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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., APRIL 26, 1871.

Number 17.

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

ISSUED BY THE
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1871.

A Heart's Petition.

Lie all night long upon my branch, O dew,
And by thy sweet distilling,
My barren stock up-filling,
Burst out in soft spring foliage, fresh and new.

Rest all night long upon my heart, O love,
God's love which is forever,
Whereby each frail endeavor
Of man is sanctified for heaven above.

The end draws near,—light up my soul, O faith,
Sure of the morning's breaking,
Sure of a blast awaking,
Beyond the dim, blind porticoes of death.

● Faith! O Love! O Dew of sacred birth,
Ye are of God's free giving,
Man's human life out-living,
Yet seeking his darkest hours on earth.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, March 31, 1871.

He who takes a holiday now must be hard-pressed indeed. What can a tourist hope for in this windy, dust-laden, ever-changing, untamable month of March? It was our lot a fortnight ago to be hard-pressed, and to have to accept the choice between lingering moodily at home unable to work, or seeking out of doors new force of nerve and brain by exercise and fresh air. The knapsack furnished, the materials for a letter to the *Star* stowed away, our trip by rail done, we were soon marching along with an echo of "Glory, glory, hallelujah" somehow ringing in the ear. Our way lay across Charnwood forest in Leicestershire. Forest indeed it once was, but forest it is now no more. There are hills and waste places; there are rocks and rough roads; there are bushes of ever-golden gorse, and acres of bracken here and there, and plantations of fir and pine that crown the round hills or fringe like the eyelash the eastern horizon. But of the primeval or medieval forest there is none, and has not been for years. Yet William the Conqueror who, as Saxon chronicles say, "loved the tall deer as if he were his father," came to hunt in the thickets of Charnwood, and in more recent times one could walk from Beaumont to Ashby and never see the sky. Those days are gone; the deer are shut up in Bradgate Park, and the hills, cleared of their timber, are cultivated almost to their very summits; the yellow grain displaces the guarded oak; and health, not deer, we hunt about these breezy heights and lonely lanes.

Several times in our holiday our route lies across this forest of Charnwood. Once we cross it on the north-west, touching the colliery district, and once we cross it on the south-east, taking in Bradgate Park where Lady Jane Grey loved to read Plato rather than join in the chase. Twice we go round about the forest, and once through its midst. It rains one day; it snows another; it is keen and cold afterwards, with snow mantling the hills and frost biting in the air; it is by and by sunny and yet hazy, with damp, chill mornings and evenings. But we take the weather as it comes and make the best of it, glad of as much vision of landscape as we can get by day, and pleased with a little star-gazing at night. Mars, gleaming red and cold afar, beckons to us with his mailed hand, and Jupiter looks down upon us from the serene heights, and Venus blazes away after sunset in the golden and cloudy west. Every day brings some change; now we are alone, now in company; to-day we are on the hill-top, on Old John, on Beacon, on Markfield, on Bardon; to-morrow we traverse a well-known route where as Entomologists we wandered in our boyhood; and next day we are in the track of more recent years where every height and valley speaks to us

of friends whose memory, fresh and fragrant forever there,

"Will mix with autumn's fading glow,
And brood above the winter snow,
And haunt the hush of summer air."

Our ten days "tramp" over, we return invigorated, strengthened, "braced in brain and sinew," ready for another spell of hard work.

A village of interest in denominational history was our frequent starting point or goal in our day's ramble—Barton-in-the-Beans. The name is singular and may be ludicrously suggestive to a New Englander. Men who in their time "knew beans" have lived in this village, though the favorite dish of pork and beans is hardly peculiar to them or the country. Quaint old Thomas Fuller reports a saying to the effect that you might "know a Leicestershire man," if you shook him, I presume, "by the beans rattling in his stomach." The hamlet of Barton-in-the-Beans is the cradle of the General Baptist churches in the Midland district. About a century and a quarter ago, just when England was invaded by the young Pretender and his Scotch forces, a meeting-house was built at Barton for a handful of brethren whom Providence had called together in the gospel. The clergy round about were all careless, unevangelical, or drunken; Methodism had not penetrated into the neighborhood; the glad tidings of salvation were scarcely known anywhere on that side Charnwood forest.

But Joseph Donisthorpe, a blacksmith, had been arrested on his way home as Saul was arrested on the way to Damascus, and he had found peace with God by faith in Christ Jesus. Samuel Deacon had been awakened, partly by the preaching of a servant of Lady Huntington, and partly by the preaching of John Wesley; and he, though a resident in a village near Leicester, joined with Joseph Donisthorpe and five others in forming a church at Barton. It was a remarkable society. It consisted of seven members, five of them were preachers, one of them was an "eldress," and no doubt the other was a deacon. These are the churches that will move the world,—churches in which every member is an efficient worker for God. The seven brethren met, prayed, preached; everywhere where they could find an audience, even on one of the hills of Charnwood forest, with a rook or a hollow tree for a pulpit, they set forth Christ and his gospel as the way of salvation for the souls of men. God blessed them. In twenty-five years, that is, when the New Connection of General Baptists was formed, they numbered six churches, nine hundred and fifty members, ten ordained pastors, seven ruling elders, twenty-four deacons, and they extended their influence over four of the midland counties. "So mighty grew the word of God and prevailed." Barton is thus the well-head whence all our churches of this district have their origin. Like a spring on the hill-side, it is apparently unconscious of its high honor and usefulness. There are less than fifty houses in the village, and only about 300 inhabitants, and a visitor from a large town would find it, except on the Sabbath when its handsome meeting-house is thronged, one of the quietest and most secluded spots in all the world.

The need for the existence of such a society in the midst of the villages of Charnwood is a center, was forced upon our notice during our holiday. There was a "Confirmation service" at Market Bosworth church. The Bishop of Peterborough was to be the administrator, and his eloquence not long since electrified the House of Lords. The church is our ancestral church. Here our grandfather worshipped; here, among the living and the dead, representatives of the family are found. It was an opportunity of a visit to the church of our fathers which we felt to be too attractive to be missed. The clanging bells made the old church-bell in our veins tingle, and we went to the "Confirmation service." It was enough. We came away confirmed in our nonconformity and in our Baptist principles. The Bishop told about 120 young people that, whether they chose or not, they were the children of God, being made so in their baptism, and that now their choice lay only between being obedient and disobedient, good or bad children; and that, to help them to be good and obedient, he had come to bring them the gift of the Holy Spirit. It was baptismal regeneration, and ceremonial grace, and that was all. Our fathers separated from the Church of England because the clergy were drunken, and idle, and indifferent, and knew not the gospel of Christ; but the need for separation is not the less now when such miserable, wretched, soul-deluding teaching is endorsed by the eloquence of men like the good and brilliant Bishop of Peterborough. It was a sad thought that the weight of national authority is given to such dregs of Romish corruption, and that a Bishop who publishes it has a seat amongst our hereditary legislators, and will receive for his service in spreading this perverted doctrine, as large a salary as the President of the United States. But the day comes when at least the preaching of sacramental grace shall stand on its own merits, and have no Parliamentary sanction to support it. The struggle must open on us before long, and while we stick to our pulpit and sound the good news of God's grace as far and as widely as we may be able, somebody had need be braced by forest air and stern train-

ing to wrestle with the mud-demon of State Churchism, that it be no longer permitted to poison the religious teaching and strangle the religious life of our land.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Women and War.

In the work that needs to be done to make war stand out as a piece of barbarism of which the nineteenth century should be ashamed, these words show the responsibility of women, and suggest that their active influence is properly called for.

There is no end to motives which should constrain women to use their influence against war. It has inflicted on them a world of evils. Its enormous taxes keep millions of them on the brink of starvation. Their fathers, brothers, and husbands are compelled to go to the field of carnage, and leave not a few of them to want. Not a battle can be fought without sending grief through hundreds or thousands of domestic circles.

Look at the siege of Magdeburg—at the occupation of Moscow by the French—at their career in Spain and Portugal—at the barbarities of the Prussian troops in France—at the treatment of women in every country where war wages—babes stabbed at their mothers' breasts—little infants not a year old lying in the mud disfigured by wounds—women beheaded or bayoneted—daughters dishonored at the feet of their parents.

Women can prevent war, if they will. They are the mothers of men, and leave on their children an indelible impress of themselves. The hand that rocks the cradle will be found in the end to rule the world, and the voice which whispers in the infant and youthful ear lessons of truth or error, of goodness, or of guilt, will yet give tone to morals, law to society, and character to the whole human race. We must win the young to peace, and their character is molded almost entirely by female hands. As mothers and teachers they are the chief educators of mankind.

But alas! look at the usual training of the young, even under pious mothers. What are the first toys of children? Toys of war. What pictures do they most frequently see and admire? Pictures of war and warriors. What songs do they often hear, especially when people are mad with excitement and blind with rage? Songs of war. Whom are they still taught to hold in the highest admiration? Heroes, men of blood. What books are often most eagerly read by the young? Tales, real and fictitious, of war and warriors. The glowing canvas, and the breathing marble, and the glittering sword, and the gilded epaulette, and the waving plume, and the prancing steed, and all the witchery of life and drum and bugle-horn, are suffered to beguile the young into a blind, wild admiration of what, if seen in its true light, they would regard with almost instinctive disgust and abhorrence.

Even pious mothers will purchase feathered caps, and tin swords, and wooden guns for their sons, and encourage them in forming little companies of juvenile volunteers to prepare in heedless boyhood for the trade of human butchery. Thus have Christians been scattering broadcast the seeds of war, and then started back aghast to see the harvest of death which they have produced waving in blood add fire all over Christendom. How came Alexander and Napoleon to be such bloody butchers as they were? Were they born monsters? No more than ourselves. They were educated to do as they did.

On the plot of green before his father's house in Corsica, Napoleon in his boyhood was permitted to go forth with the mock accoutrements of war, and there sport day after day with its mock maneuvers, until his boyish bosom began to swell and kindle, and glow with the passions in embryo which afterwards sent him like a comet of wrath over a scathed and desolated continent. He was subsequently sent to a military school in Paris and there completed his preparation for a life of bloodshed and infamy. It was in the power of Napoleon's mother to have saved her son from becoming the scourge of Europe. It may be in the power of mothers who read this to save their sons from becoming similar scourges of the human race.

The Minister's Work and Pay.

GEO. W. CURTIS, in the "Easy Chair" department of *Harper's Magazine*, enters the lists in behalf of the clergy. He finds his provocation and his impulse in the hostile criticism that has been evoked by the fact that Plymouth church pays Mr. Beecher a salary of \$20,000. He tells many plain home truths, scores the meddling croakers and critics without much tenderness, points out the facts and the public sentiment that tend to drive young men away from the pulpit, and puts in a plea for the clergy that has no lack of manliness, force or sympathy. If the following portrait is an exceptional one, and just a bit exaggerated, it is very far from being a caricature or a fancy sketch.

The clergy are the worst paid body of laborers in the country. They work with ability and zeal. They are educated, sensitive men, often carefully nurtured, and they are expected to be every-body's servant, to hold their time and talents at the call of all the whimsical old women of the parish and of the selectmen of the town. They are to

preach twice or thrice on Sunday, to lecture and expound during the week, to make parochial calls in sun or storm, to visit the poor, to be the confident and counselor of a throng, and always in every sermon to be fresh and bright, and always ready to do any public service that may be asked. Of course the clergyman must be chairman of the school committee, and a director of the town library, and president of charitable societies. He can not give a great deal of money for educational and charitable and aesthetic purposes—not a very great deal—but he can always give time, and he can always make a speech, and draw the resolutions, and direct generally.

He is, in fact, the town pound to which everybody may commit the truant fancies that nobody else will tolerate upon the pastures and lawns of his attention. He is the town pump at which everybody may fill himself with advice. He is the town bell to summon everybody to every common enterprise. He is the town beast of burden to carry everybody's pack. With all this he must have a neat and pretty house, and a comely and attractive wife, who must be always ready and well dressed in the parlor, although she can not afford to hire sufficient "help." And the good man's children must be well behaved and properly clad, and his house be a kind of hotel for the traveling brethren. Of course he must be a scholar, and familiar with current literature, and he may justly be expected to fit half a dozen boys for college every year. These are but illustrations of the functions he is to fulfill and always without murmuring; and for all he is to be glad to get a pittance upon which he can barely bring the ends of the year together, and to know that if he should suddenly die of over-work, as he probably will, his wife and children will be beggars.

Necessity of Baptism.

The author of *Ecco Homo* believes that baptism is an indispensable duty to any one who claims to be a disciple of Jesus. He misinterprets, no doubt, a part of our Saviour's language to Nicodemus, but his words are worthy of serious consideration. He says:

This ceremony Christ adopted, and he made it absolutely binding on all his followers to submit to it. In the fourth Gospel there is a story which illustrates in the most striking manner the importance which Christ attached to baptism.

A man of advanced years and influential position, named Nicodemus, visited Christ, we are told, in secret, and entered into conversation with Him. He began by an explicit avowal of belief in Christ's divine mission. What he would have gone on to say we may conjecture from these two facts, namely, that he believed in Christ, and that nevertheless he visited him secretly. It appears that he hoped to comply with Christ's demand of personal homage and submission, but to be excused from making a public avowal of it.

When we consider the high position of Nicodemus, it is natural to suppose that he hoped to receive such a special exemption in consideration of the services he had in his power to render. He could push the movement among the influential classes; he could cautiously dispose the Pharisaic sect to a coalition with Christ, on the ground of their common national and theocratic feeling; he might become a useful friend in the metropolis, and might fight against the prejudice which a provincial and Galilean party could not but excite. These advantages Christ would secure by allowing Nicodemus to become a secret member of the theocracy, and by excusing him, until a better opportunity should present itself, from undergoing the rite of baptism.

On the other hand, by insisting upon this He would destroy at once all the influence of Nicodemus with the authorities of Jerusalem, and with it all his power to become a nursing father to the infant church. When we consider the great contempt which Christ constantly expressed for forms and ceremonies, and in particular for those "washings" which were usual among the Pharisees, we are prepared to find Him readily acceding to the request of Nicodemus. Instead of which He shut the petitioner's mouth by an abrupt declaration that there was no entrance into the theocracy but through baptism.

The kingdom of God, He insisted, though it had no locality, and no separation from the secular states of mankind, though it had no law-courts, no lictors and no furies, was yet a true state. Men were not to make a light thing of entering it, to give their names to the Founder at a secret interview, and immediately return to their customary place of resort, and take up the routine of secular life where it had been left. Those who would enroll themselves among the citizens of it were to understand that they began their life anew as truly as if they had been born again. And lest the Divine Society, in its contempt for material boundaries and for the distinctness which is given by unity of place, should lose its distinctness altogether and degenerate into a theory or a devout imagination, the initiatory rite of baptism, with its publicity and formality, was pronounced as indispensable to membership as that spiritual inspiration, which is membership itself.

Let all thy desires be subjected to reason and let thy reason be corrected by religion.

Self-Sacrifice.

The following story of genuine heroism is told by Madame de Genlis, and, though not new, deserves to be printed again and again in letters of gold:

"When the plague raged at Marseilles, the physicians assembled at the Hotel de Ville to hold a consultation. After a long deliberation they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which a post-mortem examination might throw light upon; but the operation was held an impossible one, seeing the operator must inevitably fall a victim in a few hours. A dead pause followed this fearful declaration, when suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said, firmly, 'Be it so. I will give myself for the safety of my beloved country. By to-morrow morning I will dissect a corpse, and write down what I observe.' He went away, calmly made his will, confessed, and received the sacrament. He then shut himself up with a man who had died of the plague, taking with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, he had never felt more firm, or more collected, and kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, 'I gaze without horror, even with joy. I trust, by finding the secret cause of this terrible disease, to show the way to some salutary remedy; and so will God bless my sacrifice and make it useful.' He began— he finished the operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, sought the lazaretto, and died in twelve hours.

"Died, did we say? Nay, he lived. What life so real as that which casts itself into future generations to be a lasting benefit to men? What better illustration of the Chief Shepherd's words, 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?'"

Satan's Agents.

Under the above appropriate title the following brief and pointed article has been going the rounds of our exchanges. It is well worth preserving, and we give it a place in our columns:

It seems as though Satan were aware that his deputy, King Alcohol, was about to be deposed from his throne on this continent, and that he was making his final and terrible struggle to maintain the ascendancy of his kingdom. If he can find a religious paper, whose columns are for sale, he chatters a department of it, and advocates the use of domestic wine as a beverage. If he can find a physician who cares more for his fee than he does for his patient, he visits him in his study, and, squatting like the toad in Eden, whispers in his ear the advice to use alcohol in preference to any substitute for medical purposes. If he can find a politician who, like the bat, is half mouse and half bird, flitting in the twilight of public opinion, he pounces upon him and inspires him with the sentiment that temperance is poison to politics. Trusting to providence as though all depended upon God, we should labor as though all depended upon our own exertions. "Truth is mighty, and must prevail."

The Moon a Teacher.

The moon has been going through all the changes that we see in it now, every month for nearly six thousand years; and in all that long time, it has not been a single day or hour or minute behind time, or before time. The new moon comes punctually at the time appointed for it; and so does the full moon. An astronomer can calculate for a hundred or five hundred years ahead, and tell you just the day and hour in any month when there will be a full moon. And if you and I were to be alive at that time, we should find the moon up to time—punctual to a moment. It has been so for thousands of years; it will be so for thousands of years to come. And this is a very important lesson that we may learn from the moon. The habit of punctuality is one of the best habits for us to form while young. To be always in the right place, at the right time; to be in school before the opening exercises begin; to be in church before the minister enters on the service; to be in the place where we have a business engagement in plenty of time to meet it, is a most excellent habit to form. Many a man has failed in business just for the want of punctuality. And even where actual failure does not follow from it, it always occasions a great deal of harm and loss.

One Cent.

A son of one of the chiefs of Bardwan was converted by a single tract. He could not then read, but went to Rangoon, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. A missionary's wife taught him to read, and in forty-eight hours he read the tract through. He took a basketful of tracts, preached the Gospel at his own home, and was the means of converting hundreds to God. He was a man of influence, the people flocked to hear him, and in one year fifteen hundred natives were baptized in Aracan as members of the church. And all this through one little tract. That tract cost one cent; and possibly some little boy or girl gave the cent. What a blessing it has been!—*Eclectic Treasury*.

Events of the Week.

A MODERN ARNOLD.

The papers are stating that a member of the N. Y. legislature recently sold his manhood for \$75,000. We very much doubt if such a being had any manhood to sell, and are morally certain that he never had seventy-five thousand dollars' worth. By the expulsion of a Democratic member the Assembly was left a tie, and the Republicans, to defeat certain infamous bills proposed by the other party, pledged themselves in writing to vote unitedly against them. After abiding a week by this decision, a creature who had previously voted with the Republicans, and had signed the agreement with the others, sold his vote for a sum and has since voted with the Democrats. This poor, unfortunate, pitiable object, who bears the name of Orange S. Winans, will probably not lose much sleep on account of the maledictions visited upon him. The paltry sum that he accepted for his vote is doubtless more highly prized than any manliness he ever possessed, and the best thing that can be done is to let him crawl away into the contempt that he will surely find, there to enjoy his treasure undisturbed.

AMNESTY DISPOSED OF.

Mr. Hale's Amnesty bill, to which reference was made last week, was refused a passage by the Senate, and thus amnesty is disposed of, for this session at least. Those who urged that the bill be included among the subjects of legislation before adjournment, did so on the ground that it would show the South that Congress meant to be fair and was not legislating for mere partisan purposes. The opponents of the bill declared that it would be taken, all through the South, as an apology for the Ku-Klux bill, and that its aims would be thus defeated. Nearly all the southern Republican Senators, together with Wilson, Sherman, Schurz, &c., urged its passage. It seems to be hardly the thing to pardon the Rebels at present for past offenses, especially when they are daily committing so many outrages that can, by waiting a while, be taken in by and by the whole batch disposed of together.

A DISGRACEFUL TRAFFIC.

A recent post-mortem examination into the circumstances of a Brighton butcher's death, disclosed the fact that he had been poisoned by dressing a tainted ox, that it was a custom of certain butchers in Brighton to visit cattle trains, on their arrival, buy their dead animals and then dress them for market. Meat had actually been sold in Blackstone market, Boston, in an advanced stage of decomposition, no efforts having been made to stop the traffic. These disclosures have presented the matter so plainly before the minds of the citizens that earnest efforts are making to stop the business. The attention of the city authorities has been called to the abuse, and legal measures will at once be taken to prevent its repetition.

ANNIVERSARY AT LEXINGTON.

The ninety-sixth anniversary of the battle of Lexington was observed on the nineteenth with more than the usual demonstrations. In addition to the regular celebration, procession, speeches, &c., a beautiful new hall was dedicated, intended to perpetuate the memory of the heroes in that old fight. The names of those who fell on that day are cut on tablets in the hall, and significant statues are placed in suitable positions. Dr. Geo. B. Loring delivered an address on the occasion, which was full of patriotic ardor. Thus the early struggle for freedom is still kept fresh in the minds of those whose ancestors sacrificed so much, and the boon is the more highly prized as we thus reflect each year on its cost.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

The first session of the Forty-second Congress adjourned *sine die* last Thursday afternoon, and the President immediately issued a proclamation convening the Senate in extra session on the tenth of May. The Ku-Klux bill was passed near the close of the session, and as the President soon after signed it, it is already a law. It refers injured parties to the Courts for redress, stating the limits of the fines that may be imposed, and allows the militia to be called out in certain cases. It is, as a whole, a fair bill, presenting harsh features enough to suit radicals, but mild enough to win the approval of conservatives. But it was passed by a strict party vote, 93 to 74. Mr. Butler was at last given a few minutes to put in his personal explanation, growing out of his collision with Garrett Davis, and the members separated feeling as pleasant as possible towards each other.

AROUND PARIS.

The reports of victories claimed by the insurgents appear to have been exaggerated. The Government has not, to be sure, made any very brilliant attacks or gained any decisive victories, but they still keep around in the vicinity of the difficulties, and will doubtless observe the end with satisfaction when it comes. The mob manages by pickings and stealings, and then by selling its stealings, to keep itself pretty well in funds, with which it hires all the fighters it can get, and buys all the food it can find. But these are both falling, and neither food nor fighters can last them much longer. The city is practically shut off from the world again, but many fugitives find their way out daily. There are no present indications of submission on either side, and it must be admitted that for a genuine mob, the organization is being well kept up.

Communications.

A Missionary's Journal.

BY E. C. H.

Myself and native preachers left Midnapore on the morning of Nov. 8th, 1870, for Tamoulou, about forty miles east and a little south of M. Our stopping places by the way were Moonibag, Debrah, Sanekoodah and Pratappore. At each of these places we found plenty to do. Bazar and village work in the morning, and markets at mid-day and P. M. At Pratappore I was laid up for about five days, having taken a severe cold, in consequence of having ventured out into tent a little too soon after the close of the rains. It seemed to take a strong hold of my lungs, and entirely disabled me for preaching. We made a stay of several days at each of the above-named places, and enjoyed many very good opportunities for preaching, and sold a good number of books and tracts.

At Tamoulou our stay was full of interest. This place is beautifully situated on a very large river, the Roopnarain, only a few miles from the Hooghly. It is surrounded by canals and creeks which are all affected by the tide. This renders it a most inviting field for missionary labor. A missionary located here would have direct water communication with Calcutta, Midnapore and Kanthi, and to mention other places of less note. It would form an admirable connecting link between our present mission and the City of Palaces.

Its bazar is much larger than the one at Balasore; and both native and European goods are to be had, the latter at a trifling advance upon Calcutta rates. It is a Civil Sub-station, and has its Deputy Magistrate and Moonsiff (both natives) with their courts, which are held daily, Sabbaths excepted.

The people seem to have little or no prejudice against missionaries and missionary operations; and some of the more enlightened and influential expressed the wish that our Society would send a missionary to settle among them. One native gentleman, the Sanscrit teacher in the English school, did not hesitate to express the opinion that all the real and permanent good which Europeans had ever done for India, had been done by or through the influence of missionaries. He cited as evidence of their deep interest in the welfare of the people the fact that "one missionary had suffered even to imprisonment on their account." He referred to Rev. J. Long, who, some twelve years ago, was tried for libel, and convicted, on the prosecution of the India Association of Indigo Planters; his only crime being the translation of a Hindu drama entitled, "The Indigo-Mirror." In this drama some of the enormities of the system of indigo planting were portrayed, of course as they appear from a native standpoint, and with native coloring.

It is quite clear that, where missionaries and their operations are best known, much of the former prejudice of the people against them is wearing off, and in many places the people hail the missionary as their friend; but it is equally and painfully evident that the love of sin prevents that same people from accepting the gospel which he preaches.

While at Tamoulou, we visited and examined all the schools, the English, Vernacular, and a little school for girls. The latter is a private affair, got up and sustained by a few enlightened native gentlemen who feel the importance of female education, and are resolved, as far as practicable, to secure it for their daughters.

It had, at the time of our visit, been in operation only nine months, and had but few pupils, some thirteen or fourteen, I believe; yet the degree of proficiency attained by the little girls whom I examined was most pleasing. The enterprise is a most laudable one, and the leaders in it deserve much praise, for let it be remembered, all such indications of progress meet with much opposition from the masses.

So far as legitimate work was concerned, we had all the opportunities for preaching which we could desire, and some of our hearings were excellent.

On one occasion we were not a little amused at a respectable Oriya who happened along one morning to our preaching stand. He very unceremoniously took the matter of preaching out of our hands, and began to berate Hinduism soundly, both from the religious and social standpoints. He felt particularly tried with the non-marriage of widows, in connection, particularly, with early marriages. He thoroughly sifted the matter and cried "shame" on a system which will marry a child of five or six years of age to a man, it may be, of thirty, forty or even sixty, and when he dies, as is often the case, the poor child, who was not consulted with regard to the marriage, and has never lived with her husband, is doomed to perpetual widowhood.

"Yes," said the speaker, "you can marry seven times, but your daughter can only marry once. Where is the justice of such a pernicious system?" He reminded his hearers that, so long as this practice existed, fornication and kindred evils would be prevalent.

He declared that we Christian teachers taught the truth, and challenged any one in the assembly to argue with us. Some one in reply made a stupid reference to the Hindu Shasters, when he very contemptuously replied: "Fudge on your Shasters; what Shasters have you? Fetch them to me and I'll put them into the fireplace and cook my rice with them."

True, it has been shown that the marriage of widows is not subversive of caste, and that a widow may re-marry; indeed it has been done in a few instances, in high circles in Calcutta and elsewhere; but the old, deep-rooted prejudice against it still lives among the masses, and will, doubtless, for many years.

It was pleasing to observe how complete-

ly our Oriya friend carried the better judgment of most of his hearers with him. The heaven is at work; and the people are in a transition state religiously and socially, yet they themselves do not seem to be aware of it. Where is the man to occupy Tamoulou? He should be forth-coming at once, also the means to build a mission house there.

On the 10th of December, Mrs. H., self and children started on my second term; this time for Kanthi, another important field for missionary operations, still unoccupied.

Our first stage was made by moonlight, and when about four and a half miles from home, a large bear was observed making his way towards the road, as though he would cross it. He soon became aware of our proximity, and stood up on his hind legs to see what was coming. Having satisfied his curiosity, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he retreated for the jungle.

We made no stop of any importance for the first 33 miles, our first camping ground being at Saboodi, about 8 miles from the great Juggernath road, at a point 25 miles from home. There we remained about ten days.

I know of no place in our district, nay, I will say in our mission, where there are so many markets within reach of any one center. There is but one day in the week when only one market is within reach from camp; that is a very large one, affording ample room for three or four preaching stands; on all the other days of the week there are from two to four markets daily, all within easy distance from camp.

At this place Mrs. H. and my daughter went into the villages to read the Scriptures to and converse with the women and children. They were received most kindly, and the people heard attentively, and in numbers of instances they were pressed to "come again."

Nugwan was our next camping-ground. This place is dwindling. Formerly it boasted its European Deputy Magistrate and court; but it is now left in charge of a Sub-Inspector of Police; and its bazar has almost entirely disappeared. Still the country around supplied work enough for a stay of five or six days. At some of the houses here Mrs. H. had a large congregation.

We had intended to make a third stay at Ball-gah, 4 miles beyond Nugwan, but as we had already expended considerable labor in its market, while encamped at Nugwan, and as a long stay at Kanthi seemed very desirable, we passed on to the latter place without delay. We reached K. on the 29th and remained 13 days. I was never able thoroughly to canvass this district until this season, and I was quite agreeably surprised to find such an extensive and densely populated field, so admirably provided with roads and canals which render communication with other points of importance easy. There are no less than six roads branching from Kanthi in various directions; one of which is to be macadamized this year. All of them are passable for ox-carts during the dry season; two of them are good roads in the rains, being on an extensive sand ridge. This sand deposit is said to extend some 32 miles, and runs nearly parallel to the coast; it is nowhere more than a mile in width, and on its whole length on both sides it is fringed with rustic villages, occupied by the cultivators of the beautiful rice-fields which lie at its base. On this ridge carts might pass with ease during the rainy season.

Besides, there is water communication during the rainy season with Midnapore, Tamoulou and Calcutta. The bazar is large, and has a very considerable trade in rice and date molasses. This molasses is made from the sap of the common date palm, and is considered by most people as much superior to that made from the sugar cane, as is maple molasses to the ordinary West India treacle. Kanthi has its Deputy Magistrate, usually an European, also its Assistant Executive Engineer, Assistant Superintendent of Police and Moonsiff.

This place would form, if occupied by our Board, a sort of connecting link between our Bengali and Oriya departments of the Mission. It does not properly belong to either, and yet may be claimed by both, inasmuch as both languages are in use there; on the north of Kanthi the Oriya gradually disappears and gives place to the Bengali, while on the south the Bengali loses itself in the Oriya. A missionary should, by all means, be located here as soon as practicable. I look upon this point as second in importance only to Tamoulou; the latter once occupied, Kanthi should receive our attention next.

Here, too, markets are numerous, two or three daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, when a large one is held in the bazar. We found one market within reach in the early morning, and were able to take that before breakfast, and still another in another direction in the P. M.; and this occurs twice in the week.

Mrs. H. was able to do a little and but little, here, in the work of Bible-reading among the women.

I have long entertained the opinion that a good work might be done by our wives and daughters in the country villages. Mrs. H. and my daughter accompanied me on this tour as an experiment, and I consider the effort quite a success; so much so, in fact, that it is my purpose to take my family with me, hereafter, on my cold season tours, as far as practicable; being fully satisfied that the extra expense incurred will prove a profitable outlay. The silent influence of a Christian family traveling among the people can not be otherwise than good, not to mention the active labors of the missionary's wife in the villages. I am sure very much more might be done in this direction with profit.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Leading Brethren.

Among the endowments and characteristics of a leader, are clearness and definiteness of thought, positiveness, persistence, and a power to persuade.

Every church needs some such men. There are many good workers if the work is planned and the way marked out, but otherwise they must remain of little account. The courageous Putnam was wont to say to the commander in chief,—"Washington, you plan; I'll execute." Generally the best workers have too much heat and too much impetuosity for a careful plan. In church matters these leading gifts are of great value, but it requires care and wisdom to make them useful in the highest degree.

A leader with only one or two of the natural characteristics of leading, is very likely to lead wrongly. Persistence and positiveness, with confused thought and narrow views, are forever getting into the mire. It is a fiddle with one string,—a horse with two legs,—a carriage with one wheel. A leader who makes the I conspicuous, is pretty sure to turn the eyes of the multitude from the great pattern. In leading, personal interest should all be laid aside, and the good of the whole be the only object sought. The excellence of a leader lies in unconscious leading,—leading with slack rope,—carrying the whole body along in cheerful, pleasant unity.

To know that we must all wait for Dea. A., lest we offend and wound his dignity; or, to know that Dea. A. will look carefully for the right, and be thankful for any suggestion which secures unity and good will, are two things very widely different in their bearing upon a church and community.

Admitting the view of the leader to be correct, if it can not be apprehended by the main body, if his policy is not felt to be appropriate, it is better to wait for that view to mature in other minds than to push it, to the dissatisfaction of a respectable minority. Dissatisfaction, and soreness once produced, they remain to spread and bleed with every fresh irritation, until the whole body becomes weak, and faint, and sick unto death. Thus very often the final disorganization of a church is laid in the persistence of some leading member who means right, but who judges wrongly.

The writer has in mind four churches, which are weakened and burdened by the influence of just one leading man in each church. And yet, these men mean well. They have the prosperity of their churches at heart. But they are so persistent in their peculiar notions as to weaken their churches, and weaken the hold of these churches upon the community at large.

Let each one be careful, and lead not to fetter, to bind, to weaken, to cripple and destroy; but to develop, to strengthen, to build up and preserve the church in the unity of love and the bond of perfectness.

For Ministers to Read.

Among the premiums offered by the *Star* is the "Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament." Many who are not Greek scholars, may think that this work will be of no advantage to them. Let us correct the impression. All you absolutely need to know of the Greek, is to learn the alphabet, and even if you can not call a single letter by name, you can tell one Greek word from another, and even then, this work is of great benefit to you. Every Greek word in the New Testament is given, and every place in which it occurs, and how it is translated in each place. Take the word *psuke*, rendered soul. It gives every place in which it occurs, and shows how it is translated in each place. And the same of any other word. Then you have an index, in which are all the English words, and the Greek from which they are translated. If you have any doubt about the proper translation of any word, turn to the index, find the English word, and opposite it you have the Greek from which it is translated and the page on which it is found; then turn to the page, find the Greek word, and examine every place where it occurs in the New Testament, and it will give you a good idea how the word is used. Take this phrase: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Some say the punctuation is wrong. They read it thus: "Verily I say unto thee to-day,—putting the comma after 'to-day,' making to-day qualify 'I say unto thee.'" Now the Greek word, used is *eo-hemeron*. You look in this Concordance and you will find that this word is used in forty other places, and that in every other place, the things spoken of transpired in the day that they were uttered. So you have the uniform use of the word to settle the meaning.

I paid \$5.25 for my copy, and would have it if it cost \$25. It is certainly one of the most valuable works published in the Scriptures. And you can have this book by getting three new subscribers for the *Star*, and forwarding \$7.50.

A. D.

Who Is my Neighbor?

This question was asked with reference to the great question preceding,—"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ having answered that, in addition to supreme love to God, we must love our neighbor, it is of great importance that we know who our neighbor is.

Adam Clarke tells us in his note on Luke 10:29: "Any person whom we know, who dwells hard by, or who passes near us, is our neighbor."

Prof. Butler says in his note on Luke 10:47: "So he (the lawyer) was obliged to make the admission that our neighbor is any man whom we can aid." Does Dr. Butler mean that the lawyer admitted that the wounded man was the Samaritan's neighbor? Did the lawyer make such an admission? Did he not say, "He that showed mercy," that is, the Samaritan, was neighbor to the wounded man? And is it

true, as Clarke says, that any one we know is our neighbor, and that we must love him as ourselves to inherit eternal life? If so, let every one who may read this pray that the writer's grace may be increased. If so, then Mordcaai ought to have loved Haman as himself; for Jesus is here enforcing the decalogue. And David ought to have loved Jezebel as well as he did any of his wives, unless he loved some of them better than he did himself. But is this required by our Saviour? Did he say one word in his conversation with the lawyer, or anywhere else, that implies this? If the lawyer had so understood it, would he not have said all were neighbors to the wounded man? Or if Jesus had wished to be so understood, why did he ask, "Which of these three?" thus implying that all were not neighbors, though all were near him, and all knew of him. And did not Jesus, by this, plainly teach the lawyer, that neither being near, knowing of, nor nationality makes a man a neighbor, but that kindness bestowed, the helping hand given, does?—and that those from whom we receive such kindness, we are to love as ourselves?

But does not our Saviour tell us to "Love our enemies," "do good to them," "pray for them," &c? Certainly. But no where does he tell us to love our enemies as we love ourselves. He says, "Love your enemies," and there the command stops. He then says, "Love your neighbor," "he that shows mercy," "as yourself." And lastly, "Love one another as I have loved you." Here are three distinct objects of love referred to among men, and God is another, who is to be loved above all the rest. And the command in each instance differs from all the others. No one would for a moment claim that this difference was accidental. Does it not mean something? It must. And have we any more right to misplace or transfer any of these for the other than we have to misplace the commands to believe and be baptized?

Am I wrong? If so, teach me the right. I earnestly desire it. For often have I been perplexed with, as far as I know the universally received opinion, that the priest, levite, thieves and Samaritan, with the wounded man, were all neighbors together, for they knew of each other, and that the wounded man must love them 'each as he did himself' to inherit eternal life.

S. A. STOW.

"Beefsteak and Brains."

THE OTHER SIDE.

Rev. Mr. Talmage is of the opinion that if ministers were more liberally supplied with beefsteak they would have more brains. It is certainly to be hoped that the Brooklyn people will notice the suggestion, and see that their pastor's table is well supplied with wholesome food. But let Mr. T. know that however short city pastors are obliged to live, country ministers live on the fat of the land, and their danger lies not in being tempted to live too abstemiously, but in being tempted to epicurean indulgence. The common belief is that there is nothing too good for a worthy minister, and Christian people act accordingly. The minister's table is loaded with the first and best fruits of the garden, the orchard and the farm. When an ox, a hog, or a lamb is killed in the parish, the nicest part of it must grace the minister's table. The first early strawberries, the first ripe grapes and the first mellow apples must be sent to him. All this is done by loving hearts for the sake of Christ who said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye do unto me." Blessed are they who are counted worthy to preach the gospel of peace.

S. C. K.

Gilford Village, N. H.

Rev. Cyrus Dudley.

Rev. Cyrus Dudley was born in Maine, August 26, 1800, and died at the residence of his son, Silas, in Blanchester, Clinton Co., Ohio, March 3d. He came to this state with his parents when quite a youth and settled near Mainville, Warren Co. He was converted when he was quite young and became a member of the Free Will Baptist church at Mainville. He was married in 1819, and then settled at West Woodville, Clermont Co., O., where he resided until his death. In 1835 he commenced his ministerial duties, and until near the close of his life he labored zealously and earnestly in the cause of Christ. He assisted in the organization of all the churches in the Ohio Yearly Meeting, and many there are that will rise up and call him blessed. Elder Dudley leaves a wife and six children, three sons and three daughters, to grieve that he is gone; all of whom have for years been members of the church. One son is now an ordained minister in the Free Will Baptist denomination. The funeral services were held in the Free Will Baptist church at Blanchester on Sunday, March 5th, conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. M. W. Spencer. The sermon was attentively listened to by a very large congregation. Text, 2d Timothy, 4th chapter, 6, 7, 8 verses, after which his remains were taken to Woodville Cemetery, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends.

JOHN HISEY.

Rev. Zebulon S. Knight.

Rev. Zebulon S. Knight died at South Berwick Junction, Maine, March 21st, aged 45 years. Bro. Knight was born in Westbrook, experienced religion at Salmon Falls, and was baptized in 1857 by Rev. Porter S. Burbank, and united with the F. B. church at Westbrook. Soon after Bro. Burbank closed his pastorate at Buxton, Bro. Knight removed to Scarborough, and united with our church there. Subsequently he moved his family to Hollis and joined the Christian church.

In 1861, feeling it his duty to consecrate himself to the work of the ministry, and encouraged to do so by his numerous friends, he commenced to preach, and was soon afterwards ordained by the Christian denomination. The last five years of his life were spent in

South Berwick, where he was the loved and honored pastor of the Emory's Bridge & So. Berwick Junction church.

Bro. Knight was a man of amiable and attractive disposition, fervent piety, and marked ability as a public speaker. A safe counselor, an active friend of every good cause, he will be greatly missed by his large circle of friends. As a minister, success attended his efforts. His death was a striking exhibition of the sustaining power of the Christian religion. Almost his last words were, "I am happy, happy."

A large concourse of people assembled at his funeral, and the tears that flowed showed how dearly he was loved by all. He leaves a wife and eight children. May the blessing of God rest upon them in their sorrow.

Sermon by Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of York.

J. F. LOCKE.

S. S. Department.

Italian Sunday Schools.

In a series of articles now in course of publication in the *Church Sunday School Magazine*, Miss E. J. Whately gives an interesting account of her visits to Italian Sunday schools. Wherever she says, the work of evangelization has gained a footing, something has been effected in the way of Sunday teaching:

At Milan I saw two schools of this kind, one in connection with the Waldenses, the other with the Free Italian Church, as it is called. The former was entirely conducted by the admirable and devoted Waldense pastor. He stood in a circle of boys and girls, read a chapter of the New Testament with them, and questioned and explained as he went, with a simplicity and liveliness of illustration which could not fail to interest and touch them, concluding with a simple hymn and prayer. He then distributed some copies of a little periodical, or children's paper containing anecdotes, stories and hymns suited to children. Several of our favorite English hymns have been well translated, or rather adapted and imitated, in Italian; and very pleasing it was to hear the young voices singing *Tu chi sei* ("Just as I am") and *Bello ti di* ("Happy Day") with animation and correctness.

The school in connection with the Italian church is a large one. It commences before the usual morning service. The children were arranged in order, and were first questioned, by the master of the week-day school, on the verses they had learned by heart, after a prayer had been repeated by one of the boys. The evangelist, who takes the principal part in conducting the school, then came in and questioned and explained a chapter which they had been evidently preparing in regular course. The answering was, for the most part, very good. The manner of the teacher was very happy, and his exhortation at the end, one likely to be useful and interesting to the children. On the whole, my impression of both schools was favorable, though I regretted in both the want of more teachers. The whole seemed to rest on one person, and in the case of his illness or absence the work of the day must be suspended. But perhaps in a country so imperfectly evangelized, and where the converts, even of some years' standing, have had so few advantages, it could hardly be expected that the work should escape the evil of too much centralization.

In another Italian town where I spent a Sunday, the large week-day and Sunday school, in connection with an important Protestant congregation, were mainly under the superintendence of one lady—not an Italian by origin, though born and bred in the country. It was a very happy union of northern steadiness and southern fire and animation; and seldom have I seen any worker apparently so entirely fitted for her post.

As I write, my mind's eye pictures to me the large school-room, with its well-filled benches, and the directress standing at her reading-desk, at the upper end of the room, her bright, penetrating eye glancing over the whole of her little flock, and evidently taking cognizance of every little Vittoria, Cesira, and Adele among the groups of young ones.

The opening prayer was simple and fervent, and peculiarly impressive. Then a hymn was sung, verses and texts repeated, and questions answered; and then the lady turned to a chapter in St. Matthew's gospel (apparently read in course), which she read through herself, stopping to comment on every two or three verses. Her remarks were very appropriate, practical and simple. On the whole, I thought it one of the best organized schools I had seen.

By way of contrast, she depicts a Romanist work of the same kind in Milan Cathedral. Alas! the great practical lesson which the preacher sought to impress—the duty of contributing to the revenues of the church! She passes to the more pleasing subject of a simple Protestant school at Neuchâtel, and "the old city of Farel and the early Reformers."

TREATMENT OF ELDER-SCHOLARS. In the life of every young person there is a crisis—a turning or transition point between childhood and youth which requires special treatment adapted to its peculiarities. Neglect, or ignorant blundering at this point, explains the loss of the older scholars of the Sunday school. Mr. Groser says:

Youth is confident in its own opinions and powers, extravagantly and offensively so in some cases; but out of that self-confidence the priceless and all-important quality of self-reliance may be evolved. Let Scripture class teachers be "wise as serpents" here. Let not the infirmities of youthful vanity and over-confidence be derisively portrayed or harshly handled, but gently neutralized by the force of truth and the quiet exhibition of the loveliness of humility.

The aspirations of young people towards manhood and womanhood form another characteristic needing equal tact to guide and control. The boy wishes to be manly, the girl aspires to womanliness; and, as a natural consequence, both imitate the ways and manners of those older than themselves.

If I am asked, What should the teacher do with these aspirations and precocities? I reply, Turn them to his own purpose. Make manliness and womanliness grounds for manly and womanly propriety of word and action—for manly and womanly thoughtfulness. Urge that the time has come when, as reasonable and conscious beings, they can and ought to render a "reasonable service" to their great Master in heaven, and an equally reasonable obedience to all lawful authority, whether national, parental,

or scholastic on earth. Such a course will be far more likely to secure the teacher's object than the weakness which ignores the reachings forth of young minds and hearts towards the dignity of mature years. I have heard Scripture scholars addressed as "dear little children," "tender lambs," and so forth, and taught to sing hymns of an almost infantile character.

No wonder that we lose our elder scholars if we persist in refusing to recognize, by new methods of moral treatment, the new and important period of life upon which they have entered.

KINDNESS. The *S. S. Workman* gives the following interesting incident in the life of Lucius Hart, the well-known Sunday school worker:

One of the last acts of Lucius Hart's life was kindness done to a faithful policeman. The circumstances were as follows: One night this policeman found the front door of Mr. Hart's dwelling open. Fearing robbers, he called another policeman to his aid; got Mr. Hart out of bed, and searched the house; but found all safe. Mr. Hart wished to reward him, and urged it upon him; but the man declined. He then asked what he could do for him. The policeman replied: "Speak a good word for me to my captain, if you please, sir." Mr. Hart walked three times a long distance before he could see the captain. The last time was on the very day that he was out of his house for the last time. The good word spoken proved of advantage to the man.

On the following morning the captain summoned all his men before him, told them that a well-known citizen had called to report one of their number for faithfulness on his post of duty, and for utterly refusing to take any reward. The man was called out amid the applause of his comrades, received the commendation of his captain and was recommended for promotion.

He asked to see Mr. Hart in his sick room, and in his unpolished way expressed his deep gratitude and begged him "to fight it out and get well." He begged to be called on for any service while on his beat. The kindness of the poor man greatly touched Mr. Hart. It was the time of deep snow, and the sidewalk of Mr. Hart's house and even the carriage-way were in some mysterious way kept clear; but the family thought they knew who did the deed.

After Mr. Hart had breathed his last, the policeman called and asked if he might see him once more. As he gazed on that calm, smiling face he exclaimed, "Oh! he was a wonderful good man," and stooping down, he fondly kissed him.

HOW TO TALK TO CHILDREN. The question of adapting one's words to the understanding of children should be briefly touched. One must be with children and think with children before he can speak to them well and sympathetically. He must not be compelled to translate his thoughts into their words. In just the degree that he has to do this he is deficient in reaching their level. Just as one who would understand French perfectly must be able to think in French, and not be compelled to translate his thought from the English into the French, so the speaker who would speak in the child's vernacular must think in that vernacular, and speak without an interpreter, without a medium. To do this there is no way but actual mingling with children and loving their society—being a child with them. You will then never make the mistake of the doctor of divinity in Maine, who was interrupted in the midst of a sentence by a child who said, "I do not understand you, you go too slow!" While he was getting his sentences out, the child had gone all over the world. She could not wait for him.—Eggleston.

HAVING AN AIM. Let the teachers aim distinctly to teach something. This may seem a very simple rule, hardly worth uttering. Yet many make a serious mistake just here. They occupy the teacher's chair, they go through a certain routine of duty from week to week, but they do not teach. Let it be remembered, that talking is not necessarily teaching. Hearing recitations is not teaching. Teaching is making some one know what he did not know before. Let the teacher, when the hour is over, ask himself this question: Do my class know anything which they did not know before? Or have they merely exhibited to me what they have learned in preparing the lesson? Have they gone away with a distinct positive addition to their Scriptural knowledge? This will be found a searching and critical question, and the teacher who can answer it in the affirmative will find himself surely gaining a hold upon his scholars. Nothing so effectually secures good attendance as the consciousness on the part of the scholars that they are learning. But the teacher who would reach this end, must aim at it with distinct purpose, and must habitually raise the question, whether he has really been teaching. If he does not, he may depend upon it that much of his labor is going to waste. He is working, but doing nothing.

POOR ECONOMY. A lighthouse-keeper, recently appointed on the New Jersey coast, made a ridiculous blunder. Immediately after he had taken possession, complaints were made that the lights went out by twelve o'clock. The proper officer was at once sent to look into the matter, and he was told that complaints were made against him. "For what?" was the inquiry. "Why," replied the officer, "they say that your lights do not burn after twelve o'clock at night." "Well," was the reply, "I know they do not, for I put 'em out myself then, for I thought all the vessels had got in by that time, and I wanted to save the oil."

We have seen the same kind of economy practiced in reference to the training of boys and girls. They are taught until they are supposed to be old enough to have teaching enough, and then left to shift for themselves. The consequences are generally most infelicitous.

THE BORE. A peripatetic Sunday school talker ended a long story thus: "And now, my young friends, the names of these two boys were Thomas and Philander. Thomas, I have told you, was a bad boy, and went down—down—down. Philander was a good boy, and went up—up—up. Little children, Philander stands before you!"

AN EXAMPLE. In one Sunday school in Newark, which has, perhaps, grown more rapidly than any other school in the city for the last few years, there were received one Sunday twenty-six new scholars and three new teachers. In the prayer-meeting, which is held after the close of the Sunday school, fifty rose for prayers. In the same school one little girl came to the superintendent, and told him that she had brought in nine new scholars that day, and that she had thirteen German children, and that she did not attend any Sunday school who had promised to come next Sunday.

Selections.

Passing over Jordan.

Hark! I hear the harp eternal
Hanging on the further shore,
As I hear those swollen waters
With their deep and solemn roar.
And my soul, though stained with sorrow,
Fading as the light of day,
Passes swiftly o'er those waters,
To the city far away.
Souls have crossed before me, saintly,
To that land of perfect rest,
And I hear them singing faintly
In the mansions of the blest.
Just beyond the river flasheth
Jeha-Salem of my God,
Where the white-robed angels splasheth
On the shore by angels trod.
Stop! I see the boatman nearing;
See, the sunny sail is set,
And the oars are floating lightly,
And the sail is drifting wet.
Call my father! call my mother!
Tell them that the boatman's here;
And another, O! another,
Unto whom my soul is dear.
Call them quick, for I am passing
Through the valley of the grave;
I am passing with the boatman
O'er the deep and sullen wave.
—Frederic Rowland Warren.

The Entry into Jerusalem.

It was spring time in Judea, and all the country about Jerusalem was bustling with life, for the great yearly feast of Passover was to be held; and from distant places and near, people had been flocking to the holy city, until not only was the city full, but tents were pitched on the hill-sides, and among the gardens outside of the city walls. On one of the great roads, that leading from Jericho, and entering the city on the eastern side, people were passing to and fro, and many, gathering palm branches from the trees in the gardens, pressed forward up the Mount of Olives, that lay between the city and the little village of Bethany; the brightness of the festival, the glad spring-time, the shining walls of the city, gave a lightness to the moving throng, and they looked eagerly for the approach of one who, men said, was drawing near to the city, and whose wonderful deeds were just now on everybody's lips: for, close by—in Bethany itself—had called forth from the grave one who had been lying in it four days; some in the multitude there were, perhaps, who had been present at the raising of Lazarus.

Now, Bethany lay a mile beyond the summit of the Mount of Olives, and that was about the same distance from Jerusalem. It was here that the Saviour had been staying, and it was from here that he set out this April morning (on Sunday morning, as we think), to go with his disciples to the great city. Many a time, no doubt, alone, or with them, he had been over the path, and often crowds had attended him as he trod the mountain-slope, and talked by the wayside; but now other thoughts were in his mind. Drawing near to a village, he bade two of his disciples go before him.

"As you come into it," said he, "you will at once find an ass's colt, on which no one of men hath ever sat; loose him, and bring him here to me. And should any one ask you, 'Why do ye this?' say, 'The Lord hath need of him,' and at once they will send him here."

It was as he said. They found an ass, and by her, her young colt, where the mother went, the colt went; and when they took the colt with them, the mother followed. "What are you untying the colt for?" asked some who stood by. They answered that the Lord had need of him; and at that word the men let the beast go, and, likely enough, followed the disciples to where the Lord stood. Upon the back of the colt they threw the light outer garments which they wore, and made a covering that answered for a saddle.

The gathered people, saw the colt and its mother led to Jesus; and on the young ass he sat, and it bore him (his first load) over the path that led to Jerusalem, the mother following. People who live in the country are used to the sight of a mare drawing a load, while its little colt trots beside it, and the eyes of the mother are ever watchful of it; as Jesus rode the young colt, I think he saw the mother watching it. In the East, we know, the ass was the royal animal on which kings rode in time of peace; they rode the horse when they went into battle.

And now the procession moved on and up the slope. In the midst was the Lord seated upon the ass's colt, with his mother beside it; about him were his disciples, and the throng that was moving on him by the side of him. People who live in the country are used to the sight of a mare drawing a load, while its little colt trots beside it, and the eyes of the mother are ever watchful of it; as Jesus rode the young colt, I think he saw the mother watching it. In the East, we know, the ass was the royal animal on which kings rode in time of peace; they rode the horse when they went into battle.

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ing and rejoicing in some wonderful good that is coming to their city from him whom they are leading thus gloriously on; they press along the road; and now, making another turn, the whole city, shining with its glittering walls, is full in view, high above the deep valley below. Here, with this grand sight before them, the multitude sang louder and more joyously; and yet it may well be that those nearest the Saviour ceased their shouts when they looked in his face as he sat turned toward the city, and saw the tears come to his eyes, and heard those sad words into which he broke forth: "If thou hadst known, even thou, only in this thy day, the things that make for thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For evil days shall come upon thee, and thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee about, and keep thee on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the time when thou wert visited."

From the city below, where the shouts were heard, people hastened to ask what meant the confusion and the songs and glad cries. "It is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth," said some; "It is the Son of David," said others; "It is the promised Messiah, come to reign over his people." And amongst those who came out were unbelieving priests and mocking men. The King was riding into Jerusalem; the people were shouting hosannas. It was Sunday; on Friday that same king bore his cross to the place of execution, and the people shouted in derision. Yet the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem was a triumphal one. The hearts of the people owned him king, and if the idle, thoughtless, disappointed ones turned away from him, and cried, "Crucify him," nevertheless we know that the men and women and children, who made up the glad, shouting throng on Sunday, knew his presence, and worshipped him thus. They did not know, as we know now, that he was going up to enter his kingdom by a new and strange way, that no earthly king ever sought; in that city was set up a throne like unto a cross, and on that cross hung the Son of Man, and all nations, and kingdoms, and peoples, are drawn toward it. Think of this: that the moment of Christ's greatest earthly exaltation was when he was drawing near to that last great act of his life of service. The people shouted "King!" They did not know that he was showing himself their king by laying down his life for them. —*Riverside Magazine.*

Hidden Life.

The keenest eyes see but little of the handiwork of God. Every drop of water teems with life. You can not quench your thirst; even with the purest water, without swallowing scores of puny lives. The ocean is stirred by the huge leviathan, who maketh it to boil like a pot. And therein, also, in myriad varieties, are the lesser forms of life, running down to the minuscule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them weigh less than a grain!

The atmosphere is full of life, and the dry land swarms with animals of unwritten names and unknown orders, crawling, burrowing, creeping, boring, leaping, running, hopping and flying creatures. Out of sight and beyond the hearing of men are innumerable living things. They inhabit the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat. They move and have their being in sweets and sour—in the toughest flint as well as in the mellow pulp of the peach—in blossoms and fruits, in buds and leaves, in roots and branches, in the bodies of animals—verily, in our own human bodies are tiny tenants—populous colonies of little inhabitants, dwelling and moving in our flesh, all too minute to be seen or comprehended. Life is everywhere. Little lives are enveloped within large lives. Other little lives are free and isolated independencies. We recently looked through a microscope in office of Sanford C. Hill, Esq., the almanac maker, at East Liverpool, Ohio, and examined a drop of rain water. In that single drop we counted near a hundred playful little creatures, apparently as large as the common house fly, frolicking and frisking about as merrily as minnows in a meadow brook!

Then we reached a book from the shelf and detected a speck of white insect burrowing off at a double-quick to hide behind a grain of dust; for he had opened on him by surprise. The little fellow was retreating as rapidly, for the shaking of a book leaf, or even for as much of a leaf to tremble as would hold a single letter, was to him a commotion equal to a hundred earthquakes. But we pursued him, excited as he was, until we chased him on a bar of polished brass, and, by a grand stratagem, drove him into an intrenchment on the oar.

He was smaller than the dot of an 's' in your pocket Bible. But we pressed him into our service, a prisoner in his house of brass, and snugly covered him by a glass slide, until we reviewed him beneath the microscope. His prison was less roomy than the eye of a fine cambric needle, yet under the microscope, his liberties, as well as his body, were greatly enlarged. That creature, the naked eye so small, was now, apparently, as large as a bee, and white as snow, with limbs of perfect symmetry and proportion. We were affected by his efforts to be free. He hurried from side to side of his prison-house, and tried to force the walls apart! Through his clear, transparent flesh could be seen the beatings of his heart and the purple veins of his blood. His movements were restless and pitiful as those of a newly caged bird.

If we could by some magnifier of sound, have heard his voice and understood his language, doubtless it would have been a plaintive cry for liberty. How wonderful are the works of the Almighty Hand! His wisdom he hath made them all. How vast the lessons brought to our minds by the telescope, from worlds afar, and by the microscope, from marvels so near, that to the naked eye they are all unseen. —*Journal of Microscopy.*

The Unity of the Spirit.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one Christian make the church. A believer separated from his fellow-creatures by convictions which they do not share, a man living apart from the sin about him in loneliness, a woman shrinking from unsympathetic contact, and dwelling in seclusion with her own heart—for these all there is communion with God by the Spirit. But there is an answer from above, which is especially for the prayer of two or three. And in an age of controversy separating believers from one another, even though through it there should be higher and better ground to be reached, there is an irremediable, unavoidable drawback attendant, and that is the loss of the unity of the Spirit. The joy which a man has in common with the majority is not the same joy which he has to himself in his closet. And however a man

may be sanctified by the Holy Spirit, through religious experiences apart from his neighbors, yet should he ever become one with a great body, wherein by that same Spirit all the members are harmonized together, he would feel a triumphant joy quite new to him; and he would have such a sweet confidence of God's love to men everywhere and in every state, as would be for him like a new sense of salvation.

Fearful is the penalty which the holiest of dissenters incur, and sometimes without knowing it, and even while, perhaps, it is the voice of Christ from heaven which they obey, though they do not go without compensation from the grace of God, nor yet without that crown which is specially vouchsafed for martyrs. But yet, so it is that, in the church of Christ, with losing the unity of the spirit, or the Holy Spirit in common, there is a great and grievous loss.

The spirit may be quenched in the present age from one cause and another, as so largely it is; but it can re-assert itself. If to-day be clouded by skepticism, to-morrow may be broad daylight from a "sun with healing on its wings." And if in this age, because of sectarianism, Christians can hardly be that they ought to be, as to faith, hope and charity, perhaps in the next age divisions will have ceased altogether. It may be asked, perhaps, how such a thing as that can ever be hoped for. And certainly it can not be expected humanly, as though from controversies having been argued out. But even as Jesus Christ, after his resurrection, appeared among his disciples suddenly, while the doors were shut, so perhaps he may again; and thus it may happen that the various churches of Christendom, which to-day have their doors shut against one another, will some time find themselves all included in one great fold, by the manner in which, through the spirit, Christ will manifest himself so as to be recognized of all, in one church and another irrespective of walls of separation.

And at that time—oh, dear anticipation, sure though as the heavens themselves, however far off—at that time Christians will know one another, almost without a word, because of the spirit, and with assembling together, they will feel joy in the Holy Ghost, such as at present public worship stirs but rarely. In meditation, also, because of the ease with which men will apprehend spiritual things, it will be as though they "were all taught of God." —*Miracles, Past and Present.*

Making it Real.

In "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" Tom is made to experience great surprise at the familiar real way his friend Arthur had of talking about the characters and scenes of the Bible. Arthur spoke of them as he would of other men and things of which he knew—as of men who had lived and acted on the earth, having like sympathies and trials with ourselves, and of scenes as real as any going on to-day. "The book was to him, Tom saw, the most vivid and delightful history of real people who might do right or wrong, just like any one who was walking about in Rugby—the doctor, or the masters, or the sixth-form boys."

Tom and his friend were right. The true way to make the Bible a practical book, and the characters it portrays useful examples—the end for which they were described—is to realize its contents. Yet how few of us really and constantly seek to do this in our reading and teaching of the Word? Children often get the right conception through their very credulity and childlike ignorance than grown people, who are apt to forget, in the reverence for the Bible, the marvelous human interest attaching to its historical and personal descriptions. But the instructors of children ought to be able to enforce and deepen the childish conceptions of their pupils; and how can they do this, except they themselves see clearly that the characters of the Bible are real characters, and the scenes in which they participated real scenes?

Most of us are in much the state of the blind man partially restored to sight, who saw "men as trees walking." We read of Abraham and Moses and Joshua and David as of mythical personages, as far removed from us in nature as the sun and moon. In so doing, we lose much of the value to be derived from the history of their lives. "For whatever things were written," says Paul, "were for our instruction, that we through patience and consolation may have hope." To experience the full advantage of our "Christian liberty," we must enter deeply into its spirit, putting into active exercise all our powers of mind to endow anew with life the long dead, but always living, characters which illustrate its pages.

The main difficulty in the way of this study of Scriptural personages, probably, is the halo of saintly reverence we have thrown around them as actors in Scriptural scenes. We have unconsciously removed them far from our own sympathies, and placed them carefully on high, like beautiful statues, to be admired, not loved or imitated. Or, we have come to regard them as antiquated beings, belonging to a dead past, to be laid aside as no longer available for practical illustration. Either view is fallacious. The prophets and holy men of old were of like nature with ourselves, with the same passions, frailties, hopes, joy and sorrows as we, and the Bible depicts their characters with a vividness—if we will but open our eyes to see it—unmatched even by the marvelous verities of the great master of human delineation, Shakespeare. This is done, as before suggested, for our instruction, and we ought to strive to make the most of the privilege.

As trainers of youth, we owe this to the children under our care. They ought to grow up with the clearest possible ideas of the practical lessons to be drawn from the lives of Bible characters, regarding them as persons, not as mere abstractions. And especially in regard to the central figure of all, the precious Saviour—while making the divine in his character unmistakably manifest, let not the human be ignored—the glorious fact that, having partaken of our nature, He can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." —*Examiner.*

An Interceding Christ.

In contemplating the work of our Redeemer, we are apt to think of him as he was when upon earth, going about doing good, hearing the voice of man's necessities and his cries for help. We remember also that Christ endured cruel mockings and scourgings; and that after suffering death for us, he arose from the grave, and ascended to heaven.

But the great fact that we have still an interceding Saviour, is too much out of our thoughts. While we remember what he

was, let us think of what he is. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," as though this was, so to speak, the governing object of his present existence. The governing object of a mere man often becomes a power for good or for evil. When we can say, "One thing I have desired of the Lord, that will I seek after," that one thing, pursued with all our endeavors, is most generally obtained. Then what well-grounded hopes must cluster around the concentrated intercessions of a divine Saviour!

He ever liveth to make intercession for us. While such a voice is lifted up for us, close to the ear of God, ought we not to cherish the most joyful hope?

Poor, afflicted disciple! When it seems as though there was no eye to pity, or arm to save, remember that thy Redeemer is praying for thee! The same voice that was lifted up on Calvary, saying, "Father, forgive them," still prays for thee. He sympathized with all thy distresses; he means to save thee from all thy sins. The good work he has begun in thee he will not leave half done. He is praying for thee! Never again be discouraged. Thy Saviour is praying for thee! —*American Messenger.*

The Old Minister's Rule.

A clergyman of eighty, mentioned, not long ago, that he had derived more benefit from the advice of an aged minister when he was but fourteen years old than he had ever received in his whole life. The good man, had recommended to him most strongly, that in whatever circumstances he might be placed he should never permit a day to pass without reading a chapter in the Bible. Through his long life he had endeavored to follow this advice, and the blessing it had been to him he could not estimate. Now he repeated the advice enforced by his own example, to all his young friends.

We are often at a loss what direction to give to the young who are willing to inquire into the way of life, and have very indefinite notions as to what they shall do. We are always safe in sending them to the Bible. Urge them to read it much. Teach them to pray for the Holy Spirit to light up its pages. I think no person who will sit down daily and prayerfully to the reading of the New Testament, really wishing to become a Christian, will long remain unconverted.

Let us teach our children early to read it every day, and to choose some "golden text" for the day's guidance. Thus we may bring the Bible into the every-day concerns of life, and make it in reality what it should be, the family guide-book in the journey of life. —*S. S. Times.*

St. Francis of Assissi.

The great miracle about St. Francis of Assissi was his wonderfully pure, loving, divinely sympathetic life. It is that which fascinates, inspires, and charms all hearts. His was a lavish extravagance of love, helpfulness, humanity. He made himself a servant. No one ever made real, so well, so long—some twenty years, Jesus' life of greatness. In the presence of such a life, how vulgar and tawdry becomes this impertinence of myth and miracle! The significant thing is, he could make himself of no reputation. He could love the vilest of his fellows. He could trust utterly to the Love that loves us all; to that his consecration was entire. And how cheerful! In health, his glad soul tinted the whole common world divinely. He saw God in all—sun, water, wind, fire, hardship, tribulation. He thanked him for "our sister, the death of the body." His life was a beatitude; an embodiment of the Sermon on the Mount. Beside its sublime simplicity, into what figures dwindle all our pompous dignitaries and scheming ecclesiastics! Better than all Protestant dogmatism is the teaching character of this Catholic saint. —*Old and New.*

Halts in Life.

There are times when our double-quick march to the tomb is broken by halts. They may not be long; they may only last a few minutes, or hours; but they are full of refreshment and peace, and should be improved by giving ourselves up to reflection which we can not indulge while the march goes on. The Saturday night halts are the chief of these seasons of repose. Then we breathe, and go home on foot, and on the morning, and the Sunday with its sacred calm and joy comes to refresh our bodies, rest our minds, and unstraining the faculties so painfully distended by the week's labor. There are other shorter halts, too; it may be at the breakfast table, when, being a few minutes ahead of time, we linger over the morning meal to ask and answer pleasant little questions; it may be at midday, at a moment when all have left the counting-room, and we find ourselves alone in the midst of a strange and solemn silence; it may be at the close of the day, when we wander slowly homeward, after the toils of business, with the still twilight shadows closing around us; it may be at night, before slumber seals our eyelids as we rest on the pillow; it may be on a journey, when we find ourselves in the midst of strangers at a hotel, or in a railway car. All these are halts in the march of life; we cease for the time to feel the goad of business or necessity urging us onward, and yield ourselves up to the repose of the moment. Our bodies rest, our minds become unstrung, the imminence of some necessity to be met on the moment vanishes, and we have time to look at and think of things that have no connection with cares, but that may be more important than all those cares.

These moments of stillness should not be regarded as idleness; they should be given to reflection for we think too little amid the clash and clangor of the struggles of our daily vocation. "Life, indeed, demands action for us, but we need to reflect calmly at times to know how to act." —*Exchange.*

I Feel it Pull.

In the deepening twilight of a summer evening a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway a little boy with hands extended upward, holding a line. "What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister.

"Flying my kite, sir," was the prompt reply. "Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor. "I can see no kite—you can see none." "I can not see it, but I know it is there for I feel it pull."

A few years back the angels came and bore far above us, out of our sight one that was very dear to us all. The attachment of our heart was not broken. The connecting ties were lengthened, not broken. We loved her while here, we love her still. She loved us while in the flesh. We are sure that she loves us none the less in her new condition. Rising higher and still higher in the heaven of heavens, we feel her influence. She is with Christ, and attracted by

gentle influences, we are tending toward her peaceful home, with the prospect of the same glorious companionship. —*Earnest Worker.*

Divine Promptings.

Often, in temporal matters, we are warned by a secret voice, which comes to us like a mandate from above, to do, or forbear. It is always wise to accept such warnings. We can not hope to prosper if we sacrifice our own instinct to formal reasons and the judgment of others. People come to you; when you are hesitating between two courses of conduct, and say, "Do thus or so. It is all very well, so long as no instinct of your own prompts otherwise; but if something within you says, 'Do not do this, then be sure you do not such thing.' If this is true doctrine, matters of temporal import, how much more in things pertaining to our spiritual well-being! Resist not the sacred force! Beware of alienating the divine influence! Whenever you feel yourself prompted to any good work, to any act of kindness or self-denial, to any course of discipline or holy living, accept the impulse, hasten to obey while the fire burns. 'It is God that speaks in these secret promptings. Harden not your heart when you hear that voice. The Spirit will leave you if you refuse obedience; every warning disregarded is a door closed against future progress. If you do not now the good which you can, the time will come when you can not do the good that you would.' —*Rev. Dr. Hedge, in "Reason in Religion."*

What Kills Preachers.

A religious contemporary says it is not preaching which kills preachers, but dyspepsia, which they acquire at school or college, where their minds are trained and their stomachs neglected; sitting down in a study cudgeling their brains over a dry theoretical sermon instead of walking abroad among the poor, the sick and tempted, the busy and tired, fetching back a hearty living sermon bubbling in the heart; lolling idly in costly parlors and dining and wining with rich brethren and feeding on the plum-pudding and mince pies of the dear sisters, until, sick and weary of such a life, a sensible man would long for the luxuries of bread and butter and cold potatoes; it is spending hours and hours writing dry essays which no one else will ever read, rather than in studying the living world until it dwells richly within the heart, and pouring it out to thirsty souls like the gush of living fountains; it is standing up, half choked with a stiff cravat and a close collar, bending the neck cramping every vocal organ in the attempt to read a prosy sermon, till the face is livid and the brain is paralyzed, instead of standing erect free and clear, and talking earnest common sense and good Gospel to persons who need it and love it, and long to hear it poured forth.

Grateful Testimony.

The South-Sea missions of the London Society furnish a touching little incident that recently occurred on one of their stations. It is narrated by the Rev. Dr. Turner. A missionary visited a converted native in a dying condition, who, before his departure, addressed him as follows: "I am going; but you are to remain in health. When I get to heaven, I shall first of all praise and thank Jesus for having saved a poor creature like me; and then I'll tell him about you, for it was you who first told me the way to heaven. And then I'll look about and see where the door is through which the spirits go up; and if I find such a place, that will be where I will sit and wait for you. And when you come, oh! what a happy day that will be! And, after our joyful meeting, I'll take you by the hand and lead you to Jesus, and say to him: 'Jesus! Jesus! this is the man I told you about. This is the man whom you sent to tell me about your own love—this is the man!'"

Speaking for Jesus.

Every word we speak for Christ is pouring oil on the fires of grace in our own heart, and will make them burn with an ardor otherwise unknown. The Christian will find, that while he labors to commend this course, he had a thousand questionings and difficulties, after he has done so, he will scarcely have an hour's trouble with himself. The truth seems to be this: Christ is so kind and unexacting a master, that he will not let his servants fight two battles at once; if they will take the sword and go into the enemy's camp, he will keep the citadel for them; if they will be about his business, he will set their hearts entirely at rest. —*Dublin Tracts.*

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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. 3 Empire
Mill to my entire satisfaction. I run it about 100
revolutions and ground handsomely 5 to 6 bushels
of corn per hour. Yours, &c., THOS. H. BATE.

"The Union Grist and Feed Mill" is all that
you represent it. It will grind with ease 6
bushels of corn per hour. It also makes excellent
Graham flour. I consider it a most valuable
mill, and it will be indispensable when once tested. There is
but one opinion—it is a success.

JOHN B. BORDEN, Robert Ky. University,
NICHOLASVILLE, Ky., Feb. 18, 1869.
H. C. SANDUSKY & Co.—The "Empire" Mill I
have used for some time, and I can say it may be
used for 100 revolutions per hour; in fact, it is just the thing
for farmers and feeders. None should be without one.
ISAAC BARRETT.

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

D. S. S. FITCH'S Family Physician, 96
B'way, sends by mail, free, Tracts how to cure
all diseases of the person, skin, hair, eyes, complexion.
Write to 714 Broadway, New York.

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ALWAYS NOTED FOR ITS
HARD AND TOUGH

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 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.

Closing Party Breaches.

The great war among the republican leaders is not likely to come off at present. It was prophesied very confidently. It was declared inevitable. The whole campaign was sketched out by the letter writers. Many republicans had already begun to wait for it. Not a few democrats were jubilant over its foreseen issues, the chief of which was to be seen in their own elevation to power. There were those who had already ranged themselves around what they supposed the standard of Sumner, while others resolved at all hazards to stand by the President. The artillery of denunciation had already begun to play, the bugles were sounding, and a desperate fight was said to be at our doors. All at once the air grows calm, the speech of the belligerents becomes temperate, swords are sheathed, and the heated and noisy crowd of spectators that had hurried away to the prize ring, go quietly home disappointed and blushing. Gen. Grant reaffirms his fealty to the public will; Mr. Sumner makes a fresh avowal of his attachment to republican principles; Mr. Schurz urges his friends to keep clear of all mere bolting movements; Mr. Howe handsomely apologizes for his strong accusations against his brother senator; a general smiling and hand-shaking succeeds; the sighs over the New Hampshire election are drowned in the jubilation over the reports from Connecticut; the seeming retraction against the administration is said to have spent its force, and the Republican Party is declared sure of continued supremacy. Instead of a real war, we are told that there was only a slight family quarrel, which deserves to be remembered only as a caution and a warning for the future.

We rejoice over these symptoms of moderation and friendliness. Personal quarrels among public men are doubly pitiable and mischievous. Gen. Grant is too patriotic and honest to be accused of willful usurpation, even when he carries the spirit and methods of the soldier into the sphere of the statesman; and Mr. Sumner's record should save him from the charge of trying to break up the great party which he, more than any other single man, has marshaled and inspired and energized and dignified, even when he boldly lays bare the faults and the follies of its standard-bearers. If both men superabound in will, neither lacks in character or service. Both have been earnest and heated, but they have also been sincere and self-devoted, and they are men who never scorn the soberer and wiser second thought. The objects which they are seeking are true ones, and they will not knowingly put personal interests before the welfare of the country. They are both pronounced republicans, and they do not want faith in the party with which they are so closely identified.

But this recent experience suggests a few things that it now seems proper to say. The first is, that the charges flung at Mr. Sumner, on account of his exposure of the policy of the administration in trying to secure San Domingo, prove the existence of intense partisanship that threatens mischief. Because Mr. Sumner exposed the wrong policy of the President, he is accused of treachery, of sacrificing his principles, of being in league with democrats to crush the administration, and of turning his back upon the truths which he has been valiantly defending for thirty years. Men who have idolized him turn round and pelt him with curses. Yesterday they gave him a place with Pym and Hampden; to-day they put him in the category with Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. Till he told the truth about San Domingo he was a grand statesman and a rare hero; having done that, he is only a selfish politician who strikes with something of the recklessness of Catiline. The very men whose pens were still trembling in the air, broke out in satire and oburgation.

What was the matter? What had Mr. Sumner done? Had he taken a bribe? Had he plotted for power and place? Had he betrayed confidence? Had he sunk his honor? Had he entered into any conspiracy? Had he leagued himself with the men whose principles and policy he has so often and so fearlessly denounced? Had he shown any abatement of devotion to the great ends with which his whole public life is identified? Nothing of the kind. Very few ventured to accuse him of these things. Nobody whose opinions had weight, suspected him of these things. His one fault was his opposition to measures which he was sure were unauthorized, and which he believed would work mischief to his party and his country. And the great body of his countrymen, now that they know the facts, agree with him in opinion. His offense was, that he did not blind his eyes to the faults of the republican party and its President, and that he would break the silence which the party leaders were bent on maintaining. He had, in a word, refused to accept party dictation, and his one great crime was, that he was endangering the supremacy of that party in the country by his unflinching exposure. His independence of the caucus was his sin; his exposure of wrongs done in his own political household was the climax of his political wickedness. He was charged, not with having dishonored his character as a statesman, but with refusing to be sufficiently intense in his partisanship. We grant that his accusations were bitter and unjust, but his offense was found in the fact of his speaking at all, rather than in the manner of it.

Now this is carrying matters quite too far. Caucus is not right-wing dictation. A party is not the same thing as the state. And when party prescription is held to be the highest law of the statesman, the era of tyranny is dawning, and one can scent both corruption and peril in the air. We recognize gratefully the high work done by the republican party, and see a large service yet awaiting its hands. Its avowed principles seem to us sound; its declared policy appears wholesome; its general spirit has much to be commended. The later record of its antagonist has been a very sorry one; its avowed principles have been either indefinite or wretched; its criticisms have been very unfair; its promises are such as it lacks both the ability and the disposition to keep. We should greatly regret, as things are, to see the democratic party in power, though we think its principles may be really worse than its managers, as we fear the republican leaders are less elevated than their platform.

But it is time that our leading politicians understood that party drill, and party watch-words, and party dictation, and party discipline, and the cry of "party in peril," can not scare nor coerce men into the support of what they believe both impolitic and wrong. If they wish for votes, they must supply reasons, in the shape of honorable men and wholesome measures. No true man will be for a moment frightened by the charge that he will imperil the party by keeping to his convictions. And no party is necessary, no, not for an hour, whose continued supremacy requires the sacrifice of the citizen's honor, or forbids him to think out his own duty, or voice his own remonstrance, or be true to his own moral responsibility. A party must take care to merit confidence and supply adequate reasons for support. Then it will not need to play the tyrant, nor turn executioner, nor go vainly begging for friends, nor fear the loss of its royalty.

Apparatus for Biblical Study.

Whatever takes the student directly to the Bible, gives him the means of obtaining its clear testimony, imparts interest and promises success, is of especial value. It requires care, patience, painstaking, and some skill to study it thoroughly by subjects. The testimony which it bears may be only partially inspected, and so the verdict is not intelligently made up. One may be misled by a sound which is mistaken for sense. Because a given word is found, there may be an unwarrantable conviction that a truth has been substantiated. A thorough analysis of the Bible, and a wise and true classification of all its passages under definite and proper heads and subjects, so that one may readily see just what the Bible says, and all that it says, upon any point in question, this is a work whose value is obvious and whose necessity has been often confessed.

Several attempts have been made to meet this want; and a number of volumes, of different degrees of merit, have been offered to the public. "Simmons's Scripture Manual" has had a wide sale and use; and, though it is not exhaustive, and sometimes exhibits defects both in the classification and arrangement of materials, it has served an excellent purpose. It is available, handy and cheap. "Eadie's Analytical Concordance" and "West's Analysis" have been brought forward and met strong approval. They are valuable for their fullness, and they save much labor. But they have manifest defects in plan and arrangement. Both of them are little else than reprints, with slight modifications, of the work of Talbot. Eadie frankly confesses his indebtedness, while West gives credit grudgingly and in a way that tends to mislead a reader. Both these works preserve the faults as well as the excellences of the original. The late editions of West show an attempt to remedy defects by means of numerous and somewhat cumbersome appendices and indexes, but the success is only partial. Something better was possible and needed.

That better thing has just appeared in the "Analysis of the Bible," edited by Prof. R. D. Hitchcock, and published by A. J. Johnson, of New York. Talbot's work is confessedly the basis of this new Analysis, as it is sure to be chiefly the basis of any volume of this character. But the work of revision has been very careful and thorough. The entire Bible is subjected to analysis and brought into use. The arrangement of subjects is largely new. The classification of passages has been made with close study and critical skill. The latest and best results of Biblical criticism and interpretation are used to insure accuracy. A natural order is maintained in the headings and sub-headings. Each subject is logically unfolded, feature by feature and step by step, until the testimony of Scripture is exhausted. Cross references show the double or many-sided purpose which certain passages serve. The several indexes serve various ends. They are easily understood, and they make everything in the work readily available. A moment suffices to discover what the Bible says upon any topic, or any given branch of the topic, and all that it says. Another moment is sufficient to determine under what head or heads any passage in the Bible is arranged, and so indirectly to learn the import of its testimony. It is a work which has cost immense labor, and the care bestowed upon it by those who have lately worked under Prof. Hitchcock's supervision, is evidently of the most intelligent and conscientious sort. The result appears in a volume whose merits far exceed those belonging to anything under a similar name which has preceded it.

Besides the Analysis, there is bound up in the same volume an admirable edition of Cruden's Concordance, edited by Dr. Eadie; a brief but well prepared History of the Canon of Scripture, including a history of each of the separate books of the Bible; a Cyclopaedia giving an account of all the religious sects that have flourished, and statistics of the various existing denominations; a Dictionary of the proper names of Scrip-

ture; tables of weights, measures, &c. As a collection of apparatus for the study of the Bible, the volume is one of the most significant and valuable that has appeared. It contains more than 1000 large octavo pages, and the paper and type are worthy of the contents. It is sold only by subscription, and is put into various styles of binding to suit the tastes of purchasers.

The superior value of the work, compared with every other of similar aim that we have seen, interests us to call to the attention of our readers. Many ministers and Sunday school teachers will want such a work, and they will properly be satisfied only with the best.

The Trepidations of Princes.

Who would wish to be a Prince if he must be harassed by the fears that torment Charles of Roumania? A telegram informed us lately that he hardly dared to sleep nights for fear of assassination, and when he does, he must have six burly guardsmen stationed about his bed to intercept designing hands. Even when he is driven out it must be in a close carriage, with armed horsemen about him and a good open avenue to run away in if hostile eyes look towards him.

So we ask, what sensible man would be a Prince at such an inconvenience? Who would wish to purchase sleep at such a cost, or ride in a royal carriage attended by such suspense? How many Roumanian peasants but daily take happier repose in their carts, or nightly find sweeter repose on their straw beds? And then the suspicious Charles, living in continual fear of poisoned food, refusing to take a mouthful of anything unless it has been prepared with the utmost precaution, and even then he is constantly expecting it may kill him during any one of the twenty-four hours that follow the eating of it.

How many of the laboring men who read the Star, and who frequently imagine their lot a hard one, would exchange their implements of labor for that Prince's scepter, or would be King of the Roumanians at the loss of that comfortable trust which they can repose in their honest neighbors? It is something of a privilege to drive out of a sunny morning, with the birds singing all around, and fresh life starting on every hand, and the cordial greetings of neighbors falling on the ear, even if it be in an ox-cart, and on the way to a hard day's work. Better this, than a seat in a cushioned carriage, to cringe at the sound of every unfamiliar voice, and to fear a hand-grenade from every street corner.

Not every ruler is thus beset by dangers, real or imagined, nor is every prince to be compassionately simply because he bears that title; but on the whole there is more real happiness among the lowly than among those who wear crowns; and honest, though it be humble, toil almost always brings back sweet sleep to its pillow. The man who eats food that he knows is ground from the peasantry by heavy taxes and harsh laws, can hardly be supposed to enjoy it like one who has raised it from his own acres by the sweat of his own brow. In spite of ourselves, we have to depend mainly on a clear conscience for the relish with which we take our dinners.

It is just now the season in which farmers begin the real work of the year. These bright, sunny mornings, while idle wealth is lying in bed, and the successful merchant is riding to his marble store, and thousands are sitting comfortably at their desks, he must begin the hard work that ends only with sunset, and that must be renewed with sunrise. When he digs he will think of those who write, and perhaps envy them; while in fact he is doing a more necessary work, and may be doing it much better. Plowing, he will wish he could be driving a matched span instead, and sowing, he will seriously wish that each kernel might yield a nest of dollars as some men's investments seem to do. And thus it will be a strange thing if his work does not become drudgery, and he satisfied that his lot is the hardest of any man's in existence.

Now a sensible farmer, if he stops to think, does not need to be told that he is about the most princely man that lives, nor that his business is the most honorable, and therefore the most satisfying, of any that is followed. But sometimes they do not stop to think; they get tired, then they think that each day, during all the spring, summer, and fall, must be as laborious as this one is; they contrast their own condition with that of the Governor, or some other dignitary who seems to have a very easy time of it, and whose ease their votes have helped to secure; they become dissatisfied; their farms look rough and toilsome; their buildings look old and homely; they even disrespect themselves after a while for having such rough, hard hands, and wearing such dirty clothes, and already farming has resolved itself into the most menial of occupations.

It is this class that could profitably ponder on the condition of the Roumanian Prince. When they work in the field, let them remember how little fear they have of the worker in the next lot; when they sit down to table, let themselves thoroughly hungry and the table substantially covered, let them reflect how much better it is to eat their food in confidence because their own industry has raised it and their steady wife has prepared it, than it would be to partake of costly viands, any one of which an exasperated servant might have poisoned; and when they retire to bed, and friendly sleep is literally coaxing them to their embrace, let them be grateful for a quiet chamber, and for a clear conscience that demands no guardmen to keep assassins out.

In this way the summer's work may be done contentedly, and envy, that makes, by unfavorable comparisons, any task tedious, will not so frequently intrude itself. Laboring in the field, one will feel more like singing and less like croaking; and resting at home he will be a less fretful man, making his family more cheer-

ful and happy. There is emphatically a good deal of comfort in the soil, but it needs a sunny temperament to start it up. He who thus goes about his work, determined to do it well and to be good-natured about it, will find that to be a farmer is a great deal better than to be a Prince.

The Mormon Problem.

The first blow of the pick, on the Pacific Railroad gave Brigham Young a very uncomfortable feeling. He saw that, if the blows were repeated, his system of politics and morals must suffer accordingly. Others besides Brigham perceived the inevitable results, and while good Mormons were writhing in very agony, they mercilessly plied the pick and watched its effects. It was confidently asserted that polygamy and its kindred evils could not thrive under intercourse with the outside world, and when stringent legislation was urged in Congress a year or two ago, sagacious members said, "Wait, and let the engine mangle it."

After two years, facts show that the system is pretty well mangled. Dissensions have lately been rife among the saints; over-harrying is denounced; liberty of conscience is asserted; fair trials in the Courts are demanded; the control of personal property is claimed; and the privilege of living like their civilized neighbors is earnestly sought. Consequently, the late spasmodic attempts at proselyting have effected but little; the zeal of regular members is already waning; many are forsaking the faith; and there seems to be quite a general desire to learn a better way.

Thus the problem seems in a fair way to solve itself. The Pacific road is carrying in an element that subdues Mormonism. Like those plants which can flourish only in the night, but droop and die in the sunlight, so this system can not endure to be looked upon by the eye of an advanced civilization. It tries, indeed, to creep away into the darkness of St. George, a city that it is building for itself further south and out of the way of travelers; but it is doubtful if it can now find any place where it can enjoy continued isolation. Even the apparently faithful ones who follow the Prophet to this new City of the Saints, will carry the seeds of old dissensions in their garments, to spring up in time and bear hurtful fruit. Discussing the situation lately, the Boston Advertiser says:

Brigham doubtless feels that the lines of his later days have not fallen into pleasant places. He must regard these prospering and aggressive Gentile settlements with a sense of danger; more than that, he must see equal danger from the dissensions inside the church. Moreover, the outside world has discovered the mines he has so jealously guarded, and within the last six months a large accession has been made to the population of the territory of a class who are likely to treat his authority with anything but respect. Further, the President has sent new federal officers into his domain who interpret law and the Constitution quite disregardful of either his ideas or his wishes. The schism in the church and the revolt against polygamy are steadily increasing; and several religious bodies—notably the Methodists—are preparing to plant their standards at the doors of the tabernacle, and struggle with the elders and apostles for the possession of souls. "The political party of the future" is a subject of earnest discussion in all the northern part of the territory; it will embrace not merely the Gentiles, but the so-called apostates, the Mormon opponents of polygamy, and the revolutionaries against priestly despotism in matters of conscience.

Whichever way Brigham looks, he can not fail to note ominous portents. This season will array against him a great force of opponents in his own city, and if he transfers the seat of the hierarchy to St. George, the enemy will follow him in another year. Turn about as he will, he can find little comfort in any quarter. The railway and its resulting intercourse are sure to work his overthrow at no distant day. Mormonism as a form of religious faith may endure many years; but Mormonism as a system which upholds polygamy and denies freedom of conscience is near its downfall.

Not only every Christian, but every good citizen, is anxiously awaiting this predicted downfall. The characters that have been ruined by the system, the lives it has cursed, and the future of misery that it has fastened upon so many, make it a grave charge against the Christian nation that gives it a home. We hopefully await the results of another year's intercourse with the world, the efforts of those religious bodies that are attempting their new work among them, and the effects of all the better purposes that are springing up in the hearts of the Mormons themselves. May they be granted a speedy release from their error.

Christ never Forgotten.

The record of the death of my old friend, the Rev. D. W. McKoon, found in the last Star, brought to my mind an extraordinary incident in his case, witnessed during his sickness and temporary loss of reason, some twenty-four years ago. I was present with him one day, during the severest part of his illness, when, as stated in the paper, he was unable to recognize the members of his family. Though we had been for several years on the most familiar terms of acquaintance, he gave little or no evidence of recognizing me, during the several hours I was with him; but he knew Christ. While the family were at dinner, and I was left with him alone, he roused up for a moment, and engaged with me in a brief prayer. He seemed to be aware that his mind had lost its balance; but one expression struck me with great force. It ran something like this: "In the midst of all these things, I thank thee, O Father, that my feet touch the Rock." That was simply grand. While the waves of what seemed to be a mortal disease were breaking over him, and tossing his spirit to and fro, his soul found anchor on the "Rock of Ages."

Such cases are not uncommon. We often learn, when the true Christian is so bereft of reason as not to recognize the names of his nearest friends, that the name of Jesus at once

brings him back to consciousness. That he knows full well, that, ever dear and ever precious, is never forgotten.

This may be accounted for from two considerations. First, it is to the Christian "above every name," and hence, in the memory and comes back to recollection when every thing else is lost.

Second, it is a confirmation of the Saviour's promise—"Lo I am with you always." In our deeper being, where the comparative trifles of earth never enter, he abides ever.—J. F.

Current Topics.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE. The growing tendency to secularize the Sabbath meets not only grief, but remonstrance and organized opposition. Many men who are not Christians, but are lovers of good order and friends of public virtue, perceive clearly that the Sabbath is a bulwark against the disorganizing tendencies of vice which it is perilous to throw down. Hence they stand by the institution with settled purpose, and decline to favor either the legislation or the customs that tend to divest the day of its recognized sanctity. But the most decided expression of interest appears in the formation of the "New England Sabbath Association," of which Rev. Dr. Hovey, of Newton, Mass., is President. Rev. E. Knowlton Vice President for Me., and a large number of excellent men are embraced in its list of officers. They propose active work, to influence the public mind through the medium of the pulpit, the press, &c. The New England Methodist Conference, at its recent session, adopted a strong paper and some vigorous resolutions on the same subject, giving special approval to the Association referred to, as a Christian and timely agency. We copy the following samples of the resolutions adopted, which, as might be expected, are very unequivocal and equally characteristic:

Resolved, That we look, with deepest grief and alarm, upon the prevailing disregard of the religious sanctity of the Lord's Day, as seen in the opening of various kinds of traffic, harbor and railroad travel and excursions, political gatherings and processions, pleasure driving, secular concerts, lectures and shows, opening of post-offices, publishing and sale of daily papers, and especially in the organized effort to destroy the Sabbath by legislative interference and action.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the fidelity of the Massachusetts Legislature to the theory and practice of our fathers, in refusing to sanction the opening of public libraries upon the Sabbath; believing, as we do, that the Public-Library bill was a pretext of the combined irreligion and infidelity of the day to unchristianize the Commonwealth, stultify her history, and substitute atheism for Christianity as the basis of our political, educational, and social institutions.

Resolved, That it is sin against God and man for us to oblige, ask, invite, or allow a fellow creature to secularize "The Lord's Day" for our pleasure or profit; and that the exigencies of the times demand that Methodists should be "a peculiar people" in the earth, by a strict and cheerful observance of the Lord's Day in this respect.

ART AND RELIGION. The American Tract Society, New York, has undertaken a new thing, which most richly deserves to succeed. Unless the taste of the religious public is less developed or more perverted than we are willing to believe, there is little doubt of its success. We refer to the publication of "The Illustrated Christian Weekly," a paper in quarto form, whose mechanical excellences are many and large, which is edited by Rev. Lyman Abbott, a man of fine culture, broad views, quick sympathies, and who wields a facile and brilliant pen, and which numbers among its contributors many of the best and most attractive of our religious writers. But the striking feature appears in its illustrations.

Judging from the first two issues, these are to be every way excellent. They are full of character in subject, and the artistic execution is highly creditable to all parties concerned. It is meant to furnish something attractive for the family, so that there will cease to be a seeming need of carrying into the domestic circle the illustrated papers that tend to corrupt even while they gratify. Art is thus called in to aid religion, to refine taste, to exalt the home, to vivify and impress high thoughts, and so render the lessons of life plainer and more practical. This Society has large resources, it has shown eminent enterprise, it has a wide-spread constituency and great hosts of friends. Its new project ought to enlist all these elements and achieve a speedy triumph. The paper is furnished at \$2 per year.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY. Mr. Darwin has sent out his second volume, in which he fully unfolds his theory of the natural descent of man. He is very frank in his avowals, and makes no attempt to disguise the fact that, according to the idea of what he calls "Natural Selection," but which somebody has more appropriately described as "The Survival of the Fittest,"—man has come up along the intermediate stages, from the poly, through the oyster, the fish, the bird, the mammal, and the monkey, to his present status. He tells many curious, interesting and suggestive facts belonging to Natural Science, but owns that he can not prove his doctrine by means of them. He is forced to admit that no fossil remains have been discovered which exhibit the organism in a state of transition from a lower to a higher type of life, and that he sees no such movements among living beings as show them to be crossing the chasm that separates different classes of animals. He believes in the absence of proofs, and on the basis of what he calls laws and analogies. Indeed, at the end of his learned treatise, he is forced to confess that something more than "blind chance" seems operating in the world of life, and that the belief in "the existence of an all-seeing Deity" has greatly helped morality and aided human progress. So that, after all, he can not get on without a God, and is constrained to make a bow to religion.

PARDON DELAYED. A senatorial caucus decided against undertaking to pass any general amnesty bill at this session, which shall to give enfranchisement to

ion and the Bible from the steps of the temple where he has been burning incense on the altars of Science. The frankness does his heart credit, but his confession seems to be made at the expense of his theories.

POLITICAL TREACHERY DISCIPLINED.

After all the corruption that has been induced by political rings, and all the bargains and sales that are understood to be carried out every day in the lobbies of our legislatures, it is grateful to find that there is a conscience against bribery, and a real horror as well as contempt of the shamelessness that sells a vote even for a huge price. Albany is generally set down as the great mart of political brokers, and what would be infamous elsewhere is there accounted tolerable virtue. But since it is charged that one Winans, a republican, actually sold himself out to his political opponents to enable them to carry a bad measure in the New York legislature, and got a big price for his treachery, the outcry, though having much force and justification in it, has been so strong and general, that there is some hope of our politics even there. His constituents have sent him a hempen rope, with the suggestion that he use it forthwith, as the only proper step for such a man to take; and he is shot at by the press generally as was St. Sebastian by his theological foes. Let us hope that the spasms of anger may ripen into a moral conviction. We have read few things more terrible in its way, than this paragraph from the *Tribune*. If the man is guilty as alleged, he deserves the torture which he is enduring. At any rate we are not sorry to see such a crime thus gibbeted:

It is probable that the darkest hour in the life of a woman is when she wakes on the morning after the loss of her honor, and feels how empty is the future, and how pitiful is the price of her infamy. The past, with its possibilities of honest life, self-respect, and the esteem of others, is gone forever. Nothing is left but mere living on the wages of shame, which stick to the fingers and burn them like boiling pitch. A leper, when he first discovers the fatal whitening of his skin, is not more lonely. Into this moral prison-house ORANGE S. WINANS entered on Saturday. He may try to brazen out his foul misfortune, but he can not conceal from himself his sense of the permanent worthlessness of the life he has stained and polluted. In all the almshouses and penitentiaries of the State there exists today no creature so needing, but beyond the pity of charitable hands.

POST MORTEM DISPLAY. Extravagance finds a sphere everywhere. Men are not free from it. Indeed, it may be as prevalent among them as among women; only it assumes forms that make it less obvious, less laughable it may be, and less a target for general satire. Women love outward display, and indulge it freely, in dress, in furniture, in etiquette, in gossip, in set forms of speech, in parties, in suppers, &c. To gratify this taste many of them sacrifice their modesty, and then barter away their honor. Because of this ambition for display, they frighten young men from the idea of marriage. The ambition goes with them like a shadow to the very gates of death. But it was left for a woman who lately died in New York to provide for the embodiment of her ruling passion at her obsequies. She had carefully arranged with an undertaker to get up a splendid funeral. The coffin, the hearse, the carriages, the plumes, the drapings, the mourning gloves, &c., &c., were all pre-arranged. She meant to have the thing done up with unequaled magnificence. Her administrator was to settle the bills, so she said, and the knight of the cemetery, nothing loth, took the order, gave his promise and fulfilled his contract. He brought in a bill of about \$1,400. The administrator suspected fraud, and refused to pay it. The case went into the courts, and so the facts became public. It is a pitiable story, having a lesson and a warning, which may have little effect however. Weddings are already so expensive as to scare prudent people; funerals threaten to go beyond them. Extravagance is making it unbearably expensive to live; a step or two farther, and many can hardly afford to die.

EDUCATIONAL LEGISLATION. The need of an educated people is impressing all thoughtful men. The mischiefs of ignorance in a republic, the indifference of many parents on the subject, the prevalence of truancy, &c., all combine to induce many of our leading public men to favor what is called compulsory education. The principle is urged with increasing strength and by many earnest voices, and is growing in favor in spite of the obvious objection, that it puts into the hands of the magistrate the prerogatives that really belong only to the parent and guardian. At the same time, there is an increasing opposition to grants by the State in aid of anything that may be regarded as sectarian. Even Congress is the theater of efforts to make education generally compulsory and anti-denominational. Several practical suggestions have been made on the subject. Only the other day, a senator submitted the following as a proposed amendment to the Constitution:

Article XVI. Section 1.—There shall be maintained in each State and Territory a system of free common schools; but neither the United States nor any State, Territory, county or municipal corporation shall aid in the support of any school wherein the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination are taught.

Section 2.—Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation. No action was taken on it at the time, and none may be taken at present; but it aids in showing the drift of public sentiment. The plea is, that the state has a right to protect itself against ignorance; and there is force in the plea.

PARDON DELAYED. A senatorial caucus decided against undertaking to pass any general amnesty bill at this session, which shall to give enfranchisement to

Poetry.

Worldly Wise.

It was the boatman Ronsalee,
And he sailed through the mists so white;
And two little ladies sat on his knee,
With their two little heads so bright;
And so they sailed and sailed—all three—
On the golden coast of the night.

Young Ronsalee had a handsome face,
And his great beard made him brown;
And the two little ladies in girlish grace,
They kept their eyelids down.
The one in her silken veil of lace,
And the one in her woolsey gown.

For one little lady lived in the wood,
Like a flower that hides from the day;
Her name was Jenny—she called her the good,
And the name of the other was May;
And her palace windows looked on the flood,
Where they softly sailed away.

Long time the balance even stood
With our Ronsalee that day;
But what was a little house in the wood
To a palace grand and gay?
So he gave his hand to Jenny, the good,
And his hand he gave to May.

Life and I.

Life is the child's frail wreath,
And a drop of dew
Upon its fading beauty. In the breath
Of the still night-air come I forth to view;
But with the reddening morn,
I silently return
To his realm unseen,
Where death hath never been,
Where he hath his abode,
Who is my God!

Life is the wind-snapped bough,
And I a little bird;
My mother-land a fairer, calmer clime,
Whose olive groves no storm has ever stirred,
Beyond the evening star;
A little bird that came from far,
Alighting in my untired flight
Upon this tree of night.
Yet ere another sun
His face shall have begun,
I shall have passed from sight,
To realms of truer light,
These twilight skies above,
To be with Him I love,
My God, my God.

Life is the mountain lake,
And I a drifting cloud,
Or a cloud's broken shadow on the wave,
One of the silent multitude that crowd,
With every-varying pace,
Across the water's face;
Soon must I pass from earth,
To the calm azure of my better birth,
My sky of bliss;
With Him in love and peace
To have my last abode,
Who is my God.

Life is the tossing ark,
And I the wandering dove,
To-morrow in mid clouds and waters dark,
Resting on my peaceful olive grove,
Retaining in glad haste,
Across time's billowy waste,
For evermore to rest
Upon the faithful breast
Of Him who is my King,
My Christ, my God.

Life is the changing deep,
And I a little wave,
Rising a moment, and then passing down
Amid my fellows, to a peaceful grave;
For this is not my rest,
It is not here I can be blest;
Far from this sea of strife,
With Christ in his dear life,
With Christ my glorious Lord,
My King and God!

Life is a well-strung lyre,
And I a wandering note,
Struck from its cunning chords, and left alone
A moment in the quivering air to float;
Then, without echo, die,
And upward from this earthly jarring fly,
To form a truer note above,
In the great song of joy and love,
The never ending, never jarring song
Of the immortal throng,
Sung to the praise of Him
Who is at once its leader and its theme,
My Christ, my King, my God!

—Bonar.

The Family Circle.

Little Carl.

Night was coming over the little Swedish town. All day the snow had fallen, and now the cold wind of that northern country blew across a dreary waste of trackless white. Bright fire-lighted the spacious kitchens, and gave an air of comfort to the houses which dotted the surface of the snow. The little rosy-cheeked boys and girls, tired out with play, had covered their bright eyes with their soft pink lids, and were then journeying in the beautiful land of dreams. About two miles from the village stood a small, poor looking house. In summer it might have been quite cheerful, surrounded by a flower-garden, and caressed by vines which hid the many imperfections of the old house. Now, however, in the depth of winter, it was very gloomy. The vines were gone, and the glaring snow revealed with great distinctness the blackened boards. On this stormy night, a thin column of blue smoke arose from the chimney, showing that those within had at least the comfort of a fire. The sobs of a child were mingled with the wailing of the wind. Then a manly little voice said:

"Don't cry, Mina dear, the kind Father will take care of her."

There was silence for a few moments, and then a blast of wind roared down the chimney and rattled the window. With a cry of terror, the little one said:

"O Carl! hear the wind. Dear mother, do come home to Mina."

of the house—the husband and father—is dead.

After quieting his sister's fears, the child said:

"Would little Mina fear to stay quite alone if Carl should go out into the night to seek for mother?"

Her implicit confidence in her brother made the child smile as she said:

"O Carl! do go quickly and find mother. Tell her we have a bright fire by which she may warm her poor cold hands."

This reply seemed to decide the boy. He drew his wooden stool to the side of the wall, and stepping upon it, reached to the book above him, and took down a well-worn coat that had a home-made look about it. Then he tied an old fur cap closely about his ears, drew on a pair of clumsy mittens, and kissing Mina good-by, stepped out into the dreary snow—this little one, in search of his missing mother. Little did their mother think, when she left her darlings early that morning, that she would not see them before night. Being a poor widow, she was obliged to sew to support the two, who were dependent upon her. She was a delicate woman, and her never ceasing labor was wearing her down. She could not stop sewing, for then the daily food would cease to come.

That morning she started for the village with an article she had just finished. The snow lay deep on the ground and the storm was still raging, yet she must take this work to the shop that day, or else receive no pay.

The drifting snow made walking difficult, but she hastened on, in order that she might return before the roads were impassable. The storm was far worse, however, than she had imagined, and more than once she determined to return, but thoughts of her needful provisions made her continue her course. When she reached the shop, she was quite exhausted and benumbed with the cold. Weak and faint, she started on her homeward journey. Feeling too sick to proceed, she stopped at one of the houses where she was acquainted, and rested herself. Her friends told her she must not think of returning that day. She, however, declined their kind invitation to remain, and after eating luncheon with the kind family, resumed her walk homeward.

By this time the roads were almost impassable. The snow was still falling, thick and fast, and heavy drifts impeded her progress. Soon after, she left the house of her friend, the father returned home in his sled, and when told that the poor woman had been there and had started to walk home, he immediately set out to overtake her; for he said:

"She will surely perish if she attempts to reach her home in this wild storm."

He overtook her some distance from the village, and, as he had expected, she was quite exhausted. He lifted her into the sled, and covering her with the warm robes, urged the horses on; but the high drifts of snow continually blocked the road. Finally he told her that it was useless to attempt to reach home that night. Carl, he said, would be brave and cheer the heart of the little one.

"He will know that you are safe, and will return home as soon as possible."

Thus she was obliged to return to the house of her hospitable friend.

As night came on, the manly Carl, remembering that his mother was weak and sick, started out to meet and bring her home. Poor little wanderer! The blinding snow blew into his eyes, the piercing wind chilled him through and through, but his mother, he thought, would need him.

He was young and strong, and could help her home to the warm fire which Mina was keeping for her. Poor little Mina, tired out with watching and weeping, soon fell asleep by the fire, and forgot all about the wind in dreams of mother and Carl.

Onward and onward into the storm-plodded the boy. His hands ached with the cold; but "Mother's hands must be colder than mine," he thought. Colder and colder he grew, but his courage did not fail. At last he raised his face to the dark sky, clasped his little numb hands together, and said:

"O kind Father! please to give Carl some warm, for he's getting so cold out here in the storm."

Then he started on again. Slower and slower he walked. His limbs were numb, and a dreadful weariness was slowly creeping upon him. After going a few rods further, he again stopped and said:

"Mother, I'll come pretty soon; you won't care if I stop a moment to rest, for I'll come—I'll come."

The last words were said very faintly, and he sank down into the white snow and fell asleep. God heard his prayer and gave him "some warm." He rested, poor little weary one, not on the cold bed of snow, but in the loving arms of angels.

When the storm had ceased, the workmen, clearing the snow from the road, saw a small, dark object not far from them. On approaching, they found the body of faithful little Carl, half covered with the glistening snow. Tenderly they bore it to the house and laid it on his little bed. Even those rough men could not refrain from tears when they saw the mother's grief and heard how bravely Carl had started out in search of her.

Mina and her mother still live in the old house, and whenever the wind roars against the house, they think of that night which brought them such sorrow and their Carl such joy.—The Methodist.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome in it every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Avareice and vanity are the principal elements of all evil.

Can You Count a Billion?

Said a father to his black-eyed son one evening:

"Can you count a billion?"

"Certainly, papa; that's no great feat."

"Do you know how many make a billion?"

"Not exactly; but I will see what Webster says in his great dictionary. Here it is. A million of millions: as many millions as there are units in a million."

"Now, my son, this is a very large number, and do you think you can count it?"

"Certainly I can."

"How long do you think it will take you, if you do nothing else but count?"

"Perhaps all day, or easily in two days."

"Take your slate and pencil, and let us make a little calculation. As your tongue is very nimble, I will allow that you can count two hundred in a minute. How many will this give you in an hour?"

"Why, only 12,000."

"And how many in twenty-four hours?"

"Only 288,000."

"This tells you that two days are not enough, even if you count without eating or sleeping; for it would only give you 576,000, which is far short of a billion."

"Give me a whole year, and I will count it."

"If you do," said the good-natured father, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will give you a thousand dollars, and take you to Niagara and the White Mountains the next summer. Come, use your pencil again, and see how far a year will carry you toward the billion, allowing that you work three hundred and sixty-five days, and twenty-four hours each day. Multiply 288,000, counted in a day, by 365, and what result have you?"

"Why, papa, only 105,120,000. I give it up, for I do not believe that I could count it in all my life-time."

"That is very probable, my son; but now you are at it, keep up the calculations, and find how long it would take to count a billion. Be careful in your multiplications and additions—for a small mistake where the figures are so many, will make a great difference in the result. I will look over with you. You have made a calculation, and what is the result?"

"Perfectly amazing. To count a million times a million would most certainly take 9,542 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, at the rate of 300 for every minute. This no man could possibly do."

Silver-haired Ladies.

The world is notoriously unjust to its veterans, and above all is unjust to its ancient females. Everywhere, and from all time, an old woman has been used to express the last stage of usefulness and exhaustion; and while a meeting of bearded dotards goes by the name of council of sages, and its deliberations are respected accordingly, a congregation of palsied matrons is nothing but a congregation of old women, whose thoughts and opinions on any subject whatsoever, have no more value than the chattering of so many magpies.

The fact is, the poor old ladies have a hard time of it; and if we look at it in its right light, perhaps, nothing proves more the course flavor of the world's esteem respecting women, than this disdain which they excite when they are old. And yet, what charming old ladies one has known at times—women quite as charming in their own way at seventy as their granddaughters are at seventeen, and all the more so because they have no design now to be charming, because they have given up the attempt to please for the reaction of praise, and long since having consented to become physically old, they never drift into unpersonableness or neglect.

While retaining the intellectual vivacity and active sympathies of maturity, they have added the softness, the mellowness, the tempering, got only from experience and advancing age; they are women who have seen and known and read a good deal, and who had suffered much, but whose sorrows had neither hardened nor soured them. Rather have made them more sympathetic with the sorrows of others, and pitiful for all the young. They have lived through and lived down all their own trials, and have come into peace on the other side; they may remember the trials of the fiery passage, and feel for those who have still to bear the pressure of the pain they have overcome. They are women not met much in society; they are of the kind which remain at home, and let the world come to them.

They have done with the hurry and glitter of life, and they no longer care to carry on the affections of their kind; they take an interest in the history, the science, the progress of the day, but they rest tranquil and content by their own firesides, and they sit to receive, but do not go out to gather. The fashionable old lady who haunts the theaters and drawing-rooms, be wigged, befrizzed, ghastly in her vain attempt to appear young, melting from the grasp, desperate in her wild hold upon a life that is passing away from her rapidly, knows nothing of the quiet dignity and happiness of her ancient sister who has been wise enough to renounce before she lost.

In her own house, where gather a small knot of men of mind and women of character, where the young bring their perplexities and the mature their deeper thoughts, the dear old lady of ripe experience and loving sympathies and cultivated intellect holds a better court than is known to any one of those miserable old creatures, who prout about the gay places of the world, and wrestle with the young for the crown and the garlands—those wretched simulacra of womanhood who will not grow and can not become wise. She is the best kind of an old lady extant, answering to the matrons of classic times—to the mother of Israel before whom the tribes paid obeisance.

sance in token of respect; the woman whose book of life has been well studied, closely read, and kept clean in all its pages. She had been no prude, however, and no mere idealist. She must have been wife, mother and widow; that is, she must have known many things of joy and grief, and have had the fountains of life unsealed. However wise and good she may be as a spinster, she has only had half a life; and it is the best half that has been denied her. How can she tell others, when they come to her in their troubles, how time and a healthy existence will have wrought the same circumstances! Theoretic comfort is all very well, but one word of experience goes beyond volumes of counsel based upon general principles and a lively imagination. The very dress of old ladies is in itself a study and revelation of character.

There are the beautiful old women who make themselves like old pictures by a profusion of soft lace and tender grays, and the silks, and somber velvet, and there are the original and individual old ladies who dress themselves after their own kind, like Mrs. Basil Montagu and Miss Jane Porter, and have cachet of their own with which fashion has nothing to do. And there are the old women who wear rusty black stuff and ugly, helmet-like caps; and those who affect uniformity and going with the stream when the fashion has become national; and these have been much exercised of late with chignons and the new bonnets.

But providence is liberal, and milliners are fertile in resources. In fact, in this as in all other sections of humanity, there are those who make the best of things as they are, and those who make the worst by treating them as something that are not; those who extract honey and those who find old poison. For in old age, as in youth, are to be found beauty, use, grace and value, but in different aspects, and on another platform altogether; and the folly is when this difference is not allowed for, or when the possibility of these graces is denied, and their utility ignored.—Saturday Review.

Widow Jones' Cow.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones', and he gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping his shoulders on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning, was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones; perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows; now, nothing, no way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow—Farmer Smith looked at the Roan—then at the Downing cow, then at the widow again, and so on over the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday—and ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday—she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but"—he stopped and glanced at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That ere short horn Durham is not a bad-looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, and they both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out:—

"Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of Widower Smith and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were "out-published" they were married.

Don't Jesus Come to See You?

Rachel, though but a child, was a cripple, and very poor. One day as she lay upon her bed, weeping, a soft voice said, "May I come in?" She looked up and saw a pleasant little girl, apparently as poor as herself, who said:

"I am Jessie Wells. My mother came to live in this street only a few days ago. I heard about you and am come to bring you some flowers. See how sweet they smell."

"Ah, that they do. I haven't seen any, I don't know when," said Rachel, raising herself to look at them.

The girls soon became acquainted, and after that, Jessie was a frequent visitor in Rachel's room. She would read to her, sing to her, and help her in many little ways.

One day, on parting with her little friend, Rachel said, "Oh, I can't bear to have you go, I'm so lonely."

The child looked up with a sweet pitying gaze, and said, "Don't Jesus come to see you, Rachel?"

But Rachel did not seem to understand; so in her own simple way, Jessie told her about the kind Saviour, saying, "He took notice of just such children as you and I. One day he went to see a sick girl, about as old as you, and took her by the hand and raised her up and made her well. Once I was very sick, too, and had to lie in bed like you. Then Jesus used to come close to my bedside, and make me feel how much he loved me. After that I felt so happy; for he took away all the lonely feeling from my heart."

Rachel listened in wonder; but Jessie

saw that she did not understand much, and she said to herself, "I will ask Jesus to teach her." She did so, and on her next visit, Rachel said, "Tell me more about the good Saviour." It was not long before she found Jesus, that dear friend of the lonely and sorrowful. Now, she has become patient and kind and loving, and her friends wonder at the change.—Am. Mes.

Literary Review.

THE PRINCE OF PULEST ORATORS. A Portrait of Rev. George Whitfield M. A. Illustrated by anecdotes and incidents. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. New York: Carlton & Latham. 1871. 12mo. pp. 400.

WESLEY'S OWN HISTORIAN. Illustrations of his character, labors and achievements. From his own diaries. By Rev. Edwin L. James. Same Publishers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 464.

LIVING WORDS: or, Unwritten Sermons, by John McClintock, D. D., LL.D. Reported phonographically. With a Preface by Bishop James. Same Publishers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 385. The effort to perpetuate the memory and the influence of those who have been honored as effective preachers, and whose work has been of the highest and most grateful sort, is one that grows naturally out of the veneration which they awaken and the Christian gratitude which is associated with their sacred work. But it is not easy to keep alive the full and real image of men whose personal qualities were peculiar and marked, and whose presence had much to do with the impression which they produced. Written words often fall far short of spoken words. The sermon that swept over the audience like a tempest often loses more than half its life and power when put into a volume. The types vainly struggle to equal the tongue. The printed page can not reproduce the glow that lighted the face of the rapt preacher. The personal magnetism is largely lost when a book takes the place of the man. "You can not print the thunder and lightning," was Whitfield's reply to a plea for the publication of one of his out-door sermons which a sudden tempest helped to impress. And no small part of what always makes the living preacher eloquent and renders his spoken sermon an overmastering force, is something that escapes when a verbal attempt is made to reproduce the man by description, or when a phonographer dashes down his sentences and then transcribes them for the use of the printer. Eloquence is a product of life; and no matter how perfectly the speech of a strong pleader may be crystallized in type, some vital thing is almost sure to be missed when we come to the dead body for the inspiration which we found in the presence of the living actor. This is, preeminently true of Whitfield; and to no inconsiderable extent is it true of Wesley.

But it is richly worth the while to study these men as we may study them in the light of such records as these volumes supply. They speak effectively through such reminiscences and words as are here presented to us, even if they part with as much of the royalty which they once wore. They still wield rare powers, even though they seem farther removed from omnipotence than they did. They yet nobly exalt the grace of God, even if they can no longer glorify the ministry of reconciliation as they have done. And so we welcome these volumes as something that may do a work that is always needed, and in which every real help is to be taken and prized. The sketches of Whitfield are intensely interesting, vivid, appreciative, glowing, almost magnetic. The incidents illustrating his character, his special traits, his methods, his power, and his successes, are numerous, often striking, never lacking in good taste and judgment, and are richly worth preserving. And the brief extracts from his sermons, the specimens of his pithy and aphoristic speech, &c., are characteristic and suggestive. It is as good a portrait as can be had within such a compass, and one will never fail to find exhilaration and stimulus in it.—The significant story of Wesley's wonderful, laborious and fruitful life is happily condensed in this moderate sized volume, told mostly in his own calm but striking words, and it suffices to make his mission understood quite as well as though it covered five times the space. We have seen no better biography for the use of the great mass of readers.—One enjoys reading these reported sermons of McClintock, for they are full of plain, solid, nutritious, discriminating and evangelical thought, and they have both mellowness and fervor. And yet they are quite unsatisfying. They denote far more power than they embody; they forever hint at a vigor of spirit which they almost never fairly exhibit. We are sure that they were far more effective in the delivery than they would appear to be in the reading, and that they seldom enable a stranger to form a just and adequate idea of the mental massiveness, the scholarly culture, the large knowledge and the religious depth which lay behind them. The reporter has plainly missed the flexible strength and the choice aroma of the preacher, though that may have been unavoidable. Still, even for what is here we are grateful, and still for the shadows of unrevealed excellence that are ever and anon hung across these pages, making them suggest even more than the large amount which they tell.

FRESH LEAVES FROM THE BOOK AND ITS STORY. By L. N. R., author of "The Book and its Story," &c. With more than fifty illustrations. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 500.

The author of this volume is an animated, reverent, believing and earnest student of the Bible, and his style and method of dealing with the narrative which runs through the Scriptures are such as serve to invest it with special freshness, and make it exhibit at once and in harmonious proportions both a human and a divine element. The salient points are happily seized, and the great lessons taught by the narrative are often impressively brought out and forcibly urged. But the author is not satisfied to deal with some of the question in topography, sacred criticism, &c., which he is forward enough to raise, and uses something like declamation when there ought to be the careful weighing of evidence. He is rather a rhetorician than a critic, and he deals now and then with what calls for the cool and judicial mind after the manner of the homilist and exhorter. He speaks far too confidently of the claims of Mount Sinai to be the real Sinai, in opposition to those of Jebel Musa; he seeks to make far more out of the inscriptions upon the pictured rocks of the peninsula than any modest and competent scholar could bring himself to approve, and he draws meanings from facts and passages in which imagination has a more prominent part than learning or logic. In his sphere he is an able and valuable teacher; but it is not that of the philosophic and scholarly interpreter. Still, this book has both interest and value, in spite of the fact that performance in it falls some way short of the promise.

THE MODEL PRAYER. A Course of Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By George C. Baldwin, D. D., author of "Representative Women," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871. 16mo. pp. 298. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

After all that has been written upon the series of brief lectures that most of us have been bound to repeat from our early childhood, Dr. Baldwin has many things that are very fresh, suggestive, forcible and eminently fitting to say.

He deals with the various branches of his theme in a manner that is always reverent and thoughtful, and in a spirit that is sure to chasten and uplift. He is never trite, and he is never audacious and startling. He brings to his task a clear and discriminating intellect, a believing and sympathetic heart, and a power that at first compels attention and then makes it a pleasure and a source of profit. We take special satisfaction in commending this book. Its outward beauty and richness fully introduce the reader to the interior wealth.

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By Edwin P. Whipple. Enlarged edition. Boston: James E. Osgood & Co. 1871. 16mo. pp. 344. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

We read the most of these lectures many years since, on the issue of the earliest edition, and were wonderfully charmed, quickened and even kindled into admiration by them. In substance and form they seemed very admirable, and we set the young author down as one of the most promising of all our New England essayists and critics. Mr. Whipple has kept on gaining breadth and subtlety, until he is quoted as an authority in his own department, even beyond the sea. But these earlier efforts keep their flavor, and not only bear a re-reading, but, though perhaps seeming a little less wonderful than they did twenty years ago, they still thrill us even now, in spite of the retained familiarity with their lessening thoughts and much of their rich rhetoric. They are most fully worth reproducing, and can hardly fail to find a new generation of appreciative readers.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Romans. Designed for Bible-classes and Sunday schools. By Albert Barnes. Tenth edition, revised and corrected. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 367.

The work of issuing this revised edition of Barnes's Notes, so that they may be even more meritorious than any previous edition has been, goes on steadily. The volume on Romans shows the results of the same care in the literary and the mechanical departments as its predecessors. The work of revision has been so done as to add materially to the value of work, and the letter-press, as the new plates give it character, is of the very choicest. The public approval has been so emphatically given to the Notes themselves, that special commendation is quite out of place.

THE WONDERS OF ENGRAVING. By George Duplessis. Illustrated with thirty-four wood engravings. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871. 12mo. pp. 338. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

The Illustrated Library of Wonders, which this House is issuing, is the fruit of a very happy undertaking, and the collection of volumes is one of unusual interest and value. They most admirably combine entertainment and instruction, and they are covering a wide field of study. They can hardly fail to find hosts of readers among intelligent youth, and intelligent adults will be hardly less interested. This latest contribution supplies a large amount of curious and well classified information touching the various styles of engraving, and a history of the art as it has been developed in various countries. Hardly anywhere else can so large an amount of information be gathered up within equal space and in so attractive a form.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON. Illustrated by Historical Parables from drawings by John Gilbert, and prefaced by introductory remarks. New York: Carlton & Latham. octavo. pp. 148.

Every beautiful and excellent is this book. Binding, letterpress, illustrations, the arrangement of the Proverbs into metric form, and the very suggestive introduction, all combine to produce a choice volume that would find a fit place on any center table.

THE GAS-CONSUMERS GUIDE: A Hand-Book of Instruction on the proper management and economical use of Gas. With a full description of Gas-Meters and directions for ascertaining the consumption by meter. On Ventilation, &c. Boston: Alexander Moore. 1871. 16mo. pp. 148. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

All the promises of the title-page are made good in the body of this volume. The statements and explanations are clear and full, running greatly into detail, and are not free from episodes. The prolixity seems at times needless, and one-third of the space would have seemingly sufficed for saying all that is really needed.

M. OR N. "Similia Similibus Curantur." By J. G. Whyte-Melville, author of "The Interpreter," &c. New York: Leopold, Holt & Williams. 1871. octavo. paper covers. pp. 159. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

The old title of this book will whet curiosity and induce a commencement of the narrative. The freshness, power and interest of the story will be pretty sure to hold the reader when once it has grasped his thought. These publishers send out nothing that is thin, commonplace or demoralizing.

MOTHERLESS: or, A Parisian Family. From the French of Madame Guizot De Witt. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." For Girls in the teens. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871. 12mo. pp. 253.

The pictures of the true domestic life in Paris, when it can be found, as it can be by favored observers, are always attractive, both in the subject and the skill which marks the execution. The names of both author and translator guarantee something wholesome in this volume; but one must read it to find the rare charm which runs through it from beginning to end. It is delightfully pleasant.

DIARY OF THE BESIEGED RESIDENT IN PARIS. By H. N. Labouchere, M. P. Same Publishers, &c. 1871. paper covers. octavo. pp. 131.

The letters from Paris during the siege, printed in the London Daily News, were widely copied by both the English and American papers. They were plain, fair, intelligent, detailing facts instead of circulating fancies, cool and critical, without partisanship or cynicism. There was no straining after effect, but a most diligent and resolute search for full information, and a thorough fidelity in reporting the actual condition of things in every department of Parisian life. They tell the story of the besieged city very clearly, fairly and effectively. The publishers have done the public a service in reprinting them in this more permanent form.

Literary Miscellany.

The Peace Celebration in Berlin.

At 12 o'clock the proclamation of peace was officially read before the palace of the King. All the generals in the city appeared in uniform on the vestibule, and the Queen, surrounded with all the Princes and Princesses, appeared on the balcony above. Bands of music and singers were also present. The whole crowd, which extended as far as the eye could reach, received the reading of the proclamation with great enthusiasm, and joined heartily in the patriotic songs which followed, chief among which was the "The Guards on the Rhine." A youth climbed up the statue of Frederick the Great, and again, as on the day after Sedan, crowned the old hero with laurel wreath. A large number of copies of the proclamation of peace, printed on the finest paper, were then distributed among the people. At the same time salutes were fired from eight cannon placed before the Arsenal near by, and all the bells of the city commenced ringing. The whole occasion was one of such grandeur as one but seldom witnesses in a life-time. I could not but be struck with the similar occasion of several months ago, when at the outbreak of the war, the people assembled on the same spot with entirely different feelings. Then it was all timid forebodings, uncertainty, and solemn resolution. Now, everybody was in high glee and overflowing with thankfulness. Many wept for joy that they had come through the struggle with victory, and, at length, had peace again.

About the same time the Queen gave orders that at 4 o'clock thanksgiving services should be held in all the churches. When the hour arrived the people, who are not accustomed to attend the churches, filled them to overflowing. The royal family and high officials, both civil and military, rode to the Cathedral, or "Dome," with great pomp, and through great crowds of people.

In view of the several proclamations were addressed to the people, urging them to maintain order, and to take every precaution against accidents. It was required, too, that in passing through the streets and over the bridges they keep always to the right. Rockets, bonfires, and shooting in the streets were strictly prohibited.

So magnificent had been the celebration thus far, that one might have thought there were neither resources nor enthusiasm for anything more grand in the evening. But now the celebration only fairly commenced. Nearly every house in Berlin was illuminated from top to bottom. Many of them made a very imposing display. Gas jets were often arranged in the shape of the Prussian or Imperial Crown, or of the Prussian or German eagle. Sometimes these were as large as the whole front of the building.

The War Department was illuminated with over 3,000 lamps of all colors. On the Rathaus were, I presume, not less than 10,000 jets burning. The Royal Palace and Bourse were also very magnificent. The streets were in many cases actually warmed by the lights that were burning on both sides.

They were also so light that one could see from one end to the other, almost as in the daytime. The residence of the French Minister was about the only building that was not illuminated. In many of the windows were arranged in beautiful order and variety the crowned statues and busts of the prominent heroes of the war; also, paintings of battle scenes, and flowers, wreaths, etc.

Some took advantage of the occasion to advertise their business. With a practicality that would have done credit to a Yankee, some of the grocers arranged in their windows, not the statues of the Princes and warriors, but their best cheese, butter and fish, which the lamps were made to show off to great advantage. A chocolate fabricant made a large bust of the King in chocolate, and crowned it with a garland of cream candies and other sweetmeats of his own manufacture. But the chief wonder of the evening was the endless crowds. It would be useless to estimate these by thousands or hundreds of thousands. The whole city had turned out into the streets. Of the 850,000 inhabitants of Berlin, I do not believe there is one in a hundred but witnessed the illumination, and passed through the principal streets. It would have been contrary both to the German character, and to the feelings of the day, not to have done so. Although all parts of the city offered rare attractions, yet the neighborhood of the Linden, King street and William street were the most crowded. Through the whole length of these streets one could see nothing but heads. The people, of course, did not keep the pavement. The whole street, even, was not wide enough for the masses. So dense was the crowd that it was more than an hour in passing from the Grand Elector's Bridge to the City Hall, about five blocks. Often for ten minutes at a time we could not get one step forward or backward.

On passing a cross street, where the crowds were met coming from other directions, it was at the risk of one's life that he attempted to get through. Such pushing, swearing, screaming and fighting I have never seen anywhere. Many women fainted, and others had the clothes torn partly from them. There was such a noise of voices that we could scarcely hear a distinct word. On the approach to any specially magnificent sight, as the burners of the City Hall or Exchange, there were deafening shouts of applause. So closely and almost immovably were the people packed, that if the crowd had caught fire I do not see what would have prevented it from burning up. It was a beautiful sight, on reaching a point of eminence, to see the great masses flowing like a stream in the opposite directions. When anybody got too far to the left he would be carried along in the opposite direction, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. There was no such thing as going up stream in these streets.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

The Lacemaker at Work.

The sight of hand-made lace is apt to excite the same sort of feelings in the mind of a reflective person as those which were expressed by Goldsmith when he wrote—

"Here the pale artist pines the sickly trade,
While there the courtier glitters in broads."

We can not avoid a painful remembrance of the enormous diversity of condition that generally exists between the wearer and the worker. The wearer of such delicate and expensive fabrics is generally endowed with a superfluity of this world's goods, while the worker is for the most part a poor toiling creature, whose constant and continuous labor barely yields a subsistence. Some day we shall perhaps learn how to correct the glaring inequalities of condition now existing; meanwhile, let us glance for a moment at the lace-manufacturer. Until about three centuries ago, lace was made by the needle on a piece of fine-woven material, the threads of which were drawn aside to form holes or meshes, held in position by a few stitches. In 1561 Barbara

Uttmann, of Annaberg, devised a method of twisting threads round pins so as to form a knotted or netted fabric; this was the real origin of pillow-lace, the making of which gradually extended to various European countries. The implements used by the lace-makers are few in number, and unartificial in character. They consist of a pillow or cushion, a series of bobbins or small cylindrical pieces of wood, round which the thread or silk employed is wound, and pins which are stuck into the cushion, and around which the threads are twisted. The pattern of the lace is determined by the disposition of the pins, and this is regulated by holes pierced in a piece of parchment which is laid upon the cushion. The process of lace-making is accomplished by the twisting together of the threads upon the bobbins, and their being woven among and around the pins. The finest pillow-lace is made on the Continent. The names of Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, and Alençon at once call to mind the chief seats of the manufacture. In France alone, before the outbreak of the war, more than 200,000 women were engaged in pillow-lace making, and their average earnings were about a penny an hour. A good deal of lace is also made in the Erzgebirge, a mountainous district of Saxony, bordering on Austria. These people form a sort of race apart; the men do the cooking and washing, and attend to the gardens, while the women and children make the lace. By working from morning till night, they can earn about sixpence a day; they live chiefly on potatoes and salt, but they are described as a cheerful, contented people. In England lace-makers abound chiefly in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, the part of Devonshire around Honiton, and near Coggeshall in Essex. A flourishing manufacture has also sprung up during the last forty years in Limerick. Concerning machine-made lace we will not speak here. The quantity annually produced is prodigious, and the headquarters of the trade still center at Nottingham.

Some years ago an officer of Engineers at Munich contrived an ingenious plan for making lace without either human labor or machinery. Having made a paste of the plant on which a certain species of caterpillar is accustomed to feed, he spread it thinly over a stone of the required size. He then, with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in oil, drew the pattern which he wished laid open. The stone was then fixed in a sloping position and a number of caterpillars placed at the bottom. They ate and spun their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every place touched by the oil. The lace thus made is extremely light, a piece measuring 26 1/2 inches by 17 inches, weighing only 1.51 grains.—*Every Saturday.*

Our Greatest Authors.

It is curious how little we know of the personal history of some of our greatest men of letters. We are not certain of the year in which Chaucer was born, nor do we know the university at which he studied. Shakespeare's biographers amuse or fatigue their readers with conjectures, and have only a few barren facts with which to supplement their fancies. About Spenser we know even less, and the latest editor of his works, in a sketch of the poet's life, acknowledges the meagerness of his facts by writing: "His poems are his best biography." In the sketch of his life to be given here his poems shall be our one great authority. Yet of Burton little more is related than that he resided chiefly at Oxford, was an indefatigable student, and foretold his own disease, which happened so exactly at the time predicted that, according to Anthony Wood, some of the students said, "that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." A few years before Burton's death, was born one of the most notable men of letters that England has produced. Yet it is strange how little, even in Dryden's biography, belongs strictly to the region of fact. He is said to have done this, it is conjectured that he did that, it is probable that he acted in such or such a manner. Yet Dryden was Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society; he was a popular dramatist; he was the supreme object of jealousy to the literary hacks of his day, just as Pope was to Grub Street scribblers forty years later; his name for a long period was constantly before the public, the works produced in his old age were even more heartily welcomed than those produced in middle life, and when he died he had a "splendid funeral," and was followed by a hundred carriages to his fitting resting-place in Poets' Corner.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Remorseless Hewing.

The Tribune thrusts the knife remorselessly into the vitals of a sort of anecdotes that are current about President Lincoln. The trouble is, that every such myth has as many lives as a cat, multiplied by the whole number of credulous dupes who delight in it.

Now, the good-natured zany described in these romances (for the above is only one of a hundred which are current) was a man over fifty years of age, who had practiced law successfully all his life, who had been in Congress and his State Legislature, who had been the leader of his party in Illinois for twenty years, who was the most consummate and far-sighted political manager of the Mississippi Valley. He knew by education and instinct the general drift and tendency of American politics better than any man in Congress. He kept the mere politicians dancing about him like puppets to his piping. He was honest, as statesmen go, but he never despised human weaknesses and follies as means of government. He said one day, in an hour of bitterness, after closing a protracted local squabble with a brilliant compromise, "All there is of honest statesmanship consists in combining individual meannesses for the public good." Yet it is this shrewd and sagacious schemer, this Machiavel of the book timber, who is generally represented by collectors and paraphrasts as a sniveling sentimentalist, full of credulity and enthusiasm, blown red hot by every blast of rustic patriotism which visited Washington. Those impatient gentlemen who went to the Capitol to tell him what he should do,

remember well enough the reception they met with. One of them, a prominent New York lawyer, began his remarks with the swelling phrase: "Mr. President, the North has generously offered you its last dollar and its last man"—but was interrupted by the chilling-rejoinder, "That is poetical, and not true. The North gives not a dollar except on good security, and every State in the North has protested against its quota in the draft." The speech was entirely spoiled, and the impatient patriot went home to construct his report of the interview.

We do not wish to destroy any ideal of moral worth. Our honest men are not so very numerous that we can afford to neglect the signal instances of integrity in office. But it is not necessary to emphasize a man's honesty by making him an abject. And the chief fault of these Lincoln anecdotes is, that while they make the President a monster of feeble goodness, they exalt and glorify the collectors into portents of sagacious patriotism. They always present themselves in the attitude of pating Mr. Lincoln on the head; and we do not remember any of them who were tall enough to perform that function with the giant of the Sangamon.

The "Land of Lorne."

The visitor to the west coast of Scotland is doubtless often disappointed by the absence of bright colors and brilliant contrasts, such as he has been accustomed to in Italy and Switzerland, and he goes away too often with a male diction on the mist and the rain, and an under-murmur of contempt for Scottish scenery, such as poor Montagu's scold expressed in his life of the Saint of Iona. But what many chance-visitors despise, becomes to the living resident a constant source of joy. Those infinitely varied grays,—those melting, melodious, dimmings of browns,—those silvery gleams through the fine neutral tint of cloud! One gets to like strong sunlight least; it dwarfs the mountains so, and destroys the beautiful distance. Dark, dreamy days, with the clouds clear and high, and the wind hushed; or wild days, with the dark heavens blowing by like the rush of a sea, and the shadows driving like mad things over the long grass and the marshy pool,—or sad days of rain, with dim pathetic glimpses of the heart of grayness and the heights of the round moon, when the air glows with strange electric light, or the hills is mirrored dark as ebony in the glittering sheet of the loch; or nights of the aurora and lunar rainbow,—on days and nights like these is the land of Lorne beheld in its glory. Even during those superb sunsets for which its coasts are famed,—suns of fire divine, with all the tints of the prism,—only west and east kindle to great brightness; while the landscape before reflects the glorious light dimly and gently, interposing mists and vapors with dreamy shadows of the hills. These bright moments are exceptional; yet it is quite fair to say so, when a dozen times during the rainy day, the heart of grayness bursts open, and the rainbow issues forth in a complete semi-circle, glittering in glorious evanescence, with its dim glow flitting faintly above it on the dark heaven?—*Robert Buchanan.*

Jeff Davis on the "Lost Cause."

The Selma (Ala.) Press gives a more complete account of the recent speech of Jefferson Davis at that place than that which was sent North by telegraph. It seems that he did not, as the dispatch stated, decline to express himself on public affairs; but proclaimed not only his unchanged feelings, but his sanguine hopes for a resuscitation of the "lost cause." The Press says:

About 11 o'clock a brass band appeared on Alabama Street, in front of the hotel, accompanied by a crowd of 200 or 300 people. The band discoursed "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and on the cessation of the music, loud calls were made for "Davis." In answer to the call the chief of the fallen Confederacy appeared on the balcony addressed the crowd for about ten minutes in a strain of impassioned eloquence which told with powerful effect upon his hearers. He commenced by complimenting, in general terms, the people of Alabama. He said he had always loved them, and now felt that he could rest in peace with them forever. They were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Alabama and his own State of Mississippi were yet one in principle as they once had been one in territory. Their people had sent forth their sons to battle on the same fields for their rights as States. But, asked he, with bitter emphasis, are they States now? Yet, proceeding in an exultant tone, he declared that State sovereignty, although defeated in the late struggle, will ultimately triumph; its day of sunrise might not come in his time, but he would live and die in the belief that it would surely triumph. He declared that no people on earth had ever suffered as had the Southern people since the surrender of the Southern armies, and he loved them for the fortitude with which they had borne the oppression heaped upon them. He had always been willing to give his life for his people, and now, if any Yankee power wanted his blood to atone for any action of the Southern people, they could take it. On him the government had done its worst, and for himself he did not care, but for the people of the people who he loved, he would forgo to express more fully the feelings of his heart. He never had asked pardon for what he had done, and he never would, for he felt he had done no wrong. Mr. Davis concluded amid the applause of the crowd, which had loudly cheered the salient points of his speech. As he retired the band struck up "Dixie."

Hints to Writers and Speakers.

William Cullen Bryant gave the following excellent advice to a young man who offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have written, I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; let a home be home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality; and so with the rest. Where a short word will do, you lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning; and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this

false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time, will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show a great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sydney Smith once remarked: After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.

Matsins of the Birds.

It is very still. The dew lies heavy on all things. In the east the light is coming fast, and twilight every moment gains new radiance. Not a sound gives warning of any coming song. Far off one hears the hoarse hawk of a goose, or the bark of a dog disturbed by some early traveler. Then one hears a single call-note, as if the chorister were calling attention and giving out the pitch. It is answered in an inquiring way by another bird, as much as to say, "We are all ready, shall we begin?" then one launches out, but has not uttered two syllables before a score of birds strike in, and then, from the fields, the forest edges, from orchards and gardens, from the ground, the fences, and the air, there comes such a babel of sweet sounds running into each other, clashing, overlaying and surging together, that one can not distinguish any single songster's note, but only a wild mingling of hundreds of birds, all singing at the top of their power, as if fired by an ecstasy of gladness. This great gush of song lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour, and then ceases as simultaneously as it began. The birds seem then to occupy themselves with their toilet and breakfast. After which, but in a far less general way, they sing off and on for an hour or two. Then they scatter and pursue the regular business of the day, singing but little until toward evening, unless the day be clouded.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Peter III. of Russia.

Peter III. was a drunken, brutal, half-crazed despot. Catherine was a beautiful, graceful, intellectual, and dissolute woman. They hated each other. They did not even pretend to be faithful to each other. Catherine formed a successful conspiracy, dethroned her husband, and was proclaimed by the army sole empress. After a series of the wildest scenes of intrigue, corruption, and crime, the imbecile Peter III., who had fled to the remote palace of Ropsha, was murdered, being first compelled to drink of poison, and then, while writhing in pain, he was strangled with a napkin.

Whether Catherine were a party to this assassination is a question which can now probably never be decided. It is certain that she must have rejoiced over the event, and that she richly rewarded the murderers.

In the following curious proclamation the empress, Catherine II., announced to her subjects the death of her husband: "The seventh day after our accession to the throne of all the Russias we received information that the late Emperor, Peter III., was attacked with a violent colic. That we might not be wanting in Christian duty, or disobedience to the divine command by which we are enjoined to preserve the life of our neighbor, we immediately ordered that the said Peter should be furnished with everything that might be judged necessary to restore his health by the aids of medicine. But to our great regret and affliction, we were yesterday evening apprised that, by permission of the Almighty, the late emperor departed this life."—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

Obituaries.

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

HENRY H. GARBRANT died in Granville, Pa., Dec. 8, aged 30 years and 8 months. He entered the army at the age of seventeen years, united with the F. Baptist church in Granville, and remained a faithful member until death. At the outbreak of the great rebellion he enlisted in the 7th Infantry, and remained through the war in the most effective Reg't. He returned actually improved in health, though indications still lingered, which were fully confirmed in July last, that consumption had taken him for a victim. He always expressed himself satisfied with his hope in Christ. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was a frequent expression of his. He leaves a wife and little daughter who deeply feel his early departure.

WILLIAM M. E. TURNER died of consumption in Dublin, Ohio, Dec. 13, 1870, aged 37 years and 11 months. He possessed good native talents, to which he had added the culture of a good education. During the latter part of his sickness he suffered much, yet without complaint. His death was as calm and peaceful as the gentle zephyrs of a pleasant morning in May. The family circle is broken by death for the first time; one has passed over to the other shore; hearts are aching and bleeding, but may the Father of our spirits sanctify this dispensation of his Providence to the good of those who still linger upon the shores of time. He leaves a wife, father and mother, a brother and sister, besides a large number of other relatives and acquaintances to mourn their loss.

J. M. KATSER.
HANNAN S. ADAMS died in Brunswick Village, March 21st, very suddenly, aged 61 years. In the morning her daughter went to call her mother, and found her dead in her bed. She was with her eyes closed and laying in a perfectly natural position, showing that she died in her sleep without even a struggle,—probably from heart disease. The deceased was a native of Weymouth, where she, with her husband, embraced Christ as their Saviour, and united with the F. Baptists. But after his death she, with her children, moved to this village, where she united with the church, of which she was a worthy and much esteemed member. Her prayers and alms were given for the church, and words of encouragement to the faltering and despondent. Possessing a liberal disposition and a buoyant spirit, she never failed to give cheer and encouragement to her pastor and others. The Bible was her daily companion; the *Star* her weekly visitor, for many years. She died in the rest of heaven, leaving an interesting family of children whose mutual care and interest for their much beloved and devoted mother was daily manifested, and whose loss is a heavy burden to all who loved her. W. T. SMITH.

MR. NATHANIEL WOODWARD died in Fayetteville, Miss., Jan. 6th, of typhoid pneumonia, aged 55 years. He was formerly of Waterbury, Vt., where he spent his youthful days. Naturopoly intelligent, fond of reading, quick of apprehension, strictly honest and truthful, he gained a reputation that lives to-day in the hearts of many. Here he and his companion became the subjects of con-verting grace and put on Christ by baptism and with the Baptist church. But ambition and a rising family severed him from his dear people and home in 1845 he emigrated to Wis., where success crowned his efforts. He found there the F. Baptists, helped build churches, parsonages, &c.; stood at his post in every benevolent enterprise; a friend to the slave in escaping from bondage, fed and cheered them step by step till freedom dawned over the way. But here again came, and he buried the wife of his youth and 3 children. He married again, and in 1871 he emigrated to Missouri for the purpose of settling his children near him. But for ardent and communion with God and his people. He toiled till nature gave way, and then laid down to die. When asked about his faith, he said: "I do not claim pureness of life, but do claim the promises of God through Jesus." He spoke many words of cheer, embraced death so sweetly and calmly that it leaves no room for doubt, and made arrangements for his burial, &c. His loss is not only mourned in his family, but by all with whom he associated. Truly a noble man has fallen. He leaves a wife and 5 children who deeply mourn the loss they sustain.

THOMAS V., son of Thomas S. and Eliza A. Hurd, died in Berwick, Me., April 7, aged 4 months and 19 days.

BETSEY C., wife of Wm. Brackett, died of heart disease, in Epsom, March 28, aged 50 years and 5 months. Some thirty years ago sister B. was her husband, put on Christ by baptism and united with this church. She was highly esteemed in the church and much respected by all. Her attachments in the family were ardent, and communion with God and his people was her soul's delight. She made her home attractive and lovely, and filled it with the sunshine of domestic peace and comfort. She was gentle, kind, Christian woman, who, by her quiet and consistent goodness, by her meek and patient life, impressed all with the genuineness of her piety and the reality of her faith in Christ. Besides her deeply attached husband, she leaves one son with his companion, several sisters and brothers, and many other friends to mourn. But their consolation is this: that it is always well with the righteous. M. A. QUMBY.

ELIJAH D. TARBEL died in Chester, Vt., Feb. 23, aged 60 years. He was converted some thirty years ago, and not long after united with the Free Will Baptist church in Mount Holly, Vt., served as clerk a number of years, and a very devoted member of the church. He was a good man, and a constant reader of the Bible for many years. He was taken sick in October last with the typhoid fever and was a severe sufferer for 20 weeks; yet he bore his sufferings with much patience, often praised the Lord for his goodness and mercy to him. He had a circle of friends, and was beloved by all. Funeral services, Feb. 25, by C. Hillard.

MR. THOMAS TROTT died in Woolwich, Feb. 17, aged 69 years and 10 months. Mr. Trott never made a public profession of religion, but his moral and conversational life was the highest order. He was a kind husband and a tender and indulgent father. His was the second death that had occurred in the family within 3 months. May the Lord bless and comfort the surviving members. O. PITTS.

MARY HUMPHREY died in New Portland, Me., Dec. 19th, aged 81 years. She experienced religion some fifty years since; was baptized by Rev. Samuel Hutchins and united with the F. B. church in N. P. She has lived a devoted Christian; her house has ever been a house for the poor and needy of God and the poor here found in her benevolent friend. In her last sickness, she was patient and resigned. She died in the arms of her dear friends, and her end was peace. Funeral services by the writer.

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ELIJAH D. TARBEL died in Chester, Vt., Feb. 23, aged 60 years. He was converted some thirty years ago, and not long after united with the Free Will Baptist church in Mount Holly, Vt., served as clerk a number of years, and a very devoted member of the church. He was a good man, and a constant reader of the Bible for many years. He was taken sick in October last with the typhoid fever and was a severe sufferer for 20 weeks; yet he bore his sufferings with much patience, often praised the Lord for his goodness and mercy to him. He had a circle of friends, and was beloved by all. Funeral services, Feb. 25, by C. Hillard.

MR. THOMAS TROTT died in Woolwich, Feb. 17, aged 69 years and 10 months. Mr. Trott never made a public profession of religion, but his moral and conversational life was the highest order. He was a kind husband and a tender and indulgent father. His was the second death that had occurred in the family within 3 months. May the Lord bless and comfort the surviving members. O. PITTS.

MARY HUMPHREY died in New Portland, Me., Dec. 19th, aged 81 years. She experienced religion some fifty years since; was baptized by Rev. Samuel Hutchins and united with the F. B. church in N. P. She has lived a devoted Christian; her house has ever been a house for the poor and needy of God and the poor here found in her benevolent friend. In her last sickness, she was patient and resigned. She died in the arms of her dear friends, and her end was peace. Funeral services by the writer.

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News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, in the Senate, conference committees were ordered on the Ku-Klux and deficiency bill, Senator Edmunds being chairman of the former and Senator Cole of the latter. Mr. Stewart offered an amendment of the Constitution requiring every State to maintain a system of free schools. Mr. Blair objected and it was withdrawn. In the House, Mr. Dawes was appointed chairman of the conference committee on the deficiency bill. Mr. Butler offered a resolution which went over, ordering the submission to the joint commission of the claims of American citizens for damages for imprisonment in England. A resolution was passed requesting the President to organize a commission of five officers to consider the propriety of removing the Brooklyn navy yard and several questions connected therewith.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, Mr. Fenton made a personal explanation denying that he was in any way privy to the treason of Mr. Winans of New York, and said he knew nothing of it until he saw the report in the newspapers. Mr. Edmunds reported from the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill, and Mr. Cole on the deficiency bill. After some debate the conference report on the Ku-Klux bill was adopted—32 to 16—and the report on the deficiency bill was rejected—26 to 26—and a new committee ordered. The House refused leave to Mr. Butler to make a personal explanation. Mr. Bell's resolution on the subject of taxation was debated during the morning hour. The Speaker appointed the special committees on outrages in the southern States and on the Mississippi levees.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the report of the conference committee on the deficiency bill was agreed to, and the Senate insisted on its amendments to the Ku-Klux bill and appointed a new committee of conference. The Senate allowed Mr. Cole to make a speech in favor of the annexation of San Domingo. Mr. Trumbull in vain attempted to take up the amnesty bill. Mr. Edmunds reported from the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill a substitute for Mr. Sherman's amendment. After further debate the report was concurred in by a party vote. The House appointed a new conference committee on the deficiency bill. A resolution and a bill concerning pensions were introduced. Mr. Butler made another vain attempt to make his personal explanation. Messrs. Shellabarger and Kerr made respectively majority and minority reports from the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill. During the discussion on this subject the report of the conference committee on the deficiency bill was received and recommitted. After further debate on the Ku-Klux bill the conference report was rejected, 74 to 106. The report on the deficiency bill was made again and agreed to. The House took several recesses, but failing to receive the Ku-Klux bill from the conference committee adjourned.

On Thursday, the first session of the Forty-second Congress was adjourned sine die at two o'clock. The Senate, having finished all its business, did nothing except to refer to the proper committees all the bills and petitions on the table. The House on coming together received the report of the conference committee on the Ku-Klux bill and proceeded to its consideration. Mr. Poland presented the report. Further remarks were made by Messrs. Shellabarger and Garfield in favor. Messrs. Beck and Withers opposed the substitute for Mr. Sherman's amendment. The report was accepted by a strict party vote, 93 to 74. The bill was then sent to the President, who was in his room at the Capitol, and it was signed at once. A motion to wear in Mr. Foster, member-elect from Michigan, was rejected, he having no credentials to present. A resolution was passed asserting the power of the House to withhold appropriations to carry out treaties requiring appropriations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Seven men were found murdered by the Ku-Klux in Virginia Wednesday.

The Nebraska State lunatic asylum was burned on Sunday night. Loss, one life and \$150,000.

Mrs. Pauline Coran, a wealthy lady of Brooklyn, was burned to death on Monday night by her clothes taking fire while lighting the gas.

Three murderers and six other prisoners escaped from the Nebraska penitentiary during a recent fire. A reward of \$6,000 is offered for their arrest.

There are no hopes yet of work in the coal regions. The umpire has decided in favor of the operators in the interference and control question.

Only a rough board, with his name inscribed thereon, marks the grave of General Albert Sydney Johnson, in the cemetery near Austin, Texas.

M. Debollere, who over a year ago was appointed first secretary of the French Legation, has arrived in Washington. He has been serving as private in the French army.

Letters from the surveying party of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad in the Indian country make no mention of attacks by Indians, recently reported. An escort of United States troops accompanied the party.

Another prominent South Carolina republican has been murdered by the Ku-Klux and another beaten almost to death.

Amnesty is defeated, for this session at least, the republican Senators having voted, 20 to 16, not to take up the bill.

A severe storm passed over Leavenworth, Kansas, on Tuesday night, doing considerable damage. One hundred and fifty feet of the trestle work of the Missouri River bridge was blown down, and the quartermaster's depot at Fort Leavenworth was unroofed.

A kerosene oil train on the Erie Railway was burned on Monday of last week; also a railway station at Ridgewood on the same road, a forest in New Jersey on Saturday, causing a loss of \$200,000, several stores in Sudas, N. Y., on Monday night; also, a ladies' seminary in North Granville, loss \$25,000; Pier 44, North River, loss \$40,000; and a hotel in Galesburg, Illinois. The latter set fire to an adjoining block of stores, causing loss of \$100,000 and probably of two lives.

The President has issued a proclamation convening the Senate in extra session on the tenth of May.

The Hon. N. P. Chipman was elected delegate to Congress from the District of Columbia, Thursday, by 4087 majority.

The democratic indictment of the republican party, of the present Congress and the administration, was issued Thursday in the form of an address to the people of the United States by the democratic members of Congress.

Two more murders by the Indians on the Pacific coast are reported.

General William H. Lawrence, late pension agent at New York, proves to be a defaulter to the amount of \$60,000 at least.

FOREIGN.

Several Lutheran inhabitants of the province of Livonia, having petitioned to be annexed to Prussia, have been ordered to leave Russia.

The census of Great Britain, which approaches completion, shows a large increase in the population of all the principal cities.

The peace conference at Brussels is still engaged in the discussion of the question of the frontier of France and Germany. The progress in the settlement of the financial question is also very slow.

The commune is reported to have in its hands 38,000,000 francs cash, which have been paid by the Bank of France for unpaid bonds of the city of Paris.

It is said that when Bismarck proposed armed intervention in the Paris trouble, Thiers threatened the instant dissolution of the government in case of any such action on his part.

Juarez's chances for a re-election as President of Mexico are improving. Four members of the cabinet, among them Senator Romero, have been impeached and will doubtless be convicted, as Tejedo is chief justice of the supreme court.

The cannonade from Fort Valerien continued all day Wednesday, and the Arc de Triomphe has been completely demolished. The concentration of troops at Versailles continues. The only damage done by the communist firing is at Puteaux, where it has been very effective. Another insurrection of the Reds in Bordeaux has been summarily suppressed. The communists have begun a vigorous policy of confiscation. It is rumored that the government has made arrangements to pay the overdue installment of the indemnity. Dombrowski claims to have taken the position which he lost, but wants re-enforcements, which are not forth coming.

It is rumored that the Versailles government has paid the first installment of the war indemnity. M. Picard expresses his willingness to agree to a truce for the purpose of burying the dead.

Paragraphs.

In cases of kerosene fires do not try to extinguish them by water. That will spread the fire, the kerosene floating on the water. Use blankets, woolen clothes, and the like to smother the flames.

Professor Agassiz states that during the glacial period, the White Mountains offered no obstacle to the southern movements and progress of the northern ice-fields, the "drift" having the same general characteristics on the northern and southern sides of the mountains. There is, however, evidence of the existence of many local glaciers at different points.

Harper's Monthly contains an account of some tame codfish which permitted a visitor to take hold of them, scratch them on the back, and play with them in various ways. Their home was in an amphitheater a hundred feet in diameter, hollowed out of the solid rock by the sea. They furnish the proprietor an ample supply of food of unusually excellent flavor and easily obtained.

John Dimslow, in an article in the *Scientific American*, unfolds the fact of the large use of artificial stone by the ancients. He alludes to an article on Pavements in that paper, to which we have made reference in these items. He claims that the old Roman, Pompeian and Egyptian stone pavements made of artificial stone come nearer to the thing wanted, than anything we have in modern times. He claims also that the ancients, especially the Egyptians, understood building, paving, and sewerage better than we do.

The best artificial diamonds are made of a paste prepared by grinding into a powder sapphire, topaz, amethyst and crystal, and imposing one bit of the paste upon another, so that a beautiful prismatic effect is produced. Cheaper ones are made of white sand washed with hydrochloric acid, and then with water and minium, calcined soda and borax, and oxide of arsenic. All the other precious stones are also imitated with great success.

The timber of Puget Sound according to Mr. Samuel Wilkeson, writing in the *Christian Union*, dwarfs the forest on the higher side of the Rocky Mountains into brush. Trees are to be found everywhere in that region 200 feet in height and 25 feet around at 12 feet from the ground, which render in cutting 150 lineal feet of clear solid wood below the branches. Yellow and red firs, of magnificent proportions, constitute one-half the dense growth of Oregon and Washington Territory, and furnish lumber for shipbuilding of extraordinary size and clearness. The yellow cedar, which is also abundant, has a denser fiber than any known cedar, and will last an indefinite length of time. There are native habitations, to some of which is attributed great antiquity, where beams one hundred feet in length and four feet in diameter have been raised by savage skill to a height of twelve feet from the ground. Puget Sound is enveloped with forests dense and impenetrable, with many fine groves large to be profitable for the saw-mill. Land yielding less than 30,000 feet to the acre is rejected, while from 100,000 to 120,000 feet is the common run. The British, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Sardinian navies are supplied with their best spars from this region. The foliage is so thick in many places that trees will grow very straight and tall as well as slender. The figures reported by a prospecting party in a certain berth were high 270, 42 inches diameter at the base, 22 inches at the first limb, 200 feet high, and of such trees an average of 80 to the acre for 3,000 acres. Such vegetable growth indicates a climate of long seasons and abundant moisture.

At one establishment in Sheffield, England, six hundred and thirty-one tons of sheet steel were manufactured and sold in one year to be made into steel pens. Each ton of steel averages about one million pens.

Kossuth, who, in spite of his feeble health, completed his autobiography, has as yet found no publishing-house in Europe willing to accept it. He now talks of offering the MS. to some of our leading publishers.

Successful cures of poisonous snake bites, by injecting ammonia into the veins are reported. Another method is, to tie a tight ligature above the wound, and then to suck it thoroughly.

A traveler in New Zealand being alarmed at the entire absence of water on his route, was directed by a native boy to dig for frogs which he found, by tracing them from the dried beds of the ponds, in balls of clay eight inches in diameter. These balls contain each more than a half-pint of clear cold water. He ate the frogs and drank the water, and at the same time settled what has been a very curious question, where all the frogs came from in that region when the dry season is over.

The highest balloon ascension is said to be that of Guy-Lussac in 1804. He attained a height of 23,000 feet, or 2000 feet higher than the top of Chimborazo. The barometer was only thirteen inches high; the thermometer eighteen degrees below freezing point. The results were very important to the aeronaut's health, principally from the absence of the accustomed pressure of the atmosphere. His face and neck were swollen enormously, and the blood flowed freely from his eyes, nose, ears, and lungs.

The correspondent of a London paper tells a good story in illustration of the far-seeing system of German military operations. A baggage wagon broke a wheel as it was trundling through a little French village, and the correspondent noted, with high admiration of the thorough provision made for such emergencies, that the driver went into a house, came back with a wheel, and was on the road again in ten minutes. After dinner he went to the stable to look after his vehicle for proceeding on his way, and his admiration of German methods underwent a change when he found one of his own wheels missing!

Rural and Domestic.

Brush in Pastures.

In all the dairy regions grass grows well, but brush grows better, extending the roots every year, and gaining power to grow, the longer they are neglected. In three or four years it roots out the grass, and in twenty years makes a forest. We all know that brush can be subdued and kept under by plowing or by habitual cutting; but in many cases the plowing is impracticable, and the annual cutting costs more than the grass is worth. We can not afford to pay five dollars for four dollars worth of pasture. Some fields are so rocky and wet that it would cost a hundred dollars an acre to clear and drain them, while adjacent land all cleared is not worth forty dollars an acre. That will not pay yet. We have thought of a moving machine for cutting brush, and if we had one about three times as strong as a Buckeye, that would take off a half-inch stub, it would be just the thing for cutting sweet ferns, whortleberries, and briars that infest smooth pastures. But the machine to do this work is not yet in the market. Annual burning is not so good as the brush method. Of course, where the brush already has possession, it must be cut to begin with. On the burned spots grass should be sown in the spring. Young shoots will spring up the first season, and make a growth of two or three feet. The leaves will fall and cover the earth. This covering will become very dry by spring, and if a dry spell is chosen to fire them, the burning leaves and grass will make a fire hot enough to consume most of the new growth, and deaden the whole of it down to the ground. The roots will start again the second season, but with diminished vigor. The ashes from the annual burning will stimulate the growth of the grass. (The clumps of brush will grow "small by degrees and beautifully less" until grass has full possession. The occasion of failure by burning is owing to the want of perseverance. It will not do to intermit for a single season. Close pasturing, especially with sheep, is a great help in the process. If the land has an annual burning, many of the tender leaves and twigs that start will be clipped by the animals, and the growth will be diminished. The burning is inexpensive. In favorable weather one man would burn over fifty acres in a day, and keep the fire from damaging trees or fences. We were recently in a pasture that had been under this treatment for several years. The bushes were nearly extinct, and the grass was green and vigorous, even in December. The torch had proved a worthy rival of the plow, as an implement of cultivation. The true policy in managing these rough pastures is a little labor applied persistently every year, leaving the bushes no chance to get a strong hold.—Am. Ag.

Agricultural Seeds.

There is scarcely anything connected with husbandry of more importance than procuring the best seed for every kind of crop. The cereals degenerate when sown for a number of years in the same locality, partly because the repetition of the same kind of crops exhausts the soil of those ingredients which are peculiarly adapted for the plants, and partly from the attacks of predatory insects of the effect of unfavorable seasons. For all cultivated crops, a frequent change of seed is necessary, and that of the best quality should always be selected. A great improvement in the actual produce of the cereals might be effected if farmers would select the largest and best-filled ears at harvest time, and propagate from them until plenty of excellent seed would be the result. In the long interval between harvest and spring, farmers have more opportunities of procuring the best seed corn and also spring wheat, barley, clover, timothy, etc. The procuring of seed is too often deferred until the hurry of spring work leaves no time for making a proper selection. The clearing of seed is another matter which requires the greatest attention. Clean land is often stocked with weeds by sowing impure seed. An immense quantity of the seeds of the most troublesome weeds are sometimes to be found in clover and timothy. Farmers should be very careful lest they pay a high price for the seeds of weeds when buying agricultural seeds.—Vermont Chronicle.

Grasses with Grain.

The Ohio Farmer does not favor the plan of sowing grass seed with small grain, as is often done. The Farmer says:

We have for some time investigated the practice so common of putting in grass seed with some other crop. True, we often see good meadows come of seed sown with oats or wheat, but is not the grass crop of sufficient importance to warrant putting it in as a crop by itself, without subjecting it to a season of subordinate and overshadowed growth? Farmers who practice this subordinating this crop, flatter themselves that they gain one season in getting their field sown. We think otherwise; besides, if a field is to be kept in grass for years without manure, it should be in grass from the whole strength of the previous tillage to start upon, instead of being forced to take up with such elements as other crops have enfeebled or refused.

In Southern Ohio, where timothy hay is most popular in market, the best cultivators put in their grass in the same manner they do a wheat crop, and when they come to count the profits of their produce, they do not need any better argument than that they have both made money and gained time.

After the subject of latitude and adaptation of soils, comes the question of particular uses, viz: for what kind of stock is the hay or pasture intended? Good timothy hay is best for horses, while clover, rightly cured, and finer succulent grasses, are more desirable for young cows and young stock. All this is so readily understood that we need not enlarge upon it, since we often hear of sheep farms, dairy farms, stock farms, etc., which recognize the principle of adaptation, of which we have been speaking.

Light Carriages.

As a rule, our wheel carriages are fully twice as heavy as would be essential were they manufactured to make each piece of the strongest form. But, as most of our wheeled vehicles are used with stupid and needless severity, it seems important to make every part as heavy as is practically possible for careful usage.

A correspondent, writing from California, describes a new style of carriages employed in San Francisco, the peculiarity of which he states, consists in the substitution of wood for steel springs, and a combination of the leather through-brace principle. There is also a spring steel axle running under the bed, rendering the wagon elastic, extremely light and durable. The weight these wagons will carry in proportion to their own is perfectly astonishing. We were shown a trotter, weighing but 115 lbs., that was warranted to carry a man weighing 170 pounds with safety; one weighing 160 lbs. will carry two ordinary men; one weighing 250 lbs. will carry 800 lbs. Mr. Price, of the Tremont Livery Stable, has been driving a fast pair before one of these wagons the last three months, often with another man in the

wagon with him. Mr. Price's weight is over 200 lbs., to say nothing of the weight of a companion. His wagon weighs 145 lbs. There are also double-wagons, for four persons, weighing but 325 lbs.; and there are several that have been running for a year or more, in San Francisco, we are informed, weighing but 275 lbs. each. The grand climax of all, however, is a nine-seated park phaeton, or drag, for four-in-hand, a very stylish and unusual affair, showing the application of the principle on a large as well as on a small scale. Every livery stable in San Francisco has one of these drags; and they turn out splendid four-in-hand teams for their patrons.

Apples for Food.

The Western Rural says: There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer has not an orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half while boiled cabbages require five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctor's bills in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

Remedies for Stock.

The following prescriptions are found in many agricultural journals, and are recommended as effective:

BARN ITCH. Take one part sulphur and two parts hog's lard; melt the lard, stirring in the sulphur while hot. When cool, use it as a salve on the cattle twice a week, rubbing it thoroughly on the parts affected.

SWELLED LEGS IN HORSES. Feed the horse plenty of roots—carrots, potatoes, turnips, or anything that has a relaxing tendency. Flax seed boiled is good. Feed bran also, and keep him well groomed for grain.

BRUISES OR SORES ON A HORSE. Boil smartweed in chamber-jelly, after boiling, put in a little soft soap. Wash with warm water two or three times a day. If the weather be cold, dry with a hot brick or cover with cloth.

COSTIVENESS IN HOGS. Give half a pint of lard melted in a pint of new milk. Put the lard and milk in a tin dish, set on the stove and heat until the lard is melted. Administer warm. This will in most cases effect a cure in a short time.

LAMENESS IN HORSES. Colts affected with the lameness may have the palate lanced, which relieves the tension of the swollen part. Where there is not much swelling, apply to the palate a solution of alum—a teaspoonful to half a pint of water.

THROAT DISTEMPERS IN HORSES. Give a decoction of wild thyme; if green, grate a small one fine; if dry, a heaped spoonful; mix it with wet bran or oats. This, repeatedly given, has never been known to fail. It is also a certain cure for a cough.

LAMENESS IN HOGS. Lameness in hogs is caused sometimes by the large pores in the back part of the legs getting closed. They are a little above the knuckles in the back part of the legs. Wash the same legs with soap and lukewarm water, using a stiff brush and rubbing hard till the pores open, and when the pores are washed open, the lameness will leave.

FOUNDER IN HORSES. A large table-spoonful of pulverized alum and a tea-spoonful pulverized saltpeter mixed. Moisten the dose and administer it by pulling out the tongue and placing the spoon as far back in the mouth as possible. Repeat the dose every other day for several days.

MANGE IN HORSES. All the many parts of the horse's body should be rubbed with an equal mixture of soft soap and oilment, and in twenty-four hours it should be washed off with warm water, and the horse carefully dried and blanket afterwards. If one application is not sufficient, a second one should be made, but eight or ten days should intervene between each application.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES. The following ointment we have always found a sure cure: Take four ounces oilment of rosin, one-half ounce finely ground verdigris, two ounces turpentine, one-half ounce oil of oregano, one-half ounce tincture of iodine, one and one-half pounds of mutton tallow. Mix all well together. Wash the foot clean with castile soap and soft water, and apply the ointment after the foot becomes dry. Once a day will be sufficient to apply the ointment.

Valuable Information.

Farmers, probably more than any other class, will realize the value of our information given below. No well-conducted farm is perfectly equipped unless it has a full set of measures belonging to it. The following rules, by which every one who can saw and nail boards can make his own measures, are worth cutting out and preserving:

A barrel contains 10,728 cubic inches. A box 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 23 inches deep—that is, on the inside—will hold just a barrel.

A half barrel—make a box for this, 24 inches by 16, and 14 deep. This will contain 5,376 cubic inches, or just half a barrel.

A bushel—this is 2,150 4-10 cubic inches. A bushel box will be 16 x 10 inches square, and 8 inches deep.

A half bushel—a box 12 inches long by 11 2-10 inches wide, and 8 inches deep, will hold half a bushel.

A peck—a box 8 inches by 8 4-10 inches square and 8 inches deep, is a peck.

A half peck—is 8 by 8 inches square, and 4 2-10 inches deep, or 388 5-10 cubic inches.

A half gallon—this contains 124 4-10 cubic inches. A box 7 by 4 inches, and 4 8-10 inches deep, has just that quantity.

A quart—4 by 4 inches square, and 4 2-10 deep.

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Sperm.....33 @ 34
Canal.....16 00 @ 19 00
Pickens.....2 00 @ 2 75

COFFEE. Java, 1/2 gal.....24 @ 25
St. Domingo.....14 @ 15
Rio.....16 @ 20
COTTON.

Ordinary.....81 @ 111
Good Ordinary.....124 @ 125
Mid to mid.....15 @ 16
Low Middling.....131 @ 141

DOMESTICS. Sheetings and Shirtings.....12 @ 13
Heavy.....13 @ 14
Medium.....14 @ 15
Drills, Brown.....124 @ 125
Prints.....63 @ 64
Cotton Flannel.....91 @ 92
Prints.....91 @ 92
Ticking.....14