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The Morning Star.

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Number 4.

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1871.

Time's Cure.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill, dark night draws near,
The sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying.
Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast.
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past;
Rejoice, then, grieving heart!
The hours fly fast.

—Anon.

The London Crystal Palace.

We suppose that no one would think of going to London without visiting this celebrated place of recreation and instruction, and probably some of our readers who can not go to London would like to know something about it. It grew out of the World's Exhibition of 1851. A Crystal Palace was erected for that Exhibition, in Hyde Park, and at the close of it, a company formed for the purpose, purchased the palace, and having bought an estate at Sydenham, about eight miles south of St. Paul's, they re-erected it there on an improved plan, and laid out the extensive grounds by which it is surrounded with great taste, and at an enormous expense. They have made it a most attractive place, so that many thousands are there, every day in the week, throughout the year.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that for magnificence, beauty and variety combined, there is nothing like it in the world. The tired merchant, professional man, or mechanic, who simply wants an idle day, can here enjoy it to perfection. Those who wish to luxuriate among beautiful flowers and foliage, and enjoy splendid landscapes, can do so. And those who wish to get an idea of the treasures of science and art scattered over the world can here find their opportunity. And so far as the interior is concerned, it is as available in winter as in summer; for however dull and cheerless it may be without, it is all bright and cheerful within. You can go there by railway from almost any part of London, at almost any time of day, and you can spend much or little, just according to taste and circumstances.

But we want to see what opportunities a poor man has for enjoying himself, either alone or with his family; and if you please, we will place ourselves in the position of such a man. We reach the London Bridge Railway Station soon after 8, A. M., and for thirty-six cents we get a ticket which entitles us to go and return, (fifteen miles,) and also includes the price of admission to the Palace. We take our seats in the cars, and are soon on the way. No railway in London is allowed to cross the street on the level, but must be above or below. This one is an elevated one, and as we pass along, mile after mile, we look down on the roofs of the houses, while all around are the numerous steeples of the churches; and the large piles of masonry and brickwork composing other public buildings, to break the monotony of the scene. Before long we see in the distance the trees and fields outside London; and the Crystal Palace crowning the summit of a hill, comes into view, and reflects a blaze of sunlight. In twenty-five minutes from the time of starting, the train stops, and we are inside the palace, in the basement. Stepping from the cars to the platform, we go with the crowd up a wide staircase, and soon arrive in a large hall with numerous offices. If you have an umbrella, an overcoat, a cloak, or anything

else which you have brought with you in providing for contingencies, you can leave it here for one penny, and receiving a check for it, you can pass on your way, knowing that it will be perfectly safe till you wish to take charge of it again.

But which way shall we go? how shall we find out what there is to be seen? and where shall we commence our examination? Here is an official guide-book of thirty-two pages, price one penny. This will be a good investment, and will serve to direct us. On the second page of the guide, we have a ground plan of the palace, which gives an idea of its shape, and of the position of its various departments. As its name implies, its walls are entirely of glass set in iron frames, and it composes a long arched nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts, and two wings. Its entire length from south to north is 2,756 feet, and its width a little more than 300 feet. We are now in the southern transept; and entering this door we can look along the whole length of the nave to its northern extremity, and looking up the arch of this transept above, is a height of 104 feet! The first thing that arrests our attention is a large sheet of water, in the center of which is a gigantic fountain throwing its glorious jets of spray on every hand. In the water are fishes and aquatic plants, around it are numerous choice flowers, outside are trees, while numbers of vines bearing countless flowers are climbing the pillars which support the galleries and the roof. And all around are statues of celebrated persons, of striking incidents, or illustrating classic scenes. We walk along the nave, and the same brilliancy, beauty and variety meet us everywhere. Here are groups of Australian aborigines, of the color and size of life, and in their usual costume, which certainly is not superabundant in quantity. Near by are some Papuans, then a company of Botocudos, inhabitants of South America. Then there are the natives of Brazil and of Guiana, a Greenlander in his skin canoe, some Bushmen of South Africa, a group of Zulu Kaffers, and numerous others. And in connection with these life-like models of the inhabitants of various countries are the trees and shrubs, the birds and the quadrupeds of these countries.

We reach the central transept where we look up to the center of the arch, a height of 168 feet. Here is the great Orchestra, with organ and seats in front for the performers. At a musical festival in 1862, there were present here about four thousand vocal and instrumental performers. On the day I was there on my recent visit to London, there were five thousand children there belonging to the Metropolitan School Choral Society, and they sang a number of pieces of sacred and secular music. They were accompanied by the great organ which has four rows of keys, seventy-four stops, and 4,598 pipes.

But we have not yet commenced to look at the various courts which are intended to give us an idea of the styles of building, of the works of art, and of the habits and customs of various countries and ages. In the Egyptian Court we have a model, reduced in size, of the temple of Karnak. It contains three rows of eight pillars, each twenty feet high and five feet in diameter. Here everything around brings ancient Egypt before you. The statues, the paintings, the hieroglyphics, the pillars, &c., are all fac similes of the treasures of that land. Passing through a small vestibule we come into the Greek Court. The main portion of this is a representation of an *agora*, used as a market place, and for festivals, and public assemblies. Here is a large model of the Parthenon, with busts of the great men of Greece, and copies of the most celebrated statues and other works of Grecian art, which are scattered over Europe. The Roman Court is next, where we have models of the Colosseum and the Pantheon, as they appeared in their glory, and of the Forum as it appears at the present time. Here also are copies of all that is celebrated in Roman art. The Alhambra Court, which brings before us the great palace of the Moorish kings in Granada, Spain, in the fourteenth century, is the most brilliant of the whole series. Here is the Court of the Lions, so-called from the central fountain, in which lions are supporting the central basin. Columns, arches, frieze-work, &c., are glittering with brilliant colors and gold, and you are surrounded by the plants of tropical countries. Passing under one of the arches, you enter a series of rooms called the Hall of Justice, the central one being the far-famed Hall of the Abencerrages, the splendor of which, especially when the sun shines through the stained glass windows in the dome, it is impossible to describe.

And so we go on, through the Byzantine Court, the Medieval Court, the Renaissance Court, the Italian, French, Ceramic, Bohemian, Pompeian, and other courts, which all deserve a close examination, but which they are not likely to have at a single visit. We have not examined the Industrial Departments, so important, interesting and valuable, and we have not examined the treasures spread over the long, light and tasteful galleries. We just walk around these, getting glimpses of what they contain, and looking at the moving masses and glittering treasures below.

Going again to the center transept, we pass into the open corridor, and down a handsome flight of steps. Here new scenes await you, noble terraces, graceful walks,

and grand fountains, which in the whole have no less than 11,788 jets, the water from which crosses and re-crosses, producing beautiful forms, and discharges one hundred and twenty thousand gallons per minute. Here also are the Rosary, the Rhododendrons, the archery ground, the cricket and rifle grounds, and the Lake. In the latter are some islands, which are valuable for the geological information they afford. Here are seen the various strata of earth, in their regular order, with the fossil remains peculiar to each. Here also are to be seen the gigantic fossil animals of which so many relics exist, built up into the size of life, and supposed to exhibit their proper forms. Here we see the Plesiosaurus, twenty feet long the Ichthyosaurus, thirty-five feet, the Megalosaurus, thirty-nine feet, and numerous others. But we have not time to examine these as we wish, and reluctantly turn ourselves away.

While providing for the sight of the eyes, the directors have not forgotten to provide for the sustenance of the body. The refreshment department is on the most gigantic scale. You can get breakfast, dinner and tea in any style you please, and of whatever style you may select. Large rooms are provided in various parts of the building, with tables and seats. You may get a luncheon of bread and cheese for six cents, a cup of tea or coffee for six cents, a roll and butter for four cents. You may have meat and bread for eighteen cents; and from those prices you may go up as you please till you reach a dinner with all the *el céleras*, and wine included, at six dollars each person.

We leave this wonderful exhibition, and retrace our places in the cars, earnestly longing for another opportunity of visiting it, that we may examine its treasures more leisurely. W. H.

Nebraska Correspondence.

Having visited much of Nebraska the last autumn, I would submit some of my observations. I was much in the southern and central part of the state and up the Platte to Grand Island; also visited the Indian Agency of the Pawnees on the Loup Fork, 100 miles west of Omaha.

The Baptists have two associations in the state. The one north of the Platte has ten churches and about 400 members. The Episcopalians have much zeal in making meeting-houses and getting people to join their churches. The Congregationalists are doing a good work. About sixty miles up the Platte we fell in with the noted Rev. A. Dresser who, in 1835, was whipped in Nashville, Tenn., for having some Anti-Slavery papers in his trunk. The Hicksite Quakers attend to the Indians (six agencies) in Nebraska, and the Orthodox Quakers those in Kansas. We pass about twenty miles up the rich valley of the Loup Fork, having settlers most of the way, before we come to the Pawnee reservation. We first approach the barracks containing U. S. troops, and four miles away is the seminary buildings for orphan and other poor Indian children. The children of the chiefs and braves are too noble to attend. The main building is of brick, 125 by 40, and of three stories. Two miles farther is the Indian village of 2,400 inhabitants. In 1832, they numbered 12,000. Four miles above the Indian village is the timber whose wood is cut and packed by squaws, the ponies not being used even to bring wood now to plow. Beyond the timber, towards the north-west, the whole section is open to hostile Sioux, enemies to the Pawnees, and who often kill their squaws while getting wood, or take the ponies and go off before the soldiers know it.

We were well pleased with the doings of the Quakers. They teach the boys farming and mechanical business, and girls are taught house-work. Singing is taught in their Sabbath school. The superintendent, Janney, is a preacher from near Washington, D. C. One Mrs. Platte has been a teacher thirty years with them, and at one time she dug up a squaw that had been buried alive. Said to tell, this is often done when they are worn out. This is the tribe that flayed alive a man for killing a squaw, and on this account Rawhide creek bears the name. W. B. HAMBLETON.

Western Correspondence.

A run from Hillsdale to Lansing is a very different affair now, from what it was in the lobby days of yore. Then, two days of staging, with an intervening stop over night, were the hard requirement; now, dinner at home, and an early tea in Lansing, and you are ready for an evening's work or entertainment.

A run for Lansing does not probably differ much from former times. It has always been considered a good start, in a race of this sort, to be brought out in a caucus of the strongest party; and then if one can contrive to have the party stick to him on the home stretch, a seat under the dome of the capitol is a pretty sure thing.

We found the city full to overflowing; for the meeting of the Legislature and the animated contest for the United States Senatorship had drawn together a third house of unexamined magnitude.

The House organized by wisely re-electing Hon. Jonathan J. Woodman, speaker. He is well qualified in every respect, for the position, and as most of the members are here for the first time, his experience of ten years, both on the floor and in the speaker's

chair, was well nigh indispensable to order, and despatch. This gentleman is a nephew of our venerable and honored Rev. Jonathan Woodman, two brothers of the latter having emigrated from Vermont to Michigan many years ago.

Although there was no room for us in the inn, our stay was made every way comfortable and agreeable by the cordial hospitality of Rev. A. J. Davis and lady. The labors of Bro. D. are so well appreciated by his flock that they resolutely resist every effort to get him away. The church have a neat house of worship in one of the best locations in the city, quite near the capitol.

Returning homeward we stopped a few hours with Rev. P. W. Perry, who is successfully endeavoring to build up our cause in the rapidly growing city of Jackson. They have already a comfortable chapel as an earnest of a more commodious house by and by.

We heard here the sad intelligence of the death of Rev. David Winton, former pastor of this church, and for several years of the church in the neighboring town of Spring Arbor. Bro. Winton was a preacher of marked ability, and he is cut down in the full strength of his manhood. H. E. W.

Spiritual Influence.

From the *Watchman and Reflector* of last week we take the following extract:

A disease once came down suddenly on nearly all London. It came as if a vast tidal wave of miasma had flowed in from the atmospheric depths. It was not the result of contagion, nor of infection in any form; yet thousands on thousands at once fell sick with it in every quarter of the city. It did not come labeled, and the doctors could not explain its coming, and so they simply called it influenza, that is, an influence. There are not a few forces equally silent, and mysterious, and potent, that work in the material world in the direction both of death and of life. Storms on the earth respond to storms on the sun, and our planet depends for all its life on the subtle influences which pour down upon it through the millions of miles of intervening space.

So man affects man, not by word alone, but by forces still more subtle. There is a certain magnetism of soul by which we put our fellows, perhaps whole masses of them, into fullest sympathy with ourselves, and make them sharers, not only of our thoughts, but of our feelings and our moral purposes. Thus a single man may become the center of an influence that sweeps beyond a continent.

In like manner the Bible reveals the fact that mighty spiritual influences, some bad and some good, flow in upon our world from beyond it. On the one hand is the prince of the power of the air, whose malign influence is projected into the hearts of the children of disobedience, working, as is evident, only with their assent, and in accordance with the laws of their mental and moral nature, but vastly strengthening every unholy tendency. On the other hand, there is a benign influence from above, a Divine force connecting earth with heaven and man with God, and assimilating, where it is yielded to, the latter with the former. It bridges the chasm between the infinite and the finite, between the holy and the sinful, between salvation and ruin.

This spiritual influence is the sole hope of our world. It is the spirit of life, re-breathed into the dead. It is a spirit of truth, convincing the world of sin and taking of the things of Christ and showing them savingly to the soul. It is a spirit of sanctification, not only cleansing away moral defilement, but developing in the character love, joy, peace, and every other pure, and beautiful, and noble grace. It is a spirit of power, strengthening the inner man with divine might for duty and for suffering. Thus while the individual is dead in trespasses and sin, this breath from above is equal to his every need, whether of first quickening, or of progressive sanctification, or of complete transformation into the image of Christ. So, too, our world as a whole, is a moral desert, a waste howling wilderness, the sight of which often fills us with despair; but that which can make an oasis in one spot can change the whole desert into a garden of the Lord; and hence says the Prophet, "The Spirit shall be poured out from on high and the wilderness shall become a fruitful field."

Misery of an Aimless Life.

It is the lack of object, of all aim, in the lives of the houseless wanderers, that gives to them the most terrible element of their misery. Think of it! To walk forth with, say, ten shillings in your pocket—so that there need be no instant suffering from want of bread or shelter—and have no work to do, no friend to see, no place to expect you, no duty to accomplish, no hope to follow, no bourn to which you can draw nigher, except that bourn which, in such circumstances, the traveler must surely regard as simply the end of his weariness! But there is nothing to which humanity can not attain itself. Men can live upon poison, can learn to endure absolute solitude, can bear contempt, scorn, and shame, and never show it.

Experience is one of the oldest and best teachers, but her prices are ruinously high.

Events of the Week.

AFFAIRS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

An officer of the army, just returned to Washington from a tour of investigation southward in the service of the War department, reports a sad state of affairs in some parts of North Carolina. A band of villains and murderers has for some months past made its headquarters in the swamps of Robeson county, and is so strong in point of numbers as to be able successfully to resist all the efforts made by the civil authorities to capture it. Members of it issue forth at concerted periods, robbing peaceful citizens, and shooting them down in cold blood whenever any resistance to their demands is offered. The people of this county and of the surrounding neighborhoods are said to be in constant fear of their lives, and exist in momentary expectation of assassination, murder and robbery. The civil authorities, assisted by numerous citizens, have made various efforts to break up this gang, but always without success. On several occasions some of these desperadoes have been killed or severely wounded, but the result has always been to make the survivors more bloodthirsty and revengeful than before. By instructions from the War department in December last, a company of the fourth artillery, under Major Thomas, was sent to Lumberton, the seat of Robeson county, to give protection to the people and to assist in capturing these villains, but they seem to have thus far accomplished little in either respect. On Saturday, the 14th, one Henry Lowry, a conspicuous member of the gang, with an accomplice, waylaid and shot a prominent member of the county named Taylor, when a short distance from his residence and not more than two hundred yards from the camp of the United States troops. Taylor was instantly killed. Troops were immediately sent in pursuit of the murderers, but without avail, and they made a safe retreat to their haunts in the swamp. As illustrating the reign of terror prevailing in this locality, it is stated that nothing but the most important business will induce citizens to venture any distance from their homes, even in broad daylight. On Friday, the 13th, the colored people of several counties in North Carolina, held a day of fasting and prayer in behalf of Governor Holden and also beseeching the Divine aid for deliverance from the Ku-Klux.

A SEVERE STORM AT THE WEST.

The rain-storm which visited New England on Sunday and Monday of last week was preceded in the west by a snow-storm of unusual severity. All the way from Pittsburgh to Chicago the storm raged for two days without cessation. All travel was suspended, and several railroad trains were completely blocked in where the storm overtook them. Although not more than twenty-two inches of snow fell, it was piled up in huge drifts in every direction. A storm of sleet which alternated with the snow, adhered to the telegraph wires, loading them down till they snapped in every direction. Chicago and vicinity were thus completely shut off from communication with the east, and over a thousand men were obliged to labor for several days before the old order of things could be restored.

HOW MAINE WAS DECEASED.

An investigation into the alleged paper credit frauds in Maine shows that that state was swindled out of nearly half a million dollars during the war. Parties engaged in securing enlistments, handed in the names of several hundred men as volunteers, for which the state paid bounties agreed upon, but the men themselves never entered the service. Having received a mere trifle for signing enlistment papers and passing certain examinations, they were allowed to go their way, while the brokers themselves retained the most of the money. Thus the names of a great many were credited on paper at the Adj. General's office, who did no duty whatever as soldiers. It is hoped that some means may be found to reach the parties engaged in this nefarious business, and that they may receive proper punishment for their villainy.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

The monthly budget of news comes by steamship America, which brings fourteen Japanese noblemen who go to New York to attend college, and several prominent Chinese. Quiet prevails at Tien-tsin, and a feeling of security exists, increased, no doubt, by the presence of four U. S. gunboats which will remain during the winter. Mr. Seward's party are having a successful as well as pleasant journey around the world, his own health being considerably improved. American business was utterly stagnant at the time the America sailed, and the roads in the vicinity of Yokohama were again becoming unsafe, foreigners being frequently attacked. An angry correspondence had passed between Minister De Long and the interpreter at the United States legation, but it was thought that it might be amicably adjusted. The rice crop had suffered severely from unfavorable weather, and the southern provinces had received some damage from an earthquake.

THE WAR.

The bombardment of Paris still goes on, and shot is falling constantly within the city wall. Fort d'Issy is virtually destroyed and Fort Montrouge is terribly battered. From all accounts the fire seems to have been more destructive on Wednesday than on any previous day. The French have tried a few more sorties, but in vain. Another engage-

ment is reported in the department of Haute-Saône, but the result is unknown. The defeat of Chanzy was as disastrous as had been reported. Further details tend to magnify rather than diminish the importance of the Prussian victory. A despatch from Havre says there is constant skirmishing near that city. It is reported that the Prussians are turning the left wing of Faidherbe's army of the north and menacing Cambrai. The French government accuses the Prussians of barbarity and of violation of the rules of warfare. In return, Bismarck cites violations of the Geneva convention, and says the French have no desire for peace. It is also said that France must herself ask for peace before there will be any cessation of hostilities.

The Dean of Canterbury.

The *Independent*, in commenting on the life and works of the late Dean of Canterbury, says:

A liberal Evangelist, a Churchman in the most catholic sense, there was that in Dr. Alford's theological position that in some sense opened to him avenues of influence into all sections of the English Church, while he did not want for opposition from all. Disliked by the extreme Evangelicals for his liberality and his wholesome hatred of the slavish literalism of the harmonists, he was almost savagely denounced, on the other hand, by the *Westminster Review* for his adherence to the doctrine of inspiration. It may be long before the Anglican Church finds herself possessed of another scholar combining a learning so varied, an insight so acute, a judgment so sound, and a candor and diligence so admirable.

We can not close this sketch without quoting the eloquent words with which he closed his great labor in the *Prolegomena to Revelations* (third edition):

"I have now only to commend to my God and Father this feeble attempt to explain the most mysterious and glorious portion of his revealed Scripture, and with it is this my labor of now eighteen years herewith completed. . . . May he spare the hand which has been put forward to touch his ark; may he for Christ's sake forgive all rashness, all perverseness, all uncharitableness which may be found in this book, and sanctify it to the use of his Church; its truth, if any, for teaching; its manifold defects for warning. My prayer is and shall be that in the stir and labor of men over his word, to which these volumes have been one humble contribution, others may arise and teach whose labors shall be so far better than mine that this book and its writer may ere long be utterly forgotten. Ever so, come Lord Jesus."

The Condition of the Negro.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writing from Virginia, speaks as follows concerning the present condition and future prospects of the colored race:

The hope of the colored man of the present generation is in the Kingdom of heaven. He has little hope, for the present life, of any marked change for the better. How can he have? His horizon is narrowed almost to a point by ignorance. He knows nothing of the first principles. Nothing of the meaning even of business. While he was a slave, he dreamed of being free as a wonderful boon; but his freedom came to him on the wild wings of war, and made his condition practically no better, so far as the comforts and decencies and hopes of this life are concerned, than it was while he was a slave. Indeed, there can be no doubt that thousands of these people see more trouble and greater wretchedness than ever were given them in the days of their bondage.

So the dream of freedom, of happiness and hope in freedom, has become to many of them a practical illusion. It seems to them just now of little advantage that they are free; for they can see no hope of improvement before them. Hence they dream of Heaven now, as they used to dream of freedom and Heaven in the old days of their chattelhood. Life is something to be got through, a wilderness to be traversed in search of a Paradise beyond it. This turns them much into romantic speculations respecting the future, by which they animate themselves under the discomforts of the present.

This generation of negroes must be removed before the beneficial fruits of emancipation can be well borne. These people have yet to learn, many of them, that freedom is something to be grown up to; that while it is simply a governmental bestowal it may mean little of real benefit. There must be time given them to widen the circle of their thoughts, and to learn what is to be expected of citizens, before any of the great advantages can be realized, which were expected to accrue to themselves and the nation from their enfranchisement.

These reflections are not advanced as assured and final truth on this matter. But he who can see these men and women as they lounge about all public places, can see what satisfies them both in the matter of employment and in the matter of enjoyment, will be very likely to feel sure that the way out of Egypt for those who were enslaved is a long way and a hard one. They grind yet in a weary prison-house; and it will be long, taking all things as they are and must be, before the hopes of philanthropists can be realized in the South.

Communications.

Immortality.

The difficulties that meet us in contemplating this subject are in the departments of sense and reason. We lack the visible appearance. We do not see our departed friends. Angel visitants and ministering spirits are spoken of in the Bible. But these are so rare and the claim to having seen strange phenomena is so far out of our reach, that, unless our faith in revelation is very clear, we are left to doubt. We keep asking,—May there not be some mistake? May they not have taken the creations of their own fancy for realities?

Then reason lacks the cogent, logical proof. She has to take her data in inference and put together many probabilities in order to make immortality tolerably certain. While we acknowledge these difficulties, we do not think they amount to a disproof of immortality, or that in reality they should be allowed to weigh much in opposition to proofs that may be drawn from other sources. Sense and reason are both incompetent witnesses in this case. The subject, in its initial and main evidence, lies outside of their domain, in the broad field of universal, axiomatic truth. Sense and reason have to do with the limited, the particular. But faith and intuition deal with the universal, the axiomatic. Leaving the difficulties of sense and reason, we ask what has intuition to say of the unlimited duration of our conscious existence?

Something will be in the eternal future. There never will be a period when nothing shall exist. This universe is not to go out in rayless night. Space can never become the blank void of nonentity. These truths we all admit. They can not be proved by reasoning, any more than the axioms of mathematics. They need only to be stated, when the mind at once responds an affirmation, and catches up their echo in a conviction from which it can not escape. But shall we exist? Shall we form any part of this eternal future? In our best moments, in our most exalted conditions we feel the deep undertone of its conviction just as clearly, as that God is; or that space and duration are unlimited. We look at our friends already cold in the shadows of dissolution, and thinking of their love and affection we ask, must ye die, too? Turning to thought we mentally say, is your chain broken? Are those pearly links dissolved forever? Something deeper than the faculty of reason answers, No.—What is, may exist in different forms, but is never reduced to nonentity. The voice comes welling up from our deepest consciousness, "Thou art immortal." If we ask when, and where, and how, we get no clear answer. In the field of reason the spheres of our doubt remain; but in the department of the universal, there is one great, clear conviction, sometimes lost, but ever recurring: Thou canst not die. Down here in the plane of the limited, it is "dust to dust." But out there in the universal it is "heart to heart." Love answering to its kindred love; thought ever tending to its grand center; eternally approximating the fathomless depth from which it sprang.

Here is the argument for immortality. It is consciousness. To feel it and know it through intuition, is the clearest of all proofs,—the highest of all authority. It is the final arbiter, beyond which there is no appeal. If we can not rest in this, we can not rest in anything.

But what of our doubts? Nothing, only to remark, that the sphere of reason which suggests them, furnishes also much concurrent testimony, and many strong probabilities in favor of this assurance of the intuition.

We may reason thus: The first Cause is eternal. He fills immensity. All things have their origin in him. All are upheld and sustained by his power. All things and beings are his thought projected from him as individualities, so combined as to form a perfect whole. All things must be what his thought of them is; so that in essence, they and his thought of them must be one. But his thought is indestructible; and the essence of things being one with his thought must be indestructible also. A sort of immortality must pertain to everything. Indestructibility lies at the heart of the simplest thing in nature. Even the coarse, inert rock is indestructible. It may be wrought into something higher and more refined; but it can not be destroyed nor wrought into anything lower than itself. The changes in nature are not backward and downward, but onward and upward. The tree is an organization having essentially the same history. It takes what had before existed in lower forms and combines them in a higher life. Thus it matures. Then it decays. Itself is dissolved. Parts of its structure may return to their original condition. But something of the tree is wrought into still higher forms of life, which in their turn decay, and give something to the next higher grade of life.

The same history pertains to animals, and to man as an animal. The body decays; but its essence exists in other forms and under other conditions.

And now the great question comes: Shall this indestructibility pertain to matter and not be inherent in mind and spirit? Shall this low grade of immortality be stamped upon matter, and there not be a higher grade of immortality fixed in the dominion of thought and affection? Such a conclusion reverses our highest estimate of fitness, and makes the universe seem like the toys of a child's play-house; set up to be re-arranged without any ultimate end of conscious durability. Indeed, less; for the play-house ministers to the development of the child. But to what does the universe minister, if there is no enduring consciousness beyond the grave?

This is not positive proof, but it is a probability existing in the plane of reason strong

enough to be a counterpoise to some of our doubts. There are many other probabilities equally strong: They are not claimed as positive proof, but as aids to solve some of our doubts in the sphere of reason. The main proof is beyond these, in the higher department of universal truth. Looking in this direction there can be no more doubt of immortality than of infinity. Both have the same testimony. Both rest upon the same deep and immovable foundation, intuitive conviction. M.S.C.B.

One Soul Converted.

If it had been a fortune made, all the journals of the country would have published it. Had a poor, friendless newsboy, or flower girl, or kitchen maid, unexpectedly become heir to a large estate, the telegraph wires would have flashed the news across the continent and across the seas. If an important bill had been restored, or passed, or refused a passage in Congress, all the leading journals would have the news in type in a few hours.

But it is only a soul converted. It is a matter so insignificant that the next door neighbors have never heard of it, and perhaps never will.

Had you hailed the local editor this morning and told him that a friend of yours had broken his leg, and that another one had made \$2,000 by a single speculation in lots of oil stock, or that a car had just run off the track and broken an axle-tree, or that Gen. Sherman had just passed along incognito, he would have thanked you heartily, jotted down the information, and started for the office with so rich an item of intelligence.

But had you told him that one of your neighbors who had been for thirty years going straight to eternal ruin, had repented of his sins and was now rejoicing in the love of God, he would have answered, perhaps, that it was a very good thing. But who would think of making a news item of it?

A pious father or a godly mother, who has long broken the midnight stillness with prayers for the conversion of a wayward child, will weep for joy, and praise God aloud that the dead is alive and the lost found. Possibly one or two obscure neighbors may be called together to rejoice with them. But outside of a little circle of particular friends scarcely a note is made of the transaction at all.

Not so in heaven. We do not read of joy in heaven over the result of an election, or a battle, or a national conflict. Matters which cause a national shout of exultation to echo from hill-top to hill-top, may not raise a single hallelujah in heaven. But when a soul halts in its downward course and turns his footsteps toward heaven—when tears of true repentance flow from the eyes of a single sinner, however great or small, honored or despised, known or unknown,—one, only one—"there is joy in heaven." The Father, Son and Spirit rejoice. The angels and the spirits of the just rejoice. Those, perhaps, who have prayed for years during life, and earnestly prayed in death for the salvation of a loved one, now call together a whole neighborhood in heaven and say, "Rejoice with me, for I have found that which was lost."

Titles and estates, and national games, lost or won, temporal successes or reverses, are of small account in the sight of heaven compared with the repentance of a soul.

How different are the estimates, which heaven makes from those of earth. Heaven's estimates are true, but earth's are false. WOODBINE.

Education in the Ministry.

In my last article, I said, Let our young men seek their preparation for the ministry at the schools. But why? Because at the schools they have men of experience to direct their studies, correct their mistakes and give them, in a condensed form, the results of years of hard labor. They may have access to a large and well selected library, and be directed to the works most appropriate for them to read; there they have the advantage of lectures, from able men, which they can seldom find elsewhere; there they will come in contact with other minds, pursuing the same studies, which will sharpen their intellects, stimulate their energies; there they will have the benefit of the criticisms of their instructors and fellow students; there they will learn how to study, and how to apply the truth to others; there they may hear the best public speakers, which will modify their manner of speaking and form a more pleasing address.

These are advantages that can not be prized too highly. But our young men can hardly afford the time and expense. They are generally sons of men who are not able and willing to give the necessary aid, and they must either abandon their studies, or enter the ministry without a suitable preparation, to mourn and lament in riper years, their unfortunate circumstances, or seek their preparation at other schools where they can receive sufficient aid, to enable them to pursue their studies without embarrassment, and enter upon their work free from debt. The prospect, for a young man to devote his life to the ministry among us, is sufficiently embarrassing, without the burden of debt "to keep him humble." The young men converted among us, in a sense belong to us, and the providence of God indicates that their appropriate field of labor in the ministry is with us; and it will be well for us to work in harmony with the divine plan.

What, then, must we do to secure the largest measure of success? It is obvious that we must aid our worthy young men, in their preparation for their life work. We have now twenty-five in the Theological School at Lewiston, and as many more in the seminaries in N. E., and a large number at Hillsdale, who have the ministry in view. Most of them must have help, or break down in their efforts to sustain themselves, or enter the ministry with a heavy debt to embarrass them, and diminish their usefulness for a long time. It may be said, let the

Education Society aid them. That is, under the present arrangement, the appropriate work of that Society. But its funds are small. And to whom shall they look for the means to do this work? To you, my brother or sister in Christ, God gives this precious privilege of devoting a part of your income to fulfill the great commission, to "Preach the gospel to every creature." In what way can you better "Honor the Lord with your substance," than by casting a portion of it into the Lord's treasury for this purpose? It has been proposed that, where the Mission Boxes have been introduced, the collections for this quarter be made for the "Students' fund." Let us make one united effort to increase this fund, so that reasonable aid can be rendered to our worthy young men. There is no alternative. We must do it or drive our young men from us and we suffer loss. Which?

P. S. These articles are written by one who can partially estimate the value of proper preparation for the ministry; by the want of it, having entered the ministry; more than forty years ago, with a very limited education.

A Day's Experience.

DEAR SISTERS:—A few words to you today. Light and shade alternate, sometimes in rapid succession, again at longer intervals. Last Friday night I went to bed with a feeling of discouragement that I can not describe, and when the morning of Saturday came, it found me not only with spirits depressed, but with a feeling of physical weakness; and the duties of the day, which were indeed heavy, seemed almost too difficult to be performed; but as the day wore on I gathered strength and heart for my work, and found the promise sure: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." At two o'clock we sent Mary clad in neat white garments, to her new charge, the Hindu girls' school.

An annual distribution of prizes was to be made to the scholars who excelled, and, on special invitation, Mr. Smith and I went to the same place about four in the afternoon. When we entered the house a sight met our eyes that brought gladness and hope to our hearts. In one part of the room sat about forty of the most respectable Babus of Balasore; and in the center, a table was spread with a variety of things that were to be given as prizes. At the other end of the room sat about thirty little girls, with one exception, all under ten years of age, and near them, Mary, their teacher, with Rebecca, my Zenana assistant.

Perhaps you will ask why such joy, at so small a gathering, for many of you know that Balasore contains many thousands of inhabitants. Dear reader, if I could tell you of obstacles mountain high, which have been overcome in order to induce these men to send their daughters to this school, and the still harder trial to overcome, in the mind of the Hindu mother, the superstitious fear, that if her daughter learns to read she will become a widow, and have to endure all the miseries of widowhood, you would not longer wonder at our joy. Long centuries have come and gone, and still the heathen woman remains in ignorance. The little light which has dawned on her more favored sisters in Bengal, has not penetrated her darkness in Balasore. At last one or two educated Babus, with Phakir Mahan, our head pundit, in the Mission school, at their head, say, "We will have a girls' school, where our little girls will be allowed to go." A little shed is made ready, and a Brahmin is engaged as teacher. At first, only a very few are willing to send their children; but gradually they come in, and now at the end of two years a neat little school-house takes the place of the shed, the Brahmin teacher is exchanged for a Christian girl, who was educated in Sister Crawford's school, and to-day three proud men come in to witness the scene. Our good Magistrate and his lady were present, and she handed the little ones their prizes as they came up one after another to receive them, with as bright and happy faces as you could desire to see. This move is the more encouraging as it originated among the Hindus themselves, and has been carried on without the aid of foreign help, except a small grant from Government. No European, or native Christian has been applied to for aid in its behalf. Though these little ones will be allowed to remain only a very few years in this school, yet I am sure you will all rejoice with me that they can be allowed to commence their education in this way, and, if life and health are spared, I will soon try to tell you some of our plans to carry on their education, after they are taken from school.

Affectionately yours,
D. F. SMITH.
Balasore, Nov. 19, 1870.

Gleanings.

PRAYER MEETINGS. These meetings are of great utility, and in many instances are the result of revivals. They should, therefore, be appreciated, and kept up, in every church and neighborhood. But another thing. It is sometimes said that these meetings become dry and uninteresting. What is the cause of this? The principal cause is, professors do not perform their duty. Sometimes not more than one or two take any part in the exercises. No wonder that a meeting becomes cold, dry, and uninteresting. If all would faithfully do their duty, no such complaints would be heard, and every one would receive a blessing. Heaven and earth would be made to rejoice.

IMPROVE THE MOMENTS. Many are anxious to live; yet they let much time run to waste, by not improving the passing moments. Even if a long life was granted, it would answer no purpose, if the present time was permitted to pass unimproved. A person might live centuries, and be of no benefit to society. But a judicious person can perform much in a short time, by turning every moment to good account. Each

one should endeavor to do this; for there is much to be done—enough to employ every moment in acts of benevolence. So none have excuse to spend time in sloth and indolence; but let every faculty, both of body and mind, be employed in doing good.

A FALLING LEAF. When you see a faded leaf fall to the ground, does it not forcibly remind you of the time when you shall, in like manner, fall? When the brilliancy of youth has passed, you will become like a faded, withered leaf. You will be called from the stage of action, just as the leaf is separated from its parent stem. How much profitable instruction may thus be derived in viewing the works of nature. To see mortality stamped upon all things, occasions emotions both solemn and sublime.

"THE TIME IS SHORT." With us mortals it is very short. For this reason God requires his servants to work while the day lasts. A few have obeyed this requisition, and, during their brief stay on earth, did all they could for the glory of God. Their course is finished; their time was short; their work is done. Their warning voices are no more heard, and those fingers that so ably wielded the pen in the defense of the truth, have long since ceased from their active labors. Follow their wise examples. Remember that "the time is short." Whatever you do for the benefit of mankind, must soon be done.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES." The world is full of books; but the Bible is the best and most important of all. It comprehends our duty, both to God and ourselves. Then "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom, &c. "The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The Scriptures are consequently of infinite importance to the human race. Peruse them with diligence; for too much time can not be spent in reading God's word. By some, strange to say, the Bible is too much neglected. Books of a different character are perused in preference to it. They take no pleasure in reading the inspired word of the Lord, which is a sure evidence that their hearts are not right, having no relish for holy things.

"HE WAS A GOOD MAN." When a righteous man dies, how delightful to think that he was a good man. It is pleasing to reflect upon the characters of such individuals. Nothing can afford more consolation to survivors than to know that their friend died a good man, a good woman, or a good child. Long do their memories live. But when an unrighteous man dies, how awful to reflect that he lived a wicked life, and died a wicked man!

GREAT ATTAINMENTS. Strive to make great attainments in the divine life. Do not follow the unwise examples of thousands who never grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and who have scarcely emerged into gospel light. Aim at great attainments, and then you will fall far short enough. Make it the primary object of life to advance to that degree of perfection which is attainable. Never think of living beneath your privilege. If you do, religion will not have sufficient power to brighten your prospects beyond the tomb. Even in this life you will be ready to faint in the hour of adversity. Religion will dwindle away, and to your utter surprise, you may, at last, find yourself entirely destitute of it. S. H. B.

Early Sketches.—No. 4.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

NEW DURHAM IN 1780. Its location is near the easterly border of New Hampshire, about twenty-five miles northerly of Dover, and forty-five north-easterly of Concord, the capital. Go back twenty miles north of Concord to the towns of Andover, Salisbury and Franklin, nearly central towns in the State, and New Durham is easterly some thirty miles. In extent it is somewhat large compared with many towns in the section, embracing 28,625 acres; but there never has been any considerable village, and the population has never come quite up to 1200.

EARLY RELIGIOUS OPERATIONS. Rev. Nathaniel Porter was ordained by the Congregationalists in 1773, and continued four years. There is no record that a church was organized. If there was not, without doubt there were some professedly pious, as when Randall was invited in 1778 to take up his residence there, a day of fasting and prayer was appointed to know the mind of the Lord on the subject. Mr. Porter, after leaving New Durham, was settled in Conway. He was a graduate of Harvard College, was a Doctor of Divinity and died in Conway in 1836, aged 91. It is written of him that he was a hard worker in a new country, and wrote his sermons evenings by the light of pitch wood.

A WILDERNESS. Bunyan speaks of the world as a "wilderness." The preaching of John the Baptist was in the wilderness of Judea. New Durham was a wilderness when Elder Randall commenced there and organized the first F. Baptist church. When the church was formed it was but twenty-nine years after the town was granted to proprietors, less than that after settlements commenced, and but sixteen years after the town was incorporated. The population when Randall began was about 300, mostly in humble dwellings, scattered in the openings that had been made in the forest.

There was no village nearer than Dover, that town then had about 1700 inhabitants, but one church and a society of Quakers. Concord, (now the capital), had about 1200 inhabitants and but one church. The towns around New Durham were but thinly settled.

Behold, then, Randall "preaching in the wilderness," passing like an angel of light from one place to another, and crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the high ways shall be made smooth, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God." Glorious work, the highest of all callings, interesting in the sight of God and angels. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

In Memoriam.

To the memory of Mrs. Edeline M. Abbott. Inspired to her afflicted husband and parents.
BY MRS. V. G. HAMMETT.

Oh, sad New Year, which finds us broken-hearted,
Gazing through tears upon thy stormy sky
How has the beauty from our lives departed!
Our hopes, how are they crushed which rose so high!

So suddenly hath God withdrawn the treasure
He graciously had lent to us a while,
That we, who thought to hail these hours with pleasure,
Do find them dark and sad without her smile.

A few short months ago, in bridal beauty
We saw her standing in the festal light,
Plighting her youthful heart to love and duty,
And deemed that earth had ne'er a fairer sight.

A soul of pitying kindness, like an angel,
Allied her even here to those above,
And all her life seemed like a sweet evangel,
A holy psalm of gratitude and love.

So pure and sweet,—for her the breeze is sighing,
And flowers are sweeter for her sake, we said—
We could not see the darkening shadow lying
Across the pathway where her footsteps led.

Yet in our sorrow there is consolation,
And from the dust celestial hopes arise,
Which fill our hearts with grateful resignation,
And lift our fearful vision to the skies.

She is not dead,—Ah, no, the mournful story
Which tells our loss, proclaims her heavenward flight,
Where waiting angels ope the gates of glory,
And crown her with a diadem of light.

And Christ, who loves her with a sweet affection,
Than all our mortal love supremely higher,
Enrobes her with His own divine perfection,
And gives her place in the celestial choir.

We will be patient, and assuage our sadness,
Bowing in silence to His gracious will,
Who mingles in our cup His grief and gladness,
And though He slay us, we will trust Him still.

S. S. Department.

How to Make Them Work.

B. H. Baylies, in the *Sunday School Worker*, exhibits some of the "uncommon sense" he speaks of, in answering this question:

"But they won't work! Half a dozen teachers in our school do all that is done. The others don't amount to shucks. They never do anything, and I for one would like to have you tell, if you can, how to make 'em work."

Softly now, good brother, softly. Your righteous soul is evidently tried within you; but, then, don't lose your patience. Let us reason a little about this matter, and see if you can not improve things somewhat.

You've done all you could to make them work? Talked and besought, scolded, and threatened to resign?

Ah! brother, that's not the way! It would be well for the superintendents of American Sunday schools to fix upon a day of prayer, and all to unite upon one petition, "Lord God, give us uncommon sense."

Teachers are scolded much more than they deserve, and the poorest superintendents are the greatest scolds. There, brother, don't wince. The most unskillful workmen find the most fault with their tools, and soon spoil the best implements they have. Because our axe is a little blunt, shall we strike nails with it? Our anger is dull—shall we bore holes in the ground? The knife in our plane needs sharpening—shall we select the knottiest wood we can find to smooth down?

Now, suppose, instead of scolding and letting your angry passions rise, you indulge in a little skillful maneuver.

Mr. Blank is a good fellow, but you have never been able to get him to do anything. Go to him, or better, meet him accidentally, and mention the fact that his scholars seem much attached to him, that they are a bright set of boys, and worth any effort that can be made for them. He will heartily concur. Then talk about the school and its prospects. He will have his word to say. Ask him what he thinks can be done to continue and even increase the interest of both scholars and teachers. He will have some idea, some plan to propose, some suggestion to offer. If he is a man who frequently opposes measures, oppose his plan or suggestion until you find him fully confirmed in it. Admit that you would like to be persuaded of its feasibility—if he can convince you. Consent finally to try it, and you will have no trouble in getting him to work at it heartily and earnestly. If you have been skillful in your management, he will have proposed a plan you had desired to try, and if he succeeds in his efforts, as he doubtless will, you need have no further trouble in keeping him busy.

There is an element in human character which is sometimes termed personal pride—a trait not always wrong in itself—upon which, with laudable intentions, we may very rightly work. There is a teacher who has been on committees several times, but always in a subordinate position. Now make him chairman. He will take a pardonable pride in excelling the work of former committees, and almost before you know it, you will have added one to those upon whom you can most surely depend. Make something, nay, make much of your teachers. Consult them; make them think that the school depends upon them; that they are of great importance, and that you personally appreciate their efforts, and the regard which they thus show for you individually. You need to be always in advance of them; to lead them; you must say "Come," and while you will at times yield to their judgment, from policy and on premeditation, you still sustain your proper relation to them. Your Brain will often save your heels, to use a homely expression, while they will set half a dozen pairs of heels to running.

Do we urge any wrong motive? There are people who will never allow what they indignantly term policy to influence them. Show them what it is policy to do, and

they will surely take the opposite course. The children of this world do not so. They are wiser in their generation than the children of light. There is as much discretion, prudence, and dexterous management needed in the running of a Sunday school as a day school.

Policy must, of course, fall when it comes in conflict with principle; but there are many cases in which the rules of policy may well be observed; and it is not too much to say, if every Sunday school were managed by a superintendent who would employ the same skill and wisdom in the management of his school as in his business, there would be much more harmony and success than we have ever attained. There need be few drones in any school—few complaints from any superintendent.

SPURGEON ON SABBATH SCHOOLS. Mr. Spurgeon, in a speech at a Sabbath school meeting held in Edinburgh, uttered some thoughts worthy the consideration of parents and teachers:

If we do not teach the children, Satan will teach them. I have heard of a father who objected to teaching his child to pray. The child broke his leg, and while the leg was being taken off he continued to curse and swear all the time. "See," said the physician; "you have a point of conscience about not teaching the child to pray, but Satan has no conscience about teaching him to swear."

I think that to make good Sunday school teachers there must be thorough knowledge and appreciation in your souls of the things you have to teach. I was in Italy last year, and in crossing the Alps with my wife, the sun was so hot that it scorched her face. She asked me to get her some elder-flower water. I started off to a chemist, and as I did not know a word of the Italian language, I looked through the jars and bottles in his shop, but could not find anything of the kind. I tried to jabber something in French, but he did not understand me, because it was no language at all. I went down to a little brook that ran through the town, and walking along the edge I came to an elder-flower tree. I got a handful of flowers, walked off to the shop, and held it up to the man; and he knew in an instant what I meant. I think it is not easy to convey the Gospel to the heart by merely talking of it; but if you can say by your own life, "This is the life of Christ, this is the joy of being a Christian," you will be much more likely to make converts.

The teacher who goes to his class thinking that he himself is always competent, without preparation, is making a gross mistake. It is well to preach without notes, no doubt, but a man who should preach purely extemporaneously, without thinking beforehand, would probably be an exceedingly dull and dry preacher.

"Would you believe it, Sandy," said a divine, "that I never thought of the sermon I wrote to you?"

"O, that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I have been saying, while you were preaching."

Now, if Sunday school teachers pride themselves in their extemporaneous teaching, their pride is peculiar to themselves, and the children will not take much pride in them.

WHAT IS SUCCESSFUL TEACHING? This question was well answered by Dr. Eggleston in an address before the Philadelphia Sunday School Institute:

The test of teaching is not how much Bible you can get into your scholars' memory, it is how much result you produce from that Bible. If from one single verse not only lodged in the memory, but sent home to the child's conscience, so that it shall touch his sense of duty, quicken in him a sense of sin, and cause a desire to be better; and going still deeper down into the region of the affections, touch his heart, and make him feel how tender and loving the heart of the dear Lord Jesus Christ is; if through that one single verse I get into the child's mind and heart, and cause him to very temple of his being, and cause him to know the sweet and blessed feeling of God's fatherhood and Christ's brotherhood, and turn him towards God, and towards Christ, that one verse is worth to the child a whole Bible committed to memory, and whole oceans of commentaries and question books and lessons. Not that these things are not good, so far as they go. But they are not the end. They are only means.

THE CHRIST TEACHER. To teach like Christ we must be scholars in his school. He was the Great Teacher sent from God, and we must study our teacher. No man ever taught like Jesus. His lessons were world-wide, and suited to every child of Adam, whatever the clime, whatever the circumstances. How varied the lessons he taught, how simple the language, how practical the truths, guidance for every-day life, food for the soul! How patiently he taught his disciples, just as they were able to bear it! How fully he sympathized with their humanity! They were tired—he bade them sit down; they were hungry—he fed them; and having ministered to their bodily wants, he fed their souls with the bread of life. He knew, too, when to speak a word to him that was weary. Let us strive to follow him in this matter. His great aim in teaching was to win the heart and the intellect. He might have spoken in language that the angels would have stooped to listen to; but he adopted the simplest words, so that even a child might understand him.

MAKE THEM THINK. Not always easy to do—both possible, and necessary to be done. How it may be done is illustrated by a writer in the *Sunday School Times*:

A young man was urging a companion to seek the salvation of his soul; but was answered that he did not think much about it.

"Then you do sometimes think of it," said the other.

"Yes, when you or some one else makes me, but I put it out of my mind as soon as I can."

And this is true of most unconverted persons. They will not think of God and of their own spiritual interests, when they can possibly help it. We need to use our best efforts to make them think. This is not done so much by long, wearisome appeals as by brief, pointed, affectionate seed-thoughts dropped into the heart at opportune moments, and left to germinate there under the warm beams of the Spirit's power. But this seed-sowing must be frequently and wisely done.

ONE WAY OF SALVATION. The ancient city of Troy had but one gate. Go round and round the city you would have found no other. If you wanted to get in, there was but one way. So to the golden city of Heaven there is but one gate. Christ says, "I am the door."—*Biblical Treasury*.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1871.

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.

Special Notice.

Particular attention is called to the recent offer of the "CRITICAL GREEK AND ENGLISH CONCORDANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT" as a premium for new subscribers. We will send the book, postpaid, to any person who will forward his three new subscribers to the Star, with payment in advance, viz., \$7.50.

The Best Charm.

Tennyson sends one of his characters on an expedition beset with numerous difficulties and unseen dangers. He has him girt with a simple sword-belt plaited from a maiden's hair, which is to be a charm against all evil. In a sort of magic way it is to shield his person from all harm and insure victory in every conflict, until he overcomes each obstacle and is crowned king far in the Eternal City.

It gives one a kind of discontented feeling to read the account. Is not life as fierce a battle to him? Do we not meet as many foes in each day's actual experience, as he possibly could in his fancied wanderings? If he could be protected by a charm from evils that were only imaginary, why can not we be as favored, since ours are real?

In other words, why can not we live in castles built in the air, rather than in wooden houses set upon the ground? Why were not our physical organisms ethereal essences instead, so that blows would leave no scars, and labor produce no weariness? Why must we continually grapple with disease, and be so often wrestled down by it, instead of being supplied with a universal panacea, by just presenting which, each malady would flee away? If we each had a philosopher's stone, to carry in our vest pocket!

We apprehend that none but cowards indulge in such longings. The earnest man finds inspiration enough in duty to relieve it of tedium, and feels sufficient enthusiasm awakened by action to keep him from sentimentalism. With a holy purpose in his heart he is invincible, and wielding truth as his only weapon he is victorious. This last is the only charm he needs; it is the safest and the best, and by it he conquers. In what but truth can a man believe implicitly? and who ever failed of success when his course as well as his cause was one that he thoroughly believed in? Let us see what its spirit is.

Our Saviour had been proclaiming the truth in the vicinity of Jerusalem. The very sins which yielded the Jews the most gratification, he denounced the most unsparingly. He knew that they sought his life, and that the Jewish ruler was only waiting an opportunity to seize and crucify him; yet he kept not back a word of truth. Just as he had performed some of his most marvelous cures, they came to him and told him that Herod would kill him if he kept on his course. "Go tell that fox, Behold I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." That is its spirit.

John the Baptist came in from the desert, and soon became an inmate of Herod's court. He saw its voluptuousness, he knew its sins. He began to denounce them; Herod threatened him. They cautioned him; he denounced still. He became aware of Herod's most sinful as well as dearest indulgence. This was a poor man with a truth to speak, in the presence of a king who acknowledged no superior. What did John do? He denounced the sin, and lost his head. That is its spirit, too.

When Paul's sufferings and death were foretold to him, and his friends wept and besought him not to go up to Jerusalem, he said, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." He had a truth to deliver, and it made him bold. Whatever harm might come to the body, he felt sure that his soul was safe. He believed in the power of his message more than ever a poet's hero did in his charm, and it made him eager to deliver it.

Above all things, truth makes a man sincere. He may be rough, he may be unpolished, but if he is truthful, he will be sincere. It is sincerity, with God's grace, that makes the Christian. He uses no flattery; there is no speaking smoothly to a man before his face, while all the time there is a disapproval of his conduct in the heart. What we want in the Christian is not politeness,—it is sincerity. Then he can be firm, and steady, and uncompromisingly true; he can be as undaunted before the rich as before the poor; he will hate moral evil as sternly in a great man as in a peasant; there is truth in such a man, and because it strengthens him he can do all possible things.

We individually go out each day to battle. Perhaps if we could see the foe drawn up in column, and see the sunlight flash from their weapons as they presented them for the attack, we could appreciate its reality better. But our foes are mostly in ambush; they are the desires for unlawful gain in business, the unwillingness to accept responsibility in business, the incentives to selfishness at home, the wrong motives with which we dispense our charities, the indifference with which we observe our neighbor's wants, &c. These and many other are our enemies, and we hardly take a step but it becomes almost a variable charge. Our best efforts are exposed to their

assaults, and we are in continual danger of falling even while we think we are standing. God's truth alone can keep us. With that in our hearts, and acting each day in accordance with its promptings, we are safe. Whatever threatens or assails, that is the charm in which if we trust we can do all things.

The Future of our Country.

Without indulging a vain curiosity about what is before us,—either to form glowing pictures of strength and exaltation on the one hand, or to give place to forebodings of disaster and desolation on the other,—we could hardly be true to our convictions as Christian patriots did we not, as occasion requires, take a careful survey of our national affairs, and seek to derive therefrom lessons of practical wisdom. And he must be a very superficial observer, who does not discover at present, ground for earnest solicitude. It is easy to treat one and another of these subjects as being of little importance or significance; but to regard them as such generally would be but to increase the peril, since our safety depends greatly on our watchfulness.

Is it a small matter that four millions, but a few months ago in the lowest condition of ignorance and servitude, have been suddenly clothed with the full privileges and prerogatives of American citizens? However we may rejoice that the marvelous deed has been accomplished, we are none the less bound to consider well and provide for the necessary and probable consequences of it. Is it a small matter that double this number, so recently committed to a deadly assault upon the national unity and vitality, have been suddenly restored to the possession of full powers so justly forfeited? We may call this ignoring of treason magnanimity, and suppose that those still ranking in hatred of authority and justice are to be transformed into loyal subjects by a general amnesty. But here is occasion for deep solicitude.

While these problems exist in our internal condition, the tide of emigration from the old world is pouring in upon us with ever increasing flow; bringing Catholicism, skepticism, paganism and numberless vices in its train. We may and should rejoice in the opportunity thus presented of dispensing the gospel at our very doors to these so much in need of its help; but we must take into account their influence on us, as well as our influence on them. Shall we raise them, or they depress us?

There is also our greed for territorial expansion. First we obtained the vast territory of Louisiana, then Florida, then a large slice of Mexico, then Russian America; and now are meditating the absorption of the West Indies and Canada. We will not here discuss the merits of the late unseemly contest on the San Domingo question. Our public men are to be honored for giving full expression to their convictions; but candor and self-possession can not be sacrificed with impunity. The people will not long confide in them who show so little confidence in and charity for each other. But aside from personal rivalry and animosity thus exposed among those the country has delighted to honor, there are great principles at stake, with regard to our national policy. Are we to go on admitting, absorbing, grasping individuals, communities and nations without limit, and clothing them at once as it were with the highest prerogatives of our citizens; or are there to be limits and restrictions timely and judiciously applied? Such political questions must be settled, the sooner the better.

God has evidently great things in store for us as a people. His providential care for us is manifest in all our history, in our planting, preservation through the colonial period, in the revolution, and formation of the national government, and especially in the suppression of the monster rebellion and the overthrow of slavery. We glory in our vast natural resources, in our constitution and laws, in the general loyalty, intelligence and virtue of the people. We have become a power among the nations, potent and beneficent. Shall we not go on increasing our influence for good, elevating the world by our principles and example?

The aspiration is a just and noble one; but it can not be realized by adopting a selfish and ambitious policy. Ambition has caused the ruin of most of the empires of the past; it has brought low the proudest nations and most renowned leaders of modern times. We as a nation need to be on our guard against it, perhaps never more than at present.

Our chief danger lies in departing from God, in suffering vital religion to lose its hold upon us. If we forsake God, he will forsake us. If we decline in piety, we shall decline in morality; and there is no hope for any nation that becomes corrupt. Irreligion and immorality would undermine the foundations of strength, destroying the integrity of the masses, and filling the seats of power with unprincipled men. Our great hope is in the religion of the gospel. Let the churches be strengthened, the Christian ministry increase in power and number, revivals be multiplied, let there be more fervent prayer, let the influence of the gospel be felt more and more in our schools, courts, legislative assemblies, and through every department of society, and a bright future is before us. There is no other sure basis upon which we can rest.

A new paper, to be called THE PROTECTOR, is about to appear in New York. It will give special attention to life insurance, which it will discuss in a simple, popular way, with the view of satisfying the public demand for information on the subject. In addition, in order to make THE PROTECTOR of general interest to families, miscellaneous reading matter, on health, &c., will form a prominent feature. Each number will also contain a story written for THE PROTECTOR by a popular author. The editor is Sidney Ashmore, and the publishers W. C. & F. P. Church, 39 Park Row, New York.

Public Positions.

Places of public trust and responsibility are much coveted in our country at the present time. Private stations and private life, no matter how respectable or of how much promised usefulness, hardly meet and much less satisfy the demands of an insatiable ambition. The goal set up is some position of public responsibility, influence and power. Hence the struggle for political office, that too often degenerates into a shameless scramble for place, in which every principle of morality, and every sentiment of honor is sacrificed to win success.

Even when the desired position is secured, the danger is not passed; but is often intensified. A man in public life does not feel free to act himself, to do exactly what his unbiased judgment and conscience would dictate. At least then the temptations to take counsel, rather of varying public opinion, and of the chances of continuance in power, always dangerous, especially to selfish and ambitious men. Not always weak men, but often the strong and self-reliant have gone down at last in this maelstrom that has already swallowed up so many fair reputations, and promising hopes.

That fatal fourth of March witnessed the sad and lamentable surrender of manliness and true public honor on the part of the greatest statesman of America, to the love of power, to an ambition for the highest governmental position. Had those lips, which had so often uttered the grateful words of liberty, at that signal hour, sung out again the clarion notes of freedom, louder and intenser as the occasion required, the name of Webster, comparatively unsullied, would have gone down the ages, adding glory and renown to the Republic. But, alas, the trial was too severe even for him. With an eye to the coming election, and the chances of a presidential nomination, he staked all that is worthy a statesman and a man, and lost.

But this is not exactly the turn we intended to give the thought deduced from our caption. There are other spheres of responsibility more or less public, that are attended with trials and discomforts of a different kind from the above, with which the generality of men are not very familiar. In the religious world there are enterprises, which of necessity must be conducted by a few chosen men, who are held to a strict responsibility to the communities which furnish the means, and for which, and in whose behalf, the few chosen ones act.

Some of these interests have at times been reduced to the last extremity. Friends have either deserted them or become discouraged, which practically is desertion; debts and other sources of embarrassment have hung over them like a death-pall; failure, ignominious and final, seemed to await them. Now all this is painful even to the most distant friend of these enterprises, and to those least intimately connected with them. But how must it be with one, two or a half dozen, on whose shoulders immediately rests the burden?

Perhaps in the very hour of peril, they have been persuaded to assume this responsibility, to fill the breach, and to save a forlorn cause, nearly ruined. The honor of a denomination is involved, the dearest interests of religion are at stake, their own reputation as business men, as financiers, as executors, is allied to the enterprise, and must go up or down with it.

The trials of this class of men in our own denomination have never been told, would never be appreciated if told. Our own position in times past has led us somewhat into the secret of them. And if ever we met objects of charitable consideration, men deserving a liberal interpretation of conduct, we have found them in this class.

An institution or enterprise is imperiled, the public interest may be called together to devise means of relief. The prospect is dark, impenetrable, hopeless! Nobody seems to have wisdom to point to a certain remedy, while all can see clearly enough, why this or that suggested expedient is inadequate. They separate, and go their several ways, and soon become absorbed in other interests. Not so with the few who have the personal management of these enterprises. Something must be done. In despair it may be they resolve on one more effort, not always wisely perhaps, for desperation is not of necessity clear-sighted,—often far otherwise. And then come the painful anxiety and watchings for barely possible results. "I would rather die, than see this little church with which I have been long identified go down," once said our venerated father. In our more youthful buoyancy and carelessness, we did not know what the words meant. We took them to be rash words, savoring a little of homely rhetoric. But we have since learned to regard them as words of "truth and soberness."

Now, the men connected with these public enterprises, however imperiled they may be, sometimes attain to a sort of notoriety. Their names appear in print, are often perhaps, on the lips of men. But the strangest of all is, that they should ever be looked upon with the feeling of envy. Of all the foolishness of folly, this can not be surpassed. For if "they have hope only in this life, they are of all men most miserable!" This same vice in them would be far more tolerable. And we do not hesitate to bear witness, that such a sin cleaves to some of them. When the burden presses the heaviest, when the feeling of public responsibility is most oppressive, when sensitivity to popular criticism and censorship is most keen, they do truly envy the poor day laborer, as he trudges homeward at the twilight hour, with his daily task done, bearing as a result of it, on his shoulder, a slender peck of meal! Homeward bound, and with no public critics bay- ing at his heels, for it is none of the public's business, where he has been, or where he is going, whether he has done his task well, or ill. He eats his meal; scanty it may be,

but with a sharp relish and in peace, and sleeps a long sleep, a free and independent man! That's a blessedness unknown to some of us!

We speak these things the more freely, because just now they have no particular or present application to ourselves. After an experience of thirty years, we find ourselves an ex-manager of financial interests, though not an indifferent observer of the struggle carried on by others. The schools in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine especially, are loudly calling for a courage and heroism unequalled in the past. On a few hearts and hands the burden presses heavily, crushingly. May the grace of "hoping against hope," of attempting seeming impossibilities, be theirs to the end.—J. F.

Living on Mt. Washington.

Where people will not yet live we do not know. We read of Laplanders who inhabit holes in the ground, and of hermits and wild men who dwell in caves and dark subterranean passages. There is now and then an individual who takes a fancy to a ruined castle, and spends his days and nights there in company with the ghosts and goblins that infest it. We also read of a man who constructed him a nest in the airy top of a tree, and likewise that there was once an old lady who lived in a shoe. But the only authentic instance of human beings passing the winter on the frozen summit of Mt. Washington is now in process of development. There are five of them, all told, and their experiences are quite novel. Their house, which is of wood and stone, is completely lined with felt, between which and the walls is a thick packing of hay and straw, and such other materials as will serve to keep out the cold. In the center of the room is a huge coal stove which, although it is kept continually red, fails to prevent frost from gathering to the thickness of several inches on the walls. In addition to this, the house is so securely chained to the top of the mountain, that as long as the top remains it is believed that the house can not blow away.

The object in living here is purely scientific. The desire to see their names in the papers, or to be considered as having accomplished anything marvelous in the line of adventure, is believed to have no influence with those who make up the party. The velocity of the wind is usually measured several times a day, the mercurial variations of the thermometer are closely observed, barometric changes are carefully noted, the relative humidity of the atmosphere is reported with precision, and the telescope is invariably turned each day in the direction of Portland, Me., to see if the ocean be visible.

Amid the startling discoveries by these mountain adventurers, there has yet been only one reported by which their equality was in the least disturbed. If they find the wind blowing at the rate of 95 miles a minute, or if the thermometer indicates a change of 30 degrees in half as many hours, or if the ocean be visible to the naked eye, or if they come in from their observations enveloped in an inch-thick coating of frost,—all these are trifles, and are seldom telegraphed further than to Littleton. But the other day one of the party came in highly excited. He had virtually added a paragraph, as well as a diagram, to the text books. He had discovered a snow-flake whose shape presented no resemblance to any other snow-flake then on the top of the mountain, or in the valleys below. This was marvelous. The philosophers were jubilant, and immediately telegraphed the discovery to Boston and New York.

And so the interests of science are being advanced. The United States has contributed quite largely towards defraying the expenses of the enterprise, and of course will share in its beneficial results. Private benevolence has also given of its store, and in turn will receive a report of the winter's experience, which to lovers of science will be a document highly prized. Numerous colleges are likewise in communication with this mountain retreat,—for it is connected by telegraph with the rest of the world, via Littleton and Hanover,—and no doubt many of the spring lectures will be relieved of their tedium by the curious and startling microscopic and barometric discoveries made on its frosty summit. Paris can step aside. Her men of pluck and nerve can at best remain in the air only while the gas holds out in their balloons. Ours spend a whole winter at nearly as high an elevation, and without any dependence on such an uncertain ally.

Current Topics.

—THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN DIFFICULTY. The investigation of charges against Dr. Lananah, growing out of accusations made by him against the managers of the Methodist Book Concern, has been in progress during the week in New York. It was proposed at first to make the investigation strictly private, but the objections to such a course were so numerous,—coming in part from Dr. Lananah himself and in part from public suspicions that would soon be awakened by it,—that a public investigation was determined upon. The results, thus far, have only increased the confusion and uncertainty which have attended the affair during its whole course. Nothing is yet proved by either prosecution or defense, and the public is generally receiving the impression that Dr. L. is more anxious to have the investigation proceed than his opponents are to prosecute it. There is at present a vigorous movement in favor of postponing the investigation to the next General Conference in 1872. Numerous consultations are held on this particular point, but thus far without concessions by either party. The absolute certainty, however, of an appeal to that body in case of a verdict for either side, renders it more than probable that the postponement will be secured.

—SENATOR WILSON RETURNED TO CONGRESS. Whatever fears may have been en-

tertained of the success of the opposition to Mr. Wilson's re-election can now be set aside, for he is returned to Congress by a handsome majority. Indeed, his re-election has long been considered a matter of course by those of all acquaintances with the public opinion of his native state. The country can not afford to dispense with the services of one of the few statesmen that administer her affairs, and Massachusetts is too proud of the honor she has already won at Washington to diminish it by withholding her best man. There is, sad to say, a faction in Mass. who affirm that Wilson and Sumner have done their work in Congress and should now give place to those who better appreciate the country's present needs. They are of the same class, doubtless, with those who assert that the Republican party has accomplished its work for the country, and should now be displaced by one with a different platform. Very likely the country will believe and decide in the one case about as Massachusetts has believed and decided in the other.

—CONCERT OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES. It will be borne in mind that the concert of prayer for colleges is changed from the last Thursday in February to the last Thursday in the present month. The change was deemed necessary for several reasons, but chiefly because in most of our colleges the former date fell too near the close of the winter term. A previous rich experience has led the Church to look with great hopefulness to this concert as the period of revivals in colleges, there being more mutual sympathy, effort, and interest awakened than can be the case when the students are scattered abroad. Therefore it is now placed as near the beginning of the term as possible, so that the interest awakened by it may be fostered and encouraged by the continued efforts of Christian members of colleges. We hope that in our own colleges this day may be fittingly observed. They are the centers from which flow one of our most hopeful influences for the future. If a Christian character is established there, its possessor becomes at once just such a power as our interests very much need. And not only in college, but through our denomination let every Christian address the throne in behalf of those for whose welfare the day is set apart, beseeching that God may visit them by his Spirit and lead many to engage in his service.

—THE SAN DOMINGO COMMISSION. The appointment of the San Domingo Commissioners has relieved the President of much of the suspicion that had attached to his motives in connection with the annexation movement. Whatever may have been his wishes heretofore, the present indications are that he now seeks only a full, fair and impartial investigation. He has given the commissioners neither written nor oral instructions, the resolutions under which Congress authorized the investigation being their only rule of procedure. He has neither asked their opinions nor given them his own, but is reported to have told them frankly that he wishes the simple facts in the case,—nothing more nor less. He has at least made a very acceptable selection of gentlemen to compose the commission. B. F. Wade, who is at its head, has long ago established his integrity among all who have been at all familiar with his career; Dr. Howe is a well known philanthropist, besides being a life-long friend of Mr. Sumner; and President White, of Cornell University, is so removed from political circles, and a man of such spotless reputation, that his opinion will be received unhesitatingly wherever he is known. In addition to this, each member of the commission is wholly uncommitted, and with their departure the whole question promises to be taken out of the present domain of political discussion.

—INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY. Boston is again exercised on the subject of giving soup to its paupers. The plan was first adopted during an exceptionally severe winter several years ago, and by vote of the aldermen has been continued since. There is no doubt either of the expediency or of the Christian charity in feeding the hungry poor in certain cases; free libraries and free baths are always in order; and so are other charities which will secure needed comfort and awaken a higher life among their recipients. But this Boston habit of distributing soup indiscriminately, whereby multitudes in good health receive it to carry away in pails and pitchers, is not only charity misapplied, but its tendency is actually demoralizing. Idleness is encouraged by it; the vicious, relieved of the necessity of earning a meal, have more time for crime; and thus, even while charity is cooking the broth in the kitchen, the ones for whom it is intended may be sitting in their wretched hovels devising new plans of mischief. There is greater danger of withholding more than is wise; but where giving is to result in making idlers still more idle, and their homes still more wretched, but little real relief can flow from it.

—AN ABUSER ABUSED. Another of those cases has just occurred in Dudley, this state, in which the lamentable effects of corporal punishment in schools are well illustrated. A teacher in the town mentioned had occasion to flog a pupil recently, which he did quite severely. The next morning, while on his way to school, the teacher was met by a brother of the previous day's victim, and told to prepare himself for a whipping. He immediately drew a revolver in defense, but this was wrenched from him, and only his loud cries of murder saved him from receiving a worse chastisement than he actually did. The case will now be brought into court, and the issue will doubtless be as unsatisfactory as the many similar ones that have preceded it. Is there no better way to correct refractory school-boys than in the manner referred to above? Can not the heart be reached by kindness,

and passion, be subdued by gentle treatment, more effectually than by hardening one and arousing the other by discipline that we should at least hesitate to apply to a brute? Are schoolmasters who carry revolvers to use in moments of danger that their own passion has provoked, the proper ones to have control of the rising generation? The subject of corporal punishment in schools is being agitated in the state, and we hope that this case may assist in reaching a proper decision.

—THE MISSION OF THE PRESS. A recent number of the Watchman & Reflector has a timely article on this subject. It says:

In the old Roman times there was no voice more potent than that of the Tribune of the people. To-day the press is the tribune of the people. It represents their ideas, it utters their needs. It urges their claims. It enforces their ultimate authority. It reminds the powers that be that they are ministers for the good of the latter, and fulfill their obligation and attain the end of their office only in wise and faithful service. It is not a power behind thrones, and presidential chairs, and legislative halls, but a power above and all around. In its last united utterance it is more irresistible than imperial armies. Of course we understand that there is a boisterous press, an infidel press, a satanic press, smiting at the very foundations of the social fabric and of individual well; what we say holds good of the press in its aggregated result.

Nor is this true simply as a lofty ideal; it has been actualized in numberless cases. None know and appreciate the worth of the religious paper in these directions more than those who have, had its weekly visits longest,—those well regulated Christian families which, having been molded by it in their youth, have secured it for their new home and brought up their own children surrounded by its influence. To such it has come to be a sacred thing,—sacred for its hallowed associations and for its holy service. That every paper does not reach this ideal and that none always does, is too painfully evident. The aggregate of influence, however, we believe to be such as we have indicated.

—THERE IS NO HARM IN IT. The N. Y. Tribune thus portrays the terrible evil of drug-drinking, and the sin lying at Christians' doors. But can it prove its assertion as to the future fate of the drunkard, that it is only death and not damnation? Yet its general words are sharp, and too true:

Down the street comes another young fellow with the very genial spirit of the day in his clear eye, and strong friendly voice. A man of education and natural power; whole-hearted, unselfish, with strong religious instincts; the boy, it is most likely, of all her sons whom the mother's eye lights quickest to welcome—a man who is fitted to be a power in the world for its cheer and help. But he has a physical disease, inherited, most probably, in stomach and blood, which craves stimulant; and stimulant is death—not, thank God, damnation. The Christian world thinks it is both. Yet it places it in this boy's path at every step, legalizes the glittering shops that offer it to him with every bewildering temptation. Shut his eyes as he may, struggle as he may,—for the struggle is for life, as he knows,—he can not shut it out. Christian women have offered it to him to drink in token of his rejoicing that Christ has come. Through the length and breadth of the land the doors have been wide open into which the gaunt army enter who, like himself, are going down to death, and it is the will of the Christian world that they should continue to be kept open.

UNITED ITALY. The following is an extract from J. G. Whittier's letter declining to be present at the reunion of the friends of Italian unity, in New York:

The withdrawal of the temporal power of the Pope will prove a blessing to the Catholic church as well as to the world. Many of its most learned and devout priests and laymen have long seen the necessity of such a change, which takes from it a reproach and scandal that could no longer be excused or tolerated. A century hence it will have as few apologists as the Inquisition or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In this hour of congratulation, let us not forget those whose suffering and self-sacrifice in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence prepared the way for the triumph which we celebrate. As we call the long, illustrious roll of Italian patriots, the young, the brave and beautiful, the grey-haired, saintly confessors, the scholars, poets, artists, who, shut out from human sympathy, gave their lives for God and country in the slow, dumb agony of prison martyrdom, let us hope that they also rejoice with us and, inaudible to earthly ears, unite in our thanksgiving. "Alleluia! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; he hath avenged the blood of his servants."

Denominational News and Notes.

Shall our Foreign Mission be Sustained?

We do not like to make appeals through the Star for funds in our Foreign Mission work. When funds have been running low, we have said nothing through this medium. But there are times when this may be proper, and when to seek relief for this cause is absolutely necessary. The receipts for the past four months have been less than in corresponding months for several years. For instance: The receipts, in Oct., 1870, were \$248,67 less than in Oct., 1869; in Nov., 1870, \$986,18 less than in Nov., 1869; in Dec., \$640,21 less than in the corresponding month of 1869,—making a falling off of \$1874, 91 in 1870, from the same months in 1869. Add to this the fact that we have had additional expenses this year, on account of the return of several missionaries; and it can be seen at once that the state of our finances is, to say the least, not a very hopeful one.

After sending out the January circulars to all our ministers, funds began to come in better the first part of the month. But now the receipts have fallen back about the same as in Oct., Nov. and Dec. Then when we look at the fact that in 1868 and the first part of 1869 we were compelled to hire money to sustain the mission, a part only of which has been paid, leaving a debt of about \$1900,00 on the Society, the question of future operations becomes still more serious. Heretofore in such times help has come from legacies; but now our legacies are

Poetry.

My Choice.

Which of the two do you love the best?
Was the question that came to me,
As robed for the night, in snowy white,
My darlings knelt by me.

Which, if the Father's hand
Were to beckon me away,
And the summons be, "Thy best beloved,"
Which of them would you say?

And I drew my little ones closer,
As I sat in the twilight dim,
And wondered, if he were to ask me,
What I should answer him.

Maid is gentle and loving,
With willing hands and feet,
With curious thoughts, and questions wise,
With womanly ways and sweet.

And roughish, hazel-eyed Minnie,
The willful baby yet,
Through over the head of golden brown
Three summer suns have set.

One so serious and thoughtful,
With wisdom beyond her years,
The other like April sunshine,
Ready with smiles or tears.

Now, as they kneel beside me
In the suddenly quiet room,
While the shadows deepen and darken
Into the evening gloom,

And childish voices petition,
As they fold their hands in prayer,
The heavenly Host to lead them,
The heavenly Love to care;

Then, as they throw around me
Their arms, and clasp me tight,
The sweet lips murmur, "We love you,
Good-night, mamma, good-night."

I can not choose between them,
Father, oh! spare the test,
Which of my darlings is dearer,
Which one I love the best.

—Newburyport Herald.

Georgie's Prayer.

"God bless Georgie and make him a good boy. Take
his little hand and kiss it."

Three sweet years have flown since Georgie
Pattered out of Paradise,
And was caught and held by mother,
Still his first homelike cries;
Held and soothed and loved, till almost
He forgot! Ah, that was wise!

For I'm sure those baby angels,
That his senseless little tongue
Tried to praise of, when he dimly
Thought of them, while mother sung,
Never loved him half so dearly,
As that heart which he clung.

Now our world grows wide and wider
For the baby's tiny feet;
Glad and fearless as a sunbeam
Each new friend he smiles to meet;
Sad, worn faces stoop to kiss him,
Saying low, "God bless you, sweet."

Little ones "have known the Father,"
So the loved disciple said,
Without shade of doubt, our darling
Kneels beside his little bed,
Shuts his eyes, tired of seeing,
Droops the precious curly head.

"God bless Georgie," he is praying,
"Make him good, (we breathe 'Amen')
Take his little hand and kiss it."
Now the eyelids lift again,
Ah, what more have all our pleadings
Asked for, wiser sons of men?

Calm and clear, the voice of Jesus
Echoes through the centuries;
"If no doubt your heart containeth,
Ye shall ask what ye please,
It is yours; God's blessed kingdom
Opens but to souls like these."

Darling baby, surely on thee
Rests God's hand of blessing now,
In thy heart the dear Christ-spirit
Dwells, to make thee good; thy brow,
If thou keep this faith, shall never
To the world's vain idols bow.

And thy hand, in life's great battle,
Strong shall grow 'gainst sin to fight,
Strong to work where work is needed,
Strong to lead through dark and light;
Sweeping mid the listening angels,
God has kissed thy hand to-night.

—Bright Side.

The Family Circle.

Little Dill.

There was not very much of her, to begin
with. Grandpa Wallace held the rusty, old-
fashioned steel-yard that had weighed all
the butter that had been made on the farm
since Dill's mother was a baby, and grand-
ma hung the little, soft, squirming bundle on
the iron hook, and studied it carefully while
she looked at the weights.

"Just six pounds and a half!" That was
all there was of Dill, and the blanket to-
gether—not very much to begin the world
with.

"Never mind," said grandma, cuddling
the little morsel up to her soft old face,
"she's a bright little thing, and just as chirp
as a cricket, and we'll make a bonning girl
of her yet, if the Lord pleases."

The baby's mamma tried to smile, but all
the time her heart was aching, and aching,
to think of her soldier who never could see
his baby—lying dead somewhere away down
in Georgia—she did not even know where.
Grandma's heart ached, too, but she had
been trusting the Lord for almost seventy
years, and she found it very comforting to
keep on trusting him, even when he sent
trouble and sorrow upon her by taking the
baby's mamma home to heaven, and leaving
the poor little wail with only the two old
people to care for it.

"We ought to name the baby," said Grand-
pa Wallace, when the grass began to grow
over its mother's grave. "Why not call her
Lucy, for her mother?"

"Not that name, father," said grandma,
"it keeps my heart sore to hear it; we'll call
her Dill, after your sister."

And that was how little Dill came by her
name, for nobody could call such a wee
thing by the lovely, old-fashioned name, so it
was sometimes Dilly, but oftener Dill, grand-
pa's little Dill.

People called her an old-fashioned child,
and I suppose she was. Grandma made her
clothes herself, and grandma's old fingers
did not know much about tucks, and ruffles,
and flounces, but little Dill was always as
sweet and clean and fresh as a morning-
glory with the dew on it. Her yellow hair
hung in thick curls, and grandma let it have
its one way, because, as she said, the good
Lord made it so; but right over her forehead
two little locks were braided tightly and tied
with bits of blue ribbon, to keep them out of
her eyes, and make her little peachy face
look neat and tidy. Her dresses were rather
long, as grandma thought was modest, and
her neck and arms were covered with long-
sleeved aprons, and her little feet with stout
shoes, lest she should die of consumption,
like her frail little mother. I dare say you
would have thought her quite a fright, but
she was as lovely as an angel to Grandpa
Wallace, and made grandma's old heart glad
all the day long.

She had a wonderful voice for a child, and
before she was three years old, grandma
taught her to sing the sweet old-fashioned
tunes which she had sung to Dill's mother
years and years before. And sometimes, on
a Sunday evening, when the pinks were in
blossom in the front yard, you might hear
the voices of the two old people, a little broken
and trembling, mingling with Dill's clear
tones in the music of Lenox and Devizes
and sweet old Delight. That was Dill's own
tune, and she loved it best of all. When
grandpa first read to her in the big Bible,
how those who make the Most High their
refuge should not be afraid by day or night,
she thought it was very beautiful, and wanted
to hear it again and again. So grandma
taught her to sing Delight, and it was won-
derful how quickly she caught words and
tune, and how she sang.

"No burning heats by day,
Nor draughts of evening air,
Can take thy health away
If God be with thee there!"

Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon."

"I declare," said grandpa, wiping his eyes,
"I haven't heard such singing, mother, since
I first saw you in the singers' seat at
Hillbury."

"You must use your gift for the Lord,
Dill," said grandma, "and not be vain of it."

And Dill, who was only four years old, said
"yes, grandma," with her clear blue eyes
full of wonder, for she did not know at all
what it meant.

Grandpa Wallace had lived nearly seven-
ty-five years without any serious sickness.
But there came a day at last, when he sat
faint and moaning in his arm-chair, and
grandma watched anxiously at the door to
see if some neighbor would not come by
who could go for the doctor. Nobody came,
and it was almost sunset.

"I'm afraid you must go, my little Dill,
and fetch the doctor," said grandma, at
last. "Run quick as you can, and he'll
bring you home in his gig."

So she tied the little pink sunbonnet, un-
der Dill's chin, and kissed her as she sent
her away.

Straight down the road and over the hill
went the fearless little maiden, as fast as
her small feet could carry her, for it was
more than a mile to the village, and not a
house all the way. She might have gone
safely enough, but when she came to the
woods, she all at once remembered a short
way by which grandpa had once taken her,
and without stopping long to consider, she
turned in at a cart-path and ran rapidly on
towards the very heart of the woods. Fool-
ish little Dill! but then she was only four
years old. It grew almost dark in the
woods, and the road did not seem to come
near the village, but Dill kept bravely on,
though her heart beat very fast, and she felt
almost as if she was going to cry. On and
on she ran, stumbling over the roots and
briers, for she could hardly see at all, until,
by-and-by, the road seemed to stop in a tan-
gle of bushes, and Dill turned around and
around, and could not see any way to go,
and then her brave little heart fairly broke
down, and she knew she was lost in the
woods. She was not wise enough to know
she could not be very far from the village
road; she only knew that grandpa was sick
and needed the doctor, and grandpa's little
Dill was all alone in the dark, lonesome
woods, and never, never could find her way
out. What do you think she did? Well,
at first she cried a little; I am not sure, but
she cried a good deal, but then she remem-
bered the Psalm about, abiding under the
shadow of the Almighty, and she dried her
eyes and began to sing Delight. I don't
doubt at all that God really had given his
angels charge over her, and that her sent
Deacon Brown along the village road just
in time to hear a sweet voice a little way
down in the woods singing.

"No burning heats by day."

The rest is very quickly told; how he left
his steady old horse in the road, and pushed
his way through the bushes to find little
Dill; and how the two went after the doc-
tor, and Dill rode home at last in the doc-
tor's gig.

Grandpa Wallace did not die, and when
the spice pinks blossomed the next year, he
and grandma and little Dill sat in the front
door and sang Delight again, and loved it
better than ever. —Gongregationalist.

All the work of the world—railroading,
navigating, digging, delving, manufacturing,
inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are
done, first of all, to secure each family in the
quiet possession of its own hearth; and second-
ly, to surround as many as possible with
grace and culture and beauty. The work
of all races for five thousand years, is re-
presented in the difference between a wigwag
and a lady's parlor. It has no better result
to show.

A Mother's Questions.

The following is the copy of a paper, in
the hand-writing of a Christian mother,
which was found in her copy of the Articles
of Faith and Covenant of her church, after
her decease. This lady had been in the
habit of frequently reading over these Ar-
ticles and the Covenant, and the religious ed-
ucation of her children being identified with
her most sacred thoughts and moments, she
read these questions at the same time:

"Have I so prayed for my children as that
my prayer produced an effect upon myself?
Have I realized that to train my children
for usefulness and heaven is probably the
chief duty that God requires of me?

"Have I realized that if I can not eradicate
an evil habit, probably no one else can or
will?"

"Have I granted, to-day, from indulgence,
what I denied yesterday, from principle?"

"Have I yielded to importunity in altering
a decision deliberately made?"

"Have I punished the beginning of an evil
habit?"

"Have I suffered the indulgence of an evil
habit through sloth or discouragement?"

"Have I calmed and seriousness marked
my looks, tones and voice, when inflicting
punishment?"

"Was my convenience, or the guilt of the
child, the measure of its punishment?"

"Has punishment been sufficiently private,
and have I tried to affect the mind more than
the body?"

"Do my children see in me a self-command
which is the effect of principle?"

"Have I, in my plans, my heart, and con-
duct, sought first for my children the king-
dom of God?"

"Have I commended God to my children,
my children to God?"

"Have I aimed to govern my children in
the same principle and in the same spirit
which God adopts in the government of his
creatures?"

"Have I, in pursuance of the above resolu-
tion, acted in the spirit of that prayer in
God's word, 'Them that honor me, I will
honor, and they that despise me, shall be
lightly esteemed'?"

"Have I aimed to secure the love and obedi-
ence of my children?"

"Have I remembered that it is full time to
make a child obey when it knows enough to
disobey?"

"Have these resolutions been undertaken
in the strength of Christ, remembering 'I
can do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me'?"

"Have I labored to convince my child that
its true character is formed by its thoughts
and affections?"

"Do I, by my conversation and actions,
teach my children that character, and not
wealth or connections, constitutes respecta-
bility?"

"Do I realize what circumstances are
educating my children—my conversation,
my purposes, my likings and dislikings?"

"Do I realize that the most important book
a child can and does read is its parents'
daily deportment and example?"

"Do my children feel that they can do what
they like, or that they must do what they
are commanded?"

"Have I felt that a timid child is in great
danger of being insincere?"

"Do I, as an antidote to timidity, cultivate
the fear of God, and self-respect?"

"Do I realize that I must meet each child
at the judgment-seat, and hear from it,
what my influence over it has been, as a
mother?"

"Do I realize that it is in my power to ex-
ert such an influence that Christ shall see
in each the travail of his soul, and shall be
satisfied?"

"Do I realize that my children will obey God
much as they do me?"

"Do I impress on my children that little
faults in Christian families may be as dan-
gerous to the soul, and as evil in their tenden-
cies, as larger faults where there is no Christian
education?"

"Do I realize the danger of retarding or hin-
dering the work of the Holy Spirit, by evil
habits, worldly pursuits, or companions?"

"Do I make each child feel that it has a
work to do, and that it is its duty and happi-
ness to do that work well?"

"I'll be an Honest Boy."

School was dismissed; one after another
had said "Good-night" to the teacher, and
were running homeward, shouting at the
great rain drops that were descending
crystal-like, and dancing up and down
upon the tops of the fences and in the way-
side brooks. A beautiful "rain in summer!"
Oh! if you could have seen the trees just
then, their branches filled with the red-
breasted robins, and their green leaves spark-
ling in the sunbeams that now and then burst
from the clouds, notwithstanding the rain,
you would have exclaimed with little An-
nie Parker, "how splendid!" Annie had
taken the offered hand of her cousin Edwin
Fairbanks, stepped under the awning in
front of the village store, and stood look-
ing at the fair picture. What a pity that
anything should come in to mar all this
beauty! But it was just so in Eden. When
Eve, whom God had created free from sin,
was walking in her beautiful garden, ad-
miring, no doubt, the wonders of creation,
Satan entered, and with him temptation and
death.

A diploma was to be given out the next
day in the school to which these children
belonged; and Edwin had been trying hard
to get it. He had not been absent nor tardy
once during the term, nor had he recited
one imperfect lesson; yet he had ascertained
that afternoon that he had not as many
shares in the "Bank of Merit" as Albert
Foster, who had been absent twice, and
had failed in spelling several times. Albert's
number of merits had increased wonder-
fully during the week; but, as he was a
good boy generally, no one doubted his
honesty.

As Edwin stood talking with his cousin
about his disappointment, Arthur Wells
came hopping along, plashing through the
puddles, and making his way to Edwin's
side. Arthur was a bad boy. He cared
nothing for diplomas; but he really liked
to get a boy into trouble.

"How many shares have you now?"
asked he of Edwin.

"Fifty-six," was the answer. "I have
taken the highest merit every day but two;
then I whispered. But for that I should
be far ahead of every one in school except
Albert Foster. He has two more merits
than I have."

"I know how he got them," said Arthur;
"and I will tell you." And he whispered a
few words in Edwin's ear.

"Oh, that is cheating!" exclaimed Edwin,
starting back. "I wouldn't do anything
like that! I wouldn't be so wicked!"

"No, it is not cheating," replied Arthur.
"I did not want my merits, so I gave him
half of them; and I have kept the other
half for you. Now if you want the prize,
this is a good chance for you to take them;
to-morrow it will be too late."

Edwin hesitated. He had never once
deceived his teacher; he had done better
than any other scholar, and every merit he
had received was his due. Should he lose
the reward of well-doing, see another take
the prize he had fairly won, when one num-
ber would save him, and that was being
offered him? There was indeed a struggle.

Arthur had taken the merits from his wal-
let and stood holding them out in a tempt-
ing manner.

"Come, take them quick, will you?"
said he. "No one shall ever know it."

"No, I won't," at length answered the
noble boy; "I'll never cheat. Albert may
have the diploma if he wants it. Come
what will, I'll be an honest boy." And off
he ran, leaving his tempter behind him.

The rain had stopped falling by this time,
and the robins had left the trees; the golden
tints, too, disappeared, and the dancing
spray went to rest; but Edwin's words
echoed long and loud,—"Come what will,
I'll be an honest boy." —Child at Home.

Darthany's Little Dick.

He was a hard fisted, horny-handed old
backwoodsman, was Dan Dartthany. No-
body had ever seen his weather-beaten
face moistened with a tear, nor did any
suppose his leathery old heart was capa-
ble of beating in sympathy with any hu-
man being. His voice was as sharp as his
axe, and his conversation was as rough
as the thatch of his backwoods cabin.

Dan's little five-year-old bright-eyes
was as hearty a lad as ever strayed among
the pines. He was the life of the cabin.
He picked up just such education as you
would expect among such company. He
wasn't a petted or pampered child.

"Dan teamed it into town, one winter af-
ternoon, for some supplies from the store.
Bright-eyed little Dick was along, full of
sparkle and fun, with his little bearskin coat
on, his thick mittens and fur cap. Dan
hitched his team, and left little Dick in the
sleigh while he went into the store. He
made his purchases and was almost ready
to start for home. It was just then time
for supper, and the boy at the next door
tavern came out to the street, swinging his
huge bell. It frightened the horses, and
they started off on a full run with
little Dick. Away they sped like reindeer
over the snow. 'O God! my boy!' cried
Dan Dartthany; and he and two other men
jumped into a sleigh which was standing
near, and followed in pursuit as rapidly as
they could urge on their horse.

The frightened horses ran as Dan thinks
horses never run before. It is growing
dark. The snow is in drifts; light, and in
some places deep. What if that boy should
fall into some drift and perish in the cold
and darkness! Drive on; for we may over-
take them before it is too dark. The coun-
try is level and open, but there is not a sign
or sight of the runaway team.

Yes, there is; here they come to it. Here
is one runner; and the rest of the track
seems as if made with the side of the sleigh.
They will learn something of it soon, for
the horses can not have carried it far that
way. Poor Dick! Is he killed? He must
be."

Here is one of the horses, with his neck
broken. Hurry on the pursuit, for the re-
mains of the rest of the wreck must be near.
It grows darker and darker.

The other horse, in a snow drift, with the
broken sleigh fast to him, pants and snorts
in terror. The sleigh is bottom upward.
Poor little Dick must be in a drift some-
where. They will go and get torches and
search, for they may find him yet while life
is in him. With a heavy heart, Dan almost
gives up the hope of finding the little fellow
alive.

Stop! Dan Dartthany! Hear that half-
smothered little voice from under the
overturned sleigh? "Dad! dad!" "Oh
God! there's my boy!" "Dad! dad!"
again says the little fellow; and great tears
of joy course down the furrows in the back-
woodsman's cheeks as he rushes to the place
where the sound came, upheaves what is
left of the sleigh, and drags out the little
curled-up heap of bearskin, which is noth-
ing more nor less than his dear Dick; not a
broken bone nor a scratch; but the little fel-
low is chilled through and through.

Dan Dartthany wraps the boy in his own
great fur coat and takes him in his arms,
rubbing him as he goes. "Dick, what did
you feel like when the horses was runnin'
away?" "Why, dad, I just grabbed hold of
the side of the sleigh, and I know'd you'd
come soon." "But wasn't you skinned
when the thing upset?" "No; I just held
on, and said, 'God keep Dick'; and I got
poaty cold while I was a-waitin', but I
know'd you'd come."

Says rough Dan Dartthany, "I ain't very
heavy on religion, I ain't, and I ain't no
book-larnin'; and I do n't know about what
you religiouses calls perticular providen-
ces; but when them horses was a-tarin'
along so, I jest said, 'God save my dear
Dick, God save my dear Dick,' all the time
we was a goin' arter 'em; and I know'd he'd
do it somehow. An' is there such things
as perticular providences, why, I jest guess
this is one of 'em, I do." —S. S. Workman.

It Stings.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his
little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac
which grew near the gate of his father's
manse. The next moment the child's
face grew with terror; and he dashed
the lilac to the ground, shrieking, "It stings!
it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright,
beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How
could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell
you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner,
had just pushed his nose in among the lilac-
blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it
most heartily when Sammy's fat hand dis-
turbed him. So, being vexed with the
child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's
hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with
hartshorn; and when the pain was gone,
she said, "Sammy, my dear, let this teach
you that many pretty things have very sharp
stings."

Let every child take note of this—many
pretty things have very sharp stings. It
may save them from being stung if they
keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty.
A boy once went to a circus because the
horses were pretty and the riders gay; but
he learned to swear there; and thus that
pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty
thing. He drank it, and learned to be a
drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a
basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her moth-
er.

Fearing she should not get another if she
said "Yes," she said "No," got another
pear, and then felt so stung that she could
not sleep that night.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it
looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. The
sting stays fast. The Bible says, "The sting
of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal
the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you
feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with
it and he will cure it. After that, never
forget that many pretty things have very
sharp stings; and be careful not to touch,
taste, or handle such things. —Young Re-
porter.

The Old Nurse.

See! she sits cowering over her lonesome
hearth, with her gown and upper petticoat
drawn upward, gathering thriftily into her
person the whole warmth of the fire, which,
now at nightfall, begins to dissipate the au-
tumnal chill of her chamber. The blaze
quivers capriciously in front, alternately
glittering into the deepest chasm of her
wrinkled visage, and then permitting ghost-
ly dimness to mar the outlines of her vener-
able figure. And Nurse Toothaker holds a
teaspoon in her right hand, with which to
stir up the contents of a tumbler in her left,
whence steams a vapory fragrance, abhorred
of temperance societies. Now she sips—
now stirs—now sips again. Her sad old
heart has need to be revived by the rich in-
fusion of Geneva, which is mixed half-and-
half with hot water, in the tumbler. All
day long she has been sitting by a death-
pillow, and quitted it for her home, only
when the spirit of her patient left the clay
and went homeward, too.

But now are her melancholy meditations
cheered, and her torpid blood warmed, and
her shoulders lightened of at least twenty
ponderous years, by a draught from the true
fountain of youth, in a case-bottle. It is
strange that men should deem that fount a
fable when its liquor fills more bottles than
the Congress water! Sip it again, good
nurse, and see whether a second draught
will not take off another score of years; and
perhaps ten more, and show us, in your
high-backed chair, the blooming damsel
who plighted troths with Edward Fane.
Get you gone, age and widowhood! Come
back, unreddened youth! But, alas! the
charm will not work. In spite of fancy's
most potent spell, I can see only an old
dame cowering over the fire, a picture of
decay and desolation, while the November
blast roars at her in the chimney, and fifth
showers rush suddenly against the win-
dows.—Hawthorne, on the decline of old age.

A Cross Husband Conquered.

He came into the breakfast-room one
morning, and in a moment it was seen that
a cloud was on his brow. There sat the
lady-like wife, waiting for him; the table
fairly groaned, not with plated silver, but
the solid material. The cloth was white as
the snow; the family were seated around in
pleasant expectancy; everything was smok-
ing hot, and not an article there but even a
pampered appetite could revel on. But the
man's favorite dish was not there. Closer
he came to the table, and with the inquiry,
"Did you not know that I wanted a shad
for breakfast?" he raised his foot and over-
turned the whole table on the floor.

"It was at the fire, being kept warm for
you," replied his noble wife, in her quiet,
lady-like, and conquering way.

In an instant the haughty Husband com-
prehended the situation; the next he was on
his knees, exclaiming, "Dear wife, you
are nothing less than an angel born."

Not a great while after that he died.
His will was opened; his wife was ex-
ecutor; he left her all he had, —\$2,000,000.—
Halt's Journal of Health.

Our conversation should be such that
youth may herein find improvement, wo-
men modesty, the aged respect and all men
civility.

An Early Impression.

A gentleman took a little boy upon his
knee, and asked him what he was going to
do for a living? He replied, he did not know.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you must
become a good man, and then you must
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News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, a bill was passed to hasten the survey of private land claims. The bill giving Ohio jurisdiction over the Soldiers' Asylum at Dayton was debated. A bill was introduced for the establishment of an Ocean Steamship line. In the House, the Air Line Railroad bill was debated. A resolution was introduced looking to the restoration of the general order system in the New York Custom House. Several members from Georgia were admitted. A bill was passed presenting regulations for the establishment of Ocean Cable lines.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the House amendments to the bill increasing the amount of five per cent bonds authorized by the Funding bill were concurred in. A memorial was presented from the American Institute concerning a proposed Industrial Exposition in the city on the centennial anniversary of the nation's birth. A bill was introduced to prohibit States from issuing foreign insurance companies. The bill ending jurisdiction to Ohio over the Dayton Asylum was passed. A communication was received from the President in relation to the Ku-Klux outrages in North Carolina. The bill to refund to the States the interest on the money expended during the Rebellion, for war purposes, was debated. In the House, the Naval Appropriation bill was reported. The bill to regulate the treatment of cattle on railroad-trains was passed. The Omnibus Appropriation bill was finished in Committee of the Whole. The Military Academy Appropriation bill was passed.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, considerable time was spent in discussing a resolution ordering an investigation into the alleged Ku-Klux outrages. Senators Lawrence and Warner urged it very strongly, as did other republican Senators, and the matter went over until today. In the House, an ineffectual attempt was made to have an investigating committee appointed in the case of Cadet Smith. The legislative and executive appropriation bill was passed. The mail service on the Pacific coast has cost \$1,435,303 since 1848. Commissioner Pleasanton thinks it costs more to collect the income tax than it comes to.

On Thursday, in the Senate, a bill was introduced providing for the aid of the United States to the Portland, Oswego and Chicago Railway, also a civil service reform bill, and the bill abolishing the grades of admiral and vice-admiral was passed; also Mr. Morton's resolution of inquiry into the outflow and murder now prevalent in South Carolina. In the House, Mr. Daves introduced a steamship subsidy bill similar to that introduced by Senator Conkling. A bill was also introduced to create the new Territory of Oklahoma. The first appropriation having been disposed of on the day before, the House went into committee of the whole on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill, and a warm discussion followed a motion by Mr. Wood to prohibit the use of the secret service fund for anything connected with the acquisition of the republic of Dominica.

On Friday, in the Senate, the certificate of election of Foster Blodgett of Georgia was presented, and Mr. Sumner presented a communication from the national colored labor union asking for equal rights for all on public conveyances. The bill for reimbursing to States their expenses during the war was debated. In the House the San Domingo debate on the appropriation bill was resumed; but the committee rose, and the bill to create a government for the District of Columbia was taken up. A Senate suffrage amendment received 55 votes to 116 yeas. The bill was passed, and the army appropriation bill, which appropriates \$27,475,000, was made a special order for Thursday. Mr. Evans and E. Spencer Miller give it as their opinion that the income tax is unconstitutional. The army appropriation bill has been finished by committee. Secretary Fish has been asked by the Senate foreign relations committee to prepare a bill on the Alabama claims.

On Saturday, the Senate was not in session. The House met for debate only.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Saulsbury, Logan, Fern and Windom are elected Senators from Delaware, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota respectively.

A convention in favor of the recognition of the Alamy in the Constitution met at Philadelphia last Wednesday.

Frank P. Blair is elected senator from Missouri.

The new postal bill, as reported to the Senate, abolishes the franking privilege and authorizes the use of postal cards.

There were fifty-eight lives lost by the burning of the T. L. McGill. The raftsmen at the scene of the terrible disaster paid no attention to the cries of the sinking passengers, but busied themselves in stealing the cargo.

Eight thousand five hundred and eighty-three post-offices report to the Postmaster-General that the postage, at the established rates, on franked matter deposited at their offices for six months, ending June 30, 1870, would have been \$916,396, and from these data Mr. Croswell estimates that the aggregate postage otherwise accruing on all franked matter of the country for one year would be \$2,543,327.

Professor Asaph Hall, of the United States naval expedition sent to Sicily to observe the solar eclipse December 22, writes: "We have had total eclipses. Four eclipses were pretty well observed during the total eclipse. I think the physical observations somewhat doubtful. Probabilities were very well given. They were of a pale red color, and not so bright as I expected them to be. A cloud interfered with my observations of the corona. I could detect very little of the radiating and curved streamers, given in many pictures, produced by clouds. The Methodist book committee have decided to employ experts to find out the alleged fraud, and will proceed no further against Dr. Latham.

Letters received from the Oage agency in Kansas report that those Indians have been outrageously abused and ill-treated by the whites, and that their lives are not safe. Mr. Welsh still professes his readiness and ability to make good his charges against Commissioner Parker.

General Stoneham is going to begin a vigorous war on the Apache Indians, they have murdered more whites in Arizona.

FOREIGN.

Gen. Chanzy is still retreating. The Prussians have captured Camp Conlie, and occupied Beaumont, taking many prisoners.

It is rumored that Bismarck is dangerously ill. The French are removing their heavy guns from Forts Drey and Yvanne. King William visits Prince Albert, who is sick at Chantilly.

Senator Nichol has been elected President of Paraguay.

The French have gained some unimportant successes south of Orleans.

New batteries were opened by the French south of Paris, but they were immediately silenced by the Prussians.

Several Cuban leaders have surrendered to the Spaniards.

King Victor Emmanuel has given a banquet to General Sheridan.

Earl Granville has accepted the indemnity

Rural and Domestic.

The French have not had time to recover from the terrible defeat of General Chanzy before his late associate, Bourbaki, in attempting to relieve the hard-pressed fortress of Belfort, has been completely routed by Von Werder, and is in full retreat. The bombardment of Paris continued on the 18th, with increasing strength. Mr. Washburne alone of all the diplomats in Paris has expressed no desire to leave. Aillon, in the department of Yonne, was bombarded by the Prussians until the French evacuated it. All the troops left in Cherbourg have been ordered to take the field. The Belgian government has discovered a conspiracy to arm the paroled French prisoners in Belgium and march them into France. German guns have been dismantled by some of the new French batteries in front of Paris.

Reports from Paris say that the capitulation will take place before a month has passed. The Germans have occupied Tours without resistance. Chanzy's army is completely demoralized.

The Venezuelan revolution is not yet at an end. Everybody in San Domingo is now awaiting the arrival of the commission.

The Robert Low has returned to St. Johns, having again failed to pick up the broken cable.

Paragraphs.

Two young men in Burlington, Iowa, have invented a machine that makes one hundred thousand match-spills per minute. It occupies a space about eight inches in width and two and a half feet in length, and weighs about sixty pounds.

Granite goes from Portland to St. Louis by water, all the way around by the Mississippi.

A few evenings ago thirty lectures were in progress within thirty minutes' ride of the Boston City Hall.

A learned physicist announces that this globe will support life for 26,000,000 years longer.

By raising cotton the Florida planters get \$45 for an acre's yield; by raising sugar-cane, \$303, with no more work or responsibility.

The original plaster cast of the statue of "Eve," by Bartholomew, an American sculptor, who died at Naples many years ago, has been found in the possession of a plaster figure maker. It is thought to be an excellent work, and will be sent to his native city, Hartford, Ct.

California, looking back over 1870, rejoices that it has seen during the year the shipment of the first bale of home raised silk; the raising of the first successful crop of cotton, and the first success in the manufacture of beet sugar.

A mountain of beautiful black marble, ninety feet high, and three-fourths of a mile long, has recently been discovered in Girardeau County, Mo., about a half-mile from the Mississippi river. It is said to be of the best quality, of exquisite beauty, and susceptible of the finest polish.

Prof. Hitchcock and Huntington with four assistants, are zealously carrying out the enterprise of making scientific observations on the summit of Mount Washington. They brave not only the rigors of severe cold, but the fury of storms and isolation from the rest of the world. They are, however, in telegraphic communication with Hanover; and daily reports are now made of the meteorological conditions. The Government signal service has detailed a skilled observer to be of the party, besides furnishing some instruments. Other parties have lent assistance, and nearly enough has been contributed for the necessary expenses; while the observers look for no remuneration for their own time and labors.

The order for issuing the quarterly pension granted to Mrs. Mary Lincoln, the widow of Abraham Lincoln, was made at the pension office recently. The certificate in this case, instead of being the ordinary prescribed form, will be made in the most elegant calligraphy, which the pension office can furnish, and will be written upon parchment. The amount of the pension is \$1,000 per annum.

The knife with which Payne the assassin assaulted Secretary Seward has been returned by order of the War Department, to Mr. Robinson, who was Mr. Seward's only helper in that perilous hour. It is a murderous looking weapon, about two inches wide, the blade firmly fastened into a bone handle, and without spring or clasp. It is marked "Rio Grande camp-knife."

The state of the Suez canal is not forgotten by the commercial men of Europe in the midst of the hurly-burly of the war. Additional experience shows that the two breakwaters on the Mediterranean must be carried farther out, made more solid, and have light-houses erected on their extreme points. Some of the abrupt bends on the south portion of the canal must be cut down, so that vessels of great length may pass through without injury to their screws by coming in contact with the banks. There is no authority for the statement that the French company had parted with its interest in the undertaking, but some movement of the kind appears inevitable.

Under Arab domination, the Universities of Spain were renowned, and drew students from all parts of Europe. Now, more than three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel is completed. It is nearly seven miles in length, going through the very center of the Alps uniting France and Italy. When this was commenced, it was thought that thirty years would be needed for its completion. Now, and improved machines, however, have reduced the time to ten years. It is one of the grandest triumphs of modern engineering.

Dr. Bakewell of the London Anthropological Society, has been studying the constitution of the blood as modified by race. At Trinidad he came in contact with individuals of many nations besides Creoles; and his conclusions are that, aside from conditions resulting from disease, the different races show marked differences in the character of the blood corpuscles. Thus the blood of the vegetable-feeding Hindu differs from that of the flesh-feeding Mussulman in having a much larger number of white corpuscles, as also in a diverse form of the red corpuscles.

The notorious Captain Eyre, of the steamer Bombay, whose conduct at the time he ran into and sank the United States steamer Onondaga caused his suspension for the term of six months, has been expelled—now that the six months have expired—by his employers that his services are no longer required. This to Captain Eyre has probably proved a more severe punishment than the mere suspension.

One of the most extensive features of the exterior decoration of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences is the mosaic frieze running around it. This frieze consists of a series of carvings, each of which averages four feet in length and six feet six inches high, the whole length being 70 feet. The number of carvings is sixteen, and the subjects are agriculture, astronomy, geography, workers in wood and stone and iron, music, pottery, construction, sculpture, applied mechanics, &c. These carvings are in a semi-circular mosaic, of simple outlines and colors, the figure outlines being in black, the figures in buff on a chocolate ground.

Rural and Domestic.

The Beef Supply.

A Kansas correspondent of the Chicago Republican, in a review of the cattle trade, says that the number of beef cattle in Texas, whence the chief supply comes, is not near so large as recent statements made it. It has been given out and generally understood that Texas contains three or four times as many cattle as at the close of the war, but such is not the case. The Agricultural Department gave the number of cattle in Texas in 1866 as 3,111,475, while the latest departmental estimates, giving the number in February, 1869, place it at 2,997,388 head. This is a decrease of 414,187 in three years. The census also shows that not only Texas, but all the Southern States, and most of the Northern States contain a much smaller number of cattle than they did ten years back.

The assertion is made that while the population has increased fifty thirty-three per cent. within the past ten years, the number of neat cattle has actually decreased twenty per cent., and notwithstanding the enhanced price of meat, the supply is constantly growing less abundant. In 1860, with a population of 31,417,361, we had 23,640,337 neat cattle in the country; while now, with a population of more than 40,000,000, according to the report of the Department of Agriculture, we have but 21,633,069. Showing a net decrease since 1860, of more than 4,000,000 animals, when, to preserve the ratio of cattle to the population, we should have had an increase of about 7,000,000.

There now exists an actual deficit in the supply of one-third, there being at this time about 54 animals to each 100 people, instead of 80, to preserve the proper ratio. The supply of beef is even less abundant than those figures show, as there are 500,000 more milk cows than there were in 1860, notwithstanding the great decrease in the total number of cattle.

The cause of this extraordinary decrease in beef cattle is said to be, owing to the rapid extension of dairy farming. In 1860, the milk cows were 34 per cent. of the whole, now they are 43 per cent.; yet the ratio of milk cows to the population has greatly decreased during the past ten years. These interesting facts should command the attention of farmers.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Origin of Vegetables.

Garlic came from Sicily, where, for my part, I wish it had staid. Beans blossomed first with in sight of embryo mummies, in the land of the Sphinx; and the Egg plant first laid its treasures under the African sun, and Southern Europe gave us the Artichoke, and the Beet. To Persia we stand indebted for Peaches, Walnuts, Mulberries, and a score of every day luxuries and necessities; to Arabia we owe the cultivation of Spinnage; and to Southern Europe we must bow in grateful gratitude for the Horse-radish. At Siberia the victims of modern intemperance may shake their gory locks forever—for from that cold, uncivilized land came the Rye, the father of that great fire, water river which floated so many jolly souls on its treacherous tides, and engulfed so many of humanity's treasures. The Chestnut, dear to the squirrels and young America, first cropped its burs on Italian soil. Who ever dreams, while enjoying his "Bergamotte," his "Flemish Beauty" or his "Jargonelle," that the first Pear blossoms opened within sight of the Pyramids? and what fair school-girl of the pickle-eating tribe, dreams of thinking the East India for her cucumbers?

Parsley, that prettiest of all pretty greens, taking so naturally to our American soil that it seems quite to the manor born, is only a sojourner among us. Its native home is Sardinia, or rather, there it first secured an acquaintance with civilized man. Onions, too, are only naturalized foreigners in America. I had hoped that in poetic justice research would prove this pathetic bulb to have sprung from the land of Nubia; but no! Egypt stretches forth her withered hand and claims the Onion as her own! Maize and Potatoes, thank Heaven! can mock us with no foreign pedigree. They are ours, ours to command to have and to hold from time's beginning to its ending, though England and Ireland bluster over "corn" and "praties" till they are hoarse.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Chalk for Calves and Lambs.

When an animal is found licking its fellow, it is proof that uneasiness is present in the stomach, and the licking of its neighbor is a habit contracted by instinct, with a view of removing the unpleasantness. Unfortunately, instinct is not at all times sufficient to avoid dangerous poisons. To overcome this evil propensity in the young animal, a very simple expedient is at hand. If we take for granted that the stomach is at all times fully charged with acid matter, we shall, without much hesitation, find a remedy. Calves being generally housed together for a time, previous to turning out, in which is placed a quantity of common chalk, which the young stock will not fail to make themselves acquainted with. A constant supply should be kept in the troughs. If one animal has a superabundance of acid secretion, it will most certainly swallow some of the chalk, which I need not assert will be certainly neutralize the excess of acid. If an animal has not acid in excess, and partakes of the chalk, it will do no harm. It is often too late to administer remedies to young stock when suffering from such diseases as are produced by concretion in the stomach, and the placing of chalk within their reach can not be made too early. I hope your readers will not fail to take this hint, as I know from long experience it is the best and cheapest safeguard. In regard to lambs, the same remarks apply with equal force, but there are difficulties in the way, as they are generally more numerous and are always in the open air; however, where troughs are employed for the use of ewes, lumps of chalk can be placed.—*Cor. Agricultural Gazette.*

Tree Culture in Germany.

The cultivation of forest trees is a regular business in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. To walk through the mountains is said to be like passing through a pine garden. The sowing of the pine seed is done in inclosures, carefully prepared for the purpose, which are surrounded by hurdles to keep out the game. Such a forest garden as is called, after a while presents an appearance similar to a cornfield in the early summer. After two years the young shoots are transplanted into the mountains where the trees have either been blown down or cut off. Five years later, they are called a thicket, because the branches are then so closely interlaced that the hunter can not get through them, and they afford excellent shelter for game. Ten years later the foresters thin them out, leaving the best stems for future growth.

The growth of the tree is slow, the average age of the full grown tree being 120 years. The sowing, transplanting, thinning and felling go on as systematically as the seed-time and harvest of the farmer, the only difference being that of time, for

while the farmer may reap half a century of harvests, but few foresters live to see their trees grown, and none see them become giants.

Condition of Mars.

A pamphlet by Mr. Proctor, a well-known astronomer, written to accompany some recent stereograms of Mars, calls attention anew to the very great similarity between this planet and our own earth in many points of its extraordinary physical condition, and infers as has been before suggested, its entire adaptation to the requirements of living creatures such as those that now people the earth. The polar ice can readily be distinguished, extending its borders in winter and contracting them in the summer. An atmosphere, carrying clouds and mists with definite qualities, is readily appreciable; and the indications of rain and snow are not wanting. How soon it will be possible for us to determine the nature of the inhabitants of the planet—since we can scarcely refuse to believe in their existence—is a matter of uncertainty; but it is to be hoped that the time is not very distant when we may arrive at some definite conclusions in regard to them.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Using up Our Forests.

The present consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. It is stated that one hundred and fifty thousand acres of the best timber is cut every year to supply the demand for railway sleepers alone. For railway buildings, repairs, and cars, the annual expenditure in wood is thirty-eight millions of dollars. In a single year the locomotives of the United States consume fifty-five millions worth of wood. There are in the country now more than four hundred thousand artisans in wood; and if the value of their labor is one thousand dollars a year, the wood industry of the country represents an amount of nearly five hundred millions of dollars per annum. In European countries, and in the British East India possessions, the Government have found it necessary to interfere, and either plant trees or compel the community to plant them, in order to obviate the effects of drought from the denudation of the earth of its natural covering of timber.

Zinc Roofing.

A great objection to the use of zinc as a covering for the roofs of houses, in spite of its cheapness and the ease with which the sheets can be applied, is found in the ready oxidation of the metal during wet weather, as well as in the unpleasant glare proceeding from it in sunlight. Both of these difficulties may, however, be obviated by the application of a certain substance, which gives to it a permanent slate color, and at the same time prevents decomposition. This is prepared by heating in a porcelain dish one part of sulphuric acid, and continuing the operation until the red vapors cease to be evolved, and until the copper is dissolved. After this, sixty-four parts of water are to be added to the green solution and the whole filtered.—*Arch. Rec.*

Courage in a Housekeeper.

The following is extracted from a very sensible letter of a lady who adopts the signature of "Prudentia": "All food should be of excellent quality, but not too complicated, or too many varieties at a single meal. We should conscientiously avoid humiliating children to highly concentrated or highly seasoned dishes, as it creates an artificial appetite, which in its turn, craves stimulating drink. I think we should have the moral courage to set before our guests a healthful food, that our example and influence may be felt in the right direction. There are so many choice fruits, canned, and otherwise preserved, that a satisfactory and at the same time unobjectionable meal may be prepared at any season of the year. There are a few choice friends in this vicinity who make it a point, when they visit each other, not to overdo culinary matters, that the woman of the house may enjoy a social time with the rest. Most of us do our own work, and must give our time to preparing meals."—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Turnips.

It is surprising that the round, flat—commonly called English—turnip, so palatable and nutritious, is so seldom found on many of our farmers' tables. It must be that the farmer does not understand their worth and the small cost of raising them; and we recently heard a farmer say they did not cost him more than three cents per bushel; and that for stock, they are fully equal to potatoes, if they do well, which the yield of potatoes would not be more than one half as much. The white turnip may be a successful crop after wheat has been cut, sowed among the corn, as it is adopted by some farmers, but is not favored by me, as it prevents the corn ripening and filling out.

New Receipt for Making Soap.

A correspondent of the *Germanian Telegraph* says:—We have lately tried a new receipt for making soap—new to us at least—and as we had such success, I thought it would be well to send you the *modus operandi* for the housekeeper's department of your paper.

Four gallons of boiling water over six pounds of washing soda and three pounds of unslacked lime; stir the mixture well and let it settle until it is perfectly clear. It is better to let it set all night, as it takes some time for the sediment to settle. When clear, drain the water off, put six pounds of fat with it, and boil for two hours stirring it most of the time. It does not seem this enough, put another bucket of water on the grounds, stir and drain off, and add as it is wanted to the boiling mixture. Its thickness can be tried by putting a little on a plate to cool occasionally. Stir in a handful of salt just before taking it off the fire. Have a tub ready soaked to prevent the soap from sticking, pour it in and let it set till solid, when you will have from the above quantity of ingredients, about forty pounds of nice white soap, at a cost of about two cents per pound. Housekeepers, try it.

How a Spider Builds its Web.

W. C. Richmond, of Geneva, Ohio, sends to the *Journal* the following curious account of how a spider builds its web: "While at work one day in the field, I accidentally destroyed the web of a common spider. Curious to know what the little creature would do in its great calamity, I made myself comfortable, and awaited results. The spider, not in the least distressed by its loss, immediately commenced building another web. It first described a circle, not regular, but agreeing with the irregularities of the spirals of grass on which it was suspended in a vertical position. Having strengthened this outer line (which may be likened to the felloe of a carriage-wheel) by passing around it several times, adding each time a thread, it proceeded to form the spokes. It ascended to the upper edge of the circle, and securing its thread, swung off, slowly descending until it reached the lower edge, where it fast-

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.
For the week ending, JAN. 18, 1871.

CANDLES.

MOULDING.....11 1/2 @ 14
Sperm.....11 1/2 @ 14
Ansham.....7 1/2 @ 9 1/2

COAL.
Coca.....16 00 @ 20 00
Pittsburg.....16 00 @ 20 00
Ashland.....7 00 @ 9 00

COFFEE.
Java.....22 1/2 @ 24
Rio.....13 1/2 @ 14
St. Domingo.....13 1/2 @ 14

COGNAC.
Ordinary.....13 1/2 @ 14
Good Ordinary.....14 1/2 @ 15
Ald. to 100 mld.....15 1/2 @ 16

DOMESTICS.
Sheetings and Shirtings.....12 1/2 @ 13
Heavy.....12 1/2 @ 13
Medium.....12 1/2 @ 13

PRINTS.
Prints, Brown.....12 1/2 @ 13
Prints, Blue.....12 1/2 @ 13
Prints, Green.....12 1/2 @ 13

TRICKING.....10 1/2 @ 11
Ticking.....10 1/2 @ 11
Mousseline de Laine.....10 1/2 @ 11

CARPETINGS.....10 1/2 @ 11
Carpetings.....10 1/2 @ 11
Extra Superfine.....10 1/2 @ 11

Superfine.....10 1/2 @ 11
Superfine.....10 1/2 @ 11
Superfine.....10 1/2 @ 11

FISH.
Codfish, large.....8 00 @ 7 00
Do, small.....5 00 @ 6 00
Mackerel, large.....11 00 @ 12 00

SALE.
Mackerel, large.....11 00 @ 12 00
Mackerel, small.....11 00 @ 12 00
Mackerel, large.....11 00 @ 12 00

FLOUR AND MEAL.
St. Louis, sup. 60.....7 00 @ 8 00
Extra brand 60.....7 00 @ 8 00
Choice extra 50.....7 00 @ 8 00

Wheat.....5 00 @ 6 00
Corn, extra 65.....5 00 @ 6 00
Medium do.....5 00 @ 6 00

Choice do.....5 00 @ 6 00
Illinois and Ohio.....5 00 @ 6 00
Choice extra 50.....5 00 @ 6 00

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