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The Morning Star

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1871.

Stars.

They glide upon their endless way,
Forever calm, forever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the daughters of the Night,
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

Shine on, sweet orb'd soul, for aye,
Forever calm, forever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence you came, nor what your light,
Be still a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night.

—Barry Cornwall.

Missionary Correspondence.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA, Sept. 28, 1871.

A fortnight of this month has been spent in evangelistic work at Santipore, and a few incidents connected with this may not be utterly devoid of interest to your readers. I found the native Christians looking for special meetings, and a few of them ready and willing to go to work in earnest for the salvation of souls. A revival of religion, such as are so common in America, is, so far as I am aware, a thing unknown in this country. The nearest approach to a general, sweeping work of grace in a heathen community is what our brethren among the Telugus have been permitted to witness of late. How far that is a genuine religious awakening remains to be seen in the steadfastness of the hundreds of converts already reported. These Hindus are so differently constructed from people in America and Europe, that perhaps it is not fair to judge them by our standards, or look for those proofs of saving grace among them, which most impress the mind as well as catch the eye in Christian countries. Still, it must be remembered that "there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh in all," and that "all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

Through the work, in all its surroundings and in its particulars, differed much from anything I ever witnessed in protracted meetings at home, still now and then there was a striking resemblance to some of the blessed and bountiful seasons of revival it was my privilege to share with beloved brethren across the sea. Leaving it for the pastor of the church to speak of the work more in detail, I wish to mention a few incidents which serve, I think, to illustrate the working of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men.

Our Christians here are very quiet in all their exercises, presenting a striking contrast to our negro brethren and sisters at the South. Rarely does one hear even so much as the responsive Amen in our congregations, save at the conclusion of prayer, and then very lightly. But as the religious wave began to rise at Santipore, now and then persons would wake up and speak out. One evening, while preaching of Jonah's disobedience, a prominent backslider in the audience involuntarily exclaimed, "That means me," and no sooner did I resume my seat than he sprang to his feet to confess wherein he had started for Tarshish when ordered to Nineveh. And how a true confession cuts, the world over!

Another poor wanderer, brought in at Balasore several years ago during the ministry of Bro. Miller, came out with a very full and hearty confession of the sins that, little by little, led him astray from the good shepherd's fold. He spoke with great emphasis of the evils of debt. This is a common, indeed, almost a universal habit among Hindus, and our native Christians are often taken in the meshes of this snare of Satan. The penitent man described with clearness and emotion how debts had led on to deception and duplicity, and had left him far from God and a stranger to peace of mind. This confession and others like it produced a good impression, and I hope may do much good.

But confessing what everybody knows is comparatively easy;—the true work of the Spirit in the heart is more manifest when people boldly confess what was a perfect secret to all. Several such there were at Santipore. A young man rose one night and said he could no longer cover a sin which he went to commit at night, but failed to accomplish his purpose. According to Christ's word, in the fifth chapter of Matthew, that sin was as really done as if he had succeeded in fulfilling his plans. He could have no peace,—he could not serve the Lord, until this was thoroughly confessed.

Of the same sort was the confession of a young widow, who had begun to "wax wanton against Christ," and had gone so far as to solicit the services of a pagan to influence by charms, and one might perhaps truthfully say intoxicated with certain drugs a young man of the neighborhood whom she wished to marry. This same young woman, bad as the case looks, is decidedly the most energetic and thoroughly wide-awake and devoted of the native Christians. From the day of her conversion, which occurred soon after the famine, she has been a diligent worker for souls, and her efforts have been blessed to their salvation.

It was refreshing to see how "old scores" melted away before the advance of the revival spirit. One evening, we had evidence that there was a good deal of "settling up" going on among offended parties, some of whom had stood aloof from each other for years. A Santal, thoroughly convicted of sin and anxious to obtain pardon, stood weeping in one of the meetings, and then suddenly, as if the Spirit pointed out to him just the thing to do, he spoke out:—"Siba, won't you forgive me the wrong I did you long ago?" Siba was a sinner, professedly seeking Christ but too proud to confess all and humble himself at the foot of the cross. This tender, pleading question, addressed to him in the public assembly, set him thinking, and, suffice it to say, that night, before either party slept, all "differences" had been disposed of and the two men loved like brothers.

It was good to see a strong man in tears testifying to the faithfulness of his pious wife, who had for years kept up the family altar alone and daily pleaded with him to bow his stubborn knee to Christ. And it was not less touching to hear a woman relate how her little boy, who attended the mission school, had led her to know and love Jesus. Now both rejoice together in the Saviour's fold.

Madhu, a young disciple, told how the Hindu idol, on the northern border of the mission farm, had been threatening to run away. On one occasion the people met there in the little grove to worship it, and the idol spoke out (through the mouth of the officiating priest, of course,) that he could not live so close to the Christians, but would have to move off to a distance. I hope all this is indicative of the increasing power of the gospel at Santipore.

It is always very interesting to me to watch the workings of the Spirit in stirring up gratitude for mercies received in the hearts of believers. A pleasing case of this kind was that of Brundhaban, the deacon of the church, a very good and exemplary man. He was one of those Khund children rescued years ago by the English government from sacrifice. His heart seemed deeply moved in view of what God had done for him, and his words of thankfulness touched our hearts, as he referred to how the Lord Jesus had rescued him from eternal death, and thus he had been rescued by divine mercy.

Dula, whom so many of your readers will recollect,—had been remarkably still in the meetings, until one evening he seemed quite stirred up and animated by seeing several sinners begging for the prayers of Christians. It touched a chord in his heart that had not vibrated for full fifteen years. He spoke with great freshness and force of the revival meetings he had attended in America,—particularly of a camp-meeting he once went to with Bro. Bacheiler. He told the chapel people how sinners cried out for mercy, how the ministers preached and prayed, and how hard all the brethren and sisters worked for the salvation of souls. And he spoke too of how young converts went forward in baptism, making no delay, but eager to obey Christ's command; and how in that cold winter the ice was cut that the candidates might be baptized. "These Hindus could not stand that," said Dula; "they'd say, 'we'd rather not be saved than put into that cold water.'" And our brother spoke with real feeling of some young persons who at that camp-meeting in America, talked with him of the Christian way and urged him to be faithful that they might meet him at last in heaven. Should these lines meet the eye of any such persons, they will rejoice in the assurance that their kind words are not forgotten but are doing good to-day over here in India.

"Kind words can never die;
Cherished and blest,

God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast."

Let our brethren pray much for Santipore. I hope the good work may extend to the Santals and Kodas on the outskirts of the mission farm, and also to the Oriya villages in the immediate neighborhood. Oh for a thoroughly wide-awake and working church both at home and here! Only such a church can obey our Lord's great commission and advance his kingdom on earth.

J. L. P.

Domestic Life in Germany.

In the center of the house where I am making a temporary home, with small rooms leading from it on all sides, is a large hall. This is the most interesting part of the building, the kitchen excepted. It seems a general depository for everything which has no place elsewhere. I think every article of household furniture used in all Germany for the last half century is here represented, with the exception of beds and stoves. A delightful freedom reigns throughout the entire collection. Everything seems at liberty to remain where it is first placed, unless it is accidentally overturned by the misstep of some benighted individual struggling for a passage through this labyrinth.

Things of an entirely opposite character here sustain the most friendly and intimate relations. One side of a schrank—a piece of furniture which in America would be called a wardrobe—contains glass and china-ware, while the other does service as a wardrobe. One corner is used as a conservatory for plants, while in the one directly opposite, stands an unpretending pan of ashes surrounded with brooms, brushes, overshoes and walking-sticks, with an occasional dilapidated umbrella, by way of variation and embellishment. The extent and variety of this collection reminds one of the British Museum, though the work of classification and arrangement is yet incomplete.

Now that the size of crinoline has become reasonable, it is possible for a lady, if she give heed to her ways, to pass through this hall without hitting her head against a schrank or stumbling over a box of coal. But she may consider herself fortunate, if she makes the sweep around the staircase and reaches the landing below in safety, without being pursued by an overturned flower-jar or the boots and shoes of half the family. These things manifest a tendency to congregate in corners and places where they are sure to be upset, if they have half an opportunity. I suppose it is natural.

The kitchen! Would I could describe it. Some objects possess qualities intensified to such a degree, that no adequate idea of them can be gained without actual observation. In the presence of such an object, "how vain! how weak a thing is man!" I attempt only a hint.

But first by way of explanation, in order to throw light upon this dark subject,—for it has but one window, and the floor is as black as oil and coal can well make it,—it is necessary to say, that in Germany, there is a department of industry called "Haus-halterung." This is designed especially for woman, and constitutes her chief glory in this land of poets and scholars. No young lady is regarded as having a finished education, unless she has spent at least one year in the house of some good family learning Haushalterung. This word means the art of housekeeping, but if I were to judge of its meaning by the practical working of the art, as it has come under my own observation, I should pronounce it the art of letting the house keep itself.

But to return to the kitchen. This is under the general supervision of the lady of the house, with various subordinates in rank and office. It is the seat of active operations from morning till night, as it is the custom here to eat five times a day. This is about equivalent to saying that they eat once, and continue the exercise the whole day through. Eating has risen here to the dignity of an employment, and many a family engage in it as a means of gaining a livelihood, and furnish ocular demonstration that they make it an entire success.

As I passed the kitchen door this morning, I took a hasty inventory of stock on hand. On the stove I found a whole colony of coffee-pots. They were of various sizes and hues, each bearing evident traces of faithful service. Veterans they must have been, for they were variously maimed and mutilated; some destitute of a handle, others deprived of a nose, yet none of them fainthearted or discouraged. I regret that I can not give the exact number of this stalwart group, but when I had counted nine, my attention was called off to a more interesting group of beer-bottles quietly reposing in a basket near by. Beer is a national institution, and the mere sight of a bottle suggests so much that might be said, so much that really ought to be said, that I refrain entirely. I am inclined to the opinion that a thorough investigation of the nature and uses of beer affords the key to German character. I must reserve the whole subject for future analysis and elucidation.

A little further on, I caught sight of the kitchen boy in the act of taking his breakfast, who, unconsciously on his part, I trust, afforded me a "dissolving" view of the staff of life, and sundry other articles

of food, all of which took place in an astonishingly short space of time.

The stove boasts of one griddle, and a most serviceable piece of kitchen-furniture it is too. Its services are called into requisition through the whole range of cooking, from beefsteak to dessert. It sustains the same relation to Haushalterung that a steam-engine does to a train of cars.

The first active scene of the day begins in the kitchen sometime in the morning, when a brisk broiling, frying and steeping goes on, for there are American and English people in the house whose foreign tastes must be regarded. When I came here, I determined to take my meals with the family, and thus gratify my ears with the musical tones of the language; but three weeks reduced my courage to a skeleton and I preferred a civil request for a private table for breakfast. A German breakfast consists of coffee and bread. This is served with such delightful indefiniteness, that one scarcely knows whether he has taken breakfast or not. It has no stated time for beginning or ending, but begins any time, when any one feels inclined to commence it, and ends when there is no one to continue it. Never a dinner without soup and beer. A soup is a most extraordinary compound. Therein may be found anything in the line of vegetables which is indigenous to the soil, herbs of various qualities and flavors, the whole catalogue of spices, and other things "too numerous to mention." The eating of soup gives rise to a variety of pleasant emotions, aside from those produced upon the gustatory nerves. It produces a state of expectancy, and one would be thoroughly disappointed if something did not "turn up."

For the most part, I have found it agreeable to conform to existing customs, but when I saw the butter standing in the middle of the table, "vanishing into thin air" by the repeated attacks of those surrounding it, each one using his own weapon of warfare, I was led to reflect more seriously than has hitherto been my wont, upon what some learned men have written concerning butter as an article of food. It seems to me now altogether probable that butter is prejudicial to health, so I am willing to abandon the luxury.

The distribution of bread to the furious consumers is interesting to the observer, though somewhat laborious to the performer of this important office. Black-bread is baked in loaves, perhaps fifteen inches long, and six inches in thickness. This is not cut in slices and placed upon the table before the meal begins, but a whole loaf is put upon the top of a schrank, which stands near the head of the table, quite overlooking the whole group. When any stage in the progress of events is reached when bread is required, the Hausfrau rises, that she may have free opportunity for the exercise of limb and blade, grasps the loaf in affectionate yet firm embrace, and proceeds with a few effective strokes to decapitate the same. When present demands are supplied, the remainder of the loaf is tossed to its former place of repose on the schrank. This process is repeated more or less frequently as the wants of the family require.

The crockery for common use,—though there is china and glass stowed away in one of those solemn-looking schranks to which I have already referred,—is a fine illustration of that great law which runs through all nature, the working of which produces such variety that no two things are exactly alike. In this case, there is no opportunity for discussion. One glance around the table settles the question.

The cup and saucer used by the gentleman of the house are different in size and pattern from any others on the table, and hold at least twice as much. Whether the cup is filled twice as often or not I can not say, as I have not given attention to the matter. This circumstance is not only in accordance with the law above mentioned, but it also indicates the social status which the gentleman occupies in the family. This personage is a scholar, a musician and a practical chemist.

In my next I propose to further introduce him and other members of this family.

JENNIE WHITEHORE.

North Germany, Nov. 4, 1871.

Personal Effort.

The *Christian Era* refers to the direct personal effort of a young man in Scotland, honored with the privilege of leading Hugh Miller to Christ, and adds:

If all Christians shared in the zeal of John Swinson, they might share also in his joy over converted friends. God has been pleased to make large use of human sympathy in drawing sinners to himself. It is not so much the eloquent sermon in the pulpit or the fervent exhortation in the prayer-meeting, which leads to repentance, as the words dropped in personal conversation which go to the heart with all the power which love and confidence impart. The loving pastor is more successful in winning converts than the elegant preacher. The young Christian, with the story of his experience told in the enthusiasm of new-born love, touches hearts that learning and logic and eloquence would never move.

It is an honorable distinction of the religion of our day that it cultivates so largely this personal power of winning to Christ. It is not an age of profound theological study, nor of deep religious experience; the study is often superficial in its thinking; the pulpits aim often at sensation more than

instruction; and young Christians frequently show a zeal divorced from knowledge. But the heart pulsates with love to Jesus, and with earnest desires to lead sinners to him. There is a longing to be useful, which is fruitful in methods to organize and apply the power of personal influence. This personal energy is the human element in revivals, which measures their force and extent, and it needs wise training and careful husbanding. If it were universally active in the church, the whole world might soon be converted.

Events of the Week.

NEW YORK MATTERS.

Collector Murphy has resigned his position, and the President has appointed Gen. Chester A. Arthur to fill the vacancy. But little is known of the latter gentleman, but it may be safely premised that he will conduct the business quite as well as Mr. Murphy did, and, it is hoped, provoke less abuse. Controller Connolly has also resigned, and Deputy Green now manages matters to his liking. The hopes that Tweed would resign the office of state senator to which he is elected, seem to be dispelled by his own statement that he shall take his seat at any cost. The other thieves are in various places and conditions. Some have escaped justice by flight, others are at large under bonds, while still others are tremblingly awaiting their turn. The city doesn't seem disposed to settle back from its spasms of virtue, but is determined to purge its offices of the foul fellows who occupy them.

BURNING OF A SOUND STEAMER.

The steamer City of New London, running between New York and Norwich, was burned in the river Thames last Wednesday morning. A quantity of cotton was stowed on deck, and in this the fire caught. Efforts to smother it were useless, and the passengers and crew were obliged to leap overboard. Those who could swim easily reached the shore, but seventeen were lost, including W. T. Norton and C. B. Rogers, prominent business men of Boston. The second mate and engineer were also lost, and one or two waiters besides several deckhands. It happened to be a freight steamer, but for which the loss of life must have been much greater.

REPUDIATING ITS DEBT.

The North Carolina house of representatives has instructed its judiciary committee to prepare a bill providing for the repudiation of the entire debt of the state. This action is based upon the allegation that "the debts were contracted by strangers acting as legislators elected by bayonets." The action of this state is a legitimate result of the many threats of repudiation that have come from the South. It may be admitted that their debt was contracted under circumstances quite similar to those quoted above, but this affords no good reason for repudiation. The debt is upon it, and the state can hardly afford to do otherwise than pay it. It is hoped and believed that wise counsel will prevail, and that we may be spared the humility of having a repudiator among the sisterhood of states.

A NEW EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

We all have a friend in England. It is Tom Hughes. If we should all go there, and tell him we are from the United States, he would probably shake hands with us and ask us in. But we meant to say that he has just started a subscription in London to replace the Chicago Public Library which disappeared in the great fire. A good many parties subscribe, and Chicago will almost be reading its new books by the light of its burning old ones. The Queen, even, is interested and is just about to forward a complete set of her own works, accompanied by a little note and the royal autograph. It isn't likely that the Library will feel especially enriched by the books, but it will prize the autograph, which it will probably put in a neat show-case and keep for people to look at.

THE MORMON SUTS.

The trials in Utah are progressing, though not quite as rapidly as impatient monogamists would like to see. In the case of Brigham Young for lewd and lascivious cohabitation, counsel moved its continuance to the March term. The prosecution opposed it, when Brigham's counsel said that the patriarch had only gone on a health-tour. He was in the habit of traveling when sick, and being sick now he had simply gone south for his health. The ruling judge doubted that it was genuine sickness, so he refused to allow the motion, but fixed no particular day for the trial. The other culprits will be brought on as soon as possible, and Judge McKean says they shall have strict justice done them. Which is what a good many would like to see.

MEXICO.

Mexico is in the midst of another fierce revolution, which we must suppose is meant to celebrate Christmas by, for it is a Mexican habit to put in a revolution where other countries would resort to merry-making or fasting. The whole state is disturbed, and numerous factions are taking the field, each headed by a would-be President and made up of aspirants for office. Juárez has petitioned the Mexican Congress for extraordinary powers, so that he may be untrammelled in his attempts to quell the rebellion. His position is a precarious one, and with so many and so fierce factions in the field, hardly two of which seek the same end, it is almost useless to hope for a satisfactory issue.

Mission Field.

SOUTH AFRICA.

At a recent meeting in Rev. H. W. Beecher's church, Rev. Mr. Tyler, who has labored as a missionary 22 years on the south-east coast of Africa in the colony of Natal, gave a very interesting account of mission work among the Zoolos or Zooloo Caffres. He describes them as a fine race, rather tall, erect and well-formed. They are of different shades of color, ranging from light brown to jet black. In their dispositions, they are war-like, and when their passions are excited, their thirst for the blood of their enemies is insatiable. The missionaries found them in great darkness, without a written language and very superstitious. In the field with which Mr. Tyler is connected, are 11 stations and 13 missionaries with their wives and assistants. There were three training schools, two for girls and one for boys, with 83 pupils. The hopes of the missionaries for the evangelization of the Zoolos, are in the young men and women trained in these schools for Christian laborers. There are two other schools for boys where the pupils exhibit great skill, especially in mathematics. There are 14 native preachers, three of whom are ordained, and a membership in the churches of about 500. The printing press have been at work during the last eight or nine years, and the Zoolos now have in their own language, the New Testament, an arithmetic, a geography, an ecclesiastical history, hymn books and tracts. There is a chapel at each of the 11 stations.

EGYPT.

The United Presbyterians have a Theological Seminary at Ramleh, Egypt, which has just finished its first year. Nine young men have been successfully pursuing their studies, all of them giving fair promise of being workmen that need not be ashamed. One of the number is blind, yet he is fully abreast with his class, not only in theological studies but also in Hebrew and Greek. The coming race of preachers for this people, marked by acuteness of intellect and now just waking from the sleep of ages, need to be men of thorough culture and training.

INDIA.

The annual report of the English General Baptist Miss. Soc. just received, records the grateful intelligence of the success of its mission station at Cuttack. The church, during the past year, has received an addition of 49 members by baptism, and the station has now a Christian community of 1,320. The female orphanage has in its care 350 children, of whom all but 80 are famine orphans. Several of these are among the number added to the church. Some also from the male orphanage are among the converts. One fine little fellow eight or nine years of age, went to the missionary and with childlike eagerness told him that it was the one great desire of his heart to love and serve the Lord. He said the subject was present to his mind both night and day; he delighted to read the Bible and pray, and he wished to know why he could not be baptized, as some others had been who were not much older or taller than he. Had not Christ said, "suffer little children to come unto me," &c? The tears bedewed the little fellow's eyes as they did also the missionary's. During the holidays, some of the male orphans visited their native villages which they had not seen since the terrible famine that swept away their parents. The reception they met was intensely affecting. Most of them found some relations or neighbors they had formerly known. They had left their homes four or five years before, wretched, diseased, famine-stricken youths, with scarcely a scrap of clothing or a hope even of life. They now returned, healthy, stalwart, intelligent and well-behaved young men, dressed in their best holiday attire. One of them, on reaching his village, could not find a soul to recognize him; even his own brother closed the door against him, not believing his statement. Finally circumstances were referred to, which left no room for doubt. The door was opened, the news spread to the other members of the family, and all clustered round him. "Oh!" they said, "we never heard of you, we thought you were dead, and never expected to see you again. Is it a dream?" and they lifted up their voices and wept sore." Then followed all that hospitality could do. The best of food was prepared, but cruel caste—even in such circumstances—its bonds must not be broken. They could give their long-lost brother to eat, but they could not eat with him. Though so wonderfully preserved, he had still to be treated as an outcast and an alien. In other respects, natural affection was too strong to be ignored. They sat together for hours, talking over the strange experience of the past. Christian books were brought forth and hymns were sung. He besought them to lay aside their foolish prejudices, to forsake their vain idols, to believe in Christ and become his people, and then all might live together in love. On his return, he expressed great hopes of their conversion.

The same report contains a very interesting account of the fruits of a tract and a Bible. The former was found by a native in a store at Ben-humore 24 years ago, and it awakened such an interest as led him to visit one of the General Baptist missionaries from whom he received the gift of a Bible. This, without any further human agency led to his conversion. He was connected with the army and was subsequently baptized by one of the Am. Baptist missionaries in Burmah. Twelve years ago he gave himself to mission work. He formed a church and has since received into its fellowship 122 persons. Several of his converts are scattered about in India and Burmah, some of whom have been very successful.

NORTH INDIA.

The N. Y. Independent, referring to the field occupied by the English church Miss. Soc. says, "It contains nearly 150,000,000 of human beings, and is everywhere open to approach. Its main arterial line, both of rail-way and missions, runs from Calcutta 1,600 miles north-west to Peshawar, the capital of the extreme British province in that direction. This breadth of country, greater than that from New York or Boston to Omaha, is swarming with cities, like Allahabad, Lucknow, Delhi, &c.; with countless villages and vast and populous regions, containing one-eighth of the population of the globe, thrown by Providence upon the English church beyond others. Its Missionary Society has now 23 principal mission centers—11 on the great arterial line just mentioned, and the 12 others dotted about, some to the east and some to the west of it."

ROME.

The work in Rome and the surrounding provinces continues with unvarying success. Almost every Sabbath converts are baptized, and then go out to work for the Master. It seems like a dream, that this famous city, whose gates Satan has barred for ages, should now be open for the proclamation of a pure gospel. Marvelous, indeed, are God's ways.

Communications.

Elijah at Horeb.

Elijah doubtless regarded the decision on Carmel as a finality. For that the three and a half years of famine, which had reduced Israel so low that five years later her men of war only numbered seven thousand, had been a thorough and terrible preparation, and on it his hopes were fixed. The test itself was all that he could have desired, and when the fire fell and the people cried, "The Lord, he is the God," the picture that rose before him of a reclaimed Israel was a glorious recompense for his years of privation and toil. Still higher rose his confidence when the rain fell in answer to his prayer, and Ahab did his bidding as that of the prophet of God. He looked upon the victory as decisive, and before him in his exultant thought, stood the prosperous hosts of God's chosen people again, as in the palm days of David and Solomon, going out and coming in with the choice blessings of heaven resting upon them. In his elation he entertained no thought of a reverse, and, like the light-footed Ashiel, ran before the king to the entrance of Jezreel.

Terrible must have been his disappointment and utter his despair when, so speedily, Jezebel's taunting messenger brought him her words of haughty defiance. Despair, not for himself, but for the kingdom and cause, now so hopelessly lost. After the famine and fire and ruin, what more is there that God can do? If she yields not to these, to struggle against her is madness, and the hitherto courageous prophet, courageous because confident of complete success, flees for his life, with the curse of Jezebel ringing more loudly in his ears than the shouts of Israel or the promise of his God. Down through Manasseh and Ephraim and Benjamin and Judah he passes in haste. Jehoshaphat might have given him shelter, but of that he seems not to have thought. Leaving his servant at Beer-sheba, he pauses not till he has gone a weary day's journey farther, into the heart of the wilderness of Kadesh. Completely exhausted, he sits down under a juniper tree and prays for death. "I am not better than my fathers," he says. "My influence is gone, my labor lost. Judged of by results, I am as the dead. How has the toiler become a child, and the lion-hearted Tishbite as a reed shaken in the blast! Nothing short of a miracle can even save his life now, for he is too completely exhausted to obtain food in the desert. Prostrate Israel, ruled by the Zidonian wretch and the degenerate Ahab, and for which he has so fruitlessly toiled these weary years, can not be in a more hopeless condition in the direction of future work for God, than is the fainting prophet.

But he "remembereth that we are dust." Elijah has been faithful and true. He is true still, but he is hopelessly discouraged. His spirit is broken and his physical energies are prostrate. God comes to the double rescue. First, the body. Food is prepared. "Arise and eat," said the angel, after that first, long sleep, and then he laid him down and slept again. Blessed sleep! So refreshing! Then the second repast. Now the body is strong once more, ready for the farther ministrations of mercy to the soul. Then deeper into the wilderness, on and on, over the path his fathers trod nearly six hundred years before, the prophet goes alone. No, not alone. His fathers' God is with him, leading him to a new and representative experience, for himself and for his race. He has but done in fainting what mortals in all ages to come are liable to do. Faith's fires burn low under influences so malignant and reverses so disheartening. He needs to become better acquainted with God, to know more of his power and resources, that his expiring faith may live again. So he is led to "Horeb, the mount of God," that grandest and most isolated spot,—that spot where Moses was schooled for his toil, and where Jehovah descended in terrific splendor when Israel gazed in trembling awe. Here God reminds him of the work from which he has ceased, by asking him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He pleads his cause well, pouring out his whole soul before God. "Lord, I was faithful till the last, and I would work now were there any encouragement. One wiser than I has said, 'I had fainting' unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." "Go forth," says God, "and stand upon the mount before me." Elijah does the bidding of the Almighty. On a rugged spur or that wonderful mound he places himself, and gazing fearlessly upon the grandeur about him, awaits the result. He waits not long. God hurls the bolts of his fury forth, and old Horeb trembles and shivers in the blast. "Ah!" says the rapidly learning prophet, "I have underestimated the resources of Omnipotence; and ere the thunders of the falling masses died away and a sweet calm came again, he doubtless comprehended why God had led him there, and with his thoughts full of the lesson he had been so significantly taught, he saw his despondence in a new light, and a flash of burning shame crimsoned his manly cheek.

But this is not enough. A mightier thundering is heard, shaking all the Sinaitic desert with a billowy fear, and causing the hoary mountain on which he stands to reel to and fro like a drunken man, as though the very foundations were broken up and chaos come again. Elijah, encouraged instead of appalled, still stands erect and says, "He could have sustained me at the entrance of Jezreel. Why did I so faithlessly flee?"

"And after the earthquake a fire." Not like that on Carmel, that licked up the sacrifice and water and stones and dust. Not like that on which Israel gazed when Jehovah thundered in it, on this same mount, but like that which shall purify the earth at

last and swallow up the guilty before God. Elijah is now deeply moved and says,—"I must; I will toil for them still, if He will permit;" and the new resolve springs up quick and strong in the bosom of the now thoroughly educated and encouraged prophet.

God sees his heart, knows he has learned his lessons well, and calls to him in that "still small voice," which is always a prelude to special instruction. Elijah wraps his face in his mantle, bows his head and awaits the word. Again he is touched, as the razor's edge is more keenly set, as God's question flashes duty through his soul. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" emphasizing that grand truth that man must ever work,—work for God and work for his fellow. No matter what the danger or discouragement, he must still and ever work. Elijah has nothing to plead but what he gave before, but he gives it not now as then. He has changed since. He is a "man of God" again, and God sets him to work.

"Return," is the command. "Retrace thy fleeing steps. And farther still do thou go, even to the wilderness of Damascus, for I have laid a Gentile kingdom under tribute for Israel's sake, and there about Hazael to be king over Syria. Jehu, also, shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel in Ahab's room, for I will overturn the throne of Omri's wicked son, and Elisha, the son of Shaphat, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy stead, and they shall accomplish my purposes and execute my judgments in the land which thou didst think was lost."

And Elijah comes down from the mount and addresses himself to his journey, full of sweet thoughts and of confidence in his God. Made acquainted with his power in the elements, he has also learned of his national resources, of his power over thrones and of his ability to fill the place of a fleeing or translated prophet. God is not limited by circumstances or time. All is not lost, though the fire seems to fall on Carmel in vain,—though Jezebel threaten and Elijah flee. And the work he so dearly loves he shall be able to further still. Not as he once fondly hoped, but it is the same work. He may lay these new foundation stones in Syria and Israel for God. Elisha shall love him, and minister to his weary years, and receive his parting blessing. And instead of a despondent death under a juniper tree in Kadesh alone, his power gone and spirit broken, he shall leave both in their fullness to his waiting successor, and, borne in the arms of the angels of God, shall enjoy a departing triumph, eclipsing in glory and splendor all that the earth ever knew before. R. L. H.

Reading Hymns in Public.

What is public worship for? Evidently, to glorify God and benefit men. All the parts of the service should have respect to this great end. Every part should be arranged and adapted to this. We should make the most of every part for this end. All which is sufficiently evident. Is it not strange, then, that educated ministers, in such numbers, have never learned to read a hymn well? We all know that certain excellent hymns, when read aright, are sometimes most deeply impressive. Is it not a duty to practice reading under competent teachers (unless one can instruct himself), till the preacher knows how to read a hymn well? Some stanzas, and perhaps some entire hymns, can not be read well, *e. g.*, the verse in that otherwise beautiful hymn,

"Let me but hear my Saviour say."

This is the verse:—

"So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes."

We can omit such unhappy stanzas, and pass by unpoeitic hymns. But when a Christian minister undertakes to read a real hymn, as,

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,"

it seems well-nigh a sin to read it in an indifferent manner, hurrying it over as if it were of no consequence, or in an inaudible voice, or monotonously. We wish to do good. Why not, then, do the utmost good, making the hymn preach? Sometimes it may be better than the sermon, if we give it proper utterance. There is really no excuse for dull, stupid, singsong, or careless reading on the part of educated ministers. If they did not learn how to read at school, or at college, or at the theological seminary, let them teach themselves to read now, or get some competent person to teach them.

But perhaps the very persons, whom such counsels might benefit, are unaware of any deficiency in this respect. One would think a minister could tell by looking at his audience, or, if not, he surely might by inquiring of judicious friends. The difficulty is, that the thing is not counted sufficiently important. We are, or should be, serving the Lord Christ in every part of public worship. Shall, then, those heaven-inspired hymns, so often blessed to his saints, and so often a means of awakening sinners,—hymns that set forth, in exalted strains, the truths of his great salvation,—be read in a sleepy, drawing, or off-hand manner, robbing them of their glory and impressiveness? Is it doing honor to our Saviour? Is it doing right by our fellow-men? How few good readers, too, there are, comparatively, in the churches. If it should be expedient,—in the pastor's absence,—to have a printed sermon read, how few could read it so as to make a just impression. Will not Christians think of this? You do not know how many of your sons. God may call in due time, to preach the gospel. Train them, at least, to read and speak so that, whether they shall be officers or private, they can, in this department, do good service for Christ. AMICUS.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

Balasure Mission School.

I have heavily taxed the readers of the *Star*, lately, but hope they will indulge me in saying a few words about the Mission school in Balasure. Brother and sister Smith are as parents to the orphan boys, and no doubt many of the poor children will to all eternity thank God for the famine which was the means of bringing them under Christian influence. Joseph Fullerton acts the part of a kind elder brother to the other boys. Though a teacher now he still boards with the others and will, probably, until his marriage, which is expected to take place at the close of this year. The self-denying band in Raymond bestowed their offerings to support Joseph, and their investment has "paid well." Let them still offer the prayer of faith for their boy that he may honor God to the last moment of his life. The workshop connected with the school is more like some place in Yankeeedom than any other spot I found in Balasure. Blacksmiths, carpenters and weavers were all making lively music of their own peculiar kind. The shop under the care of brother Smith is truly a "Christian institution," an honor to the mission, a blessing to the boys and a means of grace to the Hindu mechanics who are employed. The weaver boys go on without a teacher, and some of the others are doing so well it is hoped they will soon be able to take the place of the foremen. Bro. S. was still feeble, but causing much to be done in the shop; he also met his class of preachers daily and performed his duties on the Sabbath. Sister S. has been wonderfully sustained during all her trials and hard work.

Nothing about Jellasure now, save the remark of an aged widow who goes about with my girls to instruct the heathen women. She says, "I am happy all the time now, day and night, in the house and out doors, everywhere." L. CRAWFORD.

Missionary News.

The following is part of a letter lately received from India by one of our returned missionaries:—

MIDNAPORE, July 3.

DEAR — To-day commences a three weeks' vacation for our Santal school. Most of the boys have gone to the jungles. Four others, John Sinclair, Pickering Brown, David McDonald and Jacob Miley, are waiting to go out into the jungle to visit the school villages, and work with Sonar and Raju for the Santals. These four boys are now safely in the narrow way and are longing to bring others with them. Yes, David and Jacob, those wild, passionate, proud boys, are now Christ's own children, and by His grace have gained strength to confess him openly. Last evening at about six o'clock they were baptized in the tank near the chapel. For weeks after you left, David seemed to feel as if he had "taken Christ along with you;"—that was the way he expressed it—and there was no hope for him unless he could see you again. But by degrees he learned that our Saviour dwells with the meek and lowly everywhere, and for weeks past, the peace and joy that has filled his soul has shown in his face.

The baptism was appointed at six in the morning, our usual time, but it rained pouring all day till about six in the evening, when we had a little clear sky over our heads for half an hour. By the time the bell was rung and we had got to the water's edge, the clouds had rushed up again and drops began to fall. But what was gain or sunshine to us then? A hymn of praise was going up to him who rideth upon the clouds, and two noble boys were giving themselves, their all, to Christ. David was with James in the sacred baptismal waters, and as the words,—"David, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," fell upon the air, a new, heavenly joy lighted up his beautiful face, and we all knew that Christ was precious to his soul.

Jacob, notwithstanding the wild cries of his heathen mother, went firmly and joyfully after David. As we left the water, rain was falling fast, and a dark, angry night had suddenly closed down. But as we went into the chapel, and gathered round the table of the Lord with two who had never sat with us before, our hearts looked beyond the shores of time where "there is no night, and the Lamb is the light thereof." I have lately often wished that those who love to hear about the good work here, could know just what a sweet spot our Christian village, including the little grave-yard and the tank, is. Tell them about it. Do.

TUESDAY. Last evening, at the temperance meeting, Jacob rose boldly, and signed the tobacco pledge. Charles and Poona made excellent speeches, and Charles sang an original tobacco hymn. Six years ago, we could not believe that we should ever take to our very heart this strange people as we can now. We dared not hope that God would add to our little band so many that should be saved, and almost daily others are coming. All praises be to his holy name.

Early Sketches.—No. 25.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON.

EXTRACTS FROM RANDALL'S JOURNAL.

For four days and nights, ending Dec. 30, 1801, Eld. Randall was much of the time with his daughter Ursula, the wife of Mr. Rannels, who then lived a mile and a half from his home. She was dangerously sick and some of the time was unwilling he should leave her. He writes that for this time he did not have his clothes off nor sleep but sat, she was filled with divine love and seemed all heaven." She said, "Don't weep for me; if I die, I shall be happy." It pleased God to raise her up. Her life was prolonged 27 years more, and she died in Portland, Me., in 1828, aged 48.

"Dec. 30. Attended the funeral of Wm. Willy. He was killed instantly by a post falling and striking him on the head while assisting in raising a building. May it be the means of alarming all to be also ready."

The first Sabbath in 1802 he preached in New Durham. In the forenoon he spoke of these words, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Found it hard preaching. But a few had a sense of divine things. In the evening at Sam'l Joy's, had some comfort."

"Jan. 10. First day, meeting at Josiah Edgerly's and in the evening at S. Rannels, Esq's, in all of which there was a good degree of life and power."

"Jan. 15. A messenger from Barnstead called me up in the night, bringing the news of the death of my niece, Betty Randall, aged 25. Jan. 16. Went to Barnstead and attended the funeral of the above. Jan. 20. Quarterly Meeting in Barrington. Several cried for mercy. On the last day attended to the business, and continued till twelve o'clock at night. Found sweet consolation, bless the Lord. Feb. 13. Meeting at my house. Bro. E. Knowlton, of Pittsfield, was present. Much power felt. March 23. Had a comfortable day in visiting a number of families."

In the 22d number of these sketches an account was given of the preaching of Eld. Ballard, of Unity, in Nottingham, which was the beginning of the churches in that town, Deerfield, Candia, and Raymond; and that soon Elijah Watson and Jesse Burnham were called to the ministry. There was a meeting-house for the free people in Deerfield, and the seat of the operations was there. Ballard had gone into strange vagaries; there was no F. Baptist minister nearer than the Knowltons in Pittsfield. It was agreed to send to Eld. Randall for help. He records that he received a letter from Deerfield, April 22. He felt that it was a Macedonian call, and April 27, he set out, but went first to Barrington, now Strafford Corner, where he labored three days with Eld. Otis in a good work of grace. On the last day Eld. Otis baptized two, "May 1, arrived at Bro. Nathan Philbrick's in Deerfield." He found the Saviour in that family. One son, Peter, soon became a preacher. He was the father of Hon. J. D. Philbrick, the present Supt. of Public schools in Boston. Another son, Jonathan, became a preacher, but died in early life. He was the father of Bro. J. Harvey Philbrick, of Candia. Deerfield then had 1800 inhabitants. The free meeting-house was a mile and a half south of the Center. There was a Congregational meeting three miles up town. May 2 was the Sabbath. Living in childhood and youth and again these last years but six miles from where Randall preached that day, I have had the testimony of some who were there that the meeting was good. The house was thronged with people. Randall's record is, "Had great freedom. Saints appeared edified, and powerful conviction was on many." The next day he had a meeting at Mr. Ladd's, near by. This was the grandfather of Rev. E. P. Ladd, of Limerick, Me. Leaving Deerfield he went to Raymond, and he records that he had a meeting at Thomas Dudley's near the Center. It was a marvelous, refreshing season. Sinners very tender and saints rejoicing. Eld. N. Marshall had joined him here, who preached in the evening from the text, "Worship God."

"From Raymond went to Epping. May 6, held a meeting at Joseph Jenness's. It was a very powerful season. At the close went to the water and baptized Mary Pike and had much consolation." His journey home, accompanied by Eld. Marshall, was by Dover, Somersworth and Rochester. He was about five days on the way, preaching in the two last named towns and visiting from house to house. He says the meetings were large, solemn and comforting.

This preaching tour occupied 14 days. The distance traveled was 126 miles. Seed was sown and an influence exerted by his labors that was long felt for good. But the full record is on high.

Extremes.

A person of an impulsive spirit is liable to run into extremes. Such an one is generally absorbed in some particular enterprise or reform to the exclusion of all others. His mind dwells upon one thing until he becomes half bewildered. Unwilling and impatient to wait for results, he, in an unpropitious hour, takes a fearful leap in the labyrinth of error, where not a ray of light enters to cheer the gloomy void. The medium point then is the one to which all should aim. This rule, as a general thing, holds good. Extremes should on all occasions be studiously avoided, because one extreme very naturally leads to an opposite one equally fatal in its consequences. It is so in theology, morals, politics, and science. Or, in other words, "There are persons who are what we term one-idea men. One idea embraced and followed to the neglect or rejection of all other ideas to extremes, and extremists become ultraists, and ultraists become intolerant, and intolerance leads to collision, and collision is revolution, and such revolution ends most generally in anarchy and confusion. On the other hand, there is to be found always another class who believe in all ideas, promote all, patronize all, without regard to truth or error. It is plain to see that this leads to the same result in the end, though by a different and opposite mode. Then there is another class, both in church and state, and in the departments of science, who endeavor to avoid both extremes, acting on the principle of proving, all things and holding fast that which is good."

B.

It is only in and through Christ,—who only hath life, that you can truly enjoy the world,—that all things become yours, ministering to your faith and to your growth in grace.

Be of Good Cheer.

BY ANNA L. LEAH.

What can I say to the pilgrims
Traveling thro' a weary land,—
Climbing steep and rugged mountains,—
Crossing burning desert sand?
Does the way seem never-ending?
Grows the night dark and more drear?
Then remember, darkness deepens
Just ere day breaks full and clear.
Has the staff you thought would aid you,
Brittle proved and broke mid-way?
Have the beacon lights which guide you
Burned so low you lose the way?
Even then you may keep onward
By your knowledge of the past:
Note the little wayside mile-stones,
They will bring you right at last.
While you pass thro' lonely valleys,
If before you mountains rise,
Hiding all your goal's bright splendor
From your eager, longing eyes,—
'Tis in wisdom, well-directed,
That your wandering gaze may fall
On good near, which you, unheeding,
Else would never see at all.

When you've passed the rugged ranges,
Seeing them in distant view,
All their unattractive summits
Will seem robed in heavenly blue!
Then remember, all ye pilgrims,
When the way seems dark and drear,
At the end is life eternal!
Press right on, "be of good cheer!"
Sunapee, N. H.

S. S. Department.

Superficial Teaching.

Poor Sunday-school teacher! Everybody who can blot a line or get a chance at the ears of a Sunday-school audience, is chock full of "superficial teaching."

We are anxious the sentence should be understood in its double sense. Superficial teaching of others is dwelt upon loudly, earnestly, and yet both speakers and writers leave the impression upon their hearers and readers that their own teaching is quite as superficial as that of those whom they criticize.

There is much superficial teaching. It will not be denied. It can not be denied. Nobody wishes to deny it. But in most cases, the superficiality arises from want of experience, or want of a knowledge of the science and art of teaching, or from want of a knowledge of the philosophy of the human mind, and not from a reckless disposition to neglect the children.

Some men theorize well, but have no ability to make an application of their theory. They understand the science of teaching, but are ignorant of the art.

We have listened to these complainers or reformers, or whatever they call themselves, and we have read the products of their pens, and have felt much as the honest Quaker did when a wretched stammerer offered him his services, "if I possibly warranted," to cure the defective speech of stammering son. "Thee should first try the remedy on thyself."

It is easy to discover defects, easy to see the knots and scratches and cracks in the material, but not so easy to remove them and make sound furniture.

When the remedies are pointed out, they are so vague that they will challenge the acumen of a Yankee lawyer or the sharpness of a practical detective to discover them, or they are so defective that the remedies themselves need to be remedied.

A correspondent of a wide-spread Sunday-school paper, claiming to have found the "remedy for superficial teaching," mentions "higher standard of excellence" as of the first importance. This is well. But how shall we reach it? The writer says by getting the "prominent and influential people" into the Sunday-school. What gives prominence and influence? In most societies, wealth, riches, "much goods laid up for many years." Money is an essential requisite in the Sunday-school, but much of the wealth of society is very "shoddy," and covers up a great amount of ignorance. That which will remedy superficial teaching must be above earthly riches. It must be the riches of the intellect, wealth of soul and heart. Understand me, I am not depreciating the value of money in this enterprise, but neither money nor social influence is a remedy for superficial teaching.

Another remedy suggested is the practice of rearing teachers and educating them for their work. All well, but how shall we educate them? The writer above alluded to suggests forming a mixed(?) class of older scholars which should be something "better than a mere Bible-class." When we make ourselves believe that we have something better than a Bible-class in the Sunday-school, we had better dismiss our schools, disperse the children, and send them home.

The writer doubtless means to organize training-classes, making a sort of a normal school department in the Sunday-school. Even this, we think, is objectionable, and will be a poor remedy for superficial teaching.

We are not ignorant of the popularity of normal schools for training teachers for the week-day schools. We have not as much confidence in normal training-schools for week-day teachers as we should probably have if we were less acquainted with the results of such schools. Most of them are first-rate machine-shops. But machine teaching amounts to nothing. Yes, it does amount to something; it does more harm than good; it cramps the intellect of the scholar; it destroys the individualism of both teacher and scholar.

The remedy for superficial teaching, if it comes at all, must come from a thorough acquaintance with one's own mind and heart; from deep and profound intellectual culture; from a thorough knowledge of the philosophy of the human mind; from an intimate acquaintance with that mind in its transition state; from a familiar acquaintance with Bible literature; from a heart imbued with the lesson to be taught; from a soul full of human sympathy; from a heart that knows what never can be told, the work of the Spirit in the second birth; from not one, but from all of these combined the remedy must come.—S. S. Workman.

GENTEEL SCHOOLS. At an institute in Brooklyn, not long ago, Edward Eggleston uttered these pointed words:

Every Sunday-school ought to be a mission Sunday-school. I deprecate this distinction between them. We are radically wrong when we build a genteel Sunday-school for our own children, and another for poor children. The church whose carpets are too nice, whose pews are too carefully covered, whose architecture is too fine to admit God's poor, ought to be torn down

and thrown into the East River. I do not know when I have had myself so stirred down to the very boot-heels as I was in Chicago, when I heard a member of a wealthy church of my own denomination, of Washburne, say that they could not have this class of children taught in their school, but that the mission-school was the place for them. Like John, who fled from the bath when the heretic Celsius entered, saying, "I am afraid to remain, lest the bath should fall in upon us both," so would I be afraid to teach in such a Sunday-school, lest the roof should fall in judgment upon the gentility that will not admit God's poor. There will be this punishment, which will be sufficient, God knows: You will bring up children to be genteel, useless, worthless kind of Christians. They will not know anything of mission labor, nor feel anything of the mission spirit. Your children need this association with the poor and the wretched more than anything else. It is your only way of making earnest, energetic, missionary Christians of them, and I would rather send my children half a mile further to a mission-school than to any one of these genteel schools close at hand.

THE VOICE OF THE BELL. A boy, whose only religious education was obtained in a Sabbath-school, discovered the worth of his soul at a very early age, and became convicted of sin. Christian friends looked forward to the time when he would be useful in the service of Christ; for he appeared to be truly converted. But he formed the acquaintance of careless and wicked boys, and by degrees, absented himself from Sabbath-school and from church. At last he forsook both entirely, and said he was "ashamed to be a Sabbath scholar now he was a big boy." He went on from bad to worse till he became a young man.

One Sabbath morning he, with some of his wicked companions, had set forth to spend the day in sport. They happened to pass the church where, when a boy, he had attended the Sabbath-school. Just as they reached the steps, the bell pealed out its solemn tone.

He started; to his ears it spoke as plain as human voice: "Come, come, come!" Then and there the Spirit arrested him. He went on; but every peal rang in his ear: "Come, come now!" As the last stroke died away, he turned to his companions, saying: "I'll not go with you to-day; I am going back to church." They laughed, and tried to stop him; but he turned from them, and went back to the church, the days of his boyhood in that Sabbath-school walking with him in the visions of memory every step of the way. The sermon was from the words, "Come unto me," etc. Then and there the Saviour said to his soul, "Come," and he went. To this day he is one of the most zealous workers in the vineyard of Christ. List to the sound of the church-going bell," and see if it says not to you, "Come, come, come now."—S. S. Messenger.

ONE OF MY TEACHERS. Let me take you to the house of one of my teachers. It is early Sabbath morning. The teacher, you know, rises an hour earlier than usual on the Lord's day—not an hour later, I suppose it is your custom to rise earlier. I went to the house of this teacher, and the girl told me he was not in his room, but would I walk up? I went to the third story, as directed. No one was there. My glance at the room was arrested by a little piece of paper pinned to a green window-curtain. It so interested me that I could not resist the temptation to go nearer and see what it meant. (It was not a secret, you know, for secrets are put into drawers.) There was a little stool under the bit of paper. Casting my eye at the paper, I saw that it was blotted! Looking closer, I found writing on it. It was the names of that teacher's class, and pencilled notes opposite each. During the last summer our school was a good deal broken up in its classes, and I heard some one say, "How wonderfully that brother's class keeps together!" They were all converted. They are "mission" girls, and were of the hardest, the most difficult kind to reach and to hold. But not one of them drifts away. They stand. Do you see the secret? That blotted paper! It is the anchor which holds them fast, and which, by a strong faith and wrestling with God, enters within the veil, and lays hold on the eternal rocks of the promises.

Go with me a moment again, and see. That teacher saturates his lesson, also, with prayer. It is thus he makes the lesson go down into his scholars' hearts. The scholars know that he has been praying over the lesson. They can see it in his eye. We must all pray more over the word we teach. We must pray freshly over it. Last Sunday's prayer will not do for this Sunday's lesson. We must pray at every point in it, or every special need that arises. Oh! we shall thus get help and relief, just as we need it, and with most clear and convincing proof that the answer is directly from the Lord.—Ralph Wells.

The man who never smiles has no divine call to the Sabbath-school ministry.

It is possible to make the Sabbath-school one of the most potent agencies for the promotion of temperance. The members of our Sabbath-schools everywhere readily yield to moral influence.

The moment the teacher sees that the attention is flagging, let her do something else—tell a story; ask two or three questions, in some way divert the wandering thoughts back again to herself.

The teacher is the pastor of a little flock; the converted scholar is his charge; an overseer, a shepherd, he should keep his eye over his charge, even as the shepherd watches his sheep, the overseer his men.

Jesus Christ used objects in teaching, and because he had no convenient black-board he wrote on the ground. It was an effective blackboard service, for it sent the old Pharisees out of the place in a hurry.

The Superintendent ought to be a man who is kind, and easy to get acquainted with. Not a stiff, cold, formal man. If he has got stiffness and formality, he ought to bury that the first thing, because, if that is his disposition, it is pretty hard to get hold of the children, and I don't think a superintendent can be successful that does not get hold of their hearts.

If there are any teachers absent, it is the superintendent's place to visit and find out why. Last summer, when I was home, one of my teachers was absent. I tried to find out the reason, and when I got to this coast, I wrote back to see if I could not find out about it. It will do some good. She will see that the superintendent did not forget her. If a superintendent pursues this course, there will be very few teachers absent. Weather will not keep them. It will be sickness, if anything keeps them away.

Selections.

Drink no more Wine.

When Reebah's sons, in days of old,
Abjured the red wine,
They filled their cups of flashing gold
With nectar more divine;
They quaffed the liquid diamonds then,
And through life's journey trod,
A noble race of sober men,
Who loved and honored God.

The grape in purple clusters hung,
To tempt their roving eyes,
And round them fair Bacchantes sung,
Like seraphs from the skies;
But not a son of Reebah turned
A moment from his vow;
Oh, that the fire of honor burned
As radiantly now.

Brave conquerors of appetite!
Your clear heads reasoned well;
The road could not be bright
Where Lot and Noah fell.
All honor, then, to those who broke
The fetters of the vine,
All honor to the men who spoke
The banishment of wine.

Brave men of old! the world shall own
The greatness of your fame,
And o'er the drunkard's reeling throne
Shall blaze Reebah's name;
Our men your words shall ne'er forget,
As custom's chain they sever;
And Adam's race shall echo yet,
"We drink no more forever."
—Golden Age.

With Persecutions.

Some one writes me, "Why did Jesus, in the list of blessings promised to those who should make self-denial, place the word persecutions?" Shall receive an hundred fold in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions? Why rewards and punishments for the same act?"

I never before noticed the paradox. It seems like promising a man health, and comfort and success and a sound threshing, or saying to a child, for some good thing to be done, I will reward you with a cake and a ride and a dark closet.

Still there is no contradiction. A cup may be so sweet that it is insipid or nauseating. Our cup of life is not all of sweets. It is a compounded cup, and with the saccharine there mingle the acids and the bitters.

All the good and useful shall have the promise of persecutions fulfilled. Cutting out the tongue, or extinguishing the eye, or pulling apart the limbs is a past fashion; but still there are weapons of persecution. Sometimes it is a newspaper attack, sometimes it is anonymous letters, sometimes private caricature and misrepresentation. Tell me of any man eminently useful that has not been eminently useful.

Crossing the ocean, I used to hang over the "Java" to watch the stroke of the wave against the ship's cut-water. I noticed, when it was foggy, and we were making only seven or eight knots an hour, there was but little stir in the water; but when, in fair weather, we went fourteen knots an hour, the ocean tossed in front of the prow and boiled on either side. So just in proportion as a Christian, or an enterprise, makes headway in the Christian church, in that ratio will there be commotion and excited resistance in the waters. If nothing has been said against you, if you have never been assailed, if everybody seems pleased with you, you are simply making little or no progress; you are water-logged, and, instead of mastering the wave, the wave masters you.

Some Christians resolved to build a free Tabernacle. While we stayed in the old church everybody blessed us, the newspapers blessed us, the ministers blessed us, but we started out for a new style of organization. People shouted, "That building will fall before you get it up!" "The minister won't let it." "Better go up and fence in Prospect Park for a church, your ideas are so enormous!" "The acoustics will fall!" "You can not support it!" "The minister will die, and you will have the whole thing on your hands!" Neighboring Christians and ministers from other churches came in during the construction, and said: "What a hippodrome! Church of the Holy Circus! Where will the horses go round and where will the clown stand?" The air was as full of lies as long-billed mosquitoes along the marsh on an August night. Well, the building did not fall down, the acoustical qualities were not a failure, the church has been supported, and the minister isn't dead yet! Still, many of our people winced under the flaying, and could not understand how Christian people could act so, not knowing that when Christian men do lie they lie like the Devil.

All of you who will do your duty must take a share of maltreatment. Be not over-sensitive! If you see two persons talking in a corner, and occasionally looking over toward you, you are annoyed, and think they are talking against you. Let not your mind be troubled over one small egg of provocation. All it is hatched out into a great obnoxious culture of unhappiness.

In answering the letter in my hand, I say that persecution may be a blessing by testing our earnestness. A man may think himself in earnest when it is a mere hobby he is riding; and when the hobby balks he gets off and goes home. Let a man start out, and find those who promised to help proving tricky and his motives maligned, he will give it up, unless he is in earnest. It is easy to be a soldier in time of peace. We had many brave captains and colonels and majors before the war began; but at Big Bethel, when the battle opened, how the fellows did run! If men are not earnest in Christian conflict, they may make a good show for a while; but attacked and pursued, they show the white flag and surrender.

Persecution, if sanctified, makes one humble. Success has a tendency to brag; and so God lets it be jeered at. The man says: "I endowed that college! I started that school! I built that church! Is not this great Babylon that I have built? And God turns Nebuchadnezzar but to eat grass like an ox." Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven!

Another advantage in persecution is, it lets us know how much of the bad is still left in us. What a mild Christian he was when everybody praised him! Now he runs against the sharp edge of sarcasm, and opposition, and he is full of fight. He feels more like swearing than praying. He runs about in great excitement, talking over all the mean things he knows about those who oppose him,—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, scorn for scorn, personality for personality, and the demons of malice and revenge and hate, with racket and explosion, keep Fourth of July in his heart. After a while he wakes up, and finds he is all wrong; and he cools down, and has a long list of hard speeches and unjust deeds to repent of, and learns, as never before, his weakness before God.

Persecution brings us into sympathy with Christ. What deed or word of his life was not misrepresented? They said that he was a not, a traitor, a blasphemer, a disturber of

the peace. They got up a sham trial, and kept on until matters culminated in his death. He answered not. Struck, he struck not back. The reason you don't demolish your enemy is because you can't. He had all power in Heaven and on earth, yet was as a sheep before her shears. Oh! thou despised One of the Cross, show us how to bear the scoffs and criticisms of the world!

If Christ will answer that prayer, then we will be able to know why in the 10th chapter of Mark he announced persecution as the very climax of all the blessings we can possibly receive on earth for Christian work and self-denial.

Though it be a crown of fire, the first breath of heaven will put out the flame, and leave nothing but the gold, and that all the brighter for the heat. Pearls are found in the shell in the deep sea; but the shell is opened by the knife of the persecutor, and the pearls drop out. The richest blessings are hidden and enclosed, and it sometimes takes the sharp knife of persecution to bring out the pearl of great price. Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven!—Rev. T. D. Talmage in Independent.

Deacon Meekins.

This is a simple memorial of a simple old man, who went home twenty-five years ago.

When I first remember him he was already bent as though by the wind of his fourscore winters, his hair was white and scanty, and he was too deaf to hear any conversation unless it was shouted in his ear. He had been a soldier of the Revolution, and the little pittance of pension for that service was all his living, excepting as it was eked out by the generosity of his neighbors.

But Deacon Meekins had not always lived such a meager life as this. He was born one of a merry household, in an abundant and hospitable home, and when he became a man he earned one of the best farms in his native valley. He was a man of industry in the town, and especially in the church, but an influence that was seen less than felt, for he was always calm and mild and modest.

"In time of a revival," said his pastor, "one might think Deacon Meekins had no enjoyment of religion, but at other times he seems to have more than all the rest of the church."

Thus he lived, for many years, a prosperous, respected, useful, and blameless life. But somehow his boys, in the phrase of the country, "didn't turn out well." They did not like farming, and tried business, but did not succeed. Again and again their father signed notes for them, and as they could never pay, and he always had to, at last he was obliged to sell his farm and his other property, until in his old age nothing was left, nothing but the good name that is rather to be chosen than great riches.

For the last years of her life his wife was troubled by a mild insanity, the tendency to which she bequeathed to her children,—a woful heritage. At length she died, and left him with their youngest daughter. This daughter had been a beauty and a belle in her young girlhood, but something went wrong and well-nigh upon her poor brain, leaving her sometimes excitable and wild, and sometimes sane and reasonable. She retained much of her youthful beauty, however, the fair skin, pretty pink mouth, and restless eyes. She kept house, but in flighty fashion for the old man.

They lived in three rooms of a poor brown house, with a garden at one end, where the old man feebly dug and planted. He was always welcome to the chips and scattered tree branches he could gather in his neighborhood, and to the gleanings of orchard and cornfield. So, with an occasional gift of a sled-load of wood and a bushel of apples or potatoes, a few pounds of meat now, a bag of meal then, and a basket of eggs at another time, from their kind-hearted but hard-handed neighbors, the old man and his daughter subsisted. After the cheer and comfort and fullness of the past, how pinched and poor this life seemed! Like the burnt-out end of a flickering candle!

Yet Deacon Meekins never murmured, but was thankful for everything, until at a great age he was taken to the mansion prepared for him in the Father's house.

And now, as I consider the story of this obscure life, it does not seem so pitiable after all. Living and dying among those whom he had always known, and among their children,—

"He never had changed or wished to change his place,"

and there was always the look of home to him in the sight of the pleasant river and the hills that were as familiar as the face of his mother.

He had also the marvelous gift of patient submission that can make bitter things sweet, and he had, more than all, the promise of an inheritance incorruptible and that fadeeth not away.

So, when I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us, I forget to pity the decay of the old man's earthly fortunes; for I know that the full measure of the life of many an old dwelling in kings' palaces and owning the cattle upon a thousand hills, is less bountiful than his.—Christian Banner.

Prayer-Meetings.

Prayer-meetings would generally do more good if there was more praying and less talking. An Englishman, just over, upon leaving a prayer-meeting recently, said, "In England our prayer-meetings are for prayer and not exhortation." These meetings are the life of a church. The best men and women are those who attend the church prayer-meetings. There is nothing that more encourages a faithful pastor than a full and earnest prayer-meeting.

Prayer is the means the great Head of the church has appointed to call down his blessing; and even when God has promised to bless, He says, "I will be inquired of by the house of Israel that I may do it for them."

Christians should come to these meetings expecting a blessing. "Open thy mouth wide," says the Lord to his people, "and I will fill it." This blessing is according to our faith, and faith believes the promises of God.

INFORMALITY.

We were told of an enthusiastic sculptor who was bent upon having a perfect form of a negro acquaintance, whom he induced to stand for a liberal sum. He put the colored man in a high hoghead, and poured in the plaster of Paris, designing to have it reach the model's neck, and then to mold his face afterwards. When the paste stuff had reached his arm-pits, it began to set as a vice. At every exhalation the plaster pressed closer in, until the danger of strangulation was imminent, and the frightened artist had all he could do to break the res-

sel, and fracture the hardening plaster in time to save his model's life.

This is the way many treat their prayer-meetings; they plod on, in one unvarying direction, and cling to set ways and precedents until a cold, dead formalism hardens about the spirit of devotion, and there is soon nothing left but the letter without the spirit—the form without the life.

This informality of procedure may be extensively illustrated until great variety is secured. The pastor or leader may read some short and striking paragraph with which he has met in the course of his study or reading, and which will excite all minds to inquiry. Some living question in the commercial, or professional, or social, or political world, which involves moral and Christian principles, may be brought up for inquiry, consideration and prayer. And here, by all means, let the informality and variety extend to an unrestricted asking of questions.—Examiner & Chronicle.

VARIETY IN THE PRAYERS.

A point to which we wish to make special reference, is the impropriety of the one who leads in the first prayer, embracing the whole range of subjects for which prayer is offered, so that all the succeeding prayers will only be a repetition of what has gone before. This is often done, not only by the members of the church, but also by the pastor. And the length of the first prayer, and the repetitions of those which follow, do much to explain why so many prayer-meetings are such uninteresting and dull affairs.

Each prayer should be short, and should for the most part be confined to a single line of thought. Then there will be a sufficient variety, and a deliverance from the "vain repetitions" inflicted on so many prayer-meetings, and which make them utterly unprofitable. Indeed, if the prayer-meeting is to be attractive and useful, there must be a good deal of variety in the prayers, in the hymns, in the addresses, and in the order of the exercises. A stereotyped form will soon chill the soul out of all kinds of social worship. As a general rule, familiar hymns and tunes expressive of lively emotion, should be selected; and there ought to be a good deal of singing. A dull hymn, a lifeless tune, long and repetitious prayers, and a scattering, pointless address, will soon make a prayer-meeting a place not desired by any one.—Presbyterian Banner.

Paul's Consecration.

All that Paul had, and all that he was, and all that he could think, and all that he could do, and whatever enthusiasm he had, and whatever power he had of inspiring other people with enthusiasm—these were all of them, in his language, bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Therefore, wherever Paul labored, and wherever much he labored, he never seemed to himself overworked. There is a generosity and humility in love which work from a profound sense of generosity. There is a love that scorns measuring. And the apostle never felt, "I have worked fully up to my share of that which is to be done on earth." He felt, rather, "As long as I have a sentient emotion, as long as I have a pulse-beat, all that there is of me is not enough to pay the debt that I owe to him that loved me, and gave himself for me." He felt that he could never pay that debt. There are some debts, you know, that can not be paid. Heart-debts you can not pay.

Oh, how beautiful a thing is such sensitive and honorable gratitude! There are men who can not hear the name of Arnold of Rugby spoken without tears, to this day, though he has been dead for a score of years. Thomas Hughes, who has just gone home, is one of them. He did not believe he could speak of him five minutes without tears, and without saying, "From the foundation to the roof-tree, everything that I am, I owe to that man." There are children who can not hear their mother's name mentioned without having a tide, a gulf-stream, as it were, setting out of their heart. For they know that the life which they are living here, and which they hope to live hereafter, was so intimately connected with her influence, and fidelity and love, that if it had not been for her faithfulness, their souls would not have lived.

These are very blessed testimonies; they are comely, seemly, beautiful, rational, admirable; but above them all stands One who is more to us than father or mother, or brother or sister, or husband or wife, or dearest and most self-sacrificing friend—Jesus Christ, who sacrificed his life for us, and now lives his heavenly life for us from day to day, and from hour to hour. And Paul felt, as we ought to feel more than we do, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Mr. Punshon's Power.

The one great element of Mr. Punshon's power is to be found in his universality. Many preachers manage to attract considerable congregations, who are yet wanting in that respect. For, if you come to look at those who are listening to them, you will find them mostly drawn from one class of life. There are buildings filled every Lord's day with the average cockney; the animal that digests the highly-seasoned fare of the Daily Telegraph in the week, and requires, in consequence, on the Sabbath to be crammed to the verge of spiritual suffocation with tidbits of rant and flattery, and piled-up perorations. There are other buildings where the audience is, for the most part, composed of men of taste and thought, who enjoy a quiet, meditative, yet none the less evangelical sermon. And yet again, there are places where the lower orders are mostly to be found, where good, plain gospel preaching is heard and appreciated. It seldom happens, however, that an audience is composed of an almost equal number taken from different ranks and grades of social position. But this exceptional sight is to be seen when Mr. Punshon preaches. There is the rich and the poor, the man who can understand Ruskin seated beside the man who revels in La Fontaine; the lady with many fountains takes her place beside the poor needle-woman who has helped to make them. For Mr. Punshon, though a man of the most chastened thought and expression, is yet possessed of sympathies that stretch right down to the very lowest dregs of humanity. That is to say, he embodies in his teaching the spirit of the gospel, the spirit of Christ, of his Apostles, of Christianity itself. He is entirely free from vulgarity, which, indeed, never pays in the long run, and which may a wise preacher, though tempted to the propriety of discarding, those who go to hear Mr. Punshon need never fear being disgusted with sensationalism, or shocked by irreverence.

He is indeed too well read a man ever to lower his happy art to that dead level. Thoroughly abreast of the growing thoughtfulness of these times, and well versed in the careful study of such models as Maug-

lay, Robertson, and Tennyson, he has yet gained additional breadth of view and fresh freedom from conventional restraint in his recent travels. And who can help, above all things, being impressed with the earnestness of the man! The man who has withstood the fascinating enticements to wealth and ease, who has stood by the glorious old cause with which he first began, who has in his heart the one feeling—"For me to live is Christ," must needs command our respect and veneration. As a Wesleyan minister, he is, it is true, in a peculiarly fortunate condition for preparing his discourses; but even were this not so, there is no reason to doubt that his boundless wealth of illustration would have failed to place him on the pinnacle of greatness which he now occupies. It is said that a minister was once complimented by an elderly lady in his church, because his sermon had so many "likes" in it. That has been the secret of success with many a popular preacher; and the practice, introducing many illustrations, is, of course, abundantly justified by the great Master's method. Mr. Punshon traverses the realms of Scripture, of science, of history, explores all the marvels of the outside world, ascends from this earth to the starry systems, and calls angels, and, if need be, sends into the substance of his discourse to make his meaning plain. But above all things, and in all ways, and to all people he preaches not "about the gospel," but the gospel itself; not Christianity, but Christ. And in him, as much as in any man living, do we see the truth and force of Mr. Dale's declaration—"The world is not yet weary of hearing about Christ."—London Christian World.

Theses.

1. The state has a right to take the easiest and most economical method of preventing crime and disorder, and securing peace and equal rights for all. Prevention is better than cure. The school-house is cheaper and more efficacious than the penitentiary. Therefore the state has a right to educate.

2. Experience shows that to secure peace and good order, it is not enough to educate the intellect. Reading, writing, and arithmetic do not suffice. The moral sense must be developed. The conscience must be educated. Truth, justice, purity, love, must be taught—at least good morals, if not also sound religion.

3. Experience shows that there is no such textbook of moral and religious truth as the Bible. Whenever its precepts have been accepted and obeyed, crime, and ignorance, and superstition have been reduced, and peace, and order, and prosperity have been secured. On this ground, therefore, the state has a right to use in educating the conscience and the moral nature, without teaching anything concerning its inspiration and authority.

4. It can thus use the Bible in the schools without infringing any conscience, or violating any right. The Romanist who insists that the authority in religion is the church, still uses the Bible, and claims to honor it as a sacred and divinely-inspired book. That the state accepts and uses it violates no right of his. The Romanist recognizes in the Bible a book containing much pure, holy, and sublime truth. To so accept and use it violates no right of his.—Christian Weekly.

The Force of Truth.

A gentleman was once asked in company what led him to embrace the truths of the gospel, which formerly he was known to have neglected and despised. He said, "My call and conversion to God my Saviour, were produced by a singular meeting a person put into my hands 'Paine's Age of Reason.' I read it, with attention, and was much struck with the strong and ridiculous representation he made of many passages in the Bible. I confess, to my shame, I had never read the Bible through; but from what I remember to have heard at church, and accidentally on other occasions, I could not persuade myself that Paine's report was quite so absurd as he represented it. I resolved therefore, that I would read the Bible regularly through, and compare the passages when I had done so, that I might give the Bible a fair play. 'I accordingly set myself to the task, and as I advanced, I was struck with the majesty which it spoke; the awfulness of the truths contained in it, and the strong evidence of its divine origin, which increased with every page, so that I finished my inquiry with the fullest satisfaction of the truth as it is in Jesus, and my heart was penetrated with a sense of obligation I had never felt before. I resolved henceforth to take the sacred word for my guide, and to be a faithful follower of the Son of God.'"

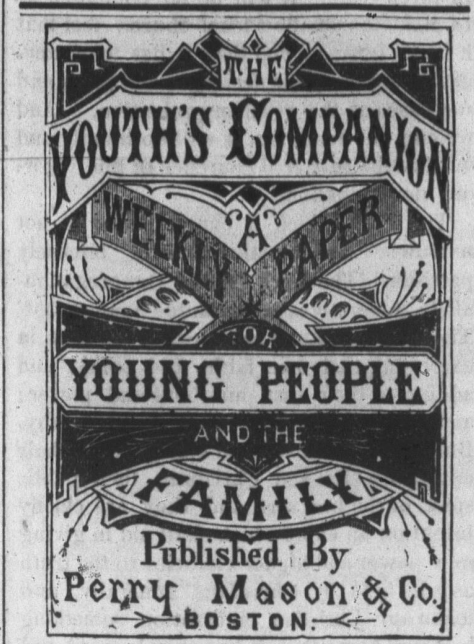
Character and Doctrine.

Actions, in many ways, teach better than words, and even the most persuasive oral instruction is greatly vivified when supplemented by the silent teaching of the life.

Consider, for one thing, that actions are more intelligible than words. All verbal teaching partakes more or less of the necessary vagueness of language, and its intelligibility is dependent, in a great measure, on the degree of intellectual culture and ability in the mind of the hearer. Ideas, reflections, deductions, distinctions, when presented in words, are liable to misapprehension; their power is often modified or lost by the obscurity of the medium through which they are conveyed, and the impression produced by them is apt very speedily to vanish from the mind. Many minds are inaccessible to any formal teaching that is not of the most elementary character; and there are comparatively few to whom an illustration is not more intelligible than an argument.

But whatever the difficulty of understanding words, deeds are almost always intelligible. Let a man not merely speak but act the truth; let him reveal his soul in the articulate speech of an earnest, pure, and truthful life, and this will be a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. The most elaborate discourse on sanctification will prove tame and ineffectual in comparison with the eloquence of a humble, holy walk with God. In the spectacle of a penitent soul pouring forth the broken utterance of its contrition at the Saviour's feet, there is a nobler sermon on repentance than eloquent lips ever spoke. Instruct your children in the knowledge of God's great love and mercy, but let them see that love cheering, animating, hallowing your daily life; describe to them the divinity and glory of the Saviour's person and work, but let them note how daily you think of him, hear with what profoundest reverence you name his name, see how the sense of a divine presence sheds a reflected moral beauty around your own—and this will be a living and breathing theology to them, without which formal teaching will avail but little. Sermons and speeches, to many weary; they may be listened to with irksomeness, and

remembered with effort; but living speech never fires; it makes no formal demand on the attention, it goes forth in feelings and emanations that win their way insensibly into the secret depths of the soul. The medium of verbal instruction, moreover, is conventional, and it can be understood only where one special form of speech is vernacular; but the language of action and life is instinctive and universal. The living epistle needs no translation to be understood in every country and clime; a noble act of heroism or self-sacrifice speaks to the common heart of humanity; a humble, gentle, holy, Christ-like life preaches to the common ear all the world over. There is no speech nor language in which this voice is not heard, and its words go forth to the world's end.—Dr. Caird.



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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 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.

A Few Special Words.

With many thanks to all those who have taken an interest in the circulation of the *Star*, we still ask their cooperation. We have sought to make the paper worthy of patronage and a blessing to all its readers. In the year to come we trust that its value may not be less than heretofore, but greater. As special encouragements to subscribers in the future, we offer the following:

1. To every new subscriber, sending the price of a year's subscription, \$2.50, we will send the remainder of the present volume free. Or,
2. To every new subscriber for the next volume, who shall remit \$2.50, and ten cents in addition to pay postage, &c., we will send a new and beautiful chromo entitled "The Wreathed Cross." This is one of the most elegant works of its kind that has been produced, and is worth the price of the paper. This offer holds good until Apr. 1, 1872.

3. To all our old subscribers who shall settle all arrearages, and pay for the paper in advance at least to Jan. 1, 1873, and forward 10 cts. to pay postage, &c., we will also send a copy of this same Chromo. This offer holds good until Dec. 31, 1871. We make this special offer as an expression of good-will toward the many old and staunch friends of the *Star* whose interest in its behalf has been so unmistakably shown.

N. B. It will be understood that no percentage is allowed in those cases where the Chromo is sent,—that the subscription and postage are to be paid in advance,—and that those who wish the Chromo will need to signify that wish in connection with their remittance. Will not our subscribers generally call the attention of their friends to the paper and to this special offer? This is the season for canvassing, and some thousands of new names should be added to our list before the first of Jan'y.

The Congregational Council.

The late meeting of the Congregationalists at Oberlin was a significant one. It called together as members some 300 of their strong men, and the visitors added not a little to the size of the assembly and the zest of the occasion. Live and practical topics got the chief attention. There was a large liberty and independence in opinion exhibited, and some of the debates were free and pithy and earnest, even when they kept within the bounds of brotherly courtesy and strict parliamentary decorum. The progressive and conservative elements were fairly represented. The love of settled order and the craving for new methods both found expression. Earnest pleas for a new and strong statement of the old orthodox theology were urged, and the impatience which does not hesitate to strike hard blows at the ancient forms of faith spoke out in plain and forcible words. The real spirit of the Congregationalist body has been seldom brought out with more freedom, fullness and force.

The proceedings in detail have not reached us at this hour. None of the important papers read have been seen in their unbridled form, and the most important debates are epitomized even in the fullest reports which have yet reached us. When the action is completely reported it may be that the impressions now made will be modified. But some points are made clear.

There is less inclination than formerly to give prominence to the peculiar doctrinal formulas of the Congregational churches among us. The old forms of doctrinal statement are more or less objected to, and by many minds are accepted only after they have been freely manipulated by a liberal interpretation. The rigid Calvinism of other days finds fewer and fewer advocates; and so this Council declined to do more than to declare that it holds to the generally accepted faith of the Congregational churches, which has been sufficiently defined elsewhere and at earlier dates.

The doctrine of the independence of the local churches was affirmed in emphatic words and ways. In choosing "Council" as the word which is to stand for the new organization, it is most emphatically stated, that the body is to have no controlling power over the churches, and it is forbidden to act as arbitrator or umpire in connection with cases that may arise in the local and smaller bodies. Its constitution so binds it to merely suggestive and advisory functions, that it can hardly grow up into anything like an ecclesiastical court, or parliament, or congress. Its power is to be forever measured by the recognized force of its ideas. It is to direct only where men see good reasons for following its suggestions; it will govern only so far as it convinces; it will be supreme only where it is recognized as the exponent of royal truths. This strong testimony to the doctrine of church independence, especially after so long a truce, so wide and varied an experience, and so much criticism from their Episcopal and especially from their Presbyterian neighbors, is full of meaning. It shows the prevailing tendency of the public mind; it asserts that liberty has brought no grave mis-

chiefs in the past; it expresses practical faith in the popular heart and will for the future. We believe this action warranted, wise and timely.

And yet the Council, both by its simple existence and its formal action, asserted anew the need of a completer organization of forces, a wider co-operation and a more thorough unity. They realize that union is strength, and so seek to gain it. There are great objects which they can achieve only through the blending of powers and the intelligent sympathy of hearts. And so the Council is to be a permanent feature of Congregational polity. It will meet once in three years. It will be so composed as to make the smallest local church feel that it is not ignored, and that it has an immediate interest in the decisions and plans and successes of the great organization. And we can not doubt that it will both unify and vitalize the scattered churches of this vigorous denomination.

The work which it contemplates is not narrowly denominational and intensely partisan. The spirit of the Congregationalists, generally, is a guarantee against that. They take a natural and proper interest in extending their own faith and polity, and adding to their own numbers and power; and that is legitimate, well, praiseworthy. But their plans are broad and general, their enterprise vital and Christian, their public spirit of the best sort, and they are chiefly intent on an effort which shall aid in giving new power and higher victories to the truth as it is held by Christians generally, and make our Christian civilization something better at home than it has ever become, and render it a beneficent power that shall away Christ's scepter over the human race.

For such large-hearted men as these, all lovers of virtue and of God may well give thanks; and over such efforts to make true religion royal in the earth we may well take courage and go to our own specific work with new energy and faith.

The Annual Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day is more and more widely observed. So far as the President's proclamation can do it, it is already made a national instead of a state festival. And while there may be a great lack in recognizing the religious idea and duty which gave it birth, and still give it the highest value, yet even its partial observance will not wholly fail to impress the lesson of dependence. It can hardly help making gratitude and duty to God something more than matters to be taken note of in the state paper of the chief magistrate, or things to be brought out in the prayer and sermon of the clergyman.

The family reunions which it brings about are not among the least of its benefits. It thus exalts the home. It puts honor upon domestic life. It asserts anew the sanctity of those bonds which unite the hearts of parents and children, brothers and sisters. It revives sacred memories that were beginning to fade out. It quickens sympathy. It makes the unselfish love that has its special seat in the family appear a holier thing. And whatever does this work of exalting the home as God's appointed school for the nurture of pure affections and the wise training of souls, is accomplishing one of the most needed ends. For the home-life is just now in peculiar danger of sinking in the public esteem, and the bonds which hold men and women to the purity and fidelity that alone build up a people into strength and nobility, are suffering most perilous strains.

A merely formal act of religion has indeed little value in God's eye, and it may even harden the heart and promote self-deception in him who performs it. And a Thanksgiving which is so used as to encourage gluttony on the pretense of feeding gratitude, may serve to make men and women more complete animals instead of truer Christians. They who only aim to secure a larger human jollity than usual, keeping the festival simply for the sake of the greasy stomach and the titillating nerves, are real worshippers of the god of this world while professing to adore the Lord and Giver of all. Their thanksgivings are such as vex Heaven; their songs of hilarious passion are the wails of an abused conscience; and while the fleshly nature gormandizes, the soul is starving to death.

And yet it is well that, at the end of a bountiful harvest, like that which has just been gathered from our wide and fruitful acres, we set apart a day for glad thanksgiving to Him who sends seed-time and harvest, the early and the latter rain. For he is the author of all good. He does not forget our dependence even when the fact drops out of our thought. He is ever mindful of his covenant. His bow, still set in the cloud, tells us perpetually of the old pledge made while the drenched earth was shaking off the dripping moisture and the fearful terror of the deluge.

And this year has been one of fruitfulness. We have suffered no general blight of mildew and frost. No devouring locust or caterpillar has eaten the bulk of our substance. Though there have been local and partial failures in crops, yet, as a whole, the products of the soil have been most abundant and choice. Even where the parched earth seemed vainly pleading for showers, the sunshine and the dew and the moisture stored in the earth have united to reward the husbandman with a wealth that surprised even his highest hope. Our granaries overflow. Our barns are crowded with plenty. Our fruits fill the markets a thousand miles from where they grew. The very seas are white with canvas spread above the overplus of our products which we are sending to the unsupplied markets of the world. We have been saved from the horrors of war and the agony of pestilence. Old controversies that threatened a rupture with foreign powers are happily ended, and the outlook for the future is especially bright. There have seldom been stronger reasons for a day of National Thanksgiving, and the volume of our ascending grati-

tude should be sufficient to fill the heavens like a cloud.

It is true that we have had some experiences that may well cause sadness and shuddering. The Ku-Klux violence has been shameful and humiliating. The Chinese, coming among us for peaceful and prosperous industry, have now and then been outraged in the name of American Liberty. Official corruption was never before so extreme, so defiant and so shameless as it has been in New York during the past year. The flames have left a great city in ruins, and turned a hundred thousand people into the streets and on to the prairie hungry and homeless, and changed whole counties that were full of thrifty life into a blackened and silent desert. These are indeed dark spots in our feast of charity, and terrible blotches on the public character, and sad experiences for sensitive hearts.

But even these do not come as unmixed evils. The hand of national authority has been so laid upon southern lawlessness that it turns with a startled look, drops its defiant arm, and makes its confession with white face and tremulous lips. The national protest is so heard against wronging the emigrant from beyond the Pacific, that he grows calm and confident while his persecutors begin to blush. The Tammany Ring was indeed a terrible specimen of organized wrong, but its gigantic proportions only made the great victory over it a grander thing. And the splendid courage and creative energy which the western disasters have brought into visible activity, and especially the spontaneous outburst of sympathy and benevolent help that transfigured the whole country in a single day, and lighted up all the great cities of Europe before a week had passed,—these are things which make the great calamities of the year seem so sublime that they lose more than half their sorrowfulness. Even this fearful cloud appears as a canvas on which Providence has put the splendid portrait of Charity, so that the world may see and confess its glory. If we can not thank God for the human wrath and the awful chastening, yet the highest strain of gratitude may well go up as we remember how he makes the wrath of man to praise him, and how out from the deepest darkness he beckons the most golden glory. In the singing of our heart-hymns, let the closing and most jubilant stanza take note of the gracious dealing which turns seeming calamities into real triumphs.

Welcome then to Thanksgiving! Let the good old festival be so kept that God shall be honored. For the reunions that make home dearer let him be devoutly thanked. For the hope that they who are to sit no more at earthly boards have found a place at the eternal feast, let the heart bless him, even though there be no word spoken, but only silence and tears. Let the bountiful meal be seasoned with gratitude. Let the recalled history of the year kindle and lift adoration. Let the memory of unfaithfulness be hallowed by the pledge of a dutiful future. Let the disasters that we have escaped freight a sentence with praise and send it heavenward. Let the disasters which have been sanctified to others help to make our acknowledgments hearty. And let our generous gifts to the needy impart to our festival a Christian seasoning, and render our Thanksgiving a thing not of mere form and pretense, but of sincerity and truth.

The Returning Lord.

The other night in prayer-meeting the subject of the Lord's returning and asking for the results of certain opportunities was presented, and it was said that it is not so much the Master's way to call at long intervals and demand the results of special trusts, as it is for him to be continually reminding us of our responsibilities, and cautioning us lest "the kingdom be taken from us and given to another."

The more we think of it, the more are we inclined to believe that the idea is a correct one. If any one of us had been placed at the head of a mission interest, or a benevolent institution, or an educational enterprise, or made responsible for any special and important trust like those, it would seem almost natural for us to expect our Lord to demand at least an annual account of our stewardship. The importance of the trust would seem to impress us forcibly with the idea that we could not well be negligent of it. But to believe that the Master comes to us when we have come in at night from the bench, or when we have returned from a day of weary labor in the field, or when we have occupied the time in selling small goods to occasional customers, or when we have come up blackened from the mines, or when we have sat all day at the desk or walked all day beside a stupid team,—to believe that after the work of such days the Master actually comes and sits by our table in the evening, or hails us on the street, and demands a settlement,—this is making a very practical matter of it.

But that is the essence of the best religion. It is practical, meant for every day and for all occasions; and when we attempt to associate it with any particular ceremony,—except that of doing good to all men as we have opportunity,—or allow our faithfulness to be measured by the seeming importance of the positions we may hold, then we rob it of its sweetest significance, and defeat its best ends.

It may be hard, it doubtless is, for remote country ministers,—and for a good many in the city, as for that matter,—to believe that their accounts will be examined with the same strictness as those of Mr. Beecher or Robert Collyer. Such men as these seem to them to fill much wider spheres than are made by their country parishes. Stripped of all the significance that men attach to their different places, and measured just as God measures them, who knows but Beecher and Collyer would find just as good reason to exchange opinions with the village ministers? It isn't to the place but to the individual that "the Master comes" for settlement; and it is not so much the location

of the parish as the faithfulness with which its affairs have been administered that determines the amount of the bill.

And, if the ear was quick in every case to detect the admonishing voice, it is doubtful if these two distinguished clergymen, with their large parishes, and manifold privileges, would hear it call with more emphasis than those whose daily business would only allow them to speak a hurried word to the vagabond on the corner. The man who smilingly preaches about the Christian religion three times a day, but is petulant and fault-finding during the hours that he spends at home with his family, has thereby done much more to mar the integrity of an acceptable life, than he who has simply sought to lighten the tasks of a burdened wife, without going out of doors for the day. It is in this every-day work that the Master is continually surprising us by his presence, asking us how much the one talent is yielding.

Happy for us and well for our religion, if we could always receive him with confidence. It is better, by daily kindness, to convince a neighbor that our religion is genuine, than to give him good reason to doubt it even if through all Europe we have a different reputation. And there seems to be a greater demand for this phase of religious life than ever before. Every person on the street who knows nothing personally about this expression of Christian interest and sympathy, is a reproach to us. "Here are our churches and schools," do we say? "And they can come up into them." But they won't come up into them, and we had almost said they are not to blame either. So long as human nature remains such, there are just as good reasons for their not coming up of their own accord into our school-rooms and prayer-meetings, as there are for our not going down into their revels and hovels, to mingle with them. They must be shown, by actual demonstration, that the Christian life is really better than their life, and that can hardly be done by building them jails and penitentiaries. In all these things, even in the simple matters that make up our daily lives and constitute our daily business, the Master is continually calling for accounts and admonishing us to show that his service is one of love and joy and wide sympathy.

Current Topics.

—FOR THE POOR. The Boston Chief of Police has issued a document which, although it has now become a regular custom, has nevertheless many evidences of that thoughtful kindness which originated the first of its kind. He reminds the dwellers in that city that Thanksgiving day is approaching, and that in their feasting they should not forget the many among them to whom even their remnants would be luxuries. He states that last year there were in the city more than eighteen hundred persons whom the benevolence of the city did not reach, and but for the earnest efforts of the police that day would have been like all the other dreary ones of their lives. Boston is not an exceptional case. There is hardly a village but contains more or less of these unfortunates. A northern winter is before them. Can not one day at least be relieved of the biting want that will be gnawing them all through its months? We will sit down to our tables with our friends next Thursday, and will be merry and thankful over our good things. Just down the lane or around the corner, there will be poor, pale, shivering, hungry wretches, who might be in our places and we in theirs, if a kind of wonderful Providence had not arranged the lots for us. Can we not express our thankfulness by giving to these unfortunates a part of the good things that nothing but our fortune and their misfortune is withholding from them?

—AN SIN AT YALE. Thirty young Chinese have lately arranged to pursue a college course at Yale. A million and a half of dollars has been appropriated by his exceeding Highness, the Emperor, to meet their expenses, and they are already beginning their new life. Several periodicals have playfully alluded to the chances that base ball at Yale will hereafter be superseded by kite-flying, and that rats and young kittens will soon be rare animals in that vicinity. But there is much that is very serious as well as significant in the presence of these celestial students. "They come from the oldest and most remarkable country in the world, to be initiated into the new and fresh life that has sprung up here on this new continent. They also come with the approval and aid of their sovereign, who has given other proofs besides this that he is at least some years younger than Hako-dadi or Confucius. The pupils are studious, intelligent and well-behaved, and go about their new tasks with a zeal that is highly promising. They will necessarily imbibe much of the life and aims of our institutions during their stay here, and will take back to their slow-moving countrymen a spirit that will still more completely awake them to the realities of this nineteenth century. This act can very properly go along side of that other act of China, by which she opened her ports to the commerce of other nations."

—A FREE-LOVE PERFORMANCE. If we have chosen an unglorified title, it is because we can find no other to fit the case. It was in Steinway Hall, N.Y., where a large audience had gathered to hear Mrs. Woodhull define her views of the social state. This woman, as her biographer tells us, always speaks just what "the spirits" suggest to her, and nothing else; so when she tells us that it would virtually make no difference with society "if all marriage laws were repealed to-morrow," we are to receive it as a spiritual affirmation. This, in the minds of some charitable persons, may relieve Mrs. Woodhull of the charge of being either a maniac or a fool, but what must they think of the spirits? Her sister, Mrs. Booker, who is told, twice briefly interrupted the speak-

er with a very pertinent and practical question, which produced great confusion, one sister trying to talk down the other, and the audience noisily applauding both. But we are not serious enough. Here are the views, fairly and openly expressed, of a party who claim to occupy an advanced position on the great moral and social questions of the day. They say we do not understand their meaning of Free-love. Perhaps we do not; but it requires no remarkable acuteness to understand the meaning and tendency of such expressions as were used the other night in Steinway Hall. They point to the complete overthrow of everything that is good or true or substantial in the family relation. These utterances might be passed over in silence if Mrs. Woodhull were alone in making them. But she is upheld and indorsed by those who are true men and women in other respects, and who inevitably give some weight to her otherwise ridiculous notions. They say we may not witness this new order of things in our day;—for which let us feel devoutly thankful,—but lest it should befall our children, it is well that we neither apologize for nor countenance it.

—THE RECEPTION OF ALEXIS. The Duke Alexis finally got here safe and well. His vessel was delayed somewhat by head winds, but that only awakened new and wider interest in him and his arrival. Coming as the representative of an old and powerful country, and one too that stood by the cause of liberty when slave-holders lately assailed it, there is a peculiar fitness in the cordiality with which he is being welcomed to the United States. All New York, dressed up in their best, came out into the street to see him when he came up from the Svetlana, and if he believed that there was any heart in the speeches that were uttered and in the various demonstrations that were made, he is doubtless well convinced that America is glad to see him. But there is something more in this reception than the mere fact that a young nobleman is being honored. The long-cherished friendliness existing between Russia and the United States is only giving fresh expression of its genuineness, and in extending a cordial hand to Alexis we prove our gratitude for the past and present attitude of his native country towards us. May his coming only strengthen and confirm that friendliness, making it more real and abiding.

—MR. TALMAGE'S NEW PLAN. It may be as old with Mr. Talmage as the inception of the plan of his great Tabernacle, but that is probably not so old but it can be called new. We allude to the report, which is doubtless a fact by this time, that he has converted his old church into a college, and it is to be used hereafter as a place of study by certain classes of young men and women who are unable to pursue a course elsewhere. There is little doubt that Mr. T. will make the plan a success. When he proposed giving up his old place of worship and building the great house in which he now preaches to a full audience, people called him extravagant, and advised him to fence in Prospect Park for a church, his ideas were so enormous. But he went ahead, and now has the largest and probably the most interested congregation of any pastor around him. He is putting the same practical earnestness into this last work that he put into that, and has already gathered respectable classes of eager and appreciative students. It is hardly possible to estimate the value of his work now, but it seems to be such that any one might be proud to call it his own. He is not a man of theories merely. He works in the sphere of the real, seeing the needs of men and supplying them. This is what lifts the world, and it is for this kind of work that a great portion of the world is waiting to-day.

—THE MUCH-ABUSED QUEEN. The recent and increasing scandal concerning Queen Victoria is only another proof that the public is apt to be very abusive of its servants. She does not attend all their public banquets and celebrations and ceremonies, and they call her morbid and say she mourns too much over the death of her husband. She rather seeks retirement,—which she can as well do, since Parliament does the ruling,—and they say she means to abdicate in favor of her son. She sometimes looks pale and feeble when prying eyes catch a glimpse of her, and they forthwith report that she is absolutely sick and unfit for the duties of her office. In fact, certain words to that effect are quoted from Mr. Disraeli, but he denies them and says he knows nothing about such a statement. But the Secretary of an English temperance society has lately outdone all the other vilifiers. He states publicly that "the Queen is grossly intemperate." He is charged with the statement, it being expected of course that he will deny it; but he only repeats it, this time naming the beverages. He is immediately arrested, and the charges are to be investigated.—These only indicate the dissatisfaction with the Queen that is quite common in England. Fewer hats go up now when she appears in public, and there is less enthusiasm at the mention of her name. Her popularity is clearly waning, and John Bull is settling himself to push her out of the way. Much of this scandal doubtless comes from mouths that contain little else, but some of it is also the result of a conviction that Victoria is not now the person for the place. It forms quite an interesting feature of English politics, and there is a wide and waiting interest to see what new shape it will assume.

—THE COMING OF WINTER. The second edition of winter issued from the sky last Wednesday morning. One might, if he wanted to, say of it that it is bound in paper covers, for there is nothing very permanent about it. He might also say that it is a juvenile edition, meant to amuse the young folks, for it comes along with the other light and amusing things in April for the

holidays. A good many other things might be said about it, which we will not repeat. But it is on hand, or on the ground rather, in good season, and causes a good many remarks from passers-by, chiefly to the effect that "winter has begun early" and that "we have got some snow." Everybody replies, "yes, yes," in a tone that implies a sad farewell to golden autumn days and a disposition to make the best of the leaden winter ones. Young blood goes merrily through the vein, as though it felt itself proof against freezing weather and thought only of the merry hours in the long winter evenings; but old blood feels how it is weakened by its previous struggles with the frost-king and wishes that April or May would push winter into the Arctic ocean. But he is getting his hold upon us, and it will be a long time before we can shake him off. One almost shudders at the thought of the misery he will cause in wretched hovels and gloomy cellars, and wishes the million poor had each a good coal-pile and ample food to fight him with. May God pity them when their favored neighbors cruelly forget them.

—THE NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS. Congress will re-assemble next Monday. That is, there will be a nominal re-assembling at that time, so that there may be no chance of losing a part of the salary, but the real work of the session will be delayed by the holidays till about the middle of January. The work of the session will be much like that of previous ones. Projects for new lines of railroad, and asking subsidies in the shape of lavish grants of the public lands, will have their advocates, inside of Congress and outside, thick as autumn leaves. Schemes for subsidizing steamship lines to all parts of the world will be urged, under the plea of reviving American commerce. Harbor and river improvements, under a thousand specious disguises, will marshal their forces, ready for any combination which promises to draw money from the people's pockets, and give it to the robbers and speculators. Corporations and monopolies will be there by their swarms of paid agents, asking new special privileges, new grants of the public lands, or new taxes for the protection of existing monopolies. These and various other sectional and selfish interests will be urged, much to the detriment of real legislation. The San-Domingo question is likely to again vex the minds of Congress and the people, and the income-tax will also be shot at and defended. The last session left behind it an aggregate of 600 unfinished bills and resolves, which will claim attention at the beginning and prevent a quick consideration of matters that more intimately concern the country. But we must wait to know all the issues of the session.

—THE U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE. The recent severe storms have put the Signal Service to a pretty fair test. There are twenty stations along the line of the great lakes, and of these, eighteen gave warning in advance of the storm. All along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts signals were also made, giving notice of the storm from five to fifteen hours beforehand. It being remembered at how fast a rate the storm traveled, it will be seen that the system, which is still a new thing and to a great extent an experiment, may yet be made of incalculable value to commerce and agriculture. In connection with this, Commodore Maury proposes a world-wide extension of the weather-reports, and the organization of a scientific international system of agricultural estimates; so that the produce-markets may all be regulated by the average yield of the civilized world, and not by local variations. It is claimed that this would place the producer on an equality with the buyer, and prevent any unfair advantage, or any embarrassing readjustment of prices.

—THE WINGS OF WEALTH. The *Advance* has resumed its old shape and appearance. Probably remembering the great fire, it says:—"It is as difficult to convince men, generally, that riches have wings, as it would be to make a boy, ignorant of nature's process, credit a caterpillar with them. Yet the unerring Book says: 'Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom. Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.' The difficulty is, that men do not see the wings, nor suspect their existence, till they suddenly unfold and bear the wealth out of sight. The great Chicago conflagration has quickened vision in this direction. Men now see that brick dwellings and marble blocks have wings; that mortgage deeds and all sorts of bonds and stocks were concealed pinions; and that great fortunes are but gigantic eagles ready to 'fly away toward heaven.'"

—CHICAGO RELIEF WORK. Money, food and clothing are still pouring into Chicago, though not so plentifully as a week or two ago, and the needy and suffering are carefully looked after. A circular states that the rebuilding of the burnt district with temporary structures is rapidly progressing. Over 3,000 grants of lumber for cottages have been made, and a large number will be completed before Thanksgiving. Mission work is faithfully attended to, and the many homeless and unemployed children and adults are being put to work and otherwise provided for as fast as may be. Many are still missing, families broken up and friends separated, concerning many of whom it is quite likely that no certain account will ever be given. Charred remains are occasionally found as additional rubbish is removed, sad reminders of the terrible calamity that befell the city. Thanksgiving day will bring sad reflections to many desolate families, but it may also remind them that their fortune is not in their own hands, and that the same God who witnessed their disaster is watching to see what use is made of it.

5

Poetry.

Thanksgiving Day.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAYDN."

'Twas on a drear Thanksgiving day,
And all the household far away;
At home, to guard her idiot sire,
She sat beside the chimney fire.

Anon, amid her fingers white,
A nimble needle glanced the light;
Yet not enough her eyes to stay,
To either side they strayed away;

And on her right, wide open spread,
There lay a Bible which she read;
And, on her left, and framed with taste,
The picture of a namesake's face.

The Bible and the housekeeper,
The child that had been named for her,
The Book and babe, and she between,
I crossed the sill and spied the scene.

But not only sitting so,
This sufferer for her father's woe,
The prisoner for the family,
Yet exile from the household gliee.

Now cheered to think of heavenly worth
For those who self deny on earth.
Now moved to do the deed she should,
Lest wrong should lead that child from good,—

I thought, how many more that toil
Might such surroundings keep from soil;
On one side, God to claim their love,
On one, a soul to help above.

The scene was homely; yes, I know;
But homely scenes may haunt one so!
That vision ne'er would pass away
Till life grew all Thanksgiving-day.

Chicago.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Men said at vesper: All is well!
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On three-score spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none;
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts, who fought in slow retreat
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dull defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signaled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-thrills came;
In tears of pity died the flame.

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from these thow
The shaken scaffold of thy woe;
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And tell with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

—Atlantic Monthly.

The Family Circle.

The Big Kettle with Two Ears.

I always wear it on my watch chain—not
the kettle, but a piece of gold that came
out of it—partly to remind me of the friend
who gathered it, speck by speck, in a far-
off land, and partly because I saw it made.

Yes I did, really. I saw it melted, and
rolled, and drawn, and cut, and milled, and
stamped, and—

Let me begin at the beginning, and I'll tell
you what I did see. It was at the Mint,
and I saw my handful of dust carefully
weighed, and taken, with ever so many
pounds of other dust, to the melting
room. In that room, over a furious
fire, was a red-hot melting pot, wait-
ing for its load of gold. A droll pot
it was, too, with a spout, or "lip" they call
it, to pour out the melted gold, and two
ears.

You don't know what a kettle wants ears for? Well, I can tell you, and it's a funny
use for ears, too; they are to lift it up by.

Into this odd pot, with two ears and one
lip, went my gold, and all the rest, which
nearly filled it. Wouldn't you like to see
three or four hundred pounds of melted
gold? It's a beautiful sight, and would be
more agreeable to see, if it wasn't so fearfully
hot near the furnace.

Hot as it is, however, it took several
hours to melt it thoroughly; and, meantime,
another workman prepares the molds, by
warming and rubbing them with oil. Not
because the gold would stick, but to give
it a smooth surface.

I had been wondering all the time, how
the men would lift that big kettle out of the
hot furnace; but when the gold was ready,
and the molds fastened up snug in a sort of
carriage on wheels, I saw that it was arms
of iron that lifted the kettle.

Do you know what a crane is? I don't
mean a crane on two legs; but an iron
crane, with one arm. If you don't know,
just ask your grandmother. She'll probably
tell you it's a sort of iron arm, that
swings around on a hinge.

Well, one of these iron arms was swung
around over the pot of gold. From the
end of the arm, perhaps I ought to say, from
the hand, hung a chain, with an immense
pair of tongs at the end of it. These tongs
seized the poor kettle by the ears, the chain
was hauled up, and up came the pot of gold.

Then the iron arm swung around till it was
over the pouring machine, and the pot was
carefully lowered into a "cradle," as they
called it, where it rested safely, on its ears
again, poor thing.

After the machine was screwed up so
that the pot couldn't slip, the tongs were
taken off, and the cradle swung around, out
of the way. Pouring melted gold out of a
monstrous pot into small molds; would be
hard to do without spilling half of it; but in
this pouring machine, it was beautifully done.
There were two handles at one end of the
machine, and a man stood there to manage
them. By turning one handle he pushed the
mold carriage up so that the first mold
came exactly under the lip of the melting
pot. Then by turning the other handle, he
tipped the pot, and poured out the beautiful
melted gold. When one mold was filled,
he turned the handle again, and the next
one moved up. So by using two simple
handles, one man emptied the whole pot of
hundreds of pounds of gold.

When the bars came out of the molds,
they are called ingots, and are a foot long,
one third of an inch thick, and about an inch
wide, in fact, about the size of a common
school ruler. Of course they are too thick
for coins, so I had to follow them to the
rolling mill, for they roll most everything;
now-a-days. Perhaps you have seen some
kind of a rolling mill; if you haven't, I can
tell you that the gold rollers look very much
like the two rollers on a wringing machine.

The golden ruler was made red hot, one
man took it with a pair of tongs, and put it
between the rollers. It ran through, and
came out a good deal thinner, and longer,
of course. Another man standing the
other side, took it as it came out, and hand-
ed it back to the first one. He tightened
the rollers and put it through again.
And so it went, back and forth, till it look-
ed like a broad, beautiful gold ribbon.

But so much rolling made it too wide,
and it had next to be cut into narrow strips.
For this they had the funniest scissors you
ever heard of. They are called circular
shears; and are merely two sharp-edged
wheels running together, the edges meeting
all the time like a pair of scissors. The
workman put the gold band up to the
wheel, which seized and drew it through,
cutting it as easily as you can cut paper.
It came out in beautiful, long ribbons.

But in spite of all the rolling and squeez-
ing, the gold was still too thick for money,
and to make it exactly right, they had a
very curious process, called drawing.

First, one end of the gold ribbon was
pressed quite thin by rollers. This thin
end was put through a hole in a hard steel
plate, which hole was exactly the thickness
and width that the gold must be. The end
that was through the hole, was put into the
jaws of a pair of pincers, that grip for good,
I tell you. The pincers were then hooked
on to a chain, which was drawn along by
steam power.

It would be impossible for a man to draw
a thick piece of gold through a thin hole,
but this resistless chain moved along with
perfect ease, drawing pincers, gold and all—
Something had to give, you see; the steam,
and the chain, and the pincers were all
stronger than the soft, precious metal, so it
was drawn through the small hole, of course
coming out just the width and thickness of
the hole, and longer than ever.

The next thing was done by a boy sitting
at a big machine, that does nothing but
chomp, champ, all day.

The great steam giant living in the cellar,
whose long arms lift the pots, turn the
rollers, and draw out the gold, also keeps
the cutting machine on the bite all day.
The boy has only to feed it with the gold
ribbon. Every time the cutter comes
down, it bites off a gold piece, which falls
into a box. It keeps the boy busy to sup-
ply it, so fast it cuts.

These pretty, round, smooth pieces of
gold are called blanks, and from the cutting
machine, they go to the weighers.

Probably you know that a five dollar
gold piece is itself worth five dollars, and
to have it so, it must be of a certain weight.
The weighers are girls, who have each a
pair of delicate scales before them, in which
they try every piece. If too light, it must
go back to the melting pot; and if too
heavy, she runs a flat file around the edge
of the piece, till it is exactly right. It is
then ready to be milled.

Look on the edge of a gold piece, and
you will see it is not flat, but in little ridges,
or flutings. It is a curious thing to see
that done. A child tended the milling
machine, and all he had to do, was to keep
a certain tube full of the gold blanks. At
the other end of the tube is some machin-
ery, and as soon as a blank reaches that
point, it is seized and made to run over a
sort of little bridge, just wide enough for
it, and with railings on the edges, to keep
the blank on. As the piece runs over, a
wheel running all the time over the bridge,
presses down very hard on the blank; and
when it runs out on the other side, the
edge is found to be pressed up into ridges;
or milled.

I thought I could never get tired of look-
ing at that procession of gold pieces run-
ning over the funny little bridge, but as I
wanted to see the last process, I had to go
on.

The coining machine, which is the last,
stamps the figures on, and changes a gold
blank into a United States coin. This ma-
chine, also, like the cutting and milling
machines, requires only a feeder, that is, a
person to keep the tube full of blanks.
The piece at the bottom of the tube is seized
by a pair of steel fingers, carried off
and laid in a steel bed,—not a cradle this
time,—the same shape as the blank, but a
very little larger. It is hardly there before
a stamp comes down on it with great force,
and the plain blank slides off a beautiful,
perfect, gold coin.

You may be sure I picked up the first one
I saw stamped, as mine; for after following
my gold all through those long processes of
melting, and rolling, and drawing, &c., I had
no idea of running the risk of losing it. But

though I had followed the gold from the kot-
le into which my gold went, of course I
could not keep my grains separate. So I had
to be content with a coin out of the same
kettle.

In all these processes, a good deal of gold
gets scattered about the building. Not in
little pieces, for they are very careful of
those, and every workman has to give back
the same weight he received, or about the
same, in finished work and scraps; but a
great deal gets off in the shape of fine dust.
The workmen have to wash themselves
before they leave the building, and the wa-
ter is carefully examined for grains of gold.

What is still funnier, the sweepings of the
floor have so much gold in them, that they
have a regular machine to wash it out. Be-
fore this machine was invented, they washed
the sweepings by hand, and when they had
got out all they could, every pound of dirt
had still from fifty cents to a dollar's worth
of gold in it. After going through the ma-
chine, it has only about seven cents to the
pound.

How much money do you suppose they
can coin at the United States Mint in a
year? The snug little sum of sixty-three
millions of dollars.

Did you ever think how inconvenient it
would be to have no money? Instead of
buying things, you would have to ex-
change. For instance, if you wanted to
buy a book, you'd have to exchange a bush-
el of potatoes, or a piece of cloth, or any-
thing you had, for it.

In some countries, people have used salt
for money, in others, they have used shells.
In old times, cattle were the standard of
value. In Homer's works, shields are
spoken of as costing ten cattle, or a hun-
dred cattle apiece.

But the drollest money I ever heard of, is
used by the Indians of Peru, and consists
of—eggs. What sort of purses do you
suppose they have.—*Little Corporal.*

Street Shows in London.

Wouldn't you think it funny to see a baby
of three years old, walking on stilts three
or four times as long as she was herself?
And not only walking, with perfect ease,
but dancing several fancy dances, playing
the tambourine, and going through various
other exercises, at the top of those fearful
stilts?

Well, you would not only see that—if you
went to London—but you would see a good
many other street performances that would
seem very odd to you.

You must know that there are so many
people to do the work of London, that
wages are very low, and the father of a
family can not always earn enough to sup-
port them. Often, every one of the family,
down to the baby, has some way of earn-
ing a few pennies, to help by bread.

But though there are hundreds of trades
at which people work, that you never heard
of, and many ways of earning a living that
you would think horrible, still there is not
work enough for all; so many people earn
their bread by some show, or street per-
formance.

You've heard of "Punch and Judy," and
probably know that it's a sort of play
theater, where the actors are wooden dolls,
whose owners move them, and talk for
them. I don't know how many dozens of
these there are travelling around London.

But I will tell you about a different kind
of street show.

There were two little girls, not very long
ago, the daughters of a woman famous for
walking on stilts, who were trained, almost
before they could stand, to walk on stilts
themselves. At three years old they had
learned well enough to go into the streets
to earn a living.

Think of a baby of three earning its own
living!

The mother could really do marvelous
things. She could stand on one stilt, take
off the other, and go through a gun exer-
cise, using the stilt as a gun, and all the
time, you must remember, standing on one
stilt.

They are not made like our stilts. They
are fastened tightly just below the knee,
and the arms are left free.

It was a funny sight, I can tell you, to
see the mother and the two little girls,
dressed in gay, spangled dresses, walking
the streets, on a level with the second-story
windows. When they saw people interest-
ed, and thought they could earn something,
they would stop, and go through their ex-
ercises. Of course they always draw a
crowd; and when they finished, and har-
ried around a tambourine, most everybody
would give a few pennies.

Besides the stilts, these babies learned to
walk and dance on a rope, before they were
six years old.

Now I want to tell you young folks a
secret. These babies were no smarter than
other babies. They learned their wonder-
ful tricks by simply practising. At all
hours of the day—when just out of bed, or
just going to bed, before breakfast, and
after dinner, they always had their practis-
ing tools by them, and very often they
would try, either to walk on the broom-
stick their father put between the rounds of
two chairs, or to take some new step on the
stilts.

Don't ever let me hear any child say, "I
can't," when babies can learn to walk a
rope.

Another street-showman of London is
called a "Posturer," and he does such
things as circus performers do, such as
turning wonderful summersets, balancing
poles on the chin, keeping a dozen balls in
the air, &c.

Some of them imitate the conjurers,
swallow knives, eat fire, and such pleasant
little things. Of course they always draw
crowds.

Then there's a "Street Reciter." He
goes to hotels and saloons, everywhere that
he finds men idle and ready to be amused.
He repeats poems and other pieces, and
often he is a very good speaker. When he
gets through, of course he don't forget to
pass around his hat.

Telescopes pointed to the heavens from
the street corners are common here as well
as in London.

One of the most comical street shows is
a set of mechanical figures—that is, figures
that move by machinery inside of them.
The showman has a sort of platform, and
the little dolls walk around, and do various
funny things to amuse people.

Besides all these, and many that I can't
remember, they have not only plenty of
hand-organs, but performers on nearly
every kind of instrument small enough to
carry.

It is sad, when there's so much useful and
necessary work to be done in the world, to
see grown men obliged to sing ballads or
speak pieces in the streets, to put bread in
their mouths.—*American Agriculturist.*

Gumpy Jack.

"Come, let's go home," said little Nannie.
"My feet's wet, and I want to roast my
potatoes for supper."

"But we can't go yet," said her sister.
"We haven't made near enough money. It
will take five cents for the bread, and there's
no tea for mother, and that'll be ten cents,
for Mr. Mathers won't make no less than
ten cents' worth; and all we've got is four
cents."

"Only four?" said Nannie, coming close
up to her sister Susan, and watching the
counting of the money. When she saw
there were four and no more, the little girl
hugged more closely in her frock the two
potatoes which the grocery-man on the cor-
ner had given her, and with strong sym-
ptoms of a good cry in her voice she said:
"Well! I'm cold any way, and I wish things
didn't cost so much!"

It was not winter yet, but it was cold.
The fortunate street-sweepers who had com-
forters put them around their necks, and the
men who drove the wagons buttoned up
their coats, while little fellows like Will
Simmons, who had no shoes, began to find
the pavements very cold. This conversa-
tion between the two sisters was not a very
private one. Little Will, who was standing
near, might have heard it, had he not been
wrapped up in some private miseries of his
own, and Gumpy Jack, who looked over
little Nannie's shoulder during the counting
of the pennies, heard the whole of it. The
real name of Gumpy Jack was John Thom-
son, but his companions called him "Gum-
py," because he had such queer ways. He
never played with them, never pitched pen-
nies—nobody knew what he did with his
money; and he was a quiet, stupid-looking
fellow altogether. It was quite the fashion
among the crossing-sweepers to laugh at
Jack; but he never seemed to mind it, ex-
cept once, when a boy who had only recent-
ly come upon the street commenced to
make fun of him.

"What are you laughing at?" said Jack,
"you've only been sweeping two days!"
"Well! what of that?" said the other.
"I think you might wait a week, anyhow,
before you begin a-laughin'!" said Jack,
who was quite particular in his ideas.

As the girls turned away from him, and Susan
went again to sweep the crossing, which
was as clean as her poor broom could make
it, Gumpy Jack stood still on the sidewalk,
and did a sum in his mind.

"Five pennies and one ten-cent stamp,"
said he to himself, "is fifteen, and four of
their own for 'em to keep for 'emselfes.
And then four of their own and one of mine
is five, and ten is fifteen—same as before.
The fust is best."

So saying, Jack went up into a corner be-
hind a barrel, and took from his trousers
pocket some copper and nickel cents, and
from a pocket in an old vest he wore he pulled
a dirty ten-cent currency note. Taking
five of the pennies and the note in his hand
he approached Susan, who had just swept
her way across the street in front of a fat
gentleman and got nothing for it and, hold-
ing out the money, he said:

"Here, Suse! And go along home!"
Susan was very much astonished at this
offer, and pleased too, I have no doubt, but
she declined the money.

"No, no, Jack!" she said, "much obliged,
but I can't take your money."

And away she went to the other side of
the street, where stood a fine lady about to
cross, who looked very much afraid of soil-
ing her skirts. Jack, with his money in his
fast and his broom over his shoulder, went
back to the grocery corner, and there he
saw little Nannie standing on the curb-
stone.—He went up to her.

"Get potatoes, Nan?" said he.
"Yes," said the little girl, "but only two."
"Go in to roast 'em?"

"Yes, in the ashes, if there's a fire."

"Want to sell 'em?" asked Jack.

"Sell 'em!" said the little girl, "I'm go-
ing to eat 'em! Who'd buy 'em?"

"I'll buy 'em!" said Jack.

"For how much?" said she.

"I'll give you fifteen cents," said Jack.

Nannie reflected. She did not know
much about the price of things, but it seem-
ed to her that fifteen cents for two potatoes
would do very well.

"You can have 'em for that," said she.

"All right!" said Jack, as he handed over
the money and took the vegetables.

Away ran Nannie with the money to her
sister and Jack retired grumbling, "They're
just that simple they won't take nothing for
a present!"

But, grumble as he might, I think Jack
was happier than any of the boys who
laughed at him as he walked away, and
who called to him to know if he was "a-
goin' to make himself a new head out of
them there pertaters?"

He might have been a "gumpy," perhaps,
and he might have been a little slow and
stupid, but if it had not been for him, things
would have gone hard with Susan and Nan-
nie, and their sick mother, that night.
Their supper was poor enough as it was,
but people can live on bread and tea.

But what was the secret of Jack's kind-
ness to these little girls?
Let me tell you.

He had a splendid memory, and he re-
membered very well that neither Susan nor
Nannie had ever laughed at him or called
him names. It was n't much that he did,
but then they were all poor together.—
Heath and Home.

Literary Review.

THE HOLY BIBLE, according to the authorized
version (A. D. 1611), with an Explanatory
and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of
the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy
of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook.
M. A., canon of Exeter. Vol. I. Genesis—
Deuteronomy. New York: Charles Scribner
& Co. 1871. Royal octavo. pp. 928.

No. 1571 has been heard, during the last few
years, of "The Speaker's Commentary," an an-
cient thing that was to furnish a real and substantial
addition to our exegetical literature. It took its
name from the fact that the speaker of the En-
glish House of Commons, J. Evelyn Denison,
first proposed the plan which was substantially
adopted, in arranging for the issue of a compar-
atively cheap and critical Commentary, such as
would meet the wants of the great body of intel-
ligent readers and students of the Bible, giving
the latest and best results of sacred criticism in a
plain and condensed form, without going into the
details which mark the more expensive and vol-
uminous works, like those of Olshausen, Lange,
&c. Leading prelates and well known scholars
among the clergy of the Established Church have
been enlisted in the undertaking; and the work
has been put under the general supervision of a
thoroughly competent editor, after having been
divided into sections and distributed among the
several groups of scholars made up with special
reference to their fitness for the particular work
assigned them.

In this first volume, embracing the Pentateuch,
we have a sample of the work done, and a pre-
tend clear prophecy of what still awaits us. We
have examined it with some care and with no
little satisfaction. It is just what we want, and
it is a real, critical Commentary. It represents
Christian scholarship. It is evidently prepared
in the interests of the truth as God has given it
to us in the Scriptures, and not in special aid
of any single branch of the church, of any specific
system of theology or ecclesiastical scheme, or
any one of the distinct parties into which reli-
gious men have been divided. Its aim is to be
highly to admit any one of these things as a chief
object. Though the writers are clergymen, they
are scholars who understand and respect mod-
ern science and criticism; though they are Epis-
copalians, they are still more distinguished by
the fact of being conscientious and high-minded
Christian men. They are men who keep their
eyes and ears open, and writers who feel the re-
sponsibility attaching to the work of expounding
the divine oracles so that they shall clearly voice
God's thoughts, and at once make an effective
appeal to the rational intellect. The suscepti-
ble heart of the reader. This, in no small mea-
sure, they have done. They jump no knotty
points, they evade no hard questions. They
respond to every intelligent and significant word
which scientific men unite in addressing to them.
They are forced to speak briefly by the limits
which their plan imposes, but they speak frankly
and to some purpose. What is obvious they leave
without words; what is obscure through a man-
ifest defect in the translation, they make clearly by
a frank rendering; what is really doubtful they are
frank enough to admit as doubtful, without a re-
sort to dogmatism or a protest against question-
ings which they are not wise enough to remove.
In a single word, this Commentary indicates the
existence of a just idea of what a Commentary
should aim to be and do, and it shows that the
ideal has secured a very good embodiment.

The mechanical qualities will properly help
to recommend it. The size is just a good royal oc-
tavo; the paper is very fairly good, even when
judged by the high standard which our pub-
lishers of to-day have adopted; the type is larger,
clearer, and better than appears in connection
with almost any other extensive Commentary
that we have seen; and the price is only about
one half that is charged for the English edition.
It will be completed in eight volumes at \$5.00
each at retail, and they will be richly worth a
place in any biblical student's library. The im-
plication is given that the work will be pressed to
completion at no very distant day.

SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY. By Charles Hodges,
D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary,
Princeton, N. J. Vol. I. New York: Charles
Scribner & Co. 1872. Royal octavo. pp. 648.

Dr. Hodges was a born expounder and logician.
After being born again, it was almost inevitable
that he should become a teacher of systematic
theology. Not exactly in the sense in which he
teaches the doctrine of the divine decrees, but
yet in a very significant sense, we think it was
fore-ordained that he should fill some such chair
as that which he did fill so long and creditably
at Princeton. He made his mark upon the pu-
pils that sat before him. Theology and the
conservatism which have so distinguished the Old
School Presbyterian pulpit bore witness to his
abiding power. His functions became his special-
ity, not to say his hobby. In thought, and
plan, and effort, he magnified his office. He read
and reflected, listened and debated, with con-
stant reference to his work as a theological po-
lemic, and, as he firmly believed, to his duty as
a defender of the faith which was in danger of
being practically trampled under foot. He held to the
old theology of the Westminster divines in both
form and substance, and without concealment,
apology or mental reservations. It seemed to
him the plain teaching of Scripture.—It was
demonstrable by logic. It was essential to the
coherence of any adequate religious creed. It
alone would make the pulpit a real messenger of
God, and bring men to the faith that saves, to
the dutiful submission that exalts God's suprema-
cy, and to the heroic style of life that makes
godliness a power among men. And so he taught
out of the fullness of conviction, as well as out
of the vigor of a stalwart brain, the settled de-
termination of a royal will, and through a style
that is almost as direct as mathematics and as
clear as water from a mountain spring. He does
indeed often appear the advocate rather than the
judge; but, though bent on gaining his cause, it
is for the reason that he believes the cause and
the truth are identical. He strikes with all his
might at antagonists, and he avails himself of all
the methods of logical strategy by means of
which he may come out victor. If he does not
always appear considerate, he would never be
accused of cowardice or of shrinking from any
point on the battle-field because the fight was
severe and well-armed foes were to be met
there; and if he appears to be plainly contradic-
tory to-day something which he most vehemently
asserted yesterday, it can be always explained
by the fact that it is another point which he
now bent on carrying. And yet even he, in
these last days of his service, has felt constrained
to modify some of his positions, and to state
real limitations of what he had been wont to
maintain in the most absolute way. Sometimes he
phrases the thought, that theology has little to
do with philosophy, and that the theologian can
not properly be asked to reconcile his statements
with other forms of truth, or even with each
other. At other times he freely calls in the aid
of philosophy to fortify his own positions or
overthrow those of his antagonists.

But, after making all allowances of this sort,
this work of Dr. Hodges is of very great value

Literary Miscellany.

A Pious Cat.

We always knew that it would turn out so. The fact is, that cats are an abused race, and always have been. But we have claimed for them many and distinguished excellences, and for doing so, we have been confronted—in our own house, too—with indignant denials. "Cats are selfish and treacherous. They fawn on you without affection, and only for their own pleasure. They are sly, cruel, and hateful." To all of which we time and again have entered a denial. That a cat has a capacity of being sly and cruel, far beyond any rascals to a rabbit, or a hen, we do not deny. But a good education will reduce these qualities to a condition about as respectable as they exhibit in the human race.

The cat is sly! Is not a hunter sly? Is not a fisherman sly, stealing along the brook with a gaudy and deceitful fly, designed to inveigle trout? The cat is cruel! Is it because he kills rats and birds? What, then, must be the cruelty of man? No doubt a moral cat, of proper education, and belonging to the right church, would prefer for it and properly dressed, and brought around daily in a butcher's cart. But, if that is not done, why should not the cat kill its own beef? One thing is certain, the cat kills only that it may eat. Neither does it daily over its food, praising its juices and smacking its lips, after the manner of men, over this and that tidbit.

If each man and child were dependent every day for his food upon its own skill in securing game, if every one were obliged to be his own butcher and serve up his sustenance with bloody hands, it is likely that we should be as neat, select, and delicate in our methods of destruction as a cat is.

No; under proper treatment the cat is a gentleman. He carries himself with aristocratic self-respect. He has an instinctive knowledge of society—social intuitions as one might say, and perceives at a glance, who is prejudiced against him and who is partial.

If a cat has not the capacity of disinterested friendship, then no animal has. To be sure, the cat does not gaze at you with the inquisitive or inquiring looks which an intelligent dog casts upon his master; but every one has his own way of showing affection, and a cat's way is not less genuine because it is unlike a dog's.

We have, before this, had occasion to discourse upon sundry and diverse cats at Peck's. But now we have another tale to tell, which ought to raise the cat high in moral position.

Bessie, be it known, is not only the Mother Superior of the place, but is a cat of unexceptionable record, and of the best manners. No cat ever reared her household with more anxious diligence. Woe to dog or other cat that approached the sacred precinct where her kittens were preserved! Her losses were borne with exemplary patience. One kitten a horse stepped on, or one or two others, in the bloom and beauty of their youth, were crushed by certain black and tan tars, during their mother's absence, as they sported in the twilight, and were cruelly done to death. One or two others, the "city cat" (that fierce and mighty creature!) slew.

That Bessie was sustained under her great losses all could see. But that it should awaken in her mind a deep seriousness as well as surprise as it must be gratifying.

Bessie is very fond of Mr. Turner; as indeed, all the cats are, and all the dogs, afford all the calves, and everything else that dwells on the premises. Even flies and mosquitoes court him. It is no uncommon thing to see cats and dogs, a motley company, big and little, white, black and gray, going forth with Turner to the fields.

It happened a Sunday or two ago that on starting for church, a mile distant, he found Bessie at the foot of the lane wending her way with him. Bless her fur, what use is there in a cat's going to church? If she had ever heard the proverb about the church mice it must have told her that they are always poor, and not worth so long a tramp.

She was admonished and sent back. The party went on, entered the sanctuary, and it is to be hoped profited by its lesson of devotion. But what was their surprise, on rising at the close of service, to find Bessie at the door waiting for their departure! It is plain that she had had a realizing sense of her privileges. To church she would go, and to church she did go—the true church, too—no Presbyterian, no Methodist, no Baptist church did she countenance, but the genuine Episcopal church. Her conduct proved unexceptionable. She can now go whenever she desires, unrebuked.

On learning these facts I felt not only a great respect for Bessie, but a desire to learn her opinions on many questions. Accordingly on a bright morning,—"oh, how the sun did shine!" and the great broad heavens above were full of brilliant ether—I broached to Bessie some of the salient points of controversy familiar to our day.

"Is it your opinion that service should be said or sung?" I asked her—at the same time patting her head gently. She at once opened up such a purring that it was plain she inclined to a service of song.

I could get no very positive answer as to whether she sympathized with the High Church party or the Low. She looked wise, as I had seen other people do on the same topic, and rather bumped her back, and walked very stiffly against my knee, with her tail held aloft to its utmost length. She did not choose to say anything; but I could see by such a token that she inclined to the High Party.

I could not make out much upon the topic of baptismal regeneration. She licked her paws and washed her face assiduously, and seemed anxious to be utterly clean; but further than that I could get no hint. It may be that she meant to say that baptism, if well rubbed in, might regenerate; or, she might have wished to show by signs that the whole thing was but superficial, and did not work inward moral change.

She was entirely sound on the Catechism. —*Christian Union.*

Last Hours of Socrates.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying, "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest, and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them not to be angry with me, for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so far you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears, he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as he could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says. Crito, let the cup be brought. If the poison is prepared; if not, let the attendant prepare some." "Yes," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hills, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights. Do not hasten, then; there is still time." Socrates said, "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later. I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone. I could only laugh at myself for this. Please, then, to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in and remained some time, and then returned with the jailer, carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered, "You have only to walk about till your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at him with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said, "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world. May this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now, when we saw him drinking, and saw too, that he had finished, and that he would no longer forbear, and in spite of myself, I own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke into a loud cry that made cowards of us all.

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Vices of Genius.

Coleridge was such a slave to liquor that he had to be kept an unwilling prisoner by Christopher North on an occasion when some literary performances had to be completed by a certain time; and on that very day, without taking leave of any member of the family, he ran at full speed down the avenue to Ebury, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den, where, drinking among low companions, his magnificent mind was soon brought to the level of the vile.

DeQuincy was such a slave to the use of opium that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. An ounce of laudanum a day prostrated animal life during the afternoon. It was no unfrequent sight to find him asleep on the rug before the fire in his room, his head on a book, and his arms crossed on his breast. When his torments from the opium had passed away, he was ready for company, until about noon, then, to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in and remained some time, and then returned with the jailer, carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered, "You have only to walk about till your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at him with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said, "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world. May this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now, when we saw him drinking, and saw too, that he had finished, and that he would no longer forbear, and in spite of myself, I own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke into a loud cry that made cowards of us all.

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News Summary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thomas J. Durant has been appointed advocate before the Spanish claims commission in the place of Caleb Cushing, resigned.

Alexander Ellis, colored, recovered \$400 damages from Narragansett Steamship Company for refusing him a seat at the table of the steamer Providence.

The Army of the Cumberland proposes to erect in Washington an equestrian statue of General Thomas.

Mr. Murphy has resigned the collectorship of the port of New York, and the President has appointed Chester A. Arthur to succeed him.

Connolly has resigned the office of controller in New York city, and the place has been given to his deputy, Andrew J. Green.

The election in the District of Columbia was held Wednesday. It resulted in obtaining a large republican majority in the territorial legislature and the success of the four million loan bill for public improvements.

The report of the legislative committee of Wyoming Territory on the condition of the treasurer's accounts for the past two years shows, it is said, a worse state of affairs than has been revealed in New York.

Early Tuesday morning Richard De Peyster was discovered lying drunk on the sidewalk on Broadway. Eleven thousand dollars in money were found on his person and \$10,000 in South Carolina bonds scattered about him.

The City of New London, a freight steamer of the Norwich line which runs between New London, Conn., and New York, was totally destroyed by fire in the Thames River Wednesday morning. All on board were forced to jump into the water or perish in the fire, and two passengers and eleven officers and deck-hands were drowned. The origin of the fire is unknown.

In response to circulars issued by the executive committee of the labor convention, to be held in Washington, replies have been received from several of the more prominent men of the country. Senator Wilson tells them that he owes his first allegiance to the republican party, which he helped to make; Senator Spencer sympathizes with the movement, and the Hon. Samuel F. Cary will join in it.

Surgeon Christian at Fort Hayes, Kansas, committed suicide on Saturday.

Heavy snow-storms prevailed last week to the west and northwest of Chicago, and in many places travel was interrupted.

The New York Mail says that it is quite likely that General Schiefel has decided to terminate the mission to England and accept the position of law officer in the Northern Pacific Railroad, which it is understood has been kept open for some time.

California weather is extremely hot and dry. Forty-five colored persons passed through St. Louis on Thursday, on the way to Lawrence county, Kansas. They are the advance guard of about five thousand who will soon follow.

Several persons from Newport, N. H., are about to emigrate to Nebraska.

It is proposed to hold a national convention in Cincinnati for the purpose of securing the recognition of the Delly in the Constitution of the United States.

General Schofield issued a stringent order concerning military operations against the Apache Indians of Arizona, the effect of which will be to compel them to go on their reservation and remain there, where they may be protected and fed, or take the alternative of extermination.

The labor-reform convention called to meet in Washington in December has been abandoned, and a convention will be held in Columbus, O., on Wednesday, February 21. This change has been made in order to secure harmony with the national labor convention to be held there at that time.

The New Railroad bridge at Manchester, N. H., for the North Western Railroad, which has been built under the superintendence of Mr. Dutton Woods, of that city, was opened for travel last Monday morning. It is a very substantial structure.

Richard B. Connelly, late controller of New York city, was arrested on Saturday on a charge of fraud similar to that preferred against Tweed. His bail was fixed at \$100,000, but as yet he has not found friends to represent that sum. He objects to going to jail, and is now at the New York Hotel in the keeping of two sheriffs.

The Grand Duke Alexis has accepted the invitation to visit Boston on Thursday of next week. Saturday he spent in an excursion in New York harbor.

FOREIGN.

More troops for Cuba will leave Cadiz on the 30th instant.

Strikes have been begun by the working-men in various parts of Spain.

The Prussian Reichstag has sanctioned the extension to Bavaria of the North German law, making military service compulsory on all males.

The Palestine Central Railroad is about to become a reality, and an American is to be made for it.

Turkey is troubled with complaints of disorganization in the public departments, the cabinet is not harmonious and a crisis is expected.

Agents of the International society are charged with causing the recent fire in Geneva, and an investigation has been ordered.

The Russian government is engaged in Russifying the provinces on the shores of the Baltic. The latest movement to this end is to declare the Russian the only official language to be used in public offices, courts and in churches.

At a mass meeting in Bristol, Eng., on Wednesday evening, the speakers were unrestrained in their denunciation of monarchy in Great Britain.

Reports from all parts of Cuba state that the growing sugar cane is in excellent condition and a large crop is expected.

The Prince of Wales is sick. His symptoms are those of typhoid fever.

The cholera in Constantinople is increasing again.

The trial of the communists engaged in the destruction of the residence of M. Thiers has ended. All of them were convicted and two were sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years.

Republicanism is gaining ground in England. In a recent speech, Sir Charles Dilke, a member of Parliament, said: "If you can show me a fair chance that a Republic here will be free from the political corruption that has infected the middle classes in general, will say, let it come."

A bill to prosecute clergymen for the abuse of the privileges of their office was offered in the German parliament Thursday. This is said to be the beginning of a movement against the encroachments of the church upon the liberties of the people.

Spain is greatly excited about political events. The republican members of the Cortes have issued a circular advising their supporters through-

out the country to keep quiet and maintain the public order.

The management of the Russian legation has been transferred to General Gortoff, and the President is thereby relieved of the unpleasant duty of sending to M. Gortoff his passports. It is stated that the Russian government has ordered him to attend the Grand Duke during his tour in the United States and then return to Russia immediately.

King William of Prussia will act as arbitrator between the United States and England in reference to the disputed line in the Strait of San Juan de Fuca.

Seventy-five pilgrims from Algiers to Mecca were drowned in the Suez Canal on Friday. They were passengers on a steamboat which came in collision with another vessel.

Two more colliery explosions have occurred in England. One was on Saturday, near Bromwich, killing eight miners. The other was near Haversford, by which twenty men were injured but none killed.

Paragraphs.

There grows in Nevada a species of wild peach which is exceedingly hard, and will live nearly anywhere that the sage brush can exist.

Only thirty years ago the New Orleans Playhouse published this advertisement: "A \$5 reward—run away from the subscribers, on the 23d Nov. last, the negro boy Oscar Dunn, an apprentice to the plastering trade. He is of gristle color, between 20 and 21 years of age, and about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high. All persons are cautioned not to harbor said boy, under penalty of the law. Wilson & Patterson, corner St. John and Common streets." That boy was the late Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana. He died last week.

A California paper relates how a toll-gate keeper and another man were stopped one night recently on the highway by two men. One of the would-be robbers walked out in the road, while the other stood at the roadside. The man who advanced held his pistol down by his side and ordered the toll-man to stop. The latter by this time had his pistol up and a bead drawn on the robber, who, seeing the situation, did not raise his weapon. Not a word was spoken, but the toll-man kept his revolver bearing on his man until he and his companion had backed off some distance. The robbers had no idea of taking any even chances for money, and quietly withdrew from the field.

A stream of pure cold water was found recently at a depth of over seventy feet by some workmen engaged in digging a well near Leesburg, Virginia. It is about eight feet deep, and flows from south to north, but no traces of its source or mouth have been discovered.

Pinkerton, the celebrated Chicago detective, had in his office before the fire some invaluable records which, having been destroyed, can never be replaced. He claims that for the mere clerical work upon them, extending over a period of twenty years, he had paid \$50,000. Pinkerton also possessed complete records of the secret service of the Army of the Potomac, which were destroyed also.

The Waverly (Iowa) Republican has a nut for the geologists to crack. It says that J. C. Jang, on the farm of William Jang, in Lafayette township, while digging a well, found at a depth of 18 feet, a stratum of rock, and a china toy, the figure of a horse. Several wells have been dug on the place the past summer, and not a sign of rock was discovered except in this instance.

In experiments upon the flight of insects, the attempt has been made to ascertain the number of vibrations of the wings per second by means of the sound produced by the insect when flying. Thus if the buzzing is due to a vibratory motion of the wings, the pitch of the sound may be ascertained, and from that the number of vibrations to which it corresponds can be easily obtained. To make comparisons of the pitch, an ordinary tuning-fork can be used. The main objection to the method is, that a number of sounds are made by insects which can not be attributed to the movement of their wings; and hence, in applying it, great care must be observed in ascertaining to what source the sound heard is actually due.

A correspondent of a New York paper relates the following touching anecdote: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a peanut shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks, and set the toothpick up on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat a fishing, fast asleep from exhaustion. The sight melted me to tears. I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel and left. The animal never forgot that act of kindness, and now my house is chock-full of cockroaches."

Telegraphic signals from a galvanic-battery, consisting of a single ordinary percussion cell, filled with acidulated water, into which a little bit of zinc was inserted, have been transmitted over the Atlantic cable, from Ireland to Newfoundland. The distance is 2,100 miles.

Ancient North America contained only two great volcanic regions. One of these extended along the Appalachian chain of mountains in the east, and included the valleys of the lower St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson and Connecticut rivers. The other comprised the basin of Lake Superior.

It is not generally known that the knowledge which learned men possess in regard to the surface of the moon—its mountains, valleys, plains, lava-seas, and the distances from point to point, is probably more accurate than the knowledge of the best geographers as to the physical features of the earth on which we live.

Alluding to the reported immigration of thirty Celestials to study at Yale an exchange says: "The Chinese freshmen flying his leisure kite upon the college-grounds, instead of carrying off midnight gates and nailing up obnoxious tutors; the Chinese sophomore feeding upon frugal rat instead of lavishing his money on bad champagne; the Chinese junior making his own clothing, instead of making the fortunes of designing tailors; and the Chinese senior preferring to translate Confucius into English rather than to flit with the traditional bells of New Haven, will utterly confound the traditions of Yale and provoke undergraduate hostility to Chinese cheap study."

General Joseph Harlan of Philadelphia, who died in San Francisco a few days ago, led a remarkable life. About the year 1820 he landed in Hindustan, and traveled inland through the British possessions into regions under the native governments of Asia, which he penetrated as a self-entitled traveler, and among those sovereigns he made himself at home and a favorite. In Persia, Cabul and Afghanistan he spent nearly twenty years. He rose to high command in the army of the companying Dost Mohammed, and introduced modern military tactics among the Orientals. At last, returning homeward through Egypt, Turkey, Germany and Great Britain, he resumed the quiet of his youth in Philadelphia. At the rising of the rebellion—though in his seventh decade—he promptly offered his services to the government. He was commissioned as a colonel and led down to the Army of the Potomac the largest regiment of cavalry embraced in it, which he commanded until severe sickness obliged him to withdraw.

Rural and Domestic.

Transplanting.

The great difficulty to be encountered in transplanting trees, vines, or plants of any sort is, that in most instances many of the roots are severed from the stem and are left where they originally grew. It is seldom practicable to remove all the roots with a tree or bush. In case every little root and rootlet of a tree could be taken up without injury and be transplanted carefully into a congenial seed-bed, the plant would suffer no perceptible injury in consequence of the removal. The chief idea in taking up and transplanting trees, vines, or flowering plants, is to place the roots in their new bed, as nearly as may be practicable, in the same position as they grew.

The former part of the growing season, is a far better time to transplant anything, than in late autumn, for the following reasons:

1. That a tree may endure the rigors of winter with the least injury, the roots must have a vital hold on the soil. When trees and vines are transplanted in the late autumn, the roots will have no vital hold on the soil during the winter. Hence, the branches must suffer more or less during cold weather, because this vital union has been severed.

2. Every tree and vine is a thing of life. Sap and moisture are constantly evaporating from the buds, twigs and branches, even after the growing season is ended. Hence, to supply such water, more or less moisture must be taken up by the roots and conveyed to the branches, even in the winter. To prove that there is more or less circulation of the sap during the winter months, let a large branch of a tree be girdled in late autumn, sufficiently deep to cut off all the sap-wood, and all above the girdle will die and wither before spring, while other branches, not girdled, will remain green and full of sap. Mutating the roots operates like girdling, just in proportion to the extent of the mutilation. If the ground where trees are standing be frozen solid and deep for a long period, the trees will often be seriously injured by the evaporation of more moisture from the bark and buds than could be supplied by the frozen roots.

By transplanting trees and vines at the former part of the growing season, they will be required to stand only a few weeks without a vital hold in the soil. The better period, therefore, to remove trees of any sort, is either deciduous, evergreens, or vines, is in the former part of the growing season, unless they are taken up with frozen earth. Trees may live and grow satisfactorily, after having been transplanted in late autumn; yet, the same trees would have succeeded still better, if they had been removed in the spring before the buds had expanded. N. Y. Observer.

The Demand for Meat.

Our population is rapidly increasing, and the demand for meat will continue to increase from year to year. The causes which lead to an over-supply for a few months are only temporary. The demand is increasing, and he is a wise farmer who looks ahead and quietly and perseveringly improves his farm and stock. He is certain of his reward. Wool, mutton, beef, pork, cheese, butter, milk, poultry, and all other animal products will be wanted more and more as the condition of the world improves. There are millions of people, even in Europe, who seldom taste fresh meat. An Irishman eats double the meat and does double the work here that he did at home. Even the Chinese in this country eat meat as soon as they can earn money enough to buy it. The point I want to get at is this: We have a large country. Land is comparatively cheap, and labor comparatively high. Crops are great in extent but small in yield, and many of our farms are getting more weedy and less productive. Now what we must aim at is to make them cleaner and richer. We must devote less land to the production of wheat and other grain that is sold, and more to the production of such crops as are fed out to animals on the farm. We all know that it is far better to raise 300 bushels of wheat from 30 acres to get the same amount. We obtain no more money for the crop in one case than the other, but the profits are quadrupled. The market is not glutted with grain, and there will be more meat and wool to sell, and more manure to use. To bring this about, we must summer-fallow when necessary; sow clover more frequently, and not sell a pound of our land lie longer in grass; and when it is broken up and planted to corn, cultivate it very thoroughly, and not over-crop it before it is seeded down again. In some cases it will pay to summer-fallow, and then seed the land down to grass without a grain crop. We must aim to save labor, enrich our land, reduce the area under tillage, and when it is plowed, cultivate thoroughly to kill the weeds and develop the latent plant-food in the soil. Plant-food is the farmer's capital. It is present in large quantities in most of our soils, but a great proportion of it lies idle. Our profits will be in proportion to the amount of this plant-food that we can render available and keep in active circulation without allowing it to diminish faster than fresh quantities are developed from the soil by the decomposing and disintegrating action of the atmosphere.

Meteorological Indications.

In a long course of weather signs which appeared a long time ago in public journals, we find these that may be worthy of being cut out and preserved for reference:

If the sun be clear and brilliant, it foretells a fine day; but when the sun is at its rising preceded by redness, and this redness passes off the moment it does appear, the sign is of rain.

Two winds of opposite qualities succeeding each other often bring rain.

Generally, an approaching rain can be better foreseen when the sky presents several banks or layers of clouds resting one above the other.

Motionless clouds, lying in the quarter whence the wind blows, bring only a continuance of that wind, but if they appear in the opposite quarter they announce its termination.

Clouds coming up simultaneously, yet impelled by different winds, announce an early storm. Clouds accumulating on the sides of mountains foretell rain.

A rosy sky at sunset indicates fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or a great deal of wind; gray sky in the morning, fine weather. If the first light of dawn appears under a bed of clouds, wind may be looked for, or on the horizon, the weather.

Light clouds with imperfectly defined edges announce fine weather and moderate breezes; thick clouds with well marked edges, wind. A deep, dark blue sky of summer tinge indicates wind. A clear and brilliant blue sky indicates fine weather. The lighter the clouds look, the less reason is there to anticipate wind. The more dense, the more rolled together, twisted and tattered they are, the stronger the wind will be. A brilliant yellow sky at sunset announces wind; a pale yellow, one, rain. A cloudy sky at sunset, red, yellow, or grayish tints, we can foretell the condition of

the weather with a very close approximation to accuracy.

High clouds passing before the sun, the moon, or the stars, in a direction opposite to that pursued by the lower beds of clouds, or of the wind felt at the surface of the soil, indicate a change of wind.

After fine weather, the first signs of a change are ordinarily high, white clouds in belts, or in light, dappled tufts or locks, which grow larger and soon form dense and somber masses.

Soft, light, delicate tints, with clouds of decided shade, indicate or accompany fine weather. Extraordinary tints and dense clouds, with hard outlines, indicate rain, and probably a gale of wind.

Clouds that form on hills and other elevated places, and cling there, augment, or descend, indicate rain. If they, however, ascend and disperse, they portend good weather.

When birds that usually fly in flocks, swallows, for instance, keep near to their nests, flying from one side to the other, and skimming the ground, the sign is of rain or wind. When domestic animals seek sheltered places, when chimneys smoke, or when in calm weather the smoke does not ascend overhead, bad weather may be expected.

When the sky is remarkably clear at the horizon, and objects usually invisible are distinguishable from each other, or appear higher up by refraction, there will be rain, and perhaps wind.

Value of Corn-Fodder.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued a statement presenting a long list of testimony from various sources on the value of corn-fodder as a supplementary feed or soiling crop for milch cows in summer. We present below the conclusions deduced from the testimony given:

1. Green corn-fodder is neither worthless nor the poorest of all soiling material.

2. It is the best when planted in drills or hills, not so thickly as to prevent normal growth and development, cultivated to destroy weeds and grasses, and cut between tasselling and earing, when the elements elaborated for production of the ear are stored in readiness for immediate use.

3. It is probable, both from the rationale of the case and from facts presented above, that in the more northern latitudes a mistake has often been made in sowing thickly southern corn which can not mature, the fodder from which fed in August must be very nearly worthless. On the contrary, the fodder from Northern corn, especially sweet corn, drilled and cultivated, and fed just before earing, is found to be very valuable.

4. Its value, compared with lucerne, millet, the best grasses, and other plants, containing a larger percentage of nutriment, taking into consideration the quantity produced and the cost of its production, has not been determined fully, and should be decided by a series of thorough and exhaustive experiments.

It is evident from all that is conflicting in the opinion of different feeders, that the differences are mainly due to the degree of maturity or soundness of the corn. That from thick sowing, immature, colorless, and watery, is unfit to place before the cows of any well-regulated dairy. It is probable that half that is fed is either improperly cultivated or in a state of growth not productive of the highest results. If this should be the case, how stupid to condemn the maize for the ignorance of the cultivator! If it is found to contain too little nutriment for its bulk, or too small an amount of the flesh-forming element, the suggestion found in the practice of some, of giving a small amount of more highly concentrated nutriment in connection with corn-fodder is eminently wise. This is a deficiency easily remedied. While corn is our national crop, less fastidious in the circumstances of the growth than almost any other, and capable of yielding so largely under the proverbial neglect which characterizes our culture, let not this fodder be discarded until something of greater practical value is found, the superiority of which has been actually demonstrated under local circumstances of soil, climate and cultivation.—Country Gentleman.

Wool or Mutton.

Now that sheep are again attracting attention the advocates for the different breeds are waxing warm. When either one confines himself to setting forth the merits of a particular variety, he generally does not overrate the good points of his favorite; but when he institutes comparisons with a view to prove that under all circumstances a particular breed is better than all others, he seems to us to go wide of the truth. We believe there are few localities in this country, where improved stock of this class can be grown at all, in which either of the better breeds, in the hands of a thorough shepherd, would not for a series of years prove reasonably remunerative. At the same time, we entertain little doubt that some varieties would, under certain conditions of soil, climate, and accessibility to market, prove more profitable than others.

It seems highly probable that both mutton and wool can be grown on the great central plains of the United States, in open competition with the production of South America, Australia or elsewhere; and at the same time there is no more reason to suppose that sheep husbandry in the older states will thus be rendered unprofitable, than that the sheep husbandry of Germany, France or England will be superseded, and become a thing of the past from the same cause. The incidental benefits of sheep-raising to general agriculture are such as to insure the continuance of that branch of live stock husbandry, and, as soils are more and more heavily taxed in the production of annual crops, the demand for sheep will be more and more imperative. The varieties to be grown may be safely left to local conditions, and the individual preference of each shepherd or farmer.—National Live-Stock Journal.

Dwarf Pear Trees.

In our own grounds, the past two seasons, we have satisfactorily proved the value of what are called dwarf trees. Some of them are twelve and thirteen feet high, as tall probably as pear trees need be for home use. They were planted seven years ago, and are bearing profusely, giving us many bushels of pears of the finest quality. Our varieties are chiefly Duchesse d'Angouleme, Louise, Bonne de Jersey, Onondaga, Howell, Elephant Beauty, Seckle, Bartlett, Vicar of Wakefield, Buffum. Except the Seckle which is a poor stocky, the rest are on quince, but by deeper planting have, with the exception of Duchesse, all rooted on the pear, making firm and thrifty standard trees. The circumference of quince roots is very small, and not sufficient to hold the tree in its place after growing a few years. But for early growth, they take a quick hold of the ground, and throw the tree into almost immediate bearing, satisfying those who are unable to wait the natural period of growth and fruiting of standard trees.

For private grounds, we therefore unhesitatingly recommend the planting of the pear on quince; and even for permanent orcharding for market, they should be alternated with others. In planting, of course, the point of union between pear and quince should be covered a couple

ple of inches, to allow the pear to root, and to circumvent the borer on the quince.

With us the ground is not in grass, but cultivated, annually with root crops.—Practical Farmer.

Useful Hints.

Sal-volatile will restore colors taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm.

New iron should be gradually heated at first. After it has become inured to the heat, it is not so likely to crack.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The offender carpets are shaken the better; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

A warming pan full of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots.

Scald your wooden ware often, and keep your tin ware dry.

Do not let coffee or tea stand in tin.

Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves, cleans them very much.

To candy lemon peel, boil it with sugar, and then expose it to the air till the sugar crystallizes.

To restore the keys of a piano to their original color, rub on the keys, with leather, a preparation of sal-volatile, prepared chalk and oil.

In a forest tree lately cut down in Wisconsin was found an Indian arrow-head, completely embedded and grown over. It appears, from counting the layers of wood over it, that ninety years have elapsed since the arrow which it tipped was shot at the tree.

The forests are dying out in certain parts of Virginia. The chestnut trees have already submitted to some deleterious agency, and their growth is nearly exhausted, and this year the oak, and in fact all the trees of the forest in certain sections, are dying. No explanation of this disastrous visitation has yet been given.

To cover a crop of 3,000,000 bales of cotton 20,000,000 yards of bagging are required, worth \$5,000,000. They are raising flax at the West to make this bagging of.

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