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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H. MAY 24, 1871.

Number 21

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

L. B. BULLING, Publisher.

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1871.

The First Sunrise.

There was no sun, but there was light,
The bonds of darkness rending;
There was no earth, but shores of night
With seas of day were blending;
And o'er the world, without a sound,
In grand, eternal silence bound,
The dim-lit flood extending.

God spake the word; up rose the earth,
The waters round it clinging;
And with glad wonder at its birth
The highest heavens were ringing;
Through all the world a sound went out,
The sons of God for joy did shout,
The morning stars were singing.

There fell a silence from on high,
And hush'd the wondrous story—
God spake; and sunrise drenched the sky,
And smote the mountains hoary;
Then burst from heaven a mighty song;
The sons of God, so bright and strong,
Gave unto him the glory!

—Sunday Magazine.

English Correspondence.

DERBY, ENGLAND, April 28, 1871.

This week has been a busy week among Baptists in England. If there has not been the feast of the tabernacles, there has at least been a feast of trumpets. The great annual meetings have taken place, the various societies have reported progress, and advocates, more or less trumpet-tongued, have sounded the awakening call to the churches while announcing the pressing needs of useful religious instructions. The attendance of ministers and delegates has been larger than ever. Before the meeting began, Dr. Brock gave a sharp rebuke to the London ministers and churches concerning their apathy about the anniversary meetings and the sermons of the Missionary Society, and concerning the conspicuous absence of prominent men on such occasions. The rebuke seems to have told somewhere, for a larger number of persons assembled at most of the meetings than I have seen for some years. The week opened with the annual session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The chairman, Rev. C. M. Birrell, gave a chaste, thoughtful and appropriate address. Mr. Birrell is the pastor of a Baptist church at Liverpool. His appearance is an index to his character and forte. Tall, slim, gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed, you would naturally expect from him finish, politeness and precision. Such were the features of his inaugural address. The characteristics of the times, the qualities in men which the times demand, the bearing of denominationalism upon the acquisition of such qualities, were discoursed upon in elegant and unexceptional phraseology, and in the spirit of a perfect gentleman. The salient points of the address were that, above all things, personal conviction of the truth and the cultivation of personal character—the realism of speech warm with life, and of interest in humanity coming from Christ, and the bringing of every man up to the moral finish of the great Master—these things were the need of our day. There was little business to transact at the meetings of the Union. Some public questions were considered, such as Mr. Miall's motion for the application of the principle of disestablishment to the English church, but nothing of business proper came before the Union. The organization exists apparently for its own sake, or, judging from the sessions of Monday and Thursday, only as a great Baptist debating society. There is evidently fault somewhere, when several hundred ministers come together and there is nothing to do. Two papers were announced, but no paper was read. One gentleman gave the substance of a paper on the best means of evangelizing the large masses of the population; but suggested nothing, and the debate degenerated into an attack on Sunday schools and an opportunity for ambitious and vain-glorious men to career round the meeting, each upon his own hobby. The coming of Mr. Macgregor, of the "Rob Roy" canoe, to lay the claims of the Palestine Exploration Fund before the Union, was really a godsend. His speech was the most interesting part of the last session of the Union. The annual report speaks of the death of nearly sixty ministers during the year. This is an unusually large number. Some of the brethren are mentioned by name. Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, author of the "Early English Baptists," Dr. Godwin, formerly of Rawdon College, and our friend Mathews, of Boston, doubtless known to some of you beyond the Atlantic. No satisfactory statistical account was presented. The total number of members, according to the Union returns, is 233,675. But this gives a decrease of over a thousand, whereas the returns of those local organizations called Associations give a clear increase of over two thousand. One-fourth of the churches are without pastoral supervision at all, and another fourth have ministers engaged in business. The number of new churches during the year is only twenty-seven.

The Bible Translation Society, at its annual meeting, had a good tale to tell. It had received about £1800, and had spent it in the work of publishing the Word of God in Africa, India, Japan and Ceylon. From Yokohama a most interesting letter had been received from Mr. Goble, of the American Free Baptist Union. He returns thanks for help from the Bible Translation Society, and relates the ways and means he was forced to adopt to support himself in Japan when the civil war in America cut off supplies from home. The speakers at this meeting were Rev. Giles Hester, who spoke of the elevating and purifying influence of the Bible upon literature; G. H. Rouse, who defended the Society from misrepresentations; G. H. Anderson, of Bengal, and D. Gracey, of London. Dr. Angus was in the chair, and Dr. Stearns suggested the appropriateness of the appointment, seeing that the Dr. was engaged in Bible Missions at home. The sermons of the Foreign Missionary Society were preached by the Rev. D. Fraser, who was formerly of Inverness, and is now of London, and who has made some stir among the Presbyterians, and by Dr. Angus.

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and gainsayings; and Dr. Chown, with his ever exuberant enthusiasm and ever youthful fire, made the dull and deadest heart kindle with at least momentary zeal in the glorious mission enterprise. The hall was full; the report was hopeful and encouraging; finances were not depressed; and the outlook of the future for the mission and for the world had the light of morning shining down upon it.

THOMAS GOADBY.

Communion—Inconsistency.

Our C. Baptist brethren perpetually charge us with an inconsistency in receiving unimmersed persons to the communion table, and then refusing them full membership in the church. Are they right?

They evidently mistake our views of church organization. We do not claim to be the only true gospel church, nor to embody all the special favorites of heaven in our organization. I believe our denomination have always regarded the various Protestant Christian denominations as truly God's favorites as our own. I believe they have considered them and treated them as so many branches of the same great family who were essentially one in Christ Jesus. I believe they have not regarded the denominational organizations of our day as implying a want of Christian fellowship, any more than the division of the membership of the church into households. But as an army is more efficient and not less cooperative to be divided into companies, regiments &c., and organized into infantry, cavalry and artillery, according to tastes, habits and adaptedness, and yet is one army, so do we regard God's people, and recognize them all equally eligible to the communion.

But how do our brethren of the C. Baptist faith justify their practice and profession, and defend themselves against the charge of inconsistency? If they base their practice of restricted communion, as they profess to, on the doctrine that baptism is a prerequisite, why do they exclude all baptized persons but those of their own church? Do they answer,—"Those persons have not been baptized by a proper administrator,"—we reply: Nor was Roger Williams. If the Baptists in America make baptismal succession a requisite, who of them can establish the validity of his baptism?

But why reject the F. Baptists? The answer is,—"Because they commune with the unbaptized." But by rendering this answer the original claim is abandoned, and baptism is not made the test for communion.

This inconsistency becomes still more apparent when it is remembered that the same persons who are barred from the communion table to-day are received to-morrow; not because they have been baptized, but because they have changed their church relationship. Yesterday they were baptized Methodists or F. Baptists, and therefore rejected. To-day they are C. Baptists, and therefore admitted to communion. Instances are not rare in which a Freewill Baptist has, as a result of circumstances, offered himself for membership in a C. Baptist church, professing that no change had taken place in his opinions, but that he was an open communionist still, and in all senses a F. Baptist in doctrine. But by becoming a member of the C. Baptist church, he becomes eligible to the communion in that church. These facts show that it is not baptism, but membership in a C. Baptist church, that supplies the qualification for communion.

The practice of the C. Baptist denomination says, more distinctly than words can say, that no other denomination but themselves has a right to institute and perpetuate a communion table. If not, then do not all other denominations that spread the communion table and come around it, and break the bread and pour the wine in the name of the Lord, make a mockery of a most solemn ordinance? Are they not eating and drinking unworthily? Every C. Baptist must answer, yes.

And yet, all the members of such churches are taken by the hand, and all the ministry are received into the pulpit, and all Christian courtesies are exchanged with them, always and everywhere, the communion only excepted. Yea, more; without re-ordination the ministers are received to the Baptist ministry, and the members, with no re-baptism, (if they have been once immersed,) are received to Baptist membership, all reckoning from this profanation of the sacred ordinance.

If these denominations can not have a communion on gospel principles, they are not a gospel church. If not a gospel church, they can no more administer gospel ordination and baptism, than communion. Consistency, therefore, demands that our C. Baptist brethren commune with us and allow us to commune with them, or else re-baptize our members, and re-ordain our ministers when received among them.

We have none but kind words to speak against close communion. If our brethren like it, let them have it. God loves and blesses them in spite of it. Yet nothing but the dogma of apostolic succession stands so much in the way of that union demanded by the spirit of Christianity, as this same close communion.

WOODBINE.

There is no fool like the man who accounts himself wise.

Shall We Meet Again?

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to the dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither for a day have no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass; and countless multitudes that throng the world to-day, will disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own paths, hiding from their eyes the traces of loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the grave even with princes for bed-fellows.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Cleopatra asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I asked that dreadful question of the hills that seem eternal—the clear streams that flow forever—from the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit had walked. As I look upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in thy love that can not wholly perish. We shall meet again, Cleopatra."

Church Unity.

Let those who will, indulge in the dream, or cherish the waking vision, of a single universal church on earth, recognized and accepted of men, whose authority is binding on every conscience and decisive of every point of faith or form. To the eye of God, indeed, such a church may be visible even now, in "the blessed company of all faithful people," in whatever region they may be connected, with Him as their head, "of whom the whole family in earth and heaven is named." And, as in some grand orchestra, hundreds of performers, each with his own instrument and his own separate score, strike widely variant notes, and produce sounds, sometimes in close succession and sometimes at lengthened intervals, which, heard alone, would seem to be wanting in everything like method or melody, but which heard together are found delighting the ear and ravishing the soul with a flood of magnificent harmony, as they give concerted expression to the glowing conceptions of some mighty master, like him, the centennial anniversary of whose birthday has just been commemorated [Beethoven], even so, it may be, that from the differing, broken, and often seemingly discordant, strains of sincere seekers after God, the divine ear, upon which no lip of the voice or breathing of the heart is ever lost, catches only a combined and glorious anthem of prayer and praise!

But to human ears such harmonies are not vouchsafed. The church, in all its majestic unity, shall be revealed hereafter. The "Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all, is above"; and we can only humbly hope that, in the providence of God, its gates shall be wider, and its members quickened and multiplied, by the very differences of form and of doctrine which have divided Christians from each other on earth, and which have created something of competition and rivalry, and even of contention, in their efforts to advance the ends of their respective denominations. Absolute religious uniformity, as poor human nature is now constituted, would be too certainly the cause, if it were not itself the consequence, of absolute religious indifference and stagnation.—Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

A Sensible Resolve.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workmanman to my father, one day, when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father; "how was it?" "Well, one day, Edwards was drinking in a public-house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to his dinner."

"What for dinner?" said the man.

"Reast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, go and make some; I won't eat goose without apple-sauce."

"When the woman had left the room to prepare this delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that, for the first time in his life, he began to think what a fool he had been."

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense."

"So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public-house, never to enter it again."

John B. Gough.

The *Watchman & Reflector* has an article on this great temperance advocate, from which we take an extract:

I do not say that Gough is the highest artist in his style; but his style belongs to the very highest form of eloquence, and his genius is unquestionably great. Where he fails, it is from want of training and materials, or as Swedenborg says, of vessels into which to pour his genius. See how much he does with his "stories of the street and the newspaper!" With all history and mythology to cull from, he would have so far transcended every living orator, that no one could have been compared to him. As it is, he ranks them all in the one only and final test of oratory—success. There is no other. For speeches that have influence when printed, but not as delivered, are successful essays, but not orations at all.

Another secret of Mr. Gough's success is his genuine religious spirit. Since John Bunyan's day, what public man have we ever had who has incarnated for his age the Christian spirit of repentance and penitence? Not one. Other men have sinned and repented, and fought the good fight valiantly; but none have ever kept constantly their fall before them, and none have worn sackcloth and ashes—or the hidden shirt of hair—all their days, unmurmuringly, because of their early errors. Hear the voice of Bunyan in our own day:

"As I look back to 1842—twenty-seven years ago—it seems almost a hideous dream; I can hardly realize my identity with the staggering, hopeless victim of the terrible vice of intemperance; but the scars remain to testify the reality; yes, scars and marks never to be eradicated; never to be removed in this life. Saved I may be, so as by fire, yet the scar of fire is on me; the nails may be drawn, but the marks are there. Do I not bear about with me the remembrance of those days? Yes, always. I never rise to speak but I think of it; the more I mingle with the wise, the pure, the true—the higher my aspirations, the more intense is my disgust and abhorrence of the damning degradation of those seven years of my life from 18 to 25. I am intensely social in my nature, and enjoy the society of friends keenly; yet often in the midst of the pleasant social circle, the ghost of the past comes gliding before me, and words seem to be hissed in my ear, 'What is your record?' I believe this to be the reason why I shrink from society; why I have so often refused kind invitations; why, though I love my personal friends as strongly and as truly as any man's friends are ever loved, I have so steadily withdrawn from social parties, dinners, or introductions. This is the penalty I must ever pay."

Sam Houston.

Sam Houston was an eccentric man. It is said that he left his wife on her wedding night, resigned his commission as Governor of Tennessee and emigrated to the Indian territory, because he discovered that she loved another man, but had married him in deference to the wishes of her family, who desired for her the social position of the wife of a governor. Mr. Schouler thus describes him as he appeared while representing Texas in the United States Senate:

When not speaking or writing, he sat in his seat with a long bladed knife in one hand, and a piece of wood in the other, whittling. Go when you would into the Senate gallery, and look upon the Senate, you would see him working with his knife upon a piece of wood, and around his chair would be chips he had cut off. He did not appear to be making anything of use or ornament from the block he was whittling, but cut steadily on until he had used it up, when one of the pages would bring him another piece. He appeared to be a very kind-hearted man, and fond of children. He was a great favorite with the boy-ages, and frequently you would see one or two of them standing by his desk, talking with him. The only peculiarity about his dress was a vest which he generally wore when in Washington. It was made of the skin of some wild beast, with the fur outside.

Do not Pamper the Clergy.

Heaven help the minister who is often invited to tea by his parishioners. He is expected to eat all the indigestible horrors which are set before him. In their generosity his parishioners forget upon such occasions that his strength is not the strength of stones, neither is his flesh made of brass. What the minister eats represents his sermons, prayer-meeting remarks, and conversations. Do not wonder when supper is finished if the poor man says we possess mouths of vanity, and our days are as shadows. Poor man! He goes home stuffed and miserable. He is scared by dreams, and terrified through visions. He feels it would have been wiser and better for him to have eaten a handful in quietness. Parishioners must have bowls of compassion, literally and carnally speaking, for those of their ministers. They must not pile too much upon their minister's plate. When he refuses anything, it has been to him, sometimes, the meat of sorrow. An over-loaded stomach has caused many gloomy prayer-meetings, and has produced many doleful sermons.—*Transcript*.

Events of the Week.

FURTHER KU-KLUX OUTRAGES.

Ku-Klux outrages still continued in the South, as though it was determined to defy the Government in its recent action against them. Sunday night of last week about one hundred of them, masked and armed, visited Newberry Court House, in South Carolina, to kill, if possible, the republican county officers. But they failed in the attempt, one of the ruffians being wounded and captured. It is proposed to bring him to trial if his comrades do not succeed in rescuing him. A party also lately visited Pontiac, Miss., to drive off a radical editor, but the citizens met them, killed one, and sent the others off in a hurry. A similar attempt in North Carolina a few days previous, resulted in the capture of fourteen of the villains, whom it is hoped the Government will punish. It is thus that all good laws are defied, the national name disgraced, and life put in continual jeopardy. In the meantime, the

Communications.

A Missionary's Journal.

BY E. C. B. H.

FEB. 2. The impression produced by the discussion mentioned at the close of my last letter was good, I trust; but I am satisfied it had been far better if we had left the ground before the dispute arose. It is important that both our native preachers and ourselves should have such a thorough knowledge of Hinduism and its shasters as to be able to meet the Hindu disputant on his own ground and with his own weapons. Yes, and at times it may be advisable for us to introduce Hinduism ourselves to our congregations for purposes of comparison with Christianity; but, for the most, I think it would be well to leave its introduction to our opponents. It is our duty and privilege to preach "Jesus Christ and him crucified" as long as our congregations will hear, and when they drag us into a dispute we should be fully prepared to meet them. This subject was dwelt upon in our little prayer-meeting this evening, and our experience in the village was cited as an illustration. The native preachers received the hint kindly, and I hope it will not be lost upon them.

FEB. 3. The neighborhood was canvassed this morning, the Santal brethren taking the Santals and the remainder of the preaching force the Bengali villages. At our first village we obtained an excellent hearing. No opposition was offered, but on the contrary, our preaching was received with evident pleasure. The truths uttered commended themselves at once to the good judgment of all, but it is to be feared that most of those who "hear the word, and anon with joy receive it," are but wayside hearers. The Master knows. It is not well to speculate on matters not within our province. It is ours to "sow beside all waters" and leave our labor in the hands of Him who has declared that his "word shall not return unto him void;" that "it shall accomplish that which he pleaseth and prosper in that whereto he sent it."

At our second stand the hearers were few, most of the villagers being engaged in a field of sugar-cane close by. Simeon gave a very nice little address. Christ was presented as the only one who could save from an impure nature, as one who proposes to cleanse our hearts; having first made full satisfaction for our past sins. He closed with a warm and earnest exhortation to accept of Christ.

About noon a poor fellow came to the tent, for medical aid. He has been afflicted for 12 years or more with a disease which entirely unfits him for exertion of any kind. His case is a very sad one, and it afforded an excellent introduction to conversation about the disease of the soul. He, and a good number of others who came with him, listened for nearly an hour to the preaching of the gospel. I was particularly struck with the evident interest of a young Brahmin in all that was said. His troubled expression of countenance when the errors and absurdities of Hinduism were exposed, and his eager gaze at the speaker when the way of redemption through a crucified Christ was dwelt upon, were, to say the least, very unusual in a heathen congregation. He seemed to smart keenly when the wicked deceptions of the Brahmins were held up to view. I hope and pray that we may yet hear from the youth.

In the afternoon one of the very best hearings we have had on this tour was enjoyed in another part of this immense village. It was very pleasing to notice with what ease our brother Simeon carried his congregation with him step by step, leading them from one admission or confession to another until he had them completely shut in, without a single loop-hole by which they could effect an escape; and they how impressively the gospel was presented as their only hope!

One very feeble effort was made by a youth, to extricate himself and fellow-hearers by presenting the water of the holy Ganges as all-effective for the removal of sin. The preacher instantly paused and asked the question, "Has any person among you ever bathed in the Ganges?" The youth himself replied, "Yes, I have." "Then," said the preacher, "are you cleansed from sin, has your sin left you?" The youth replied, "If you take an elephant down to bathe he comes up from the water clean, but very soon throws dust all over himself and becomes as dirty as ever again. So I bathed and was clean, but I have sinned again." The absurdity of the young man's statement was forcibly shown by reference to what the preacher had witnessed during a long residence on the bank of the Ganges. The hearers were told that the very worst characters in Calcutta bathed by hundreds daily in the sacred waters, but were slaves to sin nevertheless; and a portion of the shaster was quoted which plainly teaches that those who "sin again and again, even the water of the Ganges can not cleanse." The question was asked, "Can he who is cleansed from sin live any longer therein?" The answer came from all sides, "No, No." The youth, not yet satisfied, asked, "How can it be known whether I am cleansed or not?" Simeon replied, "I asked a tree, 'What kind of a tree are you?' and the only answer I received was, 'My fruit will declare that.' So as long as your words and works are evil, you are not cleansed."

Then followed a stirring appeal to our hearers, urging them to seek salvation from sin alone through Jesus.

Madhu followed with the story of his experience. He commenced by saying, "If you are called into the Judge's court as a witness, and begin to state what you have heard bearing upon the case, you are constantly interrupted, and informed that you are to state only what you positively know. So I come to tell you what I positively know, not what I have heard only, about Christ's power to save." He then gave

them the facts recorded in a former part of this journal respecting his own conversion.

FEB. 4. Broke camp this morning early, and left for Gadagadiah. Passed through a large village, Bickrampore, on the way, and with very little effort secured a large congregation. The people proved an uncultivated set who had no idea of good manners, and our brethren Simeon and Madhu had a rather uncomfortable time in preaching. The third speaker deemed it proper to rebuke them somewhat sharply for their rudeness. They were told that it was quite evident they were not punctilious, for a pundit usually had the good sense to hear first, then reflect, and lastly to speak, if he had anything to say; but they seemed to think it was their privilege to speak first, and then hear. They were reminded that common courtesy demanded that they should first hear the strangers, and then if they found anything to object to, they could, with all propriety, speak of it. They admitted the justice of the rebuke, and accepted it with a good grace, and became attentive listeners.

The speaker told them that they must not take it for granted that we and they disagreed upon all points, and so "dispute with us; there are several points upon which Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians for the most part agree. Some of these were noted, viz.:

1. There is one God without a second;
2. That he is holy, pure, just and true;
3. Mankind are his creatures; 4. All have sinned against Him; 5. By sin the heart has become guilty and depraved; 6. Unless the heart be cleansed salvation is impossible. All these points were commented on, and it was shown that there is no material difference between us in our opinions on them. But it was also noticed that the most important point had yet to be discussed, viz.—By what means can the heart be cleansed and salvation secured? And on this point—the means of salvation—there is a great difference of opinion among us. Their own experience was brought forward as testimony against their view of the case. They had for years, some of them for many years, practiced that which is enjoined in Hinduism, but to no purpose; for, according to their own admission, their hearts were not cleansed. The reason was, they had cleaved to those who were themselves unholiness, incarnations, gurus, Brahmins, &c. They were then exhorted to give their sinful hearts to Jesus, whose hands were clean, and who had received all authority in heaven and in earth. As evidence of his ability to save unto the uttermost from guilt, depravity, and punishment, his own purity and holiness, his due appointment to that work, and his proper divinity were urged.

In the afternoon a very good hearing was had in the tent. At night three men came for further conversation. One of them was a member of one of India's vilest sects, and some of his statements were most distressing to the mind of the Christian.

SABBATH, 5. Divided our force this morning, and by this means were able to visit and preach in six villages. In the afternoon two others were visited; in all, eight for the day. Nothing of any special interest in the discussions to-day; for the most part the people listened attentively, and manifested no disposition to dispute. It is usual for us to enjoy the rest of the Sabbath in tent, at least until evening, having the usual religious services of the sanctuary in camp; but our stay here is necessarily so short, and there is so very much to be done that we determined to preach both morning and evening in the surrounding villages, having but one short service at about mid-day.

FEB. 6. Broke camp and removed to Manjoodia early this morning. Went to the village nearest camp in the afternoon. The place seemed almost deserted, a few women and children and five or six men only being visible. We commenced to talk with the few, and in a very short time had a large crowd about us. The best among them were below the average in ability to discuss religious subjects, and some of their statements were exceedingly silly. Brother Simeon seemed to lose all patience with them, and began to upbraid them for their folly. This, however, did not answer, for both preacher and hearers began to wax warm. He was relieved by another speaker, to whom the assembly listened with marked attention and apparent interest for over an hour. Quite a number of tracts were sold.

This field is very inviting, and "the regions beyond" are so extensive that I can not but regret my lack of time to explore further. The season is now so far spent that I begin already to feel the heat, and that zeal which is "according to knowledge" dictates that one's strength should be husbanded for future work, at a time when it can be carried on with less risk than in the hot weather. I am feeling quite ill to-night.

FEB. 7. I am unable to accompany the preachers this morning. Have some little febrile disturbance, attended with other evils consequent upon impaired digestion, which entirely unfits me for active work. So I stay in camp and keep quiet.

8. Moved our camp to Lal-Gad this morning. I felt the heat very much before reaching my destination, and on arriving felt myself so much worse that I deemed it prudent to push with all possible speed for home. Reached Bhipore en route for Midnapore in the evening.

9. Traveled all night, after 12 midnight, and reached home this morning. Found all well, for which I trust I feel thankful. I find home much more comfortable than camp for a person in impaired health.

A discourse which a minister would not be willing to read to his domestics, and his children of twelve and fifteen years of age, with a good hope that they would understand it, is not usually a safe sermon for the popular audience. "It takes all our learning to make the truth simple."

Bible Wines.—No. 4.

WINES OF EGYPT.

Gen. 40:11. "I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." Let us remember that that dream came to pass. And this expresses the common usage in the king's court. Plutarch affirms that "before the time of Pharaoh, who lived 600 years before Christ, the Egyptians neither drank fermented wine nor offered it in sacrifice." Dr. Nott says, "In remote antiquity, grapes were brought to the table, and the juice there expressed for immediate use." Dr. Adam Clarke says, on Gen. 40:11, "From this we find that wine anciently was the mere expressed juice of the grape without fermentation. The saky, or cup-bearer, took the grape and pressed the juice into the cup, and instantly delivered it into the hands of his master. This was anciently the yayin (wine) of the Hebrews, the oinos of the Greeks, and the mustum, new, fresh wine, of the ancient Latins." And the Mohammedans of Arabia still press the juice into a cup and drink it as Pharaoh did.

NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES.

Matt. 9:17. The bottles were leathern bags. The usual explanation of this custom is, that the new wine would ferment and by its force of fermentation increase the amount of carbonic acid gas, and thus burst the old skins, that would not expand like new skins. But in the light of the known efforts made to prevent grape juice from fermenting, we find a better explanation. In the old bags there would be some of the decayed albuminous matter adhering to the sides, and by the action of the air become changed into ferment, and thus cause the new wine to ferment, and then the bags would burst. But the wine was strained, or boiled, to prevent fermentation, and then put into new bags and tied and sealed up air tight, and no fermentation would take place. If the new wine fermented in the new bags, then it would burst the bags if they were air tight; and if they were not air tight, it would not burst old bags. So the inevitable conclusion is that the new wine was put into new skin bags to prevent fermentation.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We are to remember that it was "Passover bread and wine" that was used at the institution of the supper; that it was instituted on the eve of the Passover, and that the bread and wine used upon that occasion were taken to institute the supper. He took this bread and wine and gave them to his disciples as symbols of his body and blood. In Ex. 12:8, the command is to eat "unleavened bread; and any person eating leavened bread, was to 'be cut off from Israel.'" And they were to "put away all leaven out of their houses." Again, "ye shall eat nothing leavened." The law forbade *seor* (yeast, ferment, whatever could excite fermentation) and *khametz*, whatever had undergone fermentation, or been subject to the action of *seor*. Prof. Stuart says, "The Hebrew word *khametz* means anything fermented." Rabbi Isaac, of New York, the most eminent Jewish scholar of this country, says that fermented liquors are positively forbidden in any sacrifices. "I will not henceforth drink of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it with you in my Father's kingdom." The Saviour does not use *oinos*, the usual word for wine, but "*gennematos tes ampelou*," "this fruit of the vine." Fermented wine is no more the "fruit of the vine" than whiskey is of barley; its whole nature has been changed from a wholesome drink to a deadly poison, by fermentation, putrefaction. And in his "Father's kingdom" he was going to drink it again; is there anything in that "kingdom" like intoxicating wine? So that all the arguments go to show that the unfermented juice of the grape was the wine used at the communion instituted by Christ.

A. D.

That Note.

Having never said anything concerning this matter heretofore, I trust the readers of the *Star* will bear with my criticism. I am prompted to speak of it now, because I think there must be many others like-minded with myself. I have reference to the note at the bottom of the 41st page of the Treatise of the F. Baptist Faith.

I have been a member of the F. Baptist church over twelve years, and have always felt satisfied that our Articles of Faith were in accordance with Scripture. But how can we say that we take the "Scriptures as our only rule of faith and practice," etc., as on pages 9, 12, and that we believe that our Articles of Faith are drawn from and built upon the Scriptures, and then say that, "Every church is of course at liberty to adopt the whole, or such parts of it as they think best."—I can not understand.

To be sure I do not mean that we would wish to bind any man's conscience. But a person does not believe that the Articles of Faith of the F. Baptists are in accordance with Scripture, then he is not of one mind with the denomination, and would be better situated with those with whom he is of one mind; or, if a church differ from these articles, there must be, among so many beliefs, some from which it does not differ; or, at all events, it might find a place in one of those denominations which were established with the avowed purpose of taking in those of different views, and thereby doing away with sectarianism.

I love the Free Baptist denomination, and I can not bear to think that it should be numbered with such, or with those who would dare deny any of God's truth. We are to believe all Scripture. See Rev. 22:18, 19; and Math 5:19. This Treatise is a teacher to many. The young convert studies it to see if this is the denomination where he shall find a congenial home, and I hold that no man or assemblage of men has any right to teach that any portion of divine truth may be adopted or cast aside at pleasure. According to that note, a church might

refuse to adopt the 1st, 3d, 13th or 15th article, and still call itself a Free Baptist church, and we should have no right to say that it was not of us.

God's promises are yea and amen; so are his commands and precepts.

If it is proper and consistent, I would like to see this subject discussed in the *Star* by those who feel an interest in the strength and prosperity of our denomination. I would wish that there were no shade of an opportunity for it to be said of us as a denomination, that we would court members through the sacrifice of principle.

May the spirit of truth guide us into all truth.

M. M. W.

In a Strait betwixt Two.

Our cold season hastens to a close, and the wet weather advances apace. On the 27th inst. we came home from a five weeks' tour among the Oriyas south and west of Jellalore. The excursion was a deeply interesting one, both to myself and to Mrs. Phillips, who accompanied me and found an open door for labor among the Hindu women everywhere. This long neglected and cruelly enslaved portion of Hindu society seems awaking, as from the sleep of ages, and calls earnestly for instruction. Oh, what a vast and truly inviting field for warm-hearted, earnest, laborious Christian women to enter and cultivate. Who will enlist for this noble service? Have none of our 30,000 Free Baptist sisters inclinations in this direction? There certainly must be those, not a few, who are willing to forsake all for Christ and his gospel, and count not their lives even dear unto themselves, that they may win these degraded, oppressed, blind sisters to Him who takes away the sin of the world, while many others, who could not go abroad, possess both the means and the disposition to sustain those who are called to go. May our Father fully open the way, and hasten many such determined workers to this needy field.

But it was not to make an appeal for female laborers in Orissa, greatly as they are needed, that I took up my pen this evening, but to mention the strait in which I am at present finding myself. On returning to Orissa six years ago, I felt, and so did others, that my special duty was to labor among the Santals, and to this I have devoted my best endeavors. A number of circumstances however combined to induce me to spend the larger portion of the past cold season among the Oriyas; to go over again the ground we traveled 20 and 30 years ago. To say that this tour has awakened very pleasant reminiscences of the past were to use very tame language. The feeling has rather been, "Oh, that I was young again, and with a reinforcement of hard working Christian men and women, devoted to this very field, could once more enter and make it a life work!" The vast and marked changes which have taken place and are still in progress, and the mighty influences now at work, favorable to the introduction of Christianity, lead us to feel that the day of Orissa's salvation is near at hand, when her converts to Christ shall not be numbered by scores and hundreds, as at present, but by thousands and tens of thousands, as is coming to be the case a little to the south of us, among the Teluguos and others. And even should the vision long tarry, is it not alike our duty and privilege to wait for it, fully prepared to arise and act?

But where are the laborers? While our foreign force continues to become weaker and weaker, our native brethren now in the field, invaluable as they are, when engaged as fellow-laborers, are hardly adapted to pioneer work. Two of these esteemed coadjutors accompanied us and rendered excellent service in our late tour among the Oriyas, while Dula preferred to go among his own people, the Santals, expecting us back soon to join him. After a week at home, to make up monthly reports, school bills, settle accounts and put things in order, we left home again on the 6th for Chandar-ekha, where our Santal schools were to meet us for examination. These schools still fluctuate. We now have eight in number with an aggregate of but a little over one hundred pupils. Only six of the schools were present, bringing but 50 pupils. We hope soon to have at least two more schools in operation, and the present number seems likely to be enlarged and improved. The task is still an arduous one to start and carry successfully forward schools among the Santals and Oriyas. In fact our friends at a distance can scarcely conceive an adequate idea of the real obstacles in the way,—intemperance, indifference, idle habits, insubordination, filthiness, moral and physical, &c., while our laboring force is itself more or less under the influence of superstition, witchcraft, &c. Still, I am thankful to be able to report progress. Our young men are becoming better acquainted with and more efficient in their work. The examination of the two past days has developed real work. Several of the pupils have done well. This short visit to the Santals again at the close of the tiring season, and the sight of our former pupils, each now attended by his little squad of tawny disciples, aspiring to know something their fathers never knew, numbers of whom evince talent and enterprise promising scholarship, serve to rouse anew all our enthusiasm for a life-long service to plant the gospel banner in the midst of this needy and despised people, to spend and be spent for their salvation. But what is to be done, when forces so nearly equal draw in opposite directions? The Oriyas have our present, very accessible, both male and female; their language, more familiar and at command, is more copious and better cultivated. Mrs. Phillips is not acquainted with the Santal, but is at home with the Oriya, and hence able to labor wherever it prevails. It is to us both, cause for devout gratitude and praise, that, at our stage of life, we are able to move about the country in the saddle, roads or no roads, and devote

our energies to the labor of our early choice; but what are we among so many? The broad open prairie country, we have passed through, studded with populous villages, abounding in large weekly markets, would itself be a grand object to contemplate, but for the darkness and superstition which envelop its inhabitants. In our late excursion we attended 15 different markets (three of which were visited a second time) besides a good number of villages, and one large Jattr, preached to the people the Word of life, distributed a large number of tracts, and sold over ten dollars' worth of books, mostly portions of Scripture. These were sold at a mere nominal price, and we trust fell into the hands of those more likely to read and profit by them, than would have been the case if they had all been given gratuitously. Oh, the longings of soul we felt for this people, and our desire to assure them, especially the inquiring women, that we would again come among them and teach them more of God and heaven. But then, here is our Santal work, Normal school, village schools, preaching, book-making, &c., that for which, in an especial manner, we bid adieu, a second time, to home, friends and native land; yes, that for which we are at present separated from the most of our blessed children, whom God has given and spared to us, a work for which God has given us an inextinguishable passion. To do justice to both were literally impossible. Which shall be abandoned? The Oriya? Then here is the care of two churches, where preaching in Oriya is demanded. And, as if to increase the difficulty and hedge up our way still more, Bro. Smith, our only remaining Oriya colleague, has for some time been in feeble health, and just as we are setting up our tent this evening, after our march, a summons arrives for us to leave all and hasten to him, as he is again very low. Oh, how trying, how inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Must our already weakened force still be reduced, and no aid, no reinforcement be sent us? Why should the work cease, and we become the victims of contending, conflicting, multiplied and oppressive cares?

Beloved friends of the Orissa Mission, are we indeed servants of the living God, having presented our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto Him, which is our reasonable service, or are we still servants of Mammon, doing the will of the flesh, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God? If the former, followers of God as dear children, shall we not mutually sympathize with, and aid one another, according to the ability God giveth, and consider one another to provoke unto hope and to good works? May God help us all to follow Christ; and with Him say, "I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh wherein no man can work."

Camp Govindpore, April 3, 1871.

S. S. Department.

Frost-Bitten Schools.

Under the gentle influence of spring-time and sunshine, many a country school is now awakening from its hibernation and arousing to renewed life. As a polar bear arouses himself from his winter's sleep, and rises from the icy and cozy cavern in which he has dozed away his existence during the cold months, so does the frost-bitten Sunday school half-confidently open its eyes, stretch its limbs, look around to survey the situation, and begin to manifest signs of life and to enjoy itself in an exceedingly moderate way.

We are not of those who are in the habit of leaving the people who close their schools in the winter. We know the common arguments in favor of keeping open throughout the year. We are told that the public schools and the blacksmith's shop are open all winter, and that the whiskey-shops never close their doors on a customer except when he is too drunk or too poor to pay for his stimulants. When these arguments fall, somebody gravely comes along and asks if the devil gives holiday in winter. The sum of the matter seems to be that if all these agencies can carry on their operations all winter, the Sunday schools ought also to go as steadily on.

So say we, too, as far as the theory goes. All the schools ought to keep open. Every teacher ought to come, with his lesson well studied, even though the school is seven miles from his home and he must ride on the back of a hard-trotting mule. Every child ought to come with bright eyes, clean face, and a light heart, even though he need to tramp five miles through snow-drifts, or wade through a saturated clay, one pound and a half of which cleaves to each foot at each step that is taken.

But we can not have everything to please us. Beautiful as the theory is of plodding through wind, snow, rain, sleet, ice and mud, there are a great many people who, much as they desire it, can not accomplish all they would. Some of them have really wearied themselves in the work of the week, and to such an extent that they must rest on the Lord's day. It is comparatively easy for city folks to walk to church over well-cleaned pavements, or ride thither in street cars, and on the way legislate concerning country Sunday schools, and declare that they should be kept open all winter. Some of the self-same people consider themselves guilty of no inconsistency when in summer—when there is neither snow nor mud, and all the ice they see is in the form of ice-cream; when there is no biting blast nor pelting storm nor slippery walk, nor any obstacle greater than hot sunshine—they declare themselves unable to continue their Sunday school till the middle of September.

If this matter were thoroughly investigated, there would be startling revelations disclosing the fact that there are a great many schools which have been closed during winter which might as well have been kept open. We would also find that in a great many city schools there were both children and teachers who did not go to Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains, Niagara or elsewhere to rusticate, and for whom the schools might be safely kept open all summer.

We pity a frost-bitten Sunday school, just as we pity a man who has the rheumatism. It would be better if he were free from it. But he has it, or rather it has him, and let him make the most of it. A man with no rheumatism can do a great many things that a rheumatic man can not. A

school which has vitality enough to keep open all winter can do a great deal more than one which hibernates.

Welcome to you, O ye Frost-bitten! now waking from your winter slumber. The spring-time has come. The coldness is over. The vigor of new life is felt. The bustle of returning activity is astir. There is now no show for sleepers. Let everybody be in his place.

Open the damp old school-room, and let the light of heaven come in. Throw up the window-sashes, and let the health-giving May breeze sweep through. Whitewash the walls, and mend the broken hinges, and clear away the ash-heaps, and wash the spotty panes of glass and the muddy floor. Arrange the seats in the coziest patterns, and deck the sides and corners of the room with neat Scripture mottoes. Bring all the flowers the neighborhood can afford, and give to each poor child who has no flowers at home a bunch to cheer the house. Gather the children, reconstruct the roll, and let the house be full.

Then go on with your spring and summer work in such a way that by the grace of God you will have enough vitality next November to keep you going all winter.—*S. S. Workman.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS. Mrs. J. E. Knapp, of St. John's Sunday school, Brooklyn, who is a most successful infant class teacher, writes to the *Sunday School Times* as follows:

If any success has attended my efforts, it is to be attributed to the absence of any stereotyped plan. I seek to interest the class through instruction adapted to the capacity of the smallest child.

The lesson of the day is impressed upon the minds of the children by the use of the black-board and the best illustrations to be found. Using the simplest language and the shortest words, I generally succeed in holding the attention of all. If I fail, the exercises are at once altered, and singing or change of position introduced. After a few minutes the lesson is successfully resumed. The application is made so searching that the teacher as well as the scholar feels it; after which a short, simple prayer is offered, sometimes in song.

In closing, the Golden Text (which each scholar is expected to learn during the week) is either repeated in concert or chanted.

Perhaps my success is attributable to my intense love for the little ones more than to anything else. This love gives me an enthusiasm which enables me to devote hours to the study of the lesson. I consider all the time I can give well spent, as I help them on to him of whom it is said, "He shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom."

THE EARNEST TEACHER IN SCHOOL. Be hold the earnest teacher in school! He is there in time. He will not be behind; he makes it a point of conscience; he thinks of his example. Besides, he loves his work, and goes with them and they follow him; his heart is there. You shall not find him slothful; the clock has not struck, yet he is in his place; the greeting look has gone around, his fellow-teachers feel the shine. He is not too late to sing, nor he; his soul is all on fire; look at him while he sings, then hear his voice in prayer. Ah, he would not miss that service; it nerves him for the day. But now the school is opened, yet he has regard to order. See him conduct his class; he makes me think of Jesus; he goes before them and they follow him. Now look at him in his class. His face indicates, his glance, his eye, his manner, his voice, his method. See, he has a single eye, a glorious object, a dauntless spirit. The whole atmosphere of the school is permeated; his fellow-teachers feel the glow; his class feel it, and they show it; they carry it to their very homes. The tear of penitence drops, the eye of faith is opened, the soul immortal is renewed; for God will bless teacher's labors, and give him a rich harvest.

A FEAST OF MEMORY. A celebrated divine was dying. He said: "I would give much if I could now hear you read that chapter, 'And early in the morning, on the first day of the week,' etc., but I can not. When I was first taken sick my wife used to put up a pillow with my Bible and hymn-book on it, and I could sit a little, but now I can not; the world all run together in a cloud. Yet I can feast on what I have committed to memory."

Such an experience urges us to study the Word and put it away in the treasury of our memory, so that when other pleasures are cut off by the failing of our powers, we can find strength and joy from the hidden source of God's truth kept by the soul. Every thorough teacher is benefiting his scholars by advising and insisting upon their learning the lesson. On the after years they will be glad of this. The schools have a definite object and the best success which agree to commit the lesson, and make it a matter of enthusiasm and honor. David has given us an example, as he says, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart."

A sacred poet has drawn a good picture of a teacher or a scholar, in these words:

"When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat—
Talk o'er the records of thy will.
And search the words that thou hast said,
Till every heart-felt word is mine."
—*S. S. Times.*

A BURSTED SCHOOL. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage said on a recent Sabbath:

I do not know what we will do with our Sabbath-school. It has bursted the bounds originally appointed for it in the basement, and we have planted it in the main audience room of our old church. It bids fair to soon burst those bounds, and we shall have to bring it into this tabernacle. In the tramp of those little feet I hear the march of the coming generations. In the children's song of to-day I hear a new psalm for the hallelujah of heaven. That child has covered up in the ashes of its body a spark of immortality that will blaze on with untold splendor long after the sun has died of old age, and all the countless worlds that glitter to-night shall have been swept off by the Almighty's breath as the small dust of the threshing-floor. God save the children!

NOISY SUPERINTENDENTS. Some superintendents make too much noise in governing. We heard one, a short time since, call out with a stentorian voice, disturbing the entire school, causing every child and every teacher for the moment to be disorderly. "James, I will not have such behavior in the school; be quiet directly." He was at least four yards from the boys, and we noticed, with some attention, a class of girls so disturbed by the unnecessary interruption that interest was not restored without considerable difficulty. A superintendent acting thus unwisely destroys his influence.—*Davis.*

Selections.

Patience.

FROM THE GERMAN.

There goes a quiet angel
About this earth and land;
For earthly needs, with comfort,
He comes at God's command.
His look doth peace, and favor,
And gentle kindness show;
O follow that angel
Of patience here below!

He leads thee always truly
Through every earthly grief,
With joyful hope foretelling
A time of bliss relief.
For art thou quite despairing—
His courage conquers still;
He helps thy cross to carry,
And brings good out of ill.

He turns to tender sadness
The soul's most bitter pain,
And dips in still submission
The heart that strives in vain.
He makes the desert hoar,
Returning light reveal,
And surely, if not quickly,
Thy every wound will heal.

He chides not at thy weeping,
When He would bid it cease;
Nor does He blame thy longing,
But hushes it to peace.
And when, while storms are raging,
Thou, murmuring, askest, "Why?"
In silence, sweetly smiling,
Points upward for reply.

He has not to each question
Prompt answer for thine ear;
His motto is, "Endure thou!"
The resting-place is near.
So walks He close beside thee,
But with infrequent speech,
His thoughts through distance hasting
The great, blest goal to reach.

—Religious Magazine.

Pulpit Qualifications.

There is not a little self-confident advice addressed to the clergy now-a-days, respecting the nature and proper discharge of their duties. The New York Nation takes up the theme, and speaks with its usual assurance. It has always something to say, and it says it vigorously, even when the statements are doubtful and the rhetoric more taking than fair. We believe it fails to do justice to the pulpit in its estimate, and that it sets up a very different standard from that of Paul. But it may be of service to listen to its criticisms. It says:

Consider what are the trials, temptations, difficulties, of a broker or lawyer or merchant or railroad man or banker or commission merchant, in our day. Their name is legion; to understand them and weigh them, one would need not only to have considerable knowledge of human nature, but a wide practical acquaintance with the political economy and customs of many trades and manufactures and of the money market, and a fair acquaintance with the practice of the courts and with legal history and legal principles. To advise a man of his duty in the matter of "the government, education, manners and dress of his children," one would have to keep one's self not only perfectly familiar with all that is going on in the educational world, but with the tendencies in society and business which help to make or mar a young man's career; and to prevent one's opinions on all these subjects, even supposing the sphere of one's personal observation to be never so large, and one's experience of life never so great, being crude and narrow and incomplete, one would have to keep up a fair acquaintance with a wide and growing body of literature of various nations. Even if a minister had all this and more, he would, as a teacher of morals, in our day, labor under considerable disadvantage as long as he had not himself had a varied and long experience of life and its trials. There is a wisdom which rarely comes but with years, and often comes with sorrow and disappointment, without which the best equipped philosopher or student or observer will, after all, to a great body of persons perplexed by life's problems, be but an indifferent adviser.

But it would be difficult to imagine poorer preparation for such a felicitous duty as is here traced out, than is afforded by most of our theological seminaries. The course of education in most of them is still that which would fit a man to deal out dogmatic theology to a simple agricultural community seriously occupied about doctrines, and sincerely believing in them, and deeply respecting the minister and his office, and rarely brought face to face with problems of morals of which the Ten Commandments did not afford an easy solution. The student is, perhaps, well grounded in ecclesiastical history and literature, in Biblical exegesis, the topography of the Holy Land, Eastern manners, moral and mental philosophy as taught by one school, and homiletics; and he is then sent out into the world to help men to wrestle successfully with the moral difficulties of a commercial society of extraordinary complexity and considerable corruption, which is fast losing hold of its old faith and uncertain or unconcerned by a new one. No wonder his preaching consists largely of "general speculation, poetic discursiveness, ingenious discussions, and vague sentimentalism." What else can it be, in the large majority of cases, consist of? Why, it is almost in the power of any lawyer in his congregation to persuade him that a proper regard for the independence of the bar and the admiration of justice requires that a counselor should occasionally help his client to commit a burglary if he asks him, because nobody can tell, till the case is carried into court and the judge has ruled on it, whether it is really a burglary or not; or for a railroad president to persuade him that playing tricks with the stock of his own road is a pious and laudable operation, which managers of corporations occasionally have to resort to, to save the estates of the widows and orphans invested in it; or for a politician to satisfy him that, when he receives a large bribe for putting through a land-grant or subsidy operation which he really believes to be a good thing, he is only doing his solemn duty to his "common country."

We venture to assert that there are not ten ministers in the country who are able to collar a knavish lawyer or operator in their congregations, and drive him into a corner, and put him to shame; or to meet a skulking, lazy, and tonguey trades-unions on the labor question, and show him that, so far from helping his class by making the shirking of work the great object of the laborer's ambition, he is ruining it body and soul. No man can, in short, be a successful moralist in our day who is not a good deal of a jurist; and of an economist, and of a business man and scientific man; and what is done to give ministers even an inkling of jurisprudence or political economy or finance or natural science? We may say, almost nothing. Canon Kingsley, in an address to the clergy in England, the other day, called loudly for an infusion of natural science into clerical education, to enable the pulpit to hold its own; but natural science is not enough. As ministers go out in-

to the world now, they are a singularly helpless class. The wealthy knaves put and subsidize them; the feeblest little huckster that measures out tape by the yard feels himself qualified to disregard their opinion on all matters not pertaining to doctrinal theology. So that, no matter how often a minister is brought in contact with a man whose domineering seems to him suspicious, he is fain to follow Dogberry's advice to the constable: "to take no note of him, but let him go, and thank God he is rid of a knave."

The Pastor of the Future.

As an offset to the theory of ministerial service suggested by *The Nation*, we present this view of pastoral work that is demanded, taken from a very thoughtful article contributed to one of our Quarterly Reviews. Certainly these suggestions deserve pondering:

Newman Hall preaches in Surrey Chapel, where Rowland Hill, a man of ten times his pulpit power, once preached; but the work done for Christ by Newman Hall is tenfold greater than that wrought by his eloquent predecessor. He preaches through the organization that he has developed and inspires and administers; through his Benevolent Society, relieving the sick poor at their dwellings, and reaching eight hundred cases yearly; through his Christian Institution Society, visiting all the neighborhood with tract distribution; his Dorcas and female Clothing Societies for poor women; his School of Industry for the training of neglected girls; his Sunday-school Society, with its four hundred and seventeen teachers; his open-air meetings and lodging-house prayer-meetings, conducted by laymen; his popular works, lectures and musical entertainments for the working classes; his Young Men's Christian Association—through all of which it is calculated that not less than two hundred thousand are annually brought under the influence of Christianity. Now, it is true that this is an eminent instance of the power of the minister as organizer and administrator. But conceive once what the influence of Newman Hall would be if his strength were solely or mainly in the pulpit. Shear away from him the organizing, administering work which has made Surrey Chapel such a camp of Christian forces; and then, by the contrast, learn what might be the efficiency in his sphere, and according to his opportunities and capacities, of the minister who now is putting the best of his strength and hope into his pulpit work.

Clearly, I think the business of preaching in a settled church, and for a man of ordinary power, is not chief, but subordinate. If, as pastors, we can find something for every man to do, can mark out each one's place, and rouse an individual interest in specific Christian work, we shall have no trouble in finding interested hearers. But simply to preach from Sunday to Sunday to a people as one lectures to a lyceum, with no other immediate objective point than to say something fresh and stirring, is of all work the most depressing. It is no wonder that the modern minister is ever seeking some new place. There is nothing in the way of means that can freshen the pulpit like bringing it into direct contact with the co-operative work of the pews. The organizing, administrative preacher will never be dull to his co-laborers, and his work with them, and through them, will most rapidly increase the number of those who, from an interest in the work of Christ, will find an interest in the word of Christ.

Why Don't You Pray?

As a minister was traveling in the cars, in one of the Northern States, about nine in the evening, two very rough looking men came into the car, and were swearing at a fearful rate. Grieved at their wickedness, he thought, "How can I stop their swearing?" He lifted up a silent prayer to God, saying, "Lord help me!" Instantly the thought came, "Ask them to pray." After a volley of oaths, in which both the men joined, the minister turned his head toward them and said, "Why don't you pray?" They looked amazed. He again repeated the words, "Why don't you pray?"

One of the men laughed, and said, "That wouldn't suit." "O, yes, it would; we all would rather hear praying than swearing." At this several passengers gathered around to hear what was going on. The minister then related to them the incident of the very profane swearer who had uttered the words, "How can I stop their swearing?" when a gentleman said: "If you will go into the graveyard, at midnight, and utter all these oaths, alone with God, I will give you \$10 to-morrow." The man, laughing, said, "I'll do it. It will be an easy way of earning ten dollars." The evening passed—11 o'clock came, when most people had retired for the night. The swearer went toward the graveyard at midnight. All was still—the white marble monuments could be seen by the light of the stars—the man's courage all left him—"Alone with God," he cried. He trembled, and asked, "Shall I ask God to send my soul to hell? I dare not, I will not."

Said the swearer in the car, "I'd have done it." "Nay," said the minister, "you would not. Don't you know that swearing men are generally cowardly? Would you trust a man's word who was always cursing God, or the man who fears and loves him?" Both men strangely admitted the truth of these things, and then apologizing, said, "I did not know I was swearing." "But God did—he heard. May you repent and seek his mercy!"

One of them said: "I ran away from home from my father and mother, who lived at Bangor, in Maine, and went aboard a ship—there I learned all kinds of wickedness." "Did you mother pray?" "Yes, indeed! My father and mother both belonged to a Methodist church, and if ever there was a good woman, my mother was one." "Why not go home to your parents?" "My father's dead. He died while I was in the army." Here tears started to the poor fellow's eyes. "Go home to your poor old mother, and make her heart happy before she dies." "I'm too wicked—I can't go home." "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin—seek mercy in Christ."

Both men seemed deeply interested in this conversation. The minister urged them to repent of their sin, and pray for mercy. They read the New Testament, and every time they felt like swearing to pray for mercy. On leaving the cars both men shook hands very cordially with the minister, who wished them God's blessing, and again entreated them to repent of their sins and believe in Jesus.

The Bible says: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." Precious promise! Who can tell whether these men may not repent, and be found at last among the blood-washed in the kingdom of glory? "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—*Christian Press*.

The Scoffer Rebuked.

Years ago many people traveled on the Erie Canal in the packet boats, which were drawn by horses with long ropes. The boats moved very smoothly over the water. The passengers in the narrow cabin were as near each other as in a crowded room. All conversation, even in low tones, was heard very distinctly.

Among the quiet people in one of these cabins in 1844 were Friends coming from Yearly Meeting, and a young Methodist preacher and his wife. Besides these a large number of other passengers were present. Of these, two profane men were very conspicuous, who despised religion. Their foul words were an annoyance to many, and they talked very loud. None seemed anxious to make their acquaintance.

These two men sat down in the center of the cabin, and related slanderous stories to ridicule Christians, and make a mock of sacred things. No voice in social life, no crime in the calendar of the courts, could be named which they did not charge upon the Christian religion. One of them declared that profane swearing was a Christian virtue!

He said: "No swearing is done among the heathen. They only learn to swear after the missionaries have taught them how. But in Christian countries everybody swears. So the more Christianity there is, the more people swear." Thus wickedly they talked.

The young preacher at length quietly addressed one of the men, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Sir, you are a Christian, I believe?"
"Me? Me, sir! Oh, no. I beg your pardon. I am not. Indeed, I am no such thing, I thank you."

"You surprise me. I must have misunderstood your remarks. And yet I listened very attentively."
"What do you mean, sir? I am sure I don't understand you, sir. Will you explain?"

"Oh, yes, I will explain with pleasure. You have entertained this company for an hour with an essay on the evils of the Christian religion. You have proved clearly that profanity and Christianity are inseparable. The practice of swearing proves, you say, the presence of Christian influence. And I inferred, by the same logic, that profanity in profanity was an exhibition of Christian character. Now, sir, I say it without flattery, and I refer to the company for an endorsement of my opinion, that you have done more swearing on this boat for two days past than all of us put together, except your friend. I therefore assumed that you were the most Christian man in the crowd! If I have mistaken the facts, the fault is in your logic!"

"Do you mean to say—swearing is wrong?"
"The wrong of swearing is not under consideration. But the truth of your argument is. And what say you? Was your argument true? Then you are a Christian. If you are not a Christian, then your statements were false."

"Well, swearing is a mean practice anyhow, and I beg your pardon for the offense."

Then stammering some incoherent words, he and his fellow withdrew from the cabin, followed by the undisguised merriment of the company.

After that there was no more profanity for rivalry heard on the boat. A more quiet pair of gentlemen was not to be found than the noisy fellows of the two days previous.

And thus was illustrated a very curious text in the Bible, which some of my little nephews and nieces may have seen. It is this: "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

The Great Victory.

If I could marshal before you all the sins of the best men in this house to-night, this whole audience would shriek out with horror. Sins against God and man; sins against Sabbath and sacraments; sins against body and soul; sins against light and knowledge; sins against Sinai and Calvary; sins against the judgment; sins against the throne of God and the mansions of glory. I blow the trumpet to-night, and call up all the sins of your past life. I waive them here from the past. I stamp them up from beneath—gather them into companies of hundreds; into regiments of thousands; into battalions of ten thousands. We have a host vaster than that of Xerxes. Let the largest of the hundred sins be captain over the company. Let the largest of the thousand iniquities be colonel over the regiment. Let the swarthiest transgression of your life-time be general over all the host. Together let them wheel, and march, and fire. How the couriers dash up and down the line! How the great batteries of woe belch forth the sulphurous smoke of hell, and boom with the cannonading of eternal destruction! The host of thy sins, innumerable, marching on to capture thy soul. One man against a million armed iniquities. Who can go forth and meet them? We must fall back and fall down. Are there no allies to help? In all the round of God's universe, is there no one to take our part?

Arise, ye seas and whirl the host! Strike, ye lightnings, and consume the foe! But the wave strikes the beach, and falls back, crying: "No help in me!" The lightning scatheth itself in the black scabbard of the midnight cloud, and says: "No help in me!" But yonder I see a white horse in hot haste coming this way! Make room for the courier. He swings his sword. Good news! Good news! The Captain of Salvation comes to the rescue. Fall back my sins! Fall back my sorrows! Allies of light and love, to arms! To arms! The host of our sins scatter in defeat, and our delivered soul shouts: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*The Methodist*.

Beyond the Grave.

No poet of high rank as far as I know, ever disbelieved in the future. He might fear that there was none; but that very fear believes with ardor. That it is not proven to the intellect I heartily admit. But, if it were true, it were such as the intellect could not grasp, for the understanding must be the offspring of the life, in itself essential. How should the intellect understand its own origin and nature? It is too poor to grasp this question; for continuity of existence depends on the nature of existence, not upon external relations. If, after death, we should be conscious that we yet live, we shall even then, I think, be no more able to prove a further continuance of life than we can now prove our present being. It may be easier to believe, that will be all. But we constantly act upon grounds which we can not prove; and if we can not feel so sure of life beyond the grave as of tomorrow, every-day things, at least the want of proof ought neither to destroy our hope

concerning it, nor prevent the action demanded by its bare possibility.

But last, I do say this, that those men who, disbelieving in a future state, do yet live up to the conscience within them, however much lower the requirements of that conscience may be than those of a conscience which believes itself enlightened from "the Lord, who is that spirit," shall enter the other life in an immeasurably more enviable relation thereto than who say Lord, Lord, and do not the things he says to them.

It may seem strange that our Lord says so little about the life to come, as we call it; though in truth it is one life with the present, as the leaf and the blossom are one life. Even in argument with the Sadducees he supports his side upon words accepted by them and upon the nature of God, but says nothing of the question from a human point of regard. He seems always to have taken it for granted, ever turning the minds of his scholars toward that which was deeper and lay at its roots,—the life itself,—the oneness with God and his will, upon which the continuance of our conscious being follows of a necessity, and without which, if the latter were possible, it would be for human beings an utter evil.

When he speaks of the world beyond, it is as his Father's house. He says there are many mansions there. He attempts in no way to explain. Man's own imagination, enlightened of the spirit of truth, and working with his experience and affections, was a far safer guide than his intellect with the best schooling which even our Lord could have given it. The memory of the poorest home of a fisherman on the shore of the Galilean lake, where he as a child had spent his years of divine carelessness in his father's house, would, at the words of our Lord, my Father's house, convey to Peter or James or John more truth concerning the many mansions than a revelation to their intellect, had it been possible, as clear as the Apocalypse itself is obscure. —*George Macdonald*.

The Last Enemy Conquered.

Dense as the gloom is, which hangs over the mouth of the sepulcher, it is the spot, above all others, where the gospel, if it enters, shines and triumphs. In the busy sphere of life and health it encounters an active antagonist; the world confronts it,—aims to obscure its glories—to deny its claims—to drown its voice—to dispute its progress—to drive it from the ground it occupies. But from the mouth of the grave the world retires. It strikes from the contest there; it leaves a clear and open space in which the gospel can assert its claims, and unveil its glories, without opposition or fear. There the infidel and the worldling look anxiously around; but the world has left them helpless, and fled. There the Christian looks around, and lo! the angel of mercy is standing close by his side. The gospel kindles a torch which not only irradiates the valley of the shadow of death, but throws a radiance into the world beyond, and reveals it peopled with the sainted spirits of those who have died in Jesus. It descends with us into the low chamber of the grave,—bids us to look on its silent inmates, and to look on them with the persuasion that they only sleep. It assures us that death, like sleep, is not the destruction of the living principle, but only a temporary change in the mode of its operation; that like sleep, it is a state of rest, discharging us from all the concerns of the world; that, like sleep, it principally affects the body, the activity of the soul being meantime continued, and perhaps greatly increased, and most of all, that like sleep, it will not be perpetual, but only endure for a night. It tells us that a day will dawn on the world when Jesus, assuming an aspect of infinite benignity, will say, in effect, of all his sleeping saints, as he said of Lazarus: "I go to awake them out of sleep."—*Dr. Harris*.

Aunt Jane's Experience.

The other evening, in our prayer-meeting, Aunt Jane rose to tell her experience. It was, manifestly, an honest experience. No one in the church would ever question Aunt Jane's honesty, and yet every one was astonished at Aunt Jane's experience. She confessed to pride—she, whom we had always regarded as the humblest of the humble. She told us of the trials which her children caused her—and we, all the while, had been wishing our children were like moose of women and of the petty trials, the wear and tear of her every-day life. The coming of her Lord, in the clouds of heaven, was to her far less a burden and a grief—nay! was it not a triumph and a joy?—than these petty worries of the homely routine of care.

How much we learned from Aunt Jane's experience. First, that our cares were just like those of her whom we esteem so far above us. That was—strangely enough, and yet naturally enough—a consoling thought. Misery loves company, especially if it be the company of God's elect. Again that there was help for all cases in the dwelling spirit of Christ, and the hope of his coming and glory. —*Examiner & Chronicle*.

The Calm Depths.

Shallow waters are easily muddled. After a night of storm, the waters of the bay along the beach, stirred by the winds, are foul and black with the mire and dirt. But look beyond, out into the deep water—how blue and clear it is! The white caps on the surface show the violence of the wind, but the water is too deep for the storms that sweep its surface to stir up the earth at its bottom.

So in Christian experience. A shallow experience is easily disturbed; the moister trides becloud and darken the soul whose piety is superficial; while the most furious storms of life fall to darken or perturb the soul which has attained a deep experience of the things of God. The agitation may produce a sparkle on the surface, but in the calm depths of such a spirit reigns eternal tranquility, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. —*Selected*.

Varieties.

If a young man has eloquence and persuasive power, those around him say, "He ought to be a preacher."

God's wisdom is displayed in the rights of marriage. These are three fold—First, authority; secondly, protection; thirdly, happiness.

Christ, in his day, found that many of the publicans and harlots were more deserving of heaven than the priests and law-givers, and it may be so to-day.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and forbear one another in love." Keep these two bears in the household, and the family, indeed, will be a paradise.

Jesus, in His death, appears loveliest of all. On one side a thief, on the other side a thief; below, a howling mob; above, the lowering darkness.

Singing is not a noise that we make for the purpose of covering up other sounds that might be disagreeable to our ears.

Christianity does not undertake to pitch-fork people into heaven, and it would not succeed if it did.

Even nature, in her every phase, of grandeur and loveliness, is whispering the name of Jesus.

To measure the world's moral advance, take one of the best tests; the treatment of enemies.

If parental love looks out habitually upon the "good places" in life, it takes the complexion of the more earthly and the sensual.

Love is not wisdom; but love must act according to wisdom, in order to succeed.

To earn the blessings of those whom the world curses, is one of the chief victories possible to human endeavor.

The great mass of people will always be governed less by logic than by sympathy, hope, fear, expectation.

The beautiful flower says, Christ is love; and all these join in testifying to the truth of the assertion: "He is altogether lovely."

Quevedo says that the punishment of fiddlers in hell will be to stand by while other fiddlers play.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 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.

The Inner Life.

There is less prominence given to what is called religious experience than formerly. There may have been too much relative importance attached to mere emotional states in other days. The cloister was doubtless loved too well, and its quietude and its stimulants to meditation were exalted beyond measure as means of grace. There was something akin to cowardice in trying to hide away from temptation, instead of meeting it squarely and fighting it down in the open field. And the piety that was nurtured in the monastery was apt to wilt in the sun. The passions might be forgotten in the smart that followed the whipping of the shoulders, but they were not killed or even scared, by the lash that only tortured the nerves. The prayers that went up from the chosen cell, though they sprang from the real sense of need, were not very likely to come back in a large blessing for the world, so long as they were not animated by a yearning love for others, and there was a failure to translate them into beneficent service.

And the whole theory of soul-culture, which takes no note of the great duty of working for the redemption of those around, is sadly defective. Pure and devout affections will not rise in simple response to a mandate of the will; they flourish, if at all, under the toil that seeks the welfare of others. Edwards' treatise on the affections has set many introspective souls studying themselves when they needed to be sent out to help others, and made their inward experience a source of distrust and a constant provocation to baffled effort, because it kept them gazing upon their own imperfections, instead of looking up into the brightness of God's face and being cheered and charmed with the sweetness of Christ's promises. He who is forever watching the emotional nature, and reporting its state and movements, is pretty sure to be either a superficial egotist or a profound and almost hopeless self-accuser;—he either keeps up the pharisee's bragging in the temple without coming to abasement, or carries the publican's confession through whole years of his history instead of going down to his house justified and at peace.

But we are now in danger of going to the other extreme. The call is for duty; doctrine is pronounced dry and profitless. There is a steady demand for work; the plea for love is more rarely heard; God's claims are studied less, so that man's needs may be studied more. The prayer is hurried, so that there may be time for toil. Meditation is neglected, on the ground that tasks are pressing. The Bible is not diligently searched, on the plea that the Mission Sunday school must be attended to. We do not commune with our own hearts on the bed, as David did, for the active work of the day has made the plea for sleep too imperative to be postponed.

We do not disparage active piety. We are only concerned lest the really pious element should become weak or drop out altogether, leaving the activity little else than mere human bustle, that frets and foams and promises great things, but which achieves little that is vital, substantial and abiding. Our religion may thus become very human, but sadly godless. It may talk much, but have little unction; abound in stir and projects, but lack depth and persistence; speak with an accent that is pleasant to the ear, but be greatly wanting in the divine force that takes and keeps firm hold of the heart.

Indeed, this lack appears already in not a little of the religious life of to-day; and the danger is that the want will increase rather than lessen. For life gains in outward intensity. The hurry becomes more general. Scholarship even rushes into the field of natural science. Educational systems are estimated by their adaptation to help in getting an easy and respectable living, and making a sure and rapid fortune. The proof of religious progress is sought in the number and more splendid meeting houses, in the taking eloquence of the preacher, in the artistic performance of the organist and quartette, in the number of wealthy and fashionable people who belong to the congregation, and in the amount of money realized at the annual renting of the pews. People slide into the church by very easy processes. The old story of struggle with self and sin, that Paul gives us in the seventh chapter of his epistle to the Romans, seems both oriental and antiquated; and it is often hard for the professing Christian to tell when he became a justified believer, and even why he thinks he is really an accepted disciple.

Now there is no need of all this. There is peril in this letting down the doctrine of conversion toward the level of a mere naturalism, and in thus pushing almost out of sight the idea of the inworking Spirit that fashions the heart into a divine likeness, and makes its inner life a thing of meaning and power. Our religion will be fruitless and soon wither, save as it is fed by quickening thoughts of God. The deep and oppressive sense of sin that cries out in agony for the mercy of God in Christ, is reasonable, fitting, and needful to a strong and vital Christian character. The precious sense of acceptance with God needs to be something more than a passing fancy or a natural quietude, if it is to realize the account given in the Scriptures, of fit the possessor to speak the needful word to the weary and restless world. The music of purified af-

fections, singing their gratitude and joy in to the skies, must be real if we are to obey the repeated precept,—“Rejoice in the Lord.” The grasp of faith upon the divine promise must be very solid and firm, if the old truth is to find an embodiment,—“All things work together for good to them that love God.” And that must be a soul-felt triumph which cries out, after the apostle, by the very border of the grave,—“O Death, where is thy sting?”

Such an inner life is possible, is real, is needful. If we lack it, it is because we have not fully opened the soul to its forces. If we distrust it, it is because our own experience has been so poor. If we would meet the demand for it that comes up all around us, we must measurably emancipate ourselves from the power of this materialistic and surface-loving age, bring and keep the heart in vital contact with God's truth and with God himself, feed on the strong meat of Christian doctrine, be familiar with the Bible and the closet, and take care that our devotion to the second commandment does not make it neutralize or usurp the place of the first. And when the inner life has gained this depth and vigor, we may be sure that its forces, as they appear in outward service, will make the redeeming work of the church among men something better than we now see it, even when it wears its grandest aspect.

Sentimental Vandalism.

Thomas Carlyle has not a stronger passion for a sneer, nor Wendell Phillips for an epigram, than have the Parisians for that which is striking, dramatic and spectacular. Through all the horrors and brutality of the fight that rages, they keep up a constant cannonade of bulletins, in which the sky-rocket style of Victor Hugo is reproduced; the harangues of the street orators blaze with brilliant rhetoric even while the groans of the wounded, and the yells of the assassins vex the air; and the most senseless struggle of the century is often carried on with the studied art and theatrical accessories that would naturally attach to the play of Robert le Diable. The struggle for effect appears everywhere, and as the day for the final and pitiable collapse of Communism draws on, the wildest extravagances of sentiment are married to the most wretched types of vandalism. Here are some of the latest examples, reported by cable. The first reached us about a week ago, and takes the following shape: Yesterday a grand procession of women, headed by buglers and drummers, marched to the Hotel de Ville and demanded arms. To-day a proclamation has been issued authorizing female battalions to be organized immediately to stimulate the men. All cowardly males are to be led to prison by females. The women are to march against the Versailles.

Outside of African barbarism, such a scene as this would be looked for only at the French capital, where the culture, refinement and art of the nineteenth century are said to have culminated. The rôle of the Amazon has been taken by the Parisian grisette. But instead of captivating the world and enlisting its sympathy and cooperation, it will only beget disgust, call out a blush and a cry of “Shame!” and rouse a hope that the end of such a struggle as this may not wait, even if it must come through violence and severity.

A later dispatch tells us that the insurgents have thrown down the magnificent column which stood in the Place Vendôme. It was one of the most noticeable ornaments of Paris; it was the pride of citizens and the admiration of visitors;—its exterior cast from the cannon captured by the French, its immense spiral bas-reliefs representing the great battles that brought glory to France, and the whole surmounted by a statue of the First Napoleon. An immense crowd of men and women gathered to witness its overthrow, and watched, and waited, and joked, and howled, and swore, and repeated their prayers, and cursed M. Thiers, and threatened vengeance upon their fellow citizens at Versailles, while waiting for the mighty structure to go down. At length it swayed under the forces applied to it, leaned and quivered for a moment, and then went majestically over, and lay, a piece of ruined magnificence, along the Rue de la Paix. This is what followed:

The crowd, as soon as the column fell, gave tremendous shouts of “Vive la Commune,” and the bands played the Marseillaise. When the dust cleared away, there lay the glorious column shattered to pieces, its bronze and masonry in two masses together in the middle, and the statue of the Emperor several feet from one end of the column with the head knocked off. The crowd rushed forward to collect fragments as relics, and the Guards were unable to resist the rush.

Next the orators commenced their speeches, indulging in all sorts of extravagant language. The statue of the Emperor was treated as if it was the Emperor himself. The National Guards spat into its face and struck it with their rifles. After the ceremony was concluded, the crowd dispersed, and the soldiers moved off waving the red flag and giving expression to their joy by continual shouting.

That is the latest exhibition of French sentiment, put upon the stage for the delectation of the world, and as an evidence that the Communism of Paris represents the highest and best ideas of civil government. It is a sentimental vandalism that strips woman of her delicacy and despoils Paris of her ornaments. It is very sad, very pitiable, and very disheartening to those who hoped to see a genuine, orderly and vigorous republic rise upon the ruins of a shattered empire. But the natural reaction from these excesses would appear in a more thorough and tyrannical imperialism. It is hardly strange that the better portion of the French people, after witnessing such developments as these, should be ready to cry out,—“If this chaos is the rule of the people, give us back the orderly supremacy of the king!” Better by far the iron scepter that restrains violent and headlong passions, than the free ballot that allows life to be a long and bloody carnival! But we believe

there is something better than this in France, and that the better elements are on the way to supremacy. And it is quite time that she flung away her egotism, and surface show, and extravagance, and godlessness, and called into exercise the deeper and truer elements of character that can alone stay the disciplining hand of Providence or build up a real nation among men.

The Plea from India.

We hope that Bro. Phillips' letter on our second page will be read by every Freewill Baptist. His plea for help is one that should not go unheeded. Having given his best years to the work, he probably feels its needs more than we at home can possibly do; but we are not for that reason excused from aiding the cause in any proper way. Prayers and money and men seem now to be essential to the success of the Mission. Can we not send each to their aid?

We have for some time felt that our churches and their members did not sufficiently realize the condition of those engaged in the Foreign Mission work. We do not make it actual enough. We seldom place before our minds the little band that is at present laboring there; we doubt if one in twenty-five has ever looked on the map at all to see where Midnapore, or Jolapore, or Santipore is; still less frequently do we reflect that these missionaries are actually in those heathen towns, dwelling in tents in summer and perhaps in mud houses in winter; exposed to all the risks of living in such a climate; subsisting on the plainest fare and seldom thinking of affording themselves a luxury; accepting limited salaries and making their wants come within their means; and thus through the hot season and the cold, in a language that would be mere jargon to us, preaching the gospel of Christ to their ignorant hearers, and urging its acceptance upon them whether they will hear or forbear, but who more frequently forbear.

And then we fear that a good many in the denomination do not even know who “J. P.” is, or who “J. L. P.” is, that sends the regular missionary letter for the first page, or who “E. C. B. H.” is, that is now furnishing extracts from a missionary's journal. Of course, a majority of our ministers, and perhaps a majority of the laity, know something about these men; but there is quite too large a number who never give them a thought, and who, when they read that Bro. Smith is again prostrated by disease, will hardly know who Bro. Smith is, and will utterly fail to reflect that he has exhausted his energies in urging men to worship the true God.

Now these things are all facts. There are actually heathen in India,—poor, ignorant, degraded, miserable heathen; and these missionaries, the Phillipses, Bro. Smith, Miss Crawford and other true workers, are among them trying to point them to Christ. And they need help. Not only that, but they rightly look to us for support. While we worship the God of the heavens, and enjoy his love, the race which they seek to benefit is deliberately prostrating itself before the most revolting images that heathen ingenuity can fashion, and in their groveling, wretched condition, blindly and superstitiously worshipping them. All the difference between our condition and theirs, all the difference between their condition and that of any civilized and enlightened country, is mainly due to just this religion that the heathen are being urged to accept. In gratitude to God for giving us all these things, not to mention our duty to our fellow-men, can we not in some way aid those who would make their condition what God allows ours to be?

As for the help that we can afford them, we have thought, ever since last summer, when we heard a person say that he would give nothing for missions because he could not afford more than ten cents at a time, that we did not correctly estimate the means of help at our disposal. What if you can give only ten cents at a time, and what if this is only given once a month? There are nearly seventy thousand communicants in our churches, and suppose only half of these even give the ten cents, there would be over thirty thousand contributors, and they would give more than three thousand dollars a month, nearly forty thousand dollars a year, which would easily make up the amount that our mission enterprises really need. If there could be a purpose formed in every church to give regularly of the little that might be at their disposal, a great part of the needed help could be easily supplied. The single gift would not then be alone. It would be augmented by the thousands of other little sums that would be sent along from hundreds of communities, and thus the needs of our missionaries could be liberally supplied.

Grant that money is not the only nor the greatest need. Laborers are demanded quite as imperatively. But the spirit that would prompt us to furnish all the money that is needed, would soon send along the men to use it. The foreign work is not presented as having greater claims than the work at home, but as being just now deserving all the help that can be given it. We are to remember those who are in bonds, and provide for their relief. It is as though civilization, in its hurried western march, was leaving behind the slower nations of the east. It is our duty to go back along the way and gather these hosts into the advancing column, just as stragglers are kept along with the main army. Let us not hurry on towards the goal of imagined happiness, at the same time leaving our less favored brothers behind to perish. These poor outcasts in Orissa and the surrounding country seem to be especially designated by the great Captain as the portion of his halting army that he would have us bring into line. If we fail to do the work, evil will inevitably fall on our own heads. Would that many hearts might burn with love and desire for the work, so

that the help that is so necessary to carry it along successfully might come quickly in.

The Swedish Colony in Maine.

Not the least benefit that the State received from Governor Chamberlain's administration, was the settlement of a Swedish colony in her unoccupied northern portions. As fertile as was the soil, and as richly stocked as it was with timber, nevertheless our New England farmers shunned its rigorous climate, preferring the West and its productive fields.

The Governor's sagacity showed him that great good would result to the state if these northern sections could be settled by a class who, while adapted to the severe climate, would bring economy and industry to bear upon the difficulties that would meet them. The thought soon became a purpose, and it was not long before a party of hardy Swedes were erecting homes in the places offered them, and preparing to make fertile farms where then were wooded wilds.

The success of the plan up to this time shows its wisdom. About five hundred families have already arrived, and others are coming almost every month. The present spring has brought an important addition to their number in the shape of several families of wealth and influence, who are well calculated to give character and efficiency to the new colony. The same industry that brought them comfortable wealth and fair distinction in Sweden, can hardly fail to do the same in Maine. The circumstances are certainly quite as favorable for them.

Besides the immediate arrivals from Sweden, colonists from the same country, who had settled in the West, are also sending representatives to Maine, attracted by the name of New Sweden which the new settlement takes, and also by the climate, which is so much like that among their own mountains. These last are already familiar with the American system of agriculture, so far as it may differ from their own, and can thus be of considerable help to the more recent arrivals.

The farms that are already cleared, the neat and substantial buildings that are erected,—albeit they are neither modern nor beautiful,—and the good sense shown in their methods and habits of living, are favorable to the opinion that the settlement is to be both permanent and prosperous. Schoolhouses are already erected in which suitable teachers instruct those of various ages; meeting-houses are regularly used for divine worship; stores are well stocked and well sustained; temperance prevails throughout the whole community; and the general conduct of the inhabitants is such that their American neighbors could profitably imitate it.

Added to these things, nature bountifully assists them to procure a livelihood. The forests abound in game, the streams and lakes are stocked with fish, the soil liberally repays their industry, and the hand may be continually full of the abundance that is held out to it. The hills are covered with timber, which several generations can not exhaust, and the streams afford mill-privileges where it may be put into merchantable form.

The state authorities are also showing the colonists all the favors at their disposal, having previously given them a welcome that has called out expressions of gratitude from Swedish patriots at home. They will also be afforded railroad facilities at the earliest possible time, several routes being already contemplated, and one, the European and North American, which will extend its branches quite near them, being already in process of construction.

It requires but a glance at this portion of the state, and a thought of the products that it may be made to yield, to convince one that Maine has herein seized upon a good opportunity. Her thousands of uncultivated acres that are as fertile as the average in the west; her facilities for putting the products of these acres into the market; and the health-giving, invigorating climate in which these acres lie, all reflect very creditably upon the foresight which originated the present plan, and promise to repay as liberally the state as the parties who have accepted her offered lands.

Burdens.

All men are burden-bearers. When the Saviour said,—“Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden,”—his invitation embraced all those whom he came to save. He who knew what was in man, comprehended the sorrows of his condition. “The whole creation,” says the apostle, “groaneth and travaileth in pain together.” The millions in bonds of our own land cried,—“How long, O Lord, how long!” But though their chains are broken, and a great deliverance has been wrought for them, they have yet attained only a measure of relief, with the danger of losing even that. France presents a striking example of a people with the advantages of great mental culture choosing worldly pleasure and spurning the restraints of religion. The direful consequences of their folly excite for them the pity of the world. The numerous and heavy burdens of the heathen need no mention. Who of us or around us are exempt? Those apparently having most occasion for joy and gladness are often crushed almost beyond the power of endurance. Every heart knows its own bitterness.

Burdens come from sin. The guilty soul can not be happy. While all its powers are made for enjoyment, and the means of blessing are numberless, sin mars all, perverts all, makes every sweet a bitter and every pleasure a pain. The worldly votary is deluded. Conscious of his wretched state and the burden he bears, he flies from object to object, and from scene to scene, ever disappointed, his burden ever increasing, until he is ready to sink in despair. If some pretend and persuade themselves that they are satisfied and would not change their condition, this shows the more their delusion

And there are times when they feel their folly and wretchedness.

To all such Jesus says,—“Come unto me. Enlist under my banner, and I will become the captain of your salvation. I will receive you, forgive you, remove your load of guilt, and give you rest. You have long borne the burden of sin, and found it heavy. Now take upon you my yoke and enter my service.”

This is but exchanging one burden for another. In one sense so it is. Men are made for service, Christ himself was and is a servant. But the sinner's burden is heavy, depressing, degrading; the Christian's is light and elevating. The yoke of Christ is such as we need. We could not obtain rest and peace by merely casting off the burden and service of sin, without taking up the cross and work of Christ.

Faith makes the yoke easy and the service pleasant. By its eye that sees things as they are, not as they seem; which confides implicitly in Christ, and lives a life in harmony with his, it secures for the soul the blessedness of Christ. Love comes in close connection. Love makes any burden light. The sinner does not, can not, love. But when he turns to Christ, and his heart is filled with love, he is enabled to say,—“I delight to do thy will. Oh, how I love thy law.” If natural affection and sympathy call forth such sacrifices, even of life, how much more Christian love and faith, united and in reality one, enable the true believer to rejoice in the privilege of bearing the yoke of Christ.—J. J. B.

Orders for the Greek Concordance will be filled as soon as a supply can be obtained from the publishers. The first edition is exhausted, but we expect a full supply very soon, and shall then send them at once according to orders. The work is giving very high satisfaction to those who have obtained it. We hope to supply all our ministers and intelligent laymen with it. The regular price is \$2.50, and will be sent, post paid, on receipt of that sum. But we are equally willing to send it as a premium for three new subscribers to the *Star*, with a year's payment in advance. It is a rare opportunity to obtain a most valuable book for a little effort.

The Voice of the Press.

The *Congregationalist*, in speaking of the limits which are put upon individual liberty by the law of love, which requires us to avoid an injury to our neighbor; justly and forcibly says:

Irreligion spreads like a flame; it can not be kept within the walls of your private apartments; it scorches and consumes whatever it can reach, and it sucks into its vortex from all the points of the compass. It is not at your personal risk merely or mainly, that you continue irreligious; your family have to share the risk; little children have to share the risk; the world at large loses heavily. However it may be as to one's own soul, for the sake of others every one is bound to lead a Christian life. The questions about theater-going, card-playing, wine-drinking, ball-dancing, and the like amusements, finds as easy a solution. It is not enough to say of any indulgence: There is no sin in it; I am not injured by it. Are others injured by it? Is it something which is liable to abuse? Will those who are not so strong in virtue as you are be swept away by it? Will your indulgence in it, while giving you pleasurable excitement, and making you for the moment happier, be quoted by those who lack your other good principles, and be twisted into an apology for their excesses? Meat is one of the good creatures of God which a healthy man absolutely needs; the strength of it nourishes apostles for more abundant labors. But St. Paul exclaims, “If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.”

Speaking of the various Anniversary meetings lately held in New York by the various classes of social, civil and labor reformers, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* thus indulges its love of playful but still serious satire:

It is not a little amusing, in looking over the reports of these nondescript Anniversary meetings, to note the number of those who have discovered the grand panacea for all the manifold ills of society. Every hair-brained dabbler in social and moral philosophy in the land who can, by hook or by crook, secure an opportunity to give his particular hobby an airing, for the edification of the public, is on hand with his precious recipe for universal bliss, with which he proposes to astonish the world and make himself notorious. We have been treated to many samples of these marvelous discoveries, and never with more than during the last week or two; but for some reason or other—it would be too bad to hint what it is—they all amount to just about the same thing—that is, nothing! Thus, one has a patent scheme for renovating society by the simple expedient of hanging a few “capitalists,” another would set matters right between all classes of the community by forbidding men to own or acquire more than a certain fixed amount of property, whether real or personal; a third sees the way clear to absolute social perfection through the medium of “woman's suffrage,” while a fourth is persuaded, that if nations would only mutually consent to abandon war, as the chief remedy for international wrong, nothing could prevent the immediate dawn of the long-talked-of Millennium. Each self-complacent “philosopher,” whether brilliantly epigrammatic, like a certain well-known Massachusetts orator, or charmingly incoherent, like some of the fair declaimers at a “woman's suffrage” debate, has his or her pet remedy—not to be so impolite as to say “quack medicine”—for all the sufferings and disorders of society; and one and all urge the instant adoption of their special prescription with an egotistical vehemence as amusing as it is invariably proves to be futile. One can not but think into what a condition of chaos society would be plunged, if all the nostrums of these wise doctors should be swallowed!

The Editor of *Zion's Herald* can hardly forego the privilege of flinging a characteristic gibe at the Unitarians. This is his latest:

Nothing is pleasanter reading than the reports of the Unitarian Conferences. They never get together that they don't free their

minds. They generally boast and lament, laugh and cry in about equal proportions; hysteric state, they betoken, that would excite sympathy, only that the subjects of it seem to enjoy both their hot and cold conditions equally well. The New York Conference was lately held at Harlem. “Br. Bellows opened with a glowing account of what his body was doing. One would think, as he heard its hallelujahs, that everybody was hastening, like the Jerusalem crowds on the day of Pentecost, to his Harlem temple. Yet he confessed before he got through, that they were doing far more for philanthropic, than church objects.”

This view of a faithful ministry in the quiet country parish or small village, is thoroughly orthodox, albeit it appears in the columns of the *Universalist*.

We may here add, that in the great centers of intellectual and of political power, of commerce and wealth, in the large cities, constantly increasing in population and in influence; we may here say, that in these places, it is well that preachers of rare gifts, of surpassing power—Niagaras, we may call them—occupy pulpits, and while occupying them, command attention. They fulfill an important office. Their opportunity is to minister not only to their own parishes, but to intelligent and influential persons from all quarters of the land. But we may also say that they are not doing all the work of the Christian ministry in the country; for all over this broad domain there are villages large and small, and sparsely settled towns, in which preachers of less remarkable ability, of less eloquent utterance, are faithful, patient, hopeful workers, who have no cause to think lightly of their more humble positions, or of the effect of their quiet and modest efforts. They can not be spared from their lowly ways. Like the small, gentler streams which make the countless mountain-slopes and the numberless valleys through which they make their way to grander tides, fertile, green and fruitful, they are busy and liberal dispensers of wealth throughout a wide and perpetually widening realm. In view of the good they do, we may be glad and thankful for their having no ambition to change their lot. They are, though in one way not known and sought, accomplishing the noblest ends.

The *Watchman & Reflector* usually speaks to some purpose; and the following is not among the least significant and timely of its wholesome utterances. It takes hold of what is becoming a common custom, but what is not less a grievous scandal, when it deals with gambling at fairs. It says:

The logic of the outcast is sound; if it is right for these people to gamble in their way, it is right for me to do the same in my way; if it is proper in Washington street it is proper in Sudbury street; if it is allowable for Beacon Street Jones to risk his hundreds at the French Fair in hope of winning a high prize, it is no more so for Howard Street Smith to risk his dollar or his ten at the fair table or with cards. There can be but one code of morals for such cases, and the old plea that the end justifies the means is too shallow to be for an instant thought of. Chief Justice Bellows, of New Hampshire, has announced that all raffles at fairs come properly under the head of gambling and should be treated accordingly. Let this once be understood and the public good will be the gainer. A business man in high standing, on coming from the French Fair, was asked, “How is it?” and his answer was, “One big lottery with temptations enough to imperil many a young man's principles and start thousands on the road to ruin by giving them a taste of a vice which, once acquired, seldom parts company with its victim.” We doubt not that many estimable people, Christian people, have given countenance and patronage to this “big lottery” without thinking of the great principle involved. But in the name of good morals and of consistent legislation we do earnestly protest against this fashionable gambling. It is worse than foolish, it is radically wicked, and, in the eyes of the law, open to punishment. And so long as an unjust discrimination is made between law-breakers; so long as fashion, or wealth, or social position will shield from molestation while the same deeds in less favored circles find their end in the jail or prison, there is little hope of reaching the hearts of those who have sense enough to see the distinction but not sufficient moral force or inclination to save themselves from ruin despite the unpunished vices of “high life.”

Denominational News and Notes.

The General Conference.

The General Conference “has become a controlling power in the denomination; and there are reasons why it should be. Its members come from every Yearly Meeting, and are supposed to be representative men. They are not sent up as delegates to give them prominence, nor are they chosen because it is their turn, or because they desire it, unless selfish or personal interests have an undue influence. The great object of this triennial gathering is to devise ways and means of rendering the church and ministry most efficient for Christ, and to direct most successfully our denominational interests and institutions. Wise, enterprising, experienced and pious men will, therefore, very naturally be the delegates; and when such men arrive at definite conclusions, they will generally be accepted as a finality.

So much is usually attempted in so short a time, that the deliberations of Conference are necessarily brief, hurried and partial. As wisdom was not exhausted in the present arrangement of Conference business, changes for the better may possibly be effected. At the risk of their being called visionary innovations, I will suggest a few changes, and ask for them only a fair consideration.

1. Time might be saved for other business by a more expeditious mode of organization.

All business must now wait till the Committee on credentials has examined the certificates of the Y. M. clerks, giving the names of delegates, and a roll of the members has been prepared. And members, more or less, always find it necessary to be excused from Conference to go before the Committee and correct the certificates by inserting the names of substitutes.

Why not authorize the clerk of Conference, who is a standing officer, to report a list of the members elect, just as the clerk of the national House of Representatives makes out, and presents to that body, the

Poetry.

"Only Playing."

A little old woman before me
Went slowly down the street,
Walking as if a weary
Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke bonnet
I caught a gleam of snow,
And her waving cap-string floated,
Like a pennon, to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footstep caught,
And I sprang to keep her from falling,
With a touch as quick as thought.

When under the old poke bonnet,
I saw a winsome face,
Framed with the flaxen ringlets
Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together
Dropped off at my very feet;
And there stood the little fairy,
Beautiful, flushing, sweet!

Will it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden, ringing pavement
Of the blessed Heavenly land?

Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of time,
Will our better selves spring backward,
Serenely in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shape that hid us,
And made us old and gray,
Shall we get our child-hearts back again,
With a brightness that shall stay?

I thought—but my little daughter
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine;
"I was only playing," she whispered,
"That I was ninety-nine."

The Family Circle.

Freddie's visit to Boston.

BY AUNT ETTA.

"O Mother," said Freddie Stewart, entering his mother's sitting-room at the close of a cold, windy day in March, "school's done, and I am so sorry."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Stewart, "I will teach you at home, and you can learn a great deal if you only try."

"Yes, Mother; but that's not like going to school. I shall have no fun now. My good times are all over till the summer school begins."

"Indeed!" returned his mother. "I think with your books, your playthings, and your pony you can find sufficient amusement. But what is that in your hand—a letter?"

"O yes; it's for you, Mother. I got it at the Post Office as I came home. I guess it's from Uncle Charlie, for it's postmarked Boston. Please read it and tell me what he says."

While Mrs. S. is reading her letter, I will tell you something about Freddie. You will have guessed that he lived in the country, where there are but two terms of school in the year. His home was in one of the inland towns of Maine, some twenty miles from the little seaport of B. His father was a wealthy farmer, and Freddie was an only child, the darling of his parents' hearts; but though deeply loved and fondly cherished, he was not foolishly indulged, for Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were wise as well as tender, and being earnest Christians, strove to obey the Bible admonition to "train up a child in the way he should go." And Freddie loved and honored his parents. Young as he was, (for only eight summers had passed over his golden head) he had given his heart to Jesus, and was trying with his dear father and mother to walk in the way which leads to heaven. As he lived in a quiet country neighborhood, he had but few playmates, and was therefore sorry when school closed in the little red school-house a mile away, for there he was brought into companionship with children of his age. He was thinking now how many weeks would pass before June would come, and school would begin again—almost three months—and he sighed at thought of the lonely days before him. But his eyes brightened, as Mrs. Stewart, folding her letter, said,

"You need mourn no longer, dear. Here is a prospect of good times in abundance."

"What is it?" cried Fred. "Is Uncle Charlie coming? And will he bring Aunt Mary and Cousin Grace?"

"Uncle Charlie is coming next week, but your aunt and cousin will not accompany him this time; but," she continued as Fred's countenance fell, "much as you would like a visit from them, your uncle proposes something which will please you even more."

"Oh, what can it be?" cried Fred, opening his eyes very wide.

"That you and I return with him for a long visit," answered his mother.

"O," said Fred, his breath almost taken at the idea of a visit to Boston, "shall we, can we go, Mother?"

"I know—of nothing to prevent," said Mrs. S. "When your father returns we will talk it over, and if he thinks it best, we will go."

At the tea-table the subject was fully discussed. "Charles writes," said Mrs. Stewart, "that he can stop over a day or two. He is coming in the boat. On Tuesday he makes the first trip of the season; he will finish the journey by stage, but you can take us to B., with our own team, can you not?"

"Yes," replied her husband. "I wish you to go, my dear. It is a long time since you have made your brother a visit, and you need the rest."

"If you could go, too," rejoined his wife. "That is out of the question at present," said Mr. Stewart. "But Fred will go in my stead, unless, indeed, he objects. How

is it, Fred? Are you willing to take the journey?"

"Willing," cried Fred, "to ride in a real steamboat, to visit Cousin Grace, and see all the wonderful sights in Boston! It will be the best time I ever had in my life!"

Fred could scarcely talk or think of anything else till Uncle Charlie, or Mr. Evans, arrived. The few days of his visit glided rapidly away, and on the appointed day, Mr. Stewart's man, James, harnessed the span of handsome black horses into the large double sleigh, and having stowed away the baggage, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Evans and Fred took their places, and in a little more than two hours alighted at the door of the hotel in B. Having taken dinner and rested awhile they drove to the wharf, but though the boat was nearly due she had not yet arrived.

"I must go," said Mr. Stewart, "or night will overtake me. Besides," said he, looking at the darkening sky, "a storm is coming." So taking leave of wife and child he left them in Mr. Evans's care and turned his horses' heads towards home. A storm was coming. Soon a heavy sleet began to beat against the windows, which ere long changed into a pouring rain. Freddie sat with his mother beside the warm stove, and found amusement in watching the crowd of people awaiting the arrival of the boat. Presently, from sounds which issued through a half open door, he became conscious that something was going on which caused a great deal of merriment to the score of men and boys assembled in the outer room. Peeping out, he saw, extended up on a long, high bench, built against the opposite wall, the form of a man. He was lying so still and motionless, with a handkerchief spread over his face, that Fred shuddered, for at first he thought him dead. Then a boy removed the handkerchief, and, one after another, the crowd walked up and looked at him, as people look at a corpse at a funeral. Fred was much shocked at their rude jests and loud laughter, and looking at his mother for an explanation, saw a pained look in her eyes as she said,

"Do you not see, dear? The man is intoxicated, and those thoughtless people are making sport of him."

"Oh, how dreadful," said Fred.

Mr. Evans just then came in, and when Mrs. Stewart spoke about the cruel scene, he said the drunken man was a young sailor, and he had a friend out there, a shipmate, who was half drunk himself, and swearing at the crowd for making fun of his "comrade" as he called him.

"And perhaps they have mothers and sisters praying for them at home!" replied Mrs. S.

At this moment the drunken comrade appeared, and looking at Fred with a leer said, "Have you—hic—seen anything—hic—of a man round here—hic—drunk?" As Fred did not answer he passed on, repeating the inquiry to one and another.

"My dear boy," cried Mrs. S., "these men were little innocent children once, and would have been as shocked as you, perhaps, at such a sight as this. Little did they think then, that they would become such miserable creatures as they now are! Learn a lesson from this, my son! Never taste a drop of the accursed stuff called liquor, for in this is your only safety. Far rather would I see you lie dead at my feet this moment, than have you live to become a thing like that!" glancing as she spoke at the prostrate form of the drunken man, now beginning to show some signs of life. Fred resolved that he would remember this; but now a loud, shrill whistle proclaimed that the boat was near. As she approached the wharf, all was bustle and confusion. Fred and his mother, under the protection of a big umbrella, were helped aboard by Uncle Charlie. Our young traveler thought the long, nicely-carpeted saloon, with its luxurious sofas and easy chairs, a beautiful place, and the two little state-rooms, secured by his uncle, perfectly charming. It was now quite dark, and after partaking of a nice lunch, produced from the depths of mother's traveling basket, and warming his feet at one of the great stoves, Fred was glad to climb into the snug little berth right over Uncle Charlie's—not, however, forgetting his evening prayer, and was soon fast asleep. As it was so very dark and stormy, the captain thought it best to remain in the harbor all night; so Fred slept soundly till nearly morning, when he was awakened by the whistle of the engine, and a bumping, grating noise, as the boat left the wharf. He was soon asleep again, however, and when he again awoke the sun was shining brightly. Looking over the side of the berth, he saw that Uncle Charlie had gone out; so, arising, he quickly washed and dressed, and having asked God's protection for himself and loved ones, went to seek his mother and uncle. He found the latter in the saloon reading a newspaper. Mr. Evans said his sister had not yet made her appearance, and he feared she might be sea-sick. So Fred rapped at her door, and when she bade him enter, he found his uncle's fears correct. She was suffering a good deal, but said he could do nothing for her; the stewardess would attend to all her wants, and she preferred that he should go and eat his breakfast, and then stay with his uncle. Fred was very sorry for his mother, and proved it, like a sensible boy, by obeying her. Though the rain had ceased, and the sky was bright and clear, the waves ran very high, which caused the boat to rock so much that Fred could hardly keep his footing. But few ladies were to be seen; they were glad to remain in their berths, and Fred himself soon began to have an unpleasant feeling at the stomach, and turned so pale that Mr. Evans took him to his state-room, telling him to lie flat on his back, and he thought he would soon be better. He did so, and in a short time felt quite well; but, attempting to arise, the queer feeling returned, and his head swam so that he was glad to fall back again. Alas, for his anticipated pleasure of traveling in a steamboat! In this inglorious way

was he obliged to journey all the way to Boston; and when, as night approached, the violent rocking and pitching ceased a little, and they began to glide along more smoothly, Uncle Charlie said they had left the open sea, and in the course of an hour or so would reach the city. After being refreshed by a cup of tea, Fred and his mother ventured to arise. Mrs. Stewart reclined upon a sofa in the saloon, and Fred sat in an easy chair by her side till the boat touched the wharf. All were soon ashore, where they were joyfully welcomed by Mrs. Evans and Grace who had come in a carriage to meet them. As they rode along the narrow, brilliantly lighted streets, with great blocks of buildings rising high on either side, Fred was too weary to distinguish one object from another. It seemed to him that it was all a confused intermingling of sights and sounds. When at last the carriage stopped before a handsome house, and Uncle Charlie led him up the steps, and through the pretty hall into the nicely furnished parlor, he was glad to drop upon the sofa and rest quietly till supper was announced. He did not have much appetite that night, and retired early, but slept sweetly and soundly till a late hour in the morning, and awoke greatly refreshed.

"Well, my little man," said his uncle, as he entered the breakfast room, "do you feel like sight-seeing to-day?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Stewart, glancing at his yet pale face, "that he had best postpone it for a day or two. It will be better for him, and there will be plenty of time."

Though Fred was impatient to see all the wonders of the city, he did not think of opposing his mother's wishes; so he and Grace had a nice quiet time that day, playing, talking, and reading the pretty story books of which the little girl had a bountiful supply. Fred had many questions to ask which Grace was quite ready to answer.

"You must go to the Common," said she, "though to be sure it's not so pretty at this season of the year, but you can see the beds where the flowers grow in summer, and imagine how lovely it is when the grass is fresh and green; and you can look at the statues and monuments; then we will go to see the deer and carry them something to eat. I love them dearly, they are such pretty, gentle creatures. We will visit the Museum, and see all the wonderful things there, and the State House, where the flags used by our Massachusetts regiments during the war, some of them all tattered with shot and shell, and stained with blood, and some pleasant day we will ride out to Mount Auburn."

"Oh," interrupted Fred, "I want most of all to go to old Bunker Hill, and see the tall monument, and go to the very top of it."

"Yes, you shall," said Grace. "We will go to-morrow if papa can go with us. Let's ask him." So they ran to find Mr. Evans, who said, "Yes, if the mammas do not object."

"And, papa," cried Grace, "do not let's go in the carriage, but take us to the depot on Tremont Street and let us go in the horse cars. It is such fun. I like it; and I want Fred to go to the bird store close by and see my funny little monkey. He's so cunning. Please, papa, say yes."

"Well, yes," said her father. "Now run and play, for I want to read, and two such chatterboxes disturb my thoughts."

The morning dawned fair and beautiful, and the soft breezes whispered of spring, as Mr. Evans and the happy children started on their walk to Tremont Street. When Fred left home three days before, the ground was covered with snow, and he was surprised to see none in Boston. The sidewalks seemed so dry he thought Grace might have dispensed with her rubbers. He was not too weary now to observe and be much interested in the lively scenes about him, so that the walk, which really was long, seemed very short.

"Now, papa," said Grace, "you can stay in the depot, while we go and see the monkey. It is only a few steps, and I know the way."

"Very well," replied Mr. Evans; "but you must be back in ten minutes."

"We will," responded the children, running off hand in hand. They went a little distance and came to a short flight of stone steps, down which tripped Grace followed by Fred. Opening a door, they found themselves in a low, rather dark room, and for a moment Fred felt utterly bewildered by the strange commingling of sounds that met his ear. Recovering himself a little and looking around, he saw hundreds of cages one above another, containing canary birds, who seemed to be all singing together, each trying to excel the others. Parrots were screaming hoarsely "Pretty Polly, Pretty Polly," and to crown the whole a tall Shanghai rooster, standing with his spouse in a great box made of slats, stretched his long neck, till it seemed to Fred higher than his head, and crowed with all his might. Such a noise he had never heard! As he stood perfectly amazed, he felt something pulling at the end of the pretty scarf which he wore, and looking down, saw, in a cage close by, a mischievous monkey, who had thrust his paw through the wires and was fugging lustily at the scarf, winking and blinking meanwhile, with a sly, wicked look upon his ugly phiz.

"Pho! Grace, is that your cunning monkey? I should say cunning!" cried Fred, jerking the scarf from the monkey's grasp, and looking much disgusted.

"No indeed!" said Grace. "Here is the little creature in this cage with the rabbit. He is not bigger than a kitten; and how he loves the little rabbit. See him lay his head against him, and look up at us with his soft eyes. I do wish papa would buy him for me."

"Yes," said Fred, "he is cunning, but I should not want a monkey; they are so troublesome, always in some mischief."

"Well," replied Grace, "we must go, or papa will be after us."

They returned to the depot where they found Mr. Evans rather impatient at their delay. He hailed a Charlestown car which was passing, and they all got in and rode merrily away. Fred enjoyed the ride very much, everything was so new and strange. After a while the car stopped. Getting out and walking a short distance, they paused before a little building which looked like an office of some kind.

"You see," said Grace, "the monument is enclosed, and we must go through this place in order to get in. Here's the man to whom papa pays the money, to let us go up to the top. Now we will go into the next room, where is another man with a great book in which we must write our names and places of residence. Everybody does so." While Mr. Evans was writing, Fred's attention was attracted by a large statue which stood upon a pedestal within the room.

"That is Gen. Warren" whispered Grace. Fred felt his heart glow with patriotism as he looked upon the figure of the hero, who fell near this very spot.

"It is a grand thing to be a warrior, and fight for one's country; but mother says I have worse foes within my own heart, than were the British, or the rebels in our late war, and if I obey the commands of Jesus, the great Captain, I shall surely conquer," thought Fred, as he followed Grace and her father up the pretty terrace, and entered the open door at the base of the monument. Here they began to ascend the spiral flights of stone stairs. It seemed very dark and damp to Fred, as they went up and up, round and round, sometimes pausing on a broad stair to rest and enjoy a little light and air which found entrance through a narrow aperture in the wall. Often for a long distance there would be no aperture, then the darkness was relieved by gas burners, which gave a feeble, flickering light and filled the air with a sickening, oppressive odor. At last they emerged into a little room with a window cut in each of the four sides. This was the top of the monument. Here they rested, and enjoyed the fine prospect; for city and country lay spread out before them like a great, lovely picture. Fred was much interested in some old cannon, relics of the Revolutionary war, bearing the date of famous battles. Having looked and admired to their heart's content, they prepared to descend. Grace told her cousin there used to be a windlass, so that people not wishing to climb all these steps, could get into a basket or car and be wound up until they reached the top, but something giving away, one time, a man was thrown to the bottom and killed. Since that people preferred to climb the stairs, rather than risk such a fearful death. They met with an adventure going down. They were in an especially dark place, when they heard voices and laughter, just below, and knew another party was making the ascent. They had a funny time getting by each other, for it was so dark they could scarcely discern one another, and the passage was so narrow that they were all huddled together. Finally a voice below cried, "Give me your hand!" Each by turn extended a hand, and grasped the stranger's, who helped them safely by, and they all reached the ground in safety. Grace said she was so tired she could hardly step, but Fred thought he would like to go right up again. When they reached home Fred gave his mother a long account of their adventures, and did not weary of talking about them till others took their place. They passed several weeks in Boston, visiting all the places which Grace had described, and many more, and when about to take their departure, Fred declared it the most delightful visit he had ever made. The cousins were quite inexpressible at parting, until Aunt Mary promised that she and Grace would spend a month on the farm during the summer. So they separated, hoping soon to meet again to share the sweet enjoyments and simple pleasures of country life.

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Literary Miscellany.

People's Peculiarities.

And what would we be without them? As a dinner without salt. And yet, one must possess peculiarities only in a certain degree, and under certain control, else character, like an over-salted dinner, will be spoiled—utterly unfitted to the general taste.

And one of the most dangerous things is the fostering of certain peculiarities; for while they are not eccentricities, they may grow into eccentricities, just as failings and faults may deepen into sin.

People's peculiarities are as varied in shape, color, and shade, as the forms in a kaleidoscope; and mark us as distinctly as the clothes we wear, the language we use, the house we live in. They are the first things to strike the eye in the character; they are the first things to strike the eye in the individual, just as the sight of a crab's curiously moving claws will draw us to examine the creature.

If, after one has found out another's peculiarities, and can bear with them, or even humor them, they have mastered the character to which they belong. As a general thing, there is nothing so dear to a man as his peculiarities. He has such faith in them. They are a sort of comfort to him. Nay, they are his darlings; and he carries them about with him wherever he goes; and when you meet him, you will see them looking out of his character, as a poodle's nose is thrust from beneath his mistress's arm. They may be of the absurd, the noble, the touching, the dangerous or the troublesome, and work good or evil according to the class they belong to.

They are the things that must be looked to very frequently and carefully, and whenever we find that they are rendering us annoying, or making us conspicuous, they are to be treated summarily, and without mercy.

The truth is, that we can not possess a peculiarity without in some degree affecting another, either pleasantly or unpleasantly. We knew a lady whose usual practice, when walking, was to look upon the sidewalks and crossings for orange or lemon peel, which she immediately removed with the toe of her shoe, or the end of her parasol, in order to save the public from slipping, falling, and breaking its neck or limbs. That was a noble peculiarity; by it the person became a public benefactor.

Another, actuated by the same good motive, invariably removed stones and bricks.

The first journey of any distance that we took was in the care of a highly educated and entertaining lady of the old school. While in the cars, with the restlessness of youth, we began to fidget, when our feet came in contact with something. A second movement caused a bundle to roll forward, when lo! to our infinite surprise and amusement, we discovered a number of wax candles. Our traveling companion quietly removed them to a safer place, explaining that she never could endure the light from smoky lamps or common candles, which one was always sure to find at small hotels and stopping places. The same person possessed peculiarity of dress, manner, and speech as well; but while she was beloved and honored by a large circle of friends, strangers viewed her in rather an amusing light.

Not long since, a good and useful lady lost a situation which she would otherwise have obtained, because of certain peculiarities of dress and manner. She is so wedded to these that we do not hesitate to say that only death will separate her from them.

It is both a delicate and a difficult matter to convince one that he has unpleasant peculiarities. He knows his neighbor or his friend or relative has. Oh, yes, indeed; and he suffers because of them; but his own character is as innocent of them as an orange is free from angles.

When one is conscious of a disagreeable peculiarity, there is but little danger; for good taste will soon see that it is modified or eradicated. But the trouble is that we seldom see, and so the thing grows till it becomes a very nuisance. To avoid peculiarities of the ugly sort is best, and this becomes a very study.

Let us be warned that where a thing is offensive, refinement and piety demand its removal.

We have said but little about the innocent or harmless peculiarities, which may and should be retained, as they mark our individuality. These, especially, where they relate to dress, manner, sometimes amount to a positive charm. We would not for anything miss them in the persons who possess them.

In conclusion, let us add a moral, as they did in the old-fashioned spelling books. The moral is this: That we should be true to our Christian right, to bear with each other in spite of all peculiarities, however provoking. That when we see anything to deprecate in another it would be well to examine ourselves. "Six faults in myself to one in my neighbor" is a good rule to keep by us; and if followed, will be sure to make us just, kind, and charitable.—*Home Journal.*

The Reign of Lean Women.

"Howard Glyndon" is the signature of the Brooklyn lady who furnished the subjoined article for the N. Y. Evening Mail:

The present style of costume is expressly adapted to a certain type of women found mostly in America and in France. Perhaps if I were to say in Paris and New York it should be nearer the truth; but this type of woman certainly does not flourish in London. The woman who can bear a great deal of ruffling and frizzling and puffing and padding and flouncing and crinolining and high-heeled, and other promiscuous tinkering of this sort—not to speak of being tourneyed and panniered—and look all the better for it, is not your tall Juno or your Diana of a woman—the stately, full-bodied, well-made type, oftentimes found in Great Britain and in some of our Western States, Michigan and Wisconsin, for instance—but a creature whose bones and nerves and muscles are not well cushioned with solid, substantial flesh.

Some of this sort were meant to be plump, but a wrong way of living has defrauded them of their birthright, and they are horribly bony. Then again there is another class so extremely fragile that they do not seem to have any bones at all. So the absence of flesh in such cases does not seem to be such a glaring defect. They are so light it almost seems as if a puff of wind would blow them away. From fifteen to twenty-three this sort have what the French call *la beauté du diable*—that intangible freshness and softness and downiness and pinkness—which comes with early womanhood and goes with it. Till twenty-three and twenty-four they are piquant, with small features, which are to be mean and sharp by and by, have keen, bright eyes,

pretty hair, delicate hands and feet, a little waist, and a nice complexion. After that they subside into sallowness, wrinkles, meagerness, have claws instead of hands and feet, and a fuzzy kind of a substance in place of hair, and very little even at that, it having been mostly dragged out by crimping pins and heavy chignons.

These two classes of women—the grizzly woman and *la petite*—are the ones for whose especial benefit the present style of dress was invented. The bony woman is irresistible in it, and *la petite* is simply irresistible. She flutters along as if the false curls and the short skirts and the flounces and the ruffles and the toupers, and the odds and ends of ribbon, lace and flowers, were her natural and rightful plumage. Despoil her of them and she is quite another thing—a mere little manikin, as it were—an old woman cut short! Part her hair smoothly on her brow, draw it straight away from her face, put a plain dress on her, and a plain shawl over it, and a quiet hat or bonnet on her head; forbid the crinoline, and the panner, and the pearl and powder, and all that—*mon Dieu* you would not know her again. She is nobody! You took away the bird-like flutter from her walk, when you took away her high heels; and now in its place there's nothing but an insignificant wobble. She's nothing but a plain little atom of a woman, with small feet and hands and bright eyes, and rather delicate features!

No wonder, little woman, that you cling so fondly to your flounces and furbelows! Keep them as long as you can, hold on to them with a death-grasp! For you are not one of those who will look well in everything, or anything you predominate to-day. You have put your tail, well-made sister to shame. She is in the minority. You reign! It is you who have well-nigh banished the sublime cashmere—the drapery fit for a goddess, which needs to fall from perfectly proportioned shoulders, and sweep down over a graceful and stately outline to be a success. And so good by, cashmires! till tall and well-made women come in fashion again. Of no manner of worth are the desperate efforts made to utilize cashmires by bunching them up and parting them in the middle so as to form two wings on each side. There is but one legitimate way of wearing a cashmere shawl, and that is the old-fashioned way.

The tall women are under a cloud! The magnificent women are at a discount! Take such a one. Frizz her hair about the round full face, till it looks like an overgrown moon; spoil the classic outline of her fine figure with puffing; make a burlesque of her stateliness by affixing a huge overgrown bush of a thing at the back of her waist; cut her skirts off at the ankles; make them scant instead of flowing; add to her height and hobble her walk with high heels and, oh, *Où!* what have you as a result? Imagine Venus in a tourney! Minerva in chateaux! Diana in fountains! Juno in high-heeled boots! (By the way, there was not a word of them all, according to the accounts that have come down to us, who in the least condescended to being *petite*, unless it was Hebe, and she made up in plumpitude what she lacked in magnitude.)

The little women are having fashions all their own way now, but the tall ones ought not to be discouraged so far as to sequester themselves from the public regard. Only they ought not to allow themselves to be shown off as foils to their *petite* sisters. They can easily avoid this, by avoiding extremes of fashion. Their heels should not be too high, their flounces too many, their puffers too puffy, their frizzing too unlimited, and their skirts should come as near the ground as cleanliness will permit, and always be longer behind than in front, to give the appearance, at least, of a train. Let them rigidly eschew short skirts for all in-door dresses, and beware of much trimming of any sort.

Royal Palaces of Prussia.

The rooms at Potsdam are beautifully fitted up with quantities of cabinets, vases, statues, etc., scattered around; but there is not one in which you could not sit down and live in delight, for every window frames a lovely picture, whether you look down on the fountains playing on the terrace beneath the second floor and watering with their spray a tiny garden there, or through the thick leaves over Sans Souci and the Marble Palace on the brink of the Holy-Lake, and the smooth-flowing Havel shining in the afternoon sun. The children of the crown prince, the grand-children of Queen Victoria, were here with their governess; we saw them on the lawn. A work-basket, with some delicate work, stood on one of the tables, a book-rack on another with three or four loose volumes, a cabinet piano, and piles of well-used music, an easel bearing a half-finished sketch; and I sat down by a window and pictured to myself a refined and cultivated woman passing here a tranquil, harmonious life, fitted, framed, with an adornment not too stately for comfort, yet refined to a fastidious elegance.

Up stairs we saw the bed-rooms, the bath-rooms—no more luxurious than our own at home—and King William's study, plain and business-like. In this room Bismarck and he confabulated the arrangements for the war. The maid gave me an envelope from the sitting-table with the royal crest on it.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Macaulay's Literary Habits.

Macaulay never wrote in haste, and revisited everything that he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This, however, formed, but the rough outline of the essay. When the keel had thus been laid down, Macaulay began the work of amplification and revision; and when that was complete, you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. Prescott saw two or three of these pages of the MS. of his History. "You have no conception," he says, "of the amount of labor that one of these sheets of foolscap represents." But this MS. was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by Macaulay in a hand almost as bold and legible as large pica.

Of his habits and hours of work, little is known. When in London, he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favorite hours of work, I believe, were those of the morning. But upon this point he humored his disposition, like Gray. If the work called upon him, he took up his hat and stick and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. Plautus was his favorite, and in a note to one of his poems he tells us how he spent many an idle hour rambling on the beach with his book in his hand, turning the *Rudens* of the Roman poet into what he supposed to be the original Greek.

In London, he varied this diversion by visiting the book-stalls, to pick up rare or

original editions of old-books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir Walter Scott, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties collecting a set.

When living alone in Albany, Jeffrey tells us that Macaulay, like Charles Dickens, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets, to walk about for two or three hours. He sought the silence and solitude of a great city favorable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts. A keen eye, in looking through Macaulay's essays, may, I think, trace many images and illustrations struck out in the course of these rambles. Johnson, in his criticism on Gray, laughed at this habit of his and Macaulay's, of writing only when what Byron called the spirit was on. But it is, I suspect, the habit of most men with whom writing is anything more than a mechanical employment. It was the habit of Byron, of Shelley, and of Keats; and it is a habit that is commended by one who understood the artistic temperament in all its moods. "When you begin to tire of your work," says Leslie, "leave off. Otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Officious People.

Officious people can never leave things alone. No man can possess his soul in peace or go his own way unhindered of them. They stand at the cross-roads of all their lives, pointing out to them the path they ought to take, and, whether in religious faith or in house-furnishing, the choice of a wife or the pattern of a boot, have their word to say, their advice to give and their fingers to dip, whatever may be the pie that is making. Illness is one of their strong points, and if they hear that you are indisposed, whether slightly or gravely, they rush off to proffer advice, which you do not want and will not accept, and which probably would turn out a mistake if you did accept. Your disinfectant is not equal to theirs, and they are sure you are making a mistake. And so on till they have worried you into a fever; when they take their leave and bewail your obstinacy to the next comer. Any calamity is a godsend to them, for they have their innings when their neighbors are so prostrate by distress that they can buzz about them at their will. They are self-naturalized Samaritans, physicians without diplomas, ministers independent of orders or the Apostolic succession; and the unlucky ones whom it is their pleasure to assist must either keep them off with a strong arm, which may lead to a quarrel, or yield themselves helplessly into their active and officious hands.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Life in Alaska.

The Olympia Standard says:—"No less than eight murders have been committed in Sitka inside of the last three years, and every murderer has escaped the punishment he deserved except one, who is now in the military guard-house awaiting trial, and unless we soon get a court he will escape the punishment he so richly deserves. We have seen women and girls knocked down in the street by an army officer and a postal agent. We have seen those two officers on the same day, knock down poor, offensive Russians, and the army officer hand the postal agent a pistol to kill an American. We have known army officers to force their way into private Russian houses and attempt to take liberties with the women inmates, that in any other country but Alaska would cost them their lives. We have seen two companies of soldiers stationed right in the city, many of whom were not fit to go at large outside the walls of Sitka. Prisoners, who were forced their way into Russian houses as though it was a part of their duty. And what has been the result of all this? Simply that the refined and respected portion of the Russian population have left our territory, heartily sick of, and thoroughly disgusted with the very name of an American, and who can blame them? Who will not blush when he reads that out of a Russian population of 500 or 600 people in Sitka, there are not over three young girls of the age of thirteen years who are not prostitutes, and in making this assertion we challenge contradiction. The soldiers being stationed in the heart of the city, went around spreading contamination, disease and a state of demoralization only surpassed by that which existed at the time Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by an avenging God. We regret to say a few of the army officers also acted more like blackguards than officers."

Dogs in a Siege.

The thought must have occurred to all reflective and observant persons, that some animals may, possibly, know more about the affairs of this world than they are supposed to. If animals do not understand human language, neither can we understand their language. If a dog can not read and write, neither can a man bark. If a horse can not peruse a moving paper, neither can the accomplished editor of the *Register* trot a mile in two minutes and a half, or neigh like a steed of the prairies.

It is probable that so far as a mutual understanding is concerned, animals have the advantage of us; for dogs, horses and some other beasts do have a partial understanding of their actions. All of us have observed how the sympathies of human beings and of animals blend together on the occasion of some great calamity. The house dog will share the household grief at the death of a member of the family, and we have even been known to lament themselves to death on the grave of a beloved master. The cavalry horse shares the battle spirit to the full extent with his rider, and it is said that during the war in France a troop of horses, whose riders had been slain, galloped into line and rallied ready for action, on hearing the sound of the trumpet.

This brings us to an interesting report of the conduct of the dogs and cats in Paris during the recent siege of that city. It might be supposed that the siege was no concern of theirs, but the facts show that it did concern and interest them, for

they exhibited all the unhappiness of the Parisians themselves at the distressed condition of the beleaguered capital. The dogs took notice of the abnormal condition of things from the first day. They seemed to know that there was something wrong—that some calamity was hanging over the city. The beating of drums, the parades, the rapid movements of bodies of armed men, and the fierce preparations for defense, excited them and rendered them uneasy—"set them to reflecting," is the expression used by M. Gautier, a French journalist, who described the situation, and its effect on the dogs. The suburban dogs, that were driven in with their masters, seemed like strangers in an unknown land. They were uncertain in their movements; they hesitated in their choice of streets, scented their paths, and according to M. Gautier, at every corner took counsel of some other dog, supposed to be more familiar with the neighborhood.

At last matters grew so bad that a common sense of danger impelled them to a co-operative movement. In true human style, they resorted to public meetings. "Every morning," says M. Gautier, "there assembled before our door what appeared to be a council of dogs, presided over by a broad-backed bandy-legged, brown and yellow terrier. The other dogs paid him great deference and listened to him attentively. It was evident that he spoke to them; not after the manner of men, in an articulate language, but by short barks, varied mutterings, purring of the lips, movements of the tail, and expressive play of the phrygian eye. Every now and then a faithful, active and consistent follower of Christ, and was emphatically a peace-maker. Disease fastened on him, which deprived him of reason for 7 weeks previous to his death. He lived bowed, and died lamented by his wife, and a large circle of true friends.

As the siege progressed, and provisions grew scarce, the poor animals seemed to wonder why they were not fed. They grew unusually gentle, and would put their noses into the hand of strangers, as if begging for food. Then, as the famine advanced they grew suspicious and wild. They appeared to apprehend that after the horses, and the pigeons, and parrots, and canary birds had been slain and eaten, their time would come next.

The cats perceived this sooner than the dogs did, and became exceedingly cautious as to whom they allowed to touch them; on the least quick movement they fled to the roof or the cellar; but at length the dogs, too, "smelt a rat," and ran away when any one called or whistled to them. Birds, but especially the sparrows, for some time, visited the city, as usual, to pick up crumbs and worms, but after finding themselves always made targets of, they disappeared and returned no more.

M. Gautier regards this conduct as proof that animals have a more intelligent conception of things than we give them credit for; and it is not improbable that if we could communicate directly with them, in a mutual language, we might find them possessed of something higher than the instinct we attribute to them.

Woman's Rights.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells a good deal of plain and useful truth in the following paragraph, such as is not always remembered at certain conventions, but which will have to be learned and confessed. She says:

Just so far as the movement for woman suffrage, and all that stands in the shadow of it, evinces respect for and appeals to the respect of Christianity, it will succeed. Just so far as it estranges itself from Christianity, it will totter and fall. It will never be a success, except as the elements of the Christian religion are in it. Let it not be the fault of the movement or of its leaders, if the common people—the common good people—people who go to church in "good and regular standing," and have family prayers and ask a blessing at their tables, and give to foreign missions, and read their Bibles every night—do not hear them gladly. Beating of the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth God's tidings. Involve the cause of woman thoroughly in the cause of Christ, and his triumphant future shall be hers. The world, on the whole, for a world, is quick to say: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

About Visiting.

The French gentry are adopting the plan of inviting guests by series to their chateaux. And each invitation sets forth the exact length of time the guest is expected to stay, as well as the day he is to come. Not a bad plan, as the day he is to come, and to entertain that friend for a given time; and yet it might be very annoying and inconvenient to have that visitor at another time or to have his visit prolonged. It is the unexpectedness and length of visits which vex and fret families more than anything else. The case with which people can now get about, is producing such a rage for visiting that hospitable families are really in danger of being worn out and rendered utterly wretched, if not actually impoverished, by the swarms of friends who visit their hospitable houses their temporary homes, while engaged in their own business or pleasure. No considerate, well-bred persons will ever presume to make a friend's house a stopping-place, even for a day, without having first ascertained whether such a course would be convenient and agreeable to that friend, and should never overstay the time designated except on the most urgent invitation.

Science and Imagination.

What are scientific experiments but brilliant efforts of the imagination? "I imagine," says a philosopher, "that I am a stone, such and such will be the case. I don't know it; but I will try." By no one is this fact more profoundly and more convincingly illustrated than by Dr. Tyndall, both in his published books and his lectures. He amplifies the experiments of other philosophers, besides inventing experiments of his own. He wished to know whether pure water be, as most people suppose it, absolutely colorless. It is so, as we usually see it, in small quantities; but a very thin stratum of pale ale is almost as colorless as a stratum of water. He poured distilled water into a drinking glass; it exhibits no trace whatever of color; so he imagines an experiment to show us that this pellucid liquid, in sufficient thickness, has a very decided color.

"Here," he says triumphantly, "is a tube fifteen feet long, placed horizontally, its ends being stopped by pieces of plate-glass. At one end of the tube is an electric lamp, from which a cylinder of light will be sent through the tube. It is now half-filled with water, the upper surface of which cuts the tube in two parts horizontally. Thus, I send half of my beam through air, and half through water, and with this I intend to project a mag-

nificent image of the adjacent end of the tube upon this screen. You now see the image, composed of two semicircles, one of which is due to the light which has passed through the water, and the other to the light which has passed through the air. Side by side, thus, you can compare them; and you notice that while the air semicircle is a bright white, the water semicircle is a bright and delicate blue-green. The real color of distilled water was ascertained and proved beyond a doubt.—*All the Year Round.*

Obituaries.

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

ALBION M. PROST, only child of A. B. and Nellie M. Prost, died in Palmyra, Aug. 18, 1871, aged 2 years, 9 months and 14 days. A flower nipped in bloom, not lost, but gone before.

DEA THOS. SMITH, of Palmyra, Me., died March 17, aged 47 years. He was converted in Tunbridge, N. H., when 28 years of age; was baptized by Eld. Bean and united with the Cong. church. He afterwards removed to S. Berwick, and united with the F. Baptist church, and afterward to Limerick and joined the F. Baptists there; subsequently he removed to Palmyra, and there being no F. B. church in that place he joined the Christian church. When F. B. church was formed in Palmyra, last spring, he became a member and was chosen its first Deacon which office he filled to good acceptance. He was a constant patron and reader of the *Star* for many years. He was a faithful, active and consistent follower of Christ, and was emphatically a peace-maker. Disease fastened on him, which deprived him of reason for 7 weeks previous to his death. He lived bowed, and died lamented by his wife, and a large circle of true friends.

WM. KINNEY died in Warren, Bradford Co., Pa., April 10th, aged 79 years. Bro. Kinney was a native of Brookfield, Mass., and moved to Warren some forty years ago, where he lived till the time of his death, and with the early settlers, met the hardships and deprivation of bringing the wilderness into fruitful fields. Father Kinney experienced religion about twenty years ago, and united with the Freeville Baptist church of Warren, of which he remained a worthy and consistent member until his departure from a world of labor and toil to the land of rest. His house was ever the home of the weary pilgrim; he delighted in Christian association, and was ready to bear his part in sustaining the cause of God, and laboring for the souls of men. He was the father of seven children to mourn his absence. Although ripe for the heavenly kingdom yet he shall miss him in the sanctuary where his place was always filled unless prevented by sickness. But we trust our loss will be his eternal gain.

DEA ASA HUTCHINSON, of Fayette, Me., died March 16, after a short but severe sickness, aged 53 years and 8 months. Bro. H. embraced the F. B. church in 1834, and was united with the F. B. church at Chester, Me., then at Ea. Livermore, and lastly at Wayne, filling the office of Deacon honorably and usefully in each church. He loved the denomination, was a patron of the *Star* from its commencement, a supporter of all the benevolent enterprises and a true friend of the slave. His house was a home for the servants of God. He was not a man of many words, but of deeds, always firm, reliable and hopeful. The Wayne church, of which he was a member at his death, has lost one of its best early supporters. In his will he recommended the cause of the F. B. church, and a kind husband and neighbor, and a respected citizen. He has left a wife who feels deeply afflicted and who solicits the prayers and sympathies of the church and community. He was a kind, bitter cup. He has left also three grand children, the offspring of an only daughter who died some three years since, and two brothers and one sister, who mourn the loss of one beloved.

Mrs. BYANNA F. wife of Dea. Lucien B. Johnson, died at her residence in Jackson, Mich., on Sunday, March 26, of congestion of the lungs, aged 56 years and 8 months. Sister J. was born in Otego, N. Y., from which place she removed to Genesee Co. early in life; was converted at about the age of 18 years under the labors of Elder Hermon Jenkins, by whom she was baptized and received into the Freeville Baptist church, of which she remained a faithful member until she emigrated to Mich. in 1836. She had resided in Jackson about 36 years and had been faithfully identified with the Freeville Baptist cause ever since. Her first church was organized. She was a devoted and exemplary member of the present church when called up higher. She was a good neighbor, a kind friend, a tender mother, a devoted wife and an earnest Christian. She leaves behind to mourn her departure, a husband in very feeble health, ready, waiting and anxious to join her on the other shore, and two loving daughters, with a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Her funeral was largely attended, Rev. F. W. Thayer officiating, assisted by Rev. J. W. Hough, pastor of the 1st Cong. ch., and the writer.

MARY JANE, wife of Rev. E. J. Dogle, died in Burlington, Lapeer Co., Mich., March 2d, of Cancer, in the forty-first year of her age. Sister J. was born in the Province of New Brunswick, where she was married to Bro. Dogle in 1851. In 1855, they removed to Oxford County, Canada West, and in 1861 to Burlington, Mich. She was about this time that her husband commenced preaching, and then, as ever afterward, he was greatly encouraged and assisted by the cheering words and faithful co-operation of his wife. Although deeply interested in the subject of religion, she did not make an open profession till six years ago, since which time, as, indeed, before, she rendered invaluable aid to her husband in his incessant labors in promoting the interests of religion in a new country. During her last sickness, which continued nearly a year, she evinced great patience and resignation, endured much suffering with Christian fortitude, and although deeply attached to her family, and anxiously solicitous for their welfare, resigned them cheerfully to the care of a kind Providence, and quietly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. Sister D. was greatly endeared to a large circle of acquaintances and friends by her simple manners, kind disposition, and generous deeds. She is not known to have ever had an enemy. Her funeral was attended on the 28th ult. by the writer, and a large number of deeply affected friends.

DR. BENJAMIN EVANS died at Exeter, Me., March 26, 1871, aged 81 years and 2 months. Born in Mass., he became a resident of Exeter in 1816. He at once entered upon the practice of medicine and prosecuted the duties of that profession with eminent success till within a few days of his death. At an early age Dr. E. became a Christian, was baptized by Rev. Samuel Hutchins and united with the F. B. church, in which he held honorable and useful membership for more than half a century. His life was full of usefulness as a physician, a citizen and a Christian. Faithfulness, kindness and gentleness in him were distinguishing characteristics which made his life deeply felt and his memory tenderly cherished. His life-work was well done. His end was peace. The saddest mourning of any was his lonely wife. All who were acquainted with him now can not but feel the saddest assurance that he lives on high. With him to live meant service to Christ, and to die the gain of heavenly glory.

MR. JOSEPH YOUNG died in Rollinsford, April 14th, aged 72 years. For many years Bro. Young had been a follower of Jesus, and dying to him was but going home. Services by the writer.

ELMER C. son of Thomas B. and Betsey A. Robinson, died in Epworth, May 4, aged 5 years and 9 months. Precious child of love and promise; and none the less so now that he has gone to live with Jesus, who said, "For such is the kingdom of heaven."

SEWELL PRESCOTT died in Liberty, Me., April 23, aged 90 years. He moved to this place in 1812, was a long and distinguished Christian, and was baptized by Eld. John Colby. He was a man of unusual devotion and constancy in religion; a "barring and shining light," and doing well, put to silence the ignorance of fool-

ish men." He leaves a bright example, and a clean record. Jesus was his Saviour during his long and eminently useful life; Jesus was his joy and rest at the hour of death.

RACHEL, wife of Rev. J. Young, died in Dixmont, Me., April 15, aged 67 years. Sister Young was faithful in all the relations of life, and loved by all who knew her. For forty years she was a devoted Christian, and lived to see the most of her children converted to God. Brother Young mourns, but not without hope. Funeral by the writer, assisted by Revs. J. Fletcher and Day.

JULIA A. BENNETT died in Gifford, Apr. 22, 1871, of typhoid fever, aged 23 years. Also in the same place, with the same disease, April 24, LORETTA B. PROHOCK, aged 21 years and 7 months. They were both members of the church, having been baptized by Rev. G. M. Park. The vacant place in the family circle can never be filled on earth, but we may not as they who have no hope. A few fleeting years at most, and all who love God shall be gathered home to that blessed land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Mrs. MATILDA B. wife of William Coats, died of consumption, at her late residence in Jerusalem, N. Y., Feb. 10, aged forty-five years. Sister Coats was the daughter of Samuel and Betsey Wyman, and sister of G. G. Wyman, so favorably known through the church, and particularly to all the pastors of the Potter church. In early life she embraced religion and united with the Methodists, which connection she retained to the time of her death. Her piety was that of the quiet, cheerful, unobtrusive type. It gladdened the home circle where she moved, and diffused a joyous consistency through all which she did. No wonder her bereaved husband feels so deeply her loss. Her illness was protracted, but patiently endured. Consumption preyed gradually on her system, until in a smile of Christian triumph, she fell asleep in Jesus.

WEST LEBANON ACADEMY. The Summer Term of Lebanon Academy will commence Tuesday, May 2, 1871, and continue ten weeks, under the following instructors: C. H. PEARSON, A. B. Principal, and teacher of Common English, Latin, Greek, and French. Mrs. J. E. COWELL, teacher of Drawing. Mrs. A. STACY, teacher of Penmanship and Vocal Music. Miss A. V. HAYES, teacher of Wax Work.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE. PITTSFIELD, ME. GEORGE B. FILES, A. B. Preceptor. MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress. MISS ABOLINE M. FERRIS, Assistant. MISS EUGENE WADSWORTH, A. B. Prin. of Normal Dept. MISS L. MARIA SIMONS, Associate. MISS J. F. STEELE, Teacher of Music. D. M. WATTS, Teacher in Commercial Department. Length of Term, ten weeks. CALENDAR, 1871—Spring Term begins February 2. Summer " " August 2. Fall " " October 2. Anniversary Exercises, June 21st. N. F. WEMYOUTH, Secretary Trust.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY. The Summer Term of Green Mountain Seminary will commence May 4th. For particulars, apply to C. A. MOORE, Principal. Waterbury Center, Vt., Apr. 8, 1871.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE. REV. J. L. COLLIER, A. M., President. REV. J. L. ADKINSON, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages. WILLIAM REED, Professor of Mathematics. MISS JOEL SUMPTON, Teacher of Primary Department. Mrs. MARY J. E. ADKINSON, Teacher of Instruction Music. Calendar for 1870-71.—Fall term begins September 6, and ends November 25. Spring term begins March 1st, and ends May 31. Summer term begins June 6, and ends August 18.

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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The fruit crop in California promises to be very fine.

Negro testimony is to be received in the Kentucky courts.

The State debt of Ohio was reduced the first half of the present fiscal year \$162,493.

A murderer was lynched at Helena, Nebraska, on Sunday.

The Lincoln monument and statue will be publicly inaugurated about the first of July.

The returns at the census office of the colored population for the States and Territories make it about 4,867,000.

The greatest drought that ever was known at Springfield, Illinois, at this season of the year, now prevails there, and vegetation is suffering badly.

A Virginia paper tells a tough story of an other chasing a flock of sheep, and turning to attack a full-grown man who came to their defense.

The Louisville negroes are triumphant, for the horse railway companies find that they must let them ride on any street car, please.

A letter from an Indian agent in Indian Territory says the Indians are all peaceful now and there is little prospect of an outbreak.

A Washington despatch says that the Senate committee on foreign relations stands four in favor to three against the ratification of the treaty.

Twenty recaptured deserters of the army who have been sentenced to various terms of jail and chain service have been shipped to Alaska.

A crowd of Welsh miners attacked a gang of other miners returning from work under guard of the military, at Seaton, Wednesday, and the soldiers fired, killing two of them.

Edward Forcher, the owner of the plantation where the crevasse in the Bonnet-Carre levee occurred, has been arrested on the charge of cutting the levee. He gave bonds to appear in October next.

Governor Caldwell of North Carolina has issued a proclamation calling on the Ku-Klux to stop their outrages, and the marshal has arrested sixteen persons charged with participating in the Rutherford County outrages.

The miners of the Tanana district now refuse to work. With that exception, the resumption is general in the Schuykill district. The railroad tolls will be reduced, but will be raised at once if any miners continue on a strike.

General Sheridan left Washington for Chicago on Wednesday night to resume command of his military department.

The little ship City of Ragusa, Captain Primrose, sailed for England on Monday, with a cargo of 500 bricks and a crew of one man and a dog. She expects to reach Liverpool in forty days.

A boat containing three young men went over the Horse Shoe Falls at Niagara, Thursday afternoon. Their names and residences are unknown.

A detachment from the garrison at Fort Bacon, Arizona, lately surprised and captured near the Texas line 22 hostile Indians with 700 cattle and ponies.

The Pima Indians routed the hostile Apaches near the reservation of the former on May 3, killing twenty-eight of them.

Vallandigham appeared at the Montgomery county convention at Dayton, Ohio, Thursday, and framed one of the most comprehensive democratic platforms ever constructed. It was adopted by acclamation.

Senator Pomeroy has agreed to give \$10,000 for the establishment of a female professorship of medicine at Howard University, provided that the women will raise \$5,000 more.

The Southern outrages investigating committee has voted to appoint a sub-committee of eight to sit at Washington and take testimony at once.

The big grape-vine at Santa Barbara, California, is five feet in circumference in circumference where the main trunk branches, and the arbor which it covers is 60 by 63. At these limits the branches are three inches in diameter, and are kept trimmed to prevent spreading.

The Kentucky Judge Cooper, who has just decided that negroes are citizens, and as such have the right to give evidence in the courts, was provost-marshal-general of Joe Johnston's army. He has evidently accepted the situation, and the Kentuckians will be obliged to accept his decision.

Captain Shufeldt reports that Tehuantepec ship canal can be constructed at no greater expense than the importance of the work demands.

Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote and General Schenck will sail for Europe on Wednesday.

There seems no doubt of the ratification of the treaty by the Senate Monday or Tuesday, by a very large majority, and it is thought that Schenck will be able to carry it with him on Wednesday.

FOREIGN.

The republic of Mexico has 8,885,072 inhabitants.

The Mexicans are likely to get themselves into trouble by their continued cattle raids into Texas.

The London is Times perfectly satisfied with the treaty of Washington and thinks it will be ratified.

Twenty-eight Roman Catholic Archbishops and bishops have petitioned the Emperor Francis Joseph on behalf of the Pope.

The general condition of China and Japan is satisfactory.

A circular from Groussat, insurgent minister of foreign affairs, invites the provinces to join the communists. More changes have been made in the leadership of the commune.

Fourteen persons were killed by the explosion of a steam-boat boiler in Central America recently.

The liberal members in the German Reichstag are vehement in their demands for the right to question the acts of the government.

A force of insurgents, well armed, is now marching on Panama. The Mentio is still in their hands.

Mexican papers report that an infamed aorile fell at 11 o'clock, A.M., on the 6th of March last, at Juxtaluca, and that it measured two and a half yards in length and one in circumference.

The Paris police authorities arrested every one dining at a fashionable restaurant the other day, on the ground that they were spending too much money. The commune forces have been repulsed in three hard attacks on Neuilly. Every act of the commune betokens a fear of the people and a doubt of its power to keep the upper hand.

The Duke de Broglie will replace Favre in the ministry of foreign affairs after the ratification of the treaty of peace.

The presidential contest in Mexico is becoming quite interesting.

The revolution in Guatemala is gaining strength, and is likely to overthrow the present government.

The German parliament has agreed to the

additional clauses to the postal treaties of 1867 and 1870, between Germany and the United States.

Austria and Switzerland have agreed to a conference to take measures to prevent a spread of the rinderpest.

The officers of the commune have seized the valuable sacred articles in the Church of the Trinity. All the churches in the city will be similarly dealt with, and then closed. The famous Chapel of Expiation, in Rue d'Anjou, St. Honore, has been commenced with.

The German parliament has recognized Alsace and Lorraine as part of the empire.

At last the Versailles forces have entered Paris. A combined attack was made Sunday afternoon at four o'clock and they stormed the city at two points simultaneously. The insurgents had abandoned Malakoff and Montrouge and were flying in the utmost disorder. The Versailles forces now hold every position which they captured, while the federalists are perfectly demoralized, and the leaders have skulked away.

Paragraphs.

The English sparrows have not only established themselves in New York, but they have driven all the other small birds out.

Hall stones have been observed in which were found, frozen in, certain insects, proving that they must have been flying very far up in the air.

Rebecca Wright, who gave information to General Sheridan on which he fought the battle of Winchester and defeated Early's army, has just given her heart and hand to William Bonsor, of Cecil county, Va.

In Wisconsin the pigeons are destroying the crops. They despoil the fields of wheat, and all grain sowed is as good as lost. Hundreds of flocks, counting birds by millions, are flying over the state.

Philadelphia, at the close of last year, had 330 public schools, with 1,239 teachers and 82,891 children. The school expenses of the year amounted to \$1,197,802, of which sum over \$778,000 was expended in teachers' salaries.

Mrs. Anson Burlingame, widow of the late Minister Burlingame, daughter and maid, have arrived at New York from Europe. It is said that Mrs. Burlingame will reside in New York permanently.

The different qualities of iron and steel can be distinguished by the microscope, by the shape and direction of the crystals. Good steel has the appearance of large groups of beautiful crystals, similar to the points of needles, all parallel, and disposed in the same direction.

A specimen of the Florida air-plant, which draws all its sustenance from the atmosphere, was exhibited in New York lately. The plant grows upon the limbs of trees, throwing out a dry, strong root, which clasps tightly around the branch, and it resembles a gigantic pine-apple top two feet high. The stem to which this specimen clings was cut from the tree more than a month ago, but the plant still lives and grows.

The "earth cure" was tried recently on a half dozen cases of scurvy on the western plains, the patients being planted up to their necks in the ground and allowed to remain over night. The virtues of the treatment are still a matter of dispute, however, as a pack of coyotes came along and ate all the six heads off.

An Indiana paper says that that state does not yet "rejoice over a new law requiring three years' bona-fide residence before a divorce for any cause can be obtained. The republicans in the last legislature introduced a bill depriving our divorce law of some of its worst features, but the blundering demagogue majority failed to pass it. The canon about the passage of a new law originated in the fertile imagination of the New York Herald."

Mr. Edward S. Gould's book, "Good English, or Popular Errors in Language," has been very highly commended by foreign critics. The Dublin Quarterly Review for April, in noticing it, says of Mr. Gould: "He is strong in argument and hard-hitting in controversy, and it must be acknowledged that he has demolished Dean Alford, and that he hits the Dean's critic, Mr. Washington Moon, in his turn, very neatly and very hard."

The census of Minnesota shows that, out of a population of 439,332, 126,117 were born in Minnesota, 152,518 in other states and territories of the United States and 160,697 in foreign countries. Of those born in Minnesota, it is certain that at least as many are the children of foreigners as of native Americans. Of the outside states, New York furnishes 38,507, Wisconsin 24,048, Ohio 12,651, Pennsylvania 11,968, Illinois 10,973, Maine 9639, Indiana 7438, Vermont 8815 and Massachusetts 5731. Of the foreigners, 41,364 are Germans, 35,940 Norwegians, 21,746 Irish, 20,987 Swedes, 16,698 from the British and North American colonies and 6614 English and Welsh.

Professor Haldinger, one of the most eminent of the European mineralogists, has recently died at Vienna.

Musquito nets in tropical countries, it is said, not only keep off insects, but serve as screens against miasma.

Prince Arthur has performed his first military feat. He has presented a Fenian sword and a Fenian rifle as a trophy to the artillery museum at Woolwich, where they were duly labeled and set up as having been captured in Canada.

The Queen of Prussia lately found appropriated by one of her grandchildren, for his collection of toys, a lot of valuable jewelry which she had missed last year, and whose disappearance was thought to be instrumental in causing the suicide of her master of ceremonies in Berlin, some time ago.

Lorne, the husband of royalty, long since wedded literature. In 1866 he visited the United States, and some of the West India Islands, and in the following year published an account of his travels, entitled "A Trip to the Tropics."

The Imperial Eagle of Germany, according to the decision of Kaiser William, is to be single-headed, resembling the American spread-eagle. The heart of the German eagle will represent the Prussian eagle, and that of the latter contain the Hohenzollern eagle.

The Princess Lupanaro of Naples has just given a proof that one is not merely never too old to learn, but never too old to succeed as a writer. This noble lady is now eighty-two years of age, and has made her first appearance as a dramatic author with entire success. Her work is a comedy in five acts, entitled "Il Denaro" which is, being interpreted, as we understand it, "Money." It had a great run at Naples.

Buchanan Read was in Rome on the memorable 20th of September, and after doing what all Americans did on that day, running the risk of his life in watching the storming of the walls, he returned home and wrote a poem, which he calls "A Lay of Modern Rome," which is very highly commended by the correspondents. Some of the friends of Italian unity have mounted and illuminated it, and presented it to the Prince of Piedmont.

It was Madame de Staël who remarked of a concealed acquaintance: "Whenever I see him, I feel the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple—he and his self-love live so happily together."

Rural and Domestic.

Curiosities in Breathing.

The taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed in proportion to his girth around the chest; yet observation shows that slim men as a rule will run faster and farther, with less fatigue, having more "wind," than stout men. If two persons be taken in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will not deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement, than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing the next instant it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that, if rebreathed without any admixture of pure atmosphere, that man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fire-places.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months by daily outdoor running with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and, increasing ten yards every week, until a hundred are gone over thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities, is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspiration, in a natural way at the end of each journey.

As consumptive people are declining, each week is a witness to their inability to deliver as much air at a single out-breathing as the week before; hence, the best way to keep the full disease at bay is to obtain lung development.

It is known that in large towns, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths from consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea. Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York where only two die of that disease in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not prevail in hilly countries and high situations. One reason of this is, because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides, the air being more rarified, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping up a high development. Hence, the hills should be sought by consumptives, and not low, flat situations.

Texas Cattle Kings.

Texas, it is well known, contains from half to two-thirds of all the horned cattle reported by the census as in the United States. The vast herds of that State are under the control of comparatively few men, who are called cattle kings, in contrast to those operators who are known in New York as railroad kings. A writer in the Pittsburgh Commercial says there are four million cattle in Texas, one million of which are beavers ready for market. It must be borne in mind, however, that these animals have to be fed up for some little time before their flesh is considered fit for eastern consumption. The place where which the Texas cattle roam, contain one hundred and fifty million acres. The following are a few of the ranchmen, with their respective herds: Richard King, has farm on the Santa Catrutos river, of 84,132 acres, on which he keeps 65,000 cattle, 20,000 horses, 7,000 sheep, and 8,800 goats, and employs 300 Mexicans to attend them. He sells 100,000 beefs annually. A Mr. O'Connor owns a large pasture-field on San Antonio river, where he grazes 40,000 head of cattle, and sells \$75,000 worth each year. He commenced the business in 1852, with 1,500 head, and his present enormous herds are the result of natural increase. Another man, named Robidoux, has a ranch of 142,840 acres near the mouth of the Rio Grande. It is surrounded on three sides by water, and to enclose the third required the building of thirty-one miles of plank fence. He has 30,000 head of cattle, besides an immense amount of other stock. John Histon, whose farm lies on the Brazos river, has 50,000 cattle, and drives to market a squad of 10,000 or so annually. Ten years ago, he had a beautiful little blue-clay farm in Tennessee, which he sold to get money enough to take him to Texas. He is now forty years old, and, besides his Brazos property, owns a stock-farm nearly as extensive on the South Platte, in Nebraska. During the month of October, last year, it is stated that it took 111 cars per day to transport Texas cattle from Abilene, Kansas, and that a single band in Kansas City handled during the season over \$3,000,000 cattle money.—Hearth and Home.

How to Drive Oxen.

One of the best things in the world is to be a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over; just as soon as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy. Good fun as it is to yoke up calves and play work, there is not a boy on a farm but would rather drive a yoke of oxen at real work. What a glorious feeling it is, indeed, when a boy for the first time is given the long whip and permitted to drive the oxen, walking by their side, swinging the long lash and shouting "Gee, Buck!" "Haw, Golden!" "Whoe, Bright!" and all the rest of that remarkable language, until he is red in the face, and all the neighbors for half a mile are aware that something unusual is going on. If I were a boy, I am not sure but I would rather drive the oxen than have a birthday.

The proudest day of my life was one day when I rode on the heap of the cart, and drove the oxen, all alone, with a load of apples to the cider mill. I was so little that it was a wonder, that I did not fall off, and get under the broad wheels. Nothing could make a boy, who cared anything for his appearance, feel flatter than to be run over by the broad tire of a cartwheel. But I never heard of one that was, and I don't believe one ever will be. As I said, it was a great day for me, but I don't remember that the oxen cared much about it. They sagged along in their great clumsy way, switching their tails in their faces occasionally, and now and then giving a lurch to this or that side of the road, attracted by a short turf of grass. And then I came the Julius Caesar expression, a liberty I never should allow given the long whip and permitted to drive the oxen, walking by their side, swinging the long lash and shouting "Gee, Buck!" "Haw, Golden!" "Whoe, Bright!" and all the rest of that remarkable language, until he is red in the face, and all the neighbors for half a mile are aware that something unusual is going on. If I were a boy, I am not sure but I would rather drive the oxen than have a birthday.

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just as the big folks did when they drove. I think now that it was a cowardly thing to crack the patient old fellow over the face and eyes, and make them wink in their meek manner. If I am ever a boy again on a farm, I shall speak gently to the oxen, and not go screaming round the farm like a crazy man; and I shall not hit them a cruel cut with the lash every few minutes because it looks big to do so, and I can not think of anything else to do. I never liked lickings myself, and I don't know why an ox should like them, especially as he can not reason about the moral improvement he is to get out of them.—Charles D. Warner.

Mansard Roofs.

A few years ago the monotonous style of roof used in our architecture was agreeably varied by the introduction of what is known as the Mansard roof, sometimes called the French attic. The splendid architectural piles in Paris received some of their best graces of expression from the handsome sky-lines the Mansard roof gave them, and almost every American traveling abroad wondered why so graceful a roof could not be adopted in our American cities, where the large buildings usually terminated with an abrupt, sharp and unpicturesque skyline. The Mansard roof after a time was introduced, and its peculiar beauty soon made it very popular. But, like all fashions which become the rage, and which are adopted by people imitatively, without perception of the principle that governs them, the French attic has become with us an architectural infliction. The Mansard roof was designed for tall buildings. Its special purpose is to break the monotony of a massive pile, and to reduce in appearance its real height. A structure that would seem awkwardly tall, with an unvaried succession of stories, has not only by means of the Mansard roof, a more graceful cap, but attains more agreeable proportions. The specific purpose of this roof being recognized, the absurdity of its use in small buildings becomes at once apparent. Our builders, however, seem to lack all power of perception, and to have reduced the art of architecture to indiscriminate imitations. Every where now the Mansard roof confronts us. Every new cottage on the road-side, new cheap villas in those extemporized villages that line our Metropolitan railways, new public buildings of every sort and degree, railroad station-houses all over the country,—everything of the kind now, no matter if only a story high, must have its Mansard roof, with entire disregard of fitness or propriety. It is exasperating to see a good idea thus dragged into absurd and ignominious uses. As we at first hailed with pleasure the appearance of the Mansard roof, we shall now look with hope for the signs that will indicate the termination of its career. And yet, whatever may follow, it will have undergone the same experience. It is our natural way to try and appropriate every big thing for every little purpose.—Appleton's Journal.

The amount of capital invested in this business by the eleven New England manufacturers is about \$3,000,000, varying in individual cases from \$30,000 to \$500,000. The varieties in the machinery for making collars are almost endless. The original method was to lay sheets in piles of twenty to fifty, and having a knife cut down through the pile, taking out a strip in each sheet that was an outline of the collar. The work of raising the stitched or corded edge, giving the folding crease, and cutting button holes, was by hand, feeding each collar into separate machines, the folding and packing afterwards being done by hand. Now each manufacturer of the very many in the country, has some peculiarity about his machinery that he believes gives him the advantage over others. They all however work collars out of a continuous roll of paper, put up in 1000 feet strips. The desirability of one machine over another is pressed by each inventor with warmth, but in nearly all the collar factories the collar is cut out, embossed, stamped and stitched, button holes made, and the collar turned out by the one machine. The other details of putting on cloth button holes, etc., is attended to by hand or machinery, though there is a machine that takes a roll of paper and makes it into collars, adding the packing of ten in a box.

A paper collar machine costs from \$600 to \$10,000, and to fit up a factory costs at least \$15,000, and so up to \$50,000 according to the character of the machinery employed. A good machine will turn out 120 collars per minute, or 7200 an hour, all in a suitable condition for wearing. About 1300 persons are employed in the collar factories of New England.

The first patent on paper collars, in 1854, was for a combination of cloth and paper, but it had never been successfully perfected until about two years ago, when the cloth-lined, and cloth or linen outside, came into immediate general use.

The greatest item of expense to the collar manufacturers is the making of dies. Each season every maker finds it necessary to get out one or two styles, and this necessitates the designing and making of new dies. Each style must have dies for the sizes from 13 to 17, though 14, 15 and 16 are the principal sizes sold. Then the style may not succeed in hitting popular taste, but where it does the orders flow in in immense amounts to the successful designer, until the other makers have caught the index of popular prejudice, have dies made, and send out collars in the exact counterfeit. As an instance of what a successful style will do, one maker cut out in one season, within two years, 150,000 collars from one set of dies, and boxed them under twelve different styles or brands.

Saw-dust as Manure.

The common practice of throwing this article into the streams on which saw-mills and shingle-mills are situated, is reprehensible. It would not pay to spread it upon a muck swamp, but upon any sandy land or light gravelly loam, deficient in vegetable matter, it would prove a good dressing, and in time would show good results. The best use we have ever seen it put to, was bedding for animals in stables. It is an excellent absorbent, and will keep cows clean even better than straw. It is also a very light, handy article in the henery, and more cleanly to handle than muck in common, open privies. The article is merchantable in cities, and is quite extensively used upon floors in eating saloons, and for other purposes. At country mills it can generally be had for a trifle, and mill owners are glad to be rid of it. It is a good substitute for straw, and this is now worth so much for manufacturing purposes, in many parts of the country, that no thrifty farmer can afford to let it go to waste.

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