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The Morning Star.

Volume XLVI.

DOVER, N. H., NOVEMBER 8, 1871.

Number 45

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

RENEWED BY THE
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L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1871.

An Evening Thought.

The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.—
The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
The Father knows them all.
Yes, all! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeams bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.
Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path the Father knows.
And he has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred;
And every anguish pain and smart
Find healing in his Word.
So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on his breast
Who knows and pities all.

Missionary Correspondence.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA, Aug. 28, 1871.

The *Christian Spectator*, a monthly magazine conducted by the Baptists of India, issued its initial number last month. Rev. C. B. Lewis, of the Baptist Mission Press, Calcutta, is the editor, and the two numbers that have appeared indicate true energy and enterprise on the part of the projectors. This periodical, it is hoped, will represent the entire Baptist body of India, of which there are several American and English divisions. Its pages will be devoted to topics of practical interest, particularly those of a missionary character. Indian subjects will of course be prominent. This magazine fills a real need in our religious community, and is welcomed by many throughout India as a timely helper and a blessing. Mr. Lewis has made a good beginning, and bids fair to make the magazine a success.

Jaga, one of our very best Santal boys, who has been in the training a year, has just passed an excellent examination, and gone out as a school teacher in the jungles. He has always manifested a truly eager thirst for knowledge, and having got a start in one of the jungle schools, has, during the year, outstripped not a few who have been with us much longer. He opens a school near his own village, and will make a good teacher. While here he was much interested in religion, and frequently spoke and prayed in our Santal meetings. I think too that he led a life of prayer, and hope he may hold on and prove faithful where he has gone, and ere long make a public profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A young man of his stability and perseverance promises well for usefulness among the Santals.

The new woman, of whom I spoke last month, was baptized on the 6th inst., and received to the fellowship of the church. She seems calm and decided, and anxious to learn more of Christ. Her S. S. teacher tells me that she thoroughly commits to memory the weekly lesson, and drinks in with wonderful appetite every word of instruction. And certainly I have no more attentive listener at the preaching service than this new sister, who only a few days ago was worshipping dumb idols. She now attends school regularly, and also helps teach the smaller girls who are just beginning Bengali. She has also begun working in the zenana here.

From several topics of pleasing interest

it becomes my sad duty to turn, in order to chronicle the death of two efficient laborers who have fallen at their post during the present month.

Miss Mary Guignard, of the General Baptist Mission, Cuttack, died on the 14th inst., after a brief illness. She was at the head of a large school of famine orphan girls, and her death inflicts a very heavy blow on the Orissa Mission. She was born in London, in 1825. Her father was of Swiss extraction, but her mother was a Scotchwoman. The death of both parents early threw her on her own resources in the largest city of the world. Exposed to manifold temptations, she was kept by divine grace from the paths of sin, and led at a tender age into the way of peace. Her first religious connection was with the Independents. She was a member of Craven Chapel, London, under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Liefchild. Becoming convinced of the correctness of Baptist views, she was baptized by our friend, Dr. J. Burns, and was for some years a member of his church. At the time of her coming to India, she was connected with Dr. Landel's church at Regent's Park.

Cherishing a strong desire for the Foreign Mission work, she wisely resolved to fit herself for it, and entered the Congregational College at Homerton and prosecuted her studies. The Indian Mutiny of '57 interfered with her plans for going to India, and she was obliged to wait. This year she published a work, entitled "The Unprotected; or Facts in Dressmaking Life, by a Dressmaker," and dedicated it by permission to Lord Shaftesbury. Among her private papers there remains a letter from the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," expressive of her interest in this book. The way to India being still closed against her, she became a teacher in a large Ragged School (I wish our English friends would change this name, Ragged-School. It is a noble charity sadly marred) at Sheffield, and gave great satisfaction. In Feb., '61, she landed in Calcutta. "I came to India to work, not for pleasure," she wrote to a missionary friend. And she did work well, even to the last. Older than most of those who enter a foreign field, she applied herself to the study of the native language with diligence and gratifying success. The qualities most prominent in her character were energy, diligence and perseverance, and her circumstances allowed full scope for their display. Her death is a great loss to the Mission, especially to the dear orphan children over whom she tenderly and lovingly watched. This Orissa Mission has been deeply afflicted during the past few years by the deaths of Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Goadby and Miss Guignard. Still the brave workers struggle nobly on, and by God's help, they will never give up the post. They are looking for the return of Messrs. Miller and Hill with their wives to their old field soon, and this will greatly cheer and help them.

Mahes Chandra Rai, our senior native preacher at this station, died on the 23d inst., after an illness of only three weeks. I can not tell you how deeply we feel this heavy loss. Mahes came into the mission when but a lad. My father got him from Mr. Pearce's school in Calcutta. In 1846 he began preaching, and for these twenty-five years he has not ceased to publish the glad tidings of salvation to his pagan countrymen. He came from a very low class of Hindu society, and often reverted to this fact to the praise of divine grace. Many times with great feeling he has told the church of God's wonderful mercy to such a sinner as he was, delighting in every sinful way and breaking all God's commandments. No one who has known our brother could ever question the genuineness of his conversion. He delighted to say with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." And Mahes's testimony always told upon the audience, whether in our covenant meeting or in the bazar. More than all the other native preachers, he glorified Christ for His redeeming work in his own soul. And we never had a better bazar preacher. The out-door work, in the street, and over the country, among all classes, was his peculiar sphere, and though his pulpit ministrations were always excellent and profiting, still he never seemed so much at home, so full of his theme, so apt in illustration and so fervent and forcible in utterance, as in the bazar or the marketplace, when addressing hundreds and sometimes thousands of his idolatrous fellow-men. He traveled with me more extensively than any other native preacher, and we made several long tours together. I knew him only to love him for his constant eagerness to hold up Christ before the people. How often I have heard him exclaim in his spirited peroration, after a full hour's discourse,—"There He stands, the glorious Saviour of lost sinners! Look at Him and live. I have done my best to hold Him up to your eyes;—but except you look at Him, love Him and live for Him, you can not be saved. With joined hands (the east-garn form of humble entreaty) I beg you to believe on this Jesus and be saved." The people loved Mahes, and will greatly miss him. Hindus, Brahmists and Mussulmans all heard him gladly, and never questioned his sincerity. I could cite many illustrations of the friendly feeling manifested towards him by all classes of people. He was one of the three original members of the Midnapore church, and a better member we never had. For several years

he has been clerk of our association. In many places and many ways we shall miss him.

On the 21st ult., Mahes and Madhu started out to visit our branches at Bandarbani and Bhipore. They were gone a fortnight, and in addition to visiting our brethren, made quite a stay at a Santal village, the head man of which is a son-in-law of Panchu. Mahes came back much cheered by his trip, which he had enjoyed exceedingly. At both of the branches he broke bread with the brethren, and after faithful preaching commended them to God. Almost at once, upon returning he fell sick, and with-out cherishing the least hope of recovery, he told all that his work was done, and that he did not wish to stay here longer. During his illness he spoke little, for his strength failed fast. Two days before his death, he asked to see his family, and then, unable to talk, he pointed upward, signifying his hope to meet them in heaven. Madhu, his companion in many labors, attended him with tender devotion, and I several times overheard him asking Mahes concerning his hope in Christ. The last night, after giving the medicine and food, Madhu opened to 2 Cor. 5: 1, and reading the words, asked Mahes,—"Have you such an heavenly home?" The sinking man, too weak to speak, bowed his head in assent. And now with Rama, Elias, Daniel, Bhakari and others from India redeemed, by Jesus' blood, our brother dwells in the heavenly mansions prepared for him above. Christian reader, Matt. 10: 38. J. L. P.

The Man Who Cooks.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*, meaning perhaps to exalt the domestic functions of women, or possibly intending to burlesque the attempts of male bipeds to install themselves in positions for which they have no proper fitness, thus humorously pictures the effort of the married California miner to manage affairs in the kitchen:

Every old Californian, having in '49" baked his own bread and boiled his beans, deems himself a good family cook. He maintains even a greater conceit than this: he deems himself a cook superior to any woman in the world, when he chooses to concentrate his mind on culinary affairs. On such a man, when duly married, there breaks out once or twice a year a culinary mania. He must cook; he will cook. He watches the opportunity when his wife has prolonged her afternoon visit a little longer than usual. He invades the kitchen. He kindles a fire in the stove. Before kindling that fire he leaves open every door in the house, from cellar to garret. He turns the damper wrong. The stove smokes the wrong way. He draws water in the wrong bucket to fill the tea-kettle. These things are terrible to mention, but they are often done in California. He throws potato and other vegetable parings in the cleanest pail he can find. Wherever he walks and whatever he touches, he leaves a "muss." He leaves knives, forks, and spoons all over the house; also, dish-rags; he puts one of these in his pocket. He ceases to be a rational or accountable being. An old male Californian, cook, married and in his wife's kitchen, is not a wellspring of pleasure.

He brings all the frying-pans into use. He sets their sooty bottoms on the clean pine table. He contemplates making tea. He reflects as to the quantity he used in the mines for a "making." He can not recollect exactly. He crams several fistfuls into the teapot. He will have enough any way. No one who drinks thereof sleeps that night. Nervous. He essays to make biscuit. He wonders how much saleratus they used in the mines to get a good rise on. He uses enough. He kneads his dough, and, wandering vacantly about the house, leaves traces of flour at every step. It is in the parlor, on the door knobs, on the banisters. He can cook! He says he can cook better than any woman in the world if he "was only a mind to give his mind to it." This conceit is never to be taken out of him. It is peculiar to all old Californians; for he made bread in the mines. It was good bread, too—good to kill. They say that two "partners" who "cabined" with him died of heavy-bread indigestion. He was given twenty-four hours to leave the camp.

Now we see him ravishing his wife's kitchen. He has burned up all the choice newspapers lying about, which the folks wanted to read. He is, using table-butter to cook with, and sets the cooking-butter on the table. Things fall into that dough—buttons, matches, and bits of coal. In the midst of all this culinary riot, chaos, smoke, grease, soot, rags, and flour, the wife comes home. She opens the hall door, and is oppressed by the cloud of smoke. She knows then that the culinary fit is on her husband. She steps into the kitchen. There he stands, red, heated, flustered, caught in the act, with a big spoon in one hand, a tormentor in the other, a spot of black on his nose. The frying-pan is full of hot, smoking lard. It sizzles and sputters all over him as he stands there with back to the stove, and all over everything for many feet around. There comes from the oven door a suspicious smell of smoke,—his biscuit are burning. All sorts of things in pots are boiling over. She rushes to his assistance. Both burn their fingers. He has mislaid half the stove covers, and can not find them. One is discovered a fortnight afterward up stairs, under

der the bed. How did it get there? He says he didn't know he was carrying it up at the time. Absent-minded. He was looking for a clean towel.

His wife, in despair, goes to her room and cries, and thinks of her happy girlhood days. She does not come down to supper. No one eats much that evening. He has the whole table to himself. He has not much appetite, either. He gets up every half minute for some forgotten article—for the salt, for the bread, for a cup, for a saucer. When he has entirely finished, he finds the potatoes forgotten; they are still on the stove boiling—boiling piecemeal, boiling furiously, like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who drove rapidly.

Next day his wife comes down stairs and hires a woman to clean up. Things get settled in about a week. It is his only fault. He sticks to it that he can cook better than any woman in the world if he chooses "to give his mind to it." She says that the man never broke out in him until they had been two years married. Twice a year it rages and the kitchen smokes. All California husbands have a touch of this disease. It was contracted in the mines in the flush days of '49.

John Henry Newman.

Justin McCarthy, whose papers on the men and the events that make English life noticeable are always equally instructive and brilliant, pays this not undeserved tribute to the finest mind and the noblest character that went over from Praelay to Romanism during the late Tractarian movement. We copy from the *Galaxy*:

John Henry Newman threw his whole soul, energy, genius, and fame into the cause of the Roman Catholic Church. Rome welcomed him with that cordial welcome she always gives to a new-comer, and she utilized him and set work for him to do. Macaulay has shown very effectively in one of his essays how the Roman Church seldom loses any one it has gained, because it is so skillful in finding for everybody his proper place, and assigning him in her service the task he is best qualified to do, so that her ambition becomes his ambition, her interest his interest, her conquests his conquests. Newman appears to have been made a sort of missionary from Rome to the intellect and culture of the English people. Within the Church to which he had gone over he became an immense influence and almost unequalled power. The Catholics delighted to have a leader whose intellect no one could pretend to despise, whose gifts and culture have been paragonized in the most glowing terms, over and over again, by the foremost statesmen and divines of the Protestant Church.

Newman was appointed head of the oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham, and was for some years rector of the Roman Catholic University of Dublin. He rarely came before the public. In all the arts that make an orator or a great preacher he is strikingly deficient. His manner is constrained, awkward, and even ungainly; his voice is thin and weak. His bearing is not impressive. His gaunt, emaciated figure, his sharp eagle face, his cold meditative eye, rather repel than attract those who see him for the first time. The matter of his discourse, whether sermon, speech, or lecture, is always admirable, and the language is concise, scholarly, expressive,—perhaps a little over-weighted with thought; but there is nothing there of the orator. It is as a writer and as an "influence"—I don't know how better to express it—that Newman has become famous. I doubt if we have many better prose writers. He is full of keen, pungent, satirical humor; and there is, on the other hand, a subtle vein of poetry and of pathos suffusing nearly all he writes. One of the finest and one of the most frequently quoted passages in modern English literature is Newman's touching and noble apostrophe to England's "Saxon Bible." He has published volumes of verse which I think belong to the very highest order of verse-making that is not genuine poetry. They are full of thought, feeling, pathos, tenderness, beauty of illustration; they are all that verse can be made by one who just fails to be a poet.

An English critical review not long since claimed the poetical works of Dr. Newman and George Eliot together, as the nearest approach which intellect and culture have made in our days toward the production of genuine poetry. When Newman made his famous attack on Dr. Achilli, an Italian priest who had renounced the Roman Church, and whom Newman publicly accused of many crimes, the judge who had to sentence the accused to the payment of a fine for libel, pronounced an apocryphic on his intellect and his character such as is rarely heard from an English judgment seat. Not long after, when the subject came up somehow in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone broke into an ecstacy of John Henry Newman which might have seemed poetical hyperbole to those who did not know the merits of the one man and the conscientious truthfulness of the other. We have heard the testimony borne by Mr. Disraeli to the importance of Newman's intellect as a support of the English Church, and the shock which was caused by his withdrawal. Seldom, indeed, has a man succeeded from one church and become the aggressive, unsparring, intolerant champion of its enmity, and yet retained the esteem and the affection of those whom he

abandoned, as this good, great, mistaken Englishman has done.

General Conference.

[As strong desires have been expressed that the report of the proceedings of Conference touching our Publications might be fully presented in the *Star*, and as the Secretary of Conference has not yet returned home, and has the formal Report of the Committee on Publications in his possession, we are obliged to defer the publication of that part of the proceedings until next week. With that exception, the report is complete. We regret the delay, though it is unavoidable.]

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11.—EVENING.

This evening was devoted to the Anniversary of the Education Society. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Howe, of R. I.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Rev. W. H. Bowen, the Corresponding Secretary of the society, then read his Annual Report. The past year has been a marked one in the history of the society, owing largely to the fact that it has been able to do more than ever before for beneficiaries, all the income of its funds being devoted to this object. The report urges the duty of pastors to seek out young men and press upon their attention the claims of the ministry. It makes a strong appeal in behalf of a sanctified education, and speaks with pleasure of the renewed interest manifest in the cause of ministerial education, this interest having found expression in the resolutions and addresses made at our Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, and other denominational gatherings. It regrets the fact that the society has not been able to do only about two-thirds as much for beneficiaries as it hoped. This is chiefly owing to the fact that the number of applicants was larger than was anticipated. The report deprecates the habit of students preaching regularly at a too early period in their course, and expresses the opinion that they should preach only occasionally previous to the last year. The number of beneficiaries has been greater in nearly all our schools this year than during any previous year. The sum of \$4200 has been apportioned to them. The last Thursday in Jan. is recommended as a day of prayer for schools and colleges, and the multiplication of colleges is declared to be unwise. The report closed with a noble appeal in behalf of the work undertaken by the society.

THE STUDENTS' OFFERING.

President Graham stated at this stage in the proceedings of the meeting, that, at morning prayers at the College, he had proposed to the students to raise \$1,000 towards the endowment of the College. He had done this to test the interest of the students in the object. The sum proposed did not stop there. The work progressed until \$1,488.50 had been pledged by the several classes. The President then introduced a committee from the College, the Chairman of which stated definitely what had been subscribed by each class. President Graham reported \$100 from another source, and stated that he would supplement this sum with an equal amount, so that the entire donation amounts to more than \$3,000.

Rev. Dr. Ball then presented the following resolution, which he said was designed as a match to ignite the enthusiastic feelings of the citizens and the congregation: Resolved, That we greatly admire and feel the highest pleasure in making honorable mention of the generous subscription of \$1,588 by the students of Hillsdale College to the endowment fund of \$5,000 which they propose to raise; and we recognize this act as the prophecy of a widespread enthusiasm in the noble work of raising an adequate endowment for this Institution, as from this example the inspiration of high endeavor must proceed.

The resolution was enthusiastically adopted.

ADDRESSES.

Rev. W. H. Bowen spoke of feeling at home in a congregation, in part, of students, such as he has at home at Lewiston. He regarded the ministry as the great police force of the nation,—the dyke that keeps off the angry waves of skepticism and crime, and so leaves the soil of human nature and society fitted to grow the virtues that enrich and adorn our private and public life. He urged a wide and generous culture as one of the needful things to fit young men and women for their true work. He wanted colleges to make less Doctors of Divinity and more men.

Dr. Day, referred, in his inimitable manner, to the gift of the students, as most creditable to them and promising to us—a prophecy and pledge of work and glory in the future. He said Free-will Baptists are full of pluck, and will not give up, and Hillsdale College will have a glorious and advancing antiquity. He then proceeded to speak of the hard and self-denying work which our educational interests call for, of the necessities and crises which we have to meet to-day, set forth the real service which a true education does for those who gain it, and exhibited the products which our schools were expected to give.

[It was supposed probable that Bro. Bowen would furnish an abstract of his address for publication, as he had been invited to do so; and it was also hoped that Bro. Day would do the same thing. But both parties decline the service. The reporter, it may be, was either tired or lazy, and so did not take notes; or it may be nearer the truth to say that, during these speeches, he wished to listen for the luxury of listening.—REPORTER.]

At the close of Dr. Day's address the

Secretary called up the report of the Committee on Education, concerning the munificence of the citizens of Hillsdale, and it was adopted. Prayer by Prof. Brackett, of Storer College. Adjourned.

THURSDAY, OCT. 12.—MORNING.

The Conference was called by the Moderator. Prayer was offered by Rev. Isaac Fullerton, of Ohio. The records were read.

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Rev. S. D. Church, of Me., presented a resolution directing the several Yearly Meetings, within whose limits our institutions of learning are located, to appoint a Board of visitors to these Institutions, to seek out and encourage the young men connected with these institutions who have the ministry in view, and that this Conference do now appoint Boards who shall hold their office until the Yearly Meetings shall appoint. The resolution was adopted, and Rev. S. D. Church was appointed Chairman of a Committee to nominate these visitors. The Committee subsequently reported a list for each of our denominational schools, and the report was adopted. The Committee to visit Hillsdale College are,—Revs. D. L. Rice, F. W. Straight and G. P. Blanchard; Bates College,—Revs. C. F. Penney, J. S. Burgess and E. W. Porter; New Hampton,—Revs. A. D. Smith, J. Rand and G. J. Abbott; Whitestown,—Revs. M. C. Brown, G. P. Ramsey and J. M. Langworthy; Lapham Institute,—Revs. J. A. Howe, J. Mariner and G. W. Wallace; Maine Central Institute,—Revs. E. Knowlton, A. L. Gerrish and Dea. Benj. Fogg. Boards were also appointed for the other schools.

A MESSENGER RECEIVED.

A letter containing the fraternal greetings of the Convention of the Christians of Michigan was read by the Clerk of the Conference. It stated, among other things, that it had appointed Rev. C. M. C. Cook as a Corresponding Messenger to this body. Rev. Mr. Cook then took the stand and addressed the Conference at some length, giving an account of the faith, polity and prosperity of the body which he represented.

CHURCH POLITY.

Rev. R. Dunn, Chairman of the Committee on Church Polity, presented a report in behalf of the Committee. The report was adopted, item by item, substantially as follows:

1. That our Quarterly and Yearly Meetings make the subject of Missions, and especially Home Missions, one of increased prominence at every session. 2. That all our Quarterly Meetings and Associations inquire, at every session, respecting churches destitute of pastors and new fields demanding labor, and appoint supplies for all such churches and fields until they can secure pastors. 3. That the members and officers of our various denominational bodies should be considered as such until the next session, and that the officers should have authority to call extra sessions and to make arrangements for the same. 4. That the General Conference appoint a Conference Board of seven members, which shall have charge of correspondence with other religious bodies, as circumstances may demand, make provision for receiving bodies which may wish to unite with us, and advise and co-operate with the Home Mission Board respecting its work. 5. That the publication of denominational books and papers, and the theological education of the ministry, as well as Missions, should be placed under supervision of the General Conference, and that this Board be instructed to consult with individuals and organizations, requesting and securing, if possible, such supervision. 6. That our ministers and members be requested to supply themselves with, and circulate generally, books, periodicals and tracts for the vindication of our doctrines and polity. 7. The last resolution expresses opposition to any change in our denominational name.

A Committee, of which Rev. L. B. Tasker was Chairman, was appointed by the Moderator to nominate the Board of supervisors, for which provision is made in the action of the Conference on Church Polity. This Committee subsequently reported the following names,—Revs. G. T. Day, E. Knowlton, G. H. Ball, R. Dunn, S. D. Bates, D. G. Holmes and John Fullerton. The report was adopted.

Rev. R. Dunn offered the following, which was adopted: Resolved, That the Clerk of this Conference be requested to publish from time to time, in the *Morning Star* and *Baptist Union*, resolutions and other items on church polity.

The Moderator appointed Revs. A. H. Morrell and D. G. Holmes a Committee to visit those bodies which have recently united with us, to assure them of our sympathy and to acquaint them more fully with our doctrines and polity, for which provision was made by the action of the Conference on the report on the State of the Denomination.

HILLSDALE.—NOT CHICAGO.

Rev. C. O. Libby, by permission, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Whereas, It was at first proposed to hold this General Conference in Chicago, but circumstances prevented, and its location was changed to Hillsdale, Mich., therefore,

Resolved, That, in view of the fearful conflagration which has devastated the city of Chicago during the session of this Conference,

(Continued on fourth page.)

Communications.

The Contrast.

"What do ye give them others?" Jesus.
 "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Paul.

It was a great mistake to imagine that all of self-denial, sacrifice and crucifixion for the sake of one's religion falls to the lot of Christians. Could we know the half of what is voluntarily suffered in the sacred name of religion, by the votaries of other creeds, and that too when impelled by no higher motive than fame, fortune, or a future fruition, which, after all, is but transient and "corruptible," it might tend to modify our self-complacency, and possibly to quicken our zeal in the noblest of all causes.

Take, for instance, the victims of the *Chorak* festival, or swinging festival. Mark the self-inflicted torture of those deluded creatures who exult in being swung aloft in the air, on iron hooks, hitched into the skin of their backs! This wretched work is now happily abolished by the government, throughout British India; but scores of times have I witnessed the sight with my own eyes.

Look at that Surja-das, servant of the sun, as he gropes his way towards you, shouting lustily for a contribution! For days, he has stood or sat, gazing at a tropical sun, until total blindness has ensued. Henceforth he commands respect as a very Sadhoo saint.

Look next at that Ur-dhaba-bhaja, or man with one arm withered, and carried aloft in an upright position, until the cords have become rigid and no longer obey the will, while the nails of the hand are grown like hen's claws. He too now takes his place with the Sadhoo, and is allowed free fare. See that tall, manly form, by nature a fine, athletic figure of a man, approaching to meet you on the great juggernaut road, prostrating himself on his face at full length, then rolling over and rising, saluting his gods at each prostration, and in this laborious way spends years, measuring his weary way to the shrine of his god.

Here you meet a miserable devotee roasting his sides between two fires, or at another time, stretching himself on a bed of penitence, an enormous hatchel, or sharp iron spikes set in a low bench, points up, on which the Sadhoo reclines, as a proof of holiness.

These, and the like of these, often seen, are all outdone by a celebrated devotee from the north-west called Naga, whom we met near Doula market, last cold season. He was a fine, tall, slim Hindustanee man, of about middle age, who makes a business of swinging daily by his heels, a practice he was reported to have continued for eleven years. He has one year more to complete his vow, and then he is to retire from the world, to meditate in solitude.

From the branch of a large Mango tree, 16 or 20 feet high, a rope is suspended, which comes within about six feet of the ground. The lower end of the rope is supplied with two loops, sufficiently large to admit each a foot. The devotee's feet are placed in these two loops, while his head hangs dangling towards the earth. An attendant then pulls a cord, attached midway to the rope, in a way to throw the fellow back and forth, bringing his long, slender form nearly on a parallel with the branch of the tree on which he swings. A small fire smokes on the ground under the gallows, but the victim is carried past it so rapidly that he scarcely feels its warmth. The Maga has obtained a surprising control of his limbs and muscles, and can perform various feats while swinging. Dropping one foot out of the loop, he suspends his whole weight on the other, while he well nigh ties himself into a knot, and at times has the appearance of a child in a sitting position, or swinging in a little chair; then again the leg that is loose is brought up and twined around his neck. His entire dress was a cap drawn over his eyes, and a narrow bit of cloth, closely girt about his loins. He is said to eat no rice, the common food of the Hindus, but to live on potatoes, fruit, milk, &c. No very great hardship this, certainly. Multitudes went daily to see the wonderful exploits of this Sadhoo. He remains a few weeks only in a place, and is careful, I was told, to take up his stand near some well-to-do native, who can be easily cajoled by him; and it is fairly presumable that he leaves the place no poorer in worldly goods than when he came, to say nothing of the stock of holiness acquired by so much self-inflicted torture.

But why look we mainly at these few exceptional cases, while in one form or another, the whole land "groans and travails in pain together until now?" Grateful indeed that they are becoming beautifully less, yet still, weary, wasting pilgrimages to the various shrines throughout India are annually numbered by hundreds of thousands; while the gross ignorance and superstition of the masses, subject them, a ready prey, to the greed, oppression and spoliation of hungry priests and vagabond mendicants, who scruple not to fleece all who come within their power, in the sacred name of religion.

What a broad and striking contrast is here seen to the self-denial of the Christian, and the grounds on which such self-denial, sacrifice or crucifixion is required. Is self-renunciation, and even crucifixion required of the disciple of Jesus? What is it but a subjugation of his lower nature to that which is sublime and heavenly? Is a man required to forsake all that he hath in order to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ? And is it not with the blessed assurance that he shall have all and abound, shall receive manifold more, and shall inherit everlasting life?

Beloved fellow disciple, sit down for half an hour at least, and seriously contrast the requirements laid upon you by him whom

you rejoice to call Lord and Master, with those imposed upon the blind, superstitious, priest-ridden millions in heathen lands. When you have done this, then contemplate the recompense of reward in each case.
 "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." "What do we more than others?"

J. PHILLIPS.

Santipore, Aug. 24, 1871.

Something Better than Nothing.

So said an English-speaking Oriya lad who conducted sister Smith and the writer to the house of his married sister. This sister had, a few months before, commenced learning to read and also to use the needle, but now she was commanded by "the powers that be" in Oriya households, to abstain from all labor, both mental and physical, lest peradventure she should fail to propagate the family with which she was connected by marriage! We found the poor creature completely besmeared from head to foot with oil and powdered Hulleah, which gave rather a golden hue to her complexion. There she sat, looking more the picture of despair than submission, and as though hands and feet were made for ornaments, not for use. Her brother joined us heartily in pleading that she might at least be allowed to read a little, if not to work or to walk. He had probably heard from some English tongue the oft-repeated phrase, "Anything is better than nothing," and hence said, "Yes, do let her read a little, for something is better than nothing." The old mother-in-law looked as unrelenting as a boulder in N. H., but at last said, "Yes," but it was a yes in which one could not place much faith.

Some friend may ask, "How came you to be going the rounds with the zenana teacher in Balasore?" I was following the advice of Brother Libby and of other friends, and taking a holiday. A trip to Midnapore might have been far more conducive to health in the rains, but five of my dear girls were in Balasore, and I wished to see with my own eyes how they were prospering. You can not see them; if you could, you would praise the Lord for what he is doing for the daughters of Orissa. Maria is in a plain but tidy little school-house, teaching thirty girls, all the daughters of Hindus and Brahmists, who pay her wages and all the other expenses of the school. Fever being prevalent at the time of my visit, several pupils were at home ill, but all who were present behaved as well as girls in your schools, and the progress they have made is very commendable and gratifying.

The teacher conducted herself with becoming dignity combined with modesty. It is said that when the inspector and other native gentlemen visit her school, they can find no fault with her, and the fact that a native female can conduct herself properly, without the aid of bolts and locks to help her virtue, is settling down into the minds even of Hindus, to remain permanently. And to what can they attribute this fact but to Christianity? School No. 2 is taught by Jessie, and is in an airy little room, beautifully secluded by lovely trees, though it is thickly surrounded by houses. A high caste Brahmin, who is a poor but very influential man, established this school and watches over it with parental care. His own broad shoulders bore bamboos for the frame-work of the house, and his own generous hands helped mix the mud and build up the walls. Here poor girls and a few poor widows dig in the mines of knowledge for treasures their mothers and grandmothers never even dreamed there was a possibility of possessing. On the day of our visit, two learners were absent. The founder of the school, who went with us, asked sister S. to inquire why they were absent, and then to request him to send for them. They soon came, and the cause of their absence was investigated. There was a quarrel between the two. Rebecca, Maria and Jessie were appointed a committee to take them aside, and if possible induce them to forgive each other. They all soon returned, and said the greatest offender had confessed and was forgiven, and both promised to retain no hatred. "Line upon line" of Christian advice was given them, and the whole school learned a new lesson that day. A few days after, the Brahmin came and said a woman who knew how to read wanted a Christian book, for she was dissatisfied with her religion. Sister S. said to him, "You know where the books are; choose one for her." He took "The Destroyer of Delusion." Again he came and said, "The woman has read the book and says she believes it all, and she means to mind it. I told her to choop, choop, (silence, silence), for I feared she would break up the school." He may say, "Be silent," as much as we like, but as long as he persuades women and girls to learn to read, and puts Christian books into their hands, the "leaven" will work, and though it may for a time work silently, it will work none the less effectually.

School No. 3 is away off in the dark heart of Balasore. The fathers of the pupils are the aristocracy and staunch Hindus. Not a price do they pay for female education. They deemed it great condescension on their part to consent to have their daughters taught. Great difficulty did Babu, P. M. Senapathy, have in obtaining shelter for the teacher and pupils. They were kicked out of one place and spewed out of another, but now have a pleasant place on a wide verandah, which has a high wall a few yards in front, between it and the highway, to protect it from the gaze of saucy and wicked people who pass by. Hur Sawetie, one of the famine orphans, is trying her best to instruct a company of the brightest-eyed and fairest little native girls I ever saw. Good food, and being kept out of the hot sunshine, makes a great difference in the complexion. But these beautiful little girls have not yet learned to be obedient to good rules. When one attempts to read, all the rest wish to act as teachers, and that too when they are quite as ignorant as the one

reading. Good Ooma, sister of brother Kamal Naik, goes daily with Sawetie, and does all she can to help establish order. All in this school seem eager to learn and quite proud of what they already know. They appeared very loving too, toward their teacher and Ooma. The latter they called "Grandma."

No. 4 is a school in the house of old Roger the carpenter, or cabinet-maker, you would perhaps call him. This man was in Bro. Bachelier's employ when I came to the country, over twenty years ago. I do not know as he has ever attended a meeting for the worship of God, but Christian influence has entered the shop, and gradually all the faith Roger ever had in heathenism disappeared, and in its place came a desire to have others instructed. Month after month he importuned sister Smith for a teacher, and she in her turn importuned me. While they were begging, Emily Hampton, day by day grew a little older and a little wiser, and when she was a few months over fifteen, I sent her to teach the wife, daughters, and daughter-in-law of the old carpenter, on his promising to let as many of his neighbors' daughters as wished to learn come in. This school bids fair to be one of the best. Roger's joy glimmers in his eyes and is expressed in words, as well as gratitude can be expressed through those poor mediums. I was glad to learn that Bro. Cooley's old stuttering blacksmith was going to send his only daughter and two nieces, and another blacksmith two daughters. Some one may ask if the parents of the children pay tuition fees. They do not, but perhaps they will when all the parents in old Massachusetts pay. The heathen do not pay for the preaching they hear, (would that they were the only ones who do not help support the gospel,) and we think it quite as important to instruct the women and girls, as to preach to the heathen men and boys. Already some good fruit appears. A girl of only 8 or 10 years decidedly refused to go with her grandmother to visit an idol. She said in nearly Scripture language, "An idol is nothing; though it has eyes it can not see, it has ears, but can not hear, neither can it walk. But God is everywhere, in your house, in my house and out doors, all around. He can see into our hearts, and can hear when we pray to him."

School No. 5 in Balasore is for the little girls of the native Christians, and is taught by Sarda, one of our famine orphans, who though scarcely fifteen, shows an "aptness to teach" which causes us to hope she will be successful.

Dear sisters, in highly favored America, when you pray, will you, can you forget to pray for all these little schools and for their young and inexperienced teachers?

L. CRAWFORD.

"Our Colleges."—Once more.

The College *Courant*, sometime since, having announced that a College Charter had recently been conferred upon a certain Institution, proceeded to extend to the new member of the family the following cordial greeting:

"It is just possible that a majority of intelligent, thinking people, throughout the country, are of the opinion that we are plentifully provided with colleges already, and need no additions to the number; and what gross injustice it is to the colleges worthy of the name, that colleges so called, mushroom-formations, aping the methods and characteristics of the genuine institutions, should multiply on every side, and brazenly assert their claims to popular favor. These educational impostures do so abound," &c., &c.

This passage seems fairly to express a sentiment, prevailing somewhat widely among those connected with, or interested in, the older colleges, concerning the younger and less wealthy institutions. The sentiment is wrong, unjust, cruel. It seems to be founded partly in misapprehension and want of consideration, and partly in a quality which is well nigh universal in human nature.

1. It seems to be assumed that, if the younger and weaker colleges were not established, the money invested in them, and the students which they secure, would go to the older Institutions. But that is manifestly a non sequitur.

2. It is assumed that the older colleges are sufficient for all needs. But this is not so. The expense of attending the larger Institutions is so great as to put their advantages, whatever they are, entirely out of the reach of many students whose needs are no less urgent, and whose desire for instruction is no less intense, than are found among the more wealthy. Hence there is a necessity for the less expensive establishments.

3. It is assumed that the "colleges worthy of the name" have a sort of pre-emption right to all the students the country can afford, and to all the money that can be spared for educational purposes, and that, hence, any new college is an intruder. That assumption only needs stating to show its unwarrantedness.

4. It is assumed that the value of the culture secured by the student is in proportion to the wealth and magnificence and age of the college he attends. This assumption, however, is quite as unfounded as the others. For, in the first place, it sometimes happens that, in the smaller and poorer colleges whose existence seems very precarious, there are found some of the very best instructors,—men of enthusiasm and of principle,—moral heroes,—men who have a purpose in teaching beyond the mere drawing of their salaries,—self-sacrificing men who devote themselves to their work *am amore*, and from a sense of duty,—with scarcely a thought of their own personal interests,—men who labor for their students with almost as much self-forgetfulness as a mother labors for her children,—men who can and do insinuate into the minds of their students something of their own enthusiasm and moral heroism.

The contact with such men does more to "wake up the mind," to make thorough

scholars, to develop the highest qualities in their pupils, than all the costly appurtenances of the most aristocratic institutions.

The expensive libraries, apparatus, cabinets, &c., of many of the old and rich institutions are not, and can not be, made practically available to the student except in a very limited degree. The small libraries of the humbler colleges usually contain many more books than can be used with any advantage by the students during their undergraduate course. And so with cabinets and other appurtenances of colleges and universities. However great may be the abundance of these things, they are of little value to the student farther than he can use them. A man sitting at a table can only eat a certain amount of food; and, beyond a certain limit, no matter how great the amount, variety, delicacy, or costliness of the viands, it is all of little consequence to the eater; and if he attempts to appropriate too much, it proves injurious. So with institutions of learning. It often happens that a large part of their equipments is merely ornamental, including, sometimes, a part of their Professors. This is especially true of the costly buildings and decorations which sometimes swallow up hundreds of thousands of dollars of endowments.

It also often occurs that the moral atmosphere of the large and wealthy College is much worse than that of its more humble compeer. Moreover, it is a matter of simple observation that the small colleges do send out many men of thorough culture, who show themselves efficient in their several spheres, and make their mark in the world. The oldest and richest and most aristocratic do no more, and sometimes not so much. Hence it is evident that the last assumption named is unfounded.

5. But it seems to be assumed that every Institution, taking the name of a College, is to be, or intends to be, exclusively occupied with the higher education,—and that if it has not a full faculty and all the facilities and accessories of a first class University, it is holding out fraudulent inducements, is trying to obtain patronage under false pretenses. But the word college has not everywhere the same signification as in New England. In some parts of the country it more nearly retains its original meaning, and is applied to such schools as are in N. E. called Academies;—such as are occupied with the secondary instead of the higher education; and it is not at all regarded as equivalent to the word University.

Such is the case, for instance, in West Virginia; and the West Virginia College received its name from its original projectors, who seem never to have intended it for anything beyond the secondary education. This was done in accordance with the usage of the people, and long before the F. W. Baptists had anything to do with the matter; and it has not been practicable to change the name since. But it has been determined to furnish the best facilities possible for the secondary education, and not to turn away any who may choose to pursue the higher education with such advantages as the school can afford.

6. It is also assumed that our educational enterprises are drawing away funds from our missionary treasuries. In regard to this, perhaps there is room for doubt. But in reference at least to the W. Va. College, it may be said that no distinction can well be made between the college and the mission. In fact the College, when it came into the hands of the F. W. Baptists, was taken hold of as an essential part of a missionary enterprise; and it has always been the center and vital point of the mission. There is a wide and effectual door opened to the F. W. B. denomination in W. Va., if it will but enter. But in no other way can the denominational interests be so effectually promoted as by sustaining the college.

In respect to this assumption, it is manifest, in view of known facts, that if any of our college enterprises have interfered with the collection of missionary funds, it has not been the newer colleges, and especially the W. Va. College. It is said that "the beginnings of all things are small;" and this has been especially true of the best colleges in the U. S. They have been established by the persistent efforts and sacrifices of men who have been called imprudent. "But wisdom is justified of her children." And if even "imprudent" men have, by their imprudence, their unrequited and unappreciated labors, their nameless sufferings, and their voluntary sacrifices of their slender means, established institutions which are the fountains of life and strength to the church and the nation, let us not cast a slur upon their memories, or blame and hinder others who are doing the same things.

W. COLEGROVE.

God's Plumb-line.

"I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel." Amos 7:8. "Judgment will I also lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." Isa 28:17. A plummet or plumb-line had reference to an instrument used to obtain perpendicular and horizontal lines. It was used in erecting walls to secure their being straight, level and perpendicular.

In Isaiah 27:19, we are told, God has laid in Zion a tried stone for a foundation. This foundation is Christ Jesus, on which he will build his church; the foundation on which men are to build their Christian character and future hopes. By this figure of speech, God intends to impress this fact upon the human heart,—that Christ builds his church by an exact rule, and that whoever will build upon this foundation, must build in righteousness and truth. The Bible furnishes the exact rule by which Christ will build his church himself, or instrumentally by his people. "He will lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." By this rule God requires that we should try our doctrine and moral principles, regulate our lives and govern our hearts. So perfect is this rule, that it is said that the man of

God is thoroughly furnished to every good work. When God sets a plumb-line in the midst of his people, it is this perfect rule. By this, he will discover how much of our work is to be taken down and rebuilt, how much utterly destroyed, and how much can be accepted.

In the fullness of his love, he has provided that the persistent and sincere effort to serve God, shall, (notwithstanding it may be imperfect) be accepted through faith in Christ Jesus. So "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." God can be just, and sinners saved.

But there is another application of this text. God, having laid an ample foundation in Zion for the salvation of sinners, and provided all necessary aid in Christ, and offered it freely, without money, when he comes to execute judgment, "will lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet." By an exact rule which he has revealed, he will execute judgment upon those who obey not the gospel.

This was literally done to the Jewish nation, when God gave them into the power of the Roman army. This will be again witnessed when we all appear at the judgment seat of Christ. By the same exact rule, by which he requires us to regulate our lives, he will judge us in the last day. Even now he stands before us with a plumb-line in his hand, and is trying our lives by an exact rule and measuring every one of us.

"God from on high beholds your thoughts, His book records your secret faults; The works of darkness you have done Must all appear before the sun."

The vengeance to your follies due Should strike your hearts with terror through; How will you stand before his face, Or answer for his injured grace?"

W.

"Because They Want to."

I have been asked by friends lately acquainted with the Freedmen, how it is that they raise so much money for building churches and sustaining their worship. The answer is seen at the heading of this article,—"Because they want to."

This "want to" meets and overcomes the most formidable obstacles; even the very poor man, is strangely exercised by its power. He wants a pound of tea, and he contrives a way to get it. He wants twenty dollars' worth of tobacco in a year, and he is sure to obtain it. And possibly he wants a hundred dollars' worth of whiskey, and behold even that is not lacking.

But, there are others besides tobacco chewers and whiskey drinkers, who have wants, reasonable wants. The gentleman wants a new suit of clothes; they are obtained. The lady, wants to replenish her wardrobe, and the work is accomplished. The merchant wants to enlarge and ornament his place of business, and make additions to the conveniences of his residence. The farmer wants to add to his acres, and it may be, "pull down his barn and build greater," and in due time all these changes take place. The people, in almost every town and city in the land, want to add the sufferers at Chicago, and on the burned districts of the far west, and so millions of dollars, are rolled up as if by magic for their relief!

The inference is, when the friends of God's cause want it to prosper as much as they want other things, the means will not be lacking to push it forward.

A. H. MORRELL.

Harper's Ferry.

S. S. Department.

Impressibility of Children.

We are too readily discouraged in our efforts to impress religious truth upon the minds of children. The brief period of time which any one idea can keep possession of their minds, and the rapid and abrupt transition of their thoughts, often make our attempts appear a failure when they are not so. Geologists show us the indelible impressions of little birds' feet in solid rock; they must have been made when the rock was soft and pliable; there was a touch, and a flitting, and the wanderer was gone on wings swift as thought flies upon passing over the minds of our little ones, and yet there remain the impressions for all time. An incident once occurred impressing this truth upon my mind.

Ned and Jamie came clattering down from their chamber one morning exclaiming, "O auntie, you can't guess what we've been saying. We've been making a resolution," said Ned, "that we would be kind and loving brothers all the week." A few words of approbation and encouragement confirmed their resolution and they went to their play.

That evening, as I sat alone in the twilight, thinking two little hands, play-weary, were laid upon my knee, and on them rested a little head which never seemed to weary. Processions of grotesque and incongruous thoughts chased tireless through the brain, and were as tirelessly spoken.

"Have you succeeded in keeping your resolution?" I asked, stroking the hair.

"Yes," said Ned, doubtfully.

"I suppose," said I, "that in looking back over the day you see some spots where you were not so kind to Jamie as you might have been."

"Yes," replied he, "I do."

"I think I can tell you a way to make such dark spots fewer," said I. "To-morrow morning, as soon as Jamie has gone down stairs, and you can have your room alone, shut the door, and kneel down and ask God to help you to be kind and loving to Jamie all the day, and beg him to give you strength to resist when Satan tempts you to be unkind and cross. If God sees that you desire his help enough to come and ask for it, you may be sure he will give it to you."

"Auntie, can you guess what pants I've got on?" was the sudden interested query before the last words were quite gone from my lips. My heart sank within me. I thought that in the sobbing quietude of the darkness, I had arrested the child's attention. I had been speaking with the hope that my words would arm the little soul for its battles with self; but how far astray my

hopes had led me! "I might as well try to teach that stone anything, as that child," I exclaimed wearily to myself, as I rose to light the lamp.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, I had occasion to go to my room. I found Ned on the stairs just before me, and as he passed on to his chamber, I observed that he closed his door. This was an occurrence so unusual, that it arrested my attention and brought the last evening's conversation to mind. I raised a silent prayer that those words might come back to him, and that his little petition might be heard.

That evening as I sat in the twilight as before, the little hands were again laid upon my knee, and the little head again rested upon them. There followed a few moments' silence, which was a thing so unusual, that I was just casting about in my mind what the cause could be, when the little lips, unequal to longer quiet, opened.

"There are not so many spots as there were yesterday," said the child softly, and still keeping his face in his hands.

"Ah!" said I, "I am delighted to hear it. Did you remember what I said to you last night?"

"Yes," said he, "I did."

"And did you ask God this morning to help you?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and all along through the day, too, and there are not half so many spots to-night."

My heart, which was full of weariness and discouragement the night before, was now full of reproaches, that I should so often have read, and so often have forgotten. "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."—*Christian Weekly*.

THE HALF-WAY PLACE. "John," said the teacher, "have you found the beloved disciple's place, on Jesus' bosom? Are you with him to-day?"

John's eyes and glad smile said even more than his "I hope so."

"And Fred, how is it with you?"

"I guess, if there is any half-way place, I'm there," said Fred, who had been halting some time between Christ and the world.

"And how long do you mean to stay there?"

"I don't know. I can't get any further."

"Ah, you mistake. Where is the half-way place? Where would it have been to the prodigal, had he stopped there? Still a long way from home. No father in sight. No home near. No food. No clothes. No fatted calf. No golden ring. The feast not made. He never would have heard those precious words, 'My son was lost and is found.' He would still have been lost. Half-way home would have been no better than the far country. But there is no half-way place. Half a Christian is still a sinner. Half-way to heaven is nowhere near the pearly gates. Half-way to Christ is still on Satan's ground, for 'he that is not with me is against me.' Christ wants the whole heart or none."

"Do you like half-way friends?"

"No; I despise them."

"Do you suppose Christ wishes such friends? Do not stop any longer where you are. 'If the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, follow him.'"

"The half-way place, if such there be, is Satan's favorite ground."—*S. S. Times*.

WHAT MR. MOODY SAYS. I would rather turn out the good boys and keep the bad boys.

If we have a hundred scholars, but only one good teacher, put them all into one class.

If the teacher is absent it is not the superintendent's place to get a substitute, but the teacher should do that himself.

Instead of giving festivals and parties and entertainments, I have five or ten classes come together with their teachers and spend an evening together.

I find it the best way, if I can not conquer a scholar in the Sunday-school, to go in the week day and see him, make him a present, and tell him I think a good deal of him. I perhaps make him my messenger boy. I put him in the place of honor, give him the best place I have, and be straightened up and makes a very good policeman.

Once I had a "lamb meeting" on a week day night. I had the lamb on the platform and showed it to the children. Then I went through the Bible and found out what it had to say about it. It was one of the most profitable meetings I ever attended. I showed them the lamb in such a manner that they will never see one again without thinking of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

MISTAKES. It is a mistake to suppose that the Sunday-school is not one of the most—if not, indeed, the most—important departments of the church.

It is a mistake to suppose that the very best talent which the church possesses—the warmest hearts, the wisest heads—should not be enlisted in the Sunday-school work.

It is a mistake to suppose that the most influential members of the church—the trustees, stewards, leaders, etc.—would not both give and receive benefit by frequent visits to the Sunday-school.

It is a mistake to suppose that any part of God's house, or any part of God's day, is too good to be occupied in holding the Sunday-school session; that inconvenient hours and damp basements, or contracted lecture-rooms, are good enough for it.

It is a mistake to suppose that, in their efforts to provide spiritual nutriment for the "sheep," pastors are justified in overlooking and neglecting to provide for the "lambs of the flock."—*S. S. Journal*.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. The Sunday-school releases no parent from the obligation to train his offspring in the Scriptures. In instances beyond enumeration, it stimulates, and guides, and helps the parental effort. If in some strange instances, ignorant and careless parents feel absolved from the parental effort by this auxiliary of modern times, there are contrary instances, tenfold more numerous, of parents and families who, from the connection of their children with Sunday-schools, have first become awake to the duty of instructing them, and first learned the best methods of performing it.—*James W. Alexander*.

HINTS TO TEACHERS. The same labor which is required to visit old scholars may serve to hunt up new ones.

The teacher has his own duty to perform, independently of being prompted to by the superintendent.

It is a great privilege to work. He who is prevented by sickness, or any other cause, from a life of activity, is greatly to be pitied.

If you sincerely desire to come into the true light, go to your Bible and turn its leaves, reading with a sincere wish to be led aright.

(Continued from first page.)

ference, we recognize the hand of God in so combining his providences, that we have been permitted to hold this meeting in quietness and without interruption; and while we sympathize with the suffering in that city, we esteem it a privilege that we have been permitted to mingle our contributions with those of the citizens of Hillsdale in aid of those sufferers.

The Conference then adjourned, with prayer by Rev. C. O. Libby.

ARTIFICIAL.

The Conference was called to order by the Moderator. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. H. Hubbard, of Wisconsin.

HOME MISSIONS.

Rev. C. B. Mills, Chairman of the Committee on Home Missions, presented a report in its behalf. The report opens with a statement in regard to the condition and prospects of our Home Mission work. It recognizes the fact that there is more Home Mission work done among us than is generally supposed. While the missionary spirit among our people has manifested itself in efforts not always wise, and in organizing movements not always calculated to reach the greatest measure of success, these organizations should be regarded as evidences of the growth of the missionary spirit among us, and valuable waymarks of progress. The fact that some of these organizations have failed to accomplish their objects should not be considered as occasions of discouragement. The report encourages the policy of considering all our denominational organizations, in a sense, as missionary organizations, and suggests that all our denominational machinery be so harmonized and unified that it may be operated more vigorously. The present danger seems to be that our contributions and efforts may be so confined to the limits of our present organizations, that the great and important fields now opening to us in the south and southwest shall be neglected.

The report expresses the opinion that our parent Home Mission Society should be permitted to exercise a more thorough supervision over all our missionary operations, and give more efficient direction to them. All other organizations should be auxiliary to this organization. Measures should also be taken to bring the claims of Home Missions to the attention of every member of the denomination. A series of resolutions followed. The first resolution expresses devout gratitude to God for the Home Mission spirit which has been awakened among us. The second extends thanks to those who have labored in this cause. The third urges our ministers and membership to prosecute more vigorously this great work. The fourth expresses the opinion that the large measure of success which has attended our Home Mission operations in the Shenandoah Valley and at Cairo and vicinity, should stimulate us to increased efforts in these important fields of labor. The fifth urges the Ex. Committee of the Home Mission Society to employ a Corresponding Secretary who shall devote his whole time to organizing, unifying and directing our denominational work.

The report was adopted, as a whole, without discussion.

Rev. N. C. Brackett, from the same Committee, then offered the following, which was adopted:

Whereas, We have left under our patronage as a denomination but one school among the Freedmen, viz., Storer Normal School, at Harper's Ferry, West Va., and since the permanency of our work in this great field must in the end depend upon the labors of those who shall be raised up among these people, therefore

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Conference that our Home Mission Board should see that an efficient corps of teachers is kept in this school.

The Committee on Home Missions made the following nominations for officers of the Home Mission Society:—President,—Rev. S. Silas Curtis; Vice Presidents,—Revs. F. W. Straight, J. Mariner, J. S. Manning, E. W. Porter and Dr. G. Holmes; Recording Secretary,—Rev. J. D. Stewart; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer,—Rev. J. S. Burgess; Auditor,—L. B. Burlingame; Ex. Committee,—I. D. Stewart, A. H. Chase, L. B. Tasker, D. L. Rice, S. Curtis, J. S. Burgess, O. D. Patch, J. A. Lowell, E. W. Page, L. W. Anthony and C. H. Latham.—At a meeting of the Home Mission Society the above named officers were subsequently chosen.

WEST VIRGINIA COLLEGE.

Rev. A. K. Moulton, Chairman of a special Committee to which the subject was referred, reported a series of resolutions relating to this institution. The first and second resolutions express confidence in its financial management. The third commends the enterprise and its agent, Rev. D. Powell, to the confidence and liberality of our brethren in raising funds, to liquidate the indebtedness of the Institution, and recommends that the Home Mission Board appropriate two hundred dollars at once to relieve the present necessities of the Institution. The fourth recommends the union of said Institution with the proposed College in southern Ohio; to be established by the magnificent gift of Bro. and Sister Atwood. The fifth appoints Revs. I. Z. Hanning, R. Dunn and T. H. Drake a committee to fix the terms of the union and consummate the same. After a brief and pertinent address by Rev. D. Powell on the present necessities of the Institution, the resolutions were adopted, and the Home Mission Board subsequently appropriated two hundred dollars for the relief of the Institution.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

Rev. J. F. Tufts, Chairman of the Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath, presented a brief report. After a preamble, recognizing the divine origin and sanctity of the Sabbath, and calling attention to the fact that there are influences at work calculated to secularize the Sabbath, overthrow its authority and destroy its power as a moral and religious instrumentality, the report contained three brief resolutions. The first was to the effect that the General Conference earnestly appeals to

the denomination to stand by the doctrine upon the sacredness and sanctity of the Sabbath. The second expresses opposition to voting for men for office who advocate the repeal of existing laws relating to the observance of the Sabbath. The third recommends that our ministry give greater prominence to this subject in their public ministrations.

The Chairman of the Committee said that no resolutions had previously come before the Conference at this session relating to this subject, but he did not believe that such would be the case in time to come. He believed that the subject was destined to become one of vital importance.

Rev. G. W. Bean took the same view of the subject, and hoped that the members of the Conference would carry out the spirit of these resolutions in abstaining from Sunday traveling on their way to their homes. The report was adopted.

THE CHICAGO CONFLAGRATION.

Rev. R. Dunn made some statements respecting the extent of the conflagration in Chicago, the sufferings it had occasioned, and stated that, while the brethren in our church there would, under other circumstances, be glad to welcome the delegates of the Conference to that city, he advised that none should visit them at the present time. The brethren of our church there requested the prayers of the Conference in their behalf, and at the request of the Moderator, Rev. A. K. Moulton offered prayer, to which the responses of the members of the Conference were deep and earnest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rev. A. D. Williams, Chairman of the Committee on Correspondence, reported a series of resolutions in its behalf. The first expresses the joy and satisfaction with which the Conference welcomes Rev. J. McLeod as Corresponding Messenger from the Free Christian Baptists, of New Brunswick, and extends to him and his people our cordial greetings and sympathies, and our prayers for their prosperity. The second appoints Rev. O. B. Cheney Corresponding Messenger to the Free Christian Baptists of New Brunswick, and Revs. A. H. Morrell and G. H. Ball Corresponding Messengers to the General Eldership of the Church of God. The third extends an invitation to the various branches of the Free Communion Baptists of whatever name to make themselves more fully acquainted with us, and co-operate with us in disseminating liberal Baptist sentiments, and, if agreeable to them, to unite with us on such terms as the several bodies of General Baptists, and others that have already united with us. The fourth expresses our reciprocity of the kind and fraternal feelings of our General Baptist brethren in England. The fifth expresses satisfaction on the part of the Conference at receiving a letter from Rev. C. H. Malcom, of Newport, R. I. The sixth and seventh resolutions reciprocate the fraternal greetings of the Congregationalists, of Ohio, and the Christians, of Michigan, and appoint Rev. D. M. Graham Corresponding Messenger to the former and R. Dunn to the latter. The report was adopted.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Rev. C. B. Mills, Chairman of the Committee on closing Resolutions, presented the following:

Resolved, 1. That the kind and generous manner in which the people of Hillsdale have welcomed us to their homes and hospitality, will ever be cherished as among our most pleasant memories, and will greatly add to the Christian esteem and affection with which they have heretofore so deeply inspired us.

2. That the very able, impartial and eminently considerate manner in which Hon. and Rev. E. Knowlton has performed the arduous duties of Moderator of this Conference, entitle him to our increased esteem and affection, and that we heartily tender him, and the other officers of this Conference who have so ably assisted him, our sincere thanks.

3. That the thanks of this Conference are extended to the Grand Trunk, Pennsylvania Central, Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroads for the accommodations they have given members of Conference passing over their roads, and for the very gentle manly and courteous treatment we have received from their officers and employes.

4. That our thanks are extended to those of our brethren who were active in securing reduction of fare on the various Railroads.

5. That this session of our General Conference has contributed very largely to strengthen our affection and esteem for each other, to inspire us with greater courage and zeal in the Master's work committed to our hands and to excite anew the glorious hope of meeting each other after the trials and trials of life are ended, in that land where our fellowship will be complete and our happiness perfect.

While the adoption of these resolutions was pending, the Moderator said:

Brethren, I can not but feel grateful to God that he has enabled me to preside over this Conference. I undertook these duties with extreme reluctance, as you well know. I thank you for the co-operation and assistance you have afforded me. During the last twenty-five years, I have attended all our General Conferences, save one, and I have never in all these gatherings witnessed the Christian harmony and fellowship which has been manifested here. May God bless you and return you safely to your homes.

Rev. R. Dunn said: As our church here has no pastor, I took the responsibility of welcoming the Conference to this place; and now I will say a few farewell words in behalf of the people of Hillsdale. As I said before, we could not extend to you so hearty a welcome as we would have been glad to do, in consequence of sickness in many of our families and the session of our County Fair; but we have enjoyed your presence exceedingly. We have indeed felt honored to present the noble body of men, of which this Conference has been

composed, to the people of this community. May God's blessing be with you, brethren, until we meet in that great Conference above.

The resolutions were passed by a rising vote and a hearty good will.

Rev. G. T. Day thought that the thanks of the Conference should be extended to the Committee of arrangements, for the very courteous and efficient manner in which they had performed their duties. It was enthusiastically voted. In response to the inquiry of some one in regard to the money raised for various objects at this session, Rev. Dr. Graham said that \$3,000 had been pledged from various sources to the College. The seventeen hundred dollars raised for the Western Freedmen's Mission, and the sums raised for Foreign Missions, the Cleveland interest and other objects, must swell the sum raised and pledged to \$10,000.

Rev. I. D. Stewart, Secretary of the Conference, rose and said: "There is one more motion to make at this Conference. I move that we now adjourn, and that we join with the Moderator in prayer." The motion was carried, and Rev. E. Knowlton led in prayer. Thus closed the Twenty-first Session of the General Conference of the Free Will Baptists of North America.

The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1871.

GEORGE T. DAY, Editor.

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

The Time for Work.

The vacations are over. Tourists and strollers are back to the spheres of toil. The watering-places are deserted. The tents on the beach are struck and folded and missing. The steamers come back crowded with men and women who have run over the old world for recreation and relief. The country returns its boarders to their homes in the town and city. The merchant goes regularly to his counting room; the teacher is in his chair; the pastor reopens the parsonage and appears again in the pulpit, and the interrupted toil goes on as before the season of vacations approached.

The faces of those who thus come back suggest added life. They are less careworn and pale. The sun and wind have tinted them. The blood comes more freely to the surface. The muscles are less flaccid and the hands have a firmer grip. The step is more elastic. The voice has a cheerier ring and a fuller volume. Work seems less a hardship and more a pastime. Toilers sing at their tasks, instead of sighing. The day's activity is greater and more efficient. The night's sleep is sounder, sweeter and more refreshing. The appetite is less capricious and dainty. There has been an addition to life, and now the recuperated energies are dedicated to an ampler service. "More work" is the watchword.

The season is favorable. The fierce summer heats are over. One does not pant as when the mercury was up among the nineties. The air is crisp and bracing. The blood leaps along the veins. The energies seem to have been coiled as for a spring. One dares more than he did. Hope rises. Courage expands. Faith is greater than it was. Great projects, dismissed in July as impracticable, are now entered on without misgiving. Bridging East River does not now seem so great a job. It is not hard to foresee the speedy completion of the Northern Pacific railroad. The pluck which resolves to rebuild Chicago in ten years seems less like presumption. The very season is a tonic. Indolence and faint-heartedness appear little less than weakness and crime now.

All this is natural, is well. It is a part of God's plan that the fuller life and the reader energy should come after the summer respite and with the autumn air. And most of all it is his plan that this increased vigor of body and brain, of affection and will, of high impulse and broad faith, be used in the sphere of spiritual effort. Now he looks for increased force and efficiency in the churches. The preacher should speak with fresh power and truer unction.

He should bring weightier messages to his people. The deeper truths that have been missed should be found and used now. His heart should be on fire with true zeal. His words should have life. His prayers should lift his congregation. His pungency should cut through all false shields and cheating pretenses. He should lead his church like a captain. His example should rebuke and stimulate the unfaithful. His service should break away from all semblance of routine. His methods should have no hint of ruts. Now, if not before now, he should put a fullness of meaning into his toil, and follow every task with the watching that can be content only with truth. For him this is the time for fresh and larger and truer work.

It is not less so for every Christian. The fresh energy is meant for use wherever it appears. The braided nerves and soul are braced that they may take new burdens and enter into real toil. The Sabbath school class, which has been dropped, may now be taken up again. The deserted prayer-meeting may be fittingly found and filled and made fervent. The neglected Bible may be reopened. The closet may be visited oftener and on more definite errands. The poor may be sought out and helped. The neglected children may be brought to the Sabbath school and the sanctuary. The sick may be visited and soothed with God's promises and a Christian's prayer. The neglectors of the sanctuary and of God may have the gospel preached to them at their homes. Christ may be commended to those who are met in the ordinary inter-

course of life. The home may be blessed by a better Christian example,—a sweeter, devouter, tenderer and more Christ-like spirit. The ignominious plea,—“I pray thee have me excused,”—may give place to the only proper prayer for a Christian disciple,—“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

It is a time for work. The Lord of the vineyard is watching every professed servant. He takes note of both fidelity and indolence. The first hears from him a blessed “Well done,” and a sure promise of success; the second catches only the rebuke,—“Why stand ye here all the day idle?” and may read the fate awaiting the unprofitable servant.

The Lord's call is for workers. He has no place for idlers; no blessing for them; no promise for them till they repent and do works meet for repentance. He has long called for their toil. He calls again. He asks for it to-day; not for the promise of it on some distant to-morrow. In giving the added strength and the added facilities of the autumn, he puts more earnestness into the call. He puts a larger promise behind it, too. Labor may tell now as it could not always tell heretofore,—as it may not always tell hereafter. It is not simply a sacred duty to work now; it is a priceless privilege. We are laborers together with God. Our labor is not in vain when we thus co-work. Let every Christian rise and enter upon true, earnest, practical work in this, God's appointed time, and life shall spring up where death seemed to have sway, the joy of the Lord will be our strength, and the days of our stupor and our mourning will be ended.

The British Throne.

The continued ill health of Queen Victoria is becoming a source of serious anxiety to her subjects. The reports of her condition are somewhat guarded and equivocal. Sometimes it would seem as though the affection were purely one of the body and need occasion no alarm; then it is spoken of as though the mind were losing its tone and balance, and fairly and finally giving way. To-day it is rheumatism; to-morrow it is a dogged stubbornness and defiance. Now it is a severe physical pain that calls for sympathy and medical skill; then it is a strange hallucination that stirs surprise, humiliation and shame, for which there appears no cure, and from which relief is looked for only in the grave. Here a brave hope is expressed that she will soon be herself again, and able to act the Sovereign quite as well as at any time since her husband's death; then the talk of a regency is quite frank, and the probable fate of the monarchy when the scepter falls from her hand is the subject of anxious speculation. Mr. Tilton will have it that she is constantly holding intercourse with departed spirits, like her American namesake, Mrs. Woodhull; and that what is her wisdom, her good fortune and her joy, is set down by her skeptical and foggy counselors as a madness without method and a folly without redeeming features. Precisely what the whole truth is we can not say; but that she is seriously suffering in some way, and that her stay upon the throne, as the representative of a ruling monarchy in England, is in danger of being very brief, is quite evident.

Her death or her retirement may well render the English people uneasy, as they contemplate it in advance. She has won the nation's esteem by her womanly qualities; her domestic excellences have strongly appealed to the heart of a people among whom the home signifies so much; and her bereavements and private griefs have called out and kept alive no little chivalric and generous sympathy. Being a woman, there has been almost nothing in her rule that offended the Englishman's idea of personal liberty and prerogative; being a good woman, she has invested the monarchical idea with something of the sanctity which attaches to her own person. Few men, though they be earnest republicans, will strike fiercely at a throne when they must hit a real woman in order to reach it. They quietly tolerate royalty rather than strip a genuine queen of her vestments and tear the crown from her temples. It is therefore natural that Englishmen should use the formula,—“God save the Queen,”—with a reverent sincerity; it is equally natural that they should accept the evidences that the end of her rule approaches with an unfeigned sorrow and a burdensome anxiety.

But this is not the only ground of their trouble. They think of what is to follow. The Prince of Wales is thoroughly unpopular at home. His style of life is a constant scandal. He lacks brain; he has no apparent capacity for managing public affairs; his tastes are low; his associations make honorable men blush; his lack of almost every quality which Englishmen honor or beget a feeling which falls but little short of contempt. The people are profoundly ashamed of him. He is a terrible burden to them while he is a powerless Prince; they can hardly help asking what it will be when they are forced to bear him as a throne king. The very thought humiliates and half maddens them. They dread the change, and the nearer and more inevitable it seems, the more do their hearts cry out against it. Far better,—as they think and feel,—a pure woman, even though impatient in the council room and extravagant in the indulgence of her private griefs in society, than a stupid king who shames his subjects by his self-complacent and heedless ignorance, and scandalizes them by his open and pitiable vices. It is not strange that they bewail the end of the Queen when it gives them the beginning of the Prince.

Besides, the anti-monarchical party in England, which has been growing rapidly in both strength and numbers during the last decade, will be likely to hail the Queen's death or final retirement as a signal for a general rally and a determined fight for republicanism. They number

many earnest men. Not a little of the solid thought of Great Britain moves in the direction of representative government. The throne signifies less and less to reflecting citizens. It is beginning to seem like an expensive bauble rather than the fit symbol of a useful idea. It rings hollow at the touch. It is coming to look like a sham; and Englishmen are somewhat impatient of shams. And when the Prince occupies it, it will represent a double sham instead of a single one, and their patience will be subjected to a severe strain. If the republicans enter upon hasty, extreme and violent measures, the orderly and conservative elements that prevail in England may take alarm and bring in a reaction after fierce struggles that heat passions and draw blood. But if prudent counsels prevail, and patience is blended with the contests of knowledge, and faith with the logic of votes, the days of monarchy in England are likely to be few. That Englishmen should dread such a revolution is natural enough; that they should protest and struggle against it is to be expected; that it should bring temporary disturbances and local disasters is perhaps inevitable; but the quiet establishment of free government in that land would mark the highest political achievement of the century, and most fittingly supplement the honored rule of the present Sovereign. Monarchy could never end there more creditably than to put off its pretensions at the grave of Victoria; Republicanism could hardly find a better reason for taking up its abode at Buckingham Palace, than is found in the fact that it would finally dismiss such a Prince from its threshold to the sphere of private life.

The Plea of the Colleges.

On our second page will be found an article in which the writer not only seeks an arrest of judgment in the matter of multiplying colleges, but appeals also for a change of verdict. Whether it is so meant or not, one would very naturally infer from the article that the colleges which have the smallest right to life and public confidence are those which have become firmly established, which are amply endowed, well supplied with buildings, libraries, apparatus, available funds, professors, &c.; and so these features, wherever they appear, may well beget distrust and call out severe criticism.

It is a somewhat novel theory, that, as facilities multiply in connection with a college, the more doubtful are the advantages which it offers,—since its funds are likely to be misapplied, its libraries and apparatus to become useless lumber, its professors to become stupid and self-seeking, and its students to go out unquickened and inefficient. If this be really so, then it would seem that West Va. College is fortunate in being pressed with poverty, in having a dearth of buildings and facilities, in being chiefly occupied with “the secondary education,” as well as especially blessed in having the consecrated and magnetic service of teachers who inspire and ennoble the students that resort to it. Ought it not to be grateful under the burdens which press upon it,—to protest against large donations, and to pray for deliverance from the evils of abounding outward prosperity? That would seem to be a legitimate inference; for the hostile criticism of the paper is directed against the strong and well endowed institutions, while the panegyric is reserved for the institutions of subordinate aim and limited facilities. Making all allowance for the intense earnestness which naturally accompanies self-defense, we can not help thinking that Bro. Colegrove has rather overdone the thing in his plea that the defendant may be allowed to change places with the plaintiff.

The method adopted in arguing against our position might have been more prudently chosen. No such things were assumed as are alleged in his first three specifications. The fourth specification is incorrectly made. To urge that a college, in order to a good reputation and a living patronage, must hasten to secure the facilities which are needful for the performance of proper college work, is not the same thing as saying that the real value of a college is proportioned to its wealth and magnificence. The fifth specification, as Bro. C. puts it, begs the question. We prize the work done in giving what he calls “the secondary education.” We have urged that this work be undertaken wherever there is a fair prospect of success. We only objected against the general attempt to try and make real colleges of these lower schools, where the demand was not imperative, and where failure,—partial or total,—was almost sure to follow. And if a real college was not sought and expected, we objected to the use of a name which almost surely misleads the public at first; and then reacts mischievously upon the institution. Our critic assumes that it is proper to call a mere academy a college, and thus begs the question. We object to it, both on the ground of usage and of the highest expediency. The exceptions to this usage do indeed sometimes appear, but one might hesitate to copy them. Whitestown, N. Y., has a nominal University some years since; but prudent and modest men might well decline to endorse the policy concerned in founding and naming it. It is just as well to consent to pass for what we are; we are pretty sure to pass for just about this, sooner or later, whether we consent or not.

We are a little surprised at this sensibility on the part of our brethren. No disparagement of their work has been hinted at. Their interest and effort in behalf of a true Christian education are their glory and our joy. They may be right in supposing that it is wise for us, at the present time, to attempt the building of half a dozen new colleges,—when the standard is going upward every year,—when the competitions induced by the public school system and the work of the wealthier denominations constantly gain in intensity,—when failures can not be hid a corner nor fail to beget a serious distrust,—when weakness is becoming a more serious impeachment in the

public esteem,—when our two colleges,—Bates and Hillsdale,—are crying out with an intense earnestness that is almost agonizing for large and speedy additions to their funds, facilities and forces, as indispensable to save them from disaster and failure,—and when our other interests wait impatiently for our educational necessities to be partially relieved, so that they may have the help which they can not much longer forego. They may believe, we say, that now is the time to rear these new colleges. We most seriously doubt it;—so seriously that we dare not withhold the expression of the doubt.

Why do we speak? It is not that we lack appreciation of culture, even of the “secondary” sort; nor appreciation of the enterprise, general or local, which is intent on doing something, and believes it can be done, in spite of difficulties and hard work; nor appreciation of the humble beginnings out of which most of what is noble has sprung; and out of which most of what is yet to be noble must still spring. We are anxious that our resources may be discreetly used; that the noble and brave hearts among us may not use up their bravery in disappointing projects; that heroic effort may not be wasted in beating the air. That is what we dread, and would if possible avoid. It may be that our logic is faulty, our faith dim-witted, our fear groundless. We shall be glad to find the facts convicting us;—we doubt very much whether such logic or criticism as we print this week will make us a convert to the theory in whose behalf they appear.

If Bro. Colegrove is photographing his own spirit when he describes the teacher in the “secondary” school, we are sure that he will in no wise lose his reward; if West Va. College fills out the ideal of the younger institution of learning which he has held up for our admiration, we are confident that Providence will take care that it has a future and wields a victorious power. Trusting that both these things are so, we shall hail with jubilant heart and voice every new step it takes in the upward path, and readily risk the mischief threatened by additions to its funds, its buildings, its apparatus, its library, and its Faculty.

Is not this debated college question really understood and sufficiently discussed by this time? Will not the problem be more satisfactorily solved by the results of tomorrow than by the syllogisms of to-day?

Public Worship.

Since the command was given to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and Christ authorized the Christian Sabbath when he said, “The Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,” no one need doubt in regard to its design, as a day of rest and of worship. Man's moral and physical nature demand it. One day in seven is required to resuscitate our powers of body and of mind. If this were all, the idea of rest would satisfy the demand. But we are moral and accountable beings, made to worship God, without which powers would dwindle and we should suffer a fearful loss. These powers are to be resuscitated by the worship of God, and the Sabbath was given us for this very purpose, that we might remember God and his day to keep it holy in his service. “The Sabbath is made for man,” to satisfy a demand, not only in his physical and mental nature, but also in his moral; and as a wise provision of God, it should be carefully and faithfully observed as a day of rest and of worship.

Notwithstanding the provision, the demands of our natures and the commands of God, there are multitudes who do not have self-respect enough to be found regularly in the house of worship. He who does not fear God nor regard man has not a very elevated opinion of himself. But he who really has respect for his physical, intellectual and moral well being, respects and honors God, and of course has an interest in his worship sufficient to induce him to be found regularly in his house. The liberal Christian says:

On the grounds of experience and reason alone, the setting apart of one seventh of the time, and that periodically and on one given day, to sacred rest from business cares and bodily toil, and for religious worship and instruction, is the most precious heritage from the past, and the most practically useful custom of civilized and Christian society. It is because the Sabbath is made for man that he should observe it in a Christian sense. It alone has power to arrest the cares and toils of whole countries and cities. It is the great alternative of life. It probably does more for the health and sanity of the community than any other institution. It is an oasis in the desert of labor, to be looked forward to and enjoyed in advance all the busy week. It allows the over-driven to gather their thoughts up and take a new departure. It brings families together for their only continuous intercourse—the children from school, the young men from their stores and desks, the fathers from their all-absorbing offices, and it does it in the name and under the sanction of religion. What a blessing, on any grounds, is this pause beneath God's eye, this universal recognition of a higher business than that of the mart or the field or the shop! A day to think of God, and duty, and immortality; to be reminded of death and judgment; to hear Christ's Word expounded; to search the Scriptures; to pass some time in the secret closet of devotion; to join the multitude, and go up to the house of God in company with kindred and neighbors!

Now, shall we be able to preserve the Sunday, even for purposes of rest, if we abandon it as a day of public worship and instruction? We see how the foreigners who have ceased to think of it as a holy day tend to make it a holiday.

STORIES OF THE GREAT FIRE. It will be a long time before the tales of terror connected with the great conflagrations in the west will cease to be told with tremulous lips or to be listened to with throbbing hearts and white faces. We have received several such partial personal narratives, some from our own subscribers who shared the horrors of that terrible night in Chicago. We do not print them, not because they are without interest or value, but because they are without sympathy;

Poetry.

Born To-Day.

WHAT MAMMA SAYS.

And still another bark's set sail
Upon the waves of being;
Though sunny calm or storm prevail,
Guard her, thou great All-seeing.

Two dainty hands—I pray they may
Not fall in grand endeavor;
Another precious soul to-day
Sets out for the Forever.

Dear, unshod feet, so white and small,
Just fashioned by the Graces;
O Father, grant that they may fall
For aye in pleasant places!

The violet eyes e'en now have caught
The light and shadows flitting;
Already on the throne of Thought
Bright Intellect is sitting.

We read to-day chapter the first,
Beginning life's sweet story;
And joy that wingless wings have burst
The swaddling bands of glory;

That from our mother-heaven the wings
Of our guardian angel
Have borne to us the bird that sings
The songs of the Evangel.

And while we kiss the dainty mouth,
We sing with hearts o'erflowing,
"Oh, blow, ye winds, or north or south,
She shall not know you're blowing."

"Ye may not pipe at best so strong,
That ye have power to harm her,
The little dainty bird of song,
Who does to-day life's armor."

WHAT LULU SAYS.

I'm a poor little sorrowful baby,
For Biddie is "way down stairs";
My titten has stashed my finder,
And Dolly won't say her prayers.

I ain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so long ago;
An' I ain't her tummy-baby
No longer, for Biddie said so.

My ma's dot an' her new baby;
Dad dived it—He did—yes—erday,
An' it kites, it kites, oh so drefful!
I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet little sister!"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tise me, an' tise me,
An' tate me her precious Lulu!

I duss my bid papa will t'ine me
A "little doot titten some day";
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
I wis' e'w would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunning yod finders!
It sees me yite out o' its eyes;
I duss we will tite it, and dive it
Some tanny whens'er it kites.

I duss I will dive it my Dolly
To play wid mos' every day;
An' I duss, I duss—Say, Biddie,
As' Doot not to tate it away.

—Woman's Journal.

The Family Circle.

Coals of Fire.

"Oh, please don't go that way, mamma; not that way!"

"Well, don't tug so at my hand, dear. Why don't you wish to go down this street?"

"Why, Caspar lives in that brown house, you know."

"Yes, I know it; but what of that, Bessie?"

"Oh, he makes faces at me, and jumps out from behind things, and says 'Boo!' very loud."

"But he never hurt you, did he?"

"No; but it makes me jump and scream sometimes."

"Well, don't scream, then. If you stop jumping and screaming, I am pretty sure Caspar will stop teasing; and really, Bessie, it is too foolish for a little girl as old as you are, to be so afraid of nothing at all."

"O dear," cried Bessie, almost in tears. "If you could only be a little girl again for about five minutes, mamma, and have a big, horrid boy spring out at you!"

"I think if I were that little girl," interrupted her mother, "I should walk straight along, and try not to mind him. Caspar isn't a bad boy at all, only mischievous, like many other boys. He doesn't wish to make you really unhappy, dear, I am sure; and if any one should tell him that it was unkind, I think he would stop."

"No, he is very cruel," said Bessie, decidedly. "His eyes are so big and black, and he snaps them hard at me, and—and—sometimes I almost hate him."

The last words were said in a very low tone, for Bessie knew they were naughty. Her mother answered gravely:

"I am sorry to hear you speak so. It is a dreadful thing to hate anybody. Perhaps you won't dislike Caspar so much when I tell you something about him."

Bessie hung her head and was silent, and her mother continued:

"Caspar's mother died when he was quite a little child, and I don't think he can remember her at all. She was a good woman, and would have taught Caspar to be gentle and kind. His father is hardly ever at home, you know, and so he sees very little of him; and I am afraid that Mrs. Brown, who keeps house for them, does not take the care of them, she might, and is anything but kind to them. Since he was quite small, he has run wild about the streets, with hardly any one to teach him any good. Strong boys do not know how easily little girls are frightened, or how very much they suffer from fear. If they did, I am sure most of them would stop teasing, for it really is very cruel sport."

"I am sorry for Caspar now, mamma; but really it doesn't make me like him very much."

"Do you wish to know what will make you like him, Bessie?"

"Why, will anything, mamma?" asked

the little girl, her eyes opened wide with surprise.

"Perhaps so. You can try and see, at any rate. It is a way I have seen tried a good many times, and it generally turned out very well."

"Oh, do tell me, please, mamma; I want to like him, very much."

Bessie's mother took no notice of the last part of her speech, but went on:

"When you dislike persons for being unkind to you, or indeed, for any other reason, the best plan is to be kind to them—to go out of your way to do them some kindness. It will probably make you feel more gently toward them, and may very likely make them kinder to you."

"Yes, that would be grateful; I can understand that," said Bessie, "but not how it can make me like them any better."

"Well, dear, the best way to understand it is to do it, and then see what happens afterward. Will you try, darling?"

"I don't think I shall have a chance," said Bessie, doubtfully. "I don't like to go near him."

"There, we got by his house some time ago," said her mother, "and, didn't even have a sight of him. How foolish it would have been to go round by the other street. We should not have gained anything by being cowards."

The next morning, Bessie had nearly reached school in safety, when she heard from the other side of the hedge an unearthly screech, which nearly made her hair stand on end. Though she really could not help starting a little, she remembered her mother's good advice, and only walked a little faster toward the school-house. Caspar could not come near to trouble her in school-time, for the two children were in different classes; and, besides, the teacher was too good and strict to let the scholars play teasing tricks upon each other.

When recess came, the little boys and girls took down their luncheon-baskets before going out to play; but Caspar wandered about the room with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

"Eat your lunch quick, Caspar," said another boy, "or we shan't have time for that game of ball."

"I shan't keep you waiting long," replied Caspar. "I haven't a scrap of lunch to-day; so I'm ready whenever you are."

"Why, what did you do with it?"

"Oh," said Caspar, carelessly, "Mrs. Brown got angry with my dog this morning, and said he stole some meat off the table, so I couldn't have any lunch. I didn't see why, exactly, but it's no matter; I shall only have a better appetite for dinner, I suppose."

Just as he said this, he caught sight of Bessie, who was leaning over her desk, holding out to him a sandwich in one hand and a pear in the other. As he looked toward her, the timid little girl grew frightened at her own boldness, and drew back quickly. Caspar did not understand her motion, and thought she meant to tease him by holding something out and then taking it back. So, running up to her desk, he roughly snatched away the pear, and ran around the room, at last coming back and holding it just out of her reach, pretending to take bites out of it, and saying—

"Don't you wish you could get it?"

"I meant it for you in the first place, and the sandwich too," said Bessie, quite offended; "but I did think you'd take 'em politely, and not snatch like a—a—animal."

Caspar dropped the fruit as if it had been hot.

"I don't want your poor little pear," said he, looking thoroughly ashamed. "I'm sorry, but I thought you were only trying to bother a fellow."

"Oh, but you must take it," Bessie said, eagerly. "I have had all I want, really and truly."

Caspar looked for a moment, with longing eyes, on the sandwich, which seemed very much nicer than the stale scraps with which Mrs. Brown usually favored him, then he shook his head, and turned to go away; but Bessie was too quick for him. She suddenly raised the sandwich to his lips, and he had to put up one hand to keep it from falling. Then she put the pear into his other hand, and ran away as fast as she could, rather frightened at what she had done, to tell the truth, but rather glad too.

Part of the way to and from school lay through a field, and through this field ran a brook. This brook was just too wide to step or jump over, but a plank was laid across it, which the children used as a bridge. On this particular afternoon, Bessie was a little behind the rest of the children, and when she came to the edge of the brook, all the others had crossed over. But, just as she was going to follow them, a naughty, rude boy, on the other side, pulled away the plank, and left her with no way of getting across. Fortunately, at this very minute, Caspar happened to turn round, saw poor Bessie's plight, and came running toward her. It did not take him long to put back the little bridge; though he got pretty well splashed in doing so; and then he helped Bessie across as carefully as if they had always been the best of friends. All the other children had gone, so they walked along together, neither speaking for a minute or two; but at last Caspar said—

"You were good to give me your lunch to-day, Bessie. What made you do it? I know I'm rather ugly to you sometimes. What did make you, anyway?"

Bessie was rather confused at this question, and twisted and untwisted the handle of her bag, before she could say: "I thought, maybe—my mother said—you see"—and then she got very red in the face, for she was too kind-hearted to tell him about her talk with her mother, and did not know what else to answer. But Caspar spoke instead:

"Well, I know why, if you don't. It's because you're a jolly, good-natured little

thing, and I think you'd keep house for us a lot better than Ma'am Brown—give me plenty of doughnuts, and all that sort of thing. Well, I won't howl at you over the fence any more. I s'pose you don't like it much, do you?"

"Oh, thank you," said Bessie gratefully; "and if you'd please not make that dreadful kind of a face you did yesterday!"

"Well, you must tell me which one, so I can be sure to remember," said Caspar, in whom the torturing spirit was not entirely conquered. "Was it this one?"

But Bessie turned away with such evident horror that he was quite penitent, and readily promised never to do it again; and by the time she reached home she could tell her mother that she did almost like Caspar.

As the plan had turned out so well on this occasion, Bessie was ready to try it on many others, and it succeeded well with everybody, the more so as she never made a parade of her good nature, but was always a modest, humble girl.—*Children's Magazine.*

A Funny Family.

You've heard a good deal about the families who live in the sea. There are the *Polypfera*, the *Mollusca*, and—O dear! I can't tell you half the interesting families with dreadful names who live in that damp place.

I wonder what they'd think, if they knew what names they are known by here!

I want to tell you about one family. They have their honorable, scientific name as well as their neighbors, and it is *Acetophoe*, but people not very wise—like you and me—call them jelly-fishes.

It's a very good name for them, too, for they have no bones, and they look more like lumps of jelly than anything else.

When they die, they just melt, or dissolve away into nothing. A jelly-fish weighing thirty pounds, will, in a short time, fairly melt away, and leave hardly anything but a wet spot in the sand.

In spite of this unpleasant habit, they are the most beautiful family in the ocean. To begin with, they are almost transparent, like soap-bubbles, and of the most exquisite colors. They are so brilliant, that in pleasant weather, when they ride near the surface, they color the sea for miles and miles.

At night they not only color it, but give it a most wonderful phosphorescence. The waves fairly sparkle, and at any disturbance the water seems to burst into red or blue flames. A boat going through seems to sail in a lake of melted silver, and the spray looks all fire. It is a marvelous and beautiful sight, and all due to these little jelly-fishes.

These soft, transparent little fellows are not very easily examined. There really seems to be nothing of them but a lump of jelly, and naturalists couldn't make much out of them, till one of them happened to think of an experiment to try.

He could easily find a mouth—indeed, I don't suppose there's a creature in the sea, or out of it, hasn't that useful organ. Well, into this mouth he forced some milk. The funniest dose that jelly-fish ever took.

Of course the milk went to his stomach; and as the naturalist could see through him, he could see just where it went. And thus he found out, that his structure was most beautiful; and though he had no bones, he had many organs if he was full of bones.

A very odd thing about him too, is that he breathes through his skin. You would naturally think such a delicate, dainty creature must feed on dew. Far from it—he is very greedy; snaps up everything that comes in his way, and stuffs it into his mouth.

There are many varieties of this droll family, all sizes, from a tiny atom of a jelly-doll, to the size of a marble, up to those nearly as large as an umbrella. Many of them are shaped like an umbrella, with a beautiful fringe hanging from the edges. But this fringe, however lovely it may look, isn't safe to touch, for it is armed with thousands of needles, and stings dreadfully. In fact, the pretty creatures have another name, not so nice as jelly-fishes, and that is sea-nettle.

One of them, distinguished by the name of *Rhizostoma*, is as large as a big parasol. It is white, with violet and blue border. It has no fringe, but has eight innocent-looking arms hanging down under this blue and violet umbrella. This oddity has a great many tiny mouths, all down the edges of its arms, and of course it must eat the smallest creatures, that one can't see without a microscope. When he is disturbed he can shut his umbrella, and sink.

Another of the family, the *Medusa*, has a mouth big enough to make up for his cousin's little ones. He is ornamented with a fringe. At some seasons the mother *Medusa* is also adorned with gay festoons of tiny eggs of the loveliest colors.

There's a funny thing, I want to tell you about these eggs, when they are hatched into babies. Most babies, you know, are like their mothers; that is, a cat's baby is a little cat, and a cow's baby is a little cow. But a *Medusa's* baby isn't a little *Medusa*. Not by any means. First, it looks not much like anything, but it gradually grows till it looks like a pile of live plates. After living awhile in that shape, the upper plates begin to wriggle and twist, and finally with a mighty jerk it comes off; and there's a little star-shaped creature, that after a while grows like its mother. The next plate soon gets uneasy, and thus they all finally separate.

Another of the family has still odder babies. Out of one egg will grow a creature that looks like a plant. It is fixed to the rock, and can't get around; but lives and dies, a beautiful feathery or plant-like animal. But strangest of all, its babies are like their grandmothers.

One of the family is quite as famous as the Portuguese man-of-war. It looks like a floating bladder a foot long, of transparent crystal and blue. On top stands a sail, or

comb, with red edges, and under the water hang long streamers, blue and violet colored. They can be stretched out eighteen or twenty feet; but pretty as they look, they're very dangerous to little fishes. As soon as he touches one of these garlands of death, he is seized and paralyzed. Then the streamers roll up and carry him to the mouths, of which this beauty has a good many. They suck the good out of him as you suck an orange. In this way he can eat fishes much bigger than himself.

He isn't a very nice fellow for a man even to touch. One naturalist accidentally had his hands entangled in these pretty floating cords, and in an instant he felt as though his hand had been plunged into boiling oil.

You'd soon learn to keep your hand off of things if you had much to do with sea-nettles. And that's a very hard lesson for some people to learn.—*Oliver Thorne.*

Kate and Patty.

It was Christmas-day, but Kate stood by the window, looking out on the falling snow with a very sober face.

"What is the matter, Kate?" asked Auntie. "Why don't you play with your new doll?"

"I don't care for her now, Auntie," said Kate, slowly.

"Why not? I thought you liked her very much, last night."

"So I did, but my doll has a china head and a cringing Thibet dress; and I've seen Mary Grant's to-day, and it's ever so much prettier! She's a wax head, and she's dressed in blue silk. I don't like my dishes either; I wanted gilt and white instead of flowered ones. And see, it's snowing, and I shan't get a ride to-day."

Auntie thought a few minutes.

"Kate, dear, shall I tell you a little story I read last Christmas?"

Kate smiled. "Yes, Auntie, please."

"A little girl named Patty lived with her mother in a basement room—one room, Kate—in a large city. They were very poor, and the mother had to go out to work, leaving Patty alone a great deal. Christmas eve the poor woman was going home from her work, looking in at the lighted store windows, and wishing she could buy a gift for her little girl. She did not think of herself, though she shivered with cold. She was not going to have turkey or roast beef, pudding or pie, for dinner, next day, but she said to herself they should not be hungry, and that was a great deal. They had bread and milk and potatoes. And she spent one bright penny—all she could spare to get a stick of mint candy for Patty."

But as she walked along she saw something white on the pavement. She stooped and picked up a piece of clay pipe—only a piece, Katie! You don't know how pleased she was. Home she went with a cheerful heart, and when the little girl was in bed and fast asleep, she slipped into her stocking the candy and the broken pipe. Very early Patty awoke, and fairly screamed for joy when she found them.

"For hours of that day she blew bubbles, happy as a bird. What would she have said, Katie, to your Christmas gifts?"

Kate looked ashamed. "I was not good, Auntie," she said. "I don't deserve my pretty things."

Auntie kissed her, and she went to her play with a bright face and kept it.—*Children's Hour.*

A Boy to Old Men.

I can not pick up a newspaper without "Advice to Boys" staring me in the face. Old men write it, I s'pose. Nobody else is capable of giving advice to boys, of course not! They know all about us, they do, 'cause they have been there. Advice is a good thing to have, no doubt, and no family should be without it, but a fellow don't want to be crammed with it all the time to the exclusion of all other diet.

Now, old men need advice occasionally, but in looking through the newspapers, I don't see that they get it. So I just thought I would write a little "advice to old men" myself, if I am not presuming too much, as Aunt Chloe says,—"and I presume I am."

In the first place, you old chaps ought to get over telling how much smarter boys were when you were boys than boys are now. You believe it yourself, of course, 'cause you've told it so many times, but boys can't see it. We have a notion that boys are boys, pretty much, except some are girls, the world over, and one generation of them don't live over another generation to any alarming extent.

Only let you tell it, and you could out-run, out-jump, out-wrestle, and out-anything else of the rising generation of to-day when you were a boy. Grandfather, who has got the gout and half a dozen different kinds of rheumatism, is always saying,—"I would I were a boy again." I would be, too. If I couldn't beat him running, and flop him on his back, side hold, I don't want a cent.

I wouldn't go so far as to say, "Parents, obey your children," but I would suggest to fathers that they give us a hearing occasionally on matters in which we are the most interested party. Don't make us go and slide down hill when we want to skate, and don't try to make preachers of us when we much prefer to run a saw-mill.

After giving us boys sage advice about our conduct and how to behave, you old men ought to be careful how you get to relating your boyish scrapes to each other, and laughing over them, before we get out of ear-shot.—*Golden Hours.*

A Chinese convert being asked, "Who is the children's friend?" replied: "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God the Father is their friend, and the Holy Spirit too, but I think Jesus Christ is their best friend."

Flattery is like the usurer, who makes small loans on short time, and demands exorbitant interest.

Literary Review.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST. From the earliest times to the conquest by Alexander the Great, including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor and Phoenicia. By Philip Smith, B.A., author of "The History of the World." Illustrated by Engravings on wood. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1871. 12mo. pp. 649. Sold by A. Williams & Co.

We have often taken occasion to call attention to the Students' Series of Histories, published by the Messrs. Harper, and to commend them for the happy method in which information has been condensed in them, and for the economy and value, which distinguish them. This last addition is worthy of the place which it is to fill in the series. The substance of many huge volumes has been compressed within this single book, and the results of ample learning and thorough study are spread out in clear and concise statements. A very good view of the several countries dealt with is presented, the results of the latest, richest and most thorough historical researches are brought together, the illustrations often throw real and needed light upon the statements in the text, and the whole work has been done in a way that shows both painstaking and skill. We know of nothing in the same line and for the same money that approaches in real value this set of standard Histories.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. In 1871, with a full account of the bombardment, capture and burning of the city. By W. Pembroke Petridge, editor of "Harper's Guide-Book to Europe and the East," etc. Illustrated with a map of Paris and portraits from original photographs. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1871. 12mo. pp. 516. Sold by A. Williams & Co.

Mr. Petridge does not aim to give us the final statement and estimate of that strange movement which was the disgrace of modern civilization and the horror of the world, known as the struggle of the Paris Commune for supremacy. It is too early to assign that terrible episode its real place and utter over it the full and abiding verdict. But the work which this author has done was greatly needed, and he has performed it with manifest painstaking and with singularly good judgment. He was a resident of Paris at the time, and he had long been acquainted with what was peculiar in her spirit and life. He enjoyed unusual facilities for obtaining information, and he has a patient and persevering spirit when laboring to find the real truth mingling with conflicting accounts. He writes in a plain style, exhibiting no mere rhetorical ambition, and never consciously allowing his convictions and prejudices to color his narrative or warp his statements. He tells the story plainly and with real interest, and has supplied the very information which the cursory reader of to-day and the philosophic historian of the future will alike need and prize. The scenes pass before us in rapid succession as if a living panorama were in motion; the noble and the pitiable aspects of human nature exhibit themselves again and again; grand sentiments and brutal passions clash hands as if they were natural allies; and a seeming triumph of God's authority leads in a carnival of satanism. Mr. Petridge has rendered a valuable service in the prompt and careful preparation of this volume, which is sure to find immediate readers and to have a place among works of reference on which the student of the future will draw freely for his facts and illustrations. The numerous portraits of the prominent actors in that fearful drama, though rough and inferior specimens of lithography, add not a little to the interest of the volume. It is issued in a style worthy of the enterprising House from which it comes.

LECTURES ON SATAN. By Rev. Thaddeus McKee, pastor of Presbyterian church, McVeytown, Pa. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1871. 16mo. pp. 173.

One may perhaps smile at the subject of this book, and be reminded of the themes which so largely occupied the schoolmen of the middle ages, and wonder whether the author has assumed the rôle of the philosopher, the seer or the interpreter of Scripture. In fact it is this last mentioned function with which he is professionally busy; though, on account of the meagreness of the information and the fewness of the hints to be found in the Bible, he deals largely in logic, criticism, homily and exhortation. His views are what would be generally deemed orthodox and conservative; he is reverent as well as dogmatic; he writes in a plain, strong pulpit style; he gives more space to the "improvement" than to the exposition of his various topics, and has put the generally accepted views of the church, upon the personage with whom he deals, into a definite and effective form of statement perhaps as any predecessor.

THE POLITICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Post Laureate. Complete edition. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 12mo. pp. 304. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

The special merits of this edition of Tennyson are found in its completeness, convenience and cheapness. The type and paper are good, the flexible covers make it a handy volume for the pocket, and the very low price at which it is sold will enable almost any one desiring it to become the possessor of all that has made the reputation of perhaps the most widely popular singer of his generation.

HOW TO DO IT. By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1871. 16mo. pp. 260. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

This series of papers, whose character is such that scarcely any single term would adequately describe them,—making a sort of literary chowder in which all the elements are choice and savory,—is reprinted from one of our most popular and hard working writers. There is a deal of pleasant reading here, not a little quiet proof, some effective warning, and an ample supply of wholesome suggestion and needed advice to the young, all given in such form that few can find any ground for complaint or any apology for refusing to listen or failing to learn. Mr. Hale does everything in his own way, and does nothing indifferently.

HYMNS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1871. Square 16mo. pp. 168.

This smaller and more readily handled collection of hymns and music has been chiefly compiled from "Hymns of the Church,"—the very full and excellent collection for Congregational use in public worship which is published by the same House, and which we commended at the time of its first issue. It is meant especially for social and family worship, and is thoroughly excellent. There is real character in the work throughout,—in both the music and poetry,—and yet there is no real lack of the quality which is adapted to stir the emotions and impart life to the prayer meeting. Its mechanical excellences are such as make the book beautiful to the eye like a picture. 75 cts.

SACRED CROWN: New hymn tunes, anthems, sentences, mottoes and chants, for public and private worship; together with a complete practical and progressive system of elementary instruction, written expressly for this work. By D. F. Hodges and G. W. Foster. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1871. pp. 384. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

This book, though not so very unlike many others with which the press of the country is

teeming, and with which the orchestra seats in our churches are being piled, is not without merits. It has variety, some originality in method, a portion of its new compositions are pleasant and will wear a little time, the exercises for singing schools that are mixed in with its instruction are vivacious and agreeable, some of the anthems are really good,—and, on the whole, it will do its authors no discredit even in this day of rivalries and good work. It will have its day, and then disappear and be forgotten.

CRIBBLE AND CROSS-TREE; or, The Sea-Swallow of S. S. S. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," etc. With four-teen illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1872. 16mo. pp. 294. Sold by E. J. Lane & Co.

FIRE IN THE WOODS. By Prof. James De Milie, author of the "B. O. W. C." etc. Illustrated. Same Publishers, etc. 1872. 16mo. pp. 328.

THE SPARK OF GENIUS; or, The college life of James T. S. By Eliza Kellogg, author of the "Elm Island Series," etc. Illustrated. Same Publishers, etc. 1872. 16mo. pp. 372.

THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM of pretty pictures with short stories. By Uncle John. Twenty-six thousand. Same Publishers, etc. 1871. Square 16mo. pp. 300.

THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY ALBUM. By the author of "A Trap to catch a Sundew," etc. With upwards of one hundred and fifty illustrations. Third edition. Same Publishers, etc. pp. 320.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard make a specialty of juvenile books, and the quality is scarcely less noticeable than the quantity. Their issues in this department have a standing throughout the country. These last products will command attention and patronage.—Oliver Optic's *Onward and Upward* series is one of his best, and this volume is equal to any of his predecessors.—Mr. Kellogg has struck a new vein in this production, and he is working it to good advantage. It heralds significant successors, which will be very welcome and have no lack of popularity.—It is quite enough for us to announce another addition to the B. O. W. C. series by De Milie, to set the eyes of the boys flashing, and bring out eager hand-clapping from the girls, in anticipation of "a real jolly time" over his kindling pages.

Best Parlors.

To those of us who have been tasting the summer in the sweet breath and freedom of the country, our homes will seem dull and straitened enough as we re-enter them. Now is the time, before the old habits and scales blind our eyes, to look about with unclouded vision, and see how these homes can be brightened and broadened—made more like that lovely outdoor home to which all welcome each new-comer.—Above nature, let us cast out the "Best Parlor." Let the sacred enclosure once called by this name, let us bring our daintier tasks—letter-writing, needle-work, study. Let the walls be beautified with every simple ornament within our reach—the windows opened to receive the sun, and vines and roses set to catch his shining.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Salutations.

The Spaniard wishes you "Good morning." "God be with you, Señor."

The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grossanodity."

The Piedmontese, "I am your servant."

The Genoise of modern times "Health and wealth."

The Romans, who were robust, had a gestic salutations, expressing force: "Sa!" "Be strong!" "Be healthy!" "Quid a!" "What do you do?" or "What make ye?"

The Chinaman, with earnest solicitation asks, "Is your stomach in good order?" "Live you eaten?"

The German says, "*Wie gehts*?"—"goes it?" To bid adieu he says, "*Gute Nacht*!"—"Live quiet and be happy."

The Curfew Bell.

Good! Now let us see how it is
another kind of rut! Men get into
quite as often as roads do. And it is
worse thing in a man than in a road

John Ruskin at Home.

The conversation of this great man
frain from repeating; the burden of his
that the art of the present day is, like
religion, imitative. The repetition of
which none has significance and life
none; a calling out of our own
ness to the ancient masters, "Give
you oil;" and that this is because
world is too miserable, too deformed,
diseased, to feed the sacred lamps of
To build up a beautiful and character-
art the work must not be begun with
thetic but with moral criticism. It
come of taste and of style, but o pos-
and social reform. In a word, there
no true art without the power not to

Werner's Magazine.

The Hotel Clerk.

A Turkish Breakfast

A Turkish breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The principal of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these: A great round plate of metal with a plain edge, of three feet in diameter is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose while eating. The right hand is alone permitted to be active. There are no plates, knives, or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten for each meal. Some meats are longer—as roast mutton, cold mutton, and gherkin, are often known to be. Before you an attendant or slave kneels with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly-embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon.

Obituaries.

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

AUSTIN GREENE LEY died in Edgecomb, Sept. 25, aged 63 years, 7 months. He sickened a complication of diseases, but finally terminated in quick consumption. He was a member of the Freewill Baptist church, and in his last illness was then laboring with the Edgecomb Bible League. Brother Greene was a man that liked the church and was very active in the social prayer conference meetings, yet he had a good time when it was brought into exercise. He more readily blessed him than to exhort and encourage. He was a desolate, but a true, sorrowed up of life. G. W.

Academies, &c.

AUSTIN ACADEMY.

Academies, &c.

AUSTIN ACADEMY.
Center, Strafford, N. H.

TROY FEMALE SEM.
This Institution offers the accumulated adv.
of over 50 years of successful operation.
A very facility is provided for a thorough
useful and ornamental education, under the
of a corps of more than 20 professors and

GREEN MOUNTAIN SEMINARY
The Winter Term of this Institution will be

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

WEST LEBANON ACADEMY

An excellent opportunity will be given those desiring a complete course of music, either upon Pianoforte or Organ, by a teacher of large experience from Massachusetts, qualified to teach Thorncote Bass, Secular or Sacred Music.

Special attention given to those preparing for College.

College. BOARD.

PIKE SEMINARY.
Pike, Wyoming County, N. Y., will open A

Pike, Wyoming County, N. Y., will open
22, 1871. A Commercial College will be open
with it in which will be taught, h

W. E. C. Rich, A. B., Miss Alice I. Libb
A. P. Shattuck, Miss L. D. Moore,
H. M. Willard.

Also a competent Music Teacher will be engaged before the term begins.

EXPENSES. Board, including room and washing, from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per week. In well-regulated

from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per week. In well-regulated cases, of which there are several in successful operation, the expense varies from \$1.75 to \$2.25. Some

common is about \$2.25 per week. Liberal
 tion is made for those needing aid. General a
 ments as last year. J. J. BUTLER
 Lewiston, Me., Aug. 4, 1871.

NORTHWOOD SEMINARY.
 The FALL TERM of this Institution will com

The FALL TERM of this Institution will
begin August 23, 1871, and continue thirteen weeks.
continued charge of ALBERT R. SAVAGE,

Miss NELLIE KNOWLTON, Preceptress.
Miss AROLINE M. FERNALD, Associate.
E. EUGENE WADE, A. B., Prin. of Normal School.
Miss L. MARIA SIMONS, Associate.
Miss ADDIE SAWYER, Teacher of Drawing,
ing, Wax-work and Wood Carving.
Mrs. J. F. STEERE, Teacher of Music.
D. M. WATTE, Teacher of Writing and Book-keeping.

D. M. WAITT, Teacher of Writing and
ing.

who will spend his entire time and energy for the school. He will be assisted by teachers who have had experience in the Department of them. A course of lectures of general interest will be given by Clergymen, besides a course in Botany and Physiology by P. W. McIntyre, M. A.

Terms Primary
Common English

Common English
High English
Language

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOK
will find it for the advantage of their School
all orders direct to
Messrs. D. LOTHROP & CO., L

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Messrs. D. LOTHROP & CO
whose Stock is one of the LARGEST

Good Bread for 50 c
Full particulars for making Bread super

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18 NO HUNBUG, but a method by wh

the cheapest brands of Flour. Sent post-
receipt of price. Address DAWSON & CO,
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VINEGAR—how made of Cider, Wine
in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Ct.
13w39

News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A special from Washington says that it is asserted on the authority of Senator Pool that President Grant has expressed a determination to declare martial law throughout the South, in consequence of the continued outrages.

The census shows more Germans than Irish in the United States.

The public debt was reduced in October, \$8,900,000.

The increased tonnage during the year is 163,262, and 76 sailing, 158 steam and 938 unrigged vessels.

About one hundred persons have been indicted for dealing in lottery tickets at San Francisco.

Sixty miles of streets were laid waste in the great fire in Chicago.

The war department has ordered important changes and transfers in the military departments.

Governor Bullock, of Georgia, has resigned, and Benjamin Conley, president of the senate, was installed in his place. The letter of resignation was written a week ago, before Mr. Bullock went to New York. There is considerable excitement in Atlanta.

Gov. Bullock of Georgia, is charged with appropriating over \$500,000 of State railroad bonds which ought not to have been issued at all.

Eleven persons were fined for profanity in the Washington police court one day recently, and Congress not in session either.

A Spartansburg, S. C., letter of the 23d inst., states that 75 Ku-Klux were arrested in that county. Their testimony implicates leading men of all classes. Warrants are out for a hundred more, including a member of the Legislature and one minister. Hundreds are fleeing to escape arrest.

Intense excitement is said to prevail at Winnipeg on account of recent gold discoveries at Lake Shebendawin, in the Red River country. Specimens of dust, nuggets, and quartz have been brought to Winnipeg. Lake Shebendawin is a short distance from Silver Inlet.

Alameda county, Cal., raised 13,000 pounds of figs this year.

The Tribune prints a statement, relative to the insurance management in Chicago. One company had risks in that city alone, amounting to about twenty times its assets, and seven companies assets would not aggregate one-tenth of their risks.

The public records of Chicago were destroyed by fire, but three complete sets of "abstracts of titles," covering every foot of real estate in the city, were preserved by leading real estate agents, so that the dreaded confusion of titles will be avoided.

Six cadets were dismissed from the West Point Military Academy on the 24th ult., for hazing. Their names will not be given to the public. Great efforts are being made to have the Annapolis dismissals restored, but success in their case is impossible.

It is alleged that Alderman Holden of Chicago has appropriated to his own use \$15,000 from the funds entrusted to him as treasurer of the municipal relief committee.

Thirty-three vessels of the Arctic whaling fleet were crushed by icebergs or abandoned, in order to save the lives of the crews.

Two hundred English Mormons arrived Friday and left for Utah.

FOREIGN.

The liquor business of France is reported to employ \$50,000,000 of capital.

France, after losing Alsace and Lorraine, contains 135,000,000 of acres, of which 20,000,000 are covered with forests. Of these timber lands the state, the communes and public institutions own 7,500,000 acres, the remainder belonging to private persons.

A compromise has been effected between the French and English governments in regard to the commercial treaty. France has withdrawn the notice of abrogation, and the treaty, materially modified, will be continued.

At the conclusion of a great speech by Gladstone, on Saturday at Greenwich, Eng., in defense of the ministry, resolutions were adopted with great enthusiasm, and no opposition of consequence, expressing approval of Gladstone.

Slavery in Siam is to be abolished in January, 1872.

The Brazilian Senate finally adopted the bill emancipating the slaves of Brazil, by a vote of 44 to 33, which was received with applause. The slaves are already being emancipated.

Empress Eugenie's household linen and personal clothing were sold at auction in Paris the other day.

President Thiers, it is said, is uncertain of his tenure of life, has made a political will, hoping to secure succession in the presidency for Casimir Perier.

Perier is greatly excited over the approaching presidential election, the contest being between Prader and Eschbacher. The defeated party is preparing for an armed revolt, in accordance with the well-established South American custom.

During the first week of the operation of the new postal treaty with England, \$8,349 were sent from the Washington office alone to Great Britain, and \$3,326 were received from there.

A German paper states ex-Emperor Napoleon's income to be \$25,000 a year. It will be increased to \$30,000 by the proceeds of property recently sold in Spain by the Empress.

The following, dated Oct. 9, is a translation received at the Navy department from Dr. A. Peterman of Gotha: "A despatch dated Oct. 3, 1871, which announces the return of Capt. Weyprecht and Lieut. Poyer, of the Austrian army, states that in September an open sea was found, from 42 degrees to 60 degrees east of Greenwich, to the northward of 78 degrees north latitude. The northernmost point reached was 79 degrees north on the meridian, 48 degrees east. Here was found the most favorable state of ice toward the north pole, with a probable connection with the open sea north of Siberia towards the east. This appears to be the most favorable route towards the north pole."

A parliamentary union between Austria and Hungary is the subject of a proposition, made by the leaders of the government party in the lower house of the Hungarian Diet.

Russia is preparing "to wipe out Turkey from the map of Europe," according to a London despatch.

Advices from Constantinople state that the Sultan proposes to secularize the revenues of the mosques.

The working-men of Prussia are about to organize for a general strike. They will demand an increase of wages and a reduction of a day's labor to nine hours.

The Italian Government contemplates the fortification of the Alpine passes at a cost of seven millions of francs.

A special despatch from Paris to London contains the statement that a plot against the government of Spain of a dangerous character has been discovered in that city.

Intelligence from Algeria announces the entire suppression of the insurrection. The natives are generally resuming agricultural labors.

Paragraphs.

Sugar is expected to become scarcer and dearer because of the emancipation of slaves in Brazil. That will be the drop of bitter in some folks' cup of tea.

A set of paper car-wheels, on one of the Pullman cars running to Jersey City, have run over 100,000 miles of track, and worn out entirely one set of steel tires, which have been replaced.

The ordinary wheels, it is said, will only run 60,000 miles.

Some workmen on a Connecticut railway blasted out a piece of granite, in which was encased a live frog, which gave a gasp and then died. The engineer put it in a bottle of alcohol to send it to Yale College, but a contractor got hold of the bottle, drank up the alcohol and threw the frog away.

Before hanging a man in Louisiana, they let from fifteen to forty reporters for the newspapers "interview" him for three weeks. The poor fellow is then not only willing but anxious to be hung.

Bits of iron will prevent water from becoming putrid. Sheet-iron or iron trimmings are the best. The offensive smell of water in vases of flowers can be prevented by putting a few small nails in the bottom of the vases.

A remarkable animal was discovered last year in Australia, which is closely allied to the Lepidodactyl, which was thought by its original describer to be a reptile, but shown by Prof. Owen to be a true ganoid fish. Dr. Gunther is giving a preliminary account of it in Nature. It is shaped like an eel, and said to grow six feet in length. Its salmon-colored flesh is excellent eating, and it is called by the squatters Burnett or Dawson salmon. Its food consists of the decaying leaves of plants. It is amphibious, as it has a true lung to use when on land, and gills for aquatic life, and can use both simultaneously.

The Lake of Wallenstadt in Switzerland has won fame through the disappearance of several bathers in it during the past year. It is said that a number of very large fish have been recently seen gamboling about in the waters, and it is presumed it was these which ate the bathers.

It is calculated that Russia can raise, within a few days, an army of 1,700,000 soldiers. Great improvements have been made in all military matters. They are now trying at St. Petersburg a mitrailleuse which beats all inventions of the same kind, and the infantry are to be armed with the chassaport.

Pope Pius IX. seeks the protection of the Emperor of Germany, and he might get it, only that Prince Bismarck forbids his master employing with the Pope's power. Should the Emperor ultimately decide to protect the Pope, he would do more than the English would have done in the first Napoleon's time, "no more than they really did, for they helped restore Pius VII. to his old place. So there is Protestant precedent for the Protestant Emperor, should he conclude to patronize the Pope.

A workman in England having to mend a broken lead pipe, through which a current of water was pouring with a pressure of fifty feet head, plugged the two ends and put broken ice between them. In five minutes the water was frozen, the pipe taken out, a new piece soldered in, the ice thawed out again, and the pipe in perfect order.

Efforts have been made in Russia to use naphtha as fuel on board a steamboat. The engine worked as well as if coal had been used, while the amount of naphtha required to do the same work was considerably smaller. It is estimated that twenty pounds of naphtha produced as much heat as forty pounds of coal. Naphtha is found in large quantities among the Caucasus Mountains, where it is sold very cheap. They intend to use it on the railroads in the Caucasus country, and on steamboats running on the Volga river.

An English lady, Miss Martha Walker, is not inaptly named, for she has just walked to the top of the Matterhorn, having previously ascended Mount Blanc, and other high peaks. Some day we shall have to write a paragraph stating that this lady has gone to glory by the way of a broken neck, having fallen while striving to ascend the highest point of the Himalayas, which is the Dhaulagiri. What is it that possesses English people with the strange desire to climb hills, and higher mountains? 'Tis a barren business, at the best, for not one in a thousand of the climbers ever pretends to be climbing the hill of science; and it is a dangerous business, quite a large percentage of the idiots getting killed while pursuing it. It is but a short time since an Englishman was killed while making an Alpine ascension without a guide! He must have been endowed with an immense superfluity of folly.

Respecting that man who boasted at a western camp-meeting that he had never given his wife a cross word or look during their twenty-five years of married life, it is suggested that it may be not so much the result of amiability on the husband's part as a wholesome dread of his wife's broomstick.

A Kentucky woman, learning that her husband had married another woman in an adjoining county, called upon No. 2 and offered to give up the man if he would return a sewing machine which the brigand had transferred. No. 1 thereupon had the spouse arrested for his crime.

A blood-curdling story is told by the Memphis Avalanche of the discovery of the buried treasures of De Soto, near that city, by a descendant of one of De Soto's followers, two Englishmen and an Egyptian astrologer, who worked a spell at midnight after the most approved fashion. Circumstances of supernatural horror attended the ceremony. The air was filled with phantasmal, ghastly shapes, howls, hisses and imprecations issued from a thousand unseen lips, the earth vibrated from east to west, a part of the bluff was shaken down and the river in the immediate vicinity boiled like a caldron. Though awe-stricken, the treasure-hunters persisted in digging, and at a depth of only two feet found an ancient helmet and head-gear, beneath which, lying on a decayed order of nobility, were gems of immense size and incalculable value. Alas! just then the lamps went out, the pit was filled up, and a mighty hand, one finger of which was encircled by a ring with a blood-red strangely carved stone, knocked down the whole party, including an Avalanche reporter, burying the astrologer so badly that the enterprise was abandoned for the present. The story is not so remarkable as the circumstance that a city newspaper treats it as a fact and devotes to it over two columns of space.

The Chicago Post says that, "since the days of St. Paul, no man, with the single exception of Dr. Livingstone, has died daily to as great an extent as has Potter Palmer. The journalists marked him for a prey and a spoil. They made him a raving maniac, held down by six men; they made him shriek 'I am ruined,' as he sought a fiery grave in the ruins of the Palmer House; they blew out his brains; they cut his throat with a circumstantial white-handled razor; they laid knives under his pillow, and halted in his pew, and set ratsbane by his porridge. True, Mr. Palmer was not in the city at the time, but that was immaterial. The public demands personality, and if the facts are opposed to the enterprise, the journalist, so much the worse for the facts."

Rural and Domestic.

Improved Stock.

We copy the following from the American Agriculturist:

The present high price of thorough-bred stock, while it limits the business of breeding to men of capital, does not necessarily prevent the ordinary farmer from procuring male animals whereby to improve his native stock. A stock of grade cows for the dairy may be gradually gathered up by the expenditure of from fifty to two hundred dollars. Many breeders of Jersey cattle will dispose of a young bull calf for a very small sum because its color does not suit their taste, while in respect to its pedigree or other useful qualities it may be faultless. Such an animal, purchased young and well cared for, will become useful for raising calves, at a year old. A yearling heifer of his get, will, by the use of another such animal, become profitable at two years old, and its calf will be three-quarters bred, and it is most likely to become as valuable for the dairy as a pure-bred animal that could not be purchased for less than \$300 or \$400. The produce of this cow would be, seven-eighths bred, and if care is taken in selecting the parents, would show little difference from entirely pure animals. Co-operation among a few neighbors who would each procure and keep a young bull, whose services they might exchange with each other to prevent, close breeding would soon change the appearance as well as the productive qualities of the stock of quite a large district. The main point to be guarded against is not to breed from any but pure stock. All male grade animals should be emasculated or go to the butcher, while young. The use of a grade bull ought not to be permitted. Here is where many a mistake is made. In the course of four or five years quite a herd of three-quarters or seven-eighths bred animals would accumulate, and the profit would begin to come in. Anywhere and Jersey cattle should be the breeds aimed at, as these are exceedingly well fitted for the dairy and are profitably fed for the butcher on ordinary farms. They are exceedingly tractable, quiet and orderly, are large milkers, and yield much butter of good color and flavor. The Devon and Durham are better fitted for the grazier, and would become suitable where beef is the object aimed at. But whatever the breed chosen, care should be taken to avoid neglect, or loss will inevitably ensue. We have known cases where money has been invested in thorough-bred stock which has been treated as though its blood alone would be sufficient to protect it from neglect, exposure and starvation. The natural consequence of such a mistake was made a ground of complaint against the breeder, and led to dissatisfaction and disgust. The old adage, "blood will tell," true as it may be, is no talisman against such an error. The refined nature of an animal carefully bred through many generations, will often enable it to sustain much ill treatment, but it will not thrive under it. When possessed of a specimen of such stock, give it fair treatment, pampering is unnecessary, as it is unwise, but care and proper feed and attention will make the investment a greatly profitable one.

Great popularity and a high price when the road is finished.

The same rate of interest as five-twentieths. Principal and interest both payable in United States gold coin in New York City.

Their present low price (93 and accrued interest from Nov. 1), which is about twenty per cent. less than five-twentieths, with equal certainty of payment of interest and principal.

We recommend them to our friends and customers with the same confidence with which we have always recommended the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT and the CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS.

We continue to buy and sell CENTRAL PACIFIC BONDS at the market price, and fully expect they will, in time, reach the price of Five-twentieths. They are dealt in at all the principal money-centers of the world; the Company have none left, and can issue no more, on their Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska route, by act of Congress at \$25,000,000; the property pledged to secure the bondholders is:

Worth fully One Hundred Millions; the net receipts of the road for the year will be nearly three times the interest payable thereon.

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Orders for Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds, accompanied with Drafts or Checks, may be forwarded to us by mail. Bonds or money may be forwarded by any respectable Express Company at our expense, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds, in exchange, will be sent by return Express, charges paid.

Deposit accounts of banks, bankers and others received, on which we allow interest at the rate of FOUR PER CENT. PER ANNUM. Checks drawn on us are payable on presentation, without notice, the same as at a National Bank.

Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest at special rates to be agreed upon, will be issued to Savings Banks, Institutions, Trustees of Estates, and others having sums of money awaiting investment.

Orders for Investment Stocks and Bonds executed at the Stock Exchange, Government Securities bought and sold, as usual, at current market rates.

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American Sunday School Worker

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J. W. McINTYRE, St. Louis, Mo. Send 25 cents, post paid. Lesson Papers on Gospel of Matthew for 1870, and on Gospel of John for 1871, same price as 1872.

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING FULL OF PLUMS, SENT FREE on receipt of stamp for postage. Address ADAMS & CO., Boston.

TEXAS is truly the cattle bible of North America. While New York, with her 4,000,000 inhabitants, and her settlements two and a half centuries old, has 748,000 oxen and stock cattle; while Pennsylvania, with more than 3,000,000 people, has 749,000 cattle; while Illinois, with 2,800,000 people, has 897,000 cattle; while Iowa, with 1,900,000 people, has 686,000 cattle—Texas, at forty years of age, and with her 600,000 people, had 2,000,000 head of oxen

and other cattle, exclusive of cows, in 1870, as shown by the returns of the county assessors. In 1870, allowing for the difference between the actual number of cattle owned and the number returned for taxation, there must be fully 3,000,000 head of oxen and stock cattle. This is exclusive of cows, which, at the same time, are reported at 600,000 head. In 1870 they must number 800,000, making a grand total of 3,800,000 head of cattle in Texas. One-fourth of these are heifers, one-fourth cows, and the other two-fourths are yearlings and two year olds. There would, therefore, be 950,000 calves, 950,000 yearlings, and 1,900,000 young cattle. There are annually raised and branded 750,000 calves. These cattle are raised on the great plains of Texas, which contain 152,000,000 acres.

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OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY.

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The Rails are being laid on the Western Division of 100 miles of the Extension of this

GREAT EAST AND WEST TRUNK LINE, which in a short time will be ready for general travel and traffic, and for the transportation of Kanawha coal to the Ohio River for the Western markets.

The earnings of the Eastern Division of 227 miles as a local road, awaiting the completion of the Middle Division of 100 miles, will reach, this year, nearly \$800,000.

The total cost of the entire road, and the large equipment required for its mineral and through traffic, will be fully \$3,000,000.

The total amount of the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, which we are now selling, is FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS, of which ONLY ABOUT FOUR MILLIONS REMAIN UNSOLD, the proceeds of which, with the cash on hand, will be ample for the completion of the Entire Line.

The inducements they offer to investors are: A Perfect Security.

Great popularity and a high price when the road is finished.

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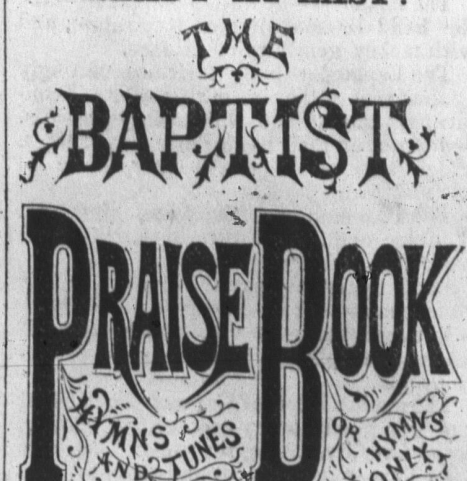
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