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The Morning Star

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Number 5.

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

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L. A. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1871.

After the Storm.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God,
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn,
Love's hidden intent.

—Harriet M. Kimball.

Of Martha and Mary.

Martha was the senior sister, and mistress of the family. The duties of the housekeeper fell to her lot, and she considered herself responsible for the manner in which they were performed. The reputation of her family for neatness, for smartness, for hospitality, for cooking and other excellences, were doubtless high in her neighborhood, stimulating the whole town to wholesome pride in these matters. She made her home attractive, and Jesus loved to rest there, probably not altogether on account of the domestic perfection to be found within doors, and yet, in part, perhaps, because he was not insensible to the charms of a well managed household.

Company disconcerted Martha and made her nervous. It set her heart to palpitating. Instantly her anxious mind made vivid the condition of the house from roof to basement, recollected every particle of dislodged dust, every crumple in the linen, every tarnish on the ware, every disarranged article of furniture, the cobweb she had omitted to brush away, the dishes and knives and spoons that she was too tired the other day to scour—in a word, all the serious blot on the escutcheon of her industry and fame. Her eye was microscopic then, magnifying every crumb to a loaf, and every wrinkle to a billow, and she supposed that the eyes of her guests were equally enlarged for the inspection of all the corners, and the discovery of each slightest mark of her untidiness.

Moreover it was a responsible and arduous task for her to furnish a suitable table for her friends—a table in the presence of whose sweet, ascending flavors her good name, as a cook, would maintain its standing. As dear to her heart was the wide reputation of her skill in this direction, as is their fame as poets, to Bryant and Longfellow.

So when Jesus, weary with bearing the scorn of the world, turned aside to Bethany, and honored the abode of Martha with his presence, and sought, in the quiet of its society rather than in the luxuries of Martha's table, for refreshments, she could not but be excited, and misconceive the appropriate way of entertaining him. Little time could she spare to sit at his feet, while he was in her house. Little space could she allot for religious converse with him. She must show her appreciation of the honor received from her guest by preparing food, and spreading a feast, and going to an excess of serving.

Mary was more wisely disposed, and had not that mania for housekeeping which gave it attention in preference to the society and instruction of Jesus. She was content with simple fare, seasoned with the grace the presence of her Lord gave to it. Her appreciation of Christ took on a character unlike that of Martha, and found expression in eagerly listening to the words of Jesus, and in sitting at his feet. She hungered for spiritual food. Wants deep in her heart, unsatisfied by the best training of her elder sister, wants that remained unmet at the close of all feasting, in the society of her young companions, under such teachings as Jewish rabbis gave her, wants that nothing ever reached, were, by the teachings of the

Son of Man, speaking at the threshold of her humble home to the villagers, for the first time amply fed. Therefore she cast the labor of hospitable entertainment on the hands of her more practical sister, and gave herself up to the society of Jesus.

The spirit of Mary was not understood by her sister, Martha, who was little prepared to interpret the finer, hidden feelings of Mary's heart, or to appreciate the position in which she stood. The quiet demeanor of Mary made the indignation of Martha, cumbered with her much serving. It vexed the senior sister to see such unconcern in so important a time, and perhaps generally, about household affairs. It provoked her to have Mary take life so easily. It seemed to her either that she had been lamely unsuccessful in the education of her younger sister, or that Mary wanted some of the essential qualities of a true woman. Was it indolence or stupidity that explained best the conduct of Mary? Probably this was not the first trial her patience had received from her. It occurred to her, and she at once resolved to ask Christ to reprove the girl, no doubt thinking that a rebuke from him would make an impression on the mind that seemed so insensible to her teachings. How Martha executed her purpose we all know. The gracious words of Christ in reply will bear repeating. "Martha, Martha," said Jesus kindly to her, and his soft answer drew all the venom from her feelings, "thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

Housekeeping and its necessary drudgery is not here condemned. Something more excellent is commended. The sensible choice was Mary's. To earthly things she preferred things divine. She chose a station at the feet of Christ, instruction from the lips of the great teacher, the privilege of listening to him who spoke as never man spoke, and of catching the spirit of heaven from nearness to the Saviour; this, as above all the fine arts of the housekeeper, and as more precious than the luxuries of the table, Mary chose. From an interview with Jesus, she might carry power to make her mission in life sweeter with the fragrance of purity, charity and faith. To allow the Son of God to come right to her door, become a guest within her house, and pass out, where she might not see his face, or hear his voice, or breathe the spirit of his presence again, and she be absorbed in caring for physical wants, busy about articles of food, the inviting of guests, and how to serve them, was to her a desecration of the most enviable and sacred privilege ever given to a woman. The feast she hungered for, the words of Jesus spread. The cup of peace Christ put to her lips, she drank, and lost relish for temporary and sensual things.

She was not an aged woman. The glow of youth, the aspirations of the young, the love of variety and excitement, were as much known to her, as to others of her age and sex. She was not insensible to the charms of life in its gayer moods. Wealth and society, as far as they were accessible to the women of that day, drew on her heart with the same strength that they had over the hearts of her companions. But she chose to set these things aside, for that character which always has access to the ear of God, is always an inward spring of peace, always carries its own enjoyment with it, and is always, in this dry world, dew and light, and warmth. She thought less of dress, personal appearance, parties, social standing,—the ambition of her sister,—than of what we call female piety.

And her choice was right. It was the good part. It sent her forth a better, nobler, more lovely woman, fitted to do something nobler in life, and receive nobler reward in the skies. Her schooling at the feet of Jesus was more to be desired than all of Martha's excessive serving.

From this incident, it is easy to draw many lessons. The minister who reads these lines will think of many a Martha and Mary, whom, in attending meetings of the Board, anniversaries, convocations, ordinations, and other gatherings that have thrown him upon the hospitality of Christian friends, he has met. He will look around his parish and see more Marthas than Marys; more good housekeepers than humble devotees of the Saviour; more hands busy with sweeping and dusting, scrubbing and scouring, cooking, sewing and serving, than hearts eager to catch from the presence of Jesus the spirit of heaven. Perhaps he will be reminded of the state of things in his own household, when some good Doctor of Divinity unexpectedly rang his door-bell and was welcomed to his home; how then his "help meet" grew nervous, how there was hurried flying to the best room, and from the best room to the pantry, how little time his companion saved from her much serving, for enjoying the conversation of this distinguished guest, and the vain efforts that he made to convert his Martha to a Mary. He will sigh for the return of wisdom and grace to woman, and will secretly pray, not that household duties may be bagged up, but reduced to mere simplicity and plainness.

Some good sisters will read these lines, and ask, "How can we be less cumbered in the directions named?" The answer is by independence of custom, by freedom from the tyranny of fashion, by neglecting the least important things rather than the most important, tending down desire for dress, luxuries, delicacies, and serving, and ton-

ing up desire for the good part, which, neither society, company, housekeeping, nor aught else could keep away, or, having, take away from us. J. A. H.

A Presidential Levee.

Here is a glimpse at high life in Washington, together with the men and women who move in it, as it lately passed before the eyes of a N. Y. Tribune correspondent. We suppose the correspondent to be Grace Greenwood:

Of course, at the President's levee the diplomats are in force—the white-whiskered Mr. Edward Thornton, the little astute Baron Gerolt, with his future son-in-law the Greek Rangahe, and Madame Gerolt herself, who has just set the world so magnanimous an example in giving to the French Fair the unused articles of the German one; the dark Spanish Minister; perhaps the brown-eyed wife of the latter, wearing the Spanish colors of flame-color and black—the flame-color a strange admixture of fire and blood—half veiled by her rich Chantilly, and subdued by the luster of her diamonds; here is the Count Turenne, beloved of the young ladies; here are a cluster of youthful German nobles; here the Baltazzi Effendi does duty for his whole legation; here is Madame la Marquise de Chambrun, pale-faced, calm, looking like prints of her great ancestor, Lafayette, enough to endure her to all our hearts; here Madame Catacazy moves along, a superb piece of Northern grandeur, golden-haired, blue-eyed, high-colored, her waxen shoulders rising from the sumptuousness of black velvet, and a web of black illusion gathered beneath a rose in her hair, and falling all around her like a shadow.

Here comes the Secretary of the Treasury, quiet, handsome, grave—with him his pretty daughter, Miss Georgie Boutwell, proudly exhibited by her countrymen as a type of the New England girl; yonder passes Gail Hamilton, rosy and happy, with Sydney Hyde, whose great olive-colored eyes have danced just as gaily over European crowds. If you wait long enough all the Senators and Members will pass in review before you—picturesque Fenton, the bluff Chandler, the Athenian Conkling, and a host of whom the sight is so common that strangers are more distinguished, but all of them provided with the prettiest partners they could find. Here come some Cuban ladies, lovely patriots, their silks flashing less than their eyes, their silks pale beside their cheeks, as they work for their island in the midst of pleasure; and here Mrs. Senator Ames in her radiant moves before you. She wears white satin, shoulders and train edged with swan's-down; a cluster of oriental pearls is in the lace at her throat, and high in the masses of golden hair that wave and glitter around it a great white lily trembles. She passes, and others take her place; the ruddy-faced admirals roll along; here tramps the General of our Armies, finding something before him of which he is really afraid—a lady's train; here stands Morris who sank the Cumberland, her guns firing, her colors flying; here is Gen. Cushing, keen, dark, alive with nervous energy, talking with Cushing of the Albatross, whose wild eyes are looking out for fresh danger and excitement into which to plunge; and here—here the band put up their instruments, the crowd suddenly disperses to the four winds, and is no more; chaos reigns in dressing-room and vestibule, and out of the silence of the outside night a chorus of shouts and outcries resound of calls for coaches, of oaths and answers—and the Levee is a thing of the past.

Northern Soldiers.

The American Baptist, discussing editorially the Franco-Prussian war, calls attention to an interesting historical fact. It says:

This war is another illustration, added to thousands, of the superiority of northern nations when engaged in war. Through-out history, with but few exceptions, it is the northern race that conquers. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon were conquered from the north; India has been repeatedly conquered by northern invaders; the tide never flowed the other way. So with China. The Romans conquered the nations south of them; they were in turn conquered by their northern neighbors. France has always proved victorious over Spain, and England almost invariably superior to France. The great Saxon or Teutonic race which is now victorious over France, is a northern race; of the same stock as the ancient Goths that once overran Italy. Alexander, Jenghis Khan, Tamerlane, all pushed their conquests towards the south and east, not to the north. The conquest of Britain by Julius Caesar is an exception. In America, so far as we know, northern tribes have always pushed and driven those that were more southerly. The physical principles on which this law rests it is not hard to find. The rugged north compels its inhabitants to unceasing toil and hardship; their hard lot gives them the endurance so necessary for war. Bismarck is reported to have said, in a recent conversation with a distinguished diplomatist: "The Latin races are worn out. The future belongs to the people of the north, and the latter are but starting in the glorious part they are destined to play for the good of humanity." There is truth in the words of the far-seeing statesman, but whether the ascendancy of the

Teutonic races will be for the "good of humanity," depends on the degree of freedom they enjoy. Should the Emperor of Germany become the despot of western Europe, as the Czar is of the east, and both unite to crush out republicanism, we shall look back upon this French war as the most calamitous in modern history.

Events of the Week.

THE WEATHER.

The weather during the past week has been severely cold. Changing from a temperature of 40 and 50 deg. above zero in the previous week, the contrast has been most impressively presented to us. The thermometer has indicated all the way from 45 deg. below zero on the summit of Mt. Washington, to 30 below at Lancaster, 25 at Littleton, and so up to zero and above at various other points in New Hampshire. The cold stratum seems to have extended over a large area, taking in New England and a large portion of the west. New York has been visited by a severe snow-storm which delayed trains and interfered with business, and lighter storms have also visited other states. The weather prophets, especially those who last autumn predicted a severe winter, are beginning to look up.

THE INCOME TAX.

General Pleasanton, the new commissioner of Internal Revenue, has signified his accession to office by recommending the immediate repeal of the Income tax. This has caused renewed activity among those interested in its repeal, and there is a prospect that their efforts may prove successful. Hon. W. M. Evarts has given his legal opinion that the article under which the tax is assessed is unconstitutional, and it is reported that Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania, will state this opinion to the Ways and Means Committee without delay. This may help the matter along somewhat, but a more direct, and probably quite as effective method of disposing of the matter, would be to convince Congress of the impolicy of longer maintaining an unpopular, and in some respects deservedly odious tax, and in some respects nearly, if not quite, unremunerative. It is hoped that the Committee will do this when they report on the expediency of repealing the tax.

THE SAN DOMINGO DOCUMENTS.

The documents relating to the proposed annexation of the Dominican portion of the island of San Domingo, transmitted to the Senate in response to the resolution of Mr. Sumner, have been printed, and form a thick pamphlet of 116 pages, with a map. While the friends of annexation find in this document much information calculated to strengthen their scheme, those opposed denounce it as evasive, and declare that several important documents have been withheld. Among the suppressed papers are the instructions to the Naval commanders, which show to what extent Baez has been maintained in power by the presence of United States vessels of war, and some of the dispatches of R. H. Perry, who negotiated the treaty as Commercial Agent. A letter from Senator Sumner is given, written in 1868 to Secretary Seward, and asking if there was any plan of the North German Union to obtain a naval station in the West Indies. It is said that the answer to this letter is not found on the files of the State Department, but it is presumed that efforts in that direction at that time by European governments were unsuccessful. The pamphlet furnished by the State Department will doubtless be thoroughly overhauled in the Senate, and before the Commission can return there will be a good deal of information concerning San Domingo and Hayti made public. The more the people can learn on the subject, the better able they will be to consider the report of the Commissioners understandingly.

THE POPE ACCEPTS NO COMPROMISE.

The ambassadors of Austria and North German Confederation, in compliance with instructions received from their respective governments, called to inquire of Cardinal Antonelli what guaranty the Pope would regard as sufficient on the part of the Italian government to remove the distrust at present existing between the civil and religious authorities. The reply, by order of the Pope, intimated that the court of Rome wished no guarantees other than the pure and simple retribution of the territories of the church from the Neapolitan frontiers to the Po, and would accept of no arrangements not based on those conditions. The Belgium deputation waited on him recently and presented the offering of the Catholics of Belgium and an address. The Pope in reply said: "I thank you for having come to comfort me under the circumstances. Doubtless God is our principal support, but the natural affection of children should lead them to sustain the courage of their father. I will continue on the way I am walking. Do not allow yourselves to be cast down. What happens to-day is only a trial. The church has born amid trial, and will continue its career on earth expecting and surmounting fresh trials." (The Pope's words are given in the London Standard.)

THE WAR.

After a week of severe fighting, resulting in continued disaster to the French, there comes the report that Paris has surrendered. A dispatch dated at London, 25th ult., states that information had been received there via Versailles that M. Jules Favre was then at the headquarters of General von Moltke, with proposals for the capitulation

of Paris. M. Favre asks, on the part of the French government, that the garrison of Paris be permitted to evacuate the city with all the honors of war, but this request General von Moltke pronounced as altogether inadmissible, and refused to consider it. The Prussian authorities demand an unconditional surrender, which, it is thought, will be conceded by the French. These reports may be premature, but there is little hope that the city can sustain itself much longer. The German batteries have opened on the north, and its doom is apparently sealed. It was previously reported that Trochu had resigned his military office, and only retained the civil governorship. Gambetta is also denounced, and the people are in a desperate condition. The armies of the north and west are completely broken up, and there is not even a broken staff left for the French to lean upon.

Mission Field.

THE NATIVE MISSIONARY AND PRES. LINCOLN.

The Miss. Mag. has an interesting notice of a native missionary sent a few years since by the Sandwich Islands Mission Board to one of the Marquesas islands to labor among its cannibal inhabitants. An American whale ship called at the island for supplies, and its chief mate went ashore. He was immediately seized by order of the chief and dragged away to be roasted and eaten. The missionary hastened to the chief to plead for the life of the American. He finally succeeded in purchasing his release, by giving the chief his beautiful six-oared boat, although a boat was indispensable to the success of his mission. While this negotiation was in progress, others of the ship's crew came ashore and would have been seized but for the efforts of the missionary's family who warned them, by signs, of the impending danger. Thus was the ship's company saved from destruction. These facts came to the knowledge of President Lincoln. The good man was deeply moved, and taking \$500 from his private purse, sent it to the missionary. On the receipt of the generous gift the missionary wrote Mr. Lincoln a letter of grateful acknowledgment, which, however, was not received till after the President fell by the hand of the assassin. The following are extracts from the missionary's letter:

"Greetings to you, quiet and good friend. My mind is stirred up to address you in friendship. I greatly regret you for holding converse with such humble ones. . . . When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your quiet nation,—about to be baked and eaten as a pig is eaten, I ran to deliver him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of those benighted people. . . . As to the friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, it need come from your great land. It was planted in Hayti, and I brought it to plant in this land, that these dark regions might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love; love to Jehovah; love to self; love to neighbors. This is a great thing for your great nation to boast of before all the nations of the earth. From your great land a most precious seed was brought to the land of darkness. How shall I repay you for your great kindness? This is my payment—that which I have received of the Lord—Love. May the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you."

FRANCE.

Mr. Cadot (Baptist missionary) writes thus from the Canton of Channy: "Our dear brethren were filled with consternation when first the news was spread abroad that war was imminent between France and Prussia. After our earlier defeats, vain confidence and martial songs gave place to the profoundest grief. That was the time to speak of God and to preach Jesus Christ. During those first melancholy days, the people heard us gladly. When the *Gardes Mobiles* of Channy set out for Loon, (our chief town) they listened to us with peculiar interest. It was a most favorable moment to sow the seed of the gospel. I took with me a bundle of separate gospels, and placed myself near the railroad ticket office. As the soldiers filed by I gave every man one of those portions of the Holy Scriptures, accompanying the gift with words of exhortation and comfort. They eagerly accepted, each in his turn, the little book I handed them. . . . Ever since the commencement of the war, we have had public prayers in our chapel. They are made known to everybody by a notice posted on my door where many people are constantly passing, also by a similar notice on the chapel door. Strangers who come in are generally affected to tears.

On the 15th of Aug., two more were baptized, in the village of Cuts. Others will soon be admitted. Our little church is very vigorous. . . . On account of the war and the failure of work, I fear we shall not be able to collect much for missions this year."

MADAGASCAR.

But a short time has elapsed since the heathen Queen of Madagascar killed the Christians because they prayed to Jesus instead of worshipping idols. The Queen had found out that it was reading the Bible which had exerted such a power upon their hearts, and so she sought to take from them the word of God. Some of the people hid their Bibles in the woods, others concealed them in a hollow tree or under a stone or beneath large thick leaves. When the moon shone brightly and others had retired to rest, they would go out to their hid treasure and spend a few minutes feeding on the word of God and storing their memories with portions for their friends at home. Had they been discovered they would have been put in prison, sold as slaves or put to death.

Now Madagascar has a Christian Queen, and its population of 5,000,000 souls has been truthfully called "a nation seeking Christ." The London Missionary Chronicle speaking of the progress of Christianity in this island, says: "No such growth, no such rapid extension of the church, no such earnest grasp of the gospel has been seen in any nation since the days of the apostles."

INDIA—MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

Mr. Clough, of the Telooque Mission, writes, Sept. 24, that on the 4th inst. he baptized 7 converts and two days later two more. An English officer thus describes, in the London Missionary Magazine, the wonderful work under the labors of American Baptist missionaries: "The harvest of this mission-field, like the cultivated fields of the torrid zone, follows so quick upon seed-time, that reapers are found wanting." So great is the anxiety of the people to learn, that they travel eighty miles or more on foot with food in their hands to hear and learn the way of salvation. Whole villages are turning to

the Lord. Many hundreds have been baptized on profession of faith in Jesus, and hundreds more are hopeful inquirers.

EASTERN TURKEY.

Mr. Knapp, writing from Bitlis under date of Sept. 10, thus speaks of the work at that station. Forty-two from our Sabbath congregation of 150 have been added to our church (now numbering 74) and there are many more whom we believe have met with a change of heart. Such was our joy at seeing so many converted that we dreamed of them and sometimes waked from such dreams to find tears running down our cheeks."

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 26, 1871.

CONGRESS.

The excitement aroused by the San Domingo project has died away in Congress, and for the last week the Capitol has been exceedingly dull. The House has got to the appropriation bill, and they are generally, except to the persons to be benefited by them, very uninteresting. A few favored individuals in the Executive departments wear very smiling faces at the prospect of an increase of salary, provided for in these bills. It is proposed to raise the salaries of heads of bureaus at Washington, of which there are forty or fifty, from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars each, dating from the first day of July last. These officials now get from three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars a year, honestly, and nobody knows how much some of them—Col. Parker, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for instance—acquire dishonestly. Whether the higher officers of the government are paid too little or not, it is very certain that the lower are, and if Congress contemplates an increase of salaries, it would be far more fitting to begin with those who receive the least.

Interesting facts were elicited in the debate in the Senate, the other day, concerning the mismanagement and fraud existing in the New York Custom-house. For several months, there has been a bitter personal quarrel between Senators Fenton and Conkling, over the distribution of the spoils of that institution, which has resulted in the triumph of the latter. The Collector, recently appointed, received his appointment through Mr. Conkling's influence, greatly to the disgust and displeasure of Mr. Fenton. He is an Irishman, and, Mr. Fenton says, has not the confidence of the Republicans of New York City. That may be, but the quarrel is much more important to the two Senators than to the mass of the Republican party in New York City or State. Mr. Conkling is the ablest man, and one of the most fluent and effective speakers in the Senate. He is a master of sarcasm and ability to make a sudden retort, which makes him a formidable opponent in debate. Mr. Fenton, on the other hand, is not an orator. They are both deep and cunning politicians.

One thing the country can be certain of, and that is, that an immense amount of swindling is carried on in the custom-house at New York. The stories that are continually floating around to this effect, are not the inventions of the imagination, but they are too well-grounded in fact. Senator Patterson proved this the other day, when he spoke of sixty-seven inspectors being employed in excess of the number required, whose sole duty it was to draw their large salaries once a month; of the woman who sold apples and peanuts on the corner being put down on the pay-roll as a weigher; and of the thousands of dollars, paid by one agent of a foreign steamship-line, to inspectors, to let his vessels go unexamined. This is only a fraction of the rascality that exists there, which will come out soon, and will startle the people with the knowledge of the millions which the government loses through the present system by which appointments to office are made, as rewards for dirty political services.

TEMPERANCE.

The cause of temperance is certainly looking up at the Capital. The Congressional Temperance Society, of which Senator Wilson is president, is unusually active, and has excited a good deal of attention and interest. It had a meeting the other night in one of our largest churches, which was attended by Senators, Representatives, and private persons. Speeches were made by Senators Wilson, Pomeroy, Patterson, Flanagan and Willey, as well as by General Cary, and the Rev. Dr. Chickering, formerly of Portland, Maine. Some of these gentlemen were exceedingly eloquent, especially Senator Patterson and Dr. Chickering. I am convinced that people entertain exaggerated ideas of the drinking propensities of our Congressmen. A large majority of them drink, but very few are addicted to drunkenness. Throwing out Senators Sausbury, Yates, and Chandler, and it would be a difficult task to mention a single drunkard in either branch of Congress. Is it not a significant fact that two of these three intemperate Senators have received permission to stay at home, after the 4th of March next? The constituents of Congressmen will not vote for candidates known to be immoderate drinkers, and it is no wonder that drunkards are so few in Congress. The wonder is, that an idea should have become so widespread among the people, that our legislators were all addicted to the excessive use of ardent spirits. I am glad to be able to bear this truthful testimony in their favor.

INDIAN FRAUDS.

Speaking of intemperance, I am naturally reminded of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who is addicted to the habit. He is now seriously implicated in the charges of fraud in the management of the Indian fund, brought by Mr. Welch, one of the Quaker Commissioners to look after the welfare of the Aborigines. The indications are that he is guilty, but the facts have not fully come out yet. It seems rather hard that an Indian, occupying a position which gives him so fine an opportunity to confer lasting benefits on his race, should use that opportunity for the purpose of enriching himself, at the expense of his brethren, who have been cheated and murdered for more than two hundred years.

THE LINCOLN STATUE.

The statue of Abraham Lincoln, made by Miss Vinnie Ream, was unveiled in the Rotunda of the Capitol Wednesday evening, the 25th. A very distinguished audience was present, including President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Speaker Blaine, General Sherman, General Banks and scores of Senators and Representatives. It was a very interesting occasion. The unveiling was at the hand of Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court of the United States, a lifelong friend of Lincoln. The addresses of Senators Morrill, of Vermont, Trumbull, Patterson, and Carpenter; Representatives Culum, Banks and Brooks were exceedingly appropriate, and the music of the Marine Band exquisite. The most prominent person was the little sculptress herself, bright and winning, with her pleasant, round face, black, lustrous eyes, and dark, abundant curls. Her friends are justly proud of her success. As to the merits of the statue, critics differ.

—PRESIDENT.

Communications.

The Fullness of Time.

Why did Jesus so long delay his coming? men often ask, as they look at the interval between the Fall and the Advent.

Was it a delay? No more than the interval between the first white light of morning and the full sun-rising. No more than when, in silence, and unseen, the grain waits its resurrection. Before the rising of the sun and the up-springing of the grain, development is as steady and sure as when we can mark the course of the one above the horizon, and of the other above the soil.

Hosea, looking over the mountains of Judea tipped with the rosy light of early dawn, rapturously breaks forth with the song: "His coming is prepared as the morning." It is a gradual coming, but one full of ever-increasing radiance. As the sun sends out his videttes to tinge the mountain peaks with tokens of the dawning glory, to tell his coming from the hill-tops, to proclaim it from the open sky above us, so the Sun of Righteousness dawned upon the earth.

The first faint gleam, promise of the morning, touched the heart of the mother of the race, faint, yet sure, of a day-spring that can not be stayed. New brightness flashes up from the horizon as, in the covenant with Abraham, God reveals himself more intimately to the heart of unquestioning faith, and, like an Alpine peak kissed by the rosy light long ere other heights tell of the coming of the lord of day, the patriarch witnesses the advancing dawn. And that day, the signs of whose coming the keenest eye could scarcely trace in the childhood of the race, sets the heavens all aglow over Sinai and Moses, increases to a steadier radiance with David, until the prophets catch, by divine anticipation, the risen glory of the Sun to whom they pointed the toiling, defeated nations.

The intervening ages were bearing fruit; in them the preparatory work went on to a fitting completion, bringing about "the fullness of time." The birth of Jesus was only as the fruitage of seed cast into the earth four thousand years before. That same Jesus had labored all those ages to prepare the souls of men to receive him. The coming of Jesus was a miracle, but that wonderful preparatory work was a vast, extended miracle. It was the work of forty centuries to create a desire for his presence. At first the world, in its early strength, went mad in its rebellion and ignored a God; presently it became exhausted, full of weariness and pain, and at length called for help in its wretchedness. God was knocking at the door of the human heart from Adam to Christ, was answered back defiantly at the outset, but by and by with sighs and with anxious questionings to know what that knocking meant.

Nation after nation, one after another arose, triumphed during its allotted time, and passed away; but not till it had helped on by its civilization, its language and its laws, the coming of "the fullness of time." By what blows, that resound fearfully down the ages, by what overturnings, what threatenings, accompanied by promises full of magnificent hope, the God of patience strove to cause the nations to ask for him; if only the thought of him might spring up that he might heal them.

We read in the Old Testament the preparatory work among God's chosen people. There is shown us a development, a succession of events having one great end, the preparation for Christ. It is an ever increasing cry from Adam through Abraham, Moses and the prophets to John the Baptist: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The lessons of the Old Testament over which modern taste and refinement affect disgust are the plain, rude pictures and teachings for the childhood of the race, and nothing could be better suited for such a purpose. Men complain because the representations of God and his dealings in the first part of the Old Testament are so gross, so incomplete, so strange. Remember the gross darkness that enveloped the childhood of the race. A child is not prepared to criticize nor intelligently comprehend all the beauties of a work of art. Rosa Bonheur's painting of horses is scarcely more to the little child than the rude horse he draws upon his slate, while there are a thousand points in the picture of the artist which the child can not appreciate. Why, too, need we be surprised, "if the first rounds of the ladder which binds earth, anew to heaven are nearer to the earth than the upper rounds which reach forth into the light of heaven itself?" The Old Testament becomes clothed with wonderful interest if we look at it, as it really is, not as separate, and non-interdependent pieces of history, but as the recital of the special way God took to bring his people to a desire for his Son, and as an exhibition of the steps of preparatory work for him. It is Jesus Christ who is the substance of every recital and every page, the point toward which all things aspire. For there is not one institution, nor one law, nor one event, nor one ceremony in the Old Testament which does not point on to the full appearing of the Sun of Righteousness.

But what of the history of other nations? They had gone on until their civilizations proved empty and unsatisfying. The wisdom of the Greek became even foolishness to the Greek himself. He had worshiped beauty and found himself steeped in sensuality. The trail of the serpent was upon all his paintings and statues; the serpent had wounded the life of the people; stung it into fearful restlessness, until it sighed for a physician. It blindly, at last, asked for the Christ. Liberty had died, philosophy was silent, altar-fires were out, the temples were deserted, the worship of the gods was over. The Roman heart was eaten through and through by corruption. The age of heroic conquest was a thing of song and story.

"Let us eat and drink" was the cry of sensuality throughout the empire. It was a time of rashness and despair with them, as they gave themselves up to riot and beastliness, as if a ship's crew in the last hour before they sink into the yawning wave, should drink long and deep from the brant cask, and go down to death with shouts of wildest revelry. The Roman people were sick, sated in their luxuriousness, and they, too, blindly groped for the wall, they cherished something of a desire for deliverance. Involuntarily the eyes of the nations were turned to the East.

"He cometh," was the language of Jewish altar and sacrifice, of priest and prophet, of law and ceremony, of the Sabbath, the tabernacle and the temple. "He cometh," was the language of exhausted, corrupted civilization, as it looked mournfully over its marbles and paintings. "He has come, glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," was the angelic overture to that song which the redeemed shall sing forever to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne.

It was the fullness of time, and henceforth to all that fear his name, "shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." W. H. B.

Towards Sodom.

When Lot turned his back on the burning cities of the plain, and hastened for refuge to the solitude of the mountains, there could have been written over his bitter experience, "The sad results of a worldly choice." Twenty-three years before, when godly Abram in a spirit of nobler generosity said, "The whole land is before thee; if thou wilt take the left hand I will go to the right; if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left," his covetous eye rested on the well-watered plains of Jordan; and although Sodom was there, his selfish greed and desire for worldly gain overcame his better judgment, and he chose the land for himself as his inheritance. "And Lot chose all that plain of Jordan; and journeyed and dwelt in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom." The thought of the original is that of gradual approach; as of one moving nearer and nearer an object. We can well suppose that Lot had no intention of holding intercourse with the wicked men of that city, when he turned his steps toward their land. But having come into the vicinity of the tents of wickedness, he is imperceptibly drawn on. Having entered forbidden ground, he is induced to proceed further. And we next hear of him, eight years later, actually planted in the midst of Sodom. "Righteous Lot, a servant of God, seated in the very sink of corruption." Fifteen years later, an old man, destitute and almost friendless, he is glad to escape with his life from the burning city, and seek a cave among the rocks for his habitation. How unlike the man who, twenty-three years before, separated himself from Abram with herds, herdsmen, flocks and tents! What a sad result of a worldly choice!

The conduct of Lot, which no one can hesitate to condemn, is practically pursued by many, to day, in the same heedless and perilous way, in their great movements in life. Professed Christian men, with the single aim of bettering their worldly condition, often turn their backs upon the means of grace, and reckless of consequences, plant themselves and their families in places where Sabbaths and sanctuaries are unknown, and where they are exposed to the most pernicious influences. At how dear a price are such worldly advantages often purchased! Well will it be for them, if their godly plains and fields do not finally yield such a harvest of sorrow, as was gathered by hapless Lot. But the lesson of warning, which this history affords, is not confined to likeness of circumstance alone. It may be said truly of any man, who for the sake of preferment or gain, does violence to conscience, or sacrifices any principle of honor or integrity, that he has been allured by the fertile fields and goodly plains, and has pitched his tent, if not near, at least, toward Sodom. One step in wrong doing opens the way for another, and still another, till at last, like Lot, such persons, before they are aware, have been drawn into the haunts of wickedness.

Any prospect, however inviting and attractive, which would allure us from the path of duty, should never be the subject of serious consideration. No man has the right to place himself in the way of great temptations. If in the way of duty we are set upon by temptation, we may expect, according to God's promise, a way of escape. But if after the foolishness of our own hearts, we place ourselves needlessly in its way, it is almost certain that we shall fall. That man is in danger, who, allured by easy prospect of gain, places himself in a position of great temptation. Thousands in this way have ruined their souls. How many a Christian man, led by ambitious desires to secure some post of honor and emolument, has found that the goodly plains were full of danger, and that in their midst was Sodom, with all its corruption. How have the hearts of God's people been made to mourn, as the once great and good, tempted thus from the safeguards of piety into ways of worldliness, have fallen from their high position and brought disgrace upon the cause they once professed to love. It is never safe to expose ourselves for mere worldly interests to the danger of being led away from God. It is better to be poor and unhonored in the way of duty, than to gain riches and the favor of men at the sacrifice of spiritual life. Those who make haste to be rich, who clutch greedily after honor, too often, like wretched Lot, are glad to escape, losing all but bare existence.

Many a man, once with riches and a good name, tempted from the path of duty and integrity, has gone down to the grave in poverty and obscurity. To those just setting out on the business of life the lesson of this historic record is most valuable.

Before many a young man is placed the choice of slow increase, in the way of honesty and safety,—and the prospect of great gain, in the way of doubtful expedients and danger. And how many choose the latter! To them the goodly fields and fertile plains, with Sodom, are preferable to the rougher way of hills and mountains with the favor of God. It is not the goodly fields and plains that are dangerous; but it is the wickedness of the inhabitants of that land. Sodom lies there, and is almost sure to be reached with its sin and corruption. Better, a thousand times better, dwell in the mountains with godly Abram, than to fatten in the fruitful plains, with the hell of Sodom all around. In the one there is peace and safety; in the other there is danger and death.

"He that seeketh his own life shall lose it," says the Saviour, "and he that loseth his own life for my sake shall find it."

Lot, seeking eagerly for the things of the present life, forgetful of his moral and spiritual interests, lost the world which he sought as his portion. Grasping after wealth it was taken from him. But Abraham, giving of his temporal advantage with generous disinterestedness, for the honor of his God and his religion, is met by the Lord who renews his precious covenant promise,—"And the Lord said unto Abram after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed forever." P.

Missionary Life.

EVERY DAY THINGS.

JULY 29th. We left our dear home on the 19th, being carried away in a palanquin, without even bidding a soul goodbye. Only dear Mary and Julia gave us a soft little farewell kiss. The Sunday before, I was taken out to the tank at the far corner of the chapel compound, to see the baptism of Pickering Brown and Besawya, two young men belonging to the Santal school. They have been in the school about two years, and are good young men. It made us very glad. Pickering Brown is very promising. He has been a good while in making up his mind to be a Christian, and after he had made up his mind, he waited a good while before he asked for the privilege of taking the "sign." His widowed mother has disowned him, after coming to M. a number of times and trying her best to dissuade him from his choice.

AUG. 3. We are at the Zenana mission home. Work here goes on lively. Mr. B. went back to Midnapore on the 29th, to have a council with the brethren about our going back or going home, and they have concluded among them that we must go home. We must leave our Midnapore home, the dear Santals, all the work and all the endearments, without even a goodbye. It is very hard, and yet there is a cord that comes across the sea with a new strength now, that we are really driven out; and in the dust, we must acknowledge that God who knows all about every thing, makes everything come in harmony. "He doeth all things well."

12th. Our passage is engaged in the Wm. Woodbury, bound to Boston, to sail next Monday, the 15th. Have been to Channing bazaar twice, trying to get something together for the voyage. Channing bazaar is a conglomerate collection of many kinds of roofs covering five acres, and all underneath is divided up into a great number of all kinds of shops, and goods, and dealers. Soon as one gets out of his or her palanquin, and steps underneath, the shop-keepers flock round them and—"What you buy to-day, Mem Sahab? I every thing you want in my shop, come and see." "No, Mem Sahab, come to my shop; I sell everything very cheap price" &c. &c. We make no answer; it is much better not to say a word till we see something we want; then we quietly get a seat on a verandah, and ask to have it brought. That is the signal for a general rush, and in a minute we are flooded with that and similar things, brought by many of the shop-keepers, each one praising his own wares; and the din and confusion is often very great. But to a person who can bear a noise it is a splendid place to trade.

All our things from Midnapore got wet on the way, for it is now the height of rains. Mary and Julia helped Mr. B. do the packing, and the dear old house was cleared in a short space of time. My poor little pet Harry (Henry P. Lamprey) thought to be sure he was coming with us, and he was very busy packing up his little all. He is a dear little boy, and I always meant to have him come to America. Plumer Brown and Billy Burr too, were expecting to come, but they did not. The very sight of those boys would do a great deal of good. They may come yet.

14th. Mary has gone to the Bengali service with one of Miss Hook's Zenana young ladies, and her father to Circular chapel road Chapel. Most likely this is the last Sunday in India. To-morrow the world will be "Westward, ho!" What will come of it? Ah, who can tell? Many a ship goes to sea and never returns. But everybody is "immortal till their work is done." All well. And what consequence is it where or how we may die, if it is God's will?

16th. Came on board the Wm. Woodbury yesterday. Miss Hatchell came on board with us, and the rest of the young ladies were coming too, but they thought the ship lay down at Garden Reach four miles below Calcutta, so had the coachman drive them there. They had their drive for nothing, and we missed a few of our things that they were to bring—Crest away into the berth and suffered beautifully all that day and night. We were to sail at four P. M., but the thick pouring rain makes it impossible, and nobody knows when we shall start. In the mean time, the steaming heat, the smell of the ship, the hurry and confusion of things generally, and the mosquitoes, all make patience a necessary companion.

17th. Came down the Hoogley last night to Diamond Harbor where we anchored. Passed the "Hole" where ships, sometimes disappear bodily in a few minutes. The best pilots are always glad to get over this place. The James and Mary are two rivers that empty into the Hoogley about three miles from each other, and something about their currents makes ever changing quick sands between them. It is a treacherous place, and the natives call it "Life Destroyer."

18th. Out to sea, past all the dangers of the Hoogley. The Pilot left us this morning, and we are all miserable enough. 19th. We had come 120 miles at noon. The motion of the ship would be intolerable if we could escape, but as we can't, we manage in some way or other to exist. In the height and in the face of the south-west monsoon, we have begun to beat down the Bay of Bengal. We have a fine large ship heavily laden with a valuable cargo, a nice Captain and a good looking set of sailors. Notwithstanding, we are sea-sick and are as miserable as need be. S. P. B.

Named Boys.

Billy Burr has been described once before, but his name comes next on the list, so a few more words about him. He is a fine, comely lad, with good natural talents and a disposition to improve them. We think he will be a printer. It is a great pity he could not spend a few years in this country.

William C. Byer is the mate of William Burr and very like him. At the time we left, he was an earnest seeker after Christ, and showed a tender conscience. He has a quick temper.

Samuel Dudley is, in size and natural talent, much like the two last named boys. His besetting sin was stealing something to eat. He has given that up now, and respects himself.

Joseph Odell is a nice little boy about ten, learns very fast, and has large black eyes.

Adam Brown is a famine orphan. Nobody ever inquired for him, so his family probably all perished. He is a quaint little fellow, knows a good deal and says but little. S. P. B.

Degrading the Gospel.

There are many ways of doing this. One is by low and vulgar comparisons. Not long since a preacher was relieving him in strains of eloquence, when he instituted the following comparison: "Some men say they have no influence. A man that has no influence, ought to be set up in the corner of the streets, for the dogs to spit." Compare this with the beautiful illustrations of the Master of preachers: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Low comparisons may gain the applause of the vulgar, but they disgust persons of good taste, degrade the preacher and dishonor God. HEARER.

Education in the Ministry.

It is pretty generally admitted that men who now enter the ministry, require more extensive knowledge than those did who entered that sacred calling forty years ago. Knowledge has increased among the people, and the minister, to be successful, must be able to commend himself not only to every man's conscience, but to his intellect, which requires better literary attainments than formerly. Error has assumed different forms and more subtle modes of warfare against Christianity. Science and learning has been arrayed against the Bible, and profound research is necessary to meet the infidelity of the times. The only question seems to be, Shall those who have the ministry in view, spend a suitable length of time under the direction of men who have devoted their energies to the study of divine truth, and can render important aid in the acquisition of sacred knowledge, or shall they enter at once upon their work, and "pick up their knowledge as they go along," or go on without knowledge, and in a short time become discouraged, and give up their calling, and turn to some other business for the rest of life?

The faithful pastor usually has his hands full, to meet the numerous demands pressing upon him, and finds but little time to devote to preparatory studies. And, besides, he wants the knowledge to use before he can possibly acquire it. A few men have pursued their studies, and become profound in biblical lore while discharging the duties of a pastor. Others, attempting to do the same, may break down, and accomplish but little for Christ. What, then, is the better way? No rule can be laid down, as to the exact amount of time that shall be spent, or amount of knowledge that shall be acquired, before one shall go forth to preach Christ to the people, or be set apart to the work of the ministry. Where age and other circumstances will allow, a very thorough preparation should be sought. It will all be needed in after life. And, probably, the individual will accomplish more for God, and preach as many years, though he begin not so early in life. John the Baptist and Christ began their work at about thirty years of age, and I have somewhere seen it stated, that those who enter the ministry at that age, average as many years of ministerial life, as those who begin

earlier. Let our young men seek a thorough preparation for the arduous work to which God is calling them, and let them seek it at the schools. W.

Sarah Lee Ambrose.

Sarah Lee Ambrose died in Sandwich, N. H., Dec. 23-1870, aged seventy-four years, seven months and nineteen days. Sister Ambrose was one of the "mothers" of the Freewill Baptist denomination, who bore the burden and heat of the days when the "fathers" were struggling to establish our earlier churches. Her name deserves a place among those noble souls who have gone, and are going so rapidly to their reward, after having fought a good fight.

Converted many years ago, she was a consistent Christian until she died. She found no occasion to grow cold or to backslide. Her light was always shining. Until a few years previous to the death of her husband, Brother Jessie Ambrose, they entertained the prayer-meetings of the Center Sandwich F. B. church for more than twenty years, twice a week, at their dwelling house, missing only two meetings during the space of seven years. How many families would be willing to put themselves to this inconvenience for so many years? In these meetings, as in all other social meetings, Sister A. was always ready with an earnest testimony for Jesus. Hers was indeed a meek and quiet spirit, but strong for good work. She loved to work for Christ and in all things to do his will.

Something more than thirty years ago, a most precious revival swept through Sandwich, in which hundreds were converted. The chief human laborer in this work, was Father Hiram Stevens. Said the son of Sister A. to me: "During those memorable days Brother Stevens, who was then in feeble health, dwelt at our house, and father and mother watched over and cared for him as though he were a little child, anticipating all his wants and meeting them with the most tender solicitude just as far as they were able."

Theirs was indeed the home of all who came in need. Sister A. died instantly and with scarce a struggle. Her life was serene to its close. Rev. J. Woodman conducted the service at her burial, assisted by Revs. S. C. and C. H. Kimball. The sermon, by Brother W., related principally to the glorious inheritance of the saint.

Sister Ambrose has left an only son, and four grandchildren; also a brother,—all of whom sincerely mourn their loss. Her mantle has fallen upon one of her granddaughters, who faithfully bears the cross of Christ among us. C. H. K.

Fruit Appearing.

About ten years ago a few young people in Raymond, N. H., banded together to support a lad, at one of the Mission Schools in India, to be named Joseph Fullerton. Much effort they have paid yearly to this time for his support. Prayer was offered too that he might become a Christian. Some eighteen months ago the cheering news came that he was hoping in the pardoning mercy of Christ. Then there was prayer that God would make him a preacher. Just now information has been received that he is a teacher in the school at Balasore, is an active, growing follower of Christ, and there is some hope he will become a native preacher.

This shows that there is encouragement to labor and pray for the heathen, and it is well to have special cases as subjects of prayer. Let all who can, do something like what was done in this case. The results may be far-reaching and glorious. READER.

S. S. Department.

The Teacher Preparing Himself.

Prepare myself! Yes, therein lies the teacher's true preparation. We speak sometimes of preparing the lesson. But does this properly state the work of the Sunday school teacher in preparing to appear before the class?

It is not the lesson which needs preparing. The teacher it is who must be prepared, and must needs put forth the requisite effort to secure that preparation. What we now want to know, therefore, is this: How can Sunday school teachers get the preparation which they need? They do not need to put anything into the lesson; the truth and authority are there already. Under the influence of the Holy Ghost, the word is entirely capable of doing its own work, without any addition from man. In the absence of human teachers, it has often done its work independently of such aid just as, in the absence of proper conductors, the lightning often leaps from the charged cloud to the earth; and woe to him who seeks to obstruct its course. But electricity prefers good conductors, and never fails to follow them. So the truth of God is most naturally and effectively conveyed by suitable living teachers and examples.

The person who does not draw from the truth a power for good adequate to control his own life, can never convey to others that power; nor can he avert from himself or others the dread consequences of ungodliness. And such as have no desire to achieve these practical results are not Sunday school teachers worth having. But they who have a heart for the work of bringing the child or pupil to the saving knowledge of Christ, in the truest manner, and at the earliest moment, will welcome every ray of light that glances across the path of duty, and long for more. Indeed, they are already far advanced in that preparation which their labor requires.

For, in the first place, nothing can be more important than that the teacher's own heart be prepared for the work and earnestly enlisted in its performance. Simple, intellectual preparation—a knowledge of the letter only, however complete or how ever systematic in its presentation—is utterly inadequate, and, terminating there, arouses little responsive interest in the class, and affords little encouragement to teachers.

The Sunday school teacher is born—made such by the new birth which Jesus

unfolds to Nicodemus in the third chapter of John.

Art thou a teacher in Christ's fold, "and knowest these things?" It is related of a celebrated German professor that, falling sick in his advanced age, he felt the need of a fresh setting forth of the great consolation of the gospel. For this he called upon one of his students who chanced to be in the student, feeling some embarrassment at being summoned to minister thus to a venerable doctor of divinity, excused himself. "What!" rejoined the aged saint, "a theological student not prepared to do as much as that?"

So may we exclaim, What! a Sunday school teacher unprepared, unwilling, or unable to tell any one who is waiting to come as a little child to Jesus, what the sinner, young or old, "must do to be saved!" And if those dear lambs are not quite ready, suppose they do hesitate a little; shall not Sunday school teachers, when the Saviour has charged, "Feed my lambs," be, by experience and the Holy Ghost, prepared tenderly to write them to his remarkable and loving embrace?

The papers are all quoting the remark of a learned skeptic, who says very truly, "The one event which never loses its romance is the encounter with superior persons, on terms allowing the happiest intercourse." A good reason for praising Sunday school Institutes. But there is a higher application. "Ah!" remarked a thoughtful teacher, "many a humble saint in daily communion with Christ learned that long before Emerson did."

Admitted to the Great Shepherd on the happiest terms they surely are whose desire is to learn of him how to feed his lambs.—S. S. Workman.

THE SCHOLARS AT WORK. It is absolutely necessary that the Sunday school should supply work for all its members. None should be excused. All may do something. The latent power among scholars as well as teachers, is always immense. It must be called out and exercised. It is true that the first great aim of the Sunday school is the conversion of scholars; but having been converted, these young souls need greatly the teaching, helping power of the school. They need now a peculiar care. They must have tender cherishing. They must be kept in sympathy with continued teaching and directing. But above all they must be set to work; and they ought to be led and aided in ways of working. Happy the class of young Christians, that has a teacher who is not only willing to study for them, pray for them, and put aside the many hindrances for them, but who, also, with ready brain and loving heart is ready to do pioneer work in waste places with them, and open up for them activities that shall develop and strengthen the power of Christian working within them. It should be no matter of wonder that so many classes of young people at the age when they begin to think for themselves, become irregular in attendance and generally disaffected. They need the intellectual comprehension of scriptural truth. They need the presentation of its spiritual and personal claims. They need all that the best Sunday school teacher can give. But, oh! they need how much more! to be made to see the way to do something for the Saviour; for in thus doing his will they shall, according to the promise, know of the doctrine.

For sake of spiritual health, then, this exercise is indispensable. Powers of doing turned back upon themselves, work despondency, discontent, and gloom. For the sake of the budding Christian grace that you have so long watched for, teacher, give your young scholars a bracing atmosphere wherein they may blossom. Precept is not enough. Define a work and lead it! A teacher whom we know had a most interesting class of young girls. They brought good lessons; they were attached to their class; they loved and appreciated their teacher, but some other influence, though many of them were Christians, was felt to be needed. Every member of that class was at length commissioned to act for a time in the capacity of a missionary. The neglected, wretched streets of the populous town was a field for a deep, hearty enthusiasm. A room in which to hold a mission school was found, and these young girls having gathered their pupils, were appointed teachers. Their inexperience allowed them to be useful chiefly in washing faces, showing pictures, and awakening a general interest. But soon they learned something of the art of teaching, their own teacher acting as superintendent and giving general exercises. It was doubtful which received the most benefit, the hitherto neglected children, or the young Christians just beginning to learn the blessedness of doing the Master's will. Their interest in the church Sunday school was heightened, rather than decreased. There they brought their untrodden reports of progress in the work. There they asked advice, and learned old truths anew. In seeking the best means of presenting them clearly to others, they saw them more clearly themselves. The regular school lesson lost none of its interest.

Set young hearts and hands to work for something which will grow in their hearts' affections in proportion to their labor for it. Show them how to put the precepts you give them into living action, that thus the Saviour may be honored in their work, and that they may grow thereby.—S. S. Times.

A FEW PRINCIPLES OF TEACHING. Lift the heart to God; have a definite idea of the truth you would teach; teach for eternity; teach with animation; have a lesson for each scholar; question the lesson all into the scholars; question the lesson out of them; questions should be linked together, dovetailed together; the catechetical is the true form of teaching; get down to where the scholar is; it is the truth that is in the lesson, not the mere words, that has power; do not spend half the time in hearing your scholars repeat the verses they have studied—by questioning here and there promiscuously you can tell who has learned the lesson; do not look out too many references; concentrate; have one simple, great, burning thought, to which time and heart and mind are given; it is better to have one such point than half-a-dozen points in one lesson.—Ralph Wells.

A TEACHER'S MEETING. "Have we, in studying Christ, grown more like Him? There is subject for deep reflection in this question. Let us not pass it lightly by. If the sword of truth hurts, as it cuts through tangling selfishness and veiling superstition, the hurt will be for our healing."

There was a pause, after which a young teacher asked, "And what if all we tell our pupils about this second coming of the Lord?" No more nor less than the angels told the men of Galilee, as they stood vainly endeavoring to fathom the Infinite Mystery, beyond what had been vouchsafed to them. We only know that he shall come, and that he shall come anointed Judge for human kind. Beyond this, all is conjecture—a waste of improvement, and not for profitless discussion.

ward the gospel ministry. We extend to them a hearty welcome, and a more hearty God speed, for the gospel field is all white for the harvest, and the laborers are few.

This session of the Q. M. was held in the week time. It was an entirely new feature in this Q. M. as well as in all our Q. Ms. in this region. The meeting was well attended, and the pastors of the churches were all home again for the Sabbath. Why would not the change be profitable for other Q. Ms. Our ministry feel the pressure of so many meetings. A word to the wise is sufficient.

In this meeting the best wine was reserved for the close. On Thursday evening after an impressive sermon from Bro. Aldrich, the saints were invited to participate in the Lord's supper. It was not only appropriate but it was impressive to see the body of the house filled with communicants. Here the one church on earth "by one Spirit are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Greeks, whether we be bond or free, [Methodists, Baptists or Presbyterians,] and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." Our cause is hopeful in Canton, and the region round about. I pray God to energize his people and give abundant success to their efforts.

A Good Example.

A few days since I received the following note from an unknown source. One dollar was also received for the first installment: \$12.00.

At Home, Jan. 2, 1871.

For value received I promise to pay Silas Curtis, Treasurer of the F. Baptist Education Society, for the benefit of said Society, Twelve dollars, to be paid in monthly installments of one dollar each, on the first day of every month for the year 1871.

How many of the friends of our Education Society will follow this worthy example? This money will be applied to aid our young men who are preparing for the ministry. Funds for this object are now greatly needed, and we hope many will pledge one dollar per month for the present year.

SILAS CURTIS.

An Encouraging Response.

For value received I promise to pay Silas Curtis, Treasurer of the F. Baptist Education Society, for the benefit of said Society, Twelve dollars, to be paid in monthly installments of one dollar each, on the first day of every month for the year 1871.

Revolutions, &c.

HILLSDALE, MICH. A cheering work of grace is in progress among the students of Hillsdale College. Meetings are held every evening, which are largely attended, and very interesting. A number have requested prayers, and one professes faith in Christ.

BRISTOL, N. H. We are having a deep religious interest. Union meetings were commenced by the several denominations in the place, Jan. 1, with the assistance of the evangelist, H. F. Durant. The work has been wonderful. Over 800 have come forward for prayers, and still they come. A very large number are rejoicing in the Lord. Nearly all the business men have enlisted in the army of the Lord, including our hotel keeper and physicians. The oldest Christians with wonder exclaim that they have never seen such manifestations of God's power before. It is truly the Lord's doings and is marvelous in our eyes. We hope for permanent success to the cause of Christ as a result of this awakening. May God grant it, is our prayer.

AUGUSTA, ME. A note from Rev. C. F. Penny conveys the intelligence of a revival interest at one of his "outposts," where several have professed conversion, and others are interested.

PRAIRIE DU SAC, WIS. We are in the midst of a powerful revival of religion in this place. Some thirty have given their hearts to Christ, and still the work goes forward.

BRUNSWICK, ME. The revival mentioned a few weeks since in the Star still continues with us, and our hearts are frequently cheered with shouts of new-born souls. Sabbath, Jan. 1st, more than one hundred arose and spoke of their love for Jesus, old and young believers. The work seems to be genuine, there being no undue excitement. Many arise voluntarily and ask for prayers. Christians of different denominations are sharers in the good work. All classes of persons have been converted, from the Sabbath school scholar of 10 and 12 years to grandparents of 70 years and more. Old church members say there has not been such a general work of grace in Brunswick village for 30 years past. Truly it is the Lord's doings, and to him we give the praise.

W. T. SMITH.

SOUTH STAFFORD, VT. During the last days of Nov. I commenced a series of meetings in a district a little out of this village, in which quite a number were reclaimed and some, we trust, hopefully converted to God. At the village we commenced a protracted effort, Monday evening, Dec. 26th, aided by Rev. N. L. Rowell, of Manchester, N. H., which continued ten days. The effort was owned of God, the church was revived, some were reclaimed and quite a number hopefully converted.

The work has not been as extensive as could be desired, and yet it has been a most profitable and lasting benefit, we trust. No unhealthy excitement was noticeable in the meetings. Some far advanced in life, even to 71 years of age, are among the saved. Strong, influential men and women of middle age, together with several of the youth of the place, accepted the Cross. Pray that the work may not cease.

Quarterly Meetings.

WINDHAM, PA. We are enjoying an interesting work of grace here in Windham. Men who have lived long in sin and several of the precious youth are subjects of a revival interest. Rev. O. Phelps and lady of Susquehanna Depot, have been with us several weeks, and God has crowned their efforts with abundant success.

J. W. HILLS.

HARRISBURG, PA. The Free Will Baptist cause in this state is not prospering as we could desire. We have had many obstacles of a peculiar character to contend with, and this is especially true of the cause in this city. Outside influences have brought injury to the cause. Many wrong impressions have been circulated with reference to the F. B. church, and hence we have not had the sympathy of the community with us. We have had to bear many heavy burdens since our organization. Former difficulties with a sister church have had much to do in influencing the people against us. In the erection of a new house of worship a large debt was contracted, unexpected to most of the members, which has been no small burden for us to bear. It would perhaps have been as well to remain in our former house, as a church debt is anything but a blessing. We hope, by the blessing of God, to see better days, and that the time is not far distant when these burdens will be removed. Our church is prospering spiritually. Public meetings are well attended. The best of union and love prevail among the members. During the past year some twenty-five have united with the church, five of them within the last two weeks, and there are others inquiring what they shall do to be saved. Our pastor, Rev. A. H. Chase, is highly esteemed by all, and by his faithful preaching many souls have been brought to Christ, and through his influence the church has been greatly strengthened.

The Mission on Allison's Hill is greatly prospering under the efficient labors of Rev. S. F. Mathes. The prospects are that in a short time a good and strong church will be organized.

The Calvary church, of which the Rev. C. J. Carter continues to be the faithful pastor, is yet laboring to build up the Redeemer's cause.

W. H. WAGGONER.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. Alvah Bean is at liberty to correspond with any church in want of a pastor. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Rev. J. A. Knowles has resigned the pastorate of the Manchester, N. H., Free Will Baptist church, and society which worship on Merrimack St. The resignation is to take effect the last Sunday in March.

Rev. Geo. S. Hill has resigned the pastorate of the Deerfield, N. H., church, to take effect in April next.

Church Organized.

As the result of a revival interest in Snow Prairie, Mich., a F. B. church of 30 members was duly organized there, Jan. 15th. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. S. Manning; Charge, by I. P. Bates; and Hand of fellowship, by A. B. Taylor.

Brother and Sister Cobb, whose names were left out of the Register by mistake, are members in good standing of the Root River Q. M.

C. W. CHAIN, Clerk.

The F. W. Baptist church edifice in Hopkinton, N. Y., having been thoroughly repaired the past fall, was dedicated on Friday, Jan. 6th. Dedication sermon by Rev. E. B. Fuller of Waterbury, Vt. At the close of the services, \$175 was raised to finish paying for the repairs of the house. With many thanks to the kind friends who have assisted us, we can say that we are free from debt, with a good organ and a good house in which to worship. Let others go and do likewise.

The church has secured the labors of Rev. J. D. Waldron again for the ensuing year.

L. D. ATWOOD, Clerk.

The church edifice in Gaines, Pa., was dedicated Dec. 17. It is in all respects a comfortable place of worship, and the community have done themselves much credit in carrying forward the enterprise. The society is free from debt, and there is a surplus of about \$200 in the treasury. There is some revival interest already manifest in the community. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. S. Aldrich.

The Free Baptist new church was dedicated the 19th inst. The friends of this enterprise have shown a commendable spirit, and deserve the prayers of those who are interested in building up the cause of religion. I expect to close my labors here the 1st of April next.

G. F. RAMSEY.

Onondaga, N. Y. The council called by the F. Baptist church and society at Saco, Me., to assist in the installation of Rev. O. H. Webster, met at the church in S. on the afternoon of Jan. 28th and organized by choosing Rev. L. Witham, chairman, and Rev. A. A. Smith, clerk. The examination of Bro. Webster was very satisfactory, and the installation services were held in the evening. Several of the pastors of the different churches in the city were present and took part, and a number of F. Baptists assisted in the same. The sermon was by Rev. J. Fullerton, D. D., of Lewiston.

Bro. W. commences his pastorate in Saco under favorable circumstances, and we trust it will be long and useful.

A. A. S.

Donations. Rev. O. Phelps and lady gratefully acknowledge a donation of \$50 from the friends of Windham Center on the evening of Jan. 14th.

Rev. L. B. Starr, and family express their heart-felt thanks to the church and society of Bethany, N. Y., for their liberal donation, made Dec. 28th, of \$251.44.

The brethren and friends of Acton and Milton made us their annual visit, Dec. 7th, when and at other times we were very generously remembered.

M. A. WATERMAN.

Quarterly Meetings.

WINDHAM, PA. We are enjoying an interesting work of grace here in Windham. Men who have lived long in sin and several of the precious youth are subjects of a revival interest. Rev. O. Phelps and lady of Susquehanna Depot, have been with us several weeks, and God has crowned their efforts with abundant success.

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M. A. WATERMAN.

held for many years, with the concurrence of the previous chaplain. But the present chaplain applied to the colonel to forbid the meetings, and he did so. The *Friend of India* indignantly denounces this interference with the soldier's personal liberty, and insists that the gentlemen at Concord and the missionary societies shall not rest a day till the order is withdrawn.

A Neglected Cough, Cold or Sore Throat which might be checked by a simple remedy like *Brown's Bronchial Troches*, if allowed to progress may terminate seriously. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Consumptive Coughs, "The Troches" are used with advantage, giving oftentimes immediate relief. Singers and public speakers will also find them excellent to clear the voice and render articulation wonderfully easy.

More than 500,000 people bear testimony to the wonderful curative effects of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery. It cures Bronchitis and the worst lingering coughs. As an Anti-Bilious medicine for Liver Complaint it has no equal. It permanently cures constipation of the bowels, cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby cures scrofulous and syphilitic taints, and all diseases of the skin, as Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Rash, Eruptions, &c., sold by druggists.

The Executive Committee of the American Tract Society, Boston, have made arrangements for a term of years with Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co., of Riverside Press, Cambridge, for the continuance of the manufacture and sale of all their publications.

The salesrooms at 141 Tremont St., Boston, are removed to 117 Washington St., Boston, Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co., and to 13 Park Place, New York, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. By this arrangement the expenses of the Society are reduced to a minimum point, while the same facilities for purchasing fine books, tracts and papers, are provided as heretofore, and an entire separation of the business and benevolent departments of the society is secured.

Through the income from sales and the gifts of the friends of the society, the committee hope to be able to continue the gratuitous distribution of religious books and tracts, and to issue such new publications as will meet the demands for helping souls towards heaven.

Rev. L. S. Putnam, Secretary, and J. Wyeth Coolidge, Esq., Treasurer, can be seen for the present at 141 Tremont St., or addressed P. O. Box 511, Boston.

Notices and Appointments.

There will be a meeting of the President and Trustees of Storrs College, at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Wednesday, Feb. 1st, at 5 P. M.

N. C. BRACKETT, Secretary.

New Hampton Institution. The sixth annual installment is now due on the ten year fund given in aid of this institution. We hope all the friends will forward immediately the amount due to me.

E. H. FRISCHOTT, Treas.

Time Changed. JEFFERSON Q. M. will hold its next session with the Harrisburg church, Feb. 15, instead of 18, 19. It will begin at 1:30 o'clock, A. M.

J. S. STAPLES, Clerk.

SAUK CO. Q. M. will hold its next session with the Strong's Prairie church, Feb. 10-12.

B. F. MCKENNEY, Clerk.

CHATAQUA Q. M. will hold its next session with the church in Cherry Creek, commencing Friday evening, Feb. 10.

S. MOUNT, Clerk.

ROOT RIVER Q. M. will hold its next session with the church at Four Mile Grove, Feb. 24.

BENJ. BUTLER, Clerk.

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MARRIED.

At the parsonage, in Acton, Dec. 31, by Rev. D. Waterman, Mr. Zenas F. Drow and Miss Angie M. Drow, all of Acton. Also, Jan. 21, Mr. Owen B. C. Prescott, of Acton, and Miss Laura J. Cowell, of Lebanon.

S. Berwick, Me. Jan. 21, by Rev. J. Frank Locke, Edwin M. Ham, Esq., and Miss Addie Ricker, both of S. B.

In the residence of the bride's father, in Enfield, Me. Nov. 18, by Rev. Yerza White, Mr. Wm. Barnes and Miss Emily A. Hall, both of E.

In St. Johnsbury, Vt. Dec. 23, by Rev. W. L. Noyes, Mr. F. Stevens and Miss R. M. Flint, both of St. J.

Dec. 31, Mr. Ellsworth W. Hawkins, of S. J., and Miss Martha Wilkinson, of Standish. Also, Jan. 4, by the same, assisted by Rev. J. W. Walker, Mr. Daniel S. Garland, of Newfield, Me., and Miss Mary V. Parsons, of Midway, Me.

In Bristol, Sept. 18, by Rev. G. J. Abbott, Mr. Nathaniel B. Moulton and Miss Belle N. Heath, both of B. Also, Jan. 4, by Rev. E. Clark, of Center Harbor, and Miss Mary A. Hatchelder, of B. Jan. 3, Mr. George C. Mason, of Hill and Miss Martha S. Nelson, of S. B. Also, Jan. 3, Mr. Frank M. Heath and Miss Lizzie Littlefield, both of B.

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THE MORNING STAR JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.

A new Steam Job Printing Press has just been put into operation in the Morning Star Office. This Press is the best in use, and is, of course, capable of doing most excellent work.

The Job type is entirely new, and has been selected with great care from type made by first-class manufacturers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

The Pressman has had an experience of twelve years, and that in some of the best offices in the largest cities of the country.

It is believed, therefore, that all kinds of Job-printing, including the printing of cuts and printing in colors, can be done in good style

Poetry.

The Puritans.

When the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
That made folks' heads look queer;
Oh, the ships from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
When'er a babe was born.
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the but of the old ram's horn,
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwags down,
And pine tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shapes of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the college rose,
The satchel cocked his eye
At every tutor's meager ribs
Whose coat tails trailed by;
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squares.

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But succotash and hominy
Were smoking on the board;
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender minds are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And kept the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough!

—O. W. Holmes.

An Old Cat's Confession.

I am a very old pussy,
My name is Tabitha Jane;
I have had about fifty kittens,
So I think I mustn't complain.

Yet I've had my full share of cat's troubles,
I was run over once by a cart;
And they drowned seventeen of my babies,
Which came near breaking my heart.

A gentleman once singed my whiskers—
I shall never forgive him for that!
And once I was bit by a mad dog,
And once was deceived by a rat.

I was tied by some boys in a meal-bag,
And pelted and pounded with stones;
They thought I was mashed to a jelly,
But it didn't break one of my bones.

For cats that have good constitutions
Have eight more lives than a man;
Which proves we are better than humans,
To my mind, if anything can.

One night, as I wandered with Thomas—
We were singing a lovely duet—
I was shot in the back by a bullet;
When you stroke me, I feel it yet.

A terrier once frightened my kittens;
Oh, it gave me a terrible fright!
But I scratched him, and sent him off howling,
And I think that I served him just right.

But I've failed to fulfill all my duties;
I have passed half my life in a dream;
And I never delivered the canary,
And I never lapped half enough cream.

But I've been a pretty good mouser,
(What squirrels and birds I have taught!)
And have brought up my frolicsome kittens
As a dutiful mother-cat ought.

Now I think I've a right, being aged,
To take an Old Tabby's repose;
To have a good breakfast and dinner,
And sit by the fire and doze.

I do not care much for the people
Who are living with me in this house,
But I own that I love a good fire,
An occasional herring and mouse.

—Selected.

The Family Circle.

Our Own Dear Mother.

"Mother," said Sallie one night, as she
was getting ready for bed, "Mrs. Brooks
says she wishes I was her little girl."

"Does she?"
"Yes, and I wish so too."

"Indeed!"
"Can't I pack my trunk, and go to-mor-
row?"

"Shall you take all your clothing?" asked
mamma, much amused.

"I do not know," answered Sallie, hesi-
tatingly. "She'll make my clothes, I suppose,
and mine will keep for Susie."

"Well," said mamma, "we'll talk it over
to-morrow. I'll see what father says."

And they did "talk it over," and strange
to say, papa said, "Yes." This was not the
first time that restless little Sallie had sighed
for a change of abode, and it was considered
best to gratify her.

"Let her go and try it,"
said papa; "she'll want to come home before
bed-time, I'll warrant."

Mamma was not quite so sure, but, never-
theless, thought it might be a good plan.
So, in the morning Sallie started off with her
best dress and two pairs of stockings. Papa
thought best to leave the trunk at home, as
she was considerably disappointed, but the size
of the bundle was quite of compensation, so
she trudged off quite happily, and, precisely
as the clock struck nine, she stood at Mrs.
Brooks's front door.

"Is Mrs. Brooks up stairs?" she inquired

with great dignity, of the girl who opened
the door.

"No, child," answered good-natured Katy,
"she's in the kitchen, doing plums."

Sallie's countenance fell a little. She knew
what doing plums meant at home. A day
long enough for three it seemed to her, when
her mother stayed in the kitchen, and she
had to take care of her own restless little
body, besides looking after Susie. How-
ever, she said nothing, but followed Katy to
the scene of action.

"Good morning, Sallie," said Mrs. Brooks,
who was standing over a great kettle of
plums.

"Good morning," answered Sallie. "I've
come to be your little girl. Here's my best
dress."

Mrs. Brooks was rather surprised, for
though she had often told Sallie that she wished
she was her little girl, she had not really
thought much about it. But she was a kind-
hearted lady, and loved Sallie dearly, so she
stooped down, and gave her a kiss, told her
to take off her things and put them up stairs,
then go into the sitting-room and amuse her-
self, until she had finished her preserves.

One hour, two hours, three hours by the
clock, and still the little girl sat alone; she
had left her doll at home for Susie, trusting
to Mrs. Brooks's generosity for playthings in
future, so there was nothing to do, but look
at the pictures; stroke the cat, and look out
of the windows. From one of them she
could just see the tops of her father's chim-
neys. She wondered what her mother was
doing. How she wished Susie would just
poke her head out of one of the chimney tops.
Then she laughed heartily at the ridiculous-
ness of the idea, and, just then, Mrs. Brooks
came in.

"Well, how's my little daughter?" said
she, taking Sallie up in her lap.

"Little daughter!" It was what her mother
so often called her, and, somehow it did not
seem exactly right coming from Mrs. Brooks,
though Sallie could not have told why.

"She's pretty well," she answered soberly;
"but could I go and visit Susie for a little
while?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Brooks, smiling
a little to herself. "Will you come back to
dinner?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"
So, to mamma's surprise, about five min-
utes after, the door opened, and Sallie's little
face peeped in. She played awhile with
Susie, but when dinner was ready, put on
her hat, and made for the door, though cast-
ing longing glances at the dish of smoking
oysters, of which she was very fond.

"Won't you stop and take dinner with
us?" asked mamma.

"No, I thank you," answered Sallie, "I
promised Mrs. Brooks, I mean mamma
Brooks, I'd be back to dinner."

"Very well—always keep your promises—
and Sallie started off.

In the afternoon Mrs. Brooks took her to
ride, and they had such a lovely time that
Sallie began to think she had really made
a very pleasant exchange—for her own papa
did not keep a carriage, and horse-riding was
just nothing at all. In the evening, she and
Mr. Brooks played dominoes. She tried
hard to persuade herself that it was an
agreeable substitute for her nightly romp
with the baby. Eight o'clock was her bed-
time. Mrs. Brooks went up with her,
heard her prayers and gave her a good
night kiss, telling her as she left, to shut up
her peepers, and travel off railroad speed to
the land of Nod.

But did she? I guess not, else how hap-
pened it, that at about ten o'clock Mrs.
Brooks was sure she heard the sound of sup-
pressed sobbing? "It's that blessed child,"
said she. "She's homesick."

"I've been expecting this," and up stairs she went
as fast as her two friendly feet could carry
her. Ah, yes! it was Sallie, who lay curled
up in one corner of the bed crying as if
her heart would break. "I can't help it,"
she sobbed. "I did not kiss the baby—"

"Would you like to go home, dear?"
asked Mrs. Brooks, giving her a motherly
hug, in her sympathy.

Sallie opened her eyes wide, and the tears
stopped. "Could I go to-night?" she asked
in astonishment.

"Certainly,—just slip on your clothes,
and Mr. Brooks will carry you over."

"He needn't harness Billy," mistaking
her meaning. "I can walk,—I could walk a
mile just as easy."

"And so you don't want to be my little
girl any longer?" asked the lady.

"I like you very much," replied Sallie,
eagerly, "but, you see, I belong to my own
mother. She's my own dear mother, and I
think—I'll live with her forever, now."

Never was there a happier child than
Sallie, when, snugly tucked up in her own
little bed with her own dear mother's loving
arms round her, she did travel off to the
"land of Nod."

Boys and girls, love your mothers; not
only because they are good and kind to you,
but because they are your own. They "belong
to you—you belong to them." Never think
you could have a happier home somewhere
else—for, ten chances to one, if you tried
the experiment, you would be more home-
sick even than poor little Sallie.—*Boston Re-
corder.*

The Aged in Our Homes.

Old persons often feel younger than we im-
agine. Their interest in the affairs of life is
heightened by the placid consciousness that
they are almost home, and at the same time
they are conscious that they differ from the
young in flesh rather than in spirit. Know an
old little body of seventy years, who has
worn dresses ankle-short all her life; her
hair is snowy, and she wears it in curls all
round her head—their way edges showing
from under her orange bonnet, that, well kept,
has served her a score of years. With the
tripping step and straight figure of sixteen,
you would never suspect her age if you were
behind her. A little reticule on her arm and
an umbrella complete the picture. The

towns-people call her Miss Flite, among our-
selves. Not long ago, it came to our knowl-
edge how into her little home, not bigger
than a wren's nest, she had taken a widowed
friend, left desolate and alone in her old
age. "How could you do it?" said some-
body. "How could I help it?" said Miss
Flite, with a bird-like chirrup and shake of
her head. "Nelly and I were girls together.
Why, dearie, we're girls yet; and when we're
by ourselves, we just have times—oh! do n't
we!"

A very venerable old man passes my door
every morning, accompanied by a troop of
grandchildren, the youngest of whom can
just walk. "It is good to see the exceeding
gentleness of 'grandfather,' the patience
with which he and the little one bring up the
rear, stopping for nearly every dandelion
that looks up into their faces. One can
scarcely look at the old man, laughing in the
joy of his young charges, without involuntarily
exclaiming: "How young he is!"

Who wrote that horrible story of the grand-
father who was so cross that his daughter's
little boys did not want to go to heaven, lest
he should cry out "Hush!" when he saw them
coming? It is a libel on grandfathers gen-
erally, who are apt to be too indulgent to the
second generation.

I know a lady eighty-two this spring, who
regularly does the marketing for a large fam-
ily, walking a mile and a half for the purpose.
She looks very feeble, and a sympathizing
friend lately suggested to her that it was too
much for her to have this care—"People feel
so sorry for you!" "I wish people could
find some one else to be sorry for," was the
reply. "I'm as young as I ever was! But
people are growing absurd."

When a grand concert was to be given in
Baltimore during the last year of the war,
there were grave doubts if a certain house-
hold as to whether it would look well for
"mother" to go. "It is not the place for an
elderly lady," said one daughter. "But
mother must do as she pleases," said another.

"Let's ask her. Are you going to the con-
cert?" "Of course I am, my love! I mean
to hear all the singing this side of the river
that I can." And so the beautiful old lady,
in her black silk gown, her gray hair band-
ed smoothly under her snow-flake of a cap,
went with the young people, and enjoyed the
evening as much as they did.

Why not, in all our home-doings and plea-
sures, include the aged folks whom we may
be so happy as to have with us? "In the
sixties, they have the forties, and the twen-
ties," and let us who are younger profit by
their experience, and lend to them the cheer
of our more buoyant years.—*Hearth and Home.*

Shirking.

People are frequently blamed for laziness
who are only slow. No man is lazy who is
performing his duty according to the mea-
sure of his strength, and according to the
activity of his temperament. But people who
think quickly, act quickly, and have the knack
of turning off work rapidly—which depends far more upon mental
qualities of a practical kind than people are
apt to suspect—lose patience with those who
are slow by reason of feebleness, or who are
phlegmatic, and whose nerves are not large
enough to vitalize the body. We are apt
also to blame those whose minds are slow
and not ingenious, as if their inefficiency
was of a deliberate unfaithfulness. There is
also a source of vexation in the different
ideas which people form as to what is thor-
ough, neat, and satisfying, in the thousand
mechanical details of housekeeping, or of
the management of a store, or of the pro-
cesses of a farm or a garden. The sense of
fitness, of order, arrangement, and of beau-
ty, is extremely feeble in many natures. If
an employer has an acute sensibility in these
respects, and his workmen are very obtuse,
there will be likely to be a great deal of
fault-finding and impatience, even if it does
not come to the injustice of scolding and
abusing.

But there is such a thing as laziness,
and there is a kind of laziness which we
have heard called soldiering. In some cir-
cumstances it would be exceedingly provok-
ing. But some recent observation of this
kind of tactics has afforded us a good deal
of amusement. We are convinced that some
forms of laziness rise to the dignity of an
art, and that the exercise of it, in its highest
forms, requires no small amount of skill and
experience. We have had one expert in
this business under our eye for several days.

Long, lean, with a plausible manner, he
takes hold of work in a way that assures
you that you have secured a valuable assist-
ant. He is voluble, and on no topic more
than upon thoroughness and efficiency.
For quite a period you take him at his word.
Only by degrees and dimly does a subtle
feeling steal in on you that he is shirking.

At the window, in digging a well, you be-
gin to notice that the work is done almost
wholly by the man at the other end. In
lifting stone, with all the air of great exer-
tion, you will, on close inspection, see that
he hardly strains a muscle, leaving nine-
tenths of the burden to his luckless mate.

In the regular work of pick, spade and wheel-
barrow, the devices for shirking are infinite.
He is continually thirsty, and stops to drink.
He first perceives that the water is out, and
volunteers to go to the well. The jug or
bucket needs washing—there are specks
on the surface of the water requiring care-
ful removal. When he gets back, the re-
ceptacle must be placed in the shade, prop-
ed up carefully and covered, and some-
times it has to be fixed twice before it is sat-
isfactory. Then he surveys the trench, and
takes time to consider how best to "put in
hisicks." But after a dozen blows, he must
spit on his hands, and that is to be done
deliberately, his spade leaning against his
person, that he may carefully rub the moist-
ure over his palms, with a motion as care-
ful as if he were preparing an engraving
plate for a proof impression. Again he be-
stows a few moments' attention to the work,
but just then a button gives way. After a
little I perceive that his buttons have all

been put on for the purpose of coming off,
and that they furnish an infinite number of
intervals. I now understand why braces
were called suspenders,—on account of the
suspension of work required to keep them
in order.

My strategist has all the vigilance that
should characterize a soldier. He knows
with nice accuracy the position of the em-
ployer or the foreman. Without looking at
you, he knows whether you are looking at
him. So long as your eye is upon him he
bustles with commendable diligence. Some-
times he will perform several unnecessary
slips, or acts, to show you how anxious he
is for thoroughness. Nay, he confidentially
speaks with you of the pitiable laziness of
that lumping fellow who was discharged
yesterday.

This notable shirk I kept for several days
for my amusement, among other things.
He was a study in natural history. In his
presence I felt how superior each man is in
his own sphere. I had no conception before
of the ingenuity and the versatility of a
genuine shirk.

At last, one noon, he disappeared. I had
sat on the veranda, in the shaded forenoon,
watching the progress of a drain which was
to be opened from the house. I followed
him up with my eyes without intermission.
Whichever way he turned, I was looking at
him. He knew it, and needed no words to
tell him my opinion. After the nooning he
did not appear. Jim, who has not a lazy
bone in his body, informed me that the fellow
was seized with a chill, and had gone home.
It may be. But nothing will make me be-
lieve that he will shake long. It is too hard
work. The shirk will find that he will dodge
about one-half the shakes.—*Beecher.*

Boys have a great idea of being manly,
and I honor them for it; but they often
make sad mistakes in the way which they
take of showing manliness. But one thing
you will all admit is manly and noble, and
that is, to ask for what you really wish to
have, and to express thanks for what you
receive. It is wrong to take without ask-
ing, and very shabby not to say "thank you"
after receiving a gift; yet this is just what
a person does who does not pray. I once
had that lesson impressed upon my mind
in rather a peculiar manner, and I must tell
you about it. When I was a boy, I was
playing out in the street one winter's day,
catching rides on sleighs, and it was great
fun. Boys would rather catch rides any
day, than go out regularly and properly
to take a drive. As I was catching on to
one sleigh and another, sometimes having
a nice time, and often getting a cut from
a big black whip, I at last fastened like a
barnacle to the side of a countryman's cu-
tler. An old gentleman sat alone on the
seat, and he looked at me rather benignantly,
as I thought, and neither said anything
nor swung his old whip over me; so I ven-
tured to climb up on the side of his cutter.
Another benignant look from the country-
man, but not a word. Emboldened by his
supposed goodness, I ventured to tumble
into the cutter and take a seat under his
warm buffalo-robe beside him, and he then
spoke. The colloquy was as follows:

"Young man, do you like to ride?"
"Yes, sir."

"Do you own this cutter, young man?"
"No, sir."

"It's a pretty nice cutter, is n't it?"
"Yes, sir, it is, and a nice horse drawing
it."

"Did I ask you to get in?"
"No, sir."

"Did you ask if you might get in?"
"No, sir."

"Well, then, why did you get in?"
"Well, sir, I—I thought you looked good
and kind, and that you would have no ob-
jection."

"And so, young man, because you thought
I was good and kind, you took advantage
of that kindness, and took a favor without
asking for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this ride worth having?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, young man, I want to tell
you two things. You should never take a
mean advantage of the kindness of others;
and what is worth having is worth at least
asking for. Now as you tumbled into this
sleigh without asking me, I shall tumble
you into that snow-drift without asking
you."

And out I went like a shot off a shovel,
and he did not make much fuss about it,
either. I picked myself up in a slightly be-
wildered state, but I never forgot that
lesson.

God is good, and kind, and benevolent,
but he wishes us to ask for what we want,
and to thank him for what we receive; and
there is no true manliness in taking the best
of Heaven's gifts, and making no acknowl-
edgment for them; is there, boys?—*Church-
man.*

"Little Piety."

The boys all said that "Little Ned" was
the queerest fellow in the regiment. He
never said much, but he would look unutter-
able things out of his eyes. They were a
deep blue; a sort of pure blue, that looked
perfectly clean and good.

One day, one of our men was swearing fi-
reiously, when Ned came and put his hand
on the man's arm, and said, "Please do n't
speak so;" he was looking right into the
savage man's eyes. I looked to see him
knock Ned down, for he was the worst tem-
pered man I ever knew. But he looked at
Little Ned, and said, "Beg your pardon, Little
Piety; didn't mean 't s'war!"

So I asked an orderly who they called Ned
"Little Piety," and he said, "It's 'cause he's
so low, sir. He prays and sings, kind of
go like, in his tent; and says grace at mess,
all to himself; and do n't never do nothin'
wrong. We used to kind o' run on him at
first, and that's the way the 'Little Piety'

got hitched on to him; but the boys mean
it all well enough now. There ain't no man
that'll dare to bother him, 'thout they are
ready to fight Piety's whole company, Cap'n
and all."

I called Ned up, and asked him where he
learned to live such a life as he did. He told
me of his Sunday school in Indiana, and of
his teacher's prayers. I looked earnestly
at the boy, to see what kind of stuff he was
made of. He was a witty little fellow, of
some seventeen years old and with just the
eye of a soldier.

One day some of the boys asked if they
might have a hospital tent that was n't in
use, for a Sunday school.

"Why," said I, "is the chaplain going to
open a Sunday school in-camp?"

"No," said they, "it's Little Piety."

"Will the boys go?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed, sir," they said, "Little Pi-
ety is up to 't, you see. He's got the real
piety, that shows out good every day."

So I gave them the use of the tent, and it
would have done any man's heart good to see
how he carried on his school. Some twenty
of the boys went, and others were around
outside; but nobody made fun.

The boy had a wonderful influence in the
regiment. When any duty was to be done,
he was on hand; brave, cool, a fearless rid-
er, or for saber. His saber and carbine were
always bright, and his horse seemed in good
condition when the others were looking the
worse for hard usage and poor forage. In-
specting officers often asked about him.

One day, as I galloped down the line, be-
fore we went into a fight, I saw Ned sitting
on his horse—his horse was small—in the
front rank. I said, "Ned, you'd better go
back; you are too small for to-day. You may
get rode down. It will be all right for you;
go back to the rear."

But he begged to stay. "Please do n't
send me back. I can handle my saber as
well as any of them," and drawing it, he
made a neat mouline, to show how strong
and supple his wrist was.

The men, too, begged that he might stay,
and promised to see that he was n't run
down. So I let him stay. But I felt badly
about it, for he was so valuable a soldier in
his influence on the men. Still I could not
order him back to the rear, when he wanted
to do his duty and distinguish himself.

Then came the sweeping charge of the
cavalry across the road and into the field be-
yond. The bullets whistled and "clipped"
by our ears. The air was filled with dust
and smoke; and now and then would wake
up again the wild yell of our troops.

The enemy broke for the woods, and we
chased them some way, shutting the captiv-
ed ones behind us, to be hustled back to the
rear.

While the howitzers were shelling the
woods, and the men were resting for a time,
I rode slowly back over the field to see
about the noble fellows who had fallen.
Some were wounded, and some dead faces
that I had learned to love as comrades were
turned up, sharp and still, towards the heav-
ens, in the dying light of early evening.

Just where we had crossed the road, and
where quite a number were lying, was one
poor boy, flat on his face. He was smaller
than the rest, and it seemed as though my
heart had stopped beating, when I got off
my horse to turn him over.

It was Little Ned, with a hole in his fore-
head, where the cruel bullet had gone crush-
ing through his brain.

The whole command turned out to follow
the dead body of that blue-eyed comrade to
the grave; and strong men cried that day,
men whose hearts had not quailed under a
heavy battery fire.

Little Ned was courageous—a hero—on
the field; but he was more of a hero in the
every-day camp life. Every man was brave
before the enemy's guns; it was harder to
be brave under a comrade's sneer. Why the
boys respected and loved him so much was
because he was the bravest of all under fire
and sneer.—*The Little Corporal.*

The magazines for February are well and in-
terestingly filled. We select a few paragraphs
here and there, which may serve to exhibit their
aroma, and which will be found thoroughly read-
able.

The *Catholic World* thus portrays the poet
and would-be philosopher, Lamartine. The es-
timate is carefully formed, and is not wide of
the truth:

When the poet confessed later in life that his
heart was legitimist, but his head republican, he
only expressed the general uncertainty or inde-
cision which was one of his peculiarities. Lam-
artine was never able to reconcile this antag-
onism of heart and head; he never had the
strength to evolve a distinct system out of the
elements of his will and wishes. The ingredi-
ents of his character were utterly wanting in the
ability indispensable to form a solid individuality.

In spite of his successes, his life and works,
his actions and thoughts, remained in this re-
ason as incomplete as his personality. It was
not unjust to accuse Lamartine of having delib-
erately changed his colors; he was by nature pri-
marily, and appeared always in accordance with
the standpoint from which he was viewed. He
was not feeble, but versatile. He proved himself
to be both strong and weak, manly and childlike;
now haughty and dignified, then degrading and
expecting himself to humble tones which few or-
dinary men would have incurred at any price.
He was at one and the same time lavish and
miserly, obstinate and vacillating, independent
and subservient, brave and timid. He electrified
mankind by the heroism with which he con-
fronted death, and disgusted it by the cowardice
with which he bent his neck to the tyranny of
his habit, and suffered the necessity of a hygienic
life to ruin his morality and materially. The
hero of the Hotel de Ville, the undaunted
agitator of the reform banquets, the head of the
provisional government, stooped to accept alms
from the hands of Louis Napoleon, though he
possessed at the time an annual income of over
100,000 francs. When he died, the expenses of
his funeral were, like those of Trovay, defrayed
from the imperial purse. The Sybarite who
could sacrifice his independence for the sake of
having a few more guests at his dinners or a few
more horses in his stables well deserved this in-
dignity.

The most characteristic trait of Lamartine is
no doubt the unvarying leniency with which he
judges men of all classes, all parties, all degrees
of intelligence—their faults, follies and errors.
We would search the pages of Lamartine in vain
for an expression of anger or hatred, no matter
against whom leveled. Moral indignation has
no place among his passions. His lips bless where
others curse. A rich sentimentality combined
with manners acquired in constant intercourse
with the society

The Mont Cenis Tunnel.

Longfellow's Table Talk.

Speaking of Hiawatha and the Indians,
 HAN DELIOWATH HATH ... 1872 ...

How Lorraine became French.

Who Wore the First Ring?

Immensity of Space.

1 | tween the two last extremes would be to

The Number Seven.

Seven years were required to conquer Canaan, and the temple was seven years in

"Seven hours to care, to soothing slumber seven
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven."

—SPECIAL.

There is a watch in a Swiss museum of three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil-case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the old times, when watches were inserted in saddlebags, snuffboxes, shirt-studs,

Surface-Ocean Life

Obituaries.

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CALENDAR.—Fall term begins August 23; ends Nov. 4.
Winter term begins Nov. 15; ends Jan. 20, 1871.

Summer term begins April 26; ends July 6, 1871.
The Institution will be under the charge of

Whitestown, N. Y., July 22, '70.

6m39

FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Haverhill, N. H., December 27, 1870.
Am. Con. Fire Ext. Co.

Smith's Hotel, Haverhill, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED.

TROY BELLS

TRUT BELLS.

Local Agents Wanted.

1247

VOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscre-

Clergymen, Superintendents
and all Buyers of

is crowded with captured German ships. The

