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Communications.

The F. B. Denomination.

ITS MISSION.

In preceding articles, I have endeavored to show that the mission of the Christian is identical with the mission of Christ. As the Father sent Christ for the salvation of sinners, so Christ sends his disciples on the same glorious errand. This should be the specific work of every Christian. In prosecuting this work, there is a necessity for concentrated effort, and each Christian denomination has a mission to fulfill, a work to do, that no other can so well accomplish. It is, with some, a matter of deep regret that there are so many Christian denominations. But it is a necessity. If there had been no apostasy, no falling away from Christ, then the one Catholic or Universal church would have been all.

Denominations arise in two ways. Men ambitious to lead, impatient of restraint, seize some important truth, make a hobby of it, and start a new sect. However absurd their doctrine or disgusting their practice, they will have their adherents and their day. Or denominations are brought into existence by the force of circumstances. To defend a particular doctrine that has been ignored, or to revive spirituality in worship, new denominations are forced into existence, and have a specific work to accomplish.

And what is the mission of the F. Baptist denomination? To understand this we must consider the religious aspect of the times which brought us out as a distinct organization, and we shall see that there was a necessity for our existence. The prevailing theology of New England at that day was Calvinism, in its most unlovely form. Not that mild system of election that many hold now, but personal, unconditional and eternal election and reprobation,—even that there were infants in hell, not a span long. In harmony with the above idea, the doctrine of an universal atonement, a general invitation and freedom of the will, was denied. At that time there were educated for the ministry, and entered the sacred calling, men who made no pretensions to personal piety or experimental religion. Preaching was a trade. At that time ministers were settled by the town and supported by a town tax, and every man was compelled to support the town minister, though he might have no confidence in his piety, and never heard him preach. The worship was cold and formal. To correct the theology of that time,—to proclaim a general atonement, a free and full salvation open for all, and the freedom of the human will in choosing or refusing Christ,—to revive the old Bible doctrine, that no man should enter the ministry unless he was called of God as Aaron; and the voluntary support of the ministers,—to do all this, a new denomination was needed. For preaching a free salvation Randall was disfellowshipped by those with whom he stood connected, and thus the F. Baptist denomination was ushered into being. It was a necessity. They were called "general provisioners," or Freewillers, by way of reproach. They finally accepted the name Freewill Baptist, as their denominational name.

In opposing these errors, many ran to the opposite extreme. A great change has been effected, and though none may be able to explain to perfect satisfaction the sovereignty of God and the freedom of the human will, and remove all difficulties connected with these subjects, the doctrine of a general atonement, full and free salvation, and the freedom of the human will are cordially received and freely preached. No man, in any evangelical denomination, is now admitted to the ministry, who does not give evidence of personal piety and that he is called of God to this holy work. And ministers are supported on the voluntary principle. So far, then, the mission of the F. Baptists has been a success. There was another error practiced by one of the largest denominations in this country,—that the F. Baptists have always opposed, which is not yet done away,—that close or restricted communion. But the heaven is at work, and will no doubt leave the whole lump.

Having been forced into existence by the errors of that day, God has given us a work to do in common with all other Christian people. The gospel is designed to bring the wickedness of the wicked to an end, and it is the mission of the church to lead in every proper effort to reform the habits and manners of mankind. Accordingly, with other denominations, the F. Baptists have taken a decided stand and an unequivocal position in the cause of temperance, and had the honor of being first to open her mouth for the dumb and plead the cause of the oppressed. Not that we were holier than others, but our position was more favorable to a bold utterance of the anti-slavery sentiments of the gospel. Having few, if any, churches in the large commercial villages and cities, we were free from the influence of those whose commercial interests were allied with the south, and our leading ministers, and the *Morning Star*, in the beginning of the anti-slavery agitation, took an open, decided and uncompromising position in favor of the abolition of human bondage. We received a full share of the reproach and persecution with which this cause was everywhere assailed. Ministers were threatened with starvation, and hundreds of subscribers for the *Star* ordered their papers discontinued. But threatened starvation could not silence the pulpit, nor withdrawals of patronage dim the light of the *Star*. As early as 1835, so firm and decided was the position of the denomination against slavery, that the F. Baptists of North and South Carolina, numbering about 2,000 members, refused to represent themselves in the Gen. Con. that year. Subsequently, when a slaveholding minister, Dr. Housely, from Kentucky, came to the Gen. Con. held at Conneaut, Ohio,

asking ordination at the hands of the Conference, telling us that, if we would receive and ordain him, there were 20,000 Baptists in Kentucky that would join us at once, he was distinctly and emphatically told that he could not be received with his slavery. But the truth, so early embraced and so earnestly preached by the F. Baptists, has at last triumphed, and the system of slavery is dead. Yet the pro-slavery spirit still lingers among us.

But the mission of the denomination is not finished. Having been brought into existence by the providence of God as a necessity, and having seen the distinctive doctrines for which the early F. Baptists contended, generally received and freely proclaimed by all Christian Ministers, we can not believe that it is the purpose of God to lay aside the denomination, and require no more concentrated work at our hands.

"He can not have taught us to trust in his name, and thus far have brought us, to put us to shame."

The gospel is to be preached in all the world, the heathen to be evangelized, and the kingdom of this world to become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. By common consent, northern Orissa and the Santal nation, with their millions of souls, are committed to us to evangelize. It is the field of our missionary operations. To us they look for the bread of life. On us as a people, rests the responsibility of their conversion to Christ. We have there raised the standard of the cross, and have a small band of self-denying, faithful missionaries, laboring to turn the people from their dumb idols to serve the living and true God. But we need to send out a reinforcement. Though we must depend very much on native preachers and teachers to meet the increasing cry for help, we need a much larger force of thoroughly trained men, to superintend and direct the labors of those already won from the darkness of heathenism. If we fail to carry forward the work already begun, to enlarge our operations, multiply our mission stations, and cultivate the field providentially assigned to us, God will let out the vineyard to other husbandmen who will do the work we might have done, but the withering curse of God will rest upon us. But I trust we shall not fail to fulfill our mission to the heathen, though I thus speak.

Besides our mission to India, we ought to have mission stations in other heathen lands,—China, Turkey, Africa, or in some other field now open to the propagation of gospel truth. But the Freedmen of our own land have a special claim upon us as a people. We were the first to proclaim an anti-slavery gospel. We have preached and prayed and labored to break the yoke of bondage, and set the oppressed free. God has answered our prayers, though in a way different from what we desired and hoped. The way is now open for us to "go down south," and carry to the liberated millions the glad tidings of salvation. They very naturally appeal to us to come over and help them. They have become fellow citizens with us to share with us the blessings and responsibilities of republican government. To meet those responsibilities they must be educated and Christianized. The providence of God has thrown them upon the Christian church, saying,—"Take these former slaves, for whose souls no one cared, and educate them for my service. You have prayed that an effectual door might be opened to preach the gospel to the heathen at home. Your prayer has been answered. The door is now open. Show your sincerity and faith by your works." The Shenandoah valley is by common consent especially our field of labor. We have already entered the field and planted schools and churches, but the demand is increasing. God has set to this work his seal of approval. And the western Mission among the Freedmen has been a glorious success. But the work is only begun. The security of our civil institutions demands that this work should be carried forward, with increased vigor and earnestness. Nothing will secure to us the perpetuity of our free institutions but intelligence and virtue, and nothing will insure these but the principles of Christianity. And it should be remembered that our religious freedom stands or falls with our civil rights. Patriotism urges us to gird on the armor and go forth to this glorious work;—how much more the love of God and of souls should constrain us to seek the elevation and salvation of those famishing for the bread of life.

To finish the work God has given us to do, we want three things—consecration to God, money and men. We want men of piety, men of intellectual power, men of culture, men prepared to fill the positions of teachers, evangelists, pastors, helpers. There are various positions to fill, a variety of work to be done, and different gifts and talents needed. To qualify these men we have established our seminaries and colleges, and our theological school. But we need money to complete their endowment,—money to support our teachers and missionaries,—money to aid young men who are struggling to prepare themselves for the work to which God is calling them. But we need a more perfect consecration to God throughout the denomination. We are bought with a price, therefore God has a claim upon us. He has a right to our service. Perfect consecration to God includes body and soul, time, talents and property, all we have, all we are, all we shall be or can do for the cause of God. Let no man think he is consecrated to God till the glory of God and the success of his cause is the paramount object of his life, and all other work is made subservient to this great and chief object.

We hear sometimes of an action for damages against the unqualified medical practitioner who has deformed a broken limb by pretending to heal it. But what about the hundreds of thousands of minds that have been deformed by the incapable pettifoggers who have pretended to form them.

Bible Wines.—No. 4.

WEDDING WINE AT CANA.

Christ at this marriage feast (John 2: 1-11) turned the water into wine. The only evidence that this was intoxicating wine, is that it was called *oinos* (wine). But *oinos* is a generic word, and includes all kinds of wine, from the fresh juice of the grape to the fermented juice of the grape; so that because it is *oinos*, is no possible proof of its being intoxicating. And if he made the pure, unfermented juice of the grape, he made wine. All the circumstantial evidence is against the idea of its being intoxicating. Christ taught his disciples to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." In all ages of the world intoxicating liquors have been one of the surest roads to evil, and thousands have been ruined by taking intoxicating wine at weddings. Would Christ thus, in one of the most effectual and sure ways, give an example that should in after times lead thousands into temptation, and thus violate his own instructions? Another circumstance, "When men have well drunk," when they have drunk a large quantity, they could drink a much larger quantity of new wine than of intoxicating wine. Again, it was the "good wine" that Christ made. We have shown in these articles that the ancients called the fresh, unfermented juice of the grape the best wine. If intoxicating wine is a proper beverage, why did not God in the creation make some? Why did he not naturally form it in the grape? Not one drop ever existed in all the grapes in the world. It exists only by a process of putrefaction,—of decay and death. It is really rotten sugar. And there is no more evidence that Christ made rotten sugar for that wedding than that he made rotten bread to feed the multitude. Bread is called bread when it is sour, moldy and spoiled for use; and we might just as well argue that Christ made that kind of bread to feed the multitude, as that he made rotten, putrid, fermented grape juice for that wedding. "Fermentation," and that is the process in forming intoxicating wine,—is nothing else but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen." (Prof. Liebig.) Christ is making wine every year through the process of nature; and he did by a miracle what he is certainly doing through nature. Christ pours the water from the clouds into the earth, and then commands his "servants," the grape vines, to "throw out and bear wine," his children, the pure, unrotted, unfermented juice of the grape. And is there any good reason that the two articles made by the same Lord were not alike?

Look at the amount of wine made. "But the servants which drew,"—what? The wine? No,—"which drew the water." It was then water when the servants drew it out to bear unto the governor, and there is no evidence that any wine was made except what was borne to the governor. His object seems to have been to draw the attention of the company to himself, as the Messiah. The critical Dr. French, Archbishop of Dublin, says: "He who each year prepares the wine in the grape, causing it to drink up and swell with moisture of earth and heaven, to transmute this with its nobler juices, concentrates all those slower processes now into the art of a single moment, and accomplishes in an instant what ordinarily he does not accomplish but in months." Rev. Dr. Jacobus says: "All who know of the vines then used, well understand the unfermented juice of the grape. The prehistoric vines of Jerusalem and Lebanon, as we tasted them, were commonly boiled and sweet, without intoxicating qualities as we get in liquors called wines. The boiling prevents fermentation. Those were esteemed the best wines which were the least strong."

From these testimonies and considerations, we can not believe that Christ would here create and sanction the use of an article that is elsewhere condemned as a "snake that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," a "poison," and which has caused more wretchedness, ruin, crime, moral and spiritual ruin than any one thing besides,—an article that he had carefully excluded from all his works of creation, and especially when there is not the slightest proof that he did.

A. D.

The Yearly Meeting.

The N. H. Yearly Meeting is near, and all who can should attend. The first Y. M. I ever attended was at Northwood, and I received so great a blessing as to resolve that no slight hindrance should ever deprive me of the privilege of once a year seeing the faces of the brethren, and of listening to the inspiring words of our best and ablest men.

It is not only a precious privilege but a duty for ministers to assemble together. Many ministers grow weary in well doing, and lay down their testimony from the despondency of isolation. The battle seems to go adversely in their particular part of the field, and they are disheartened; when, if they could only hear the shouts of triumph that others, perhaps no more valiant, are sending up to heaven, they would share the enthusiasm of victory and renew their zeal. Churches ought to encourage, and require their ministers to attend our public gatherings. It is penny wisdom to grudge the time and expense of renewing our spiritual strength. The law of Moses required all the men of Israel to assemble three times a year, and it was a wise statute. It was essential to the unity and spiritual welfare of the people. The spirit of that command is still in force. The Lord's people ought not to fail of assembling themselves together in Sabbath, Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. This duty rests upon all, but upon ministers in an especial manner.

Those who are to address the Yearly Meeting should remember that the people come together, not as literary critics but with souls hungering and thirsting after

righteousness. They want, not finely wrought syllogisms, but pungent truths. In those grand old days of which our fathers tell, when reformations usually attended our public gatherings, and the Spirit of the Lord came down as on the day of Pentecost, ministers and people left their homes, not simply for social delight and religious play, but to wait upon the Lord and work for him and for the good of the world. They sowed in solemn prayer and reaped in joy. We too often sow for pleasure and reap the sad harvest of disappointment and spiritual death. The Lord changes not, and if our public gatherings are not blessed, it is because we wait not upon Him. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, or maketh flesh his arm."

Gilford, N. H.

Gleanings.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION. Many are too apt to murmur under afflictions; but this is not right. It is our duty to be resigned under the afflictive dispensations of God's providence. The apostles were, in this respect, admirable examples. They seldom murmured, but bore up under their afflictions with becoming resignation, believing that all would, in the end, work for their own good. And they were not mistaken. Think of their triumphant departure, especially that of St. Paul. This will ultimately be the case with every one who manifests a spirit of submission, and lives in accordance with the gospel.

COMMUNION WITH GOD. The skeptic affirms that there is no God, merely because he can not see him; but the believer can testify otherwise.—He communes with God by way of prayer and supplication, and becomes so thoroughly convinced, that he can not doubt. So delightful are the emotions thus produced upon the mind, that the devout worshiper could not be induced to desert from this exercise for any earthly consideration. The more he communes with his Maker, the more he is convinced of the reality of the Christian's hope.

DESTITUTE OF A GIFT. Professors, when they wish to be excused from the performance of religious duties, often allege that they have no "gift." They think this vain excuse will justify them in the neglect of family and public prayer, and in keeping silence in the house of God. But is it certain that such are entirely destitute of a gift? No; far from it. Upon topics of a secular nature they can talk with fluency, if not with eloquence, but when the subject of religion is the theme, their communicative powers fail.

WAR AND INTemperance. It is estimated, from the best calculations that can be made, that nearly one-third of the population of the globe have fallen victims to the sword and intemperance! If this supposition be true, is it not enough to astonish every person living? But what is more astonishing is, that these deplorable evils still exist, hurrying the race of mortals to the grave, at a ratio equally as great as formerly. Are not five thousand, years long enough to convince mankind of the ruinous and destructive consequences of the sad evils referred to? But the giddy, thoughtless multitude do not take the alarm. War and intemperance are yet tolerated, and that too by Christian nations.

MISSIONARY OPERATIONS. Though much has been done for the conversion of the heathen, yet much remains to be accomplished. Myriads are yet deprived of the light of revelation. Here then is an ample field for benevolent action. What has been accomplished has been done with great labor. Further efforts may be made, and the heathen converted.

LOVE OF APPROBATION. The love of approbation is the besetting sin of multitudes. By it people of all grades in society are more or less influenced. When improperly indulged, it corrupts the heart, producing the most unfavorable effects. How often its gratification destroys the independence of mind so necessary to the performance of most important duties! How often does the professed minister of Christ hesitate to proclaim the whole truth, lest he will incur censure or become unpopular! But this is not a commendable course for rational and intelligent beings to pursue.

THOUGHTLESSNESS. One prominent reason why so many neglect the great interests of the soul, may be attributed to thoughtlessness, or a want of consideration. True, man is a thinking being; but he has, in a great measure, perverted those faculties with which he was endowed by the Creator. So due consideration is not given to the things pertaining to heaven, while those of an earthly nature seem apparently to engross the whole mind, all of which is chiefly owing to a thoughtless, heedless, inattentive state of mind.

PERSONAL EFFORT. The utility of personal effort for the salvation of souls does not seem to be fully appreciated. Men of apparently deep piety and exalted talents, often seem to think it beneath their dignity to labor in a private capacity. If they can not pour forth a torrent of eloquence, before an assembled multitude, they will do nothing at all. This is not the right principle. Every opportunity should be improved. But when a man can exert a commanding influence, he should by no means permit the opportunity to pass unimproved. Neither should he fail to exert his influence in the more private walks of life, however small it may be. He who is instant in season and out of season, is the only truly useful man.

BAD HABITS. All should endeavor to avoid bad habits. The young especially should give heed to this admonition; for bad habits, formed in early life, have proved the ruin of thousands. Hence, it is unsafe for the young to indulge in habits which are liable to involve them in trouble. Much caution should, therefore, be used by parents to set good examples before their

children, and to train them up in the way in which they should go.

LET THY LIGHT SHINE. Do not keep it under a bushel. It is needed to dispel the moral darkness pervading the land. It is needed, greatly needed, to enlighten the darkened understanding of the sinner, that he may see more clearly the highway leading from earth to glory. Then let thy light shine. Let it irradiate your own dwelling, your own neighborhood, and last of all permit some feeble ray to be emitted to other lands—to earth's remotest bounds. Regard the world as missionary ground, to be occupied to the free and full extent of your abilities. But in order to let your light shine, you must be a Christian; yes, a faithful and devoted one. Then you will have the power to do much, very much for the cause of God.

Rutland, O.

S. S. Department.

Rays of Truth.

Did you ever notice a prismatic glass irradiated by sunlight, in a darkened room, where there is an aperture for a single sunbeam? The glass shines, in its reflected light, diamond-like, as a bright planet, and its transmitted light, of many colors, is a spot of beauty upon the wall of a dark room.

So the rays of God's truth shine upon your soul if renewed by his Spirit, and light up and beautify it. But this is not all. Through you they may gladden and benefit others. Let us pursue the thought. There are darkened minds around you. They can not bear the glory of the clear, unbroken sunlight of God's truth. If it shine upon them, it produces no effect. They see no beauty in it, because they do not comprehend it. It must be given to them in little, fractured rays, as it were,—sent down to their capacities; and you can make it attractive to them, if you be looking at the Sun—your divine Sun—yourself. You can show more than one beauty in a single truth, as the prism shows more than one color in a single ray. Let us strive to scatter these lovely hues of divine light on the minds made dark by error or ignorance, or both.

To illustrate: I was bending over the flower-beds, early one morning, ere the sun-light had reached them. A crimson pansy, the first of the season, was faithfully looking for its lord ere it looked upon the face of any earthly friend. How I did wish it to look at me; but it would not. What a lesson to me on early prayer! "Thy face shall be the first I view," I said to myself; and these thoughts are now written for me upon every flower which does not open till the sun shines upon it. What a blessed thing when we can say to our Friend divine: "Thou art the gladness of my life—my exceeding joy—yea, more, the life-principle, from which innumerable flowers of happiness spring forth each day, each hour!"

Too happy to keep these truths altogether shining inward, I took the little flower in my hand, and entering the kitchen door, met Bridget.

Showing her the floweret, she entered into my pleasure at the sight of this first member of a floral family much esteemed by us. Having her attention frequently drawn to the word and works of God by various members of the household, she has become somewhat refined in her feelings, as well as spiritually enlightened, during her three years' residence with us.

I said: "The flower keeps closely shut until the sun comes; but then it will open. So should we keep our hearts to the Sun of Righteousness, in prayer and praise asking for his grace and help."

A light came into Bridget's eye—a peculiar look, which I have noticed when a new idea has been imparted to her.

She looked at me very earnestly, her face bright with smiles, and I asked: "How you understand that, Bridget?"

"Oh! yes, miss; and it is beautiful, Jesus is the sun to shine into my heart with his love; and this is a joy to me."

It was enough. This truth was, but the common sunlight of my daily life. I sought to transmit a single ray to the soul of this poor girl, and behold! it was now—by this unexpected interpretation—shining back to me, in prismatic colors, from the dark background of an unlettered Catholic's heart.

How beautiful to me was this new manifestation of its adaptability to all—to the learned and the unlearned, the high and the low! My enjoyment was increased tenfold by this small endeavor to benefit another. Then, too, I, as well as Bridget, saw new beauties in God's clear, shining light of truth. Through me this ray, direct from Jesus, had been bended down to her comprehension, and glided from heaven gladdened her soul and glided her work, that day, as well as mine. For, without question, both of us felt the better and the happier for this morning interview with the flowers and with God.

From him come all good thoughts and the power to express them to others. If we make this attempt from love—deeply feeling the truths we utter—will not God own the endeavor, and make it productive of good?

Let us, then, transmit the rays, as we receive them from him, introducing them right into the heart. So shall more than one, through our instrumentality, be able to say: "It is a joy to me."—S. S. Workman.

THE CATECHISM. "I don't think much of the Catechism," said a thoughtless young teacher the other day to his superintendent. "Well, I do," was the emphatic and sensible reply.

By way of supporting the opinion of this and every other superintendent whose teachers do not think much of the Catechism, I quote the deliberate expression of the learned and observing Dr. Morrison, who for many years gave much thought and labor to the Sunday school. In a letter written shortly before his death he said: "Upon the subject of catechisms generally, as aids to instruction in our Sunday schools, after mature deliberation I do not think, in our present circumstances, that they can be laid aside with advantage. My calm and serious conviction is, that catechetical instruction, purged from all objectionable matter, is eminently fitted to arrest the attention of the scholar; and if it be sufficiently ample and comprehensive, to supply an amount of connected systematic knowledge of divine truth far exceeding that which can be conveyed by the biblical lessons of the ordinary run of Sunday school teachers. I am fully persuaded that this view of the subject will only be rejected by those who are least competent to decide the merits of so grave a question."

Dr. Morrison was doubtless right. I commend his view of the question to the thought-

ful consideration of every superficial teacher who "don't think much of the Catechism," suggesting that when he brings maturer thoughts and broader views to bear upon the subject, he will probably feel ashamed to remember that he ever uttered those thoughtless words, "I don't think much of the Catechism."

JUST TRY. Miss Jones had but one scholar left in her Sunday school class. The mills had stopped, so the rest of her scholars had moved away.

"Jane," she said to her one scholar, "I will give you a bit of work to do for Jesus. Try and find this week somebody to join our class. Do you not know little girls who would love to come—children who have no school, or anybody to lead them to come?" "Yes, miss Jane, 'I know a good many, but I do not believe I could persuade them to come.'"

"Will you not try?" asked Miss Jones. Jane bit the end of her glove. She did not like to promise, perhaps; but would she not try? Miss Jones encouraged her, and handed her some bright cards to give the children. Jane looked pleased, but still said she was afraid she could not succeed.

"Only try, Jane," said her teacher, "that is all you can do; and I think if you try, you will get one scholar in." "We shall be very glad of one new scholar."

"We want more than one," said Jane. "I would not try for one."

"I think one is worth trying for," said Miss Jones. "That makes a beginning."

Did she bring a scholar in? Well, no. Next Sunday came, but Jane had not tried.

"Oh, I can't, I know," said Jane. That is not true; nobody can know until they have tried. Success must depend upon trying; and more than that, on believing in try. If you want to succeed, try, try again. And if any boy or girl, or man or woman, will not do that, of course they will do nothing; and that is poor business.

Jane did not try. I wonder if she had heard of Sarah Colt. When she was eleven years old she started a Sunday school all herself. She gathered some of the mill children together, and taught them from Sunday to Sunday, until she had as many as sixty scholars under her care. Think of that! That is what "Try" does. "Can't" never got into her company, you may be sure.

Sarah is an old lady, now; and not a great while ago there was a Sabbath school celebration, when four thousand teachers and scholars marched by her house singing to the dear old lady their best and sweetest songs.

Was not she glad? Do you suppose she thanked God for a heart to try? Oh, what good fruit and glad hours came of it.

SENSITIVE SUNDAY SCHOOL FOLKS. Humility is a great comfort. For personal enjoyment it is of vast benefit, as it prevents the building of many claims and expectations that can not be met, and does not notice many of those commissions of special regard which might be called slighted.

The Sunday school is the place where modesty of rank and entire fraternity should prevail.

They have no business there who count it a first-rate opportunity to gain notice and take superior position.

Those should stay away who have so little religion as to be very sensitive, and show it constantly.

Especially should they never be officers, if their ears can not bear anything that approaches criticism. Their place is not in the school any more than in a choir.

The cause wants good-natured people, who are hearty in address, noble in regard, ready to help others, full of the frankness and love of that child-nature which Christ says they must have who would be of his kingdom.

Particularly, the chief officer of the school should be a man too brave to be over-sensitive, too pious to notice little causes of irritation, too loving to let people remain cold toward him, too strong to be disturbed by trifles, and so firm in nerves as not to be classed with the sensitive ones.—S. S. Times.

EARLY CONVERSION. The period of childhood is the very best season of the scholar's life for being converted to God—the best season for feeling the attractive power of divine truth upon the heart. I have no sympathy with those who say they ought not to expect early conversions; I have a deep sympathy with those who say they have not looked for conversions early enough. The fact is, we are almost afraid to talk about Christ's lambs, and seem to think they must almost grow into sheep before they are brought into the fold. The devil leans the word of these little ones, and he seeks to lay hold of them as soon as he can; and the sooner Sunday school teachers adopt a kindred policy in this respect the more likely they are to succeed.

WEEDS. I was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he chanced to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence, and cut it off close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" I asked.

"Oh no," said the farmer, "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have plenty in my own."

I wish all fathers and mothers would think of that. The evil weeds in your neighbor's field will scatter seeds into your own. So it is worth while to pull them up in self-defense. Every weed pulled up in your neighbor's field, is a dangerous enemy driven away from your own.

USE THE PENCIL. It is easy to carry. It supplies its own ink. Its records are not easily erased. It aids the memory. It catches and keeps a thousand flitting thoughts. Carry a small blank book. If you see a fact or think a thought that may be of any possible use in the future take note of it. You may not now see of what service it can be, but when interested in a lesson you may glance over the pencilled jottings and find one, two, ten helpful illustrations or allusions, the value of which in the exposition of your subject may be invaluable. One fact a day thus taken into captivity will register three hundred and sixty-five a year—so many servants in your work. Use the pencil.—S. S. Journal.

HOLDING UP THE TRUTH. When a father takes his child into his lap to show him pictures, ten to one he holds the book at such an angle as suits his own vision, and not of the little one. Yet the little one's sight is the one to be favored. How true it is that the preachers and teachers of religious truth too often hold that up where they can best see it, and not where those whom they have in charge can best see it. No wonder that the learning minds get so little satisfaction.

Selections.

A Song for the Springtime.

The sunlight, the sunlight!
O glorious light of life!
How peacefully it glances down
Upon the waves of strife!
The weary voyager looks forth
Upon the stormy main;
God crowns the billows with a smile,
And hope returns again.

The sunlight, the sunlight!
Life is not all of care;
The thunder does not always sound
Upon the darkened air.
Unbend, unbend that gloomy brow,
The clouds above are risen;
An angel tears the veil aside
And shows a glimpse of heaven!

The sunlight, the sunlight!
Thanks for the golden grace!
It comes to cheer the loneliest shrub
In this world's wilderness.
It comes to warm the coldest heart;
The snowflakes melt away;
The withered earth is decked with flowers,
Thanks for the sunlight ray!

—Christian Intelligencer.

The English Bible.

In any question of expediency there are commonly reasons on both sides. The considerations that are fundamental govern, even when weighty objections remain.

In considering the proposal to revise the English Bible, therefore, we are not to ask whether there are objections; but, which are more weighty and vital, the arguments or the objections. And I confess that, considerable as are the objections, they seem to me altogether subordinate. Indeed, they hardly meet the issue at all. It is asked, Might we not, and should we not, have a greatly improved version of the Bible? It is answered, We can not have a perfect version yet. Well, that is true. The historic facts themselves are suggestive. King James's version (so called) was completed within less than a century of the first attempt to translate the Scriptures from the original tongues into the English, less than a century from the first printed edition of the Greek Testament. Two centuries and a half have elapsed since King James's version. That one century saw six or seven different English revisions. Then two and a half centuries more. That version was deemed necessary, although, according to the careful collation of the late Dr. Homer, of Newton, only one eighth of the original text in the New Testament, and one twenty-eighth in the Old, not including words and passages strictly synonymous, and repetitions or particles of no moment, is a change from earlier English versions. But according to the estimate of the careful Bishop Ellicott, a more considerable revision "seems" more requisite—the "superior limits" being (in the New Testament) about "one change in every four verses due to textual criticism, and about one change in each verse due to grammar and general exegesis." The case is much stronger now than then.

The solid reasons for a revision, then, are: First, a real occasion for it, more than existed 260 years ago. I need not and can not here go over the ground: the obsolete and, to many, unintelligible words and phrases; the occasional expressions of taste; which a changed standard of taste recoils; the inconsistent renderings and names; the clearly erroneous translations in very considerable numbers; the readings of the text now admitted to be incorrect. That in these respects our English Bible can be improved, that it can be made a truer exhibition of God's actual revelation to man, is admitted on all hands. It is a fundamental fact. Secondly, we are in possession of the means to make these corrections—at least, a very large number of them. There has been positive progress in Greek and Hebrew scholarship since the time of King James, both in the logical and grammatical departments. It has been aided by large advances in biblical archaeology. We are in possession of an improved Greek text. Nothing but the great care common in copying the Scriptures saved us here from very serious evils. For Erasmus, in publishing his Greek Testament, had proceeded with great haste and a slender apparatus of inferior texts; so much so that the last six verses of the Apocalypse were wanting in his only manuscript of that book, and he at first supplied them by translating from the Latin Vulgate.

The original text of Erasmus had undergone some modifications at the time of our version; made, however, on no system, and without the use of any good collection of various readings. Indeed, no serious attention had been turned to the subject; no principles of text criticism even attempted; none of the ten oldest and best manuscripts of the New Testament, and no copy of the older Latin versions, were so much as known to our translators.

Since then Mill, Wiststein, Griesbach, and other scholars, ending with Tregelles and Tischendorf, have devoted an ascertainable amount of more than two hundred years of continuous labor to the collation of manuscripts, versions, and early quotations. The facts are now widely spread by critical editions; and eight of the ten oldest manuscripts are even in print. (A late writer in *The Independent* speaks as though the Vatican Codex were accessible only in Ma's edition, which is an oversight.) Scholars are prepared by an almost unanimous vote to make numerous emendations in the text, and still more numerous corrections in the English translation.

Thirdly, the community are prepared to receive the changes. There was a time when even scholars like Whitby were afraid. But a revolution has been wrought. By a long series of influences, including abundant discussion of text readings, and crowned, perhaps, by the popular Tauchnitz edition, the whole community are intelligently prepared. They will not accept a revision for sectarian purposes; but they will receive a fair-minded, scholarly revision, made in the interest of the truth.

These considerations seem to me to be the decisive facts and to cover the case. Now what are the objections? The possibility of finding other manuscripts is the most weighty. But this would forever prevent a revision, since that possibility never can be disproved. But those who are aware of the immense and long-continued search that has ransacked every hopeful nook of Europe, Western Asia, and North Africa will have the most moderate expectations. The inquiry has gone on for two hundred years. Most of the manuscripts, including the oldest and best, have long been known and valued. The Sinaitic is the most remarkable exception. At all events, the immense mass of material which is known is not likely to be outweighed by any material still hidden from the whole civilized world. The supposition is simply incredible. Future discoveries may help settle doubtful cases, rather than unsettle clear ones. Improb-

le possibilities are no valid reason for retaining known blemishes of text or translation. There can, e.g., be no excuse now for retaining 1 John, 5: 7, which is found in no old manuscript, and was not even contained in the first two editions of Erasmus. Why should we continue such erroneous renderings as in Rom., 4: 25; Luke, 11: 41, and the like? Why such inadequate, obsolete, or misleading ones as "charity" (for Tyndal's "love") in Cor., 13; "take no thought," Matt., 6: 25; "carriages," Acts, 21: 15; "uppermost rooms," Mark, 12: 9; "Jesus" for Joshua, Heb., 4: 8; "know nothing by myself," 1 Cor., 4: 4; and many others, together with the very abundant confusion of tenses. The possibility of finding other manuscripts has no bearing here.

A want of adequate acquaintance with certain versions has been urged as an objection. The Syriac, old Latin, Gothic, Ethiopic, and Coptic have been mentioned. But here two things are exaggerated—our ignorance of these versions and their importance. Many scholars are competent to deal with the first three, the more important. Were it otherwise, a knowledge of the true text is far more essential than of any version or versions. The latter can decide only very doubtful cases. The objection in its strongest form is not of a decisive nature.

Another objection is the want of absolute agreement on the text and the translation. This will always exist. But, as Ellicott remarks, probably one-half the questioned readings would be decided at once by general consent. Then let us have these. The same is probably true of translations. There would be no dispute over such renderings as "ye are in all things too superstitious"—Acts, 17: 22. Let us have these corrections.

Another objection is the liability to mar the English of our present version. Were the liability greater, perhaps the Lord would forgive the awkwardness of our style for the correctness of our rendering; especially if we did our best. Besides, it is a high stretch of purism to assert that the power of writing good English is lost. Uniformity of style, moreover, might be secured by requiring the vocabulary employed to be limited to that of the authorized version. And, lastly, there are very many passages where the English is feeble, and ought to be mended. This remark applies with force to many of the supplied words in italics.

Another objection respects the feasibility of the measure—the possibility of finding a competent and acceptable body of revisers. For one, I say, Let the Church of England take the work in hand, as it did the former. Let it use its own high scholarship and call in all available help. I have no jealousy of Churchmen or of Englishmen. Historically and otherwise, it is fairly the prerogative of the Church of England. It is impracticable to use American or Continental scholarship, except for consultation and criticism. Let that church proceed wisely and not rashly, undoing rather than overdoing; seeking a widespread criticism and co-operation before reaching final results. Let the revisers give us as fair and good a revision as they are able; and, as our fathers gave up their Geneva version from which John Robinson preached his far-famed sermon, will Christians of the present day accept a really improved version?

It must be remembered that the text of Erasmus was, so to speak, accidental, and has no prescriptive right from its priority; and that the excellent but imperfect work of 260 years ago can not bid the scholarship and Christianity of the present and the future. A true conservatism is that which appeals from the text of Erasmus and the translators of King James to the true text and the "true translation."—*Independent*.

Men of Good Report.

The value, as a means of influence over others, of those qualities which are generally appreciated among men; or, as the sacred writer expresses it, which are of good report, is strikingly shown in the following case: A minister received a call from a church in a country village, and a messenger was sent to convey the call, and also to communicate any information which the minister might desire to receive in respect to the church and congregation. In the course of conversation on this subject, the minister inquired whether the people of the village were pretty well agreed in their opinions, and were living together in peace and harmony.

The messenger replied that they were generally pretty well agreed, though there was one man there that made them a good deal of trouble. He was an infidel, he said, and did all in his power to disseminate his opinions—talking constantly in the shops and stores, and wherever he could find anybody to listen to him, against religion and against the members of the church.

"What sort of a man is he in other respects?" asked the minister.

"Well, he is a very disagreeable man in every respect," replied the messenger. "Nobody likes him. He pretends to be a shoemaker; but he idles away most of his time. He has no credit, for there is not the least dependence to be placed on any of his promises. He neglects his family, and they live in great poverty. He won't allow his children to go to Sunday school, and they are growing up like so many heathens. He don't believe he says, in responsibility to God, or in a future state, and he won't allow his children to be taught any such nonsense."

"Does he make many converts to his views?" asked the minister.

"Not he," replied the messenger. "He is disliked and despised too much to have much influence. I don't suppose there is another man in town that thinks as he does. Yes, there is one," he added, as if correcting himself, after a moment's thought; "but he does not make us any trouble. It is generally understood that he is an unbeliever in Christianity, but he does not make any effort to convert other people to his ideas. Indeed, he attends church regularly, out of respect, as he says, to public opinion. Then, besides, he says, he hears a great deal that is good in the preaching. He is a carpenter by trade."

"Ah!" thought the minister to himself, but without speaking, "this is the dangerous man! I shall not trouble myself much about the shoemaker's influence. It is the carpenter's influence that I have most to fear."

"Then, besides," continued the messenger, without knowing at all what had passed in the minister's mind, "he is such an excellent man in private life. He is a very capable and a very industrious workman; he is kind to the poor, polite and courteous to everybody, forehand in all his affairs, and as to his word, if he promises to pay you a sum of money, on a certain day, you will be sure to have it two days before! The truth is, you will find him an excellent man, and you have nothing to fear from his influence."

The minister had no doubt that the carpenter was really an excellent man in re-

spect to his outward character, though he was convinced that in this, as in all similar cases, these moral qualities were unconsciously derived from the spirit of Christianity, which diffuses in every country where it prevails, an atmosphere to the influence of which a very large portion of whatever of justice, kindness, industry and truth prevails in any community, is directly or indirectly due.

"However that may be," continued the minister, in his silent meditation, "that is the kind of character to win people over to one's opinions, whether right or wrong. One of my first duties will be to seek the acquaintance of this carpenter, and to cultivate friendly relations with him. Perhaps, in time, I may be able to lead him to see that the gospel of Christ is the only trustworthy foundation in any community, for those qualities of conduct and character which he values and loves."

The moral of all this is that one, at least, of the most effectual means of promoting the progress of the gospel among men is by seeing to it that it produces in us its proper fruits in the greatest perfection; since the fruits themselves will be far more eloquent and effective in influencing the hearts of our fellow-men, than any words that we can utter. Let the professing Christian, then, be upright and honest in all his dealings, scrupulously faithful in keeping his promises and fulfilling his engagements, courteous and polite in all his intercourse with others, considerate for their feelings as well as for their interests, and charitable in the construction he puts upon their conduct, modest and unassuming in prosperity, and calm, patient and submissive in trial and suffering, and he will find that by possessing and manifesting these qualities, he will be an efficient co-worker in promoting the progress of the gospel, even though the "gift of prophecy" may have been denied him.

The governing of life and conversation so as to show in this way the legitimate fruits of the Spirit, would seem to be, in part, at least, what is referred to by the apostle in the words, "By manifestation of the truth, commanding ourselves to every man, to science in the sight of God."—*Christian Weekly*.

Carried by Four.

Mark's narrative of the healing of the paralytic seems to show that there are cases which will neither be brought by the general preaching of the word, nor yet by the instrumental aid of one; they require that there should be two, or three, or four in holy combination, who, with one consent, feeling on common ground of soul, shall resolve to hand themselves together as a company for this one object, and never to cease from their holy confederation until this object is gained and their friend is saved. This man could not be brought to Christ by one, he must have four to lend their strength for his carrying, or he can not reach the place of healing.

Let us apply the principle. Yonder is a householder as yet unsaved; his wife has prayed for him long; her prayers are yet unanswered. Good wife, God has blessed thee with a son who with thee rejoices in the favor of God. You have no other children, dear daughter! O ye four! take each a corner of this sick man's couch and bring your husband, bring your father, to the Saviour. A husband and a wife are here, both happily brought to Christ; you are praying for your children; never cease from that supplication; pray on. Perhaps one of your beloved family is unusually stubborn. Extra help is needed. Well, to you the Sabbath school teacher will make a third; he will take one corner of the bed; and happy shall I be if I may join the blessed quartet, and make the fourth. Perhaps, when home, the school teacher, the pastor, the minister's preaching shall go together, the Lord will look down in love and save your child.

Dear brother, you are thinking of one whom you have long prayed for; you have spoken to him also, and used all proper means, but as yet without effect. Perhaps you speak too comfortably to him; it may be you have not brought that precise truth to bear upon him which his conscience requires. Seek yet more help. It may possibly be that a second brother will speak instructively, where you have only spoken consolingly; perhaps the instruction may be the means of grace. Yet may it possibly happen that even instruction will not suffice any more than consolation, and it may be needful for you to call in a third, who, perhaps, will speak impressively with exhortation, and with warning, which may possibly be the great requisite. You two, already in the field, may balance his exhortation, which might have raised prejudice in the person's mind if it had come alone. All three of you together may prove the fit instruments in the Lord's hand. Yet when you three have done your best, and yet the poor paralytic one is not affected, savingly; a fourth may be needed, who with deeper affection than all three of you, and perhaps with an experience more suited to the case than yours, may come in, and working with you, the result may be secured. The four fellow-helpers together may accomplish by the power of the Spirit, what neither one, nor two, nor three were competent to have done.

I anxiously desire to see in this church little bands of men and women bound to each other by zealous love to souls. I would have you have to one another, "This is a case in which we feel a common interest; we will pledge each other to pray for this person; we will unitedly seek his salvation." It may be that one of our seat-holders, after listening to my voice these ten or fifteen years, is not impressed; it may be that another has left the Sabbath school unsaved. Let brotherly questioners look after these by God's help. Moved by one impulse, form a band of these persons, beset them behind and before, and let them not say, "No man careth for my soul." Meet together in prayer with the definite object before you, and then seek that object by the most likely ways. I do not know, my brethren, how much of blessing might come to us through this, but I feel certain that until we have tried it we can not pronounce a verdict upon it; nor can we be quite sure that we are free from all responsibility to men's souls until we have tested every possible and probable method for doing them good.—*Spurgeon*.

Hard to Please.

"Latus," in the *Christian Union*, gave the following objections against ministers who had preached as candidates before a vacant church. Is not the picture correct as to what actually takes place in many churches?

The first minister was too old; he would not suit the young folks. The second, just off the seminary, was too young; the old folks said he had not experience. The third had experience; he had been in a parish three years; he was still young, with the elastic hopes and strong enthusiasm of

youth; but he was a bachelor. The people pretty universally declared that the minister should have a wife and a house. The women all said there must be somebody to organize the sewing circles, and to lead the female prayer meeting. The fourth was married, but he had three or four children; we could not support him. It seems to be no longer true, "Blessed is he whose quiver is full of them." The fifth was a most learned man, who told us the original Greek or Hebrew of his texts, and morning or evening never came nearer to America than Rome under Augustus Cæsar. He was dull. The sixth afforded us a most brilliant pyrotechnic display. He spluttered and dizzied and banged as if Fourth of July himself had taken orders, and gone to preaching. The young people were carried away. But the old folks all said he was sensational. Then besides those we heard, there was the Rev. Mr. G., who has the reputation of being the most excellent of two. He is indefatigable in visiting the sick, in comforting the afflicted, in dealing with the recreant and unconverted. But Mr. Wheaton says emphatically he will never do for our people. "He is no preacher, Mr. Latus," says he, "and our people demand first-rate preaching. You must remember that in the summer we have between two and three thousand New York men here; men used to good preaching; men who know what a good sermon is. We must have a man that can draw them; sir; a man as good as they have in New York."

Future Sabbath Services.

The time will come when Sunday services will be modeled upon a new and better basis. The minister will have to preach less and to preach better. There will be one service in the day,—beginning say at twelve o'clock, and continuing about two hours; in the evening parents will have time to teach their children; and those members of the household who could not go out in the morning will have opportunity of going to special services here and there in the evening; and it will be matter of surprise if any be present in the evening who attended service in the morning. It is better to have one well-prepared and thoroughly appreciated service, than to drag through two services with the heaviness of indifference. Those who have been at service in the morning will be doing work in the evening. Their children will be instructed, the poor and ignorant will be gathered together and taught the way of truth; and wherever Christian teaching is needed, it will be eagerly and gladly supplied. The idea of a man hearing two sermons on one day will be considered either a punishment or a waste of time; and the days that are now passing over us will be laughed at for their oddities, or pitied for their endurances. We know of no body of men so hardly worked as the Nonconformist ministers of England. The lawyers are hardly worked, but they are helped by their labors, whereas the ministers are depressed by the monotony of their engagements. It is easy enough to reply that no monotony ought to be felt in Christian service; but human nature is not to be put off or satisfied with a remark which is not sanctioned either by piety or common sense.—*Ad Clerum*.

Congregational Singing.

Rev. John E. Todd, formerly of Boston, in an article on congregational singing, published in the *Congregationalist*, says:

Given the leadership of a good choir, and the words and melody properly arranged in the hands of every person, there is one thing more. There must be at least one brass (or silver) instrument to lead the people. A congregation want a leader. Every one has noticed how much better the singing goes in a social meeting, if there is some good strong voice to lead. But in a great congregation singing as they ought to sing, any human voice is lost. An organ can not lead. It is a glorious instrument; it can sustain the harmony, blend the discords, smooth the roughness, supply the sub-bass, but it can not lead. Its monotonous gliding tones "take no note of time," and are too like the tones of the human voice to lead a multitude. In our praise service, the organ could hardly be distinguished, although a large and powerful instrument. It was the sharp, incisive, thrilling notes of that brass quartette which rose above the din, and inspired the people, and gave them courage, and measured out the time for them with beats as regular as those of a machine. More than one cultivated musician has since said to me, "I had no idea that brass instruments were such things to lead a multitude of voices. How splendidly those cornets rang out." Of course, Mr. Musicians; and have you yet to learn why the great masters made such careful provision for brass instruments in their grand choruses? And have you only just found out that the secret of the congregational singing in Germany is, that in every church of any size they have at least one trumpet, or cornet, or trombone, or bugle to lead the people? The people want something to lead them, and if there is any voice or instrument other than brass which can lead a thousand voices I should like to see it. If our people want congregational singing, such as they have in Germany, they must employ the same means. If our smaller congregations, instead of struggling to buy an old or a poor organ, or some wretched wheezing reed instrument, would pay a good cornet player to come and lead them, they might have music. If our larger churches would conquer their prejudices, and condescend to learn a lesson of the land of music, and introduce brass instruments into their service, they might be saved from sentimental twaddle in worship, and inspired with the breath of praise.

Looking Outward.

It is noticeable that the apostles make slight reference to their individual religious emotions. There are no sharply drawn areas of experience in their Christian life described in their records; but they constantly urge and illustrate an absolute consecration of the whole soul and life unto God, and find the possibility and power of doing this only in a supreme love for their Lord. The love of Christ constrains and amply rewards them in all their unceasing and perilous efforts to fulfill the work the Master had given them to do. It is striking, and in some way remarkable contrast with the habit of uninspired men of every age since, to notice the peculiar modesty with which the apostle Paul speaks of an extraordinary heavenly vision which it pleased God to vouchsafe to him, amid the constant physical sufferings which attended this ministry. He limits his record to the fewest of details, although the old pattern pages of description of those marvels which he saw when the heavens opened before his inward vision, and seems to hurry away from their utterance with a blush of shame upon his face, as if

those matters were personal, and not to be disclosed. He pressed forward and followed on, not so much to attain fresh inward experience of divine glory and exalted states of personal enjoyment, as to have a more perfect fellowship with the sufferings of Christ, "being made conformable unto his death;" to reach the height of possible sacrifice for him, and that he might "apprehend" all the service for which he had been "apprehended of the Lord Jesus."—*Christian Advocate*.

Fuss is not Work.

You may see this any day and anywhere. As you go along, you see two horses harnessed together before a car. One of them makes a great fuss, as if he had all the world behind him, and was in eager haste to get it just where he wants it to be. He dances and prances, jumps up and down, and springs into the collar with all his might, and then falls back from it because all does not give way to him. The other makes no fuss at all. He stops and starts at the signal, wastes no strength in violence, but puts his whole weight into the collar just when it is needed.

The one makes the fuss, the other does the work. How like some Christians that you and I could name. One is restive, the other docile. The one is in his own will, the other is in the Lord's will. The one stops when he ought to go, and starts when he ought to stand still. The other is obedient in his faith, and so quick to hear the voice of the Lord that, like the docile horse which does not require bit or rein or word, but, catching the conductor's signal, stops at the bell tap, and starts at the bell tap, he moves forward at the right moment, and at the right moment stops, whether in word or deed.

The one makes all the fuss, the other does all the work. The way to work wisely and well is to present yourself a living sacrifice unto God, and let his will be your will, and so prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God every day of your life long.

Untroubled Faith.

My mother and aunt had read together Lecky, and Buckley, and Herbert Spencer, with the keen critical interest of fresh minds. Had it troubled their faith? Not in the least; no more than it would that of Mary on the morning after the resurrection! There is a certain moral altitude where faith becomes knowledge, and the bat-wings of doubt can not fly so high. My mother was dwelling in that land of Benah where the sun always shineth, and the bells of the heavenly city are heard, and the shining ones walk. All was clear to her, all bright, all real, in the "beyond;" but that kind of evidence is above the realm of heavy-footed reason. The "joy unspeakable," the "peace that passeth understanding," are things that can not be passed from hand to hand. Else I am quite sure my mother would have taken the crown of joy from her head and the peace from her bosom, and given them to me. But the white stone with the new name, is Christ's gift to each for himself, and "no man knoweth it save he that receiveth it." But these witnesses who stand gazing into heaven are not without their power on us who stand lower. It steadied my moral nerves, so to speak, that my mother had read and weighed the words that were making so much doubt and shaking; that she fully comprehended them, and that she smiled without fear.

Varieties.

Men are often warned against old prejudices; let them also be warned against new conceits.

Love reposes at the bottom of pure souls; like a drop of dew in the chalice of a flower.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him.

When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop from within the rim; and we complacently call this charity.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults!

Love is indefatigable; it never wearies. Love is inexhaustible; it blooms and buds again; and the more it is diffused, the more it abounds.

Be not stung of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

I see there is no such way to have a large harvest as to have a large heart. The free giving of the branches of our present estate to God is the readiest means to have the roots increased for the future.

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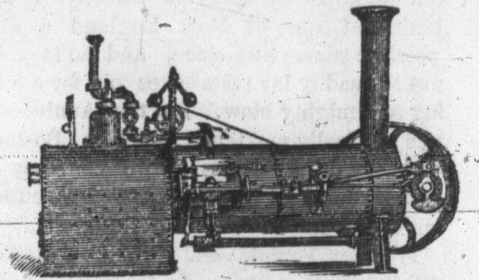
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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 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.

Editorial Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 1, 1871.

Anniversary Week still means something in Boston. The number of meetings was perhaps never larger than this year. If the variety was ever greater, we do not recall the fact. From ten to twenty different public gatherings are announced in each day's programme. Here and there one finds a crowd; but some of the audiences are small, half of them perhaps are respectable in numbers,—nothing more. The clerical element is still quite prominent. There are less white neckties, and pale faces, and set ministerial expressions of countenance, than in some bygone years; but the pulpit air is easily enough detected in spite of linen dusters, very short coat-skirts, Panama hats, full beards, and a sort of free and easy jollity which is now and then put on. Besides the great general organizations which put in a prominent appearance, nearly every active and public spirited denomination has some meetings, to bring forward its special qualities and aims and ends, and most of the schools of reformers ask for a hearing. There is a fair share of the better speaking talent of the country brought forward on the various platforms, though there is less of the conjuring with great names than there was twenty years ago, and fewer examples of what is especially majestic in public speech. Men can not hope to speak as directly to the brain and heart of New England as was possible some years since, and so they do not so readily lay themselves out for a telling and mighty blow. But the Anniversaries are really making a mark in Boston, and they draw a pretty large company of earnest men and women from the surrounding country.

Tremont Temple and Music Hall are still the great centers. To these points the audiences mainly drift. The meetings in the churches are likely to be thin. Even the meeting of the Tract Society at Park St., held in the evening, and, helped by the announcement that Dr. Tourjee would conduct the congregational singing, and that Mr. Talmage would appear as a speaker, was noticeable for empty galleries and half-filled pews. And when, at 9 o'clock, the chairman read a telegram, stating that Mr. Talmage could not be present, the movement downward was decisive and threatening, and the remaining words were largely spoken to deserted benches and vacancy.

The proverbial storm was lacking. Instead of this, the weather up to Wednesday noon was melting with fervent heat, then came a reviving breath from the sea, bringing mist and a glorious shower;—after that, sunshine and a clear air that made the advent of summer like a benediction and a promise of blessing. The touching tributes to the dead patriots on Decoration Day made many hearts tender and many eyes moist, and the martial music of the May training mixed in with the plea and song and prayer of the assemblies, as if to make our religion brave and patriotic.

The great Societies, whose history is well known and whose good work is their most eloquent plea, came and went much as usual. Their operations for the year were briefly, modestly and skillfully reported, the pleas made in their behalf were not unbecomingly far from striking, their managers found fresh evidence that they had the public confidence, and the public seemed well satisfied with the policy and the reports of the managers. The American Missionary Association, whose record is full of honor, whose undertakings are large and vital, and whose spirit is always practical and aggressive, was well exhibited in the brief statement of the Secretary, in the plain and pithy addresses of its mouthpieces, and especially in the strong, fervid and impressive speech of Senator Patterson. His words were worthy of a Christian statesman. They spread out the broad field and the vital work of the American church, in a way that could hardly fail to deepen the sense of responsibility, invest each Christian's task with special dignity, and stir souls with deeper and truer purposes.

One of the most pleasant, popular and exhilarating things of the week is found in the meetings held in behalf of the Sabbath school interest, in which the children appear in force, and fill the largest halls with their songs, and hear words that come directly home to them. Three such meetings have been held, all of which were crowded and enthusiastic.

But perhaps the most noticeable features of Anniversary week appeared at the meetings of the various classes of reformers. The Eight Hour League assembled at Horticultural Hall to discuss the labor question. One could not help observing that many of the old anti-slavery orators were there, as positive, as belligerent and as radical as ever. Critics by instinct and by life-long habits, bold and self-reliant, partly from temperament and partly from their experience in the successful war against slavery, they now fight the aristocracy of capital as they once fought the aristocracy of the plantation, and assume the championship of the burdened and wronged laborer as they once rallied to the side of the scorned and spoiled slave. Wendell Phillips brought forward their theory of the true functions and relations of Capital and Labor in a series of carefully drawn resolutions, and in a speech crammed with calm, epigrammatic philosophy, which won applause even from those who could not understand the problem, but could not help admiring the wonderful skill

of the orator. He was unusually grave and serious, speaking with great discrimination and admirable temper, and keeping the tone of the philosopher and philanthropist rather than running off into the style of the partisan and advocate. The League is grappling with a great question, but some of its utterances have yet more fire and fury than wit or wisdom. The meetings are making a mark, and are prophetic of something more than they have yet shown.

Still more noticeable was the New England Woman-Suffrage Convention. It held four sessions in Tremont Temple. It gathered and held large and intelligent audiences. The array of talent upon its platform was perhaps more marked than what appeared at any other meeting. There was also character behind the talent. The proceedings were generally marked by dignity and good taste. The weak, foolish, morally doubtful and extravagant things said were noticeably few; the mature, vigorous, brilliant, keen and effective utterances were many. The literary level of the speaking was, on the whole, very high. The general tone and character of the exercises were such as would command respect from any candid hearer, no matter what his views of the main question might be. There was some flippancy, some weak impatience, a little assumed superciliousness, just a bit of what was meant for bravery, but which became in the expression only unwomanly defiance and sauciness,—all of which could have been well spared. But an equal number of men might do no better,—in fact they often do worse. There was Lucretia Mott, with her Quaker habit, her silver hair, and her serene wisdom made touching and effective by her long life of heroic and loving service; Mrs. Livermore, with her organizing common sense, her rounded womanhood, her royal conscience and her scorn of all looseness in principle and life; Julia Ward Howe, scholarly, polished, poetic, and winning by her unstudied grace; Lucy Stone, ardent, keen, fearless, practical and eloquent; Mrs. Beecher Hooker, who brings refinement and power to every sphere and task; Grace Greenwood, with a radiant face speaking in every feature, and a soul sympathetically alive on every side, fusing wit and sentiment and logic in the fire of her glowing rhetoric; Mrs. Wilbour, whose paper was a piece of ordnance shot to the lips with syllogisms and audacity; and who was as cool while carrying on the bombardment as an old grizzled gunner of the regular army; Mrs. Burleigh, with a quiet dignity that is truly feminine, and yet that is supported by a calm strength which enforces respect;—these are some of the most noticeable women who united to make this convention one of the most striking features of anniversary week.

The very best phases of the movement were brought out before large audiences. The Free Love element, that has found advocacy in *The Revolution*, was condemned in speech and resolve, though not as unequivocally or unanimously as could have been wished. And the strong words spoken by Senator Wilson, in commendation of the general spirit of the convention, were not undeserved. His few sentences, expressing his purpose to speak and vote for the extension of the ballot to woman whenever he had a chance, aroused great enthusiasm; and the coming forward of Mrs. Lucas, of England, a sister of John Bright, to speak in behalf of the movement, was the signal for making the hall ring with cheers. The women had efficient male helpers, it is true; but in themselves they had a fund of strength, and they made a sensible use of it. That the movement is to go on, and that the ballot is to be put into the hands of women at no very distant day, is highly probable, in spite of flippant sneer and serious protest. There is little wisdom in ignoring this struggle, whatever may be thought of its merits.

But we can not find space in which to photograph, even in outline, other significant aspects of these Anniversaries. They are full of suggestiveness. They embody much. One can learn not a little of the world by studying their phenomena. And though their influence is much less than is often supposed, in comparison with the forces that work in steadier and quieter ways, yet they do not a little to send the toilers back to their labors with fresh plans, and magnetized brain, and higher hope, and increased power. They have done not a little this year to exhibit the sheaves that have been gathered, and to scatter the seed of future harvests.

The Young Men's Convention.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27, 1871.

Washington is full of Christian strangers. The sixteenth annual international convention of Young Men's Christian Associations is in session here, and nearly two thousand members are in attendance. From Portland to New Orleans, from Boston to San Francisco, from Ottawa to Halifax, and even from "Leeds in Yorkshire" and from other good English towns, men in the vigor of life and whose hearts are throbbing with Christian love, have come together to sit awhile at the Master's feet and then to go out and use the instruction they may receive there.

Such a welcome is rarely given to strangers as Washington has given to these attendants at the Convention. It seems as though every citizen had extended a friendly hand, and as though every heart and home was thrown wide open, to make the assurance of welcome doubly sure. Christians in the city have been praying a long time that this gathering might quicken their own spiritual life, and thus be a means of making religion wider spread and more vital among them. Multitudes outside the churches have caught the spirit of these prayers, and so they have awaited and welcomed this gathering as though it was to bring some rare treasure to their midst. These expectations have not been altogether in vain, for several are now walking in the light and love of God who began the week in the darkness and service of sin.

The Convention began its sessions on Wednesday, at ten o'clock, A. M., and the most of the day was spent in effecting an organization and in transacting preliminary business. The report of the Ex. Com. shows that unusual prosperity is attending the associations of the country. There are now seven hundred and seventy-six associations on the roll, eighty-three having been organized during the year. Many associations have erected elegant buildings for their own use, and are faithfully using the advantages thus afforded in forwarding the great work of saving souls. Manifestly the association cause was never stronger on this continent than it is to-day. It never before numbered among its active workers so many prominent and influential men, nor had so strong a hold upon the sympathies of the people, nor commanded so much money, as it does to-day. Never have those engaged in the work seen so clearly as now that it is their imperative duty to labor primarily, chiefly and always for the salvation of young men; and never has the Great Head of the church so richly blessed their efforts as in the year now closed.

The exercises of Wednesday were followed by a welcome meeting in the evening. President Grant, Secretary Delano, General Howard, and other distinguished men were upon the stage, and each had a good word for the cause and a hearty manner of saying it. The President's speech was thoroughly characteristic, and to the effect that the young gentlemen of the Christian Associations would be very much disappointed if they expected an address from him, but adding that he rejoiced to see so many honest faces, and hoped that their coming together would be attended by great good and a great national blessing. Secretary Delano spoke some earnest, hopeful words; and Howard, the Christian soldier, whose name has come to be associated with the highest type of manhood, was never more truly himself than during that and the other occasions when he appeared before the Convention.

On Thursday began the discussion of the topics agreed upon at the last Convention, and this has been continued up to the present time. They are of vital interest, "How to study God's Word," "Secular instruction and its place in the work of the Associations," "Modern Skepticism in its relations to young men," &c., being among them.

Rev. H. M. Parsons, of Boston, said that commentaries should be set aside, and the Bible studied as a personal business and by the help of the Holy Spirit, which statements, and especially that concerning the commentaries, called out some pretty sharp rejoinders.

J. James Claxton, of Montreal, maintained that secular learning is closely allied to religion, and that the science and literature of the hour should be carefully studied by those who would be the most efficient workers for Christ.

President Hopkins, of Williams College, gave a plain, direct and logical address on the methods of dealing with skepticism, affirming the right of private judgment, the necessity of distinguishing between facts and inferences, the duty of welcoming candidly and fearlessly all truth, and of respecting every honest doubt. One could hardly listen to his address without feeling convinced that skepticism is neither the natural state of man, nor can confer on him any positive good; that truth is vital to his well-being; that we may know the truth as it is in Christ; and that each should be an example of that living faith which he would produce in others.

And in this spirit of faithful and earnest service the business of the Convention was finished with this closing day of the week. Work has been done which we feel sure is to be materially helpful in meeting the ever-growing and important demands upon the Church of the next fifty years. These associations have become a power in the land; they are asserting that power every day; and if they can keep in mind that they are not a church, but a union of all churches, not aiming to build up a sect, but to spread broadcast the great truths of Christian love and Christian living, they may make that power second to none in helping the world to fix its ever faltering feet upon the firm platform of Christian brotherhood.

There have been several incidental features of the Convention which were highly interesting. Especially significant was the fact that Queen Victoria's birthday fell upon the day when many of her subjects met in Christian conference with the citizens of our own Republic, and at a time when both nations were rejoicing over the ratification of a treaty that is to stand as a lasting honor to each. And then there was the visit to the Convention of a delegation of Indian chiefs from the hitherto most hostile tribes of their race, but who now come to see the works of the white man, to study his civilization, and carry back with them the seeds of a better life. Besides these, there was a half hour's call at the White House, by invitation of the President, closed by a hymn and a prayer, praising God for his mercies and invoking his blessing upon the nation's chief. There have also been open air meetings in various parts of the city during the week, as well as prayer-meetings in most of the churches.

The next annual Convention is to be held in Lowell, Mass. To-morrow evening a farewell meeting will be held in Mr. Rankin's church, on Monday the delegates to the Convention make an excursion to Mt. Vernon by invitation of Governor Cooke, of this Territory, and then we go home and to work with, we trust, a higher purpose and a quicker faith.

By decree of Bishop Whitehouse, Mr. Cheney is no longer a minister in the Episcopal church. He was duly degraded from that office last Friday. Believing, however, that he is called of God, Mr. Cheney still continues to discharge the functions of that high office, being sustained by his congregation.

Christ Wants the Young

Many syrens, singing of license, irreligion, pleasure and vice, always haunt the paths of the young to decoy them to destruction. Because of the devastations of these tempters there are homes this day, darkened with closed shutters, and parlors of elegance, in which melancholy and the shadow of some terrible evil, instead of music and sunshine, reign.

The number of young persons that we can point out, as surely on the way to torment and ruin, is startling. It would give us a sensation, especially if incipient men and women grace our domestic circle, to look about us and begin to count.

These luxurious days are making havoc in ranks where will is strong before reason, and desires burn while the judgment is immature. Society wars with some of the best moral precepts ever urged on the habits of mankind. The rage for money and its prodigal use, the social drinking customs of "the best society," the corrupting character of popular amusements, the shameful licentiousness of men, without loss of caste, and other examples of like nature, are fast sapping the basis of virtue for the rising generation.

But Christ has need of these tempted young men and women. He has a work for them to do, and a reward for them to enjoy. Great changes are going on around them. Places in the church, long filled by good, Christian men, and places of responsibility and influence outside of the church, filled, too often, by wicked men, are soon to be occupied by those now young; new posts of service for God and mankind open rapidly, as the world speeds on, and young men and women, as well of holy principles as of disciplined minds, are needed in view of them. There is not an infatuated and willful child astray from God and conscience, anywhere on earth, whom Christ does not need. As he has already died for every one, so now he wants every one of them. It will not do, the world can not endure to have the centers of influence in human life, under the control of ungodly and vile men. Our editors, professors, lawyers and judges, our legislators and state officials, those managing the great industrial enterprises, and controlling the capital of the country, might, if they were Christians indeed, be of incalculable service to the cause of virtue and piety. When, from such commanding heights wicked men shed their influence on the people, how the land is blighted and cursed. Into these positions young men, appreciating the goodness of God; the remedial efficacy of the gospel, and recognizing the value of great principles of righteousness, must prepare to enter. How Christ has need of them.

Our whole country "groaneth" under corruption, which only the truth of Christ, incarnated in live men, can heal and remove. The young must put themselves in training for responsible offices soon to be made vacant for them. They need to study well in the school of the Great Teacher. He calls on them to be ready to go out into the darkness of this world, and convince trade, and politics, and professional life, of the worth of Christian faith and knowledge. In these spheres of life, as well as at home and in the church, Christ has a mission for these precious youth to whom Satan sends temptation.

It is an interesting thought that the future of Christianity, with all its varied and important interests, will shortly be in their hands. They are insensibly to supplant the old. Redemption, so far as it depends on men for its success, is to depend on their virtue and wisdom. Unless they respond to the voice of Christ, the salvation of lost sinners will, for one generation, at least, come to an end. If they allow desire to reign over conscience, they will be guilty of taking away from this hungry, dying world the "bread of life." Think of the offices of Christ, during their generation, as suspended;—no redemption, no pardon, no hearts renewed, no intercessions before the throne of God, no angels in heaven rejoicing over sinners saved, no spirits of God gathering over dying couches, no graves of precious dead touched with the glory of celestial hopes; the world everywhere given up to infidelity, to sin, and to despair. Could greater calamity occur? Is any part of it desirable? The woes of the French Commune are, by the irreligion of the young invited to the world, and each wicked, unchristian youth extends the invitation. But contrast the effects of Christianity neglected among men, with its fruits when carried into the spheres from which it is not shut out, and given more purely and widely to our life; then Christ's reasons for wanting the service of the young will be seen at once with the crime of neglecting him. He not only has holiness instead of corruption for their hearts, but a ministry of salvation, instead of cursing and death, for their lives. Urgently, therefore, Christ entreats the young to follow him, and happy are they who heed his voice.—J. A. H.

The Call for Laborers.

Some see little else than discouragement. Infidelity under alluring forms, ever molded to suit the cravings of depraved hearts, multiplies its votaries. The greed of gain absorbs the energies of the masses, and excludes them from gracious influences. The love of many waxed cold, the enterprises of benevolence languish, there seems to be but little progress. It is easy to find obstacles and hindrances. But what if there are, as there always have been and always will be in this world? "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

There have often been depressing circumstances in the history of the church. Elijah the prophet was depressed when he thought he was left alone, with his life in peril. The disciples thought that all was over with them and their cause, when their Captain

was borne away as a malefactor. The Huguenots and Waldenses, hunted as beasts on the mountains, might have felt like giving up, though they never did. What has the faithful soldier of the cross to do but his duty? With truth and right before him, God on his side, and immortal beings to be saved from ruin and death, he has but one course, to labor on to victory. The gospel harvest is plentiful and the laborers are few; but this is not to dishearten us. If it were the reverse, if the laborers were numerous, and the harvest meager, that would be discouraging. Now the cry comes over the waters, Send us laborers, for the indications are especially favorable for reaping an abundant harvest for Christ. The cry comes from the south and the west, Come over and help us, for we are in the midst of most pressing demands. Churches and Quarterly Meetings are destitute and ask for men. Well, this is better than if there were a multitude offering their services, and unable to find work.

Now no one can excuse himself because there is nothing to do. We have fifty young men preparing for the ministry at Lewiston, and a goodly number at Hillsdale, New Hampton and other institutions; but the wants of the churches are so pressing that it is with much difficulty many of them can go through their course of study. If the number were fourfold, every laborer would be taken up without delay. And to-day there are young men through all the churches, on whom is resting the burden of the Lord. Let such be careful lest they grieve the Holy Spirit. Let no one ask to be excused, and promise to do more in some other way. "To obey is better than sacrifice." Go into the vineyard and labor. While you linger souls may perish, and their loss be required at your hand.—J. J. B.

Current Topics.

—DECORATION DAY. This memorial day has been observed again, and the graves of our fallen heroes are still fragrant with the floral tributes placed upon them. Loving hearts have throbbed quicker as they have placed the wreath or the cross above the remains of their dear ones; and just as loving hearts have throbbed just as quick as they have crowned with flowers the graves of unknown but honored patriots. And thus the great sacrifice that we have made is kept fresh in mind, and union with freedom seems dearer by thus remembering the heroes who secured them to us.

But decoration day has two aspects. One is that of gratitude mingled with sorrow and mourning; the other is that of merry-making mingled with mirth and thoughtlessness. Multitudes welcome the day only because it brings a few hours' release from daily business, and still others because of the music and parades with which it is coming to be filled. It is, in fact, made a mere holiday and gives the appearance of celebrating some joyful event instead of suggesting a sense of the woe through which our country was saved; it seems more like the cheer of a festival, and less like the subdued ceremonies of a memorial day. And then may there not be a danger that the very memories which we seek to perpetuate will thus gradually lose their place in our hearts, and fade like the flowers with which we signalize them? There are many cities and villages who annually strew a few flowers upon their soldiers' graves who have no monument nor other substantial token of their affection for them. Might not many of such citizens, instead of closing their shops and stores, keep them open on memorial day and give the proceeds towards erecting a monument that should perpetuate the memories of these dead soldiers? And then there are many soldiers who may have been bravest in battle but whose graves are rarely adorned by a flower. We would not omit the decoration services, but we would, in many places, see more general and substantial tokens of regard than a parade and the dressing out of a few graves signify.

—THE PITTSFORD, PA., HORROR. Avondale has been repeating itself at Pittston, or rather the criminal carelessness by which so many miners were burned at the former place has just been gathering other fruits of its sowing at the latter, and nearly as many roasted and suffocated miners have been taken from the black and horrible pit. The shaft took fire while about twice as many as the law allows were at work in the mine, and the accident seems to have proceeded directly from a violation of those laws by which mines are to be worked. The recent act by which it is forbidden to send men into the coal-pits with only one avenue of escape, was wholly disregarded, so that when the shaft took fire there was nothing left for the wretched miners below but to rush into the flames and end their agony, or to avert suffocation for a time by retreating as far as possible to remote parts of the mine. That such terrible results are possible is a disgrace to our civilization; that they actually and so frequently occur should make every one of our lawmakers hang his head and look upon himself as an accessory to actual murder. Shall our coal-pits remain mere man-traps, into which poor laborers must be sent out of the sunshine, only to dig a while in noisome gases, and finally be pulled out charred and suffocated, or will the authorities see to it that every possible precaution is taken for their safety? In God's sight the life of the millionaire who warms himself by his grate may not be a whit better than that of the wretched toiler who dug the coal to fill it. Then why should the Nathan murder and the Putnam assassination excite such indignation and produce such efforts to bring the criminals to justice, while these known murderers of scores of their fellow-men are dismissed with a mild rebuke in some telegraphic dispatch? Can not these Avondale and Pittston horrors be averted in the future? If not, who can blame the Pittston miners for their course

against their guilty agent, by which he was obliged to flee to save his life?

—THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. This enterprise is brought freshly to the minds of the public by the recent celebration of its forty-seventh anniversary in Philadelphia. It was an enthusiastic gathering, animated by the awakening spirit of the man, Rev. Geo. H. Stuart, who presided over it. It has enjoyed another prosperous year, and, like all its years in the past, has done good service for Christ. It works by union "and not by sects, thus reaching the heart of the great multitude that is so apt to be repelled by anything that looks like proselytizing. It has, indeed, always done its work in a very quiet way, relying more on voluntary contributions than upon wide and pressing solicitations. But at the same time its record is a creditable one, and whoever helps it in any way is sure of helping a worthy cause. It has already established about fifty thousand Sabbath schools through its missionaries, and into them more than two and a half millions of children and adults have been gathered. What could better prove the worth of its service, or more strongly urge its claims upon the attention of all Christian communities? The hope of our country lies in the proper education of its youth, and he is the truest benefactor, as well as patriot, who assists this, and causes like this, in its great work.

—THE WORK OF THE COMMUNISTS.

On the last Sabbath in May, while its peace and quiet were resting down upon us like a benediction, the city of Paris was smoldering in ruin. The last shots were being fired between the fathers and brothers of two French armies; fifty thousand dead bodies lay rotting in the garrets and cellars of the city; palaces which were begun two hundred and fifty years ago, and which were rare specimens of architectural beauty, were mere heaps of charred and broken fragments; marble columns were seamed and broken by the heat, and elaborate arches were lying in smoke and ashes; the Archbishop of the city and sixty of his bishops had been murdered; women and children were flying about in dismay, or lay starving and dying in the trampled and bloody streets; fresh horrors presented themselves at every step, and the larger part of the second city in Christendom was in ashes. And this is what the Communists had brought upon themselves and their hitherto gay capital. Not only this, but in the trenches outside of the city walls hundreds of other corpses lay bloated and festering in the sun. To the last they were true to their nature,—cruel, implacable, wanton, revengeful, destructive, intent only upon inflicting misery, desolation and death upon their opponents, and upon the city which they could not finally conquer. And for what? Some friendly to the Commune, say to preserve Republican institutions, which M. Thiers was preparing to betray. But there is no proof that Thiers ever intended such a course. He had taken an oath not to do so. Even had he been false, there is nothing to show that the Assembly would have followed him. It was clearly the duty of all Republicans to have proof of a purpose to betray before overturning a government they had themselves erected on the ruins of the empire. But there is every reason for assuming that no such fear impelled the insurrectionary movement. It had other aims. It was the rising of the sans culottes, aided by a portion of the laboring class, and led by as precious a set of demagogues as ever figured in history. They chose a time when the property classes were the least able to interpose resistance, when the best soldiers of France were languishing in German prisons, and when the provisional government was bending all its energies to effect a peace settlement with Prussia. But they have ultimately failed, and have already been hunted down like the murderers that they are. They are dragged to the light from hundreds of hiding-places, and are shot by fifties and hundreds at a time. Yet as frightful as has been the scenes attendant upon the overthrow of the Commune, great as is the loss of life and property, a far greater calamity would have been in store for Paris and for France had the Commune succeeded in its purposes. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the baleful consequences thus averted, taking the Commune at its word; for it aimed to overthrow the whole social fabric of society—to abolish individual property ownership, annul the marriage relation, sequester all church property, and, in short, make the nation one vast Commune, where everything was to be held in common, and where not so much as the family distinctions were to be recognized. In view of such impending consequences, the sacrifices, great as they have been, are as naught. In view of such base intentions, upheld by acts at which savages would revolt, who shall say that the punishment which has been and is being meted out to the Communal leaders and their vile followers is too severe?

—STILL HONORING THE COLORED MAN. The legitimate results of the rebellion are appearing every day in the honors bestowed on worthy colored men. Not only are they elected to the U. S. Congress, which is a sufficiently marked honor to keep it fresh in the minds of all, but they are also elected to various state offices, made judges of Courts, and in numerous ways given the trusts for which they have shown a fitness, and to which they have proved that they would be faithful. Just now a southern city has yielded them the privilege of riding with their white equals,—not to say, their white inferiors,—in the horse cars; a somewhat noted judge has decided that the testimony of colored witnesses must be received in courts; and now comes the news that Mr. Revels, the only colored man who has held a seat in the U. S. Senate, has been chosen President of the Alcorn University, which is in Jackson, Miss. Gov. Alcorn nominated him, and he was unanimously confirmed. We doubt if there is a northern State in

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Poetry.

Dying at High Tide.

BY J. W. BARRELL.

The late venerable "Father Taylor," the seaman's missionary, "passed away at high tide," the propitious time to die, according to the notions of the sailor.

The breeze was whispering to the sea
Its music new and old.
The smiling heavens were overhead
Set with their gems of gold;
The stout wave, with its muffled feet,
Stood waiting in the bay;
To hear the trembling little feet
Upon the ocean wave;
And tales of regions bright and fair,
Were stirring all the quiet air.

Its strong arms catch the moving gale,
The wave is lifting mightily,
Above, she spreads her snowy sail,
And glideth gently o'er the sea.
The weeks and hours, the months are days,
For sunshine resteth on the deep;
Mid verdant isles and crystal bays,
She floats like a bird asleep;
Till one sweet morn, in glad surprise,
She struck the shores of Paradise.

Upon the western hills of life,
I see the Christian hero stand;
And sweetly o'er the sunset sky
Float pictures of the promised land;
His white locks kiss the evening breeze,
But morning lights his radiant brow—
White ships have come from o'er the seas
To wait him on to triumph now.
A tide of glory from the throne
Is waiting there to bear him home.

And thicker stand the angel forms,
And nearer move their snowy wings,
And richer now the melody
That every waiting seraph sings.
So fair a fleet the earth ne'er saw;
By pure celestial zephyrs driven,
One moment on the crystal sea,
Another, in the port of heaven.

"All hail," the chorus loud and sweet;
"All hail," the heavenly choirs repeat;
And, echoing o'er the crystal sea,
Swells the loud peal of "victory."

The Murmuring Brook.

I come from haunts of oot and hern,
I make a sudden fall;
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down;
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns—a little town—
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a graying.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel;
With many a silver water-break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—Alfred Tennyson.

The Family Circle.

Whatsoever.

Poor, down-hearted Mrs. Rogers! She sat in the twilight, thinking, weeping, planning; trying if she could stretch the few dollars due her for work, over the grocer's bill, the coal bill, and the doctor's bill that must shortly be paid. But she could not. Money is hard, stern stuff; it is not elastic like India-rubber; it will neither dilute nor stretch. And the little which this toiling, industrious woman could count in her possession, or as rightfully coming to her, would lie but a little way along that long row of debts; and so, instead of being a comfort to her, it seemed to press like a great weight upon her heart, and she covered her face in the dark and cried. She forgot the sick daughter who lay on the bed a little ways off, and whose ear was acutely sensitive to every sound.

"Mother, dear mother, what is the matter? You are crying," spoke Jennie.
"No, I am not crying; I am not," said the mother, wiping her eyes, and starting up with the cheer in her tone and manner as if she had never known a trouble. The sound of her daughter's voice had indeed stanch the tears into which her momentary forgetfulness had betrayed her.

"But you were, mother; I know you were, for I heard you catch your breath. Now, tell me, what's the matter? Anything new?"
"Nothing new, dearie; nothing at all," for indeed it was an old story, small means, hard work, scrimping expenses, struggling

to make those two obstinate ends—receipts and expenditures—meet. "Nothing new, Jennie; no variety, dear, in our life to-day. I'll get a light and read to you a little, shall I?"

And she took her Bible, her precious Bible, which she always seemed to lift and hold with a tender, affectionate touch, as a treasure most lovingly prized, and read: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water; that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doth shall prosper."

"That isn't so," interrupted Jennie; "there must be a mistake there. You trust the Lord, mother, and delight in his law, and all that, but everything doesn't prosper with you; everything seems to go crooked."

The mother stopped. She was not learned in the Scriptures, or in the methods of the divine government; yet she believed in God's dealings and in his Word, and the apparent discrepancies which she noticed from time to time she attributed to her own ignorance, and therefore never sought an explanation. At first she hardly knew what answer to make to Jennie, for the same thought had crossed her own mind. But the Holy Spirit came to her assistance, and, according to promise, taught her in the same hour what she should say.

"I guess there is more than one kind of prosperity, Jennie," said she. "There's the kind that comes with plenty of money, and the kind that comes with peace of mind and hope of heaven. You know Jesus said, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth,' and I know myself that money is not all we want in this world. I believe there's another psalm somewhere that explains this; I'll try to find it." And Mrs. Rogers turned over the pages of the holy book attentively, looking for the words "plagued and chastened," that were running through her mind.

"Oh, here it is," she at last exclaimed; "now let me read this:

"Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end."

"Their end, Jennie; you see we must wait till we see the end before we judge; and here it is very plainly marked out, the end of both."

"Read it, mother dear; I'd like to know what it says, these things have troubled me so."

"Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors."

"That's dreadful, mother. Do you suppose all are consumed with terrors?"

"All the ungodly, Jennie; it can't be otherwise. Their money will not save them. Nothing can save us, you know, but repentance of sin, and faith in Jesus."

"Well, go on, do, mother, and read about the other end; I want to hear that," said the sick girl.

"That is beautiful, Jennie; oh, it makes me forget my troubles, and feel quite happy while I read it."

"Nevertheless I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand."

"Don't you know, dear," the earnest mother stopped to say, "how much stronger and safer we feel when any one gets hold of our right hand? When we stumble we naturally put out our right hand to save ourselves; I suppose because that is the strongest. And as we go stumbling along in the rough and dark ways of our earthly life, how good it is to feel that God catches and holds us by his right hand. It seems as if he knew how much more comfortable it would make us, and so he was particular to say just this."

"But, mother, those are not God's words, are they?"

"He led the psalmist to say them, dear; it is just the same. But I haven't finished the beautiful verses I was reading. Hear the rest:

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

"God, you see, is all, and having all, we are satisfied; that is enough, is it not, Jennie? Your flesh fails, dear, and sometimes my heart does, but if we have God for our strength and portion, we have all we need. I am glad I read those verses, they have made me feel so much better. God will carry us safely through all our troubles, I am sure, for he holds us by our right hand; and it won't be long before we shall be at home with him, where there will be no need of money any more."

"Money is the worst thing in the world, I do believe, mother," said Jennie. "It is the root of all evil."

"The love of it, my dear."

"No, mother, the want of it."

"Both, I guess," said mother, smiling.

"The love of it often makes the rich proud and selfish; and the want of it tries and tempts the poor sorely. Money is a bad thing, and a good thing too. What a blessing that time that will be when we shall not be troubled any more about dollars and cents."

"But that 'whatsoever' that you read first, mother," persisted Jennie, "I don't quite understand it yet. It comes right in the long run, but that verse says, 'whatsoever,' which seems to mean every particular thing."

"Yes, Jennie, it has puzzled me, too; and it did when you first spoke about it, but it was only because I didn't remember. Now I see it. The Bible says in another place, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.' They work together; singly they seem wrong and trying, but all working together bring good and prosperity to us at last."

"Yes, I guess that is it," said Jennie, as she turned her aching head wearily on her pillow.

Yes, poor child, toiling mother, that is it.

"Ill that God blesses, is most good, And unblest good is ill; And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be his dear will."

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Sea-Lights.

"Very dark indeed it must be at the bottom of the sea," said Farmer Boyce, who is always in a "brown study" about something. "The water out here in the river is only about fifteen feet at the deepest; and you can't see what is going on underneath, no matter how you cross your eyes looking in. I presume it would be lighter if one could lie on the bottom and look about, but the daylight would certainly be a good deal dimmed; how then would it be if one could go fifteen thousand feet under water? I've an idea you'd find it a pretty dark place. What do you think about that, school-marm? For my part I don't believe even the fishes can see to swim."

"Really," I said, "I'm sorry for the fishes if they have to go gliding around by guess, for I've heard of great ones that lie still with open mouths, waiting for the smaller ones to swim in; how very unsafe it must be to wander around down there in the dark!"

"Exactly! but it doesn't seem quite fair now, does it? Rather hard on the little fishes."

"I should think God might have some lamps lighted, so they could see to swim away," said five-year old Robbie, "mightn't he, Nettie?"

"May be he would, if the water wouldn't put them all out," answered my pet little girl.

George Boyce looked up at this, and, instead of laughing as the rest did, said earnestly: "There may be some way of lighting fish-paths that we don't know about. When I went out hunting one night with Sam, we saw something shining in the darkest places of the woods that he called fox-fire. He said it was rotten beech-wood, that had a light of its own, and folks said, helped the foxes about finding their way in the dark. I don't suppose there is any rotten wood under the sea, but there may be something just as good."

"Pretty well reasoned for a youngster!" said Farmer Boyce, who was often a little proud of his grandchildren. "Now, if the school-marm had only been let down to the bottom of the sea when she crossed it on her way from Hindustan, she might be able to tell us something about the matter. But it isn't very likely we'll get much out of her, so we'll have to leave the question undecided, I'm afraid."

"Oh, it wasn't necessary that I should be let down into the sea to find out that there were lamps in it that water can not put out," I said. "Captain Farnsworth made quite a pet of me, when father was ordered back to America for his health; he seemed to think that it would comfort the poor, sick missionary to keep his daughter amused and happy; so he often came and sat down by us as we stayed on deck, and answered all my questions. I remember how the waves used to glitter on dark evenings, sometimes, and I have even seen balls of fire rise from them and float about our vessel. I was afraid when I first saw that, and began to cry."

"Ho! ho! my little missionary!" said the captain, "how could you live among the Hindus, and ride through jungles where tigers lived, if you were such a coward?"

"But I was never in danger of burning up there," I told him.

"No more you are here," he said; and then he told me that the lights were phosphorescent. I've no doubt your rotten beech-wood, George, shone because it had so much phosphorus."

"If that is the case," Farmer Boyce argued, "I don't see why there wouldn't be phosphorus as well at the bottom of the sea as on the top; and if it can give such a bright light, perhaps it is just as easy to see there as it is in this room, with a kerosene lamp on the stand."

"Now I remember what Captain Farnsworth told me about fishes one day," I said, beginning to get interested in the memory of my voyage home. "He said they are very phosphorescent creatures and throw out a light of their own which helps them to see through the darkness of the deep sea. I could hardly believe it until he brought a sailor to me who had been a diver, and made him describe some of those lights. The sailor said there were some fishes that shone like colored lamps, or like wonderful stars of many hues; and when many of them were together they made great wreaths or bouquets of fire that kept changing and flickering, now fading almost away, then blossoming out again until the diver was quite astonished at their beauty."

"I told him, I recollect, how the swarms of fireflies used to flash about in India, till it seemed as though ten thousand stars were within reach of our hands; and how the ground used to shine with the red and green light of glow-worms, so that you hardly dared walk for fear of putting out some pretty little lamp. He said he had seen all that himself, in the hot countries where he had been, but it couldn't compare with the brightness of the bottom of the sea. There you might see every color of the rainbow, flashing and shooting around you, as meteors shoot through a November midnight."

"Why, miss," he said, "the sea is just full of what we sailors call star-fish, and every

fish is brighter than the brightest star in the sky. Then there are shell-fish and hosts of other kinds just as brilliant. They dazzle a poor diver when he is roaming about under water, and make him feel as though he wouldn't mind being a fish himself if he could always live where it is so pleasant."

"Would you feel that way, my boy?" asked Farmer Boyce.

"Not I!" answered George; "I'd rather hunt coons with Sam, and only now and then catch sight of a rotten beech-log! I believe in dry land myself."

"School-marm," said sober-faced Nettie, "then the fishes have lamps just as much as foxes, and more too. I thought God wouldn't let them float about without knowing how to get out of the way of those big mouths you told of."

"Yes," said Robbie, "they shine themselves, and no water can't put 'em out. Let's go fishin', and then we won't have to buy no kerosene; and we'll shine so bright after dark, some big man'll come in and think we're all-a-fire!"—The Bright Side.

Pride Shall Have a Fall.

There was once a poor Umbrella, very old, and with most of the silk torn off its whorlbone, so that it looked quite tattered and shabby, and of course felt low and out of spirits. No more could it shield its master from the rain and hail, or keep from his head the scorching rays of the summer sun; and so, like many a worn-out old servant, it was discarded; and, being too fragile to be made use of as a walking-stick, was left to find its living the best way it could.

One day it was leaning disconsolately against a pillar letter-box, when a smart young Parasol passed by in a lady's hand.

"Ha, ha!" sneezed the Parasol, when it saw the poor fellow. "Never saw such a sight in my life! Why, what a seedy old thing of an Umbrella! It isn't of the least use in the world! and what a ridiculous object, to be sure, with its silk all torn off! I wonder the thing has the boldness to show itself in the streets! Now look at me! Here I am, spick and span, white one side and pink the other, as delicate and pretty a creature as you'd wish to see! Every body looks at me and thinks how smart I am, while that poor wretch of an Umbrella is only fit for the out-house."

So the proud new Parasol tripped gayly on in a jaunty manner, and the poor old Umbrella sighed mournfully; for he remembered the days when he too was young and strong, and could face the weather with the best of them.

In a few minutes a cloud came over the face of the bright sun, and the wind rose quickly, and a great storm came up from the south. The boisterous south-west wind came hurrying on, bringing the heavy rain with it, and as it whistled along the streets, and caught up the dust and the pieces of paper and whirled them with it, it drove the people into the porches and houses, and cried out all the while in its cheery voice, "Go home, good people, go home; seek shelter, seek shelter! I'm coming to give you a shower-bath."

So the policeman buttoned his coat close to him, and the smart footman, who was standing at the door to watch the carriages pass by, stepped back quickly into the hall; and the boy that was going with a message went faster and straighter than he ever did before in all his life, in order to get out of the rain. And the old Umbrella crouched against the pillar letter-box, and as he had no silk to resist the wind and the rain, it seemed to blow softly on him on purpose, and to bathe his poor worn-out whorlbone and shattered handle quite kindly and gently. Presently he looked up and saw a young lady hurrying by, and O, what was that in her hand? Drenched-soiled with spots of mud—its pink half washed out, and its white dingy and shabby—can that be the proud young Parasol? Yes, indeed it was! and as it passed the humble Umbrella it hung its tassel with shame, and hid its ivory handle in its mistress's sleeve for vexation. The shower had come on so suddenly that it had no time to be folded up. It had tried to resist the rain at first, but it was no use, and in a few minutes it had lost all the beauty of which it had been so foolishly proud, and could never in future be more than a second-best Parasol at the very most.

Now, many Umbrellas would have jeered at the poor creature, and shaken their whorlbone at it in an insulting manner; but our worthy old friend did nothing of the sort. He remembered his own condition, and felt for the poor young thing, which, like himself, had suffered from misfortune. So he only looked after the Parasol, and shook his handle with a sigh of pity as he thought within himself how very short a time anything bright and beautiful lasts in this world.

My children, never let us be proud of anything which we have in such a spirit as to make us despise others. Never sneer at others, or say anything to hurt their feelings, seeing that we none of us know how soon we may be in misfortune ourselves. Everything good that we have comes from the Master of all, the good God, and it is his will that we should turn the good which he gives us to the best account, and pity and help those of his creatures who have not so many of his blessings as he has thought fit to bestow upon us.—Knatchbull-Hughes.

The question is not, what ought I to do; but what am I doing? If you are praying for your enemy, there is good reason to hope that your heart is right; if you restrain prayer for him, there is good reason to believe that your heart is not right. A right heart towards a foe is never found coupled with forgetfulness of him at the throne of grace.

Divine mercy, unlike human, offers pardon for the past without "indemnity for the future."

Literary Review.

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS: An Essay in Comparative Theology. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. Crown octavo, pp. 528. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

Ever since Mr. Clarke contributed his first paper to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he entered upon the inquiries prosecuted in this volume, we have read with great interest whatever he has written upon this subject, and have waited with large expectations for the volume which we were sure would, sooner or later, give the results of his full study to the public. Those results are here, in a book whose very appearance suggests solidity and character, and whose contents are such as will make it one of the marked issues of the season. Of its pure, strong, direct and attractive style as a writer, we need say nothing, for it is almost above praise. And he is an eminently thoughtful, candid, independent, catholic-spirited thinker and theologian. He is as far removed from bigotry and offensive dogmatism as he is from servility and indecision. He blends a large charity with a genuine fearlessness. He has eyes wide open to see whatever is true and good in men and systems that stand at the opposite poles in theology, and he has a longing to see hostile schools shake hands, and to find principles broad and comprehensive enough to embrace and verify all the great and essential truths which have been revealed to the ages and wrought into the various systems of religion that keep a hold upon the minds and hearts of men. The Ten Religions, as he defines and classifies them, are Chinese Confucianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, the system taught by Zoroaster and the Zend Avesta, the Egyptian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Scandinavian, Judaism, Mohammedanism and Christianity. He gives a very plain, fair, and sufficiently full account of these various systems to put even the ordinary reader in possession of the means of judging them intelligently and fairly, sets forth the leading quality which distinguished each, indicates the real want of the soul which it aimed to meet, and points out the element of real truth which gave it life, tenacity and power. He then exhibits its defects, both positive and negative, and shows how and why it fails to become satisfying and widely effective. Finally, he seeks to show that those first five religions are all necessarily partial, that they have ever been and must still be, while they live, ethnic or the religions of races, and that they are inevitably arrested in their progress and influence by forces stronger than themselves. Ultimately, he seeks to show that Christianity is meant for universal man rather than for distinct countries and races,—that it takes up the various elements of truth possessed by other systems, uses and harmonizes them,—that, by means of its plenitude, or fullness of life, it meets all necessities of the soul,—that it has a universal instead of a partial ministry among men,—that it is not arrested by other forces, but is steadily and victoriously progressive,—that, springing from the complete life of Jesus, it can never be exhausted, and, adapted to universal man, that it is to bind the race into a sacred and redeemed brotherhood.

This is the mere outline of what is a most interesting, instructive and careful discussion of one of the greatest subjects of human thought. It would be quite too much to say that everything is satisfactory. Unconsciously it may be, facts are sometimes used as if their end was to be sought in the support they can be made to lend to the preformed theory, and so they are summoned and cross-questioned, or ignored and quietly dismissed, accordingly. The author is a Unitarian, and so he brings methods of interpretation from his own school of thought, and defines Christianity in accordance with his own system, as though that were identical with the ideas of Christ and the teaching of Paul. That was perhaps unavoidable. But there is no sectarian narrowness, none of the mere partisan spirit or methods, none of the skeptic's covert warfare under the fair speech of the historian and philosopher. Everything is open, straightforward, manly. And in the amount of valuable information which he has gathered, classified, digested and made available for use, in the philosophical method of religious study which he has illustrated, in the broad, fresh, striking and suggestive views which he has offered, in the large-hearted charity which every paragraph displays, and in the reverent love by means of which Christ and his gospel are ever exalted to a sacred royalty, he has done a work, in the preparation of this volume, for which he deserves and will receive the thanks of thousands.

BIBLE SKETCHES AND THEIR TEACHINGS. FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Samuel G. Greene, B. A. Third Series: The Life of Christ upon earth. Boston: American Tract Society, 1871. 16mo. pp. 286. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

We have in this volume a very pleasant, sympathetic, life-like and attractive presentation of the gospel narrative, in language especially adapted to secure the attention of children and even their hearts. A large amount of illustrative information is wrought into the essays, and the truest and highest uses of the facts that are represented are brought out with rare skill and effect. It is a service that may well enlist the amplest learning and the best talent, and both authors and publishers have done a fitting thing in giving us this book. Like the pleasant, animated talk of a warm-hearted and wise Christian friend, these chapters can hardly fail to win attention and profit the heart.

ALFRED THE GREAT. By Thomas Hughes, M. P., author of "School days at Rugby," &c. With map and illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 16mo. pp. 324. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

The author of this volume could not write a dull, or common-place, or weak, or trashy, or merely sensational book. He is sure to be fresh, bracing, wholesome, direct, and to fill every paragraph with a robust life. He makes this volume not only instructive and entertaining, but very suggestive and quickening besides, so that it illustrates the old definition, that history is teaching by means of examples. A good deal of curious information touching the life of our ancestors a thousand years ago has been here brought together, and an air of thorough reality pervades the whole volume. Manly-spirited boys will like and feast on this book, and such as this.

MARRIED FOR BOTH WORLDS. By Mrs. E. A. Porter, author of Captain John, &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1871. 16mo. pp. 281. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

Mrs. Porter has given us a very touching record of a young wife, widowed after a year of domestic bliss, but who took up her work, as she came back from the grave, with a rare devotion and a sublime, but thoroughly human faith, enduring as seeing the invisible, and waiting the call to go up higher with a tireless patience and an unlooked hope. Many things bearing upon the life beyond, and our relation to it, will be very suggestive and helpful to bereaved hearts.

SIX BOYS: A Mother's Story, as told by some extracts from her journal. Boston: Am. Tract Society, 1871. 16mo. pp. 330.

The contents of this volume purport to have been copied from the journal of a mother, who was left, more than half a century since by the sudden death of her husband, with the care of six boys, who presented the usual variety of traits, and taxed and tried her mother love and patience and faith about as sorely as real human

boys are apt to do. The record is life-like, very instructive, rebuking presumption and distrust, and giving peculiar sanctity to maternal fidelity and faith. It has lessons for both mothers and sons, that need to be learned, and can not very well be missed by the reader.

From A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, we have received several small volumes, bearing the peculiarly high and devout character that distinguishes most of the issues of that house. First among them is a book containing three very excellent discourses of Rev. William B. Williams, D. D., on Luke 15, entitled GOD'S RESCUES; or, The Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son. They are every way worthy of one of the ablest and most suggestive writers of religious tracts in the country. Then come half a dozen small volumes, each a full done up in paper covers, and serving their respective purposes very admirably. Their titles are as follows: AIDS TO PRAYER, by Henry Ward Beecher. 24 mo. pp. 179. A PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, or, What Jesus is to me. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. pp. 100. THINKING ALOUD. A book of Daily Meditations for children. By Grace Webster Hinsdale, pp. 111. COMING TO THE KING. A book of Daily Devotions for children. Same author, pp. 114. MELODY OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. By Anna Warner, pp. 135. WAYFARING HYMNS. Original and translated. Same author, pp. 66. As little pocket volumes to aid in the daily work of keeping devotion alive, these are very choice little things.

HAND-BOOK FOR IMMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES. Prepared by the Am. Social Science Association. With maps. New York: Published for the Ass. by Hurd & Houghton, 12mo. pp. 117. Crammed with just such information as immigrants need to possess, in order that they may intelligently select their locations, and escape being imposed upon by those who have axes to grind and local interests to look out for.

Pamphlets, Magazines, &c.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL, Vol. XII., from January to June inclusive, 1871, bound in stiff and beautiful paper covers, has been received, and most impressively sets forth its wide-awake freshness and value. It is really one of the most splendid little magazines for the young ever got up anywhere. Chicago: John E. Miller.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June has an unusually large number of articles that are incomplete in themselves, most of which are entertaining enough to secure a careful reading in spite of monthly interruptions. The second paper of The Capture of Fort Fisher is very clear in its account of that affair, and aims to do all parties justice; Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada is thoroughly enjoyable; and The Whispering Gallery, in which Mr. Fields deals with Dickens, is every way admirable. There are enough of the lighter things to satisfy those who prefer easy reading, and the number is fairly good even for the Atlantic. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is strong, varied, attractive. The second paper on the Yellowstone is not less valuable than the first; Leipzig and its Fair pictures central Europe very vividly in one of its phases; Mrs. Oliphant here her story of a wild Irish girl in her characteristic way; S. W. Duffield has a fine, fair and needed article on The Freedom of the Pulpit, which constitutes a proper though indirect reply to the one on the Bondage of the Pulpit; George MacDonald goes on with his serial without disappointing high expectations; the editor's Topics of the Time are brilliant, pithy and practical, and there are many other things that will make their mark and help in giving the magazine its deserved place among our periodical literature. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, June, 1871.—A specially good number. Shopping in Paris will surprise by the truths it tells, and by the work it does in stripping off the mere varnish which covered moral deformities in the queen of cities; The Freedmen's Bureau is very instructive; Prof. Lowell as a critic suggests a purpose to find fault, though making some good points, and the lighter articles are pleasantly readable. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE GALAXY, June, 1871.—Full of spirit as usual. White's defense of his papers on the use of words, published in that monthly, is very well done, and his critics are compelled to take their turn in the pillory. The change in the editorial management of its miscellaneous department brings improvement. This last issue helps to keep up its well-earned reputation. New York: Sheldon & Co.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME, an English Magazine, recently brought fresh to the public notice by Mr. Shute, 40 Winter St., Boston, is an excellent thing, full of genuine character, and ministering to the higher tastes and wants of readers. We most cordially commend it.

We congratulate the publishers and the public on the completion of ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA, whose last pages are printed and in the hands of the subscribers. It was a timely as well as a definite undertaking, duplicating no other, and it has been carried through with rare skill, ability and painstaking. It is especially comprehensive, and the condensing process has well illustrated the maxim,—*Multum in parvo*. Its cheapness will commend it to the public favor, and make it available to many who can not buy the larger works. Phila.: T. Elwood Zell. Thompsonville, Conn.: Horace King.

GOOD WORDS. May, 1871. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG. May, 1871. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

GOOD HEALTH. June, 1871. Boston: Alex. Moore.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, June, 1871. New York. Samuel R. Wells.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. June, 1871. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE, June, 1871. Phila.: T. S. Arthur & Sons.

Literary Miscellany.

Alps from the Right.

"Over the Ocean" is certainly a collection of some almost perfect pen-pictures of sights and scenes in foreign lands. The author carries the reader in imagination to the very scenes that he himself has witnessed. Here is how the Alps look from the top of Mt. Right:

Hurrah! Here is Right Staffel, four thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and a good hour's pull from our last halt; and now our guides lead us out to a sort of bend in the pathway, and we begin to see what we have climbed to enjoy. From this bend, which overhangs, and seems to form, as it were, a sort of proscenium box of the scene, we look down on the grand view below us—Lake Lucerne, Arth, the road we have passed, the mountains swelling blue in the distance.

What beautiful views we have had as we ascended! An attempt at description would be but a series of rhapsodies. Let any one who has seen the view from the Catskill Mountains imagine the scene filled in with eight Swiss lakes shining in the sunlight, dozens of Swiss villages in the valleys, chapels on the mountain-sides, ribbons of rivers sparkling in the distance, the melodious tinkle of cow-bells from the many herds on the mountain sides below, coming up like the faint notes of a musical box, and the whole framed by a lofty chain of mountain peaks, that seem to rise in the picture in a vast oval. The view changed twenty times in the ascent, and a faint idea may be had of its grandeur and beauty.

"But wait till you reach the Kulm, if you want to see a view," says one, pointing to the tip-top hotel of the mountain, on its great platform above us.

"Pshaw! No." "The rest of the distance is so short—just up there—that monsieur, though breathless and fatigued, will do no such thing, and so sits down on a broad, flat stone, to look at the view and recover wind for the last brief 'spurt,' as he thinks; and the guide, with a smile, starts off.

We have learned a lesson of the deceptive appearance of distance in the mountains, for what appeared at most a ten minutes' journey, was a good half hour's vigorous climb before the hotel of Right-Kulm was gained; and we stood breathless and exhausted in the portico, mantling vowing never to attempt mountain climbing on foot when horses could be had—a vow with which, perhaps, the last portion of the journey over a path made slippery by a shower, making the pedestrian's ascent resemble that of the arithmetical frog in the well, whose retrogression amounted to two-thirds of his progression, had something to do—and a vow which, it is unnecessary to say, was not rigidly adhered to.

But Right-Kulm was gained. Here we were, at a large, well-kept hotel. The rattle of the French, German, Italian, and English tongues tells us that Switzerland has attractions for all nations, and the fame of her natural scenery attracts all to worship at its shrine. A brief rest, after our nearly four hours' journey, and we are called out one and all, to see the sun set. Forth we went, and mounted on a high, broad platform, a great, flat, table-like cliff, which, when contemplating the scene below, could liken only to a Titanic sacrificial altar, erected to the Most High, it jutted out so towards heaven, with all the world below it.

But were we to be disappointed in the sunset? Look! huge clouds are rising; one already veils the sun; its edges crimsoned, and its center translucent. A moment more and the cloudy veil is torn aside as by the hand of a genie, and the red rays of the great orb of day blaze into our faces like a huge conflagration, a universal burst of light, when contemplating the scene below, could liken only to a Titanic sacrificial altar, erected to the Most High, it jutted out so towards heaven, with all the world below it.

We realized now how "distance lends enchantment to the view." That blue atmosphere of distance, that seems to paint everything with its softening finish, is exquisite here. Lake Lucerne was at our very feet, and looked as though we might toss a pebble into it; eight other lakes, calm and still, and looking like blue polished steel plates resting in the landscape, flashed in the sunbeams; the little waterfalls like motes upon their surface; silver ribbons of rivers glittered on the bosom of the mountains like necklaces, while villages appeared like pearls scattered on the dark green carpet below, and we looked right through a great rainbow, 'The half of the signet ring of the Almighty,' at one, and the landscape about it—a singular and beautiful effect.

Villages, lakes, landscapes were seen, as it were, through a river of light in a great panorama of hundreds of miles in extent, forming a view the grandeur and splendor of which it is impossible to describe.

But while we are looking at this wondrous picture, the sun sinks lower, and we raise our gaze to the grand chain of mountains, whose edges are now fringed with fire, or their snow peaks glowing in rose tints, sending back reflections from their blue glaciers, or sparkling in the latent rays.

There rises the great chain of Bernese Alps. There are mountains—eight, ten, twelve thousand feet into the air. How sharply they are printed against the sky! and how they roll away off towards the horizon in great billowy swell, till lost in the far distance, the white-topped peak of one tall sentinel just visible, touched by the arrowy beam of the sun that glances from his icy helmet!

Look which way you may, and a new scene of surpassing beauty chains the attention. Here rises rugged old Pilatus, almost from the bosom of Lake Lucerne; beyond Lucerne, the whole canton is spread out to view, with a little river crinkling through it, like a strip of silver bullion thread; away off, at one side, the top of the Cathedral of Zurich catches the eye; down at our very feet, on the lake, is a little speck—Tell's Chapel; right around us rise the Right group of mountains, green to their summits, and in contrast to the perpetual snow mantles of the distant Bernese. But the sun, which has been like a huge glittering and red, flashing shield, is now only showing a flaming edge of fire behind the apparently tallest peak, making it look like the flame bursting from a volcano; the landscapes deepening in huge shadows, which we can see cast by the mountains, half obscuring it from view; the blaze is fainter—it is extinguished; a few moments of red, fiery glow where it sank, and anon a great rushing group of clouds, and the blackness of night closes in, and the fierce rush of the Alpine wind is upon us.

Grieve not for what can not be recalled.

A Talk with Whittier.

When you see Whittier, you see instantly it is the Whittier of the pictures, only more than than gray. The pictures give you a larger head, yet not so fine in the lines that mean more in a man of genius; and no picture can give you the eyes, smaller than those we see in the portraits of Burns, but dark, intense and tender, and when he speaks of what touches him intensely, all a glow with the light of his soul, such eyes, indeed, as you only see now in a picture by one of the great old masters, whose genius I used to think, as I wandered through the galleries, was more wonderful in than anything else that has come to us from their hands. There is a hint of the Quaker, you notice, in the cut of his dress, but not in the color, which is black, not new at all, but so spotless as to make you wish he would take all your new garments and put them through a course of training for a few months, that they may get the habit of looking pure and sweet as that when you come to wear them,—a Quaker in his speech; but using "thee" and "thou" with such a shy sweet grace as to make you wonder whether the finest manners may not lurk after all, within the homely old Saxon terms; quick with his words, contrary to all his traditions and training, and with no hint of the sacred sing-song his sect has always held in such profound esteem, especially in meet'n.

When we had done with our greetings, we struck first,—I can not tell how,—on the fathomless mystery of the nature and destiny of the human soul. My friend and myself took the sunny side of the way; Whittier the shadowy. We tried to make out a case that should center first and last in the Divine love; he stood fast by the human responsibility. He marshaled our picked forces for a Divine election of all souls at last to the everlasting life; he matched us with the freedom of the will, through which a man may elect himself to the doom of the lost, and persist in that to the end. We fired our last shot: "He shall go after the sheep which is lost until he find it, and bring it on his shoulders rejoicing." He feared that the habit of wandering would carry the dog again whenever the hapless thing got its chance to break away; there would be no overcoming of the freedom of the will, to wander off or to stay by the shepherd even in the green pastures and by the still waters of God. It was a most pathetic and touching little struggle of two to one. Still Whittier stood when we had done, where he was when we began,—I speakably so. He could see what seemed so sure to us, but neither able nor willing to disturb the solid and strong convictions of a lifetime, and of such a life.

Then he said cheerfully to me: "I hear thee is lecturing this winter on Burns. I should like to hear thee. Burns is to me the noblest poet of our race. He was the first poet I read, and he will be the last. Our people did not care for poetry," he said "when I was a boy. We had in our house an American reader, quite popular at that time, in which I found a piece of the old school of stanzas; and, besides that, I thought he had a poem called the 'Davieses.' (I hope I have struck the title,) written by a 'Friend,' and held in great esteem by our body. But somehow these did not seem to touch me; they were not what I wanted. One day one of our preachers came to stay all night; and noticing as we sat by the fire, that I was intent on a book, he said, 'I will read to thee, if thee likes, some poems by Robert Burns. I have a copy with me.' So he got the book and began to read. It was the first I had heard of Burns, and I wonder and delight over what I heard as fresh as if it were yesterday. I heard nothing up to that moment, it seemed to me, that had any right to be called poetry; and I listened as long as the old man would read. I noticed he left the book on the table; so I rose at gray dawn next morning and read for myself. I was hanging over the book when the friend came down, and then he told me he was going further to visit such and such meetings, would be back at such a time, and if I liked, would leave the book with me. There may be sure I gratefully accepted his offer. I read Burns every moment I had to spare; and this was one great result to me: I found that the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in a world and life lying outside the edge of our New Hampshire sky; they were right there about my feet and among the people I knew. The common things of our common life I found were full of poetry. It was a new and a perfect revelation. He told me also that such a man only can say in good faith, that he could understand what the critics mean when they say there are things in Burns not fit to be read,—things impure and vile, the spume of a fallacious fancy. 'I never found such things,' he said; 'I read all Burns, every line of him, and while there is a difference, of course, to me every line is good.' I know Whittier could not have thought, as he told me this, that Paul said once, 'To the pure all things are pure'; and how purely true his commentary on Burns was to the great old text.—*The Lakeside Monthly.*

Roman Mosaic.

The Roman mosaic is executed in colored glass, of which many thin thousandths of an inch are required and produced. The color is added when the glass is in a state of fusion. When thoroughly mixed, the liquid is taken out with a large wooden-handled iron ladle, and poured upon a slab of smooth, flat marble. As it cools, it is flattened by the application of an inch or more in thickness. Before the glass cools sufficiently to become hard it other pieces of marble, until the mass is cut into pieces of the required size and shape by a sharp iron tool. When quite cold, the pieces are placed in a box, each tint having a separate compartment.

Gold and silver are frequently introduced into mosaic. These are prepared as follows: Pieces of yellow glass are moistened with gum-water, and to these gold or silver leaf is applied. The gilded glass is then placed upon an iron shovel at the entrance of the furnace; when it becomes red, it is withdrawn. The process renders the gilded glass so secure that it is as permanent as the glass itself, and resists any atmospheric influence to which it may be exposed.

A frame is next prepared, of the size of the picture about to be imitated. On this is laid a cement, composed of a mixture of chalk, brick-dust, gum arabic and white of egg. This forms the ground for the design. The same kind of cement is used to fasten the glass cubes in their places. These are arranged with small iron pincers, and beaten down in their places with a wooden mallet or mallet. The surface is thus rendered flat, and is afterwards polished in the same manner as plate glass.

For the small pictorial mosaics, the modern Roman process more nearly approaches that of ancient Alexandria. Small colored rods are prepared from a kind of easily fusible glass or enamel. These are softened by the aid of a lamp, and then drawn out in

to a thread. This is broken off into the lengths required by the thickness of the intended picture. The ground consists of a sheet of copper, overlaid by cement, into which the glass threads are fixed. After the surface is ground and polished, the interstices are filled in with wax of a color corresponding to the glass. Some interesting specimens of modern Roman mosaic, together with samples of the material, are to be seen in the Geological Museum, in Jernyn Street.

Mosaic copies of the large pictures that are now being made for St. Peter's, at Rome, have occupied from twelve to twenty years; and few even of the smaller copies can be produced in less than five or six. It is by no means such mechanical work as might at first be supposed. A knowledge of art is required, as well as great taste and judgment.

Among the modern mosaics of Rome, a lady—the Signora Isabella Barberi—is celebrated for her talent, both in design and execution. Her father, Signor Barberi, fell into bad health, when she undertook the direction of his studio; for in mosaic work, as in many other arts, there are portions that can be done by inferior hands, under skillful superintendence.

The Cavaliere Luigi Moglia is also an eminent mosaicist; his copy of the 'Madonna della Seggiola,' purchased by the Emperor of the French, is said to be one of the finest modern specimens of the art.

On account of the enormous time and expense required to produce a mosaic picture of any size, the work can never be undertaken with a view to profitable speculation. Such works can only be the result of government patronage, or that of wealthy individuals.

Death of Frederick.

On the 15th, after a restless night, he did not wake until eleven o'clock in the morning. For a short time he seemed confused. He then summoned his generals and secretaries, and gave his orders with all his wonted precision. He then called in his various clerks, and dictated to them upon various subjects. His directions to an ambassador, who was about leaving, filled four quarto pages.

As night came on he fell into what may be called the death-sleep. His breathing was painful and stertorous; his mind was wandering in delirious dreams; his voice became inarticulate. At a moment of returning consciousness, he tried several times in vain to give some utterance to his thoughts. Then, with a despairing expression of countenance, he sank back upon his pillow. Feyer flushed his cheeks, and his eyes assumed some of their wonted fire. Thus the dying hours were prolonged, as the friendless monarch, surrounded by respectful attendants, slowly descended to the grave.

His feet and legs became cold. Death was stealing its way toward the vitals. About nine o'clock Wednesday evening a painful cough commenced, with difficulty of breathing, and an ominous rattle in the throat. One of his dogs sat by his bedside, and shivered with cold; the king made a sign for a fire to be kindled over it. Another severe fit of coughing ensued, and the king, having with difficulty got rid of the phlegm, said, "The mountain is passing; we shall be better now." These were his last words. The expiring monarch sat in his chair, but in a state of such extreme weakness that he was continually sinking down, with his chest and neck so bent forward that breathing was almost impossible. One of the faithful valets took the king upon his knee and placed his left arm around his waist, while the king threw his right arm around the valet's neck.

It was midnight. "Within doors all is silence; around it the dark earth is silent, above it the silent stars." Thus for two hours the attendants sat motionless, holding the dying king. Not a word was spoken; no sound could be heard but the painful breathing which precedes death. At just twenty minutes past two o'clock, the breathing ceased, the spirit took its flight, and the lifeless body alone remained. His great battle was ended, and the soul of the monarch ascended to that dread tribunal where prelates and potentates meet to answer for all the deeds done in the body. It was the 17th of August, 1786. The king had reigned forty-six years, and had lived seventy-six years, six months, and twenty-four days.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Woman and the Platform.

The woman's rights movement in this country in its incipient stages, was marked by a number of female speakers, who once acquired eminence, and whose names are still remembered with respect and admiration. Among the first of these was Miss F. M. Stanton, who, by her earnestness and thorough acquaintance with the subject, and her ability to instruct and enlighten the people. Strange to say, although an army of followers has come after them, they still hold their own. We have yet no one more logical than Mrs. Stanton, more earnest than Miss Anthony, more persuasive and clear-headed than Lucy Stone.

Of course, there are exceptions, and very striking ones among this crowd. Anna Dickinson stands alone first and foremost for eloquence and fire. Miss F. M. Logan, and others are distinguished in different ways; but the fact still remains that many, much the larger number, have tried and failed. Mr. James Redpath, head of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, writes to the *Woman's Journal*, in order to say a word to the women who are studying elocution for the purpose of reading before lyceums. He declares, "there are fifty candidates already for every possible chance. Readings are a drug. No lyceum wants them. Only a few readers in all the country have the slightest hope of obtaining a hearing." He goes on to say, "The women who are capable of meeting it. There are among men, one, perhaps, in four or five thousand, capable of delighting or instructing audiences, who can, in fact, make this sort of publicity pay. The number may be greater among women, but it can not be vastly greater. The time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when people will listen as readily to a woman as a man if she gives as much worth listening to. There is always room high up; but the prizes are not to be won cheaply. It would afford an admirable example of a woman, who would spend the time in studying, and polishing, and perfecting upon his famous Washington oration, and also in acquiring the graces and fascinations of oratory which he had at command. Woman ought not

to expect to acquire in six months what men can only gain in years of unremitting toil. Admitting that women are more apt and ready at learning than men, the same still holds true. Let no woman be dazzled by the imaginary ease of a public career. Let her not for a moment suppose that ignorance and crudeness will tell less on the platform than in the dry, sober professions that require hard, steady, persistent drudgery. The purest notes in Nilsson's voice have cost years of study, and when we pay four or five dollars for a place at one of her concerts, we are paying for all that costly preparation, no less than for the delight of a divine genius.—*The Revolution.*

Salt Lake City.

Mr. Nordhoff of the *Evening Post* writes from Mormondom that Salt Lake City need not hold any new pleasure traveler more than a day. You can drive all over it in two hours, and when you have seen the Tabernacle—an admirably arranged and very ugly building—which contains an organ built in Salt Lake by an English workman, a Mormon named Ridges, which organ is second in size only to the Boston organ, and far sweeter in tone than the organ of Plymouth church; the menagerie within Brigham Young's enclosure, which contains several bears, some lynxes and wild cats, natives of the mountains, and a small but valuable collection of minerals and Indian remains, and some of the manufactures of the Mormons, the temple block, and enjoyed the magnificent view which is seen from the back of the city of the valley, and the snow-capped peaks which lie on the other side, a view which you can carry with you all over the place, you have done Salt Lake City, and have time, if you have risen early, to bathe at the Sulphur Spring. The Lake lies too far away to be visited in one day. If you stop, as our party did, at the Mormon hotel (the Townsend House is called), you will find an abundance of good food, admirably cooked, and plainly but well served; and you may perhaps, if you keep your eyes open, see an active-looking, vigorous young woman eating her breakfast alone at the end of the room, who is one of the three wives of the proprietor. Scandal relates that this one manages the cooking service—one of the others being too old, and another too pretty to work. Thus at the Townsend you may chance to get a peep at Mormondom.

Period of Self-Conceit.

In almost every man's life there is a period of self-conceit. But with a true heart and a well-balanced head the disease is of short duration, and is not liable to recur. There are only a few incurable cases, and still fewer in which one's vanity becomes inflated as seasons leave their silvery register upon his locks. The period is some where between fifteen and twenty-five, at which men are generally the smartest. They are sagacious then, and are standards of wisdom in all things. They are Zacheuses in the giddy heights of the scycamore. Some of them tumble out and break their necks, while others see their folly and come down among humble and wise men. But this is a critical period in one's life. He may act foolishly towards others, but others should exercise discretion toward him.

Older men should not aggravate the ill, but bear patiently and gently with it. Kindness and patience will best help a young man through this crisis of vanity. A harsh treatment may leave unpleasant reflections after the parent has been restored. The child may be delirious never forget derision and ill-treatment. So the puffed-up young man may remember all attempts to puncture him with ridicule. After his collapse of vanity and the normal adjustment of his faculties he may know who had pity and patience, and who sought to kill rather than cure. We would therefore say to our brethren: Bear with that vain young man; he may be ripening into mature strength that shall largely advance the cause of truth. *Herald.*

Why They Love.

Some wise or otherwise bachelor makes these random and possibly truthful assertions:

A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant or faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and aristocracy; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

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, as more than a single obituary will be afforded to any single obituary. Verses are inadmissible.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE HIBBARD died in Gifford, Mass., after a brief illness, of lung fever, aged 81 years. Gentle and dependent upon a husband's counsels, his sudden death, and that of two daughters, a few years since, leaving her a childless widow, developed in her a strength and maturity of character of which under ordinary circumstances we might have forever remained ignorant. Those afflictions at first seemed more than she could endure, but a Father's tender hand led her through and out of the fiery furnace, and since that time her first thoughts and efforts have been to find how she could best be a comfort and blessing to those around her. She was an amiable disposition, loving and compassionate towards the erring, she was ever a peacemaker, reconciling enemies and causing friends to love each other better. A faithful and earnest, though quiet Christian woman, she has left us an example worthy of imitation, and a vacancy in our home-circle never to be filled.

Mrs. A. OSBORN died March 6th, aged 24 years and 11 months. Sister Osborn was converted at the early age of 13 and united with the Salem F. B. church, of which she remained a worthy member until death. Funeral services by the writer.

THOMAS HODGSON died in Boothbay, Me., May 8th, in the 90th year of his age. Bro. H. professed religion nearly fifty years ago, and became a member of the Boothbay church in 1824. For many years Bro. H. followed the sea in the fishing business. For about 30 years he had lived in Boothbay, and been a member of our church there. Bro. H. was a man of little more than a year's service, were considerably more than ordinary persons, very intelligent, great readers, and deeply interested in all the enterprises of the day. He was a devoted member of the church, and a faithful contributor to its many needs. With a bounding heart, Bro. H., on day he came into my study, and said, "Bro. W., I want to give ten

dollars to the mission cause; will you send it on for me?" He did not say, "I suppose I must," or "ought to give," but "I want to give," and this just expresses his character. Very few people lived so happily together, and enjoyed each other's society, as did Bro. and Sister Hodgson; and but very few persons were more universally admired than they still they thought but very little of themselves, and felt greatly unworthy. In their death the church and the world have lost a great loss, but their eternal gain is glory. Rest, beloved dead, and may we all meet you in glory.

H. WHITTIER.

DEA. WILLIAM HAND died suddenly of apoplexy, in Shelby, Mich., aged 64. He was born in Hensselaerville, N. Y., and was baptized and united with the F. Baptist church in Wolcott, N. Y., 32 years ago. He removed to Shelby in April, 1863, where he lived up to the time of his death. About 5 years previous to his death, a F. Baptist church was organized in his town, and he was chosen deacon. He was always present at preaching and covenant meetings, and weary pilgrims found comfort and hospitality at his house. He left a wife, 5 children and 14 grandchildren to mourn their loss. His wife, SOPHONIA, survived him 1 year and 13 days, and died after a protracted illness, on the 1st day of May, on comfortable hope of meeting her companion on the shining shore.

DEA. RILEY CARR died in Claybanks, Mich., Sept. 2, 1870, aged 66. He was born in the northern part of the state of N. Y., and removed to Erie Co., where he was converted and united with the F. Baptist church. He was baptized by Elder H. N. Plumb in 1843, and maintained a consistent Christian walk to the last. He removed with his family to Mich. in the fall of 1863. He was taken sick the following winter and never fully recovered. He was at times a great sufferer during his years of patient lingering. Some 4 years before his death, a F. Baptist church was organized in Claybanks, and he was chosen deacon, which office he faithfully and honorably filled. In his death, the church and the cause of Christ generally suffered a great loss. His widow and children, and his numerous and dutiful children live in hope of a glorious reunion in a better land, where sickness and death never enter. Funeral services by the writer.

L. HITCHCOCK.

JULIA A., wife of Rev. G. C. Waterman, died at Vermont, N. Y., April 23, aged 32 years and 6 months. Mrs. Waterman was converted at the age of seventeen and from that time became an earnest student of the holy Scriptures. She was a devoted wife, mother, and friend. Her husband, and being situated so that it was not convenient to unite with the people of her choice, she made no public profession of her faith till the summer of 1861, when she was baptized by Rev. G. P. Ramsey, and united with the church in Ames, N. Y. For more than a year consumption had been doing its fatal work, but doing it so insiduously that she had not despaired of recovery. She left her home in Vermont with the hope of obtaining medical aid at Danville, but receiving no encouragement she went to Verona to visit a friend, and there, falling suddenly, she died. Her husband, and children, and her sister was one of unusual beauty and excellence, but to the large circle of friends who knew and loved her well she leaves no exception. Her vigorous intellect, her deep piety, and her rare natural talent have impressed her memory, and secured her influence so that being dead she still speaks. Many friends sympathized with the bereaved husband, and pray that the Lord may comfort and support him and care for his motherless children.

V. G. R.

Academies, &c.

WEST LEBANON ACADEMY. The Summer Term of Lebanon Academy will commence Tuesday, May 2, 1871, and continue ten weeks, under the following instructors: MISS M. H. FERNALD, Preceptress, and teacher of Instrumental Music. T. A. STACY, teacher of Penmanship and Vocal Music. MISS A. V. HAYES, teacher of Wax Works.

TUITION. Languages, \$4.00 Higher English, \$5.00 Common English, 4.50 Primary, 4.00 Penmanship, (12 lessons), 4.00 Instruction in Music, 10.00 Good boarding places can be obtained. Special attention given to those desiring for College. JOHN H. SHAW, Sec'y.

West Lebanon, April 14, 1871.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE, PITTSFIELD, ME.

MISS GEORGE B. FILES, A. B., Preceptor. MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress. MISS ABOLINE M. FERNALD, Associate. E. EUGENE WADE, A. B., Prin. of Normal Dept. MISS J. C. SIMONS, Associate. MISS J. F. STEERE, Teacher of Music. D. M. WAITT, Teacher in Commercial Department. Length of Term, ten weeks. CALENDAR, 1871.—Spring Term begins February 2, and ends March 27. Summer " " April 7, and ends May 27. Fall " " August 24, and ends September 18. Anniversary Exercises, June 21st. N. F. WEXFORTH, Secretary Trust.

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

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE. REV. J. L. COLLIER, A. M., President. REV. I. D. ADKINSON, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.

WILLIAM REED, Professor of Mathematics. MISS JORIE SUMPTON, Teacher of Primary Department.

Mrs. MARY J. E. ADKINSON, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

Calendar for 1870-71.—Fall term begins September 6, and ends November 25.

Spring term begins March 7, and ends May 27.

Summer term begins June 6, and ends August 18.

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AFTER ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAILED, BY TWO

BOTTLES OF

CONSTITUTIONAL

CATARRH REMEDY!

Derry, N. H., May 1, 1871.

Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & HAYES, Chemists and Druggists; Manchester, N. H., Proprietors of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

I took three cures, one after another, till they resulted in Catarrh, and almost Consumption. The physicians told me I had congestion of the lungs. I remained for nearly a year sick, with nothing but Catarrh troubles, my head aching and the mucus dropping down into my throat, causing a wheezing cough each morning till I got rid of the droppings. It took away my strength, and I was for no business. I took all known Catarrh remedies, but they did no good, not a particle. I bought a bottle of your "Constitutional Catarrh Remedy," some extra medicine, and found immediate relief. The second bottle restored me to health and business, but I up the whole system and made me feel as well as I was before I was sick. My age is 54. I have never seen anything that will remove a cold as quick. It demands it all right down. I never saw anything like it to create an appetite.

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TROY BELLS.

OLD ESTABL

News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Indians recently attacked a Texas wagon-train, killed seven men and wounded four.

The travel to the Yosemite and big trees of California is double that of any former year. The newly-discovered grove, larger than either of these in Calaveras County, attracts many visitors.

The coroner's investigation into the Pittston, Pa., disaster shows Inspector Williams to have been criminally negligent.

Andy Johnson made a three hours' speech on Saturday at Knoxville, Tenn. He has learned nothing during the last two years.

A wealthy New Yorker has willed eleven millions of property to the government in case it consents to pay his heirs an annual pecuniary \$350,000.

A French lady of New York city has had the necessary papers prepared for bestowing by will \$18,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Tennessee democracy have resolved that no issue can be made on the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, and have also determined to give the United States all possible assistance in carrying out the provisions of the Ku-Klux bill.

The people of Louisville have determined by a two-thirds vote to reduce the study hours in the public schools of that city from two sessions of two and a half hours each to one session of three hours.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a bill forbidding the employment of females or miners for more than ten hours a day.

Compulsory education has been inaugurated by the Legislature of Texas. It requires every child in the State, white or colored, to attend school not less than four months.

Sailors report large fleets of icebergs off the Banks of Newfoundland. One ship passed as many as fifty. Has the unusually early breakup of the northern icepacks anything to do with our weather?

The weather on Tuesday was very warm all over the country. In Halifax it was at 95 degrees. In New York it was 85 degrees, and in some places in New England it reached 96 degrees. Several fatal cases of sun-stroke were reported.

Yerger is again on trial at Jackson, Mississippi. The first order for troops to go south under the Ku-Klux law was issued Thursday.

The Tennessee democracy has decided to accept the constitutional amendments.

Gloomy reports are received from the cotton and wheat crops in Tennessee. In California the wheat crop will be very great.

Commissioner Pleasanton has ordered the internal revenue supervisors in the south to apply for troops whenever needed by them.

The total debt of the United States less cash in the Treasury is \$2,299,184,184; it has been decreased \$4,438,358 during May.

The President has nominated Mr. Baneroff to the Berlin mission, the grade of which was changed at the last session of Congress.

The annual decoration of the graves of Union soldiers throughout the country occurred Tuesday. Despatches from the principal cities of the northern States report a general observance of Decoration day, with processions, addresses, and appropriate exercises. At the Gettysburg national cemetery, General Humphreys delivered an address, reviewing many incidents of the battle.

The statement started from Washington since the adjournment of the Senate that General Banks would oppose in the House of Representatives the treaty just ratified, is declared to be without foundation. He does not intend to do the slightest thing against the settlement, and has no doubt it will receive the sanction of Great Britain and the Provinces. He will use whatever influence he possesses to secure such favorable legislation as may be necessary for the full consummation of the treaty.

Said R. Toombs at Augusta, Ga.: "When you can tear the live thunder from its home in the burning ether and bind it a captive at the foot stool of tyranny, then, and not till then, will I accept the situation."

The southern outrages investigation has begun. Vice-President Colfax arrived here at South Bend on Saturday morning, having stood the journey well.

Mr. Bowen was convicted of bigamy at Washington on Saturday.

The strike of the colored laborers in Washington has ended.

The striking brakemen on the Erie Railway have already caused the demolition of three freight cars loaded with molasses and the stoppage of all freight trains.

Mrs. Laura Fair was sentenced on Saturday to be hanged on July 28, for the murder of A. P. Crittenden in San Francisco.

Part of the city of New Orleans is flooded, owing to the heavy rains, and crevasses and breaks in the canals. The railroads leading from the city are also under water.

FOREIGN.

The Belgian government has compelled Victor Hugo to leave the country.

The finances of Hayti, which have always been in a terrible condition, are now worse off than ever, and a crisis is imminent.

The naturalization treaty between Austria and the United States has been ratified by the Reichsrath.

By the last of April the deaths from yellow fever at Buenos Ayres had fallen to 100 a day, but it is thought the city can never recover the terrible loss of so many citizens.

The Spanish forces in Cuba are still at work "stamping out" what is left of the rebellion, and a number of executions of accused and suspected parties have taken place, other than those captured with arms in their hands.

The London Times sincerely hopes that Canada will not selfishly withhold her consent from the treaty of Washington.

All Europe cries out against the barbarities practiced by the troops under the control of the government at Versailles. Not only are the leaders executed as fast as they are taken, but women and children are murdered without mercy. Thirty-three persons, including seven women, were placed on their knees in the square in front of the Hotel de Ville, told that they were to be shot for firing buildings, and the sentence was carried into execution, many not dying until after the sixth volley.

A proposition to grant political amnesty to the communists failed to secure a majority in the assembly. The Bourbons are very active and claim a majority of the assembly. Railway service to and from Paris has been resumed. Court-martials at Paris and Cherbourg are in session and arrests continue. It has been discovered who gave the order for the murder of Archbishop Darboy, and papers have been discovered showing that the moving spirits of the commune were in London and that they would have succeeded in the insurrection to England had it not been for the insurrection in London.

The theaters have been authorized to reopen, but the cafes chantants are still under restrictions. The assembly has voted 1,053,000 francs to rebuild the house of M. Thiers. The gates of Paris are closed at nine o'clock. Military service is to be made compulsory. Groussier has been arrested. A motion will soon be made in the assembly to prolong Thiers's power. Due d'Aumale is at St. Germain. Executions at Versailles continue. The people are still much exercised as to the proper method of treating the Orleans princes.

Paragraphs.

Seth Green, the placidist, asserts that, by artificial propagation of shade and herring, the water-level of any river could be raised a foot.

We boast of our Pullman cars and atmospheric brakes, but Austria is ahead of us in heating rail cars with steam furnished by the engine.

Rail fashion took to buttons for ladies' dresses, hooks and eyes have had only a small sale. A capital of over \$500,000 invested in their manufacture lies idle till their turn shall come round again.

New York has the largest population of any State in the Union, Pennsylvania next, and then in their order, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, etc.

Mormon physicians are not allowed to prescribe any of the more powerful medicines without first explaining their quality to the patient or his friends, and obtaining their unqualified consent.

It has been ascertained that out of 1,500 salmon eggs, in the ordinary course of nature only one produces a mature salmon. If all the eggs laid were to produce salmon, the ocean in half a century would be a moving mass of fish.

A recent writer says that the fences of the United States have cost more than all the craft that float on our waters, salt and fresh; more, indeed, than any other class of property except railroads.

The Louisiana planter finds that 2000 Chickens hands too few, and sends for more. They prefer them to negroes in everything except handling. There is a mutual understanding between the mule and the Chinaman.

There is but one hair-pin factory in this country. But it is a lively one and turns out fifty tons per month. One machine will cut and bend 300 per minute.

On half of the wealth, industry and population of the State of Connecticut is found within a radius of eighteen miles from Meriden. That section is a perfect nest of mills, foundries and factories.

The Remington Arms-Company of Ilion, N.Y., has the largest small arms manufactory in the world, and has sold the French Government in eight months past over 500,000 rifles, carbines and revolvers, worth five or six million dollars.

Colleges do not take the standing in Congress now that they did half a century ago. Calhoun once said that Yale College furnished forty-five per cent. of the members of Congress. Now but six graduates from Yale are in the two houses, and even Harvard College has but three representatives. Of the two hundred and sixty-five present members, ninety-nine claim to have had a collegiate education. Several of our western colleges are represented more liberally than Harvard or Princeton, which have furnished the land so many men of fame.

There are just about as many men as women in Utah, and the proportion of the sexes among children under one year of age there, corresponds very nearly with what has been observed wherever accurate records are made. The laws of nature in this respect are not disturbed by the accident of one man having six wives and five men having none. 105 or 106 males to 100 females is the birth-rate the world over, and Utah conforms to it.

Iowa certainly will never be "conspicuous for its prominent place in the rear." There is not one of its higher institutions of learning that excludes female students. Its Agricultural College, located at Ames, is probably the most successful institution of its kind in the country. "Pres. Welch has a genius for good management."

The Commissioners of Public Charities in New York, find that the foundlings that fall into their hands, only ten in a hundred live of those that are bottle-fed. In other cases in their care, when the mother, though unable to nurse, took care of the feeding seventy in one hundred survived, while of those wet-nursed by hired nurses, only twenty-seven and a half in one hundred lived.

London ladies who are in the very pioneer corps of fashion have adopted anklets for ornaments. They must be perfectly charming.

From a recent English special report it appears that Mary is the most popular Christian name, William ranking next. Of 100,000 children, half boys and half girls, 6819 bore the name of Mary, 6360 William, 6230 John, 4617 Elizabeth, 3876 Thomas, &c., &c. There were only 1237 Arthur, 1232 Alfred, and 1170 Edwards in the lot.

One valuable result of the application of steam power to propelling ships is the diminution of mortality among the emigrants from Europe to this country. 194,088 passengers came over by steamers, and but 18,824 by sailing vessels; yet the mortality among the former class was but 145, or less than one in a thousand, while among the latter it was 110, or nearly six in a thousand. A long voyage is a serious trial of the health and strength, especially of people crowded up in the narrow quarters of a ship; and shortening it not only prevents much discomfort, but protects life.

A machine has recently been perfected in London, with which a writer, using a pen in the usual manner, can at the same time, produce a duplicate so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, yet so distinct that a microscope will reveal every line and dot. A most useful application of the apparatus will be for the prevention of forgery, as private marks can be made on notes and securities, legible under microscopic power, but which no imitator could see or even suspect the presence of. The inventor, a Mr. Peters, states that the entire contents of the Bible can, with the help of this machine, be written twenty-two times in the space of a square inch.

Some of our readers who have lived fifty years may be glad to know what they have accomplished in that time. According to a French statistician, the average man has at that age, slept 6000 days, worked 6000 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4000 days, spent 1500 in eating, had been sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 10,000 pounds of meat, and 4000 pounds of vegetables, fish, &c., and drunk 7000 gallons of liquids. There are 18,350 days in a half century, and from the above statement it would seem that a man slept about one-third of the time.

One of the liberal papers at Rome has just published the affidavits taken in the eternal city a few years ago, when it was discovered that a firm of Fathers of one of the Religious Orders were getting rich in trading in the "bones of saints," and such "relics," any amount of which were prepared to furnish at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The thing was hushed up then, but unfortunately the papers were not burned.

The average force of the "Shoebill Brigade," now in the twentieth year of its existence, and whose red-shirted little members respectfully solicit the privilege of shining your boots on all prominent corners in London, is now 368; and its average earnings last year were 10s. 9d. (about \$2.75 currency) each per week—a total of £10,231.

Rural and Domestic.

Farmers' Head Work.

How often do we hear persons give as a reason for making a mistake that "they did not think." It is by no means uncommon to find two farmers, having the same amount of work to do, with the same amount of help, and yet one is always hurried, while with the other everything goes on like clock-work. If you will take the trouble to examine into the matter you will find that the latter works with his head as well as with his hands. He lays out his work in advance, and does not work to a disadvantage; he does not rush at a job without first thinking of finding out the best and quickest mode of doing it. Another great advantage to be derived from head-work is that it will teach a man the true meaning of the word economy. Many farmers "economize" in a way which is anything but economy. How often do we find farmers who for economy's sake "can not afford to lime," yet these same men must and will admit that the application of lime will greatly increase their crops.

Let us apply head-work to this, and see what such economy is. Almost any one will admit that a coat of lime applied to a field which has had none for ten or fifteen years, will increase the yield to an amount equivalent to two bushels of wheat per acre, and will continue this rate of increase for five years at least, or ten bushels, worth say \$15. A coat of forty bushels per acre will cost (cost of putting on included) about twenty cents per bushel, or \$8 per acre. By applying these two calculations to each other we will see that the lime is nearly twice paid for by the increased yield of the first five years, to say nothing of the after increase, for its action will extend beyond five years. Therefore, to cease liming is not economy by a great deal. Some will use a worn old plowshare, and instead of getting a sharp one, will raise the clevis and thus run the plow upon its point, adding at least one fourth to the draught of the team; and plowing up the ground in a manner which will shorten the crop to an amount which must be paid ten or fifteen shares. Such men will mostly buy wheat of time as an excuse for not doing many things which should have been done; yet such are the men who swell the crowd at public sales and such places. We will find such men running their plow against the same "tight stones" year after year, or plowing around the same stumps because they have not time to remove them; but they never seem to think that the time spent in getting over obstructions and in replacing broken plowshares would be sufficient to remove them several times.

We should remember that to practice economy we must not save a dollar and thereby lose ten, or in other words, adopt the old adage of "penny wise and pound foolish." We may look always at the man who practices head-work, while always has the inside track in the race of life, while the "economist" is often left behind by those who understand true economy.—Germanoten Telegraph.

Cinders in the Eyes.

The following is from a communication in the *Health and Home*, by an eminent physician: "Called to prescribe for Mrs. Andrews' inflamed eyes; learned that she had a bit of cinder in her eyes; occurred while traveling in the cars four days ago; eye very much inflamed, painful and attended with severe headache. This is one of hundreds of cases where a little knowledge would not have been a dangerous thing, and would have saved a world of pain. Nothing is more distressing to a traveler than a piece of cinder in the eye, and no disorder is more easily remedied. Calling the family together, I proceeded to show them that it was not an eye-wash that Mrs. Andrews needed to relieve her suffering, but the removal of the foreign substance. The cinder will be found just underneath the margin of the eyelid, where there is a small groove or gutter for the flow of tears to run down the eye. Foreign bodies tend to fall into this groove, and if they are very angular, like cinders, they adhere in spite of the current of tears which now flow in greater abundance, and sooner or later carry off smooth substances. Now, if you will raise the margin of the eyelid and turn it over, the cinder or grain of sand will be exposed; and may easily be removed with the point of a pencil, or with the finger covered by a handkerchief.

I then demonstrated this simple operation on one of the boys, thus: Taking my pencil in my right fingers, with the thumb and first finger of my left hand I seized the eye-lashes of the upper lid, and drawing the lid gently out from the ball, pressed the point of the pencil downward upon the upper surface of the lid, about one-fourth of an inch from its margin, and at the same time carried the margin upward over the pencil by the eye-lashes, when the lid readily rolled over the pencil so as to expose completely the gutter described. I then asked one of the young ladies to perform this operation upon her mother, which, after two or three failures, she accomplished, and as I had predicted, small angular pieces of cinder were found beneath the margin of the eyelid, which she very adroitly removed with the point of the pencil. Mrs. Andrews expressed immediate relief. So much interest was felt in this painless operation, that all in turn performed it, being aided by requiring the person operated upon to look downward when the lid was being averted, and upward when the operation wished to restore the lid."

The Uses of Glycerine.

As a means of keeping the skin moist glycerine is unequalled, and there is no better preventive of chapped hands, and no better application to hands that are chapped. It renders the skin soft, flexible, clear, and white, and is said, though with how much truth we do not know, to prevent freckles. As an article for use in the nursery glycerine is invaluable. It is altogether the best application for chafed surfaces, though many ladies have been disappointed in its use from not having followed certain directions, which will be hereafter noted. It never becomes rancid like oil, nor does it turn sour, like vegetable or sugary solutions. This is due in a large measure to the fact that it does not absorb anything from the air, nor does it even permit the access of air, to anything immersed in it. This peculiarity of glycerine has caused it to be quite extensively used in the preservation of fruits and vegetables. Another application of glycerine, which falls in the same category, is its value when mixed with cements. We all know the difficulty of causing labels and similar objects to stick to glass or highly varnished articles when the latter are exposed to the continued dryness of a very warm room. The gum or putty used for a very warm room, thus producing very serious annoyance. One or two drops of glycerine, in a small bottle of mullage will entirely prevent this result. We must beware, however, of adding too much glycerine, or the cement will fall to adhere at all.

The property which has caused most annoyance in the use of glycerine is its strong affinity for water. Although glycerine has a pleasant, sweetish taste, yet the first sensation that is felt when it is applied to the tongue is one of pain and burning. This is caused by the fact that the glycerine absorbs all the moisture from the surface that it touches, and thus dries it up and

parches the nerves. Ignorant of this fact, nurses and mothers have applied pure glycerine to the chafed skin of infants, and produced great pain. The glycerine ought to have been first mixed with an equal bulk of water, or at least with so much as would remove its burning action on the sense of taste. This being done it may be applied to most tender surfaces without producing injury, and as it does not dry up, virtually maintaining the parts in a constantly moist condition, excluding the air and promoting the healing process. We may hint to the ladies that a small quantity poured into the shaving cups of their husbands, brothers, or friends will prove a pleasant addition, preventing entirely any possibility of the latter drying or hardening.—Harper's Bazar.

Washing and Shearing Sheep.

We have heretofore expressed the opinion that it is better for sheep to be shorn as soon as the middle of May, rather than to wear their fleeces a month later. If the sheep are heavy shearers, the quantity of water absorbed by the wool is enormous, and a couple of days of good weather are necessary to dry out so much moisture after a heavy rain. No argument is needed to prove that it is very hurtful to the sheep to go for a long time with the fleece saturated with water.

Every sheep breeder has observed the gaunt appearance, paleness of the lips and nasal discharge which indicate loss of appetite, impaired vitality, and catarrh, resulting from exposure to drenching rains while wearing nearly a year's growth of wool. The extreme heat which often occurs in June is very debilitating to the sheep clad in its heavy winter coat.

It is evident to every one who has tried the experiment of turning sheep with and without their fleeces, into the pasture together, that the latter thrive much the best. The only objection of any moment to the practice of early shearing is the unjust rule of shrinkage adopted by wool buyers without discrimination as to condition. The unwashed wool must shrink one-quarter even if it is cleaner than the average of washed wool. Fleeces of unwashed wool sell for at least fifty cents less than those from the same sheep would do if washed. Taking one season with another, it is fair to suppose that this loss on wool is balanced by the improved condition of the sheep.

If the sheep are to be washed, it seems to us that the work might be done much earlier than is commonly practiced, taking a day when the fleeces have been wet by rain for several hours. In this way the process of washing is performed very quick and more effectively than when the fleeces are dry.

At any season, and whatever may be the weather and temperature, great care must be taken of sheep newly shorn. For a week or ten days after shearing they are very sensitive to cold, and are chilled to death in a few hours if exposed to cold or storm. They should be housed at night and during stormy weather.—Record and Farmer.

In-growing Toe Nails.

This most painful of the diseases of the nails is caused by the improper manner of cutting the nail, (generally of the great toe) and the wearing a narrow, badly made shoe. The nail, beginning to grow too long, and rather wide at the corners, is trimmed around the corner, which then gives temporary relief. But it then begins to grow wider in the side where it was cut off; and as the shoe presses the flesh against the corner, the nail cuts more and more into the raw flesh, which becomes excessively tender and painful. If this state of things continue long, the toe becomes more and more painful and ulcerated, and fungus (proud flesh) sprouts up from the sorest points. Walking greatly increases the suffering, until positive rest becomes indispensable.

Treatment.—We omit all modes of cutting out the nail by the root, and all other cutting or torturing operations. Begin the effort at a cure by simple application to the tender part of a small quantity of perboric acid. It is found in drug stores in a fluid form, though sometimes in powder. There is immediately a moderate sensation of pain, constriction or burning. In a few minutes the tender surface is left to be dried up, tanned or mummified. The patient, who before could not put his foot to the floor, now finds that he can walk upon it without pain. By permitting the hardened, wood-like flesh to remain for two or three weeks, it can be easily removed by soaking the foot in hot water. A new and healthy structure is found firm and solid below. If thereafter the nails be no more cut around the corners or sides, but always curved in across the front end, they will in future grow only forward; and by wearing a shoe of reasonable good size and shape, all further trouble will be avoided.—Medical and Surgical Journal.

The Horse-Shoe.

A farmer went to town one day, accompanied by his son, little Thomas.

"See," said he to him on the way, "there is a broken horse-shoe in the road; pick it up and put it in your pocket."

"O no, father," replied Thomas. "It isn't worth while to stoop and pick it up."

His father, answering nothing, picked it up and put it in his own pocket. He sold it to the blacksmith of the next village for three farthings, and bought cherries with the money.

After this they continued their journey. The sun was burning hot. Neither horse nor tree nor spring was anywhere to be seen. Thomas suffered with thirst, and had great difficulty in keeping up with his father.

The latter then, as if by accident, let fall a cherry. Thomas picked it up with as much eagerness as if it had been gold, and put it in his mouth. A few paces further on the father let fall another cherry, which Thomas seized with the same haste. This game continued until all the cherries had been picked up. When the last had been eaten, the father turned to his son smiling, and said to him:

"You see now that if you had been willing to stoop once to pick up the horse-shoe, you would not have been obliged to do it a hundred times for the cherries."

Rolliches—Tripe.

Some months ago a correspondent sent us a method of preparing tripe, which was essentially the old Dutch dish called Rolliches. It is now to be found in those parts of New Jersey where the Dutch descendants retain not only the customs, but the language of their ancestors. As we have mislaid our correspondent's article, we give the manner of preparing tripe in this form, as followed in one of the primitive neighborhoods above referred to. The tripe being well cleaned, is cut into large squares, a punch making eight or ten pieces. Beef, fat and lean, is cut into strips as thick as one's finger, and as much laid upon each piece of tripe as will conveniently envelop. Salt and pepper are sprinkled upon the beef as it is laid on, and then the tripe is sewed up so as to enclose the meat. The rolls are put into a pot with water and boiled gently until so thoroughly done that they may be penetrated by a straw; they are then removed from the water, put under a weight and allowed to cool. The fat being skimmed off, equal parts of liquor and vinegar are used to cover the rolliches, which are placed

in a tub or other vessel. The rolliches are sliced and eaten cold, or warmed up with some of the liquor.—Am. Ag.

The second volume of Dr. Butler's Commentary on the New Testament is now ready for delivery, embracing the Acts, Romans, and the Corinthians, and is for sale at this office. It contains the valuable features of typography and arrangement which were peculiar to the first volume. Particulars of sale next week.

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