

Bates College

SCARAB

The Morning Star

Muskie Archives and Special Collections Library

10-4-1871

The Morning Star - volume 46 number 40 - October 4, 1871

Freewill Baptist printers

Follow this and additional works at: https://scarab.bates.edu/morning_star

The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., OCTOBER 4, 1871.

Number 40

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

ISSUED BY THE
REEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
L. R. BUREN, Publisher.

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

TERMS: \$1.00 per year; or if paid strictly in ADVANCE, \$0.75.

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

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

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

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

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1871.

Night Before the Morning.

All shimmering in the morning shine
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering in the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through
The little field, the sunny field,
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field,
The day before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen, cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before its wealth will yield,
Labor and mirth and plenty blest
Its blameless death bestowing,
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing.

London Open-Air Mission.

Christianity is aggressive in its character; and we wish that all Christians thoroughly understood this fact, and acted on this principle. It is not enough that we should stand on the defensive, and seek to hold what we have. We ought to be constantly making inroads into Satan's Kingdom. Christianity is designed not merely for the benefit of those who see their need of it, but also for those who do not understand its value and importance. We believe that the command in the parable may be literally construed, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." With these views we are interested in all departments of Christian work wherever and by whomsoever carried on.

We have just received the eighteenth (1871) annual report of the Open-Air Mission. We made some acquaintance with the work of this society when in London two years ago, and are glad to know of its continued prosperity. Open-air preaching has become quite an institution in London and vicinity, so that in the summer as many as five hundred services are held every week. As a general thing, if those who conduct these services are prudent in their choice of positions, no one interferes with them; and there are numerous points which are regularly occupied, and have come to be generally regarded as "open-air preaching stations."

There is of course a great variety in the talent and tact of open-air preachers. A very large portion of them are laymen; and many of them are ill-qualified for their work. We wish it were otherwise. We would be pleased to know that all those who engage in this work were thoroughly qualified for it. But we think that Rev. Newman Hall spoke wisely on this subject at the last annual meeting of this Society, when he said that "the remedy for the evil was for educated Christians to undertake the work, whether they were archbishops, bishops, members of the House of Lords, or members of the Cabinet." It is gratifying to know that some in high positions do engage in this work; for bishops and members of parliament take part in it, and so also do many ministers of the gospel, both of the established church and of the dissenting denominations. But the field is large, and the work is urgent; and it is better that those who are not fully qualified should do what they can than that the work should be neglected. If many of those who engage in this work do not stand very high intellectually, many of those whom they address stand lower, and they may at least be useful to those; while there is evidence that God often chooses "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," and "the

weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

The object of the Society seems to be threefold; first, to maintain open-air preaching at regular stations, and on special occasions where crowds are expected to assemble; secondly, to aid, encourage, and extend open-air preaching in various parts of the country, and through the world; and thirdly, to use means for benefiting those who are engaged in open-air preaching, and for assisting them to become better qualified for their work. Taking the last named object first, we note that Monthly Conferences are held on a week evening for open air preachers, at which tea is provided by friends interested in the work, and then some important subject bearing upon the work is discussed, care being taken that some persons who are competent to give instruction shall take part in the discussion. Once a quarter, a special address is given at the monthly conference, usually by a minister of note and special ability. We have before us a list of these special addresses during the last seven years, from which we take the following to indicate the class of themes presented, and the standing of those who presented them:

Inspiration, Rev. J. Edmond, D. D.
Romanism, A. H. Synge.
The New Birth, J. Robinson.
Teaching by Parables, (The late) Rev. John Hamilton, D. D.
Resurrection of Christ, Rev. S. Manning.
Conversion of St. Paul, R. Roberts.
The Living Christ, Prof. Lorimer.
Power from on High, W. Pennefather.
Personal recollections of open air preaching, Rev. Newman Hall.
Popular Sophisms, Rev. S. Wainwright.
The average attendance last year at these monthly conferences was 104.

The Society has also issued a set of sixteen brief "instructions to open-air preachers." From these we extract the following:

3. Avoid services at late hours, noisy singing, vulgar tunes, shouting, and ridiculous gestures.

4. Preach the great truths on which Evangelical Christians are agreed. Do not preach on controverted doctrines, such as freewill election, &c.

5. Always speak courteously, both in preaching, and in speaking to individuals.

10. Say what you have to say as briefly as possible.

11. Give place to brethren who can speak better than yourself, and try to induce such to come with you and help in the work.

14. Do not attempt to make open-air preaching so much a service of worship, as an evangelistic effort to bring thoughtless and careless persons to give heed to the things of God.

The Society also publishes the following list of qualifications for open-air preachers:

1. A good voice.

2. Naturalness of manner.

3. Self-possession.

4. A good knowledge of Scripture, and of common things.

5. Ability to adapt himself to any congregation.

6. Good illustrative powers.

7. Zeal, prudence, and common sense.

8. A large loving heart.

9. Sincere belief in all he says.

10. Entire dependence on the Holy Spirit for success.

11. A close walk with God by prayer.

12. A consistent walk before men by a holy life.

With reference to the second object named, the Secretary, Mr. Gorwin Kirkham, maintains an extensive correspondence with persons in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and other countries; and also visits various parts of the country for the promotion of open-air work. He has also visited Holland more than once for the same purpose. Extracts from the correspondence are inserted in the reports, and serve to show the extent and the encouraging progress of the work. We are gratified to find that members of both Oxford and Cambridge universities engage in this sphere of labor. In London, one of the stations is in front of the Royal Exchange. This is occupied every Sunday afternoon, from three till five o'clock, from the first Sunday in April till the last in September. Mr. Thomas Walker, the City Missionary of the District, superintends the meeting, and is assisted by ministers and laymen, five or six taking part each Sunday. Last year seventy persons, forty-one men and twenty-nine women, professed decision for Christ and determination to live to his glory for the future. During the season, one hundred and seventy-five addresses were given to an average congregation of two hundred and eighty persons.

The special visitations are to Fairs, Races, Shows, Exhibitions, Regattas, &c., of distinguished persons, Reviews, and other assemblies of the people. We have a list of special visitations during the last year, showing that seventy-seven Races, forty-eight Fairs, and thirty-four other special gatherings were visited.

This Society is quite an inexpensive one. The whole expenditure during the last year was about \$3500. The secretary devotes his whole time to the work, and therefore necessarily receives a small salary, and we believe a clerk is also kept in the office a part or all of the time. But all the other officers and the preachers of the Society labor gratuitously, only the actual

traveling and other expenses of preachers who go into the country in service of the society, being paid. The Society is not denominational. It aims to unite all Christians in this mode of disseminating the gospel; God has largely blessed it. Numbers have been converted by this means. Among those thus reached and benefited during the last year, is "one of the most energetic of the London Infidel lecturers, a vice president of an infidel society" in St. Pancras. His intention is "boldly to defend the faith which, like Paul, he once denied."

We wish continued and enlarged success to this society; and we hope that this notice of it may stimulate the readers of the Star to seek for additional and outside opportunities of disseminating the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Ohio Correspondence.

The Lord is on the giving hand, with the Middleport Church. There has been within the last three weeks some revival spirit among us. During that time we have given the hand of fellowship to twenty-eight, nearly all of them heads of families. Twelve of them we baptized, the others having previously attended to this happy ordinance. During this session there were preached by us twenty-seven sermons, some at other points. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. He it is that hath blessed us and not we ourselves." But we do feel like rejoicing and praising the Master, who has honored us thus!

Our S. S. numbers over one hundred. It has a new Library and Case worth \$150. Within the limits of this church, one mile and a quarter off, there is another S. S. (Union), officered and conducted by brethren from our church here, numbering eighty scholars and teachers. So we have over 200 scholars in the two schools. We are hopeful over the prospect of our cause here. We pray that this work of grace may be only the skirmish preceding the greater battles and victories of the opening campaign. Towards this result we hope to labor with divine help cheerfully.

"A few rounds" with the Pedo-baptist brethren through our town paper, the last few months over the question of baptism, has not thus far resulted in our "raising the white flag"; but I feel confident we are materially the gainers, whenever we speak out fearlessly, in love, the glorious doctrines God has committed to us. They are invulnerable and vital with truth.

MORE DOCTRINE.

It occurs to me, would help our cause everywhere. Of course I am not urging us to call other sects hard names and keep quarrelling with them all the time. This would not only be unnecessary, but doubtless it would drive many from us whom we might otherwise reach. But while we "contend for the faith," we may do so in love, and thus make the people feel the truth we are set to uphold. There are not a few people who imagine we have no real place in the religious world to justify our separate identity. And we are sometimes so gloriously "free," that we suffer other sects "to steal our own thunder," and sometimes not a few of "our sheep," before we will thunder out the reasons we have for "the faith once delivered to the saints." Consequently many get the impression that one sect is just as good as another or one set of doctrines as others; and not seeing our "strong reasons" shown up, they think, to themselves, that it does not matter what church they unite with. Hence thousands are lost to our denomination, who otherwise might become members.

If it were not next to sacrilege, it might just here be spoken *sonly*, that the good "Star" has been charged with having "too little iron in the blood of its theology"—"not enough of our distinctive doctrines in its polished columns." I write not in the spirit of fault-finding, but having hitherto heard some such whisperings in the air, I have caught and now send them for the Star to "press to death." And while the Star is quite above suspicions of unsoundness, being no "will-o'-the-wisp" but a genuine *Star*, and as good a paper as ever flew from the press; yet there are a few brethren "away out west" who are not "terrible baptists," nor willing to accept any "aqueous gospel" or "water salvation," but would be a little better satisfied if the "One Baptism" of the Scriptures were held up a little clearer and stronger, as well as other of our doctrines. As the "Star" rises and "the Day" dawns, let the people feel that while gloriously charitable, we are likewise distinctively Baptist. For many of the boys get not a little of their theology by the light of the Star, and they need a marked and bold way set before them. But "the doctors," of course, know best what the masses need, whether they want it or not, and reverently at their feet we sit to learn!

CLOSE COMMUNION.

We are told by some of the ablest ministers of the "Regular" Baptists hereabouts, is of three kinds, or rather there are three positions held by them on this subject, all considered equally orthodox:—(1). Some invite to the Supper "all of our faith, and order," or "members of sister churches." (2). Others invite "all baptized believers in Christ." (3). Still another class "invite none, but spread the supper, and let each act for himself—not feeling that they are authorized to either invite or refuse."

Should the third class be termed Close Communionists? at all? A "Regular" Baptist church at our county seat, adjoining our town, are of this kind, and the pastor insists that he is "Close Communion" in the most orthodox style. Thus the ice melts. And it will not long before most Baptist churches will stand on the same ground. Then we shall not seem to them so far from the historic practice of "the fathers," or from the truth. Light—and that is what the Star sheds—must sooner or later scatter the mists of prejudice and darkness and bigotry, and "in the good time coming" there shall stand girding the Cross, with linked hands and united hearts, the now scattered, but then gathered, tribes of the great family in Christ, which shall be one because they believe in "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

"DISCIPLES" OR "CAMPBELLITES"?

Are rather numerous hereabouts. What a pity they can not put pardon over Jordan! They baptize for the remission of sins—we after. They insist that water must come before pardon, as a means to forgiveness! We want it after pardon—the sins being washed away in the "fountain filled with blood," before we have any title to "wash the body in pure water" of baptism. Pardon—then Baptism—is the gospel way! In the late letter, written by a committee of Regular Baptists in reply to the Disciples, on the subject of the talked-of union of these two sects, the place of baptism was defined, in plain words, to be just and only after pardon—the same as we hold on this point. Why it is that there should be so much misunderstanding on so plain a subject as baptism, and that some should go to the extreme of making baptism the *"sine qua non"* the key-stone of the gospel arch, while the other extreme is taken by others, who persist in calling it "nonessential" or "a trifle"—is a marvel to those holding so consistent ground as we do!

CHESHIRE ACADEMY.

Is opening the fall term prosperously under the direction of Bro. J. B. Lash, who is a graduate of the Ohio University, and lately received ordination at the hands of the Athens Q. M. We bespeak a good report from him either as teacher or minister. Cheshire church is looking up and forward to better times. Several are ready to unite with the church and we are hoping for an outpouring of the Spirit, not many months hence. An excellent S. S. is sustained on a union basis. Our Congregations are cheering to face, as it has been our privilege to do every alternate Sabbath, since our return from the west to these churches last December.

GENERAL EDWARD F. NOYES, of Cincinnati, now Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, served, perhaps you are aware, three years and a half in the office of the *Morning Star*, when a boy. So states the history of "Ohio in the war." We heard him before the State Convention and once here, since, with eloquence worthy of his early associations "in the land of wooden nutmegs and live yankees." Though he lost one leg in the late war, Gen. Garfield says, he is yet able to outrun the Democratic nominee, on the one remaining leg!

The people of Ohio will be called to cast their votes for one of these men for Governor, Noyes, he of "the New Departure," or Stewart of the New Temperance Departure Prohibition ticket. Of course we are really for prohibition when it is a practicable thing, which many question seriously this season. So we expect this time to elect Gen. Noyes.

T. H. DRAKE.

Mistiness.

One of the most fruitful causes of mistiness is the habit of affecting to know something of which one really knows little or nothing. There are two principal modes in which this affection may be indulged—the positive and the negative; and of these the negative, as the most common, and also as the most subtle and insidious, is the most productive of mistiness.

The positive form is when a person undertakes to discourse on a subject with which he is not really familiar. It may be hoped that this worst form of affectation is becoming less frequent in England than it used to be. Not that there is probably much increase in the general depth of learning, but the number of men who know a little of many subjects is certainly increasing, and also there are more fairly well-educated women in the country than there were twenty years ago. Hence it is becoming more dangerous than it was for a pretender to hold forth in society upon a subject of which his knowledge is very slight or very misty, because even a little knowledge of a subject in some of his hearers may enable them, if they are possessed of a fairly ready wit, to upset his pretensions. But the very offensiveness of this form of affectation, and the resentment which it consequently produces, leading all to unite in hunting it down, render it less deleterious to the pretender himself, and less likely to cause or intensify mistiness in his mind.

The negative form of affectation of knowledge—when the pretender, for example, without committing himself to positive and verbal assertions, allows it to be assumed by others that he knows certain things of which he is really ignorant—is a much more subtle and dangerous mode. All of us are constantly exposed to this temptation, and few of us can feel confident that we never

yield to it. Somebody is talking to us in a drawing-room, or across a breakfast table, upon some matter of history, and he makes allusions to persons or to facts. It may happen that we have a bad memory for historical detail, or that we do not happen to have studied that particular period carefully. Consequently the allusions are not really intelligible to us, as the talker assumes that they are or ought to be. The temptation to pretend, instantly arises, and is sometimes most overwhelming. Perhaps the speaker has been a little contradictory, or a little supercilious in his talk, giving himself the airs of a "superior person," and displaying a rather trying exultation in his knowledge of minute details. Then it is very hard to have to confess that we do not know, or do not remember, the matters to which he alludes. We dread the air of half compassionate superiority with which he will say, "Ah, I see you have not read Lamartine's Girondins. You should read that. It is the only decent authority on the period." Or there is the accent of self-shocked surprise with which, in lowered tones, as if he really did not wish to expose our ignorance more than he can help, he will say, "Oh, don't you know? He was great-grandson of Louis the Fourteenth's nephew." Or perhaps he has been taking the line of pseudo humility, and talking of these details as "things that every school-boy knows." Then it is not pleasant to admit that we know less than any school-boy.

When circumstances like these arise, as they do most frequently, in a greater or less degree, in any general conversation, it requires a well-established habit of serving truth rather than self, to enable us to declare our ignorance. A man who does not live and act continuously in the spirit of a sincere worship of truth above all things, is in constant danger of lapsing into the silent, negative affectation of knowledge; and of becoming a social pretender, or thereby opportunities of clearing away mists losing from his mind.—*Saturday Review.*

Events of the Week.

N. H. STATE FAIR.

Was held in this city, last week. The weather was pleasant, with the exception of Tuesday, p. m. and evening. The rain laid the dust and rendered the rest of the time far more agreeable on account of it. There was a large collection of people assembled on the ground and a fine exhibition of stock, fowl, implements of husbandry, furniture, carriages and articles of utility and beauty, affording pleasure to the eye, and inspiring enterprise in the minds of the thoughtful and docile. It is lamentable, however, that horse-racing and gambling should come to be considered the most engrossing objects of interest, indispensable to the success of our fairs. Nevertheless, there is much to be learned by the intelligent inquirer.

EPIDEMICS.

The yellow fever is reported at Charleston, Natchez and Vicksburg. Some cases are fatal.—The papers announce the appearance of cholera in New Jersey. The victims were Germans from an emigrant ship. How extensively it will be carried back into the country by the scattered passengers does not yet appear.—The small pox in Lowell is spreading to an alarming extent, but the authorities are at last aroused and are taking energetic means to suppress it. Too much care can not be exercised in this matter.

CASUALTIES.

A late fire in San Francisco destroyed a block involving a loss of \$1,000,000. Also a fire in St. John, N. B., consumed over thirty houses, valued at \$150,000. A fearful tornado visited the Sandwich Islands in August, doing very great damage.—Gales have also been experienced in the Bahamas, destroying both property and lives.—A large number of workmen who were constructing a sewer in Indianapolis, were buried by its caving in, and eight at least were killed.—A train on the Hudson River R. R., disregarding the regulation to come to a full stop before crossing another track, run into and demolished a coal train on the Boston road and threw itself off the track, though no one was killed.—Seven thousand persons have been made homeless by an earthquake in the Island of Taironi, in the West Indies.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Of the Fulton St. Prayer meeting, was held in N. Y. last Saturday. The place of meeting was filled to its utmost capacity. After singing, Bro. Ball, said: "On the fourteenth anniversary of this prayer-meeting we may well ask, What originated and what has kept it alive so many years, and made it so precious to the whole brotherhood of saints? The power of Christ's love upon the heart of one man gave it birth; the power of that love on other hearts has given it life and interest all these fourteen years of precious memory. It is that power which has caused the influence of this meeting to be felt to the ends of the earth. Prayer is the voice of love. We pray for souls at a distance because we love them, and love them because the great heart of Christ touches our hearts. He answers our prayers, because he would encourage and endorse this concern among men for each others' souls. Hence to Christ be all the glory for the blessings of this meeting; He is its center, its life, its power, and in His name we look for greater victories in the future than we have seen in the past."

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 26th, 1871.

The President has not yet returned to Washington, but is daily expected. It is amusing to notice the comments of the opposition press respecting the absence of General Grant from this city, as though it were on his part a serious neglect of his official duty. It is no such thing, for everything the President is required to do in the line of his duty is done with promptness and dispatch. The harking of the democratic press upon this one fault of the President—if it be a fault—shows to what shifts the opposition is obliged to resort, to find something to complain of in our excellent President.

The past week has been rather a lively time with us here, considering how perpetually dull Washington is during the recess of Congress.

In the first place, a large body consisting of many Commanderies of the Knights Templars, a branch of the Masonic order, have made us a visit, and they presented a very splendid show as they marched through our broad streets and avenues. They were really a fine body of men, and in their neat and unique dress, with banners and bands of music made a fine appearance. Something like five thousand of them were in line, and the soldierly bearing of the men, their marching, and counter marching, the fine weather, the broad avenues of the city giving ample room for these evolutions, and the crowds of well-dressed spectators, that lined the streets, all contributed to make it a pleasing scene, a lovely gala day. I have no wish to say aught in disparagement of masonry or any of its kindred institutions. They may, and doubtless do some good in a benevolent way to a limited extent, but the sphere of their usefulness in this regard is narrow, limited and under a sort of clannish control. It does good to those of its own household, but farther than this its benevolent deeds rarely extend. When shall we free ourselves from this clannish spirit and come to recognize the grand principle of a universal brotherhood. When we enlist under the banners of the Great Master and fully comprehend his teachings his spirit, and his example; then we shall recognize a brother in every human creature and do for each and every suffering brother all we can, not because he is a Mason, not because he belongs to our order, but because he is our brother, and Christ died for him. It will be enough to know that he is a man. "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." So says the Master.

But the great event of the 22d was the celebration by the colored people of the 9th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation; and they did it with a heartiness and a will which show how deep a hold this great act and Christian deed of our martyred President has upon the colored race.

The procession was large, well-behaved, and presented a fine appearance. Each man, woman and child seemed to say, as well they might,—this is our day.

There are two or three colored military companies in this district, and these were out in full ranks and presented a soldier-like bearing. "None who witnessed this display will say after this, that colored men can not make good soldiers. Altogether this turn-out of our colored population, their appearance on the avenues and streets, and their orderly and respectful conduct in the President's grounds, gave unmistakable evidence that these people know the character and appreciate the value of the great boon which has been vouchsafed them.

The oration was delivered by Prof. Langston of Howard University, a gentleman in whose veins flows some of the blood of the once proscribed race. It is enough to say of it, that the address was replete with sound arguments, good advice, and eloquent utterances. Senator Wilson, Gen. Howard, and other eminent men addressed the multitude, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the occasion.

What a change has been wrought in this goodly capital in the last nine years?

In 1862 slavery was abolished here, and the slaves were paid for out of the National Treasury. No colored man then had the ballot. Now the colored people have their political and civil rights, and some of them hold high and responsible positions and perform all the functions of these various positions with credit to themselves and fidelity to the government. We have in our District Government a number of colored men. The District Auditor and also the Register are colored men. In view of these great changes and marvelous reforms, we may well exclaim, "What has God wrought?"

The temperance movement is onward here, and especially is it making headway among our Catholic community. There is a thriving temperance society in connection with all the Catholic churches. Last Tuesday their association held a Union meeting, in St. Mathew's, which was addressed by one or two priests, and both Catholic and Protestant laymen.

The "women's club" is making considerable headway towards establishing a home for reformed women, and the Catholics are about to open the House of the Good Shepherd for a similar purpose. Thus is Satan's kingdom being assaulted from various quarters and it may be hoped that good is being done.

Yours, PHAROS.

Vanity, like the bubble, rears all the colors of the rainbow on an airy foundation.

Communications.

Read the Star.

Dr. Delos, astrologer, has ornamented a neighboring block with his sign. Doubtless in the quiet vigils of the night he reads the stars and notes our destiny. The *Morning Star* he probably does not read. It is his mistake. He would know more about the future and be more accurate in his prognostications, if he should direct his telescope towards the heavens where it rises, and draw it within a legible distance of his philosophic eyes.

Free Baptists are especially happy in the ability to read their own *Star*, and so to dispense with the professional services of Dr. Delos and his school. Free Baptists may be their own astrologers. They ought to be; *Star*-reading is the duty of our church. Several reasons declare the Free Baptist at fault who does not read the religious paper of his people.

1. He takes the *Star*, and therefore ought to read it. It twinkles in his sky, and sheds its cheerful light on his household. As he is a Free Baptist, with the root of the matter in him, he has paid the *Morning Star* its price for wheeling in an orbit that runs right through his family, and for dispensing its radiant energy. For two dollars and fifty cents, currency, he obtained this visitation of the *Star*. It is the equivalent to him for that sum,—that is, if he reads it. Unread it is waste paper, worth no more to him than the wrappings in which his groceries come to the kitchen. It is a poor investment unless it is read. So we say, read as well as take the *Star*, or you lose your money.

2. The F. Baptist should read the *Star*, because it is made for him to read. It is not easily made. Its cost to a subscriber is no index of the cost of its preparation. Hold up the *Star* of this week and talk with it of its origin, and it will suggest an amount of intellectual capital and work bewildering to contemplate. Brains print the *Star*. Every paper represents mental vigor of a high order; minds rich with study, that have husbanded the teachings of human experience, observed carefully, sat at the feet of nature, reverently welcomed the revelation of God's truth, and been informed by it, here speak on themes suited to refresh and quicken us. You will be amazed if you will count the number and note the talent of the writers who address you in this very issue. You will be rewarded with a better appreciation of your paper if you will just consider the subjects written about, in these eight pages, and remember that it is as richly freighted from week to week. The next edition will have all the merits of this. See, then, the force of the remark that the *Star* has been made to be read.

But the *Star* has a denominational character. It was made primarily to bless the membership of a denomination. Any man can profitably read it, but a Free Baptist above all. The daily *Tribune* reads well in Boston, but better in New York. The *Star* is not narrowly partisan, but the denomination is its metropolis. See, then, the force of the remark that the Free Baptist should read the *Star*.

3. It is quite likely to be healthier reading than that for which it would be neglected. If the Free Baptist loves the Scriptures, he will love the *Star*. He needs no invitation to its pure columns. His paper will not be left for weeks in the post-office, nor be tossed about his store unopened, nor lie covered and forgotten, under monthlies and quarterlies, and secular sheets. The Bible is the heartiest friend of the religious press. Volumes of genuine merit are not the antagonists of the *Star*, but the trash and chaff of the day. For such literature as looks only unblushingly from the window, or defiles the counters of the periodical bazaar, the *Star* gets thrust aside. Minds whose reading is drawn from that source, can not be coaxed into a perusal of religious writings.

Not even for publications of instruction and worth, should the Free Baptist fail to read his *Star*. Especially on the Sabbath day it is becoming for him to commune with its writers and seek instruction from its columns. The Sabbath was not made for political or other secular matters to gain a hearing with us. It is a day for religious thought and spiritual edification. Therefore the religious paper ought, on the day of rest, to push out of our hand the political sheet and literary magazine. On the Sabbath the *Star* challenges the right of other papers to supersede it, and a man will generally be found better employed when reading it than when feeding his mind with other matter. Devout women sometimes think the *Star* and the Bible are kindred spirits, and prize their religious papers next to the word of God. We commend their example. The Free Baptist ought not to read the Scriptures, and then take up *The Live Republican*. What next after my Bible, on the Sabbath day? The religious paper, the *Star*.

4. To be abreast of the age the Free Baptist must read the *Star*. Some of our countrymen do not know that Daniel Webster is dead. So, of our church, some do not know that many old usages and issues born in times of ignorance and long winked at, are dead. They do not read the *Star*. Dead issues still live to them. To-day they are pondering the propriety of missions, Sabbath schools, and female education. How can men know about a living church, in a living age, who take no paper? The Free Baptists of to-day are not what they were fifty years ago. It is the age of steam and electricity. Who ever would know what we are about must read the *Star*. What the denomination has now, in hand, what is transpiring in its bounds, what its plans for to-morrow are, its present resources and ability, who compose its ministry, what is the character of its churches, its doctrines and polity, its needs, its duties, and its achievements, you can learn, from

reading the *Morning Star*, and as a Free Baptist you should learn. There are times, too, when one must know something of his neighbor's affairs. The *Star* is no gossip, but the range of its observations is from one quarter of the heavens to another, and much that it sees, intelligent Christians need to know. From his infallibility, Pius IX., on his throne, to the latest infidelity of Mr. Towne and his school inclusive, its intelligence sweeps, so that a faithful reader of its pages has a knowledge of what is transpiring in the whole Christian world. It brings us matters of interest in other churches, and gives us the advantage of their experience in shaping our own destiny. It keeps its readers abreast of the age, and the obligation of a Free Baptist, "to be up with the times" is admitted on all our streets. In other words, then, his duty is to read the *Morning Star*.

5. Such reading increases the value of his church-membership. Ministers are modest. How many times they close their lips under the spell of this virtue. They hardly have place for their rights, or point out injustice to themselves. But the press will voice their thoughts, and advocate their cause. The pastoral relation has many delicate intricacies which must be softly touched. Churches have stereotyped unreasonable usages, and have allowed grave defects of character or method to become hoary with age. It is not personal for the paper to take these matters up, and give them an airing. What it would be heady to say from the pulpit, it is modest to say through the press. So the *Star* abounds in practical articles, aimed at the necessities of the church, which every member ought to consider. The pages of the *Star* come to the churches laden with needed words of rebuke, counsel, instruction and duty. Our churches would shine forth with untarnished splendor, be more attractive and meritorious, win the love and homage of mankind, and command the respect of other sects, were the *Morning Star* more thoughtfully read in our families. Whose heart and purse respond to the wants of the denomination, whose hands soonest grasp those of every right enterprise among us, whose prejudices yield soonest before the truth, whose words, sympathies and votes so readily secure liberal, progressive and just measures, as do those whom the *Star* has enlightened and convinced? The *Star* circulates freely and is carefully read in the model F. B. church. We then should read the *Star*; find time and read it; push back other things and read it; drop secular literature and read it; remember the Sabbath day and read it. And let every Free Baptist who is "alive from the dead" read the *Morning Star*. J. A. H.

Reports from India.

The following communications from some of our missionary workers in India will be found interesting. The letter from Miss Crawford was a private one sent to a co-laborer for many years, now in this country, but we think her friend and correspondent rightly judges that it will have interest for a wider circle. The information given respecting the pupils in the Mission schools is especially welcome. Miss C. writes as follows:

BALASORE July 10, 1871.

Could I only see you this hour, I have many interesting things I could tell which this little sheet can not hold. I am here for a holiday of two weeks, but there is no chance for rest, much as it is needed, for you know I must go to all the little schools, and then I must go to the zenanas to see how much sister Smith's women have advanced, and how many new houses she has, for it does my heart so much good to see how the work is spreading. Did you ever find out what a labyrinth Balasore is? What winding roads there are all around among houses away off amid the trees, where, but for zenana work, one might spend a lifetime here and not know that there were any such houses in the world? They are brought to light by the efforts made to introduce into them gospel light. Last month sister Smith called so loudly for help that I sent her Emily Hampton and Sarda, a female orphan girl. Emily is only 14-15 years old, so that there is great need that she and also the other girls who are here should go on with their studies. They are doing that, and spending a part of the day teaching. But poor sister S. is in great want of more funds. Her "school means" can not be supported on 2 Rs. per month as the girls in my school can, and if she could have help to pay a good pundit for them, it would be a great relief. Can you not interest the New Hampton folks in this matter? Now their little Emily has come out to teach, they must not think that by teaching she will be able at present to support herself, for there is only one of these schools that pays, and that is Maria's. A new school is now to be established in the old Roger mistre's house for girls. The old man begged very earnestly for a teacher, so I sent him Emily expressly for his school, at which the poor old man was very glad. Emily lacks an inch of being five feet high. She looks very tiny. We do not know how she will do, but have to try her and the others, hoping for the best. My girls have been going out some in Jellapore. They are well received and hope to do good. About a month ago my head pundit was quite ill. Joseph Fullerton was paying a visit to Jellapore, and came into school a few days and did admirably as teacher. He is one of the best boys the mission ever raised. The Raymond band ought to feel more than repaid for all they have done for him. He is now a good scholar, a good carpenter, a good teacher, and we hope he will yet be a good preacher. He is engaged to one of our female orphan girls, who is doing very well. The baboos in Blundrock have sent time and again for an instructress, but you know we can not send a girl there without some one to take care of her. Why don't the folks at home do more to help carry on the blessed work here? Do try, dear sister, to enlist as many as possible to work for this

mission. Do go to all the Q. Ms., and try to get people to contribute more. We want at least one High school in Orissa, and to have it we must pay higher wages to teachers.

Last month I took in a little girl the Catholics have had, she is very bright, but a firm little Catholic.

I am too nearly ill to-day to write with much life. Pray for us all, and write often. With much love.

S. CRAWFORD.

NAMESAKES IN INDIA, &c.

John Sinclair is a precious, noble young man. So far, since you left, his conduct has been as near perfect as we could expect from any mortal. David MacDonald now seems to be very near the Saviour. For a time after you left, he seemed like a person whose light had suddenly gone out and left him in total darkness. Time and again he has said to me, "Yes, I used to go to our Mem Sahib's class-meetings, and then I tried very hard to be a Christian. If my Mem Sahib had said here, all would have been well for me." Poor boy! How often have I thought, if you could only see how he is in particular, and many other boys, remember you and your teaching, and how they long for you to come back and help them, you would feel amply repaid for all the sacrifices you ever made for them.

Pickering Brown is doing well. Jacob Milley, Billy Burr, and several others are earnest inquirers. The Famine Orphan girls are no wall down well. Gracie has one division of the little boy's sewing class, and she is teaching them beautifully. They hem their own clothes nicely. Abby has the other division, and is doing equally well. There is a healthy spirit of emulation between the two classes. Eleven of the girls have been for sometime teaching daily in Sepoy bazar, and just outside; nine girls go regularly, and two more now and then. Oh, pray much for these dear girls.

But I began to tell you about the little boys. Elston is my dearest little rogue. You know his beautiful eyes, his affectionate disposition, keen intellect, and ability to go right ahead of his class, make me love him very much. He can hem his clothes very nicely, and had quite as soon somebody else would sweep and carry away rubbish. But who blames him?

Little Harry has the same sweet, longing face that makes you, spite of yourself, forgive him for breaking all the rules of the school and keeping the boys laughing one third of the time besides. Joseph White and Ben Bachelger go ahead in English; Billy Burr in printing. Thirty of the boys are learning to sew, and all of them have been making brick and helping put up the walls of the new house which is just done.

Now I want you to help us with all your might to get a work-shop, and a Christian man to oversee it. Before you answer this I trust the Lord will enable us to get the work shop, and if we had a practical (I love that word practical) Christian, who would preach by example while he teaches these bright boys the use of something besides the hoe, what a blessing it would be! Do find one if you can. M.

Faults in Parish Life.

Dr. Holland, of *Scriveners Monthly*, is a man of positive opinions, having an eye for practical views of life, and wielding a pen that makes a mark whenever he sets it in motion. The same directness and vigor which gained him a reputation as "Timothy Titcomb" are carried into his new sphere and work. In the last issue of the magazine which he edits, he has an article which he entitles "Shepherds and their Flocks," and which deals with such questions as need to be considered. His view may be partial and one-sided, but the side he presents is one that many see and that ought to be fairly inspected and studied. We quote and call attention to his words:

A mischief-breeding mistake is made when pastors and people fail to establish and maintain between each other a business relation just as independent of the spiritual as it is possible to make it. The physician may be, and in multitudes of instances is, the dearest family friend; but he lives by his profession, and his services have a recognized money value which he expects to receive without a question. He would prefer, perhaps, to render his services without reward, especially to those whom he loves; but he has mouths to feed and provision to make for rainy days, and for the days of helplessness that come at last to all. So, though love and sympathy, and self-denial for love and sympathy's sake, may have actuated him in all his daily round of duty, he goes home at night, takes down his blotter, and enters his charges as formally as if he had been selling farm-produce or tinware.

There is a feeling in many parishes that it is a gift by whatsoever any pastor may be profited by them,—that a pastor earns nothing, and that in all things he is the beneficiary of the parish. To make this matter a thousand times worse, there are pastors not a few who take the position to which the parishes assign them, and assist in perpetuating the mistake. They are men whose hands are always open to receive whatever comes; who delight in donation parties, and who grasp right and left, with insatiable greed, at gifts. They become so mean-spirited that they do not like to pay for anything, and do not really think it right that they should be called upon to pay for anything. They are sponges upon their people and the community. Wherever they happen to be, they "lie down" on the brethren. There is nothing of value that they are not glad to receive, and there is nobody that they are not glad to be indebted to for favors. Sometimes they are extravagant, and have a graceless way of getting into debt, out of which they are helped yearly, and out of which they expect to be helped yearly. The abject meanness into which a pastor can sink, and the corresponding and consequent powerlessness into which he can descend, find too frequent illustration

among the American ministry. It is shocking and sickening that there are some men who seem forced by their parishes to live in this way, and it is still more disgusting to find men who seem tolerably comfortable and contented while living in this way. If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, they should be paid with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for the money he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important. Of what possible use in a pulpit can any man be, whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and dirty economies? Every month, or every quarter-day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation to anybody, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction. Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. The office of such a man does not rise in dignity above that of a court-fool. He is the creature of the popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due a man who devotes his life to them. Manliness can not live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him.

Good, many pastors and preachers do not want gifts: they want wages. It is not a kindness to eke out insufficient salaries by donation parties and by benefactions from the richer members of a flock. It is not a merit, as they seem to regard it, for parishes or individuals to do this. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which they are too mean to pay in a business way. The pastor needs it and they owe it, but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place him in an awkward and a false position. The influence of this state of things upon the world that lies outside of the sphere of Christian belief and activity is bad beyond calculation. We have had enough of the patronage of Christianity by a half-sufficing, half-tolerating world. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay, in a business way, for its ministry.

The Church in the House.

Are not these words, copied from one of the wise and earnest men of the present day, worth reproducing and pondering?

Far back up the stream of time, when as yet the Atonement had not been established in the chosen nation, we find some interesting glimpses of that early household piety which obtained when the father of the family was both priest and king in his domestic circle. Thus we read of the patriarch of Uz—"And it was so, when the days of their" (his children's) "feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually." And when the Lord was about to hide from the light of day, and the sight of men the abominable cities of the plain, He said, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do, seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring up on Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." Such a testimony as this to the godly dweller in tents, that all who were under his influence should be instructed in the way of truth, far exceeds all human praise. It is a word of commendation from the Lord himself; and it is a word which heads of families would do well to note, for it teaches very clearly that the Lord observes the way in which we "walk within our houses."

Shall it be said that the patriarchs in that olden time took care to build an altar wherever they fixed a tent, but that many professing Christians in these days of Gospel light and privilege have no daily gatherings of children and servants, for the purpose of reading the word of God and prayer? It is not for us to bring the charge of neglect in this respect against any, but it is for us to point out briefly how becoming, how beautiful, and how profitable is the morning and evening recognition of God our Saviour in the family circle. When he who has authority in a house shows his reverence for the Lord, by gathering his domestics morning and evening reading, the Scriptures, and offering prayer and thanksgiving—assuming that it is not mere form, but real piety that prompts him—the act is every way becoming. It is meet and proper that he in whom we live and move and have our being should thus be worshipped in our families. Domestic blessings as well as individual mercies are His gifts. The hand of God is as surely in the comforts of home as in the peace that gladdens the heart of the believer. A well ordered household is a blessing of exceeding value; and as all its members participate in the privilege, all should unite at stated times in giving thanks to the gracious source of the boon.

And without saying more on the duty and the privilege of consecrating our dwellings as little sanctuaries, setting them apart as places of divine service, it is impossible to overlook the influence of such morning and evening devotions on those who are assembled. What more likely to impress the young hearts of the little ones, than the fact that they hear their beloved father praying that they may be kept from evil, preserved amidst the dangers of infancy and youth, brought to love the Saviour, and made heirs of everlasting life? What more likely to produce an impression that the rough experiences of after life will not be able to obliterate? Indeed, it is a matter of history, found in not a few biographies of eminent men, that family worship has been the channel through which it pleased God to send the life-stream of salvation. And the same thing is true of domestic servants. Many of them who, alas! are only drudges and slaves in some of the dwellings of those who live without God and without hope in the world, have been brought into saving acquaintance with the adorable Saviour through the same quiet and unostentatious agency. The high probability of such a result can not be doubted by any one, who understands the action of genuine sympathy upon the heart. A servant hearing his or her master praying that he or she may obtain the unspeakable joy of conscious salvation—the peace that springs from reconciliation—can not fail to realize the thought, sooner or later, that he has an interest in the welfare of his domestics, which must spring from the religious life that is in him. Why should he care for their souls, if he has not really felt the value of his own? Why should he desire that they should save themselves by Christ, if he has not felt the happiness of thus believing in his own case? The logical form of reasoning thus may not be gone through with, but the logical issue is reached in many cases, and the result has often been that which the Christian head of a family must prize above all earthly honor—the conversion of souls in answer to his prayers. Our holy religion is so wonderfully adapted to every possible circumstance of human life, and to all the relationships of society, that whilst it makes blessed provision for the individual and the great congregation, it also arranges for and lovingly consecrates the Church in the house.

Waiting for the Lord.

An exchange has some thoughts on this phrase that was often on the psalmist's lips, and that is yet repeated more or less, which are worth considering:

The Psalmist says, speaking of one of the people of God, "Our soul waiteth for the Lord." His language suggests one general characteristic of true religion.

It leads men to wait on the Lord, thoroughly to believe in Him, to depend on Him not only in straits and exigencies, but in the ordinary working of ordinary providences; to look toward Him and trust Him with all that makes up this life, and that appertains to salvation in the life to come. It puts them into vital and vigorous and unflinching relation to the thought that He is above all, and over all, and in all, that by Him all things consist, and that in Him we live and move and have our being; so that He knows our down-sitting and our uprising, understands our thought afar off, compasses our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways. Thus it says always—but never with anything but joy in the heart—"Thou God seeest me!"

It waits for the Lord. Sometimes it may pray and pray earnestly, "Make no tarrying, O my God," but never with any impatience, least of all petulance of spirit; for it feels of His blessing as Habakkuk did of the vision: "though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." In stormy days it knows that God's love glows serene and constant as the sun behind the clouds, and that it is only because mist and vapor and rain are more needed here for a little while than sunshine is, that He does not shine on us so directly and warmly that we can see and feel His beams.

It waits for the Lord in the use of means. That is, its waiting is not an inefficient waiting, nor an indolent waiting, least of all a skeptical or sullen waiting. It does all it can—all that belongs to its portion of the compound work which God's power is to complete and make effectual—before, and while, it waits. As the impotent man waited for the moving of the waters at Bethesda—taking pains to be carried thither day by day so as, if possible, to gain the coveted first chance some day, and keeping up his general confidence that through this source his healing was to come—so the Christian soul, having done all which it is its duty and its privilege to do as preparatory to God's work, then waits for his complete and consummating energy. Its altar is built. The wood is there. The bullock is there; and, as the prophet looked up "in faith, nothing wavering," so it waits until the fire of the Lord falls and consumes the sacrifice, and wood, and the stones, and even licks up the water in the enclosing trench.

So waiting, after having done its working, and in the midst of it, the Christian finds, as the Psalmist did, and as myriads of happy souls since him have found, that the Lord is our help and our shield, and that the heart can rejoice in Him, because it has trusted in His holy name.

Reader! do you know anything about this waiting, and trusting, and rejoicing? Is it a practical, everyday matter with you? If so, happy are you; happier than kings are here; to be a king and a priest unto God hereafter; to whom be glory and dominion forever and ever!

Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely, "That," said Demosthenes, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

S. S. Department.

Three Questions.

There are three questions that every teacher ought to put to himself, as he takes his place in the class whose immortal interests are, for the time being, committed to his care:

1. Have I made diligent preparation for this interview with my class, in studying the lesson, and seeking to get at the true spiritual meaning of it?

2. Is my heart prepared with sweet communion with my Lord, to speak his blessed truth to these perishing souls?

3. Have I faith that what I utter in his name will be blessed to their good?

Unless these questions can be honestly answered affirmatively, what hope can the teacher have, however "gifted" in the possession of eloquence, learning, a "taking" way with the young, or what not, as respects special adaptation to the business of instruction, of succeeding in the great work—the main work—of leading his scholars to Christ?

But in regard to these points, it may be observed that a kind of diligence may be exercised which profits nothing. It is not enough that the teacher should ransack commentaries for various opinions in regard to the lesson, or hunt up a large assortment of references, or make ready a series of illustrations to aid his expositions. All these are well if not carried to an extreme. But it should be borne in mind that a great many curious speculations may be indulged in respecting almost any portion of Scripture—particularly the "drapery" of parables and narratives which contain references to ancient customs, laws, and so on—which are really of little value in any case, and worse than useless when they take time which should be devoted to enforcing the spiritual truth taught in the passage. The one great thought, in all preparation, should be—How can I use the incidents of this lesson to impress the truth—that precious truth which is able to make wise unto salvation—upon the minds and hearts of my scholars? The profoundest research, the most labored effort to illustrate, will be worth thrown away, as far as regards the real business of the Sunday school, unless they are used simply as a means to an end. Seek, then, to get at the spiritual meaning of the lesson, and make it the effort of the hour so to present that, as that each scholar may be led to think not of various old customs, of the meaning of words, or any other incidental matter, but of his soul's salvation. Happy the teacher who can so use his opportunity, and the class blessed by his ministrations.

Not less important to success in the work, is the preparation of heart suggested in the second question. From the closet to the classroom should be the motto of the Sunday school teacher. He who would be wise in winning souls must rely much on prayer; for it is through that channel that he must draw the rich supplies of grace essential to the doing of good work. Earnest prayer will give that fervency of spirit, that sympathy with the impenitent, that patience, that hopefulness, that assurance of heaven, which will make the teacher's power over his class well-nigh irresistible. Without it, no natural gifts, no acquired knowledge, can be made effectual to the salvation of souls; with it, even the humblest acquisitions are sometimes blessed beyond expectation.

And to these must be added faith. Every word spoken should be uttered in the spirit of firm trust that he who is able will give it effect in the hearts of the listeners. Surely, if every teacher felt his soul all aglow with such a faith, there would be less of that light, unnecessary talk on all hands which is now too often heard in our schools.—S. S. Workman.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS. I wonder if any other Sunday school teacher has as interesting a class as one found on this "American Desert"? They are boys not far from twelve years of age. Last year they gave seven dollars and forty-five cents to the missionary cause. The name of the class is "Picket Guards," but we think that "Perpetual Motion" would be more appropriate, as we never saw one of them perfectly quiet. Four of the boys are sons of Methodist ministers, and perhaps that is the reason why they are "always on the move."

Their ideas are perfectly original. We judge that they get little help about their lessons. One boy, in explaining about "smiling on the other cheek," said, "That means, don't hit back." The prevailing idea of heaven was, that it was a place where all played on harps and sang forever around a great white throne. We failed to impress upon their minds that "gingerbread eating" would be preferable. (Vide "Gates Ajar.") Angels were as long as their arms, wore long white dresses, and had wings like a bird.

One boy thought that the reason why Christ and his disciples went to the house of a stranger to eat the Passover was because it would taste better, adding, "It would to me." The same one said that "fishers of men are ministers who go around fishing for bad people."

Parents would hardly believe that their children disliked the Sabbath, but not one of my boys in that class, or any other, ever loved Sunday. One said in reply to the question, "Do you love the Sabbath?"

"Well, I don't think I love it, but it is not so bad, I don't like the washing and getting ready on Saturday night is finished."

Another,—"Nothing to do but hang round the house all the afternoon."

Another,—"When mother isn't too busy to talk with me, I like it pretty well—sometimes."

Another,—"O dear I no; I don't like Sunday; everything goes wrong all day, and I always go to bed feeling glad it is well over."

"No; we can't play nor do anything all day long, and every one is so sober. I know what I hope."

"Well?"

"That heaven is not exactly like Sunday. Treckon that boys won't like it very well if 'tis!"

Are parents ever selfish in seeking their own comfort instead of the well-being of their children, on the Sabbath? When I heard the answers in regard to their love of the Sabbath, my heart was troubled. How many parents take any interest in their boys' Sunday school lessons and in their teachers? (More particularly boys than girls.) Parents and teachers ought to work together.—Zion's Herald.

Do not turn from the gospel glass which reflects you too faithfully for your comfort.

Sin is the image and likeness of the devil drawn upon the soul.

Do the duties of to-day, and leave the cares of to-morrow till they come.

Poetry.

Patience.

Oh, not in hopeless calm of grief
The heart of Nature lies;
She knows by signs of sky and sea
How soon her dead shall rise.

With prophet-heart she anticipates
The perfect days of Spring;
"Faith worketh patience," and she waits
The bounty they shall bring.

Oh, wiser are her birds and flowers,
And braver far, than I;
I find no song to cheer the hours
That roll so slowly by.

With smile that checks the rising sigh,
With heavenward-reaching hands,
Hope's anchor, and Faith's lifted eye,
The angel, Patience, stands.

Her gift is not a bitter calm—
No stillness of despair;
The kind angel with the palm
Could scarcely be more fair.

"Wait, wait," she says, "God's Spring is sure
To come with leaves and flowers;
He gives the glad forevermore
For these few trial-hours."

Oh, joyfully my time I wait;
My feet this path shall tread,
As if within the Golden Gate
By shining angels led.

Oh, happily my heart shall beat,
As cheerful song to raise,
As where the thousand thousand meet
In willing work of praise!

Not in dumb silence to endure—
I ask a gladder part.
I know my patience standeth sure
While hope is in my heart.

Oh, give me with the birds to sing
Above all fear and doubt,
My heart shall keep its fadless Spring,
Though Winter rage without.

—Christian Union.

We Are Dreamers All.

We are dreamers all! the babe that lies
Asleep on its mother's breast,
In a dream of peace will sweetly smile,
As if its spirit were 'en the while
By angel ones caressed!

We are dreamers all! the lover dreams
Of a fair one by his side;
Of the happy hour when he shall stand
Before the altar, to claim the hand
Of his bright and beauteous bride!

We are dreamers all! the poet dreams
Of the laurel wreath of fame;
He struggles and toils for weary years,
And awakes at last with sighs and tears,
To grasp but an empty name.

We are dreamers all! the Christian dreams
Of a promised rest above;
Of the pleasant path of Paradise,
Of a home of peace beyond the skies,
Prepared by the Saviour's love!

We are dreamers all! but oh! to give
The Christian's dream to men!
For bright as his dream on earth may be,
He wakes to a blest reality
When he opens his eyes in Heaven!

The Family Circle.

A Talk about Scolding.

"I'd go and break stones on the road rather than be sitting in-doors doing nothing, Will," I heard Mrs. Howland say as I was walking up to the cottage-door. The words were spoken sharply, and the tone was in a high pitch.

"Ho, ho!" thought I, "if the wind is in that quarter, perhaps I had better make my call at another time," and I hesitated for a moment. But as I really had some business with William Howland, and as I had got so far, I made up my mind not to turn back.

William Howland is a good man, I verily believe; but I am bound (if I must speak out) to say that he is not—well, not to write too strongly—not over-fond of hard work. He has a wife and family dependent on his exertions; and he had recently, two or three weeks previous to this call of mine, lost a place of regular employment, fifteen shillings a week wages, because he could not or would not get up soon enough in the morning.

The case was this: He had, three months before (after a good deal of knocking about, sometimes in work and rather offener out of it) applied to a neighboring farmer for a situation then vacant on the farm.

"I am afraid you won't suit me, Howland," said the farmer; "but, as you say you want work, I'll try you. But, you'll understand, I shall expect you at your post by a quarter before six in the morning."

"That's early, sir," said Will.

"Yes, a quarter of an hour before the regular time, I know. But you will have to be time-keeper to the other men, who begin work at six; and it will be proper for you to be on the farm before they come. However, that's the condition on which I shall employ you. Take the place, or leave it."

Howland decided, that, upon the whole, it was best to take it; which he did; and, for a few weeks, he managed to be at his post at the appointed time. Then he began to slacken,—sometimes being five minutes behind, sometimes ten minutes,—until at last he seemed to settle in his mind that six o'clock was the proper time to commence his day's work; and he did not always stick to that. The consequence was, he lost his place; and after that, up to the time of my approach to his cottage, he had been out of work.

On entering, I found Mrs. Howland in a pretty considerable fuss. Apparently she had worked herself into a heat of temper, which, perhaps, was not altogether unaccountable, even if inexcusable, by reason of her husband being seated near the window, with a book open before him.

"I am glad you are come in, sir," said the wife. "Look at Howland, sitting there, reading half the time, and nothing in the house to eat but what I get in debt for. And I wonder the baker trusts us; that I do."

"My dear," said the husband, who had before accosted me, and was now standing with his hand on the book he had been reading, "the Lord will provide. I am not a bit afraid of help not coming." He said this very mildly; and I must give him the credit of having borne his wife's scolding with meekness.

"Yes, sir, and that's how he goes on," said Mrs. Howland, almost crying. "When I tell him that there isn't a bit of victuals in the cupboard, all I can get from him is, 'The Lord will provide.' And 'tis so with other things: there's rent not paid, and children's clothes and shoes wearing out; and 'tis all the same cry, 'The Lord will provide,' or, 'Cast your burden upon the Lord,' or something of that sort, out of the Bible. I declare it is enough to provoke a saint."

"Gently, gently, my good friend," said I as persuasively as I could. "I am sure you do not mean to disparage the Bible. You have found it before now a great relief in time of trouble; have you not?"

I had reason for saying this, knowing as I do that my poor friend, Martha Howland, notwithstanding a little infirmity of temper, was a truly Christian woman.

"Yes," said she, "I have found it to be so; but—and coming to the 'but,' she stopped short. "Only it does not seem to me right, anyhow, for a man to be sitting in-doors half the day, reading the Bible even, when he ought to be looking out for work to keep his family."

"My Martha is something like another Martha we read of in this book," said William Howland, patting his Bible fondly and speaking kindly, though with a kind of provoking coolness as I thought. "She is troubled about many things; not that she does not attend to the one thing needful; I don't say that," he added.

"And I reckon, if Martha's sister Mary had had a family of little children to look after, and no money coming in, she would have been troubled about many things too," retorted Mrs. Howland.

"Well, to leave these matters now," said I, as I thought, that, if peace-makers are to be blessed, they have sometimes a delicate and dangerous task to perform. "I have a little job for you, Howland, which will bring in a shilling. Will you take this letter for me to—(I produced the letter, and mentioned the place, about three miles off), and wait for an answer?"

To be sure he would, and glad to oblige me, he said.

I thought, but did not say, that possibly I was obliging him by offering him a shilling for what the postman or the post-office would have done for a penny. The truth is, I knew how badly off my neighbors were, and was glad of an opportunity of putting a shilling in their way without making a show of charity. I could have given the shilling without exacting a return, but it was my whim at that time to make the man fairly earn it; so I said only, "Bring the answer to my house, William, and then I will pay you for the journey."

"Shall I go at once, sir?" he wanted to know.

I told him yes; and so he shut up the book, and took his departure, leaving me in his cottage.

"Did you ever see the like of Will?" said Martha, whose wrath was not yet subsided.

"There are many worse husbands than Will?" I replied.

"I don't complain of him as a husband altogether," continued she; "but it isn't much of a husband's part either, when he won't look out for work as he ought, and won't try to keep it when he has got it."

"You have told him so, I have no doubt."

"Haven't I, sir? I just have! I had been giving him such a dressing when you came in!"

"I thought so. Now, do you think that was quite wise, Mrs. Howland?" I asked.

"I don't know what to say about that, sir; but one can't be always wise, you know, when things go so uncommonly trooked."

"But, my good friend, you know where it is written: 'The Lord layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; and you being one of that class—'"

"No, no, sir! I never set up for being righteous!" said my neighbor, hastily.

"I am sure of that," said I. "If you had done so, it would only have been self-righteousness. What I understand by the righteous, in the highest sense, is those who are made so by the righteousness of Christ; and, if any one might be expected to have sound wisdom laid up for them, I am sure they have a right to it. Now, you trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; then you are made righteous in him. Don't you know where it is written, 'Not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith?'"

Yes, my neighbor knew this; it was a great comfort to her to know something of the meaning of it she said.

"Well, then, to come to the point from which we have started, being a Christian woman, your husband, your children, I, everybody, have a sort of right to expect from you the fruits of that wisdom which cometh from above, and as you know, is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated.'"

"To be sure, sir; there's no doubt of that. But you see, when a poor woman, whether Christian or not, is hard pushed, and the husband won't do what he ought,—why, then, may be, she forgets what she ought to remember, and wisdom, as you call it, sir, is just nowhere."

"If any of you lack wisdom," said the apostle James, "let him [or her] ask of

God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not! There are two lessons, for us there, I think," said I.

"Very likely," said Martha; "and I want teaching badly enough."

"The first lesson is the plain one,—that, when we are in any sort of trouble, we should go to God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, for guidance. The next is, that, if God does not upbraid us for our folly, we should take care how we set about upbraidng others."

"And that's true," said Martha. "I never thought of that before."

"And then," I continued, "the Bible, especially the New Testament part of it, clearly sets before us our Christian duty, whatever may be our station or position in life. You know what it says about wives, but I don't think that it is anywhere said, 'Wives, scold your husbands.'"

Mrs. Howland smiled at this. "A funny thing that would be if it did," said she. "But something is said about the husband being the head of the wife."

Martha remembered this, and thought that no good was likely to come by her scolding her husband, as she acknowledged she had done.

"Certainly no good can come of it, because it is contrary to the law and the gospel."

"But what is a poor wife to do?" asked Martha, in much perplexity. "You don't think it is right for Will to be hanging about in-doors all day, or pretty near it, when he ought to be at work, or looking after it, though it is the Bible he is reading?"

"No, I do not. There is a time for all things; and—but I am not going to talk to you about your husband; that wouldn't be fair. Leave him to me; I'll talk to him."

"I'd be thankful to you, sir, if you would," said Martha.

"Only you must promise me not to scold him again, nor yet to upbraid him (that's the word, you know) about anything past and gone; because, in the first place, it does no good, as you acknowledge; and, in the second place, it's neither wise nor right. The Christian rule is, 'Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.' Now, as it seems that scolding does not move your husband, why not try another plan? Let me tell you a fable."

"Once upon a time there was a dispute between the sun and the wind, which had the most power. They agreed to test the question upon a traveler on the road, who was wrapped in a cloak. 'I'll blow the cloak off his back,' said the wind. 'No, you won't; but I'll make him throw it off,' said the sun. Now, we will call the wind by the name of Anger, and the sun shall be Kindness; the man's cloak being Idleness, or Self-Indulgence. Well, the wind began to blow with all its might, and gave the traveler a terrible scolding, so to speak; but it only made him draw the cloak all the closer about him. Then, when the wind had done its best, or its worst, and had not succeeded in coming out the sun, and presently it sent down such warm rays (of kindness, you understand), that the traveler could not stand it any longer, but threw off his cloak. So the sun beat."

"Well, I never!" said Martha.

"You try it," said I.—*Collager and Artisan.*

The Singular Captive.

"What is it?" asked Nannie as Uncle Allan handed her the microscope that she might look at the imprisoned object.

"A fly."

"A fly! I thought it was an elephant. And these creatures get on us!"

Uncle Allan was amused. "Isn't it beautiful?" he said. "See what a smooth, coffee-colored, satin head-dress it has, with a black stripe in the center, and two light golden streaks on each side, and black-and-golden feather tufts sticking up!"

"That is true," said Nannie, holding the glass so that she could get a better view; "and the wings are like the colors of the humming-bird as the sun shines upon them; and the back is brown and black, with tiny gold and silver beads all over it, and little black feathers between; and the body is striped round and round,—white and gold and black. I would not have believed a fly so wonderful and brilliant!"

"Our poor sight is so finite!" said Uncle Allan. "The microscope brings out mysteries. Only think what our perfect powers must reveal, when, through God's grace, we shall reach the sinless world! I love to look forward to an eternity of research into the glorious things of God's creation."

Nannie kept her eye at the glass, and discovered new marvels.

"What a little slender neck the creature has!" she said; "and how easily he moves his head about! it seems to be on a pivot. Are those streaks of light upon the top of his head, eyes, uncle?"

"Yes; the greater portion of the head is occupied by the eyes, especially in the male fly. There is a proboscis under the head."

"That sounds elephant-like," said Nannie. "It is like the elephant's in one respect; being the sole means by which the fly provides itself with food. The fly's proboscis is a long channel, ending in two fleshy lips, inclosing on its upper side several fine bristles as sharp as needles."

"These needles are the weapons with which the insect punctures our skin; and then he pours into the wound his poisonous saliva, that brings to us painful itchings and smartings."

"That proboscis is a good thing to thrust into the molasses-cup," said Nannie, "or into other liquids. But how does the fly eat hard sugar, I wonder?"

"He hasn't any teeth, to be sure," replied her uncle; "but he dissolves the sugar by means of a fluid, that passes down the same pipe, which afterwards returns the sweet, melted into syrup."

"Six legs," said Nannie, returning to her microscope; "I can scarcely see, he keeps them in such perpetual motion. There are two little claws in each foot, and two or three little hair-cushions, or pads, spreading out so as to form little cups."

"Some naturalists say it is by means of these cups, or suckers, that the fly is able to walk upon the ceiling with his back downwards, and also up the sides of perpendicular surfaces," said Uncle Allan; "others think there is a glutinous substance that the creature can press out under his feet at pleasure; and some say he holds by fine hair brushes, that he uses as supporters. The theory of the suckers is generally believed. There are two just under the root of the claw. The edges are toothed like a saw; and the surface is hollowed and rough with little points."

"How gauzy the wings are!" said Nannie. "There are two pairs, tiny ones, just behind the joints of the large ones; and behind these 'winglets' two short threads, with knots at the ends."

"Poisers, or 'balancers,'" said Uncle Allan.

"What a curious creature it is!" said Nannie. "The more I look at it, the more it puzzles me. So beautiful! and yet it springs from filth, and loves corruption; for it feeds on putrid things as well as upon the good food that we eat."

"Yes, yes," said her uncle. "And I was thinking the other day, as I rode in a street-car, and saw some flies upon the soiled bare feet of a boy opposite me, how strange the freedom of these common, low-bred insects!"

"From the beggar's toes To the monarch's nose,"

came into my mind as an impromptu couplet."

"Ouncle, you are too bad!" said Nannie. "That isn't half as pretty as Theodore Tilton's 'Baby Bye.' I don't wonder he thought this beautiful creature worthy a poem."

"It is a poem in itself, with its rainbow hues, and its veined wings, which the air fills, and lifts from earth, and upon the edges of which Zolus strikes, and makes a humming music," said Uncle Allan. "I look at the tiny, turnip-shaped eggs, and wonder what can come of such diminutive things. Then I see the larvae, or maggots, wingless and legless, to help rid the earth of things offensive; and then the pupae, in their mummy cases; and then the perfect flies buzzing in the summer sun; and my heart and voice cry out, 'O all ye works of the Lord! bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever.'"

"Tell me more, Uncle Allan, please."

"Some other time, daughter, we will think of the various branches of this family,—Diptera, or 'two-winged,' two pairs of wings, that is,"—*Christian Banner.*

Cruelty to Man and Beast.

From a recent characteristic and practical address by Rev. J. F. W. Ware on the above subject, we take the following extract:

Think of the hours given to studies and graces which only make a superficial woman, and wipe out the honesty of girlhood; the stimulus of school prizes, which worry the brain and corrode the heart, and educate not a bit; of pinched waists and tortured feet and studied posture, and look and tone set to the prescribed mode. Run over the whole debasing catalogue of cruelties which we manage to adorn with the name of education, which we yield to as necessary, with which we supplant the grace of nature by the caricature of art—then add the memory of how children are chidden and twitted and sneered at, and checked and reduced and kept under, how the inevitable exuberance of spirit is made into token of sin, how in ten thousand ways they are irritated, thwarted, coaxed here, punished there, the subjects of the most fickle, irritable, unreasonable rule, and I think you will have a mass of cruelties sufficient to set you thinking, and important enough in themselves and in their consequences to give heart and hand long and serious employment. Social cruelties are cruel enough, the whole hungry pack of things with which men hunt down the character and happiness of others, loud-mouthed, many-tongued, busy, infamous and false—the cruelty that meddles with other people's private affairs, with their expenses, with their dress, with their housekeeping, their coming out and going in, with their rising and their resting, the color of their carpets and the position of their guests and the management of their children—but the cruelty that exercises itself upon a little child, the cruelty that does not know itself to be cruel, that plants a pain for life, we ought to have no patience with, show no quarter to. We ought to cry out and insist that this so tender and important time should be exempt from tyrannies that detract not only from what God ordains for its present, but what we ought to secure for its future. He were worse than a brute who should chain a little child in some narrow and dark, fetid cell, and leave it to grow there in solitude, ignorance and want. And what is he who binds the free spirit of a child to the whims of his own world-worn heart, supplants its freedom by the demands of society, and ties it down to conventionalities and makes it into a starved and artificial man? There are worse things than prisons and stakes and knouts and inquisitions. After that they have killed the body they have no more that they can do. That is the deepest wrong, the lowest step of cruelty which touches the heart and imperils the soul.

And there is a deal of cruelty in our domestic intercourse—in that intercourse even which ought to be rid of every suspicion of it. Think of the cruelty that there is in a sharp look, in an inconsiderate word, a hasty injustice, the cruelty of little stings and flings, the cruelty that plants its thorn and leaves it to worry and fester. I will not help you—but just run over the cruelties you notice in daily life, the strange

cruelties in the most intimate and delicate relations—may, don't look for motives in others, find and brand your own beam—by the confessions of your own experience, see how much cruelty mars even the dearest intercourse of man, and feel how much need each one of us has of reform.

Sermon to Young Ladies.

Now, ladies, I will preach to you a little sermon about an inch long. I don't often preach, but in this case, nothing but a sermon will answer.

Firstly—You are perfect idiots to go on this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the Continental galleries I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion, the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! Now is n't that a pretty looking object? A big bump, three big bumps, a wilderness of curls and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of hair or bark piled on the top of her head surmounted by a little flat ornamented with bits of lace, bird's tails, etc. The shop windows tell us all day long of the padings, whalebones and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

In the name of the simple sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, double and twisted, touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wriggling curiosity?

Secondly—With that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and vital organs into one half their natural size, and with that long tail sweeping on the ground; how can any man of sense who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed to unite himself for life with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament.

Thirdly—Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this does not deceive us; we see through it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man. Why, you have become so childish and weak-minded that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie, and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dicky, and Johnny, but when they grew up to manhood, no more of that silly trash if you please. I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grand-mothers put together, and her real name is Catherine, and though her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of state, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim once in four minutes, "Don't how, you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose? My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands and decent ones, dress in plain, neat and becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say that most sensible men are crazy after those butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women, without sense, is simply absurd. Ninety-nine times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they do not ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly—Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich; and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, they dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly, and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry; then marriage becomes the rule, and not, as now, the exception.—*Selected.*

Heathenism in San Francisco.

The Chinese of San Francisco have recently consecrated a new temple:

Among its attractions are seventy-five gods. The principal ones are two which are placed outside of the main entrance to the edifice. These are twenty feet high, and thick in proportion, and are dressed in tinsel and gaudy clothing of the color of the rainbow. In the center of the breast of each is a small circular looking-glass. One has a foot and a neck of a strange animal. These two giants, or, as Chinamen call them, 'boss Josses,' are stationed at the door to keep out bad spirits. The four rooms are also crowded with images of all shapes, forms and sizes, which represent gods of war, peace, strength, agriculture, etc. A few days since was the anniversary of the birthday of the 'numerous' gods of the northern district of the Chinese Empire. A great many prayers were burned on a small altar. Fresh pork, chickens, cake, macaroni, tea, and other necessities of life, were replaced before the gods, and the old articles taken away. The temple was crowded all day with Chinamen.

Literary Review.

THE SCIENCE OF SONG FOR BAPTIST CHURCHES. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1871. Square octavo. pp. 480.

This new book of Hymns and Tunes has been prepared by two strong, intelligent, cultivated and competent men. The result is something valuable and significant. More than 1000 hymns furnish opportunity for nearly the whole field of hymnology to be represented, and the music which readily waits praise to heaven may well find itself illustrated by the selection of some hundreds of tunes which such an extensive work calls for. And the compilers have kept open eyes and traversed a broad field. The sources drawn on are many; the variety is great. The hymns, judged according to the principles governing the compilers, constitute an especially excellent selection, and the principles seem to us in the main quite sound and really applicable. They are, as a whole, longer than usual, and very many of them too long to be sung entire. But the reasons for presenting them in their entirety are well stated and forcible. It is a valuable item which is supplied in giving the dates of these hymns, and the very general return to the original version is a thing respecting which there need be but one opinion. As might be expected, there appears now and then a bit of strong Calvinism cropping out—less appropriate here than in the Confessions, though far better out of them. But as a whole the hymns are admirable in substance, form and adaptation. The tunes generally embody a simple, majestic solidity, and are as they purport to be, for congregational use, and such as the congregation can really sing and make effective. We have nowhere seen, in a work of these dimensions, so much music fitted for its office, and so little that is unavailable. Simple justice requires us to add, that the very weakest tunes in the book, and those which seem most wanting in real character are the few original compositions by a Boston gentleman, whose aim was praiseworthy, but whose work it is hard to commend. The mechanical excellences are of the highest order, and the book is a most valuable contribution to the interests of public worship.

HINTS FOR LIVING. A book for young people. By O. A. K. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co. 1871. 16mo. pp. 309.

TORCH-BEARERS. By the author of "The Climbers." "Paul Verner," etc. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 321.

EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN; or, Travels in South America. By Mrs. V. G. Ramsey. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 234.

PRO AND CON. A story for Boys and Girls. By Maggie Swift. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 288.

SHELL COVE: A story of the sea-shore and of the sea. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 350.

THIS ONE THING I DO. By Mrs. E. A. Porter, author of "Glencoe Parsonage," etc. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 344.

A STORY OF FOUR LIVES; or, Mistaken. By Mrs. A. K. Dunning, author of "Contradictions," "Tricks," etc. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 306.

TRIED IN THE FIRE. By Leone Blanchard. Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 244.

CICELY BROWN'S TRIALS: How she got into them, how she got out of them; and what they did for her. By Mrs. Presser. (Reprinted from the London Religious Tract Society.) Same Publishers. 1871. 16mo. pp. 229.

It is a choice lot of books whose titles we have given above. The outward beauty which they carry, and that is something noticeable and rare, is a fair index to their inward excellencies. There is not one of them all but may be most heartily and emphatically commended for its literary merits, its intrinsic interests and its moral wholesomeness. Hints for Living is a book of plain talks and wise counsels to the young, by a man who understands both them and the living world which they inhabit, and who is calculated at once to win and profit. Torch-Bearers is a touching and well told story of life in the west, such as honors Christian heroism, exalts faith and puts special emphasis upon duty. Evenings with the Children is a reproduction, in permanent form and with valuable additions, of the series of excellent papers with the same title which appeared in these columns: Pro and Con is the first and last venture of a young, talented and most promising Christian girl in the field of authorship, and who went up to hear her great Master's verdict over her work before she could catch the compliments of her human friends and the gratified public; Shell Cove is excellent as a picture of nature, life and experience at the seaside, and abounds in information while it most happily portrays character and sets forth the true way of life. This One Thing I Do is worthy of the author of "Glencoe Parsonage" and "Married for both Worlds," and that is praise enough; A Story of Four Lives exhibits all the usual and well-known characteristics of Mrs. Dunning's mind and method; Tried in the Fire will interest not a little, and help in showing the high mission and best results of trial; and Cicely Brown's Trials is a peculiarly good reprint of a book which comes from a quarter which in itself is a guarantee of special excellence. We would be glad to see all these books in the hands of young readers who are wont to absorb the moral juices of the volumes which they read.

THE HOUSE IN TOWN. A sequel to "Opposition," etc. By the author of "The Wide World." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1872. 16mo. pp. 424. Sold by D. Lothrop & Co.

NATURE'S WONDERS. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., author of "Bible Wonders," etc. Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 335.

GRANDFATHER'S FAITH. By Julia A. Mathews, author of the "Golden Ladder Series," etc. 1872. Same Publishers, etc.

LILY NORRIS'S ENEMY. By Joanna H. Mathews, author of the "Bessie Brooks," etc. Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 240.

FRENCH BESSIE. By P. E. S., author of "Thy the Charwoman," etc. Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 182.

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS. By the author of "Memories of Captain Hedley Vickers." Same Publishers, &c. 1872. 16mo. pp. 106.

SHALL WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER? and other papers. By Rev. J. C. Ryle, M. A. Third edition. Same Publishers. 1872. 32mo. pp. 144.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY.
THE FALL TERM of this Institution begins August 29, under the charge of C. A. Moores, A. B., Principal, assisted by a full board of competent Teachers. Complete courses of study for both sexes. Classes formed in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Painting and Penmanship. Board in good families, including

WILTON SEMINARY.
This Institution, at Wilton, Muscatine Co., Iowa, commenced the Fall Term on Monday, Sept. 5. It is soon to be changed from a Seminary to a College and additional teachers and facilities will be furnished. It is expected that a large amount of "text-book" Commercial department has been opened in connection with this Institution and will commence at the same date. Instruction will be given in Commercial, Mathematics and Vocal.
Boarding and rooms for self-boarding, will be furnished at low rates. Moderate terms throughout.

WEST LEBANON ACADEMY.

The Fall Term of Lebanon Academy will commence on Tuesday, August 23, and continue eleven weeks under the following instructors:

MRS. A. M. HARTON, A. B., Principal.

MISS. H. L. STEVENS, Preceptress and Teacher of Instrumental Music.

MISS. E. J. DAVIS, B. L., Teacher of French & Music.

MR. T. A. STACY, Teacher of Penmanship and Music.

MISS A. V. HAYES, Teacher of Wax Work.

TUITION.

Primary Course,	\$4.00
Common English,	4.50
Advanced English,	5.00
Languages,	6.00
Penmanship, (13 lessons)	1.50
Music, (13 lessons)	1.50

Use of instrument, \$2.00
An excellent opportunity will be given those desiring a complete course in music, to study under the able and experienced teachers of the Conservatory of Music at Boston, Massachusetts, qualified to teach Thorough Bass, Organ, Piano, and Voice.
Special attention given to those preparing for College.
BOARD,
Good board may be obtained in private families \$3.00 per week or pleasant rooms furnished to those wishing to board themselves.
JOHN H. SHAPLEIGH,
RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE.
FALL TERM begins August 22d and continues six weeks. Tuition, \$10.00; Incidentals, \$1.00; Penmanship, \$1.00; Instrumental Music, \$1.00; Instrumental Music with use of instrument, \$11.00; Board, \$5.00 per week.

N. B. Special instructions during this term to students preparing for teaching.

W. M. REED, Secy.

Ridgeville, Ind., July 8, 1871.

PIKE SEMINARY.

Pike, Wyoming County, N. Y., will open Aug. 21, 1871. A Commercial College will be opened in connection with it, in which will be taught, by competent practical teachers, those branches which are usually taught in such colleges.

For particulars see Circulars.

M. E. SHEPARD, Pres. of Board.

NEW HAMPTON INSTITUTION.

The Fall Term begins Monday, August 21, continues ten weeks.

A. B. MESERVEY, A. M., Principal,
J. N. Randa, A. M., Miss T. R. Dew,
W. E. C. Rich, A. B., Miss Alice L. Libby,
A. P. Shattuck, Miss L. D. Moore,
H. M. Willward.

Also a competent Music Teacher will be engaged.

EXPERIENCE. Board, including room and wash from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per week. In well-regulated class of students, the expense of board is small. The expense varies from \$1.75 to \$2.25. Students who board themselves will find considerable economy. Satisfactory food will be provided for their own tables and towels.

Tuition from \$5.00 to \$5.50 per term. Some six years ago the Trustees introduced a new system of tuition, which has been very successful. Now proposed to add a Scientific and Agricultural Course, of two or three years, commencing in the fall of 1871, and continuing to the students at the commencement of the fall term.

Send for catalogue to the Principal or to
E. C. LEWIS, Secy.

Theological School of Bates College.

The next term and year of this Institution will commence on Aug. 24, 1871. The expense of board common is about \$2.25 per week. Liberal pro-

tion is made for those needing aid. J. C. BUTLER, Secy.,
Leviston, Me., Aug. 4, 1871.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE
PITTSFIELD, Me.

GEORGE B. FILES, A. B., Preceptor,
Miss NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress,
W. POLIN, E. M. BURNETT, Associate,
E. EUGENE WADE, A. B., Prin. of Normal I.
Miss L. MARIA SIMONS, Associating,
Miss ADDIE L. WOOD, Teacher of Drawing,
Lucy Ware-work and Wood Carving.
Mrs. J. F. STEERE, Teacher of Music.
D. M. M. WAITT, Teacher of Writing and Book-
binding.

Length of Term, ten weeks.
Fall Term Commences August 24, 1871.
Winter Term commences November 9, 1871.
For further particulars, see B. Files, U.
Me., during the month of July, and afterward, E.
Eugene Wade, Pittsfield, Me.

C. A. FARRELL, Secy.,
Pittsfield, Me., June 27, 1871.

NORTH PARSONSFIELD SEMINARY

The Fall term will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 14, and continue eleven weeks.

M. K. MABREY, Principal,
who will spend his entire time and energies in
for the school. He will be assisted by teachers
have had experience in the Department as
them. A course of lectures of general interest
be given by Clergymen, besides a course of lec-
my and Physiology by E. McIntyre, M. D.

Terms Primary
Common English
High English
Languages
Music
Use of Instrument
Penmanship
Suitable rooms can be obtained by those wit-
to board themselves.

For further particulars see house and in good

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.
THE FALL TERM of this Institution will com-
mence on Sept. 1st, and continue thirteen weeks
confined charge of ALBERT R. SAVAGE, A. B.,
Ct. agent, assisted by other efficient instructors.
Thorough instruction will be given in all branches
Classes will be formed in Vocal and Instru-
Music, Pencil and Penmanship, if desired.
The Trustees aim to make this school one
of the best.
Address, for circulars or information, the
Superintendent, THOMAS TUTTLE, M. D., Presi-

Job Work Neatly Executed at
Office.

ORDERS FOR THE
NEW QUESTION BOOK
THE
WONDERFUL WORKS OF JESUS
BY MRS. MARY LATHAM CROFT

Also, for the NEW EDITION of the

SACRED MELODS

AND FOR ALL

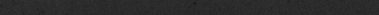
Freewill Baptist Churches

will be filled promptly at the advertised rates.

Messrs. D. LOTHROP & CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

Richards, South's, Linn's

Invented by the late BISHOP SOULE, is creation
in the cure of SCALDING, RHUMATISM,
GIA, KIDNEY and SPINAL COMPLAINTS, SOUL
SPRAINS, &c. The cures effected by it are im-
believable. Try it, use nothing else, and you will
find it is the ONLY cure for that dreadful dis-
eASE. For sale by Druggists, price 75c and
bottle. If your Druggist has none, ask him to
order. All wholesale druggists have it. F. W. &
SON, Proprietors, Boston.



News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sunday trips of the New York and Fall River line of steamers have been discontinued.

A car broke on the Mt. Washington Railroad as it was descending the other day, but the compressed air-brake stopped it instantly.

A tragic affair occurred in Norwalk last Thursday morning. Mr. Horatio T. Cook, residing on James street, in an attack of insanity placed himself on a keg of gunpowder in his house and touched it off with a lighted match, killing himself instantly and leaving his body only a blackened mass. His wife was also severely injured and the house shattered in pieces.

Epenetus F. Webb, a veteran of the war of 1812, died in Norwalk the other day aged eighty-seven.

Mr. Halling, a veteran of the war of 1812, aged about eighty, a well known resident of Cohasset, (Catham,) dropped dead Monday of last week, in a field near his home, while at work.

The Brooklyn authorities have taken measures to put a stop to the selling of "prize packages" in the streets of that city. A good example. Let Boston and other places follow. And railroad superintendents or directors too.

The mortal remains of President Lincoln were on the 10th removed from their temporary vault to a permanent one in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill. The bodies of the two deceased children were also removed. No ceremonies were observed. Robert Lincoln was present with several personal friends.

A case of cholera on Essex street, New York, was reported to a coroner yesterday morning.

A despatch from Wilmington says that "three witnesses from Sampson county, North Carolina, on their way to testify in court against the Ku-Klux, were attacked by disguised men, and one was killed and others badly wounded."

Butter was active at St. Albans, Vt., on Tuesday, at 18 to 20 cents for a common article, and 31 to 32 cents for extra quality. Cheese 9 to 11 cents for dairy, and 11 to 13 for factory.

The Treasury Department announces that the Government has saved \$220,484 by the destruction and loss of fractional currency. Probably this is all right for the Government, and we are glad that there is any way of honestly re-enforcing the Treasury. But it will occur to the average political economist that the Government's gain on a destruction of currency is a dead loss to somebody.

United States Marshal Young while making an arrest in a Chinese store, in Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday evening, was resisted by a Chinaman whom he shot dead. A coroner's jury acquitted him of blame.

Most of the crops promise well. The yield of hay is much reduced, and the corn is damaged in the South, but the sugar-crop shows an increase of thirty-five per cent. in the aggregate.

The Elmira Female College (Dr. Coyle, President) has opened with between 130 and 140 students, and more are yet to come.

Hamilton College has a Freshmen-class of 50, in all 180 students on the ground.

The Fall term at Yale College opened on the 14th, with the largest Freshman Class ever admitted, the number expected being from 170 to 180; the Freshman Class in the Scientific School will have sixty students, which is a larger number than ever before. Sixty applications have been made for admission to the theological school.

The Fall term of Amherst College opened on Thursday, Sept. 14, with a Freshman Class of sixty-five. An addition of thirteen has been made to the Sophomore Class.

At Dartmouth College the new Freshman Class numbers about 65.

A despatch from Salt Lake City, Utah, says: A number of Gentiles have sent away their families in anticipation of serious difficulties between the Mormons and the United States authorities, growing out of the supposed action of the grand jury against Brigham Young, and other church dignitaries. Although it is generally believed that indictments will be found on the gravest charges against these men, any overt act on the part of the Mormons is not considered at all probable by well informed persons.

By the breaking of a suspension bridge cable at Wheeling, West Virginia, recently, two men were killed immediately, one died soon after, and three more were dangerously injured.

It seems probable now that Postmaster-General Creswell will come out two millions inside his appropriation.

Thirty citizens' committees in New York are arranging for the reception of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis.

FOREIGN.

The health of Queen Victoria is still precarious. It has not been improved by her sojourn in Scotland.

The Jesuits have been expelled from Rome by the Italian authorities.

The Germans evacuated the forts about Paris on the 20th. Contiguous departments were vacated about the first of last week.

The first anniversary of Italian unity and the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, was celebrated in that city on the 20th, with great enthusiasm.

The journal reports the discovery of a conspiracy for the restoration of Napoleon. It is stated that Napoleon's prefect of police, Pictet, was at the head of the conspiracy, and that he was acting under the direct instructions of the Emperor.

The German army is to be immediately placed upon a peace footing, and reduced to an effective strength of 400,000. Gen. Von Moltke has been created a marshal of the Empire.

A Protestant league is in course of formation throughout Germany, the object of which is the expulsion of Jesuits from the country.

The assassin of the Hon. J. P. Norman, chief justice of the high court of judicature of Calcutta, has been convicted after two hours' trial and sentenced to death.

The cholera seems to be spreading. The death-rate at Koulguburg has increased alarmingly the last few days averaging 300 a day.

A convention relative to emigration has been arranged between Great Britain and this country. The British Commissioners of Emigration have approved of the details of the scheme, and it has been transmitted to Washington for ratification. The postal money order system between the United States and England will go into operation on the 21st of October.

Melancholic accounts are received of the ravages committed by the cholera in Russia. The whole empire seems to be afflicted by the terrible distemper, and whole villages in some sections are depopulated by it. In the central provinces nearly one-half of those attacked die, and the south districts the same sorry spectacle.

The present precarious state of the health of the Queen is a subject of much anxious comment here and throughout the country. Popular agitation and feeling in favor of the Prince and Princess of Wales assuming the social and public duties of the Queen are on the increase, and this is particularly urged by the conservatives, who consider that such a disposition of affairs would be most judicious under the present circumstances, besides averting such complications and difficulties which might arise on the demise of Her Majesty. While yet in power the conservatives

are fearful that entire absence of pageantry only strengthens the democratic tendencies of the movement of Olga and her party against the Prince of Wales ascending the throne of Great Britain on the abdication or death of the Queen.

Paragraphs.

It seems that cannibalism has not been entirely suppressed in the Fiji Islands. A case of a peculiarly horrible character is reported in the *Times*, English newspaper, published at Levuka: "On the 9th of July last two gentlemen, named James McIntosh and John Spiers were decaying by offers of trade from a party of mountaineers of the Bau Coast district, and it has been positively ascertained that they were murdered and their arms and legs cut off and carried away to furnish a cannibal feast."

A strange freak of nature has taken place in the track of the severe hailstorm that occurred in the region of Rockingham county, Va., some three weeks ago. It is this: that all the orchards in the track of the hailstorm have come out in as full bloom as they ever were in the spring. Not only are the apples in bloom, but the locust-trees in many places are also in bloom. A gentleman saw a tree with several bushels of ripe apples and thousands of bloom on the same tree. A very pretty but strange sight.

The number of species of animals known to be now living is thus given by Mr. Bentham: The number of mammals is estimated at between 2000 and 3000 species; birds, at about 10,000; reptiles and amphibians, under 2000; fishes, at about 10,000; insects, at above 100,000; crustacea and arachnida, rather above 10,000; mollusca, about 20,000; worms, radiates, and sponges and infusoria, under 6000, while there are about 100,000 species of plants. He thinks a "General Plantarium" is still within the capabilities of a single botanist, while such a work on animals would have to be accomplished by a division of labor among zoologists.

The decision of the Reichsrath has been pronounced, and all the Gaming-tables of Germany must positively be closed on the last day of December, 1872. Wiesbaden, Ems, Homburg, and Baden must find fresh means of attracting the public, and of deriving the funds necessary for the great expenditure. Homburg alone pays a fine to the government of £70,000 a year; and the expenses of keeping up the beautiful gardens that surround it amount to an annual outlay of £70,000, which are also paid out of the receipts of the gaming-tables.

Superstitious people in Wilmington, N. C., were alarmed by the appearance of two or three remarkable halos around the sun on Thursday of last week. The *Journal* thus describes the phenomena.

The luminary appeared to be hidden and his light obstructed by a heavy gray mass of clouds, which extended around it in a perfect circle of apparently about five degrees in distance from the diameter to the circumference. The edges of the clouds were bordered by a bright ring, partaking of many of the hues of the rainbow, and this ring was again surrounded by a large and a more indistinct circle, and this, again, was cut into toward the north by another ring, the southern portion only of which was visible. The appearance lasted, in all, for forty minutes, otherwise the day was fair and clear throughout.

The ladies are carrying everything before them in Australia. In New South Wales the government has lately officially announced that it will hereafter make no opposition to ladies operating in the telegraph office. A Melbourne paper says females are to be employed in the post-office there, and in various other employments formerly monopolized by men the gentler sex are steadily pushing their way. Opinions may differ as to the admission of women to the learned professions, but certainly there should be no difference touching their eligibility to handicrafts or light trades they are fitted for and wish to practice. There is many a post filled by a male, especially in the sales department of shops, that might equally well be occupied by a woman, who would thus release the man to follow a more masculine business.

The famous Maelstrom, of which most of us have read such wonderful accounts in our youth, has no existence in the form of a terrible whirlpool such as is usually pictured to childhood. At least ships are not sucked in unawares by a treacherous and irresistible current, which whirls them down the sides of an ever-diminishing circle to an awful fate. A recent English visitor to Norway writes of it: "Every year hundreds of our countrymen row over it, doubtless even bathe in it; for except at certain periods, and under certain conditions of wind and tide, it is comparatively harmless."

At the close of the summer the phosphorescence of the sea is more marked than at other times, owing to the fragments of dead animal matter floating on the surface. The cause of this phosphorescence is difficult to determine. An Italian naturalist, M. Papacci, has been recently investigating the subject, especially in fishes. He has come to the conclusion, says the *Academy*, that the cause of this phenomenon is the slow oxidation of fat, which he finds to be always present when phosphorescence is observed in animal substances. In the case of fish, the oxygen of the atmosphere very readily penetrates the skin and acts upon the subcutaneous adipose tissue. The phenomenon is promoted by placing the phosphorescent substance in oxygen; but is entirely arrested by its immersion in carbonic acid, fresh water, alcohol, or any solution not containing oxygen. Phosphorescence usually begins immediately after death, and continues until decomposition sets in with disengagement of ammonia, when it invariably ceases immediately.

Diamonds have been found in the southern ravines of the Rotos Borneo-chain, in a deposit of clay with fragments of quartz, in which spaces of gold, magnetic iron, platinum, etc., are found. Black quartz with pyrites and plates of platinum are in Borneo the indications of diamonds, and this quartz belongs to the serpentine rock underlying. So varied, remarks the *Chemical News*, yet to some extent so consistent with each other, are the facts connected with the history of the diamond. That its mode of production in all countries may have been the same is very probable; but that origin, it must be said, obtains little illustration from the various geological conditions with which it is associated. Perhaps this variety, whilst setting dogmatism at defiance, may serve as an encouragement to the close observation of practical prospectors. In South Africa, since 1870, diamonds have been found in vast quantities, and many magnificent and valuable stones dug up. They are found on the surface of a calcareous conglomerate, near the frontier of the Orange River territory, and are said to vary in weight from six to thirteen carats; some of them reach one hundred and fifty carats. They are accompanied by garnet, topaz, and other hard minerals.

Karl Marx, the leader of the International Society, the report of whose death a week or two since drew something of a sensation over the pros-pects of that ambitious organization, now appears to be still living. At least he is stated to have presided at a meeting of the society in London a few days ago, and as that body (so far as we know) has not yet commenced operations on spiritualistic principles, we may presume that the great agitator was present in his own proper form.

Rural and Domestic.

How To Eat.

Given, therefore, a stomach strong yet sensitive, having a still voice like conscience, and fair that nature makes us suffer through these organs, when we insult her so grossly by irritating them with bad food ill-cooked, half-masticated, and, wholly unfit for the purposes of nutrition? We deserve to suffer, and richly too. Sometimes we pour chemical compounds into the beautiful laboratory of Nature, and call them stimulants, but our chemistry is ill-applied. Stimulants are in one sense, for they excite the coats of the stomach and bowels into a state of chronic inflammation. But this is not the whole sum of our folly. Barely satisfied with the mischief already worked by bad food and villainous drinks, we crown all by vexing the unoffending liver, "more shunned against than sinning," with blue pills, and the already wounded bowels with black draughts. Is it wonderful that we suffer? Is it surprising that we fall sick? How about that pain behind the shoulders, as if somebody knocked you down with a paving stone; and that pain in the stomach, as if the same assailant had trampled on you when you were down? Did not that tough, leathery fragment, served as a steak, and chewed like a rhinoceros hide, play some part in originating these pains? And did not the waiter, putting a decanter before you with an inkly fluid in it, call it wine? Port wine, I think he called it, and inquired the day of its being by a quarter of a century. And did you not pour this liquid fire on the inflammatory steak below, swallowed but not digested? And then did you not, rushing wildly away to your office, bury yourself in your books? And was it a wonder that the devil of indigestion, the demon of dyspepsia, piled to his own?

This picture is by no means overdrawn. Hundreds of city merchants lead this spasmodic life for a few years, and then wonder that their stomachs are out of order. The wonder is, that their stomachs have kept in order so long. To those who say, "You have shown us how to get indigestion, but we want to cure it," I answer, "Do not talk about curing it, but rather ask how you shall prevent the same." This will be the safer and the more satisfactory plan; for though it is a very good thing to go to a doctor (for the doctor) it is a much better thing to keep away from him (for the patient); and if you can keep him happy at, enjoying good health at the same time, you have discovered the true elixir of life.

To begin with, take your meals regularly; do not dine at 2 P. M. to-day, and 7 P. M. to-morrow, and 4 P. M. the day after; but fix some stated hour. Dining late is, as a rule, preferable to mid-day dinners, for dinner ought to be the principal meal of the day, and to be enjoyed as well as possible, admits of neither hurry nor interference. The work of the day should be over, and a long rest, followed by light occupation before bedtime, will be singularly conducive to health as well as happiness. What profit or pleasure can you get out of a dinner when you know an army of clerks awaits your supervision, or that some very tall and remarkably stout ledgers have to be balanced as soon as the cloth is removed? You wait with impatience for the courses to be served, for the food to be swallowed; but as for the digestion of the same, that is quite beyond your jurisdiction; your business is to clear out before you, and you are not the man to shrink it. But you must consider that you have a stomach to superintend as well as clerks, and that if you do not give the bowels a passing thought, the balance will be dead against you in the ledger of health. Do not forget the good old adage, "After dinner rest awhile." Let your meals be considered as important items in the business of the day as watching the firmness of foreign markets, the looseness of gray shirtings, or the fluctuating fortunes of the Mexican republic. If you are to ignore the art of dining, you may as well repudiate at once the art of living and working, for rest assured that, unless you dine with judgment, you will not be able to calculate with foresight, and, just for the lack of a little gastronomic knowledge, you may be a bankrupt.

Housing Manure.

There is little doubt but that twenty-five per cent. of all the manure in New England, and fifty per cent. of all at the West, is wasted for lack of shelter.

During the winter, in some sections, barn-cells furnish all that is desirable as to place and protection; but not more than one farmer in five in any average New England town has one of these most desirable apartments.

The general practice is, to throw what is dropped in the stables out through a small hole cut in the side of the barn, generally making the deposit directly under the eaves, so that whatever the rain can wash away it is helped to do in the most effective and complete manner. All this should be changed, and must be before the farmers of our country will realize the highest return for their investments and their labor.

Experience has long since demonstrated that four months of rain and sun on any manure-heap, or on any yard set apart for the purpose of manuring, decreases the value of the fertilizing material nearly if not quite one-half. How can this loss be made less, or the waste be saved altogether?

Of course where there is a barn-cell, and an abundance of muck or loam is spread over the bottom in the fall, the saving is at once and completely accomplished. When there is no barn-cell a roof can be joined to the main building, and be made to jut out ten or twenty feet, as the circumstances may require, under which the stable manure may be deposited without large loss.

But most needed of all is a covering for our summer cattle-yards. What is their present condition? Suppose a farmer has a dozen cows. Each day, an hour before the setting of the sun, they are driven into the barn-yard, there to remain for the next twelve hours, and to deposit most of the food in another form, that has been gathered from the fields during the day. If this could be all saved and returned again to these same fields, it would produce as much animal food, and under some circumstances, considerably more than was required to furnish the material thus deposited.

Instead thereof, at least three-quarters of the worth of this manure is dried out by the summer sun, or washed out by the summer showers, or is taken from the barn-yard to the open-fields, it is almost worthless, and the whole summer grazing of a large farm is measurably lost.

Our barn-yards should be covered, or the manure should be gathered each day into a pile. Some cheap yet durable roofing over this would pay for itself every two years, possibly each year. It would certainly do so if all the liquid deposit were absorbed by a plentiful supply of muck or loam.

We deem this matter of such importance that we shall recur to the subject in a future number, wherein styles and material will be suggested.—*Heath and Home.*

How to Join lead Pipe.

Procure an octagonal iron coupling, at an iron-pipe factory, which has a left-handed thread cut in one end, and a right-handed thread in the other end. As such couplings are made of numerous sizes, they can be obtained to fit lead pipe of almost any given size. Let the two ends of a lead pipe be cut off square, and if the pipe is not round it must be made so. Then screw one end of the iron coupling on one end of the pipe, say half an inch. Remove it, and screw the other end on the other piece of pipe. Unscrew the coupling, fill the thread on both ends of both coupling and pipe with red or white lead mingled with boiled oil, so as to be of the consistency of thick paint. Now screw the coupling on both ends of the pipe at once. If the coupling were just large enough to screw on the pipe, the joint will be water-tight, even under great pressure. The writer joined a cold-water supply-pipe in the cellar with an inch iron coupling, in Brooklyn, where the water is under a heavy pressure, and the joint does not leak.

This manner of uniting the ends of a lead pipe is much cheaper than with solder, unless there be several joints to be made, as the couplings will cost only a few cents each. And any mechanic who could not solder a joint can screw on a coupling in a few minutes. Before the coupling is screwed on a steel tap should be turned around a few times in each end of the coupling, to remove all rough points in the thread that would tear off the thread of lead on the end of the pipe. When a tinker or plumber can not be obtained readily, when laying lead pipe in the country, this manner of uniting the ends may be adopted with confidence.

Ripening of Cheese.

At a late meeting of the National Dairymen's Club at Utica, N. Y., Mr. Alexander Macadam read the following paper on the subject, How is the Ripening of Cheese Effected by the Mode of Manufacture?

This subject is quite important, as it is often necessary to manufacture cheese that will ripen very quickly. When the market is declining, to have as many of them as possible fit for sale, and consequently bring a higher price, is the great desideratum. On the contrary, when the cheese market is advancing, it is often advisable to make cheese that will take a much longer time in curing, so that in holding on for higher prices there will be less danger of deterioration in the quality of the cheese by their becoming off in flavor. Now, in the ripening or the curing of cheese, I regard the action of the rennet as the element that does the whole business; and therefore, in making cheese that are to cure quickly, we have only to place the rennet in the most favorable circumstances for promoting its growth all through the process of manufacture, and to cure slowly, the opposite. Now, the question arises, what are the most favorable circumstances for promoting the growth of the spores of the rennet?

First, is the presence of the greatest quantity of butter in the milk to be manufactured into cheese. Second, a larger amount of rennet added to such milk. Third, by using a lower temperature in cooking or scalding the curd. Fourth, the absence of a minimum amount of acid in the curd, when the salt is added; Fifthly, a less quantity of salt added to the curd; also by keeping the cheese in the curing-room at a higher temperature. Cheese made from tainted milk will naturally cure more quickly than if the milk was good. An exactly opposite process will check the growth of the spores of the rennet in the milk, curd and cheese, and cause the cheese to cure more slowly. Cheese cured quickly ought to go into immediate consumption, as, if kept, especially in warm weather, they deteriorate in quality very rapidly. And I think that the complaints of the English shippers about the defects in the color and flavor of American cheese when held over winter, are mainly owing to the fact that these cheese have been cured too quickly to hold long.

Devices of Autumn Leaves.

An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses, and autumn leaves on a pane of window-glass, lapping another pane of the same size over it and binding the edge with ribbon, having the group imprisoned between. Use gum tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edge of the first pane, and dried before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged; then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty. To form the loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of galleon along the edge, leaving a two-inch loop free in the center, afterward to be pulled through a little slit in the final binding. These transparencies may either be hung before a window, or, if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash. In halls a beautiful effect is produced in placing them against the side-lights of the hall door. Where the side-lights are each on a single pane, it is well worth while to place a single transparency against each, filling up the entire space, thus affording ample scope for a free arrangement of ferns, grasses, and leaves, while the effect of the light passing through the rich autumn colors is very fine. Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty the entire winter.—*Exchange.*

Winter Feed.

Corn fodder, turnips, rape and sundry other substitutes for hay have all been enumerated as available to help out the short crop of the present season. These are all very well so far as emergency goes, and doubtless such farmers as had the foresight to plant in time will have good reason to rejoice in their produce. There are, however, a great many who for one reason or another failed to plant with these crops while there was yet time. It is still possible to short-crop the season during which the live stock is dependent on dry fodder, by planting the new Land wherever grain was raised during the past season may be plowed, manured, and sown very thickly with rye, using say four bushels to the acre. This will come up early in the spring and will afford very excellent green food for the stock. It will have accomplished its mission by the time for planting carrots, corn, potatoes or almost any other forage crop, so that the land may be used again. This practice has gained many advocates of late years in England. Certainly if no crop is absolutely crowded out by the rye, the probabilities are that even when the hay crop has been a full one the rye crop will not come amiss in the spring, and when the crop is deplorably short, as is very generally the case this year, it will be of inestimable value in more than one respect.

ALLEGED CURE FOR THE BITES OF A MAD DOG. The Kent (Md.) *News* says on the authority of a highly respectable and intelligent farmer, who has known it to be successfully used a number of times, that elecampane is a certain cure for the bite of a mad dog. Immediately after being bitten, take one and a half ounce of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer and may be found in drug stores—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half pint, strain, and

when cold drink, fasting for at least six hours afterward. The next morning, fasting, repeat the dose, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended, that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

Straw for Stock.

With many farmers, the impression prevails that straw has no value as food for animals, and that, therefore, it is far better to be applied to the soil as a fertilizer in the ordinary way, than used for litter, or spread on the manure heap to be trodden down and incorporated with the manure by the stock, as is generally done.

Straw may be advantageously used as a divisor of cattle food. For instance, where root crops are raised and pulped, and then mixed with fine cut straw, there is no doubt that the value of root-pulp is greatly increased by the addition of the cut straw, especially if the straw has been steamed or scalded before the admixture. The additional advantage of this method is, the constituents of the straw are returned to the soil in a form so minutely divided, that they are more readily assimilated by the growing crops, than without the assistance of the digestive organs of the animal.

Concentrated food is always benefited by the admixture of cut straw with it. *Oat meal, corn meal, linseed cake, and other gruels may be mixed with cut straw until the nutritive average of the mass will be equal to that of the best hay or grass. The advantage to the animal is not only in the division, but in the amount of nutritious matter the straw may contain. It may not be much, but it is something, and a proper economy demands that everything that can be so turned to advantage. Where it is possible therefore, to feed straw in the form named above, there is no doubt that it will prove more valuable to the farmer than when applied to the soil directly, or spread over the manure heap and incorporated with the droppings of the cattle.—*Journal of the Farm.*

About Walking.

How many boys and girls like to walk for the sake of walking? They think that they would like to have dumb-bells, Indian clubs and house gymnastics, with which to take exercise to improve their health, and forget that they possess the means by which to take the most healthful kind of exercise—walking. Those who live in towns will exert an omnibus or horse-car to go a mile or so, when if they would allow a few minutes more and walk the distance, they would feel much better at the end of their journey. So with those who live in the country. They will spend time in harnessing a horse, and in getting ready to go a short distance, instead of starting off vigorously on foot. There is, however, a notion among our people that it is not dignified to walk. The English think differently, and they are much better walkers than we are. Dickens used to take a regular daily walk—eight miles, we think it was—as a rest from his daily mental labor. Perhaps it is to these walks that they are indebted for the delightful Christmas carols, for Little Nell, Oliver Twist, and Paul Dombey. The writer early accustomed himself to long walks, tramps of a whole day; and this practice was useful to him, when, in a desert country, the horses gave out, and he was obliged to make twenty and thirty miles, day after day, on foot. Never mind if there are horses in the stable doing nothing; they can afford to do nothing better than you can. If you have not a fatiguing distance to go, take it on foot; and if either to suffer for want of exercise, let it be the horses.—*Am. Ag.*

To Restore faded black Lace.

In many a housekeeper's bureau drawers, lie old black lace veils, edgings and headpieces, faded and rusty, yet not worn out. By a simple process they can be quickly restored to their pristine beauty. Strain off some black tea from its leaves (having made it too strong to drink), let it cool until milk warm, pour over the lace, and let it stand several hours, then squeeze it very gently, dipping it frequently into the tea, until it shows that the dirt has been extracted. While the lace lies in the tea, boil a little more with a piece of gum-arabic, the size of a small marble, when cool to the hand dip the lace in it for a moment; then lay it in the hands, until nearly dry, carefully pulling out the edges. Pin it over a pillow on which you have spread a newspaper. Let it dry for several hours or even days. Take the pins out, leaving the lace on the paper, remove from the pillow, cover with another paper, and iron with a coolish flat-iron. The lace, if not worn out previously, will look as good as new.—*Am. Ag.*

Weather Talk.

By common consent, among all civilized people, the state of the weather is one of the primary topics of conversation. A person meeting his friend gives to this the preference, because he knows that though on many other points they may entertain differences of opinion, on this they will be pretty sure to agree. A dispute between them will hardly arise as to whether it is raining, whether it is hot, or whether it is cold. How much would the sphere of this style of conversation be enlarged, and how much would the pleasure of it be increased, if they could mutually congratulate each other that to-morrow morning the weather would be good for skating, or that the present rain would cease at two o'clock, and that their families might join at three for a pleasant excursion to the Central Park, but that they must be back at six, as the thunder-storm at present occurring at Buffalo would arrive in New-York at that hour.—*Harper's Magazine.*



THE KING OF MINERAL SPRINGS is the German Seltzer; and Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient is its duplicate. Let us attest its wonderful Tonic and anti-Bilious qualities sworn in from every corner. The question has been settled whether artificially medicated waters may not be equal to those which Nature has poured from the earth itself. They can; and Seltzer Aperient, when judiciously pure and genuine, proves the fact. BE CAUTIOUS. AVOID NOISE OTHER.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 1m40



Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Hammer enlarged size of Letter. Please send your names and receive copies FREE. 75 cents a year, 3 months for 19 cents. Address, Banner, Minneapolis, N. H.

The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES. For the week ending, SEPT. 27, 1871.

CANDLES.	MOLASSES.
Moulds.....11 1/2 @ 14	Cuba, Clayed.....32 @ 33
Sperm.....33 @ 34	do. Sweet.....31 @ 32
COAL.	do. Whole.....31 @ 32
Canal.....17 @ 18	Porto Rico.....30 @ 31
Picton.....32 @ 33	OLIVE.
Anthracite.....17 @ 18	Olive, 1 gal.....120 @ 125
COFFEES.	do. 2 gal.....240 @ 245
Java B.....23 @ 27	American.....30 @ 31
St. Domingo.....15 @ 17	Crude Sperm.....120 @ 125
Rio.....16 @ 17	do. Whole.....31 @ 32
COTTON.	Refined oil.....62 @ 65
Ordinary.....17 1/2 @ 18	Refined oil.....120 @ 125
Good Ordinary.....17 1/2 @ 18	Lead, Red Ants.....30 @ 31
Mid. to good.....22 1/2 @ 23	Am. dry, pure.....11 @ 12
Low Middling.....20 @ 21	Ground, pure.....11 @ 12
DOMESTICS.	Family.....18 @ 19
Sheetings and Shirtings.....	Zinc, ground in oil.....
Heavy 4-4.....11 @ 12	No. 1.....11 @ 12
Medium 4-4.....11 @ 12	No. 2.....11 @ 12
Drills, Brown.....11 @ 12	Pat. Brown Ants.....30 @ 31
Print Cloths.....11 @ 12	Vanished.....30 @ 31
Cotton Flannel.....11 @ 12	Vanished.....30 @ 31
Prints.....11 @ 12	Whiting.....11 @ 12
Ticking.....11 @ 12	Boston.....20 @ 21
Gingham.....11 @ 12	Frederic Yellow.....30 @ 31
Monterelous.....11 @ 12	Vanished.....30 @ 31
Carpetings.....	Putty.....30 @ 31
Lovell sup. 3-ply.....11 @ 12	Glue.....11 @ 12
Extra and India.....11 @ 12	Crude.....11 @ 12
Superfine.....11 @ 12	Refined.....11 @ 12
FISH.	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12
Codfish, large.....50 @ 55	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12
Medium.....30 @ 35	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12
Mackerel, large.....50 @ 55	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12
Do. shore.....50 @ 55	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12
Salmon, ice.....37 @ 40	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12
FLOUR AND MEAL.	Refrigerated.....11 @ 12