

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

4-5-1871

The Morning Star - volume 46 number 14 - April 5, 1871

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., APRIL 5, 1871.

Number 14.

THE MORNING STAR. A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER FOR THE FAMILY.

FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
L. R. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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

REMITTANCES must be made in money or bank checks, or drafts, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

The regular charges for money orders, bank checks, and Post Office money orders may be deducted from the amount due when thus sent. Agents are particularly requested to make their remittances as large as possible and thus save expenses.

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

Each subscriber is particularly requested to note the date on the label for the expiration of his subscription, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1871.

Hymn of the Present.

Not only in old days He bowed
The heavens and came down;
We, too, were shadowed by the cloud,
And saw the glory show!
The nations that seemed dead have felt
His coming through their thrill;
Beneath His tread the mountains melt;
Our God is living still!

He who in secret hears the sigh,
Interprets every tear,
Hath lightened on us from on high—
Made known his presence near.
The Word takes flesh; the Spirit, form,
His purpose to fulfill;
He comes in person of the storm—
Our God who governs still!

We saw—all of us saw—how He
Drew sword and struck the blow,
And up and free through their Red Sea
He led the captives go.
Yes, we have seen Him, clearly seen
Him work the miracle;
We know, whatever may intervene,
Our God is with us still!

The roll of time a moment falls
From off the Eternal's face;
Heeds the old horizon walls
To give fresh breathing space;
And all who lift their eyes, may learn
It is our Father's will,
This world to Him shall freely turn—
A world of freedom still!

—Gerald Massey.

Missionary Correspondence.

CAMP BHIMPUR, INDIA, JAN. 23, 1871.

We began the year at Midnapore with this week of prayer. The native church seemed to enter into it with greater interest and delight than ever before, and the meetings were well attended. It has been well said that "Particularity is the life of prayer." The definite objects of prayer presented each day were taken up by our brethren with great eagerness, and the prayers and remarks offered were characterized by peculiar freshness and fervor. So far as I am informed, all our mission churches observed the week of prayer, and I hope the coming months may testify to the Spirit's presence and power in the conversion of many sinners throughout our field.

And while we met for prayer we did not forget the home churches, where we were being remembered by our beloved brethren in the Lord. How good to thus pray for each other! I hope that many of our churches observed this week of special prayer. To all such, at home and abroad, may the new year be one of abundant blessing. May our church-members become more consistent and resolute and devoted to Christ's service, and may many sinners turn from their sins to a pure and useful life.

We left home on the 11th inst. for a short tour among the Santal schools to the West. Mrs. Phillips accompanies me on this trip, and I find that "the wife alone" as a good friend of ours says, is a great advantage. She visits the women in the villages, and gets the little girls to attend school. In this way already quite a number of girls have been brought in, and we hope many more will come. It is pleasing to perceive that the prejudice against teaching girls to read is gradually yielding to reason. Still there are plenty of Santals who continue to talk after the old fashion. The other day a man said, when asked if he would let his daughter attend school, "No; it's only a girl; what can she learn?" Another favorite reason often advanced for not teaching the girls is this: "They will soon leave our home and become the property of their husbands; so what advantage can it be to us to send them to school?" But, thank God, this selfish, narrow policy is disappearing, and the Santals are beginning to appreciate an education for both their girls and boys.

I hope to report at least twenty girls in the jungle schools by the end of March. The teachers are waking up to their duty, and several are working very diligently to bring in the village girls. When these teachers are thoroughly in earnest, it will come easier.

We spent several days at Bhura where there was a jatra, or religious festival. Thousands of people assembled on the dusty plain in front of a little bamboo bush, under which stood the earthen image of Bhun raj, the local god. Once a year this jatra is held, and this idol receives remarkable attention for three days, after which it lies neglected, broken and kicked about for the rest of the year. You would hardly believe, Christian reader, that intelligent beings could be so superstitious as are these poor Hindus. Rice, fruit, sweetmeats, fowls and kids are presented at the shrine of this idol. These are brought in fulfillment of vows made in time of trouble, during serious illness or at other critical junctures in life. These heathen will never cheat their gods out of what they promised to pay over. Oh, that professed Christians were as careful not to "rob God!"

Inquired of several parties bringing gifts, the reason for their offerings, and learned a thing or two that may interest your readers. Some brought offerings because they had been restored to health from painful and protracted sickness, so they said, at least. Nothing cured them, no medicine did them any good, until they vowed to offer a hen or a kid at the shrine of the great Bhun raj. Others said that this celebrated idol had cured cases of sterility pronounced incurable by the doctors. And there were young mothers here, happy over their first-born, bearing gifts to this painted image. I went to the bamboo bush and took a quiet look at what was going on. There stood the priest presiding over the performances, happy man, knowing his share of all this booty. Directly in front of him I saw a woman prostrated at full length on the dusty ground. After bumping her head several times against the ground she arose, and laying hands on her child, a beautiful girl of nine or ten, she made her do the same. Poor, innocent child, pity her, but pity more the ignorant mother, who taught her thus to dishonor God and break his commandments. No sooner had this little party turned away than another and another pressed into the little space vacated in front of the god. Not three yards away was tied a little kid, which was soon to be beheaded. And here and there in the motley crowd men held large, handsome fowls, which would in turn drop their heads on the bloody grass before the cruel Bhun. The poorer people brought gifts less costly, and all were pressing to the front.

One little incident attracted my attention. Standing beside the tank in conversation with an interesting company of Santals, I noticed that, every now and then, a man took a fowl down into the water, washed it all over and then walked away towards the bamboo bush. The people told us that this was done to cleanse the offering and make it acceptable to the idol. And this at once suggested the thought that we who know and love the true God should be very careful to bring acceptable offerings to him. Let the heathen teach us to come before our God with hearts and hands washed from sin and made pure for his holy service.

One of the jungle schools we visited last week is kept by a young man from the Midnapore training school, named Porter Burbank. He is a nephew of Dula, and has been school-master nearly a year. He has done well, indeed better than I had expected, having brought together twenty or more Santal lads, and taught them their letters, so that several can read and spell quite correctly. He seemed to love his pupils, and they love and obey him. As yet he had done nothing towards bringing in girls, but we hope soon to hear of several in his school. This young man assured us that he is leading a life of prayer. His friends in America will rejoice to hear this. May God bless him.

Matters here at Bhimpur are mending. Things never looked quite so hopeful to me before. The persecution of our Santal brethren has well nigh died out, save as now and then those two strong-minded women of Panchu's household hold forth for his edification. They have not of late handled other words than their tongues, and these are little feared. Last July, when I entered the family dwelling, what a hearty greeting of downright abuse I received. But yesterday the old mother appeared really glad to see me, and took considerable notice of our little girl just beginning to walk. It wouldn't be strange if the little one helped find and open the way to her poor dark heart. She gave us seats, and we had a cheerful chat of fifteen minutes. The two sons of Panchu, whom their mother and grandmother took out of school and sent away from the village, lest they become infected with Christianity, are now working their way back. Never before this time have I had a chance to speak with them, but now they don't dodge us and hide as before. Paban, the eldest, came to my tent, and entered into conversation. He answered all my questions with great frankness, and said that his father had done right in becoming a Christian. His brother is in school again, and apparently interested in his books. After the examination I was selling books to the boys, when he took up a Beagall New Testament and said,

"I'll buy this one." This is very cheering. These two ignorant women can't keep the young people from perceiving the truth of the Christian religion, nor can all their abuse keep the sons from embracing the faith of their father. I believe, both of them will become Christians.

The wives of Raju and Sanatan, the other brothers, are in a good way, and seem to be really seeking after the truth. They received us to their houses with great delight, and conversed freely about religious matters. These two women, and the wife of Sanatan, the traveling teacher, should be long brought into the church. Their husbands, I am sorry to find, are not doing all they might to teach them in the way of life. It is hard getting even our Christians to feel that a woman's soul is worth as much as a man's. But they will learn by and by.

In this village of Bhimpur, as in several others, all the families having girls have been visited by my wife in company with the school-teacher, and thirteen girls are promised us for the school. There are about twenty boys in regular attendance now; and we hope more will come in. We should like to make this Bhimpur school the best of all the jungle schools, and the introduction of ten or a dozen girls will help raise it. There is a strong desire for learning among the Santals of this vicinity, and a good school here would tend to strengthen this desire. A young man, who has been a teacher several months and ranks among the first, came to me this morning and gave up his school, saying, "I will teach it. I want to learn more myself. I wish to attend this Bhimpur school until next June, and then go to Midnapore to finish up. And then I shall try teaching again." This seems right, and cheers us.

Jan. 31. MIDNAPORE.—Safely back at home, this lovely morning, the school hills made out and sent in to our friend, Mr. Martin, proofs are corrected for the Mission press, besides plenty of odds and ends attended to, and now this must be posted for your office, as Tuesday is our mail day here. We are waiting very anxiously for news of the *William Woodbury*, in which our friends sailed for Boston last August. Perhaps this week's steamer will bring us the news to-morrow.

J. L. P.

Reconstruction in Europe.

Of the results that are to follow the war just closed, the editor of *Every Saturday* says:

We look first to Germany itself. The unification of all the German States was one of the first incidents of the crisis, and its importance cannot be over-estimated. In the new empire Prussia will have great prestige, but the balance of power will be with the other States, if they choose to exercise it, and unquestionably, when the habit of deliberation which belongs to such a federal government becomes developed, with its inevitable attendance—an enlarged public spirit on the one hand, and a jealousy in behalf of reserved rights on the other—nothing can arrest the tendency to just and liberal institutions. We already see this principle bearing fruit in the union of Hungary and Austria, unequal as that union is. In Germany this grand result of the war is worth everything, for with a single drawback it promises to supply all that the future could derive from the present era. This drawback, of course is the German armament with its now colossal and possibly dangerous prestige. Will not Germany, henceforth, rely more than ever upon her army, and be ever cutting out work for it to do? Will not the other nations of Europe think that the lesson of the war is that safety and success lie in turning all citizens into soldiers? While here is unquestionably the dangerous feature of the reconstruction epoch in Europe, the prospect it opens is by no means hopeless. The German army has been only one element of an extraordinary juncture. Suppose that army had been commanded by French generals. German armies exist every day, but the world has had to wait from the days of Bonaparte for such a commander as Von Moltke; and Germany may have to wait a longer for such another than the intervals between Moltke and Frederick the Great; and even then she will not be likely to get a Bismarck at the same time. These two Boanerges—the septuagenarian general and the inviolable statesman—have now "fought their last battle"; and if the Germans should make the mistake of over-dependence upon their heavy battalions, regardless of leadership, they might find their enormous armies driven in upon themselves, as Hannibal's elephants were sent crashing through their own ranks. We trust, however, that a truer wisdom and a better appreciation of their position in Europe will prevail with the people of Germany.

In turning to France, to consider her share in the reconstruction of Europe, we must frankly confess that, at the present chaotic moment, the data for any probable calculations of the future are wholly wanting. The French mind is stunned by the blows of utter and ignominious defeat, falling when the imagination was swollen with anticipated triumph. It will take time to bring the nation to its true bearings. More government experiments may be tried, but some good system of limited monarchy, probably under the House of Orleans, promises to be the final resilient

of the several political forces now in operation. Absolutism, either with or without the varnish of the kind of popular suffrage hitherto known in France, is outgrown; if not, the case is hopeless. As to that cry of undying revenge which is sent, like a Partisan arrow, after the retiring Germans, we do not, for our own part, consider it of much consequence. What man has not, in his youthful days, solemnly resolved to flog his teacher as soon as he got the strength of manhood, remembering it afterwards only when he felt specially moved to thank that same teacher for good correction well administered? It will take at least one generation for France to acquire any hope of matching Germany in the field, and by that time she may feel that the visitations of the year 1870 were deserved and had proved a priceless benefaction.

The general consequences of the war, who can at this hour foretell? Its political casualties we may roughly outline as follows: Destroyed—the old map of Europe and the old treaties and balance of power; wounded badly—one Pope, and the feelings of thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen; missing—one empire, and a modern Caesar. To balance this we have: two nations unified, Germany and Italy; two put in accord (probably), England and the United States; one, Russia, relieved from trammels; one, France, given a good opportunity; two men bulletined to immortal fame; and an immense impulse imparted to religious freedom. Surely, the weight of evidence is on the side of hope; so much so at least as to enable us to await and study the coming reconstruction period in Europe with entire equanimity.

Remedy for our Infidelity.

A physician of scholarship and high standing in a prominent city in the States, when traveling in California for the sake of sight-seeing, found his spirit moved by the abounding wickedness, and thus gives utterance to his feelings:

I have passed over most of the state of California, and have visited those indescribable wonders, the valley of Yo Semite and the Coladeras trees, and have been through the mining regions on the west side of the Sierras, and my attention has been called to the great need of the gospel amid the prevailing and defiant forms of infidelity I saw and heard almost everywhere. There are Christians scattered over the state; and they are true men and women—but how few. There are few ministers, and large portions of the state are without regular preaching. The Sabbath is disregarded, profanity is shockingly common. Infidelity naturally finds this a favorable soil. I have met with it in all its modern forms. I have longed to do these people good. To accomplish it best, I have entered the colporteur work of the American Tract Society.

I met a young miner, who said when he came to this state he believed in the Mosiac account of the creation; but his experience in mining had convinced him that Moses was mistaken. At the same time holding up a stalactite, he said, "This must have been older than six thousand years." Another said, "There must be some truth when such men of science as Darwin, Huxley, and others offer so much evidence in favor of the development theory of the origin of the species."

I have met with all the objections made by Paine and Voltaire, and have frequently had their works called for.

I found remote regions flooded with scientific falsehood, while religious journals are rarely seen. San Jose was at that time a perfect hot-bed of spiritualism and infidelity in every form. One man said, "We are under the influences of a force, and are not to blame for any crime committed, however great." Even women are found who sneer at the teachings of the Bible.

The churches are unable to meet this tremendous tide of high-banded and persistent skepticism. The members are too few in number, and too poor to support the settled ministry in the many and growing villages throughout the state. I can see only one speedy remedy. The country must be flooded with a sound philosophy. There must be also works on the evidences of the Christian religion, the authenticity of the Scriptures, and other religious reading, such as the American Tract Society furnishes. The books and colportage of the Bible and Tract Societies, I have become convinced, can best meet the religious demands of this state. In some respects there is ground for precious hope. I have often met with the children of the church, who, while talking on the subject of personal religion, would have their eyes suffused with tears, and have seen Christians weep convulsively over the spiritual desolation.

Abiding Words.

Mr. Spurgeon thus forcibly illustrates a very precious truth:

The words of man seldom bear close inspection. You may take a needle which is highly polished, and appears to be without the slightest inequality upon the surface, you may put it under a microscope, and you will discover it to be a rough and rusty bar of iron; but take the wing or the foot of an insect, and put this under the lens, you will discover no flaw, magnify it as much as you please. So, take the words of man. The first time you hear them, they will strike you; you hear them again, and still

admire their sentiments; but when often heard, you are weary of them, and you wonder how it was that people could become so infatuated as to quote such feeble words, which by repetition lose all their power. The words of Jesus are the very opposite of this. You may ring the changes upon them, and never exhaust their music; you may think of them, consider them, by day and by night; you may, as it were, put them into a mortar and beat them with the pestle of contemplation, and there will be a fragrance and a perfume all the more discoverable when you have bruised them and brought them down to the very lowest point of criticism.

I remember being in the Island of Lido, off Venice, listening to the music of the bells, thinking how charming it was—perhaps no melody could be sweeter; but on returning to the city on the same day, the bells there ringing seemed to drive one mad; there was no sweetness, apparently, in any one; distance had lent enchantment to the sound. And so with the word of man. At a distance, it rings out melody only; but take it to pieces, and find out each quality, each separate thought, and you find nothing but dissonance. It is never so with the words of Jesus. You can hear them ring very far when you are a sinner, alone on the mountain wilds, and they still ring of hope; and you can afterward listen to each distinct word, each separate silver bell, and among all, say of each separate one: "I never thought there was anything so inexpressibly sweet as this outside of heaven."

Cheered by Broad Views.

A pastor thus sought to aid his people in looking out upon the world so as to find the proofs that the heaven of the gospel is steadily and famously working. He said:

It is only as we gather into one sweep a vision of the ages, that we are able to see the triumphant march of Jehovah's purpose, often through prolonged periods of darkness and apparent disaster, but always towards light and blessing. We stand in this respect where we may behold the working of the wheels of progress, and often nothing but the jar and motion of their work is made sensible to us. We see the swinging of the pendulum, but it swings backwards as well as forwards, and we are bewildered and lost in an inability to comprehend the object of it all. But the dial on which the result of this jar and whirl, and commotion, is marked, is always open to the Almighty, and the fingers, in the hours of tumult no less than in the time of peace, move steadily forward, and are pointing constantly to higher figures on the face of human progress. Not often may we catch a glimpse of the dial, but when we do, it is to see the hands steadily advancing toward the noon of the divine purpose.

Truth is one in all lands. Progress is progress, whether it take for its marching-ground America or Europe; and in one sense of the word, no Christian may be narrowed to a single nationality—he is the only true cosmopolitan—the world is his fatherland, the whole earth is his country; his relationship in Christ may be bounded by no tribe or empire; wherever soil is found in which truth may grow, there are planted the seeds of his affection, and whatever affects the political, or social, or moral relations of man is "news from home" to him.

Power of the Inner Life.

Few preachers have surpassed Dr. Hamilton in drawing out great spiritual truths from material analogies, and making common incidents fervently preach grand thoughts. Here is an example:

On a winter's day I have noticed a row of cottages, with a deep load of snow on their several roofs; but as the day wore on, large fragments began to tumble from the eaves of this one and that other, till, by and by, there was a simultaneous avalanche; and the whole heap slid over in powdery ruin on the pavement, and before the sun went down you saw each roof as clear and dry as on a summer's eve. But here and there you will observe one with its snow-mantle unbroken, and a ruff of stiff icicles around it. What made the difference? The difference was to be found within. Some of these huts were empty, or the lonely inhabitant cowered over a scanty fire; whilst the peopled hearth and the high-blazing fagots of the great fire created such an inward warmth that grim winter melted and relaxed his gripe, and the loosened mass folded off and tumbled over on the trampled streets. It is possible by some outside process to push the main volume of snow from the frosty roof, or chip off the icicles one by one. But they will form again, and it needs an inward heat to create a total thaw. And so, by sundry processes, you may clear off from a man's conduct the dead weight of conspicuous sins; but it needs a hidden heat, a vital warmth within, to produce such a separation between the soul and its besetting iniquities, that the whole wintry incrust, the entire body of sin, will come spontaneously away. That vital warmth is the love of God abundantly shed abroad—the kindly glow which the Comforter diffuses in the soul which he makes his home. His genial inhabitation thaws that soul and its favorite sins asunder, and makes the indolence and self-indulgence and indevotion fall off from their old resting-place on that

dissolving heart. The easiest form of self-mortification is a fervent spirit.

Events of the Week.

MR. SUMNER'S SAN DOMINGO SPEECH.

The event of the week was Senator Sumner's speech on his San Domingo resolutions, delivered in the Senate on Monday, the 27. His well-known hostility to the scheme of annexation drew together a large audience, and his forcible delivery held their closest attention to the end. The speech was a severe arraignment of the Administration for its course in the annexation intrigue, and the employment of the navy to hold the opposing Dominicans in subjection while negotiations were conducted was bitterly denounced. His assertions were accompanied by official reports, &c., and it was undoubtedly the most effective presentation of the case that the opposition could make. Mr. Howe attempted to shield the President from Sumner's gravest charges, but he apparently labored under difficulties, and was replied to in an eloquent and telling manner by Senator Schurz. The speech was generally candid in its tone, but there were sentences as bitter as wormwood, and such as our chief Statesman could hardly use with dignity. It has begun a war of debate that will probably be long and severe, arousing temper on both sides and making defeat all the harder to bear.

RETURN OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

The San Domingo Commissioners arrived in Washington Monday evening of last week. They found the island in a peaceful state, except near the Haytian border, and Baez possessing the respect and allegiance of a great majority of the population. The report states that he had four times accepted the position of chief magistrate, and that the President, Cabinet, Legislature and Judiciary were in favor of yielding their authority to the United States. Industrial pursuits were somewhat paralyzed by the commotions of the last few years, and the resources of the Republic had so diminished that it could not pay all its expenses, the confidence of the people alone keeping it in existence. Cabral is represented as a revolutionary leader, able to disturb only a small portion of the island, but doing that quite effectually. The physical, mental and moral condition of the inhabitants was found much better than was anticipated. There appeared no prejudice on account of race or color, and the citizens were peaceable and respectful. They are mostly Catholics, have but few schools, and are comparatively ignorant. The debt of the island is set at a million and a half, without any evidence that the government is bound to Hayti for the indemnity to France. A good many fair promises are made by the Dominicans in case the United States accepts them, and the report gives, on the whole, quite a favorable statement of the condition of the island.

ALMOST A COLLISION.

There was another discreditable scene in the U. S. Senate last Thursday, in which Garrett Davis and Gen. Butler nearly came to blows. While the former was speaking on Ku-Klux matters, Butler came up near him, and taking a seat directly in front, sat gazing insolently into his face while he continued his speech. At length the Kentucky member lost his self-control, and when citing examples of those who have started false reports of Ku-Klux outrages for their own advantage, he said that Butler was one of them, and called him a "wicked, unscrupulous, lying villain," and a "base scoundrel." The imperturbable General took it so coolly that the rage of the Kentuckian was fairly kindled, and but for the interference of Senator Wilson he would have laid heavy hands on the Essex member. The scene was disgraceful enough at the best, but the country can congratulate itself that no worse results were reached.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The condition of things in Paris is not much improved. The insurgents still hold the city, and make bitter threats against the government. The results of the communal elections have been declared, and the organization to resist imperialism is continued. The red flag is displayed everywhere in Paris, and the populace cry loudly for a Republic. The regular government at Versailles apparently hesitates to attack the insurgents, affirming that they need one hundred thousand men to insure success. The Germans deny having shown any favor to the mob, and will not interfere only as the conditions of peace are violated. The manufacturers in Paris are resuming work, but no courts are held and the judges have fled from the city. M. Thiers announces by virtue of a convention just signed that more German troops are to enter Paris, and that the French forces in the city are to be increased proportionately. On the other hand, the insurgents claim that they represent the only real government, and advise the people to pay no attention whatever to decrees from Versailles. They have abolished conscriptions, remitted rents, and offer the imperial palaces for sale. They are confident that the government troops will not fight even if an attack on Paris is ordered, and are revelling in authority that can hardly be otherwise than short-lived. Napoleon recently called on Queen Victoria, but did not probably make much by it. He is fast becoming a private citizen, even the reporters failing to watch him very closely.

Communications.

Profane Swearing.

The periodical press, both on our continent and at the original home of our language, has in several instances lately adverted somewhat seriously to the subject of profane swearing. Whilst recognizing this as a hopeful sign, the earnest Christian can not but fear that the evil will be found much too prevalent and deeply rooted to be remedied by transitory criticisms in the public journals, or, more correctly, in that very limited portion of them that will ever discuss the subject. The true remedy must be sought in some agency far more zealous and revolutionary.

Not a full half century has elapsed since the formation of the first Total Abstinence Society. Thousands among us remember the first promulgation of its principle, and the opprobrious and discouraging epithets that greeted its advent. "Unnecessary," said many; "absurd and intrusive," said others; "far too sanguine," said almost all. Nevertheless, under the divine blessing, the principle of total abstinence has established itself as a magnet in the land, and won the title of a world-wide benefactor. It took one of the strongholds of the devil by storm, weakened his forces, impaired his standing;—born of the Spirit of Christ, it has worked nobly for Christ, opening the way for his access to countless souls.

But there yet exists unshaken the still firmer stronghold of the adversaries of God and man first alluded to;—one incomparably more daring in its hostility to God and more subtle and deadly in its operation against the welfare of man. The drunkard sins primarily against himself and his dependents, and we reproach and shun him. The profane swearer directly assails the God whom we worship, and, scarcely in a lifetime of his sin, especially if a man of any standing in society, does he encounter a reproof or find his social position impaired. And yet how monstrous the mischief done by him, in comparison with the mischief done by the drunkard. The human soul comes into existence to be inducted into the noblest thoughts of its Maker. But place it beneath the influence of the profane swearer, and if the high faculty of veneration, which should have ultimately made it "a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven," be not utterly extinguished, it will be brought to the very verge of extinction. Whether as an offender against God, or society, or himself, the profane of the divine name is to the mere drunkard as a giant to a child.

Let it should seem that we are framing too severe an indictment against this offense, let us examine its elements.

1. It is useless speech; "idle words." The Son of God forewarns us, that for every idle word men shall be brought to judgment. If therefore we regard the practice merely in this light, we see that the profane swearer is heaping on his own head judgment by wholesale.

2. The Son of God points out to us yet another circumstance connected with the practice; "it cometh of evil." Not only is the overt act evil, but there is other evil behind it from which it has sprung. The man would not have sworn but for some intemperate and ungodly passion raging within him, which, instead of restraining and correcting, he chose to indulge.

3. The worst of sins, as seen by mere natural understanding, is the desecration of things holy. The profanation of the name of God must therefore be the worst of the worst of sins. It is not some earthly thing which the profane swearer desecrates;—a book, a doctrine, a temple; it is the audible symbol and equivalent of "the King eternal, immortal, invisible, whom no man hath seen or can see, the blessed and only potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords," who had no beginning and shall have no end. Accordingly, in uttering the specifications of His law to the Hebrews we find this King of kings and Lord of lords using as his common formula,—"Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," without specific threat of penalty. "Thou shalt not covet;" "Thou shalt not steal;" &c. But in the matter of this particular crime, he makes a marked variation. He launches at it a menace and a penalty; the worst penalty, the most fearful menace, that the mind of God can exhibit to the mind of man;—"I will not hold him guiltless, that taketh my name in vain." It is as if God laid his hand on the profane swearer, and said,—"Of all mankind, of all criminals, first and foremost, beware thou!"

4. Amongst the corrupters of the young, if there be any one more distinguished and successful than the rest, that one is the profane swearer. He it is, pre-eminently above all others, who subverts in the young that fear of God and natural conscience which is the beginning of wisdom, and thus throws open the way to all that is false, and dishonest, and ruffianly, and mean, and impure. In the law as given through Moses, we read (Levit. v. 1) that if any one merely "hear the voice" of profane swearing, and do not give information, i. e., to the proper tribunal, against the criminal, it shall be a sin; "he shall bear his iniquity." This sin is so peculiarly, so pestilentially infectious, even the merely hearing it committed is so injurious to the sanctity of the idea of the Divinity within the soul, that the imperiled person was required to counteract its assault upon his nature by a protest of the fiercest hostility. Though the offender were the friend of a lifetime, he must drag him to judgment with his own hand. These are fearful tokens of the mind of God in the matter.

5. The profane swearer commits an assault on the spiritual nature, which is the highest nature of every one around him who is not so degraded and impious as himself. That one person, necessarily, is required to listen to what his soul abhors, whether obscene or yet more infamous quality

and blasphemous, is in simple parallel, to necessitating him to look on what his soul abhors; and is a manifest outrage. Even toward a person living in the mere properties of natural religion and morals, it is an outrage for the profane swearer to compel his brain to reach the blasphemies of the friends he is harboring within himself. How much worse towards those who have experienced the redeeming love of God! Probably if a thousand such the question were put,—"Will you receive a blow, or hear the name of God profaned?" the answer would be,—"Smite me, smite me again and again, if you will; but do not profane the name of God."

6. A general use of the divine name profanely, loosens the whole frame-work of society. How should he who respects not the rights of God, respect the rights of man? Occasionally, such an one may have some flippant scheme of duties and rights of his own invention, but there is no hazard in saying that, on the whole, it will be found a mere reflex of the man's own misshapen nature; nothing fit to be recognized as sound principle and moral law. But for every profane swearer who even pretends to have any such guidance, there will be found ten thousand who make no such pretense. Profaners of the name of God are, in the mass, reckless and unprincipled. They "fear not God," and as a simple psychological consequence, "regard not men." The laws by such men are not understood as the engines of right, but of might. The judicial and the official oath from their lips loses its value. A diminished sense of its sacredness spreads from them through-out society. Instantly political things partake of the desecration; and public government, no longer true to its name and design, swerves every day further and further from virtue and patriotism. In short, where the divine name is constantly profaned, the security of all contracts and the sacredness of all engagements suffer, for the simple but cogent reason, that "the fear of God" no longer restrains the will of man. From the oath of office and the marriage vow, down to a mere contract to furnish an equivalent for value received, all the links of society become rotten under the insidious action of this terrible solvent.

7. The case of the profane swearer, in connection with the house of God and the means of grace at large, is a peculiar and unusually hopeless one. His sin is of such a character, that he feels sure the finger of scorn would be leveled at him as a hypocrite, from all sides, if he were to attend the preaching of the gospel; and thus he is rarely found doing so. And if, under stress of some worthy motive, he does so, it is the special property of his particular sin to enwrap him in a tenfold armor of levity and obduracy, and render his conversion hopeless beyond that of other sinners.

8. The last particular requiring to be mentioned, is the effect on the church itself, of a widespread profane use of the divine name in society. It is simple certainty that, before any great religious progress of society by the ordinary means can take place, veneration must be aroused and systematically cultivated as it never has been yet; and that the first step in the cultivation of veneration must be, a war to the knife against the profane use of the divine name. As long as the reverential awe of the Creator, naturally inherent in the human mind, continues to be driven out by this horrible practice, so long must the bulk of society continue insensible of the value and authority of religious things, and careless about the teachings of the church. But for the prevalence of this malignant agency among us, deadening conscience and veneration on the one hand, and on the other, shaming the swearer into self-exile from the house of God, there would be tens of thousands habitual attendants there that now are not such. This pernicious thing is prohibiting to us those who should be our converts by multitudes. Nor is this all. The children of God themselves have not yet wholly cast off the Adamic nature. If "airs from heaven" affect them, so do "blasts from hell." How often do their feet carry to the house of God hearts chilled to the core by the converse of the world. What more obvious than that, the worse the cause the worse the effect? or that a state of society from which this "black death" among the diseases of the soul had been extirpated, and in which man's conatural awe of the Almighty had not been destroyed, would be found far less opposed to the impressions of the sanctuary? Common sense will not suffer us to say less than that the church itself feels the blight and the disaster of the prevalence of this sin, to its very vitals.

Need these things continue? Why should there not be a league throughout the land for promoting abstinence from profane speech, as well as an association for promoting abstinence from intoxicating drinks? Can the reader think of any good reason? As already observed, both the intrinsic sinfulness and the resultant mischiefs of profanity are far greater than those of drunkenness. And, be the reason what it may, the ordinary forces of the existing church have ever proved, and do still prove, in their more direct forms, inadequate to deal with the latter; against the former also, they hitherto have proved and still are proving at least equally inefficacious. A discourse from the pulpit against drunkenness is likely to be heard least of all by the alcoholic drinker. A discourse against profanity is likely to be heard least of all by the profane swearer. The problem in both cases is how to get at the sinner whose particular sin needs amendment. May not the solutions of the two problems be identical? Is not the discovery of the remedy in the one case also a discovery of the remedy in the other? The church has, and regards as most important, many associations of her members; such, for instance, as those for visiting the sick, distributing tracts, multiplying and circulating Bibles; whilst again, entirely independent of their church relations, vast numbers of her members who

are zealous in the cause of sobriety, unite in temperance associations. Which of these can be specified, as of greater importance, and as calculated to effect a more stupendous change, than a league to promote a more general regard for the sacredness of the divine name? It might even be surmised, that a rigid and minute examination would establish the fact, that not even the Bible Societies themselves are of higher importance. Of what use is the Bible to that vast class, the profane swearers? So long as they continue such, they will not read it. To them that solemn word, God, is nothing more than a sound for emphasizing some crazy, or atheistic, or dirty thought.

This evil, like drunkenness, is one that needs a special literature to subdue it, and a special organization, to work the principle of that literature through and through society,—an organization branching into every corner of our land, alert alike in the public places and at the firesides, composed of such men and women from amidst our churches, Christian Instruction Societies and Bible classes, as can not endure to hear the name of the adorable God our Saviour profaned, without a flush of burning indignation at the sin and a sigh of pity for the sinner.

Reason seems to say that such an organization, supremely approved by the Lord himself, as from its very nature it must be, would, before the lapse of many years, become a mighty instrumentality for extending the church. We know what the results of all our great evangelistic leagues, so far, have been. We know how gloriously God has manifested his approval of them, and how effectually he is working out his revealed purposes by them. Surely this is not the case to which we ought to look for the first exception.

SENEX.

Plain Words from India.

[We have found ourselves so much pleased with the following letter from one of our well known and working missionaries, that we have enlisted the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Society in the league to lay it before the readers of the Star, notwithstanding its private direction, the apologies for its length and the prevalence of Anglo-Saxon frankness. Indeed it is this quality of homely directness,—this utter absence of official stilt and set formality,—this clear insight into the working of our forces in the mission field which it affords, that renders it especially welcome and assures it of power. We shall like them glad of such epistles as this, and shall like them none the less if they come to this office by the direct road. Ed.]

JELLASORE, JAN. 12, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER LIBBY: It seems but a very short time since my last Quarterly Report was sent off. This would have gone a few days earlier had not my hands been too full of business to write you. The last hindrance was a trip to Balasore this week on urgent business for the school. Others take my best girls off so much that I was under the necessity of hiring another teacher. As the girls advance they need more advanced teachers, and I did not like to engage one until I had looked him in the face; so I went to Balasore to take my choice of two. The one I preferred is very young, and has never taught. His father is a poor blind man, and the son has been supported in school by Bro. Smith's head teacher until he could pass examination. When my teacher gets through his lawsuit with the men who beat and robbed him, I hope our school will again be moving forward. Ever since the school convention I have had no assistant.

But my letter is more like gossip than a Report. We are still laboring to lead souls to Christ, and to bring up these children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I think I informed you that eight of our girls were baptized in Oct. Four more were baptized in Nov., and five or six are now waiting for the preachers to come and immerse them. Our meeting for inquirers last Tuesday was one of the best we ever had. One girl said she knew of a certainty the Lord had changed her heart and forgiven her sins. On being asked when the change took place and what her proof was, she said,—"After the native teachers were beaten and robbed in the bazar, and the wicked people threatened to come and kill you, I was in great fear. I came into the school-house alone one night, and prayed until the fear of death was gone, and joy and love to God filled my soul. Since that time my mind has been very happy, and I wish to serve the Lord all my life. Another girl who was so fearful after the row at the bazar that she wished to go home with the Midnapore folks, prayed very earnestly at our next meeting, that if the wicked folks did come to kill me, they (the girls) might not be afraid and run away, but stay and share my sufferings. Bro. Smith's teacher, who was so shamefully flogged and robbed, is a Brahmin son of a man, and a true philanthropist as far as one can be who does not receive Christ; but he is not a Bible man. For his sake I wanted my girls to select the most telling passages and recite them in a way that would hit. They did so well, that my heart was full of joy, and I was praying that all the hearers might be hit in general, and 'Head Master,' Phakir Maham, in particular. He applauded them heartily. In the evening of that same day, he came in so fearfully beaten that the girls wept with him, and we all did that we could to make him and his fellow-sufferers comfortable. Before he left for home he told me he had learned one thing. Never in all his life before had he seen children, little children, show so much sympathy for the sufferings of others. This week, when I met him in B., he had to speak of it again. He said,—"Now I see the fruit of your teaching the Bible so much. I have taught morality; the Bible is more. Your children saw my tears, and their hearts were all in sympathy, and I heard and saw those little things lecturing in the street." Poor man! I pray that the time may not be far distant when he will say, "I would see Jesus."

For Budhu Nath, the teacher in my school, I have great hope. It seems to me that he has been a fast learner in the way of life. We shall now have the little new teacher to

instruct and to pray for. His kind friend made him over to my care, and asked me to be merciful to the poor lad. He will live with Budhu Nath in our village, and will, I hope, not only be kept from all bad influences, but be led to Christ. Pray much for us. I had anticipated establishing a school for Hindu girls in the bazar close by us, early this year, but the time doesn't seem fully come.

Bro. Phillips had a cow killed here for beef at the time of our school convention, and that has made a dreadful stir. In the Hindu Shasters they say it is written that it is as bad to kill one cow as to kill ten men. They pretend our poor teachers were beaten for eating beef with us,—an act they never did. I did not even offer any to the girls. Some think Bro. P. was very indiscreet to butcher the cow when so many Hindus (Brahmas they would call themselves) were on the premises. Judging with only the wisdom of men, perhaps it was indiscreet. But is not a period of thirty years long enough to wait for our neighbors to learn that it is not a sin to kill a cow? When the poor teachers came in, acting as though they were half dead, I for an instant wished the old cow had been sunk; but ever since the excitement was a little over, I have believed the Lord would bring good out of it. I told the sufferers the next day that I fully believed they would yet see that good to themselves would come of the then seeming evil. I have taken unusual pains to go to the bazar twice a week since the uproar. I did not meet the old Brahmin, who is Ahab and Jezebel combined, until last Saturday. He called out and said,—"What have you come to the bazar for?" I replied,—"You perhaps think I am afraid to come; but I am not." The next Monday I went on purpose to see him. Told him I wished to see him alone. He made many excuses. The people were going back and forth in all the rooms. There was no chance to talk with me alone. Knowing him to be a polite sinner I said,—"Then will you kindly walk with me to our chapel? Nobody will disturb us there." He consented, and we talked of things in general until we were seated on the upper steps of the verandah. I then said,—"You are perhaps 50 years old." He replied,—"Just that." "And you have heard the gospel in that bazar and read the Bible more or less for 30 years. Now, in the fear of God, tell me which you believe true, the Bible or the Hindu Shasters." He said,—"I know the Bible is true, and the Shasters false." "Then why do you not obey the Bible?" "I do." "How do you?" The first command is, "Thou shalt have no other gods but me." You break that constantly." "Well, what can I do? I must maintain my respect amongst the Hindus." "That is a weak thing for a man of your common sense to say. You know you are the chief man here. If you would lead in the way, instead of blocking it up, hundreds would become Christians. You will have to give an account for their not being so. You will find in the great day of judgment that all the honor you have ever received for teaching a false religion will be as thorns to pierce you forever." He tacked ship here and said,—"What is the use of my trying to be a Christian? No one will think well of a thief; God himself condemns a thief." I suspect he wished to let me know that he had heard we thought him the one who had set the robbers to do as they did; or else he wished to know if I thought him so bad (which I did), but I would not take the hint, but said to him: "Yes, thief. That is the very word to apply to yourself, for you constantly steal the honor which belongs to God alone, and give it to idols. But God will have mercy on even thieves if they will repent." We had a long talk, and the man did not show the least sign of ill temper. I gave him the tract entitled, "Come to Jesus," and he promised to read it carefully.

Bro. Phillips has many times asked or advised me to leave the girls with native teachers, and go to the bazar and to the villages to talk to the heathen. I said there, work for me here amongst the girls which no one else will do. At last I grew tired of being invited out and said plainly,—"I am not going away to leave these children to go to the devil. Enough of our mission children have gone that road already. I am to take care of these girls, and their teachers too, and do the best for them I can; and if they will go to ruin, I wish at least to have the satisfaction of thinking it is not my fault." Now, the girls are so well established that I can take a few out with me to help and leave the others at home to pray for our success. Still, the greater amount of my work must be at home.

Hoping no one else has given you such a long Report, I remain,

Yours truly, L. CRAWFORD.

A Leaf from the Diary.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

I wonder if ministers' wives ever do come off conquerors, and if any of them will finally sit down with the redeemed. I do know that some of them will be among those who come out of great tribulation, but will they be conquerors?

I got entirely out of patience again today. Husband was solicited to attend a funeral outside his charge. He spent the whole day, rode twelve miles, came home tired and hungry, and did not get even a "Thank you" for his service; and I was just wicked enough to tell him, the next time he was requested to be at a funeral, to say to them,—"Let the dead bury their dead." Of course I ought not to have said it, but it was so aggravating, because the man who employed him owns a fine farm of perhaps a hundred acres, and lives in a nice house filled with the good things of this world. Oh, this dreadful heart of mine!

Then again, when I took advantage of the fashion which was so favorable to my scanty means, and made a new dress so nicely out of an old one, to think Sister C. should give me such a lecture about minis-

ters wives being so extravagant, I know I ought to have sat down by her side and meekly explained to her that every single puff and fold covered up an ugly seam; but I didn't do any such thing; I just put a bridle on my tongue, and kept silent, when I should have talked. So she innocently thinks, I am now wearing a new silk dress made in fashion, just because I preferred to have it so. Oh, that I could always sit at Jesus' feet and learn of him!

At one time I thought I was getting quite humble, and was in perfect charity with everybody. Thought I would call on Sister H. We were having such a nice visit together, when she spoiled all by abruptly asking me, if I thought it right for a minister's wife to carry a gold watch. She said decidedly she did not, thought it was setting a very bad example, yet at the same time she would like to purchase one, for her daughter, who was a member of the Baptist church like myself. My heart rebelled in a moment, and I wondered why I could not carry a watch as well as her daughter; but I took the dear little watch that had kept me company so many long, some hours, placed it in the little yellow casket, and put it away with other mementoes of former days; yet I am not in the least converted to the belief that one church-member has any more moral right to carry a watch than another.

I told husband the other day, I wouldn't preach any more if I were in his place. He had come home discouraged. He said when any one was converted now-a-days, you had got to get firmly hold of them and hold on, and then keep dragging them along, or they would backslide. I told him to let them backslide then. I told him he might do all the preaching, and all the praying, and wear himself entirely out, and nobody would ever thank him for it. I repented, however, making that speech, and soon felt willing to spend and be spent in advancing the cause of the blessed Redeemer. I felt that if I had a dozen noble boys, I'd give them all to Jesus, and persuade, and do all I could to help prepare them, to preach his pure and holy gospel.

How uneven my life is! How I am tossed about! How the shadows come and go! I wonder sometimes what makes such little trifling things bring sunshine or clouds into the home of a minister. Just because Sister O. sent us those vegetables the other day, it made us happy a whole week. It was not the vegetables so much, although they were the very best she had in the cellar. I knew by the looks of them, but the spirit that prompted her to do it. The bank note Brother O. gave along with the vegetables, and said he did not wish to have reckoned on the subscription, had only a V on it, yet that little V brought a world of sunlight and comfort to our home.

Another day is gone. How tired I am to night. What a strong tower is the Lord. How soothingly the invitations of the gospel fall on my longing soul,—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What a solace there is in the love of Jesus. How it stays the power of sin. Holy Redeemer, clasp me in thy loving arms, and draw me nearer, still nearer, to thy bleeding side.

Salvation of Infants.

In our Sabbath school class the following question came up for consideration: What provision is there in the gospel of Christ for the salvation of infants? Two views were presented to the class. One was, that there is a germ of evil in the infant nature that grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength, until the child comes to the years of understanding, when this germ of evil produces sin; that infants have no moral character; that they do not need to be saved; that they go straight to heaven. The other was, that the idea of a germ of evil in the infant nature is an error, wholly unwarranted by facts, logic or revelation; that, when the infant is born into the world, it is as pure as the angels in heaven, having no taint of sin or depravity in its nature; that at death the spirit of the infant returns to God who gave it (Ecc. 12: 7) as pure as it came from the hand of its Maker; that the fact that infants go to heaven, (for God is in heaven, Ecc. 5: 2) is no evidence that they are saved by the gospel of Christ (Rom. 10: 14) for the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth (Rom. 1: 16) not to unbelievers, nor to those who do not believe; that there is one way, and only one way, by which infants or any one else can be saved by the gospel of Christ, and that is through faith on the Son of God. That infants are saved in this life, through faith, no one pretends. To them, it is supposed, the life and death and resurrection of Christ can have no significance; that, therefore, if man's probation terminates with this life, there is no provision in the gospel of Christ for the salvation of infants. But admitting that the river of death is spanned by the promise of the gospel of Christ (Gal. 3: 8) the problem is easily solved. Then infants may be taught of God (John 6: 45) after death; may be raised up to the stature of spiritual men and spiritual women; may come to the knowledge of the truth, and be saved through faith on the Son of God, and thus enter into the enjoyment of eternal life by being brought to know God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent (John 17: 3).

Will some of the learned and able writers of the Star give the true scriptural answer to the above interrogatory: What provision is there in the gospel of Christ for the salvation of infants? and thereby oblige many readers.

ONE OF THE CLASS.

Be persuaded to see the honor and glory that come from God. All that do this will be great and honorable in life, happy and triumphant in death.

Such as have virtue always in their mouths and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.

S. S. Department.

THE CRANK-ORGAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL. How easy to find fault! Dust will settle, though every article of furniture be dusted and thoroughly swept every morning. How much of beauty and genuine merit is hidden by the settling dust!

Beneath the dust, however, it is not all genuine merit. It settles upon the shoddy article as well as the true and genuine, and sometimes covers a very shabby specimen. The only way to get rid of the spurious coin is to expose it and get it out of the market.

Teaching as well as other trades has its share of the spurious. Prominent among these are many of the prescribed methods which just now pass so current among us. How little mental caliber is developed by most of our public methods of teaching! It is like the crank-organ; it always plays the same tune.

Mind can never be touched by the revolving cogs of a dead mechanism. Methods must pulsate with soul breathed into them. Mind must come in contact with mind, and heart with heart. Methods are mere channels, dry and barren, like the channels of a dried up river. They must be filled with the thought and animation of a live teacher.

The crank-turning operation is the fault of our public day-schools. It is the fault no less of the Sunday-school, and even of the Sunday-school that bears a high reputation. There is not too much plan, but too little soul.

The teacher must be an artist. He must liberate himself from the mere mechanical form by a comprehension of the principles to be taught and the value of the souls of his scholars.

In secular education, our normal-schools and our training-schools have spent their time and energies to establish forms and methods; and their trained teachers come out as so many crank-organs, playing the tune upon their pupils that has been played upon them.

Our Sunday teachers' training-schools are suffering in the same wake.

We do not need more imitators; the schools are full of them. We do not want pedagogues that can repeat only what has been repeated to them; we need teachers with clear insight into the principles of this high art, with power and skill to vitalize their methods and fill them with soul and life.—S. S. Workman.

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS. We hear of a great many things necessary to make a Sabbath-school successful. People say it needs a live Superintendent, and so it does; and a good library, fine singing, and papers for the scholars, etc., etc. It needs these, but more than anything else it needs teachers that have been taught of Christ. The question is asked in the Bible, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" And so we might inquire, "How shall they teach except they be taught?" A teacher may be thoroughly informed on the lesson; he may have question-books and commentaries; he may even understand the love of Christ; he will fail of being the teacher he ought. No other qualification can take the place of a warm heart, for "what comes from the heart will go to the heart." It has been said—and truly—that heart-power is the strongest moral power in the world, and the teachers that have been successful in leading their scholars to Jesus, have had this power.

God is no respecter of persons, and surely he is no respecter of teachers; neither of Sabbath-schools. We read of many schools in the land that have been richly blessed, and why may not "some droppings fall" every school? "He is willing, he is able," Teachers, do we realize that we are responsible for the souls that are under our care? God said to Ezekiel, "I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me."

Now, if we are not faithful to the souls of our scholars, will not God require their blood at our hands? Perhaps there are very few teachers who have no interest in or love for their scholars; but oh, how cold and feeble it is compared to the anxiety they ought to feel. It is like a spark of fire that can only be fanned into a flame at the foot of the cross. "Without him we can do nothing," but "we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." "If it tarry, wait for it," and to the earnest, agonizing prayer of a faithful teacher, the blessing will surely come—it will not tarry.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL SPIRIT. The Sabbath-school spirit is the spirit of a child. Only a child-heart can ever influence and teach children. Many people never were children, never felt like children; they were burdened, ambitious, old-fashioned men and women when they were quite young; there was no bright, gay, sunshine gladness in them; no lightheartedness. Such people can not succeed as teachers; there is nothing in them akin to a child. Then others have lost the child spirit out of memory and out of experience; toil and care and self-interest fill up their souls now, and all that is freshest and greenest in life and memory has passed away. Their own little ones are almost afraid of them, and shut up their souls at father's coming, as the tiny flowers close up their blossoms when cold, damp night is drawing on. Such people can not succeed as teachers. To be successful, you must have a child-heart in you, that it shall seem to you a child is the most beautiful thing in all the world, and you find in every prayer you offer a petition going up:—"Lord, give me the spirit of a child, even of Thy Holy Child Jesus." Only a child-heart can give you a true sympathy with children; can set you on their level; enable you to take a place beside their littleness; really to understand their thoughts and feelings; adapt the truth you would teach them to their capacity, and so arrange your very language and style as to be full of the very holiest power upon them. How shall you gain this spirit and how keep it? The answer is very simple. Be more of a Christian than you have been. Be a better Christian. The more a Christian, the more like a child; the less a Christian, the more just a poor, burdened, weary, toiling man.—English Paper.

TEACHER'S QUALIFICATIONS. No man is fitted to be either superintendent or teacher in a Sunday-school who is not heartily loved by his scholars. A man may indeed be beloved, and from lack of other important qualifications, not fill his place in the Sunday-school; but, whatever else may be said in his favor, if he fails to win and hold the love of the little ones, he yet lacks "one thing needful" for his mission. Though he speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and has not love, he is nothing.—S. S. Times.

Selections.

The Defensed Cities.

"Let us enter into the defensed cities, and let us be silent."—JER. 8:14.

Unbuilt by human hands, their walls arise;
Their streets by earthly feet are never trod;
No smoke of battle dims the cloudless skies;
That hang above these dwellings of our God.
Mid their white stillness Pain's wild tossings die;
Their snowy gates shut out the world and sin;
The wand'ring heron forgets his misery;
And the sick heart is healed, the wand'ring
soul finds rest.

Homes of the sorrowing hearts, unfold your gates,
And to your peaceful shadows let us come,
For we are weary, weary, and we sigh
For the sweet calm of heaven, our far-off home.
Why should we fear? Within your happy walls
Our Father dwells, and to his bosom pressed,
The smile of his dear love like sunlight falls;
And the sick heart is healed, the wand'ring
soul finds rest.

"Let us be silent" from our faithless fears,
Is not our Saviour with his children now?
Does he forget the prayers, the bitter tears
He poured at midnight upon Olivet brow?
"Let us be silent" from our doubting hearts,
Though clouds and darkness veil awhile his
form.
Is Jesus but a friend for sunny hours?
Will he draw near us then, and leave us in the
storm?

"Let us be silent" from our murmuring sighs,
Our manifold rebellions "neath the rod;
They all with tears the Saviour's patient eyes,
They wound around the pitying heart of God.
O cities of defense! best promises!
Shut from our souls' rebellion, doubts, and sin,
We long to rest amid your quiet shades;
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and let us enter in.
—American Messenger.

Composing Sermons.

As to the mode of composing sermons, that was an art which, on my becoming a clergyman, notwithstanding many years passed as a celebrated university, I may say I had to learn. I knew that it was "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," that men were to be saved; converted, turned to Christ, and made good Christians; but this I knew to be in man's power, and by God's help I determined it should be done; that while I preached, the congregation should not say, "It is a weariness; when will it be over?" should neither sit listless nor to sleep. "Do you imagine," said Sidney Smith, "when stirring up the lazy clergy of his archdeaconry to exert themselves, that a soul is saved as Eve was made, by first casting the man into a deep sleep?" Certainly not. So the question was, how to rouse the attention of my hearers, and touch their feelings, and instruct their minds, and keep their eyes and ears open to the last sentence of the sermon—how to preach so as to be both interesting and instructive; as the Scotch woman put it—*both edify and divert.* For this purpose I turned to study the discourses of the great old prophets, and more especially the teachings of Him, the Prince of Preachers, who drew all men after him, and won even from his enemies this high eulogium: "Never man spoke like this man! Now, what did I find? I found, in the first place, that they clothed their thoughts in familiar language. And so, at the expense of being thought unlearned and shallow by fools, I resolved to avoid learned terms and where ever possible use only the Saxon tongue—the language of my people's homes and hearts, of their loves and hatreds, of their joys and sorrows, of all those scenes in life where Nature rises to assert her supremacy. I observed, also, that the prophets and our Divine Master employed figures and illustrations to a large extent; thereby throwing a flood of light on the subject, while instructing the mind, pleasing the fancy, and moving the heart. At however great a distance, I resolved to walk in their footsteps, and thus take advantage of the principle in our nature so well expressed by the humble woman who, referring to our Lord's Parables and other such parts of Scripture, said: 'The likes are the parts of the Bible that I like best!'

As you seek counsel, and I feel very much like an old soldier called, after his campaigns are over, to address a body of recruits, I may tell you—though it goes against the grain to be talking of myself—somewhat of my practice. Let us open the study-door, and see how the work is carried on!

After fixing on a text, it was my custom to put down on paper all thoughts, sentiments, figures, and illustrations that seemed pertinent to the subject in hand; just as they occurred, and very much as a man who has a house to burn tumbles down in rule heaps on the ground wood, stone, lime, slates, and other materials. And I may remark, by the by, that the first thoughts were often the best, just as it is the ripest fruit that first drops when the tree is shaken. It was not till I had thus provided a store of matter, and brought some order out of chaos by arranging all under appropriate heads, that I proceeded to the proper work of composition; leaving always a blank page opposite to the one written on, for such additions and alterations as a careful revision might suggest. On this revision hours were spent—raising all "vain repetitions," aiming at more logical and lucid arrangements, making obscure expressions clear, toning up the weak parts, and presenting every actor and scene in as graphic a light as possible. But, ere attempting this to embellish and perfect your discourse, take care, in the first instance, that it is a composition of solid matter; it being with sermons as with woods, and stones, and metals—the more solid the substance the higher the polish it takes on.

In all these preparations for the pulpit I frankly confess I experienced the "pains of labor;" for, though the preaching usually afforded me much pleasure, I never or seldom had any in the composition. In that work, I may remark, I derived advantages from committing the discourse to memory, which more than recompensed me to the trouble such a task imposes on all who, like myself, have not a good verbal memory. To explain this, let me mention an anecdote related by Dean Ramsay, in his entertaining "Scotch Reminiscences." "How is it," said a Scotchman, who had all the aversion of his country to the sight of a paper in the pulpit—"how is it, sir," said he, addressing his minister, "that you read, instead of preaching your sermons?" "Well, John," was the answer, "I read them because I can not remember them." Whereupon John shrewdly retorted: "And, sir, if ye that mak them cannae mind them, how do you think we can?" A question that, which it would take a clever man to answer. The principle it embodies I held before the Dean's book was born; and, carrying it out, it was my practice to commit every passage in the discourse, even those I thought the best, which it required a more than an ordinary effort to commit to memory. I drew the pen through it—repeated it, but without a remembered without much difficulty, how is it to impress others? If, however, my unfortunate offspring embodied some really important truth, it was not slaughter-

ed; the passage was thrown into the form of a question, to give it point and make it stick, as a figure, an illustration was attached to it by way of a buoy to make it float. But, let me add, this was not the only test I used for trying the suitability of the sermon. Another, and perhaps a better one, I found in a class of young men and women held on the Sunday evenings—very much to my instruction, whatever it might be to theirs. In this way: Among other exercises, they had to give an account of the sermon of the day, I, though they were not let into the secret, making up my mind to conclude—however mortifying to one's vanity it might be—that, if the more intelligent of them could not give a reasonably fair account of it, the fault lay not with them, but with me; was not to be found in their memory, but sought in my sermon. Well, in applying this test, I would get, for example, a good account of the introduction, and also of the first head; a very meager one of the second; the third was an utter blank; while the peroration, perhaps, when it might be thought attention was dulled and patience exhausted, appeared to have impressed itself on their minds like a seal on wax. On returning home, it was my custom to set myself to see in what features the parts of the discourse that were well differed from those that were ill remembered; and, having found that out, I endeavored henceforth to avoid the faults of the latter, and, on the other hand, to cultivate the style of those passages which had interested and instructed my hearers, engaged their attention, and touched their feelings. This often proved a mortifying but also a very profitable exercise; and, though I set much value on classics, philosophy, and theology, I believe that, so far as the sacred art of preaching was concerned, I owed more to the self-instruction I have described than to all the years and money that had been spent on a full university curriculum.—Guthrie.

Founder of the Inquisition.

Of Dominic of Guzman we are told, upon the unerring authority of infallibility, that his life was surrounded by a cloud of miracles; that at the sound of his inspired voice the dead arose and walked, the sick were healed, the heretics converted; that often in his moments of ecstasy he floated in the air before the eyes of his disciples; that the fiercest flames refused to consume the parchment upon which were written his divine meditations; and that, in the midst of the carnage his eloquence excited, the saint ever remained the gentlest and meekest of his race. Once, as Dominic stood in the midst of a pious throng in the convent of St. Sixtus, conversing with the Cardinal Stephen, a messenger, bathed in tears, came in to announce that the Lord Napoleon, the nephew of Stephen, had been thrown from his horse, and lay dead at the convent gate. The cardinal, weighed down by grief, fell weeping upon the breast of the saint. Dominic, full of compassion, ordered the body of the young man to be brought in, and prepared to exercise his miraculous powers. He directed the altar to be arranged for celebrating mass; he fell into a sudden ecstasy, and as his hands touched the sacred elements, he rose in the air and hung, kneeling, in empty space above the astonished worshippers. Descending, he made the sign of the cross upon the dead; he commanded the young man to arise, and at once the Lord Napoleon sprang up alive and in perfect health, in the presence of a throng of witnesses.

Such are the wonders gravely related of Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition; yet, if we may trust the tradition, the real achievements of his seared and clouded intellect far excel in their magnificent atrocity even the wildest legends of the saints. He invented or he enlarged that grand machinery by which the conscience of mankind was held in bondage for centuries, whose relentless grasp was firmly fastened upon the decaying races of Southern Europe, the converts of Hindostan, and the conquered of Mexico and Peru; whose gloomy palaces and dungeons sprang up in almost every Catholic city of the South, and formed for ages the chief bulwarks of the aggressive career of Rome. The Holy Office, from the time of Dominic, became the favorite instrument for the propagation of the faith; it followed swiftly the path of the missionary, and was established wherever the worship of Mary extended, whether in Lima, Goa, or Japan; it devoured the Netherlands, silenced Italy or Spain, and its hallowed labors and its happy influences are still celebrated and lamented by all those pious but disaffected intellects who advocate the use of force in creating unity of religious belief. Its use is still done to every adherent of its fallibility; nor can any one of that gray assembly of bishops who so lately sat in St. Peter's venture to avow, without danger of heresy, that he doubts the divine origin of the institutions of Dominic.

Nothing, indeed, can be more impressive than that tender regret with which the Italian prelates lament over the fall of the venerable tribunal. Modern civilization has inflicted no deeper wound; modern governments have never more grossly invaded the rights of the infallible Church. One of the means, the bishops exclaim, which the Church employs for the eternal safety of those who have the good fortune to belong to her, is the Holy Inquisition; it cuts off the heretic, it preserves the faithful from the contagion of error; its charitable solicitude, its exhortations and its teachings, it venerable procedure, its necessary and remedial punishments, have won the admiration of generations of devoted Catholics. It has been hallowed by the approval of a series of infallible popes; it is consecrated by the voice of Heaven. For a time it may be suppressed by the action of hostile governments, by the corrupt influence of modern civilization, but the Church has never for a moment abandoned its most effective instrument; and in some happier hour, when the claims of St. Peter are acknowledged in every land, his infallible successor will establish anew the charitable solicitude and remedial pains of the Holy Office. Europe, Asia, America, and the civilized world shall all once more be humbled and repentant, at the feet of Dominic and his holy inquisitors.—Harper's Magazine.

Candor in the Pulpit.

Controversialists often caricature the opinions of those whom they oppose, and ministers are guilty of this fault sometimes in the pulpit. The following, from a Methodist exchange, may suggest the importance of perfect fairness:

A few years before completing our course preparatory to the ministry, we were travelling on a canal boat from Troy to Whitehall, when a somewhat noted infidel lawyer, noticing a religious paper in our hand, asked whether we had the ministry in view. Receiving an affirmative answer, he began remarks derogatory to the clerical profession as compared with that of the lawyer, physician and teacher, and avowed his own skepticism. He contrasted the practice of law with preaching, thus: At the bar a

man pleads, with a sharp opposing attorney taking notes, and prepared to point out every flaw in the argument, and with a judge to review the whole case before it goes to the jury. But in the pulpit the minister presents his own cause, and handles that of his adversary, with no one to reply. However incorrect his statements, or sophistical his reasoning, no hearer may lift his voice in remonstrance, under pain of prosecution for disturbing public worship. Thus, he claimed, ministers come to be careless in their declarations, loose in their logic, and unfair in their representations of the views of opposers. These remarks made a deep impression on our mind, and induced a purpose of candor and candor, to which we have ever striven to adhere.

Go Forward!

When the chosen people came down to the shore of the Red Sea, the command of God was, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!" But the Jewish leader might well cry out, "We have no feet to bear us over." Still the command is, Go forward! But, Lord, we can not ford the gulf before us; all our wives and little ones will be drowned. Go forward! Wouldst thou have us, Lord, to be swallowed up in the sea? Still the same answer comes, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!" The order of the Almighty is peremptory. It can not be postponed; it admits of no delay. And just as Israel pushed forward in obedience to Jehovah's voice, lo! the waves roll asunder, and the vast cavalcade marches through, dry shod. The path of obedience is the path of safety.

Here is a lesson for inquirers. Awakened friend, the command of God comes to you, Go forward. Justice is pursuing you. Hell followeth hard after you. Retreat into your former condition is ruin! Heaven lies before you—not behind you. If you give up, you are lost. This may be the pivot-hour of your eternal destiny.

Perhaps you say, I am in the dark; I can not see my way. Then push on and get into the light. A state of wilful sin is always dark. As you come to Jesus in honest obedience, the light breaks. The determination to do what is right, will be attended with a luminous discernment of what is true. God will clear the way for you, if you only go forward.

Perhaps you say, I have tried; I have prayed many times already, and I get no blessing. Suppose you leave off praying, then; will that bring the blessing you covet? Awell might the Tennessee when back to New York, and affirm there was no such island to be found. The ship was almost there; why should the captain retreat? How many a seeker has quit praying when the door of mercy and pardoning love was just opening to them. God may be trying you, to test your real earnestness. Go forward!

Another one is frightened back by the laugh of fools. He is so sensitive to ridicule that he winces under every sneer, and is afraid to face even a wondering or a contemptuous look. Go forward, friend, and this sea will dry up before you. Even scoffers respect sincerity. When Captain Hedley Vicars first laid a Bible on his table, his fellow-officers laughed at him, and nicknamed him "the Methodist." But he said to himself "That book shall be my colors, it shall speak for me." He stood the laugh, and soon became a spiritual power in his regiment. No English officer in that Crimean war has won such a world-wide and enviable name as the heroic Vicars. Will you be pushed back from heaven by a straw? Go forward!

A fourth person may be hindered by unbelief. But this will increase if you yield to it. There is only one way to conquer doubt. Try Christ practically by doing what he bids you. End the torturing uncertainty by immediate surrender, and cry mightily unto him, "Lord! I will believe; help thou my unbelief!"

A decisive step must be taken. A decisive act is to be done, and the only way is to do it. God gives strength to those who honestly try to obey him. His grace is more than sufficient. As soon as you move, God moves for you, and with you. The deepest sea of difficulties will divide its waters before your advancing footsteps just as soon as you obey that voice of love which bids you go forward.—Evangelist.

Christian Song.

Many think song is a luxury which they have a right to deny themselves if they please. Few have thought it a duty that they should be instructed in Christian song themselves, and should teach it to their families; and yet the command to sing is as explicit as the command to pray. It is as a duty of neglecting to teach our households to pray. You will bear witness, the greatest trouble of Christian experience is what we may call the liquefaction of thought into emotion. The Greek method of culture was philosophical, and we have followed largely in the same direction. This is an important element in the education of the people, but we find it difficult to express the wine of emotion from the cluster of thought.

The wings God has given us to fly up to him are the wings of song. The lyrical element is the best expression of feeling. All forms of experience have been touched in the poetry of chant and song. Why should we neglect these gatherings of expression? Why should you try by thought to get to God, when you can sing your way to him with half the effort? There is a railroad up Mount Washington. A man who sings through life is like the man who ascends the mountain in the car; the man who does not sing is like the traveler who pants on foot up the steep ascent. Many say, first reason, emotion last. But in the hymn, the same truth may touch all hearts—as well Lord Bacon as the poor slave on the plantation. Singing is the process by which intellectual propositions can be converted into emotion and heart expression.

Dr. Stowe said, when he visited a certain institution in Germany, "In one room were boys with violins playing, another room was full of boys singing. The teacher said, 'If the children don't sing, the devil is in here; but when they do, he has to go and sit out there.' Evil can not dwell in a spirit of sacred song, and so, to bring this to a close, 'Speak to yourselves in psalms and hymns, singing and making melody to the Lord in your heart.'

Pitying and Giving.

How often do we hear the misquotation, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord," while the true version is, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." Prov. 19:17.

On a cursory glance, the meaning may appear the same; but let us look a little closer.

Were it really he that giveth, would it not

include all who give, without respect to the motives by which they are actuated? and is that God's way? "Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Some give from ostentation, hoping thus to gain a character for generosity and benevolence.

Some to get rid of importunity, like the unjust judge who avenged the woman, lest by her continual coming she should weary him. Do acts prompted by motives so selfish as these deserve a reward?

Then, too, does not the expression, "He that hath pity," joined to "that which he hath given," seem to imply that the pity which stoops short of an effort to relieve the distress it commiserates is unworthy of the name?

Oh, what a depth of meaning there is in God's word! and how apt we are to rob it of one half, or utterly to destroy it, when we venture to substitute words of our own; even such as, on a slight examination, would seem to teach the same lesson.—S. S. Times.

Cut off the Runners.

While passing by a garden, we saw some promising strawberry vines. We said to the gardener, the strawberry is excellent fruit, and with suitable soil and culture, together with sunshine and showers, which God gives, you may expect a good crop.

"Yes," replied the gardener, "yet one thing more is necessary."

"What is that?"

"You must cut off the runners, for these

absorb a large portion of the nutriment from

mother earth, which is needed to promote

the growth of the fruit."

From this, we thought, professed Christians may deduce a valuable lesson. These

runners aptly represent worldly cares, which, if allowed to grow beyond a proper limit, so

absorb the virtues of piety as greatly to diminish its fruits. Like strawberry runners,

one care leads this way, another that, and

a third another; and hereby so great a proportion of that spiritual nourishment, which

God has prepared for his people, is absorbed

by the runners, that the fruits of piety are rendered dwarfish and unripe, like the small green strawberries, and the garden of the

Great Master fails in fruitfulness. The Christian, therefore, has occasion to watch; and when he sees the runners pushing out

in one direction or another, and interfering with the fruits of obedience to Christ, to

apply the knife of resolute promptly, that by a seasonable incision, the fruits of holiness may not fail to become ripe and abundant in the soil of the believer in Jesus.—

Congregationalist.

Drunkenness.

Thesea knows its bounds, but not the deluge of drunkenness. Its effects are many and hideous.

1. It makes room for the devil. All sins break in at the loss of the capitol—reason. Thence the enemy commands the whole town; the eyes are wan, the tongue blaspheming, the hands stabbing; all mischiefs, "invidium uti bem somno viquoque sepulchrum." So were the Trojans conquered; and for this cause, I think, ever since, drunkards are called true Trojans. It is a Dead Sea, no fish can live there, no virtue thrive there. It is the root of all evil, the rest of all goodness, the devil could find no rest in "dry places."

2. It overturns the estate. "The drunkard shall come to poverty." Prov. 31:21. He consumes more in a day than he earns in a week. He is his own thief, devours himself.

3. It poisons the tongue. Swearing and lying are the ordinary effects. The drunkard made songs upon David.

4. It is an incendiary to quarrels and homicides. Drunken Alexander killed Clitus, for whom sober Alexander would have killed himself.

5. It is a woe to itself. "Who hath woe? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause?"

Unitarianism in the West.

Many of our Unitarian friends make a boast of their independence of authority. They trust only the light of their own reason, and sit in judgment on the Bible as coolly as on the Koran or the Dialogues of Plato. They have recently entered on a crusade to convert the West, and are hopeful of great success. But Dr. Elliot, who, from his long residence and labors in St. Louis, ought to know the West thoroughly, does not give his radical brethren much encouragement in their labors. He says:

Some suppose that we can stand as philosophers instead of Christians. It is a mistake. The West craves the Gospel of Jesus Christ—Christ as the Master, and the Bible as authority. I do not say that to man of extraordinary talents can not go to the West and establish himself as a preacher on his eloquence and power of speech, but I do say that we moderate men can not do it. The western mind is free, and ready, and strong, but is reverential. It feels the need of something greater than the philosophy of Plato or Emerson. The sects which differ from us most widely will cheerfully receive us in the spirit of Christ. I know that the western people are not willing to receive a religious teacher who discards the teachings of the Master at the beginning. Discouragement sometimes comes from the want of faith in the necessity of the work to be done. We need an earnest faith in God—faith in Christ—faith in salvation.

Trials.

Virtue thrives on trials. This world is just the place for its development. There are elements of the highest style of character which could not be produced in us without trial; just as there were probably excellences in the Divine nature unexercised until man sinned. What field for mercy was there before the Fall? or for that sacrifice which is the all-embracing proof of God's love? I know not that Gabriel has any opportunity to be patient or meek. Moses had; so have we. Mayhap the angels look on God's heroes who have grown strong amid the struggles of this world something as common men look on a victorious general or a war-scarred veteran—as the moral Ajaxes and Samsons of the universe. The brightest glories which adorn the brows of the Divine Man were won in the unparallelled anguish of his great conflict. He who united in his peerless person all human virtues and all divine perfections was yet made "perfect through suffering." He "humbled himself, and became obedient unto death—wherefore [on this account] God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."

Suffering saint, tread your thorny path

with courage. Bear in mind whither it leads, and who hath trodden it before you. Sing, as you go:

"How oft I think, when on the way
Some bitter grief I meet,
This path has echoed with His moan,
And every rude and dirty stone
Has bruised His blessed feet."

"Fainting and sad along the road,
Thou layest on my bed,
The hands that fastened to the tree,
The hands that paid the price for me,
The hands that brake the bread."

Do the tense chords of the spirit seem ready to snap asunder? God is only tuning one of his harps. Stay not his hand. He knows just how much those chords can bear. And when his work in thee is complete thou shalt make wondrous music in the celestial choir.

Test of Friendship.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you can not bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words—that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are at the point of the sword. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

The Trustful Spirit.

God has marked implicitness and simplicity of faith with peculiar approbation. He has done this through the Scriptures, and does so daily in the Christian life. An unsuspecting, unhesitating spirit he delights to honor. He does not delight in a credulous, weak and unsteady mind. He gives us full evidence when he calls and leads; but he expects to find in us a disposed heart. Though he gives us not the evidence of sense, yet he gives us such evidences as will be heard by an open ear and followed by a disposed heart. "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believed." We are witnesses what an open ear and disposed heart will do in the world. If wealth is their pursuit; if a place present itself before them; if their persons, families and affairs, are the object, a whisper, a hint, a probability, a mere change is a sufficient ground of action. It is this very state of mind with regard to religion which God delights in the honors. He seems to put forth his hands, and to say, "Put thy hand into mine; follow all my leading; keep thyself attentively to every turn."—Occid.

Truth.

Truth is God's baptism on the hills. First, it is like dew-drops silently descending through a crowd of mist and vapor to kiss the petals of some drooping flower. Then it is a little pool, gathered in some tiny basin in a fraternal embrace of atoms. Then it is a rill, that goes cutting its channel through the green moss, and down the sloping hillside, hastening to the meeting of the water below. Then it is a stream, hurrying over precipices and down cascade rocks, turning the great wheel of manufacture, grinding the grain and working the spindles and shuttles of man. Then it is the river, slowly rolling onward through the mighty channel, upon which great barges rock, and the paddles of the steamboat beat. And then—then it is the broad sweep of the ocean, on which is borne from land to land, the products of the industry of the entire world. And that's the way truth comes, and that's the way truth acts.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Multitudes of them suffer, linger, and die, because of Pin-Worms. The only known remedy for these most troublesome and dangerous of all worms in children is

DR. GOULD'S PIN-WORM SYRUP.
Purely vegetable, safe and certain. A valuable cathartic, and beneficial to health. Warranted to cure. G. C. GOULD & CO., Boston, and all druggists.

Clergymen, Superintendents

and all Buyers of

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

will find it to the advantage of their Schools to send all orders direct to

Messrs. D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston,

whose Stock is one of the LARGEST and BEST Selected in the United States.

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, suffering from nervous debility, and other ailments, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he offers to his fellow sufferers in return for a stamp to pay postage. Address J. H. REEVE, 67 Nassau St., New York.

SPENCERIAN

STEEL PENS,

Manufactured by the Original Inventor of Steel Pens.

THE CELEBRATED durability and perfection of action of these Pens are owing to a peculiar process of Carbonization, and to the great care taken in their manufacture by the most skilled and experienced workmen in Europe.

They are a nearer approximation to the real SWAN QUILL than anything hitherto invented.

For sale by Dealers generally.

14 SAMPLE CARD, containing all the

names, artistically arranged and securely inclosed, sent by mail on receipt of 25 CENTS.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,

138 & 140 GRAND STREET, N. Y.

Or, W. A. WILDE, No. 1 Cornhill Street, BOSTON.

"AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL UNION."

ESTABLISHED 1867.

Teachers Wanted to supply vacancies in PUBLIC SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES and FEMALE SEMINARIES, in the different States. Send for MUTUAL PLAN for receiving reports of vacancies and introducing Teachers, affording the best opportunities for appointments.

Address the "AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL UNION," 732 Broadway, N. Y.

ORDERS FOR THE

NEW QUESTION BOOK,

THE

WONDERFUL WORKS OF JESUS,

BY MRS. MARY LATHAM CLARK.

Also, for the NEW EDITION OF

SACRED MELODIES,

AND FOR ALL

Freewill Baptist Publications,

will be filled promptly at the advertised rate, by

Messrs. D. LOTHROP & CO.,

BOSTON, MASS.

First Letter Foundry in New England.

COMMENCED IN 1817.

THE BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY,

ALWAYS NOTED FOR ITS

HARD AND TOUGH METAL,

And its large varieties of

BOOK AND JOB TYPE,

and lately for its unrivaled

NEWSPAPER FACES.

Electrotyping in all its Branches,

DONE IN THE BEST MANNER.

Address orders to

JAMES A. ST. JOHN, Agent,

30w2 87 Kilby Street, Boston.

LIFE OF

WILLIAM BURR,

NOW READY.

PRICE, \$1.00 for a single copy, postage paid. A larger number will be sent at 20 per cent. discount, the person ordering paying the postage or expressage.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 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.

Earning Success.

There is a general tendency to try and drive shrewd bargains. Many people prefer to win gains by strategy rather than obtain them as the fair price for honest work. And so in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in the sphere of morals and religion, there is more or less of what may well be termed sharp practice. There is an impatience of the ways in which slow and sure and steady gains are gathered, and so plots and ventures, rash projects and desperate moves are chosen. Men would bound into wealth while unwilling to do the work that simply earns a tolerable support. They exact honors before they exhibit merit. They claim deference before they have furnished the basis for confidence. They clamor for trusts before they have proved their capacity. They reach out after the proper rewards of fidelity and heroism while seeming to care little for the qualities by means of which they are purchased. They ask for the fruits of victory before the real battle is fought, and would grasp and wear the crown before showing the presence of a royal quality.

We see the evidences, and the mischiefs of this tendency all about us. It appears in young men who rush from the farm to the city, and are impatient to get into business and ape the sons of millionaires. It appears in the young women who can not abide in the kitchen and the dairy, but struggle somehow to reach the town and flaunt in silks and laces and feathers. It comes out in that excessive deference to what is accounted fashionable and genteel, to the frequent disregard of what is useful and noble. It appears in the exaltation of show above substance, and popularity over character. It is seen in the estimate of position that is wholly false and full of mischief. It crops out in a distaste for merely useful work, and in the foolish plea for what is termed "respectable." It shows itself in the immense number of those who compete for the captain's commission, and in the feverishness of those who are ready to serve like good soldiers in the rank and file. Whoever is willing to sink his soul in order to get a higher place for his feet, whoever is more intent on securing a fame than on building up a character, whoever prefers popular plaudits to the peace of a good conscience and the "Well done" of Heaven, whoever insists upon having the world's best gifts even before he has put in debt to him by a large and beneficent service, whoever refuses the patient toil of faith and demands a rich and imposing harvest when he has only half sown the seed, whoever turns away from a sphere or a task wherein a true man may do a high work for his fellows and for God, in order to gain a distinction which is calculated to feed his vanity but imperil his heart, whoever does these things, and such as these, is weakly clamoring for honors which he had better try to deserve, and selfishly insisting upon a success that it were more becoming for him to try and earn.

In the most sacred places where men toil, there is danger that this worldly spirit may enter and do its subtle work. Even Christ's disciples may be found worshipping the symbols of a worldly prosperity, instead of clinging fast to duty and loyalty and faith, as the Israelites bowed before the molten calf in Horeb, instead of reverently waiting for the message which God was giving his servant within the audience chamber on the top of the mountain. Even the preacher, as he looks over his narrow field, and meets his small and plain congregation which he has often met before, and struggles with his petty and plaguing cares, and finds himself forced to plan carefully lest his income fall short of his most economical expenditure, and preaches the sermons that have taxed his brain and been filled with the deepest yearnings of his heart into heedless ears, and thinks of the unimposing body to which he belongs, and especially as he thinks of other men, with less power and easier style of life, who flourish amid worldly prosperity, and win fame, and hear the compliments of the crowd, and have their names spoken widely and enviously, and who are supposed to represent great and masterful force in the world; even the preacher, selfish and thinking and feeling all these things, is in danger of losing his earnest Christian simplicity, becoming ambitious in a worldly way, indulging both self-complacency and self-seeking, and so fretting impatiently over what he calls his hard and thankless lot, and then of giving up the Christian meekness, the true purpose and the conquering faith which never fail of a final victory, such as makes the soul heroic in the eye of the great Master.

The fact is, there is no real success save what is truly earned. All else that seems such, is a cheat which will some day be exposed. We have no right to clamor for place, and power, and deference, and honor. These are not the things which Christ promises to his servants on earth. If they come at all, and are worth keeping, they come as the fruit of patient continuance in well doing. The ambition to make a display, and do what the world esteems some great thing, may be born from beneath quite as often as from above. To gain such things might add to one's moral poverty, and perils. Only he who has truly earned success, while chiefly meaning to do his duty and honor his Master, is likely to use it properly or profit by it. And it is general-

ly upon him who is faithful in that which is least, and glad to do his work in the humble sphere and the quieter way, that God puts real honor. Moses and David were taken from the flocks over which they had watched faithfully and set up in the places of royalty. Apostles were summoned from the nets which they had used like men to call the world to a diviner faith and life. The very qualities that made them earnest to do their humble work well in the quieter sphere, proved them fitted for grander tasks; and when their fidelity had earned honor it did not fail to come, and they took it and used it wisely.

The lesson needs to be learned and practiced still. If we reach no worthy results, it is fitting to ask whether we have paid the proper price for them. If we can not work in faith, waiting for the harvest and the fulfillment of God's promise, it is fitting to ask whether the false motive does not vitiate and neutralize the service. If we demand place and honor and popularity, it is fitting to ask whether the ambition is not more of the flesh than of the spirit. If we are inclined to demand large returns at once for a small service, it is fitting to ask whether there is not more human egotism than Christian humility. If we feel that we must have mammon, it is fitting to ask whether we are not really consenting to do without Christ. Before insisting upon an imposing success, had we not better ask what and how much we have honestly earned? For to be is better than to seem, and fidelity is higher than fame.

San Domingo at Washington.

Last week was a time of stirring events at the national capital. Mr. Sumner opened the grave proceedings on Monday, in the Senate chamber, with a speech upon certain resolutions condemning the course of the administration in seeking to secure the annexation of San Domingo to the United States. Senators Morton and Howe followed in reply. Monday evening the Commissioners sent out to learn and report the facts bearing upon the question of annexation, arrived, and the substance of their report was professedly given to the public journals. Tuesday and Wednesday the debate, thus opened, went on, with several Senators eager to defend the procedure of the President, and with Mr. Schurz standing ably by the position which had been assumed by Mr. Sumner. Wednesday evening Mr. Sumner's resolutions were laid on the table by a decisive vote, after a refusal to allow the mover the usual courtesy of closing the debate. That is the outline of the story.

But it is only the outline. The filling up possessed the chief significance. Mr. Sumner had previously opposed the President's policy with strong words; the President had resented the opposition; Mr. S. had been removed from his position at the head of the Committee on Foreign Relations, as almost everybody believed, chiefly on this account; and the strong feeling in these high official circles was daily growing stronger. The President is not a man to yield; the Senator is not a man to retreat. The one was intent on carrying out his plans; the other meant to make good the charges for which he had been censured. The speech of Monday made a sensation. It drew a crowd to the Capitol twice as large as could be jammed into the Senate Chamber. It left the Representatives' Hall deserted, and drew the members en masse into the northern wing. It held that terrible crowd in almost a painful stillness for more than three hours. It got the profound attention of the country beyond any other speech that has been delivered in Washington for years. It worried the President's supporters into various expedients to break its force or divert attention by means of side issues. But it will be widely read, deeply pondered, carefully remembered, and surely bear fruit.

It was like all Mr. Sumner's great efforts. It showed careful and thorough research. Its arrangement was skillful. Its points were clear. Its facts were used with tremendous effect. Its discussion of legal principles showed the eminent jurist. Its statements were masterly. Its style was grave and elevated. Its tone was most emphatic. Its force was immense. And its dignity was not such as to prevent it from being pungent and severe. While speaking from the tribune of the statesman, it must be confessed that he set forth the method and the temper of the advocate. There are a few passages and more single expressions that his best friends will regret. They denote bitterness, and they appear really unjust. They carry an accusation which we believe the President ought not to bear, for he is evidently honest, earnest and patriotic, even if he is more a soldier than a statesman, and is more inclined to drive than coax his opponents. These qualities and deficiencies should partly excuse any mistakes, rather than aggravate them into crimes and proofs of willful usurpation. And though Mr. Sumner may have had much to provoke him, the self-restraint that kept his lips to courtesy would have done him more honor than the most caustic of his terrible paragraphs. So much for the sake of fairness.

But his exposure was needed. After reading his speech, and then reading all that has been said in reply or apology, we do not see how any unbiased man can fail to see that the policy pursued by the administration in this San Domingo business is very singular and very reprehensible. Gen. Grant has surely transcended his proper powers; he has been more the set partisan than the wise counselor; he has been plainly humbugged by shrewd and designing men; he has carried more of military than of civil policy into his procedure; he has snubbed and bullied the weak republic of Hayti often and most unbecomingly; he has assumed in behalf of the people what he should have accepted only when the people had given him their plain verdict and their emphatic direction. After all the attempts

to defend Gen. Grant and break the force of Mr. Sumner's damaging blows, we are confident that this plain and startling story will greatly lessen the desire of the country to secure San Domingo, weaken any arguments which the returned Commissioners may urge in favor of the measure, and induce some distrust of the President's good judgment, if it does not for the present put the whole project out of sight in disgust. We deeply regret the action of the President in this matter, and wish he might be discerning enough to see his mistake and frank enough to confess it. To do so would help rather than hurt him.

Just what the Commissioners will say we do not yet know. But their report will doubtless be very soon given to the public, and then we are likely to have a debate both upon the incidental and the main questions, and perhaps a virtual decision of the whole matter before Congress adjourns. But, in any event, we are not likely to buy and annex San Domingo before the strawberries are ripe.

Suppressing the Ku-Klux.

The brief message of the President to Congress, saying that he had been appealed to by the state authorities of South Carolina for aid to suppress the disorders which they could not master, and asking for appropriate legislation, added to the evidence that this murderous lawlessness is increasing and spreading, produced an effect. A large and able Committee was promptly raised in the House, and a bill is already reported. It is plain, strong, radical, and promises to be adequate, so far as legislation goes. It is being debated very freely by friends and foes, republicans and democrats, statesmen and politicians, men who speak for the good of the country and men who speak for buncombe. It has put the House into a thoroughly talkative mood, and it is proposed to let the orators have their say. Whether the speeches will help or hinder positive action, remains to be seen.

The discretionary power which it proposes to give the President is certainly very large. Whether it is needful or safe to make the Executive sole judge of the necessity for federal interference in the affairs of a state, may well admit of question, and allow room for very honest and very positive differences of opinion. And yet it may not be easy to provide any adequate remedy for such a state of things as now appears at the south, without vesting these almost autocratic prerogatives in the Chief Magistrate. Though it raises questions that belong rather to the legislative and judicial departments of the Government than to the executive, yet waiting for Congress to assemble and act, or for the Courts to hear testimony and argument might give insurgents time to organize and become formidable, when prompt and decisive action would crush them in the bud. The questions involved require our best wisdom, and are quite too grave and vital to be managed by partisanship. Here is the section around which the chief battle rages, and which contains the gist of the bill:

SEC. 3. That in all cases where insurrection, domestic violence, or unlawful combinations or conspiracies in any state shall so far obstruct or hinder the execution of the laws thereof as to deprive any portion or class of the people of such state of any of the rights or privileges or immunities named in and secured by this act, and the constituted authorities of such state shall either be unable to, or shall from any cause fail in, or refuse, protection to the people in such rights, and shall fail to apply to the President of the United States for aid in that behalf, such facts shall be deemed a denial by such state of the protection of the laws to which they are entitled under the 14th article of amendments to the constitution of the United States; and in all such cases it shall be lawful for the President, and he shall be privileged to take such measures, by the employment of the military, or the land or naval forces of the United States, or of either, or by other means as he may deem necessary for the suppression of such insurrection, domestic violence, or combination; and any person who shall be arrested under the provisions of this and the preceding section shall be delivered to the marshal of the proper district to be dealt with according to law.

We confess to a strong dislike of any action which puts such power into the hands of any single man. The seed of military dictatorship appears here, and an abuse of the power would be likely to invite a revolution. We hope republicanism can be maintained without borrowing the chief tools of autocracy, and that it may not be too difficult to tempt even the meekest and most modest of men with the offer of such vast forces.

Tilton on the Situation.

Theodore Tilton always has definite opinions on public questions, and he has no such modesty as prevents him from expressing them. They may not be always very wise. They may have more intensity than breadth. They may be at open war with those which he urged yesterday or those which he will promulge to-morrow. They may meet a wide acceptance, or go about vainly begging for an endower. No matter. They express the views of a very positive man to-day, and they seem to be not less positive because they are shared by few. It may be very wise or very unwise to urge them at a given time or in a given way. No matter for that. He is wont to take counsel chiefly of the editor of the *Golden Age*. Approval from that quarter seems to be enough. The pen is put in motion, and the types fling his manifesto to the public, who read, ponder, and then think for themselves.

A late issue of his paper has a characteristic article, entitled, "The Golden Hour for the Democratic Party." Evidently referring to the Republican loss of the election in New Hampshire, he speaks of a defeat on the Green Mountains, which would suggest a reason for reviewing the lessons in Geography. But, he says, some

things of the Republican Party that many others of its supporters have been thinking, and which perhaps none of them have uttered so forcibly as he. So far as his words suggest fresh reasons for making the political policy of the dominant party a true, manly, positive and vital one, they may do good. And so far as they help to make the Democratic programme truly patriotic, humane and moral, instead of leaving it revolutionary and rascally as it has been for a dozen years past, we shall rejoice in their work.

But as yet, while seeing many things to regret in the spirit and policy of the dominant party, we confess to a strong fear that the ascendancy of the party out of power would chiefly add plagues to our perplexities and recklessness to our corruptions. The quarrels among our leading statesmen and officers is a sad symptom, and the Democratic gains and confidence may possibly be justified in the immediate future; though we see no clear evidence that the tried and disappointed people are generally disposed to repudiate the party which has made a splendid record, for the sake of exalting one whose professions and promises and deeds have been alike bad. But we copy Mr. Tilton's words, not so much because they are his, as because they express the thought of many others who could not have told it so forcibly and well, and as suggesting what needs to be heeded. He says:

Let us suppose the worst, what then? The time has come for somebody to say from a Radical Republican point of view (and since the higher authorities are silent, we say it ourselves) that the triumph of the Republican party—which was at first a political, then a military, and always a moral necessity to the country—would now cease to be any kind of necessity to it whatever, if the Democratic leaders were wise enough to take a noble advantage of their great opportunity.

This result is not because of the Republican party's incidental blunders of legislation—as, for instance, its failure to repeal the Income Tax; nor from the dead level of mediocrity which characterizes the President's associates—with the exception of here and there a tireless worker like Boutwell; nor from its elaborate tridding with the Alabama claims—which, we hope, are now in a fair way of adjustment; nor from its most gigantic of petty follies in striking Mr. Sumner—for which it is suffering the sting of popular punishment; nor from its criminal delay to legislate for the safety of Southern loyalists—to whose graves it sends a commission to inquire whether they are dead; nor from its condemnation by New Hampshire—the first state that has had a chance to tell its truth—it is none of these causes singly, nor even all taken together, that we can trace the decline of the Republican party; but there is a sordid, great fact which, more potent than this sum total of minor influences, affords the true explanation: which is, that this party, for the first time in its history, has no living, breathing, inspiring issue with which, as of old, to excite the enthusiasm of the people, and to gather their swelling numbers under a victorious flag.

For the last two years the Republican party has been kept alive almost solely on the prestige of the previous era. It has a proud record—but this is almost wholly a story of the past. If a presidential election were to be held to-morrow, the Republican defeat would be due to the fact that the party is without a consolidating national issue; that it has no single and sacred purpose to achieve; that it has no watch-word—no battle-cry—no camp-song; in short, that it is without the moral sinews of its earlier wars. Time and circumstance, acting together, have brought thousands of well-meaning Republicans to a state of mind—common in the moods of political parties—where a change, even though it would change will not be improvement. In stirring days, when great questions are in clamor, even sluggish men think, and commonplace brains have an opinion. The Republican party once included multitudes of just such slow-minded members, whom it is now losing from its ranks. In 1856, such voters could give a good reason for voting with the Republican party; for they were opposed to the extension of slavery. In 1860, they could give another; for they were indignant at the conspiracy of secession. In 1864, they could give still another; for they demanded the vigorous prosecution of the war. In 1868, they could give yet another; for they wanted to gather all the fruits of victory into the full harvest of the 14th and 15th Amendments. But in 1871, they find that they have spent their strong emotions, and can give no special reason for voting with a party which has no great principle to be voted for. And this statement, which is sufficient to show that the defeat of the party is not improbable, is sufficient also to show that its triumph is no longer essential.

AID NEEDED. A pressing want in the Shenandoah Mission is books for those engaged in the ministry. There is a scarcity of those that are most needed, while many have not the means to purchase such as are offered them. Our own denominational books in particular are especially desired, and unless they can be provided, many will be obliged to go without the information they furnish. This, among those who are just shaping their religious beliefs, should not be allowed. Others who have talent, and would gladly improve it at school, have not the means to pay the other school expenses and at the same time purchase needed books. If any of our benevolent brethren or sisters can properly assist those who are both needy and worthy, here is an opportunity. Contributions for this purpose may be sent to Rev. A. H. Morrell at Harper's Ferry, and they will be faithfully applied. He is thoroughly conversant with the wants and condition of the colored people in the valley, and would see that the proper books were furnished in each case. Whoever assists in spreading religious knowledge is verily a benefactor, and has gone a long way towards receiving the "well done." May there be many liberal responses to this appeal for needed aid.

ANOTHER STEP TOWARD INDEPENDENCY. The long and earnest struggle in the Methodist church over this question of Lay Delegation being virtually at an end, and the extension of the term of service in the itinerancy to three years having been effected, there is now a movement on foot to make the bishops of that body elective at each session of the General Conference, instead of allowing them to hold their positions, like

the Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, for life, or during good behavior. The debate over this point is becoming quite earnest in some of the denominational papers, and strong men are using effective arguments in favor of the change. It is another protest against the Episcopacy of that church, under which the masses have felt more and more restless, and which is seen to be at war with the theory of popular rights that most Methodists exalt in the civil sphere. It is another assertion of the supremacy of the people who are everywhere claiming their own, and challenging the theory which asserts the divine right of kings and the high prerogative of priests. We have little doubt that the proposed change will be made, and shall not look for this to be the last step in limiting the powers of the Episcopal element. Its entire abolition is only a question of time.

INSULT FOLLOWING HONOR. Frederick Douglass received a fitting tribute in being invited to accompany the Commissioners to San Domingo. He was treated on the Tennessee and on the Caribbean islands like the noble man that he is. But the last few miles traveled, as he approached the national capital and his own home, brought him a reminder that the Free Republic has not wholly outgrown its slave-holding chivalry. Coming up on the steamboat from Acquia Creek, he was forbidden a place at the table in the cabin. Whereupon the Commissioners in a body promptly rebuked the insult by vacating the apartment, honoring themselves by sharing the exile of the noble man in the black skin instead of inviting disgrace by keeping company with the petty aristocrat in the white one. Such an attempt to play off plantation manners would be simply ludicrous if it were not so pitiable and mean. Mr. Douglass is wholly beyond injury by any such operation as this; it is the disgrace upon American ideas and history that makes such an act inflict a wound upon every citizen who keeps a live conscience and a heart with moral nerves in it.

THE GREEK CONCORDANCE. Those who have obtained and used the Concordance which we have been furnishing as a premium for three subscribers, are greatly pleased with aid profited by it. It is a rare opportunity to obtain a most valuable book for a little effort. The offer still holds good, and we shall be glad to put so excellent a volume into the hands of some hundreds of our ministers and other friends.

A VETERAN REVIVALIST. "Elder Knapp," as everybody calls him, so well and widely known as a revivalist among the Baptists, has just closed a series of meetings at Tremont Temple, Boston, where his bold, curt, slashing style of speech has come out quite freely where day after day, he has drawn large audiences, and where a considerable number of persons have expressed a purpose to be Christians. Though more than threescore and ten, he seems scarcely less full of vigor and fire than he did twenty-five years ago. Age and experience may have mellowed him somewhat, but he is still rough, audacious, indiscreet, extravagant, and to a refined mind occasionally offensive and repellent. Mr. Fulton, the pastor at the Temple, found much in him to like; they worked together in sympathy, and each compliments the other very freely, like the members of a mutual admiration society, in the last issue of the *Watchman*. They have several traits in common, and though sure to offend by their bluff, self-asserting, discourteous and defiant methods of speech, there is a good deal of work needing to be done in this world to which the younger pastor and the older itinerant are well adapted. There is a deal of bustling, half-unconscious egotism in the one, and any quantity of easy positiveness in the other. Both of them are well supplied with pluck in the temperament and iron in the blood, along with an honest and earnest desire to be true to the Master and lead men to salvation. The Lord has important service even for such natures, and so we may well be grateful that, even in this way, he provides for it.

Denominational News and Notes.

Whitestown Q. M.

Perhaps it will interest some of the readers of the *Star* to know that some of our churches are awaking to a more active life. The winter of our desolation has yielded to the spring time of religious growth. For the past four months Rev. A. Randlett has been laboring as an evangelist among our churches. In every place where extra meetings have been held, good results, proportionate to the amount of labor, have been realized. Whatever may be said of mere religious excitements, however much may be feared from sensational measures, there is no just condemnation for earnest, judicious, evangelical labor. The power to move men in the direction of their religious convictions, is largest with persons of ardent and persistent temperaments. Of course, such natures move rapidly in any given direction, and may be liable to fall into objectionable eccentricities. But gifts of this kind are not to be neglected; nor should they be allowed to waste and rust in our hands. If the church would properly care for, develop, and direct them, her progress would be much more rapid. Because there are injudicious evangelists it does not follow that all are thus; nor that the gift should be neglected or crushed out.

Four of our churches have been revived under the labors of Bro. Randlett. At Unadilla Forks, there has been a good work. Old difficulties, which have lain like a night-mare upon our very life, have been removed. The church is brought into working order. The backslidden have been reclaimed, and sinners have been converted. Our last covenant meeting was full of interest. Some eight or ten delinquent members took their places in the

church, renewed their covenant obligations, and commenced again the order of church travel.

Two persons united with the church by letter, and six on the profession of faith. These last were baptized on the Sabbath by Bro. Randlett. There are others who purpose to go forward in the ordinances of the church at a future time. At Columbia, the meetings are yet in progress. Some have united with the church, and others are expected to do so next Sabbath.

Washington Mills and Poland churches have also been revived. Thus the dead lock of our churches is broken, and with proper effort in following up the work, lasting results may be secured.

Systematic Giving.

A short time since I received a letter from an unknown person containing three dollars for Home Missions. I make the following extract from the letter, hoping that others may thereby be induced to adopt the same plan, which they may do good and receive good. The writer says:

"I adopted the plan of giving one tenth of all my means to the Lord, five years ago last Oct., and I would not now be deprived of the privilege of doing so. I work most of my time in a cotton mill, and my mother is mostly dependent on me for support; but God has blessed me wonderfully."

I wish every one that finds it hard getting along would just try the plan of laying by a portion for God. I do not think any one who has faithfully tried it would wish to be excused from systematic giving."

God is willing to "wonderfully" and abundantly bless all others who will bring their tithes into his storehouse. Reader, will you try it, and prove the Lord, and see if he will not pour you out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it?

Concord, N. H., Mar. 27, 1871.

Revivals, &c.

TUSCARORA, N. Y. The F. Baptist church in this place has, in former years, passed through some severe trials; but lately their prospects have been brightening. My predecessor, Rev. Amos Wing, during the four years of his pastorate, did a good work, in uniting, encouraging, and strengthening the church, and left a good influence. The church have a convenient house of worship, are well united, and trying to honor the Master.

Our prayer-meetings, though not largely attended, are interesting and precious seasons. Since last April there has been an accession of fifteen to our membership. The church are prompt in paying their pastor's salary, and liberal in their donations to him, besides bestowing numerous little kindnesses, which cheer the hearts of the minister and his family, and make them feel at home with the people of their charge.

The church generally patronize the *Morning Star* and *Myrtle*.

The Dec. session of the Tuscarora Q. M. was held with this church, and was a very precious season. Its influence still lingers with us.

We were favored with the presence and labors of Rev. S. Aldrich, of Elmira; J. Wood, of Genesee Y. Meeting; and G. C. Andrews, of W. Va., which contributed largely to the interest of the occasion.

J. W. BROWN.

NASHUA, IOWA. Six miles west of this place we spent four weeks on new ground in one of the best of revivals. About twenty-five were converted and reclaimed.

W. B. H.

ATHENS, O. The Lord is graciously reviving his work in Athens, Ohio, under the labors of Rev. R. I. Jackson. Feb. 12th, three were baptized, and a church of six members constituted, to be known as the Athens Freewill Baptist church. March 19th, two more were baptized, which, with one previously received, makes nine who have united with this little vine. Others, it is hoped, will unite soon. Will not our ministering brethren in the vicinity give them a call and aid them in building up our cause in that place?

THOMAS E. FEIDEN.

LYMAN, MAINE. The little church at Lyman, Me., has been signally prospered the past year. A little more than a year ago the members were on the point of giving up, as they were without a pastor and trials had arisen among them. Learning their condition, I offered them my services on the Sabbath, and they readily and cheerfully accepted, and the brethren engaged in earnest labor. The result is that trials have been removed, union restored, backsliders reclaimed and sinners converted.

Having previously engaged in another direction I must leave them, but they have received such accessions that they feel strong enough to settle a minister, and have secured the labors of Rev. W. J. Twort, a young licentiate from the Free Methodist of England. Bro. T. has recently come to this country, and proposes uniting with us, as he fully accords with us in doctrine. He is a young man of much promise, and will be reported to the next Q. M. for license from that body.

O. BUTLER.

WILTON, IOWA. We have enjoyed a good revival here in connection with Wilton Seminary and church, also at the Farmington church, some three miles out of the village. There have been about 20 conversions in each.

O. E. BAKER.

WYOMING, IOWA. The services of next Lord's day will close another year of ministerial labor with me, during which time I have acted as pastor of the Pleasant Hill church, and also of the Central City and Jordan Grove churches. I held a series of meetings at Jordan Grove church, and record an addition of fifteen, twelve of whom I had the pleasure of burying with Christ in baptism. Jan. 25, I began a series of meetings with the F. Baptists at Pleasant Hill, which lasted three weeks. Over thirty were

Poetry.

Pictures.

[No apology is needed at this time for reproducing the following exquisite lines by the lamented Alice Cary—lines which, in the judgment of so competent a critic as Edgar A. Poe, deserve to rank among the very finest contributions to the poetic literature of this country.]

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oak sides,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Nor for the violet golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Nor for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge;
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Nor for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the plums, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Jack and Me.

Here 'yare! Black your boots, boss—
Do it for five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is 't' nothin' prevents.
Set your foot right on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold,—
Sorter rough on a feller,
When his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir,
Though 'tain't much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—
Ain't got the stamps to spare.
Make as much as most 'em,—
That's so; but then, yer see,
They're got only one to do for;
There's two on us: Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller,
With a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin';
Sunin' hisself—that's Jack.
Used to be 'round sellin' papers,
The ears there was his lay;
But he got shoved off the platform
Under the wheels one day.

Yes, the conductor did it,—
Gave him a reg'lar throw,—
He didn't care if he killed him,—
Some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer;
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier;

High old style for a boot-black—
Made all the fella's laugh;
Jack and me had to take it,
But we don't mind no chaff.
Trouble—I guess not much, sir;
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him;
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir;
If some day we git up there,
All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.

—N. Y. Evening Mail.

The Family Circle.

Facts for Young Mothers.

BY C. C. S.

A lady, walking in Central Park, noticed two children in care of a stout nurse, who seemed to take great pleasure in tyrannizing over the little innocents. She pushed them rudely, and jerked them so violently as to be in danger of dislocating a joint. She scolded them, and made them sit, run, or stand still, just as her caprice dictated; and when they grieved, she told them if they complained to "Ma" she wouldn't let them come out any more. The lady saw this improper treatment of the little ones repeated so many times, that she finally followed the bad nurse one day; when she was returning with the children, and exposed her misconduct to her mistress.

Little Eddy was a beautiful, well formed child, with large black eyes, and a sweet voice. When in his second year, a wild, thoughtless girl, in carrying him across the room, held him so carelessly, that he fell backwards, injuring his back and hip so badly, that he never walked afterwards but with the greatest difficulty. After months of indescribable suffering, his beautiful eyes were closed, and the sweet voice hushed forever.

A lady with two children, a boy and a girl, was boarding in a fashionable location "in town." Boarding, with a nurse to take care of the children, and yet she was so tired that she must go away and rest a week. She probably considered the nurse trustworthy, and gave her countless charges concerning the children; one of which was, that they were not to be out after eight o'clock in the evening—it was summer. But the first evening that the mother was away, the children were not brought in until ten o'clock. The trusty nurse found some of her associates, and had a social time; keeping the children quiet meanwhile with fruit and candy. That night they

were taken sick. The boy's illness became dangerous, and the mother was hurriedly sent for; but when she arrived, her little son could not recognize her. He called piteously for "mamma" until his strength was gone, and then he moaned feebly a little while, and was—silent.

A lady, sitting by her window one morning, was startled by seeing a servant, bare headed and bare armed, running past, to the nearest physician, bearing in her arms a little girl about three years old. The child was deadly pale, and the little head hung so limp and prostrate over the girl's shoulder that the lady knew that death had touched it. The half frantic mother followed, crying and wringing her hands. In a little while they returned, having been assured by the physician that the little one's life was gone. And this is the explanation. The servant was sweeping the parlor, which had long windows reaching to the floor, and the windows were up, and curtains down. The little one, careering around the room in the joyousness of its sweet young life, leaned, as she supposed, against the window,—and struck the pavement. And oh! that cruel, cruel blow,—fruit of most unpardonable carelessness,—struck out, in an instant, the breath of the little innocent.

There were two beautiful twin children, three years old. The mother was in feeble health, and these little ones were playing in the yard, in care of the "girl," who was washing in the cellar kitchen. In their play, one ran into the kitchen and looked out of the window, while the other ran to the window to touch noses, and then stepped backwards, laughing and clapping her little hands. And what did the thoughtless domestic do, but carry a pailful of boiling suds out into the yard, and leave it, notwithstanding the wealth of life that was thereby endangered. The little unthinking child, stepping backwards in its merriment, sat plump into the scalding water. A few days of exquisite suffering, and the little hands were folded on the still bosom, and the sprightly little form was shut away from sight forever.

Dear young mothers, you who can dance all night, and are impatient with your worrisome babe that disturbs your sleep for half an hour, let me entreat you not to leave your treasures to the care of others, for your own ease and pleasure. In the care of children the utmost watchfulness is constantly necessary; and the untiring vigilance of the mother-love is undoubtedly their surest protection. Let then your pleasure consist, in a large measure, in taking care of your own dear offspring. In this care there is much that is sweet, much that is interesting, much that is comforting and delightful. If stern necessity compels you to yield them to another's care, seek one, if possible, who takes a loving interest in children, and who can easily lay aside selfish ease for the good of others. Do not trust them with the inexperienced.

The Three Fairies.

Once upon a time there were three fairies. They were sisters, and lived together in a cave, more beautiful than any you ever saw. It was lined with emeralds, and diamonds, and rubies, and the floor was of burnished gold. It was always cool in the summer and warm in the winter.

Now the eldest of these fairies was named Talkwell. She was rather the prettiest of the three; that is, at first sight. But some way or other, when a sensible person sat opposite her, he could often look right through her, and instead of seeing the buttons on the front of her dress, he would find the sash behind present to his eyes,—as if the fairy were made of air.

I think that Talkwell knew this, for she kept in her pocket some very fine wool; so delicate that one could scarcely see it, unless it were held up against the light. When Talkwell was about to enter into conversation with any one whom she wished to please, she would artfully slip her hand into her pocket, and then laughingly draw it across the person's eyes. Then a body was so blinded that he thought Talkwell very charming; and so she truly was, at times.

Talkwell was a lazy little damsel, and only played on the piano, or read stories from morning till night. She said that she wished she were able to help keep the cave in order, but she was far too much of an invalid, and the exertion quite exhausted her. Dr. Mole had advised her to "eat a carpet" daily, to give her back a little stiffness, and she was always intending to begin her medicine to-morrow. But, for different reasons, it was not convenient when to-morrow came; so, by constantly putting off the remedy, she never grew any more robust.

The second sister's name was Meanwell. She was not as idle as the eldest. Every morning she helped to sweep the cave with the broom called "Diligence," and to polish up the precious stones on the walls. But somehow it always happened that she raised an extra amount of dust, and she also had a way of breaking off the corners of the jewels. She felt extremely grieved, and sometimes angry at her misdeeds, but they continued to occur.

The third and youngest sister was Dowell, and a bright, cheery little body she was, to be sure! She was the one who helped the others out of their various difficulties; who brought order where Meanwell had raised a chaos; who fastened on the points of the diamonds which number two broke; and who ran to the meadows and found the "books in the running brooks," which Talkwell was so fond of reading.

Dowell was pretty, too. Talkwell's beauty faded in a few minutes, and Meanwell had a disheveled look, arising from her disappointing failures, but Dowell was invariably sweet, sunny, and smiling.

One fine morning Dr. Mole came to the cave, to ask Talkwell if she would go with him to visit Mrs. Caterpillar, who was lying

ill at Honeysuckle Lodge. Now Dr. Mole was quite in love with Talkwell, for, being a nearsighted gentleman, he did not see the fairy's peculiarities.

Talkwell at first hesitated, saying that she should like to go, but could not walk as far as the Lodge. However, when Dr. Mole assured her that his chariot was at the door, Talkwell was ready in a twinkling. They drove along through the sweet smelling pines till they came to Mrs. Caterpillar's house. Talkwell went in and sat down by the bed-side.

"I'm sorry to see you ill," said she. "I hope you will soon be better."

"Help me draw this blanket over me, that's all I want of you," said Mrs. Caterpillar, pointing to a coarse coverlet at the foot of the bed.

"I would gladly do so, madam," answered Talkwell, blandly, "but I am not strong enough to lift anything so heavy. I hope I can do you good by sitting near you and sympathizing with you. I wish I could help you—indeed I do. I am a great invalid myself; Mrs. Caterpillar, I ought to take a tonic every day. I dare say your back aches. I would rub it, but mine is weak too. I feel deeply for you. I understand it all," and Talkwell wiped a tear from her eye.

"I do not care a fig for your sympathy," said the patient, very much disturbed in her mind. "If you can't do anything for me but talk, you'd better go where you came from;" and Mrs. Caterpillar frowned over with her face to the wall.

"Good-bye, then," said Talkwell; "I'm sorry not to be of more assistance. I trust you will find yourself better to-morrow."

"Umph!" grunted Mrs. Caterpillar, as her visitor tripped daintily out of the door, and into Dr. Mole's chariot.

"I could not cheer her at all," said the fairy to the doctor. "I long constantly to do good, but my own poor health forbids me."

"She needs rest; and she has taken a notion that she can't sleep until that old blanket is drawn over her," answered the physician, with an admiring glance at his companion.

When they came to the cave, Dowell had gone for a walk, but Meanwell was at home. "I'll go to Honeysuckle Lodge," said she. "I'm stronger than Talkwell, and I'll get your patient well in less than no time."

So Meanwell started off. When she reached her destination she found Mrs. Caterpillar still complaining.

"I will pull your covering up for you," said Meanwell, briskly. So she tugged at the blanket, and made a large rent in it, by dragging it over a nail.

"Go away," screamed madam. "I had rather you had left me alone entirely. You've hurt my back with your roughness." Meanwell departed in disgust, without so much as saying: "I beg your pardon."

When Dowell heard her sisters' reports, she determined to go herself and see if she could not better matters. So, after the moon rose, she put on her sandals and crept out of the door of the cave. She soon came to the Lodge.

"I think I can help you, Mrs. Caterpillar," said she, in her soft, soothing voice. "This blanket ought to be mended."

"Thank you," said the patient, quite won by Dowell's manner; for if there is anything which sick people like, it is to have a nurse go to work without asking questions. The fairy sewed up the rent with her needle, "Charity," and her thread "Tact," and then she covered Mrs. Caterpillar up snug, and tucked the coverlet around her, over her head and all. And the result was, that Mrs. Caterpillar slept the soundest sleep she had ever enjoyed in her life; and when she woke up she was so fresh that she glowed a bright crimson, and all the people called her Mrs. Butterfly.

What became of the fairies, did you ask? Oh, they are living still. Talkwell married Dr. Mole, but she neglects her family shockingly. And she has, moreover, taken up one of her husband's worst traits, and has become a regular bore; and she flies from house to house meddling in everybody's business.

Meanwell is a maiden fairy still. She is very apt to go visiting with her elder sister, and tries to smooth over every one's feelings where Talkwell has made mischief; but she generally only makes bad matters worse.

And Dowell? She is married too, and has three lovely, rosy, happy children, who rejoice in the queer names of "Healthy," "Wealthy," and "Wise." They are apt to follow their mother everywhere she goes, and blessed is the household where they are constant visitors.—*Cong. & Rec.*

The Poppy and Holly Bush.

A FABLE.

"O what a dark-browed creature you are!" exclaimed a bright-faced Poppy one sunny morning smiling to a large, broad-shouldered, thick-set Holly.

The latter stood modestly in the shadow of a wood which opened into the broad green meadow where the Poppy was waltzing with the Breeze. Ever and anon the laughter of the dancing Blossom was flung back over her shoulder as she glanced in contempt at the sturdy, patient, unadorned Holly.

"Ha! ha! ha! you are too common and rough to be introduced into good society, Miss Holly Bush, while I am the Belle of the meadow, and the adoration of all my humbler associates who constantly offer up to me the sweetest incense. Ha! ha! ha! you stand there with your lowering, malicious look, envious of my beauty and grace, and in complete despair of ever attaining to such loveliness yourself. Yet with all your ugliness I pity you. For what has life for such rude, unattractive, disagreeable people? What can they have to live for? For my part, I am glad I was made for gaiety and mirth, to be caressed by the sleepy winds, to be admired by the world, to be kissed by the merry sunbeams and

smiled upon by the happy stars. Ha! ha! Miss Holly Bush, what say you?"

But the Holly stood meekly under the taunting. Only her glossy leaves quivered, and some bright dew-drops which looked like tears, shook to the earth. And I thought a prayer went up as if struggling from a human heart.

"How long, oh how long must I sit in darkness listening to the jeers of the vain and giddy? Is immortality better than mirth? Is future good better than the ephemeral bliss of this passing hour? Is living for others better than laughter and the dance?" And a sun-gleam like a golden dove lighted just then on the Holly's bowed head, and soft music as of many birds in the branches gave reply.

"Be patient and wait. Living is not all of life. Look and see the end of vanity, and be strengthened to bear your lot."

That day passed, and the next was going down to the sunset when thunderings were heard in the distance. The sunshine fled, and the soft fickle winds grew wild, and seemed dancing a death dance with the scarlet-robed Poppy until her delicate clothing was in tatters. Large drops came dashing down from the angry clouds, and as if in judgment upon the boastful blossom, crushed it to the ground. Not a vestige remained save the painted rags that strewed the grass.

"Alas, alas!" sighed the Holly. "Humility is better than Conceit. Goodness and Virtue are a brighter crown than Beauty."

The summer sped away and autumn desolation covered the earth. And now the Holly found to her great joy that her months of patience had not been in vain. Bright berries mingled their scarlet glory with the dark green foliage that bound her temples. Her work-days were over, and now began the festive days of her life. She became like Ethiopian Candace, magnificent in rubies and flashing emeralds, and rejoiced as she thought upon the patient work of the past in neglect and obscurity, when all the singing spring-time and flowery summer were holding carnival. Now all their beauty was gone, dead. But month after month brought her increasing joy, for an era was at hand in which she should be crowned queen of Grace and Patience, bearing in her hands Emblems of Hope and Immortality. The evening of the Christ Child's birthday came, and the lonely Holly was borne forth in triumph to deck the palace halls of princes and to cheer the lowly cottages of the poor. Then the bells rang for gladness that He the Blessed had come. The whole land was jubilant with songs and praises, and the jeweled Holly was proud and happy to cast at His feet her offerings.—*Interior.*

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead, that is required to catch up when behind, will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more correctly and speedily. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around saloons and stores. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand and see that they attend to their duties, and direct with regularity, promptness, liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy any article simply because the man who sells it will take it off in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ; for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. "Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope or work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal that than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on, than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask; but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you can not afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity for snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be honest. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young men, cut this out, and if there is folly in the argument, let us know.

We can do but little, at most, but we can do that little constantly. Little by little does God elevate us to himself. He calls daily, weekly, yearly. Neglect one call after another, and we become reprobrates. A man builds the wall stones by stone. And just so are saints built. God knows this, and therefore accommodates himself to our condition by affording us opportunity and material as we need them.

Literary Review.

OBJECT AND OUTLINE TEACHING. A Guide Book for Sunday School Workers. Designed to explain, defend, and exemplify the use of objects, the blackboard, maps and pictures in Sunday school teaching. By Rev. H. McCook. St. Louis: J. W. McIntyre. 1871. 12mo. pp. 438. \$1.75.

It is pleasant to get at last a volume which treats of the new methods adopted to render Sunday school instruction effective, and which deals with them in so calm, rational, discreet and thorough a way as does this work of Mr. McCook. Having heard many extravagant things said of object teaching and the use of the blackboard in the Sunday school; having seen examples of the method that would suggest almost anything rather than a wise and systematic plan; having even met a few things in this line that were greatly wanting in dignity and discrimination, we had come to question whether the new methods were not, on the whole, likely to fall into unskillful hands and work more mischief than profit. But this book of our author affords no little relief and promise. He discusses the subject in a very fair and intelligent way, pointing out very clearly the real sphere and office of Visible Illustration in the various forms which it has assumed in the Sabbath school, shows where and how it is in danger of abuse, and perhaps claims no more for it than is justifiable. He supplies a large number of examples under the various heads of Visible Illustration, some of which seem to us very admirable when put into the hands of a skillful man, while others awaken questioning and doubt. On the whole, we believe there is an important work to be done by means of these new appliances, provided they are used by persons of solid judgment and aptness of mind and tongue; but that, employed in excess, or by those who abound in fancy but lack Christian discretion, they may amuse or repel more than they will be likely to profit. But we commend this book, with special satisfaction and emphasis, to the attention of Sabbath school workers, as one that springs from a wide observation, a ripe and varied experience, a sound judgment, an earnest heart, and a high ambition to see our Sunday schools great sources of Christian power. It tells much, but suggests and hints at more. Its whole tone and spirit are excellent, and its discussions are calm, fair, vigorous, thorough, and generally satisfactory. It is incomparably the best volume that has been written on the subject.

THE SILENT PARTNER. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 12mo. pp. 302. Sold by E. J. Lane.

Miss Phelps's books spring from a definite moral purpose, as well as from a busy and teeming brain and a heart full of the most vital sympathies. They abound always in true sentiment, but they hold still more character. There are sure to be veins of poetry, and flashes of imagination, and gusts of humor, and gleams of wit, and choice passages of description that are like exquisite gems; pictures that can not be overlooked even by those who glance carelessly over the walls; but she is ever earnest and practical even when she is most merry and most intense, and evidently feels that her work is a failure unless she has carried a point with her reader. All this was true of her "Gates Ajar" and her "Hedged In"; it is more obviously and emphatically true of "The Silent Partner."

In this volume she is intent on exhibiting, in a limited sphere, the relations of capital and labor, and especially in pointing out the evils and abuses that attach to our manufacturing system, the lack of intelligent sympathy and the sense of responsibility among many mill-owners and managers toward those whom they employ, and the consequent prejudice and spite and suffering and vice among a portion of the laborers. It is plain that her sympathies go chiefly with the suffering toilers in this case, just as they went with the smelter orphan in "Gates Ajar," and with the wretched victim of passion in "Hedged In." Indeed Miss Phelps seems somehow to be spontaneously to the task of championing and pleading for the weak and misjudged and spoiled. In some way, either through an interpreting sympathy or an actual acquaintance with these children of want and misfortune, she seems to comprehend the inward as well as the outward life of those who struggle at the very base of society, and who would appear to be separated from her own circle of life as widely as the two horizons. She seemed to know what was passing in the soul of many an outcast woman, and so set Nixy Trent to unfold it. She seems to comprehend the mixture of sullen hate and redeeming aspiration that lives in the hearts of the crushed factory people, and she sets forth Sip Garth and Bajah Mudge to exhibit it. She is not a one-sided partisan, for she paints both the worse and the better side of life, a like among the lofty and the lowly. Against the unique but splendid womanliness of her chief heroine, Perley Kelso, and the manly honor and generosity of Stephen Garrik; and face to face with Sip Garth she shows us poor Catty, and a whole procession of turbulent and reckless men and women out of whom discretion seems to have been expelled, and in whom the lower passions hold constant carnival. She does not stop to argue the general question for the understanding; she supplies living examples and lets them make an appeal to the heart, as though satisfied that, when the right sentiment is properly aroused, it will find a way to solve the problem with which political economists have long plagued their brains.

Taken all in all, "The Silent Partner" seems to us the work which, more than anything else done by Miss Phelps, shows her to be a woman of rare mental balance, vigor and genius, as well as of the truest womanly instincts and intuitions, sentiment, brilliance, attractiveness and character. She has breadth as well as intensity, power as well as pungency, philosophy as well as imagination, penetrative thought as well as brilliant rhetoric. The mere story in this book is less attractive and continuous than in its predecessors, the intense style is, perhaps, in excess, the painstaking and the art show themselves in the rhetoric of half the pages, and the hints at what is told will often perplex the average reader. The book will have no such general popularity as others from her pen, partly on account of its subject and partly on account of its style; but still we set it down as, on the whole, the ripest and richest product of her powers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME. By James Parton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 12mo. pp. 410. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Mr. Parton has been sufficiently long before the public as a writer to make his mark and render readers familiar with his qualities. He never deals with a subject till, at least in his way, he has mastered it; he speaks out with a curt, and sometimes with an audacious boldness; he employs plain, direct, nervous Saxon; he has almost a Carlylean appreciation of strong and unique characters, and often misjudges or underestimates those which give prominence to the gentle and more feminine qualities; he has no patience with pretences and shams, and would seem at times unable to recognize even the need of a truly discreet policy. He is always stimulating, generally instructive, not often unwholesome in teaching or tone, and his essays and histories really add something to the literary inventory. These eleven essays have appeared before now in the form of magazine articles contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and they deserve this more

permanent embodiment. Such papers as those on the Tanbark at Home, International Copyright, Our Roman Catholic Brethren, Log-Rolling at Washington, Our Irish Brethren, and the Government of the City of New York, will never fail of securing interested readers, even though the interest take on a hostile form.

SHORT SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By Rev. W. S. Plumer, D.D. American Tract Society, New York. 12mo. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.

LIFE AT THEORETICAL & TEN. By Rev. Albert Barnes, Same Publishers, etc. Small quarto, pp. 148. 30 cts.

THE NEW LIFE; or, Counsels to Inquirers and Converts. By a Pastor. Same Publishers, etc. Small quarto, pp. 157. 30 cts.

The very best qualities which the Tract Society puts into the very best of its books abound in the three volumes whose titles we have given above.

Dr. Plumer has a rare faculty in stating the great vital truths of the gospel and the most sacred duties of men in the directest, plainest, strongest and most effective terms. That is what he has done in these brief and pithy discourses. The themes of these thirty-five short sermons are all central and practical, and they are dealt with in a calm, but still in a very earnest, positive and pungent way. They aim straight at the heart, and the heart must be well shielded that does not find itself hit and wounded, or helped and healed. There is no aim at fine writing or popularity, but throughout the volume a steady and strenuous effort to press home effectually upon mind and heart and conscience and will, the truths that immediately concern the salvation of men. A child can understand these discourses, and yet they contain just what the broadest intellect and the highest scholarship need to hear and accept. It would do pastors great good to read them for the suggestions they will offer in respect to the methods of making their preaching pointed and effective.

The last public farewell service, when Albert Barnes took a final leave of the responsibilities and duties of his pastorate, was a matter of general interest to Christians of all denominations, for the whole Church had an interest in him. We read a condensed report of his discourse at the time, and were especially touched and cheered by it; we are especially glad to have it in the full and revised form which he gave it just before his death. It is a humble but cheerful and grateful review of what we all feel was a singularly beautiful, noble, manly and useful life; it is full of hopefulness, of veneration, of calm trust, and wise and fitting and timely suggestions. It would pay every minister, old or young, to read it once in three months during the remainder of his ministry.

The Counsels to Inquirers and converts given by a pastor are most excellent, full of discrimination, pointing out and correcting many false notions that are very common, solving the actual difficulties met by most beginners in the Christian life, offering genuine helps and needed stimulants, and making the new way measurably plain to those who are apt to find it dark and misty and perplexing. It is a very fitting thing to put into the hands of those who are taking the first steps along the narrow way.

THE MUTTERS OF THE BOUNTY, and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands, by Lady Belcher. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 377.

The striking story of the mutiny on board an English ship, and the consequences thereof, especially the work of carrying the spirit and influence of religion to a small population of Tahitians who were rescued and were greatly improved in mind and morals by means of them,—this story, in its main features, has been often told and always read with great interest. But the recent discovery of added testimony and fuller information has enabled Lady Belcher to give us a fuller and more explicit narrative, and to clear up some points that have not heretofore been well understood. This book tells the story with equal accuracy and interest, and furnishes a large amount of just such information as adds to our geographical knowledge and emphasizes the great truths of the gospel. The maps and illustrations add to the value of the work.

THE APPLE CULTURIST. A complete treatise for the practical pomologist. To aid in propagating the apple and cultivating and managing orchards. Illustrated with engravings of fruit, young and old trees, and mechanical devices employed in connection with orchards and the management of apples. By Scriven Edwards Todd, author of "American Wheat Cultivist," etc. Same Publishers, etc. 1871. 11mo. pp. 324.

The author of this work is no mere theorist, but a thoroughly practical farmer, who tests his scientific theories in the only proper way before offering them to the public. This treatise on the Apple is well and fairly described on the title page, and is excellent alike in its substance, plan and style. It seems to anticipate all the real wants of apple growers,—as everybody who can should be,—and to meet them in a very satisfactory way.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1871, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, etc.; together with notes on the progress of science during the year 1870; a list of recent scientific publications; obituaries of eminent scientific men, etc. Edited by John Trowbridge, S. B., aided by W. R. Nichols & C. R. Cross. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1871. 12mo. pp. 340. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

We miss the usual portrait from this volume of the Annual; but in other respects it seems, in the care, thoroughness, skill, intelligence and good judgment with which the work of compilation has been done, every way worthy to stand beside the most excellent volumes which have preceded it. We could hardly say a more favorable word than this, however long and full and specific a notice we might give. It will be deemed well indispensable to the library of every public institution, and to the collection of every man who intends to keep himself informed respecting the progress of science.

THE TRANSMISSION OF LIFE. Counsels on the nature and hygiene of the masculine function. By George H. Napheys, A. M., M. D., author of "The Physical Life of Woman," etc. Philadelphia: J. G. Fergus & Co. 1871. 12mo. pp. 220.

We took occasion to commend Dr. Napheys's volume on "The Physical Life of Woman," at the time of its appearance, some months ago, as a calm, intelligent, discreet and excellent work, devoted to a subject requiring both faithful and delicate treatment. With perhaps stronger emphasis we may commend this new volume. The reason for telling the exact truth on such topics as are here treated, are many, obvious and urgent; and yet there is great need that it be so told as to constitute a forcible protest against impurity and even prurient curiosity, and to encourage a thorough loyalty to physical and social obligation. Dr. Napheys writes in a way thoroughly adapted to this end. He keeps clear of extravagances, he corrects many false impressions, he would ally needless and mischievous fears, he would appeal to hope and affection where such appeal is likely to do good, and yet, though his words are calm, they are terribly severe when dealing with the vices and pointing out the excesses of lustful passion in which our social life abounds. The circulation of this book promises to be an able benefaction.

Literary Miscellany.

Sending Invalids to Italy.

Every fall and winter the question comes home to many individuals and families. Where shall we go to spend the inclement months of winter and spring, so trying in these northern latitudes to persons of delicate or diseased constitutions? A very common answer is, Italy. Doctors who know that his considered a great sanitarium by English and European physicians, and friends who have been there in health, and only remember the bright days and pleasant hours they spent there, both continue to urge the delicate and diseased to go to Italy as the land of sunshine and health, the very place for an invalid's winter home. I spent last winter there, myself, expecting to find a paradise in climate, the land of health and new life for all delicate and invalid persons. Having had many illusions dispelled by the actual facts in the case (facts new to me, but well known and accepted by the residents in that land), I desire to state some of those facts for the benefit of those who may be thinking of Italy for a winter home.

Those who advise to go to Italy will tell all its advantages, and the eager longing of nearly every one to visit this classic land of art and beauty, will add emphasis to all those advantages. Let me speak of some facts on the other side, which ought to be considered before taking the step. We think of Italy as the land of sunshine and warmth. In summer it is so, but in winter it is anything but warm and sunny. I was in northern Italy—at Verona and Venice—in November, and we had frosts, with cold winds and chilly rains. The first week in December we started south. On our way to Bologna it began to snow, and a more blustering, driving snow-storm I never saw in New England. We reached Bologna several hours behind time, while the trains from Milan and Turin did not get in that night at all, and were detained some twenty hours or more. In short it was a regular snow-pow in all northern Italy.

Now to be snowed up in America is always inconvenient and sometimes attended with positive discomfort; but it is a small matter compared to what it is in Europe. Here, the cars are heated by stoves or furnaces, and so long as the wood holds out you can be comfortable; and when it gives out, all that is required is for the more hardy passengers to go out and pull down a railing, or cut down a tree or two, and there is an abundance of fuel. Now in Europe there is much danger of hunger; for though you are run into a snow-drift miles from a town, at the farm-houses around you can always get enough to eat, and of a quality that you can use. In Europe, if you are snowed-up, you are in great danger of freezing, for there are no stoves or furnaces in any of their cars, the only means of warming being hot-water cans for the feet, which soon get cold, and can be replenished only at certain stations where there are arrangements for supplying hot water. As for food, also, you would nearly starve, for farm-houses are scarce, and what you could get is of ordinary peasant's house food, consisting, probably, of sour black bread, rancid oil, and vinegary wine. We stopped three days at Bologna, and all that time, though one of the days was Sunday, the city fathers seemed to have their hands more than full, carting the snow out of the streets both night and day. The snow lay nine inches deep on a level, and in many places was badly drifted. Three more miserable days I never spent than those at Bologna. Our hotel was large, its rooms palatial, ceilings lofty, halls enormous, and every place very clean and airy. There was a pretense of heating in a hotel, but it only served to make the place seem colder, and more draughty in the halls, while it did nothing for the rooms. In these latter were little fire-places or stoves, but no amount of fire that could be made in them seemed to have the slightest effect toward moderating their sepulchral chill. Three such days to a delicate or consumptive patient would have been equivalent to a death-warrant.

Now this experience was not an exceptional one. Such snows and cold snaps are not infrequent in northern Italy; and as for comfort, we have the best that could be furnished by the best hotels in the city, and one that is noted all over Italy for its excellence. The only comment to be made on the matter is, that life in winter in a house built expressly to furnish coolness in hot weather, can not but be most thoroughly uncomfortable. We cut short our visit at Bologna, being actually driven away by the cold. The journey to Florence is through beautiful scenery, and the railroad is a wonderful feat of engineering and skill, running nearly half the way through tunnels cut out of the solid rock of the Apennines. Our journey was cold and stormy at first, with wind, snow, hail, and rain. But as we came out from the mountains, and caught our first glimpse of the plain of the Arno, the clouds broke away, and the rays of the setting sun spread their golden glory over the scene, and we began to think after all, we were about to find sunny Italy. At Florence we had intended staying several weeks, and had written to engage rooms of an English lady who kept a fashionable boarding-house in the very center of the city, in one of Florence's fine old palaces. What would you think, on arriving at your hotel, tired and weary with the day's journey, expecting to find extra comfortable rooms, engaged and fitted-up, to be taken up by one hundred and fifty-three, before you reach your rooms, and to find no other place for lower rooms, that your landlady's house only begins at the one hundred and nineteenth step! At the height of one hundred and fifty-three steps we found two comfortable rooms, and if they were lofty, we comforted ourselves that, having the right exposure, and being sky-parlors, we should at least have an abundance of sunlight. But even in this we were disappointed, for our neighbor's palace towered so much above us that the sun could not get into our windows.

This illustrates one of the worst features about Italian cities as winter homes for invalids. The streets are narrow, the houses lofty, and so to get any sunlight into your windows you must ascend very high, and this is almost an impossibility for an invalid. On the other hand, to be near the earth and without the sun, is the most fatal thing one can possibly do. Indeed, one should make their will, and say good-by to their friends, before setting out to live in a sunless room in Italy. The day after our arrival in Florence was bright and sunny, but cold, frosty, and with a cutting wind. On the whole, we concluded that we had not yet reached the sunny Italy of our dreams, and we had better push on to Rome with some friends who were just leaving. Rome is, or at least was, the most disagreeable place to get into or out of in Europe. The only express train from Florence (and that a very slow one, and often behind time) goes at night. Now night-travel in

Europe is no laughing matter, as there are no sleeping-cars or any arrangements to make it comfortable. If the train is crowded (as it was in our case), you are put right into a compartment hardly large enough to hold you, and without means of either heating or ventilating. To open the window in one of these cars means a cold to some one, and at the same time excites the wrath of the natives, who, throughout Europe, seem to have a horror of fresh air. Eight persons, with just room enough to sit in, without ventilation, and windows closed—imagine the state of the air in the compartment by morning! If your companions are foreigners, you may consider yourself fortunate if they do not insist on smoking half the night. Rome was reached at ten o'clock, Dec. 8th, two or three hours behindhand, in a driving, pouring rain. After several days hunting we secured comfortable apartments in the Via Felice, sunny bed-rooms, and a parlor with a fire place and not so large and airy but that we could keep it comfortably warm.

Rome is the most fascinating city in the world; and a stay of six or eight weeks is hardly long enough to take a glance at its many beauties and wonders. But I propose to speak only of its climate. Of the forty days we spent in Rome, I think there was not a single twenty-four hours in which it did not rain. At times, snow and hail varied the rain, and then for a few hours it would blow off cold, and the dreaded tramontana, or north wind, would chill the poor invalids to the very marrow with its keen and icy breath. Much of the time the weather was showery, raining once or twice a day, with clear intervals between; now rain for two or three days, and then the Tibet overflowed its banks, inundating the lower portions of the city till the water stood more than a foot deep in the Pantheon. There was great fear at one time that the freshet would carry away the fine old bridge of St. Angelo. The recurrence of just such a flood this winter, and at about the same time, shows that they are not unusual. As to temperature, the air was generally mild and very damp—much as the air feels at New York in winter during a cold east storm. When the tramontana blew, it was piercing and cold. The general effect of the climate was relaxing and debilitating to such a degree as to make, some, the most robust feel languid and nervous.

From Rome we went to Naples. Of the six weeks passed in Naples and its vicinity, about one-third of the days were in part or wholly rainy. During nearly all the time deep snow covered the cone and sides of Vesuvius. For one week the weather was very cold, with from six to eight degrees of frost, making quite thick ice on the water in the fountains. Much of the time the winds were high, driving the dirt and dust of the city into your face in a way that was almost unbearable. At one time the sleet blew for nearly a week. This is the hot south east wind, the most distressing and dreaded of all the winds by the inhabitants of the south of Europe. Its effect is to make one feel languid and weak, with headache, oppression, and intense nervous irritation. A man who could remain cheerful and good-natured with the sleet blowing would be in a fair way to have his name enrolled beside that of patient Job. On the whole, the climate of Naples seemed to me more healthful than that of Rome. But this is not the case with all. We had two consumptive ladies with us at the same hotel, both in Rome and Naples. One of a nervous, excitable temperament, improved at Rome, and drooped from want of vitality. At Naples, the one of nervous temperament became seriously ill, the air seeming too stimulating and strong; the other improved rapidly.

Our visit to Florence was made in spring, from the middle of March to the first week in April. Florence is well called *La bella*, for a more beautiful city is nowhere to be found. But this name will not apply to its spring climate. During our stay there were almost incessantly cold, blustering winds, making out-door life disagreeable to any one, and most injurious to an invalid. Though the sun shone brightly and warmly, the snow on the mountains around, and these cold winds, made fire necessary, even on the first of April. Such was my experience of the climate of Italy during the winter of 1869-70. I can say honestly as I heard many others say at the time, I never suffered so much from cold as during my winter in sunny Italy.

Having conceived of Italy so differently from what experience showed it, I was at first inclined to think it had happened there in an exceptional year. To be certain on the subject, I made careful inquiries, and the result was, that with the exception that people thought it a little more rainy than usual in Rome, the winter was a fair average winter. "Why, then," I asked, "are invalids sent to Italy?" "Because," said the best English and German and American physicians, and the old residents and foreigners in all cities, "because the people at home do not know what they are doing. Every person that knows anything about it, knows that Italy is no place for sick people in winter. They are far better off at home, even in England." Such was the universal testimony; and the specimen of the climate which I experienced convinced me that it was true.

The Carnival in Spain.

The true Carnival survives in its native purity only in Spain. It has faded in Rome into a rumping day of clown's play. In Paris it is quite more than a busier season for droggy and professional vice. Elsewhere it is over the world the Carnival gayeties are confined to the salon. But in Madrid the whole city, from grandee to cordwainer, goes with childlike earnestness into the enjoyment of the hour. The Corso begins in the Prado on the last Sunday before Lent, and lasts four days. From noon to night the great drive is filled with a double line of carriages two miles long, and between them are the laudacious of the favored hundreds who have the privilege of driving up and down free from the law of the road. This right is acquired by the payment of ten dollars a day to city charities, and produces some fifteen thousand dollars every Carnival. In these carriages all the society of Madrid may be seen; and on foot, dashing in and out among the hoofs of the horses, are the young men of Castile in every conceivable variety of absurd and fantastic disguise. There are of course pirates and Indians and Turks, monks, prophets, and kings, but the favorite costumes seem to be the Devil and the Englishman. Sometimes the Yankee is attempted, with indifferent success. He wears a ribbon-wreathed Italian band's hat, an embroidered jacket, slashed buckskin trousers, and a wide crimson belt, a dress worthy at once to recognize him as a foreigner, and to make him feel like one. Most of the maskers know by name at least the occupants of the carriages. There is always room for a mask in a coach.

They leap in, swarming over the back or the sides, and in their shrill monotonous scream they make the most startling revelations of the inmost secrets of your soul. There is always something impressive in the talk of an unknown voice, but especially is this so in Madrid, where every one seems his own business, and devotes himself rigorously to his neighbor. These shrieking young monks and devils often surprise a half-fledged foreigner in the heat of a fair Castilian and drag it out into day and derision. No one has the right to be offended. Duchesses are called Tu! Isabel! by chin-dimpled school-boys, and the proudest beauties in Spain accept bonbons from plebeian hands. It is true, most of the maskers are of the better class. Some of the costumes are very rich and expensive, of satin and velvet heavy with gold. I have seen a distinguished diplomatist in the guise of a gigantic canary-bird, hopping briskly about in the mud with bedraggled tail-feathers, shrieking well-bred sarcasms with his yellow beak.

The charm of the Madrid Carnival is this, that it is respected and believed in. The best and fairest pass the day in the Corso, and gallant young gentlemen think it worth while to dress elaborately for a few hours of harmless and *spirituelle* intrigue. A society that enjoys a holiday so thoroughly has something in it better than the blasé cynicism of more civilized capitals. These young fellows talk like the lovers of the old romances. I have never heard prettier professions of devotion than from some gentle savage, stretched out on the front seat of a landau under the peering eyes of his lady, safe in his disguise if not self-betrayed, pouring out his young soul in passionate praise and prayer, around them the laughter and the cries, the cracking of whips, the roll of wheels, the presence of countless thousands, and yet these two young hearts alone under the pale winter sky. The rest of the Continent has outgrown the true Carnival. It is pleasant to see this gay relic of simpler times, when youth was young. No one here is too "swell" for it. You may find a duke in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, or a butcher in the dress of a crusader. There are none so great that their dignity would suffer by a day's reckless foolery, and there are none so poor that they can not take the price of a dinner to buy a mask and cheat their misery by mingling for a time with their betters in the wild license of the Carnival. —*Atlantic Monthly*.

Luther and Germany.

It will be remembered that Luther had, by "the profoundly learned lady, Catherine Luther, his gracious house wife," whom he valued "above the kingdom of France or the state of Venice," six children. The eighth generation of his descendants was represented in the male line, by Joseph Carl Luther alone. This Joseph had seven children, of whom all except two daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, were, in 1867, living in Halle or its vicinity. None of them were at all distinguished, and nobody in Eisleben or anywhere else knew anything concerning them beyond the simple fact that they existed. —*Sense becomes nonsense, well-worn plagues; alas for thee that thou art a grandson!* says Goethe.

The memory of the mighty monk is not cherished as it deserves, either by the Prussian government or by the German people. Not in all the city of Eisleben, with its two daily newspapers, could I find a photograph of the Reformer, and it was with difficulty that I discovered in an obscure *Buchhandlung* one of his house. The stone step of his humble dwelling is little worn now by the tread of reverent pilgrims, and the cobblestones stretch athwart the stairs. Germany has erected a few statues in honor of genius—to Gutenberg, Faust, and Schöffer, to Goethe and Schiller; but most of its statues are in apothecaries of eashed and ribbowed idocy, bestriding the horse which the Germans of all men sit most ill, and only great "by the grace of God" or the titular additions of knighthood. France writes on her July Column the names of all her immortals; Italy fashions from the imperishable marble, with the long patience of centuries, and places in her Pantheon at Milan, the shapes of all her illustrious sons; but Germany, which is full of bronze kings who in their generation were tyrannical idiots, plants no worthy statue to Humboldt or Luther or Beethoven, princes of science, of religion and music in all our Christian world. Peaceful as she is, in all practical matters, Germany is the youngest of all civilized peoples, and like a young girl, her imagination runs on military brass and spangles. —*Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Ant-Lion.

Mr. Emerton reports in the *Naturalist* on the habits of an ant-lion which he had the pleasure of capturing in Danvers, Mass., and keeping as a pet for some months. He gave it a box of sand for a home. In this, after recovering from some shyness, the creature would make a pitfall. This was about two inches across, and one deep, and was excavated by putting the flat head and jaw under a few grains of sand and then projecting them with sufficient force to throw them six inches. At the bottom of the pit, which was conical, the creature would bury itself with only the jaws projecting across the bottom. If an insect came upon the sides, a disturbance of the sand would tumble it to the bottom and bring it within the grasp of the jaws, through which the blood was sucked. The construction of just such a trap seems to be essential to this creature as he can not make any forward motion, and unless the prey can be brought exactly within the range of the jaws, is quite impotent at catching it. On being put into close quarters where a pitfall was impracticable he had sufficient smartness to make the best of changed conditions and would cover his body with a little sand, leaving the jaws extended on the surface. But the device would be of little service unless an insect happened to travel over the treacherous jaws. If, in these circumstances, a fly was caught into a wing or leg the ant-lion had no power to shorten his hold or move nearer. But he would often throw up sand and try to undermine the fly, sometimes working an hour in this way before bringing the prey into favorable position.

The Proud Man.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, and swells and seems bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumor and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress, and he makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfection. He is his own favorite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but all mankind. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not

worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has received to have a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is as hard-to-be-acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others, and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer.

The Astor Library.

The cost of the two buildings containing the library has been the sum of \$289,870 72; that of the books, inclusive of the catalogue of the library, \$224,911 81; and the library possesses invested funds to the amount of \$222,393 69, the interest on which sum supports it. The number of books contained in the library is in round numbers, 137,000, giving as the average cost of each volume, about \$1.64. When we take into consideration the great number of costly books that have been purchased for the institution, this low average is a remarkable illustration of the judgment which has been exhibited in the purchases.

The building in which these 137,000 volumes are contained, comprises two structures situated on Lafayette place between Fourth street and Astor place, and presents a frontage, 130 feet in length by 70 feet in height, of brick, ornamented with brown-stone moldings, in the Byzantine style of architecture. The depth of the building is 100 feet.

The system of arrangement of the books in the Astor Library is that of classification by subjects, even to the minutest subdivision, and is based on the plan of Brunet, the great French bibliographer. The two libraries contain the two distinctive classes of books, science and literature; the first in the south building, the second in the north.

The alcoves number 28 in each building, or 56 in all; each alcove contains 123 shelves capable of holding an average of 20 volumes each; and as there are 6,888 shelves, the complement of the two library halls is 200,000 volumes. The shelving of the Astor Library, if placed in a continuous line, would extend about four miles; the books, laid end to end, would reach about thirty miles; their cost we have already given, and their weight is about 200 tons. —*Galaxy*.

Good Sense.

It will preserve us from censoriousness; it will lead us to distinguish circumstances; keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study disposition, peculiarities, accommodations; to observe, and what to pass by; when to be high and when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms, and handling things roughly; it will never agitate claims of superiority; it will teach us to submit ourselves not to another's Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

Quarreling.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe it. Whoever he is or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

Stand Alone.

Society is much infested with adult bodies who can not or will not stand alone. These weaklings are decidedly more troublesome than the little toddlers who stagger from chair to chair in their first attempts at unassisted locomotion. The grown-up infirm makes no effort to support himself. He insists upon always having hold of somebody's hand, and if he has nothing to cling to, or to lean against, he lies down and gives up. There are few energetic, prosperous men who are not embarrassed with one or more of these dead weights. The best service that any man to whom they attach themselves can render them, is to shake them off, providing them, if possible, with an opportunity to exercise whatever ability, whether of the head or hand, they may possess. There are indolent, irresolute men who can be taught to stand alone. But he who is incapable of making any effort by which success can be achieved is a hopeless case. He is a mere "cumber of the ground," and without value in society.

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 especially important. Not more than a single square can well be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

LUCY J., only daughter of Dea. Sargent P. and Jane Day, of Kennebunk, Me., died Sept. 10th, 1870, aged 20 years. Four years since she gave her youthful heart to Jesus, and was baptized by Rev. John Stevens. She was a consistent, earnest, faithful Christian, loved by all. Her death is very deeply felt by the entire community. —*P. SMITH*.

CAPT. STEPHEN B. DOW died in New Hampton, March 17, of inflammation of the throat, aged 62 years. —*E. H. PRESCOTT*.

ELIZA L., widow of the late Nathan B. Prescott, died in New Hampton, N. H., Feb. 9th, aged 44 years. In her youth she sought the Savior, and ever maintained her faith to the end. On the death of her husband, a double responsibility fell upon her. She struggled hard for herself and boy, till nature failed, and she fell by the hand of quick consumption. The Savior was with her in the end. —*J. ERSKINE*.

MR. ANDREW P. HENDERSON, son of Mrs. Eliza Foss, and grandson of Robert Hocking, died in Madbury, Feb. 16th, aged 25 years and 7 months. His father having died when he was a child, he found a good home with his grandfather, John B. Hocking, from the time he was 7 years old till the time of the formation of the 11th Reg. of the N. H. Vols., when he became a soldier in Co. K, of that Regiment. He lost an

arm and became otherwise impaired in health in the faithful discharge of his country's service, which brought on consumption, of which he died. He was a worthy young man, a patriotic soldier, and died in Christian hope. —*J. MEADER*.

LYDIA, widow of the late James Ruggles, died at the residence of her son Daniel, in Sutton, Va., March 5, 1871, aged 88 years. Sister Ruggles was faithful in all the relations of life, and loved her husband dearly. She gave her heart to the Saviour in early youth, and ever after, her life was in conformity with her Christian profession. Her last hours on earth were peaceful and joyous. Two sons, one daughter and numerous friends deeply feel her loss. —*F. L. WILEY*.

ALMIRA C., consort of Peter L. Hocking, died Dec. 10, 1870. She was born Jan. 6, 1850, in New Hudson, Allegheny Co., N. Y., and removed with her parents, Rev. William and Electa Caswell, to Bone Gap, Edwards Co., Ill., early in 1864, where she united with the Free Will Baptist church soon after their arrival, she having experienced religion about one year previous to that time. Her husband was much loved and esteemed among a large circle of associates and acquaintances; her life was that of a consistent Christian. She was married Jan. 1st, 1870, to Peter L. Hocking, who was called by the messenger to leave all and come up higher. Her last days were very painful and afflictive; her mind was tossed as by a terrible tempest until the last two days; then came the quiet and holy calm that preceded the storm. There was a recognition of friends, and her dear little babe, and then she fell asleep in Jesus. Funeral sermon by the writer. —*J. B. RAVENSCROFT*.

DR. D. A. WENDELL, son of D. H. Wendell, Esq., of this city, died at his father's residence on Monday, March 27, aged 36 years and 7 months. Dr. Wendell graduated with honor at Bowdoin Medical College, and served four and one half years in the army during the late war. At the close of the war, he settled in the practice of medicine in Taunton, Mass., and during his residence of two and one half years, by his skill and industry laid the foundation of an extensive medical practice. While there, the seeds of disease implanted in his system during his southern life became unmistakably developed, and continued ill health compelled him to relinquish his life work. He was Surgeon in the U. S. Army, and by his high abilities and characteristic urbanity won the respect and love of all who knew him.

DEA. DAVID HAINES died in Janesville, Wis., Dec. 19, 1870, aged 78 years. He was a native of Deerfield, N. H., a representative in the Legislature in 1834-35, and was chosen Deacon of the F. B. church in 1833. Five years later he took up his residence in Manchester, and not long after was chosen Deacon of the First F. B. church there, then in its infancy. In 1849 he went to California, but returned to Janesville, Wis., where he died. He was a devoted man, and after a few years moved to Northfield, Minn., and last year to Janesville, Wis., where he died. It will be seen that he lived a life of much usefulness, and his high abilities and characteristic urbanity won the respect and love of all who knew him. —*COM.*

IDA A., daughter of G. W. and E. A. Burbank, died in Deerfield, Jan. 10th, aged 15 years and 10 months. She was one of the number who professed to have found the Saviour in the revival of last year, and with many others she went down into the water and was baptized. It was a sad bereavement to the church, and a great loss to the community. A few months after she was taken sick with consumption, and it was evident that her days on earth would be few. Although her husband was murdered, her mind was fixed on Jesus, and she passed away peacefully, dying in her father's arms. The mourning parents have the sympathy of the church, and a large circle of friends, and they hope to meet their dear child in the home of the redeemed, where all tears shall be wiped away. —*G. S. H.*

WYMAN OLIVER died in New Sharon, Me., aged 73 years and 9 months. Bro. O. was converted some 50 years ago, and united with the F. W. B. denomination, of which he remained a worthy member till he left to join the church above. He was a member of the F. W. B. church in Straks for more than 40 years; he was a reader of the *Morning Star* which has been a weekly visitor in his family from the first number to the time of his death. We believe he was ready for the change he was unexpectedly called to experience. He left the house for his ordinary service at the barn and had proceeded but a few steps when he fell in death. He was a devoted man, and was not wanting in charity for others. It was said to the writer by an unconverted business man: "I know we have lost a worthy man, but I am glad he is no longer a member of the church. He was willing to accept a religion that would cost him something in time and money. As a Christian he was faithful and obedient. As a husband, he was faithful and kind; as a father, he was kind and affectionate. He leaves a companion, four children, one brother and one sister to mourn. Funeral services by Rev. S. Williamson, assisted by Rev. C. Campbell and J. W. Carr, Feb. 1st, at 10 o'clock." —*E. H.*

ESTHER A., wife of J. S. Phelps, died in Potomac, N. Y., Jan. 25, aged 40 years. She was converted at the age of 13, and united with the Baptist church in Italy, N. Y., where she remained an active and worthy member until her death. It was her constant delight to faithfully discharge all the duties and perform all the labors of the Christian life. It was truly her meat and drink to do the will of her Father in heaven. She was rooted and grounded in Christ, by a living and vitalizing faith. The life currents from the living vine gave her constant vitality and strength in her efforts to do good. And she always exuded the good, bright, generous, and clusters of the ripe fruits of well-doing in the cause of the Lord. And those who knew her best loved her most. Her friends deeply mourn her loss. Our brother has met with a great loss, and we sympathize with him in his affliction. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." —*L. B. STARR*.

CYNTHIA PAYNE died in Deerfield, Pa., March 4, in the 94th year of her age. Thirteen years ago she gave her heart to Jesus, and since that time has lived a consistent and devoted Christian. She was united with the F. W. B. church in Deerfield, and remained an esteemed member till removed by death. She possessed those qualities of heart and life which give to the Christian a true and hearty sympathy with his fellow-Christians. Her death was a great loss to the church. Though she has been a great sufferer for the last seventeen years, being afflicted with spinal complaint, she has borne it all with Christian resignation, and even with cheerfulness. The last moments of her life evinced the genuine triumph of Christian faith. She selected the text, and minister to officiate at her funeral, Text, Ps. 22: 24, 25. Funeral services by the writer. —*J. W. BROWN*.

Academies, &c.

LAPHAM INSTITUTE.
The SUMMER TERM will commence on MONDAY, April 10, at 10 o'clock. Complete Courses of Study for both sexes. —*G. H. RICKER, Prin.*
No. Situate, R. I., March 21, 1871. 13

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTE.
REV. A. B. MESSEVEY, Principal, with eight Associates. Next term begins April 24, 1871. Anniversary, June 27th-28th. For particulars, apply to the Principal. —*E. C. LEWIS, Sec. Trustees*.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.
The Summer Term of this institution will begin on THURSDAY, April 6, and continue till the first of September. —*A. M. JONES, Sec.*
Lewiston, March 28, 1871. 3w14

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.
PITTSFIELD, ME.
GEORGE B. FILES, A. B. Preceptor.
MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress.
MISS MARION M. PERIN, J. D. Associate.
EUGENE WADE, A. B. Prin. of Normal Dept.
MISS L. MARIA SIMONS, Associate.
MISS J. B. STEELE, Teacher of Music.
B. M. WATTE, Teacher in Commercial Department.
Length of Term, ten weeks.
CALENDAR, 1871—Spring Term begins February 2, Summer " " " " April 12, Fall " " " " August 24.
Anniversary Exercises, June 21st.
N. F. WYBETH, Secretary Trust.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.
THE SPRING TERM of this institution will open on March 27. Its courses of study are as follows: In Theology—Collegiate, English, Musical, Painting, in Male Department—Classical, English and Scientific, Commercial. Superior facilities for the study of the Latin and Greek languages. Its Commercial 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. 28, 71.

HILLDALE 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. —*J. F. HENNING, Sec. and Treas.*

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.
REV. J. B. COLLIER, A. M., President.
REV. J. S. ADKINSON, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.
WILLIAM REED, Professor of Mathematics.
MISS JORIE SUMPTON, Teacher of Primary Department.
MRS. MARY J. E. ADKINSON, Teacher of Instruction.
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 18. 26

JOHN HANGCOCK
Mutual Life
Insurance Company,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Organized as the Exponent of the "MASSACHUSETTS NON-FORFEITURE" Law.
GEORGE P. SANGER, President.
GEORGE B. AGER, Secretary.
ELIZUR WRIGHT, Actuary.

Dividends are declared annually, after the first payment, available immediately as Cash, in payment of Premium, or to increase the amount of insurance at the option of the insured.
A Dividend has been declared each year since the organization of this Company.

All Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable after one payment.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
The Company will make contracts with Agents, corresponding directly with them, and all persons interested in Life Insurance by a Company conducted on correct principles, whether as Agent, Solicitor or Applicant, are invited to call on, or correspond with

JAMES G. YOUNG,
GENERAL AGENT FOR N. H.

Post Office Building,
GREAT FALLS, N. H.
N. B.—Active and energetic Agents are wanted in every County in the State, with whom liberal and permanent contracts will be made. —13st

THE EMPIRE
CORN & FEED MILL
MANUFACTURED BY
The Empire Corn and Feed Mill Company
of New York.
And Sold by Agents everywhere.

This mill is WROUGHT IRON—not cast IRON—and is case-hardened so as to run for years without injury. It works with less power than any other, and less expense. It has taken the First Premium at the State Agricultural Fairs of New York, Virginia and Kentucky—the only one at which it has been exhibited.

"BROOKPORT, N. Y., April 10, 1869.
J. D. WEST—Sir: I worked my No. 4 Union Grist Mill, (now the Empire Mill) with two horses at 180 revolutions, and I think I ground about 15 bushels of corn per hour. I then ground corn and oats mixed, and it ground that somewhat faster. I am perfectly satisfied with it. Yours, &c., R. M. PALMER."

"MONROE, N. Y., May 10, 1869.
J. D. WEST—Sir: I have used my No. 6 Empire Mill to my entire satisfaction. I run it about 190 revolutions, and ground handsomely 5 to 6 bushels of corn per hour. Yours, &c., THOS. H. BATE."

"The Union Grist and Feed (now Empire) Mill is all that you represent it. It will grind with ease 6 to 8 bushels of corn per hour. It also makes excellent Graham flour, and is a boon to farmers, and it will be indispensable when once tested. There is but one opinion—it is a success."

JOHN B. BORDMAN, Agent for Empire Mills.
NICHOLASVILLE, Ky., Feb. 15, 1868.
H. C. SANDUSKY & Co.—The Empire Mill I bought of you gives perfect satisfaction. I grind 7 or 8 bushels per hour; in fact, it is just the thing for farmers and feeders. None should be without one. —*ISAAC BARKLEY*.

Send for Circular.

J. D. WEST, General Agent,
40 Cortlandt St., New York.

\$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK. AGENTS make PROFITABLY, selling our Popular and Superior Books. Agents wanted. Success guaranteed. Circulars and outfit free. AMERICAN BOOK CO., 62 William Street, N. Y.

ANCHOR LINE STEAMERS
Sail every Wednesday and Saturday out from NEW YORK and GLASGOW, and return to London every Monday and Wednesday. The Steamers of this line are built expressly for the Atlantic Passenger Trade, and fitted up in every respect with all the modern improvements calculated to insure the safety, comfort and convenience of passengers.

PASSAGE RATES, PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.
TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.
FIRST CABIN, \$85 and \$75, according to season. Cabin Return Tickets, \$130, securing best accommodations

