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The Morning Star.

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DOVER, N. H., SEPTEMBER 6, 1871.

Number 36

THE MORNING STAR.

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER
FOR THE FAMILY.

ISSUED BY THE
RENEWELL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
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L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.
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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them 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, SEPTEMBER 6, 1871.

My Two Lime-Trees.

One stretches out under my window
Its arms to the sunshine bright;
Yearly grows taller, stronger,
More vocal with green delight.
The other beneath a church tower
Sings in as dulcet tones,
While the roots creep tenderly downward
Into the buried bones.
One—all night long through its branches
Steal tremulous murmurs deep,
And I think, "Now the other whispers
As softly o'er them that sleep."
When one is alive with humming
Of bees in its blossoms brave,
I know that the other is dropping
Sweet honey-scents over the grave.

Far in the distant future
Both of my limes I see,
The one is a garden glory,
The other a church-yard tree.
But each will praise God, tree-fashion,
As on the centuries roll;
And I? I shall praise Him also,
With my dead—as a living soul.

—Miss Mulock.

Vacation Rambling.

That the laboring man needs rest, none will deny; but when to take it and how to let go of the interests that should be pushed steadily onward, is the question. Often it seems easier to keep in the track than to break out and come in again. But there are times when duty demands that we drop all and recuperate. The disciples heeded the call of their Master to "come aside into a desert place and rest awhile."

The first week of our vacation was taken up in attending the
WIS. STATE S. S. CONVENTION.

It was held at Portage City, the county seat of Columbia Co. It is located on the Milwaukee and Lacrosse R. R., on the high ground—the water-shed—between the lakes and the Mississippi river. The canal, cut from the Fox river to the Wisconsin so as to open a passage from the one to the other, does not prove to be deep enough at all seasons. One boat heavily loaded was aground in the stream and could not get off.

Tuesday evening, Aug. 8th, the Convention met. It was held in the Presbyterian church, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the word "Welcome" tastefully woven and set over the rostrum. The house was filled, and the services proceeded with a zest which showed that Wisconsin did not need waking up on the subject of Sunday schools. The living energies of the working men called more for direction and instruction than for zeal. They asked simply to know how to do more work and to do it better.

Pres. Merriman, of Ripon college, Cong., Rev. W. G. Miller, D. D., of the M. E. church, Rev. J. L. Dudley, of Milwaukee, Presb., with a large number of other ministers and the laity, representing various parts of the State, demonstrated plainly how harmoniously all classes could work together. Prof. Foote, of Chicago, was present as usual to conduct the singing. He introduced *The Charm*, by P. P. Bliss, a new work published by Root and Cady.

Two noted Sunday school workers were introduced from Ohio, viz., Rev. James E. Gilbert, of Dayton, and Rev. B. W. Childlow, of Cincinnati. Ready on every subject, they did important service. Mr. Gilbert has been employed for the year as State agent. It is estimated that of the 450,000 children in Wisconsin, two-thirds (300,000) are without proper S. S. instruction.

tion, i. e., 150,000 are in Catholic schools, and the remaining 150,000 have no religious training at all. These our State Conventions feel commissioned to look after and gather in. For this purpose its agencies are at work. The services closed with resolutions and appropriate addresses, Thursday evening, Aug. 10th. The next session will be held in Milwaukee. All churches are requested to send their pastor, and every S. S. one delegate for every 50 members. From the Convention we made our way to

WRIGHTSTOWN.

This thriving village is located on the North-western R. R., 16 miles south of Green Bay. Here Rev. A. Phillips, formerly from R. I., has been at work for fifteen years, and under his labors the people have a church edifice ready for the paint-brush, and out of debt. He has three out-stations, two of which have to be filled every Sabbath. Many reasons were suggested why we should preach for him, and what should we do? We were away from home to feast, and the way we did it was to walk three miles, ride nine, and preach three times.

The evening service was held at Kaukauna, a R. R. station, five miles south. It is a small village, but with great water privileges. The brethren propose to occupy the ground and be ready to build a church when one shall be needed. Evidently the people at these appointments know how to appreciate the sacrifices of Bro. Phillips in building up the cause of God. They manifest no desire to exchange ministers in their transition state. Lincoln's motto in the war, viz., "It is bad policy to swap horses in the middle of a stream," will sometimes apply to churches. From Wrightstown we rode with Bro. P. to

GREEN BAY.

This, as every one knows, is one of the oldest settled towns in the North-west. More than 200 years ago the French Jesuits visited it, and at an early day it was the center of the fur trade. Yet its growth has been slow. The last census reported a population of about 6,000. The most rapid increase is said to have been made during the last five or six years. Fort Howard is separated from it only by the Fox river which is about 500 ft. wide. It would seem much better if both cities could come under one government. The population is 4,000. In both there are 15 churches, four of which are Roman Catholic. The Jesuits have a strong influence in this region.

Walking about town we at one time were taken for Catholic priests, and "the one with the black coat on," it was said, "is a bishop." At another time we were received as business men from Chicago, and a proposal was made to contract for a job of turning. The Green Bay flies were just passing away. They are a curiosity to the stranger. Of a gaunt, spiral form, they are a bird about 1 1/4 inches in length, wings 3-4 inch, and feelers both fore and aft, two and three inches long. They fly in swarms, covering buildings and the streets and the traveler's face. They appear for a few weeks and then are gone.

In the harbor we saw river steamers, lake steamers, pleasure-boats, tugs, ferry-boats and other sailing crafts. One boat-race attracted much attention. During our stay we fell in with a friend from Ohio, of school-boy memory, now Hon. Edward Hicks. His parents were members of the Congregational church, but died some time since in Wis. In 1862-3 Mr. Hicks was State Senator, and in 1870 he was a member of the Assembly. He came to Green Bay when a youth of sixteen, and has had much to do with town business, and of course is familiar with much of its history. We could not have met a better companion of whom to make inquiries about the place. He took me to see the fine school building, the churches, the halls. From the courthouse steeple we had a splendid view of the two cities, the bay and the country around. Beholding men busy in the street, marts of trade and every one playing his part in the drama of life, how forcibly came the words of the British poet to mind:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

Mr. Hicks took us in his carriage to the Bay settlement, nine miles down the east shore, giving us a fine view of things from that quarter. Here is a large Catholic church, the only one in the place. Here also we saw the cascades. The next day we went on board the steamer Union and sailed down the bay, touching along on the west shore at Pensaukee and Oconto; 30 miles. About a mile down Fox river we came to the bay, and a mile further we passed through the cuts in the sand bar. Still further we pass the light-house.

We came now to some of the best fishing grounds in the lakes. White fish in great quantities are taken for 100 miles along the bay. The law allows one mile space between the nets, but fishermen infringe upon it and set their nets nearer together. They are set up now as the warm water will rot the nets so fast. One net costing about \$500, said a passenger, will often catch from 18 to 20 barrels in a day. One instance he mentioned of a fisherman who put up 80 barrels in 24 hours. Gill nets are not now used, as they choke the fish to death and impair their quality. A lead is stretched along by stakes, against which the fish swim, and taking to deeper water at the end of the lead, they swim into an enclosure and are safe till wanted to put into barrels. Of

several gentlemen we inquired for the origin of the name,—"Green" Bay, and it was always replied, as in years past, that it took its name from the color of the water. For some reason, not known, the water everywhere exhibits a palish pea-green, clear and beautiful.

Off the coast from Oconto, the Union met the North-western steamer, on her return from Menominee, and a signal being given they sailed along side by side and tied up, and the excursion party that came out with us and ourselves went on board and returned to Green Bay. Friday morning, Aug. 18th, we came to

OSHKOSH.

Here we found sixteen Free Baptist families anxiously waiting for the good time to come when they can have the courage and the means to raise our standard. They dread a failure and therefore they hesitate. We need not be surprised if we hear of an organization not a great while hence. That it will require time for a church to grow, and that we must address ourselves to a long and a strong pull in the effort to build has not always been duly estimated. We may learn wisdom from the lesson of daily occurrences. Mushrooms can grow in a night, but the full-grown oak will reach through five centuries. The aged negro looking upon the divine energy in the liberty of the slave, and seeing the work finally effected, exclaims with great sincerity, "Well, de Lord am slow, but He am sure!"

We find ourselves back to Fond du Lac again in the midst of work. The meetings and S. S. have been kept up with great spirit and interest, though the church have been without preaching. It is greatly to the credit of a people that can assume responsibilities in such emergencies.

R. CLARK.

National Educational Asso.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 28, 1871.

The National Educational Association was in session in this city last week. It represents the various classes of teachers, and drew together some of the foremost educators from all parts of the country. I am sorry, however, to be compelled to say that New England was not very fully represented.

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS PRESENT.

Among those present were Prof. J. L. Pickard, President of the Association; Hon. E. E. White, of Ohio, President elect; Prof. W. F. Phelps, of Minnesota; Pres. Dennison, of the Kansas Agricultural College; Pres. Read, of the University of Missouri; Hon. W. D. Williams, of Georgia; Prof. Creery, of Baltimore; Hon. W. D. Henkle, of Ohio; Hon. J. P. Wickersham, of Pa.; Pres. Allyn, of McKendall College, Ill., and many others too numerous to mention.

CHARACTER OF MEETING.

It was emphatically a gathering of live and earnest men. Their words and deeds meant business. They took up and discussed subjects, because those subjects were practical and needed discussion. They discussed them in a plain, straight-forward, earnest way, evidently desirous of getting at the very gist of the matter, in the shortest time, and by the most direct method. There was no dallying, no playing with subjects.

COLLEGE DEGREES.

In almost seeming contrast with the foregoing statements, was an animated and well-nigh excited debate on "College Degrees." Almost every member had something to say, some statement to make, some characterization to put forth, or some suggestion to offer, until, in spite of the serious earnestness with which everybody handled the subject, it became comically ridiculous. A sense of something of that kind appeared at last to come over the meeting, and the subject was dropped where it was found. It was the regular, not the honorary, degrees, that were principally discussed.

GREEK AND LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

This was another subject that was the occasion of an earnest and animated discussion. A few clung to the "English Method" of pronunciation, on the ground that there is no uniform standard, and we being English, should very properly follow a method consistent with our own character.

The great majority, however, united in discarding all national pronunciation—English, German, Italian, or any other. They insisted that there is a common standard, that the ancient pronunciation, substantially, is known, that it is followed by the really best authorities, and ought to be by all, and by being so followed would make again the Latin, especially, the common language of the learned world.

Unfortunately, however, the advocates of taking this old pronunciation as a new departure did not entirely agree as to what it is. One wanted the Greek *upsilon* pronounced with its initial and leading letter sounded nearly as the French *u*, while another insisted that it was but a slight remove from the diphthong *oo*. The differences, however, were not very great.

It would seem plain that, either this old and common pronunciation should be followed, or else we should follow the analogy of our own language, in the English method. The absurdity of Englishmen, or Americans, trying to be Germans, Frenchmen or Italians, is manifest enough.

ACADEMIES, HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

One of the most important topics was the relations of the private academy, or seminary, and of the public high school, to the college. It was the decided conviction of most, that the public high school ought to supply all preparation for college, and supersede the necessity of any private schools to accomplish this work.

At the same time, it was admitted that the high schools were not generally doing this work. Some are doing it well, others indifferently, some very badly, while, in many cases, there was not even a nominal high school within reach, to do it at all. The necessity of increasing their number and especially of elevating their standard was felt and acknowledged by all.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

The precise character and position of normal schools the subject of animated discussion. All asserted that they should be strictly professional schools, employing themselves with the *how*, rather than the *what*.

But, it was confessed that pupils could not be found for them, who are already sufficiently acquainted with the subjects to be taught. Hence, to its great injury, the normal school is obliged first to communicate this subject matter—the various branches to be taught—before it can proceed to the illustration of *how* to teach them.

A very interesting feature in the discussion of this subject, was the question of model schools, in connection with normal schools. This brought out some diversity of views. Miss Brackett, Principal of the St. Louis normal school, who is not a veteran is certainly a distinguished normal educator, thought they should be strictly and only model schools, for the observance and criticism of the advanced normal pupils.

Dr. Edwards, Pres. of the Illinois normal university, believed that there should be also a school for practice, in which a part of the actual teaching should be done by the normal pupils. He thought, however, that one organization, in school, might accomplish both purposes.

But Prof. Phelps, Principal of the Minnesota normal school, thought both elements necessary, and that they could not be secured in the same school. There must be, in his estimation, both a model school, conducted and taught by a model teacher, for the normal pupils to observe, and also a school for practice, in which they should teach in turn, to practice what they had observed.

Almost all agreed in the necessity of the two elements, observation of a model, and the practice of what they observe under the eye of a master; and nearly all agreed with Dr. Edwards that both might be secured in one organization.

But, though only a very few of the many subjects discussed have been noticed, there must be an end of this letter somewhere, and perhaps it may as well be here.

A. D. W.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 24th, 1871.

Washington is regarded in many portions of the country as an immoral and irreligious city; and some frightful and diabolical crimes recently committed here, give a color of truth to this opinion.

Several months ago, one Bolster, a low dram-shop keeper and a gambler, killed, on the streets, one James, also a noted gambler; and within a few days one Darden, a flush man about town, a member of Mosley's gang of guerrillas during the war, and a keeper of a gambling house, brutally murdered one John McCarthy, a sort of reformed gambler, though not a reformed man,—because he was believed to be the enemy of the gambling fraternity, and had informed the authorities of some of their nefarious deeds. I knew McCarthy, and think from conversations had with him from time to time, that he was striving to be a better man. His mistake was, if he meant reform, in not making his reformation thorough by abandoning all his old courses and habits; still, for his struggles to achieve a better life he was hated by his old associates, and they would not forgive him, and hence his death.

These occurrences, with others of a kindred nature, have given the National Capital the reputation of being an immoral and a wicked city; perhaps it is the most so of any city of like population in the country. Respecting such conclusions there is a wide margin for doubt. Be this as it may, there is another side to the picture and one that does not obtrude itself so manifestly and so distinctly upon the public gaze of the nation. There are multitudes of devout praying Christians here, who are living the higher and the better life, and their light shines forth amidst this moral darkness with a steady and unflickering brilliancy; the churches are many and well attended, Sabbath schools large and flourishing, and even during these hot days, there is much religious interest in the churches. The Young Men's Christian Association is doing a noble work by its out-of-door meetings, and its gatherings in Lincoln Hall. Efficient laymen, like General Howard, and Capt. Wilkinson of the regular army, are, with others from civil life, preaching at the street corners, and souls are brought to Christ every week through the efforts and influences of these Christian brethren. On Sunday evening last, seventeen manifested a desire for prayer at the meeting in Lincoln Hall.

Many of these are men whose attention is arrested by street meetings. Though there are many rum shops in full blast here, and, as a consequence, much intemperance, there is a strong counter influence at work, and the temperance people are active and are putting forth vigorous efforts against the alcoholic monster. There are here some six or seven divisions of Sons of Temperance, a number of tents and lodges of the Rechabites and John-dabs, Good Templars, &c. Out-door meetings are held every Sunday in the beautiful grounds of the Capitol, and in the Market Houses and at the street crossings, and many hard drinkers have been induced to sign the pledge. Thus God's people and the moral reformers are stemming the torrent of satanic influences, and with evident success.

But the most significant effort now on the tapis here is one just inaugurated against the "social vice." It has the promise of good in it. Several earnest and intrepid ladies have recently made visits to these haunts of vice and held in interviews with the keepers and inmates of these "banjos." One of the most important features of this movement is, that it has enlisted the daily morning *Chronicle*, the leading Republican and Administration organ, in its behalf. This journal does not hesitate to advocate the movement in its columns, editorially and otherwise, and it does it with a vigor and a moral force, worthy of all praise. When the movement shall have got further under way I will advise you of its progress and its success. This is but a partial glance at the work the good people of this city are doing. Let Christians everywhere remember their struggling brethren in Washington.

death, maintained its character. It was at different times the residence of Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and of Joseph Worcester, the distinguished lexicographer, but for the last quarter of a century it has been the abode of one who, renowned as he is in letters, has also won laurels to be cherished in the affectionate regard of his countrymen. Under its roof have been composed most of those exquisite productions of his genius which have made him famous over the world, and which in all time must infest his abode with associations not likely to fade.—*New England Historic Register*.

Funeral Sermons.

The *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, speaking of "Funeral sermon Abuses," says:

We can not but admire the bluff honesty of the old Scottish divine who, when asked to preach the funeral sermon of a young scape-grace of his parish, at first declined, but on being pressed, satisfied at once his conscience and the truth in the following brief discourse: "Well, Jock is dead; speak gude of him I canna; speak ill of him I winna; but he's gane to his fatherters."

But besides the danger of exaggeration in delineating the personal character of departed friends, there is another practice to which many ministers are addicted, as objectionable on the score of good taste as the other is on that of strict veracity. We refer to the custom of "harrowing the feelings" of the surviving kindred by recounting to them, in lugubrious tones, the greatness of their loss, the pangs of grief they suffer, and so on to the end of the chapter. Some even go so far as to "improve the occasion" by a personal address to each member of the weeping circle of mourners. Could anything be more repulsive to a true sensibility than such coarse meddling with the "sacred sorrow" of personal bereavement? There is no reasonable excuse for such abuse of opportunity, for we are quite sure no real good ever came of it, and its main effect is to transform into something like a solemn farce an occasion which should be the tenderest, simplest, most touching in its sweet assuagements, of all that can occur in the life of man.

It would perhaps be the better way, on the whole, to omit all but the most general allusion to the departed. A few words fitly spoken, leading the thought of those present to the solemn issues of life and death, such as the occasion naturally suggests, would be more likely, in most cases, to prove efficacious, than the most affecting eulogiums which are taken to be rather complimentary than truthful, and so provocative of unwholesome criticism in the minds of unbelieving or captious hearers.

Events of the Week.

The accident on the Eastern R. R., which was mentioned in our news column last week, was the result of gross carelessness. The Beverly accommodation train left Boston a half hour behind time, the Bangor Express followed in fifteen minutes and crashed into it just as it was leaving the Revere (No. Chelsea) station. Thirty passengers have already died, and many are seriously injured.—Closely following on the long line of steamboat and railroad catastrophes comes a report of another which almost equals in its disastrous results the worst that has taken place. The boiler of the steamer Ocean Wave exploded on Sunday afternoon while the boat was lying at the wharf at Point Clear, Ala., with a party of two hundred excursionists on board. The scene was a repetition of that at the Westfield disaster in New York, the killed and wounded numbering from sixty to seventy.—The yellow fever is raging in a part of Charleston, S. C., and many deaths have occurred.

It is believed that it can be confined to its present limits, which will be very grateful to the Charlestonians.—The corpse of a young lady was found in a trunk at the Hudson River R. R. Station, N. Y., last week, which had been carried there for transportation. It proves to be an abortionist's victim, and it is likely that the foul murderer will be brought to trial.—Louisiana is disgraced by the conduct of Gov. Warmouth and the rest of its politicians. His last act was the forcible ejectment from office of the Sec. of State, because he refused to resign when the Governor told him to do so. There is neither dignity nor statesmanship in their conduct, and the state is suffering sadly at the hands of its rulers.

—There was a grand international regatta at Halifax last week, which was, however, interfered with by the weather. Thousands of visitors were present, and the amount of gambling and drinking that was witnessed there has not probably been surpassed at any gathering of the year.—France is putting herself in shape for new disorders. The Assembly wishes to make M. Thiers president, and it also doesn't wish to, and M. Thiers shares fully in the wishes of the Assembly. Considerable bitter discussion is indulged by the members, and the future government of the country is as far as ever from being fixed. It is believed that negotiations with Germany are taking place with Baron von Arnim, the German agent at Versailles, for the evacuation of French territory. Elections for a council-general will be held throughout France about the end of the present month. The final outcome of the present movements and struggles in that unhappy country can not yet be predicted with any great confidence.

Longfellow's Home.

In Cambridge, Mass., opposite Mr. Batchelder's, is the well-known mansion of Mr. Longfellow, known as the Craigie House, and also General Washington's headquarters. It was erected in 1759, by Colonel John Vassall, grandson of Leonard, and son of that John who sold to his brother Henry the house just described. It may safely be said that no dwelling in New England of its date remains more spacious or elegant than this. It stands back one hundred and fifty feet from the road, and is surrounded by large open spaces on either side, that to the north being of several acres in extent. The shade trees are elms of the noblest, and there are other sorts, including fruit trees and ornamental shrubs in great variety. The front, stately, of graceful proportions and harmonious decoration, is a pleasure to behold. On either side run broad and well-sheltered piazzas, the front including them being over eighty feet. The door is massive, and its ponderous fastenings and brasses the same as when Washington made it his home in the memorable winter of '75. The hall, twelve feet in breadth, contains the broad, square staircase, with landings, to which poetic genius has given a special association with the father of its country.

The drawing-room is of great height for the period, some twenty feet in either dimension, wainscoted in panels elaborately carved, the mantel with Corinthian pilasters on either side. In it hangs a fine painting, by Copley, of the second Sir William Pepperell and his sister as children. Across the entry from this apartment is the study, a bright, sunny room, and behind it the library of noble proportions, thirty feet in length, with columns diversifying the longer side opposite the windows. Between this and the dining room, which is nearly as handsome an apartment, rises another principal staircase, as broad and as much decorated as that in the front hall. Beneath, the cellar walls are of special stability, a portion of them in handsome brick-work, which seems of date more recent than the rest.

Colonel Vassall having left it, the house for the nine months that the siege of Boston lasted was the abode of Washington. From it were addressed those admirable letters which organized rebellion into successful revolution. There gathered his generals in council; there came to confer with him the patriotic leaders belonging to the legislative body at Watertown, and within its spacious apartments occurred many an interesting incident which his biographers have worthily narrated. After the war the property was sold to Nathaniel Tracy, of Newburyport, who conveyed it to Thomas Russell in 1786, and in 1793 it finally passed to Andrew Craigie, who long dwelt there, and in whose time it consisted of nearly two hundred acres. Mr. Craigie married the daughter of the Rev. Bezaleel Shaw, H. C., 1762, settled at Nantucket, a near relative of the late chief justice. He possessed a handsome estate, and was fond of display. He purchased the handsome equipage and four horses which had been the property of the Duke of Kent when in Boston, and was exclusive enough in his habits to provoke the ill will of his neighbors.

When he built an ice cellar with a summer house over it, near the site of the present observatory, and extensive green houses, they prognosticated no good could come to one who flew in the face of providence, spitting the summer with his ice and the winter with his flowers. He was liberal in his hospitality, and his widow, who long made the house her home after his

Communications.

Alcohol.—No. 1.

ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS.

Alcohol,—what is it? It is the intoxicating ingredient in all pure spirituous liquors, whether it be rum, gin, brandy, wine, cider, beer, porter or ale; and it is precisely the same in them all; there is no difference in its nature in any of these liquors; the only difference, so far as alcohol is concerned, is in the quantity. How is this drug obtained? There is a very general opinion that alcohol exists in the grain, potatoes, grapes, apples, &c., from which it is manufactured. "If it does not exist in these articles, how is it obtained from them?" Tables, chairs, bureaus and other furniture are obtained from the forest; but they do not exist in the forest in these various forms.

The materials from which they are manufactured exist in the forest; but in making them a portion of the trees is selected and other portions rejected. So in the formation of alcohol, the simple elements of which the alcohol is composed, the carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, exist in the grain, grapes, &c., but they exist in another combination, with other materials, and form an entirely different substance; so that there is not a particle of alcohol in any vegetable. Prof. Liebig, one of the most eminent chemists, says, "It is contrary to all sober rules of research to regard the vital process of an animal or plant as the cause of fermentation. The opinion that they take any share in the morbid process must be rejected as an hypothesis destitute of all support. In all fungi, analysis has detected the presence of sugar, which during the vital process is not resolved into alcohol. And it has been held by many that nature, unassisted by art, never forms alcohol." And especially is this the case with grapes. Sir Humphrey Davy says, "It has never been found ready formed in plants."

Count Chaptal says, "Nature never forms spirituous liquors; she rots the grapes upon the branches, but it is art which converts the juice into alcoholic wine." Prof. Turner says, "It does not exist ready formed in plants, but is a product of vinous fermentation—a process that must be invited, superintended, and, at a certain stage, arrested by art." Dr. Morrison says, "Alcohol is essentially an artificial thing prepared by man through this destructive process of fermentation."

So that we learn that alcohol is never found in any sound vegetable, and is never even produced in the natural process of decay unaided by art. Alcohol may be formed from anything that contains starch or sugar. The starch by means of its compounds, and by the process of heating, changes to sugar; the sugar is thus diluted with water and rotted, or fermented, which Liebig calls putrefaction, until it changes the sugar into alcohol. And this process is effected by uniting the carbon, hydrogen and oxygen in the proportions of 4 parts of carbon, 6 of hydrogen and 2 of oxygen, which forms the alcohol which all spirituous liquors contain.

Thus we have brewed or fermented liquors; such as rum, gin, brandy, whisky, &c., are fermented from brewed liquor. The brewed liquors are put into a covered kettle and boiled; the alcohol being lighter than the water will pass off first, but it has such a strong affinity for water it will carry a portion of water with it. This steam is caught in another vessel and cooled. Distilled or spirituous liquors usually contain from 50 to 55 per cent. of alcohol. But it may again be redistilled and become still stronger. So that it may never be said that "alcohol is one of the good creatures of God." If it had been designed by God for the use of man, and beneficial, it would have existed somewhere in nature.

Some people take quails, partridges and chickens and let them hang in the sun two or three days after they are dead, just as they are, feathers, entrails and all; and after they begin to be soft, clean them and eat them; they call them "malted birds." I should call them decayed birds. Whoever drinks alcoholic liquors does no better, for he eats rotten grain, apples or grapes. Ferment, putrefaction, decay and rot all mean the same thing. "Will it be very wonderful if we find terrible results from the constant use of the quintessence of putrefaction? Why is tainted or decayed meat injurious? Because it has changed in its form or composition; it has lost some of the elements it contained when fresh, and other elements have entered into another combination. Each simple element is just the same as when in the ox; only they have become separated from their original combination, and have formed a new one. It is just the same with the grain; the original combination is broken up, and a new combination formed from a part of the elements. And no process but that of putrefaction will accomplish this object. Let all tipplers remember when they call for whiskey, they are simply ordering a dose of rotten sugar and stagnant water. A. D.

Systematic Benevolence.

Order is said to be heaven's first law. The Creator was evidently governed by the law of order in the formation of the universe. The experience of every practical business man shows the system is absolutely necessary to insure success. The servant of God does not expect to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, without regularly attending to the stated means of grace. But when order is not observed little is expected and less accomplished. Many, thus, fail of performing their duty. As the great object of living is to do good and honor God, such methods or plans should be adopted as will contribute most to one's usefulness.

But there is a variety of views in regard to this matter. One thinks he should

not give until the sympathies of his heart are awakened. Another thinks that, if it is his duty to aid the benevolent enterprises of the day, God will impress his mind when and how much to contribute; otherwise he considers himself excused, and does nothing for the spread of the gospel. True there should be feeling on the subject; but if we limit our contributions to our feelings, great sacrifices will seldom be made. Our feelings, under the influence of selfishness, will prompt us to keep what we have and get what we can. The language of the heart will be, "God will sustain his own cause; our property is our own, and we shall see what becomes of it." But he who is governed by principle, and not by selfishness, readily admits that the gold, together with the cattle on a thousand hills, is the Lord's. He is benevolent, not because his natural disposition inclines him to be so, but from a sense of moral duty. Desiring to accomplish much for the glory of God, he adopts a systematic plan of benevolence, to which he strictly adheres to the close of life. He invariably makes it a point to contribute for objects of benevolence one-tenth, one-fourth, one-third, or one-half of his weekly, monthly, or annual income, as his wants and circumstances allow. He gives willingly and systematically, and in a few years finds that God has most abundantly blessed his efforts.

Early Sketches.—No. 19.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

EXTRACTS FROM RANDALL'S JOURNAL.

Love for souls. This is what is needed, by all in order to pray and labor effectually. Randall felt this love. In the spring of 1782 he writes, "My soul is longing after the salvation of poor sinners. O that all who are strangers to religion would consider what a risk they run,—what danger they are in. Let them have what they will, if they have not religion, they have nothing that will give victory over death." Early in 1789 he writes, "How I long that sinners may taste and see that the Lord is good."

Full of praise. In all the religious journals I have seen none so often expressing praise to God as Randall's. The injunction of Paul was much in his mind, "In everything give thanks." May 20, 1782, he writes, "This day, William, our sixth child, was born, for which may God, the giver of every mercy, have praise in the highest."

In May of the same year he says, "Glory to God, I had sweet encouragement, for souls were brought to rejoice in the Lord."

At Brunswick, Me., in the autumn, he preached to a congregation that seemed very much swallowed up in the customs of vanity. But he writes, "Blessed be the Lord, the word fell with great weight."—A work of grace commenced. The next day was the Sabbath. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, he heard the voice of praise in some part of the house. His whole soul vibrated. He arose from his bed and says, "I was rejoicing and praising God. And very soon a young man came down from the chamber saying, 'Glory, glory, glory; I have found the blessed Jesus!' and, blessed be God, we joined with him in giving praise."

This was Randall's third visit to Maine. On returning home in Nov. he writes, "I have seen much of the power of God. Let all glory be given to him."

In Sept., 1784, he attended a Quarterly Meeting at Woolwich, Me., which was a season of power. He writes, "What reason I have to give glory to the King of kings."

In Dec., 1785, for the first time Quarterly Meeting was held in Gorham, Me. He attended and says, "I returned laden with experience of the goodness of God. Glory to his great and adorable name."

A year later at the close of another Q. M. in Gorham he writes, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Oct. 2, 1787, he assisted at the ordination of Nathan Merrill, of Gray, Me. On returning he writes, "O that I could find my soul filled with gratitude and thanksgiving. Oh great God, thou art worthy of all praise." In Dec. he also assisted in the ordination of James McClarson of Gorham, Me. Returning home in safety he writes, "Oh may the Lord have all the praise. My soul doth magnify his name."

About that time, Gorham, Me., at the part called Fort Hill, became noted for displays of the power of God. Randall was there again at Q. M. in Dec., 1788. He was overjoyed at the Divine presence and the good news that came from different parts. He writes, "Oh blessed be the Lord."

In March, 1789, a Quarterly Meeting was held at Parsonfield, Me., for the first time. The season was glorious beyond description. Some account of it will be given in another paper. Randall closes a notice of it by adopting the language of the Psalmist, "Oh come, magnify the Lord with me. Come, let us magnify his name together."

His Journal for 1790, '91 and '92 is not at hand. In Oct., 1793, he notes a Q. M., probably in New Hampshire, and after saying it was refreshing, he adds in the language of Scripture, "O Lord, thou art good unto all, and thy tender mercies are over all the works of thy hands."

Nov. Monthly Meeting at New Durham. He says, "Love, pure love, much prevailed. Glory to the King of heaven."

June, 1794, he attended Yearly Meeting at New Durham, which continued four days. In closing the account he says, "The reports were refreshing, glory to God." In July he visited Berwick, Kittery and York in Maine, and Newcastle, N. H. He says, "A number of members were added; all praise to God in the highest."

Weakness is more opposite to virtue than vice itself.

Prayer and Conference Meetings

Every professor of religion, especially every church-member, should highly esteem meetings of this kind, and be prompt in attending them. Time thus spent is never lost; for there is a time for all things—a time to live, a time to die, and there should certainly be a time to serve God. We are constantly coming in contact with evil influences. We have much against which to contend,—the world, the flesh, and the devil, all of which have a tendency to deprive us of spiritual enjoyments, and blast our hopes of eternal felicity.

The disciple of Christ has then much to do in order to run with patience the Christian race, keeping his body under subjection, and glorifying his Father who is in heaven. Of the many privileges granted to Christians in this world of conflict, that of meeting together in the capacity of worshippers, should be most fully appreciated. Meetings designed for the individual exercise of the various "gifts," are well calculated, in their nature, to advance heavenward the pious saint. In the conference room, in the social circle of praying believers equal freedom is granted to all. There in the pure atmosphere of celestial influences, the child of God, the weakest saint, the humblest suppliant, may disclose the feelings of his heart—his sorrows, hopes, joys. Then, for a time, he feels himself freed from the cares and toils of life, and from him who seeks to destroy both soul and body. The world, with all its deceitful charms and delusive prospects, loses its attractions. The soul enjoys that which the world can neither give nor take away.

Why then should I seek for joys on earth, when heaven can fill it with joys unutterable—with hopes bright and never failing, founded upon the sure promises of God? Now let the serious question be propounded. Who would absent himself from prayer and conference meetings? Yes, from those social gatherings, where kindred spirits hold communion with each other, and inhale the sweet fragrance, wafted by the winds of heaven from the pure throne of the Holy One. Who that has the slightest conceptions of the immortal state, can studiously avoid entering those inviting halls of heavenly worship? The person who can do this, without a reasonable excuse, must be destitute of the life and power of religion, whatever great pretensions he may make to the outward forms and ceremonies of Christianity. The life-giving and soul-inspiring principle is not there. Or, if it ever was, it has departed, if not from the world, from the heart of that proud professor, who is ashamed to assemble at the conference room, and mingle his voice with the saints of the Most High.

Giving Up for Christ.

A friend requested me to name a few simple and practical rules for Christian self-denial. "It is not what a man takes up, but what he gives up, that makes him rich towards God." Now what ought a follower of Jesus to give up for his Master's sake?

1. Of course every man who would become a Christ's man, must renounce everything that God's Word and a healthy conscience set down as wrong. All sins are "contraband" at the gateway of entrance to the Christian life. The sentinel at the gate challenges us with the command—"Lay down that sin!" "Cease to do evil," comes before "Learn to do well."

2. We must give up whatever by its direct influence tends to injure ourselves or others. Here comes in the law of brotherly love—the law of avoiding the appearance of evil, and of renouncing whatever causes our brother to stumble. This is the generally accepted basis for the duty of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. We have a very poor opinion of the piety of any man who will not give up his bottle of wine, or any other self-indulgence for the sake of taking a stumbling-block out of a fellow-creature's path. This second principle of abandoning every practice which may mislead others, is the one to be applied by a Christian whenever he is solicited to play whist, or to attend the opera, the circus, or the dancing-party. You may not become a gambler, but cards make gamblers of others. You may not be corrupted by the opera-stage, or by the promiscuous dance; but their influence has damaged thousands of your fellow Christians. The safe side of all questionable amusements is the outside.

3. Give up whatever tends to pamper the passions, or to kindle unholy desires. Paul's noble determination to "keep his body under," implies that there was something or other in Paul's fleshy nature which ought to be kept under. It is also true of about every Christian, that somewhere in his nature lies a weak point, a besetting tendency to sin; and right there must be applied the check-rein of self-denial. Even eminent Christians have had to wage constant battle with sexual passions. Others have had sore conflict with irritable, violent tempers. When a servant of Christ is willing to take a back-seat, or to yield the pre-eminence to others, he is making a surrender which is well-pleasing to his meek and lowly Master. One of the hardest things to many a Christian is to serve his Saviour as a "private," when his pride tells him that he ought to wear a "shoulder-strap" in Christ's army.

4. Another very hard thing for most persons to give up, is to give up having their own way. But the very essence of true spiritual obedience lies just here. It is right here that self-sufficiency, and vanity, and waywardness, and obstinacy are to be met. Here they must be sacrificed to that demand of the Master, that he shall rule, and not we.

5. The last rule of giving up which we have room for in this brief article is, that time, ease and money must all be held tributary to Christ. In these days of stylish equipage and social extravagance, how few

Christians are willing to give up to Jesus the key to their purses and bank-safes! Too many go through the solemn farce of writing "Holiness to the Lord" on their property, and then using it for their own gratification. Every servant of Christ should systematically bestow at least one-tenth of his annual income in Christian charities, and as much more as he or she can afford without robbing others. What child of God was ever bankrupted by benevolence?

It is harder to give up ease than money. Personal exertion to save sinners, to do disagreeable duties, and to "keep at it" in up-hill work, is one of the severest tests of self-denying godliness. Blessed is that disciple who can say, "It is my meat to do my Master's will, and to finish the work which he gave me to do." He goes on giving up—and giving up for Christ until his dying hour; and then when he gets to heaven he will find that what he "lost for Christ's sake," has been saving up for him to be his everlasting treasure in glory.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in American Messenger.*

Physiology of Preaching.

Hasband all your strength for the delivery of the sermon. Take not a step, sing not a line, speak not a word, unnecessarily; for we rise in the morning with a certain amount of physical power, and acquire but little more during the day from other sources. It is the recuperation which sleep gives, and if that force is expended in a long walk or ride to church, or in any muscular effort whatever, you have just that much less for the sermon; and every clergyman must know that the more physical vigor he has, the easier he can preach.

Singing is an effort, hence every verse sung is a loss of vocal power. Be more of a man than to be the slave of a slip of water, a lozenge, or a lump of sugar, before or during preaching; the necessity of these grows upon a man with great rapidity, and detracts from his independence and self-reliance.

Avoid conversation on any subject from the time of rising in the morning until the sermon is delivered; for the more your subject absorbs your whole being, the greater will be the union with which the message is delivered.

Begin in a low tone, but with the utmost distinctness of utterance, and as the lungs grow warm, and the vocal organs more pliable, throw in more voice gradually until the end of the discourse, otherwise you will break down before you are half done.

Never study a gesture or an intonation; this involves a mental diversion from the subject, and impairs your force.

If the closing prayer is a succinct reproduction of the great practical truths of the discourse, and that only, the chances are greatly increased of its long remembrance.

There are few pulpits which are free from draughts or eddies of air; preaching involves an increased perspiration of the body, and the danger is great, the injury certain, of cooling off too quickly, even before leaving the pulpit; hence both in winter and summer it is of incalculable advantage to have a thick cloak at hand, to be thrown over the shoulders the moment the seat is taken after the sermon has been delivered; perhaps it is of more importance in summer than in winter, because perspiration is so much more readily induced, and is more apt to become profuse; hence the danger of cooling off is greatly increased.

Put on over-coat, hat, gloves, everything, before passing out of the door, and, if possible, walk home, walk briskly, mouth shut, breast protected.

It is suicidal to ride even a mile within an hour after preaching, if it is a chilly day, or a cool wind is blowing.

A meal should be taken as soon after preaching as possible, if there has to be another sermon on the same day a mile or more distant.

If another sermon is to be preached in the afternoon at the same place, make your dinner of a cup or two of hot drink, a piece of cold bread and butter, and a slice of meat, nothing else whatever, under any pretence whatever, because in part the great flow of nervous power is toward the brain, and is kept up by the mind running back on the sermon; or it is directed with all the power left in the consideration of the sermon to be delivered, with the result that so little goes to the stomach that it is barely sufficient to digest a comparatively small meal, and that a very light one; if a hearty dinner is taken before an afternoon discourse, it remains for that reason undigested, decomposition of the food takes place, wind is evolved, distending the stomach, which presses up against the more yielding lungs, curtails their power of action, and there is such an uncomfortable sense of oppression as to unfit for the second service.

After the last service of the day, do all that is possible to get the mind out of the day's run, by thinking of anything else than the labors of the day.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Along side of skepticism, nay, at the bottom of it, may there not be a grasping for the solid truth, a hunger for belief, a deep, insatiable yearning for faith? Only there exists the deep conviction that faith, to be real and worth the having, must look into the face of some truth, and no sham, illusion, or mere tradition. So that which seems to be the exact opposite and neutralizer of faith, may, in certain conditions of mind, be necessary in order to its positive existence. There may come out an increased clearness and strength of conviction. The man who has battled with "the everlasting no" and come off victor, has a far stronger hold of the truth than he ever could have had without the conflict, only he remembered he must come off victor!

S. S. Department.

A Teacher in Trouble.

A S. S. teacher presents his troubles as follows to the *S. S. Workman* and asks to be helped out of them:

Mr. Workman: Listen to my tale of troubles, and help me out of them. Our Sunday school is what you might call a changeable one. We have a truly excellent pastor, a man of earnest piety, undoubted talent, warm love for his work, and a deep interest in the souls of the flock. But he seems to have one great fault—a spirit of restlessness. We are not "old fogies," we are willing to advance, and wish to avail ourselves of all the real advantages within our reach; but we would like to come to a stand sometimes, long enough to comprehend where we are and what we are to do next. We don't want to have new question-books and new class-books and new singing-books every six months, as if it were our pastor's duty to provide sale for all the books that are published. We don't want to change the hour for commencing school so often that neither teachers nor scholars can keep it in their minds. We don't want to be continually altering our plan of teaching. If I were to give an unvarnished statement of all the changes which our pastor has made in the arrangements of the church and school since he has occupied that position, you would think I was romancing. Every year a new schedule is suspended in the vestibule of the church, arranging the services on a different plan; every year a circular is laid in each pew, changing the hours and meeting-places of the societies, or giving them new names or new officers, or abolishing them entirely and establishing "others"—the same, yet not the same.

The hour for opening afternoon school changes so often that the scholars don't pretend to remember it. They come whenever it suits them; they stand (sometimes broiling in the heat, sometimes shivering with cold) at the locked door, and when the door is opened such a scene of disorder ensues that the few teachers who have had the imprudence to come a little before the time, think they'll "never do so again." The different divisions of the school open at so many different hours, and change so frequently, that a parent with children of various ages must find it quite a task to remember each one's starting-time, and for them all to come in company would be preposterous. While the occupants of the class-rooms are vainly endeavoring to make their voices heard in singing their opening hymn, or to listen to and unite in the prayers of their teachers, the children of the main school are hallowing at the windows, or racing through the general meeting-room, or climbing over the benches; and the infants—whose school is held sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the afternoon, and opening at whatever hour their teachers' conveniences are clattering up and down the stairs, getting into little disputes, or crying with weariness and the pain of being crowded.

Then, as soon as the scholars are really interested in their course of lessons, and enter into the spirit of them, a new set of books is introduced; when some fruits of their application to singing begin to appear, and their voices unite harmoniously in tunes they and their elders are learning to love, away go all the old associations and music-books, and in their places come something "just from the press," but far inferior in sweetness and excellence.

The library is snatched away and sent to some mission-school before its volumes have nearly made the circuit of our own, and the excitement of the children is so on the increase that they are never satisfied, and the new library is instantly condemned as not at all equal to anybody's wishes, and the dissatisfaction only quieted by the reply that the next shall be better. I could detail other changes—sad ones; I could tell of plans that resulted only in breaking up established organizations and leaving nothing; of faithful laborers wearied out and driven away by the singular distractions brought to bear upon them; but perhaps I have complained enough. We could be interested in progress, and carried along with it, even if sometimes its course was too rapid for individual taste or judgment; we could be willing to see experiments tried, and to join in trying them; but to be merely kept in violent motion, to be always taking something new and always giving up something old, never to be allowed to receive the full benefit of any plan, because it is never worked out, often to have glimpses of beauty and excellence and success a little before us, and to be turned out of the way just as we have labored through the drudgery and are reaching out our hands for the recompense, is distressing.

We sometimes wonder if our honored pastor ever thought much about the counsel given in Jeremiah 6: 16, in Philippians 3: 16, and in Galatians 6: 9.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHILDHOOD. The *Excelsior*, in a very suggestive article, gives the following characteristics of childhood, every teacher should make use of in his work:

1. Curiosity. To find out a thing is one of the most charming things in the world to a child. Excite in him a desire to know, and he will eagerly wait upon your questions, and set to work to solve them. He loves to unravel. He delights in a puzzle. He will tug away for hours at a riddle. The teacher must use this fact. He must stimulate inquiry, not adopt the lecturing, cramming mode. It is a good plan to leave something in one Sunday's lesson to be answered the next. 2. Variety. Children love change. They crave it. They can not endure humdrum ways. Superintendents should consult variety in their opening and closing exercises. Teachers should change their mode of opening the lesson, and of teaching it, from time to time. 3. Vivacity. Children are full of animation. Their pulse beats faster than an adult's. They think faster, speak faster. They are impatient of slowness. They are restless to move on. When, therefore, you have stated a point clearly, sharply, leave it. Do not drag. Move on. 4. Love of Employment. The activity of children needs only to be guided aright. Give them something to do. They are tireless, indefatigable, irrepressible—veritable steam engines. They must go, or burst. Keep them employed. The teacher must engage all his class, all the time. He must throw the burden of the lesson upon them. 5. Imagination. In children it is wonderfully active, and they picture out every thing. They individualize. So present the truth. Make the lesson stand out in its concrete forms. Do not generalize. Deal not with abstractions. Give to everything a real, tangible existence, that the child may lay hold of it and picture it out before his mind.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST. The demand of the best talent in the Sunday school is not

to be taken by any earnest laborer as a hint that he is not wanted there—a mistake happily corrected by the Rev. Dr. Heacock, of Buffalo, before the New York Sunday school Teachers' Association:

The cause is among the best on earth. It demands the best of everything. "Exactly so," says some curiously constituted teacher, who is a mixture of half earnestness and half indifference, half humility and half laziness. "Exactly so!" he claims, "I know that the cause demands the very best, and as I have it not to give, therefore I am excluded and excused on that very ground." Not so fast my brother. What we mean is this: We want all the talent of the church, even the best; we want the best native talent, and the highest cultivated talent; we want the one talent and the five talents; and the ten talents; we want all the talent, consecrated and devoted to the one work of gathering and feeding the lambs of Christ's flock. Do we still say, "But you need a great deal better man or woman than I am?" I answer, "It may be so, but we need you also, and must have you. Good, better, and best, all must do their part, and each has a part, and all, at their best, are after all but unprofitable servants, who need constantly a deep sense of their unfitness, and a humble resting upon God for all that they are or may do in this service for him."

THE "LITTLE BOY WITH THE STRAW HAT." A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said: "Little boy with a straw hat, look up!" A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly: "God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that!" As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the old lady's smile, and her approval; and last and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—*Sunday School Journal.*

THE NEW LESSONS. The air has been for half a dozen years full of new theories in regard to lesson systems. But none of the writers of theories have yet tried their hands at lessons; or if they have done so in a few instances, they have always failed to gain popular acceptance. The children of bachelors are proverbially well governed. Those who do not have to encounter the difficulty of preparing lessons are sure to have excellent theories. We had a theory ourselves, years ago, but the practical difficulty of the work has proven fatal to it. We once dreamed of a thorough course of instruction in theology and Biblical literature in Sunday schools. Now we have to content ourselves with the possible, and to leave to those who have had no experience, the building of pretty castles.

But no lesson system has yet attained anything like what will be reached in the next dozen years. We are but feeling after it. Compare the lessons of any year in this magazine with those of the year before, and see how rapid the progress has been. Not a letter has been sent to us in these years, criticising, in any way, our lesson course, that has not had careful attention. All the results of experience have been carefully treasured, and with the first of January, we have tried to introduce new and better methods. Next year we propose to introduce yet greater improvements in the arrangement and development of the lesson work; improvements which will be hailed with pleasure by all our friends.—*Teacher.*

ONE DANGER. The Sunday school is in danger of being overruled by over-much legislation. Hence it is we have certain schools whose punctiliousness neutralize all, or nearly all, effective work; most of whose time is occupied in opening, calling the roll, distributing books, singing a hymn or two, often of most inappropriate words. The hour is gone, no lesson is effectively taught, the school is closed, and the children dismissed; and this is continued from year to year, till the Sunday school becomes almost a synonym for the pastime of some, and of weariness and disgust to others, and of real efficient service to few.—*Christian Year.*

THE FACTS. Rev. Asa Bullard believes that ministers' and deacons' children are slandered, and furnishes the following statistics, carefully collected by himself and his friends, as the reason for the faith that is in him:

In 448 families of ministers and deacons, there were 2,101 children over fifteen years of age, of whom 1,414 were hopelessly pious, 93 were in the ministry or fitting for it, and only 594 dissipated! And all the remaining children, with very few exceptions, were respectable and useful citizens. Can results like these be obtained from the same number of families (taken impartially as these were) of any class or profession of parents, especially of those who are not professing Christians? How false and unjust then the proverb, that ministers' and deacons' children are worse than other children.

HINTS TO PASTORS. Not only instruction, but cheer is needed.

His office creates the expectation that he will be the teacher of the teachers.

He ought to be so thorough a student of the Word of God, of the human mind, of methods of instruction, of ways of illustration, and of Sunday school matters in general, that his services would be worth more to the teachers' meeting than those of any one else.

1. Let him know the children. 2. Love them. 3. Begot their love. 4. Visit them in the Sunday school. 5. Invite them to attend public service repeatedly—never let them forget that this is expected of them. 6. Let him remember them while preaching, as the lambs of the fold whom he should feed; and adapt, as far as possible, his teaching to their comprehension, and elicit their interest in it.

RAINY DAYS. The Sabbath school teacher has a three-fold reason for prompt attendance at his post on a rainy Sabbath. He may, from various causes, effectually reach a scholar when few are present to whose heart he can not gain access in a full class. Some scholar who is about to leave may come because it is the last Sabbath, and thus give the teacher the last opportunity to reach that soul. And because it is the last opportunity, his words may have a power and an effect they never had before.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1871.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, and all letters on business, remittances of money, &c., should be addressed to the Publisher.

Editorial Correspondence.

FAIRPORT, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1871.

I send a hurried letter from this pleasant town. Just now I confine myself to facts, told in few and plain words. Comments are suppressed or reserved.

The first annual meeting of what is called the New York Central Baptist Association has just closed in this place. This Asso. was formed last year, and is composed of delegates sent by the various Yearly Meetings in the state. The Y. M's in Pennsylvania are also invited to co-operate, and may, perhaps do so. Members of other branches of the Baptist Family would be welcomed on the same terms as F. Baptists, should they choose to come. There is a hope that they may so choose some day. As yet, however, these other Baptist bodies ignore the Asso. and keep on in their usual ways. The avowed object of the Asso. is to promote acquaintance and fraternity, and secure co-operation in general and special missionary work,—the term "missionary" being used in a very broad and comprehensive sense. But the need of this separate organization appears so doubtful, that decisive steps were taken to blend it with, or merge it in, the State Mission Society. It was thought that nothing important would be lost by this change, and that the machinery would thus be simplified, friction lessened and force economized.

There was what was deemed a very good attendance. All the Y. M's sent delegates, counting up from twenty to thirty persons. A number of brethren, not delegates, were present. The members and friends of the F. B. church and society in the town extended a generous hospitality to the visitors, and a good company of them attended the meetings. A few of the Congregationalists came in at different sessions. The C. Baptists almost entirely ignored the gathering.

The expected and promised representatives of what is called the "liberal element" in the C. Baptist body mostly failed to appear. Rev. Mr. Whitney, associate editor of the *Baptist Union*, Dr. Landon (Free Communion), of Canada, and Rev. Mr. Jones, of the Seventh Day Baptists, were in attendance and took part in the proceedings. But Rev. Messrs. Fish, Chase, J. Hyatt Smith, &c., who had been announced as essayists or lecturers, were not on hand. Their absence occasioned surprise, disappointment and chagrin.

The meetings were never dull. They had life, motion, zest, enthusiasm. There was no such silence, or quietude, or gravity, as suggests a Quaker service or a profoundly meditative mood. There were earnestness and seriousness and pathos in spirit and speech at times; but the Convention proved that it knew how to be jolly, that its enthusiasm was largely of the explosive sort, that it could appreciate more than one kind of wit, and that it was not in the least afraid of a noise. Whatever else was lacking, it was plain that the members of the Convention were bent on having "a good time," and they had it. And the audience generally aided in reaching this result, and got their share. They listened, nodded approval, looked grave, thought, sympathized, dissented, and laughed by turns, as good audiences generally do and always should.

Several topics were discussed. The Ministry and its proper training and work, Home Missions, Church-building and extension, Sabbath Schools, &c., were dealt with by means of essays, reports, expositions of plans, speeches elaborate and informal, suggestions and resolutions. Many important facts were brought out, valuable hints given, and Christian hearts were stirred with better and higher purposes. The utterances on the subject of Church Extension, and the need of choosing centers of influence as the spheres in which to operate, were eminently just, important, timely, considerate and effective. They deserved a wide hearing, and ought to be repeated, emphasized and urged till they are heeded and applied throughout the denomination.

But the chief topic of interest was the growth of open communion sentiment and conviction among the C. Baptists, and the work to be done in view of it, in order to effect a union among all the branches and members of the great Baptist family that hold evangelical views. This topic of course involved the question,—What is the true policy for F. Baptists to adopt at this hour? and also the other question,—What estimate shall F. Baptists put upon the *Baptist Union*,—the new paper started in New York,—and what shall be done in its behalf? Nothing else so interested the Convention as this. It was the central thing. It cropped out constantly, no matter what topic was on hand. It put a tinge upon the whole work done. It supplied the undertone which could be heard in nearly every utterance. It gave the most marked vehemence to the speaker's expression. It supplied what was most noteworthy in the preconcerted flash and mimic thunder through which the sympathetic hearers stormed out their applause. It was the soul of the occasion. Indeed, it seems to have been this that called the Central Association into life, and the last meeting was deemed significant on that account.

What was said and done in connection with this subject can be stated now only in general terms. There is neither time nor room for details at this hour. There is no need perhaps.

Of the particular measures adopted with reference to the *Union* and its management, I do not claim to have any knowledge for the public. That is the private business of

the men who have called it into life. Others need not ask for what does not especially concern them. What is disclosed may be used, but only that. Of course the *Union* was very freely and strongly praised in view of what it is and has done, and a very splendid character and career were predicted for it in the future;—to all of which, as was quite natural, nobody seemed inclined to utter a word of objection.

The representations made respecting the growth and spread of "liberal sentiments" in the C. Baptist body were very strong. High expectations were indulged. The names of some men were freely mentioned and their statements quoted; others, it was said, were kept back as a matter of prudence, courtesy and good faith. A distinguished Doctor of Divinity among the C. Baptists, lately met in Boston, was reported as saying that, if the persistent demand for toleration in the matter of communion in that body would split the denomination, he had only to say, "Let it split." Rev. Dr. Caswell was quoted as saying that, as for standing the intolerant rule of the rigid close communionists, he and those who were with him could not and would not do it; and he referred to Rev. Dr. Dodge, of Madison University, as fully sympathizing with this sentiment and purpose. It was also stated that, within the next two months, more than one hundred able, distinguished and influential ministers belonging to the C. Baptist body would unite in making a public protest and declaration in behalf of entire toleration on the communion question. And the coming revolution in this ecclesiastical realm was hailed as something sure, speedy, significant, sublime, saving.

The attitude which the F. Baptists are called to occupy in respect to these "liberal Baptists," and the steps that ought to be taken to bring about a union in the Baptist family, were very doubtfully defined. Indeed, the real meaning of the word "union," as employed in this connection, was, to one careful listener at least, an unsolved problem and a baffling enigma. There were words enough used, but they somehow seemed to hide rather than elucidate ideas. The work of exposition was professedly attempted at several times and by several persons, but the various definitions seemed equally incomplete and antagonistic. That some important change in our basis and plans of church building is called for by these brethren, seems plain to them. They insist on this. They use what sounded like significant terms in speaking of what is wanted by them. Such phrases as "aggressive policy," "the true Baptist platform," "a broad gauge," "a new departure," &c., &c., are frequently on their lips. They complain, if they do not ridicule, the attachment to the word "Free will" as a term by which the denomination is to be known, and call for its abandonment; and insist that some of them at least, like Bunyan, Whitefield and Wayland, are fast outgrowing the limits of their denomination. All this seems to prove that pretty radical changes are wanted.

But the difficulty was found when an attempt was made to tell what all these terms really stand for. Theories of church building were several and diverse. One extreme was shown when it was asked that a church, firmly holding to our denominational faith and polity, be simply allowed to change a specific name for itself, whether "Free will," "Free," "Open Communion," "Free Communion," or "Liberal" be hitched to the term "Baptist," or whether it be "Baptist" and nothing else, and that it be so admitted to fellowship. The other extreme appeared in the theory, that simple Christian character and evangelistic belief should be the only condition of fellowship in a Baptist church and denomination,—a welcome being extended alike to the Pedobaptist who substitutes infant sprinkling for believers' baptism, and to the Quaker who contemns all outward rites as a bondage to the letter. Between these extreme theories there were several intermediate ones, by whose aid the Convention bridged the separating chasm, illustrated its liberty of thought, and left more or less hearers somewhat amused and quite uncertain. And some of the utterances suggested very strongly that, after the proposed "union" was effected,—whatever that might be,—we should still be separate in our organization and polity as we are now; while others quite as strongly suggested that we should be organically one because Baptists all. It seemed to be generally assumed that, the moment a Free Communion church was really tolerated by the C. Baptist body, all real barriers to an organic union between them and the F. Baptists would be gone; that there are no theological or other differences that are worth noting; and that only the narrowness and bigotry existing among us would then ask for a separate denominational name and life. But the several theories came and went with about equal courtesies extended to them, and not one of them met a protest or an expressed dissent. It may have been owing to perversity or to an unfortunate dullness of apprehension, but one attentive listener was considerably puzzled by the ambiguity, and is yet in the fog.

Several persons, members of the Asso. and others, privately and emphatically expressed their want of sympathy with the movement, their anxieties and fears; but thought a present silence better than a hasty and public protest, especially as the leaders were so ardent, and so impatient of dissent, objections and doubts.

These are the main facts. The work of interpretation and criticism is deferred till another time.

FARE TO CONFERENCE, &c. It was hoped that a full statement could be made in this issue of the *Star*, of the arrangement for and expense of railway travel to General Conference. But the negotiations, though progressing to a definite result, are not yet fully completed. Bro. Libby expects to make a full, definite and final statement next week.

The Revere Horror.

Why should the Eastern Railroad murder those thirty passengers at Revere? They had paid for their passage, they were conducting themselves quietly and properly, they were violating no rule of the road nor any law of the land; they were men of business going home after a week's toil to rest through the Sabbath with their families; they were brothers and sisters going merrily to visit waiting friends; they were clergymen going to meet their various Sunday engagements; they were all seemingly upright citizens, the most of them seeking the rest and quiet that Saturday night so gratefully brings;—why should those crowded cars be halted there at the Revere station until the Bangor Express had plunged its whole weight upon them, hot engine, scalding steam and all?

It is just this that the public is waiting to know about. It is just this that the Coroner's jury is trying to find out at the Revere town hall. Humanity has already given the verdict of murder, and now the chief desire is to know why it was and who is responsible for it. Do we support Railroad companies only to kill our friends? Do we patronize the roads only to be crushed and scalded ourselves? This whole summer has witnessed a rapid succession of appalling calamities similar to this terrible one in Massachusetts. If we go out to take the air, must we be blown up? Or if we seek conveyance by a legally established means, must we be crushed in our seats and then held in agony while hot steam rushes full in our faces?

Even while we are appalled by the slaughter at Revere there comes the report of a similar catastrophe in Pennsylvania, resulting from almost equal carelessness, but fortunately not so terrible in its results. As if that were not enough, the account of another steamboat explosion near Mobile comes at nearly the same time. This last was only a repetition of the Westport calamity, nearly three hundred excursionists being on board, a quarter of whom were killed and wounded. Are we to place no further confidence in safety-valves and time-tables? Has steam become desperate by its long confinement, and are these the manifestations of its wrath?

But we shall probably recover from these blows, and in due time expose ourselves to others equally as terrible. There is one thing in connection with them that would be amusing if the matter was not so serious. It is our habit of denouncing the company or corporation under whose management the accidents occur. Let there be for instance, no accident on the Eastern Road for a month; after a feeling of security has come over the public, and trains are running apparently on time, let Wendell Phillips, or any other person, appear on the road and declare that the management is faulty, that the Company deserve imprisonment for intent to kill, that they are as criminally careless as the drunkard who reels through the street shooting at random from a loaded revolver, that the whole system, in short, is murderous, and that should we do but denounce Wendell Phillips as a fanatic, and call him a poor old man with a mania for agitations? Let the accident really occur; let a party of excursionists be blown limb from limb into the air; let an express train go thundering into a compact mass of our relations and friends, crushing and mangle them beyond recognition,—we get an idea of mismanagement then, and cry murder in our loudest strain. We wonder if all fanatics are not those who are sharp enough to perceive beforehand the results that it requires a collision or an explosion to reveal to other people?

Who doubts that Wendell Phillips would be just right if he should be found in such a situation? Has not this summer furnished sufficient evidence to convince us that we travel at the mercy of negligent superintendents, forgetful conductors, sleepy engineers and drunken switchmen? The only reasonable time to scold transportation companies is before the calamity, and not after it. Why should a switchman or conductor be hanged for negligence in allowing an accident, any more than the public for not discovering that it was extremely probable a month before it occurred? Let there be an explosion on the Mississippi river. We at the north censure their steamboat management without stint, and speak of it as notoriously criminal. But it would be no unusual occurrence if in three weeks we were down there to be blown up ourselves. Who can sit down at his desk to-day and, with the statistics of Railroad travel for the last ten years, foretell almost precisely the number of calamities in the ten years to come? Why not scold the companies on the strength of these statistics, instead of waiting till the victims of a collision are held up bleeding before our eyes?

But this affair at Revere seems to have been almost premeditated. The testimony of the conductor whose train was destroyed, shows that he was a full half hour behind time in starting from Boston; that he was aware of the Bangor Express following only fifteen minutes behind him; that he stopped his train eight minutes before reaching Revere, thus giving the Express, with its high rate of speed, ample time to overtake him; that he was aware that the Express train did not usually stop at Revere; that according to the very course which he was pursuing, the terrible collision was inevitable. Another thing, and this is the worst of all, it appears that trains on the Eastern Road have no direct telegraphic communication with the Boston depot after leaving it, so that, if a train is delayed by any cause whatever, it depends altogether upon chance,—with perhaps a little aid in favor of a watchful engineer,—whether there is a collision or not. The conclusion can hardly be avoided, that this system is criminal, that it merits square condemnation, and that accidents under it, in the long run, are unavoidable. The officers of the road are calling for a thorough investigation of that

Saturday night's affair. This is well. The public would like to know just how and why it was permitted. But they would like very much better to be assured that, as far as human means are concerned, its repetition shall be made impossible in the future. If we really know, as we profess to, that the management is faulty, it is worth while to see that it is corrected.

Current Topics.

—THE ODIUM OF BUTLERISM. It is really deplorable that such men as Benjamin Butler will make themselves so prominent in our politics. His conceit and impudence are offensive. The arrogance with which he demands support and the bitterness with which he denounces those holding different opinions from his own, are disgusting. His methods of conducting any political enterprise in which he has a voice,—and he is pretty sure to get his voice into the most of them,—are repulsive. He employs so many of the arts and tactics of the criminal lawyer, breaking every unfavorable statement over the wheel of his own audacious assertion, that one can neither listen to him nor read his speeches with any sort of an even temper. Just now he is begging most graciously for the governorship of Massachusetts. He has already delivered two speeches, the first stating that he is just the man for the place, and that those newspapers have personal spite which say he is not; and the second that he is the man for the place, and that he scarcely ever did a discreditable thing in his life. It is strange that he draws full houses; but he does. It is almost unaccountable that he should find Massachusetts men who support him; but he does that too. Taking into account the record that Massachusetts has made for herself, and also considering General Butler's character, it hardly seems possible that the state should make him governor. But it must be confessed that there are chances enough for it to make one feel very uneasy in contemplating them. Mr. Butler courtships to the Labor-reformers, coquets with the Woman-suffragists, compliments the Democrats and brow-beats the Republicans. Assisted by all these, he hopes to win. Besides being a very conceited, audacious and domineering man, he is also an exceedingly able bold and shrewd man. If he does win, it will be because these qualities have taken captive the better judgment of Massachusetts.

—THE EASTERN QUESTION. There may not be war in the East for some years to come, but the present conduct of eastern rulers is making it finally inevitable. The feeling of personal possession that an Emperor has in the territory over which he reigns, is sure to lead to a blow from him if another Power seems to be looking covetously towards him. The German and Austrian Emperors and their representatives who have lately been in session, have arranged another meeting; and it is stated that an understanding has been arrived at between Germany, Austria and Italy. This triple alliance has no excuse for its existence at present, and if persisted in can not fail to lead to serious complications. There are suspicions of German avarice. Other Powers will be ill at ease while she seems to be thus designing the subjugation of still other territory. Her statements and explanations may be satisfactory, but they can not disarm the suspicions of anxious rulers. They see in these alliances the future possible loss of their own authority, and it is that they will seek to anticipate by war.

—THE GOVERNMENT OF CUBA. The United States has a real though it be a contingent interest in the destiny of Cuba. A situation there that is continually exerting a disturbing influence upon any portion of our population, to say nothing of the interest we should properly feel in the efforts of a people struggling for freedom, is not one that can be carelessly regarded. The new Spanish Ministry has given indications that it would pursue a more humane course with the Cubans. The results of several years of fighting has convinced each party that the other is strong enough to prolong the contest almost interminably, so that Spain seems finally willing to grant, and Cuba to accept, a degree or two of clemency. Premier Zorilla has indicated that the reforms already promised should be carried out, and the Spanish organs in the island already begin to advocate a more humane course. It is time, certainly, that a better plan of governing Cuba was tried. The policy of unsparing, reverentful repression has not been a success, although the revolution has proved a failure. Let it be understood that the policy of emancipation is to be carried out to the letter, and that a generous treatment of insurgents for anything they may have done in the past may be relied upon, and peace would probably be restored in a short time, with the full prosperity of the island. The attitude of the new Premier gives promise that such a policy will be adopted.

—AN ENCOURAGING POLITICAL FEATURE. One of the encouraging signs of the times is the German revolt against Tammany. That it should not have taken place before is an unaccountable fact, but its tardiness may be excused in view of its significance earnestness. The *Staats Zeitung* leads the movement, and its editor, Oswald Attendorfer, a man of great influence among his countrymen, seems to have clear notions of what the crisis demands. The German-democratic Union committee has met and passed a series of very emphatic resolutions, which foreshadow danger to Tammany. But the Germans seem to be embarrassed by the fact that Tammany is the democratic party in the State, and that so long as that relation exists they can not repudiate the ring without repudiating the party. This is only a beginning of the penalties that the City robbers are bringing upon their heads. Full retribution may be delayed, but it is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun.

DEATH OF CHARLES SCRIBNER. Charles Scribner, head of the publishing house of Scribner & Co., of New York, died in Lucerne, Switzerland, Aug. 26. His name is familiar to many who daily read the books that bear the imprint of his publishing house, and the acquaintance thus formed is of the most pleasing nature. Their publications have been of the highest literary merit, and while the business will be continued by the surviving members of the firm, they can hardly hope to eclipse the reputation that Mr. S. has already won for it. Honorable in all his dealings as a man of business, intelligent and useful as a citizen, beloved by those to whom he was nearest and respected by all who ever personally knew him, his death will be widely and deeply mourned.

Voice of the Press.

The *Independent* devoted its leader last week to a consideration of the Tammany frauds, and especially to the insolence of the Ring in defying the public whom it has robbed. After saying that the "King of the Ring, brought to bay by the Press, turns and hurls back upon his pursuers the defiant question, 'What are you going to do about it?'" the *Independent* adds:

So, then, gentlemen of the Ring, we can tell you only in part what we are going to do about it. For further particulars you will not, however, be obliged to wait very long. But we are ready now to let you know a few things which we greatly hope to see accomplished, and to the doing of which we shall devote our best energies.

We are going to turn you and all your creatures out of your offices. That we can do, and shall do, please God, before the new year is a week old.

We are going to get back as much as we can of the booty you have stolen. We know the job will not be an easy one; but you may depend on us not to give it up without a fair trial.

We are going to use our best endeavors to send you to your own place, the penitentiary. You have been guilty of the most staring and stupendous frauds; and we do not intend to admit, until we are compelled to do so, that men in office can commit such frauds without incurring the vengeance of the law.

At any rate, we are going to make this city and the whole country too hot for you. There is some conscience left in this land yet, and you will find it out before you die. Upon you shall rest, heavy and irremovable, the load of a nation's curse! You have trafficked in injustice. You have perverted our laws. You have corrupted our young men. You have done what in you lay to destroy our Government. There are some sins that a nation may never forgive, and yours are among them. It is our solemn charge to hold you up while you solve to the scorn and contempt of mankind. God may have mercy upon you; but as for us, we promise you that your ill-gotten booty shall be but a poor compensation for the inheritance of shame which shall be yours forever.

Zion's Herald has these words in favor of morning praise:

All hours of day or night are fitted for holy service. The true heart finds a place for such service in all hours. Abraham could build an altar anywhere, so can the faithful children of Abraham. But the morning has its special fitnesses. We arise from a couch that symbolizes a coffin. We have been stretched upon it as on an unconscious hours, and restored to this earthly life, its joys and duties. Shall we fail to lift up our eyes to the hills whence cometh our help? Our help cometh from God that made heaven and earth. Look up! Raise your eyes and hearts! As you see the hills around your country homes or awakening, so see the hills of God around your soul. As you feel their balmy strength, so feel that divine strength of the heavenly hills. Don't plunge into your clothes and your business without a thought of God. Don't devour your breakfast like the beasts that you feed in your barns. Consider, O ye people of God! Manages business, know and do your Maker's will. Go to him before you go to your meals or your work. Climb the hill of heaven. Take fresh draughts of its pure air for your soul's health. Break the spiritual fast first. Eat of His word, of His communion. Look to the hills of calm and strong eternity, so feel the Christ that walks there. So arising, you shall walk honestly, cheerily, safely, the values of time. You may enter the Sodomy of business, if so called by God, if you dwell with Abraham on the hills of truth and life. Look up! Rise up! Dwell there all the time. Lift up your souls to the hills whence alone cometh your help.

In the course of an article headed "The Greatness of the Cross," the *National Baptist* says:

The Cross is still a scandal and a folly. The Jew and the Greek, known by various names, are still among us. The Romanist and the Ritualist, affecting the old Jewish love of priestly ceremony and a stately service, despise the simplicity of the Gospel. Seeking for that which will strike the senses, and mistaking material grandeur for spiritual power, they look to outward observances and sacerdotal rites for an efficacy that belongs alone to the Cross. The modern Rationalist is heir to the Greek skepticism and the Sadducean infidelity. He spurns the Cross, and demands a philosophy. The atonement is for him a thing to scorn, as the resurrection is an absurdity. The wrath of God against sin has no place in his theology, and hence he knows of no vicarious sacrifice for sin and no need of divinity in the Redeemer. But those who have been taught by the Spirit, and carry in their hearts a consciousness of pardon, will exalt the Cross of Christ. Holding to that and being held by it, they will magnify the grace of Him who is just in justifying the believer, while they rejoice in the peace that passes understanding, and the hope that is full of glory,—the fruit and gift of Calvary. We preach Christ crucified,—Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.

The *Congregationalist*, commending the faithfulness with which certain religious sects look after the education of their youth, says:

It is important that the religious instruction and training of our children should be accurate and thorough. Upon this we would insist with great earnestness. We are convinced that the deficiencies of the times are in this direction. An age of luxury and self-indulgence demands short and easy roads to knowledge. The hard places must be bridged over. Things which can not be learned quickly and with little effort are dismissed. And we are fearful that too

many parents, and too many Sabbath school teachers, have themselves but imperfect acquaintance with the great truths of the Gospel. Their own views are vague. They have never been thoroughly taught. How can they teach others?

In view of closing vacations and the re-commencement of pastoral work, the *Boston Christian Era* says:

Probably there are very few if any churches which are not hoping to enjoy a precious ingathering of souls the ensuing fall and winter. That must be the work of the Holy Spirit; yet we are fully persuaded that it is only what every church may enjoy. God works by means. He always has blessed and he will continue to bless the means of his own appointment. Hence if churches would rejoice over conversions, let them now begin to labor for them. Such was the plan adopted by one of the churches in this city one year ago. The pastor took the lead and gave direction and interest to the work; the result was a revival of religion and an enlargement of the church, such as few of our churches are permitted to enjoy. Thus let all our churches now begin to work for God, and see if they may not likewise rejoice ere long over what God has wrought for them.

We clip the following from the *Transcript's* obituary notice of the late Dr. Gannett, who was killed by the recent collision on the Eastern Railroad:

In the study, a fearlessly inquiring scholar; in the pulpit, a preacher of power, with a fervid utterance that almost made you forget the severity of his logic; on the platform, a speaker whose zeal and enthusiasm seemed to inspire him with a fluency, beauty and eloquence that mingled the fascination of a rushing spontaneity with apparently the perfect finish of careful preparation; in the homes of his people, in their joys and sorrows, the most sympathizing of pastors; in all places and under all circumstances firm in his convictions, eager to do good, never sparing his strength or allowing feebleness to excuse him from labor;—this was the clergyman, the orator, the philanthropist and the friend whose threescore and ten years are now ended, to have multitudes mourn not for him; but for their own loss.

Denominational News and Notes.

A Colored Camp-Meeting.

The following is an extract from a letter from Rev. I. B. Coleman, and we insert it in this column for want of room elsewhere. He writes from Frederica, Del., where he is in quest of health, and says:—

After enjoying a number of Sabbaths with the Methodist people, who have extended every Christian courtesy desired, we decided to attend the colored people's camp-meeting, held near Milford, in this state, some seven miles away. Curiosity had some thing to do in directing us to this encampment, expecting of course to witness a marked display of the ludicrous; but were happily disappointed. My wife and others said as we turned away, "The best camp-meeting I ever attended," and in so it found a hearty response. It was a large but a respectable gathering, mostly colored, though these were of every shade, with a sprinkling of whites, as lookers-on. The ground, tents and seats, were all that could be expected. Order and decorum were observed, as much so as at any religious gathering of the kind I ever witnessed, and whatever of discord there was in the way of talking during services, was not by the colored people, but the whites.

The sermon would compare favorably with the "big guns" at Round Lake. The preacher was apparently about thirty-five; fine form and manly bearing, with marked intelligence. He arose with an easy grace and after announcing his text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," he commenced by saying: "If we were sick, apparently sinking to the grave, and a physician should heal us, cure us, save us, we should be very apt to recommend him to others. Feeling that I have shared in the saving power of Christ, I arise to recommend him to others as the great physician, the Saviour of sinners." His discourse was logical and fervent. His closing was with great power. I turned and looked to the place where the white people did congregate, and I saw the gushing tear as he took his audience up to witness the final gathering and closing scene of the mission work of Christ, as with the trophies of his victory, they come up through great tribulation having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Then he came back, to say, "Brethren, if you are saved, keep saved," making a touching appeal to the unsaved. I thought, as I sat and listened to what seemed to me a masterly effort, "If negroes have not souls, they have power to move souls."

Indiana Yearly Meeting.

The Ind. Y. M. held its twenty-ninth session with the Franklin church, Ripley Q. M., Aug. 11th—13th. Eld. E. Redlon was moderator.

The Ripley Q. M. reported revival interest in some of the churches and the addition of one church to the Q. M., consisting of twenty-two members, which formerly belonged to the Separate Baptist denomination; and also the formation of a branch to the Union church.

The Switzerland Q. M., as reported by Rev. I. Stone, is spiritually dead. Where formerly ten strong churches flourished, but three now exist, and they can hardly be termed visible churches. If not assisted, the Switzerland Q. M. will soon be among the things that were. Can not something be done to regain the ground once occupied by Free Baptists there? May God send more faithful laborers into the harvest, for the fields are white for harvest.

The business meeting was interesting and the business was transacted harmoniously.

The Y. M. was favored with the labors of Rev. J. F. Tufts, of the Ohio, Y. M. The preaching was timely, powerful and spiritual. Next session with Switzerland Q. M. D. A. TUCKER, Clerk.

From Penobscot Y. M.

A letter from Dr. Dyer, of Burnham, Me., details his experience and observations in attending the Penobscot Y. M., held at East Corinth. He finds that in some portions of the state the hay crop has fallen off four-fifths and the grain was out pre-

Poetry.

Grannie's Trust.

Dear Grannie is with us no longer—
Her hair, that was white as the snow,
Was parted one morning forever,
On her head lying softly and low;
Her hands left the Bible wide open,
To tell us the road she had trod,
With waymarks like footprints to tell us
The path she had gone up to God.

No wonderful learning had Grannie,
She knew not the path of the stars,
Nor sought of the comet's wide cycle,
Nor of Nebula's dim, cloudy bars;
But she knew how the wise men adoring
Saw a star in the East long ago;
She knew how the first Christmas anthem
Came down to the shepherds below.

She had her own test, I remember,
For people—where'er they might be—
When we spoke of the strangers about us,
But lately come over the sea;
Of "Laura," and "Lizzie," and "Jennie,"
And stately old "Esseby Oakes,"
She listened, and whispered it softly:
"My dear, are these friends meetin'-folks?"

When our John went away to the city
With patrons, whom all the world knew
To be sober and honest, great merchants,
For Grannie this all would not do;
Till she pulled at John's sleeve in the twilight,
To be certain, before he had gone;
And he smiled as he heard the old question:
"Are you sure they are meetin'-folks, John?"

When Minnie came home from the city,
And left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by Grannie,
With the dear, wrinkled hands on her hair;
And amid the low sobs of the maiden,
Came soft by the tremulous tone:
"He was n't like meetin'-folks, Minnie;
Dear child, you are better alone."

And now from the corner we miss her,
We hear that reminder no more;
But still, unforgettably, the echo
Comes back from that far-away shore;
Till Sophistry slinks in the corner,
Though Charity sweet has her due,
Yet we feel, if we want to meet Grannie,
'T were best to be meetin'-folks, too.

—Selected.

Our Boy.

And there was one—our fair-haired boy—
With blue eyes, mild as even,
That turned as if his home were there,
So often towards heaven—
Oh! how we feared lest God would take
This treasure He had given.

Not idle phantoms were our fears—
A messenger was sent
To carry back the angel boy—
That heaven to us had lent.
Ah! when the summons came, how grief
Our very heart-strings rent!

Could tears or prayers have held him here,
He had not passed away;
Could love have bound him to the earth,
He had been ours to-day;
But tears, and prayers, and love, were vain
The messenger to stay.

Though wearily the day goes by,
And fearful falls the night;
And when the morning comes again,
We do not bless the light;
Though change, nor thought, nor earnest prayer
Brings back our lost delight;

Still, in this darkness of our grief,
There shines a distant star;
And heaven's own luster makes it bright
Even though it shines afar—
Our gentle, precious, loving one,
Is where the angels are.

Pain never more will shade his brow,
Nor tears his sweet blue eyes;
Nor grief the pure and loving lips,
Whose musical replies
Are falling soft on memory's ear
Like dear words from the skies.

The Family Circle.

A Talk about Fire-flies.

BY MRS. F. G. RAMEY.

"Do look, mamma," cried little Sarah, extending her hand. "I do believe this bug is a fire inside. Do n't you see it shine through?"

Mrs. Allen, smiling at the odd conceit, took the insect in her hand, and led her little daughter into the house. "The dew is falling," she said, "and we will talk about this in the parlor."

"O mamma, do see it shine!" the little girl cried, as her mother opened her hand in the room, lighted only by the summer twilight.

"Run to the dining-room, and bring me a glass," said the mother. Sarah obeyed, and was back in a minute, and the insect was placed under a goblet. "Now we can examine him at our leisure," she continued. "But look, there are hundreds of them on the lawn, and away in the meadow as far as the eye can reach, you may see their soft, intermittent sparkle."

"How beautiful!" cried the child. "But what are they, mamma?" Sarah had lived in the city all the seven years of her life till the present summer, and many things seemed new, and wonderful to her, which children do not observe, who live all the time in the country.

"These are fire-flies, my dear; at least, we call them fire-flies—they are really a species of beetle, belonging to the great order called *Coleoptera*, and their scientific name is *Photinus pyralis*."

Sarah examined the insect under the glass. "I pity the poor little bug to have such a great hard name," she said; "but what is the difference between a fly and a beetle?"

"If you examine this insect, you can readily observe one peculiarity which distinguishes the beetle from the fly. Do you see, as it flutters under the glass, it has two kinds of wings? The upper pair are stiff and glossy, of a grayish, black color, bordered with a narrow line of pale yellow. These are called the wing cases, and flies do not have them. Under these you may observe the true wings, which are gauzy and transparent. These are larger than the upper ones, but when the beetle is at

rest, they are folded up under them, so that you can not see them at all."

"How curious," said Sarah; "but where have they been all this time? I've been here two weeks, and not one of them have I seen out with his lantern before."

"They have been living in the ground in the form of worms, and they have only just got ready to show themselves."

"In the form of worms, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. The beetles, like most winged insects, are hatched from eggs, in the form of little worms. If you had stirred the soil in the meadow yonder two or three weeks ago, you might have found a worm about an inch long, with thirteen distinct joints or segments, the top of each segment covered with a horny brown plate, marked with three white lines. If it had been dark you might have observed a luminous spot in one of the segments, which gives it the name of glow-worm. The worm, which is called the larva, when it had completed its growth, formed a compact wall around itself and in this little earthen house, changed to what is called the pupa. The upper part grew thicker. The wings were formed, and in about ten days it slipped off its old skin, broke its way out of its little chamber, and came to the top of the ground in the form you now see. It has shown us its lantern as soon as it was ready, and faithfully done its little part to make the night beautiful, and to reveal the wonderful wisdom of God."

"But mamma, if it is not a fire, said Sarah, 'what does make it shine so?'"

"You have seen a match struck on a wall in a dark room, and noticed that it left a streak of light? The light is caused by a substance called phosphorus, and the light, which is without fire, or sensible heat, is called phosphorescent light. The light of the fire-fly is of the same kind—phosphorescent light. Can you understand it?"

"Yes, a little," replied the child, still examining the insect under the glass; "but mamma, how does he make it come and go?"

"I can not tell you, my love. This insect, though so small, is fashioned with wonderful wisdom. You see the abdomen is brown, except the last two segments, which are yellow, and from these the light proceeds. It seems to be made by a sudden and rapid movement of one ring upon the other and is supposed to be caused by friction, just as when we strike a match on the wall; but if you were to kill it, the wisest man could not set the delicate machinery in motion again, nor revive the tiny spark."

"Did God make the fire-flies just to please us?" Sarah said, gazing out on the meadow where a thousand lamps were swinging in the air.

"He certainly knew they would please us, and He is glad to make us happy; but there may have been other reasons for their creation. They enjoy their brief life, and God, in His infinite goodness, is pleased with their happiness as well as with ours."

"If we were to go south into the hot regions of this continent, or into the West Indian Islands, we should find luminous insects much more numerous and beautiful than these. The fire-fly of St. Domingo is about an inch in length. It gives its principal light from two luminous spots on the chest, and two under the wings, and when it is flying, it appears as if it were brilliant gems of the most beautiful golden blue luster. The whole body seems full of light which flashes out between the abdominal segments when it moves."

"How beautiful!" said Sarah. "I wish I could see one."

"Yes, they are beautiful, and the poor people employ them in their cottages instead of candles. They like to have them in their houses, not only on account of their light, but because they eat the gnats and other troublesome insects. When they travel by night, or go hunting or fishing, we are told they tie one of these living lamps to each great toe, and the light sufficient for their purpose. But the lantern-fly of South America is said to be more beautiful and brilliant than this. The light of this fly is so great that it casts the shadow of an object in a dark room. In some places the ladies use these insects to adorn their persons. They are confined in little nets of thinnest lace, and worn among the jewels and flowers on their heads. Sometimes they are placed among the folds of their gossamer ball-dresses, and when they dance, the effect is said to be very brilliant."

"They may look pretty," said Sarah, "but I should not like bugs or flies on my head, or on my dress."

"I am glad you think so," replied the mother smiling. "There are plenty of ornaments less objectionable, and these beautiful insects need not be used to minister to human vanity. But see how the poor little creature flutters in his prison. We will not deprive him of liberty any longer."

She carried the insect to the door and while it floated away to join its kindred on the lawn, she repeated this little poem to her daughter:

Oh, pretty little insect, flash thy tiny spark,
And swing thy little lantern in the evening dark.
The God who lights thy taper, kindles every star,
And guides with wondrous wisdom, the mighty worlds afar.

His hand has made thee perfect—He gives thee work to do,
So swing thy little lantern amid the evening dew.

Say not "It is so little, such a flickering ray,
The night would never miss it, if it passed away."

Use the light He gives thee; on the other shore,
Where the angels serve Him, they can do no more.
Use the light He gives thee, for the noon-day sun,
Shining in His glory, no more than this has done.

Faithful little preacher, I will learn of thee,
To use the gifts He gives me, 't is all he asks of me.

Two or Three Odd Fish.

"Did you ever see a saw-fish, Cousin Tim?"

"Did you ask if I ever saw a sea-fish?" replied Cousin Tim, absent-mindedly.

"Not saw a sea-fish, but did you ever see a saw-fish?" said Ella. "Of course you understood me well enough!"

"You ask me so many questions, no wonder I sometimes get a little confused," laughed Cousin Tim. "No, I don't think I ever saw a saw-fish. But I once saw the saw of a saw-fish, and right sorry I was I saw it!"

"Come, I'm not joking, Cousin Tim!"

"Neither am I, Ella."

"Then tell us about it," cried Rufus.

"It was in the hands of a Feejee Islander," said Cousin Tim.

"What was it?"

"The saw of the saw-fish I saw. We had landed for water, when the cannibals rushed upon us. They were armed with bows and arrows and spears, and one—a sort of chief, frightfully tattooed—brandished that interesting weapon. It was four or five feet long, and seven or eight inches broad; it looked like dried gristle, all but the teeth—they were polished, bright and sharp. The savage wielded it with both hands, like a battle axe, and swung it over my head in a very disagreeable manner. But it was only a friendly salutation; after all. The cannibals had had the instructions of some of our missionaries, and had come, not to kill and to eat us, but to welcome us, and to trade with us for trinkets."

"Oh! that all?" said Rufus, disappointed. "I hoped you were going to tell about a battle."

"I don't want to hear about fighting, or cannibals," said Ella. "Tell us about the saw-fish—the saw first. Does it really grow out of the fish's head?"

"Yes; it is a long, flattened, bony snout. The teeth of a large-sized one are almost as broad and long as my thumb—flat, of course, and pointed. I have seen one that had fifty teeth—twenty-five on a side. They are not close together like common saw teeth, but are set in their sockets at a little distance from each other, perhaps an inch or two. The saw-fish grows to be fifteen or twenty feet long, and the saw is a third part of his length."

"Does he use it to saw things?" said Ella.

"Not exactly; but it is a terrible weapon when he strikes with it. It is flattened horizontally, the teeth are on the outer edges, and he goes through the water, striking to the right and left with them, killing any smaller fish at a blow. There is no truth whatever in the old stories that he sometimes saws ships in two, in order to devour the crews."

"I should think not!" said Rufus; "but I've heard of his striking ships, and driving his saw clear through their timbers."

"That often happens, and it shows the tremendous power of the fish, considering that his saw is not pointed at the end, but rounded. I was in a ship once that was struck—not by a saw-fish, exactly, but by a sword-fish. We thought we had struck a rock. Only one old sailor said it was a fish; and sure enough, when the ship was hauled up for repairs, there was the sword broken off in the frame. It had gone through the ship's skin or outside planks, and halfway through a heavy oak timber, where it stuck."

"What do the foolish fellows pitch into ships for?" Rufus inquired.

"Both the sword-fish and the saw-fish are fighting characters; they have an ancient grudge against whales—especially the whalebone whale—and probably take the great hulk of a ship for some animal of the sort."

"I once saw a fight between a sword-fish and a whale," Cousin Tim went on, "and a strange sight it was. We first saw the whale making a great commotion in the water; I didn't know what to think of it, for I was a greenhorn then, but the knowing ones declared that a sword-fish was at him. Twice the whale dove to a great depth, as if to get rid of his furious assailant, and coming up, spouted water in two flashing fountains—'blowing,' as the sailors say. The second time he came up so near our ship that we saw the fish dart his sword into his side. Once the fish, missing his stroke, sprang clear out of the water alongside the whale. It seemed to be the whale's object to strike him with his tail, a good fair blow from which would have ended the battle; and in trying to do that he tumbled about tremendously, lashing the sea into foam."

"Which whipped?" cried Rufus, eagerly.

"I never knew. As we passed on our course, suddenly the whale dove, and we saw neither of them any more."

"What is the difference between the sword-fish and the saw-fish?"

"They belong to two different fish families. The sword-fish is like the mackerel, only very much larger; the saw-fish is something between the sharks and the rays. They resemble each other only in the long projection of the bones of the upper jaw. The sword-fish's weapon is more pointed than that of the saw-fish; as its name implies, it is a sword, and not a saw. I've seen one five feet long, taken from a fish measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip."

"The sword-fish is considered good eating, and on some coasts the people make a business of catching him. He is seen pursuing schools of mackerel, generally swimming with his broad dorsal or back fin out of water. He is hunted with harpoons—a sort of whale-fishing on a small scale. The man at the masthead calls out to give notice when one appears; a boat is sent in chase of him; the crew pull up as near to him as possible, when the bowsman strikes him with a light harpoon. Sometimes there is a struggle, and he is killed on the spot. But when there are others in the vicinity, the fishermen leave the harpoon sticking

into him; there is a rope fastened to it, of course, and to that they attach an empty cask, which they set afloat. The cask holds the fish, and tines him out, for as often as he draws it under water up it bobs again; and he can not tow it so far but the fishermen can find it again, and him in company with it, after having been off and secured perhaps half-a-dozen other fish in the same way. He is dangerous game, however, and he sometimes pierces or upsets a boat before he is killed. Sword-fish are taken with harpoons both in the Mediterranean and on the coast of New England; the fishermen of Martha's Vineyard in some seasons take large numbers of them."

"O, that must be great sport!" exclaimed Rufus. "What a silly fish to swim with his back fin out of water!"

"The dorsal fin of all sword-fishes is very high and conspicuous, and there is one species in which it is extraordinarily developed. It is a tropical fish, found chiefly in the Indian Ocean. It grows to be twenty feet long, and its dorsal fin is five or six feet broad, extending all along the back. It opens like a huge fan; and old salts say the fish uses it as a sail, in fair winds. Hence its popular names—'fan-fish,' or 'sail-fish,' or 'sailor-fish.' The fin is of a deep blue color."

"The common sword-fish," added Cousin Tim, "is very dark blue above, and silvery white below; and he is a rough, vicious-looking fish."—Our Young Folks.

Grandpa's Story.

"How did you dare to do it, grandpa?" "Because it was the right thing to do." We were a merry family party, gathered from far and near, to celebrate the golden wedding.

Grandpa and grandma had traveled the road of life together for fifty years, a road that had been sometimes hard and rough, but that now, in the sunset days, was made smooth by kind hands and loving hearts.

Grandpa was telling the children, for boys and girls he still called them, though some of them had seen more than forty years of life, of the time, so long ago, "when mother and I were published."

"Why, children, didn't I ever tell you about that? You see it wasn't then as it is now. In those days, the day after a man was published—"

"But what is published, grandpa?" asks one of the third generation.

"Why, when anybody was going to be married, the town clerk stood up in the church on Sunday, before the services began, and cried out, 'Intentions of marriage between John White and Jane Smith.' This was done three Sundays in succession."

"Oh, I'm glad it isn't so now! What did you do, grandpa, when he called your name so in church?"

"I believe I was not at church those Sunday mornings," quietly replied grandpa.

"And I thought one Sunday I had waited at the door so long, the notice must have been read," said grandpa, "and then I went in, but just as I was too far in to go out again, the clerk rose and read my intentions, as I walked up the aisle."

"There were a good many of us young folks, then, and some of them were pretty wild. One of the customs of the place was that whenever one of their number was about to marry, he should 'stand treat' for all the rest. Everybody drank in those days. Our minister took his glass with the rest, and was thought none the worse of. But I didn't like it, and was determined to do what I could to put a stop to it. So I had a talk with Spring, told him what I was going to do, and that I wanted him to follow suit when he was married, which would be in a few months, and he promised to do so."

"Monday morning, just before ten—I knew they would begin to come at eleven for their drinks—I walked across the street to the bank, and told Robinson I wanted thirty dollars in halves, quarters, ninepences, and fourpences, for we had silver then. Going back to the store, I placed them in piles on the counter, where they would be plainly seen, and awaited my visitors. It was not long before the door opened, and Nelson walked in with a pleasant good-morning. He soon looked about for the accustomed beverage."

"Why, King, where's your treat, man? You haven't forgotten what day this is? They will be here pretty soon to congratulate you."

"No, I haven't forgotten, Nelson. How many glasses can you drink, to-day?"

"Not more than two, this morning."

"Well, there's the money for four. You can get it over the way, but I can't give it to you, here."

"He understood me at once, took the money reluctantly, and went out. Soon Greenwood appeared, looking as if he had heard something he did not believe. The same looking about, the same question from him, and again I asked, 'How many glasses can you drink, this morning?'"

"Three, I guess."

"There's the money for six, then; go over across the street, if you want it. It isn't because I am not ready to pay for it. You see I am ready for all of you. But this thing has come to be too bad to be endured, and I won't help it along."

"G. threw the money on the counter, and left the store, hanging his head. It did not take long for the story to go through the street, and I had no more such visitors that day. But they came to me afterwards and thanked me for what I had done, and there were never any more such carousals as they previously had. It broke them up entirely."

"Was father a Christian then, mother?" asked one of the listening group.

"No, but he had long seen the evil of such drinking customs, and determined to do all he could to stop it."

Is it any wonder that the fifty years have been blessed ones that were begun in try-

ing to remove stumbling-blocks from others' way?—Christian Weekly.

John's Bargain.

"I don't like you at all, Maidie Royal. You are a real naughty little girl, and I won't play with you any more—so!"

Maidie looked very much grieved, and began to cry. Mr. Royal was sitting at his desk, writing, but at John's emphatic words he glanced up, and said to his son, in a very grave voice:

"John, come here."

"I was just going out into the kitchen," stammered John, coloring. "I want to speak to Kitty."

"But I wish to speak to you," said Mr. Royal. So John came slowly up to the desk, with the look of a culprit on his face.

"What, sir?"

"I want to know how much you will take for your share in Maidie?"

John looked up surprised.

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Why," explained his father, "since you have done playing with Maidie, I would like to buy your share in her—or your right to her. Now you may set your own price. How much shall I give you for her?"

"How much money, do you mean, papa?"

"Yes."

"I guess I'll sell her for fifty dollars," said John, after a few moments' reflection.

"Yes, I will—fifty dollars."

"Very well; that is quite reasonable," said Mr. Royal. "Now you must remember that as I am going to buy all your right to Maidie, you have nothing more to do with her. You must not kiss her, nor speak to her, nor play with her any more. She is your mamma's little girl and mine, not yours at all. It is a bargain, is it, John?"

"Can't kiss her good night, when we go to bed?"

"No."

"Can't we go out doors together?"

John's voice began to sound a little unsteady. "You know our garden, papa?"

"You will have to make another, somewhere else. I will find you a place. You must not work in the same garden any more."

"I will have to lead her to school, papa; she will get lost if I don't, just as usual as anything."

"I will attend to that, John. You will have to go to school by yourself. Is the bargain made?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so." And John cast a doubtful look at Maidie, who stood close by, with her doll in her arms, and tears on her long eyelashes.

"Very well," said Mr. Royal. "When you want the money you can ask for it. You may go now."

"I know what I mean to buy," thought John, running to the other end of the room and sitting down on the broad, cushioned window seat. "I will buy a pony and a saddle, and a gold watch, and lots of other things that I've been a-wanting ever since I was a little boy."

The idea of these splendid acquisitions was so pleasant that he wanted to share it with some one; so he cried out:

"Oh, Maidie, you come here, and I'll tell you what I'm going to buy with my fifty dollars."

"Stop, stop," cried papa; "have you forgotten so soon that you have no right to speak to Maidie? She doesn't belong to you at all."

A cloud came over John's face, and he sat very still for a long time, thinking, and by and by two or three tears fell. Maidie and he had played together ever since he could remember—such a long, long time! and she was the only little sister he had in the world; a real tease sometimes, to be sure, but then how could he get along without her? He looked slyly out from behind the window curtains, to see what she was doing.

How pretty she looked, sitting in a high chair beside her father, with a book of colored pictures open before her, and her sunny curls falling over her rosy cheeks and white neck! Wasn't she better than a sail-boat, or a gold watch, or even a pony? "Yes, indeed, a thousand million times!" thought John, "and yet I've gone and sold her for fifty dollars, and I don't know what papa won't take it back, 'cause it was a regular bargain. O, dear, dear!"

Here the tears began to flow faster and faster, and presently a choking little sob attracted Mr. Royal's attention. Then another and another, and then John jumped down from the window seat, and running up to the desk, hid his face on his father's arm, and burst into such a passion of tears that Maidie was frightened and began to cry too.

"Why, what is the matter, my son?" asked Mr. Royal, kindly.

"I—I—I—don't wa—want to—to—sell my right to Maidie," answered John, as well as he could, for weeping.

"Why—not for fifty dollars?" asked papa.

"Oh, no," said John, "no indeed, not for fifty millions. Will you let me have her back again, please, dear papa? and I don't believe I'll ever be so naughty and cross again as long as I live."

"Very well," said Mr. Royal, smiling. "Since you wish it so much, I will give up my part of the bargain, and you may have your little sister back again; but I hope you will think, another time when you are tempted to speak to her as you did to-day, how you would feel not to have Maidie at all."

"I guess I shall," said John, giving her a good hug and kiss. "I love you, Maidie."

"So do I you," said Maidie, returning the caress. "Now let's go out in our garden, John."

So away they ran, hand in hand, as merry as the birds that were singing up among the boughs of the old butternut tree.—Little Maidie.

Repent one day before thy death.

What to Read, and How.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensation stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read any thing that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who had said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt his desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted

Literary Miscellany.

The Pike in Literature.

The "Pike" (by which we do not mean the creature known in ichthyology by that familiar name, but a newly-discovered human species) has produced a strange and startling sensation in recent literature. Consternation, indeed, not dissimilar to that which his fishy namesake occasions by his sudden appearance among the smaller fry of less voracious habits, this awkward, inconsiderate and profane person has excited in the quiet waters of our polite poetry. For a while he threatened to become the tyrant of our current verse, as Pope has named "the pike (with a small p) the tyrant of the flood." With great celerity he has darted through the columns of our newspapers, the pages of our magazines, while quiet, well-behaved contributors have stood one side and let him have his own wild way. And it began to seem, at one time, as if the ordinary, decent virtues of civilized society could stand no chance in comparison with the picturesque heroism of this savage in "dialect."

Presently, however, and naturally enough, a reaction from the wonder and silent acquiescence with which the appearance of the "Pike" had been received, began to make itself felt, in the form of criticism and protest. And it is possible that the reaction may have gone, as reactions so often do, too far. At any rate, the time seems to be fit for a more careful and dispassionate examination of him.

We knew him first, transplanted from his native home, and playing his fantastic tricks and speaking his outlandish speech on the shores of the Pacific. Mr. Bret Harte found him and made him public, and is responsible for his introduction into polite society. Whether all the "dialectisms" of Mr. Harte's volume are Pikes we will not affirm, but some of them certainly are. Dow of "Dow's Flat" confesses it, not without a certain pride in the avowal. And Mr. William Nye and the veracious James would seem to have been Dow's neighbors of a more or less unwelcome sort.

Undoubtedly the Pike is a fact. And if "the proper study of mankind is man," this peculiar species is certainly worth our careful scrutiny. We acknowledge, therefore, our obligation to the genius of the two writers we have named, for the fidelity with which they have depicted him. He is admirably, even fearfully real. Timen Joy and Jim Bludso are men whom Mr. Harte has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, and become familiar with, so that he can record with artistic minuteness and scientific coolness their amazing and grotesque oaths, their shocking and scandalous behavior, as he certainly could not if he had only heard and seen him once or twice. It is easy to see that he must have stood spectator of the fight at Gilgal, although he claims no more than to have heard the various versions of the story, out of which his coherent narrative is constructed. The "Mystery," even to an eye-witness, may well have been a mystery still. If the Pike had to be depicted, and we admit that he had to be, it is well that it could be done with an accuracy so complete and even so painful. He stands on record now the most eloquent and effective illustration of the fact, pointed out so many years ago by Dr. Bushnell in one of his most characteristic discourses, that in the march of Empire westward, in the hard work of subduing the wilderness and laying the foundation of new States, barbarism is the first danger to be met and averted—the barbarism of the adventurers who start as the pioneers of civilization and religion.

For the Pike (as we understand him) was not always a Pike. He used to speak a smoother speech and to speak it with purer lips. His coarseness and profanity are the detritus of a morality which once had strength, of a religion which once had sacredness. Strength and even sacredness there are left to him still, discoverable amid the rubbish of words and the lawlessness of conduct which are most obvious. In the disintegration of character which he has suffered, all is not lost. Perhaps even the reconstructed character, which we can not but hope for in him, may be on a larger scale, with traits of manly courage and generous heroism grander than those to which in our more finished civilization we have become accustomed.

And so we begin to discover why it is that we can not refuse to Jim Bludso, for example (who, more than any of his fellows, is the typical Pike), our admiration and even our hope. For the doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that he can be condoned by bravery, or indifferently to one's wife be atoned for by fidelity to one's business—we have only horror and disgust. If that is the doctrine of the last stanza of Jim Bludso (as perhaps the popular reader may easily enough have imagined), then it is simply mischievous and odious. That a deplorable sinner can leap to heavenly perfection by some act of splendid heroism in extremis is a doctrine which even those who do not disavow the name of "Universalists" have, for the most part, ceased to hold. We prefer not to understand Mr. Harte as asserting it, though we could wish that he had guarded himself more carefully against mischievous misapprehension. It is only the ambiguity of the "moral" which makes it dangerous.

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright. But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

And out of the "moral" of Jim Bludso it may be worth our while to extract and treasure what is valuable.

For the lesson, then, which the Pike teaches by his more or less "horrid" example, that as in every saint there may be something sinful, so in every sinner there may be something good, let us be duly thankful. It can not be said too often.

There is no duty more obvious than duty of judging charitably if we are to judge at all; but there is also no duty more frequently neglected or disobeyed. That is not always the most sensual vice which is the most fatal, and that Jim, with the unselfishness of his heroic sacrifice, might stand where the meanness of a smug hypocrisy could get no foothold, may be true enough. That virtue is admirable even when it is found in company with vice, in a savage, or in a degenerate Anglo-Saxon, is worth remembering. And that men are pushed by the divine law for the sin which they have and not for those which they have not, for their vices and not for their virtues,—this, too, is a distinction which, though obvious enough when it is put into words, is not always observed in thought. Certainly it is not for his cowardice that we disapprove the Pike, for whatever else he was, he was no coward. Let us give him his due, as best we may, and be sure that in the judgment which is "just and perfect altogether," he will have it also.

We must say, however, that we think the

Pike appears to the least advantage as a preacher. Gown and bands do not become him. And his views of practical morality are not well proportioned. If only, in future, Mr. Harte would be content to paint him without attaching to the picture any explanatory legend,—to record, and not to interpret him, we should feel easier about him, and less reluctant to admit him to our drawing-rooms and libraries,—where indeed he scarcely feels at ease himself. Above all things, let him not mount the pulpit, lest we be compelled to denounce him as an impostor, and (what he would regard as even worse) a bore!—J. G. Holland in Scribner.

Nature as a Physician.

Solomon says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." The inference is unmistakable. The wise monarch thought that "a medicine" does good. Probably Solomon supposed he had sufficient grounds for such a conviction. He had a large family, and as he was not in the habit of sparing the rod, very likely he succeeded in persuading some of the juvenile members to swallow certain unpalatable doses which he thought necessary for their health; and very likely he then thought he observed good results from the administration. It is not improbable that the Jewish king, having retired for the night after some sultry summer day, with every window of the royal palace widely open to catch the faintest zephyr, had been aroused in the small hours to find that the chilly northern blasts from the hills about Jerusalem were driving in at the open casement, and that the infant Rehoboam, from his trundle-bed, long before the matutinal hour, was vigorously crowing with spasmodic croup. No doubt then, as would be the case at the present day, the door-bell of the family physician was energetically rung, and the future hope of Israel was duly plied with ipecac, hivesyrup, blisters, and sinapisms. The boy surviving the treatment, the father then, as parents do now, would forever afterward triumphantly point to the white-headed urchin as a living monument to prove both the skill of the family physician and the value of hivesyrup and ipecac. Doubtless, under some inspiration of this kind, Solomon assumed that there could be no question that medicine does good.

We make no pretension to any greater wisdom than Solomon on general subjects, but we do think that if he were living at the present day he would very carefully consider the proverb we have quoted. He undoubtedly had a family physician who was a regular practitioner, who frowned upon all patent medicines, who had never learned the value of infinitesimals, and who treated his patients in the original heroic style. Solomon probably believed that the medicines prescribed by his physician were orthodox, and that all others were heathenish and abominable. How it would have puzzled the wise man to have found, as we do at the present day, that not only the regular system of practice is successful, but that many other systems entirely at variance with it appear to be equally so. How it would have astonished the king to learn that his wisest and wealthiest senators and prophets were using, with immense satisfaction and apparent success, Indian vegetable pills, and the water-cure, and the movement-cure, and the extract of buchu, in ailments of every character and variety! How his temper would have been ruffled if the queen of Sheba on her visit had pronounced his family physician a humbug and urged his dismissal, while she offered as a present various minute bottles of infinitesimal pills, with glowing descriptions of their charming effect upon herself and the ladies and children of her court! But Solomon, after carefully considering the facts, would probably have drawn the inference, from the great variety of medical treatment around him, either that everything which claims to be a medicine, no matter how unsuitably applied, is just as effectual as the carefully-prescribed doses of the court physicians, or that all medicines are alike ineffective and do but little good. And the new thought might gradually have dawned upon his mind that Nature or some inherent agency would just as certainly, if not as speedily, have cured the infant Rehoboam, without the aid of the official emetic, cathartic, or sinapism.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Being Drowned.

Some extraordinary mental phenomena occur in drowning. As soon as respiration is stopped by the drawing of water into the lungs, consciousness is immediately suspended. From that time that can be gathered in regard to the action of the heart, that organ probably acts, but feebly, a considerable time after the function of respiration is suspended. By muscular force arterial blood is driven outwardly to the head faster than the veins bring it back, and consequently the mind is plunged, as it were, into profound sleep; for the loss of consciousness results from a sudden apoplexy induced by an extra accumulation of blood in the delicate texture of the brain. When the pulsations of the heart stop, and if no efforts of resuscitation are made, vital heat diminishes gradually, and the next change is an expansion of compressed gases in cavities of the body, due to the first process of chemical decomposition. If the body, however, is recovered immediately, even though respiration and the circulation are quiescent, it is possible to re-establish the movement of the blood by artificial inflation of the lungs, vigilantly continued for a while. The trial is not always successful, but so encouraging that the prospect deserves the utmost perseverance. With the revived action of the heart, oxygen from the air begins to take its way to return. So it is admitted by the psychological philosophers that the soul is won back, if it had gone, in the act of restoration; or else it is morally certain its departure at death is a gradual process, which may be interrupted, and re-imprisoned in the brain by human effort and skill.

Humor.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness—for definitions never are complete—that humor is wit and love. I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with the demerol and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand or sighing in her ear. "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make that beloved person happy; by the lightness from his eye when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influ-

ences all his words and action; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children.

This kind of love is not a spasmodic, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand in hand with him, or the children hugging his knees. And so with a loving humor, I think it is the genial writer's habit of being; it is the gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas which provokes the one, or the other must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, and only deliver them now and again, and can not be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page, of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man and everything else in life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.—Thackeray.

The Japanese at Home.

Arriving as we did from China, the land of pug-noses and yellow skins, we were at once struck with the fresh ruddy complexion, and in many instances well-cut features, of the Japanese. Besides the difference in their personal appearance, they offer a marked contrast to the Chinese in manner and bearing. In place of the cowering, abject demeanor of the latter, they carry themselves as becomes men, fearlessly and uprightly, look you straight in the face, and consider themselves inferior to none. The better class are a fine, bold set of men. Like knights of old, they are ever ready to avenge a wrong, or even to provoke a quarrel; and with their terrible two-handed swords would be any thing but contemptible antagonists in hand-to-hand fighting. Their manners are polished in the extreme. As a rule they are exceedingly good-natured, and have a keen sense of the ridiculous. I have never seen one who would believe that if a manator of the latter, they carry the greatest filial piety, to see to his father dying, he could not repress a laugh if the old gentleman were to do so in at a comic way. The Japanese ladies are almost as fair-skinned as their sisters of the West. Small but neatly—may, sometimes faultlessly—shaped; their flowing robes displaying in its own gracefulness the model that nature has adopted, and which none of the meretricious deceptions of civilization can improve upon; with pretty captivating manners, and a language musical and soft as Italian, the Japanese women are the rising sun. Some have many and powerful charms. No one who has been in Japan will deny their claim to beauty.—Harper's Magazine.

Writing.

Many a man's destiny has been made or marred for time and for eternity, by the influence which a single sentiment has made on his mind, by its forming his character for life, making it terribly true that moments sometimes fix the coloring of our whole subsequent existence. Hence those who write for the public should do so under a deep sense of responsibility, and endeavor to do it in that healthful and equitable state of mind and body which favors a clear, unobscured and logical expression of ideas. If man wrote nothing for print until after forty, the world would be happier and better, for age and a more extensive and accurate observation cause many a change of sentiment in later life.

No one should write when very hungry, or immediately after eating, nor under the influence of any unnatural stimulant, nor while in a passion; else, in the latter case, he will most certainly make a fool of himself. Those who write under a depression of spirits will always write nonsense or untrue things. Those who write under a great deal of nervousness will lose their health or die prematurely. The best time for writing with freshness, vigor, and logical truthfulness is in the morning, when the brain has been recuperated and renovated by the natural stimulus of healthful sleep, before its force has been expended or divided on the common affairs of life. No man ought to write over four hours in twenty-four, and not over one hour at a sitting; even oftener it would be better to walk a few minutes, indoor or out, to rest the brain; but always write when the mind takes hold of the subject, when the spirit is on you, be it day or night.

The Power of the Waves.

After a summer freshet which carried away many mill-dams, bridges, and other valuable property, it was a great matter of curiosity to go down to the bank of a river, and note the changes that had been wrought by the water in its furious course. It seems almost incredible that water could have such power. One bridge, I remember, had been built with especial reference to such storms. Its stone work was of massive structure, and each piece joined by riveted iron bands to its fellow. Yet these largestones had been borne along many feet by the current. The iron bands were wrenched asunder as if they were tow. Indeed, many pieces could not be found at all. They were probably buried under the mud and sand washed out from above.

We can hardly compute the power of the waves at sea, and beat against the sea-coast, year after year. Sometimes great masses of rock, weighing from ten to twenty tons, are lifted by the waves, and driven several rods inland up a sloping beach. Slowly and steadily in many places the sea has worn away the land, until whole villages have at last disappeared. The coast of Cape May is washed away some nine feet every year. In some places, as on the coast of Nova Scotia, where storms beat with fearful violence, the softer parts of the rock are often washed away leaving great rough masses standing guard alone in the sea, like sentinels to guard the coast. The waves dash and roar and foam about them with terrible sound when the storms come on. It is not singular that the water, one of the gentlest, most yielding of substances, should have such a mighty power. But nothing is weak which is commissioned of God to do his will in the world.—Presbyterian.

True Manliness.

True manliness is not to be found in external appearance. Useful as tailors are to the world, they can not furnish society with men. They may make dandies, fops, walking advertisements of broadcloth and fine linen in human form; but these are not men. The creature who spends hours in getting himself up in the latest style, regardless of expense; who surveys himself minutely in his mirror, to be sure that each particular hair is in place, and that the necktie, on which he has lavished so much care, is properly adjusted; who wears the nicest-fitting coat, and the tightest of boots, and the daintiest of gloves, and the most marvelous of hats; who moves about in society with the air of a dancing-master just imported from Paris, and who looks down with unspeakable contempt on the men who dig, and plough, and plant, as though they were inferior creatures, made of coarser material than himself, is not a man in the best and truest sense of the term. He is as much an abnormal development of the human form with the face of a monkey, and is to be pitied as a poor creature in human shape, but lacking in all the noble attributes which elevate man above inferior creation.—The Methodist.

It Paid.

I was on my way home, tired and unsocial. The train seemed exceeding slow, and stopped at all the flag stations. But we are past the last stopping place. I can jump from the train as soon as it stops and reach home in advance of the bus. Somehow I don't like to patronize the bus. Just now the agent has been trying to persuade an Irish woman with two children to ride to an up-town hotel, and thus get her fare two ways besides landing her at a hotel no better for her purpose, and more expensive than the "depot house," from which she could take the train in the morning. She had refused, and when the agent had gone by I praised her good sense, for I knew that she would be asked again. But now I am in trouble. The poor woman has some heavy bundles and her little children to get across the street. She must be helped. Can I do it? The children have been on a long journey; the bundles are not comely. If it was only a pretty little woman with children to match and genteel bundles I would live with others in helping her.

I am ashamed to own that I hesitated. I had certainly aesthetic reasons for declining to be her porter, and I wanted to hurry home. Before the cars stopped, my better self had conquered. The children were helped, and the bundles were carried. All were landed safely at the door of a quiet hotel.

The woman, with a new voice it seemed to me, took the bundles with a "thank ye, much obliged to ye; there is always one gentleman in every town." I was paid.—Cong.

Keep Straight Ahead.

Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remarks of some false friend, that ran through your brain like forked lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character? These things can not possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, get yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the back-bittings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that calumniators may use all they are able to time and time slow, but steady justice of public opinion.

Mars' Hill at Athens.

You have but a few minutes from the Parthenon through the gate of entrance down to Mars' Hill. Nobody has ever ventured to question the identity of the spot. It was the place of open-air trial for great offenses, and Mars, as the legend runs, was the first one tried here for the murder of Hallirrhottus. The sixteen stone steps, well worn, it is true, but easily distinguishable—I have counted them three or four times—lead to the top. Above them there is a bench of stone, excavated from the living rock, and forming three sides of a quadrangle. Here sat the great Council of Areopagites. This spot, just where your feet are standing, was where Paul stood, in the midst of the most sacred associations to the pagan Greek, with the Acropolis and its marble glories and wonderful history just at hand; the Bema, from which Demosthenes had striven to reanimate the Greek soul, about as near; the busy Agora and the city at his feet; statues, temples, altars, palaces; Corinth just beyond his ken; Salamis and Egina in clear view; Parnes, Pentelion, Lycabettus, Hymettus, and most of all, the city of Athens, the city of the Academy still in its dark and undisturbed beauty. What a scene he beheld, and what a battle he had to fight! But never was a greater victory gained on Greek soil, or a braver man to gain it. And, what to every Christian is a treasure, we know just what he said.

Loose pebbles and fragments of the rock lie about on the top of the little hill; wild flowers grow in luxuriance among the crevices, and invite the pilgrim to pluck and press them. We read and re-read the 17th chapter of the Acts with a new interest. More than once we have climbed the sixteen steps.—Dr. Hurd.

Peculiar People.

The extravagant man hired a cab to look out or an omnibus. The sanguine man expected to find a policeman when he wanted one. The credulous man believed the assurance of a cab-driver that a long circuit was needed, because the streets were being paved. The lazy man allowed his fire to go out, rather than ring the bell and bid somebody to poke it. The cheerful man enjoyed the half hour that he spent in waiting for his dentist. The punctual man served out soup for his eleven expected guests, when only three of them had actually arrived at the appointed hour for eating it. The hasty man sat down to read "Paradise Lost," and afterward was heard to boast that he had got through it at a sitting.

The hopeful man twice gave a cab-driver a sovereign for a shilling, and twice checked the delusion that it would be returned to him. The man of fortitude was sufficiently brave to open his front door himself, when he saw the tax-gatherer, the gasman, and rate-collector knock at it. The cautious man never went a mile away from home without taking his umbrella with him, and putting a cork-screw, pen and ink, and a bill-stamp in his pocket. The gluttonous man, by bribery, went beforehand to the supper-room, and devoured the liver-wings of all the fowls displayed there. The reckless man was bold enough to take his wife down Regent Street, and tell her that he had a ten-pound note about him.—Punch.

Love.

Never be ashamed of ever having loved any one. If perchance you have hated, then blush for it, but not for love. It does not matter at all whether the person on whom your affections fixed themselves reciprocated the sentiment. Where there is no shadow in loving, in itself, the fact of having given love without reward can bring none with it. You have only bestowed a gift more precious than any jewel can be upon one who did not thank you. Since there is sorrow to one's self in it, it is best to struggle with the heart, and keep it until it is asked for; but if it goes irrevocably forth, despite all effort, no need to feel like a guilty thing, and long to hide from you very self. Providence gave you that great love, and I believe that somehow it will mingle with the life of the one it hovers over, and shed a perfume and lend a sweetness to it, though it has never been spoken.

Many a woman's life has shriveled away under the weight of "disappointed love," merely because her shame in it was so great. The false sentiment that teaches her to scorn a natural feeling has worn her beauty away, robbed her of all hope in the presence of the future. I think it would be better if even a woman dared to say, "I loved him, but he did not love me," with the same sweet sadness with which, when years have glided, she can utter the words, "I loved him, and he died."

Rat-catchers.

There are professional destroyers of vermin who contract by the month or quarter to remove rats, mice, and roaches from hotels, restaurants, etc. Some hunters of small deer also furnish live rats in large numbers, for the exhibitions of dog-pits. They do not keep the rats on hand, but catch them as required. It is generally believed, and is perhaps true, that they use some bait or attractive scent in trapping the vermin. Such is not, however, the explanation as the writer heard it from the lips of one of the most skilled in this vocation.

"I use no bait or drugs. I have studied the animal." Here he drew himself up in the consciousness of superior knowledge, and proceeded with a lofty air. "No man that understands the rat needs such things; nor are fancy rat-traps of any account. Look at a rat's nest! It is hid behind a wall. It is near a chimney or a heat-flue, so that it is kept warm. It is lined with soft stuff—rags, hair, lint, torn paper. Would you catch rats? Make a nest for them. Use a box having a sliding door to a small aperture. Put rags in the warmest part of a room that the rats frequent, covered with an old carpet, the aperture left open. No one must disturb the room; the longer things are thus left the better. There will be a time when you can walk in quietly, drop the sliding door, and carry off the box under your arm with every rat inside that was in the building."

"At what hour of the day or night do you find all the rats in?" we inquired.

You would not ask the question if you had studied the rat," was the somewhat evasive reply.

Obituaries.

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

MISS DEBORAH CONNER died in Lower Gilman, N. H., July 19, aged 81 years and 11 months. Sister Conner lived the saviour at the early age of 14, and ever after maintained a Christian character. After a warfare of 61 years she died in the triumph of faith.

ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Hiram Maxfield, died Aug. 21, aged 29 years and 10 months. For five long years Sister Maxfield had been afflicted with that fatal disease, consumption, and had been able to attend meeting but little. About two years ago she gave evidence of a new life, and was carried to the life beyond by the Lord in baptism. She has ever since been a faithful Christian. May the Lord sanctify these bereavements to the good of the surviving friends. Funeral services by the writer, J. G. MUNSEY.

My mother, SARAH J. DAVIS, wife of Clement Davis, died in Durham, N. H., January 14, 1871, aged 73 years. She was a life-long praying Christian mother, who always taught her children to love God, and a friend to the sick and afflicted. She was loved and respected by all who knew her, and we feel assured that she has gone to that better land where it will be peace and happiness evermore. We hope finally to meet her there. JOHN M. DAVIS.

SALLY, wife of Wm. Chapman, died in Porter, Maine, Aug. 20th, aged 70 years. Sister Chapman experienced religion some 30 years since, and maintained her profession to the last, as many can testify who knew her; for her religion did not consist wholly in praying and talking in meeting, (for she was a person of few words) but in deeds of kindness and love to the poor and suffering. Her house was the home of the weary pilgrim, and many of our ministers will remember with deep gratitude her kindly hospitality, when they have come to her door tired and faint from the toils of life. Her death was sudden, and unexpected to her friends, but she was only waiting for the Master to call her higher. She leaves to mourn their loss, an aged husband, five children and a wide circle of friends. Funeral services by the writer, assisted by Revs. J. Mitchell and J. Stanley. E. C. COOK.

JACOB D. FOSS died in Barrington, March 9th, 1871, aged 86 years, 7 months and 7 days. He was a man of sterling worth and strict integrity, a true friend, and kind father. Truly it may be said of him, a righteous man in all the Master's Kingdom. COX.

LIZZIE C., wife of J. L. Lusk and daughter of Gorham and Harriet Baker, of New Sharon, Me., died at Champlin, Hennepin Co., Minn., Apr. 12th, 1871, aged 30 years. The subject of this notice was born in New Sharon, Me. At the age of 15 she professed religion and was baptized by Rev. Wm. Badger, and united with the F. B. church in Champlin, Minn. In Apr. 1870, they moved to Redwing, Minn. She lived a faithful Christian life, from early experience, until death, and died with a firm hope in Jesus. She was a member of the Anna and Charles F. B. church in Gorham, and her death was a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and a friend beloved by all who knew her. She has left a kind husband, two little children and one brother in Minn., and

parents, brothers and sisters in Me., to mourn their loss. Funeral services by the writer. W. HAYDEN.

ZALMON DAVIS died in Hudson, Mich., Aug. 20th, aged 45 years. He was born in Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y., Mar. 11th, 1826; moved to Hudson in the fall of 1855, and to Michigan in 1859; he was married to Miss Catherine Wornley in Feb., 1852. He was always religiously inclined, so much so that it becomes difficult to tell when conversion took place. He joined the Free Baptists soon after the organization of their first church at Hudson, some fifteen years ago. The Morning Star has been his family paper ever since that time. On his return from Prairie City, Ill., where he spent about a year, he connected himself temporarily with the regular Baptist church, and worked with them until the organization of the new F. B. church in June, 1870. He was always a lover of Sunday schools, being ever at his post, and for many years a successful teacher. He held the position of Superintendent at the time of his death, and the whole school mourners. Our church has indeed lost one of its pillars, and the young pastor, Rev. S. G. Updike, will miss the counsel and support of one who was always hopeful, liberal, strong in his faith and faithful in his attendance at the prayer-meeting. The suddenness of his departure gives a keenness to the blow, felt by the whole community. The writer has yet to hear any one say he was a good man, and that every good work done by him was a measure of reform. His advocacy of temperance was especially earnest. He leaves two sons, aged respectively 16 and 12. His widow, who heard his "good night" while he was in his seemingly usual good health, but three hours before he lay a corpse, remembers these as his last words, and though it seems to her a "long good night," she waits in prospect of that "good morning," where the night of earth's darkness and afflictions will all be past. COM.

DEA JOSEPH F. SAMSON died in Hinesburg, Vt., July 11, 1871, aged 77 years and 8 months. His end was that of the just. He was kind as a husband and father, a faithful Christian, and an honorable citizen. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn. After selecting the place to be buried, and the writer to preach, and Rev. D. S. Frost to assist at the funeral, he in a few minutes fell asleep and is at rest. L. SARGENT.

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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jefferson, N. H., was visited a few nights ago by frost sharp enough to kill potato vines.

Seven vessels with yellow fever on board are detained at quarantine in New York.

A private dispatch from Charleston, S. C., says that but nine deaths have occurred from yellow fever in that city for the past month, and that there is no interruption of freight from the north of that city to the south and south-west.

It is estimated that the damage to the rolling-stock of the Eastern road by the Revere accident amounts to \$65,000. Suits for personal damages against the company to a large amount have already been filed.

General Judson Kilpatrick's friends are making strenuous exertions to secure him the republican nomination for governor of New Jersey. The convention meets Sept. 7. According to law of the state, Gov. Randolph can not be renominated.

The returns from thirty-five counties in West Virginia give 1204 majority in favor of the call for a constitutional convention. The remaining counties will not materially alter the results.

Dispatches have been received at the State Department, Washington, from Capt. Hall, the Arctic explorer. The "Polaris" arrived safely on the coast of Greenland, and is reported as having proved herself, thus far, admirably adapted to the purposes in which she is engaged. Capt. Hall will await the arrival of the "Congress," with supplies, when he will proceed to the northward.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a notice of the redemption of the fifty-two bonds, which will be paid at the Treasury department on or before December 1.

It is said that the sheriff of New York makes \$60,000 out of the Ludlow street jail.

The mails and cars and passengers from Charleston are refused admittance into Savannah, in consequence of the fear of an epidemic of yellow fever. The mails from Charleston will be sent by the way of Augusta.

William C. A. Ryan, the Cuban general, was arrested in New York, Friday morning, charged with passing a worthless check for \$150 on Oliver D. Taylor, a broker. He was committed for examination.

Superintendent Noyes of the Maine Central testified before the inquest at Bangor, that more persons have been killed on the rear car, in this country, than in any other place on trains meeting with accidents.

Extensive arrangements are in progress for the ceremonies upon the opening of the European and North American Railway on the 18th of October. President Grant will positively be present, and also General Sherman and staff and prominent gentlemen from Ohio, Pennsylvania and other States. The governor-general of New Brunswick and other prominent Canadian officials will also take part in the exercises. A full representation of the press is also expected, and everything at the opening of this road, connecting the extreme eastern and western shores of the continent, will be carried out on a scale worthy of the magnitude of the occasion.

FOREIGN.

Omnibuses run in Bethlehem, Judaea.

Captain Eyre, who ran down the Onedra, is dead.

There were 828 deaths in Paris the past week. Six were from Cholera.

The first disturbances have occurred between the people and the German troops at Strasburg, in which several persons were severely wounded.

The Vienna Free Press, an official newspaper, states that a league of peace has been formed between Germany, Austria and Italy, against any power henceforth disturbing the peace of Europe, and that of Russia will probably join soon.

The British consul at Zanzibar has written to London that Dr. Livingston is safe and slowly making his way homeward.

Count Golopis has been appointed by King Victor Emanuel as arbitrator on the part of Italy upon the Alabama claims.

An amnesty for political offences in Spain will be issued immediately.

Advices from Algeria state that all the Yabra villages have been destroyed, and the rebels are attacking the tribes which remain faithful to the French government.

An attempt was made lately by some unknown parties to explode the monument to King George IV. at Kingston, Ireland. Though much blacked by gunpowder the monument received no real injury.

The San Domingo revolutionists have formed a provisional government. Baez continues his warlike preparations in Azua.

Russia is said to be making vast preparations for war, understanding that a league for maintaining peace means forcible opposition against any power that can be provoked to disturb the peace.

Cholera has made its appearance at Hamburg. Several cases are reported. Sixteen deaths from the disease have occurred at Altona during the past week. Cholera continues its ravages at Königsberg. There were one hundred new cases and twenty-nine deaths on the 27th, and eighty new cases and fifty deaths on the 28th.

The second day's programme of the Halifax regatta, which consisted of the great four-oared race and which was postponed from Wednesday on account of the inclemency of the weather, was rowed Thursday in the presence of a large concourse of people, and was in all respects the most exciting and closest contested boat-race that has ever taken place. The Tyne crew won in 45 minutes and 45 seconds, the Pryor crew being second in 45 minutes and 53 seconds. The Remford and American crews crossed the line together.

A second meeting of the emperors of Germany and Austria has been arranged to take place at Salzburg this month. It is proposed that these two nations shall assume a joint attitude, and Italy has agreed to the same policy.

The Austrian ambassador to France, Prince Metternich, has been authorized to declare that Italy declined to participate in the conference at Gastein.

The Anna, from London to Copenhagen, has been wrecked and all on board lost.

The communists on trial at the court martial in Versailles have been sentenced. Ferré and Lullier are to suffer death; and imprisonment at hard labor, deportation and confinement in a fortress, simple deportation, and six months' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs are variously imposed upon twelve others.

The Carlists in Spain have been ordered to report to their leaders on the 8th instant, and to be ready for a rising against King Amadeus two days later.

M. Thiers has written a letter to Garay asking him to withdraw his resignation. The decree passed on the 31st of August prolonging Thiers's powers provides for a vice-president of the council of ministers, to occupy the chair in case of the absence of Thiers. In consequence of the changes made in the constitution, the members of the ministry resigned, but resumed their portfolios at the request of Thiers.

Paragraphs.

The "stingaree" is a California flat-fish, the cobra of the sea, and its sting is almost as poisonous as the bite of a rattlesnake.

At last Hiram Powers has written to New Orleans that his marble statue of Franklin, contracted for over thirty years ago, is ready for shipment.

Richmond, Va., was filled with birds of various kinds for several hours, recently, which battered their heads against lamps and windows, as if striving to seek shelter from some apprehended harm.

Seven volumes of the revised edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia are completed, upon which over 1,000,000 ems of type have been set, and nearly 10,000 hours of finishers' work have been consumed. The cost thus far exceeds \$15,000, and the publishers estimate that the total cost of the revision will amount to \$20,000 or upward. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers.

It is said the monotony of army life at our western posts drives many men to desertion, and numbers of them join the Indians. Sixty went off from Fort Hays in one lot recently, and only eight have been recaptured. Every Indian tribe, it is said, has some of these deserters domiciled, and they are, strange to say, foremost in the savage cruelties committed in the raids of their respective bands.

A subterranean channel into some neighboring sheet of water has forced itself into the Spoon Lake, Iowa. Hitherto there has just been fish enough to satisfy sportsmen; now they have suddenly overstocked the water, and new and strange varieties have appeared, which fight and kill the original and rightful tenants.

A white-haired old negro preacher in New Orleans thus addressed one of the meetings of the dissatisfied darkies last week: "What are you grumbling about? Yer all better off 'dan yer ever 'spected to be—dan yer deserve to be. Did yer tink when Massa Linnuk yu yer freedom, he was gwine to buy tickets in the Louisiana State lottery for you beside?"

A cargo of ten elephants, fresh from their native jungles in Ceylon, recently landed in New York. During the long passage of about four months they got along well, after the first sickness was over. They used 25,000 gallons of water on the passage, and ate up 125 bales of hay, averaging 275 pounds per day, which food was in addition to two bushels of grain and paddy, the last rolled in the form of little balls or cakes, and fed to them from the hands of their Singapore keepers. The largest elephant weighed 2,000 pounds.

The perpetual candle, introduced and invented by Cassius M. Clay, late minister to Russia, is gradually coming into favor where gas is not obtainable. The candle consists of a small brass tube, within which is placed a close-fitting glass tube, the tube is screwed into a candlestick, and its inside another tube, made of white china, the whole taking the look of an ordinary candlestick. By heating the top of the brass tube the kerosene-soaked wick generates gas and gives a fine blaze through a number of small apertures in the end of the tube. A good light for five hours is, it is said, furnished for the cost of one cent. This is certainly both simple and economical, and would seem to obviate many of the dangers and objections to the use of kerosene.

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, according to the census recently taken, has 35,750 inhabitants.

The Neapolitan coral fishers this year have been very successful, but there is no chance of the prices being lowered, so increasing is the demand for this article. Good pink coral is now worth about fifty times its weight in gold.

The University of Tübingen numbers six hundred and forty-seven matriculated students during the present summer term. The widow of the German poet Ludwig Uhland lately presented his library to this university.

The Suez Canal is apparently about to yield to the roving sands of the Desert, as they fill in faster than they can be excavated within reasonable cost.

The orthography of the Flemish language has lately been modified by a royal decree, and a printer demands of the King an indemnity of 90,000 francs, on the ground that the decree prevents his selling his stock of dictionaries.

The British Medical Journal speaking of the so-called "explosive bullets," says that their alleged explosion was due to the shattering of the ball against edges of the bone, and not to any explosive quality in themselves.

M. Guizot has quite recovered, and expects to live to celebrate his centennial, fourteen years hence. He walks ten miles daily, plays with children, listens to the reading of Dumas' novels, eats prodigiously, writes vigorously, and without spectacles; and, take him all in all, is a very remarkable man—for a Frenchman.

The Scotch are delighted by the believed discovery of the burial-place of Mary de Couci, Queen of the Alexander II., and mother of Alexander III., at Newbattle Abbey, long in ruins. She died more than five centuries ago, and their satisfaction is in proportion to the vanished years.

The Stereoscopic Company has presented to Mrs. Bousby a gipsy ring, set with five large stones of exquisite water, as recompense for her loss of time in sitting for them to take her portraits, as she appeared in "Axe and Crown" and "Joan of Arc." Nearly 80,000 of these portraits, it is said, have been sold.

In driving a London underground railroad tunnel, we are told that in one part of the line the cuttings were made through a mass skulls and bones, sixteen feet in the ground. In another place a forgotten secret passage, twenty feet wide, was discovered, supposing to date from the fourteenth century.

An expensive book was lately sold in England. The finest copy known of the Speculum Humanae Salvationis had been disposed of in the library of the late Mr. J. B. Inglis. It was the first edition, the whole of the text printed from wooden blocks, with movable types, and the wood-block cuts are at the top of each page. This specimen of the books printed from wooden blocks which have excited so much controversy as connected with the claim of Holland to the invention of printing, was in the finest possible condition. The cuts are uncolored, and not pasted together as they generally are. It was bought for £25 by Mr. Quirich.

Mr. John Ruskin, having made a "pot of money" out of a real estate transaction, has put aside one thousand pounds sterling as a fund for opening an English paradise. It is, he says, a frank and simple gift to the British people; nothing of it is to come back to the giver. It is to accumulate, and its proceeds are to be applied to the enrichment of the earth, the redemption of rock, and moor, the schooling of children, the teaching of gentleness to brute creatures, the cultivation of the finer graces of social life, and such other purposes as a paradise fund may properly serve.

The Milo statue of Venus, which was buried during the siege of Paris, has been dug up and replaced in the Louvre. It was deposited in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police, in a triple case, out of the reach of bomb-shells. This beautiful work has traversed the Prussian investment and the reign of the Commune without the slightest injury.

Rural and Domestic.

How Dreams are Caused.

In order to prove that almost any dream can, with tolerable certainty, be excited by special classes of stimulants, M. Maury caused a series of experiments to be performed on himself when asleep, which afforded very satisfactory results.

First experiment.—He caused himself to be tickled with a feather on the lips, and on the inside of the nostrils. He dreamed that he was subjected to a horrible punishment. A mask of pitch was applied to his face, and then torn roughly off, taking with it the skin of his lips, nose and face.

Second experiment.—A pair of tweezers was held at a little distance from his ear and struck with a pair of scissors. He dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells. This was soon converted into the tocsin, and this suggested the days of June, 1848.

Third experiment.—A bottle of eau de cologne was held to his nose. He dreamed that he was in a perfumer's shop. This excited visions of the East; and he dreamed that he was in Cologne, in the shop of Jean Marie Farina. Many surprising adventures occurred to him there, the details of which were forgotten.

Fourth experiment.—A burning lucifer match was held close to his nostrils. He dreamed that he was at sea (the wind was blowing in through the windows) and that the magazine in the vessel blew up.

Fifth experiment.—He was slightly pinched on the nape of the neck. He dreamed that a blister was applied. And this brought the recollection of a physician that had treated him in his infancy.

Sixth experiment.—A piece of red hot iron was held close enough to him to communicate a slight sensation of heat. He dreamed that robbers had got into the house, and were forcing the inmates, by putting their feet to the fire, to reveal where their money was. This idea of the robbers suggested that of Mme. d'Alba, who, he supposed, had taken him for her secretary, and in whose memoirs he had read some accounts of bandits.

Seventh experiment.—The word *paragaramus* was pronounced in his ear. He understood nothing, and awoke with the recollection of a very vague dream. The word *maman* was next used many times. This idea of different subjects, but heard a sound like the humming of bees. Several days after, the experiment was repeated with the words *Azor, Castor, Leonore*. On awakening, he recollected that he had heard the last two words, and had attributed them to one of the persons who had conversed with him in his sleep.

Eighth experiment.—A drop of water was allowed to fall on his forehead. He dreamed that he was in Italy; that he was very warm, and that he was drinking the wine of Orvieto.

Ninth experiment.—A light, surrounded by a piece of red paper, was repeatedly placed before his eyes. He dreamed of a tempest and lightning, which suggested the remembrance of a storm he had encountered in the English Channel in going from Marseilles to Havre.

These observations are very instructive, inasmuch as they show conclusively that one very important class of our dreams is due to our bodily sensations.—*Once a Week.*

Chemistry of the Air.

A Divine Arranger must have spread out the filmy curtain of the sky like that thin film of water, the blue soap-bubble, which, like the atmosphere, reflects and decomposes the light reflected on its surface. As with light, so also the atmosphere is the conductor of sound. Prof. Cooke says:

Every one who has dropped a stone into the water of a still lake has noticed the system of waves which, with its ever-increasing circles, spreads in every direction from the stone; but it may not know that when two stones are struck together in the air a similar system of aerial waves spread, in ever-widening spheres, through the atmosphere, and that it is these waves breaking on the tympanum of our ears, like the waves of water on a sand-beach, which produce the sensation which we call sound. Two stones thus struck together give rise to waves of unequal size, following one another at irregular intervals; and such waves produce an unpleasant sensation on our auditory nerves which we call noise. But if instead of striking together two stones, we set in vibration the string of a piano-forte or the reed of an organ-pipe, we excite a system of waves, all of equal size, and succeeding one another with perfect regularity, and these breaking on the ear produce by their regular beats what we call a musical note.

If the waves follow one another with such regularity that one hundred and twenty-eight break on the tympanum every second, the note has a fixed pitch, called in music C natural. If the waves come faster than this, the pitch is higher, and if less rapidly the pitch is lower. What you are all familiar with as the pitch of a musical note depends, then, on the rapidity with which the waves of sound strike the ear, and may evidently be measured by the number of waves breaking on the tympanum in a second.

Science demonstrates that the difference between colors is of precisely the same kind as the difference between tones. Red, yellow, green, blue, violet, &c., are names we give to sensations caused by waves of either breaking at intervals on the retina, and color corresponds to pitch, and at every step as the whole scale of colors spreads out before us the analogy of light to sound becomes still more evident. And thus wonderful are the forces the atmosphere holds and the varieties of arrangement it displays; it modifies and diffuses heat, while it holds and dispenses the mysterious and astonishing agencies of electricity, just as the electrical machine is constantly rubbing together glass and silk; just as we rub a stick of sealing wax or a glass tube with a warm silk handkerchief, so the air is always rubbing over the face of the earth with heat, or less rapidly. Nature seems to be a great electrical machine. As man guards his roof from the destructive action of lightning-dashing to the earth, crashing, rending, and burning on its way by creating the lightning rod, whose bristling points quietly drain the clouds, or, failing to do this, receive the charge and bear it harmless to the earth, so God has made a harmless conductor in every pointed leaf, every blade of grass. It is said that a common blade of grass, pointed with nature's exquisite workmanship, is three times as effectual as the finest cambric needle, and a single twig is far more efficient than the metallic points of the best constructed rod. What, then, must be the agency of a single forest in disarming the forces of the storms of their terrors—while the same Almighty hand has made rain-drops and snowflakes to be conductors, bridges for the lightning in the clouds, alike, it seems, proclaiming the mercy and majesty of the Almighty hand!—*Eclectic Review.*

The progress of Minnesota in the production of wheat is among the agricultural marvels of the age. It is estimated that the surplus wheat of that State the present year will be fifty fifteen million bushels, while but little of the great grain plateau embraced within its limits has yet been brought under cultivation. One farmer, the past year harvested one thousand acres, with an average yield of forty bushels to the acre. This section, while much of it is too far North for growing corn, will evidently become the Odessa of America for the production of wheat.

Feeding at Milking Time.

It is a bad policy to feed cows moist food at milking time. It is like purchasing the good behavior of children with *bonbons*. Discontinue the practice for a short time and the cows will become restless and intractable. Besides, its practice will be likely to interfere with the milking—the cow not giving down her milk with the same readiness as when not occupied in cramming down the food before her. They do not seem to do two things perfectly at the same time. The pail before their eyes receives attention to the detriment of the pail which is out of sight. A cow having once been in the habit of being thus fed, if put upon a new regime of feeding will very frequently make her displeases manifest so frequently and forcibly as to bring upon herself the character and treatment of an ugly cow. All of these difficulties and annoyances may be avoided by feeding slops and other moist food at the proper time.

Digging Potatoes.

Many farmers suppose that as soon as the vines begin to die the potatoes should be dug at once. This is not good policy. As the vines die, the sap therein contained still assists in feeding the potato, and the roots continue to increase in weight until the tops are entirely dead. That the sap descends for the nourishment of the tuber, is evidenced from the fact that a vine being entirely girdled by insects, pyriform tubers were produced at the axils of every leaf-stalk, which immediately sent forth sprouts from the eyes, while the true tubers under ground apparently ceased to grow altogether, the size not being greater than a pin's head.

The earlier varieties of potatoes are now ripe or ripening, but unless wanted for sale or use, they are better in the ground than out, except they lie uncovered or so near the surface as to be influenced by the action of light and air. Either of these are detrimental to the flavor of the potato, and they sometimes become absolutely poisonous, if long exposed.

The Human Ear.

Professor Tyndall, concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the external orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the 'drum'; the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is between the partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to respond to these vibrations of the water which correspond to the rates of vibration of certain 'bristles' of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tens of thousands of fibres one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonous vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it and reveal the constituents of which it is composed; at least such are the present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibrations to the auditory nerve.—*London Paper.*

Thousands for One.

Some pains-taking genius has been at the trouble of counting the increase in weeds. It figures up considerably more than the Scripture count. Here it is:

A healthy pig-weed, if not disturbed, will ripen more than 10,000 seeds—and they are pretty sure to grow. The seed of the common dock will produce 13,000 seeds. The toad flax leaves 45,000 seeds, to inherit its estate. Burdock is prolific to the amount of 21,000 seed, and, like poor relations, they are always hanging to one's skirts. The common stinging nettle gives 100,000, and over, for one. There are very few weeds but will produce a thousand fold, and they do not require to be ripe to reproduce their kind. Destroy them, if possible, before they blossom. You can not raise figs on thistles, neither may you expect good crops among weeds. Every one destroyed before seeding this year, saves the trouble of destroying thousands another. Kill the weeds.

Facts in Agriculture.

All permanent improvements of land look to lime for their basis. Periodical application of ashes tends to keep up the integrity of the soil. All grain crops should be harvested before perfectly ripe.

To mature or lime wet grass is to throw manure, lime and labor away.

Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases in production.

Punctuality in engagements is as necessary to the agriculturist as it is to a merchant.

Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet. Subsoiling sound land that is not wet is eminently productive of an increased production.

Always provide an equivalent for the substance carried off by the land to the products grown thereon.

The cropping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock operates as a saving of at least 25 per cent.

Destroying Stumps.

The Baltimore Leader suggests the following method for getting rid of the stumps, without making a large hole in the ground: We have heard of two methods of getting rid of stumps, which, as they appear feasible and inexpensive, we hope some reader will try and report upon: Bore with a two-inch auger to the heart of the stump; fill the cavity thus made with sulphuric acid, or with crude oil of petroleum. In the first case the acid becomes the destructive agent within a few months; in the latter, when the stump becomes saturated with the oil it is fired, and will then burn out to the last particle, like a candle.

Cutting Bushes.

A writer in the Manchester [N. H.] Mirror gives the following on this subject:

The question is often asked by those who have pastures covered more or less with bushes, "How can we kill them?" Many think it hard, if not impossible, to kill bushes by cutting them, especially the white birch and some other varieties. But it can be done. Cut your bushes the longest days in June, and they will not trouble you more. You will kill them. I have cleared a number of acres during past years by cutting at that time, and I have killed them. On the land were white birch, alder, pine, hazel, etc. If I do not want to cut more than two or three days in a year, I select the middle longest days, as there are a number of days the same length in June. There are other seasons of the year, probably, when they can be killed, but I have succeeded in getting rid of quite a large quantity of bushes. Brother farmers, just try it.

A Useful Table.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:

Five yards wide by 985 yards long, contains 1 acre.
Ten yards wide by 484 yards long, contains 1 acre.
Twenty yards wide by 242 yards long, contains 1 acre.
Forty yards wide by 121 yards long, contains 1 acre.
Eighty yards wide by 60 1/2 yards long, contains 1 acre.
Sixty yards wide by 80 1/2 yards long, contains 1 acre.
One hundred and twenty feet wide by 198 feet long, contains 1 acre.
Four hundred and forty feet wide by 99 feet long, contains 1 acre.
One hundred and ten feet wide by 360 feet long, contains 1 acre.
Sixty feet wide by 726 feet long, contains 1 acre.
One hundred and twenty feet wide by 383 feet long, contains 1 acre.
Two hundred and forty feet wide by 181 1/2 feet long, contains 1 acre.

Clear the Room of Mosquitoes.

A writer in a South Carolina paper says: "I have tried the following to clear a room of mosquitoes, and it works like a charm. Take of gum-amphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or a candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes."



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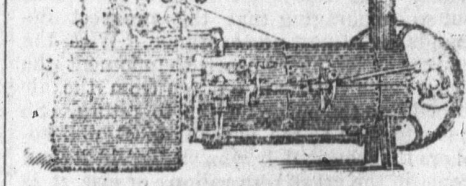
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The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES. For the week ending, AUG. 30, 1871.

CANDLES. MOLASSES.

Cuba, Chag. 32 @ 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Ordinary 150 @ 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200.

DOMESTICS. ZINC, ground in oil. No. 1. 12 @ 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22