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## **The Morning Star - volume 46 number 12 - March 22, 1871**

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., MARCH 22, 1871.

Number 12.

## THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER  
FOR THE FAMILY.  
ISSUED BY THE

FREEMAN BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,  
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.  
L. M. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1871.

### Golden Chains.

BY ADDIE STOUT.

I could not parry words that fell  
From off a bantering lip;  
How dark my heart seemed when had died  
That sudden flash of wit!

The thought, sharp challenged, very dear,  
Unto my heart had been;  
Yet still not one for argument,  
That God doth draw to Him

The soul's best treasure, as by chains  
Impalpable and fine—  
I only answered, He who moves  
Upon this heart of mine,

And quickens it to prayer or praise;  
And, hidden, very dear,  
Away among my precious things,  
The simple faith I keep.

A child's low answer to the words  
That flashed like lightning steel—  
And yet, no better form of speech  
Could after-thought reveal.

O! thy thoughts that gladden me  
Are trembling on thy lips;  
The heart grows brighter that had known  
A sudden, dark eclipse!

From thy deep thalass, dewy pearls  
On chains of light do run,  
Drawn softly from the hidden depths  
By warm rays of the sun.

And yet I can not count one link  
That God's own hand hath wrought,  
Nor will I strive to analyze  
This sweet, yet subtle thought.

We know fine chains that draw to God  
Are hidden in His hand,  
Nor further question what we feel,  
But can not understand.

Buffalo, N. Y.

### Criticism for the Pulpit.

We recently noticed, in the proper column, a work by Dr. Parker, entitled "Ad Clerum," and commended it for its vigor, freshness, courage, wholesome criticism and timely suggestions and advice. We have been anxious to find room for liberal extracts from its more solid chapters, and hope to do that still; but we present here and now a couple of extracts that show how keen and yet how genial its satire may be when dealing with those follies that are by no means very uncommon in the pulpit. Here is something touching a false kind of earnestness:

"The Dental method of earnestness" goes a long way with people who keep their eyes shut. The Rev. Mr. Osted was an eminent example of this method some twenty years ago. That active and most garrulous man never, to the best of my belief, spoke one word from his heart; and this is saying a good deal, for the words which he spoke were as the sand upon the sea-shore, innumerable. He could have preached four times not only on Sunday, but on every day of the week; and could have visited all sorts of people between the services, without so much, as drivers say, as having one turned hair. Never a word came from beyond his teeth. With a scrupulous equity, worthy of a better cause, Mr. Osted spoke in the same key, whether at a wedding or a funeral, and with an impartiality truly severe, accented age and infancy with the same monotonous civility. Words! Why, sir, they never failed; when the apostle said 'whether there be tongues they shall cease,' he did not know that Mr. Osted was among the blessings of the future, though he might have suspected this fact when he predicted that 'knowledge shall vanish away.' You have seen a half-storm? Yes, but, no half-storm was ever a match for Mr. Osted's tongue; and yet never a word came from beyond his teeth! I have seen him in a sick room every day for a month, but never a

word came from his heart,—all dental, dental.

He was a very earnest man, was Mr. Osted—very. 'Most unremitting in his attendance upon the sick,' 'never tired,' 'always had a word in season,' 'never off his legs,'—such are the words which you may hear about him in the houses of those who attended his dental ministry. Mr. Osted was a devoted denominationalist; in fact he was somewhat of a bigot; he was great on committees; so great that he could wear out the strongest of his rivals. He was keen, too, in committee law, so keen as to be quite the terror of young members. Twenty times in the course of one meeting would the watchful Osted dentally interpose, 'Mr. Chairman, I rise to order,' 'Mr. Chairman, I do contend,' 'Mr. Chairman, I must be allowed to explain,' 'Mr. Chairman, I beg to move an amendment,' and by this fussy and meddlesome method of interrupting everybody, he earned for himself the reputation of being a very earnest member of the committee! No man of ordinary shrewdness was ever deluded into the notion that Mr. Osted was a legislator; but for moving amendments, seconding resolutions, suggesting expedients, nominating deputations, and pestering secretaries, he was generally acknowledged not to have an equal in the country which he honored with his dental service."

The author thus illustrates the disposition of some ministers to imitate the style and manners of distinguished preachers, and if for Binney in the following extract, we substitute Finney, Bushnell or Beecher, we shall hit the case of not a few American imitators:

"Another acquaintance of mine exhibits quite a different phase of unnaturalness,—a phase which would be immoral, if it were not so intensely farcical. Mr. Dexter (such is the name destined to a splendid renown) feels himself called upon to attempt a reproduction of Mr. Binney for the advantage of his rural congregation. Mr. Dexter is Mr. Binney upon a miniature indeed! Though Mr. Dexter's sight is as good as yours, he thinks it part of his vocation to use an eye-glass set in a gold frame; said eye-glass is thought not only to give a knowing look to young preachers, but to convey a profound impression about late hours, deep studies, and ministerial martyrdom,—in fact to present, without undue ostentation, a bird's-eye view of what may be called the tragic side of student life. Mr. Dexter knows how Mr. Binney's eye-glass is occasionally used; consequently, before announcing his text he does a little polishing upon that optical instrument, during which he darts his furtive glance at the congregation, partly in an observant and partly in a threatening manner. Mr. Dexter knows how Mr. Binney occasionally says more by the significant motion of his hand than could be said in so many words; consequently Mr. Dexter finishes his introduction with a grotesque flourish of his hand and completes the third head by extending his first finger in the direction of the north-west angle of the meeting-house. Under this graphic attitudinizing the rural hearers often quail, because, as they say, it leaves so much to be understood.

"That's it, sir," said one of his hearers to me; 'you see his thoughts are too great for words, and when that finger of his goes up, you may be sure something is meant.' 'You know that for a fact?' said I. 'Known it long enough, sir; in fact, we have all known it. Why, there's my little boy, only five years old, gets on the table and mimics Mr. Dexter to perfection.' 'And you really think that such gestures do good, do you?' I inquired. 'They do good in this way, sir, you see,' he answered; 'they set people a-thinking; our people began a-saying to one another, how whatever did Mr. Dexter mean when he shot out his hand in that way, so sharp and sudden like? And then one says one thing, and another says another, and so they keep coming and coming and watching and watching, d'ye see?'

"Then Mr. Dexter does that sort of thing pretty regularly, does he?"

"Every Sunday, sir; it wouldn't be like Sunday if he didn't do it; my word, but sometimes he does come out with jerks and twitches that are capital; he appears to lay his hand upon something, and clutches it as if he would never let go."

"Thus Mr. Dexter caricatures and debases the original. He forgets that what may be natural in Mr. Binney, with his lofty stature and beaming countenance (a countenance of rare dignity and expressiveness), may be absurdly grotesque in any body else, and especially absurd in a man little more than five feet high, with a face that was intended to adorn a very small halberdashy establishment, in a very small back street, in a very small market town.

"Why, they tell me," said one of his admiring hearers, 'that our Mr. Dexter is very like the great Binney.'

"Indeed, said I; 'but you ever see the great Binney?'

"Oh no; no; but them as has seen him has told me so more than once."

"In what way, then," I inquired, 'is Mr. Dexter thought to be like Mr. Binney?'

"Why, in his way o' going on, a pointing, and a twitching, and such like."

"Such is the penalty of popularity! Dogs paint themselves tawny, and then sit up for lions; dwarfs buy high-heeled boots, and give themselves out as giants. There are many who imitate Mr. Binney's mannerisms who know nothing of his wonderful insight

and spirituality; they think that when they have borrowed his hat, they have also borrowed his brains. Yes, that is their trick. You have heard of maiden ladies who have lived by themselves in lonely houses, setting a number of men's hats upon the hall tables at night, so as to give any intruder the notion that the house was full of burly defenders: even so do the Mr. Dexters of the pulpit; they borrow all Mr. Binney's old hats, and then boldly challenge the world to touch their ministerial reputation."

### True Self-Reliance.

A Baltimore paper publishes the larger part of a lecture delivered in that city by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, who takes for his motto that not very polished but forcible maxim,—"Paddle your own canoe." He speaks chiefly to young men, and his counsel deserves a wide hearing and following. Here are some of his words:

SCATTER TO THE SKIRMISH LINE.

Be nobody's man. The vice of our civilization is not merely that of following the average current sentiment and demand, but that it leads men to dare no broader manhood. I believe in example—that it teaches great things and encourages manhood. But example is rather for stimulus than imitation. It encourages no servility. It is not a mold to run one in, but a buffet to stir the best that one has. Lives of men are to remind us to make our own lives sublime, not cramp them by copying any sublimity of others. Our sublimity is achieved by fidelity to self, to the God-gift.

In the column of attack, solidity, steadiness, success demand that every man cover his file leader; that is needed to victory as in the holiday parade of perfect drill. But in the great life-battle we need to scatter to the skirmish line, to stand, without the electric touch of elbows, to feel the rallying support of our own manhood only, to rely on none save the soul within and the God above. Otherwise, we become not men. We are only squads and groups, regiments and brigades; just so high, just so clothed, and moving as automata at somebody's command, and our versatile mother, Nature, who shows her exuberant wit in outer life, here, where her material is so grand and her manipulating might yield so rare perfection, is outwitted and dully repeats herself. Go through a city, and get up a volume of biographies of representative men. What do they represent? Great, original, independent manhoods, broad as the earth and lofty as the stars, a glow and throbbing with the pulses of the life that beats in unison with that of the great Spirit whence they have their being? Not so; but the gaunt following of the crampings of society and creeds and schools; men's ways, whims, prescribings, limits. "No greater men are now than ever were, nor can all the science, art, religion and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail." His naked, unsupported manhood, that is the coveted Archimedean standpoint from which to heave the world.

BOATING, AND HOW TO ROW.

In everything we rely. It is not ourselves—but the things we lean on, that we push to the front—books, laws, police, property, opinion, fashion, custom, church, ancestry, party. Everywhere we are absorbed, not assertant. The one word echoes round the world, and like the British drum-beat, salutes the rising and the setting sun. But God made no man for an echo. That is but concussion and rebound of air. Shall man's immortality shut itself up in that? It is but an emptiness of wind. Let us say out, live out what God put in us, though men make sour faces and the skies fall; let us be sure of his hand, and drop the man glasp that bites as a fetter. It is the only way to become men, for generations to grow, for the race to ripen. In all currents, all storms, all darkness, all despair, 'paddle your own canoe.' Other men may paddle their will enough, but only yourself can know shallows and deeps under your own keel; only yourself can shoot rapids and falls in your own course; only your own paddle is tough enough for your own emergency. Don't let any one else pull you; don't pull any one's else stroke; or because this one gives two strokes on one side and three on the other, imagine that you best win your way. Know yourself, your paddle and your canoe; and then, in God's name, pull for the beacon light which heads the stream! Be nobody's man. Follow nobody's wake. Make your own, clean, broad, sparkling cut in the untracked waters. Pull nobody's stroke; sit calm; watch narrowly; be alert; mind eddy and current; keep the head well on; and with stream or against stream, as the case may be, paddle your way. And so sure as God is God, and man is man, shall you shoot into the broad, peaceful haven which broadens out under the burning beacon's blaze that crowns the headland. Not in an eight-oared barge, with accurately feathered oars, a uniformed and disciplined crew, yourself nicely dressed and daintily lying in the cushioned stern, as you in life to make the voyage of life, but with stripped coat, and rolled gleeve, and swelling muscle, and shining face, paddle your own canoe, and the eternal heights of heaven shall echo and re-echo

with angel-plaudits as you cross the goal. Man's bravos may be for the eight-oar; but angels believe in the canoe!

### PLAY THE MAN PART.

Young men! You have your own way to make in the world, and it depends on your own exertions, not whether you starve your bodies merely, but whether, in and amid life's varied scenes, changes, duties, you play the man part and win the man's award. Don't wait for help, or ask for a start, or expect to be tided over this and that. In good heart take yourself in your own keeping, and do with all your abilities what the old hero did his soldiers do with their powder. Be always ready and self-reliant. "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." Whoso would be a man must part company with the world; must accept its frown, to himself be true, and in that truth find amend for all loss and power for all occasion. You must grow from this tendency to lean, to echo, to conform. You must rally and confide in aid follow the instinct and authority God gives you. "Most natures are insolvent, can not satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so are become timorous whimperers, and do lean and beg, day and night, continually." Out upon it all! Be shine or shade, sorrow or joy, reverse or success, companionship or solitude, the world's applause or blame, your lot, let the great sustaining guide and power be within you, and it will not be possible for man or circumstance to hold you in defeat. Things temporal may be against you, but for you the things eternal!

### The Gains of War.

This question is often answered by the illogical process which assumes that whatever benefit follows a war is caused by it. It is, perhaps, too early to consider the question in respect to the great European war now ended. But some considerations bearing upon it are well put by the London Times:

When the war is over at last, and the sympathies and animosities kindled by it have subsided, we shall begin to ask ourselves calmly what the world has gained by it. What has been lost in blood, in treasure, in the happiness of domestic life, in the mutual confidence of nations, in the stability of public law, never can be known—much less stated in words or figures. Nor is it true, in any rational sense, that all this loss has been caused by what is loosely called a political necessity. To assert, in effect, that nations, like wild beasts, can not reconcile their conflicting interests, or even settle the order of their relative precedence, without tearing each other to pieces till the weaker yields out of sheer exhaustion, is not only to belie the aspirations; but to insult the actual civilization, of Europe. Whatever has been lost by the war has been lost gratuitously and in vain, since it might have been saved by a simple resort to friendly mediation. But has nothing been gained by way of compensation—is there no permanent benefit, of which it can be said that, but for the war, mankind could not have obtained it? It is humiliating to feel that such a question should not admit of a decisive answer, and yet what answer can be given? The unity of Germany has been consolidated by the war; but a tenth part of the resolution shown by German patriots in slaughtering the French would have broken down all dynastic or constitutional obstacles to a restoration of the German Empire. The hollow and corrupt system of Imperialism in France has been swept away; but this system would have crumbled long ago, had a few thousand French citizens shown as much spirit in resisting its abuses as hundreds of thousands have shown in serving against the invader. The war can not fairly be credited with either of these results, beneficial as they may be, for they might have been realized, without bloodshed, at the will of the German and French peoples. It has not, however, been wholly barren of good, if it has impressed afresh on the minds of rulers and nations the awful responsibility of rousing warlike passions, the utter impotence of conventional rules to control them, the hopelessness of regulating invasions, like tournaments, by a code of honor. This is a lesson which had been so thoroughly learnt in wars of Napoleon, that Western Europe enjoyed an unbroken peace of nearly forty years; but it had well-nigh been forgotten, and neither the Russian war, nor the Italian war, nor the German war of 1866, had sufficed to revive it. There was an idea abroad that war, though not abandoned, might be reduced to an affair of armies and fleets, divested of its ugliest features, and more attractive than ever to poets and historians. Let us hope that such delusions have been effectually dispelled, at least for one generation. No campaigns have ever been so faithfully and graphically described as those of 1870—'I; never have the romantic pomp and circumstance of "glorious" war been so ruthlessly stripped off, or the naked and hideous reality so persistently dragged to light. Full justice has been done to strategy as consummate and deeds of arms as heroic as any recorded in military history, but the exact price to be paid for the display of these qualities is now known as it was never known before. The belligerents have, indeed, bought their experience dearly, but, if it had been laid to heart, the war

can not have been a pure waste of human suffering.

### Puns.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words that wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious; the other, more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he never could be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it, he pronounced it partridges. A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was making game of the patriarchs. Now, here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them, is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection, and calls game; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance, which seems, for a moment, to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world.—*Sidney Smith.*

### Dead, yet Living.

The cedar is the most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in the grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it cells, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards; all but immortal itself, it transmits its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterward. Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Melville and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead, but souls are quickened by the "Saint's Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns. Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young; Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who, phoenix-like, have started from the funeral-pile? Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sabbath schools go on.—*Rev. F. Hamilton.*

### Mrs. Howe in Athens.

We find the following notice of the wife of Dr. S. G. Howe in the *Star of the East*, an Athenian paper, under date July 20:

The accomplished and gifted poetess, Mrs. J. W. Howe, a lady distinguished for the variety of her attainments in philosophy, history, antiquities and belles-lettres, gave recently a delightful intellectual entertainment to her fellow countrymen here, and to a select company of our own citizens. Last Tuesday evening, about 7 o'clock, she went up to the Acropolis, and read to them, in the Parthenon, various extracts from the most celebrated English poets, and also some of her own unpublished poems. The tones of her voice, and the charm of her elocution, combined with the enthusiasm inspired by the memories of that sacred place, produced a thrilling and magical effect; and the hearers were so enraptured that they repeatedly greeted with bursts of applause her wonderful power of expression. About 9 o'clock this delightful soiree closed, and those who had been so happy as to participate in it returned to their homes, delighted with the enjoyment of the evening.

Last Friday evening at the house of Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Howe read to a select audience an unpublished philosophical essay, worthy of the writer's genius and culture. Those who heard it admired not only the sublimity of the ideas, but also the solidity of thought, force of expression and beauty of style. This honored lady loves Greece with all her heart, and soul; she has earnestly and carefully studied its condition, and the elements of its future greatness; she has been blessed with the rare endowments of genius, sound judgment, learning, pure philhellenism, and the sense of the beauti-

ful—gifts which nature bestows upon; but few of her children,—and we doubt not that, as heretofore, so also in the future, she, with her illustrious and revered husband, will continue to exert herself with tongue and pen for the good of Greece. Profoundly grateful to this esteemed family, to the honored company of true philhellenes, and to the whole magnanimous and liberty-loving American nation, for their sincere and disinterested sympathy for our country, and for their efficient co-operation, we heartily pray that Greece may very soon be able to make a practical response to their sanguine expectations in regard to her, and so to show herself worthy of their manifold sacrifices on her behalf.

### A Sharp Negro.

The following amusing and sharp incident is related by a Lansing, Mich., paper: Sampson, the colored boy who played the big instrument in the Reform School band last winter, was recently discharged from the institution, but is again under arrest for one of the sharpest and most amusing transactions we have heard of for a long time. He bought a suit of clothes of Jackson, but not having a cent to pay for them, he proceeded to a series of manoeuvres to raise the rhino. Finding a cow in a stable, he brought a butcher to look at the animal, who agreed to take her at a stipulated price, paying part down and leaving the animal till the next day, when she was to be delivered. Sampson took this money and applied it on his suit, but as it did not pay for them, the merchant would not let them go. He then got his friend, the butcher, to become security for the balance, and took his clothes and cleared out. The oddity of the situation is amusing. He did not steal the cow, nor did he deliver her to the butcher. He did not get the goods under false pretences, for the butcher became voluntary security for the payment of the suit, and he did not do anything else.

### Events of the Week.

There was a spasmodic attempt at revenue reform in the House last week, by which the duties on salt and coal were repealed, as well as those on tea and coffee. Enough other repeals were voted so that, if the Senate concurs, that one day's doings will decrease the revenue nearly \$18,000,000. Mr. Sumner's removal has been the theme of the week, which is viewed by different men in different lights. The best sense of the country seems inclined to denounce the movement, while Mr. S. himself goes quietly about his business, evidently satisfied that the action will return some time to trouble those who have precipitated it. He is in constant receipt of sympathizing letters and telegrams.—Governor Clayton, whom Arkansas recently tried to impeach, has conquered all his foes, and is swimming on the high tide of public favor. His Lieutenant has unexpectedly resigned, and left him sole master of the situation. As the chief trouble was between these two, it is hoped that the resignation has settled it.—St. Patrick's day in the morning, and evening too, as well as all day, was celebrated on the 17th in all the cities. There were grand processions, cheering music, imposing ceremonies, displays of dashing uniforms, celebrations of high mass, drunken carousals, fancy balls, and all the accompaniments of a genuine Irish festival.—The surface of Spanish affairs is again upheaved by political dissensions, and serious trouble is anticipated. At Alicante an armed mob fired upon the mayor, and some lives were lost. In the elections the opposition are triumphing, and owing to the disturbed state of the country the King's trip to meet the Queen was deferred.—The agrarian outrages in Ireland are gradually assuming a more threatening and serious character. A landlord and his servants were recently shot in Mayo County, and it is apprehended that further outrages may occur.—In the House of Lords last week, Earl Granville announced that the conference of the powers on the Eastern question had closed and that a treaty had been signed at the foreign office abrogating the restrictions on the admission of foreign men-of-war into the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. The Porte in times of peace may admit into these waters the naval vessels of friendly powers, whenever needed to enforce the treaty of 1856. The Danubian commission is prolonged for twelve years. The protocol expressly declares that no power can relieve itself of the obligations of a treaty without the consent of all the signatories.—An Anti-German league has been formed in Paris, and Favre has issued an order expelling all Germans from the city. Consequently Bismarck has stopped the departure of German troops until the decree is abrogated. Kaiser William is on his way to Berlin, detained occasionally by sickness, but usually receiving a grand ovation along the whole route. Rochefort is reported positively dead, but as Marshal McMahon, who was killed at Sedan, has just appeared at Wiesbaden, we may expect to hear from Rochefort hereafter in a similar way.—Dr. Nelaton, late physician to Napoleon, has received an imperative summons to proceed at once to Wilhelmshöhe, where he will perform an operation upon the imperial person. Napoleon is suffering from his old malady, and will be unable to travel until the effect of the operation to be performed has been overcome. The latter is now on the way to Germany.



Early Sketches.—No. 8.

BY JOSEPH FULLONTON.

ANECDOTES OF ELD. RANDALL.

## A Bereavement.

1841. S. Stamm, A. M., son of Rev. J. Stamm, of Mt. Joy, graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., with honors. Before leaving for Kansas he preached at several of the more important stations of the church in Pa. He went to Kansas to preach and teach early in 1867, and died Jan. 4th, 1871. It seems that his time was well improved before he came here, and during the four years we knew him here, he most emphatically imitated "Him who went about doing good." He doubtless imposed more labor upon himself than his delicate constitution could endure, and though he died just before the completion of his 33d year, yet counting life in deeds instead of years, his was a longer life than most men attain who reach their threescore and ten. He was a man of pleasing address, superior culture and sincere piety, and was ready for every

Levees.

D. L. E.

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The devil's clock is ever too fast or too slow; to the young he sayeth, "Rejoice in your lusts and passions; gulp down the pleasures of this life; there is time enough." The older he endeavors to drive to despair, saying, "The door of mercy is shut; it is too late; there is now no hope."

Rev. H. B. Richey.

“ Jesus, lover of my soul,” &c.,

*Resolved*, That we sympathize with the relatives of our deceased brother, and hope this bereavement may draw them nearer to Christ; that, when life's labors and sorrows are over, they with us all may unite with the loved ones in that better land where sorrow is unknown, and joy and peace shall reign forever.

P. HALL.

## Opportunities at Funerals.

You can not easily change customs, or cross the wishes of the people. The minister who attends such duties grudgingly will reap his speedy reward for it. If you fail anywhere, do not at a funeral. Don't be injudicious, while faithful to your Master; do not unnecessarily wound the feel-

Our conclusion, then, is that all unsteadiness, wavering, collapse in Christian living is caused somehow, in one way or another—for the ways are numberless—by dropping out of the simple first faith, and beginning to rest on supports from below. The moment any disciple touches ground with but the tip of his foot, and begins to rest himself, but in part on earthly props, a mortal weakness takes him and he goes down. And there is no need of it. Nothing is more simple than this law of trust. God, too, is a being faithful enough to be trusted in at all times; and if the disciple is faithful enough to abide his trust, he will abide in God, and have God's inspirations in him, move in God's liberty. If at any time he begins to subside, a calm and loving return to his trust will assuredly re-cover him. And he is not obliged, living in this key, to remit or let go any of his studies, or toils, or engagements. He will only carry himself the more steadily in them, and with less friction of disturbance, that his soul is rested in God by his faith. Sometimes it may be that his faith is shut in by morbid vapors, obscurations from disease; but then he has only to believe the more strongly, waiting for his obscurations to be cleared. He need not ever be troubled or put in concern by them. Even the sun has obscurations; but above them it abides in the tranquillities, and waits till it has burned a way through.

S. S. Department.

## My Sunday School Boys.

Here is a boy with a fine face and attractive manners naturally, but his parents have so nearly succeeded in spoiling him that it will be very, very hard for him to learn to deny himself and take up the cross. Close by there is a French Roman Catholic, whose father cooks in the jail, and whose mother teaches, to help support the family. He is a still, quiet little fellow, and is convenient as a safety-valve in case, as often happens, there is danger of an explosion between any of the rest. Now come four wide-awake, hard-bitted, German boys, who need the tightest rein and most careful driving to keep them upon the track; but they are always on hand, and usually with good lessons. And here seems to be the true solution of the Sunday question. There is scarcely a German boy, no matter how much of an infidel or free thinker, who is not, who can not be brought into the Sunday school and easily interested. With this generation growing up with such influences surrounding them, there is little to be feared for the future.

My last scholar, a brother of the "poor boy," is so pale and delicate that he seems sadly out of place in this rough world of ours. Right next to him is a few

"Make use of me, my God;  
Let me not be forgot,  
A broken yessel, cast aside,  
One whom thou usest not

"Last Sabbath morning, when I went home from Sabbath-school, I kept thinking about what you told us; that Jesus wanted us to love him so much, and that he was knocking at our hearts. So I kneeled down and asked him to come into my heart. I was sure he would come, though I didn't know exactly how; and oh! Miss H—, he did as he said he would. I have been so happy ever since. I want to tell everybody—I see, how easy it is just to take him at his word."

Let us have faith in God. Let us "take him at his word." "Now" is the time promised. Shall we not expect speedier answers when we pray for souls? Shall we not soon see these lambs we are trying in faith to feed gathered into the tender Shepherd's fold? May the blessing not be withheld, because we are guilty of the sin of unbelief?—*Am. Messenger.*

**A WORK THAT PAYS.** It was, in the

As the man resumed his seat (they sat side by side), Mr. Hart rose, in his quick manner, and said in response: "I too thank God that I may see the face of another of the many that have been under my care and instruction many years ago." Turning round and looking the man in the face, he said, "The prophet is right, I do not know him, but I recognize him. I shall learn him, and I shall love him in this place." "Who he is before me, I do not know," said he. And then, with glowing words and flowing speech, said: "Bless God that this Sunday school work pays. Yes, dear brethren, it pays; not every work we attempt, but this blessed work pays."—*Workman*.

## WHAT TEACHERS FORGET

2. They forget to give one command—“Attention, Company!” before commencing the drill.
3. They forget that attention, like gold, “hard to get; harder to keep.”
4. They forget the advice somebody gave to Mrs. Dombey: “Make an effort.”
5. They forget to make the truth seem worth having, and therefore worth seeking.
6. They forget the mistakes of their own teachers when they were children.
7. They forget to become “as one of these little ones” in gentleness, heartiness, and simplicity.—*S. S. Journal.*

For your idea of man as he ought to be, always look upward; but to judge man as he is, never affect to stoop. Learn all you possibly can; and when you have learned that all, I repeat it, you will never converse with any man of sound common sense and of upright moral character, who does not know something worth knowing, — better, perhaps, than you yourself.



## Selections.

## Why walk in Darkness?

Why walk in darkness? Has the clear light vanished?  
That gave us joy and day?  
Has the great sun departed? Has sin banished  
His life-giving ray?  
Light of the world! forever, ever shining,  
There is no change in Thee:  
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,  
Thou canst not fade nor die!  
Thou hast arisen: but Thou descendest never—  
To-day shines as the past;  
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever—  
Brightness from first to last.  
Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;  
Day fills up all its blue,  
Unfading beauty, and unfaltering gladness,  
And love, forever new.

Why walk in darkness? Our true light still  
Shineth;  
It is not night, but day.  
All healing and all peace health enshrine;  
Why shun His loving ray?

Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,  
Than day, and joy, and love?  
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer  
To the great God of love?  
Light of the world! undimmed and unsetting,  
O, shun such mist and gloom;  
Banish the fear, the faltering, and the fretting,  
By an unflinching day!

—H. Bonar.

## Nothing to Do.

"But I have nothing to do; and I am  
really ashamed to make such a complaint  
while I know the world is full of suffering,  
and needing help so much. I would work  
if I could; but I don't know what to do."

"You mean to say, Annie," said her aunt  
as she looked earnestly into the bright, lovely  
face before her, "that, because your  
work is not cut and dried to your hands,  
and you don't feel up to originating any; and  
so, when Satan tells you every day you can  
do nothing, you believe him. Is that it?"

"Well," was the smiling reply, "it is  
plain English, aunt, at any rate. Perhaps  
you are right; yet I can't see in my quiet  
sphere, with my little influence, what I am  
to find to do."

"Did you ever ask your Saviour to show  
you and help you? Marvelous are the  
ways in which the Master's work is done, if  
a sanctified ingenuity be brought to bear  
upon it. You are clever and ingenious  
enough in your worldly matters; surely the  
same ability and ingenuity, sanctified, ought  
not to be less useful. A quiet sphere and  
little influence are no hindrance, either;  
for there are many examples of efforts,  
feeble and small as the widow's mite, being  
blessed and honored in the greatest degree.  
I know of a young lady in England, an in-  
valued, confined to her bed for the last two  
years, who occupies herself in writing let-  
ters to soldiers. These letters are beauti-  
fully illuminated, and are exquisite things  
to look at. Bolstered up in bed, her left  
arm paralyzed, the poor sufferer can only  
do about two a month; these, however,  
are lithographed, and circulated through  
the army in England and in other parts of  
the world; and their touching history, and  
the simple, faithful gospel preached in them,  
have been the means of awakening num-  
bers of those whose souls she seeks. Eterni-  
ty alone will reveal how blessed that feeble  
instrument has been. But, *apropos* of  
letters, have you read a book lately pub-  
lished, called 'The Standard of the Cross  
amongst the Nations'?"

"No, aunt, I have not."

"Well, then, I will try and tell you a  
little about it; though I would advise you  
to get it, and read for yourself, if you want  
to see what great results may grow out of  
small beginnings. A young lady in a quiet  
country village in England, hearing that a  
foreigner had gone home from the first Ex-  
hibition, saying that, in all Protestant Eng-  
land, no one had spoken to him about his  
soul, felt anxious to do something for the  
next Exhibition to remove that reproach  
from her country. So she wrote earnest  
Christian letters to male and female exhibi-  
turers, and had them translated into the  
various Continental languages. These, neatly  
sealed in envelopes, with her address, and a  
request to be written to, were given by a  
London city missionary who employed his  
spare hours in the service. And out of this  
apparently feeble effort of one country  
clergyman's daughter grew an immense  
and mighty work. The record of each day's  
proceedings made up the volume, called  
'The Standard of the Cross,' and the sale  
of it enabled the young lady to support a  
missionary for sailors in a crowded part of  
London. Having succeeded so well in  
England, she was encouraged to try a simi-  
lar work at the Exposition Generale of  
Paris; the account of which, with its won-  
derful success, make up a second most in-  
teresting book, called 'The Standard of  
the Cross in the Champ de Mars.' Now,  
you will think it required a great amount of  
ability, tact, faith, and some means, to carry  
on all this. It certainly did; but the very  
humblest servant of the Lord, if she only  
does what she can, will be honored by Him  
who does not despise the day of small  
things. In proof of this, I must tell you a  
story I heard the other day of a poor widow,  
which interested me very much, as she  
exercised what I call sanctified ingenuity.  
Anxious to do something for soldiers, whom  
she loved because her only son had enlisted,  
she made a quilt for a soldier's hospital,  
sending it with many prayers. The quilt  
was formed of square blocks of calico, one  
colored, and one white, alternately. On  
the white were written, in clear legible  
characters, in indelible ink, verses of Scrip-  
ture, couplets of hymns, &c. The large  
center had the story of the Prodigal Son,  
and the border was a perfect wreath of  
promises. Many and many a poor convales-  
cent man lying beneath that quilt of com-  
fort rose from under it a changed creature,  
having picked out, in quiet moments of ease  
words that were blessed to his soul. Then  
there came a day when that widow's own  
son, sick and sorrowful, lay there; and  
patches of his dear mother's dress; worn in  
other days in the far-off home, arrested his  
attention; and he asked anxiously who  
made the quilt; and the lady nurse told him,  
and showed him the letter which came with  
it; and the young man wept tears over  
those bits of calico, and reverently pressed  
them to his lips, because they had been his  
mother's. By and by, as he got stronger,  
he traced, in the dear mother's handwriting,  
words which had hitherto fallen without  
power upon his ear, but which brought  
light and life and peace to him now. And  
so it was that the soul of the widow's son  
was given her for his wife. Therefore,  
dear Annie," said the old lady, as she paused  
a moment to wipe the gathering tears of  
her spectacles, "look not on your own  
weakness and feebleness and insufficiency,  
but look at the might of the Lord, and in  
his strength put your hand bravely to the  
plow, and you will never have cause to  
complain that you have nothing to do."

Banner.

## The Great Magnet.

There is a wonderful substance called  
loadstone, an ore of iron; wonderful not for  
its beauty, but for the power it has of at-  
tracting other bodies to itself.

Nobody can find out in what its power  
consists. It operates through stone walls  
and mountain ledges, just as it does through  
the air. A piece of it can be broken off and  
carried anywhere and rubbed over bars of  
iron, imparting the same power of attrac-  
tion to them; but the great mass of it is de-  
posited near the North Pole, sufficient to  
draw toward itself every piece of iron  
through the whole earth, that has been  
touched by its power.

So Jesus is the great spiritual magnet.  
He says, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all  
men unto me." This he said, signifying by  
what death he should glorify God.

Let us notice some points of resemblance  
between the material and spiritual magnet:  
The magnet only moves bodies by attrac-  
tion. It has no power of compulsion. So  
"the love of Christ constraineth us." If we  
ever come to him, it will be by yielding to  
his attractions.

As the magnet has effect, not on gold and  
silver or precious stone, or wood or rock or  
fluids, but only where there is more or less  
mixture of iron, so Jesus has power of at-  
traction only for the soul of man made in  
God's image; and no one of our race is so  
utterly degraded that it may not feel the  
power of his suffering love.

So Jesus draws all men unto him, though  
many things may prevent their accepting  
him. Their hearts may be fastened too  
strongly to something else. Or the sugge-  
stion of the heart may be so blended with  
other emotions, that the drawing to Jesus  
is not effective. Or the heart may get so  
far away, that even when earthly bonds are  
broken, it does not move toward him. A  
slight resistance may stop it, but when it  
has come to him a union is formed, which  
shall never be broken. "Who shall separate  
us from the love of Christ?" Nothing  
—height or depth, angels, principalities or  
powers—shall be able to separate us from  
the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

It is a power stronger than all the earth.  
Here is a bar of iron drawn downward by  
the force of the whole earth's attraction; but  
it rises to kiss the magnet hung over it. So  
the face that is turned to Jesus feels an at-  
traction stronger than all the world drawing  
it upward toward him.

The magnet has also a discriminating  
power. Spread a pile of sand upon the table,  
stir it round, and pass a magnet over it,  
every little black particle of iron will fly  
up to meet it, and cling to it. So when  
Jesus passes by, the heart that has a long-  
ing for him moves to his embrace, while  
others continue unaffected.

The magnet is a wonderful power. None  
of our senses detect this quality in the  
magnet; we only see its results. So, how  
the dying love of Jesus absorbs into itself  
the soul of the believer, the worldling can  
never tell. Napoleon the Great in his ban-  
ishment, said to a visitor, after a season of  
profound meditation, "There is something  
in this religion of Jesus that I can not com-  
prehend; I have had soldiers that loved me,  
officers that would die for me; but I never  
had such love as Jesus has with his follow-  
ers."

Yes, there is a power in the love of Christ  
infinitely transcending all other love.

"In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime."

Are you yielding to these wonderful at-  
tractions, or resisting them?—*American  
Messenger.*

## Christ a Reality to Us.

When the disciples saw Christ walking  
on the sea in a storm, there was nothing  
that should have given them greater com-  
fort, yet, not regarding it as a real Christ,  
but simply as a phantom, they cried out  
for fear. People may so think of Christ,  
and so act towards him that all the joy that  
his presence should bring may be turned  
into bitterness and grief. Other things are  
very real to the Christian. His past sins  
are so. Shall, then, the sin be real, and  
not the blood that cleanses? Sinfulness,  
depravity, the body of this death, are al-  
ways very real, and to counteract these,  
"Christ formed in us, the hope of glory,"  
should be equally real. To the Christian  
his weakness is most real. He can not  
handle one of Christ's tools without wishing  
that his hands were more fitted to it. But  
if the infirmity be real, shall not the Christ,  
whose power is magnified in it, be as real?  
The trials of the world are very real. Poverty,  
and hunger, and cold are no dream;  
and sickness and bodily weakness need  
no effort to realize them. Christ,  
then, the consolation, should be as real as  
these.

Those who live in London know that it is  
a real age. The powers of evil seem to  
have awakened from a temporary slumber,  
and only real truths, real doctrines,  
and above all a real presence of a real  
Christ, can effectually deal with them.  
London's drunkenness, London's filthiness  
and lewdness, London's poverty and  
crime are all real. The grave, too, and  
hell, eternity, and heaven are real. So  
should it be with regard to Christ. The  
believer should be able to say of him,  
"Which our eyes have seen and looked  
upon, and our hands have handled,"  
Christ is real. He is a real God, he was  
really incarnate. Bethlehem was no piece  
of stage-play. In that manger lay the In-  
finite, and on that woman's breast there did  
hang the Word made flesh. And that life  
on earth was real—God walking the acres  
of Palestine, feeding the hungry, raising  
the dead, calming the billows, doing won-  
ders. "Very God of very God" was he  
whom they called the Nazarene. And the  
Cross was real. Whatever else becomes a  
fantasy, a piece of poetry, the reality of  
the Cross must never be doubted, for there  
could be no comfort without it. He did  
die, the death penalty did take effect upon  
him, and the greatest substitute; he was dead  
and buried. And the Resurrection was not  
the result of imagination, not a fond dream  
of enthusiasts, but a fact in history better  
attested. The ascension was no fiction. Christ  
is in heaven, at the right hand of the Father,  
pleading the blood which, as certainly as men  
are on the earth. The reality of the pres-  
ence of the Holy Spirit who has been put  
in charge of this dispensation, is too often  
looked at merely as a matter of creed, but  
if it was regarded more as a matter of fact,  
greater joy would be experienced. It  
more effectively work done. The prayers of  
the church frequently indicate a want of  
enlarged apprehension of the reality of the  
Mercy-seat. There is such a thing as pray-  
ing in the name of Christ as well as for  
Christ's sake. When a request is presented  
for another person's sake there is indeed a  
plea; but if it is offered in his name, the  
asker is clothed with the authority of him  
whose name he mentions, and so those who

pray in Christ's name are, as it were,  
Christ's mouth.

A true sense of Christ's general control  
in providence is also necessary. It is a  
very painful thing to read the newspapers  
nowadays; they are full of horrors, and of  
records of bloodshed, and everything that  
is base. The signs of the times are dread-  
ful; both at home and abroad the most  
dreadful prodigies are about to occur ac-  
cording to some; but if there is a real  
Christ, what matters it? Let the death-  
bolts fly and the hurricane of war rage, the  
real sovereignty of Christ governs all. He  
rides upon a cherub and doth fly, yea, he  
rides upon the wings of the wind, and the  
clouds are the dust of his feet. To evil to  
be deprecated? He is bringing good out  
of it. Is it supreme here below? Up  
there he sees it only to be a part of his  
plan. The ship rolls, but the helm is steady  
enough in the eternal hands. The winds  
are out, the child may cry in its little bed  
fear; but Father is at home, and all is safe.  
It shall never be said that Christ was de-  
feated by any of his adversaries. If Chris-  
tians thoroughly realized the existence of  
Christ, nine-tenths of their fears would be  
given to the winds. They should act to-  
wards him in all respects as a real Christ;  
rest in him calmly, not be impatient, not  
soon up soon down, but with heart fixed  
because they are under the rule of Christ,  
with his righteousness accepted in him.

As a real Christ, too, they should listen to  
his call to service. Solomon says, "What-  
soever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all  
thy might." He does not say, "Whatso-  
ever thy eye sees to do," because in this  
nephthali man may shut his eyes and  
put out his hand and find plenty to do  
for Christ. Let every one bring every  
scrap and fragment of talent to Christ, and  
then go forth to feed his famishing ones.  
Those who do not do so do not know that  
he is a real Christ. He never looks coldly  
upon the service of his people if it is done  
for him, and the new year will be a happy  
one to all who go only where he goes, and  
take a real Christ with them.—*Rev. C. H.  
Spurgeon.*

## Jesus Alone.

One day, as a Pastor on the Continent  
was preaching, a very old woman was seen  
on her knees counting her beads, instead of  
paying attention. A lady asked her if she  
understood what the preacher had been say-  
ing. "Oh, no, my lady," this gentleman  
speaks German, and I speak French."

"Come with me," said the lady, "we will  
talk together. You seem very tired."  
"Oh, yes, I am. I have already walked  
six miles to-day, and I have twelve more to  
complete the penance of this day. It is  
hard as my age." "How old are you?"  
"I am ninety-two. This is the fiftieth time  
I have undertaken a pilgrimage to Notre  
Dame, where I am going. Oh, I am a  
great sinner! I have a great many sins to  
repent myself with; and the more I ad-  
vance in years, the more I discover some  
which I have not seen before. I was told  
that to deserve forgiveness I was to do pen-  
ance and undertake pilgrimages. I think  
this is the last time I shall be enabled to per-  
form this journey. I hope I shall obtain  
forgiveness. But, alas! if I don't, I am a  
lost woman!" The lady replied, "You  
seem agitated; calm yourself, I pray you,  
and listen to what I am going to tell you.  
Can you read?" "Yes, madam." "Then  
be so kind as to read these words." Then  
the old woman read in the New Testament:  
"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh  
away the sins of the world." "And when  
Jesus had taken the vinegar, he said, 'It is  
finished.' Then the lady proved to her that  
man can not in any way save himself, but  
that Jesus gives his salvation. Every word  
went home to the heart of the old woman;  
she seemed beyond herself at the thought of  
that free gift."

All at once she got up, went in a hurry to  
the fire-place, and threw into the flames the  
beads she had in her hands. "It is done;  
it is done!" cried she; "my sins are for-  
given! Jesus has saved me! I will set  
out again, but it is not to go to Notre Dame  
des Ermites. I will go home, to say to all  
my neighbors that it is Jesus and Jesus  
alone, who has saved the old sinner!"—  
*Heavenly Tidings.*

## Great Sermons.

Of all unprofitable preaching the preach-  
ing of staple great sermons is the most  
brilliant and afflictive. It is telling no tales  
out of school to say that ministers often have  
a park of superior artillery, kept for great  
occasions, of a range and bore far exceeding  
that usually employed. These parade ser-  
mons have been got up at the expense of  
whatever the man knew. They are usually  
wonderful sermons. They become as well-  
known to the sermon-hearing community as  
the names of ships of war, or of distinguish-  
ed race horses. We have heard much in the  
innocence of their hearts, talking the matter  
over.

"What did A. give his Dow sermon?"  
"No; his 'Wild Boar of the Forest.'"  
"Is S. going to preach?"  
"Yes, in the morning."  
"What has he got?"  
"His biggest thing is the 'Chernub.' You  
ought to hear that. It's splendid. There's  
another one about as good—it's the Fish-  
hook Sermon."

This one has his "Abraham," another his  
great "Judas" sermon, another is best on  
the "Destruction of Jerusalem," while a  
fourth is never so fine as the "Last Judge-  
ment." Forty or fifty clergymen preaching  
great sermons in city churches for two or  
three Sundays are enough to create a whole  
year's backsliding.—*Christian Union.*

## The Motive.

You can not serve two masters—you must  
serve one or the other. If your work is first  
with you, and your fee second, work is your  
master, and the Lord of work, who is God.  
But if your fee is first with you, and your  
work second, fee is your master, and the lord  
of fee who is the devil; and not only the  
devil, but the lowest of devils—"the least  
of great things that fell." So there you have  
it in brief terms—work first, you are God's  
servants; fee first, you are the devil's. And  
it makes a difference, now and ever, believe  
me, whether you serve him who has on his  
vesture and high written, "King of kings,"  
and whose service is perfect freedom; or  
him on whose vesture and thigh the name is  
written, "Slave of slaves," and whose service  
is perfect slavery.—*John Ruskin.*

## Cash to Go on With.

A Liverpool merchant met an acquaint-  
ance one day in the market, and, knowing  
him to be a man of immortal life, began to  
urge him, as he had done before, to come to  
the Saviour. The other stopped him by say-  
ing, "It's no use trying to make me a  
Christian. If I were one to-day, I should  
go back again to-morrow. You know how  
I'm living and I've got no power now to  
break my habits and be different." Our

friend then saw that he did not understand  
the Gospel at all, though he fancied he did,  
and he asked him, "If you, as a merchant  
here in Liverpool, were to become unfor-  
tunate, fall in business, and get into debt,  
what sort of a friend would you want to  
help you?" "Why, I should like one who  
would pay my debts," he said. "So you  
would, at once; but would that be enough?  
Would that put you back where you were  
before?" "No," he said, after a moment's  
thought, "I should want him to give me  
cash to go on with, besides." "And that's  
just what Jesus Christ would do for you,"  
said the Christian; "he doesn't only pay  
our debts; he gives us cash to go on with,  
too."

## Living Epistles.

Christians are epistles to be read. The  
world reads them every day. How impor-  
tant that this living gospel which walks and  
trades and stirs about in public places should  
be correctly printed! Yet how many of these  
living epistles have been printed from  
battered type, from mixed fonts on spotted  
paper, and in dim ink. But after all, ortho-  
doxy is safer in the consecrated heart than  
in the theological library. Evangelism is an  
upright, open-eyed, warm-hearted, advanc-  
ing thing, not the flat business of a mere  
programme to be written and put away on  
the shelf for safe keeping; it is always alive,  
alert and growing; it is not dead Latin, but  
vital mother-tongue in this country; it is  
not steeped in church, cadenced in ritual,  
or robed at the altar, so much as hearted in  
living people and radiated in workaday  
duties.—*Workday Christianity.*

## The Fire and Water.

The fire and water have always been con-  
sidered irreconcilable foes, and I fear it  
must be so still. But they had heard so much  
of late of the Evangelical Alliance, that  
they thought it would be very decorous and  
proper for them to make up the old feud  
and enter into more fraternal relations with  
each other. They talked it over one day  
together, till the water getting very warm  
and loving, actually boiled over in the fer-  
vor of her heart, and said to the fire, "There,  
we have been long enough, now let us  
shake hands and be friends forever."

"With all my heart," warmly responded  
the fire.

But at the moment of coming together  
there was such a spluttering that the maid  
came running with great haste into the room  
and angrily jerked the saucerpan on to the  
hob. "Alas!" said both fire and water,  
"how can two walk together except they be  
agreed?"

## Vows on a Sick Bed.

A lady, a professing Christian, was pro-  
strated by sickness. Neither physician nor  
nurse were apprehensive of danger; but  
the idea of death took possession of her  
mind, and she talked of the event to all  
about her. In her anxiety, she desired to  
hear nothing read but the Word of God. As  
her disease progressed, and she appar-  
ently drew very near the eternal world, she  
begged her friends to pray with and for  
her, that her sins might be forgiven; ex-  
claiming frequently, "I have lived so far  
from Christ, so little as a Christian should  
be; but, if God should raise me up, I will  
devote myself to his service." Her life was  
spared; but not the faintest recollection of  
her anxiety for the future, her remorse for  
past unfaithfulness, or the earnest prayer  
of friends, was she ever able to recall after-  
ward. God may convert a soul even as it  
enters the dark valley of the shadow of  
death; but how little of hope or comfort can  
the friends of such a one derive from the  
thought! Give yourself to Christ now,  
while health and strength are granted to  
you, and seal the covenant by a life of ear-  
nest devotion to his service; and in the hour  
of death, when all earthly supports fail, his  
rod and his staff shall give you comfort and  
aid.—*Christian Banner.*

## Fear of God Gives Courage.

If we only learn to fear God in the right  
way, we should learn, at the same time,  
never to fear anything else. Those who  
fear God properly are the bravest people in  
the world. The Bible tells us that "The  
righteous flee when no man pursueth, but the  
wicked are as bold as a lion." Prov. 28: 1.

When Daniel's enemies tried to stop him  
from praying to God, he didn't mind them  
at all, though they threatened to have him  
thrown into the den of hungry lions. He  
was afraid to offend God by ceasing to  
pray to him, but he was not afraid of the  
den of lions.

Let me tell how a little girl once got  
over a great fright, just by fearing God  
and having right thoughts about him. She  
went to pay a visit to her aunt in the coun-  
try. While there, she had to sleep in a  
room by herself. This was not pleasant to  
her, for at home she always slept with her  
sister.

One night, during this visit, she awoke  
suddenly, and saw something white like the  
foot of her bed. Its head, which she  
thought she saw plainly as could be, was  
turned a little to one side, and was not  
looking at her. She said to herself, "It is  
a ghost; I am sure it is!" and she pulled  
the bedclothes over her head. Presently  
she said to herself, "Well, what if there is  
a ghost here, is not God here too? and  
does not the Bible say that nothing can  
harm those who trust in him?" Then she  
tried to put her trust in God. This gave  
her courage, and she resolved to take an-  
other look at the white thing. It did look  
very much like a living thing of some  
kind. "Well, if it is," she thought to her-  
self, "I'll speak to it," and she cried out,  
"Who's there?" The figure did not stir  
nor answer. There it stood as still and  
white as ever.

"My father says there are no ghosts,"  
she said to herself. "And if there are,  
what harm is it likely they want to do me?  
I'll just put my trust in God, and he can  
take care of me." This thought gave her  
courage, and made her feel more comforta-  
ble. Still there stood the figure.

"I'll know who or what you are," said  
the little girl. "Mother says frights are  
worse in people's fancies than anywhere  
else." Then she jumped out of bed and  
marched straight up to the figure. How  
many children would have done that? I  
have had the courage to do this. But this  
dear child went straight up to it. And  
what do you suppose it proved to be?  
Why, it was only the moonlight shining  
through the curtains on the wall. "How  
much it did look like a head with eyes  
and nose and mouth," she said; and then  
she jumped into bed again. For a while  
she lay and looked at it. But it only  
looked like moonshine, now, and no ghost;  
and she wondered how she could have been  
so deceived. And that I dare say is as  
much as ghosts ever are—only moonshine!

She kept her eye on the soft silver light till  
she fell into a sweet sleep again.—*Rev. Dr.  
Newton.*

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# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1871.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

## Special Notice.

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

## Trusting in Darkness.

"Light is sown for the righteous." "The Lord God is a sun and shield." "The path of the just is as the shining light." "The entrance of thy word giveth light."

Such statements as these show that it is one of the offices of religion to pour sunshine upon dark ways, and to let in splendor upon shadowed souls. This it often does. Over the submissive heart there is frequently a rift in the clouds that may have darkened the whole heavens. The hidden stars smile upon the face that turns itself upward. The morning dawns upon the eyes that search after God. A flood of splendor often rolls over the soul that yields itself fully and dutifully to the will of its Master, and the journey of life is henceforth pursued over a road that glows in the light coming from the Sun of Righteousness.

But it is not all brightness even for the believing disciple and the loyal servant. Clouds and darkness sometimes gather about God, even when his children would find him and understand his ways. His paths now and then are through the deep waters. His judgments are unsearchable. His ways are past finding out. Like the disciples at the transfiguration, Christ's followers and friends still find a cloud overshadowing them, and they fear as they enter into it. They wait long for the voice that is to reassure them and explain the experience, but there is only silence. The form of the Master is hidden. The very air grows chill. The heart throbs wildly. The faith staggers. Hope finds the strength gone out of its wings. The brighter days of the past are like dimmed memories. The feet seem sinking. The old temptations that were supposed to be conquered come back with new power, and their assaults are full of fury. There is darkness over all the land, and a tempest within the spirit. And sometimes the terrible cry, once wrung from the Master's lips, breaks anew from the baffled servant—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Such experiences are not very unusual, especially with deep and devout and sensitive natures. They have ever marked the inward life of earnest and introspective Christians. They voice themselves in the religious literature of Christendom. They break out in the journals and familiar letters of those whom God has honored with great trusts, and who are remembered as saints and heroes. They have filled the closet with groanings that can not be uttered. They throb in the psalms of David. They appear as an undertone in some of the sublime utterances of Paul's epistles. They so wait in the *Miserere* and cry out of the *De Profundis* that they compel one to forget all the mummery of the European cathedrals, and make one shiver with solemnity and something akin to awe and dread. They exist in the circles that are filled by fashion. They hide behind the gayest festivities. They make themselves felt in the press of business, and the rush and roar of the city street do not suffice to drive them away. They can not be always escaped. And their presence need not destroy the faith of the sufferer in the genuineness of his conversion, nor worry his heart as though the fiery trial were the happening of a strange thing, or the proof that God had forgotten to be gracious, or the signal of a final overthrow.

Indeed, it is often in such seasons that the soul finds its grandest opportunity. Then it can know the blessedness of trust. Then is the time for it to grasp the unfailling promise and be steadfast and calm. Then it may call upon the Lord and stay itself upon Jehovah. Then it may lean back upon the divine faithfulness. Then, while the tempest is at its height, it can cast out its anchor, ride out the storm, and wait for the day—wait also for the voice that says, "Peace, be still." Then it may find God a refuge. Then it may feel itself led to the lofty rock whose top the billows never reach. Then it may find shelter in the everlasting arms, and hear the quieting whisper, "Fear not." Then, though the gloom be blinding, it may clasp the hand of the Infinite Guide, saying calmly to itself all the while—

"His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim;  
He knows the way he taketh,  
And I shall walk with him."

It is in such seasons of darkness, too, that the trusting soul rises most surely into confidence and strength and safety. Then our trust is a rendered service in which God takes special delight, and on which he puts special honor. Then the divinest lessons are taught. Then the deeper and more hidden things of the new life show themselves. Then the meat that ordinary souls know not of, is eaten, and in the strength thereof the spirit is girded for long journeys and great tasks, and accomplishes them without fainting. Then it leaves its old level and its old sphere and takes a new and higher place, closer to the gate of victory. A day of such firm, patient, heroic trust, and these terrible shadows, often does

more for the inward life than a whole year of ordinary walking, when we only stumble heedlessly along in the glare of the sun. Henceforth it is the transfigured Christ that stands beside us. Truth wears a new majesty. Duty appears with a finger beckoning us out of the sky, and the victor's palm-branch makes the world's purple and scepter seem poor things.

And the calm, unyielding, patient trust of such a season speaks most clearly, strongly and convincingly of God's grace and the power of religion. The testimony thus borne is plain. It admits of only one interpretation. Men look and listen, and their cavils die on the lip. Conviction silences them. They could fight logic, but they are disarmed by this sublime and sacred faith. The firm step, the calm face, the undoubting prayer, the quiet but settled purpose, the steady and cheerful tone in which the old pledge is repeated,—"Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him,"—all this comes home to the skeptic and the worldling with such power that they are often forced to the confession,—"I have looked on the fruits of true religion and they are very precious; I have beheld the face of living sainthood and it is very beautiful. 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

## Religion and the Sanctuary.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, Mr. Fields, speaking of Hawthorne, uses the following language:

His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened inside a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely describes himself as inside a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs.

Now we are very far from holding that there can be no true religion outside of the church, and it is very unsafe to estimate one's real Christian character by the time spent or the fervor displayed in meetings of worship. The world of nature, art and life is full of facts, and suggestions, and stimulants, and opportunities, that may help a soul apprehend God, lift the spirit into real fellowship with him, nurture the generous love upon which Christ and the Apostle John lay so much stress, and aid in putting active service upon the right line of effort. He who has no religion that can bear transportation from the sanctuary to the everyday sphere, has a sort that, in spite of spasms of enthusiasm and gusts of fervor, is likely to do very little for his own growth into Christian solidity and power, and very little for the highest profit of others. David fed his faith and devoutness while gazing into the heavens and struggling with the cares of his great office. Moses got his grandest lessons at the lips of God while tarrying by the mountains. Paul showed the weight of his Christian manhood among the sailors and soldiers who were carrying him a prisoner to Rome. Bunyan preached his most effective discourse to the continents and centuries from the dark and silent cell of Bedford jail, and Christ made the flowers of the field proclaim the divinest truth. The highest and grandest sainthood of the ages has learned to find God everywhere in the temple of his works and the daily movement of his providence, and thus proved the genuineness of the sainthood.

But the style of speech exhibited above is becoming quite too common, and it frequently seems anything but wise and wholesome. The implication is that, when a nature becomes eminently religious, public worship is unnatural and unhealthy, and a grievous burden which ought not to be borne. Staying away from the sanctuary is thus encouraged as a religious duty, and sneering at the pulpit is made to stand as the proof of superior Christian virtue. A devout soul, it is really intimated, must keep clear of Christian worship and ordinances, lest its piety be smothered and its sublime faith be dragged from its lofty height and soiled with vulgar things. A patch of daisies is set above a chapter from John's gospel as a Sunday lesson, the music of chiming bells is made more of than the prayer of the publican or of the Lord himself, and a silent tombstone behind the church is virtually declared a more quickening preacher than Melville, or Binney, or Spurgeon, when they apply the gospel from the pulpit to the souls of men in living and kindling speech. Now there may be a good deal of egotism in all this, but very little humility; abundance of that sort of looseness which passes for liberality and charity, among men, but not much of that penitent earnestness and craving need of divine help that cries out for the Lord like Peter sinking in the sea, and gets his grateful aid.

The best and purest and most devoted and most consecrated souls, that walked with God on earth, and whose memory is like a hand drawing others heavenward now that they have passed on and upward, were not wont to ignore the sanctuary, nor sneer at the Sabbath congregation and the preacher's earnest plea in the name of Christ. And we should greatly prefer some other evidence that the men of culture and genius, who figure in the literature of the nineteenth century, are the chief saints of the Lord, than the fact that they turn their backs upon public worship, and spend their Sundays in strolling over the fields, and chatting with reckless peasants and garrulous sextons.

The vote of the English Upper House of Convocation, to expel from the Committee on Bible Revision its only Unitarian member, is hardly less discreditable than the artful dodge by which the Lower House escaped the difficulty. It failed to pass Dean Stanley's motion to reject the proposition of the bishops; but in attempting to agree with the Upper House it made nearly as much of a failure. It simply asks that body to postpone its opinion till after the complete revision of the Authorized Version, which will probably be about six years, or more.

## Loving God.

When a person who admits no difficulty in loving flowers, and his family, and various other animate and inanimate objects, asserts that he is unable to become a Christian because he can not love God, either he is mistaken in supposing that he loves flowers at all, or else he is ignorant of the real nature of love. As far as the act of volition is concerned, it is as easy to love God as it is to love a flower. Love is essentially the same passion, everywhere and always, and he who has a spark of it in his heart should feel it kindled as readily in meditating upon God himself, as in contemplating his works. It would seem almost impossible that there should be such unlovable persons, but for the fact that multitudes are daily making just that confession. The effort is so slight, they say, to love a beautiful flower, that we are assured at once of its genuineness; but to lift our affections up to God, and to center any love there,—that is another thing altogether. As though real love required a labored effort to bring it into exercise! Its very nature makes it a spontaneity, and unless we hold it in check it will be continually seeking the proper objects of its regard.

If our friend wishes to see us at the door, we do not wait for him to come into our house and get behind us and push us out upon the steps. We rather go out, gladly and meet him, as soon as we are aware of his presence. Neither must the beautiful things around us come into our hearts with their certificates and appeals, offering testimonials of their worth and begging a mere pittance of love. On the contrary, let a lovely object present itself, and the sentiment of love in our own natures immediately goes out to greet it. It fastens upon it, and so long as its beauties exceed its defects it adheres to it, and the union is like friends who sit together and are made stronger by it.

In just the same way our love will go out to God, if we will let it. Does it seem like a lack of reverence to think of loving God with the same poor love that we bestow on earthly objects? But we are not to concern ourselves with that. God made love, and it pleased him to use only one element in its manufacture. If we can not feel that it undergoes any essential change in lifting it from the sordid things of life to the purities of heaven, it is because it has pleased the Father to ask no more for himself than we are capable of bestowing on each other. So that we can look on a friend who loves us, and feel assured that God asks no more of us, in kind at least, than that friend is bestowing on us, or than we are capable of giving that friend in return. Such a simple matter is it to love God.

But it is as great a matter as it is simple. No wonder if, when we contemplate his majesty, and catch some glimpses of his grandeur, and give a thought to the terror of his wrath, the heart shrinks from bestowing love there. But it is not on God as the judge that we should think of placing our love. He is the terrible judge only while we resist his appeals and refuse to observe his commands. His calls fall harshly on our ears only while we are willfully walking away from his presence. We think of his countenance as wearing a frown only while we are conscious of displeasing him in our lives. Let us but turn our feet towards him, and the voice that our own thought had filled with terror before will have the tone of pleasant greeting now; the face on which we imagined a frown will be radiant with love;—and all the time it will be the same voice and face of the ever-constant Father; the seeming changes having proceeded alone from our changed hearts.

Would we not be doing away with a part of the professed difficulty in loving God, if we would approach him as a friend, interested in all our lawful business and pleasures and helping to promote them, instead of regarding him as the inexorable judge, who pronounces all our pastimes mere follies and has a harsh rebuke for the failures that we could hardly avoid? Our estimation of God's character is varied almost as much by the spirit in which we regard him and his service, as is the seeming color of any object by the medium through which we view it. The sincere, generous heart can love him as readily as it can any of the multitude of beautiful things that speak to it of their origin; while the deceitful, uncharitable, distrustful person sees in him but the counterpart of his own nature. If we would come to him every day as we went to our parents to be taught when we were ignorant, or to be helped when we were in difficulty, or to be fed when we were hungry, there would soon spring up a corresponding trust in his friendliness, and soon our hearts would involuntarily love him just as they have trusted and loved them.

## A New Humbug.

The impudence of grocers is unparalleled. Fully three weeks before one maple tree in a hundred had begun to yield a drop of sap, they had their windows full of the blackest and most uninviting mixture that was ever set before the public for genuine maple sugar. And many of them offered as a recommendation of the article that it was "Fresh from Boston." As though Boston had become a sugar-orchard, or as though we knew nothing at all about the necessary conditions of sugar making! It makes one feel as though he was losing his respectability when, in a moderately-sized town, there can be found forty grocers who rely so implicitly on the gullibility of their customers that they will invest a score of dollars each spring in cakes of Cienfuegos molasses and Muscovado sugar,—this to be unblushingly set before our eyes as the pure product of the maple.

It is only another manifestation of the delectable habit of cheating. It seems to amuse people to a certain degree, and so they indulge it for the mere fun of the thing. At least, we can hardly figure out profits enough in the present case, to suppose

that they can be anything like a real temptation to the grocers. Who has not laughed at the look of infinite meriment that lighted up the features of the caricatured Yankee, as he peered through the key-hole at the befouled housewife unsuspiciously grating his wooden nutmegs into her apple-pies? The mischief in his eye would show pretty plainly that he was not a swindler, and the whole affair would seem to indicate that Jonathan was practicing his game for fun and not for gain. It may be a sort of vicious, hurtful amusement,—it must be an abnormal state of the moral powers that prompts it,—but there is often a balance of good nature over rascality in transactions of that class.

So far as there is essential wickedness in this kind of trading, we feel disposed to divide the blame with the parties who sell us the goods. For instance, if we know no better than to suppose we are getting pure maple sugar the last of February; if we are actually so ignorant of botany as to accept the imposition that sap is always ready to run as soon as the spile is inserted; if we thus approach the grocers with wants that are unseasonable, and oblige them to cheat us while trying to gratify us, who is most to blame, we for wishing to eat and drink contrary to Paul's command, or the grocer for filling our orders? It is a very puzzling thing to get at the real transgressor in multitudes of such cases. Is it a sin for Mr. A. to sell liquor? Is it not also a sin for Mr. B. to drink it? Shall we find more fault with the baker for seasoning his mince-pies with brandy than we do with his customers for buying them? He would ordinarily keep mince-pies without the brandy, so that there would be no necessity of buying the objectionable sort, and in nine-tenths of the cases there would have been no brandy in them at all, if there had not been a previous demand for it.

When we are denouncing a government official because he ignores a law that we would like to see enforced,—it may be our governor, because he is managed by railroad corporations; it may be our mayor, because he hesitates to enforce the liquor law; it may be our school board because they employ objectionable teachers,—do we ever think to denounce ourselves for voting for them? Possibly the candidate may promise much better than as an officer he really performs, but human nature is so like both before and after election that we need not often allow ourselves to be deceived. But it is a way we have, to abuse an officer who simply does in a public capacity what we frequently might have known he was guilty of in his more private relations, without ever giving ourselves the mildest reproach for helping to give him a wider opportunity to be mischievous. In almost every way we are so surprisingly bound together, that it is next to impossible to estimate the real, individual responsibility for any act. At least, we can find abundant opportunities to be charitable in measuring the acts of our fellow-men; and in many cases, if we even take a part of the guilt of their misdeeds, we might not be a great way from obeying the command which tells us to "bear one another's burdens."

On the whole, people who deceive us are not usually more than two-thirds as bad as they might be. So long as we are continually coming along with our ever fresh and ever varying wants, and craving this thing out of their season and that thing when we had no business to, we deserve to be put off with what comes handiest, and we ought to consider ourselves as associate aggressors into the bargain. No wonder that Yankee traders find a sort of amusement in guiling a large number of their customers. Many of our wants are so palpably absurd that the only legitimate thing they can do is to treat us as jokers and give us as good as we send.

This much seems to be plain enough,—that the majority of wrong-doing grows out of wrong-wishing, and that we are humbugged in just about the proportion of our needless ignorance. It is very rarely that we need accept a wrong religious belief; or that we need be deceived in a man whom we choose to represent us politically; or that we need employ teachers who corrupt our youth; or that we need invest our earnings on sham securities; or that we need pay our money for adulterated mixtures. When we do, it is often because we have given but half attention when we ought to have given the whole; because we have impulsively trusted appearances without really investigating the matter; because we didn't remember that our votes only elected our candidate without transforming his character; because we sought to indulge a passion, or gratify an abnormal taste, or follow a mere whim;—often this, than that we have striven to act and wish intelligently and rationally, and were deceived in spite of ourselves. The grocers are not so much to blame, after all, for offering us maple sugar three weeks before its season.

## Agrarian Riots in Ireland.

The disestablishment of the Irish church has not wholly restored quiet to Ireland. The imperious restraints imposed by landlords are showing their legitimate effects in the dissatisfaction of tenants. It is quite unsafe for a man to cross his own rented lands without proper precautions, and several have lately been killed while attempting to do so. The terms that he imposes upon those to whom he rents are so harsh that human nature refuses to submit to the outrage, and every chance for retaliation is improved with a vengeance. Almost every mail brings reports of seditious harangues, and of barbarous agrarian outrages.

The church question now seems to excite but little visible discontent. It is the land-law that makes the chief trouble. The Irish consider that the land of the green isle has been unjustly wrested from them, and until it is restored they promise to give its owners as much trouble as possible. Playing subject, if not slave, to Saxon masters by no means agreeable to the

Celtic nature, and there can be but short intervals of peace so long as that relation is kept up. For many hundred years the history of Ireland is the history of a half-subdued dependency in chronic rebellion. The consequence is that the Irish are today, as regards the science of self-government, in a lower state of civilization than almost any other nation in Europe.

Bearing this in mind and looking back upon the long anarchy which is called Irish history, one is strongly impressed with the belief that the most that Ireland has needed has been a strong and just government. Had the country been thoroughly subdued when the Normans first crossed the Irish Channel, there can be little doubt that a prosperous and peaceful career would have been opened to its inhabitants. But being left in their half-barbaric and half-subdued condition, to be used or abused as it suited the interest of the neighboring power, they have experienced little but aggravated assaults, the slight advances they could make towards self-government being vigorously opposed so soon as they had reached a condition that promised anything like success.

Thus the inhabitants have been kept continually exasperated, and were usually ready to strike on the least provocation. Whatever may have been the facts in the case, the cause of every affliction that visited them, whether public or private, would be attributed to the government which had stretched its hand over them. Was there trouble arising from Church management? It was owing to the restraints imposed across the channel. Did agriculture prove a failure, and the laboring classes find themselves in the grips of poverty? It was the cursed land-system, by which the products of the soil were devoured by greedy rents, and nothing was left to meet individual wants. Thus unrest and dissatisfaction have become chronic in Ireland. Whether their grievances are real or imaginary, it is all the same in fact, for the "bloody Saxons" are made to bear the blame of all their woes.

Under this condition of things it would seem that the Irish can never be brought into a state of satisfied quietness until the control of the island is put in their own hands. As incapable as they may have been in times past of governing themselves, they now feel perfectly competent to do so, and it is doubtful if they give themselves or neighbors any ease until allowed to make the experiment. The people are now better educated than formerly, and their desire of independence has therefore increased. We do not know how much their educational privileges have increased those qualities of character on which the security of government depends,—firmness, judgment, regard for the rights of property, reverence of law, &c.,—and probably the Irish, seldom if ever ask themselves if they have been increased at all; but their demands to be left to themselves are just as strenuous for all that, and are very likely to continue so until they get their wish.

It is this grim earnestness on the part of the Irish to be a free people that leads to the greater part of the trouble between land-owners and tenants. So far from becoming accustomed to the situation from long subjection to it, they grow daily more determined and more defiant. They consider the land-system a virtual invasion of their homes and most sacred rights;—not because it is so, absolutely, but because their implacable desires to break from imposed restraints magnify each gathering of taxes into a burning wrong, and make of the tax-gatherer a fit object of vengeance. Thus the conflict and its sad results are ever multiplying, and whether the Celtic race is historically capable of self-government or not, it keeps clamoring for the privilege, and holds itself bound to retaliate on every person or law that seems to interfere.

## The Removal of Mr. Sumner.

The dissatisfaction at the removal of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Relations is wide and intense. On the one hand it is regarded as the infallible precursor of trouble in the Republican ranks and the consequent death of the party; and on the other as an unwarranted interference by the President in matters with which he had no business to meddle. We give below the opinion of the *Boston Advertiser* on the removal, both because that paper usually speaks in a well-considered and dignified manner, and because it may represent the state of Massachusetts, which is the most affected by the so-called indignity.

In weighing the significance, and looking forward to the results of the affront offered to Mr. Sumner in the Senate, it is, first of all, desirable to place the responsibility for the act where it properly belongs. And it belongs nowhere but with the thirty-three Republican Senators by whose votes it was consummated. If it is said that the administration has no right to interfere with the arrangement of the committees of either branch of Congress, it is also to be said that the administration has no power to do so. Whatever is to be done in the matter has to be accomplished by the votes of members of the Senate. Now it has been Mr. Sumner's fortune to make enemies among his political allies and associates in the chamber, almost as bitter in their hostility to him as the slave state Senators who had a majority in the body during the early days of his public life. It is a result, not of the ends he aims at, but of the methods he employs. There are men in the Senate of sufficiently broad natures to let estrangement of this sort have no influence upon their action in a matter like that now causing so much excitement. Such a man is Mr. Trumbull; such a man, were he now living and in his seat in the Senate, would be Mr. Fessenden. But not all men, and alas! not all Senators, are cast in such a mold; and there have proved to be a sufficient number cherishing animosities formed in one way and another, and willing to snatch a convenient opportunity to strike a blow to avenge ranking wounds of their own, without much regard to the consequences to follow. Not all the names in the affirmative list in the final vote on Friday are to be counted in this category; for

there were some who, by their views of the supremacy of caucus obligations, felt bound to disregard their own personal judgment; but in this is to be found the mainspring which has made the whole movement possible.

As to the part played by the administration in the matter, we have only guesswork, hearsay report filtered through two or three mediums, and vague surmises. Until we have something more than these, it is only fair to suspend our blame. In these days of stolen interviews and of unscrupulous reporters, it behooves every public man to be cautious of his words as of his acts, private as well as public. But though a host of mischievous tale-tellers have trumpeted to the world that the Senator from Massachusetts says the President ought to be impeached, no whisper has reached us of a harsh word uttered by the President in regard to the Senator from Massachusetts. We can not doubt that under all the circumstances the President might entertain a wish that the foreign relations committee of the Senate were differently constituted; but as to what steps, if any, he has taken to secure a change, what influence he may have brought to bear on a point where no executive influence ought to be of any avail, we have no definite knowledge beyond rumors of that class in which it is never safe to put credence.

But however the responsibility of this act may be divided, there can be no doubt that it is not only an offense against the common courtesy of public affairs, an indefensible insult to a statesman who has deserved as well of his party and of his country as any man now in public life, but also a gross and clumsy political blunder. Even those whose votes did the deed must acknowledge this latter point now that the voice of the country rings in the ears of Washington. There have been many reasons assigned in the course of the debate for the step by which Mr. Sumner has been reduced to the ranks,—that the majority of the Senate differ with him about San Domingo, that he has declined invitations to dinner, and so forth,—and wider reasons still put forth in newspaper columns as coming from authentic sources, as for example the ridiculous story that a pledge had been given to the British minister that such a step should be taken "to conciliate England." Whatever reason or combination of reasons may have mingled with that prime moving cause which we have already indicated, it must be speedily apparent that the step which has been taken is founded in shortsighted policy. Whatever course Mr. Sumner may hereafter urge in the Senate in any matter connected with our foreign affairs, his arguments will come with double force from the lips of a man proscribed as he has been, and standing in his place, after twenty years of service, the chairman of no committee whatever; and it will be a small offset to this that the voice of the foreign relations committee is uttered by the Hon. Simon Cameron.

For Mr. Sumner himself, our sympathy with him under the shameful blow which has been struck can not but be mingled with congratulations. He stands before the country as a man persecuted for his devotion to his principles; and the dignity and strength of his character shine out in a clearer light than ever. If he put himself in the wrong by the manner adopted and the temper displayed in his opposition to attempts to get information about San Domingo, this grosser display of intolerance on the part of his enemies has spread the veil of oblivion over that, and placed him, in effect, in the right again.

We do not join in the chorus which hails this incident as the death knell of the republican party, nor in the circle of dismal prophecies who are ready at an hour's notice to predict its effect on all the political events of the future. It is the principles, not the men, of the republican party, which give it its strength; and it has a work yet to be done which neither the grievances nor the errors of any man or cluster of men ought to be permitted to disturb. The country is very large; and the day has passed when the fact that thirty-three gentlemen in Washington have voted aye on any question, against thirty-four gentlemen voting nay or omitting to vote at all, is to shake the destiny of the nation. The affair has many grave lessons, many serious warnings; but it is not of such proportions that we need quiet yet despair of the republic.

MR. BEECHER'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS USHERS.—The pastor of Plymouth church did a characteristic thing lately when he publicly instructed his ushers to treat all strangers in attendance with marked respect. He understands human nature thoroughly. He knows that a person left to shiver or grow weary in the church vestibule, while no one offers him a seat or shows him the least sign of welcome, is pretty sure to feel a slight, and to take care that he doesn't receive it again. He knows, too, as he stated to his ushers, that more people of moderate circumstances worship in the Brooklyn tabernacle than in any other church of equal size in the United States, and that in order to retain them they must receive as hearty a welcome as can be given them elsewhere. If these instructions are observed, Mr. Beecher probably did as much in the five minutes that it took him to deliver them,—as much towards retaining and still increasing his present congregation, as he has effected by any two sermons of the year.

And the lesson conveyed is one that can be profitably heeded by every church in the country. Strangers who visit our places of worship, and are left to provide seats for themselves or to go away disgusted because they are unnoticed, seldom show themselves at the same church again. And thus in our large cities and villages, multitudes are lost yearly, not only to the ministrations of the gospel but to the kingdom of heaven. The cordial greeting and the friendly grasp of the hand rarely fail to attract those who receive them, and to many hearts they carry stronger evidence of the Christian love that prompted them than the most faultless argument that ever fell on their ears. Young men and ladies who come strangers to our cities will, in a majority of cases, seek the company that gives them the warmest greeting and shows the deepest interest in entertaining them. If the Christian church is remiss in this duty, then the altitudes of the street and the saloon will win them instead. The cases are very rare in which a person may not be kept in healthful society if the proper interest is shown in his welfare. We never know how many wander away and are lost while we stand by indifferently regarding them, with silent lips and hands in our pockets. Let us continually show the stranger that we would gladly benefit him, and he will continually show us



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## Poetry.

## Love's Token.

BY J. W. BARNES.

One of the unfortunate victims of the recent New Hamburg railroad accident was a young man betrothed to a beautiful young lady in Brooklyn. It is said that he was identified by a beautiful ring placed upon his finger by his betrothed a few hours previous to the fatal accident.

Bring the flickering lantern hither,  
I have found a brisled form  
Mid the smoldering pile of ruin—  
Sure his heart seems beating warm.

Listen for the faint heaving  
Of his young and manly breast;  
He has passed the "silent river,"  
He is calmly now at rest.

Listen, for he may be dreaming;  
Hear we not the faltering breath?  
Nay, 'tis but an idle vision—  
This is but the glare of death.

From the eve of frost and shadows,  
From the tempest and the storm,  
He hath wakened 'mid the glory  
Of a never-ending morn.

Hold the light a little closer—  
Watch the features, I would know  
Who hath fallen in his manhood;  
Is he friend, or is he foe?

Lift that wet and clotted ringlet  
From his cold and pallid cheek;  
Let me look upon his visage,  
For it is a friend I seek.

Fallen in the pride of manhood,  
Not a muscle doth he move,  
Eyes that speak not, lips that stir not,  
Dewy with the kiss of love.

Not a sign of recognition,  
Not a token can I see,  
Not a word to break the silence,  
This stranger friend may be.

Take the hand from out his bosom;  
It is purple now and cold,  
But upon his rigid finger  
Is a shining ring of gold.

'Tis the token of affection,  
Love's dearest pledge so freely given,  
Round whose altar, pure and stainless,  
Floats the very breath of Heaven.

See! upon his face engraven,  
Seeking not the breath of fame,  
Where the hand of love had placed it,  
Is the youthful stranger's name.

Thus, when human nature, fallen  
Mid the depths of sin and woe,  
Weary, famished and forsaken,  
No familiar look may know—

Then, with confidence unshaken,  
May we raise our hearts above,  
For on every human spirit  
Is the Father's name of love.

## If.

If I were a school teacher like Miss Snapp,  
And she were a scholar like me,  
Oh gracious, what lessons I'd give her to learn,  
What sums in the Rule of Three!

And how, if she didn't forever behave  
In just the most saintly of ways,  
Her ears should be slapped and her buns looked  
up.

Her recess withheld for days!  
If I were as clever as Laura Sharp,  
And she were as stupid as I,  
What thorough delight it would give me to act

As monitor, meddler, and spy!  
And how I should tell of all that she did,  
In Laura's contemptible style,  
And smile, when she blundered in spelling or

French,  
That horrid, unmerciful smile!  
If I were a beauty like Rosa Bell,  
And she were a fright like myself,

What saucy remarks I should constantly make  
To vex her,—the proud little elf!  
What fun I should poke at her freckles, her nose,  
Her elbows, her knuckles, her hair,

And all with that delicate titter of hers,  
That stinging lady-like air!  
But then I am merely supposing, of course,  
Impossible things. Who can tell

What truly would happen if truly I were  
Miss Snapp, Laura Sharp, Rosa Bell?  
Perhaps I should pity (revenge is so mean!)  
And help them and love them, all three,

And do unto others as I myself would,  
That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

That others should do unto me!

that it does not seem to be running at all, just then comes an ugly fog, and we are off the track; everything changed in a minute, and such a jarring and jolting that it seems as if nothing ever could go smoothly again.

Now the thing which had happened to Patsey was not very dreadful; indeed, many people would have thought it not dreadful at all, but a piece of great good luck.

A farmer and his wife, who had no children, had concluded to adopt her; and henceforth, instead of living in the asylum, and being one of the great family of little ones, she was to have a papa and a mamma, and be the only child in the household. Instead of being shut in all the year round by the high walls of the asylum, and hearing outside only the clatter of wheels, the bells of the milkmen, and the noises of the great city, here were the green grass, and the trees waiting to make friends with her; a clear brook that kept singing "Come and play, come and play," as it hurried by, laughing and dancing on its way to the sea, and away in the distance lay the great hills, smiling to think of all they had to tell her in the years to come.

But Patsey cared for none of these things. She had had a ride with one of the nurses in the steam-car, and had liked it very much; for the engine whistled, and the fences ran past her, and the horses tossed their manes and galloped away across the fields. Then there was a dark tunnel, that frightened her; but just as she was going to cry it was gone, and there was the sunshine, and the beautiful cloud-mountains beyond the hills.

After this she had a ride in a stage-coach, which she liked very well, too. And then the nurse had brought her to this house, which wasn't a bit pretty—where there were no rows of nice little cribs, and no children to play with—and had given her the bag, with her clothes in it, to the farmer's wife, and then had gone away and left her. And here, stealing another glance at the good woman who had done her best to comfort her, poor Patsey screamed louder than ever, and went on beating her pudgy little feet on the floor, as if she had a spite against them and was bent on pounding them to a jelly.

"Let her alone, wife," was the wise counsel of the farmer. "Let her have her fit out, poor dear; when it's over she'll feel better."

So Patsey cried till she was too tired to cry any more; and then the beautiful sleep-angel came and kissed her eyelids, and hushed her sobs, and opened to her the gate of dreams.

When she woke, she was lying on a bed in the corner of the room. Everything looked so strange that at first she could not remember where she was. Then it came back to her, and she was about to begin her cry all over again, when the iron tea-kettle, that was hanging over the fire, began to behave in such an unaccountable manner that she stopped to see what it would do next. Such a great, round-bellied, jolly tea-kettle as it was, with the funniest nose, out of which came pouring great clouds of steam, and a little round lid that danced up and down for a minute, as if beside itself, and then suddenly settled down, as if determined that nothing should upset its gravity again.

But its spirits were constantly getting the better of it; and, at last, as if trying to be dignified was quite too much for a tea-kettle of its fun-loving disposition, it began to sing one of the merriest songs, while the lid danced up and down again faster than ever, did the double-shuffle, and came near pitching head foremost into the fire.

And what a queer fireplace it was, taking up almost the whole of one side of the room, the tea-kettle going on in that mad way over the blaze, and a short-cake baking demurely before the coals. All this was so new to Patsey that she lay watching it, almost forgetting that she had intended to cry. Then a red-headed girl bustled in, slipped a knife under the short-cake and twirled it round, pulled out the table, and began setting it for tea. The farmer's wife, sitting by the window, knitting, hummed a tune, which, if less merry, was not less pleasant than that of the tea-kettle. Presently the farmer came in, took off his straw hat and hung it up on a peg.

"Come, wife, let's have supper," he said; cheerily; then, lowering his voice: "How's the little girl?" Patsey shut her eyes and pretended to be asleep; but, liking the voice, she opened them again. "Why, there she is, waking up just in time for supper, I declare."

"So she is," said his wife, laying down her knitting and going to the bed.

"You've had a nice sleep, haven't you?" she said; and now I hope you are going to be a good little girl, and not cry any more." And, lifting the little one from the bed, she sat down to tea with her on her lap.

Thus admonished, Patsey put up her lip in a moment and slid down upon the floor.

"Why, what's that for?" said the woman tartly. "Don't you want any supper? Good little girls don't behave in that way."

"Don't scold her, wife," said the good-natured farmer. "You see it's all strange to her, and we can't expect her to get used to us in a minute. Bring a chair, Mary Ann, and let her set her by me."

"You want some of this nice short-cake, don't you, now?" he said, coaxingly, splitting a piece with his knife and spreading it with butter. "Come, let me see how soon you can put that where the mice can't find it."

Patsey looked shyly from the face of her new friend to the short-cake; but she did not offer to take it.

"I guess she's a dainty little thing," said Mary Ann. "City children most generally are. What did you have for breakfast, little girl?"

Poor Patsey! The tears had been slowly gathering in the blue eyes; and at Mary Ann's sharp tone, or at the memory

of that breakfast, among all her little companions, the lip quivered and she began to sob. And I could cry with her this minute; for I know of nothing more pathetic than a child's grief, no form of a child's grief so touching as its first sense of solitude—of being alone. Whatever the future might have in store for Patsey, it could bring no sorrow more real than this—the being torn from all her accustomed belongings, thrust into a new life, surrounded by new faces.

"Never mind," said the farmer, soothingly, taking the little scrap of homesickness in his arms. "Let me see if I can't find something for the little girl." But the attempt at consolation was just the drop too much that made the cup run over.

"I don't want to stay here. I want to go home," sobbed Patsey. All the anger was gone now; it was just pure grief, and good, honest John was at his wit's end.

"Haven't you any playthings for her, wife? I thought you made a rag-baby on purpose for her."

"I did, and you ought to have seen how she acted when I tried to pacify her with it, after the nurse left. She threw it clear across the room. I never saw a child show more temper."

"Don't cry any more, there's a dearie; don't cry," said John, walking distractedly about the room. "Hanged if I blame her, either. There, you poor little kitten, just lay your head down on my shoulder and go to sleep."

Suddenly a glow of pleasure lighted his homely face, and, without a word, he strode from the house, Patsey's sobs lingering dimly in his wake.

"Where on earth has John gone with that child," said the good wife, washing down the last segment of the short-cake with a saucer of tea. "I expect he'll spoil her and make me no end of trouble."

In confirmation of this dire prediction, the truant appeared, John's face radiant with satisfaction, Patsey's glowing with ineffable content. In her arms, which were closely folded over her bosom, she held two mewling, clawing, month-old kittens. The fountain of consolation had been discovered.

Patsey and the kittens took tea together, the little mother finding much to disapprove of in the table-manners of her adopted children. She put them to bed before being undressed herself, and went to sleep with them in her arms.

She had found something to love and care for; and should, she live a hundred years, she would find no better medicine for sorrow than that which cured her first grief.—*Independent.*

## What Philip did one Day.

One morning after breakfast, Philip—tiny Philip—came to me with his coaxing manner, and wondered, he said, if I'd take him to my office with me to see the magnificent circus come into town.

So the wee fellow took big, big steps, to match my very little, and got to the office just in time to see the grand sight.

We saw the giant elephant, and the baby elephant, and the king lion—and tigers looking very fierce and monkeys looking very funny.

When the grand cavalcade had passed, shining like stars in the sun, and dancing with music, little Philip got down from his seat in the window and said:

"Now, papa, I'll go, thank you!"

"Very well, Philip, my boy, everybody's followed the elephant; so, as the street's very quiet you'll not be afraid, will you?"

"No, sir, I'm not afraid of nothing," said Philip, stoutly.

Up the street went my little Tom Thumb, and I watched him till he had turned the corner;—for he's such a mite, and only seven years old; and then I went to business, work that would make a body's head ache, almost.

When dinner time came I went home, but Philip didn't meet me at the gate; so I thought I'd pretend to be sorry to him that he didn't expect me so soon. I stole into my study and got a book to read, and when the dinner bell rang I went out to the dining room.

"Where's Philip?" asked his mamma, the first thing.

"Where's Philip?" asked I, wondering at her.

"He went out with you, dear, and hasn't come home."

I jumped up and got my hat and ran down the street to hunt up the little rover.

Running down the street, I met Mr. Stevens and told him hurriedly about my little boy. He looked startled for a moment, and turning, walked with me while he talked. He said that Philip had met him in the morning,—on his way home, I suppose,—and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Stevens; will you tell me, sir, where I can buy a ticket for the show?" "And the little man held up a two-cent piece," said Mr. Stevens. "And I told him," he continued, "that I supposed Mr. Parker could tell him."

We went at once to Mr. Parker's book-store, and asked him about Philip.

He looked troubled also, and went with us while he told his story. How Philip had asked him for a ticket for the show, and that he had given him one of his own cards, and some candy for his two cents.

"I did not trouble about the little fellow," said Mr. Parker, "for he'd been in my store for your papers, times before."

We went up to the circus grounds and went into the circus and walked round everywhere, and asked many people, and had to go out again without seeing my boy.

At last, as we were turning away from the grounds, we saw the child leaving one of the side-shows, and when he saw us, he ran up to us and put his hand in mine.

He did it so frankly it took away all wish to whip the child for frightening us.

"Philip," I said "do you know what you have done?"

"O, yes, papa, and if you'll walk in, please, I'll tell you what a grand old gray of a time I've had, too. First, you know, when I showed the ticket to the Circus-man he looked at it as if it wasn't good, but when he'd turned it over, I guess he found out his mistake—I guess he did—for he said very pompous: 'Pass on, my man!' and so I did, of course, and walked round and saw elephants as big as houses, and snakes, and wild cats, and—monkeys, and lions, and hip-pota-mus, and lots of men took me up in their arms and showed me things—and I guess they knew me because you're my father!"

"Well?"

"Well, you see, when I got tired I went out; but first I asked the ticket-man for my ticket again, for I wanted to go to the little shows, and he looked funny and gave it back, of course, and I went into all the side shows."

"On your ticket?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Yes, sir, but I only showed them the ticket and they let me in. O, the fat woman isn't half as fat as her picture—and the skeleton man isn't half as thin as his picture—and the little wild men are—real fun!"

"What! did you see them all?"

"O, yes, and I've got my ticket to go again to-night—they say it's a great deal better at night, papa."

"I'll give you ten cents for your ticket," said Mr. Parker, laughing.

"No, sir! it's worth more'n that," said little Philip; "why, I'll go on it to-night."

"O, no, Philip, I can not allow that. You have been very bad to-day to frighten us so, and your mamma is at home crying about you now. You can not go again without asking me first."

"Yes, sir," said Philip, quietly, and turning round to Mr. Parker, he said:

"Well, Mr. Parker, you can have my ticket for a quarter; it's worth a quarter to go into the big show alone; and I got into all of 'em for it."

"Yes, I think it is worth a quarter," said Mr. Parker, laughing, and handing the boy twenty-five cents, which the monkey actually thought just paid him for his ticket.

"And, father, won't this buy me one of those funny monkeys? Indeed, papa, you must buy me one of those funny monkeys with this."

"And what would you do with a monkey, Philip, I wonder?"

"O, I do so want to have a brother! I said the child, with tears in his eyes.—*Western Rural.*

## The Aged in our Homes.

Old persons often feel younger than we imagine. 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. I 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 cap-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 townspeople call her Miss Flite, among ourselves. Not long ago, it came to our knowledge 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 somebody. "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! don'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 grandfather who was so cross that his daughter's little boys didn't want to go to heaven lest he should cry out "Hush!" when he saw them coming? It is a libel on grandfathers generally, 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 family, 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 in a certain household 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. Am you going to the concert?" "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 banded 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 pleasures, include the aged folks whom we may be happy as to have with us? "In the sixties, they have the forties, and the twenties," and let us who are younger profit by their experience, and lend to them the cheer of our more buoyant years.—*Hearth and Home.*

## Literary Review.

THE PORTS AND POETRY OF EUROPE. With Illustrations and Biographical Notices. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A new edition, revised and enlarged. Phila.: Porter and Coates, 1871. Royal octavo. pp. 916. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

This superb volume deserves all the commendation which any discriminating critic or enthusiastic lover of what is significant in poetry and artistic in book-making has lavished upon the jewel or the casket. Since the first edition was issued, several years since, it has been accepted as the finest product of the kind in the English language; and now that it has undergone a careful revision and received a considerable enlargement, it has become a rare treasure. Its outward aspect suggests solidity and richness, and the most careless turning of the leaves can hardly fail of blinding strongly at the wealth which waits to be appropriated. Mr. Longfellow's adaptation to the work of compiling such a volume is beyond all question, and he is not wont to do anything of this sort carelessly. His fine taste, his ample knowledge, his thorough appreciation, his excellent judgment in literary matters, the vital sympathy which attaches him to the great singers of all lands and times, his personal acquaintance with so many of the modern poets that have filled the air of the old world with delicious music, his deep interest in the esthetic culture of his own countrymen and countrywomen, and his faith in their readiness to welcome what is truest and best in the poetry of other lands,—all these things have helped to make the preparation of this work a real labor of love, and leave on it everywhere the evidence of his interest and faith. He gives us condensed but very admirable introductions to the poetry and poets of the various countries of Europe, and in a brief paragraph or two, puts us on comparatively familiar terms with each of the singers as they successively come forward upon the stage to entertain us with their music. The selections are sufficiently full and characteristic to make us apprehend the peculiarities of each writer, and enable us to see the special qualities which separate the different stages in the poetic development of a people. The order in which the divisions appear is as follows: Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese. It is a library in itself, ample enough to satisfy the great majority of readers, and nothing could be better adapted to open the doors to a fuller and more exhaustive study for those who may wish it. It is a cheap book at six dollars when only its mechanical qualities are taken into account; estimated by its highest uses, its value is not to be represented by greenbacks. It had an extensive sale when it was worth considerably less than now; the new and greatly improved edition can hardly fail to bring a host of purchasers.

ART IN THE NETHERLANDS. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1871. 16mo. pp. 190. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Paper maker, printer and binder seem to have worked under the influence of esthetic ideas while busy with this book. Art seems transferred to the mechanical sphere, and common work is touched and lifted as by the inspiration of sculptor or painter. But the excellence is in Mr. Taine's history and criticism, which so happily dovetail into each other that they are scarcely separable. We have read nothing finer in the way of art criticism, for many a day, than what is afforded by this volume. Taine is never misty in the attempt to be profound, nor does he ever seem to be possessed by the ambition to be eloquent, as Ruskin so often appears to be. Every sentence conveys a thought, and many of them hold what are really seed thoughts, wondrously fruitful as well as beautiful. And though he chiefly confines himself to the phases of art as it has appeared in a single country, first exhibiting its permanent causes and then its historic epochs, yet his views and suggestions are generally so broad and comprehensive as to embrace the principles that underlie or embody themselves in art in all lands and times. Calm, well-balanced, intelligent, suggestive, stimulating and pure, he is uttering the wisest and most welcome words that come from the sphere in which he has his special home.

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA. Including accounts of some regions unexplored since the Conquest. From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morlet. By Mrs. M. F. Squier. Introduction and Notes by E. B. Squier. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. 1871. 12mo. pp. 490. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

We have here the results of an exploration of a comparatively unknown portion of Central America reported to us, and in a very intelligent, animated and pleasant style. The tract of country here exhibited was partially traversed by Cortez and Las Casas, but they were able to give us only very limited information respecting it. It includes that portion of the continent lying between the isthmus of Tehuantepec and that of Darien. The narrative is an instructive one, and being now given to American readers for the first time, it is like opening a new door into an unvisited apartment. The author was a close observer, and happily combined the scientific and the popular elements in his work of exploration, as they are combined in his narrative. He has given us, through the condensing and translating service of Mrs. Squier, a very welcome and timely book.

A HAND-BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART. By Clara Eschke Orment. Author of "A Simple Story of the Orient." With descriptive illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1871. 12mo. pp. 407. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

This Hand-Book is really a miniature Cyclopaedia, and it is every way excellent and admirable. It grew out of the author's personal wants, as they asserted themselves during her readings and visits galleries of art, and so she set herself to provide for necessities which she felt sure pressed upon others as well as upon herself. She has filled an important and hitherto unoccupied niche in literature, in compiling this convenient volume, and putting into it what was accessible only by going through a considerable number of extensive Cyclopaedias, Dictionaries of Antiquities, voluminous catalogues, and miscellaneous volumes especially devoted to art. The whole arrangement is natural and admirable, the information is sufficiently full for all ordinary purposes, and the abundant illustrations, though having no marked merit in themselves, serve an important purpose. We have, first of all, Symbolism in Art; then Legends and Stories illustrated in Art; then, Legends of Places; and, lastly, Ancient Myths illustrated in Art. The book is got up in fine style, it is crowded with information, it would serve a visitor to the grand galleries of the old world in higher ways than the very best and costliest professional guide, and it will give the diligent student who masters it at home, a far better idea of the chief spheres and methods of art than is obtained by nine-tenths of those who boast of having seen the glories that crowd the royal halls of Europe. We shall keep it always at hand on the convenient book-shelf.

STORIES AND TALES. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of "Wonder Stories told for Children." Illustrated by M. L. Stone and V. Pedersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871. 12mo. pp. 532. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Of the fund of instruction and entertainment

which the great story teller has put between these covers,—here dealing in fact and there in fancy, now grave and now gay, here starting the tears and then forcing out laughter, on this page stirring the imagination and on that piling up knowledge for the memory,—of all this we cannot stop to speak. It is enough to say that the popular author often appears here at his best, and that has been voted almost unapproachable.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the Acts of the Apostles. Designed for Sunday school teachers and Bible classes. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the Psalms," etc. Revised edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 418. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

What else needs to be said, after announcing that this is the revised edition of the work which for twenty-five years has met approval in all quarters, that it is most beautifully printed from new plates, supplied with fresh illustrations, and made thoroughly attractive? Beyond that, praise is wasted.

OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis, M. D., author of "Talks about People's Stomachs," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 388. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Dio Lewis is never dull, nor doubtful, nor self-deprecating, nor profound, nor reticent, nor in want of hearers and readers and believers. He tells a deal of plain, practical and valuable truth, though often with manifold exaggerations, and not a little dilution, egotism and flippancy. On the whole, his books are likely to do good, and so we are glad to see them circulated and read. "Our Girls" is entertaining and really valuable, giving some excellent advice,—sometimes in a pungent, always in a plain and taking way,—about dress, habits, diet, exercise, etc., etc. Though the substance is beaten worn, and there is substance, and it will be taken with a zest and relish, perhaps, which greater solidity and more temperate speech would fail to awaken. Many will buy the book; few will begin without flinching it; and there is scarcely a reader but will extract some good from it. We shall be glad to see it in the hands of all our girls.

THE TWO BROTHERS, and other Poems. By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M. A., author of "Yesterday-To-day and Forever." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 324. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

OPPORTUNITIES. A sequel to "What she Could." By the author of "The wide, wide World." Same Publishers, etc. 16mo. pp. 382.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Henry J. Van Dyke, D. D. Same Publishers, etc. 12mo. pp. 194.

FRANK AUSTIN'S DIAMOND. By the author of the "Golden Ladder Series." Same Publishers, etc. 16mo. pp. 190.

EAGLE CRAG. Same author and Publishers. 16mo. pp. 203.

HOME RELIGION. By the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M. A., Vicar of St. James's, Holloway. Same Publishers, etc. Small quarto. pp. 130.

The imprint of the Messrs. Carter may well give a book free entrance to a Christian family and draw out the confidence and welcome of the heart. Whatever else may be true or false of their publications, they never appear with a doubtful moral character nor speak in an ambiguous religious dialect. They exalt the evangelical faith and minister to genuine Christian virtue. This new installment from their House justifies and illustrates this statement.



## Literary Miscellany.

## Who Discovered America?

The answer in almost every case will undoubtedly be, Christopher Columbus. But the Chinese have been putting in some pretty strong claims lately to being the original discoverers—or, rather, other people have for them, and this is the way *Harper's Weekly* presents the case:

Was Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only rediscover that continent after it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or else the aborigines of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation—the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our preconceived notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the world to ours, between the eastern coast of Asia and the side of America most remote from Europe; and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamed of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The arts of paper-making and printing, among others, had been practiced in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally, or more in advance of us in navigation? The stately ruins of Baalbek, with gigantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact, corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is, that many of the Arabian *schemas* with whom I have conversed on this subject are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America; and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, Gen. Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on America, called *En-Ness-El-Tayr*, quotes from Diodorus and other old writers to show this.

There is, however, Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus was born.

A competent authority on such matters, J. Haukey, the Chinese Interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers:

Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist monks, but a circle, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist monks and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany" after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian, Prescott, about the maquis-tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for papermaking out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibers for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working in stone and metals, out of copper and tin, and they in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as the Spaniards four hundred years ago. There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as we spoke above, between the accent and the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed this writer gives a list of words which point a close relationship; and infer therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already.

Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this question. It is at any rate remarkable and confirms the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the

sun; and that Shelly was right in his bold but beautiful lines—"Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? and, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in rolling over our present cultivation may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civilization, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.

## Turkish Laborers.

Labor is so far free in Turkey that a man can leave one employer for another at the end of his term, provided he gives the first nothing. If he is in debt, he becomes a serf, except in name; for being charged compound interest, the debt grows so quickly, it is soon more than he can ever hope to pay; and then he is liable to be transferred, with his debt, to any landowner thinking it worth while to pay off the original creditor. In these cases the unlucky debtor receives so much grain every year, sufficient, if he has a family, to keep them in a state of semi-starvation. So long as the Turkish laborer can avoid debt, he is not so badly off. Naturally of penurious habits, his wants are few. A two-penny earthenware pot is the only cooking utensil he needs to prepare his daily meal—a dish of beans or lentils, onions, salt, pickled cabbage, garlic, and pepper, eaten with bread of mixed grain. Salted cheese, olive oil, and humped oil are occasionally indulged in; but meat, wine, and spirits are reserved for festival days. These come rather frequently with the Christians—almost at the rate of one a week, for, counting Sundays, their life days number 100 in the year. Many live upon bread, making fire or six pounds a day of that suffice to keep body and soul together. Setting aside the victims of debt, the agricultural laborers are well clad, and there are but few of them who cannot boast of the possession of a holiday suit, red leather shoes included—a suit they make last a lifetime. Their ordinary clothes are almost all made at home by their thrifty, hard-working wives; their working attire, consisting of cotton-twist shirts and drawers, thick woolen socks, an outer garment of dark woolen stuff, red skull-cap, covered with a cotton turban, and sandals of raw buffalo hide; and in winter of an overcoat of sheepskin, with the wool inside. The women wear cotton garments, elaborately embroidered with bright, home-dyed wools, and for a head-dress, a cotton kerchief, covering the neck and bosom.

The ordinary agricultural laborer lives in a one roomed house, built of sun dried square bricks, upon a foundation of stone rubble, cemented with wetted clay and chopped straw. The rubble is carried about a foot above the surface of the ground, the walls being bound at intervals with strips of rough hewn oak, beech or pine, running along their inner and outer edges, and fastened together by cross pieces nailed to them. In some parts the pent roof is covered with heavy slate or elms, but light, kiln baked tiles are often used. The room itself is from eight to ten feet in height, and measures from twelve to fifteen feet square. It is provided with one or two very small unglazed windows, closing with sliding shutters, and an open fireplace with a flue. The whitewashed walls, some three feet thick, are studded with wooden pegs, and in their recesses usually two or more shelves are fitted, while another narrow shelf runs all round the room near the ceiling. Such a house will cost \$22. Prosperous laborers have two or more rooms, besides a stable and out houses. In the hilly districts of Macedonia, where stone and lime are easily procured, substantially built houses of two or three rooms are common enough; but whether the house be of stone or of clay, it is equally destitute of furniture within—chairs, tables and bedsteads being articles unknown, or at any rate undesired. A few straw-stuffed cushions, or even a piece or two of rush matting, placed upon the hard clay floor, supplies all the sitting or sleeping accommodations the occupants require.

In fact, unless their domicile is provided with a sort of veranda, they prefer to take their rest, in summer, at least, in the open air. In any case they lie down in their clothes, covering themselves with a blanket, if they have it; if not, an overcoat serves the purpose.—*Chambers Journal*.

## Conquered by Confucius.

Prof. Pumpelly gives this incident in his "A Journey in Northern China," in the *Galaxy*:

Passing out of this small valley we came to a town of considerable size, called Ta-hwei-chang, or great lime depot. The walls had long been crumbling, but little was now left standing. But dilapidated walls in China are not necessarily a sign of decay in population or in industry. As we proposed to dine at this place, we rode up to the principal eating-house. This was open to the street, and long before our dinner was served up, the room was crowded with the curious of all ages, anxious to see for the first time, and not only to see but feel of the barbarians of the western seas.

"Go out, boys," said Ma. Upon this, the largest lad in the crowd turned to one a little smaller and exclaimed, "Go out, boy, go out; do not let the boy see that he does not want any boys here?" But this one passing the injunction to a still smaller neighbor, it was repeated in a descending scale, till a little fellow about two feet high picked up the smallest child in the room and thrust him into the street. This turned the joke against us, always a disadvantage to a foreigner in a crowd. A traveler who has command of the sufficient wit to put the more demonstrative members of even a Chinese mob in a ridiculous light, has little to fear, provided the people are swayed by no stronger motives than mere curiosity. If, however, he resents the great personal annoyance by blows, he places himself in a position of danger. An instance somewhat illustrative of this occurred to us in leaving Ta-hwei-chang. The whole population of men and boys followed us through the streets. From laughing at each other's jokes made at our expense they proceeded to open ridicule of us, and, regardless of our official escort, began to hoot, and finally to throw missiles. When they had reached this point Murray stopped his horse, and turning to face the crowd, raised his hand to motion silence.

"O people of Ta-hwei-chang," exclaimed Murray in excellent Chinese, "is this your hospitality? Do ye thus observe the injunctions of your sages that ye shall treat kindly the stranger that is within your gates; have ye forgotten that your great teacher Confucius hath said, 'What I would not that men should do to me, that would I not also do to men?'"

The effect of this exhortation was as re-

markable as it was unexpected by me. In an instant the character of the crowd was changed; the hooting and pelting were stopped; to hear the barbarians talking in the familiar words of Confucius; the old men bowed approvingly, and a number of the boys jumped forward to show us the way. This scene will appear more impressive by contrast, if we suppose a couple of Chinamen followed by a crowd of a few thousand American boys, and if we suppose the two strangers to turn and quote, in good English, the similar passage of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. The reader may form his own opinion as to the success of such an experiment.

## Success.

Men who do certain superior deeds are always sure of being served by some one in the crowd. In certain enterprises in which superhuman power appears necessary, there is a sort of madness which is more potent than courage. It is not until a task is fairly grappled with, that its difficulties and perils become fully manifest. There is nothing like making a commencement for making evident how difficult it will be to come to the end. Every beginning is a struggle against resistance. The first step is an extraordinary endeavor. A difficulty which we come to touch pricks like a thorn. To bend obstacles to our purposes is a great step towards triumph.

Everybody must have noticed the fancy which cats have of stopping and sniffing in a half-opened door, and most of us have said to it, "Pray come in." There are men who, when an incident stands half-opened before them, have also a tendency to remain undecided between two resolutions, at the risk of being crushed by destiny, as it hurriedly closes the adventure. The more prudent, cats though they are, and because they are cats, often incur greater danger than the men daring.

Success is a very hideous thing, and its resemblance with merit deceives men. For the hero, success has nearly the same profile as supremacy. Success, that Menemachus of talent, has a dupé in humility, and Tacitus and Juvenal alone grumble at it. In our days an almost official philosophy wears the livery of success, and waits in its ante-room. Succeed, that is the theory, for prosperity presupposes capacity. Win in the lottery and you are a clever man, for he who triumphs is revered. All you want is to be born under a fortunate star. Have luck, and you will have the rest; be fortunate, and you will be thought a great man; leaving out five or six immense exceptions, which form the luster of an age, contemporary admiration is blind-eyedness. Gilding is gold, and it does you no harm to be any one so long as you are the parvenu. The mob is an old Narcissus, adoring itself and applauding the mob. That enormous faculty by which a man is a Moses, Aeschylus, Dante, Michael Angelo, or Napoleon, the multitude decries broadcast and by acclamation to any one who attains his object, no matter in what. Let a notary transcribe himself into a deputy; a genius, in the process of time, may call himself a poet; a military Prudhomme accidentally gain the decisive battle of an age; an apothecary invent cardboard soles for the army of the *Sombre et Meuse*, and make out of the cardboard sold for leather an income of 400,000 francs a year; a pedler espouse usury and put it to bed with seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother; a preacher become a bishop by his nasal twang; let the steward of a good family be so rich on leaving service that he is made Chancellor of the Exchequer—and men will call him a genius, in the same way as they call Montaigne's face, beauty and Claude's mien, majesty. They confound with the constellation of profoundity the stars which the duck's feet make in the soft mud of the pond.—*Victor Hugo*.

## The Missouri River.

Mrs. Livermore, in the *Woman's Journal*, thus sets off the Missouri river:

If ever a river can be said to "lie around loose," it is this Missouri river. It sprawls through the heart of the state in the most reckless and prodigal manner. It refuses to keep in any beaten track, forsakes its banks and leaves towns a mere or scattered, that were formerly river towns, like the town of Weston. Or it lashes the shore with its turbulent waves, and eats away half a mile of another town in a night. Where its current is rolling strong, impetuous and deep, in twenty-four hours may be dry land; the eccentric river having gathered its waters and plunged off in another direction, carrying the bank, with its stunted trees and crumbling soil, along in its course. Now it contracts its width, so that you can almost leap it—then it spreads and spreads, till it looks a lake. At St. Charles its caprice has filled the river with sand bars, so that the shallow ferry-boats, minutes long enough to cross, now require half an hour to cross, and the work of fifteen minutes lengthens into two hours. St. Charles has become tired of such nonsense, and is building a bridge, when the railroad communication will be unbroken, and the river may "gang its own gait." At St. Joseph, which was formerly a great river trading-town, the river has coquettishly run a mile away from the landing, making great trouble for the boats, and immensely retarding commerce. Consequently St. Joseph has set her affections on railroads, which can be depended upon, and which stay where they are put. And in the new railroad enterprise, which St. Joseph contemplates to Council Bluffs, she seems to think of crossing the unreliable Missouri in ferry-boats, but will span it with a bridge. In fact, the trade of Missouri river has come to naught, the railroads do the carrying and trading, and all that is asked of the sprawling, unsightly river is that it will keep in place, and observe the good manners of other rivers, which is just the thing it will not do.

## The Guillotine.

Two popular errors have long existed, concerning the history of the guillotine. Its invention has been credited to one Guillotin by name; and he is said to have lost his head in the machine. The second idea has so often been refuted that we need not further allude to it. With regard to the first, there are still doubts. Certainly Guillotin did not invent the destroying angel; a mechanically falling hatchet had been used during the two centuries preceding its French adoption, by half the countries of Europe, even by England. But did he receive it, or propose its employment to his government? It is answered, No. One French writer denies him all participation in the questionable honor, and gives the sole credit of the proposal to the physician Louis, after whom the instrument was sometimes called *la petite Louis*; while another party, wisely preferring a non-committal name, termed it the *couteau-tele*, which was the nickname of a French judge of the *Jalfeys* type. The reason for the revival of this dispute has been the question of the uselessness and immorality

effectiveness of the falling knife's operation. It is asserted that Louis advocated its use upon humane and physiological grounds; he knew that the death thereby must be instantaneous; that all feeling and intelligence must cease at the moment when the sanguine connection between the heart and brain is severed. And it was the main object of the process that ultimately carried it in the Assembly; for the discussion on the point was long, and nearly terminated by the adoption of the guillotine. Said the law reporter of the time (1791): "The penalty of death ought to be exempt from torture, and reduced to the simple privation of life; your committee think that decapitation is the nature of death which departs the least from this principle; death by hanging appears to be slower and consequently more cruel." That Louis was correct in conclusions has been within the past month re-proved by two physicians who examined and experimented upon a victim's head as soon as it was severed, and found that the ear, the eye, the nose were absolutely unimpressionable. The face exhibited no sign of pain; the impression on the countenance, with its open mouth and staring eyes, was simply one of stupor. It would occupy a long space to detail their tests for sensibility; but they were all neutral in result; and all completely negatived the absurd stories lately revived in connection with the guillotine subject. "One thing only made the inanimate facial muscles twitch, and that was electricity; but it was certain that this was not a voluntary movement, for, when the skull was sawn asunder and the brain removed, there was still a quivering in the features to which the current was immediately applied.

## One of Thiers' Tricks.

He was born in Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797. His father was a blacksmith, but his mother's relatives got him a scholarship in the Imperial Lyceum of his birthplace, where he went through his studies with splendid success. When eighteen years old Thiers went to Aix to attend the lectures of the faculty of law in that town. There he began to play the role of a party leader among his comrades, haranguing vehemently against the restoration of the Bourbons, and in favor of the Bonapartism which his veteran eloquence has since so earnestly denounced.

"One of his tricks at that period is evidence of how decidedly the child is father of the man; for very tricky indeed has been the Mirabeau-mouche, as he was once branded by a distinguished woman. A prize had been offered for the best eulogium on Vauvenargues by the Academy of Aix, a good and peaceful academy, which, to make use of Voltaire's witicism, had always succeeded like an honest woman, in keeping itself from being talked about. Thiers determined to win the prize, and sent in his manuscript. It was deemed pre-eminent, but unluckily the name of the author was either divined or betrayed, and as there was no other candidate who deserved the palm, the worthy members of the Academy, rather than award it to the little Jacobin, put off their decision to the following year.

At the appointed time the manuscript of Thiers made its re-appearance, but in the meantime "a production" from Paris which eclipsed all its competitors, had been judged hastened to crown it, according, however, to the paper presented by Thiers the humble favor of an accessit.

The name of the Parisian victor was then unsealed, and great was the consternation of the academicians when it was found to be that of Thiers himself! He had indulged in the malicious pleasure of mystifying the learned gentlemen by treating the subject in a new point of view, causing the composition to be copied in a strange hand, sending it on a journey from Aix to Paris, and from Paris to Aix, and thus obtaining both the prize and the accessit.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

## Dickens' Advice to Students.

To the student generally I have had in my mind first, to commend the short motto in two words, Courage. Persevere. This is the motto of a friend and worker. Not because the eyes of Europe are upon them, for I don't in the least believe it; nor because the eyes of even England are upon them, for I don't in the least believe it; nor because their doings will be proclaimed with such musical performance will take place; nor because self-improvement is at all certain to lead to worldly success; but simply because it is good and right of itself, and because, being so, it does assuredly bring with it its own resources and its own rewards. I would further commend to them a very wise and witty piece of advice on the conduct of the understanding, by Rev. Sidney Smith—wisest and wisest of the friends I have lost. He says:

"There is a piece of folly which is to be cautiously guarded against—the folly of universality, of knowing all sciences, and excelling in all arts, chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reading, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education very often is, 'take the Admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing.' 'Now,' said he, 'my advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.'"

To this I would superadd a little truth, which holds equally good of my own life and the life of every eminent man I have ever known. The only serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and every purpose, is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily laboring, drudging attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy, and association of ideas will not be commanded; but attention, after a due term of submissive service, will. Like certain plants, which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it can be cultivated by any one, and it is certain, in its own good season, to bring forth flowers and fruit.

## A Lesson in Conversation.

If our talk is to prosper, the subject of it must be led up to gradually. It must be led up to gradually, and what is more, naturally; the conversation reaching it by easy stages, and, as one may say, in the course of nature. And this leading up must, you are entreated to remember, be the work of destiny, and by no means brought about by you who wish to profit by it. Next in magnitude to the fault of dragging in your subject head and heels, is the error of leading up to it in a forced and unnatural manner. You must wait for your opportunity. Self-commendation and flattery are necessary to the attainment of conversation, as of any other distinction.

You must be patient, then, but you must also be vigilant; a combination of equalities rare but indispensable to those who would be great in anything. You must be ready when that opportunity which has been spoken of does come, to seize it and hold it fast. You must hold your remark, your description, your story, or whatever it is, in your hand, as a skilled fiddler does a despatch, but you must be ready to let it slip when the right moment comes. If that moment is missed, your chance is gone. Not the proverbial mutton, not Queen Anne herself, are more utterly dead than is a subject which has once been disposed of and dropped. You can not revive it; to assert that such resuscitation is possible would be to mislead many unoffending and, perhaps, deserving persons. If a good thing comes into your head after the opportunity for letting it loose upon society has gone by, the best thing you can do is to gulp it down altogether, or keep it by you, in case a use for it should come in the course of time.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

## Obituaries.

PARTICULAR NOTICE! Persons wishing obituaries published in the *Morning Star*, who do not patronize it, must accompany them with cash equal to five cents a line, to insure an insertion. Brevity is specially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

JAMES STUART, only child of W. B. and Emily Stuart Lawrence, died in Albany, Kansas, Feb. 14, aged 15 months. A little shrewd but brain, after a brief illness of only twenty-four hours, aged 2 years and 7 months. COM.

FRED MANFIELD, son of Rev. G. C. and Mrs. J. A. Waterman, died in Lowell, N. Y., Feb. 28, of spinal meningitis, aged 16 weeks. COM.

FRANCIS T., youngest child of Bro. R. and sister Kate Burbank, died in Parsonsfield, Jan. 12, aged 15 months. This little shrewd but brain, after a brief illness of only twenty-four hours, aged 2 years and 7 months. COM.

CHARLES F., son of Robert and Sarah B. Smith, died in Northfield, Feb. 18, aged 22 years and 8 months. By this afflictive providence the parents are called to mourn the loss of an only son, their pride and hope, on whom they were expecting to lean in the decline of life, and in whose society they were promising themselves much happiness. Three months ago he was a brother-in-law kind and true. J. B. HIGGINS.

BETSY ELLEN, wife of Z. Small and daughter of Mrs. Mary Blodgett, died in Berwick, Me., of consumption, aged 29 years. Mrs. Small early became pious. Jesus was her guiding star, consequently her hope grew stronger and stronger as she neared her heavenly home. As a daughter, she was dutiful and attentive; as a wife, affectionate and cheerful; as a Christian, resigned and faithful. She rests in peace.

SALMON H. SANBORN died in Meredith, June 2, 1870, aged 48 years. Mr. S. made no public profession of his religion, and was called away from earth some what suddenly. He leaves a wife and dutiful daughters to mourn the absence of a kind husband and an affectionate father. On the funeral occasion, many testified by their words and tears to the loss of a good citizen and neighbor. A. D. SMITH.

MARY, widow of the late Thomas Fernald, died in London, N. H., Sept. 28, 1870, aged 85 years. Her Christian experience dates back some fifty years to the faithful labors of Elder S. B. Dyer, by whom she was baptized and united with the F. Baptist church in London, where she remained a worthy member until her death. She possessed a meek and quiet disposition, which endeared her to many friends. She loved the society of Christians and ever found in them a refuge loved and respected by all who knew her. She leaves a number of children and grandchildren to mourn the loss of so venerable a mother and friend. COM.

TIMOTHY HORN died in New Durham, March 3, aged 76 years and 10 months. Brother Horn's first wife was a daughter of Elder B. R. H. He experienced religion and united with the F. Baptist church in New Durham nearly 50 years ago, and has lived a consistent Christian life ever since. His wife visited him a short time before his death, and he expressed an entire submission to the will of God. Nearly his last words were, "It is well." D. L. EDGERLEY.

JOHN MERRILL, son of Rev. Levi Merrill, died at his residence near Evergreen, Iowa, Dec. 23, 1870, aged 61 years. He was born in Hampton, Maine. He became a Christian in early life, united with the F. Baptists, and was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. After a long and protracted illness and suffering, he passed away in the triumph of faith, leaving a wife better to depart and be with Christ. He leaves a wife and six children. Funeral services by the writer. J. L. LESHER.

MARCIA V., daughter of the widow Ruth A. Fisher, died in Lyndon, Dec. 17, of cancer-rash, aged 8 years. Marcia was a S. S. scholar and a good girl, and was a daughter of her mother. Her father was a Baptist minister, and she was a devoted child. Text Lam. 1: 12.

JAMES SHERBORN died in S. Wheelock, Vt., Jan. 14, aged 80 years. Bro. Sherborn came to Wheelock when it was a wilderness and he lived to see it a fruitful field. He was a spiritual man, and was a devoted Christian. He was a member of the F. Baptist church, and was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He leaves a wife and six children. Funeral services by the writer. B. S. MOODY.

JOHN M., youngest son of Rev. Cummins and Eliza Paris, died in Wolfborough, Feb. 21, aged 21 years. He was a member of the F. Baptist church, and was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He was a devoted Christian, and was a member of the F. Baptist church, and was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. He leaves a wife and six children. Funeral services by the writer. H. F. DICKEY.

AMY, wife of Mr. Wells Gray, died in Paw Paw, Michigan, Jan. 30, in the 53d year of her age. Sister Gray was born in Berwick, Me., and was a devoted Christian. She was a member of the F. Baptist church, and was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. She leaves a husband and six children. Funeral services by the writer. COM.

ELEN M., wife of Henry Maine and daughter of Joshua and Sarah B. Williams, died in Providence, R. I., Feb. 12, aged 24 years. The deceased was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. Her brief life was filled with usefulness, and the sunshine of her presence spread joy and happiness wherever she went. At the age of fourteen she became a teacher in the Sunday school, and retained what was then her juvenile class until Mrs. J. called her up higher. For years she contributed largely to the music of the Sunday school and church. About nine months ago she was afflicted with a severe cold, which she did not heed, and she died. She was a devoted Christian, and was a member of the F. Baptist church, and was a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. She leaves a husband and six children. Funeral services by the writer. COM.

Roger Williams church, where a large audience assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to one they loved. All seemed to be mourners. She will be missed here by one who had hoped to share the joys of life's voyage for more than a brief year, by parents who never knew before the pain of parting with a child, by brothers and sisters strongly endeared to each other, by many relatives and numerous friends, but she will not be missed in heaven. Let each resolve to meet her there. J. MARRER.

MAJOR CHANCERY DAY died in Sumner, Mich., Jan. 21, aged 89 years and 10 months. In early life he came to Genesee Co., N. Y., where he reared a large family. As they began to settle in life, one after another came to Mich., until about thirty years ago the aged parents followed. They being of very strong constitution, went to a new farm. But soon his wife sank under the weight of care and age, and was called to that rest for which she had prepared for years. Her husband still waited and watched for his departure with Christian patience, until he was called home. He leaves children, grand-children, and great-grand-children to mourn their loss. S. C.

## Academies, &amp;c.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE. PITTSFIELD, ME. GEORGE B. FILES, A. B., Principal. MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress. MISS ARLOINE M. FERNALD, Associate. E. EUGENE WADE, A. B., Prin. of Normal Dept. MISS L. MARIA SIMONS, Associate. MISS J. F. STERKE, Teacher of Music. D. M. WAIT, Teacher in Commercial Department. Length of Term, ten weeks. CALENDAR, 1871—Spring Term begins February 2. Summer " " April 17. Fall " " August 24. Anniversary Exercises, June 21st. N. F. WEXMOUTH, Secretary Trust.

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AUSTIN ACADEMY. CENTER STRATFORD, N. H. The Spring Term, eleven weeks, will commence Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1871. L. C. GRAVES, A. M., from Bates College, Principal. Tuition—Primary, \$3.50. Common English, 4.00. Higher, 4.50. Languages, 5.00. Board in good families from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Rooms can be obtained by those who wish to board themselves. GEO. C. PERRY, President. WARREN FOSS, Secretary. Stratford, Jan. 15, 1871.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY. THE SPRING TERM of this institution will open March 27. Its courses of study are as follows: In Female Department—Collegiate, English, Musical, Painting. In Male Department—Classical, English and Scientific, Commercial. Superior facilities are furnished to Young Men. The Female Department is one of the most successful in the State. Terms moderate. For full information, send for Catalogue. J. S. GARDNER, Principal. Whitestown, N. Y., Jan. 25, '71.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE. REV. J. L. COLLIER, A. M., President. REV. I. D. ANDERSON, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages. WILLIAM REED, Professor of Mathematics. MISS MORIE SUMPTION, Teacher of Primary Department. Mrs. MARY J. E. ADKINSON, Teacher of Instrumental Music. Calendar for 1870-71—Fall term begins September 6, and ends November 25. Spring term begins March 7, and ends May 27. Summer term begins June 6, and ends August 15. 36

HILLSDALE COLLEGE. The spring term will open on Wednesday, March 15, 1871, and continue thirteen weeks, closing with the Annual Commencement on June 15. The last annual Catalogue will be sent on application. L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. and Treas.

WILTON SEMINARY. Opens its spring term, March 5, and will continue twelve weeks. Wilton, Iowa. O. E. BAKER.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL. The next Term of the Theological School will begin January 5, and close March 18, 1871. J. J. BUTLER, Secy. Lewiston, Me., Dec. 15, 1870.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY. The Spring Term of this institution will commence WEDNESDAY, March 15, 1871. ALBERT R. SAVAGE, Principal. ANNIE O. TUTTLE, Preceptress. During the temporary absence of Mr. Savage, competent teachers will be supplied. Board and rooms furnished at reasonable rates. For further particulars address, THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D., Pres. E. S. TARKER, Secy. Northwood, N. H., Feb. 23, 1871.

THE LYNDON LITERARY AND BIBLICAL INSTITUTION. WILL open its First Term at Lyndon Center, Vt., Vermont, on TUESDAY, August 23, 1870, for the Academic year 1870-71. CALENDAR.—Fall term begins August 23; ends Nov. 4. Winter term begins Nov. 15; ends Jan. 29, 1871. Spring term begins April 29; ends July 14, 1871. Summer term begins June 29; ends Sept. 6, 1871. The Institution will be under the charge of Mr. GEORGE W. WORTHEN, Principal. MISS SARAH E. MASON, Preceptress. MR. HIRAM M. PEARL, Teacher of Commercial Department, and of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship. MISS LUCILLA I. MEIGS, Teacher of Music. With such other assistance as may be required.

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