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## **The Morning Star - volume 46 number 32 - August 9, 1871**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., AUGUST 9, 1871.

Number 32

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

ISSUED BY THE  
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,  
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L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.  
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## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1871.

### Till He Come.

"Till He come."—Oh! let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love  
Enter to their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast  
All our life-joy overcast;  
Hush, be every mourner dumb;  
It is only—till He come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press:  
Would we have any sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is lost,  
Death and darkness and the tomb  
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread!  
Drink the wine and break the bread;  
Sweet memorial—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly Board;  
Some from earth, from glory come,  
Severed only—till He come.

—Bickersteth.

### The Institute of Instruction.

The American Institute of Instruction, the oldest educational association in the country, held its forty-second anniversary at Fitchburg, Mass., July 26—28.

The meeting deserves notice in several respects. It called together much of the oldest educational talent, several elaborate addresses were given, and some fine discussions were held. But in its religious relations it was important. Not that the Institute has any distinctively religious character, nor that all its exercises were worthy of entire approval in their aspects toward religion, yet there was a true recognition of the supreme importance of religious elements in teaching. Each day's session was opened with prayer, and the final closing was by singing the good old orthodox doxology; but more than that, many of the speakers, even those far from us in doctrinal belief, recognized the necessity of religious teaching, and advocated principles which they had gained from Christianity.

Thus, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, of Cambridge, in the first lengthy paper that was read before the Institute, on "Kindergarten," the gospel for children, claimed to be following the teachings of Christ in advocating her favorite system, and though we might criticize her peculiar use of the word gospel, as being far from that grand plan of salvation for lost souls which Christ brought, and though some of her quotations and statements were untrue to the really sinful nature which we see in all children, yet there was much in her production which could only have come from Christianity. And some of her statements acknowledged the necessity of a Saviour for men as ruined and lost, and not to be saved without repentance and change.

Wm. T. Harris, of St. Louis, Mo., also, writing very carefully on "Prescription in modern education," its province," after reviewing the progress of mankind from the savage state through its several stages, was compelled to say that Christian civilization was highest of all, tacitly admitting that the elevating power for mankind was in Christianity. And his view of the extent of individual freedom, and the limits of it, must have come indirectly from Christian principles, whether he saw the origin or not.

Gen. John Eaton, of the Bureau of Education, Washington, in speaking upon

"American Education, progressive," paid tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers, and showed the incompatibility between free schools and the slavery of the south.

Richard Edwards, LL. D., of Illinois, in earnestly speaking of the causes of teachers' failures, after enumerating the common reasons, recounted what was needed, and among the qualifications for teachers, useful also to all, mentioned Christian character.

Hon. Warren Johnson, of Maine, pleading for "State Uniformity of Text-Books," praised the ministry as a self-denying class, going from place to place to do good.

If the able lecture by Prof. D. C. Gilman, of Yale college, on "Scientific schools in relation to colleges and high schools," and that by N. A. Calkins, of New York, on "Object Lessons" as holding "a philosophical relation to the natural development of the mind, and the acquisition of knowledge," and the essay by Charles C. Perkins, of Boston, on "Drawing, as a branch of General Education," and Gen. H. K. Oliver's account of the way he was taught did not specially fall in the way of any distinct Christian statements, yet the truths under them all were derived from Christianity.

Abner J. Phipps, the accomplished President of the Institute, could not have found such a body to preside over in any other than a Christian land, and he manifested recognized the power of our religion.

Especially the grand discussion by Hon. Joseph White, Secretary of the Board of Education of this State, Gen. Oliver, H. F. Harrington and several others, of the question "How far may the state provide for the education of her children at public cost," in which was advocated good education for all, was a noble illustration of the extent to which the benevolent and elevating spirit of Christianity has pervaded the minds of men and affected the sentiment of our age.

If all do not see truth alike, if statements are different, yet Christian truth may be there; as they say no two persons see the same rainbow, for the drops refracting the light must be different in place, yet all see the same arrangement of colors, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red; or even if some see only the three primaries, or some see a second rainbow with the colors reversed, yet the law which God established when he set his bow in the clouds still holds, and the double reflection reversing the apparent order does not change the law. So the great truths of the Bible and Christianity are fixed beyond all possibility of change, and it is interesting to see how they affect different minds gazing at them from different points of view.

Even if the Institute, as some fear, failing to receive the \$500 of state aid given it of late years, should not hereafter continue, or if, as others anticipate, it will even be more efficient when thrown on its own resources, yet this meeting has had a quickening influence on the minds of those who attended.

And, by the way, ministers should not be discouraged if sometimes they have few hearers. The attendance at some of the meetings of the Institute was quite thin, yet the able speakers went on with their prepared lectures and essays. But there were many distinguished educators present, of whom the names above are hardly a fair sample. Many of the members are active Christian men. And a little more of the distinctively and out-spoken religious, and perhaps a little less of the transcendental might have given even a better tone to the meeting, which was indeed elevated and inspiring of thought. R. M. S.

### Clergymen's Holidays.

The N. Y. Tribune has probably published quite as many harsh sentences concerning ministers and their failures as it has kind ones. But here is one of its kind ones, which is really a column of words in season:

The best charities, after all, are those which find their way outside of the old beaten grooves. One of the most genial and effective of these is that of a well-known financier, who has built a country seat on the island of Gibraltar, in the Ohio, opposite Put-in-Bay, and for the last two or three years has kept it filled during the summer with relays of a dozen clergymen of all denominations—usually men of large families and limited means, who find themselves surprised, some wearying, sultry day, with a pass to this earthly paradise, and a summons to forget work and wear for a fortnight in its shady orchards and cool retreats. We should never probably have heard of this pleasant hospitable whim but for the alarm of some of the Cincinnati press, who cry out with dismay at the constant succession of "twelve vacant pulpits" all over the country; and at the ravages of Satan among the deserted flocks, while the "shepherds indulge in croquet, boating, and, it may be, even billiards." Sneers at clergymen are the favorite resource now-a-days, as we all know, of cheap, vulgar jesters; there is a favor of impety, they fancy, in the joke that will make it pass in default of wit. There is a keen relish in the average public taste, too, for such cavilling. The reaction from the priest worship of the last century, even in the most orthodox society, is sudden and complete. The clergyman not only is no longer held to represent religion, but he is viewed with shrewd criticism and less charity than any other Christian professor—criticism which goes beyond the strict judg-

ment before which high pretensions should properly be tried. His conduct, tastes, expenses, and those of his wife; form a public dish of gossip in too many of the churches which every meddling finger may pick over and season.

In no other point is this more absurdly exemplified than in this very matter of holidays. Why should the doctor, shopkeeper, or butcher take his breath of fresh air when and where he chooses and crave no man's leave, and the clergyman be followed with aged jokes about the "bronchitis which needs a tour in Europe and dyspepsia to be cured by Lake George"? There is no middle way possible to the average American. He is not content to dissociate religion from its teachers, perceiving that the supreme truth of Christianity can be no more heightened or injured by the practice of any man than the sunshine is by a smoky window; but he must show his freedom of thought by incessantly nagging and flouting these teachers. It is time that there was an end of this. Of the intellectual weight of individual clergymen we may think as we please, or of their effectiveness in the work they have undertaken; but no man can be blind to the fact that that work is "not only the highest which can be chosen by a man of culture, but as a rule the worst paid. Whatever may be their shortcomings, no other class of educated men in the country will compare with clergymen in integrity to unselfish duty, in purity of life, and in the deservings and meanness of that life, when measured by the tastes and requirements which their work induces. The shortcomings, in fact, arise from this very meanness. A doctor or lawyer with weighty brain-power and weak nervous organization, has a dozen means of stimulating and refreshing both outside of his profession before he goes to the bar or sick bed; a country pastor, with heavier drain upon brain and nerves, is shut out from every resource but his few books and round of parish duties. He has in effect but one subject of contemplation—human nature and its relation to God; he hears the same morbid doubts and fears year in and out. Sunday after Sunday he does out the unvaried stint of sermons, into which, poor as they may be, some of his strength must go.

How is this perpetual drain on brain and nerve-power to be kept up? Is the preacher the only mill which will grind out incessant meal without grist? He and his people seem to forget that to speak divine truths he must learn them, and that while prayer and praise are only the utterances of men, God replies not through the Scriptures alone, but in Nature, Art, Music. We need not complain of meager sermons while the lives of their writers are meager. Give them, once a year at least, a glimpse of God's dealings with the sea and mountains and with his people of diverse tongues, of a broader heaven and a wider earth than the bounds of their narrow village parishes, and they will discern and bring back sublimer truths of His nature, and a larger, more liberal love for their fellow men.

### Mrs. Stowe on Free Love.

In her "Pink and White Tyranny," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gives this calm and logical refutation of the theories of the so-called "social reformers":

Well, then, it has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gliding begins to wear off, if the men who have taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek others? Have we not enough now, of miserable, broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are woman-reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless when the man who has married her and made her a mother discovers that she has not the power to interest him and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great Protector, that he made the law of marriage irrevocable: "Whosoever putteth away his wife and causeth her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage contract did not hold, if the church, and all good men, and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made, and that is the only proper time for reflection. But, when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

Christ never discouraged any sinner who was seeking salvation from Him; and while time lasts, he never will.

### Who Can Drink Moderately?

John B. Gough asks this question, and replies to it in the following characteristic way:

A moderate drinker always tells me, "I can give it up when I please." So you can. But when you say so, you don't "please," and you never intend to "please." It depends more on the temperament than on strength of mind whether if a man drinks he becomes a drunkard. You take a cold, phlegmatic man, and he is not likely to become a drunkard. He may be a good man, a good father, a good husband, a good Christian, for all I know; but he is not warm-hearted, impulsive, quick and generous. His hand falls on yours cold and clammy. Give him drink and he feels "very comfortable." Give him a little more, and he feels "very comfortable." Give him another, and he will go to bed, "very comfortable," and he will get up next morning feeling "very comfortable." You can't get him beyond the point of feeling "very comfortable." It may affect his vital organs in the end, but there is no evidence of his intemperance. The other extreme, for I am dealing in extreme cases. Take a young man, nervous, full of fire, full of poetry, and full of music; a young man who can sing a song or tell a story; noble-hearted, and always ripe for some mischief. Give that man a glass of drink and what is its effect? He feels it in every fiber of his system. It weakens the power of his will—slightly. It warps his judgment—slightly. It stimulates his mental powers to undue activity—slightly. That man is a changed man—slightly. As he keeps on drinking, and mingling in the outer circles of the world, every circle becomes narrower, narrower, narrower. He says, "I will give it up when it is injuring me." It is false! false! When you find it is injuring you, then is the time you do not give it up; you are like the soldier who called out to his comrades within the ramparts, "I've got a prisoner." "Bring him in," said they. "He won't come," said he. "Then come in without him," said they. "He won't let me," said he. You think you know and can guard against all danger. You are like the pilot who said he knew every rock in the channel. He steered clear of them for a while, but finally the ship struck. "That's one of 'em, captain," said he.

### Philosophy and Prayer.

I have not seen an argument against what is called the efficacy of prayer, which appears to me to have any force but what is derived from some narrow conception of the divine nature. If there be a God at all, it is absurd to suppose that his ways of working should be such as to destroy his side of the highest relation that can exist between him and those whom he cared to make—to destroy, I mean, the relation of the will of the Creator to the individual will of his creature. That God should bind himself in an iron net of his own laws—that his laws should bind him in any way, seeing they are just his nature in action—is sufficiently absurd; but that such laws should interfere with his deepest relation to his highest creatures, should be inconsistent with the highest consequences of that creation which alone gives occasion for those laws—that, in fact, the will of God should be at strife with the foregoing action of God, not to say with the very nature of God—that he should, with an unchangeable order of material causes and effects, cage in forever the winged aspirations of the human will, which he has made in the image of his own will, towards its natural air of freedom in his will, would be pronounced inconceivable, were it not that it has been conceived and uttered—conceived and uttered, however, only by minds to which the fact of this relation was, if at all present, then only in the vaguest and most incomplete form.

That he should not leave himself any willing room towards those to whom he gave need, room to go wrong, will to turn, and look up, and pray; and hope, is to me grotesquely absurd. It is far easier to believe that as both—the laws of nature, namely, and the human will—proceed from the same eternally harmonious thought, they too are so in harmony, that for the perfect operation of either no infringement upon the other is needful; and that what seems to be such infringement would show itself to a deeper knowledge of both, as a perfectly harmonious co-operation. Nor would it matter that we know so little, were it not that with each fresh discovery we are so ready to fancy anew that now, at last, we know all about it. We have neither humility enough to be faithful, nor faith enough to be humble.—*Miracles of our Lord.*

### How to Rest.

The best mode of resting when fatigued, depends upon the cause of the fatigue and the condition of the person at the time. There is one thing, however, which will always rest a tired person, and that is a sponge or towel bath over the entire surface of the body, followed by a thorough rubbing and friction of the surface. Of course the temperature of the water and the vigor and amount of the rubbing must be graduated to the strength of the person. It is generally best if given by a second person. When the fatigue is mental, arising from over exertion of the brain, the muscles

should be called into action, as by walking, horseback-riding, rowing, playing ball, pitching quoits, gymnastics, etc. General muscular fatigue is quickly relieved by lying on the face and having some one rub and percuss the back vigorously. Also, but less readily, by lying flat upon the back upon a hard couch or bed, or upon the floor, with the hands' back of or under the head, but the head not otherwise raised, and taking full, deep breaths. Local muscular fatigue may be relieved by rubbing and percussing the part, or by changing position and bringing other parts of the body into action.

### The Ten Hail-Biddens.

Rev. Dr. Waddell, of Glasgow, is translating the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek into the Scottish dialect. A specimen page from the twentieth chapter of Exodus will entertain the reader this side the water:

EXODUS, OR THE OUT-GATE.—CHAP. XX.

God's bidden mawn be done or waur. The Ten Hail-Biddens, or Commaunds.

- Syne spake God ilk word o' thir, sayan:
- My lane am the Lord your God, wha redd yo frae the lan' o' Egypt, an' out frae the house o' haud.
- Ye sae hae name ither godds fornest me.
- Ye sae schupe nae eidol till yersel, nor draught o' what's heigh i' the lift, or what's laigh on the yird, or what's intil the watters whilk are angh the yird.
- Ye sae nae lout yersel till them, nor ser them: for my lane am the Lord your God: a God fu' sikker o' his ain, fetchin hame the misdoens o' the forebears on the bairns, ay, till the third an' till the fourth o' their bluid wha ill-will me;
- But warin nieborlie wi' thousands o' them that lo'e me, and bide my bidden.
- Ye maunna even the name o' the Lord your God wi' nocht; for the Lord himsel canna redd the man wha evens his name wi' nocht.
- Mind ay weel the quatin-day, till haud it sikker.
- Sax days ye may paingle an' do a' yer wark:
- Bot the seven day is quat till the Lord your God. Ye sae wark nae wark intil hit; yersel, nor yer son, nor yer dochter; yer loon; nor yer lass, nor yer beiss; nor the frey frien' who taigles in yer yetts.
- For intil sax days the Lord wrought the lift, an' the laigh, an' the bouk o' watters, an' ilka haet in them; an' rested him on the seven day: whar-thro' the Lord blythebaed the seven day, an' set it by the lave.
- Be cannie ye o' yer faither an' o' yer mither; that yer ain days may be lang on the lan' whilk the Lord your God foresetles on yo.
- Ye sae time nae life.
- Ye sae loup nae fauld.
- Ye sae fash nae gear.
- Ye sae skaith the name yer niebor's name.
- Ye sae grein name yer niebor's ain o' his biggin; ye sae grein name yer niebor's ain o' his wife; or his loon, or his lass; or his knowrie; or his naig; or ought that is aught o' yer niebor's.

### If I Had Thought.

Christ beautifully identifies himself with his children, and provides an easy service for his followers in the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." A generous-hearted gentleman, after hearing a sermon from that text once, was heard to say:

A few days since I carried to a poor Christian woman a comforter, warm but well worn, and two loaves of bread, good bread, but a little stale. The weather was very cold, and the comforter was gratefully received. The poor woman was hungry, and the bread was better than she usually obtained. But while listening to the sermon to-day I thought that, had I reflected that it was Jesus I was visiting, in the person of one of his disciples, I would have taken a new comforter and fresh bread.

### Dogs.

"I think," said Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who, of all prose writers, has written with the most hearty and delightful appreciation of dogs, "I think every family should have a dog. It is like having a perpetual baby, it is the plaything and crony of the whole house; it keeps them all young. And then it tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late to breakfast, is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it—and you may, if choleric, for your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked."

### The Old Well.

"There was a well near here," said a bystander, "and very good water used to come from it; but it has been filled up for a long time."  
"Indeed I never knew there was a well here, much less tasted the water. How did it get filled up?"  
"Neglect, sir. Some rubbish got in, then

part of the surrounding soil; and as it was not cleared out at once it got worse and worse, till it is as you see it, quite choked up. I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?"

These last words set me thinking: "I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?" I thought how much this old well was like some Christians. The Lord Jesus spoke of the life he gives to the believer as "a well of water" unto him (John 4: 14); but are there not many who are supposed to be Christians in whom we do not see any water, and of whom we can say, as of this old well: "I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?"

### Events of the Week.

#### IS THE CHOLERA COMING?

The reports that the Persian famine has bred pestilence and that the dreaded Asiatic cholera is about to start off on another of its "grand rounds" has awakened considerable interest. It may be said that we in America have nothing to fear from the cholera in Asia; but this plague seems to acknowledge no bounds; it is in the habit of making periodical visits and of going where it pleases,—provided always there is filth enough to welcome it. For us to be forewarned is to be forearmed. This plague will not consort with cleanliness. It thrives best in crowded city corners, where personal habits are of the most untidy sort and where intemperance has unchecked license. There is no certainty,—perhaps there is no strong probability,—that the dreaded disease will appear here; but getting ready for it is the surest means of keeping it away, and will also prove beneficial in any case. Let each individual constitute himself a member of the health board, and cholera will give us a wide berth.

#### THE KENTUCKY WAR CLAIMS.

The Kentuckians are greatly disappointed at the decision of Sec. Boutwell not to allow their war claims. The amount is nearly half a million dollars, and they had counted confidently on having that amount to help pay their debts. The troops for whose services pay was demanded were in the employ of the state only, and as Kentucky continually proclaimed herself neutral, the United States seems hardly held for their pay. Of course, the Secretary lays himself open to the charges of refusing the pay wholly on party grounds, but his conviction that no other decision could properly be given was the only one that he allowed himself to follow.

#### A NEW THRUST AT MORMONISM.

The Western papers are constantly discussing the probability of the downfall of Mormonism, and now give it only a short time to live. As the pseudo-religious fabric fades away like an unsubstantial vision, people are beginning to consider whether the vanishing can not be hurried by the very annihilation of Utah itself. In the West it is generally believed that were the Territory of Utah annexed to the State of Nevada, the result would be beneficial to both. If Utah should add her population to that of Nevada, the two together would gain a Congressional representative; and the Mormons, in the composite State, would be in the minority. The federal soldiers and officers in Utah could go about more useful work than they at present do; and taxation would be lessened in both places. The union of church and state, now existing in Utah, would be disposed of, and the humbugging oligarchy lost. Evidently the annexation of Utah to Nevada is the surest way to kill Mormonism. Brigham and his followers are hardy prepared to "move on into the wilderness" once more.

#### THE GRECIAN HORROR.

The details of the terrible disaster which happened to the Greek steamer Eucnemis, bound from the Piræus for a tour of the Peloponnese, July 3, have been received. She had on board one hundred and thirty passengers, among whom were a newly married couple, bound to Spezzia. On reaching that place it was decided to fire a salute in their honor, and a man descended into the magazine under the saloon with a lighted candle, for the purpose of getting some powder, leaving the trap-door open. A little girl stumbled over the door, the candle was upset, and a terrible explosion followed. Upward of fifty burned and mangled people were thrown into the sea. The unhappy bridegroom rushed into a cabin, from amid the smoke of which he carried off what he believed was his bride, and plunged with her into the water. On being picked up by a boat, however, he found that he had rescued from death a young lady of Athens, and he returned to the steamer to find his wife burned to death. The people of Spezzia went to the rescue in boats, and brought the surviving passengers to land.

#### ANOTHER PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

The decree of M. Crémieux, in October last, when he naturalized all the Jews (his coreligionists) in the French colony of Algeria, has produced a great ferment there. The National Assembly has been petitioned to repeal the decree, and at Milanah the people have gone so far as to sign a protest by which they engage not to vote or present themselves at any election, local or general, so long as the Jews shall remain on the same footing of equality. The Arab populations are at the same time forming a league to establish everywhere native stores in which all Mussulmans will be forced to make their purchases, in order to complete the ruin of the Jewish traders.



## Communications.

## Missionary Life.

## JOURNAL EXTRACTS.

SANITOPRE, May 6th, 1871. Our members were mostly present and alive at our Covenant meeting this evening. Several of them spoke with feeling. Aprate, a young brother, spoke of his desire to learn more of God and the way of salvation, and also to teach others the way. "This youth appears to have been soundly converted and bids fair to become a useful man." May the Holy Spirit rest largely upon him. Boye, a widow, spoke very well, referring to the consolation she finds in reading the word of the blessed God, and repeating a number of passages that had given her much comfort. She also called for the other seekers, and at the close of the meeting followed me to the house to make special inquiries and speak of three in particular, in whom she felt a deep interest. One of these was her own son, Kase, an only child, formerly an ingrate, a vicious, stubborn lad, often well-nigh exhausting the patience of his pious mother. The change in the poor boy had been very marked and pleasing. In place of requiring to be hauled up ever and anon for correction, as formerly, his face now bears a serene smile and his obedience is ready and cheerful. We trust he is not far from the kingdom, if not already a member of Christ's family. The mother is an earnest worker.

MAY 9th. A heavy fall of rain last evening raised the stream, which carried off a large amount of flooring material from our bandh, or irrigation dam. Yesterday we had 2,000 superficial feet ready to lay down, and about three-fifths of the *karkacha* (pounded stone and lime) was actually laid on, the most of which has been swept away during the night. The rains are very unusual and premature. Further attempts to construct a floor of masonry for the protection of this bandh, the present season, seem very unpromising, and yet without one, the floods may carry away the whole affair, to the great disadvantage of our little settlement. Road-work is also retarded by the heavy rains.

MAY 15th. The weather is now melting hot. One of my neighbors who came to exchange pice for a rupee this morning told me he prayed to Paramasree (the supreme) and also to the gods as well. "Yes, they are all the same, it matters not to whom you pray so long as the heart is right." Such in substance appeared to be his theology. Oh, the awful blindness of the human heart!

Rebecca, wife of our first teacher, a hard case of a backslider, professes penitence and reformation. Prasad, our cook boy, talks of his convictions, and desires to be a child of God.

In class-meeting this evening, I read and commented on Ps. 66:16, and invited all to tell what the Lord had done for their souls. All present spoke. Several spoke well, and much to the point. One sister spoke of the astonishing, unspeakable grace of God shown to her while scores of her relatives had passed away in darkness. She was herself so blind, knew nothing of the precious Saviour who died for her; but the Lord had led, yes had drawn her into the light, and given her a new heart. This sister spoke with deep emotion as from a full heart. Sister Sara, wife of Dula, in telling what the Lord had done for her soul, said, "He had bought her not with gold or silver, but with his own life blood."

MAY 16th. Rode six miles this morning to see after road-work. The day has been melting hot, and almost overpowering. In the afternoon, had a good hearing in Raibana. No one inviting us to their door, I asked for a seat, and two boys very obligingly went and dragged along a small ox cart for us to sit on. "Mrs. P. sung and thus drew the people around us, and I spoke from, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth,' &c. One hearer said, 'if he could have two hundred rupees he would go at once and serve the Lord, but now he was quite too poor to think of it.' He was reminded that the rich are often very proud, wicked, worldly. Another said, 'We all obey God, but can have nothing to do with your Lord Jesus Christ.' He was asked if he ever saw the gods of the Hindus. "No, but from our shastras we learn about them." Then learn of Jesus from this shashtra, holding out to him the New Testament. Have you ever tested your shastras? Do they lead any to forsake sin and become pure and holy in life? "Yes." In your whole village can you show me twenty persons who have thus reformed? "No." Ten? "No." Five? "No." Two? "No." One? "No." Then what are your shastras good for? Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth and the light; no one comes to the Father but by me." This you may see and believe to be true, as none can conquer their sinful passions but those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

The weekly Santal prayer-meeting this evening was well attended. Four prayed, and Dula gave an address. Such simple, artless prayers are soul refreshing! When, oh, when shall we see the Santals turning to Jesus for salvation! Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase. Our Father, our longing eyes are unto thee!

MAY 18th. Spent the day, yesterday at Patna. Settled various accounts. Heard Native Preacher's Journal for a late trip in the district, during which a number of encouraging incidents were met with. Lectured in the evening, subject, "The beloved disciple." Rose at 3 A. M., and accompanied Sister Crawford and her school girls to our house in Sanitopre, for our annual picnic. The morning was very close and oppressive even before 7 o'clock. The girls felt the heat severely and numbers of them fell behind. Sister Crawford walked

most of the distance in order to allow the weaker girls to use her Palkee.

The Sanitopre S. School with its teachers had come out nearly two miles to meet their friends, and escort them in. The weather was so oppressive, we hastily dismissed all and only called together at 3 P. M., when a fresh south breeze having sprung up, it was delightful sitting in the shade of a small grove near the school-house, the late heavy rains having had the effect to give us a beautiful green carpet on the soil, while all nature seemed fresh and flourishing. Here, after organizing, the Sanitopre school gave its concert, which passed very pleasantly and was followed by short speeches from Miss Crawford, Radha Nath and Silas Curtis.

MAY 19th. The schools were called at 6 A. M., and after a season of marching with flying banners, (would that I could add, and stirring music. Vocal music we had. Will not some lover of good music, amongst our friends at home, send us a few musical instruments for these and similar occasions? It would be a real boon and do good.) sat down on the grass, each school in two long lines facing each other. Here the school sang, and cheered each other; alternately for an hour, while the collation was got ready. Native sweetmeats, parched rice, and ripe mangoes formed our bill of fare, and this was highly appreciated by 118 Jellasooreans and about 150 Sanitoporeans. This annual meeting and greeting and eating in company, has come to be very much enjoyed by our school children, and really serves a good purpose in lifting them into a higher plane of being. They can not but see and feel the difference between such a gathering and its purposes, and the loose, carousing, drunken jattas, so common among the Santals.

## Early Sketches.—No. 17.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

## WORLDLY CIRCUMSTANCES.

"As poor, yet making many rich." 2 Cor. 6:10. It is very satisfactory to all the true friends of goodness to know that good ministers of Jesus Christ have their temporal wants supplied. And it may be as well for them as others to leave something for their dependent families when taken from them by death. Yet when it has been otherwise, and the best ministers, in poverty, destitution and want, have labored faithfully to win souls to Christ, and without complaint have endured hardships untold, counting it their greatest joy to do good, save themselves and those that hear them, it is interesting; it is glorious; the record of it is on high; and the reward will be at the resurrection of the just.

Eld. Randall, the founder of our denomination, was not rich in this world's goods. On the contrary, his property was small and his worldly circumstances humble. After taking up his residence in New Durham, a purchase was made of thirty acres of land. On this he had very modest buildings. The land was mostly uncultivated and although the cost was not much, it required some years to pay the debt.

Stipulated salaries were not known by our early ministers. Randall's views were Scriptural. He opposed hirelingism, in the sense in which the Saviour speaks of an hireling; and he did it with stress; yet he held that laborers were worthy of their reward, and that those who receive spiritual things, should minister to them who labor, worldly things.

Randall's journeys and labors were abundant. He received something towards his support, but far from what was necessary for himself and a large family. His small farm was carried on as best it could be, and at times when not otherwise employed, he worked at making clothes, being a tailor.

The church at New Durham did something for him, chiefly from the "Church Stock." There is a record of fifteen shillings to help his family when he was absent to Yearly Meeting. Again, four dollars for the use of a horse for him on a preaching tour to Mansfield, Mass. Other sums for other purposes.

His early journeys, when the country was mostly new, were mostly on horseback. Later in life he had a sleigh and a chaise. The reader will readily suppose, however, that these were both very plain. They answered pretty well for convenience, but not for show.

In 1807, the year before his death, his real estate was estimated at \$500. But such property was not reckoned as high then as now. Probably he did not owe much, if anything. Ten or eleven years after his death the homestead on which his widow was living, became involved. Friends mostly in the N. H. Yearly Meeting contributed \$225 and the N. H. Charitable Society \$75. With this the place was redeemed and the Charitable Society took the deed. After the death of the widow, relatives of Randall re-purchased it and the proceeds came into the Treasury of the Charitable Society, the interest of which is divided among the several Quarterly Meetings in New Hampshire. The house in which Randall lived is gone, but the land is still in the Randall name, Benjamin, a grandson of the Elder, possessing it and living in a dwelling near.

## Consolations of Religion.

The earth on which we live is not a paradise. All are, more or less, subject to trials. None are exempt from misfortunes, and from other evils which afflict the human race. Too often, under the afflictive hand of Providence, the mind becomes despondent. The man who has not chosen God for his portion, has a burden greater than he can bear. His spirit sinks within him. All his fond anticipations of happiness vanish, leaving him without hope. But he who is in the actual possession of true religion, is happy. He may be called to suffer all that human nature can endure; yet his peace is like a river. He may, like

the persecuted Bunyan, be confined in the gloomy cells of a prison, and yet magnify the name of God; for religion lifts the mind above the sorrows of life, and enables its possessor to hold converse with heaven. The saving doctrines of the cross are eminently calculated in their nature to support the weak, to encourage and console the afflicted, and to inspire in the bosom the hope of eternal life. Not anything affords so much consolation to the pious heart as the religion of Christ. From it the old and young, the rich and poor, may derive equal advantages. God is no respecter of persons. Hence, all may come to a knowledge of the truth, and have a friend who will never leave nor forsake them, even in the hour of dissolution. If the unconverted would accept of God, they would be comforted and sustained amidst all the vicissitudes of life. They would then know that religion was adapted to their present wants, as it would soothe their troubled spirits, and calm their fears and anxieties. From day to day its consolations would be enjoyed. Then let those who would be wise for time and eternity, submit to the claims of the gospel.

## Adam and the Cherub.

As Abel lay in his blood and Adam stood and wept over the slain one, the cherub of paradise came to the father of mankind and stood in silence near him. His countenance was sad. Adam looked up and said:

"Is this a picture of the race which shall proceed from me? Shall a brother's blood, shed by a brother's hand, ever again stain the earth?"

The cherub replied: "Thou sayest it!"

"Alas, by what name shall people call the dreadful deed?" said Adam.

With a tear in his eye, the celestial one replied, "War!"

Then the father of mankind shuddered, sighed and spoke: "Alas, why must the noble and the good fall by the hand of the wicked?"

The cherub was dumb.

Adam went on in his lamentation, and said: "What remains to me now, in my misery upon this blood-stained earth?"

The cherub answered and said: "The heavenward look;" then vanished.

Adam stood until the going down of the sun; and as the stars were coming out, he extended his hand towards Orion and Waggoner and cried: "O brilliant watchers at the gates of heaven, why go ye so silently? If a mortal may hear the sound of your voice, oh, then tell of the lap that lies beyond, and of Abel the beloved."

Then was it yet more silent round about, and Adam cast himself down upon his face and adored. And he perceived in his heart a gentle word:—"Abel, thy son, lives."

Then he went away comforted; his soul was hushed, yet full of sadness.—From the German, by S. D. Church.

## Fidelity to Duty.

There is a vast deal of misery in this world made by uncertainty as to whether an act of imprudence, negligence or folly really produces the painful or dreadful events that lay in the line of our conduct, and which might or might not have resulted from it. A father's harshness may have caused his son's dissipation, or that dissipation may have had its origin in far more general causes. The prejudices of a mother may have selected the peculiar medical treatment which broke down the vital forces of her child, or trifled with its symptoms, and thus destroyed its life; or its death may be due to constitutional weakness. In like manner, our evil example may have corrupted and ruined many of those about us or it may not. In short, we can not tell where the end of our influence for evil is, or what the possible fruits of our unfaithfulness are. It follows that the only possible means of avoiding perpetual and, perhaps, unmerited self-reproach, is to fulfill all our duties in the most scrupulous manner, omitting none, neglecting none, and leaving no room for the smallest question whether evil lies at our door. What can compare with the satisfaction of those who are conscious that they have done their duty to the extent of human ability in regard to all their trusts; the example they have set, the spirit they are of, the education of their children, the conduct of their business, the watching of their parents' declining years, the ministrations to the sick who have fallen upon their affections and their care? What a blessing it is to be able to say, and to feel in any event, however painful, I did my duty! It was no inattention and negligence, no weakness or passion, no obstinacy or presumption of mind that caused this sorrow, mortification or misery!

Wonderful is it that parents, citizens, merchants, teachers, mothers, that all in places of trust, influence and consideration, do not more solemnly and anxiously contemplate the weight of their responsibility, the coming of the inevitable hour, when they will be compelled to reflect with unutterable pain, or permitted to think with most comforting satisfaction, on the general or special history of their stewardship. For our negligences finally embody themselves in our families, our character, our fortunes. When we ought to have been considering and superintending our children's education and habits, we were eaten up with cupidity or fashion, ambition or pleasures; in short, asleep on our post. When we ought to have been planting tastes for innocent and refined pleasures in our own minds, cultivating a love of reading, or acquiring a taste for solitude and reflection, we were squandering our days in idleness and our nights in gaudy. When we ought to have been making friends with thoughtful, high-minded and improving acquaintances and providing for the consolation and delight of our maturer years, we were choosing the companionship of the giddy and the proud, the dissolute and abandoned. When we

ought to have been educating our consciences to a sharper edge and disciplining our whole nature in the arena of business, making every added possession a victory of industry and sagacity, of honorable patience and resolute endeavor, until our fortunes stood forth a part of ourselves, partaking our own honor, the rightful envy of no man's eye, the spoil of no man's rights, the consequence of no duty neglected, no charity abridged, no moral law evaded, no tenderness of feeling or principle sacrificed, our commercial or business career has been, on the contrary, one of perpetual conflict with our sense of duty, in which we have been ever stifling our scruples, dulling our consciences, abandoning our humanity, until our possessions drip with the tears of widows and orphans, are branded with the curses of outwitted tradesmen, and savor of selfishness, unbelief and sin.

Such are the miserable consequences of sleeping on our post! The conscience holds a drawn sword ready to plunge it into its possessor's heart. And usually there is no one nigh to stay its hand and give the victim any assurance that all the ruin and misery he beholds about him did not actually spring from his own neglect. The only refuge he then has is in a firm resolve to gird himself anew for the battle of life, and in a vigorous faithfulness to duty which will alone give him back the peace he has lost. Do not sleep on your post and expect that any one else will take charge of your duties. No one can hold back the sword which despair will plunge into its own heart when the conscience is fully aroused to a sense of its guilt. We are all keepers of a charge, and shall be held to a strict account. May God avert the sword that suicidal sloth and moral sloth and unbelief and carelessness are ever ready to draw upon a passionate and remorseful heart.—*Liberal Christian.*

## The Work of Ministers.

We have every reason to believe—without exaggeration—that the amount of writing done each year by the pastor of a large parish, having two sermons to prepare and few exchanges, is surpassed in the amount produced by no author—that the number of parochial calls made, all requiring tact and sympathy, equals that of a physician in good practice—that the amount of general advising done, touching schools, property, quarrels, questionable action, and a thousand things, equals that of a lawyer with a fair business; and that the other duties, school visiting, lecturing, writing articles, making brief addresses, serving on committees, and doing "everybody's work," would employ another man still—not to speak of the student function, that which makes our clergymen the best patrons of our bookstores and the most thorough readers of our best books. Few people ever know of these things; fewer will stop to think of them.

The hardest part of a clergyman's life, as it is of an editor's, is the necessity of producing without the time to produce. Good thoughts, whether in the paper, the volume, or sermon, need time to grow up leisurely, to mature in a calm restfulness, and to be produced when, and only when, they are so ripe that they need expression. Once in a while we hear a sermon which we know is the fruit of leisure; it must have grown, to be the rounded, balanced thing it is. We feel instinctively that such a paper could not have been thrown off at the rate of two a week, with a hundred other distractions and cares added thereto. But there are few or no other ministers who can give their people this kind of fare; college professors may; but whether happily or unhappily, our clergymen can not; they must write on the jump; Sundays whirl in amazing swiftness, and the weekly grist of thought, sensibility and reflection must be ready.

If it were not too delicate and personal a matter, we could write freely regarding the tremendous strain upon editors; but that is foreign to our present task. We merely want to indicate, from our point of view, what we think the public should expect and demand from the ministers of religion; how forbearing men should be to a class of educated gentlemen, who, although obliged to wear clothes which do not show the stains of labor, are among the most intense and unwearied workers amongst us.—*Hartford Courant.*

## The Fear of Death.

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin and the passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes a mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's ends pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passed with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said: "The pomp of death is more feared than death itself." Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible.

It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that he can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspires to it; grief fleeth to it; fear preoccupies it; nay, we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity,

which is the tenderest of affections, provoked man to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. . . . It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest article is: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."—*Lord Bacon.*

## Lukewarm Christians.

There are some Christians who seem to forget that they ever loved the Saviour; but there are others in whom that love deepens and becomes more fervent as each year passes over their heads. If any of you are at fault in this, do not give sleep to your eyelids to-night till you have renewed your espousal love. Perhaps to-day you are not quite cold to him. Do not flatter yourself on that account, for he has said, "I would thou wert cold or hot." It is just lukewarmness that he loathes most of all, and he has threatened to spue the lukewarm out of his mouth. Oh, to be always full of love to him! You will never get any hurt by working for him then; your work will do you good. The sweat of labor will even make your face fairer. The more you do for souls, the purer, and the holier, and the more Christlike will you be, if you do it with him. Keep up the habit of sitting at his feet like Mary, as well as serving him with Martha. You can keep the two together; they will balance each other, and you shall not be barren or unfruitful, neither shall you fall into the blackness which the sun is apt to breed. Oh, for more nearness to Christ, more love to Christ, and closer communion with him! Did you notice what the spouse said? "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest?" I suppose her object was to go and feed with him. Look to the feeding of your own soul, Christian. When a man says, "I have a hard day's work to do, I shall have no time to eat," you know full well that he is losing time where he thinks he gains it; for if he does not keep himself in good repair he will sicken by and by, and in the long run he will do less than if he gave himself due pause. So is it with your soul. You can not give out a vital energy which you have not got in you healthy and vigorous; and if you have not got power from God in your own soul, power can not come out of you, for it is not there.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

What Is a Teacher For?

"To hear the lessons," says Miss Surface. "Nothing could be plainer." And, we beg pardon, Miss Surface, but nothing in the world could be more shallow. To hear the lesson is the least of the teacher's duties.

What is the teacher for? "To teach the doctrines of the Bible," says Deacon Positive. Very well said, but less than half said. The doctrines of the Bible could be taught without the intervention of a teacher at all. Catechisms and birch rods might prove labor-saving machines if teaching the truth were the whole of it.

Mrs. Silk-and-furbelow sails down on her class like a seventy-four gun ship. There is social position uttered in her tread. She sets her foot down with no hesitating step. She sweeps down into her seat. She is as sidious in her teaching. She is condescending. She does not doubt that she ought to be. She expounds the law from the top of Sinai, or some other mountain. She preaches the gospel from the pinnacle of the temple. The doctrine is sound. The lesson is well studied. The manner is not unkind; for her voice is patronizing. She stoops to the children, and she makes them feel that she is stooping. "You poor little ignoramuses," her manner seems to say, "don't you see how kind the great Mrs. Silk-and-furbelow can be to you? How grateful you ought to be!"

But is Mrs. Silk-and-furbelow a true teacher? She certainly is not a successful teacher. And why not? Because she is everything but a truly sympathizing teacher. It is not to speak down the inclined plane of condescension, but to be actually on a child's level that establishes sympathy. Mrs. Silk-and-furbelow is a sound teacher of heart, but she is no teacher after all.

Let us try to get at the true ideal of a teacher. Dear fellow-laborer, as you value your great work, let us not be content with half-filling our place.

But how shall we attain the true ideal? Not by the examples about us. Let us not measure ourselves among ourselves. That is the way to make dwarfs. We may help ourselves by looking at the examples of our fellows, if we remember always one truth: There is but one true model for the teacher.

What was Christ as a teacher? He was a friend. He helped Peter catch fish, before he could draw him utterly away from his hired men, his boats, and his nets. He helped the Cana wedding, who had not felt the joy of human companionship in so many long and weary years, sought for healing, Jesus gave him more than healing. He touched him. That touch of a human hand was doubtless Paradise itself to the leper. But why do we specify? Why mention the woman that was a sinner, who washed the blessed feet and wiped them with her tresses, in the very house of the Pharisee, and without rebuke? What Jesus was to one he was to all. He was as a teacher just what most of us are not.

What was Jesus? He was between God and man. He took hold of man and lifted him up to God. But how can we be like him? By being mediators between Christ and our pupils. Let us be at one with Christ. Let us have hold of Christ. Then let us get hold of our pupils. The teacher who has the sympathy, the friendship, the love of his pupils, may be a mediator of the grace of God. The highest office of a teacher is to be the conductor of God's grace.—*S. S. Dept.*

DO NOT SUSPEND IN VACATION. We are come to the time when those who can afford

it begin to leave our cities for a vacation. So many teachers go away that the temptation is strong to suspend the school for a few weeks. Against this the *S. S. Times* utters a timely caution for excellent reasons:

It should be remembered that though the teachers are away, the scholars remain. Some scholars, it is true, go away. But the great majority of them belong to families whose circumstances do not admit of such a migration. If the school is disbanded, these scholars roam the streets, and fall in with idle companions. They acquire the habit of being absent, besides other habits more positively bad, and even drop out of the school altogether. Every teacher who has had experience in the matter knows that it takes, ordinarily, at least one month to undo the evil acquired during the intervening two months, so that a summer vacation of two months amounts virtually to a loss of three months. Keep the school going, therefore, no matter how slim the attendance.

The teachers should not throw upon the superintendent the duties of providing for their classes. A teacher on preparing to leave the city, should make provision for his Sunday school class, just as he provides for any of his other business engagements. It is not always easy for a teacher to find a substitute. But surely it is a great deal easier than for the superintendent to find fifteen or twenty substitutes. The superintendent himself often goes away, and has to look out for some one to supply his own place. There is, in this matter, a plain duty incumbent on every one connected with the school in any official capacity. No teacher, superintendent, librarian, or secretary, should absent himself at any time, and especially for any length of time, as in the summer vacation, without providing a substitute.

Superintendents should not be too meekly-mouthed in such a matter. They should take the opportunity, before the exodus begins, of calling the teachers together and urging upon them the imperative duty of action in the matter. If any teacher, after exhausting all his efforts to procure a substitute, does not succeed, the very least he can do is to call upon the superintendent and acquaint him with the facts of the case. Should a teacher leave his class without some provision, and without apprising the superintendent, the school and he should part company entirely.

LITTLE TANGLES. The following illustration of the privilege of the Christian to seek divine direction and help in all the affairs and troubles of life, however numerous or small, is taken from a foreign paper:

Once upon a time, there was a great king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool, and patterns, were all given by the king, and he looked for diligent workpeople. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send to him, and he would help them, and never fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child, whom the king didn't think too young to work. Cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at their failures, the silks were tangled, and the weaving unlike the pattern, they gathered round the child and said—

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send for the king?" said the little weaver; "he told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah," said the child, "but I send as soon as I find I have a little tangle."

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE. "Oh, it's just as different as can be!" said one of my young friends.

"What is?" I asked.

"Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now, for I shall have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"Oh, I used to think, 'Now, if I become a Christian, I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought."

"Why, James, what do you mean?" I exclaimed. "You do go to church and to prayer-meeting; you do read your Bible and pray; you do try to walk just right, do you not?"

"O yes," answered James, looking up, with a bright smile, "but then I love Jesus, and I love to do as he wishes me to do."

Yes! love makes all the difference. Love is the fulfilling of the law.—*S. S. Times.*

PECULIAR CHILDREN.—They are to be found in every Sunday school, perhaps in every class, and always require the most considerate treatment. In their behalf we commend the following:

Some teachers seem to think that children are responsible for the unpleasant peculiarities which they have inherited. But these are misfortunes. Instead of treating unkindly the child of an irascible temper, or a natural selfishness, or an obstinate will, you should pity him. As you would treat with extreme tenderness a blind or deformed child, so should you have the greatest tenderness for one whose soul is deformed. You will not conquer the defect by disheartening the child. What he needs is praise, encouragement to meet the foe that is so hard to defeat, to bear the weight that crushes him. Ye that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of such a child, the crushing weight of perpetual censure.

Start, then, with a recognition of the fact, that a natural trait is not a thing for which a child, in the first instance, is responsible. Help him to conquer it. Let him understand that it is a misfortune, but not a hopeless one.

A FISHING MORAL. Silas Farmer tells a fish story in *Mission Leaves* (Detroit), and appends thereto this moral:

1. You can't catch fish with a bare hook. You must have something for the children.

2. Don't hitch on too big a sinker. Overmuch "application" will bury everything out of sight.

3. Use the little fish to catch the big ones. The children first, and then the parents, into the Sunday school and church.

4. Better try and fail, at first, than not to try at all. Better still if study has prepared you for "a call."



## Selections.

## The Heart of It.

A summer's day in leafy June;  
The birds were all in sweetest tune,  
The roses at their best;  
But fairest of all things to see,  
That perfect day in June for me,  
A blue-bird's peaceful nest.

I found it in a hollow shell,  
Which crowned, as I remember well,  
A shapely pyramid;  
Five little eggs were also there,  
Blue as the sky when 'tis most fair,  
Half in the grasses hid.

O favored shell! whose kindred went,  
Oh cruel errands to be sent,  
To mutilate and kill;  
Whist! thou, removed from all the strife,  
Dost feel with love and dawning life  
Thy bosom gently thrill.

I said, this thing which here I see  
Shall be a precious prophecy  
Of what the world shall win,  
When all the days of war shall cease,  
And all the blessed years of peace  
Shall gloriously begin.

And better yet! peace after war  
Hath made an ugly rent and scar  
For time to smooth away;  
But peace in war doth not await  
A blessing coming slow and late,  
Its blessing is today.

My bird's nest in the hollow shell,  
A heaven miniature in hell,  
Shall symbol be of this;  
That in and through and over all,  
Whatever seeming cross befall,  
God's love forever is.

He doth not wait till war is done,  
And all his barren victories won,  
To enter at the door;  
But in the furnace of the strife  
He bears for aye a charmed life,  
And blesses evermore.

Deep at the heart of all our pain,  
In his sure as in gain,  
His love abideth still.  
Let come what will, my feet shall stand  
On this firm rock at his right hand;  
"Father, it is thy will."

—Old and New.

## Christianity Without a Peer.

The following is the close of President Hopkins's lecture in the Boston course:

Christianity differs from other religions in its Founder. This, it may be said, does not affect the religion. It would not if Christ had been merely a sage or a prophet, but he was more. He was the central personage in an organic and an unfolding system, that goes back to the beginning of history, and reaches forward to its close; and his person, and work, and character, and claims, and the facts concerning him, are of the very substance of his living. Take Christ away and you have no Christianity. Take away his person as sacrificial, his ascension, and his personal relations to each of his followers as a Saviour, and you have little left worth contending about. Christ not only made a revelation, but he was one. He was the brightness of the glory of God and the express image of his person, and Christianity differs from the other religions by all the difference between the revelation which God has made of himself and Christ, and anything else that claims to be a revelation.

As thus a revelation of God in the form of man, and so the Man, the head of the race, Christ became a new force in history, a marvelous central personality, around whom constantly a deeper interest has been gathering since the hour of his crucifixion. Through this only can we account for the effects that have been wrought by the life and death of one, who, aside from this, was but a young man, without learning or property or office, who wrote nothing, whose public life was less than three years, and who was crucified as a malefactor. Around him interest will continue to deepen. It is to him as to the center of a personal influence and not to laws and tendencies, that we look as the hope of the world. We believe that he now lives, to administer a moral and spiritual system, made possible only through his living and death. That system, we believe, is now for a far, as never before, to the displacement or destruction of whatever may oppose it. We believe that he who is at the head of it, and who once came in lowliness, and was rejected, will come again at the end of the dispensation, with power, and will bring a never-ending kingdom of righteousness and peace. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

Having then, such a religion, with such an origin and essence and end, with such a condition and remedy and method, with such promise and means, and with such a Founder, we call upon those who reject it to give something better. Some religion we must have. If they must take this from us, we call upon them to give us one with an origin grander and more touching than the love of God, an end higher than the perfection of man and the glory of God, with an essence purer and nobler than love. Give us, we say, one which accounts more rationally for the evils of life than by sin, and that offers them a better remedy than the life and death of the Son of God, and the aid of the Holy Ghost. Give us a freer salvation. Give us a grander outlook into the future. Give us for work better means than those that are moral and spiritual. Give us for our Saviour and head, one who loved us better than to die for us, one more sympathetic than to be always with us, one mightier than to possess all power in heaven and in earth. Give us this, we entreat you, or cease your efforts to take from bewildered and sinful man his best aid and guide in life, his only hope and consolation in death.

## Mary and Martha.

It was the feast of the tabernacles; Christ was teaching in the temple. He did so at the hazard of his life. The popularity that attended his ministry in Galilee was exchanged for an experience of hate as bitter as that with which Rome would have greeted the preaching of Luther in the sixteenth century. His teaching was carried on amidst perpetual interruptions and against perpetual opposition. More than once was he mobbed. More than one plot was formed for his assassination. More than one trap was set by cunning art to entangle him. Once a legal investigation was set on foot to insure his judicial condemnation. The city was not safe for him at night. He therefore went at night to the neighboring village of Bethany, and found rest and refreshment in the congenial home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus. A true home it was, a home that gave rest to the wearied Master. Blessed is

that home whither Christ comes that he may bring blessing. Thrice blessed that home where he loves to come for the congenial fellowship of loving hearts which it affords him.

So coming, Martha set about to prepare an entertainment for him. It was her method of service. It would be the "housekeeper's" method of service to-day. Nothing seemed to her good enough, she gave too great, no anxiety or trouble too burdensome to bear for his sake. She gave herself up to the service of her welcome guest. Mary forgot the service in the Lord. She was absorbed in him. To sit at his feet and drink in his words was enough to make her forget all earthly considerations—enough to make him forget, too, whose meat and drink it was to do the will of his Father in heaven. To him, the pleasure of finding one appreciative and sympathetic listener was immeasurably greater than all Martha's dishes could give.

There was more refreshment in Mary's listening than in Martha's promised meal. One lesson of the incident lies on the surface. It is worth the pondering of wives and mothers. Give your guests more of yourself and less of your viands. Give loving thoughts, as well as busy hands, to your friends, your children, your husband. A quiet home of communion with them, and one simple course, is better than a fretted life and superabundant courses. There is a lesson to the church, ever apt to be careful and troubled about many things. The church is best served, not by those who study to fill its pews and better its finances, and enlarge and enrich its feast of good things, in social advantage, or pulpit eloquence, or entrancing music, but by those who sit most at Christ's feet, and learn most of him. The aged mother, infirm, bed-ridden, but not forbidden the throne of God, who often best means that she can do nothing for the church, is often serving it most truly. There is a lesson for the individual Christian. Two types are set before us—the busy, bustling, serving Christian; the quiet, communing, receiving Christian. The ideal combines the two as Christ himself did, who prayed all night in the mountains, and labored all day, teaching and healing the multitudes. Yet, in this busy age, we underrate the second, and it is the most important.

To serve is well; but service is not the autumnal fruit of love. The love that simply receives Christ, that is absorbed in Christ, that is content to take from him, and pay nothing back, that gazes, lost, up into his wondrous face, that listens to his words, that simply rests and rejoices in him above all mere serving. Dearest to Christ is the John that rests his head upon the Master's bosom, than the Peter who draws his sword for zealous but fruitless fighting. Dearest the Mary that rests at his feet than the Martha who merely labors in his service. Higher in his esteem is the quiet confiding than the activity of self-reliance. —Christian Weekly.

## As She Had Opportunity.

A lady of rare scholarship, culture, and Christian simplicity and faithfulness, was spending the summer in a quiet country village, seeking renewed health and recruited energies among the mountains. Accustomed to the refinements and appreciation of congenial society, did not her taste shrink from the homely speech and ways of those plain, hard-working people? It was easy to meet them with gracious condescension, dispensing smiles and pleasant words with dainty courtesy. To meet them as fellow-Christians and co-workers in the service of God, with sympathy in common hopes and joys, temptations and trials, was a different thing. Do not many of us fail of Christian fellowship and duty through a fastidious taste?

On these lovely summer mornings, this Christian lady may have looked off wistfully to the mountains with their serene heads lifted in everlasting worship, or through the woods, or over the green sward where the birds and flowers "made Sabbath in the field," and her own heart harmonized with the voice of nature more than with that of the living preacher, who, with limited powers and plain phrase, expounded the oracles of God in the little church.

"Her due feet did never fall"

to honor the Sabbath service; nay, she so magnified the sanctity of the day, that every member of the household who she boarded felt the influence of her spirit and devotion, and were quickened with interest. "Going to meeting" had an unknown meaning and force. How the pastor missed her face from his listeners when she went back to her city home. And how the prayer-meeting missed her. Could she have been edified by the hesitating speech, over-zealous exhortations of these uncultured men? Did their prayers lead her devotion? She was silent among them, yet, seeing her, they felt they had a good meeting. How do some Christians carry the spirit of a prayer-meeting in their presence?

But the Sabbath school missed her most of all. The classes were supplied with teachers, and she worked no one's work, but joined the class of adults under the care of the deacon, a good man, whose Christian experience interpreted things new and old from the treasury of God, but who was unlettered in the wisdom of men. How her modest questions and unpretending explanations and expressions of opinion gave a new impulse to their lessons! They began to realize more what it was to study the Bible. Perhaps few could be so instructive and suggestive in so quiet and unassuming a way. Few would have incited such a desire to understand the truth, or infused so much vitality into practical applications, with so little arrogance of superiority. Yet the whole secret seemed to be in her own love for the word of God, her earnest desire to know and understand it and accept its teaching implicitly as the rule of her faith and life. —Christian at Work.

## He Came to Save.

If there be a fountain opened on purpose to remove filth, that man must be insane who shall say that his need of washing is a barrier to prevent his using it. Shall I stand outside the bath and say, "I am pre-vented from bathing because I am filthy?" Every one detects at once my illogical talk. If the fountain is open for sin, then sin is a qualification for washing in it. If Christ be a Saviour for sinners, then no man may say that on the ground of sin Jesus can not be his Saviour; rather might he say, "The more truly I am a sinner, the more surely is Christ Jesus suited to me." Yet it ever is of the nature of sin, when the soul begins to know the bitterness of it, to make us fear that sin is a disqualification for mercy, and a reason why we should not believe in Christ Jesus, the great propitiator for sin. O sinner, do not believe that sin unfit for a Saviour, but believe that the Redeemer is come on purpose to save such as thou art. Some little time ago an earnest

lady seeking the good of others, met with a poor girl some twenty years of age, who had most fearfully fallen and become a gross sinner, though still so young. She talked with her frequently, and at last saw in her tokens of repentance, but the poor girl's complaint was, "I can never be reformed. I am so filthy nobody would ever take notice of me." "Come, said the lady, "I will try."

"Have you not a father?" "Yes, but I have not heard from him for years." "Does he know where you are?" "No; I do not want he should." "Do you not think he would receive you back into his house?" "No, that I know he would not. I could not expect him to do so; if I were in his place I would not receive such a one as I am." "Have you ever written to him since you have gone astray?" "No, I have kept out of the way of everybody that knew me. I do not want anybody to know what I am." "Have you tried your father whether he will receive you?" "No, I knew it was no good, pray do not mention it." "But," said the good sister, "if you can tell me I will try and see if your father will receive you now that you are truly penitent for the past." "Oh, yes, I hate the sin, but my father would not receive me, it is no use to ask him." "Well," said the visitor, "I will try," and so she wrote a note to the father, giving him the daughter's address, telling him about her repentance, and entreating that she might be forgiven. What do you suppose was the reply? The next post brought the penitent girl a letter, on the envelope of which was written in large letters, "Immediate;" and when she opened it—well, I can not tell you all her father said, but it just came to this, "Come and welcome, I am ready to forgive you; I have been praying night and day that you might be restored to me." Now, just what that father was to his lost girl, in tenderness and readiness to forgive, God is to sinners; if there be an unwillingness it is not on his part, it is all in their hearts, for the answer to every prayer for mercy is, God is ready, nay, he waiteth to be gracious, his heart yearneth over his erring ones. —Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

## Show Your Colors.

Within the ranks of God's great army are many who take little part in the warfare against sin, but, coward-like, fall into the rear, or worse still fail to show to the world under whose banner they are fighting. Such was the ruinous course of S. W., a young man of talents and influence. In boyhood he hoped he had yielded his heart to Christ, and for several years lived a conscientious life; discharging conscientiously and faithfully the duties God made known to him.

Then he left home to pursue his education among a large number of young men in a distant city. The temptation to "hide his colors" became so strong that he yielded to it, and at times the pitying eye of the Saviour softened his heart, the impression wore away shortly. So effectively did he succeed in concealing the truth, that during his year's stay in college, not one of the students suspected that he was ever a soldier of the cross.

Alas! his cowardly course cost him much. Years have rolled away, but light and peace have never returned to his soul. He has become skeptical, gloomy, and morose. The prayer-meetings, once abandoned for the club, and the communion-table forsaken for the card-table, have no influence upon him; and the efforts of friends to lead him back to the ranks, are repulsed by the bitter cry, "This too late! God wants true men, not deserters!"

This result, so disastrous to himself, affects others. Had he, like a faithful soldier, bravely showed his colors, God might have made him instrumental in doing valiant service for Him among the students of college. May He have mercy upon him when the revealing time shall come! Young man, fling out your banner, resolve to endure hardness as a good soldier, and God will help you to fight manfully the fight of faith, in which they who trust in him ever come off conquerors. —Am. Mess.

## The Mind a Sculptor.

There is no sculptor like the mind. The man who thinks, reads, studies, meditates, has intelligence cut in his features, stamped on his brow, and gleaming in his eye. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mind as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics, which can contribute a tinge so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these, as a beautifier of the person, is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart.

Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man, because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good-will, a prevailing desire and determination to make other people happy, make the body a temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art can not equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly and so perfectly beautifies a face, transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading kindness of heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beauty because he is love.

## Speaking in Meeting.

Very worthy of consideration are these remarks:

Is there not sometimes a mistake made in urging this duty indiscriminately and uncompromisingly upon young converts and church-members? To confess Christ is binding upon us all. To express in the presence of others our decision to be Christians, strengthens our weakness and gives us good advantage ground for our feet. If a man's heart burns with love to Christ, his prayer or word of exhortation springs out with power to kindle other hearts. If he speaks only because it is a duty, does he not fall into a monotonous repetition of words which cease to interpret his own thoughts or express meaning to others? Does he not persuade himself that he has sustained his Christian character, when he has only administered a sedative to his conscience? Does the unconverted person sitting near him, who listens to the familiar but meaningless language and then looks sharply (as such a man will do) into the man's life, feel drawn more strongly towards Christ and the church? Do not honesty and sincerity require a man to speak that which he really

knows and feels, not that which he thinks it would be suitable and proper for him to know and feel on the occasion? Should he speak who has nothing to say? In the attempt to say something does not one sometimes play false to himself?

The duties of social meetings should be more judiciously enforced. Let the conditions on which the "speaking" rests, receive more attention. Let church-members be impressed with the duty of having something to say. Let them be urged and helped to have a full heart which seeks utterance, instead of calling forth empty words which lie no deeper than the lips.

A poor, illiterate man says something which goes to the heart, because his whole heart is in it and his sincere life rests behind his words and gives them power. An accustomed talker repeats his stereotyped remarks and a dead weight falls upon the hearers.

Would it not be well to have inscribed over the door of our prayer rooms, "Have something to say. Say it. Leave off?"

## God not a Merchant.

How prone we are in our vain imaginings to think of God as one altogether such as one as ourselves. We think often by some manner of means to purchase his favor; by some act or offering to merit his approval. Our petitions, oh, how weak and pitiful in the measure of our asking! We wait only for the crumbs, when the feast is spread for us if we will but come to the full-spread table. God is King, infinite in wrath and boundless in mercy, moreover he makes his people sons and heirs, and delights to honor the strongest faith, the most implicit trust. The smallest favor, the very crumbs may be too much for us to ask, but the richest and fullest grace is not too much for the Infinite to offer.

A poor woman once stood before a royal conservatory. It was winter. No flowers were in the garden, no fruit on the trees. But in the hot-house hung a large cluster of delicious grapes. She gazed on them long and wistfully, exclaiming in her eagerness, "Oh, how I wish I had them for my sick darling." Going home she sought amid her slender stores something which she might possibly spare. It was bitter cold, but she thought she might spare a blanket for a little while. So she pawned it for half a crown, and going to the king's gardener, offered it for the cluster of grapes. But the gardener spurned her offer, and turned her roughly away; but the king's daughter chanced to be near, and hearing the man's rough words and the poor woman's bitter cry, called her back and inquired into the matter. The woman told her story. With a kind smile, the noble princess replied, "My dear woman, my father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not to sell, but to give;" and then she plucked the bunch from the vine and dropped it into the woman's apron, a free and gracious gift.

Thus does the King of kings delight to bestow upon his trusting people blessings rich beyond our poor human conception. Joy unutterable, peace like a river! Such is the depth and height of his love, the riches of his grace in Christ our Lord. Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. No gold or precious stones, no blood of bulls or goats. The debt is paid. Jesus paid it all. Only believe. —Christian at Work.

## Look Out for Him.

For the great adversary who always aims at the open point in the harness. A shrewd writer says:

"Does not Satan attack us in our weakest points? How he suits his mode of temptation to the disposition of the victim! Are you vain? In how dazzling a luster will he place the pleasures of this world before you! Are you ambitious? In what splendid honor will he make the great things of man appear! Are you discontented? In what exalted light will he place the advantages of others before your eyes! Are you jealous? In what strong contrast will he place the kindness of the person you love toward another than you! Are you of an ill temper? How he will make you think everybody hates you, neglects you, despises you, or intends to slight you! Are you indolent? How wearisome he will make the slightest effort for another's good seem in your eyes! Are you too active? How useless will he make the quiet hour of prayer, and thought, and reading, seem to you! He tempts us to what our nature is most inclined to, he suits his allurements to our inclination. If we are of a quiet temper, he will not tempt us there; if we are only ambitious, he will take care not to make us jealous; if we are too active, he will not tempt us to be idle. He knows us well; he drives our inclination to its far extreme."

## Religion and Life.

Just as the individual life decides the home life so does this decide the national life. The nation recruits itself at home. Home is the national nursery for ideas and sentiments and feelings which are to find wider scope and fuller development in national character and thought and action. If ideas are not born at home, they are brought home to be nursed. That the home life of our country ought to be deeply religious for its own sake, and for the sake of the manifold interests which are dependent upon it, admits of no manner of doubt. That it is difficult to take Joshua's position, and say as he did, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," is a testimony that not few fathers in Israel will corroborate. The thing is nevertheless essential, and ought to be attempted, and may be done. It is essential, in order that the family might be itself. There can be no true home without it; no sublime unity in the midst of the diversity of family life. There must be one in whom all alike trust; one will to which all other wills bow; one who can call out alike the reverence, and love, and homage of all hearts. The One will produce oneness. Home without unity is not home, but a lodging-house full of contending interests and angry, selfish passions. It is necessary that the family should be the true nursery for the tender personal religious life of its members. It ought to be a shelter from the storm, a generous atmosphere which tempts the young man to grow. If a tree does not make wood vigorously when it is young, it is a bad sign. The home atmosphere should be fraught with living germs of thought and moral principle, which shall distill as the dew upon the young and tender nature. It is necessary that the idea of a true society should be kept before a selfish world, and that by realizing its true life it may contribute towards its universal realization when men shall acknowledge the common Father, and be bound together in the bonds of a common brotherhood in Christ. Our heavenly Father, in the cultivation of this world, has given it out in allotments to men. By cultivating our own gardens we are to contribute to the cultivation of the world. So

far from attention to our own work making us narrow, it legitimately tends to make us cosmopolitan. What is more natural, when we have taken off the withered leaves from our own plants, and brushed up our own garden, than to give an inquisitive and kindly look over the wall at our neighbor's? We do not care for his as long as we neglect our own.

## Extempore Preaching.

Dr. Tyn's special talent is extempore speaking, in which he has scarcely a superior in the American pulpit. He cultivated the habit with great care and perseverance, and succeeded in spite of many discouragements. During the second year of his settlement at Georgetown he was preaching extempore, with several distinguished members of Congress present, when he became so confused as to break down completely. This was a hard experience for a young man; and on his way home the oppressive silence was broken by his wife saying: "Now, husband, is it not clear that you should give up preaching without notes?" Those words roused Dr. Tyn's whole nature. "Give up," he exclaimed, "no, never, with God's help," and he persevered and succeeded. Yet, it is said, that fluent and self-reliant as he is, he never goes into his pulpit without painful apprehensions of failure. He has, however, a genius for unprepared speech, and his command of language, power of denunciation and satire, force of gesture and climax of eloquence are remarkable. He believes that the pulpit is the place for inspiration, and in the whole course of his lifetime he has written but few sermons. —N. Y. Mail.

## The Noiseless Workers.

Did you ever take a walk in a forest after a whirlwind had passed over it? Did you ever see great forest trees mowed down like grass before the scythe, their thousand wide-spreading roots tossed in the air, and their leafy heads laid low? It is a terrible sight, and gives you an idea of the wind's power it is hard without it to realize. But did you ever think that this force, mighty as it is, is not half as great as many a noiseless worker in the great field of the world? Grain by grain the little coral insect builds its tiny cells, drawing in from the ocean, by an unerring instinct, just the mineral matter it needs to build its shell. Yea, these numberless workers rear up vast walls and massive islands that, in time, gather a soil and a few wave-washed germs of trees or plants, which at length clothe them with verdure. The silent workers have done the mightiest work. So in many waters a little insect lives which attacks every particle of wood with which it comes in contact. The most massive piers and the stoutest ships, unless cased in metal, soon become its victims. The most solid block is riddled through and through until it will crumble at a touch; yet silently, secretly its work goes on—but it is always at work.

So there are other human workers who seek to accomplish a great deal with much noise and bluster. But the fit is quickly over, and they settle down again to quiet sloth. Such are not the workers in which God takes pleasure. They are not the ones that accomplish most for him. It is the quiet, gentle workers, who are always at work, that will leave the highest record at last. —Presbyterianian.

## A Word for Rich Men.

The Golden Age has this golden item for men of gold. Such men can make themselves immortal by wisely using the gifts given them of God. If one who writes a great book lives forever, so one who founds colleges, or builds churches or hospitals, or aids great church charities, has a like perpetuity on earth, and no less honor in heaven. Read this, brethren growing wealthy, or grown thus, and begin now to lay away your fortunes for Christ and immortality:—"One of the most cheering indications of progress is the spirit of liberality manifested by rich men, and the wise direction their beneficence is taking. The example of Girard, Cooper, and Cornell acts as a constant stimulus to men of generous mold, and the praise an appreciative public showers upon every true benefactor is a constant provocation and incitement to others to go and do likewise. In 1866, Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, gave \$500,000 to establish the Lehigh University as a Polytechnic Institute. Last week he proposed to have the institution placed under episcopal supervision, and that its tuition should be free; that he would add \$250,000 to its present endowment when its trustees raise \$125,000; that he would add a second \$250,000 as soon as its trustees raise a second \$125,000, and that he would give \$20,000 per year toward the incidental expenses of the institution until the first \$125,000 are secured. Mr. Packer has been interested in politics, and indulged in political aspirations; but his magnificent gifts indicate that he has found a wiser and better way of disposing of his surplus fortune than in bribing causes, and buying votes. To be the founder of a college like Cornell is a thousand times more honorable than to be Governor or President."

## An Angel in the Stone.

It is related of Michael Angelo, that while, walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock?

"Oh, there's an angel in the stone," was the answer, "and I must get it out."

He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil with mallet and chisel, he let the angel out. What to others was but a rude, unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art. A man would have put it into a stone wall; or to grade the streets; but Angelo transformed it into a gem of art, and gave it value for ages to come.

What possibilities of virtue and usefulness may not a good man see in a child? Do we know how to get the angel out? Are our children to be only for filling in?

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## The World-Recognized

## ELIAS HOWE



## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 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.

## Helping One's Self.

Last week the papers contained the particulars of a sad drowning accident in Narragansett Bay. A father and son and two or three young men were crossing an arm of the bay in a dory, when it capsized, and they all found themselves in the water a mile from shore. Some of the young men soon went to the bottom, but the father, al- though he had three score years on his shoulders, nevertheless put his son there also and struck out boldly for the shore.

Now the son had never swum a stroke in his life, so the papers stated; but when his father showed signs of exhaustion, and it seemed as though they too must soon find a deep grave in the ocean, what does the boy do but slide off from his parent's shoulders, strike out like an old swimmer for the shore, and so, by encouraging words and active example, keep both afloat until an approaching boat met and saved them? There is nothing like necessity to make a person do his best.

The young men who did drown are not to be blamed for that; but this young boy who didn't, is especially to be commended. He wouldn't simply cling to his father's back when he saw that such an act would be quick death for both of them. Neither would he roll helplessly off and, with a frightened good-by, sink like a stone, refusing to make the motions because he had never learned the science of swimming. Yonder lay the shore, and he knew that there was safety. Moreover, there were strong arms rowing with all their might to the rescue, unknown to the swimmers to be sure, but only showing that brave effort is rarely left without a watching eye and a helping hand in its struggles.

Here is a good act to imitate. But few of us, we hope none of us, may ever find ourselves literally in the water a mile from shore; but we doubtless shall find ourselves frequently obliged to make a struggle for safety, and that without a pair of strong shoulders to divide the effort with us. A resolute courage, a will that manages muscles and controls nerves, a faith, first in the right and then in ourselves, a purpose that is not blunted by obstacles nor smothered by discouragements, a habit of doing our best under all circumstances, and especially of making the motions even though lacking the practice of skilled performers,—it is these qualities, with a self-reliance that never plays the coward, that oftentimes saves men from sinking.

Here are scores of churches that are languishing almost to death simply because they fail to make the proper efforts. They perch themselves upon the shoulders of their pastor, or of a deacon, or of some rich member of the parish, just as contented in view of the inevitable gulf into which they are sinking, as though they were being borne half asleep to a pleasant couch. Who can not, at this moment, fix his thoughts upon many of these churches, and that without giving them very long reins either? Their Sunday congregations are discouragingly small, their prayer-meetings are poorly attended and dull at that, their debts are continually gaining upon them because there is no determined movement to reduce them, they express an occasional regret in view of their condition, look down into the wave on which they are floating, and lazily wonder if their pastor is ever going to get them out of their difficulty.

Now if such churches could only be shaken off entirely, made to feel that it is not on their pastor's shoulders but by their own efforts that they are to achieve anything, we should soon see them emerging from the wave and treading the sure path to success. Let them see that they must sink if they will not try to swim; let them know that the plan of self-help is, under God, the only sure and safe one; let them feel that dependence makes them weak, and only self-reliance struggles can make them strong; let them but begin bold and determined strokes for the shore, and there will be multitudes to cheer them on, and God's own hand to conduct them to safety.

But this plucky act would best find imitators in every-day life. There are whole hundreds of young men and women to-day, relying for future support and position upon what a father's toil has accumulated or some prospective legacy promises them. What sadder spectacle than these present? In view of the possibilities for the young on every hand; with circumstances waiting to be molded to suit their needs; with hosts ready to help them as soon as they show a mind to help themselves; and with such a wide field of action, how can they be content to be carried day after day, and never make the attempt to assist themselves?

The country is full of just such young men and women as these. In their remote homes they may not have their ambition aroused, nor quite comprehend the great need that active life has of their service. Let them be thrust out, and made to battle for themselves. Many of them would be to-day fitting themselves for better service, instead of plodding their idle rounds, if only the friendly hand would in some way push them out into the wave. They would be seeking to relieve business and trade and the professions of the obloquy that is heaped upon them by knavery and cunning, if they could first see the need and then have the ambition awakened.

Young men and women, you can do better than to do nothing, and infinitely better

than to sink. O that brave young fellow that swam without first learning how! We would like to lead him through every country town in the Union, and tell everybody to look at and imitate him, for he not only refused to ride on his father's shoulders, but "struck out," and "lead off," and proved the worth of genuine, self-reliance.

## Habitual Giving.

Thirty-five years ago, more or less, regarding the church on earth as one and indivisible, embracing all the true lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ,—and of course what concerned it equally concerned us,—and desiring practically to regard it in this light, we formed a somewhat singular resolve, viz., that wherever and whenever a collection for the promotion of a Christian object was called for, we would, if present, irrespective of denominational distinction, give to it an endorsement by contributing our mite. And this resolve we have pretty faithfully lived up to. Whenever an opportunity has offered itself, and we have had about us the means, we have honored this resolve, and this has quite uniformly been the case, for generally where there are the mind and heart, there will be the means.

We have called this a singular resolve. It is so especially in view of the fact, that at the time it was made, the state of feeling between Christian sects was very different from what it is at the present time. For instance, there were in our native town two churches, the Congregational and the F. Baptist, and they had, as Christian churches, about as much dealings with each other as the Jews and Samaritans. It is doubtful whether the now common courtesy of pulpits was even as much as thought of. Indeed, if the pastors had attained grace enough to have so far broken over sectarian bars, it is doubtful whether there could have been got together at either church one half of the usual congregation.

Somewhat later than this, at one time we had an appointment to speak on the subject of slavery in the Baptist church one Sunday afternoon; but at the intermission received an invitation to speak at the Congregational church instead, and thus unite the two congregations at the larger house, to which we consented, and spoke both in the afternoon and evening to large audiences; but some of our people took their teams and returned home, refusing to attend the services, simply because they were held in a Congregational, instead of a Baptist church. Had an opportunity offered, no doubt many of the Congregationalists would have reciprocated this spirit and temper with a hearty good will.

But in despite of all this, we formed the resolution in question, and have taken great satisfaction in living up to it even when among total strangers. We never gave much, for a very good reason, sometimes very little; but with that little we have felt that we were identifying ourselves with the precious church of Christ universal, and having a humble share in its great work of love in the world's redemption.

So, when the news reaches us from over the waters, from India, from Africa, or from the isles of the sea, that the church is "lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes," we feel that perhaps, our mite has helped the work, God not forgetting it, though it were small, amounting only to a tangible sign of an endorsement of a good cause.

Our own treasury need not and should not suffer from this extension of liberality; for the opportunities of exercising it are so rare, that what is given should be wholly extra, and, moreover, this catholic spirit in giving, becoming general, would help replenish all treasuries.—J. F.

## Current Topics.

—THE PERSIAN FAMINE. Further particulars of the Persian famine have come to hand since our last issue. The dearth is more wide-spread than at first reported. In place of being confined to the province of Khorassan, it extends over the entire land. Already the loss of life has been fearful. Persia is said, on reliable authority, to have lost fifty per cent. of her population. Thousands of people, half-famished, have dragged themselves across the frontier into Turkish Arabia and Cabool, while those who have not had the energy to emigrate, or have been prevented from doing so by the strong arm of the government, are daily dying by thousands of starvation. It will be remembered that a Persian subject can not leave his native country, even to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, without special permission from the authorities. This law is enforced, as strictly as possible, even under present circumstances, and the result is that thousands are bound to a horrible death. The causes of the terrible visitation are natural. Great labor has been expended in raising cotton, poppies for opium, and silk, all for foreign markets, devoting but little time or land to the cultivation of cereals. Drought came on, even the small amount of grain sown failed to yield, provisions were soon gone, and there was nothing but starvation for the improvident inhabitants. It is believed that unless the Persian government consents to the deportation of its subjects, there will be among its eight millions of people a mortality even more appalling than this. The report that the plague had broken out is not confirmed; but the cholera and famine fever are busily at work. Ports of escape are being quarantined by adjacent countries, and the frontiers as well, thus confining the fever and the plague, should the latter really appear, within the already stricken district. It is a fearful curse upon the afflicted people, but seems to be only the legitimate result of their unwise procedure.

—THE ODIUM OF GRATUITIES. The English make no secret of the fact that they are disgusted with the practice of settling a dowry on every sprig of royalty who hap-

pens to have a birth-day or get married. They think the State's money might be given to promote its charities, or to help education, and that the hands which happen to be attached to royal bodies might as well earn their living as have it provided for by an over-taxed peasantry. When the Princess Louise was married a few months ago, it was only in the face of bitter opposition that a liberal annuity was settled upon her; and when a royal babe died not long since, a huge meeting in London gravely passed resolutions of congratulation in view of the fact that it had one the less to dower. And now Prince Arthur has just come in for his share of the gratuities, and has succeeded in getting about \$75,000 a year settled upon him for life. But the tax-payers objected. They even affirmed that they would no longer submit to such outrages, and held a great meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, to agree that they didn't believe in it at all; but a good force of troops was called out under arms, and the heated citizens were obliged to let the bill be passed with only a protest. But in spite of their odium, these annuities are in the shape of precedents, and precedents go a long way in England. The lower classes may object, but as long as the taxes can be collected and the military can preserve the peace, what do the rulers care? Not a copper, and they will probably continue to dower princes and princesses until they come to realize the fact that these princes and princesses would make much better rulers if obliged to provide for their own subsistence instead of leading merry lives at the public expense.

—THE PRICE OF CARELESSNESS. The terrible accident in New York harbor, a week ago last Sunday, by which seventy-five were killed and more than twice that number wounded, seems to have been the result of a mixture of faithlessness and carelessness. There seems to have been a want of faithfulness in the Government steamboat inspectors, who hurriedly examined the boiler of the boat and either failed to discover its weakness or neglected to report it, and also in the Ferry company itself who knew that the boat was quite too old,—or if not too old yet not in proper condition,—for service. But the immediate carelessness of those in charge of the engine seems to have precipitated the accident just at that particular time. As the boat lay at her wharf, with three hundred persons on board, the most of them rejoicing in the prospect of a free stroll on the neighboring island with a draught of its pure air, there came the sudden explosion, and nothing but scalded and mangled bodies appeared on every hand. And is it to such servants as these that we commit ourselves when traveling for pleasure or business? Every year is making it more and more apparent that on crowded thoroughfares, where special companies monopolize the means of conveyance, this alarming faithlessness and carelessness painfully abound. The demand for accommodations and the greed of gain press with about equal weight, and the result is that we are carried about over cracked boilers or behind drunken and incompetent engineers. The public has a right to object to this condition of things, but where is its remedy? Railroad and steamboat companies soon purchase an acquittal when arraigned in court, and the ordinary result is that the same old boats, the same negligent engineers, the same sleepy or drunken switchmen are kept at their posts. These are exceptions to be sure, but they happen to be on lines where there is necessarily an overwhelming amount of travel, and for that reason the facts are all the more criminal. Will not this fearful accident drive the public to force the companies to give us safer transport?

—RESULT OF THE KU-KLUX INVESTIGATION. The evidence thus far adduced by the committee to investigate southern outrages, seems to indicate that not much more than the half had been told us. The situation in the South is fearful and nothing less. It is criminal, it is emphatically outrageous, and especially in the country about Spartansburg there is very little but scouring, hanging and burning. Even the presence of the committee did not have the benign influence which General Butler predicted, though outrages were less frequent while the examinations were going on. One hundred and forty witnesses were examined, and hundreds who were anxious to testify were turned away for lack of time. The result of the visit of the sub-committee will call up the question of the military power conferred by the Ku-Klux bill, a question which has been suffered to remain unconsidered as long as possible. The feeling is becoming quite general, so Washington dispatches state, that it is about time to test the efficacy of the military arm, and see if the people can not be protected. This would be a deplorable act, but even that would be better than the present fearful deeds there. The spirit of the rebellion is still brooding over the South, and largely influencing the southern heart. The hate engendered by the war has not yet died out, and whether the offices of love will completely kill it, without the help of powder and bullets, seems to be still an unsettled question.

—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TREATY. Of the commissioners to be appointed to decide claims and meet the other conditions of the Washington treaty, it is said that England has appointed for the first one Mr. Gurney, the Recorder of the city of London. The President has appointed Judge Frazer, of Indiana, as United States commissioner, and now the third is to be named by Great Britain and the United States conjointly. The British government has appointed as its agent or attorney, under the treaty provisions, Henry Howard, to present and support claims on its behalf, and to answer claims made upon it and to

represent it generally in all matters connected with the investigation and decision thereof. The United States government has just appointed, on its part for similar purposes, Hon. Robert S. Hale of New York. Our government has also appointed Hon. Charles Francis Adams as one of the arbitrators to meet at Geneva. Thus it will be seen that the provisions of the treaty are being gradually fulfilled. Complaining ship-owners will soon be paid for the Alabama's depredations, England will have her own claims met, the fishery question will be amicably and satisfactorily arranged, and we will have nothing to do but live in peace and enjoy prosperity.

—THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES. In an address at the late reunion of the Army of the James, Gen. Gilmore made some valuable suggestions concerning our warlike resources as a nation. The Boston Advertiser, in summarizing his remarks, says that "he believed that in case of a war we could enlist, arm and equip half a million men in one month. We could furnish them, moreover, with Sharp, Remington and Springfield rifles, which are confessedly the best in the world. But he thought that the largest army with the best of arms would be of little value in case of a foreign war, for the enemy would sail up with iron-clads and bombard any city on the coast. Hence the military problem for us is to find and organize a system of efficient coast and harbor defense. In respect to heavy ordnance we are behind all the leading European nations, in consequence of the fact that we have adhered to smooth-bore guns. This policy should be corrected by the substitution of cannon which, retaining the immense dimensions already realized, shall give to their projectiles the increased velocity and effectiveness which belong to rifled bore. It is evident that General Gilmore here touches a subject of great importance, and one on which his standing as an engineer renders him a very high authority."

## Denominational News and Notes.

## Ridgeville College, Ind.

The work of the past year in Ridgeville college has been fraught with not a little satisfaction and has inspired a good deal of confidence. The school has grown till one may feel it a pleasure and an honor to be a laborer therein. Next June we hope to send out our first graduate. Already three of our students have added their names to the ministerial list as licentiates, but are still students and expect to thoroughly qualify themselves for their work. Churches are springing up around us as bulwarks of strength.

At our last Trustee meeting, Bro. S. D. Bates was elected president of the college in place of Bro. J. L. Collier resigned. He accepts the office with the understanding that he shall enter upon its duties next spring. Miss Ruth E. Brackett, a recent graduate of Hillsdale college, was elected preceptress. She also accepts and will enter upon her labors at the beginning of the fall term. She is an experienced teacher and a thorough scholar. At the same meeting the indebtedness hanging over the college was canceled, and a clear title for the college campus was secured in place of the former conditional one.

With so much done, with the college so well manned, with a generous patronage from the public, and with an open and inviting field all about us, we shall enter upon the work of the coming year with new zeal and a stronger hope than ever before. It seems impossible that any one should understand our situation and the nature of our work and not give us a cheerful and hearty "God speed."

What was said in a recent editorial in the Star against "manning and endowing a third college" could hardly have been meant for us, for Wilton seminary has recently grown into a college, and Atwood seminary is just now aspiring to larger honors; the fourth or fifth must have been meant instead of the third. But may there not be room in so broad a land for even a fifth? If in New England, colleges spring up and prosper within a "stone's throw" of each other, should it be a thing incredible that they should do so in the West at a distance of two or three hundred miles apart? When our people, inspired with larger plans and a stronger confidence, have a mind to work and have actually arisen and built, and are enjoying a very gratifying prosperity, it is encouraging to feel that we have the sympathy of our eastern brethren, and especially of our denominational organ—our old friends companion.—I. D. ADKINSON.

## West Virginia College.

A visitor at the recent anniversary exercises of this institution states that the occasion, beginning with the Baccalaureate sermon by President Colegrove, including the examination of classes on Wednesday and Thursday, an address before the Lyceum by Hon. W. T. Willey on Thursday evening, Commencement on Friday, June 9th, and the President's Levee, at the college chapel, on Friday evening, were extremely interesting and pleasant, and showed the college to be in a flourishing condition.

The Commencement orations were, on the whole, much superior to those of last year, and several of them were productions of great merit.

There were more than thirty of the orations and essays, and yet the large audience listened with eager interest to the very close. A profusion of excellent music was furnished, some of it classical and very difficult, but well rendered. In the examinations on Wednesday and Thursday the classes acquitted themselves with great honor, and the reunion on Friday evening was an occasion of great enjoyment to the large company assembled.

The college is evidently growing in importance and gaining every year a firmer hold upon the confidence and affection of the community.

## Ohio &amp; Penn. Y. M.

This religious body assembled at Pierpont, Ohio, June 23, at 10, A. M. Conference was called to order by the Clerk, and prayer was offered by Rev. I. B. Page, of New Lyme, O. Permanent organization was effected by electing Rev. I. B. Page, Moderator; Revs. E. H. Higbee and W. Parker, Asssts.; Rev. W. Whitacre, Clerk and Treasurer, and Rev. A. F. Bryant, Assistant Clerk.

Reports of the Quarterly Meetings were encouraging. Cleveland, Ashtabula and Crawford Q. M.'s reported some good revivals during the last year, with Sunday school prosperous. Washington Q. M. is a good deal discouraged, and requests the special prayers of the conference.

Rev. Dr. Ball, of New York, was present and represented the Holland Purchase Y. M. He reported it as being in a healthy and prosperous condition. Rev. J. S. Manning was received as a correspondent from Mich., who gave an encouraging report from that Y. M. These brethren added greatly to the interest of the meeting, both in counsel and preaching.

The Committee reported and the conference adopted the following resolutions:

1. That the next session be held within the bounds of Cleveland Q. M. 2. That Rev. W. Whitacre be a corresponding delegate to the Ohio River Y. M. Rev. E. H. Higbee to Holland Purchase, Rev. S. H. Stevens to Michigan, and Rev. G. H. Damon to the O. Central Y. M. 3. That we thank God for reviving his work during the past winter, and for bringing the Cleveland church safely out of deep and severe trials, and for filling up our thinned ranks with good and efficient ministers. But there is much work that still remains to be done, new places to be occupied and feeble churches that need material aid. Therefore each pastor was requested to hold at least one protracted effort outside of his own special work during the year. The several churches were requested to give their pastors from four to six weeks to devote to this work, as a Home Mission contribution. It was also voted that diligent effort be made in helping feeble churches in obtaining pastors, each Q. M. being advised to give attention to this work.

Efforts are to be made to secure a suitable man to preach as an evangelist within the bounds of the Y. M., and it was resolved that the success of our Foreign Mission work is a source of gratification; that we deeply regret the necessity that caused the return of our Bro. and Sister Bachelor from their chosen field of labor, yet we welcome them home and pray God that they may still be useful in his good cause, and that others may soon be found who will occupy their field and bring many from nature's darkness to the marvelous light of the Gospel. Also, that the wide, open field of Orissa, the planting of Mission stations and the demand for more Missionaries call for increased zeal and contributions on our part; that we are in favor of at once co-operating with others in erecting a monument at the grave of our lamented Bro. Marks; that each church in the Y. M. is requested to raise something for this purpose and send it to our treasurer, Rev. W. Whitacre, Chagrin Falls, Ohio; that we call on all the friends of Rev. David Marks and all the Y. M.'s where he labored, to join us in this work and forward their contributions to our treasurer, or to the Rev. S. D. Bates, Marion, O.; that we advise all our ministers to set forth controverted points plainly and without fear, daring at all times to speak the whole truth; that we present our doctrines as the doctrines of the Bible; and that we only need to be made known to be appreciated; that we regard the Baptist Union as a means under God to this end, and appreciate its boldness in speech, its freedom in thought and its tenacity for the truth; that we recognize in the Morning Star and old and tried friend, a family Christian periodical and a very welcome visitor; and that we regard the patronage of our schools by the Y. M. as essential to enable us to more fully set forth the truth. A resolution was also passed in view of the death of Rev. David Winton, late pastor of Pierpont church, affirming our belief that in his death the church has lost a good pastor, the truth a bold defender, and the community a good citizen; also, that we extend to the bereaved family our sympathies and pledge them our prayers.

A vote of thanks was given to the Pierpont church for its hospitality. Rev. A. K. Moulton, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Rev. N. H. Farr, of Kennard, Penn., were elected delegates to Gen. Con., and Revs. A. F. Bryant and W. Whitacre were elected alternates. A resolution was past in favor of establishing a Free Will Baptist Book repository within the limits of the State of Ohio, and Revs. A. K. Moulton, E. H. Higbee and G. H. Damon were appointed a committee to work up this matter. Collections were taken for the Cleveland Mission by Rev. A. K. Moulton, and for the Carlo Mission by Rev. J. S. Manning, amounting to about \$158.00. Sermons were preached by Revs. W. Parker, S. H. Stevens, W. Whitacre, G. H. Ball, J. S. Manning and N. H. Farr. The meeting was highly enjoyable throughout. W. WHITACRE, Clerk.

## Canada West Y. M.

The Canada West Yearly Meeting held its twenty-sixth annual session with the South Zorra church, June 23d and 24th. Conference opened in due form, and Deacon Jared Harrington was chosen Moderator, and Deacon Clapton, Assistant.

The business of the conference was harmoniously transacted. The religious services were characterized by the presence of the great Head of the church, who manifested himself as a kind and loving Saviour.

Bro. and Sister Perry appeared in our conference as delegates from the Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting, and added much to the interest of our meetings. Resolutions upon missions, temperance, ministers' conference, etc., were reported by the committee, warmly discussed and unanimously adopted by the conference. Rev. R. Marton was chosen delegate to General Conference, Rev. J. Ingram alternate.

Rev. W. Chappel was chosen delegate to the Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting, Rev. G. Donnocker, alternate.

Collections were taken during the session in aid of Home Missions, the Freedmen's Mission and for Yearly Meeting purposes.

Rev. J. Ingram was appointed to preach the opening sermon at the next session; subject, Church Relationship.

Next session to be held with the London Q. M.

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## Minnesota Southern Y. M.

The annual session of this body was held with the Mapleton church, June 23—25. Conference organized by appointing Rev. E. Berry, Moderator, and Rev. S. A. Stow, Assistant. The business of the conference was harmoniously transacted. Encouraging reports from the Q. M.'s were read showing that the cause of Christ in F. Baptist hands has advanced the past year. New ground has been occupied and some new churches have been organized. The old churches are, as a general rule, in working order, and the one great anxiety on the part of ministry and laity seems to be, to labor on to disseminate the truths of Christ.

Voted to ask admittance to the General Conference, and chose Rev. E. Berry delegate to that body, with Rev. S. A. Stow substitute. Conference tendered thanks to Bro. S. A. Stow for the faithfulness and diligence he had displayed in the circulation of F. Baptist publications. Considering the small amount of means that were placed in his hands by the Y. M. at its last session, he had succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectation. He was selected book agent for the ensuing year.

The following resolutions were discussed and passed:

TEMPERANCE. Whereas, intemperance is the greatest prevailing evil in our land, therefore, Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to renewed efforts to bring about universal, unconditional and total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

TOBACCO. Whereas, tobacco in its essential nature, is a virulent poison and its use debilitates and perverts the normal functions of the physical system, insidiously weakens, obscures and incapacitates the intellectual faculties, consequently being highly pernicious to the moral nature, restraining the development of the mind and the accomplishment of usefulness which would otherwise be attainable, and also being detrimental to both temporal and spiritual life, therefore, Resolved, That we regard such use a violation of nature's laws.

2. That we discontinue its use among all Christians.

MISSIONS. Resolved, That we recognize the missionary enterprises of our denomination as worthy of being sustained, and we would send a word of cheer to our brethren laboring in foreign lands for the promotion of the cause of Christ. They are remembered by us at the throne of Grace. And further, Resolved, That it is the duty of the churches to arouse to a greater activity in the great work of spreading the Gospel.

SABBATH SCHOOLS. Whereas, we deeply deplore the low condition of Sabbath schools within the bounds of our Y. M., seeing that the numerous children committed to our charge are the main hope of perpetuating the F. Baptist cause when we are gone, therefore, Resolved, That we, as a Y. M. in our several fields of labor and in our churches, use our utmost endeavor to carry forward this useful enterprise.

It was also voted that this Conference recommend our brethren to aid the Janesville church in their undertaking to build a house of worship.

All the religious exercises were as nourishing food to the hungry. God by his spirit seemed to be in our gathering, and we trust all that came up to this yearly gathering felt strengthened and encouraged to labor on in the great conflict of life.

The next session will be held with the Chain Lake Q. M.

GEORGE A. TAYLOR, Clerk.

## Ministers and Churches.

## Religious Items.

I write from Wrightstown, Wis. It is on Fox river, and about fifteen miles south of Green Bay, where we have a church and a good meeting house, with another five miles east. There is no other F. B. church in this region. These were raised up by Rev. A. Phillips, from R. I., where he has two brothers who are ministers. Here are Yankees, Dutch, French and Belgians, and our brother has none a noble work. Some foreigners have been brought in. We now see that the roving Yankee is fulfilling his mission. His reforming influence on society is needed all over the West. We must not all remain in N. England and sing Psalms, when so much is to be done here to establish schools, make laws, &c.

Our brethren are somewhat strong in Winnebago lake section, two have two churches in Vineland, and two meeting houses also, one at Nikiski, one at Omro, and at Winnebago we have enjoyed a great revival under Elder Moriton, with some 75 additions. A large meeting-house is being built.

Thirty miles in the wilderness a brother took us to a settlement of Free Baptists from New Brunswick, and I preached the first sermon there. Here were some sea-captains, and some ladies that had lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. In truth, we find all through these wicked lumber regions people who have come from the best of society. God help them to work. Oconto City, the place visited, numbers 5,000 inhabitants with five meeting-houses. At Couillard's, six miles from Oconto, fifteen years ago Elder Ke-ville and the writer baptized a number. Some have gone to glory and others are holding on. Our meetings there were the first ones held since '33, n there have been some of the best set-



ments planted, with good buildings, churches and school-houses.

#### A New Q. M. in Illinois.

Through the agency of Rev. D. G. Holmes, a new Quarterly Meeting has been formed in Illinois, under the name of the McLean Q. M. It consists of the following churches: Chepey's Grove, Fairbury, Pleasant View, Dwight and Broughton.

This is a good work accomplished, and may God speed its mission and make it the means of restoring, reclaiming, winning, and bringing the lost sheep of Israel into the fold of our blessed Redeemer.

The first session of this Q. M. will be held with the Fairbury church, in Livingston County, Ill., commencing August 25th, 2 o'clock, P. M., continuing two days. Let as many of the brethren and delegates from the several churches as are able, and ample provision will be made for all that do come.

J. H. ODELL, Clerk.

#### Aged Ministers.

How quickly our good fathers have gone. Some still live. Elder John Foster is ninety years of age, living with a son in Minneapolis, Minn. We used to know him in Maine. We learn that his health is good; he remembers the past, but sometimes forgets his own children and where he is.

Elder L. W. Lee is eighty-seven. His memory is still good. He is a brother of Rev. Luther Lee, and lives in Winnebago, Wis.

Elder Samuel Shaw is about eighty. He lives near Washington, Iowa, and is still active. He was the pioneer in Central Ill.

Shaw was born in N. H., labored in Ohio and Ill. Lee was born in N. Y., labored in N. Y., Ill. and Wis. Foster labored mostly in Me.

These toilers think much of the past, when they were in their prime. Will not others mention some of our veterans, and where they have toiled?

W. B. H.

LOWELL CHURCH. This church is attended by its usual prosperity. There is a good interest on the part of the members, and also, among the unconverted, and a revival is looked for. Union and harmony prevail, and the pastor is continually gaining the esteem and confidence of his parish.

COM.

#### Quarterly Meetings.

CHEMUNGO Q. M.—Held its last session with the church in Oxford, July 1 and 2. The session was one of interest and profit. The churches were all represented by delegates and the most of them by letter. Some reports of revivals were given which truly made our hearts glad. We were favored with the counsel of Revs. Johnson, of the Otsego, and L. D. Turner, of the Mc. Donough Q. M. On Sunday a large and appreciative audience listened with interest to a discourse from Rev. W. H. Waldron, after which the Lord's Supper was celebrated, conducted by Revs. Cyrus Steer and Johnson.

The license of Brother S. Wood, of Norwich church, was renewed for one year. Collection taken for H. M. and the Q. M. constitution was so altered, that the sessions will be held on the Saturday before the fourth Sunday in Aug., Nov., Feb., and May.

Next session with the Holmesville church, Aug. 23 and 27. Let there be a full delegation.

R. F. FRANCISCO, Clerk.

SALEM, IND. Q. M.—Held its last session with the Ridgeville church, June 17 and 18. Enjoyed the labors of Rev. E. F. Zell, from Harmony Q. M., who preached to good acceptance. We have reason to believe that good was done.

Next session with the Bear Creek church, Sept. 16, 17.

A. PIERCE, Clerk.

HUNTINGTON, VT. Q. M.—Held its June session with the church at Cambridge. The churches were well represented, and the session was one of interest.

Next session at Starksboro, Sept. 1.

H. F. SMITH, Clerk.

WOLFBOURNE, N. H. Q. M.—Held its last session with the Water Village church. An interesting session was enjoyed. We were favored with the labors of Rev. G. C. Andrews, of the Ohio River, who preached to good acceptance. Next session with the Water Village church, Sept. 1-3.

J. CHICK, Clerk.

TAMA Q. M.—Held its last session with the "Three Mile Grove" church, June 16-18. The churches were generally well represented. Good will and harmony pervaded the meetings of Conference, and the meetings for worship were characterized by a good degree of religious interest.

Next session with the Q. M. with the York church, Sept. 15-17.

A. M. STALEY, Clerk.

CORINTH Q. M.—Held its June session with the church at Washington, June 17 and 18. There was a good attendance and a very good session enjoyed. Bro. Lewis Dexter requested license to preach, but he being absent a committee was appointed with discretionary power to grant a license at a subsequent meeting. The Comm. granted the request and Bro. Lewis Dexter is licensed for one year.

Next session with the Topsham church, C. D. BURGIN, Clerk.

EXETER Q. M.—Held its June session at Harmon. It was a pleasant occasion throughout, and we think all Christians who were present found it good to be there. L. Hathaway, A. Reddon, J. G. Eaton, N. F. Weymouth, John Cook, J. J. Banks and J. P. Longley were chosen delegates to next session of the Penobscot Yearly Meeting.

Next session of the Q. M. at Burnham Village. The churches, it is hoped, will at that time see that the empty Q. M. Treasury is replenished.

N. F. WEYMOUTH, Clerk.

#### RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

##### General.

The Baptist statistics of Kansas, as reported at the State Convention recently held at Leavenworth, are as follows: Thirty-three new churches have been organized the last year, with a membership of about 8,000. Twenty-one ministers have come into the State the last year, making the present number of white ministers about one hundred. There were last year twenty-three colored ministers, which is the probable present number. There has been expended in the erection and repair of meeting-houses the last year, \$80,000. The Home Mission Society has expended from \$7,000 to \$8,000 in mission work, besides loans from the Church Edifice Fund.

A visitor reports the Cadet prayer-meetings at West Point as strong and growing. Upon a late Sabbath evening he found one-fifth of the entire corps present, and was told that the number was unusually small.

Speaker Blaine, who has been reported as "a pious devotee" of the Roman Catholic church, has, says the *Kennebec Journal*, for the past fifteen years or more been a member of the Congregational church in Augusta, Me.

There is no doubt of the fact that those universities in Germany in which is the old orthodox Lutheran system of theology, have more students than those which affect the modern or newer *Richtung*. This shows the healthy reaction that has occurred, and any university which wishes to maintain its popularity and secure the largest number of students, must go back to the theology of the Reformation.

The American Evangelical Alliance has sent a nation to act in concert with delegations from several European Alliances, in endeavoring to induce the Emperor of Russia to grant religious liberty in his dominions. The immediate occasion of this mission is the persecution of Luther-

ans in the Baltic provinces. Not less than 100,000 Letts and Estonians have been by fraud and force brought into nominal adherence to the Russian Greek church, in which they are now held by constraint, liable to severe penalties should they return to the profession of their real faith. It is understood that when the reputation have completed their main errand, they will turn their attention to the persecution of Baptists in Sweden. The delegates are Rev. William Adams, D. D. L. D., Nathan Bishop, L. D., Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, John Crosby Brown, Peter Parker, and Norman White.

There is not a Baptist church and but one Baptist preacher in Montana Territory. It has a population of 60,000.

It is reported that in 1870 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon 150 persons, 19 of whom were Baptists, 43 Presbyterians, 31 Episcopalians, and 23 Methodists.

Bishop McVane, of Ohio, has suspended Rev. Mr. Kellogg, an Episcopal pastor of Cincinnati High Church, for refusing to omit the use of the Gloria between the psalms.

Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Berg, Professor in the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J., a voluminous author and writer for the press, died on the 20th of July.

A venerable woman in Oxford county, Me., eighty-two years old, who worked for twenty-five cents a day and saved the money; has just given three hundred dollars, her wages for four years, toward building a Universalist church.

A writer in the National Baptist calls attention to the fact that in 1871 the Baptist churches of the United States had 6,000 pastorless churches, while in 1791 there were as many ministers as churches. Here is an alarming deficiency.

The amount spent last year in this country for ministers, churches and missions—home and foreign—was about eight millions of dollars; and that for artificial flowers—which are vanity—fifteen millions.

The Philadelphia Press states that the Sultan is endeavoring to induce the Jews to immigrate to Palestine, and even offers to sell them the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of the ancient Temple on Mount Moriah. Some of the hills around Jerusalem have already become Jewish property.

In the Presbyterian church of Jeffersonville, Indiana, the envelope plan of contribution has been adopted, and has worked finely. More money is raised, and raised more easily, than before. The same system has been adopted in most of the Presbyterian churches around the Falls of the Ohio, and thus far it has proved a success in every instance.

President Clarke, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, has published a notice that on and after the first Sabbath in August next no boats will be allowed to pass any of the locks on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal on the Sabbath day. There has been an order against Sabbath boating for some time, but it has never been rigidly enforced. The order will be strictly carried out in future.

There are now five ministers of the Methodist church in Utah. The church at Salt Lake City, organized May 24th, 1870, has a membership of 51; that at Corinne of 13; that at Evanston of 9. Total, 100. There are 5 Sunday schools, with an aggregate enrolled membership of 400. Three day-schools are sustained, having 200 scholars enrolled. The value of church property is estimated at \$10,000.

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Some of the Christians in towns in the neighborhood of the city of Mexico, have been most bitterly and cruelly persecuted by Roman Catholics, but have suffered with Christian fortitude and patience.

For twenty years, Rev. William Brock, Bloomsbury Baptist chapel, London, has preached at 7 o'clock in the morning, on the Sunday nearest midsummer, a sermon to the young men and maidens of London. The large chapel, holding two thousand persons, is always crowded long before the hour of service; and the beautiful anniversary is remembered with the keenest delight by hundreds now living in other lands, who once participated in it.

A mission has been established on Terra del Fuego, the horrible extremity of the American continent. An iron house has been built, and two men have banished themselves to the most inhospitable of all habitable parts of the earth to carry the Gospel to a handful of the most degraded savages. In heroism the present age of Christianity, however unheroic it may seem, will compare favorably in history with the most famous ages of the church.

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mer, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." They sent this incident to the king then at Versailles; and Bismarck acknowledged the compliment by a special messenger sent to Stuttgart to hunt up the family.

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#### FOR THE LADIES.

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Portland & Ogdensburg Railway Bonds. We are pleased to learn from the Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., the fiscal agents of the Vermont and Middle Division of this road, that, although these bonds have but recently been offered to the public, the sales have far exceeded their expectations. Among the purchasers are a number of the leading and most conservative N. E. capitalists, who were induced to invest in these bonds by the certain paying prospects of the road, their confidence in the integrity and ability which is being exhibited in its construction and management, and in the general importance of the enterprise to the country, particularly to the sections which it will drain, pass through and supply.

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A. H. MORRELL, Clerk.

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W. L. NOTES, Clerk.

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D. K. Andrus, No. Wolcott, Vt. Jacob A. Flint, Chelsea, Vt. N. S. Harrington, Parkman, Me. C. W. Milken, Boston, Me. J. W. Ingerick, Stony Fort, Pa. EXPRESS.

L. P. Call, Esq., Kittery Point, Me. Rev. A. Reddon, Exeter, Maine. MARRIED.

In Stratford, July 22, by Rev. William Rogers, Mr. Chas. W. Rickford, of Concord, and Miss Ardene Lyford, of Manchester.

At Duck Pond, Me., July 30, by Rev. H. Whiteaker, John H. Jameson and Mrs. Saloma Allen of Portland.

A Fine Premium. To any person sending us three new subscribers, with a year's subscription in advance, \$7.50, we will send, post paid, the "CRITICAL GREEK AND ENGLISH CONCORDANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT," a work of the highest value to all careful students. The regular price of the work, here and elsewhere, is \$2.50.

Special Notices. BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. June 5, 1871.

Trains leave Dover for Lawrence and Boston, A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. 5.50 6.00 11.10 5.02 5.43 7.40

Trains leave Dover for Portland, A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. 10.10 10.35 2.40 5.45 7.40

Trains leave Dover for Great Falls, A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. 10.10 10.35 2.40 5.45 7.40

DOVER AND WINDSOR R. R. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT June 5, 1871.

Trains leave Dover for Alton Bay, 10.10 A. M. 2.40 P. M. 5.45 P. M.

Trains leave Dover for Wolfboro' & Center Harbor, 10.10 A. M. 2.40 P. M. 5.45 P. M.

On their arrival from the East. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

DR. S. S. FITCH, sends his "FAMILY PHYSICIAN," 90 pages, free by mail. This book is to make any one his own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare. Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York.

SUMMER CARPETS.—Another invoice of Canton Matting for 20 cents per square yard, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend street. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., BOSTON.

STATION CARPETS, JAPAN AND CANTON MATTINGS. These mattings are fresh, and comprise the finest qualities and most beautiful fancy styles; will be sold to the trade or at retail at less than the market prices, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend street. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., BOSTON.

ENGLISH TAPESTRY CARPETS at popular low prices, at our new warehouse. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., BOSTON.

ISRAELI CARPETS.—English, Lowell, Hartford and other makes of Extra Superfine and 3-Ply in the new colorings and most modern and stylish patterns, just received at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend street. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., BOSTON.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.—The trade supplied, at manufacturer's prices, at our new warehouse. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., BOSTON.

THE CHEAPEST YET.—Yard-wide Carpets, in imitation of 3-Ply, for 37 cents per yard. We have just received 100 rolls of these goods from Saxony, England. They are the best low-priced carpet that has ever been offered in this market. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., BOSTON, at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend street.

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## Poetry.

## Cradle Elves.

They hover o'er the cradle,  
They float on every side,  
And linger on the coverlet,  
To see the face they hide.  
They touch the merry dimples,  
And work their pretty wiles,  
And we, who can't see cradle-elves,  
Don't know why baby smiles.  
He laughs, and crows, and chuckles,  
And grasps his hands in air,  
And tries to gather to his own  
The forms he sees so fair;  
Till, wearied with his efforts,  
A slumber o'er him creeps;  
And, finding no more cradle-elves,  
Our darling baby sleeps.  
Through sunshine and through darkness,  
In waking or in sleep,  
There is no hour but cradle-elves  
Their watch o'er baby keep,  
When baby has grown older,  
And leaves the cradle arm,  
May God His blessed angels send  
To guide his steps from harm.  
—N. Y. Evening Mail.

## The Naughty Kittens.

Dilly and Dolly were two little kittens—  
One gray, and one dappled with white;  
A foliose pair as ever you'd find,  
In mischief from morning till night.  
"I smell new milk," said Dilly one day;  
"We'll go and get some, Dolly."  
The cook has gone out and the coast is clear;  
Make haste, Oh, won't it be jolly?  
They crept with a soft and stealthy tread—  
So young, yet old in deceit;  
And, climbing up on the pantry shelf,  
Went in for a lactical treat.  
But Dolly, whose conscience was not quite  
Sated, said: "Dilly, oh, won't it be wrong;  
Won't it be stealing, oh, Dilly, dear,  
To take what doesn't belong?"  
But Dilly was eagerly lapping the milk,  
Nor stopped for a purr of dissent;  
A moment poor Dolly stood, half in doubt,  
Then over the milk-pan bent.  
The taste of the rich, warm milk was enough;  
Her scruples, alas! all fled;  
Like Dilly, she ate with a will and a zest,  
Till she heard old Dinah's tread.  
"Oh, mercy!" they cried. Both ran and hid,  
But Dinah their wee forms spied.  
"You naughty kittens to steal the milk,"  
And she beat them till they cried.  
Quite humbled, they crept to their box in the  
shed,  
There to repent at leisure;  
Their poor little backs all bruised and sore,  
The price of their stolen pleasure.  
—Independent.

## The Family Circle.

## Hester's Lesson.

Hester Kent was washing the dishes one Sabbath afternoon, and as she moved listlessly about her work sang softly to herself:  
"Come where my love lies dreaming."  
"Hester!" called her mother's warning voice from the sitting room.  
"Yes'm."  
"What are you thinking about, my child? Do you know what you are singing?"  
"Yes'm, but I can't bother to think what I'm doing all the time."  
Mrs. Kent's attention was claimed just here by a young man with a torn pinafore and a dirty face, or Hester's remark might have received further notice. But the words, thoughtlessly spoken, stayed in her mind as she worked, and repeated themselves again and again, till she exclaimed half aloud:  
"That didn't sound very well, I believe. I suppose it was short for saying I couldn't take the trouble to be good. Well, I can't—at least, I don't," and Hester fell into such a deep reverie that her mother said again, a little impatiently:  
"Come, my child! Can't you move a little faster? I wouldn't 'paddle' so long. You won't have the dishes ready for breakfast, I'm afraid."  
Hester straightened herself up as if with the strength of a sudden resolution, and, without making any reply, went on briskly till her work was done. Then she set the table for breakfast, shut the cupboard-door, and hung up her apron, which she usually forgot to do, and slipped up the back-stairs to her own room.  
"There!" she said, as she turned the key, and sat down by the window. "Now I'll see what has been the matter all day, and how I'll have it different to-morrow."  
She was doing a wise thing—going away by herself—to find out what was wrong, and how to set it right. It was a very wise thing—one that can hardly be done too often; but perhaps she was not doing it in a wise way. She went carefully over the events of the day. She was very frank with herself. She did not forget, nor try to excuse a single fault. She knew what she ought to have done, and where she had failed. But when she had finished her review, she only said:  
"Well, it won't be so to-morrow. I shall have everything just right all day, for I shall begin right, and then the whole day will go right. It can't help it."  
Her mother called from the foot of the stairs, and Hester went down to answer. Yes, she was right. The day must go right if she began right; there is every thing in that. But had she forgotten nothing?  
Next morning she was up bright and early, and put her room in order, and studied her rhetoric over twice before the bell rang. After breakfast she had no work, because she was allowed all her time to herself on school-days; so she strapped her books and her lunch-box ready for school, and started

off to have a good play before nine o'clock. "I'm coming on beautifully," she said, as she skipped along. "This is going to be such a pleasant week!"

As she ran up the school-house steps, some one jostled against her. She looked up, and cried out hastily:

"Can't you be careful, Abbie Harland? You're always blundering. Now, see what you made me do!"

"That's nothing," replied the other, coolly, looking at the lunch-box at her feet and its contents scattered over the icy pavement. "You can have my lunch. I don't care for it, Hester," she added, as she saw the angry flush on Hester's face. "I didn't mean to do it; you know I didn't. Please don't be vexed, for I am so sorry."

But Hester only turned impatiently away! Half an hour later she would have given anything to recall her hasty words, and accept the apology so quickly given; for Abbie Harland was Hester's dearest friend. But she went into the school-room with a shadow on her face and a heaviness at her heart. The whole day passed, and not a word was spoken between them. Both were troubled, but neither would take the first step toward reconciliation. Abbie had been once repulsed, and so feared to make a second trial; and Hester would not yet humble herself to own that she had been wrong. But she could hardly keep her mind upon her studies, and when her rhetoric was called she stumbled and grew confused, and finally sat down with almost a failure. In algebra, it was still worse; and she went to her seat, conscious that the day so well begun had ended ill enough. At night, she was dissatisfied and unhappy, but resolved again that to-morrow should be different, and her good purposes not once forgotten.

The next day was full of disappointment. She overslept herself; was hurried in her lessons; failed, and was kept after school to learn them; and, worse than all, she seemed farther than ever from a return to her friendship with Abbie Harland. When she went home at night, she began to think good resolves useless, and that in her self-examination of Sabbath evening she had forgotten the first and greatest duty of all: seeking for help and guidance from a Power higher than any earthly power.

"That was where I failed," she said, soberly, as she walked home in the winter sunlight. "I didn't begin right."  
But this time she did not say, as she had done before:

"I'll do just right to-morrow."  
She hesitated now. She knew there was but one thing in the wide world that could make her happy, and that was the love of the Saviour in her heart. Hester had been well taught. She knew where the right path lay, and that she had never found it. She knew, too, that the service of Christ called for a daily effort, self-sacrifice, and self-denial which she was unwilling to give. She counted fully the cost of accepting Christ, and so shrank from it; but had she counted the cost of rejecting him?

"It's no use," she said miserably. "I can't shut my eyes and go on any longer. I know what I ought to do, but I'm not ready to do it yet. O dear!" and the Hester who walked slowly into the cheery house that night was very different from the one who left it so blithely that morning.

Alone in her room the same thoughts followed her.  
"I wish somebody would tell me what to do. Not that, either, for I know; but help me make up my mind. I can't ask anybody to talk to me; but I almost wish I could."

The opportunity Hester longed for came. During the forenoon recess next day, she was standing apart from the crowd of girls, just on the edge of a single step down to the street pavement. As some one in the game ran almost against her, she thoughtlessly stepped back to avoid collision, and but for another person standing near, would have fallen to the ground. She looked up quickly, and found that Abbie's outstretched arms had her. She colored, and made a sudden effort to regain her balance, but Abbie held her fast.

"Hester," she said, earnestly, "you have kept away from me for two days, and now you shall answer me. Are you so angry with me, Hester?"

"Please speak to me. Shall such a little thing come between us? If you only knew, Hester, how I have longed for a word or smile from you, you could not be angry any more," and Abbie's voice trembled.

Hester was conquered.  
"Don't say anything more about it," she said. "I was wrong, as I always am. Let's be just as good friends as we were before; but don't mind if I am cross, for I don't feel very happy lately."  
Abbie's quick, loving instinct told her the whole truth.

"Come and stay with me to-night, and we will talk it over," she said. "Perhaps I can help you. I know all about your trouble, dear, for I have seen it myself."

"Hester looked into the clear, happy eyes and answered:  
"I'll come. Let me go now, please."  
That evening she went early to Abbie's. She shrank a little from the revelation she must make of thoughts and feelings kept hitherto wholly to herself; but she was in earnest in her wish to find help, and she went willingly.

No one could be more tender in tone and manner, more delicate in suggestion or advice, than Abbie Harland. She loved Hester dearly, and she had had the same experience.

They talked long and earnestly of Hester, her frequent trials and as frequent failures to follow the right, because she had forgotten or disbelieved in action, if not in thought, the great principles which underlie all successful Christian living; that without reliance upon the Almighty arm we are utterly powerless; and that divine strength is made perfect in human

weakness. Before they slept that night, they knelt together, and Hester took the first step in the right way by seeking for herself the blessing which, while the world stands, shall never be denied to any earnest seeker.

Fifteen years have passed since then, but Hester has never faltered in her chosen path, nor ever ceased to be thankful for the failures which taught her at last the needed lesson, that our help cometh from the Lord, and from him only.—Methodist.

## Kate.

"Oh, isn't it splendid?" said Kate, swinging her satchel high in the air, "and isn't Miss Wilson kind to let us all meet at her house?"

"I love to work for the missionaries," said Maud, "you feel so good, so like a Christian, you know."

"Yes indeed, it makes us so much happier to work for others, than to follow our own selfish pleasure, mother says."

"And what a beautiful fair we will have! Bring all of your pieces of silk and ribbon, for we are going to make lots of pretty things."

"Mother has any quantity of lovely silks in an old trunk in the garret. I am going to hunt them up as soon as I get home."

"You must come early to the Society. We want to commence precisely at four."

"Good-bye," said Kate, as she reached the corner; "be sure to come at four."

"Never fear, I will be there at half-past three."

Kate rushed into the house, nearly knocking over poor grandma, who was slowly crossing the floor.

"Oh, where is mother?"

"I'm so glad you've come, deary; I've been waiting for your bright eyes; I want you to thread my cushion full of needles, so that I can sew on my patchwork."

Kate was generally very obliging about the needles, but it did seem too hard to be interrupted at this important moment, when she wanted to tell her mother all about the Society, and get those lovely silks. She sat down, without a word, but she never did see such ugly thread, that would untwist and knot, and wouldn't go through those hateful little eyes. Finally they were all threaded, a brilliant array bristling on the cushion. Grandma was much obliged, and Kate ran off to find her mother.

"Where's mother, oh, where's mother? Cousin Anna, do you know where mother is?"

"Keep quiet, can't you?" said Cousin Anna, who disliked children, and considered Kate as one of the noisiest and naughtiest girls she ever knew. "Your mother's got a headache, and you must stop tramping and romping about the house."

"But I must see mother. I want to ask her if I can go to the new Society, and to find out in which trunk those silks are, in the garret. I must see mother."

"Well, you can't see mother, I tell you. She's just going to sleep, and you'd better not go rummaging over any of the trunks, but take care of your little sister Daisy. She's been driving your mother almost distracted by her noise."

On hearing this charge, Kate rushed up to her room; she was in no mood for taking care of Daisy. She locked the door fast, threw her books and things on the bed, and herself into a great rocking-chair, where she began to cry as though her heart would break.

"It's always just so! Mother always has the headache when I've something important to tell her. I never can go anywhere, or do anything. Oh dear, oh dear, I'm wild to get at those silks! And I can't even go to the Society, for I can't ask mother. Oh dear, oh dear, I never was so wretched in my life!"

"Katie, is you in your room?" peeped a sweet little voice outside the door; "I want to say you."

"Go away, Daisy, you can't come in."

"Just a little minute," pleaded Daisy.

"No, you naughty, bad girl, go right away, I'm busy."

Daisy began to cry so loud that Kate feared Cousin Anna might appear, so she opened the door. Daisy bounced in, and perched herself on the bed among Kate's things.

"Oh, what you got left in your basket?" said Daisy.

"No, you shan't touch my lunch-basket; there's nothing in it but a dry cracker and an old apple," and Kate snatched it away.

"I want to see the old apple," cried Daisy, throwing herself down on the bed, and kicking with all her might against Kate's hat.

"Oh, Daisy, you awful wicked girl, you have broken the feathers and spoiled my hat," cried Kate, who seized the child very roughly, and put her out of the room.

Daisy screamed and pounded the door with her little fists. Kate paid no attention, but went on bewailing her misfortunes.

"Now just look at that hat! It was a fright to begin with, for I never can have anything decent, but now it's ruined, and what shall I wear to school beside Maud's beautiful blue one? Oh, how I hate to be poor! Maud has three lovely silk dresses, and I an old one made out of mother's, and I have only one pair of kid gloves to my name. Cousin Anna would say that is ridiculous. She 'never had a pair of kid gloves when she was a little girl.'"

"And there's that child crying outside the door, but I won't let her in. I can't bear to take care of children, and it's 'hold baby' and 'mind Daisy,' from morning till night. Now the clock is striking four. Oh dear! oh dear! the girls are all there, and having such a nice time—my heart is almost broken."

A loud scream from Daisy sent Kate to the foot of the stairs; but Bridget, Cousin Anna, and poor, pale mamma were there before her. Bridget held the child in her arms, declaring she was "kilt intirely, for her head was splitted." Mamma sat on the stairs, faint and trembling, while Kate, al-

most paralyzed with fright, felt like a murderer, as she saw the blood on Daisy's face. But Cousin Anna was equal to the occasion. She declared the child could not be seriously injured, as she herself saw her fall only three or four steps. She found Daisy had cut a little gash in her forehead. She soon washed the wound and dressed it with court plaster. Kate began to breathe again, and sat down in the most contrite and humble state of mind. Daisy put out her little hand, "I won't tell mamma how cross you was if you will tell me a story."

"Certainly, darling," and Kate sat by Daisy till tea time, telling story after story, and amusing her in the merriest way, thinking how much trouble she might have saved if she had been kind to her little sister—all the time feeling so guilty, and conscious that her zeal that afternoon had not really been to help the missionaries, but to have a good time, and be connected with a grand affair. She hoped the missionaries would never know how selfish she had been; above all, that Cousin Anna was not acquainted with any, for Kate was sure, if she was she would tell!—Christian Union.

## A Drunkard's Boy.

A friend of mine, seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door, which led into a room reaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said "Come in," and he went in. There was no light; but as soon as his eyes became adapted to the place, he saw lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

"What are you doing there?" he asked of the boy.

"Hush! hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? What for?" And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen.

"What was it beat you like that?"

"Don't tell him, my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father got drunk, and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once." (These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it,—it is their profession.)

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will not steal, sir, if my father kills me."

Said my friend, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said,

"But, please sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, could sing a hymn, but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then in a sweet voice, he sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child,  
Pity my infirmity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.  
Fain would I to thee be brought,  
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;  
In the kingdom of thy grace,  
Give a little child a place."

"That's my little hymn, good-by!"

The gentleman went again in the morning; went up-stairs; knocked at the door,—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face,—but he was dead. In the night he had gone home.

Thank God that he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me. He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond or free, young or old. He sends his angels to the homes of the poor and destitute, the degraded and wicked, to take the blood-bought little ones to his own home.—J. B. Gough.

## Truthfulness.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief.

Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help as if he were suffering under some bodily disorder. If he can be cured he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm, and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone.

I fear that, for some cause or other, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefactors, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed within and without. Without their life is made easy by universal trust, and within their homes and their hearts they have the security of rectitude and the gladness of innocence.—Harriet Martineau.

It is sweet, when sorrow and weariness are our only companions, to remember that the hour is not far away when the Father will fold the tired hands of His child in His, will ease the aching eye with sleep, and breathe under its trembling lid the sweet dream of heaven.

## Boys as Farmers.

Boys in general would be very good farmers, if the current notions about farming were not so very different from those they entertain. What passes for laziness is very often an unwillingness to farm in a particular way. For instance, some morning in early summer, John is told to catch the sorrel mare, harness her into the spring wagon, and put in the buffalo and the best whip, for father is obliged to drive over to the Corners, "to see a man" about some cattle, to talk with the road commissioner, to go to the store "for the women folks," and to attend to other important business; and very likely he will not be back till sundown. It must be very pressing business; for the old gentleman drives off in this way somewhere, almost every pleasant day, and appears to have a great deal on his mind.

Meantime, he tells John that he can play ball, after he has done up the chores—as if the chores could ever be "done up" on a farm. He is first to clean out the horse-stable; then to take a bill-hook and cut down the thistles and weeds from the fence corners in the home moving lot, and along the road towards the village; to dig up the docks round the garden-patch; to weed out the beet-bed; to hoe the early potatoes; to rake the sticks and leaves out of the front yard; in short, there is work enough laid out for John to keep him busy, it seems to him, till he comes of age; and at half an hour to sundown he is to go for the cows, and mind he don't run 'em!

"Yes, sir," says John; "is that all?"

"Well, if you get through in good season, you might pick over those potatoes in the cellar; they are sprouting; they ain't fit to eat."

John is obliged to his father, for if there is any sort of chore more cheerful to a boy than another, on a pleasant day, it is rubbing the sprouts off potatoes, in a dark cellar. And the old gentleman mounts his wagon and drives away down the enticing road, with the dog bounding along beside the wagon, and refusing to come back at John's call. John half wishes that he were the dog. The dog knows the part of farming that suits him. He likes to run along the road and see all the dogs and other people, and he likes best of all to lie on the store-steps at the Corners—while his master's horse is dozing at the post, and his master is talking politics in the store—with the other dogs of his acquaintance, snapping at mutually annoying flies, and indulging in that delightful dog-gossip which is expressed by a wag of the tail and a sniff of the nose. Nobody knows how many dogs' characters are destroyed in this gossip; or how a dog may be able to insinuate suspicion by a wag of the tail, as a man can by a shrug of the shoulders, or sniff a slander as a man can suggest one by raising his eyebrows.

John looks after the old gentleman driving off in state, with the odorous buffalo robe and the new whip, and he thinks that is the sort of farming he would like to do. And he cries after his departing parent.

"Say, father, can't I go over to the further pasture and salt the cattle?" John knows that he could spend a half a day very pleasantly in going over to that pasture, looking for birds' nests and shying at red squirrels on the way, and who knows but he might "see" a sucker in the meadow brook, and perhaps get a "jab" at him with a sharp stick. He knows a hole where there is a whopper; and one of his plans in life is to go some day and snare him, and bring him home in triumph. It, therefore, is strongly impressed upon his mind that the cattle want salting. But his father, without turning his head, replies:

"No; they don't need salting any more'n you do!" and the old equipage goes rattling down the road, and John whistles his disappointment. When I was a boy on a farm, and I suppose it is so now, cattle were never salted half enough.

John goes to his chores, and gets through the stable as soon as he can, for that has to be done; but when it comes to the outdoor work, that rather drags. There are so many things to distract the attention, a chipmunk in the fence, a bird on a near tree, and a henhawk circling high in the air over the barn-yard. John loses a little time in stoning the chipmunk, which rather likes the sport, and in watching the bird to find where its nest is; and he convinces himself that he ought to watch the hawk, lest it pounce upon the chickens, and therefore, with an easy conscience, he spends fifteen minutes in hallooing to that distant bird, and follows it away out of sight over the woods, and then wishes it would come back again. And then a carriage with two horses, and a trunk on behind, goes along the road, and there is a girl in the carriage who looks out at John, who is suddenly aware that his trousers are patched on each knee and in two places behind; and he wonders if she is rich, and whose name is on the trunk, and how much the horses cost, and whether that nice-looking man is the girl's father, and if that boy on the seat with the driver is her brother, and if he has to do chores; and as the gay sight disappears, John falls to thinking about the great world beyond the farm, of cities, and people who are always dressed up, and a great many other things of which he has a very dim notion. And then a boy whom John knows rides by in a wagon with his father, and the boy makes a face at John, and John returns the greeting with a twist of his own visage and some symbolic gestures. All these things take time. It is dinner-time before John finishes the weeds, and it is cow time before John has made much impression on the garden.—Work and Play.

## Secret of Happiness.

An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied: "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of

my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there; I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it; I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself; and thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I ever had to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit is to be always happy."

## Literary Miscellany.

## Butcher or Baronet?

The English Courts have been for a long time agitated by a case that completely baffles them. A man supposed to be dead suddenly appears and claims property to a large amount, affirming that he is the real heir, that he has been a wanderer, and now demands his own. The Courts are trying to determine the genuineness of his claim. Under the above head the N. Y. Standard says:

"This is the question the decision of which with respect to the man who claims to be Sir Richard Tichborne, is now agitating the heart of English aristocracy. The circumstances accompanying the reappearance of a man whom there was such good reason for believing dead, are so startling, so unparalleled and unique, that we are justified in saying, that it would be difficult to find in any one of the many ingenuities of romance a more entangled and entrancing mesh. That the reader—who, amid the numberless claims upon his reading hours, may be fairly assumed to have very excusable confusion of some of the threads of the story—may understand it as well as, in its present shape, it is capable of being comprehended, we venture to briefly portray the principal incidents.

Nearly twenty years ago Roger Charles Tichborne, then twenty-four years of age, and son of Sir James Francis Tichborne, leaves England for Valparaiso. Letters are received from him up to April, 1854, also birds, pictures, spurs, stirrups and other mementoes of his South American travels. After that there is silence, and finally, during 1854, news reaches Tichborne that in April of that year Roger had taken passage at Rio Janeiro for New York, that the ship he embarked in had foundered at sea, that the owners and underwriters had treated her as lost, that no tidings had ever been heard of the crew, and that the solitary crew obtained was an empty boat once belonging to that vessel and found floating in mid-ocean. All the of the lost Roger's family, saying only his mother, acquiesce in the belief that he perished at sea, and four years more of silence wear away. At last, in 1858, a mysterious seafaring man suddenly presents himself at Tichborne Park, and with a startling story touches the heart of the secluded mother there. He comes from Australia, and the tale that he tells relates to a boat's crew picked up at sea and brought to the name of the ship upon which Roger embarked at Rio Janeiro.

Lady Tichborne, her hope renewed, and unsupported by the sympathy which her husband, had he been less incredulous, might have given her, works alone for eight long years, striving to put together every clue that shall lead her through the secret of her son's disappearance. She advertises in the Australian papers, and the answer is still the same intolerable silence.—Her unsympathetic husband dies, March, 1866, there comes a quiet, ominous letter to her from over the sea. The profound hope she has been cherishing for thirteen years is answered. The letter comes from New-South Wales, is signed by Roger, expresses itself in terms which leave in her mind no doubt as to the writer's identity with the son she mourns, and requests that the necessary means be sent to enable the indifferently to return home. The request is complied with. Lady Tichborne appoints Paris as the meeting place. There, in January, 1867, a man arrives who calls himself Roger Charles Tichborne, and who brings with him a wife and child. It being at the time unwell, Lady Tichborne flies to him at his hotel in the Rue St. Honore, and without hesitation or suspicion, recognizes in the mature stranger of thirty-eight the boyish adventurer whom fourteen years ago she lost sight of as her son. Old servants of the family join in his recognition, and the evidence is made additionally strong by the attestation of numerous members of the regiment to which Roger belonged ere he took the fatal trip to Valparaiso.

On the other hand, there occurs at this point a mass of contradiction which it is not easy so to unravel that the reader may hold in his hands all the threads that are necessary to the skein and none but what are. There is various evidence that tends to prove that the man who thus claims to be Roger Tichborne is in reality Arthur Orton, who was a friend of Tichborne's in Australia. The two lived together like brothers, indulged in the same pleasures, committed the same crimes, and were as familiar with each other's lives and characters as any two men can be supposed to be. Upon the claimant's arrival in England his first visit was paid, not to any member of the Tichborne family, but to the sisters of Arthur Orton. To one of these sisters he also sent a likeness of his own wife and child, telling her that the likenesses were those of Arthur Orton's wife and child; and it is said that a friend of the Orton family recognized him as one of that family from the general resemblance to them of its features. The genuine Tichborne was a classical and French scholar. The present claimant is almost a boor, and during the cross-examination conducted by the solicitor-general made a number of displays of ignorance, both in matters of education and of family history, which the genuine Roger could not reasonably be assumed to make even after an absence of eighteen years.

Who, then, is this man? His enemies declare that in days gone by he was a butcher, and that a combination of unparalleled circumstances brought him into such intimate familiarity with Roger Tichborne, abroad as to enable him to personate him in very many things to the life. Lady Tichborne herself declares that he is her son—Neither Victor Hugo nor the elder Dumas ever devised a chain of events whose links are more thrilling and bewildering. When this man steps from the stand, it will be to enter either a palace or a prison. He is either one of the most unfortunate victims or one of the most audacious intriguers that the world has ever seen, and perchance in his dreams at night the chink of an income of \$150,000 in golden guineas mingles with the imaginary grate of doors bolted upon him in an awaiting cell.



## Blennerhassett's Island.

For all that we could see, the island might have been a desolate, uninhabited rock, as the *Blenderhassett* of Robinson Crusoe. A stretch of pebbly beach, a ridge of white sand, then a deep belt of low weeds higher than our heads were traversed, a water-worn barricade of flood-wood; we climbed them, plunged into a thicket of underbrush, all pushing ahead "Indian-style," those behind grumbling disapproval of the route chosen, and those ahead uncertain until "by awkwardness and main strength" a path was struck that led through a skirting of sycamores and forest trees, which we had observed from a distance, forming a curtain in semi-circular shape across the upper portion of the island. This passed, and we found ourselves in a spot of such rare beauty of surroundings as might well have kindled the eloquence of Wirt. The island is about three miles in length by one-third of a mile in width. The Ohio river divides about the streams flowing by in about equal volume on either side, though a government dam constructed from it to the Virginia shore throws the deeper current to the Ohio side. It is, territorially, a part of West Virginia. There are a few houses upon the island, but none to rival in grandeur the former residence of its former proprietor. We traced our way along the lower end of the island—the thick stubble of a recently garnered harvest of wheat, then a vast field of corn, green, luxuriant, waving gently in the June breeze; beyond other cultivated fields, all evincing the greatest fertility of the soil and the kindest climate. Away in the distance, whichever way the eye turned, were the undulating green-clad hills that bound the Ohio, and overhead a sky of azure brightness. The sluggish fall of water over the dam at the head of the island sent a sort of diapason to the music of birds in the trees about us—all most grateful to the senses. "It is the gem of the Ohio," said the poetic man of our party, and with him we all agreed.

It was our good fortune to meet Mr. Neil, the proprietor of the upper half of the island, and from him we gained some points of information eagerly sought by our party. A little one-story building, a quarter of a mile or more from the upper end of the island, and located on a sort of back-bone ridge, occupies the very site of the old mansion house of the Blennerhassetts, where, in order, once were a happy, blissful home, a dark intrigue, an inexcusable treason, and a catastrophe. A two-story edifice in semi-circular form, elegant, luxurious for the time, extended away from this point to the west and south, the open portico looking out toward the rising sun and the dividing place of the waters of the beautiful river. All trace of the mansion house has long since vanished. The well is still there, and, of course, we all drank of the water. A huge sycamore tree, not less than twelve feet in circumference three feet from the ground, grows from where was once the cellar. The orchard has all disappeared. The handsome growth of forest trees that we passed through at the upper end of the island has all sprung up since the days of the foolish, ill-fated man whose name the island bears.

The account given us by Mr. Neil of the destruction of the old mansion differs from that hinted at by some of our historians who have associated with it the operations of the United States soldiers. Mr. Neil was living in the house at the time, which was in the year 1811, and to our questions replied that its destruction was due to the carelessness of a "nigger" carrying a candle among bales of flax stored on the premises. Whether or not the "carelessness" was accidental, appeared somewhat uncertain to his mind.—*Cin. Com.*

## The Flight of Youth.

Would anybody be young again if he had to take with it the penalty of going back and doing over again all the foolish things he was guilty of in his youth? I wouldn't. "Give me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, it's a mistake. Ten to you you wouldn't have it again if you could. If old time would come bodily to you to-day, saying, "Take back, O wise middle-aged Noodle, these twenty past years of your life, with all the pains and disappointments which have made you clear-sighted and sound-headed, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared donkey of yourself; wroth through, second time all the light bores and tribulations all the coochees and heartaches of your youth; do, be, and suffer it all again; be, in short, once more just the soft young Noodle you were twenty years ago,—ten of manhood's hearty hopes to one dolorous wail of your lost youth, that you answer, "Pass on, Father Time! And you may as well pit those twenty golden sand-grains back into the lower half of your hour-glass. I do not want them."

It gives an odd feeling, especially if you are a woman, to find yourself getting to be a little bit middle-aged. First, you will notice that you begin to be left out of very young folks' parties; then you get fewer notes in pink envelopes than you used. Then you begin to be faintly vague, sneaking doubts as to whether white muslin and blue ribbons are becoming to you. Finally, and worst of all, once in a while you will see an infant of the male sex, whom you remember as a rosy little fellow in checked aprons when you were twelve years old, suddenly lifted over your head in the shape of a long, gawky biped, with the tender down of a first moustache sprouting from his upper lip. That gives you an intensely exasperating sensation. Nor is it pleasant to have saucy young snips of girls talk of you behind your back as Old Sarah Thompson.

Then, too, you may as well make up your mind to the hard fact of middle age when you chance to open some gilt-edged book of poetry, and discover carefully pressed away between the leaves, a little lock of faded hair, that you can't remember for your life whose it is. I have half a dozen such myself. They were precious as gold once, no doubt, but I make confidential confession to you that if I were questioned on the rack, I couldn't now tell whose heads they came from. What makes me know that they were precious as gold in their time is the fact (you will observe this is another confidential confession) that they are nearly all locks of longish-short hair, before college-students began to affect the present prize-fighting style of shaving their pates. O poor little rings of faded hair,—*schwarzes Haar, rothes Haar, goldenes Haar*—I grieve to say it, but I have forgotten you all.

Again, when you go to a party and dance more than half the night, far into the small hours, and then partake of that grindstone mess called a party supper, may be you notice that you feel grumpy and out of sorts next day. Well, that's a sign, too. Especially if you have found yourself pausing

to listen now and then to the chattering talk of persons younger than yourself, and sarcastically wondering whether you ever made such a wholesale idiot of yourself, or whether very young misses always deluge society with such quantities of simpering nonsense and affectation. (I believe they do.) It is a sure sign if you find yourself constantly feeling a call to give your younger sisters advice which they don't want, or to treat them now and then to a bit of a punishment, for which you get no reward except thankless insinuations about saving one's breath to cool one's brother. Or may be you say occasionally to your sister Ella, who is sixteen and pretty, "When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that the majority of very young people have precious little common sense."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## The Police of London.

The *London Daily News* thus describes the police of the metropolis:

Col. Henderson, the chief commissioner of the metropolitan police, is at the head of a little army. The huge bulk of London outside the city is under his charge, and he has to furnish it, in the name of law and order, by a force of 9,160 men. This garrison is perpetually increasing. Year by year this huge metropolis grows huger, rich and poor, successful merchant and needy adventurer, honest workman and beggar, all swarm to London, so that in the eleven months from February to December, 1870, a new square and two hundred and twenty new streets were added to its area. This mere growth of eleven months added forty-two and a half miles to the length of streets over which the metropolitan police have to walk in their regular beats. The police themselves must, of course, increase in number with the increase of their work. They have been too few for years past, and now the chief commissioner reports not only that they have been increased, but in far greater proportions than the area they watch. In pursuance of last year's promise, 262 were added during the year; and since the close of the year 1,160 have been augmented by 100 added during the first quarter and 300 who are now in course of enlistment. But even when this 9,560 are all employed the number will only reach what was reckoned to be essential to the London of 1869. The police are not all employed in walking beats. On the 31st of December 1,069 policemen were employed in hired duty. There were nineteen at the House of Parliament, forty-five at South Kensington Museum, one hundred in the Crystal Palace, and others employed at various private establishments all over London. These men are paid for by the authorities or private persons whose property they guard, and the advantage gained on both sides is that the public have a reserve of police on which they can draw in an emergency, and the shops, offices, theaters, etc., are duly looked after by men accustomed and trained to the work. A special detachment of metropolitan police is employed in the dockyards; 611, altogether, are distributed between Woolwich, Portsmouth, Deptford, Chatham and Pembroke. The work of watching the metropolis is therefore done by 22 superintendents, 207 inspectors, 829 sergeants and 6,932 constables—a force of 7,860 men, all told. This little army has the metropolis in charge, it must be remembered, not only by day but by night. It is, in fact, by night that its chief work is done. The commissioner has to report that out of 9,160 men only 21 were charged before the magistrates during the year, and of these 13 were charged by the commissioner himself. During the same period the commissioner has had to give 636 rewards for special good service, while on 32 occasions police other than detectives have had commendation and rewards from magistrates and judges. The police are, in fact, increasing in their usefulness and efficiency as well as in their number.

## Paper Clothing.

In civilized countries, the manufacturing of paper into various articles of clothing has only been the business of a very brief period, but among barbarous people it is an industry that has been cultivated for years. With us, the employment still remains in its infancy, and it has taken us many years to master the difficulties attending its introduction. At first, our manufacturers confined their production almost entirely to collars, cuffs, frills, and similar minor articles. Prejudice having been in a great measure overcome, our inventors exaggerated their area of production to many fabrics of universal use, but requiring great strength and pliability than those worn about the neck or arms. The garments made by this process failed to answer the requirements of our day, and were not received with general favor.

At this juncture of affairs, it remains for an English inventor to solve the difficulty, and give us a really serviceable paper fabric. It is a mixture of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk, and skins; the latter flax, jute, hemp, and cotton. These articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, bleached, and then felted by means of machinery. The mixture of these several substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as woven fabrics, and makes as strong a seam.

This paper is of a very serviceable nature, and is made into table-cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, pants, curtains, shirts, and other articles of dress. The petticoats made from this felted paper are of very elaborate design and wonderful beauty. They are either printed or stamped, and bear so close a resemblance to linen or cotton goods of like description as to almost defy the scrutiny of the ablest experts. The stamped open-work skirts display a delicacy of pattern that it would be almost impossible to imitate by any ordinary skill with the needle. Imitation blankets and chintz for beds, furniture, or curtains are also made very cheaply. Embossed table-cloths and figured napkins made of felted paper, so closely resemble the genuine damask linen as to be palmed off upon the unsuspecting as the genuine article.

In Germany, paper napkins have been used for several years. Their cost is but a trifle, and they pay for themselves before they are required to be cast aside. Felted paper is capable of being made into lace, fringe, and trimming; and for these several purposes it is unequalled in point of cheapness and durability. Imitation leather is also made from the same material, which is perfectly impervious to water. It is soft and pliable, and is a very useful fabric for covering furniture, making into shoes, for belts, and for many other purposes.

In China and Japan, paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants. It is very cheaply produced there, a good paper coat costing only ten cents, while the expense of an entire suit is limited to twenty-five cents.—*United States Economist.*

## How Not To Be Beautiful.

A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, groveling spirit takes all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, as it is of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gypsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result.

Stood on one of the crowded streets and noted the passer-by, and any one can see how a vacant mind has more a vacant eye, how a thoughtless, aimless mind has robbed the features of expression; how vanity has made everything about its victim petty; how frivolity has faded the luster of the countenance; how baby thoughts have made baby faces; how pride has cut disdain into the features and made the face a chronic sneer; how selfishness has shriveled, and wrinkled, and withered up the personality; how hatred has deformed and demonized those who yielded to its power; how every bad passion has turned tell-tale and published its disgraceful story in the lines of the face and the look of the eye; how the old man who has given himself up to every sort of wickedness is branded all over with deformity and repulsiveness. This may not be all, but it is terrible—this transformation of a face once full of hope and loveliness into deformity and repulsiveness; then the rose blushing on its stalk, now ashes and a brand.

## Phillips on Labor.

You can not argue the workings of these United States out of the conviction that the relations of capital and labor are not honest and sound. No theory of tariff or free trade, no question of finance will content them. They know that there is something wrong, and they are right when they know it. I was lecturing in one of the central towns of Pennsylvania, where there is probably one of the largest iron interests in the United States. It was necessary that I should rise at 6 o'clock in the morning to take the train. I stood at the depot door between 6 o'clock and half-past, and saw to the mines, a sight I had never seen since I left England forty years ago. First came a little boy in ragged grimy from head to foot, so there was nothing to distinguish whether he were white or black—solely the flashing of his eyes could be seen. He was, perhaps, nine, possibly ten years of age. In his little ragged bit of a cap was sewed a lamp. Others followed him—now three—now five—now twelve—until there was quite a little army of almost infants, each with a lantern in his cap. I mingled in the group, and found that these young children were going down for eleven long hours into the darksome mines—so dark that they themselves were invisible except by the light they carried—there to watch a switch, open a door, or do some other mechanical work. Those children there are the men who are to mingle in the struggle of the future. The ten thousand men who stand angrily marshaled against the corporations at Scranton spent their young years just so. You are creating a class that is the very material out of which Paris is made to-day. You are breeding it in the factories of New England, and the mines of Pennsylvania—the very petroleum and lighted match which it needs but the demagogue's art to cause to burst forth into the flames of revolution.

## Need of Rest.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* says: Head-workers need more rest than hand-workers. The old saw precisely inverted the proprieties of the case, so far as involved them, declaring "seven hours sleep to suffice the student, eight the laboring man, and nine the fool."

The hours of hard brain work destroy, as before observed, more nervous tissue, and cause a greater subtraction of the phosphates from the system than an ordinary day's work at mere mechanical labor, the proportion of grains (in weight) being as 86:77. Above everything else, brain-workers need sleep, early sleep and late sleep, as enough in the middle to feel "real stupid" at the end of it. Stupidity is precisely the condition into which these classes of toilers should manage and devise and strive to get themselves for a time longer or shorter, each twenty-four hours. Nothing rests the brain, and the whole working system like it. Narcotic stupidity, the product of ale, tobacco or wine, is not the thing referred to, though in emergencies this may, perhaps, be had recourse to as a medicine; but the quiet, reposeful re-adjustment of the nervous conditions and the recharging with vital force of the nerve batteries, the contacts not yet closed, the galvanic currents therefore not yet set in motion, but only filling up the system with a blind, diffused feeling of healthy sensations and reserved efficiency.

## Communism.

The proposition of Communism appears to be the following: That whereas labor is the sole parent of wealth, therefore all the domain of wealth belongs to the laborer. Let us grant the premises. Does the conclusion follow? We say no; because, for one reason, labor produces a surplus. In the present constitution of things, both the laborer and man's toil produces more than is necessary for man's subsistence. "Enough, and to spare" is the law impressed on creation. Now this superfluity which man earns has its own properties and rights as well as labor. It becomes property, and in this character has obligation and rights. By barter, or exchange, or sale, which is the same thing, it carries these rights and obligation to its new possessor. Directly it is parted with the owner has, of course, no power over it any longer. The medium of barter, the coin by which the operation of exchange is effected, becomes clothed with the right of that which it represents. The owner of capital, therefore, is the proper owner of just the original power which is represented by the accumulated labor. These rights are inherent and inalienable. The owner of the ultimate fruits of labor has as much a right to yield them as the owner of the original fruit. The fallacy lies in treating capital as if it were an endowment from a foreign source.

It is only, in fact, labor in another form. The classification is a convenient, nay, a necessary one for use. But we sever the things too much in our talk. There can be no inherent difference between capital and labor. Both are gifts from the same Master, spring from the same root, confer responsibility of the same kind. There is no indication whatever in the foreshadowings of revelation, of any difference in the laws or sentences pertaining to them. Man reduces and possesses the earth, not by manual labor and skill only, but by the application of all multifarious faculties and capabilities with which he has been endowed.—*London Freeman.*

## Alsace and Lorraine.

A correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives the following information with regard to the present state of affairs in Alsace and Lorraine:

The nocturnal attacks and isolated aggressions to which the German soldiers have been incessantly exposed since the annexation have within the last few days alarmingly increased in frequency. Many soldiers wounded by gun-shots lie in the Strasbourg hospital, and last night (June 21) a sanguinary collision took place between some Prussian soldiers and citizens; it is said throughout the town that several of the latter were left dead on the spot. It is true that one can not always exonerate the Germans of an excess; in any case it was important to restore the arms confiscated in war to their owners; it is partly to this circumstance that the provoking attitude and peevish disposition of the populace must be attributed; but the principal cause of these disorders, evidently rests with the maneuvers of certain leaders, maneuvers which were revealed within the last few days by an immoderately noisy celebration of the Papal jubilee and the emigration in great numbers of young children. . . . In the German part of Lorraine, especially in country districts, the apathetic disposition of the population is not accessible either to a violent hatred of the Germans or to ardent sympathies for the new order of things; the Germanization of this country will, however, take place no less quickly than that of lower Alsace. It may even be said of some communes that they are the most decidedly German of all the Rhenish territory. At Metz there is far less aversion to our institutions than the Parisian press would make out; this town has ever produced fewer difficulties for the administration than Mulhausen for instance. The emigration in the well-to-do classes is considerable. The commercial authorities of Metz, however, begin to enter into continuous relations with the imperial government. At the last sitting of the chamber of commerce at Strasbourg, some delegates from that of Metz expressed a wish to associate themselves with all the steps taken by the Strasburgers in administrative or commercial affairs, and regretted the forced inaction to which recent events had compelled them. Much curiosity is felt as to the effect which will be produced by compulsory education at Metz, where the factories have withdrawn 5,000 children from any kind of elementary instruction.

## Infallibility and Usury.

Scarcely anything has been condemned so decisively and positively by the church as the lending out of money at interest. It was unconditionally forbidden to any one lending money to demand anything more than the restoration of the sum lent, whatever might be the object of the loan, or whether the persons between whom the transaction took place were poor or rich. The prohibition was maintained for centuries; the Dominican monk, Daniel Concin, quotes twenty-eight Councils and seven Popes who specifically condemned the lending of money at interest. Pope Benedict XIV., in his encyclical of 1745, made no distinction between interest and usury, but declared that all requirements in excess of the exact sum lent are expressly forbidden by the divine law. The General Council of Vienna (1311), whose president was Pope Clement V., decided that any one who should declare that the lending of money at interest is permitted shall be punished as a heretic. And now let us see what the Pope and the church think about this matter in our day. Not only do they not forbid the demand of interest, but the Popes have all profited by it, and Pius IX. has even called upon the faithful to lend him money at interest, all former prohibitions, notwithstanding. The church, the Popes, and the general Councils have thus either shown that they were not infallible according to the testimony of the present Pope himself, or Pius IX. shows that he is fallible by disregarding the prohibition of his predecessors.—*Prof. Frohschammer.*

## How to Begin Life.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall thus wisely speaks to young people:—

There are two ways of setting up in life. One is to begin where your parents are ending—magnificent mansion, splendid furniture, and an elegant turn-out. Is not that the pretty dream of many about their start in life? The other is to begin a little nearer the point where father and mother—of blessed memory—began. You see, my dear friend, you can go up so easily and gracefully, if events show it to be safe; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And if costs much now to live, and business fluctuates, and the health is uncertain, and temptations from the side of pride are strong; and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant has been led along, and rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up by embezzlement, and been called "swindler."

## The Nobility of Knowledge.

It was impossible to be in the colored regiments, or to be associated with any of the institutions for their education since the war, and not notice the elevating influence of knowledge. One of the chaplains of our dark regiments had a body-servant named John Green. One morning John entered the tent to kindle the fire. His task was soon done, the chaplain sat slumbering, as John supposed. And now the man began to study the lesson set him the night before: "Thou God seest me." He began to spell the first word: T-h-o-u. "John Green," he said to himself, "what is that?" What did master say that was? Looking and hesitating a while, he at last uttered, "Thou, John Green, you have it." This he spelled and pronounced through the sentence, stumbling considerably at the two-syllabled word, "seest," but finally deciphering the whole and reading it. Then, stretching himself up to his full height, he exclaimed, "John Green you have it. You can read. John Green, you are a man!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## Obituaries.

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

JACOB FORD, of this city, died June 24, aged 71. He was a member of the Washington St. church, and after his organization, and aided more liberally in building its house of worship than any other man. He was a man of great industry, accommodating and benevolent. He died with a firm trust in the Saviour. COM.

SARAH, wife of Bro. Joshua Emery, died suddenly at his residence in Money Creek, Minn., May 30th, in the 38th year of her age. She had been in ill health for a number of years, yet not expected her death so soon. She was attending to her household duties, when all at once she gave signs of fainting and expired about an hour after death. It is supposed to have been caused by congestion of the heart. Sister E. gave her heart to the Lord about 10 years ago and united with the Money Creek F. Baptist church. Though account of the infirmities of the body she was not often permitted to meet with the church in public assembly, yet she led a consistent Christian life, and her death will be mourned by a large circle of friends, as well as by the surviving members of her family.

REBECCA A. daughter of Joseph and Sabrina Williamson, died in New Sharon, Me., 30th, aged 37 years. Sister Rebecca made a profession of religion when a child, and has lived a Christian life, and died in the triumph of faith. For many years she has been a sufferer, but her sufferings with great patience. She leaves a mother, mother, brothers and sisters, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. Services by J. Spiny.

SABRINA, wife of Joseph Williamson, died in New Sharon, Me., March 21, aged 55 years. Sister Williamson was faithful in all the relations of life, and loved by all who knew her. For over thirty years she was a devoted Christian, and lived to see the most of her children converted. Her death is a great affliction, not without hope. Funeral services by J. Kimball.

EMILY J., wife of Bro. Edwin Moody, died in Scarborough, Me., June 19th, aged 30 years. During a general revival of religion in that town in 1867, she, with her husband, became a disciple of Christ, was baptized by Elder H. B. Moody, and united with the F. Baptist church, of which she remained a worthy member until her Saviour called her home. Ever faithful at the family altar to our institutions, she was a devoted and punctual in attendance at all religious meetings, an ardent lover of the Bible and consistent in her daily walk. Sister Emily missed and mourned by a large circle of friends. Her sorrow-stricken husband, in this great affliction, now feels, as never before, the blessedness of the Christian hope. J. HAYDEN.

LYMAN HALL died in Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 3, aged 86 years. Bro. Hall embraced religion in 1818, was baptized by Rev. Josiah Wetherby, and was a member of the F. Baptist church in Huntington, where he remained a faithful member until 1852. Having removed to Waterbury, he united with the F. Baptist church in W. which he remained a worthy and honored member until death. He was in sympathy with, and liberal to aid, all the general interests of the church and denomination. He was wise in council, generous in aims, punctual in duty, diligent in business, and in his last residence in Huntington was highly esteemed as a citizen, held the most important offices of trust in the town, and honored himself therein. We believe the promise fulfilled—Be thou faithful until death and I will give thee a crown of life. Funeral service by the writer.

ARMINA, wife of Joel Kemington, Esq., and daughter of Lyman and Sarah Hall, died in Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 24, of consumption, aged 53 years. Sister R., for 23 years, held her relation with the F. Baptist church in Huntington and Waterbury, being highly esteemed by those with whom she was associated. She was a faithful Christian, an affectionate companion and mother. While she lived, and apparently needed, her friends were removed, their friends are left to mourn without hope. This is the comfort of the aged companion and mother, left to mourn the loss of her husband and daughter so soon. E. B. F.

JOANNA, wife of Rev. E. C. Smalley, died in Rev. E. C. Smalley, died in Waterbury, Vt., July 22d, of derangement and consumption, aged 42 years and 1 month. The dear sister in Christ, my companion, was born in Danville, Vt., and spent her early years in Danville, Hartwick, and Wolcott, until she was married to Rev. E. C. Smalley, with her parents and the family, moved to Albany, Vt., where she was converted under the labors of Rev. J. E. Flanders, and united with the F. Baptist church, where she remained a member until 1863, when we went to So. Wheelock, and from there to E. Charleston and last to Brownington. My dear wife was an affectionate, loving mother, and had 3 children; to mourn their loss. Before her derangement she was a good counselor, and in my first experience in the ministry her prayers and sympathy and loving spirit were a great blessing to me and to others. After years of agony she gently and calmly passed the narrow stream. Although her sun set behind a cloud, we believe she sweetly sleeps in Jesus. Her remains were carried to Albany and rest by the side of a brother, father and many other of her friends who wait for the time when the grave shall give up its dead. Sermon by Rev. J. H. Cox, from Job. 14: 10, assisted by Bros. Flanders, Moody and Hall. May grace sustain my heart in this sore trial. E. C. SMALLEY.

## Academies, &amp;c.

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY. The calendar of the 31st Academic year of this institution is as follows: FALL TERM, Aug. 28; WINTER TERM, Dec. 11; SPRING TERM, March 27, 1872. First class facilities are furnished students preparing for college, teaching, or business, in six complete departments. The Ladies' English and collegiate courses are specially recommended. Terms moderate. Send for circular. J. S. GARLAND, Principal, Whitestown, N. Y., July 25, 1871.

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL. FALL TERM begins Monday, August 21st, and closes Tuesday, November 28. SPRING TERM begins Monday, Jan. 1, 1872, and closes Friday, March 22. SUMMER TERM begins Monday, April 1, and closes Monday, June 24. Tuition \$20 a year. L. G. JORDAN, A. B., Principal, with three Assistants. The special work of this school is to fit students for College, and it is open for both sexes. The school being composed of only one department, a thoroughness in doing their work is secured from both teachers and pupils, which is not ordinarily found in schools where many departments unite. The students are faithfully drilled in the Latin and Greek languages, also in English Grammar, Arithmetic, Ancient Geography, Ancient History, Algebra and Geometry. Special attention is given to reading, declamation, composition, Greek and Latin poetry, scanning, &c. The location of the school so near the College and the Theological School affords advantages of association with students of a higher rank and culture. The public lectures of these institutions are invaluable. A. M. JONES, Sec. Lewiston, July 2, 1871.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY. The FALL TERM of this Institution will commence August 23, 1871, and continue thirteen weeks, under the charge of ALBERT E. SAVAGE, A. B., Principal, assisted by other efficient instructors. Thorough instruction will be given in all the branches of a liberal education, and in the instrumental music, Penmanship and Pencil-work, if desired. The Trustees aim to make this school one of the best. Address, for circulars or information, the Principal, or THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D., President, Northwood, N. H., July 10, 1871.

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

## WEST LEBANON ACADEMY.

The Fall Term of Lebanon Academy will commence on Tuesday, August 29, and continue eleven weeks under the following instructors: A. N. ARISTON, A. B., Principal, and Teacher of Instrumental Music. MISS H. L. STEVENS, Precipitosa and Teacher of Instrumental Music. MR. T. A. STACY, Teacher of Penmanship and Music. MISS A. V. HAYES, Teacher of Wax Work, TUTIONS. Primary Course, \$4.00; Common English, 4.50; Higher English, 5.00; Languages, 1.50; Penmanship, (12 lessons), 5.00; Instrumental Music (20 lessons), 8.00; Use of Instrument, 2.00. An excellent opportunity will be given those desiring a complete course of music, either upon the Piano or Organ, by a teacher of large experience from Massachusetts, qualified to teach Thorough Bass, Secular or Sacred Music. Special attention given to those preparing for College.

Good board may be obtained in private families at \$5.00 per week or pleasant rooms furnished to those wishing to board themselves. JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH.

## NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

The Fall Term begins Monday, August 31, and continues ten weeks. J. N. RAND, A. M., Miss T. R. Dow, W. E. C. Rich, A. B., Miss Alice J. Libby, A. P. Shattuck, Miss L. D. Moore, H. M. Willard.

Also a competent Music Teacher will be engaged before the term begins. EXPENSES. Board, including room and washing, from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per week. In well-regulated clubs, of which there are several in successful operation, the expense varies from \$1.75 to \$2.25. Students desirous of boarding themselves will find convenient opportunity. Students will provide their own sheets, pillow-cases and towels. Tuition from \$5.00 to \$5.50 per term. Several years ago the Trustees introduced a Commercial Department, which has been very successful. It is now proposed to add a Scientific and Agricultural Course, of two years each, which will be open for the admission of students at the commencement of the fall term. Send for catalogue to the Principal or to E. C. LEWIS, Sec.

## Lapham Institute.

The FALL TERM will commence on Monday, Aug. 31, 1871. Complete courses of study for both sexes. G. H. RICKER, Principal. No. Situate, R. L. Aug. 10, 1871.

## MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

PITTSFIELD, ME. GEORGE B. FILES, A. B., Preceptor. MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptor. MISS ABIGAIL M. FERRIS, Associate. E. EUGENE WADE, A. B., Prin. of Normal Dept. MISS L. MARIA SIMONS, Associate. MISS ADDIE SAWYER, Teacher of Drawing, Painting, Wax-work and Wood Carving. MISS J. F. STEERE, Teacher of Music. D. A. AIT, Teacher of Writing and Book-Keeping. Length of Term, ten weeks. Fall Term commences August 24, 1871. Winter Term commences November 9, 1871. For further particulars, address C. B. Files, Unity Me., during the month of July, and afterward, E. Eugene Wade, Pittsfield, Me. C. A. FARRELL, Secretary. Pittsfield, Me., June 27, 1871.

NORTH PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY. The Fall term will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 22 and continue eleven weeks. M. K. MAREY, Principal. who will spend his entire time and energies in and for the school. He will be assisted by teachers who have had experience in the Department assigned them. A course of lectures of general interest will be given by Clergymen, besides a course on anatomy and Physiology by P. W. McIntyre, M. D.

Terms: Primary, \$3.00; Common English, \$4.00; High English, \$4.50; Languages, \$5.00; Music, \$5.00; Use of Instrument, \$2.50; Penmanship, \$2.50. Suitable rooms can be obtained by those who wish to board themselves. Board at the boarding house and in good families for \$3.00. Wood and lights extra. Any further information furnished on application to the Principal. N. Parsonsfeld, June 26, 1871. M. E. SWEAT, Sec.

LAUREL FEMALE SEMINARY. AT AUBURNDALE, MASS. School raised to full college grade, including Greek. Teachers reduced one quarter. United with N. E. Conservatory of Music. Music under direction of Mr. Eben Tourgee. Facilities for German, French, and painting. Fall Term begins SEPTEMBER 14th. For Catalogue address REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING. 624

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE. FALL TERM begins August 22d and continues 12 weeks. Tuition, \$5.00; Incidentals, \$1.00; Penmanship, \$1.50 for twenty lessons; Instrumental Music, with use of instrument, \$11.00; Board, \$5.00 per week; Board in clubs, \$3.00 or less; Rooms for self boarding at reasonable rates. N. B. Special instructions during this term to students preparing for teaching. WM. REED, Sec. Ridgeville, Ind., July 8, 1871.

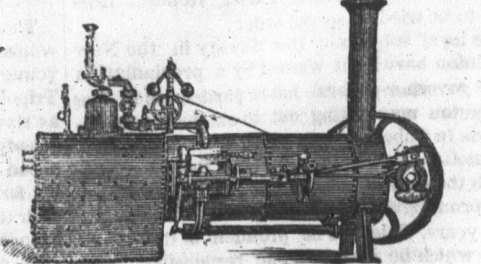
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