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## **The Morning Star - volume 46 number 34 - August 23, 1871**

Freewill Baptist printers

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# The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., AUGUST 23, 1871.

Number 34

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

ISSUED BY THE  
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,  
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.

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

Terms: \$3.00 per year; or if paid strictly in advance, \$2.50.

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

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

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

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

### NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

## The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1871.

### The Great Hereafter.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shores of time  
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes,  
Before me, like a boundless sea,  
The great hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers like a golden robe  
Around the emerald isles.

There in the blue long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,  
I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of fair old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands,  
That gem the waves serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the great hereafter—  
Aforetime dim and dark—  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel hands its quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.

### A Week at Boothbay.

#### WHAT WE SAW AND HEARD.

This town, which has become a watering place of considerable summer resort, is situated on a bay of the same name some 20 miles, as the boat goes, south-east of Bath, Me. The appropriation of the name Booth, to the bay is differently accounted for. Some say it was named after one Booth an early settler. Others relate this singular incident:—When Maine held connection with Massachusetts, a representative from this place, when describing to the General Court the advantages of the bay, etc., upon being asked if it furnished a safe harbor, replied, "as tight as a booth" (sheep pen); hence Booth bay. If this be not history, it may pass for a pleasant legend. We are not speaking from the book, for it is not at hand, but stating what we have learned from the oldest inhabitants, among whom is the venerable post mistress, a maiden lady of some seventy years.

#### THE HARBOR.

If the definition of harbor, as given in the geographies of our early school days, be reliable, viz., "a part of the sea extending into the land, where ships may lie in safety," this is a genuine harbor; for a safer anchorage probably can not be found on this whole coast of the Atlantic. It is deep enough for the largest ships, and has extent enough, as is supposed, to furnish safe and convenient anchorage for two thousand vessels at the same time. It is a place of refuge for the fishing vessels along the neighboring coast. To see them swarming the entrance by hundreds before a coming storm, and covering the spacious area with their whitened sails, is one of the pleasantest sights.

#### BUSINESS.

The chief business of the place is mackerel fishing. Every third man you meet is addressed as cap'n, with an occasional variation of "commodore." At the packing house, some fifty barrels of mackerel on an average are put up daily. Some cod and haddock are cured here, but the business in this line is more limited.

There is here also a factory for the preparation of rock-wood as a fertilizer. The weed is gathered from the rocks in the har-

bor and along the coast, and sold at the factory for some six or seven dollars a ton. Then it undergoes a process of drying by the aid of hot air, and then is ground to about the consistency of common tea. It is sent in sacks to New Haven, Ct., and sold to a company there for some thirty dollars a ton. The retail price then to the consumer is some forty dollars per ton. There are manufactured per week some twenty tons or more, and the factory, which is driven by steam, can be run the year round, and probably will be in future.

#### HOTELS AND COMPANY.

The hotel accommodations are respectable, but limited. There are but two public houses, capable of accommodating only some 25 or 30 guests each. In addition there are 5 or 6 good boarding houses. Including several parties sojourning here in tents, also persons here visiting friends, there may be a hundred pleasure-seekers in town at one time. Boothbay does not aspire as yet to be one of the fashionable watering places, about which we hear so much.

The visitors generally appear to be of the more substantial class of our citizens, who go abroad in quest of rest, and recruited strength for active service in some useful and honorable calling. The remark of a guest at one of the hotels, does not apply here, viz., "The tyrant fashion bears a severer sway at the smaller than at the larger watering places, so that there is more real independence at Long Branch, Newport, etc., than at places of far less note. The marvel is, that such an unconscionable creature as fashion should be allowed to bear sway anywhere. The shame is, that women of means and of standing, as the lady in question doubtless is, should consent to be a slave at all."

The opportunities here for fishing and pleasure-sailing are most excellent. Parties go out to visit the adjacent islands and points of interest along the coast, or to fish for cod or mackerel more or less every day, and at a trifling expense. Indeed, hotel and all other charges here are comparatively moderate and reasonable.

#### RELIGION IN THE FREIGHT-HOUSE.

Being driven into the Freight-house one day by a violent shower, we met there a company of half a dozen persons, made up of sea captains, and such nondescripts as are wont to hang around such places. Among other things, we listened to the following conversation:

Speaker No. 1. "There was a dance I understand at the Hall last night."

Speaker No. 2. "So I hear, but what seems strange is, that a man who opposes dancing should rent his hall for that purpose."

Speaker No. 3. "That is one of the inconsistencies of these Christians."

Speaker No. 4, who appeared to be a Frenchman, as near as we could make out, and who had just been using pretty decided language respecting some rowdies who had demolished his tent the night before, closed the conversation on that topic by saying that probably "he does not let his left hand know what his right hand doeth."

Whatever may be thought of this unusual application of a very forcible text, the theology of the Freight-house seemed to us rather sound than otherwise, and it might be well for the man who owns the dancing-hall to know what is thought of his religion in such places, as well as in the pulpit.

By the way, we rather took a liking to that Freight-house. There seemed to be a healthy moral tone about it, and so we spent many hours there, listening to the conversation of old sea captains and others of the same craft.

One day, leaning against the corner of it, looking at a young skipper as he was packing his boat for the night, an old sea-captain sitting on a box or stick of timber, congratulated him on his good luck in getting so much pay that day for carrying out a party on a short trip. The young man in his reply and other remarks contrived to intersperse an unusual amount of profane expletives, which led the former to say very gravely, "Young man, you will not get many parties here to go out with you, unless you leave off swearing."

It is a shame that a young man, just entering into business, should need to be appealed to by so low a motive, to induce him to make a decent appearance among men; and at the same time the remark was a very creditable one to the visitors who frequent this place.

On the whole, we have heard less profanity since coming here than is common among a like class of men. Indeed, not a word of the kind has been heard by us from any one of the older captains and masters of vessels. We have witnessed, however, some sad cases among younger ones. But as young men and boys have taken it upon themselves to do much of the drinking of the present day, it is befitting that they should do the swearing also.—J. F.

### Bores.

What constitutes a bore? What combination of qualities goes to make up that scourge of civilization? A total lack of humor, we should say, and of that sympathetic power which enables a person to see, as if by instinct, whether he or his conversation be agreeable to the listener, joined sometimes to intense egotism. The essence of the bore is the absence of the sympathetic power.

Without a belief in personal immortality, religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.

### General Conference.

#### SUGGESTIONS.

A good deal of importance attaches itself to the coming session of the General Conference. Questions of great interest and importance will come before it, and need careful and close attention. If they should not be disposed of properly, no little mischief would be the result.

#### TWO SUNDAYS.

The denomination is larger than ever before, its interests are more diversified, and of greater magnitude. It will, therefore, involve more difficulty, and take more time than heretofore, properly to consider and settle them. Hence it will hardly be possible for the conference to adjourn, so that the delegates can reach home before the second Sunday.

Hitherto, much inconvenience has been experienced, in the hurrying of business so as to get home before the second Sabbath. Sometimes important questions have been laid aside altogether, and those that have been considered have perhaps not always received that attention that the interests of a denomination of over sixty thousand members very properly require. Nor is it too much to say that sometimes, in the hurry of the later sittings, business has been disposed of in a manner that afterwards was not in the highest degree satisfactory.

In view of these things, it would seem indispensable that all the delegates to the coming session of the Conference, make their arrangements to be gone two Sabbaths. If any one can not do this, it would perhaps be better to notify his alternate, and let him attend in his place. Our denominational interests are too sacred to be trifled with. They demand careful and serious attention, and the most ample and complete consideration. A little inconvenience, in supplying the pulpit, or in being absent from home, should weigh nothing, as against them.

Nor should any one feel aggrieved if he should find the Conference reluctant to grant leaves of absence before the session ends. If it should so appreciate the dignity and sacredness of its work, as to be very loath to grant a member a leave of absence, and shall not esteem his reason for asking it to be so significant as he does himself, let him bear the matter like a Christian philosopher, and cherish the implied compliment that his services in the Conference are esteemed and valuable.

#### MORE TIME FOR COMMITTEES.

In many, if not in most, of our Conferences, the sittings have been so continuous as to leave too little time for properly considering questions in committee.

Sometimes members of committees have actually had to elect between the sittings of their committees and of the conference itself.

Our Methodist friends, in both their General and Annual conferences, have only a morning session of conference proper, leaving both afternoon and evening to committee-work. Possibly that is an extreme. But we, certainly, have gone quite to the other extreme. We have given almost no time for committee-work, unless it has been stolen from sleep, or the necessary relaxation.

Under such circumstances, it is difficult, and almost impossible, properly to do committee-work. The mind, like the body, has its laws, and will not allow them to be violated with impunity, even in the doing of General Conference business. Would it not be better, and not only facilitate business, but insure more satisfactory results, for at least one of the three usual sittings to be given up to committee-work?

A. D. W.

### National Convention.

TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES:

Fellow laborers: The next National Sunday-school Convention will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., April 17, 18, 19, 1872.

The Executive Committee desire that it may truly be of a national character, and therefore, they have appointed the undersigned a Committee on Delegations, whose special duty it is to secure the attendance of delegates from every State and Territory in our land.

The basis of representation has been fixed at twice the Congressional delegation of each State. Where State Sunday-school organizations exist, credentials to delegates will be issued by their Executive Committees. Where no State organizations exist, the undersigned will appoint State Delegation Committees, who will fill up the quota of their respective States and issue the requisite credentials.

To promote this aim, the undersigned desire information as follows, namely:

1. Is your State organized for Sunday-school work? If so, please send us the names, with the address in full, of the officers of your organization. We shall be glad to hear from every official member of the organization, that we may secure as full information as possible.

2. If your State is not organized for Sunday-school work, who in it would most likely meet the demand in selecting and securing representative men as delegates?

In this case, let all who have an opinion write it, nominating men for the State committee or for delegates. Please give name, post-office address, and denominational connection.

Responses to this call are earnestly invited and should be sent at once. In this way, a truly representative and National Convention will be secured.

Communications may be addressed to the Chairman, or to any member of the Committee. J. BENNET TYLER, Chairman, 7 Bible House, New York.

### Human Perfection.

But if a man is essentially perfectible, why should not some attain perfection? I mean, of course, by perfection, not the absolute idea of the complete expansion of all faculties up to their infinite degrees (which in one sense can never be attained by man, and which is Deity), but that practical state of equilibrium, of entire truth to self, of complete devotion to the good, and unqualified rejection of the evil, implied in the word "perfect" as used by Jesus, in the text and elsewhere, and by many other writers both in the Old and the New Testaments, and which we sometimes describe as "perfection on the plane of manhood." This is what Jesus calls us to, in our text—that as God is perfect in His sphere, so we should be in ours. And this, it seems to me, is entirely conceivable; and if it be, unhappily, not probable in us as individuals, we must certainly admit its entire possibility.

And, my friends, despite all the evil of the world, there seems to me enough to encourage it as a hope. Without recurring now to the illustrious character to which the subject naturally turns our thoughts (for I have wished to discuss it on general grounds), I see on many sides facts that abundantly encourage it. As I stand by the bedside of death or distress, and see how calmly the one is always met and how patiently the other is almost always endured; as I see a crippled form, through which the wrenches and twinges of pain course momentarily, without assuagement or intermission, and yet without extorting a word of complaint;—as I see a tender mother, her little brood swept away at a breath, till her heart wrings in agony, still able to say, "Thy will be done";—as I read of the heroism of battlefields, when pure devotion has led men into those God-defying horrors;—as I see brave hearts, daring pestilence to carry succor; as I find, always and as a characteristic fact, that the advent of real trial develops unknown strength, my heart rises to a confidence in the glorious capacities of manhood which can admit any possibility of achievement. Yes, and who of you has not known, as life wound its way among men, those saintly souls in whom this completeness of attainment seemed to you almost visibly realized, coming so near to this complete purification and balancing of the mind that at least your, perhaps sin-clouded, vision could not detect wherein it had been attained? Alas for life, if there were not such! These holy ones, that shine out in the firmament of history and life, stars of first magnitude, with their tender but searching rays, bringing God near to us by their faith and their communion with Him, and holding out to us at once rebuke and hope! No doubt, in their every bosom is that same consciousness of higher heights still which made Jesus say, "Call me not good, there is but one good, that is God"; and yet, perhaps, no conscious lack of fidelity to those ideals, no conscious inclination to swerve from the straight and narrow pathways that lead us thither.—Rev. Joseph May.

### Burying in Switzerland.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Musical Independent*, writing from Switzerland, speaks incidentally as follows of the Swiss custom of burial:

And now I think of it, I will mention a fact in connection with the graveyards of Switzerland, which has impressed me as being almost inhuman. No one is allowed, in any instance, to purchase a family lot in a cemetery. Long trenches are dug from end to end throughout the whole lot, often a quarter of a mile or more in length; and in order, as the interments occur, the bodies are lowered into these trenches, a board being placed at the end of the coffin, and the space then filled with earth, until another comes when, after the lowering of the body, the board is removed from the head and placed at the foot again, and so on to the end, when a new trench is commenced. This law is unalterable. In these old countries, every yard of land is precious, and no unnecessary space is devoted to any one after death. I speak from certain knowledge. One of the most distinguished ministers of Lausanne, whose acquaintance we have formed, losing a daughter, a beautiful young lady, a short time ago, made every effort in his power to purchase a small portion of land to be reserved for his own family, that they all might rest together; but though offering large sums of money for it, it was denied, and the daughter so tenderly loved was put into the common trench, perhaps beside a criminal or some drunken brute.

When one graveyard is filled, another is chosen, and the old one is allowed to remain untouched for fifty years, when it is leveled and sold for other purposes. One now in Lausanne has only a few more years to be left before it will be transformed into a beautiful promenade, it having a very fine situation, overlooking lake Geneva.

### Drinking in Great Britain.

T. Bailey Potter, editor of the London *Bechive*, in a paper read before the Trades' Union Congress, at Birmingham, thus sets forth the evils of drunkenness, and calls upon the "army of industry" to make war upon it and stamp it out:

Our three familiar demons—war, waste, and taxation—consume a sum much greater than the aggregate income of all the workingmen in the kingdom, estimated at £30 a year for each man. The army of industry must declare war against the cause of this pauperism and crime. The producers are not 25 per cent. of the population. Criminals and paupers must live; and while all property falls in value, labor falls first and most. Our object to-day is not so much to show in detail the admitted enormity and danger of a certain evil—drunkenness—which we must meet and master, as to show that it is of such a character that we must declare martial law against it; we must sit as a vigilance committee against a common enemy; we must stamp it out and get it under. The problem of the age and of all the future is the organization of labor and democracy against all their enemies, whether within or without—an organization of all who work, of every class, against all who do not work, or who spoil work—an organization of all the creative and governing classes against those who only consume and obstruct, against all waste, against all unnecessary profits, adulterations, or interference between the manufacturer and the consumer. There must be an organization against the beer-house and the gin-palace; for they destroy all we want to save, and save all we want destroyed. They are the cause of pauperism, insanity, bad trade, low wages, destruction of raw material and of capital, of health, intellect, character. We shall not dwell on figures or potter over blue books; the evils of excessive drink are infinite. If the army of labor is to conquer, drink must be subject to martial law; must we say be watched by vigilance committees of those whom it seeks to destroy? Ponder this one tremendous fact—the leading fact of all that you will hear during this conference, the leading fact in the economy and existence of Great Britain! Every year upward of £228,000,000 are spent by the British nation on intoxicating drink. "Spent," we say; how much of it is wasted? How little there is of it that is not wasted! And this in the land of established churches! This calculation is patent to the world; any man can verify the figures. It consists of money spent in drink; of waste of land, capital, and labor in producing drink; loss of labor and time by destruction and theft, by pauperism, destitution, sickness, insanity, premature death, police, prosecutions, courts of justice, support of criminals, etc. This expenditure would pay off the national debt in less than five years and lessen taxation forever. Mark this further. This £228,000,000 yearly is not reproductive. Expenditure ought to be for the wealth of society, and "wealth" ought to mean "well" or well-being. It ought to be creative. It comes then to this, that the mighty army established at the yearly cost of £228,000,000, and laboring and fighting for the disestablishment and disorganization of labor, is really an army of paupers, thieves, or useless persons, maintained at the cost of the nation. We see now what accounts for the million or two of paupers, for lowness of wages, etc. We can't have capital and drink; we can't attend chiefly to pauper manufacturers, and yet expect the other factories to flourish. We can't expect the laborer to get enough corn when

"Hell is so merry with the harvest home."

### Lonely Workers.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus, know him well. Perhaps yonder sister has a little class in the Sunday school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; now and then a little child ascends to heaven to report her success, and occasionally another comes into the church; but nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone, the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If He smiles, be content. We can't not be always sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication which God gives to the seed, which will make us the

harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone, for God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

### Events of the Week.

#### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Our readers will remember the horrible calamity in Pittston, Pa., last May, by which a score of coal-miners lost their lives in a burning shaft. In the same town a similar horror occurred last week, only the latter was an explosion instead of a conflagration. About twenty miners were operating in a new shaft, when a fire-damp explosion brought the roof of the structure down upon them. The dead bodies were afterwards recovered, but whether they had met instant death by the exploding gas, or experienced the lingering tortures of suffocation will never be known.—On the same day another New York steambot burst her boiler, instantly killing four, and seriously injuring many others. Are accidents of this class hereafter to come in clusters?—Also on the same day, Aug. 14, we received the particulars of a dreadful calamity that befell the inhabitants of an island in the Malay Archipelago. There was an eruption of the neighboring volcano of Ruwahy, producing a tidal wave 120 feet high, which swept over the island of Tagalonda, destroying every vestige of human habitation. Four hundred and sixteen persons, the entire population, with their dwellings, domestic animals, &c., were swept away and lost.—A little later comes the report of a typhoon near Yokohama, Japan, by which five hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed and four hundred lives were lost.

#### VERMONT'S HOLIDAY.

The sixteenth of August means more to Vermonters than the 4th of July does to most people. It is the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington, that smart fight with the Hessians under Col. Baum, on the eve of which Gen. Stark said to his militia,—"Boys, there are the red-coats; we must beat them to-day or Molly Stark sleeps a widow to-night." And they did beat them, and every sixteenth of August that same old enthusiasm fills the hearts of the Vermonters, bringing them together by thousands, and filling the day with patriotic demonstrations. Last Wednesday twelve thousand people assembled, and the 94th anniversary of the battle seemed to lack none of the enthusiasm of other days. The oration was by J. K. Hubert, Esq., of New York, and James Fiske, who was on hand with his gallant ninth, made a remarkable speech.

#### THE WESTFIELD EXPLOSION VERDICT.

The Coroner's jury in the Westfield explosion case have returned a very sensible verdict. It may not be a pleasant thing to know that transportation companies are really guilty of such carelessness as constantly endanger the lives of their patrons, but it is a pleasant thing to know that a jury, and in New York too, is not afraid to tell such companies the truth. The verdict says:—"The explosion was caused by a flaw in the iron and by the negligence of the engineer Robinson, in carrying an over-pressure of steam; the company are responsible for the disaster, as the defect could have been detected if the Staten Island Ferry Company had had a competent engineer and mechanic in their employ, and are, therefore, criminally negligent. We recommend the district attorney to take prompt action." This is plain enough, and it is hoped that the authorities will observe the closing recommendation. The verdict in the recent railway accident in Maine is of a similar nature, and gives good reason to hope that the carrying of human lives is to be conducted on safer principles.

#### THE INDIANS DEFIANT.

Vincent Colyer writes to the War Department that the Apaches are unusually defiant, and that other bands are assuming an unfriendly attitude. Generals Sheridan and Sherman both state that there are strong probabilities of an immediate Indian war, and that the U. S. troops in those neighborhoods are insufficient for needed purposes. What with the warlike dispositions of the Indians themselves, the provocations by fraudulent contractors and the deceitful practices of neighboring white settlers, an Indian war might be easily looked for, but it can also possibly be avoided. The Administration has really pursued a friendly and conciliatory policy with the Indians, and these same offices continued towards the Indians, and summary treatment, if it must be, inflicted upon the white ruffians who abuse them, might continue and strengthen the friendly feelings that the Red Men seem trying to exercise.

#### SAN DOMINGO MATTERS.

Affairs in the island which we talk of annexing do not wear a very peaceful aspect. Baez heading one faction and Cabral another are engaged in a continual and petty warfare, the results of which are sometimes favorable to one side and sometimes to the other. Each side is constantly enlisting all the men it can get, and the treatment of prisoners is quite inhuman. If annexation could bring about peace, it might be well to take the island as a missionary operation. The subject is lying in comparative quiet with us at present, and whether or not it will be thoroughly revived at the next session of Congress remains to be seen.



## Communications.

### Germany's Evangelical Leaders.

Rev. W. L. Gage, writing in the columns of the *Christian Union*, thus sketches some of the foremost men who represent the evangelical faith in the empire which overshadows the other civil states of Europe. We are glad to transfer so instructive and readable an article to our own pages:

Berlin has for some time been a center to Evangelical Germany. Not that any German would consider that Berlin is a particularly religious or "evangelical" city, for it is an awful sink of voluptuaries, a reservoir of all those vices which depend on money and a court. It is a home of elegance, ease and luxury; it is, after a certain sort, a literary center—that is to say, there is an immense and distinguished university there, with its scores of professors and its thousands of students; it is a manufacturing center—that is to say, it supplies the world with some of its finest and most costly wares, and is known for its industries all over the world. But with these all it concerns us now is to remember that amid all this many-faceted life, there have lived here a few men who have been religiously and theologically very much to their age, and whom we must consider, in this regard, the leaders of their land. Those of them whom I have seen, I will try to sketch in this paper.

And first, because on the whole the most conspicuous, is, or rather was, Dr. Hengstenberg, who has just recently died. Neander passed away just before I first visited Berlin, and I never saw that genial, delightful old man. But Hengstenberg was in his prime; indeed he died before he was old; one of the most florid and healthy and handsome men I ever saw. He was not popular with Americans, for he was identified with the extreme aristocratic party, and he hated republican and democratic ideas with a perfect and furious hatred. His smooth, round face veiled the bitterness of the man; and those who heard him lecture on strictly Biblical themes, had no idea that so pleasant an exterior had so hard and stern a nature. He was a man whom one must regard from two points of view, the man of state and the theologian. The less we see of him in the first of these characters, the better for our comfort, for he was the bitter and the constant enemy of the United States during our great war. It would be, perhaps, too much to say, that he was an apologist for slavery, but he was the friend of the South and the foe of the North. He wished our downfall, and in the leading daily paper of Berlin, the notorious *Kreuz Zeitung*, which he in part edited, he systematically attacked and libeled us. Indeed, after falsifying us, he would not retract, even when his eyes had been opened; and it is within my knowledge that often northern men, prominent clergymen, too, conferred with him and showed him the falsehood of some statements which had been made in his paper, and he obstinately refused to retract them. These things are unpleasant to recall, now that he has passed away, but they are only too true.

But Hengstenberg, the theologian, was a man whom orthodox delighted to honor. He was as firm a supporter of supernatural sin as he was the strong opposer of republicanism. His works on Christology, the Pentateuch, Christian Dogmatics, are known all over the world, and there is hardly a respectable theological library in our country which does not contain some book by this man. He was a great scholar, and his works teem with learning. In his lectures he was cold, and yet he read with rapidity, hurrying on from page to page of his manuscript. His manner was cold, however. There was no warmth, no fire, no enthusiasm, simply haste, as though the hour was short for what he wanted to get through. His room used to be well filled, in fact one of the most thronged in the University of Berlin, for he was not the less popular there, because he was identified with despotic ideas of government.

In Prussia, religion has been looked upon as an excellent thing as a mere matter of police—a fine thing to keep down insurrection and anarchy, and therefore in a perfectly rational and common sense manner, the ruling powers and the clergy have made common cause, and felt that they have the great duty of saving the people from themselves. So religion and despotism have gone hand in hand; and also, sad to say, have democratic ideas and infidelity. The latter have been driven into this false relation by the unnatural sisterhood of despotism and orthodoxy.

Wichern, the founder of the Reform School at Hamburg, is a man who may be called, without any hesitation, one of the evangelical leaders of Germany. He resides during the summer at Hamburg, but during the winter at Berlin. I never saw him but once; but I shall never forget his gracious manner, and his rare benignity. All the world knows him by name, and Mr. Stevenson, in his *Praying and Working*, has drawn a picture of him and his life-work, which has drawn the hearts of thousands toward him. After doing the world the good service that he has, he is now an old man, and full of honors. He has a general control of prisons in Prussia, as well as a controlling influence in home missionary affairs generally. He is now over seventy years of age. His thick locks are white and beautiful, his tall form slightly bowed, and his face, though somewhat worn and furrowed, is full of kindness. He is visited as much probably as any man in Germany, but receives all who call with simplicity and favor.

There is one man whom I must not pass over, Dr. Froehnow, a modest, good man, who in a quiet way is doing a great work. As the director of a large hospital, editor of the works of a Book and Tract Society, and the controlling spirit in Sunday school matters in Prussia, he fills a large place of

power. A stalwart, vigorous man, with dark, thick locks, and a face indicating at once kindness and force, he would attract instant attention, and win hosts of friends. He has been a missionary in India, and he talks with great enthusiasm of the happy years which he and his family spent on the southern slope of the Himalayas. He is the chief editor of the *Sunday School*, a little weekly paper, published on this paper, and illustrated rather sparsely, but showing a very genial spirit, and shedding abroad a bright and sunny influence. It is largely indebted to American sources, and one feels in reading it that the movement which was begun in New York by an American merchant, Mr. A. F. Woodruff, of Brooklyn, has been productive of great good in Germany. In this movement Mr. Froehnow is a leading spirit, and he is accomplishing an immense deal of good.

Krummacher, the great court preacher at Berlin and Potsdam, has passed away; but no sketch bearing the title which I have given to these papers would be complete without a picture of him. Who could forget that glowing face, that fiery, energetic manner, that fervid imagination and those winged thoughts? He was in the highest sense of the word a great preacher! He had a magnetic power of winning souls, to himself, and better than to himself, to the truth he proclaimed. He was a sturdy, thick-set and not handsome man, thoroughly German in every feature, but full of evangelical truth and love. He was a singularly clerical looking man, and when arrayed in his plain alpaca gown, he had a majesty of mien which was never more fittingly displayed than in the presence of the king and the royal household. He was rather the favorite preacher of the court, for though Hoffman was more learned and logical, and Kugel more elaborate and finished, Krummacher had that blending of fire, imagination, depth and originality which made him the thronged man, the man whom prince and peasant alike loved to hear. A voluminous autobiography has been put forth of him, and it ought to find many readers, for it relates in a pleasant way the story of a rich and highly sanctified life.

### Saved to the Uttermost.

In the winter of 18— a precious revival of religion was enjoyed in the town of M. There lived in the place an aged man, who all his life had been a bitter opposer of religion. Of course he was a drinking man. From boyhood he had indulged in that terrible practice which makes demons of men and prepares them for any crime against man or blasphemy against God. For many years the wife and mother had tried to live a Christian life, but he would never allow her to make any public profession whatever, and with his none too sweet temper "set on fire of hell" by his daily portions of whiskey, she had a hard life indeed. Would to God there were no more wives and mothers whose lives are, to-day, as bitter as hers. One son also gave his heart to God, and finally became a minister of the gospel of Christ, lived a few years, and died in a distant land praying for his ungodly father. The news of his death reached the father's heart, for though hardened and debased by the accursed stuff, he loved his boy, and we could see that he made faint efforts to reform, though he would converse little, and few had any hope of a permanent change. Indeed a neighbor, an aged minister, said, about the commencement of the meetings, that he believed "there was no hope of old —" he was too far gone, and did not know enough to get religion." So hopeless seemed his case. He was finally persuaded to go to church, and for some time he and his suffering but now hoping wife were in their places in the house of God. After every effort had been made for him, all of which seemed powerless to move him farther, one evening, after the altar had been nearly filled, and no more were looked for, he arose and, calmly walking up the aisle, followed by his wife, he quietly knelt and as calmly and quietly gave his heart to the loving Saviour, who, after more than sixty years of rebellion, was willing to accept it and to give him a "heart of flesh." "Near him knelt the son's widow who had always loved him, notwithstanding his degradation, and as a consequence had won his confidence to a great degree. On rising, she gave him her hand and pronounced the word "father." "Yes," said the renewed man, "it is father now," and his countenance beamed with more than earthly light. Did the angels come down to mingle in the sacred scene? Did the spirit of the beloved son come to rejoice with us over the returning prodigal? Who shall say, nay?

From that blessed evening Father—"walked and talked with God" for several years, and then "he was not, for God took him." Notwithstanding his system had been so thoroughly permeated with the soul-destroying alcohol, that his friends had been obliged to confine him while raving with delirium, yet from that time he never tasted a drop.

Two or three years after, the writer, while passing with him that "breathing hole of hell" where he had formerly obtained most of his liquor, inquired if he did not wish to go in and take a drink. "No," said he with a pleasant smile, "I have never had the least desire to taste it,—not even when I see and smell it." His old companions tried by coaxing and ridicule to get him back to his old habits, but the noble Christian, always gentle, answered them so decidedly that they soon left him and only wondered how old — could live without his whiskey. They were sure they could not. But the blessed secret was, God can and did save to the uttermost.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the light of the superior understanding he unites with.

### Silent Companions.

BY E. H.

Silent, invisible companions are with us; are ever near; and we, unconscious of their power, are molded by them.

Often when far away amid the mountains, in the wilderness or on desert sands, a feeling of rest, safety and enjoyment steals over one's being, such as is only experienced when strong, true friends are near. From flowers and trees, from mountain grottoes or from the depths of the blue heavens above, they come and ever soothe and encourage, make purer and nobler; for those unseen visitors are always from the realm of peace, and never lead mortals into sin.

In her calming, purifying influence, Nature leads her children to the Author of truth; but in the excitement of the crowded, tumultuous city those guardian angels are not heeded; tempting, enchanting tones are heard.

Another class of associates are friends who may be far away, separated by mountains and seas, nay, even by the river of death; yet there remains an indefinable presence which unites with the soul and still preserves a distinct individuality, serving to make the spiritual nature more complete and also counseling and moving as the friend would have done. When perplexing cares harass and sorrows threaten to overwhelm, they bring relief, and pleasure is sweeter because shared by them.

The patient, gentle, faithful mother never leaves her children. Although many years may have elapsed since that dearest of faces was hid away beneath the daisies, yet wayward sons and daughters weep bitter tears while the unseen mother seeks to win them back to truth and goodness.

There are other silent companions exerting a mysterious but mighty influence for good or for evil as we choose them. They are the authors we read. It is not alone the ideas of the writer that are imbibed, but their own soul pervades every line, and with that spirit the eager reader is imbued. Not that every book, carelessly and thoughtlessly perused, has such a powerful effect, but those which are early chosen, often read and deeply pondered, whose authors' names are household words. A certain indescribable influence is exerted by every person, something of which one is unconscious; but a kind of electric communication between minds enables one individual to understand the feelings and know positively the sentiments of another, and intuitively becoming acquainted with those opinions, if the person be worthy of regard, there is a strong inclination to subscribe to his ideas. This is no less true in reading than in personal intercourse. Unwittingly the author stamps his own impression upon every line and imparts his own character and secret life, which is received and elaborated by the reader.

To learn the history of literary men is sometimes deemed unnecessary upon the supposition that the words of a bad man may in themselves be good; but the poison is there, although it may be so subtle as to be hardly detected. In the writings of Lord Byron are some of the most exquisite beautiful thoughts, thoughts so profound that one who studies them can only exclaim in admiration and wonder, "How sublime this genius!" But very few can read those poems one hour without becoming restless and unhappy, half willing to question the reality of purity and truth, yet it is difficult to find the secret of this. Why? Because Lord Byron has breathed his own spirit into his works, and they are permeated with his own depraved, ruined self.

The benefit or injury is not derived alone from long intercourse, for a very brief period is enough to impart truth or error which will save or ruin one for life, nay, more, for eternity. Says one talented man: "I would give the world, were it mine, for power to erase the effects of one half hour's reading a fearfully wicked book, but those dark expressions haunt me day and night, even intruding upon my most earnest secret devotions with their blighting influence."

Would it be a trifling affair to visit one of the poisonous valleys of the Orient and inhale its fatal gases, if only for a moment? Would wise, loving parents with indifference watch their children mingling with a crowd of lepers? The loathsome, disfigured creatures clasping those pure, sweet little ones in their livid, leprosy arms would be a terror. And will they see those pure spirits held in an embrace more dreadful than that of those horrible lepers?

Fearful as are the results of intercourse with authors who are depraved, the effects of communion with the true and noble are no less beneficial and grand. In early morn, at noonday, and in the stillness of night they come, those who are brave, elevated and strong. While they are with us our whole being expands and receives new capabilities for understanding and appreciating the good, the beautiful, the true. With them aspirations for higher life and nobler manhood arise, and the soul's profoundest depths and strongest emotions are stirred, while life's true meaning is revealed. From beyond the sea the migrating thoughts of Luther and Calvin, Burke and Wilton, and a score of others, have been wafted to our shores, awakening new life. While our own Webster and Everett, Bancroft and Motley, Whittier and Longfellow, have each been the guiding star of thousands.

But surpassing all these are others, sublimer, truer, more poetical, because their thoughts are from Him who is Wisdom and Truth, and we are enraptured with the sublime strains of Isaiah and the marvelous visions of Ezekiel, while the sweet singer of Israel awakens tenderest, purest emotions; and higher than all these is the origin of thought, the source of beauty and harmony, the creator of all the vast universe, the author of the Bible, God himself, and his companionship is the sweetest solace to all those who receive it.

### The Love of Life.

The love of life exercises a strong influence over the mind. In sickness and in imminent danger, this fact is strikingly illustrated by the efforts made to resist the hand of death. The sick, in many instances, have offered to their physicians immense sums for the restoration of health. Now if this transient life is so precious, how must that life be valued which has no end? If there be such a tenacity to existence, would it not be well to prepare, with increasing diligence, for that life which is imperishable? It would certainly be wisdom so to do; for this life is short and uncertain. The strongest physical constitution is soon debilitated, and death follows. But he who governs himself according to wisdom, has the happy assurance of entering upon that life which is endless in its duration and happy in its consequences. Let him who would live like a philosopher and a Christian, labor to imitate the example and precepts of the Saviour. Then he will experience the full desire of his heart. May those who love life and desire to escape the miseries of the second death, turn from their evil ways, and submit to Christ. Again, may those who have professed the name of Jesus, awake to a sense of duty, and become brilliant lights in a lost and perishing world.

### Poison in False Belief.

As an offset to the maxim, quite too prevalent, that a man's creed is of little consequence so long as his conduct is good, we present the following statements and reasonings, and ask attention to them:

I met last summer, the mother of a young physician, who, being himself sick one evening sent for a dose of quinine, received by mistake the prescribed quantity of morphine, took it, and died. I am quite confident that it was in your own city, that, a few years ago, a physician, in making up a prescription embracing one of the salts of prussic acid, unthinkingly added, just to make the compound palatable, a few drops of lemon juice. Whether I have the chemistry of the case rightly in my memory or not, such was the relation of the simples, there was developed in the mixture a quantity of free prussic acid. The patient upon tasting it died almost immediately, as though a thunderbolt had struck him. The phial was sent to the druggist, who, confident that he had made no mistake, in following the prescription, put it to his mouth, and himself fell a victim of his temerity. The physician was then called in. He simply put the stopper to his tongue, but it came near costing him his life.

I cite these cases in illustration of two important general facts; first that where there is no suspicion of malice on the part of any one, poison may come in upon prescriptions for medicine; and secondly that even then poison is poison still. No matter whose the mistake is, the doctor's or the druggist's, a deadly drug will certainly kill.

Now it is not a very pleasant thing, when you carry your prescription to your apothecary, to have him see that you are anxious that he should be more than ordinarily careful with that particular prescription. You might be snubbed; he might call you old-fashioned, a poison hunter; but I think there are but few of us who, in critical cases, would not run the risk. We know well enough the man may mean well, may have a good stock to select from, may even put the medicine together exactly as he, in the light of a midnight lamp, and with drowsy eyes, reads the paper; yet the misreading of a single figure may make in your house all the difference between a feast and a funeral. Let him think or say what he will, if there is any chance that a word of yours will set him on his guard, you will speak it.

Have we not just as much reason to be on our guard against the subtle poison which lurks in false statements of religious belief? It may be carefully concealed. It may be sugar-coated, or covered up in other ways so as not to be discovered except by its effects. Yet poison is poison still. It is fatal to human life. And so there are false religious beliefs which are deadly to the soul. They may be pleasant to hear, but their end is to deceive and to destroy. We must be excused, therefore, if we watch carefully the doctrines which are dealt out to us over the pulpit, as we watch the drugs dealt out over the counter. Nor ought we to be accused of being unreasonably distrustful, or being suspicious of heresy hunters, if we are suspicious of many smooth teachings and plausible theories afloat in our day; if we watch them with a jealous eye; for error is always evil; falsehood is always a delusion and a snare; it is by truth, and truth only, that we are to be saved.

### Early Sketches.—No. 18.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

EXTRACTS FROM RANDALL'S JOURNAL. In this selection only portions are given, not before published. The first relates to the blessing he obtained in partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at Newcastle in 1775, and before he began to preach. He writes: "The Lord owned and accepted me and poured divine consolation into my soul. I do not know that I ever had a more comforting season than that. Oh, ever blessed be his great and blessed name."

ON HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY. "Sometimes I would feel commanded of the Lord to warn sinners. It would sound through my soul, 'Lift up thy voice like a trumpet. Cry aloud, and spare not.' This was in 1776.

JOY ON BEING BAPTIZED. He had united with the Congregational church, but in connection with his impressions to preach, by a careful examination of the Scriptures he was convinced that immersion was the only Scriptural mode of baptism, and, Aug. 14, 1776, was baptized. Of this he writes:

"Glory to God, I came home rejoicing as did the Eunuch."

After preaching quite a number of years, in alluding to the time when he gave up to the impressions he felt when called to the work, and the full consecration he then made of himself and of all to God, he writes: "I have not spared myself nor slackened my hand, either in persecution or applause,—in poverty or plenty,—in sickness or health,—in cold or heat,—in fair or foul,—far or near; and, glory to God, eternal glory to his great name, I this day, while I am writing, feel the same resolution. I bless his name that I have ever found him a faithful, covenant-keeping God. I have had to wade through many seas of affliction and trials, by poverty, persecution and many other ways, yet I believe I have had none but what I needed, and the Lord caused them to work together for my good."

## S. S. Department.

### The Superintendent.

A Sunday school can only thrive under the right kind of a superintendent. He need not be a fluent talker, but he must know when to speak and when to keep silence; when to say the word that saves without unpleasant feeling the disputed point, or decides the course to be pursued. A good superintendent must have executive ability and a real love for work, or he will be overwhelmed and disheartened in any growing school by the variety and weight and suddenness of the duties and responsibilities which fall upon him.

Some think that invention is an essential requisite to this office, but we are not disposed to regard this as an important qualification. There is too much invention in respect to Sunday schools. Some schools are little more than constant religious experiments. First this thing, and then that thing, and soon another thing is tried; there is a frequent changing of lesson books and hymn books; a re-adjustment of classes; a getting up of public exercises, and concerts, and festivals; a variety of speakers, good, bad, and indifferent, in the school every Sunday; a great noise and parade, and excitement all the time; and very little Bible teaching, or care for children's souls, or anxiety for their salvation from sin, and union to the people of God. And the inventive superintendent is responsible for this state of things. He is a stirring man, and means to make his Sunday school the most popular and attractive in the place or the neighborhood, forgetting that the aim of the Sunday school is to impart religious instruction, and that "he that winneth souls is wise."

There are superintendents, upon the other hand, who are like statues of marble, so cold, so formal, so stiff, that they seem to have stepped out of some graveyard or gallery. They "open the school" with such tedious exercises, that it is a wonder that they ever get opened at all; they have no sympathy with children, and the scholars have very little sympathy with them, and how they ever keep their schools alive is a miracle. We have known such men to read a chapter of forty verses, and then pray fifteen minutes, while the infant class was present, waiting to be led off to its own room after the "opening exercises" were concluded. Poor children! Some of them went to sleep, although it was a morning session.

Again, we have seen superintendents who were always throwing their duties upon the pastor, and accounting any labors they transferred a clear gain. But, perhaps, it will be of more use to give an example of a good superintendent than to present faulty ones. Such an one is before us. Prompt in action, regular in attendance, careful to look after his teachers, seeking them out if absent or sick, and requiring from them similar care in behalf of the scholars; wise in the conduct of school exercises, not fond of speech-making himself, but always ready to lead the teachers' meeting or the Sunday school prayer-meeting; on hand to superintend all the meetings of the school; having an opinion of his own upon Sabbath school matters, yet ready to listen to advice; deferring to the pastor of the church, if it be a church school, and courting his counsel and help, and seeking advice of fellow-laborers if the school be without church connection; a man of lively, rather than tedious piety, of ready sympathy and love to children, to whom it is a pleasure to labor for them and with them; and, above all, a man who truly loves God as his Father and Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and shows this love in his every-day life. Such a superintendent is wanted in many Sunday schools, and those that have such an one should thank God for giving them so good a leader.

"SOWING WILD OATS." "My dear sir, do you know how your boy is behaving? Do you know that he is playing truant from school, getting into bad company, and learning the ways of wickedness?"

"Oh, well, he is young now. By and by he will have more sense, and quit his foolishness."

And it was not a natural-born fool that used this language, either, but a man of fine mind, superior education, and of Christian profession.

This is sometimes the way in which indolent parents waive aside the warnings of their best and wisest friends.

And how did this waiting for sense result? Just as it will always end. The boy made rapid strides in the school of wickedness, ran away to a great city, plunged into nameless vices, dragged himself home, not as the prodigal, penniless, but as a body polluted, to die in his father's house, a heart-breaking disgrace to parents, and a scandal to all who had known him.

And yet to-day myriads of parents are waiting until the period of sowing wild oats is passed, and indulge the infatuated hope that wild oats sown will produce wholesome wheat and corn.

The truth is, this "waiting for sense" is leaving the wayside house empty for occupation by banded ruffians, who, when once established, are not going to be frightened or driven out by a feeble old man throwing tufts of grass and weeds of lamentations.

And again, it is not an affair of sense at all, but a matter of habit, and above all, of grace.

Did those parents or teachers take those boys into their private rooms, carefully teach them with the open Bible, kneel before them in earnest prayer, put before them faithful examples, with the use of proper discipline, trusting them to the grace of God?

If this is not done in time, it never will be done later. If we can not or will not when children are very young, we shall have no face or heart to break in with a new routine when they are older, and our own reluctance is stereotyped into hardness.

Sometimes we have been tempted to believe that God made a great mistake in putting such tremendous passion into juvenile nature, before reason, reflection, conscience and experience have asserted their power and influence fully. But it is all right. Passion is simply the locomotive power, and it draws whatever it is hitched to. The question is, How shall it be linked? for character can not be developed without it. A boy or adult without passion may be a milk-sop, a putty-ball, a nonentity, who can not stand without leaning up against the sunny side of a house; but he will never make a man, and never carve his mark in this obstinate and wicked world.

Now, we hurry for the bolterous, the tearing, the overboiling boys. The ablest men are only enclosed pots of boiling water fastened upon wheels; but they carry that suppressed and regulated force which resides in passion governed by principle moving along the iron track of duty.

During this formative period, it is given to parents and teachers to instruct, to guide and enforce; and those parents are worse than insane who wait in the idle dream that "sense" will come along by and by and repair the damage caused by their neglect.

Many a young man to-day in prison, or hospital, or eating husks in the prodigal's land, curses father and mother for their terribly guilty laxness and utter want of parental wisdom. Woe to the parents who weakly resign their commissions, and shrink those obligations which God has put upon them, and which they had no right to assume unless they meant honestly, to fulfill them in the fear of God. Let none of us make this mistake.—S. S. Workman.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. More than fifty thousand teachers have been studying the Life of Christ this year. Now, if the life of Christ is to have any effect on pupils, it must first have an effect on the teachers themselves. Have we—fifty or a hundred thousand of us—who have studied the life of Christ, come nearer to the standard of the blessed, life then? Has the "Glory to God in the highest" found an echo in our souls? Did we hear John in the wilderness preaching a preparation and a penitence to us? Did we behold the Lamb of God? Did we sit at his feet in Bethany and learn of him? Has he healed our leprosy, and cured our blindness, and cast out our devils, and brought us out of our tombs, and cured our spiritual palsy? Has he called us from the fishing-nets of selfishness? Has he scourged the money-changers out of the temple of our hearts? Has he encouraged us, and taken our hands when we have been sinking from lack of faith? It is to be hoped that we teachers are better Christians for this study, and that we shall learn, as well as our pupils, to shout a true "Hosanna to the Son of David," and to adore him in the last and sorrowful scenes, and in the glories of his resurrection and ascension.—S. S. Teacher.

NOTHING UNIMPORTANT. Success is a matter of detail, in the art of teaching, as in all other fine arts:

There is not, everywhere, sufficient recognition of the fact that minute details, thoroughly perfected, make up a successful whole. It is related of a renowned sculptor that he was once visited by a friend while he was at work upon a masterpiece of art. The details of the work, so far as it had gone, were carefully noted, and the visitor retired, to come again some weeks afterward. He found the artist still at work, but to his unpractised eye, without having made the slightest progress. The sculptor explained that he had been toying down this expression, giving force to that, carefully rounding out this feature and subduing that redundancy in the outline, here and there, going over his work; remodeling and improving it at a hundred points. "Why," said his friend, impetuously, "do you waste your time upon such trifles?" "Ah," said the artist, "trifles make perfection, and perfection itself is no trifle."—J. H. Kellogg in the *S. S. Times*.

TWO NECESSARY THINGS. An English writer has this thought on preparation of lessons:

The first principle we may mention is, that two things are necessary to every lesson—Information and Method. Many are very industrious in preparing information, but too few, we fear, give much attention as to how they shall impart that information, and how they shall make it tell, on the great object of all instructions, intellectual and religious improvement. The method, as well as the information, should be prepared. The former, without the latter, is like brick and mortar without the plan of the house to be built, or scaffolding to assist in rearing it, and the latter without the former, is like plan and scaffolding without the bricks and mortar.

INFLUENCE OF TEACHERS. A certain philosopher was always very particular to his friends about the garden in which he was in the habit of walking, and in which he carried on his studies. At length one of them came to see him; and he found this garden was a patch of ground about twice the size of the floor of his own room. "What!" said he, "is this your garden? It is not very broad." "No," said the philosopher, "it's not very broad; but it's a wondrous light!" And so I would say to you Sunday school teachers. Your work in your class is not a very large one, but it's a wondrous light. It goes up to Heaven; to conceive of it aright, it goes right out to eternity.

DEGREES OF AIM. The main purpose of the teacher, as related to proper subordinate aims, was well illustrated in a lecture by Rev. W. O. Taylor, D. D., of Liverpool, Eng.:

Just as in the target, if you look at it you see a white center, and round about it concentric rings, each one a little further away from the other; so we may speak of the different degrees of aim in the Sunday school teacher's instruction of his class. The outer rim may represent the meaning of the words of the lesson; the rim a little nearer to the center may represent the manners and customs referred to in the lesson; the rim nearer than that again may represent the geography that comes out in the lesson; but there is the white center always, and that is the conversion of the children, and we have not fairly hit the mark until the arrow goes into that.

A GOOD BEGINNING. A freedmen's teacher writes of a colored woman, who, having learned her alphabet, said, "Now I want to learn to spell Jesus, for 'pears like the rest will come easier if I learn to spell the blessed name first." A good many things "come easier" if we learn that name first.—Observer.



## Selections.

### Be Active.

Look ye, brothers! time is rolling,  
Bolling rapidly away;  
Vesper bells will soon be tolling,  
Tolling for the dying day.

Rouse thee, comrades! nerve for labor!  
In life's battles dare and do,  
Boldly wield truth's gleaming saber,  
Vanquish wrong and right pursue.

Plant your standard firm and fearless  
On the citadel of right;  
Hard may seem the task and cheerless,  
But the promised crown is bright.

Poor yourself, you have for others  
Wealth you may not—must not keep;  
Words of cheer for drooping brothers,  
Tears to shed with them that weep.

Smiling to cheer the lone one's labors,  
Telling of life's weary way;  
Bread to share with poorer neighbors,  
Hungering, starving every day.

Go to hearts which pine and perish,  
Wipe the falling tear away;  
Every smitten spirit nourish,  
Drooping sadly by the way.

Carry gladness to the sighing,  
Give your strength to bear the same!  
Whisper comfort to the dying;  
Whisper softly Jesus' name.

Up some hill or down some valley,  
Seek the lost to guide aright!  
Hark! the bugle sounds the rally;  
Gird you, comrades, for the fight.

### The Use of Miracles.

The convincing force of a miracle, or of whatever is believed to be such, to its actual witnesses, can be gauged by no reasonable man. If Professor Tyndall himself were to see his blind neighbor instantly gifted with sight by the feat of a strange personage, or were to see his dead child, already surrendered in despair to the tomb, rise up at the same command and live, he would believe in the miracle and the manifested Creator, with precisely the same confidence that he had in the testimony of his senses, that is, with all the confidence he could have in anything. So much for the utility of the miracle. Dispute as others might, it would do the business for him.

The continuing effect of past miracles, however, seems to be in some respects modified. Since the Incarnation of the Son of God, other miracles have almost reversed their relation to faith. Once its strongest support, they are now among its strongest trials. Perhaps this was intended to be so. We know not what further historic evidence Providence may have reserved in store in the tomb of antiquity; but in the present state of evidence, there is much in the historic wonders of the Old Testament which we could hardly obtain a rational assurance independent of Christ. He crowns and keys the arch of testimony, supporting all that had been built below Him, equally with all that is built upon Him. The very miracles that attest His divinity, without which, that is, we might suppose Him deceived in claiming it, derive their most irrefragable support from His own veracity. Their extrinsic evidence is indeed perfectly scientific. It endures unaltered the crucible of historic criticism, which has purged off a great part of Greek and Roman history as fabulous dress. The argument is short and simple, and stronger than adamant. It is historically certain that Jesus exhibited, as credentials of His divine nature, a multitude of works which no created being could perform, in regard to which no considerate observer could be deceived, and yet which proximate ages of universal skepticism, and of mortal antagonism to His pretensions, long ventured no attempt to deny. But if historic certainty be thought too weak to support so great weight as that of a miracle; if we are disposed rather to believe that the whole contemporary-world could be imposed upon, in spite of its own angry resistance, than that God could reveal Himself in mercy to man; then reason encounters us with a proposition to which there is no reply. Truth and goodness met confessedly in Jesus, to that perfection that if all the virtue and wisdom before known to mankind could be united in one character, it would fall far short of His. No man could invent such a character unless he himself were such a character; so that the historic image of Jesus is at once the highest miracle ever recorded, the most absolute demonstration of its own reality, and the most conclusive assurance of whatever has been the veracity of Jesus for its support. Given, but the contents of the four evangelists, standing by themselves unattested, and there can be nothing further so wonderful for belief, and nothing half so incredible as that Jesus could deceive us. Yet if He did not rule winds, waves, and spirits with His word, cure every ill that flesh is heir to, raise the dead, and rise from the dead, by divine power, He, at least, must have been conscious of life-long imposture, the wickedness of which passes all measures of human execration. This contradiction between fact and reason pronounces the purest impossibility that can be put in supposition.

Thus, before the personal glory of Christ, miracles tend ultimately to recede like stars of night, from their original prominence as signs and luminaries of evidence, to a subordinate place as "parts of His ways," parts of revelation, and lessons of faith; no longer so important as authenticating God's Word to us, but rather as authenticated to us by God's Word. It may not be amiss to regard them, as God's *card* against the pantheistic tendency, a barrier provided for of old against the spring tide of physical speculation, marking the point of contact between God and nature, and interdicting with this warning to man's narrow philosophic system,—"Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."—*Nat. Bap.*

### Crosses.

We have just seen, for the first time, a most impressive picture. Here, in the foreground, appears an elevated and somewhat extended mound, with a circular front, around which a pathway, which comes from the far distant left, and conducts upward along an uneven mountainous way to the right. A massive cross stands in the center of the mound, and around that emblem of our faith are arranged a large number and variety of crosses, lying flat upon the bank. Many persons are seen approaching this mound from the left of the picture, and a smaller number are going up the mountain, bearing their crosses away on the course of their rough, but upward journey. The mixed company which approach the crosses is composed of both sexes, and of all ages, from the older and the mature to the little boys and girls who, you may fancy, are just coming away from the classes in Sunday school.

The design of the picture evidently seems to be, that there is a cross for every one, and every one must bear his cross if he

means to achieve true success in life. Every one approaching the mound would instinctively choose the slender, the short and light cross, which are obviously intended only for the weak ones, and the little children. But, to prevent this kind of unwise selection, there appears a beautiful angel hovering over these transverse beams, whose kindly office seems to be to guide the various comers to their own particular crosses. While one of those celestial hands points the wayfarer to his own adapted burden, the other, inclining upward, directs the eye of the hesitating pilgrim to a radiant crown, shining out in a halo of glory, and fixed in the heavens above—far away up the mountain, and toward the angel's right. The artist, with some success, has aimed to set forth a variety of emotions as they are portrayed in the countenance, the gestures and actions of the travelers. Here come a group of dear joyous little children—chiefly girls. They are full of innocent animation and energy. They draw near the mound as if it were a bank of flowers, and hasten, at the bidding of the angel, to take up their little crosses. Yet, for all that, just as heavy as those which have been prepared for the older and the more mature.

The artist tries to be true to the blessed fact, that it is easier to serve God in early youth, and that religion is never a dead weight upon the youthful spirit, but a true securer and conservator of real happiness.

But here comes a sad foil to the hopeful spirit! A young man of noble vigor, and perfect manly beauty and carriage, draws near the mound, and the angel points him to a ponderous-looking cross. The young man starts back, a dark frown settles on his brow, he is half angry and indignation raises his hand to his head, while the involuntary gesture of the other expresses the language of a heated rejection. The angel, with an expression of saddened pity and yearning love, struggles to prevent the young man from turning away, and seeks to encourage him by directing his eye upward to the radiant crown, glowing in the skies.

This portion of the scene affords us a graphic delineation of just that experience which is wrought into the daily life of young men. They cling to the impression that here, on the one side, is the world, and on the other side, is religion with its burdens—its gloom—its unfringedness to freedom and happiness. The young man, accordingly, exercised beneath this wholly deceptive reversal of the real facts of human experience and the truths of God, meets the demand requiring him to take up the cross with indignant surprise, and is tempted to beckon it away in the heat of an insulted freedom.

But it is beautiful to see that a not inconsiderable number have passed off and are now mounded, taken up their crosses, and are now struggling too long with his back turned toward the glorious goal of the race. He now turns to gaze upon the glittering prize, and a sweet and hopeful gleam animates his countenance once again.

There is one strong young man rejoicing in the vigor of his matured manhood, who treads the mountain with elastic steps, and mounts those confronting difficulties with unabated energies. Farther onward and upward the more aged pilgrim sets his cross on end, for a moment's rest. He stands care-worn and weary, but he has struggled too long with his back turned toward the glorious goal of the race. He now turns to gaze upon the glittering prize, and a sweet and hopeful gleam animates his countenance once again.

But we think the artist has fallen a little short of the true ideal, and has somewhat lacked in carrying out to a satisfying completeness the imagery toward the top of the mountain, and in the dimmer distance which approaches the suspended crown. Should not the arms of that cross, borne by the pilgrim who has well-nigh plumed his feet upon the summit, have been represented as being transformed into wings—wings of Faith and Hope? or Faith and Love? And should he not have been represented as one borne from the summit of Hill Difficulty by these wings, toward the dim distant open gates of the city in the skies? Is it not really true to the persevering believer's experience, that that which he early took up as a cross, and for a long time bore as a burden, he finds has become at length a source of comfort, aye, of animation, too, while he carries within a consciousness of victory in the very things which he has long been writing the course in tribulation also, "knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience." Or, more exactly, "experience" is a sense of approval, after trial—a sense or consciousness that God has approved him, and he knows he is accepted. Now he can say, "I have been tempted and tried—I have accepted the conditions my God and Saviour has imposed—I have endured the tests—I have rejoiced in them, and now I know, I am lifted into and settled in a divine assurance."

There can be no doubt that each man has his cross to bear, and he may look out for it precisely where he most dreads its appearance. "But," as good Dr. Cutler, of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, used to say familiarly in the lecture-room, "be sure you don't kick the heavy cross laid in your track—take it up, and carry it manfully, and you will escape many a sore knock and bruise, and escape, too, a final and fatal offense, or stumbling."—*Ex. & Chron.*

### Revivals in Summer.

#### WHY CAN WE NOT HAVE THEM?

God certainly does not withhold the blessing because He is unwilling to bestow it. The Holy Spirit is not waiting until the Autumn or Winter to do His office work. Surely God's own people would be glad to see sinners coming to Christ. What then hinders our having glorious revivals? Some Christians are out of town, but many can not leave home; would they were rejoicing in seeing the Lord's work prospering in their midst! Is one of our suburban churches the pastor is taking the Summer holiday, and owing to the difficulty of getting ministers to preach in the evening the church was closed during that part of the day. The brethren thought that it would not do to close the doors, and a Sunday evening prayer-meeting was started. The first gathering was small; some would come to the church, and finding that it was to be only a prayer-meeting, turned their backs to find preaching. But God's spirit was there, however, in that little company. One brother is taking the question proposed. Why could there be a revival, commencing here, this night? and if our pastor heard of it, as he certainly would, rejoicing in the glad news, he would leave his recreations and come to our assistance. As the Christians there met left the house of prayer, they felt that God was about to bless them; and may the time hasten.

There is no good reason why even in Summer we may not see many inquiring the way to life. Perhaps sinners are thrown into greater temptations, and are more liable to be lost than in Winter. If any comparison can be made, then certainly our efforts to save them ought to be at least as great as at any other time. Let Christians who are at home take the matter up in earnest, and prove the Lord whether He is not a God always ready to bless, and when their brethren return from the hillside and sea-shore, they will find the revival in full force, and waiting for them; they, too, will gird themselves for the work, and it will be glorious. —*Evangelist.*

### Help Wanted.

Every inquirer, every young Christian, needs some help. God is omnipotent, but he saves men by means of men. He began to save them by first becoming incarnate. He dwelt in human flesh, employed human members, spoke with the voice of a man, shed human tears, was "found in fashion as a man." It was to give divine help through human instrumentality. And he follows the same law to-day. His love has been put into the various languages of men; he speaks through human lips, through human sympathies; he extends the human hand to lift up the fallen; with it he binds up the broken heart; he wipes away tears. True to God's methods, Bunyan represents Goodwill as showing Christian the way. And, in the engraving, the artist has caught the spirit of the scene. Christian has just been plucked through the wicket-gate, out of the reach of Beelzebub's arrows. Faint, lagging, anxious, still burdened with his sins, he listens intently to Goodwill's directions, and, shading his eyes with his hand, tries to follow the pointing finger. "Dost thou see this narrow way?" inquires his kind-hearted guide. "That is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ and his apostles, and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go. And so Christian hastened on, helped by man."

In all Christian congregations, there are probably those that want human help. They need to be plucked through the wicket-gate, and directed onward. And you and I ought to aspire to do it. We are members of the body of Christ, and he has the right to use his members. This is one reason why he has chosen us to be members, why he dwells within us. These inquirers, these young Christians, need our sympathy and aid. For several weeks to attend the funeral of his mother, lately came home to find her husband an inquirer. He could not sleep. God came to him in the night watches. He tossed upon his bed, until finally his wife asked him if anything troubled him. "Yes," said he, "I am a sinner against God, and I want you to rise and pray with me." She did so. Her pastor called the next day, and soon the husband was praying for himself, and had erected an altar of praise in his own home. He had been out of the reach of the wicket-gate. And now he is going heavenward, with his wife, rejoicing. He needed help, and found it.

But some one says, "This is the duty of the minister." So it is, and the most precious of his duties. To take the hand of an inquirer, to look into his tearful eyes, to talk and kneel with him, is the sweetest duty the minister ever performs on earth. But it is not the minister's duty alone; it is not alone his privilege. "Let him that heareth say to all about him, Come." We sing it. Let us do it.

If any reader of this paper sees in the case of Christian a picture of himself, if he needs human help, let him ask for it. Let no false pride, let no false modesty, let no sensitiveness deter him. While he continues to knock at the wicket-gate, while he continues to seek Him whom his soul needs, let him also communicate to his Christian pastor, or to some other Christian friend, that he wants human help, human sympathy, human guidance. It will confirm his purpose to disclose it. It will bless others to help him. —*Christian Weekly.*

### Mary and Martha.

To them Christ came an unexpected, though a welcome visitor. Both loved him, both greeted him. Martha, as after, when he visited them in their grief, going out, I imagine, to welcome him; Mary, more shy, waiting in the house, to give him a quieter and tenderer greeting. Martha was the mistress of the household. The first greeting over, the almost instant thought of her heart was, What can I do for Jesus? How can I serve him? Her love quickened her already too quick activities. To her sensitiveness nothing seemed worthy to receive him. A thousand things flashed before her active mind to be done, and she scarce knew where to begin. The best room must be made ready. Water must be brought for Christ's dusty feet, and hands, and feet. Meat must be obtained. Bread must be baked. Fruits and vegetables plucked from the garden. A worthy supper must be prepared. Nothing must be forgotten, nothing overlooked. Worried that he had come without warning, tried in her temper lest she should not have the best things for him, for whom to her eyes the best seemed poor, she flies from room to room, giving directions. To her impatient wishes, the servants' last double her flying feet and busy hands. In a moment of perplexity she calls for Mary. She receives no answer. Again, still silence. She goes in quest of her, looking everywhere, finds her at last in the common sitting-room—Christ's needs forgotten, household duties forgotten, the whole busy world forgotten, everything driven out of mind by the presence of Christ himself; reclining on the floor at his feet; looking up with her large dreamy eyes into her Master's face; careless, in the full influence of all else but his presence, and his love. Wonder-stricken at her sister's indifference, and to her thinking, slowness, yet hesitant in the presence of her Lord, Martha holds back the rebuke which otherwise she would have administered, and calls for his:

"Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she come and help me."

And Mary wakens from her dream, and half rises to her feet, reproving herself for her neglect, and timidly, awaiting Christ's reply, and wondering, and half undisturbedly receiving his answer: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

There are many practical people to whom still Martha seems to have been right, and Mary wrong. Which only proves that the modern Martha comprehends her meditative sister no more than did her ancient prototype, and that we no less than she need the lesson Christ inculcated, this, namely, that there is a higher Cheevering than that serving Christ more than to work for him, to enjoy Christ is more than to serve him.

Love habitually manifests itself in these two forms. We are quickened by gratitude to study how we may repay love's indebtedness. We rest uneasy under obligations, seeking to make some amends. One who demands no utterance, and strives to speak by doing.

But there is a higher type of love than this. The wife is to a true husband immeasurably more than her service. Her silent heart is far more than her busy hands. A glance of love is more than a well kept house, if one must choose between them. And while love in its lower forms labors to return and repay in service, love in its highest, is content to receive and remain forever in debt. Bankruptcy is love's highest experience. To work for love is easy. But love must be very rich and full, and strong, to make one willing to say, I never can repay, and I am content to remain forever in debt. It is only in the lower experiences that there are barterings and bargainings of service and obligation.

We hear at the present time a great deal about the duty of serving Christ. We have been redeemed by his blood. We have been bought with a price. He has paid a great sum for our ransom. We are restless under the obligation. We entertain a notion of doing something to square the account. We can not pay in full, but we fancy we can compromise, and pay nothing. And so we build our churches; and organize our societies; and establish our charitable institutions; and gather our mission schools; and look with contempt on the piety which is still, silent, meditative, musing at the feet of Jesus, content only to receive from him.

I do not disesteem work. Nevertheless work is not the acme of Christian experience, it is not the autumnal fruit of love. The love that simply receives Christ, that is content to take all from him and pay nothing back, that sits at his feet, and gazes lost in love up into hisondrous face, that listens to his words, that confesses to him his soul's sins, that confides in him its immortal life, that rests and rejoices in him; that finds its voice at last to say, I live no longer, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me,—this is above all mere serving.

This is what David meant when he said, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me. I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." I can render nothing. In the self-abasement of love I will joyfully receive from him. Dearest to Christ is John that rests his head upon the Master's bosom, content only to live in him, than Peter who draws the sword for zealous but fruitless fighting. Higher in his esteem is the quiet of confiding, than the activity of self-reliance. —*Rev. L. Abbott, in Christian Banner.*

### Church Cats.

A church is divided into two parties. What one likes the other abhors. They feel it their duty to stick to it. In the devotion-al meeting they pray at each other's inconsistencies, hoping that the prayer will go to heaven, but by the way of Deacon Raftery's pew, just stopping a moment to give him a shaking. If one wants the church built on the hill, the other wants it down by the saw-mill. If one wants the minister to avoid politics, the other would like to have him get up on the side of the pulpit, and give three cheers for John Brown's knapsack, which is said to be still "strapped upon his back." When Elder Bangs sits still in prayer, Elder Crank stands up to show his contempt for such behavior. If one puts ten cents on the plate, the other throws a dollar on top of it to show his abhorrence of such parsimony. The whole church catches the contagion of spirit, and begins to go down. One-half of the choir eats the other half. The pew devours the pulpit, and the pulpit swallows the pew. The session takes down the trustees, and the trustees masticate the session. The Sunday-school and sewing-society show their teeth, and run out their claws, and get their backs up, and spit fire. And church councils assemble to stop the quarrel, and cry, "Scat! Scat!" to the infamous howlers. But the claws go on with their work, till there stands the old church by the wayside, windowless and forsaken—nothing more or less than a monument to the memory of dead ecclesiastical cats of Kilkenny! —*Crumbs swept up.*

### Building.

We read in fairy tales of how great chasms have been bridged over in a night by benevolent spirits, dwarfs, nymphettes, and what not; how they hustled together vast rocks, and piled one upon another, and built piers, and spanned them with arches, so that the brave knight could pass over them, and reach the castle, and get his lady-love. We read in fairy tales of how cities have been built in a single night; and we imagine to ourselves how, while we sleep, ten million constructing fingers might carry up the walls, and surround the city with golden domes, and how whole cities might stand in the morning where the night before there was only a wilderness. But there is something more strange than that would be, actually going on in you. There is not a thought that is not striking a blow; there is not an impulse that is not doing mason-work; there is not a passion thrust this way or that way that is not a mason's thrust. The imagination in all directions is building. You think that you are throwing out the net for game; you think that you are laying plans for accommodation; but back of all the conscious work that is going on in you, back of your visible attainments, there is another work going on. There are as many mason-workmen in you as there are separate faculties; and there are as many blows being struck as there are separate acts of emotion or volition. And this work is going on perpetually. Every single day these myriad forces are building, building, building. Here is a great structure going up point by point, story by story, although you are not conscious of it. It is a building of character. It is a building that is to stand. And the work of inspiration warns you to take heed how you build, so that it may endure, and you have a foundation that will endure; to make sure that you are building on it, not for the hour in which you live, but for that hour of revelation, that hour of testing, when that which hath been done will be brought out, and you shall be seen just as you are. —*Becher.*

### The Bible its own Defense.

Adolphe Monod tells us of the mother of a family, married to an infidel who made just it to see to the care of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. Being asked how it was done, this was her answer, "Because to the authority of a father I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. My children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This Holy Book has constituted the whole of their religious

instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and they were answered, reproved, or encouraged. Constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you. Such faith in God's word will everywhere work marvels of grace."

### Word and Work.

I less admire the gifts of utterance, and the bare profession of religion than I once did; and have much more charity for many, who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscure profession. I once thought, that almost all who could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession. While I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet, blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern; a truly godly and sanctified life. —*Baxter.*

### Confession.

Ruskin, though not a preacher, gives a good recipe on confessing sin:—  
When you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a sinner; that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise either of these. An immediate quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.

### Antidote for Skepticism.

The most effective weapon against skepticism is the exercise of the faith we wish to produce in others. This is in accordance with the great law that like begets like. Would you produce kindness in others? Manifest kindness before them, and to them. Would you produce forbearance? Be forbearing. Would you produce hostility? Be hostile. And so, would you produce faith in others, you must manifest faith; them and toward them the fruits of faith. If an intellectual result simply were aimed at, this would not be so; but, aiming at a practical result, nothing can be substituted for this. Without this there may be arrangements, expenditures, meetings, addresses, but the work will be superficial. The unlearned mass, untouched by any particle with the true heaven in it, will remain unchanged. The whole secret of the spread of Christianity over the world, is in this figure of the heaven. It is fire that kindles fire; love that kindles love; Christianity manifested that spreads Christianity. Talent, learning, conviction from argument, are well in their places, but avail little. Belief is needed, but it must be in the form of trust. It must be belief on the Lord Jesus Christ. There must be in the acceptance of Him for all that for which He offers Himself to us, and sympathy with Him in all that he proposes to do. In such a belief there is life; and in life there is power, and in the instincts of all life there is practical guidance. —*Pres. Hopkins.*

### Push On.

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he breathes the breath of life he will be doing something, for himself, his country, or posterity. Washington, Franklin, Howard, Young, Newton, all were at work almost to the last hours of their existence. It is a foolish thing to believe that we must lie down and die simply because we are old. The man of energy is not old; it is only he who suffers his energies to waste away, and permits the spring of his life to become motionless, on whose hands all things wear the vestments of gloom. There are scores of gray heads living to-day that we would prefer in any important enterprise to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble under shadows approach, and turn away at the first harsh word or discouraging frown.

### Academies, &c.

**HILLSDALE COLLEGE.**  
The Fall Term of Hillsdale College will open on Wednesday, August 31, 1871.  
FACULTY:  
REV. DANIEL M. GRAY, D. D., President.  
RANSOM DUNN, A. M., Prof. Bib. Theology.  
"SPENCER J. FOWLER, A. M., Prof. Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy.  
W. A. DRAKE, Instructor in Penmanship.  
HIRAM COLLIER, A. M., Prof. Nat. Science.  
H. LATHA ROWE, A. M., Prin. Ladies' Department.  
JENNE DE LA MONTAGNE, Teacher of French.  
ALEX. C. RIDGENT, Prin. Com. Department.  
W. A. DRAKE, Instructor in Penmanship.  
GEO. B. GARDNER, Instructor in Drawing and Painting.  
MELVILLE V. CHASE, Instructor in Instrumental and Vocal Music.  
MRS. OLIVE C. CHASE, Cultivation of Voice.  
Father and ampler arrangements will be made for instruction in all the departments of the College. Catalogues sent on application.  
L. P. REYNOLDS, Sec. & Treas.  
Hillsdale, Mich., July 23, 1871.

**Theological School of Bates College.**  
The next term and year of this Institution will commence Aug. 24, 1871. The expense of board in commons is about \$2.25 per week. Liberal provisions made for those desiring to board. Tuition, \$10.00 per year. J. J. BUTLER, Sec.  
Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4, 1871.

**LYNDON INSTITUTION.**  
The Fall Term will begin on Tue. day, Sept. 5, under a full board of instruction. Courses of study for both sexes complete. I. W. SANBORN, Sec.  
Lyndon, Vt., Aug. 1871.

**WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.**  
The calendar of the 31st Academic year of this Institution is as follows:  
FALL TERM, Aug. 28 to Dec. 11.  
WINTER TERM, Dec. 11 to March 27, 1872.  
SPRING TERM, March 27 to May 18, 1872.  
First class facilities are furnished students preparing for college, teaching, or business, in six common departments.  
The Ladies' English and collegiate courses are especially recommended. Send for circular.  
J. S. GARDNER, Principal.  
Whitestown, N. Y., July 25, 1871.

**TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.**  
This Institution offers the accumulated advantages of over 50 years of successful operation. Every facility is provided for a thorough course of useful and ornamental education, under the direction of a corps of more than 20 professors and teachers. For circular, apply to  
JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

**PIKE SEMINARY.**  
Pike, Wyoming County, N. Y., will open August 22, 1871. A Commercial College, in which will be taught, by competent practical teachers, those branches which are usually taught in such Colleges. For particulars, send for Circulars.  
M. E. SHEPARD, Pres. of Board.

### NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.

The FALL TERM of this Institution will commence August 23, 1871, and continue thirteen weeks, under continued charge of ALBERT E. SAVAGE, A. B., Principal, assisted by other efficient teachers. Through instruction will be given in all branches. Classes will be formed in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Penmanship, and Penmanship. The Trustees aim to make this school one of the best. Address, for circulars or information, the Principal, or THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D., President.  
E. S. TARKER, Secy.  
Northwood, N. H., July 10, 1871.

### GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.

"THE FALL TERM of this Institution begins August 29, under the charge of C. A. Moore, Esq., Principal, assisted by a full board of competent teachers. Complete courses of study for both sexes. Classes formed in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Penmanship, and Penmanship. Board in good families, including wood and lights, \$4.00. Suitable rooms can be obtained for self-boarding scholars, for circular, catalogue or further information, the Principal.  
Watbury Center, Vt., August 2, 1871.

### NICHOLS' LATIN SCHOOL.

FALL TERM begins Monday, August 21st, and closes Tuesday, November 23d.  
SPRING TERM begins Monday, Jan. 1, 1872, and closes Friday, March 22d.  
SUMMER TERM begins Monday, April 1st, and closes Monday, June 24th.  
Tuition \$25.00 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 so many kinds of work are done. 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, at Nichols, the College and 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.

### WILTON SEMINARY.

This Institution, at Wilton, Muscatine Co., Iowa commences its Fall Term on Tuesday, Sept. 5. It is soon to be changed from a Seminary to a College, and additional teachers and facilities will be furnished. It is expanded, by the addition of next term. A Commercial department has been opened in connection with this Institution and will commence at the same date. Instruction will be given in music, instrumental and vocal.  
Boarding and rooms for self-boarding will be furnished at low rates. Moderate tuition. For circulars, address:  
Rev. O. E. BAKER.

### WEST LEBANON ACADEMY.

The Fall Term of Lebanon Academy will commence on Tuesday, August 29, and continue eleven weeks under the following instruction:  
A. N. MARSTON, A. B., Principal.  
MISS H. L. STEVENS, Preceptor and Teacher of Instrumental Music.  
MISS E. J. CRAWLEY, Teacher of French & Music.  
MISS M. A. STACY, Teacher of Penmanship and Music.  
MISS A. V. HAYES, Teacher of Wax Work.

**TUITIONS.**  
Primary Course, \$4.00  
Common English, 4.00  
Higher English, 5.00  
Languages, 5.00  
Penmanship, (12 lessons), 1.50  
Instrumental Music (20 lessons), 2.00  
Use of Instrument, 2.00  
An excellent opportunity will be given those desiring a complete course of instruction in the piano, and those who desire to teach Thorough Bass, Secular or Sacred Music. Special attention given to those preparing for College.

**BOARD.**  
Good board may be obtained in private families at \$3.00 per week or pleasant rooms furnished to those wishing to board themselves.  
JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH.

### NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

The Fall Term begins Monday, August 21, and continues ten weeks.  
J. N. RAND, A. M., Principal.  
J. N. RAND, A. M., Miss T. A. B. Dow.  
W. E. C. RICH, A. M., Miss Alice C. 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 the Department, 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 \$8.00 per term. Several years in the Trustees' Instructional 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. 21, 1871.  
Complete courses of study for both sexes.  
G. H. RICKER, Principal.  
No. Seaton, R. J., Aug. 10, 1871.

### MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

PITTSFIELD, ME.  
GEORGE B. FILES, A. B., Preceptor.  
MISS NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptor.  
MISS ARLOINE FERRIS, L. D., 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.  
MISS M. WAITT, Teacher of Writing and Book-Keeping.  
Length of Term, ten weeks.  
Fall Term Commences August 21, 1871.  
Winter Term commences November 1, 1871.  
For further particulars, address G. B. Files, Unity, Me., during the month of July, and afterward, E. Eugene Wade, Pittsfield, Me.  
Pittsfield, Me., June 27, 1871.

### NORTH PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY.

The Fall term will commence on



# The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 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.

## Baffled Lives.

We are apt to think and say that success is the test and measure of power. He who fails in his attempts is apt to be set down as one who lacks real force; while he who wins a fortune, a place or a name is crowned a hero and held up as an example. Praise goes freely along the path of outward prosperity; but the multitude are ready to vote the defeated man a coward or an imbecile, to sneer at his story and give him name over to contempt or oblivion.

Understood aright, success is the test of a spirit and the touchstone that tries a life. But interpreted as it often is,—to mean mere outward show and surface impression,—it often cheats the observer. In God's economy, the forces that work in silence and unseen are often doing most and best. He sometimes sees a splendid triumph where men behold only disaster and defeat. He puts the chief honor upon spiritual wealth such as is not recognized at brokers' boards. The purpose that fights down a strong passion, because it is Satan's ally and the foe of goodness, is, perchance, in the sight of Heaven, a grander and mightier thing than the shrewd policy that carries a contested election, or that makes a million of dollars in a single day's transactions at the stock exchange. He whose struggles have really purified himself and set him at one with Heaven, whatever else he has failed to do or be, is sure of the victor's ananrath when the final awards of justice are distributed.

There is something grateful in the cheerful, resolute, achieving worker. It is pleasant to bind up golden sheaves and bear them to the garner with gladness and singing. It is sad and disheartening to sow beside all waters and look vainly for the springing grain. It is sad to see a true-hearted and willing worker dismissed from the field he would gladly cultivate, and sent home sick at heart and weary of enforced quietude or unappreciated toil. It is sadder to see that experience repeated again and again. It is saddest of all to see a life that seemed to have fair possibilities and a noble purpose, ending in discouragement, all its highest endeavors wanting in obvious success, and all its best hopes far away from fruition. Touching and mournful indeed is the picture of a baffled life. And such things are not very rare.

It is easy perhaps to account for many of these baffled lives. Not a few honestly mistake themselves and the world. They never find their sphere. They would not know it if it were found. They will persist in believing themselves fitted for what everybody else sees is wholly outside their province. They are like Sidney Smith's square block trying to squeeze itself into the round hole. They mistake a transient and surface desire for a deep-rooted and abiding instinct. They interpret a beckoning of ambition as a providential call. Pushed by a low impulse, they deem themselves pressed by the sacred hand of God.—There are others who are unwilling to do their proper work even when known; for their selfishness pleads for something more dainty and less taxing. They would gladly ornament the world, a thing they can not do; but they scorn to serve it, a thing to which they are solemnly appointed.—Others have some unfortunate tendency or vicious trait which neutralizes every better element; just as sulphate of iron in a soil, otherwise rich, keeps it barren and makes the farmer's pains and labor fruitless.—And others still seem, to our human eyes, forever harassed, hindered and tripped in their undertakings, so that what they hope for eludes them, and what they touch they spoil. And these last lives are the baffled ones that plague inquiry, burden hearts, and sometimes set the soul questioning the impartial justice of God's rule in the earth.

These baffled lives are found in all sorts of spheres. They appear in the lowliest and the loftiest places. The honest and hard-worked toiler for daily bread is sometimes married to poverty all his years through, and he turns his children over to the same alliance. So, too, the worker for spiritual gains seems to find his life an unrewarded struggle.

One reads Mr. Beecher's sermon, in which he exalts and glorifies the work of the Christian ministry, with a swelling heart. He does make it appear beautiful, sublime, precious, sacred. The glory of all other callings seems to fade in the splendor flung over that sphere and service. And he speaks honestly and out of his heart. He does not need to use hyperbole. His pulpit does really seem to him the loftiest throne on earth, and the preacher's royalty appears something higher and diviner than any seat to which king or emperor ever climbed. For the time, it seems as though every preacher should carry a radiant face and a jubilant soul, hardly aware of a consciousness of toil and cross and trial, and reply to every appeal to vacate the sacred post with the prompt and stern word of Christ,—“Get thee behind me, Satan.”

But who can tell how much Mr. Beecher's joy and enthusiasm spring from his sunny temperament and cheering experiences? Almost from the first, his pulpit career has been like a triumphal march. Every week has brought him a fresh ovation. His name has rung across the continent. Money, fame and friends have poured in upon him from all quarters. Embellish men send him grateful compliments from beyond the sea. A united people have been like a wall of defense about

him; and the public has met him with deferential bow, complacent smile and garlands of praise. He has known little of the terrible trials of heart which many men find in the same sphere, and men too who carry into it a purpose equally lofty, a fidelity equally heroic, a faith that has borne such strains as his never knew, and a patient self-sacrifice that makes life a prolonged martyrdom. And yet some of these men, who seem forever hearing the divine voice saying, “Go, preach,” appear baffled at almost every step. Pinched in purse, fretted in brain and nerve, tolling among and for those who neither appreciate nor understand them, continually changing the field of labor, worn into old age before the time when they ought to reach and set forth the vigor of manhood, left to themselves or pushed aside when gray hairs appear, without service or provision for common wants,—they are forced to look back upon the career which has been one long experience of taxing but baffled effort, and look forward to the end which is hidden in the deepening darkness. Would Mr. Beecher glorify the ministry in gorgeous rhetoric if it had brought him a lot and burden like this? Perhaps so; for it deserves to be exalted and prized; but one strong and enthusiastic sentence coming out from the sphere of a martyred life would suggest more than a whole volume of rhetorical rapture written in the world's noonday sunshine.

Some of these baffled lives present grave problems. We can not solve them now and here. They seem like examples of wasted force in the moral economy of God. But the explanation is likely to come in that great hereafter for which they call, which they constantly hint at, and where we are wont to look for compensations. “For now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known.” Let such souls keep themselves teachable, trustful, dutiful, patient and brave. Heaven will find a sphere for all their wise service, and make fruit spring from all their true toil.

## Tributes to Walter Scott.

The completion of the century which has passed since the birth of Walter Scott, was reached during the past week, and made the occasion of numerous gatherings of literary men on both sides of the Atlantic, to recall his history, dwell upon the traits of his personal character, analyze the works which emanated from his pen, estimate afresh his influence as a popular writer, and say some words respecting the elements of a literary career.

The praise which found expression was general, high, hearty, magnanimous, grateful. There was reason for it. The man was massive minded, noble in nature, generous in feeling, genial as a companion, rich in learning, royal in understanding, splendid in imagination, elevated in moral feeling and aim, too original to be accused of plagiarism, a poet whose music fills the air of two hemispheres, a writer of historical novels that picture the real life of the lands and ages as no mere fact-gathering historian could do, and a recognized power in the world of letters such as scarcely appears once in a century. It is true that he had a sort of feudal fondness for pedigrees, baronial estates, stately castles and grand family heirlooms, and was not without a strong ambition to found a great House that should bear his name to after centuries, and make Abbotsford historic like Kenilworth. His mind fairly revelled in mediæval magnificence. Norman lords, Saxon earls, elvish knights, high-born ladies, royal adventurers, oriental actors,—all these haunted his brain and pictured themselves on his page. He brought over to prosy, matter-of-fact Scotland, Asiatic gorgeousness; he summoned back from departed centuries the stirring and tumultuous scenes of the crusade and the tournament.

And yet he never forgot nor lost his sympathy with what was heroic and beautiful in the humble life of his own land. He made the strifes of the Scottish clans so distinct that his countrymen would suddenly be thrilled with the ancestral history which they had half forgotten and of which they were half ashamed. He voiced the perishing legends of the border and the Highlands till they were heard across the ocean and became well nigh immortal. He re-peopled every mountain and glen that had been deserted, till the traveler of to-day looks instinctively to see the clansmen spring out of the thicket, or listens to hear the horn echoing among the hills. His countrymen can hardly speak of him without hyperbole and tears; all Europe answers to the mention of his name, and his works are treasured in America from the home of culture and luxury to the cabin of the hardy pioneer. He literally earned two millions of dollars by his pen, and died prematurely of overwork while struggling to lift a great load of pecuniary embarrassment.

Though his line of literary labor did not represent the highest level, yet his books are, in their way, thoroughly wholesome, promoters of mental robustness, and while they please they instruct and kindle. It would be an immense gain if our popular writers of to-day could be induced to appeal to sentiments as noble as he did, and if our young readers would substitute his historical romances for the trash and froth of our abounding fiction. He put genius, nobility and conscience into his literary labor, and hence his hold upon humanity. With the one he mastered its appreciative brain; with the other he won its willing heart.

We could never read the brief passage in which Lockhart, his son-in-law, biographer and friend, describes a scene just as his life was ebbing away, without blurred eyes. It is fitting to recall it now. “Lockhart,” he said, as the earth began suddenly to fade on his dying eyes, “I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a

good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.” It is well if they who pore with enthusiasm over his poems and romances keep these last words of his in mind. It is well if they who stand admiring, astonished and envious before the magnitude of his work as an author, carry away his own last estimate of human life. If the keeping of the centennial shall emphasize and impress these words from his death-bed, it will not be the least of its benefits.

## The Dreaded Ordeal.

There are probably at this moment a thousand young men in various New England homes contemplating with fear and trembling their approaching first term in college. They have heard about the customs of lawless Sophomores. During the summer they have gathered in little groups at the various preparatory institutions, discussed the numerous reports of hazing that have come to them from the different colleges that they propose to enter, matured desperate plans of self-defense, even to arming themselves with blifles and revolvers, weighed the probabilities of an acquittal in case a dead Sophomore is found at their door, and fortified their courage by various hopeful and assuring remarks.

But, notwithstanding all this, their fears refused to be permanently allayed. In the quiet of their rooms and during their solitary walks they have frequently asserted themselves, and the recollection of old plans and purposes has failed to wholly assure them. After a time the examinations are all passed, the tickets of admission have been given, and they have received the congratulations of hosts of friends over the facts that the ordeal is passed and that there are only pleasant prospects in store for them. But they know that the ordeal is not passed; they await that in the midnight terrors with which dark lanterns and disguised faces and frightful noises will fill them; and although they would seem to receive these congratulations in the cheerful spirit in which they are given, they can not wholly rid themselves of the thoughts of coming evil.

It is to six months of this kind of life that college customs subject those who would liberally educate themselves. Admit that Freshmen are only occasionally harmed; that the reports of hazing that reach those outside of college life are greatly exaggerated; that the laws are stringent in nearly all our colleges, and that the Faculties exert themselves to maintain an impartial exercise of these laws; that Freshmen have their friends and hazing its foes in all the upper classes; that it is only those forward and officious fellows who “need to come down a peg or two” that are ever meddled with; and consequently that proper behavior would be a safeguard against all insult; admit all this,—which we do not believe can all fairly be admitted,—and we are still a long way from dispelling the fears of these coming Freshmen.

The lawless customs in many colleges are too well known to admit of their being quietly dismissed by these young men. They know that, under cover of these customs, members of respectable families are nightly guilty of acts that would bring a worthless street vagabond before the courts and send him fined to the house of correction. They recall the experience of their acquaintances, one of whom was blindfolded and kept tied all night to a cold and dewy gravestone; another of whom was placed at midnight in an apparently underground passage and left there alone, being warned not to move until his companions returned, as he was seated by the brink of a well-nigh bottomless pit; and of still another who was carried to a seemingly high place, put upon a pedestal with a rope around his neck, and cautioned not to step off lest he become his own executioner. To be sure, the one by the pit found himself at daylight in the wood-cellar, which contained no pit at all; and in like manner the other was revealed unto himself standing upon the floor of his own room, that no rope at all was about his neck, and that only his tied hands had probably prevented him from finding it out. But in spite of all these things the dread still remains, and these young men, during these August days, are strolling about their fathers' farms, or walking along the village streets, or bravely attempting to enjoy the picnics with which interested friends would beguile the tedious days of waiting for that first Thursday in September, hesitating whether or not to decide upon shooting the first Sophomore who molests them and then take the consequences, or to adopt those measures that seem best when the cases have fairly presented themselves.

And this existing evil follows legitimately from the habit that young men in college have of ignoring the duties as well as the courtesies of social life. The results that it produces are only those that belong to absolute rowdism. Their existence in a majority of our colleges can not be denied; they are a reproach both to those who allow them and to those who indulge in them; they are chiefly instrumental in producing those other evils which are painful to those who have observed them, viz., the use of tobacco and liquor, the slang methods of expression that are frequently adopted by those who formerly observed the proprieties of speech, the behavior that is coarse and boorish, the manners that are the reverse of gentle and refined, and the general clubhouse conduct of the great mass of college undergraduates.

It is therefore in the interests both of good manners and good morals that these young men should be spared the ordeal to which their first term in college usually subjects them. Why should they not be allowed the same personal freedom in dress and deportment that those in the advanced classes receive? Is there any better reason for outraging the person and property of a man in the Freshman class than of subjecting him to the same treatment when he has risen a

grade or two? Has he not the same rights in the room that he hires of the college Treasurer that the citizen has to the tenement that he rents upon the street? Yet, if there is forced entrance into the house of the latter, we call it burglary, and the occupant is justified in shooting the burglar. In the south, similar acts are called Ku-Klux outrages, and the law is busy in bringing out the offenders. Why are similar invasions of precincts in college any less criminal, or why are the offenders entitled to any more mercy? They are not; and if the great body of incoming Freshmen would treat them accordingly, they might indeed be containing their private opinions of the frank and cordial relations that should exist between young men in college, but they would be pursuing a course in which few would hesitate to uphold them.

## The Hope of the Gospel.

When any doctrine, plan, or scheme is presented for our acceptance, we inquire respecting its influence and tendency, the motives and objects of its supporters. We are not able to test the intrinsic character of everything, or examine the original sources of evidence. Much has to be tried by observation, experience, and common sense. What works well is adopted and used generally, and commends itself as useful and worthy. Such is the course pursued in the every day business of life, and is equally adapted to literature, politics, and religion.

There have been men in all ages, and they are numerous and active at this day, who deny the vital truths of Christianity as the personality and moral government of God, and the immortality of man. Their language of old was,—“Who is the Almighty that we should fear him, and what profit shall he have, if we pray unto him?” “There is no God.” “Man has no preeminence above a beast.” “Death is an eternal sleep.” Many and ingenious are the devices for supporting such assumptions. The most elaborate researches are made for facts and incidents in their favor, science is investigated with wonderful assiduity and persistence, and a facility never surpassed of gliding from one theory to another and ignoring inconsistencies.

Now practical people will look for the influence and tendency of all this. *Cui bono?* What's the use? Suppose the world exists without a plan, government, or intelligent author, what then? Suppose man was developed from the ape, the worm, or whatever form of matter, and at death falls to dust and extinction, what better is all this for us? It is easy to see why some should grasp at these conclusions; the immoral, reckless, desperate may welcome irresponsibility and oblivion. The more they can accept degrading views of their origin and destiny, the easier to excuse their sins and crimes. Such debasing tendency is sufficient to condemn all these theories.

Who are the world's benefactors? Who have done most to elevate men in intelligence, virtue, and happiness? Those who have taught the personality of God, that he is an infinite Spirit, the creator, preserver and governor of the universe; that man was made by him and like him, with high mental powers and capacities, to maintain a conscious existence forever. It is the doctrines which teach men their dignity and importance, that incite to noble deeds, that bless individuals, communities and nations.

If I am born into a chance world, with no real responsibility, an insolvable enigma to my fellows and myself, and when, this frail, brief life is past that is the end of me, how small my motive for worthy exertion! Why may I not be selfish, sport as the insect of a day, eat and drink, since to-morrow I shall die and be no more?

But if I believe that this is but the beginning of my existence, that an infinitely wise and good being has put me here under a beneficent discipline to prepare for a more exalted sphere, then I have a worthy motive to make the best of this life, render the greatest help to my companions, and so prepare for the future. Thus patience, fortitude, love, hope are cherished in view of the encouragements afforded, while I apply myself to the duties of the present, and joyfully expect the day when what is most trying and mysterious now will have a propitious unfolding.

There is the great mystery of death. How tenaciously we cling to life, so that death is indeed the king of terrors. How can the infidel meet it, cutting short his plans, crushing his hopes, all dark and blank before him? He can only meet it as an inevitable necessity. But the Christian triumphs over the grave. Death is to him a portal to the skies—a removal to a higher and a better life. When the friends of the infidel die, they perish like the brutes, and are lost. But our dear ones who die in the Lord are not lost; they have but gone on to the heavenly shore, and will soon meet and welcome us there, to be separated from us no more. Then we shall meet not only them, but the good of all ages, and Jesus the captain of our salvation, to dwell forever in that holy, happy place.

Nor is this mere aspiration and assumption. Were it indeed an illusion, it would be a most happy and beneficent one. But the illusion and assumption are all on the other side. The unbeliever represses and crushes all his best native tendencies, he makes no account of the deepest convictions and noblest experiences of mankind in all nations and in all ages, he disregards the highest and most substantial evidence furnished by history. Because some corrupt men have sought to cloak their wickedness by a refuge of lies, shall I give up that hope of the gospel which has done so much to purify and elevate the world? Because some visionary men choose the reveries of a vain imagination in preference to substantial science, shall I give up that hope which I and so many others have found an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast?

Because some conceited men prefer their own devices to the authority of revelation, shall I give up that word which is truly a lamp to the feet and a light to the path? No; the good old book contains the sure word of prophecy, to which we do well to give heed, as profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. Let us adhere to it in all its simplicity and purity, faithfully performing its requirements, relying implicitly on its promises, and through a useful and worthy life here we shall be led to a glorious life hereafter.—J. J. N.

## Who Made Woman?

Miss Phelps says: “Women are what men have made them.” It is a compliment to men. In view of the material, and the thing fashioned from it, men have done well, and their works praise them. Mrs. Stowe agrees with Miss Phelps, that “women are what men have made them.” In her “Pink and White Tyranny” this sentiment often apologizes for the existence of such a woman as Mrs. Lillie Seymour. According to the law of demand and supply, her character looks on its attributes. Men wanted, for a season, a bundle of embroidered worthlessness, a creature of bewitching heartlessness, and she was made to order, by the instinct to please. This shifts the compliment to the female side. It praises the amiability, or rather the pliability, of woman. In her disinterested desire to gratify the wishes of shallow men she sacrifices mind and soul, subordinating her prerogatives, as a moral being, to the taste of Newport dandies. What unparalleled self-forgetfulness! And it is common to all the sex, for “women are what men have made them.” It is a fair question for the next meeting of the Sorosis to decide, to which sex the implied compliment of this remark belongs.

Perhaps however it is intended for blame,—the voice of the thing formed saying to him that formed it,—“Why hast thou made me thus?” In that case we still think the “potter” has done exceedingly well, and so in reply, return good for evil. But let the remark flatter or blame us, be advanced by talented authoresses, or vociferated on the platform where woman demands her “rights,” we remain incredulous, and pride ourselves on having too much gallantry to accept as true this account of woman's creation. We deny that “women are what men have made them.” May the contradiction be pardoned. Having attended several conventions devoted to the extension of the ballot to women, and carefully listened to the unsurpassed eloquence of the speakers, we are forced, in spite of ourselves, to believe that woman is unjustly disfranchised, and have stood ready, ever since, to offer her our arm and escort her to the polls; but if it is true, as the remark above implies, that she has no will of her own, no self-determining forces, no power to create herself, then, really, we must beg to decline asking the pleasure of her company, and go arm in arm with some colored brother to the ward room. The old rhyme has it,—

“What woman wills she will,  
And you may depend upon it!”

and most men, sooner or later, come to believe it. The poetry is all taken out of these lines, and much fact from history, when we declare her graciousness to be, in such excess, and her willingness so wanting, that she is only too happy, in order to please brainless male flirts, to give up ambition, dwarf her intellect, starve her intelligence, squander her affections, destroy her womanly impulses, and force all genuineness out of her life. Such a creature is too supple for citizenship in a republic. Her sphere is in a monarchy. She has an incapacity for self-government which unfits her to take charge of the state. Notwithstanding the powerful logic opened on us in every woman's convention, we can not, if this is her nature, be cajoled nor pushed to recommend the proposed amendment to the constitution. We have supple voters enough. The country staggers under the weight of them. It is taught as a duty, and heeded as a religious rite already, that Catholic priests know better than their people whom they should remember on election day. The country groans for the want of voters stiff with will-power, intelligence and independence. If “women are what men have made them,” when the day of promise dawns, in which the disfranchised half of the American people shall be emancipated from the condition of paupers, criminals and idiots, the stale slander of opponents to female suffrage will become a fact, and beaux and not brains will dance into office. Presidential nominations will, on that day, be secured on the floor of ball rooms at Newport and Saratoga.

“It is as much your fault as ours that you write epics while we hem frills,” says Miss Phelps; “that you support the family, while we punch stiletto holes in a piece of cambric, and prick yards of muslin into embroidered ‘inserts’ to encircle our necks and arms withal.” Are we then married to an obsequious piece of putty? Is woman in century the XIX, a smiling image of plaster? As a chivalric knight burning with desire to defend the innocent, and ready always to rescue the fair fame of woman from her detractors, we repel the insinuation that she is not the artificer of herself, and throw down our gauntlet over the assertion that her character is her own handiwork. Confident of this, we say, “Please pass her the ballot box.”

It is a current belief that mothers give character to their sons. The fair, eloquent and irresistible pleaders for female suffrage, in proving the ability of their sex, do never hesitate to pluck from the head of great men their laurels, and cast them into the laps of their mothers. All along the centuries the sovereignty of this power over mankind has been acknowledged. History, poetry and science reverently do homage before the mother. None hasten more

rapidly to honor her than the gifted women of this century. The same voices that tell you, “women are what men have made them,” defend ably the idea that men are indebted for their brains to their mothers. So it happens, by their logic, after all, that men are what women have made them. The question of credit for the creation of the sexes, therefore, remains unreconciled between them, until we know which first began the work.—J. A. H.

## Current Topics.

—THE LAST BLOW AT MORMONISM. The troubles thicken at Salt Lake City, grow more serious, and spring from the bosom of the saintly family itself. Besides the opposition to Brigham Young and his doctrine of polygamy, led in a measure by the sons of the first great prophet, Joseph Smith,—the planting of churches by Episcopalians and Methodists in the very shadow of the Mormon Tabernacle,—the holding of a great meeting recently, which stirred up the faithful and made some converts even among the adherents of the modern faith,—besides all this, there has lately appeared a new and perplexing source of anxiety and alarm. A Mrs. Hawkins, who was the first of a number of wives claimed by a Mormon deacon, has brought a suit in the United States Court against her husband for marrying other women illegally. According to United States law, polygamy is a serious crime, and it is not easy to see how the court can treat it as anything less than this.—And if Mrs. Hawkins succeeds in her suit, the fact will encourage every other indignant, or dissatisfied, or jealous first wife in the church to follow her example. The consequences can be in part foreseen. Hosts of female spouses, who had from a half to a fifth interest in some Mormon lord, will be turned adrift, their children pronounced illegitimate, and even the husbands may find themselves meditating in a cell instead of managing in a harem. The case is exciting no little interest, both in Salt Lake City and in the country generally. The whole Mormon system appears to be on the way to a thorough dissolution, either by the process of gradual disintegration or through the hastening of a catastrophe.

—THE TAMMANY FRAUDS. The work of exposing the corruptions of the managers of the New York City Government, so well begun by the *Times*, is still most effectively followed up by that paper, and by the *Tribune*, the *Golden Age* and the *Independent*. The most staid citizens are really aroused, and the country generally is startled. Probably only a small part of the terrible truth has yet been brought forward, but enough appears to show that the official lying and stealing of the managing ring,—we use plain but proper words,—have reached proportions that are colossal, and are reduced to a system which would do credit to the brain of Goulet and Fisk. Whether there is earnestness enough to bring about anything like a real reform remains to be seen; but a portion of the New York Press is certainly magnifying its office in making these exposures.

—FINANCIAL TESTIMONY. It is a pretty significant reply to the charges against what are called the extravagance and corruption of the republican administration of Grant, and the insane financial theories of Secretary Boutwell, that the finances of the country exhibit such aspects as appear on the most superficial survey. The taxes are steadily and largely reduced, the burdens imposed upon the people grow lighter, the debt of the nation diminishes, what remains is being funded at lower rates of interest, and the credit of the government is steadily improving both at home and abroad. The plain, brief, monthly statements of the Secretary are very welcome and grateful, and the exhibit recently made by the National Republican Committee, showing the financial results of two years of Grant's administration, is a pleasant piece of reading in spite of its mass of figures, and will repay careful study on the part of spiteful democratic critics.

—TRYING TO UNITE. The Baptists and the Disciples,—sometimes known as Campbellites,—have been holding meetings for consultation with a view of finding, if they might, some common statement of doctrine and polity which should lead to a formal union. Nothing decisive is reached, though the conferences have not been without value. The Disciples stickle for a recognition of baptism as somehow vitally connected with regeneration, to which the Baptists strongly and properly object. It is observable that both parties “commit themselves” most emphatically to close communion, as though it were really a vital thing in church building. Our faith in their fraternity would be immensely increased if they would promptly spurn that element of exclusiveness, as having no warrant in Scripture and as being at war with true Christian charity. They will do that some day, and then wonder that they had not done it before.

—LIBERAL ROMANISM. The protest of such men as Hyacinthine and Dollinger against the later assumptions of the Papacy is bearing fruit. A meeting of leading Catholics was lately held at Heidelberg, Germany, at which effective steps were taken to form an ecclesiastical party which should begin by rejecting all the larger and more extravagant pretensions of the great hierarchy, and endeavor to define a Catholicism consistent with logic and common sense, and which acknowledges the right of private judgment. Of course this virtually contains the very essence of Romanism, and would make the Pope's tiara nothing but a child's bauble, as it really is. The movement is full of meaning and promise, and every Protestant may well pray for its success.







## Poetry.

## Waiting the Change.

I have no moan to make,  
No bitter tears to shed;  
No heart that, for rebellious grief,  
Will not be comforted.

There is no friend of mine  
Laid in the earth to sleep—  
No grave, or green or heaped afresh,  
By which I stand and weep.

Though some, whose presence once  
Sweet comfort round me shed,  
Here in the body walk no more  
The way that I must tread.

Not they, but what they were  
Went to the house of fear—  
They were the incorruptible,  
They left corruption here.

The veil of flesh that hid,  
Is softly drawn aside:  
More clearly I behold them now  
Than those who never died.

Who died! what means that word  
Of men so much abhorred?  
Caught up in clouds of heaven to be  
Forever with the Lord!

To give this body, racked  
With mortal ills and cares,  
For one as glorious and as fair  
As our Redeemer wears.

To leave our shame and sin,  
Our hunger and disgrace;  
To come unto ourselves, to turn  
And find our Father's face.

To run, to leap, to walk—  
To quit our beds of pain,  
And live where the inhabitants  
Are never sick again.

To sit no longer dumb,  
Nor halt, nor blind; to rise;  
To praise the Healer with our tongue,  
And see life with our eyes.

To leave cold winter snows  
And burning summer heats;  
And walk in soft, white, tender light,  
About the golden streets.

Thank God for all my loved  
That, out of pain and care,  
Have safely reached the heavenly heights,  
And stay to meet me there!

Not these I mourn, I know  
Their joy by faith sublime—  
But for myself, that still below  
Must wait my appointed time.

## The Best That I Can.

"I can not do much," said a little star,  
"To make the dark world bright!  
My silvery beams can not struggle far  
Through the folding gloom of night,  
But I'm only a part of God's great plan  
And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
"Of these few drops that I hold?  
They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
Though caught in her cup of gold;  
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,  
So my measure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play;  
But a thought, like a silver thread,  
Kept winding in and out all day  
Through the happy, golden lead;  
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,  
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,  
Nor the cloud with its chalice full,  
How, why and for what all strange things were—  
She was only a child at school!  
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan  
That even I should do all I can."

She helped a younger child along  
When the road was rough to the feet,  
And she sang from her heart a little song  
That was all thought-passing sweet;  
And her father, a weary, toll-worn man,  
Said, "I will do likewise, the best that I can."

Our best? Ah, children! the best of us  
Must hide our faces away,  
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look  
At our task at the close of the day;  
But for strength from above, 'tis the Master's plan  
We'll pray, and we'll do the best we can.

## The Family Circle.

## People in My Watch.

"Let me out! I want to stretch! I am  
smothering! I'm all curled up and  
crippled. Let me out, I say!"

Of course, I couldn't write any more,  
when I heard such cries of distress close by  
me on the table.

"I say, let me out, I can't stand it!"  
And I found that the voice was from  
inside a splendid watch that lay on my table  
—one of the best watches that I ever knew.

Keep it wound up, and it will run a year  
without losing half a minute. The man  
that had it before me, said it hadn't varied  
fifteen seconds in a year. It was one of the  
"Raymond" watches, such as they make  
out at Elgin, in Illinois.

Of course, I was surprised to hear cries  
of distress coming from so good a watch.  
I thought that the inside works of a good  
watch were contented. Pray, where shall  
we find contentment, it not in a watch,  
where everything is so smooth and clean  
and regular, and keeps on going without  
any fuss or dust; enough to do every  
second, and not a bit too much.

"I say, do you hear? Let me out! I  
can't turn. I can't stretch."

The voice came from the Mainspring. I  
found, by listening closely at a little hole  
that is left in the mainspring barrel, through  
which the teeth talked back to the Main-  
spring. You see the hole was left there to  
put oil in, or to look through, or to talk  
through, or something. It was a half-round  
hole in Mainspring's "prison," as he called  
it. And so the Teeth of the spring barrel  
spoke back—

"O, keep quiet, keep quiet! We can't  
get along any faster than we do. We let  
you uncoil once a day. What more can  
you ask?"

"Well, but let me stretch out now. Let  
me jump. Let me spin and break things.  
I feel as if I could."

"O, we can't move," said Teeth, "any  
better than you can. You strain on us, and  
we strain on the pinion of the Centerwheel.  
I am sure we wish that Centerwheel would  
turn faster, but he won't. His teeth come  
round—we have got pretty well acquainted  
with them now—they come round about  
once an hour. They won't hurry."

"Well," said Mainspring, "punch 'em  
up! punch 'em up! Let's have things mov-  
ing."

"We're doing our best. But, as you say  
so, we'll talk to them as they come round.  
I say, Centerwheel, can't you hurry up a  
little?"

"Why, bless you," answered Center-  
wheel, "don't you see that we have to wait  
on Thirdwheel? You are all the while  
driving us up, and we go as fast as we can,  
but we can't hurry up this everlasting slow  
coach of a Thirdwheel. It goes along in  
little bits of jerks. There is something or  
other beyond it that makes a click-clack  
once in so often, just enough to make one  
wish it would go more. Jolly! I wish I  
was Thirdwheel. I'd let her rip, and have  
a good time."

"Well," said Centerwheel, "pass it on.  
Find out what is the matter."

So they passed it on till it came to Es-  
capewheel, with its few and funny teeth—  
only eight or ten of them. But it was a  
beautiful wheel, and very delicate, and it  
kept playing with two jewels, hitting one  
and then hitting the other; and as soon as  
they hit, they would dodge back out of the  
way; and the jewels couldn't tell why they  
were dodging so regularly.

"They heard tell," they said, "of a Wig-  
wag, that did nothing all day long but to  
wig-wag up there on top of us all, having  
such a good time—he just goes round once  
in one direction, and then dances round in  
the other direction—doesn't have to go  
on regularly, the way we do. It's a real  
good time he has up there on top of us all!"

"Down with him," said Mainspring.  
"Put him out!" said Teeth.  
"Kill him!" said Pinion.

"Let us up!"  
"Let's run!"

But the teeth were strong and the pin-  
ions sound, and they couldn't get away from  
each other.

Back and forth went the Balance, which  
they called Wig-wag. And when the  
grumblers down below held their tongues  
a minute, and were hard at work, Balance  
measured off his words regularly, and said,  
"I, too, go in the dark. I am lonely  
here. I go one way, I go back. I go the  
same way, I go back. I don't know what  
I do for, I am shut in as much as you.  
You drive me, and I am driven. What it's  
all for, I'm sure I can't tell. A watch is a  
very great mystery!"

Then they held a watch council. They  
stopped complaining, and quarreling, and  
scolding each other, and the question they  
talked about was—

"What are we for, anyway? What is  
a watch? We are all shut in here, and we  
can't get out. What are we for, anyway?"

So they began to look along back from  
wheel to wheel, till they came to Center-  
wheel again, and he said,

"My long axle sticks out through the  
watch, and I don't know what's on the other  
end of me. It goes out through, and  
now and then, I see a little light coming  
in from that direction. What is done out  
there I'm sure that I can't tell."

"That's the way with me, too," said little  
Fourthwheel. "One of my pivots is  
long, and reaches out through a little hole,  
and a little light comes in now and then,  
but what it's all for, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what is it for?" said Mainspring.  
"What?" said Thirdwheel.

And they all kept on working, wondering  
what?

So I took up the watch and went with it  
down in our observatory. It was a beauti-  
ful evening. I looked at the hands on the  
face of the watch, and then I looked through  
the telescope of the transit instrument, wait-  
ing for a star that I should see before long.

Pretty soon the star came sailing in to-  
ward the spider lines in the telescope. I  
held the watch to my ear, and began to  
count the seconds. I noted exactly the time  
when the star touched the spider lines in the  
telescope. And when the star had got  
across them all, I corrected the figures and  
looked at my watch—my beautiful Elgin  
watch—and found it thirteen seconds  
slow. Mainspring and two wheels had  
been listening and wondering, and when I  
said "thirteen seconds slow," Mainspring  
whispered to Balance,

"Ask him! ask him what is going on  
there outside."

So Balance ticked out to me, "Thirteen  
seconds slow," what is that, sir?"

"Don't you know what a watch is for?"  
said I.

"No," said Balance.

"Why, every time the stars seem to go  
round us once, your hand must go round  
twice. So it will make no difference whether  
I measure a year by your hands, that you  
stick out for me to look at, or by the great  
stars that God gave me to look at. And  
when I get a watch that goes regularly, ac-  
cording to God's stars, then I call it a good  
watch."

"Is that what we are for?" said Balance.

"Yes," said I, "that's what you are for  
—to go regularly according to God's stars,  
and help me to go regularly. And I help  
my boys and girls to go regularly."

"Can you see out?" asked Balance.

"Not very far," I answered.

"Do you want to know what you are  
for?" asked Balance.

"Yes, I wish I did," I answered.

"Can you ever find out?"

"Yes, I shall know when somebody  
away up outside tells me, the way I told  
you."

"What did you say we were for, sir?"

"To go round with God's stars."

Balance said to Fourthwheel, "We  
keep time with the stars."

And Fourthwheel said to Third, "We  
keep time with the stars."

And so they passed it back, till they got  
to Mainspring in his barrel, and told him,  
"We keep time with the stars."

"O, is that it?" said he. "Well, then I  
will pull away as hard as I can."

And ever since that night, no matter  
when I choose to listen, I hear them singing  
inside my watch-case, "We keep step with  
the stars. We keep step with the stars."—  
Little Corporal.

## Cloudy and Sunshine.

"Come," said Cloudy to Sunshine, "it is  
time for you to be stirring. I'm going to  
make as much trouble as I can, to-day, and  
if you persist in following the round, I'll  
keep you busy!"

"O Cloudy," answered Sunshine, "how can  
you be so wicked? If you only knew how  
blessed it is to make others happy, instead of miserable! Please  
try it for to-day. If—" but Cloudy had  
dashed off, looking dark as a thunder-cloud,  
into a small room where was a poor crippled  
girl. "Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "you  
here still! How hard it is that you have to  
suffer so much. I wouldn't bear it. God  
does not love you, or think of you. If he  
did, your prayers would have been answered  
long ago. Don't trust him." But just  
as he uttered these dreadful words, Sun-  
shine crept in, all aglow with love and hap-  
piness. He stood between the sufferer and  
Cloudy, and his brightness lighted up her  
countenance most wonderfully as he softly  
whispered, "Poor child! it is hard to lie  
here day after day and suffer. You want  
an active life in your Master's service,  
and he has chosen otherwise for you. But  
never doubt him however he may lead you.  
As many as I love I chasten." He who  
nurtures the sparrow, and marks the smallest  
flower of the field, will not forget his child.

And Sunshine moved away, leaving the  
sick child comforted.

Meanwhile Cloudy had made his presence  
known in the village school, prompting the  
children to idleness, to fault-finding, to  
hard words, and even to blows. One little  
boy greatly discouraged by Cloudy's whis-  
perings, kicked his arithmetic under the  
desk, laid his head on his slate, and fell  
asleep. Sunshine found him out, and seat-  
ing himself on the edge of his seat, called to  
him, "Jim, Jim, wake up, you lazy little  
fellow! pick up your arithmetic. And  
slipping off his ear, he gave him a little flash,  
which made Jim thoroughly awake.

"Eight and nine make seventeen, not  
nineteen," so whispered Sunshine, glanc-  
ing at the slate; "there is your mistake."  
And softly patting the curly head, he crossed  
over to a little fellow who looked as if he  
might be Cloudy himself, so cross and  
pouty. Sunshine sat on his nose a moment  
and tickled him, skipped back and forth over  
his lips, whirled round and round on his  
cheeks, danced a jig in his hair, shone in  
his eyes, till the little one smiled, picked up  
his geography, and went to studying.

Then Sunshine, darting a ray or two of his  
brightness into the heart of the tired and  
perplexed teacher, left to follow trouble-  
some Cloudy.

Ethel May stood by the window of her  
own room, cloud-enveloped; and as Sun-  
shine came gently in, he found his brother  
seated on one of Ethel's earrings, whisper-  
ing, "Give it up; give it up. What's the  
use of trying any longer? You can never  
be good. Mercy! what a temper you have!  
And of what avail are all your tears and  
prayers? It's real fun to have your own  
way. Who wants to be forever fighting,  
and sighing, and praying, and then failing  
as you do? Umph! I wouldn't pray again  
in a week, if I were you. You'll never  
reach heaven with the few good works  
you've done. Give it up." "No, no, no,"  
cried Sunshine, as he knocked softly at the  
young girl's heart. "Open the door wide,  
Ethel, for me. Not discouraged so soon!  
'They who endure to the end shall be saved.'  
'There is none that doeth good, no,  
not one.' 'The blood of Jesus cleanseth  
from all sin.' Don't forget that; the blood  
of Jesus, nothing more, nothing less." Ethel's  
face grew beautiful as she listened,  
and took the precious truth home to her  
heart.

Dear little readers, each of you can be  
daily one or the other of these characters. If  
you would be like Sunshine, open your  
hearts to the blessed "Sun of Righteous-  
ness"; then, with love to Him, you will  
rejoice in doing all you can for the comfort  
and happiness of others, and find in your  
own experience "it is more blessed to give  
than to receive."—*Christian Weekly*.

## To a Fellow I Love.

He is a very pleasant fellow—genial,  
frank, lovable. Till within the last short  
period his society has been courted for its  
varied excellence. But to-day, although  
his friends still love him, and pity him still  
more, they do not like to see him. They  
do not desire to be seen with him, for his  
once desired society has something compro-  
mising to-day. His dress is careless and  
awry, wants the neatness which once char-  
acterized it, and his face is puffy, having a  
sallow, cadaverous look, and strangers say,  
"How fat you are getting!" but the truth  
would be, "How bloated you have be-  
come!"

I don't think that he imagines that this  
article refers to him, for he does not know  
that I know him. He will be apt to read it  
over, perhaps, and will say that it refers to  
another fellow, who is really in a bad way,  
and will try to comfort himself by thinking  
that he will never get so bad himself. Pos-  
sibly, if he may be inclined to think it does  
refer to himself, he will ascribe it to the ugly  
feelings of some newspaper writer, who he  
knows has a grudge against him. In fact,  
he thinks he has "had hard lines lately"—  
that everything has gone wrong. Somebody  
else gets the bargain, or trade,

or contract that he was after; that some  
folks are down on him who were once his  
best friends.

The truth is that he is deemed untrust-  
worthy. He drinks too much for confidence  
—for reliance. His friends fear to put  
themselves and their affairs into his shaky  
hands—for they do literally shake when he  
gets up in the morning from his harrowed  
sleep, until his unseasonable cocktail has  
braced his nerves.

His wife, he thinks, is a perfect scold, and  
an unreasonable woman, because she does  
but her duty, and pours out the agony of  
her soul in entreating him not to impover-  
ish the family—not to wreck their mutual  
happiness—not to set such a frightful exam-  
ple to the children, whose happiness was  
as the apple of his eye, and whose love and  
respect were beyond all other earthly pos-  
sessions.

His customers and business friends grow  
suspicious when they find that he is out, and  
at the house. His employer will most  
surely dismiss him when his quarter-day  
comes round; and, when advised of this,  
he protests "that there is a combination  
against him—that this or that clerk wants  
to get him out, and stating that he is out  
for drinks when he is only after his lunch  
or some important business." His anger  
is the greater because he knows the  
truth is as they say.

In vain does his doctor tell him that a  
fearful fate awaits him. Some trivial com-  
plaint, as another man would find it to be,  
would surely be fatal to him. His once  
powerful constitution is shattered from this  
persistent drinking. No matter what is the  
quantity, whether pints or quarts, the effect  
is the thing, and that is evident.

Now, my friend, as you read this, just see  
that this is meant expressly for you. You  
have allowed yourself to get into the grasp  
of the fatal tiger, and there is no breaking  
away utterly and entirely from him. There  
is no use temporizing, playing with it, wait-  
ing for a better season, "tapering off." You  
are a drunkard, my friend. The expres-  
sion is a harsh one, I know; but the  
facts justify it, and no drunkard ever  
"tapered off." The only remedy is to  
knock it off entirely, from the very mo-  
ment—now, while you have the fact before  
your face. The very man who will soon  
ask you to take a drink with him, told his  
wife last night that "you were drinking  
like a fish." Will you go now and com-  
mence again with him? And the boys in  
your street are telling that brave son of  
yours that "his father could scarcely walk  
home last night, he was so tipsy." And that  
father was you. And that noble boy  
said, a day or two ago: "Father, if I will  
get a paper, will you sign the pledge with  
me?" And you said you would!

You promised your friend that you would  
not drink again till January, and pledged  
your manly word to him; but, surely, you  
will not go to your grave bearing a broken  
vow as a memory for your child?

Unhappy man, let a beloved wife and  
children and mother and friends plead with  
me. Cut this out from the paper, and put  
it into your pocket, and think of it.

Keep away from all the company that be-  
lieve in drinks. Don't get a lunch where  
there is a bar; above all, don't join in a  
treat, and take soda-water or sarsaparilla,  
while your friends are taking something  
stronger, for you to hanker after.

Remember that the past dissipation has  
enfeebled your mind, and you are not men-  
tally strong enough to withstand tempta-  
tion. Discretion is the better part of  
valor; so keep away from temptation.

As you are, an early death and a dis-  
graced name as a legacy to your children are  
certain; and the only help is absolute re-  
nunciation of everything intoxicating. Is  
it possible that you have not manhood  
enough to swear utterly to discard all al-  
coholic drink forever and to keep your oath?  
The alternative is fearful.

## The Sunday-School Boy.

Our Thomas dropped a fine red apple out  
of the front window, which rolled very near  
the iron railing between the grass-plot and  
the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up.  
Shortly after, two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that boun-  
cing apple! Let's look it out!"

The other boy nudged him with a whis-  
per, "Oh, don't! there's somebody look-  
ing." And they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the  
apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it;  
then put her hand through the rails, and  
tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched  
it. She looked around; a man was com-  
ing down the street. The girl withdrew  
her hand, and went away.

A ragged-looking little fellow came by  
soon after. "That boy will grab the apple,"  
said I to myself, peeping through the  
blinds. His bright eyes at once caught  
sight of it, and he stopped. After looking  
at it a moment, he ran across the street and  
picked up a stick. He poked it through  
the rails, and drew the apple near enough  
to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy  
hands, I could not help seeing how long  
it had been to eat it. Did he pocket it, and run?  
No. He came up the steps, and rang the  
door-bell. "I went to the door."

"I found this big apple in your front  
garden," said the boy, "and I thought may-  
be you had dropped it out, and didn't know it  
was there: so I picked it up, and have  
brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh," said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I,  
"where it would have been hard to find its  
owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy;  
"which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the dif-  
ference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath-school teacher. He has  
explained the eighth commandment to me,  
and I know it; what is better, I mean to  
stick to it. What's the use of knowing, un-

less you act up to it?" Here he handed me  
the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I  
am glad you brought it in; for I like to  
know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, how-  
ever; only I think you will agree with me,  
that he is the right sort of Sabbath school  
scholar. He squares his conduct by the faith-  
ful Christian instruction which he gets  
there.—*Young Pilgrim*.

## The Saw of Contention.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my  
saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it  
through the board awhile, it's most hot  
enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction!" said Frank, with all  
the superior wisdom of two years more  
than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary who was pass-  
ing; "it's the friction; but do you know  
what it makes me think of?"

"No, what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrel-  
ing over a trifle this morning, and the more  
they talked, the hotter their tempers grew,  
until there was no knowing what might  
have happened, if mother had not thrown  
cold water on the fire by sending them in-  
to separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary  
went on.

"There is an old proverb which says,  
'The longer the saw of contention is  
drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie,  
"when we find ourselves getting angry,  
let's run out and use the saw Kris-kringle  
brought me, and then we won't find time  
for the saw of contention."—*Young Reaper*.

## Literary Review.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, called  
Frederick the Great. By John S. Abbott,  
author of the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte,"  
etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper  
& Brothers, 1871. Royal octavo. Pp. 684.  
Sold by A. Williams & Co.

The qualities of Mr. Abbott's style as a histori-  
an are well known through his previous works.  
Indeed, they are such as report themselves at  
once even to the cursory reader. They lie on the  
surface, and exhibit their full proportions without  
asking leave or waiting for specific inquiry. He  
is never profound, seldom carefully critical, al-  
ways far from exhaustive. He seizes chiefly up-  
on the salient points of a character or a transac-  
tion, and leaves the deeper and perhaps more  
significant things comparatively unstudied. One  
can not always trust his judgment. It is often  
plain enough that his sympathies warp his intel-  
lect if they do not partially master his conscience.  
There is ever something of the partisan in him.  
He delivers his opinions *ex cathedra*, and yet, as  
he states the case, the untaught and unsuspect-  
ing reader is naturally disposed to accept both  
his declarations and his inferences, until a fuller  
knowledge or a more critical estimate compels  
a doubt and then leads to a denial. One gets very  
little of the philosophy of history from his works.  
He paints instead of expounding. He spreads  
out phenomena instead of elucidating principles.  
He unravels a panorama instead of interpreting a  
national career. In his hands history is a bril-  
liant kaleidoscope rather than an exhibition of  
the method of Providence and the working out  
of great problems in the life of mankind.

But these qualities make him eminently enter-  
taining. His picturesqueness of style, the vivid-  
ness with which he paints his heroes, the thor-  
oughly human aspect worn by all his leading per-  
sonages, the constant play of finesse and the fierce  
contests of passion that mark his pages,—these  
things stir a lively interest and forbid enu-  
meral or loss of eagerness. The reader's mind is never  
tired, but always exhilarated. Incidents are  
skillfully grasped. The colloquies are full of au-  
thority even when the element of stage-play is  
very prominent. Mr. Abbott delights in the  
dramatic like a genuine Frenchman, and he puts  
his pieces and his personages behind the foot-  
lights in very effective ways, so that the pit  
not only boisterously stamps, but the boxes also  
applaud with bravos and waving of scented han-  
kerchiefs. So that Mr. Abbott has really done  
a little to turn public attention to what is sig-  
nificant in history, and instructed the many who  
naturally take to romance rather than to philoso-  
phy.

This new volume is certainly one of his best.  
The criticisms upon his earlier works have served  
a good purpose, and his larger knowledge and  
completer mental maturity have chastened his im-  
agination and invigorated his style. His testimo-  
ny is ample; his advocacy puts more honor upon  
fairness; his verdicts show less personal bias and  
more real justice. He has set forth the great  
Prussian monarch and warrior with an evident  
aim at truthfulness, and both he and the events  
which he did so much to shape for central Europe  
are exhibited in the clearness of a dry light. The  
volume is as interesting as one of Charles Reade's  
novels, and many of its moral lessons are as ob-  
vious as those which are offered in Bishop Hall's  
homilies. The publishers have done their part  
of the work in most superb style, making the vol-  
ume, even in its plain letterpress, as attractive as  
a picture; while its maps and engravings render  
it something like a gallery of art.

REINDEER, DOGS AND SNOW-SHOES: A Jour-  
nal of Siberian travel and explorations made  
in the years 1865-7. By Richard J. Bush, late  
of the Russo-American telegraph expedition.  
With Illustrations. New York: Harper &  
Brothers, 1871. Octavo. Pp. 629.

Works of the class to which this volume be-  
longs are always welcome, even though they  
multiply as rapidly as the prolific presses of the  
Messrs. Harper can send them out. We have  
been indebted to these publishers for many vol-  
umes of travel and adventure, whose varied ex-  
cellences make them worthy of a place on the  
shelves of public and private libraries; but very  
few if any of them have exceeded in value this  
admirable volume devoted to Siberia. Mr. Bush  
had the amplest opportunities for observation  
and study in that unique and interesting country,  
and







## News Summary.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

An attempt to arrest a German in Cincinnati for selling beer on Sunday was a failure, and the policeman was badly beaten.

Three children were burned to death by a destructive fire at Youngstown, Ohio, on Saturday night.

Secretary Boutwell has withdrawn the four and four and a half per cent. loan from the market.

A fire broke out in a Jersey City liquor store on Monday evening and was followed by an explosion. Five stores were burned out and three persons burned to death; loss \$70,000. One of the firms has been arrested for arson.

A section of 125 miles on the Northern Pacific Railroad west of Duluth has been accepted by the company.

Telegraphic communication between New York and Japan was established Wednesday. Messages were transmitted from London and answers returned in the afternoon.

In a riot growing out of suppression of the liquor traffic on the Northern Pacific Railroad a sheriff was dangerously shot and a rioter killed.

The recent accident on the Maine Central Railroad, at Bangor, was the result of a general system of careless management, according to the verdict rendered by the coroner's jury.

The coroner's inquest in the matter of the Westfield explosion, being concluded, the jury rendered a verdict declaring the engineer incompetent and the ferry company criminally negligent in employing him. The President, directors, superintendent and engineer are to be arrested and put under bonds to await the action of the grand jury.

New York fears the immediate advent of the cholera, and protective measures are being inaugurated.

The total current internal revenue paid into the Treasury to the close of the last fiscal year is \$1,698,865,543.

The officers of the Staten Island Ferry Company were arrested Thursday and committed to the Tombs. Admission to bail was at first denied them, but it was subsequently granted by Judge Sutherland.

An eminent lawyer is reported to have declared that no marriage is legal which is celebrated on Sunday, it being a civil contract.

Gatesville, Texas, is excited over an immense orange-outing, which has fiery eyes, a double set of teeth, and carries off a calf under his arm with ease.

Henry Clews, Rufus Choate, John Foley, Lewis Ballard, Joseph Peers and ex-governor Salomon have been appointed as a committee to take charge of arrangements for a public meeting in reference to the alleged frauds in New York city's accounts, upon the fourth of September.

Fifty business and dwelling houses were burned at Dallas, Oregon, on Thursday. The loss is an excess of the insurance, which is about \$100,000.

New York stock-jobbers perpetrated a fraud on Thursday night of the most unscrupulous sort. A fictitious letter stating the destruction by fire of the Pacific Mail steamship Henry Chauncey was sent to the newspapers and published in several of them next morning. It was calculated to affect the Pacific Mail stock, but the fraud was soon discovered. A large reward is offered for its perpetrator.

The board of inspectors appointed by Secretary Boutwell to investigate the cause of the explosion of the boiler of the ferry-boat Westfield, in New York, have reported. They find that the engineer was guilty of carrying more steam than the inspector's certificate allowed, and make the superintendent of the ferry company share with him the blame for the accident. They recommend that each steamer have on board a supervising captain and engineer.

## FOREIGN.

Two fatal cases of cholera in Paris are announced.

In Königsberg, Prussia, on the 14th inst., 62 persons were attacked by the cholera, and there were 22 deaths from the disease.

By a volcanic eruption and a tidal wave a whole island in the Malay Archipelago was recently depopulated, 416 being killed.

The Koreans have carried off two Englishmen and one German, and the English fleet has gone to investigate.

An enormous amount of petroleum oil was discovered hidden in the column of the Bastille, placed there by the insurgents to fire it.

It is rumored that the right wing of the French assembly has offered the presidency of France to Duc d'Aumale and that he has refused it.

The meeting of the emperors and their advisers at Gastein is generally regarded as a pledge of peace. The French pretend to be indifferent to the meeting and predict an alliance between France and Russia.

Four hundred lives were lost and property to the value of \$500,000 was destroyed by a typhoon at Kobe, near Yokohama, Japan, on the 4th inst.

A case of Asiatic cholera has appeared in London, and creates an extraordinary excitement among the people. The cholera is increasing in Königsberg, but no cases have yet appeared at Danzig.

The Cubans claim that even with no more supplies than they have received for the past six months they can keep up the contest on the island until Spain is exhausted.

The election committee of the French assembly stand nine to six in favor of the prolongation of Thiers's term of office.

The Tichborne claimant has joined a shooting club and is constantly at the matches, in which he excels all his competitors. He bets heavily on his success on the pending trial, and takes life with matchless inconcern.

The recent explosion of gun cotton at Stow Market, England, was attended with a greater loss of life than was at first stated. Twenty-two persons, employees and others, were instantly killed, and fifty-seven others more or less severely injured. A number of the latter will die.

Emperor William's festival at Berlin, cost the city \$100,000.

Hammerfest, Norway, is the most northern town of Europe where a newspaper is published.

A new history of Jerusalem, which is to be published in England in October, will contain the life of Saladin, as told by the Arab chroniclers.

The Patrie says that Russia is making great military preparations. The Czar, accompanied by General Leflo, the French ambassador, visited the camps of the twelfth army corps at Istik-Seto, Prussia, is also filling up his cadres, perfecting her armaments and collecting enormous quantities of stores. The Patrie believes that the preparations of the latter power are aimed at Russia.

The number of deaths in Paris last week was 828, including one from cholera.

The latest reports from Persia represent that the famine still continues and that the condition of the people is even worse than has been told. In one section of the country one-half of the population have already died. It is said that the Persian government endeavors to conceal from abroad the real state of affairs.

## Paragraphs.

Mr. Charles Fumo Hoffman, the poet and novelist of the past generation, is still living, an inmate of an insane asylum in Pennsylvania, where he has been for 20 years.

It is stated that the total amount of the bequests of Horatio Ward, the wealthy American who died in London recently, to soldiers' homes in this country, will be about \$600,000.

The "California Silk Company's" factory at South San Francisco was started a short time ago and thousands of silk-growers are visiting to see how the machinery works.

Locomotive No. 8, of the New Jersey Railroad Company, is said to be the fastest locomotive in the United States, having made eighty-nine miles in one hour.

Mr. John Snyder, of Salisbury, North Carolina, has a genuine horned rooster. The horns resemble the spurs of the rooster, and are attached to that part of the comb that hangs down over the side of the head. He has also some young chickens that have horns of a similar shape.

Dr. Ressel, who sailed in charge of the scientific department of Captain Hall's Arctic expedition, was one of the most brilliant young men in Heidelberg, where his old friends are very happy in his success. He took his degree of doctor in philosophy at the early age of 19, and at 20 was a thorough teacher of the natural sciences, a thinker of great depth and boldness, and withal a silent, reserved and almost eccentric man.

The total amount of public lands disposed of by the government is stated at nearly five hundred millions (447,266,080) of acres. Of this amount 106,588,000 have been sold, and the enormous balance of 300,000,000 of acres have been given away for military services, colleges, railroads, canals, wagon-roads, schools, asylums, public buildings, &c. According to this statement the amount left is more than a billion and a quarter (1,387,732,336) acres, which includes Alaska—about fourteen millions of acres yet to be disposed of.

Tonsberg, a Norwegian city, celebrated its one thousandth anniversary on the 23d of June.

It cost the Prussian government 2,000,000 francs to get up their military map of France, which surpassed even that in the possession of the general staff of the French army.

The number of foreigners a short time ago computed to be in London was nearly 300,000. Of these 80,000 were Germans, 150,000 French, 50,000 belonged to the other continental countries, and 10,000 were Americans.

The decline of population in Ireland for the last ten years has been 300,000, almost the entire total of which, it is said, has been from the Roman Catholic church, which, of course, signifies a like increase of Catholics in the United States.

Russia is planning a grand exhibition to be held in Moscow in 1872, and calls for contributions of manufactures; apparatus, machinery, models, &c. Everything intended for that occasion, provided the sender has the certificate of the committee at Moscow, will be forwarded at half rate and duty free.

The amount of money sent across the water by immigrants to friends left behind, principally to pay their passage to America, is rather surprising. From the official returns of the emigration commissioners of England, it appears that in 1870 there was sent from this country, to Ireland principally, \$3,630,040 in gold, of which \$1,683,190 was for pre-paid passages. In the twenty-three years from 1848 to 1870, inclusive, is upward of \$81,670,000 in gold, being an average of about \$3,890,047 yearly. But this amount is probably somewhat below the actual amount sent, as it only includes what has been sent through banks and commercial houses. Of whatever may have been sent through private channels there is no knowledge. And these sums, large as they are, are made up by careful savings from the wages of servant girls and day laborers.

A short time since, while a party of gentlemen were engaged fishing on the White Loch, at Castle Kennedy, closely adjoining Lord Stair's Castle of Lochinch, Scotland, the draught net brought up a canoe, about twelve feet in length, hewn out of solid oak. It is supposed that the canoe has been submerged for hundreds of years.

Russia imported in 1867, and does nearly every year, about 38,000,000 roubles' worth of raw cotton. But strange to say, none of this comes from the United States, and the cotton mills of Moscow and St. Petersburg, which run 4,000,000 and 7,000,000 spindles, are almost exclusively fed from the fields of Egypt, Brazil and India.

Mr. Edward Richardson, a Vermont, after residing 18 years on the island of Hawaii, owns an estate of 400,000 acres of land, plentifully interspersed with lava from the volcano of Mauna Loa. He went to the Sandwich Islands a poor man to earn a livelihood as a carpenter. Among his other possessions are 500 head of cattle.

A French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; in three there was heart-affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

M. Gambetta, when interviewed by a correspondent of the London Standard, said that at one time he had almost made up his mind to give up politics and go into business. M. Gambetta, however, did not confide the peculiar line of trade which almost tempted him to throw over his head his radical supporters. It was crockery, which nearly lured this dashing intellect from the path of politics, and strange as the story may seem, the brilliant Gambetta was on the point of becoming a manufacturer of jam-jars at St. Sebastian, or Sebastian, as he probably calls it.

Hon. William E. Gladstone recently delivered an address on the occasion of the formal opening of the extension of the metropolitan District Railway of London. In speaking of the best mode of conducting the passenger traffic on the road, Mr. Gladstone advised the company to "stick to the democracy," and said that the managers must depend upon the masses of the people for a remunerative traffic, since, by cultivating that branch, the surest, the most certain and the most elastic of all sources of prosperity would be secured.

A machine has recently been perfected in London, with which a writer, using a pen in the usual manner, can, at the same time, produce a duplicate so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, yet so distinct that a microscope will reveal every line and dot. A most useful application of the apparatus is for the prevention of forgery, as private marks can be made on notes and securities, legible under microscope power, but which no imitator could see, or even suspect the presence of.

In the South of France the horsechestnut, which is there abundant, is used for making starch. Shells and all are rasped fine, the pulp washed with water on fine sieves, and the starch, when settled, taken out and mixed with water containing a little alum. If the starch settles too slowly, a little sulphuric acid is added. It is then used in the usual manner. The remnant in the solution has already died. It is said that the Persian government endeavors to conceal from abroad the real state of affairs.

## Rural and Domestic.

## Making Cheese on Sunday.

Mr. James Darling, of Northfield, Ohio, gives his experience in making cheese, without violating the Sabbath, in the following words:

We have manufactured cheese on the Sabbath-keeping principle for the last two years, and we think have sustained no loss by closing our factory on the Sabbath. Our custom is to purchase the milk, delivered at our factory, and the following is the outline of our method of handling it:

During the hot weather (except on Saturday night), the night's milk is received and kept until morning by running water through a cooler, in and near the surface of the milk in a vat. It is then mixed with the morning's milk, and the whole is manufactured into cheese. On Saturday, the milk is worked up as soon as possible after receiving it. To secure prompt delivery, no milk is received after a specified time on Saturday night; the vat is always set before dark. While the milk is being received, every appliance within our reach is used to extract the animal heat. We use in connection with a liberal quantity of rennet, four or five quarts of pure sour whey for the purpose of hastening the change. When the curd is properly scalded, or when the desired degree of heat is secured, we use the same sour whey freely, say four or five pails to the vat. The cheese thus made finds a ready sale for the retail trade, and are used when twenty or thirty days old. The texture being fine and tender we are able to secure a larger yield than if they were made more firm, and we have so far found a ready market for all our cheese of this description at the same price at the factory, which we have obtained for common cheese boxed and delivered for shipment at the depot.

The milk of the Sabbath is kept by the patrons until Monday morning, when it is brought to the factory and worked up together with the new milk. Generally the three messes are brought together, all in prime condition for converting into cheese. Some of this milk is skimmed, and on this we make a deduction of ten per cent. in the price. This enables farmers who have a considerable dairy to make enough butter to supply their families. Frequently the milk even of Sabbath morning is brought so cold that when delivered at the factory, the cream has not yet separated from the milk, and our experience is that such milk can be handled more satisfactorily and makes better cheese, both as regards flavor and curative properties, than that made from milk which has not been freed from animal heat. Especially is this true of cheese which must be kept through the hot weather. Cheese made from new milk, unless a higher degree of heat is attained in scalding, will be of softer texture and will therefore come to maturity sooner than that made from old milk, and the same holds true in regard to successive stages in the process of curing, the changes following each other in more rapid succession. I think it will be found true in comparing two lots of cheese, one being made from new milk and the other from that from twelve to twenty-four hours old, that the other things being equal, there is double the tendency in the new milk cheese, to develop a rank, harsh flavor. After two years' experience conducting a cheese factory on the Sabbath-keeping plan, taking into consideration our own interest and comfort as well as those of our patrons, I should, under the promptings of any motive whatever, propose a change in this respect, I should not know what to present as a valid, or even plausible excuse for so doing.

Dea. William Wilcox, proprietor of a large cheese factory in Twinsburg, Ohio, says: "I have conducted a Sabbath-keeping factory for some three years, and concur in the views expressed by Mr. Darling, in regard to the Sabbath. My plan of handling the milk is essentially the same as his. My factory is situated in Twinsburg, where are three other factories, and my patronage has been steadily increasing since I commenced. Now I receive more milk than any other factory in the township.

## Management of Colts.

Colts are very apt to be left to shift for themselves, after weaning. This is wrong. A year's gain in the usefulness of a horse may easily be made by care and attention the first few months of its life. The mare, while nursing its foal, should not be overworked, and good pasture or green food in the stable will keep her in a fair condition, and furnish sufficient nourishment for the foal. When weaned, and pasture becomes short, neglect is hurtful; then care should be exercised to keep it growing. During the fall months some of the best early cut hay should be given to it; and when the horses are stabled, let it have a box, or stall adjoining them, where it can see and be accustomed to the discipline of the stable. Everything about it should be well secured, lest in rubbing itself it might get something loose. A habit of breaking things and getting loose is easily and invariably formed at this time, and should be guarded against. During winter feed your colts as you feed your horses, give them a share of what is served out, oats, corn, or ground food as it may be. They can not grow and fare otherwise. Stingsiness don't pay in rearing young animals. An addition of twenty-five or forty dollars to its value may result in the winter's feeding and care of the colt. Generosity here (of course exercising judgment) is only wise foresight, and will pay good interest on investment. Colts are better kept up than allowed to run around. They will become docile and tractable, and will learn fewer tricks. Take them out for exercise, except when at pasture, and then be sure to have a secure fence, or they will inevitably learn to rub it down or jump over it. Train your colts to walk, and keep it walking. Farmers don't want fast trotting horses, as yet, we have need so far of fast walking horses, great need, we may say, for they are far too scarce. Therefore, train colts to walk at the rate of four miles an hour at least. The time will come when a horse that can walk his mile in 12 minutes will take a prize at an agricultural fair equal in value to the best trotter. A team of such horses could plow an acre of land, with a furrow 6 inches wide, in 5 hours, allowing time for turnings round. This is above the quantity plowed on the average now in a day of 10 hours. Horses of such capacity would be worth a large price, and it should be our endeavor to produce them. We have a breed that can transmit trotting capacity to its descendants; why could we not raise up a breed of walking horses? Some one might make a name and fortune in this.

## To Can Peaches.

Take large ripe peaches—not over ripe,—halve and pare neatly and lay on a large metal dish. To a three peck basket of fruit allow four pounds of sifted sugar; sprinkle it over the fruit as you lay it in the dish; when done set in a cool place over night; the next morning fill each piece, one by one, into the jar, draining them from the juice. When the jars are all filled put them close together in a kettle of cold water, putting a double towel or something of the kind under them, in the bottom of the kettle, to prevent their cracking, and set over the fire. Let the water heat gradually until it boils, while you pre-

pare the syrup from the juice that has been formed from the peaches and sugar over night, then fill up the jars with it, being careful to let the bubbles of air escape; they will be seen rising to the top; if any are in the lower part of the jar they will run up on the insertion of a fork. When all are full, begin to seal up, and have a large pan of hot water standing near to put the jars in as fast as sealed, where they can cool off gradually. Where one has glass jars or bottles, without tight-fitting covers, prepare a cement of one pound of rosin to two pounds mutton suet melted together and well mixed; have pieces of strong muslin cut large enough to lie over the mouths of the jars and spread over a thick coating of cement; take up the muslin quickly, before it has time to cool, and put it on the jar with the cement side downward, pressing it closely over the sides. If the muslin is not very thick it will spread more evenly on top of the first cover, and lay over that a second piece of muslin, then tie down with twine and finish with a good coat of cement over all. This is a good way to use old jars, whose covers have been broken or lost.

## Manure for Wheat.

A young Virginia farmer asks how to make compost to put on his wheat next fall. Material on hand, manure from the stable and cow yard, some long straw, and leaves from the woods. Make the heap ten feet wide, put a layer of the straw at the bottom, then a layer of horse manure, then a layer of leaves, and then a layer of cow manure. Then another layer of straw, horse manure, and so on as before, until the heap is of the desired height, say five or six feet. Then cover the whole with some old decomposed sods or soil. The work should be done early in the spring, when the weather is wet. And if any liquid runs from the heap, throw up the soil around the heap to absorb it. Then as soon as the heap has fermented, turn it all over and mix with it the soil that has absorbed the liquid. When done, cover with a few inches of soil as before. On some wet day during the summer turn the heap again and cover as before. In this way you will have a pile of well-rotted manure ready to spread on the soil and harrowed in after the land is plowed for wheat. If there is much straw, the manure will not be as rich as is desirable, neither will the heap ferment readily. If you could put in half a bushel of bone-dust to each ton of manure, it would be a great improvement. Scatter it on each layer of the material as you are making the heap. It will promote fermentation of the manure, and the fermentation will react on the bone-dust and decompose it, so that it will act more immediately than when sown alone. Any animal matter, such as hair, hide, wool, blood, bone sawings, etc., will be a very valuable addition to the heap. The value of compost depends on the materials of which it is composed. The object of piling, turning, etc., is to decompose them and render them more available as food for plants.

## Ways of Making Tea.

The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion of the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar in a teapot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the boothkeeper or patronizer, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhri finds it as difficult to pass a teacup as his own drink-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is Schitschaj, that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton-fat, in which bread is soaked. During the day time, sugarless green tea is drunk, with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton-suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand, and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw, is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied, it is passed around among the company for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger,—the leaves being esteemed an especial delicacy.

When Mr. Bell was traveling in Asiatic Russia, he had to claim the hospitality of the Bursaki Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquid became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this tea and some milk cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed around, and the tea ladled into them; a tea, forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.

## Spectacles.

Many are ashamed to use spectacles, because they regard it a sign of old age, and injure their eyes by looking them too heavily. Good Health speaks sensibly on this subject:

The best work of many a man's life is done after he has put on glasses. The idea, a very natural one, it must be confessed, that we are getting old when we have to put on glasses for ordinary occupations, and the equally natural feeling of desiring to resist or push off old age; or to keep it concealed, has, and will always, deter many from giving their eyes the necessary help which spectacles alone afford. If suddenly all print and writing, and every form of fine work, should be changed to two or three times finer, then the necessity for glasses would come at twenty-five to thirty years, and this then would be old age. For, as previously shown, the power of accommodation required to adjust the eyes for near or fine work is in reality greatest at about ten years of age, and commences to fade from that time forward. Therefore, so far as it is concerned, old age would then begin. Hence the absurdity of feeling chagrined by, or regarding the use of spectacles as a proof of old age, and a leading from the highest attainable strength and activity man can possess. Let it therefore be understood that by old sight, or presbyopia, is meant that the natural change or gradual loss of accommodation of the eye has simply reached the stage when it commences to interfere with distinct and easy vision of the smaller objects which are of the size, habit and custom have made them, based upon the general average of the normal power of sight. It is no sudden change or loss of vital power, but a simple reminder that we have arrived at a certain age, as a poll-tax bill notifies the younger man he is responsible for himself, and has become a citizen. It is therefore a perfectly healthy and normal eye which, between the ages of forty and forty-five, is obliged to be assisted by a glass. It can not go many years beyond this time unaided, without risk of injury and straining the power of sight.

## The Fly.

The common house-fly is a very neat little fellow. His wings are made of tissue paper, and his eyes of small pieces of glass, fitted together at various angles so that he can see on all sides of him without the trouble of turning his head. His eyes protrude so far that the lids can never cover them, and when dust collects upon them it must be scraped off with a penknife. He is always fashionably dressed in tight pantaloons and shoo-fly necktie. When he alights upon an upright surface he invariably rests with his head downward. The musquito, and all those flies provided with strong, sharp lancets, always rests on an upright surface with the head upward. The final destruction of the adult fly, said a scientific work, is largely due to the growth of a parasitic fungus which attacks it, and developing rapidly in its interior, soon exhausts its vitality.

When we see a fly sitting in a chair with his feet wrapped up in a shawl and resting in another chair, we may make up our mind that he has the gout, and that his end is near.—N. Y. Post.

## How Soil Was Made.

Professor Agassiz says that all the materials on which agricultural processes depend are decomposed rocks, not so much rocks that underlie the soil, but those on the surface and brought from considerable distances, and ground to powder by the rasp of the glacier. Ice all over the continent is the agent that has ground out this soil from all other agencies put together. The penetration of water into the rocks, frost, running water and baking suns, have done something, but the glacier more. In a former age, the whole United States was covered with ice several thousand feet thick, and this ice moving from north to south by the attraction of tropical warmth, or pressing weight of ice and snow he hind, ground the rocks over which it passed into the powder we call the soil. These masses of ice can be tracked as surely as game is tracked by the hunter. He had made a study of them in this country, as far south as Alabama, but had observed the same phenomenon, particularly in Italy, where, among the Alps, glaciers are now in progress. The stones and rocks ground and polished by the glaciers, can easily be distinguished from those scratched by running water. The angular boulders found in meadows and the terraces of our rivers not reached by water, can be accounted for only in this way.

## Turning Down Green Crops.

It has got into the paper that plowing down green crops produces acid in the soil from the decomposition, which is hurtful to crops; that it is better to turn under when the crop is matured, that the decomposition will then be slower and no hurt will result.

This is doubtless true with some soils,—those deficient in alkaline matter. But as most soils contain lime and potash and other kindred material, this acid is not only harmless but beneficial, as it unites with the alkalies making plant food, which otherwise might lie as it already has for ages, useless to vegetation.

It is for this reason that the turning under of green crops is recommended, not because the chemical action is known, but because experience has demonstrated its advantage. The great majority of cases have demonstrated it is a good thing to turn down the full, blossoming, succulent crop. The alkalies are most always present in some form to take up and unite with the acid. In soils where the acids remain free, would it not be well to sprinkle the clover with lime before plowing or previously apply it to the soil? In such a case, lime would be a benefit in any event, as the soil requires it.

## Perspiration.

The amount of liquid matter which passes through the microscopic tubes of the skin in twenty-four hours, in an adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. One ounce of the sixteen is solid matter, made up of organic and inorganic substances, which, if allowed to remain in the system for a brief space of time would cause death. The rest is water. Beside the water and solid matter, a large amount of carbonic acid, a gaseous body, passes through the tubes; so we can not fail to understand that they are active workers, and also we can not fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order, removing obstructions by frequent application of water or by some other means. Suppose we obstruct the functions of the skin perfectly by varnishing a person completely with a compound impervious to moisture. How long will he live? Not over six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. Pope Leo, the Tenth, on the occasion of his accession to the Papal chair, wished to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so he gilded a poor child all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India rubber in Naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in two hours.—Journal of Chemistry.

## To Clean Oil-cloths.

To ruin them, clean them with hot water or soap, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright white wet, but very dingy and dirty when dry, and will soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are dry drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a dry cloth.

The following are the Quarterly Meetings which have not as yet sent in their reports, viz:

New Hampshire Y. M. (Taylor, W. Va.)  
Marion (Ohio) Y. M. (Harmon, O.)  
Wear. (Harmon, O.)  
Matine Central Y. M. (Richard & Leick, C.)  
Central Ohio Y. M. (Marion, O.)  
Indiana Y. M. (Indiana, Ind.)  
Pennsylvania Y. M. (Pennsylvania, Pa.)  
Northern Indiana Y. M. (Lafayette, Ind.)  
Michigan Y. M. (Michigan, Mich.)  
Union (P. Q.) (Union, P. Q.)  
R. I. & Mass. Y. M. (R. I. & Mass., R. I.)  
Western R. I. (Western, R. I.)  
Holland Purchase Y. M. (Holland, Mich.)  
Livingston. (Livingston, Mich.)  
French Creek. (French Creek, Mich.)  
Genesee Y. M. (Genesee, Mich.)  
Susquehanna Y. M. (Susquehanna, Mich.)  
Wayne. (Wayne, Mich.)  
Michigan Y. M. (Michigan, Mich.)  
Bradford & Tioga. (Bradford & Tioga, Mich.)  
St. Lawrence Y. M. (St. Lawrence, Mich.)  
Lawrence. (Lawrence, Mich.)  
Union Y. M. (Union, Mich.)  
Chenango Union. (Chenango, Mich.)  
McDonough. (McDonough, Mich.)  
Central N. Y. Y. M. (Central N. Y., Mich.)  
Whiteland. (Whiteland, Mich.)  
Pennsylvania Y. M. (Pennsylvania, Mich.)  
Harper's Ferry. (Harper's Ferry, Mich.)  
Norfolk Co. (Norfolk Co., Mich.)  
Oxford. (Oxford, Mich.)  
Liberty Association. (Liberty Association, Mich.)  
Q. M.'s not connected with any Y. M. (Q. M.'s not connected with any Y. M., Mich.)  
Adair & Schuyler. (Adair & Schuyler, Mich.)  
Ossana (Mich.) (Ossana, Mich.)  
South River (Iowa). (South River, Iowa.)  
Little Solito. (Little Solito, Iowa.)

## The Meneely Bell Foundry.

BELLS for churches, Academies, Factories, etc., of which more have been made than at any other foundry in the county combined. All bells warranted. An illustrated catalogue sent free upon application to E. A. & G. R. MENEELY, West Troy, N. Y.

## The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES. For the week ending, Aug. 16, 1871.

CANDLES. MOLASSES.

Molasses, 11 1/2 @ 14 1/2  
Sperm, 25 @ 30  
Coal, 17 00 @ 18 00  
Caneal, 17 00 @ 18 00  
Pecan, 17 00 @ 18 00  
Anthraxite, 17 00 @ 18 00

COFFEE.  
Java, 22 @ 25  
St. Domingo, 14 @ 18  
Rio, 14 @ 18

COTTON.  
Ordinary, 14 @ 15  
Good Ordinary, 14 @ 15  
Mid. to good, 14 @ 15  
Low Middling, 14 @ 15

DOMESTICS.  
Sheetings and Shirtings, 14 @ 15  
Heavy, 14 @ 15  
Med. W. 14 @ 15  
Drills, Brown, 14 @ 15  
Prints, 14 @ 15  
Cotton Flannel, 14 @ 15  
Prints, 14 @ 15  
Ticking, 14 @ 15  
Gingham, 14 @ 15  
Mous. de Laines, 14 @ 15  
Carpetings, 14 @ 15  
Lod. sup. 14 @ 15  
Extra Superfine, 14 @ 15  
Superfine, 14 @ 15

FISH.  
Codfish, 14 @ 15  
Medium