDINGLY TIGHT. The New York State Baptist Convention, just held at Homer, adopted a new constitution intensely close and intolerant. The third article reads as follows:

Every regular Baptist church in the state of New York shall be entitled to elect one delegate annually to this Convention; in default of which election, the pastor of the church, if present, shall be regarded as the delegate; and every church of more than fifty members shall be entitled to an additional delegate for every hundred additional members.

By the term regular Baptist church shall be understood a church which is congregational in its polity; Calvinistic in substance of doctrine; which maintains the immersion of believers as the initiatory rite of a visible church; and restricts the Lord's Supper as an ordinance of the church to those who have been thus initiated into a body of baptized believers, and become subject to their discipline.

There you have it. The moment a church permits a Christian not "of the same faith and order" to come to the Lord's table, it ceases to be a Baptist church. What a sin it must be for a pious Presbyterian to eat the Lord's Supper, if the act annihilates a true Christian church, and converts it into a disorderly assembly, unfit for fellowship, and incompetent to administer the ordinances of the gospel! How terribly corrupting the presence of such a Christian must be to destroy a regular Baptist church, and make it just no church at all! How long shall these things be?

MORE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. We have received the first letter from a new correspondent who has crossed the ocean for a tour over a portion of Great Britain and Europe. The letter, which is well written and not without interest, deals with the features and experience of an ocean voyage, which have been so often set forth in these columns, that they have not now much freshness and awaken little interest. If we fall to find room for it in our crowded columns, it will only leave the succeeding letters a larger opportunity to appeal to the interest of our readers, for they will be fresher in both their source and their topics. We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent freely, and be glad in proportion as he deals with new themes, or with old themes in a new way.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? A correspondent, over the signature of "Pedobaptist," who ought to know the facts, and who would seem to be quite above bearing false witness, writes to inquire whether *Freewill Baptists* are leaving their old ground and giving a practical endorsement to sprinkling; and adds that "one of our prominent ministers" is reported to have recently sprinkled a person instead of immersing. The statement surprises us, as we are sure it will surprise our brethren generally. It would be natural perhaps to suppose that there is some mistake or misinformation in the case, as we can hardly understand the grounds on which a genuine Baptist, such as we have always supposed every one of our "prominent ministers" to be, could sprinkle a candidate and call the act baptism. We wait for fuller information, or for the statement to be corrected, if it needs correction. If any of our ministers, "prominent" or otherwise, are not Baptists, the first thing required by frankness is that they avow their real position, and not compromise the body they are supposed to represent.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE. This College is doing a good work in the cause of education, and shows no loss of vigor or prosperity. The catalogue presents an aggregate of thirty graduates for the year closing June 1st, 1870. Eleven were in the regular Classical course; twelve in the Scientific course, and seven in the Ladies' course. There are 52 now in the regular College course; 69 in the Scientific course; 72 in the Ladies' course; 32 in the Theological course; and 281 in the Preparatory Department. These figures are a sufficient evidence that those who have put money into this institution have done a wise and useful thing, and those who now have money to use for

Christ may give liberally to this college with the certainty of doing great good.

Denominational News and Notes.

The Morning Star.

A statement of facts seems to be called for at this time, in order to a full and correct understanding of the recent action of the Printing Establishment, in its management of the *Morning Star*. It may be sufficient to say that the obligations imposed upon the Establishment by the last General Conference, have all been discharged, so far at least as other parties have complied with the required conditions of Conference. The \$12,000 in full have been virtually paid to the Western Board of corporators; "the central paper proposed" has not appeared, and therefore nothing has been due the Central Board; the Printing Establishment has been "removed from the control of Conference," according to instruction, and the act of incorporation, as now amended, requires that "all the profits of the said Printing Establishment, not necessary for publication purposes, shall be sacredly appropriated to benevolent purposes connected with the *Freewill Baptist* denomination; and the members of this corporation shall always be members in good and regular standing in said religious denomination."

To avoid what the Central Board regarded as a necessity,—the establishment of a third paper,—the two Boards, (Eastern and Central) considered various propositions, committees met and discussed them, and obtained the opinions of other members whenever practicable; and when the Board met for official action, a committee with discretionary power from the Central Board being present, it was finally agreed (see *Star*, Dec. 8, 1869), to publish the *Morning Star* in New York, and Dover, N. H., with an editorial office in each city; the losses to be equally borne by the two Boards. It was also agreed that "this arrangement is made with the distinct understanding that the corporators of the Printing Establishment, and the corporators of the proposed 'third paper' shall cordially, and in good faith, labor to make this union of effort to publish the *Morning Star*, as above specified, a permanent plan and a practical success." Accordingly the *Star* has been published under this arrangement since the commencement of the present volume.

At the last meeting of the Board of corporators, the New York editor tendered his resignation, to take effect Jan. 1, 1871, and recommended the discontinuance of that office. The Board was unprepared for this unexpected proposition, and could only accept the resignation, and refer the question of continuing the office to the Committee on Finance, with instructions. Said Committee has since been officially informed that the Central Board of corporators approves the resignation of the New York editor, and desires to be relieved from all further responsibility in continuing that office.

There is no provision in the agreement for discontinuing the arrangement in this manner, yet, under these circumstances, the Committee regards the Board of corporators as absolved from all obligations imposed by said agreement, and has no alternative but to declare it null and void, and close the office at New York.

In announcing this change, and thus briefly the reasons that have led to it, we wish to add a few words. The managers of the *Star* do not forget that it was designed to be a denominational paper, and, in the judgment of the Committee, the purpose to make it such was never stronger than at the present time. A reference to its columns will abundantly indicate that it has been, and still is, not a local paper, but one thoroughly broad and denominational in its utterances. Knowing the comprehensive views of the editor, and his intense interest in every question that pertains to our denominational prosperity, we are sure that he would not consent to have the *Star* narrowed down to local interests, in the scope of its editorials, its communications, or its denominational intelligence,—not even if his best friends should desire it.

The patronage of the *Star* furnishes grateful evidence that it is regarded as really denominational, for its readers are not very unequally distributed among our churches in all localities. And we take pleasure in assuring the readers of more than four thousand copies, sent every week to subscribers west of New England,—and more than twenty-two hundred of them go west of New York and Pennsylvania,—that their interests, in common with the interests of others, will be carefully and constantly regarded. These many friends who look to the weekly visits of the *Morning Star* for spiritual, moral, intellectual and literary aid and enjoyment, for denominational news and general intelligence, may confidently expect that the future visits of their old friend will be no less acceptable than have been those of the past.

I. D. STEWART,
SILAS CURTIS, } Com. on Finance.
T. STEVENS,
Dover, Nov. 29, 1870.

Home Missions.

We have sent circulars to all our Ministers, asking them to take at least one collection for our Home Mission cause. What will be the response? The contents of the Mission Boxes for the quarter ending Dec. 1st, are now due. We are looking hopefully for reports. There is such a pressing demand for funds, that every liberal donation is welcomed with peculiar delight. There are the Mission churches in cities and villages in all parts of the country,—they must not be abandoned. There are evangelists, traveling from place to place, holding meetings, strengthening the feeble churches, opening new fields,—they must be kept in the field. There is the mighty work among the freedmen, so vast, so important, so necessary to the safety of our

Poetry.

Conso ation.

The leafless tree-tops sigh and moan,
The autumn winds are sad,
The flowers are gone, the birds are flown,
Earth is in mourning clad.

But o'er her sadness soon shall fall
A mantle from the sky,
Of snowy white, enrobing all
In sweetest purity.

Thus oft from sorrow, pain and loss,
A pure life shall rise;
And God's own hand shall shed on us
His blessing from the skies.

Cambridge, Nov. 1870.

A Strip of Blue.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine,
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and armies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on my airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—
The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From Heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!

The aching waters of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea,
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night—
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told.
The fringes of eternity,—
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shroud of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basements walls,
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child,—
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprass;
Now the vast temple floor,
The binding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In light or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when I'm opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

—Atlantic Monthly.

The Family Circle.

The Speckled Turkey.

BY L. M.

It was a poor, little, forlorn thing, the
wee one of the flock,—always lagging be-
hind its fellows,—standing alone with
drooping wings, calling most pitifully:
"Pee, pee, pee."

At last the farmer's wife who owned
the flock, got tired of its waitings and
resolved to kill it. But a little bright-
eyed boy came into the yard just as she
had caught the wee thing.

"What are you going to do with the
little speckled turkey?" he asked.
"I am going to chop its head off, an-
swered the woman, quite roughly. "It
is a driveling, good-for-nothing creature,
and I am sick of its complainings. It will
never come to anything, and I may as
well make an end of it first as last."

"Pee-pee," cried the poor thing, faint-
ly, as if weakly accepting its fate.

"Oh, please don't kill it, ma'am," en-
treated the little boy, who had a tender
heart. "See how soft and pretty its eyes
look. I wish you would give it to me; I
should like to have a turkey so much, for
we have none at home."

"Take this and welcome," said the
woman, placing the little thing in the
child's extended hands. "Though I guess
you won't have it long, for it is an ailing
fowl that will never live to be anything
good."

"But can't I doctor it in some way so as
to make it get well and grow?" asked the
boy, looking with a pleased face at his new
pet.

"Not that I know of," answered the far-
mer's wife; "it is weak and gets the worst
of it among the flock, I suppose, because it
hasn't spunk enough to stand for its own."
The child looked into the woman's face as
she spoke these words in a rough tone, and
saw that he could obtain neither sympathy
nor advice from her, in regard to his tur-
key; so, thinking her for the gift, he turned
away.

"Pee-pee-pee," said the poor, rejected
bird, trying to hide its little beak in the
boy's warm fingers.

So Wittle Wendell,—that was the lad's
name,—spread a handkerchief over his gift
to protect it from the cold air as he walked
homewards. Suddenly he remembered
that his mother knew nothing about doc-
toring turkeys, for she had never raised
any; and Wittle was certain that his turkey
needed medicine. All at once he thought
of Aunt Chloe, the black woman who kept
so many different kinds of fowls; certainly,
she would know how to cure his turkey;
so thither he directed his steps. The shin-
ing-faced old colored lady met him with a
smile, as was her usual custom. Aunt
Chloe loved all the children, and so, of
course, all the children loved her.

"But bress my stars," she cried, as the
turkey under its cover, began to say "pee-
pee;" "what is dis dat my little Wittle
is bringing to his old Aunt Chloe?"

Then Wittle lifted the handkerchief and
displayed his gift. Aunt Chloe listened to
the tale with attention.

"And now," concluded Wittle, "I want
you to do the best you can for my little,
dear, sick turkey, for I know that you can
tell better than anybody else what it needs
to make it strong and well."

"Dear chile," said the black woman.
"I would do all I could, but 'pears like dis
fowl are n't much 'count no how, and if de
bref of life is in it, dat is 'bout all, as I may
say."

"But you can do something," said
Wittle, discouraged to hear the case repre-
sented in so hopeless a manner.

"Can it peck de dough?" asked Aunt
Chloe.

"I do n't know," said Wittle; "but we
can try and see."

So Aunt Chloe made a little fresh dough,
sifting in a bit of black pepper. The tur-
key was then placed on a board, and the
dough spread out before it as enticingly as
possible, while Wittle stood by entreating
it to eat and get well. But no. Turkey
looked indifferently at the dough, and said
faintly:

"Pee-pee-pee."

Aunt Chloe shook her head and said:

"When you sees a turkey dat draws in
its head and drags down its wings like dat
one does, it is apt to be 'bout over wid it.
Now 'tis best for you to et me put it away
as easy as I can, and I will give you a neat,
smart chick dat will spring round right
smart and grow to be a great hen, and
lay you heaps o' eggs de fust you'll know."

"But I want this turkey to live," Wittle
persisted, in a pathetic tone; "I think it
has the prettiest eyes I ever saw, and the
prettiest voice I ever heard;—and then a
turkey comes to more than a hen, don't
it?"

"Why, yes, dey bring rather more
money when you sells 'em," Aunt Chloe
said; "but you don't care much 'bout dat,
I s'pose."

"Oh, yes, I do," Wittle answered;—
"now, just think, if my turkey should live
and lay a great lot of speckled eggs, just
as her mother has got now, why, as likely as
not, they would come to twenty dollars when I
sold them! Think of that, Aunt Chloe."

"Dear chile," said the kind old black
lady, smiling at the lad's enthusiasm, "dis
poor, we fowl won't never do no such
great things as dat, I is sorry to tell you."
"You don't know, Aunt Chloe," per-
sisted the little boy. "I want you to give
it some medicine right away."

"Well, to please you, I'll put a pepper
corn and bit of hog's fat in its bill; but it is
'bout the same as feeding a clean gone
one."

Wittle was glad to get as much as this
done for his pet. The turkey swallowed
the dose and, also, a spoonful of milk, cry-
ing "pee-pee" very loudly while in Aunt
Chloe's hand.

"I think it is stronger already," Wittle
said, quite encouraged; "and now I want
to leave my turkey here two or three days
till it is better—or—"

He could n't add the rest, but Aunt Chloe
understood what he meant, and hastened to
bring a basket with some cotton in the
bottom; with this she wrapped the poor
thing up and suspended the basket from a
hook over the stove. Wittle was alarmed
at the thought of leaving his pet in this po-
sition.

"If she jumps down, she will burn her
feet," he said; and Aunt Chloe, to quiet
his apprehensions, placed the basket in a
corner behind the stove.

"That is better," he said. "I shall call
to-morrow to see turkey, and, Aunt Chloe,
I wish you would n't say a word to mother
even if you have a chance for I would like
to give her a surprise when I take my
present home, if—"

"Yes, chile," said the black woman,
"and I will mind all you say. De turkey
shall have everything done for it dat I
knows how to do."

"Thank you very much, Aunt Chloe,"
said Wittle; "then I am almost sure it
will get well. Now I will just take one
peep and then go."

So Wittle peeped and reported "turkey
all warm, cuddled down to sleep with her
pretty eyes shut."

Thus Wendell trotted home with
new thoughts in his little head; though he
did not tell them to his mother; and he
tried hard not to form any plans for the fu-
ture, or indulge in any bright hopes till
the object on which they rested was farther
removed from danger than at present; in
short, if the speckled turkey was in a fair
way to get well.

He dreamed of his new pet nearly all
night, and morning found him early astir,
on his way to Aunt Chloe's. He waited a
moment in the entry, hoping to hear his
turkey's plaintive "pee-pee," before enter-
ing the kitchen, but all was still, so Wittle
softly opened the door; and there stood
Aunt Chloe on the board, pecking dough,
while Aunt Chloe sitting near to watch its

movements. Wittle gave a cry of joy
when he saw this sight, which caused the
turkey to turn her head and say:

"Pee-pee-pee."

"Don you has come, dear chile," Aunt
Chloe said, looking round at Wittle. "It
is de faith dat has done cured turkey I
know,—nothing else, for I neber see de
fowl dat I had so little hopes bringin'
round; but you, bressed chile, believed it
would live, and de good book says 'ordin'
to your faith be it unto you."

"But is turkey really well?" asked
Wittle, half afraid to credit the good news.
"She seems in a fair way to be," was
the answer; "for she can eat and drink;
so nuffin hinders her from gettin' strong
and well, as I sees."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Wittle, his eyes
dancing with delight; "and now I may
take her home, I suppose."

"I think it would be best to let her stay
here and run with my chicks till fall,"
Aunt Chloe said. "Hens do n't ramble off
as turkeys do, but dey is always right
round de house, so de hawks is n't so like-
ly to get 'em."

"I should like to have my turkey at
home for company," Wittle said; "but I
want to do what is best for her. When
she comes to lay eggs and have little ones,
I can pay you what her keeping costs, Aunt
Chloe."

"Bress de chile!" exclaimed the old
black woman; "as if dis sight of her dear
face had n't paid me already for all the tur-
key's livin'!"

So it was arranged for the present that
turkey should remain at Aunt Chloe's. But
Wittle's mother was at once taken into
confidence, and all the plans and prospects
spread out before her. Wittle had read
of some children whose parents allowed
them to devote the proceeds of one hen to
the mission cause, annually, and this was
the disposition he wished to make of his
turkey. How many conferences were held
in regard to the matter! How many ques-
tions mother and, more particularly, Aunt
Chloe had to answer, as to how old turkeys
usually were when they began to lay eggs,
and how many they were apt to lay in one
season.

So time passed on, though slowly enough
for Wittle, and the speckled turkey waxed
greater and greater. A sleek, trim bird
she looked to be in her coat of thick, soft
feathers when fall came. Aunt Chloe said
that she could now go home and get do-
mesticated with Wittle through the winter,
as she would begin to lay eggs early in the
spring, and that it would be better for her
to sit on a nest as she herself had builded
and prepared it, than to have it removed
by some one to a new place.

When spring approached, no cat ever
watched a mouse more closely than Wittle
watched the movements of his speckled
turkey.

But she was too sly for him after all.

One morning she was missing when he
went to the shed with her breakfast.

"Something has certainly caught her,
mother," he cried, with tears in his eyes,
"for she was at roost on her stick last
night, and now I can't find her anywhere."

"It may be that she has gone to make
her nest," the mother said.

"But would she go so early in the morn-
ing?" Wittle asked, brightening a little.

"She might," was the answer. "Though I
don't know much about the ways of tur-
keys. You had better go and ask Aunt
Chloe's opinion."

"Wittle thought he would, but, before
he got ready to start, turkey walked in-
to the yard, stepping, as Wittle thought,
with unusual pride and saying:

"Pee-pee-pee,—qu-qu-qu,—as fast as
possible."

The little boy was delighted. He ran
and brought her breakfast, which she de-
voured voraciously. Then he asked her
many questions as to where she had been
walking so early; but all the answer tur-
key would give was "pee-pee,—qu-qu."

"If you have been off to make a nest, I
shall hunt until I find it," Wittle said; "you
need not until you can hide your speckled
eggs from me, you very sly turkey."

Next morning turkey was on her roost;
but the morning after, Wittle rose very
early and caught sight of her stealing sly-
ly out through the garden. He kept his eye
on her till she got into some tall bushes
in the field beyond. Then he lost sight
of her. Before noon she had come back
again, looking as if nothing had happened.

This was not to be endured; for Wittle
knew that she was laying eggs somewhere,
and he wanted to see them. So he got
Aunt Chloe, and the two searched in the
bushy lot for several hours. At last they
came to the stump of a tree which was hol-
low at the bottom. Wittle knelt down and
looked in. There in the farthest corner
he spied two speckled eggs, and shouted
out his discovery to Aunt Chloe.

"You may take one of dem," she
said; "but—now, mind what I say, dear
chile,—you must not let turkey see you
passing back and forth. If you does, she
will forsake her nest, and de next one you
won't find so easy as you did dis yer one.
I tells ye, dey is such sly creturs, dear
chile."

"I should think they were," said Wittle,
gazing at the egg in his hand. "Now I'll
run and show this to mother. What a beau-
tiful thing it is! don't you think so, Aunt
Chloe? How many do you think she will
lay?"

"Twelve will be a good round number,
for dis young turkey," was the answer.

Wittle looked disappointed.

"Then I can have but twelve little ones,
any way," he said.

"Bress you, chile! yes you can," Aunt
Chloe answered, "because you can buy
some eggs and let her have all she can
cover. I will get you some nice ones."

This pleased Wittle very much. But
turkey laid only nine eggs before she ap-
peared to think that she had done enough

in that line, and Wittle found her sitting
immovably on her nest in the heart of the
old stump. He went to Aunt Chloe, carry-
ing the nine speckled eggs placed on cotton
in a basin. She took them and brought
him eighteen. Then the two went and
put them under turkey's soft feathers.

"Now you must never take her off of
her nest," Aunt Chloe said, very impressively;
"but set food and water within her
reach every day or two. If she comes off of
her own accord, all well, for she'll not harm
her own eggs; but you might if you tried to
handle her."

"She will die if she don't come off and
walk about some," said Wittle.

"No she wont; trust her for dat; she
knows best, I tells you."

So Aunt Chloe took her leave. Wittle
felt no little anxiety as the days passed
by and turkey stuck to her nest. She ate
her food, and sometimes he found her po-
sition changed, so he knew that she moved
about some, though she did not come near
the house at all, and he rather thought she
did not go out of the old stump where her
nest was. He told his troubles to Aunt
Chloe, but she treated them very lightly.

One morning he found a great crockery
crate in the shed. His mother had had it
sent up from the store for a coop for the
expected flock. Wittle was so nervous as
the time drew near for the little peeps to
come, that he could hardly contain him-
self; but Aunt Chloe told him, almost
sternly, that he must not be running to the
nest now, for turkey might take offense
and leave, to the great damage of the young
brood. So Wittle restrained his impatience
as well as he could, and one evening, as he
hung on the garden fence, looking earnest-
ly in the direction of the old tree-stump,
what should he hear but such a "pee-pee-
ing" and "qu-quing" as he had never heard
before, and lo! turkey stepped into the clear
broad garden path with a flock, which
Wittle thought no boy could number, at her
heels. The little fellow was wild with
excitement, while turkey was calm to im-
passiveness. She looked upon the speckled
multitude as a natural consequence of her
four weeks of faithful brooding; nor did
their numbers alarm or disconcert her in
the least. She stepped in a slow, stately
manner along the path, calling her flock,
and turning her meditative eyes occasion-
ally toward Wittle, who was still leaning
over the fence trying to count his turkeys.

This was not an easy task, as they were
constantly on the move, each one appar-
ently endeavoring to get ahead of the rest.
He got down and opened the gate, and
while turkey and her family were march-
ing through, he ran for his mother, stum-
bling over the door-sill in his haste, and
crying in an excited voice:

"Mother! mother! hurry out and see
the sight; here comes turkey and all her
young ones; do count them, I can't, for
I want to run and tell Aunt Chloe quickly."

Mrs. Wendell came out, and dough was
brought to feed the flock. They all seem-
ed to be vigorous, healthy turkeys, and
every one had a speckled back.

"Can you make out just how many
there are, mother?" Wittle asked, gazing
in admiration on their movements.

"I should think there were twenty,"
Mrs. Wendell said.

"But there were only eighteen eggs," said
Wittle.

"There must be as many turkeys," said
his mother; "but you may run to the
nest and see if all the eggs are gone."

Wittle did so, and when he got back,
found that Aunt Chloe had arrived. Her
black face was shining with pleasure as
she saw the flock. Tears fairly coursed
over her cheeks as she caught the little boy
in her arms and cried:

"Bress you, dear chile! I never spec-
ted to see dat poor little drop-winged cre-
tur at the head of such a family as dis,
and nuffin but your faith has done fetched
it, 'bout as I believes."

Turkey now went into the shed, and the
crate was placed over her. Wittle with his
mother and Aunt Chloe stood and gazed
while the little peeps passed in, one after
another, and crept under their mother's
downy wings. What pretty little sleepy
peepings they made after they were all
nicely huddled!

"There are eighteen, Aunt Chloe," said
Wittle, as the shed door was closed, and
they had returned to the house. "I have
been to the nest, and every egg is gone.
How queer, I think, that they are all turkeys
now, isn't it? Do you suppose they will
all live to grow up, Aunt Chloe?"

"I has most faith 'nuf to believe they
will," was the answer, "for I think God
is pleased with what you is going to do
with 'em, so he makes you prosper so won-
derful."

Wittle was now as happy as the day was
long, tending on the young brood and
watching their ways. All his little mates
came to see his turkeys, and the time of
them went abroad. Grown-up people came
to visit the feathered missionaries, as they
styled the young flock.

Sometimes Wittle's heart almost failed
him when he thought of parting with them.
It was such a beautiful sight in his eyes to
behold them marching away to the fields in
the morning, and returning at night. Such a
"pee-pee" and "qu-quing" as they set
up when they got home! Sometimes Wittle
had to go quite a distance and search
long before he could find them, for they
were like all their race, great rovers.

Wittle thought it very strange that they
did not stay about the house all day as long
as they were so tame. But this they would
not do, so he made the best of it, and never
complained even if he had to go very far
alone on rainy nights in search of them.
He felt almost repaid when he found them,
which he always did; he could go to sleep
knowing that they were safely sheltered.

At last the young turkeys were nearly
as large as their mother, yet they followed
her about and answered to her call the same

as when they were little downy things a
week old. They were, at length, shut up
in the barn and fed freely on corn and
meal. Aunt Chloe learned which ones
Wittle wished to reserve, and tied blue
cords around their necks. He selected old
turkey and one other. There was not
much said, but the little boy understood
that the time was drawing near when he
must part with his pets.

One day his mother told him that he was
going away in the cars with her to visit his
grandparents. Wittle had never rode in
the cars, and the prospect pleased him ex-
ceedingly.

"But who will take care of the turkeys?"
he asked.

"Aunt Chloe has agreed to come and do
the very best she can for them," the mother
answered; "and I am sure you will be
satisfied with her treatment."

Wittle thought that he should, and yet,
he had a pretty well-defined idea as to what
that "treatment" would prove to be. So
he ran out into the barn and said a last good-
bye to his turkeys before he went away on
the visit with his mother. They were ab-
sent three days, and busy days they were to
Aunt Chloe; for during the time, she dress-
ed seventeen fat turkeys, and had them all
ranged in order on the pantry shelves when
Mrs. Wendell and Wittle returned.

"How are my turkeys?" Wittle asked,
as soon as he was fairly within doors.

"Dey look good 'nuf to eat, dear chile,"
said Aunt Chloe; "now jes come dis way
and look at 'em, nor don't lay it to heart,
cause you know it is what you has been
raisin' 'em up for, and de dollars dey'll
bring will send many a bressed Bible to de
little haythen children that does n't know
de God you love and has so much faith in,
dear chile."

Aunt Chloe opened the pantry door.
Wittle gave one glance and turned away;
but he soon said to his mother:

"I shall have two flocks next year
perhaps; and it was for just this that I raised
them."

And now, how much do you think that
Wittle got for his seventeen turkeys, chil-
dren? Forty-five dollars and ninety cents.
Many good people had been observing the
little boy, and were pleased at his con-
duct, so they made up the sum to fifty dol-
lars. After deducting the cost of raising,
there were forty left for the mission cause.
It was forwarded to the agent, and a state-
ment made of the manner in which it had
been raised.

How many little boys and girls, who
read this, will "go and do likewise?"

Drunk.

Young man, did you ever stop to think
how that word sounds? Did you ever
think what misery and woe you brought
upon your friends, when you degraded your
manhood by getting drunk? How it rings
in the ear of a loving wife! How it makes
the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it
crushes out the hopes of a doting father,
and brings reproach and shame upon lov-
ing sisters! Drunk! See him as he leans
against some friendly house. He stands
ready to fall into the open jaws of hell,
unconscious as to his approaching fate.
The wife, with tearful eyes and aching
heart, sits at the window to hear her hus-
band's footsteps; but alas! they come not.

He is drunk! The husband, the parent, is
drunk, spending his time and money when
he should be at home. Instead of enjoy-
ing the comforts of the home circle, he is drunk!
He is spending his means of support for
liquor, while his family is starving for
bread, his children suffering for clothing.
Drunk! His reputation is gone, gone!
His friends, one by one, are reluctantly
leaving him to a miserable fate.

He who has never denied himself, for
the sake of giving, has but glanced at the
joys of charity. We owe our superfluity;
and to be happy in the performance of our
duty, we must exceed it.

Literary Review.

MANUAL OF BIBLE SELECTIONS AND RESPON-
SIVE EXERCISES, for public and private
schools of all grades, Sabbath, Mission and
Home Schools, and Family Worship. By Mrs.
S. B. Perry. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1871.
16mo. pp. 200. Sold by E. J. Lane.

An example is often worth far more than
any number of theories, and this collection of
Scripture exercises for reading in schools, &c., is
a happy answer to the allegation that the use
of the Bible in our educational work partakes of
the nature of sectarian teaching, and is therefore to
be discontinued and dispensed with. Mrs. Perry
has arranged a series of readings, embracing
selections from both the Old and New Testa-
ments, some of which are for the teacher and
parent simply, while others are meant for con-
fector or responsive reading; and one who really
believes in the fundamental points of Theism,
and in true and high morality, may well be chal-
lenged to point out anything objectionable or
sectarian, while almost every intelligent Chris-
tian would be quite well satisfied with what is
here provided, as both vital and adequate. The
whole work of selection and arrangement is
most skillfully and admirably done, and the com-
piler is entitled to the hearty thanks of all who
love our old Bible, and would fain see its best
influences at work wherever the youth of the
land are gathered for instruction. We hope this
manual may find its way speedily into the
spheres which it is intended to fill. It is beau-
tifully printed, and cheaply but substantially
bound.

NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY; or, Battles and
Wounds in Time of Peace. A plea for the op-
pressed. By Miss Jennie Collins. Edited by
Russell H. Conwell. Same publishers, &c.
1871. 12mo. pp. 322.

It would be easy to decide that this book was
written by a woman, from internal evidence. It
lacks plain, basic, conventional, self-posse and
consistency; but it abounds in sentiment, vehem-
ence, jets of rhetorical indignation, and ex-
traneousness of suggestion and statement that
would be ludicrous if they were not so thoroughly
sincere and earnest. Jennie Collins has a real
sympathy with hard-working poverty and suf-
fering; labor wears a real nobility in her eyes,
especially when it is spasmodically protesting
against the actual or fancied exactions and op-

pressions of

