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The Morning Star - volume 47 number 03 - January 17, 1872

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The Morning Star

Volume XLVII.

DOVER, N. H., JANUARY 17, 1872.

Number 3

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

ISSUED BY THE
FREEMAN BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
Office, 39 Washington St., Dover, N. H.
L. B. BURLINGAME, Publisher.

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

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The Morning Star.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1872.

Why?

"Tell me, O cruel hand,"
Said a Grain of Corn, one day,
"Why from the golden sunshine
You bury me away."
The silence was relentless,
No helper came to save;
But full ears in the harvest
A perfect answer gave.
"Tell me, O cruel knife,"
Said a Rose-tree overgrown,
"Why all my wealth is stripped,
And I am left alone."
The question was unheeded,
Till a vain rose-tree grew;
And doubter, leaves are little worth,
When you have seen a rose.
"Tell me, O cruel fate,"
Said a baffled, tempted Soul,
"What is the good of life,
Where is the promised goal?"
The loving Force evolving
Sweet roses and ripe corn
Goes surely to its purpose,
O! Faithless and Foul.

—Independent.

Missionary Correspondence.

CALCUTTA, Oct. 28th, 1871.

Did I fail in my last letter to say that the Christians at Santipore paid my traveling expenses? You may think this a small thing, but we here look upon it as a most cheering sign of progress. Thus far, our little churches have been more than willing that the mission should pay all such bills. Now, some of our native Christians are beginning to see that it is their duty and their privilege to help themselves and do something for the maintenance of the means of grace in their own communities. The action of the Santipore church in this case is very cheering as inaugurating a new and better order of things in this mission.

The semi-annual Conference, which opened at Santipore on the 13th inst. and continued five days, was a session of much more than ordinary interest and importance. At this meeting the constitution was amended, so that in future we are to have an Annual Conference in March, the first to be held at Midnapore next year. Everything considered, I think the change will be a good one for us, though I was pleased to see some of our native preachers strongly in favor of the old plan of Quarterly Meetings.

One of the preachers selected for this meeting, Kamala Nalk of Balasore, could not be present, owing to serious illness in his family. This was a real disappointment to all, for we all like to hear him preach. His discourses are always good. The other preacher was Bro. Smith, who gave us an excellent sermon on Sabbath morning from 2 Cor. 13: 5. The devotional exercises throughout were profitable and precious. It seemed to me that our native Christians were getting more into the freedom of the Lord's service, for both brothers and sisters entered into the exercises with true zeal and energy. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and this is as true now at Santipore as it was at Calcutta or Jerusalem in the days of the apostles. It was doubtless a great help to our meeting that a goodly number of those present had been refreshed by the recent revival. Indeed in the company of delegates I saw some who were converted only a few weeks before. The good work at Santipore is by no means completed, but I am happy to learn that new cases are reported and the revival is extending to the Santals living on the mission farm. I hope to hear that it reached some of the Hindu villages close by. We long to see a general

awakening amongst these people who have heard the gospel preached these many years.

A very interesting feature of the late meeting was the action taken on the death of our beloved brother Mahes. An appropriate resolution was moved by Sijas, the senior preacher, and ably seconded by several brethren. An hour or more was devoted to brief addresses on the life and work of our departed brother. Some points brought out were worthy of record and remembrance. One was Mahes' tender conscience which could not hide a sin unconfessed. On one occasion, while traveling in the country, he came into the tent weeping bitterly, and when asked the cause of his grief, he pointed out a sin of which he had been guilty years before while a school boy in Calcutta. No one knew of this, but he could not be at peace until he had confessed it, and he begged the missionary to write about it to his former pastor and teacher in Calcutta.

None of our preachers better illustrated the injunction, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season." Mahes loved to preach. He never wearied of telling his poor countrymen the old, old story of Christ crucified for sinners. On the road he always preached as he went. I have walked hundreds of miles with him, and know how he labored for the pilgrims, the traders, and other fellow travelers we chanced to have along the road. Now and then he would halt under some shady tree and sing them a verse or two of a Christian hymn. This talking for Jesus was the habit of his life, and no man ever delighted more in his work. I believe it was his "meat and drink," and to the last he loved to tell nothing better than how the dear Saviour suffered and died for sinners.

When the tent was being pitched, when it was being struck, when cooking or eating his food, at all times, our brother talked for Christ. I have wondered at and admired his gift for talking to people about religion. How easily, how smoothly, how earnestly he could introduce his subject, that of which his heart was full. One night at the jatra at Ulmar, Mahes was cooking his curry and rice, and some young men were passing the tent, singing of their god, Ram Chandra. There was a chance to preach, and so Mahes sang out, "Why sing of Ram? he can't save you." Come here, and I'll tell you of Jesus Christ who came from heaven to seek and save the lost. They came and sat by his fire, and in the lovely moonlight, with others who joined them, listened to the good news of salvation.

Mahes had a remarkable faculty of "beating the bush," as we call it. He never failed to get an audience in a bazar or market. It was a good rule of his never to open his mouth to preach in a place until he had first prayed for God's blessing. Madhu Das, his companion on many a journey, spoke of this. "We must first have a season of prayer, then go out to preach in this place," he often said.

Only one more point about Mahes shall I be able to give you now. His last work was to visit our two branches at Bhimpore and Bandarbani. Having preached at one of these places and broken bread with the disciples, he had proceeded several miles towards the other. A brother who accompanied him brought to his notice a little disaffection that had arisen between a brother and his wife at the branch just visited, and which they had sedulously concealed from the preacher. Mahes did not turn back, but went on and did his work at the second place and then, he told us on getting home, he wished to return to Midnapore and felt averse to going back and round by the first place. "But," said he, "I said to myself, what a poor minister of Christ you are, Mahes, that you dread this little job of hard work, to reconcile those alienated people. Think of what your Lord did to reconcile your proud, wicked heart to Himself. I shall go back to B., cost what it will, and try to help that brother and sister." He did go, and by God's blessing effected a perfect reconciliation, and as he was leaving them to come home, they asked him when he would visit them again. "When my Master sends me," was his beautiful reply. That Master called him to "come up higher," only three weeks after he reached Midnapore from this his last trip.

The business of Conference was finished up by Saturday night, so that Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the examination of the preachers, &c.; in short, our Ministers' Institute. There had been marked improvement over the exercises of March last. Our young men particularly are doing finely in their studies.

The temperance movement gains ground. Among our native preachers I think only two stand out for tobacco. The children for whom the agitation is chiefly designed, are coming over well to the temperance ranks. The fact that all the missionaries are of one mind in this matter helps wonderfully, of course. Oh, that vile demon, tobacco, how we shall rejoice when it is utterly cast out from our native Christian communities! In point of refined cruelty it is twin brother to rum. There are men professing Christianity now starving their families, and clothing their wives and children in rags, while they sell their household goods and chattels for their accursed weed, their pet devil, which is dearer far to them than wife, or child, or Christ himself. The noble temperance army gathering here, among its marshals not a few

who were abject slaves to tobacco and other vile indulgences, is by God's blessing doing good execution against all drinks and drugs that kill both soul and body. Pray for this army. J. L. P.

The Way We Travel.

The way we travel in this free country is a way of discomfort. On street-cars we are packed tightly enough for sailing. The interior of a New York City car, in many times in winter a hodge-podge of baskets, bundles, boots and overcoats, crumpled crinoline, stifling and discomfort. If your next neighbor is redolent of the fumes of whiskey, you breathe with the caution of a physician in the wards of a fever-hospital. If one tries to read a paper, his arms are most likely so held by the vice-like pressure on either side that reading becomes a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Ever and anon the jar of a sudden stoppage throws the standing passengers, like a row of falling bricks, over against the seats. Not only must robust men put up with this system of packing, but ladies are pushed and hustled about with an indifference to their comfort, which if it were not so common would be amazing. And added to all the rest are the calls of conductors to "move up there," uttered in a tone which shows that the conviction of Foster has not yet taught many of them common civility.

The patience of Americans under such impositions passes comprehension. Common carriers are by law required to furnish suitable accommodations for passengers, and the courts have with great uniformity enforced this obligation. Railroad franchisees can be taken away from the companies holding them if they neglect or refuse to perform their obvious duty. When shall we see a general waking up to railway reform?

We have spoken heretofore of the manner in which the railway companies allow passengers to be annoyed by the vendors of wares. Some weeks since, going over the New Jersey road, we predicted to a lady companion that we would have not less than eighteen calls to buy or give something in the distance—less than one hundred miles—between the two cities. For amusement, we kept a list, and they came in about the following order: (1) a blind boy asking a gratuity, (2) banana-boy, (3) apple-boy, (4) newsboy with papers, (5) a second apple-boy, (6) boy selling novels, (7) magazine-boy, with the new *Harper's* very welcome, (8) boy offering *Ice Cream*—a book of coarse jokes, (9) boy with *Josh Billings's Almanac*, (10) boy with pictorial papers, (11) another banana-boy, (12) chestnut-boy. We need not go through the list; we had just eighteen vendors in all. The rule seemed to be for one or more to get on the train at each stopping-place, and literally to "go through" the passengers. It is in this manner that travelers are "taken in" and done for by the great carrying corporations.

There will never be a reform till there is a universal outcry against these annoyances. On short trips, travelers usually start provided with reading and refreshments; on long routes, the offering of small wares should be subjected to stringent regulations. Such practices as we have described above are an unmitigated nuisance.—*Methodist*.

The Faults of Culture.

Is it heresy to say that no pursuit can be more selfish than that of culture for its own sake? If there is forgiveness for such a sin, either in this world or the world to come, let us commit it, and so have the pleasure of uttering a very earnest conviction. Any competent observer can not fail to have noticed that the seeking of that which is most admirable in intellectual finish and furniture, simply for the sake of holding it in possession, has the same degrading effect upon the soul that comes to the miser from hoarding his gold. So it often happens that as men grow more learned by study, and more skilled in intellectual practice, and more nicely adjusted and finished in their power, and more delicate and exact in their tastes, do they lose their sympathy with the world of common life, and become fastidious, and disdainful, and cold.

It is often noticed, with surprise and regret, that as culture comes in faith goes out. The fact seems strange to those who think that faith, if it is a rational thing, in itself, should grow vigorous and far-reaching with the rising power and deepening delicacy of the mind. "Is it only the ignorant who have faith?" they ask; "and must man surrender this divinest of all possessions when culture enters?" Ay, he must, if culture is pursued as an end in itself. Culture, thoroughly Christianized—culture, pursued for ends of benevolence—strengthens faith; but culture that ends in itself and its possessor is infidel in every tendency. The culture which is pursued for its own sake makes a god of self, and so turns the soul away from its relations—earthly and heavenly—that self becomes the one great fact of the universe. A culture which does not serve God by direct purpose, and with loving and reverent devotion, is the purest type of practical infidelity; and there are notable individual instances, even in young civilization as ours, in which constantly ripening culture has been a constantly descending path into Paganism. We fear that any thoughtful American, undertaking to name those in his own country who have carried intellectual culture to the highest

point, would be obliged to indicate men and women to whom Christianity has no high meaning, and by whom it wins no victories.

When culture is selfish, all its sympathies are clannish. There is nothing outside of its circle to be either admired or tolerated. Such culture can have no broad aims, except the selfish aim to be broadly recognized. Whatever work it does is done for the few. It is too proud to be useful. It works away at its own refinement and aggrandizement, but refuses to come down into the dusty ways of life, to point men upward and to help them bear their burdens. The world all might go to the dogs or the devil for anything that selfish culture would do to prevent it. That work is done, and must always be done, by those who have faith—by the humble who have something better than culture, or the high who have placed their culture under the control of that law of love whose feet stand upon the earth, and whose hands grasp the Throne.

The farmer, in recommending an animal to a purchaser, talks of flesh that is "worked up," in contradistinction to that which is acquired while standing still and feeding. The one acquisition is recognized as possessing qualities of power and endurance which the other does not. It is precisely so with culture. That which is "worked on"—that which comes while its possessor is busy in ministry—is as beautiful as it is valuable. This indeed is the only culture that comes to a man as a legitimate, healthful, and valuable possession. The florist can show us flowers whose beauty has been won by culture, but it has been won at the fatal cost of their fragrance. There may be much in even a selfish culture to admire, but if there is nothing to inhale, our hearts are still hungry.

There is a sort of blind worship of culture among the people, which would not be worship were it not blind. If they could comprehend its narrowness of sympathy and its selfishness of purpose; if they could see and measure its greed for praise and its contempt for them and their acquisitions and pursuits; if they could feel its arrogance and pride, its charms would all disappear. If they could see how, in their earnest coveting of the best gifts, those who possess them had utterly forgotten "the more excellent way," they would shrink from them in terror or in pity. It is sad to think that from the most notable school of personal culture in the country, faith long since departed, with limping wings, while devotion to the work of making the world better went out with faith. God save us all from the influence of such a culture as this, and help us to be grateful that it has seen its best or its worst days, and is dying at its root! Christianity must kill it or Christianity must die. It must kill Christianity or it must die. The event is not doubtful.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's Monthly*.

True Learning.

Learning is the ornament of a man, the oil to the lamp of his understanding, which maintains the light-living. The soul would grow rusty without it, like a sword that is never scoured. Eloquence is good, and memory is good; but if these be without learning, they are but like the rock and the spindle, without even an inch of yarn. There may be learning without eloquence; which is like a handsome body wrapped up in ill-fashioned clothes. There may be eloquence without learning; which is like rich embroidery upon base stuff. There may be both eloquence and learning without discretion; men's actions do express their knowledge better than their words. A mere scholar is but a live book; and it is wisdom that sets forth a man, yes, that constitutes a man, more than literature. It is easy and usual for a man to be without learning, and it is not rare to find learning without a man. To speak sentences is far easier than to speak sense; yea, and a sensible discourse is easier than a rational carriage. There may be learning, eloquence, and discretion, too, yet without honesty. We may sooner get acquaintance with the nine muses than with the three graces. Learning, discretion and honesty, are three degrees of comparison,—the last is the highest, the other may make a man eminent in the world, the third brings him nearest to heaven. Our perfection in this life is virtue; in the next, knowledge, when we shall read the glory of God in his own face. He that wants learning has an imperfect head; but he that lacks honesty has a defective heart.

Not Ashamed.

The other day, in the city of London, the people were astonished by a Hindu gentleman. It was in their grand park—Hyde Park—where people go to drive, and ride, and walk. This Hindu was a Mohammedan, and the hour of prayer came while he was in the park. So, unrolling a little mat which he carried, he went gravely through his prayers. He did not think of omitting his prayers, because people would see him pray. How often does it happen that our boys and girls do not pray in the morning or at evening because they are ashamed to be seen praying! In almost every case they would be more respected if they went forward not minding what people thought or said. Even if any one should laugh at them, what should it matter? Christ wants us to confess Him before men—never to be ashamed of Him.—*S. S. Visitor*.

Events of the Week.

NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS.

The charges of fraud in the New York Custom-house have brought about an investigation. Numerous witnesses have been examined, among them Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune*. Some of the charges have been sustained and others have not. Ex-Collector Murphy is charged with having given the general-order business to certain parties for filthy lucre's sake, and not because they were the fittest persons to attend to it. There seems to be some truth in the charge. Other cases of corruption have been revealed, but it is doubtful if the iniquitous sink is quite as foul as it has been represented to be. There have been loose practices, very loose, and certain parties are likely to suffer some, but partisan strife has had a good deal to do with bringing them to light.

A PRELIMINARY STEP.

Mayor Hall has put one foot out of the mayoralty office, meaning, it is thought, to drag the other after it as soon as advisable. He has made a brief announcement, to the effect that he is going away for a few days and that Gen. Cochrane, president of the board of Aldermen, will act as Mayor during his absence. Mr. Hall may possibly come back, but this act is construed as the first hitch in getting out of the executive chair. He has doubtless felt for some time that they were making desperate attempts to push the chair from under him, and perhaps, thinking what a ridiculous figure he would make coming down plump, he has decided to take himself out of the way.

THE MURDER OF FISK.

James Fisk's death resulted from his last and most disgraceful amour. He seemed to be trying, by lawsuits and otherwise, to ruin Mr. E. S. Stokes, a man of his own stripe, because the latter had been so unfortunate as to supplant Fisk in the affections of a Miss Mansfield. Stokes was getting the worst of the contest in Court. On that fatal Saturday he had been most mercilessly handled by Fisk's counsel, and in an uncontrollable rage he rushed from the Court room only to seek and shoot his rival at the first chance. It can be called nothing else than murder. But the world could very well afford to spare Mr. Fisk, and New York can't afford to do less than hang Mr. Stokes.

DEATH OF GENERAL HALLECK.

Major-General Henry Wager Halleck died at his residence in Louisville, Kentucky, Jan. 9, of congestion of the brain, brought on by disease of the liver from which he had been a sufferer for some time. Born in New York about 1810, he was appointed a cadet in the United States Military Academy in 1835, from which he graduated in 1839. He served in the Mexican war, and was secretary of state of California under the military government from 1847 to 1849. He afterwards began the practice of law in San Francisco, and was at the head of a prominent firm at the breaking out of the war. General Scott commissioned him major-general of volunteers on August 19, 1861, appointing him to the department of the west, to relieve Hunter. July 23, 1863, he assumed command of the army of the Potomac, relieving McClellan. On March 12, 1864, he was relieved at his own request, and Lieut.-Gen. Grant was assigned to the command of the armies of the United States. Halleck was assigned to duty in Washington as chief-of-staff, and his active participation—if what he had done could be called "active participation"—ceased. At the close of the war he was appointed commander of the department of the west, which post he filled at the time of his death.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

Since it seems to be a foregone conclusion that General Grant will be the next candidate for the presidency, there is considerable speculation in a private way concerning the candidate for the vice-presidency, stimulated also by the recent announcement that Mr. Colfax will run again if he is asked. Mr. Wilson's name is everywhere mentioned with approval, but not with confidence that any movement in his support can be successful. Speaker Blaine is understood to have discouraged any attempt to bring his name forward for the nomination, though he has been in no imminent danger since his appointment of the ways and means committee. Mr. Colfax's consent to accept is criticised as somewhat premature in view of the fact that the convention had not then been called, and some of the elements which opposed him at Chicago are reviving; but weight of opinion and prediction now expressed among politicians is altogether in favor of his renomination.

THE TREASURY INVESTIGATION.

The committee on expenditures in the Treasury department, of which Mr. Lynch of Maine is chairman, will begin operations at once and propose to make their investigations thorough and exhaustive. Secretary Boutwell's special commission of experts, which has been for more than a fortnight counting the cash and securities in the Treasury, is still engaged in its work and will probably require at least two weeks more to complete it. The results of this examination will be accepted by the Lynch committee so far as they go, though covering

but a small portion of its field of inquiry. The committee will first investigate affairs at the Treasury department, in Washington, and will then quite probably proceed to the sub-treasuries and custom-houses in other principal cities. New York will escape in consequence of the visit of the Senate investigation committee, but New Orleans will not be overlooked.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11, 1872.

CONGRESS.

These days that have elapsed since Congress assembled, after the recess, have been rather dull at the Capitol. A large crowd of persons from all parts of the country are visiting Washington, but they do not find much excitement in watching our Senators and Representatives. The Senate is especially quiet, after the storm caused by the friends of investigation. One reason for this is that the Committee on Investigation and Reform is in New York, inquiring into the administration of the affairs of the Custom-house. It is rumored that their inquiry has not been entirely without success, but, on the contrary, has resulted in bringing to light many abuses, pecuniary and political, which some persons had suspected, but which had not been clearly proven. The chairman of the committee, Senator Buckingham, is thoroughly honest, and disposed to act conscientiously in this matter; and, if the inquiry is not thorough, it will not be his fault. The chief objection to him is his lack of energy and severity, two qualities which are very much needed in the business that he has undertaken. It is said that the committee will make up their report, and return to Washington next week. If so, the report will be called for very soon.

In this connection, the speech of Senator Fenton, on Monday last, on his bill regulating the salaries of customs officers, and providing for the disposition of fines, penalties, and forfeitures, is interesting. He showed, from official figures, that, from June 1, 1870, to July 31, 1871, the Collector of Customs at New York collected in fines, penalties, and forfeitures, \$692,514, of which his share was \$54,925. He said that the income of the three principal officers of the customs at New York could not be less than \$50,000 each per annum, amounting in all to more than \$150,000. He said that the President, the Cabinet, and the Justices of the Supreme Court, combined, He spoke of the evil effect of giving to the principal officers of the customs a portion of the fines collected by them from persons detected in violating the laws relating to imports, and said that the practice made them, to a certain extent, encourage the infraction of law, and treat occasionally with such leniency as to afford themselves the largest official emoluments without deterring others from similar practices. He also stated that, from January 1, 1868, to November 30, 1870, there were detected in the customs districts of the country, 2,911 cases of smuggling, and 1,781 cases of fraud and crime. Of these, only 191 ever went into court, even for a civil prosecution, and only one case was presented to the grand jury, or, at least, only one indictment was ever found. These facts, which no one pretends to say are not facts, certainly give the impression that there is a necessity for an investigation at New York, and, at the same time, for a thorough re-organization of the customs service. If an investigation could be made into the affairs of the custom-houses at New Orleans and San Francisco, there would be found many abuses needing to be got rid of. It is a good omen for the country that Congress has taken the first step towards reforming the civil service. Let the good work go on. Unearth corruption wherever it can be found, and let incompetency give place to competency. The politicians have at last heard the cry of the people, and are waking up to the fact that, unless they obey it, their public careers will come to a speedy end. Reformers will have a plenty to do, and the more abuses they correct, the more they will find needing correction. They have been accumulating for generations.

A CONCLUSIVE SPEECH.

Carl Schurz's answer to the attack of the New York Times, on Monday, was a most powerful and triumphant one. It was a dangerous man to bully or abuse, and it behooves his assailants to have truth on his side. Senator Schurz is one of our ablest and purest public men. He is as honest as Charles Sumner, and more could not be said. He has a sharp and logical intellect, and a wonderful command of the English language, although his youth and early manhood were spent in Germany. He is a man of immense influence in the West, and destined, if he lives, to wield a greater power in the future. I wish we had more scholars, orators, and men, like him, in Congress. It is seldom that one hears a good speech in that body, but, when Schurz rises to speak, his hearers may be sure that they will hear something worth hearing, spoken in a manner well worth studying. In this case, it was evident that the attack of the Times was made without regard to truth, with the object of venting a personal spite, and inflicting injury upon the Missouri Senator.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

The National Woman's Suffrage Association is now holding a convention in Lincoln Hall in this city. The most prominent delegates are Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Martha C. Wright, Beecher C. Woodwell, Sara J. Spencer, Isabella Beecher Hooker, and Laura C. Smith. Mrs. Stanton is president of the convention, and a very fine-looking, president she is—stout, healthy, intellectual, with fine eyes and a wonderful wealth of curly white hair. Susan B. Anthony is as tall and angular as ever, and has the same strong, honest face and earnest voice, that she had in years gone by, albeit she is now nearly, if not quite, fifty years old. She looks at her everything through her glasses with remarkable sharpness, giving the impression that she sees at her every visible. Mrs. Hooker is tall and graceful, with a pleasing voice and manner, and looks every inch a lady. Mrs. Victoria C. Woodwell seems to be a little over thirty, and sits on the platform in the most modest and unassuming manner. The meetings are very fully attended, principally by ladies, and the addresses are exceedingly interesting. The object of the convention is to secure the passage of a law by Congress, removing all obstacles to the exercise by women of the right of voting, which the members of the convention hold is already conferred upon them by the Constitution.

A STRIKING INCIDENT.

Tuesday, the proceedings of the House of Representatives were opened by a prayer by a Jewish Rabbi, Abraham de Solis, LL. D., Professor in McGill College, Montreal. He prayed with his hat on, according to the custom of the strict Jews. The incident created quite a sensation, and will doubtless call out severe condemnation, upon the head of the person who invited the gentleman to officiate, from a portion of the religious press. It does look queer for a Jew to act as chaplain in the Congress of a Christian nation. PRESIDENT.

Communications.

Monuments.

Standing the other day on Bunker Hill, looking out upon the sea of cities lying at my feet and up to the naked shaft which towered above me in silent grandeur, a flood of conflicting emotions rushed in upon me till I seemed to be borne backward to the days of '75. The surging tides of battle, as they ebbed and flowed over that historic ground, and the fierce charge and fiercer repulse, the story of which I had read and gloried over in early boyhood, lost all their bookish associations and stood before me as actual verities.

Noble men! A grateful nation fittingly makes sacred the spot where ye fought and fell. But this is not your monument. These cities at my feet are grander monuments to your memory. Faneuil Hall with its history, Boston in its giant strength, Massachusetts with her anti-slavery record, the Union arising from a new "baptism of blood," with her starry flag washed of its stains,—these are your monuments and theirs who have preserved what you had given.

A man's work is the only lasting monument to his memory. An American writer recently characterized the Adirondacks as "God's monument over the grave of John Brown," but four millions of freemen once bound, to strike off whose fetters John Brown dealt the first open and direct blow (however rash and unwarrantable it may have been) shall, through their descendants, perpetuate his memory when the place of his grave shall have been forgotten and when familiarity with the Adirondacks shall have made them common hills.

Let no man sigh for the glory of monumental marble. Whoever cheerfully accepts his work and does it in the true spirit of Christian manhood, is building to himself a monument more enduring than marble, or bronze, or granite. The poor woman who cast her mite into the treasury of the Lord, and the woman who worked out the love in her heart by anointing the Saviour's head and washing his feet, will be remembered when the names of many of the world's "heroes" shall rot from the pages of history.

Whoever lives and labors for God and truth, will find his name engraved upon the walls of that "living temple" whose foundation is the Rock of Ages; and I doubt not that many a pastor, patiently caring for his flock in some remote country town, will find his name in far brighter colors than his more pretentious brother, whose words may be more eloquent, but whose work has less of sacrifice and pure devotion. Christian Brother! faint not. Work with a will. Work cheerfully, zealously and for God. Dr. Chapin said in a recent lecture, "The lazy classes are the lower classes," a truth as recognizable in the church as in business. The fields are "white to harvest." "The laborers are few." Thrice blessed is he who reaps the golden grain with his might.

A. L. H.

Children's Reading.

BY S. H. BARRETT.

In reference to this matter, parents often entertain incorrect opinions. They suppose that children are not capable of understanding any thing pertaining to the common business of life. They conclude, therefore, that it is not actually necessary to store their minds with the most useful knowledge. But this is a mistaken idea. Children have aspiring minds, and are ever forming opinions relative to men and things. Such as are intellectual are usually fond of reading. Parents should then be kind enough, if they value their future happiness, to furnish them suitable reading before a taste for fictitious writings be formed.

The Bible, of course, should be the first book from which children should receive instruction. It should be recommended to them in preference to all other books, because it is the best book in the world. God is its author; hence, it is deemed a suitable book for the early instruction of the young. It teaches them the fear of the Lord, and the obligations under which they are, to love and serve him. If they give heed to its instructions, they may become wise unto salvation, and be prepared in early life to enter the field of active usefulness. They may thus distinguish themselves by acts of philanthropy. In this way, too, they will secure the approbation of God, and be permitted to enter into the rest prepared for the righteous.

Next to the Bible a good religious newspaper should be preferred. A paper of this description can not be too highly appreciated. It will afford a variety of useful information, which will be interesting to the young. They will learn the progress of the various benevolent enterprises of the day, and the efforts of Christians for the promotion of Christ's kingdom. This will inspire their hearts with a desire to do good. If the young reader be a neglecter of the great salvation, he will find the most eloquent appeals, showing the duty of submitting to the claims of early piety. These soul-stirring appeals may be the efficient means, in the hands of God, of leading him to repentance. If he be a disciple of Christ, he will find much to support him amidst trials incident to the Christian profession. In hours of depression, he will read some animating paragraph that will produce emotions of joy. When he thinks of heaven, he may read of the triumphant departure of a saint, which will encourage him to hold fast to his integrity. Such are some of the benefits of a good religious newspaper, and the same remarks will apply with equal force in reference to religious books.

History is the source of much interest to youth. From it they will obtain a knowledge of the most extraordinary events which have occurred in ancient and modern times. To an inquiring mind nothing will

afford more pleasure. In every page the historical reader finds something new and entertaining. He will read of many circumstances and events which will enlighten his mind. From history the young student may learn what vast changes have taken place in by-gone ages, which will teach him the transitory nature of sublunary objects. He will further learn that riches, honor, and human greatness can not secure happiness nor preserve life. Many profitable reflections may, in this way, be derived from the perusal of suitable historical works.

Biographical writings are of great benefit to youth. Their minds are susceptible of deep impressions, not easily forgotten. Perhaps there are no writings that will produce more lasting impressions, or prove more salutary, than those of a biographical character. They are read with avidity, and are often the means of forming the future character of the young reader. This was the case, in a great degree, with Dr. Adam Clarke. When young he read the Life of David Brainerd, a devoted missionary to the Indians in North America. This produced the most happy effects upon his own mind, kindling a flame of zeal in his soul to labor in the Lord's vineyard. The same book encouraged Samuel Pearce in his efforts to sustain missionary operations in foreign lands. He, too, ardently desired to go among the heathen, and teach them the way of life.

Every parent and guardian will now see the happy consequences of furnishing children and youth with suitable reading. But how sad are the effects when they are permitted to read books exactly the reverse of those here mentioned. In order to elucidate the subject more clearly, let us reverse the scene. Suppose you place in the hands of your child Paine's Age of Reason instead of the Bible; comic songs and novels instead of religious periodicals; the Lives of Alexander, Cleopatra, and Napoleon instead of Wesley, Whitfield and Martyn.

Now will that child grow up a moral and religious man? Will he feel interested in the moral reforms of the day, and exert his influence in behalf of the truth? Will he endeavor to suppress vice and encourage virtue? Will he make it the business of life to promote human happiness, and labor for the common good? In short, will he be what the gospel requires of him? If not, how important that parents awake, and see that their children are amply supplied with books and papers of the proper character.

One Day.

To be sure, it was only one day. But had you been with us, brother, supplied with a pair of polyglot ears, you might have shared our joy. At 7 A. M., the prayer-meeting in the chapel was led by Bro. H. W., and a good number of fervent prayers and several earnest exhortations were offered. At the same hour the Santa prayer-meeting was held in the school-room, and attended by about thirty persons, twelve of whom are brethren and sisters, beloved in the Lord, and the voice of each one of these was heard uplifted in prayer. A good degree of feeling was manifest, and some tears shed. Oh, it is precious to hear so many voices raised in prayer to God, in this strange, complex language. The Lord make them a thousand times more than they are!

At 9 A. M., I preached in Oriya, to a good and attentive congregation, from Rev. 3: 21. Subject—Victory and Reward. In the middle of the day I was obliged to have a long conversation with an offending, sulky member of the church, which afforded very little satisfaction.

At 3 P. M., Bro. Dula preached in the chapel to a good congregation of Santals and Kodas, from Eccl. 9: 10, and at the same hour, Miss Phillips held a children's prayer-meeting in the parsonage.

At 4 P. M., Oriyas, Santals and Kodas all met together in the chapel for Sabbath school, 150, in all, present. A number of classes had to be re-arranged and two new ones formed. Three new teachers also were appointed, thus supplying work for a number of the new converts. Nothing like giving converts something to do. It is cheering indeed to walk around among 16 groups, (classes) earnestly discussing with their teachers a gospel lesson, as they all sit on their mats, with faces aglow with an air of cheerfulness. What but this same precious gospel has made this 150 to differ from the heathen-around us, who know no Sabbath, no Bible, no God, no Saviour, but sit in darkness?

At 7 P. M., the little chapel is lighted up, and we gather around the communion table. The new converts swell the number of those who, in their clean apparel, gather around the sacred board to commemorate the dying hour of our crucified and risen Lord. Oh, how good God has been to us! Those who a few weeks ago were strangers to the covenant of grace, now rejoice, believing in the Lamb slain for sinners. Jo. 14: 1-7, (originally spoken at the institution of the supper) was read and commented on, and a refreshing season enjoyed.

Later in the evening, was read at the parsonage, in our own charming Anglo-Saxon, heart-cheering accounts of the work of God in the world renowned Fulton St. prayer-meeting, and thus a busy day was brought to a happy close; and but for the anxious suspense still revolving in the mind as to what share our children have had in the late awful catastrophe of the fire in Chicago, we are prepared for our night's repose. But alas, a tardy month must drag its slow length along, ere we can have an answer to one of a thousand questions which clamor for solution! "Even so, our father."

Santipore, Oct. 30, 1871.

Have the courage to drop the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced he lacks principle. "A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," but not his vices.

The Crown of Life.

The promise of Scripture is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." How great the promise—"A crown of life." He who is unfaithful can not expect to obtain eternal life. No; he will be rejected of God. How overwhelming to the mind is this consideration! Hence, no one can be happy who does not live faithful; for the more faithful the more happiness. The faithful performance of all required duties is so essentially necessary, that none can excuse themselves on the plea of ignorance or inability. Though Christians have their trials and conflicts,—and probably will continue to have them in this mortal state,—yet the blessed consolations of religion enable them to rise triumphantly above them. The "crown of life," the hope of an inheritance beyond the grave, inspires the heart with renewed devotion to the sacred cause of Christ; for, when all the changing scenes of earth are past, they hope to outride the stormy sea of life, and be wafted into the fair haven—the city of their God. Thus the faithful Christian pilgrim is cheered in the hour of sorrow. Though friends may forsake him, the world frown, and hell oppose, he has the assurance that God will never leave nor forsake him. "A crown of life" is the promised reward. Who, then, would deviate from the path of duty, disobey the heavenly command, and bring sorrow upon his own soul? Would any considerate person do it? Would the weakest saint do it? Would any offer to do it? It is hoped not; yet there is reason to fear that some will, by reason of unfaithfulness, be deprived of the "crown of life." Terrible thought!

Anecdote of Andrew Fuller.

In a private party one evening, at which the late Andrew Fuller was present, the conversation turned on the subject of preaching, when one of the party said preaching without notes was the hardest work in the world. Mr. Fuller said it was easy enough if they went to work in the right way. "Now," he said, "if I was to tell my hired girl to go to the store and get some sugar and blue, some coffee and starch, some cakes, some soap and some almonds, some candles and spice, some nuts and some tea, some potash and butter, she would say, 'Oh! dear sir, I never can think of all that.' Well, look here, Betty, you know to-morrow your mistress is going to have a large wash, and she will want some blue and soap, candles and potash; the next day she will have company and will want some tea and coffee, sugar, spice, nuts, cakes, butter and almonds."

"Thank you sir, now I can think of them all." "So it is in preaching with good arrangement."

Memorial.

Among the servants of God who, during the year now closing, have finished their course, in the faith that a crown was laid up for them, were Rev. Robert Hayes and wife.

His father was one of the early settlers of New Gloucester, Me., where the summers of his minority were passed in working on the farm, and the winters divided between his father's shoe-shop and the brief terms of the district school. He enjoyed one other educating influence of no insignificant value in those days. His father's house was always the home of the itinerant Methodist preacher, beginning at the time when Jesse Lee made his first visit to the district of Maine, with all New England for his parish, and the religious meetings in that home out-numbered the weeks for two generations. His conversion occurred in the month which began his twenty-first year; and the signs that he was made a new man were very apparent and wrought not a little influence upon his associates. Before the close of that year, with no preparation but the scanty education referred to and his brief but fervid religious experience, together with a good share of native facility of address and "mother-wit," he had received license and commenced to preach as a minister of the M. E. church. Revivals attended his labors.

In Windham, one of the scenes of his ministry, he married Miss Patience Hussey, who was a faithful Christian helper to the end of his pilgrimage. After a few years of itinerancy, yielding to the necessities and wishes of a growing family, he located on a farm in Livermore. Here he worked and preached for some twenty-five years, when he united with the second F. Baptist church of Livermore, then recently formed, and commenced to labor with that and other churches in the same region, where he was already well and favorably known. He officiated at great numbers of funerals, was often in protracted meetings, and on councils. He was a member of the General Conference held at Sutton, Vt.

About the year 1844, he removed to Buckfield; thence, after several years of labor both as pastor and farmer, he removed to Paris and preached to the church in that town. From this place, leaving the grave of a Christian son, with whom he had hoped to spend the evening of his days, and the ashes of his buried dwellings, but not his cheerful and buoyant spirit, he, with his wife, found a home with their daughter in North Fayette. Here, though nearly eighty years of age, he became for a time pastor of the church at Moose Hill. Indeed he continued to preach occasionally and with good acceptance, as testified by his brethren who listened to him frequently at Quarterly Meetings, until some three years before his death; which occurred on the twenty-ninth of March last, and just before his eighty-sixth birthday. From its commencement he regarded his disease—"congestion of the lungs"—as his welcome summons to depart.

J. P.

He expressed but one regret—that at leaving his faithful wife whose strength was fast failing from the effects of a cancer. She lingered in great pain, most tenderly cared for by friends, patiently waiting, yet longing, for permission to rejoin her husband, till the twenty-fifth of July, when she too fell asleep in Jesus. S. S. Dec. 30, 1871.

Faithful Work.

Men should be encouraged by the thought of God's presence with them, and sustaining them.

"It is God that worketh in you." This declaration ought to be a comfort to all who put forth, consciously, feeble hands to perform difficult tasks. Fidelity in the least things will surely find its reward; for it is God that is inspiring us and working in us.

There comes over to our shores a poor stone-cutter. The times are so bad at home that he is scarcely able to earn bread enough to eat; and by a whole year's stinting economy he manages to get together just enough to pay for a steerage passage to this country. He comes, homeless and acquaintanceless, and lands in New York, and wanders over to Brooklyn, and seeks employment. He is ashamed to beg bread, and yet he is hungry. The yards are all full; but still, as he is an expert stone-cutter, a man out of charity, says, "Well, I will give you a little work—enough to enable you to pay your board." And he shows him a block of stone to work on. What is it? One of many parts which are to form some ornament. Here is just a quail of fern; and there is a branch of what is probably to be a flower. He goes to work on this stone, and most patiently shapes it. He carves that bit of fern, putting all his skill and taste into it. And by and by the master says, "Well done, and takes it away, and gives him another block, and tells him to work on that. And so he works on that, from the rising of the sun till the going down of the same, and he only knows that he is earning his bread. And he continues to put all his skill and taste into his work. He has no idea what use will be made of those few stems which he has been carving, until afterwards, when, one day, walking along the street, and looking up at the front of the Art Gallery, he sees the stones upon which he has worked. He did not know what they were for; but the architect did. And as he stands looking at his work on that structure, which is the beauty of the whole street, the tears drop down from his eyes, and he says, "I am glad I did it well." And every day, as he passes that way, he says to himself, exultingly, "I did it well." He did not draw the design, nor plan the building; and he knew nothing of what use was to be made of his work; but he took pains in cutting those stems; and when he saw that they were a part of that magnificent structure, his soul rejoiced.

Dear brethren, though the work which you are doing seems small, put your heart in it; do the best you can wherever you are; and by and by God will show you where he has put that work. And when you see it stand in that great structure which he is building, you will rejoice in every single moment of fidelity with which you wrought. Do not let the seeming littleness of what you are doing now damp your fidelity.

What if you are in a humble place, and no man sees you, and hears you? What if your name does not get into the newspapers? So much the better. Why does a man want a pillory? Is it not better to work without praise than with it? Work well; work with all your strength; and work where you are until God calls you higher. Work so well below that he can not afford to keep you there. Men go around looking for higher places, but the way to get higher is to work so well that it is bad economy to have you in a lower place. Then you will go up by natural force. Put your best work into every place where God calls you.

It is related (I do not know with how much truth) that when Phidias was carving the statue of Diana to be placed on the Acropolis, he was working at the backside of the head, and was bringing out with his chisel every filament of the hair, as far as it could be done in marble; and it was said to him, "That figure is to go up a hundred feet, and is to stand with its back to the marble wall; and who will ever know what you put there?" He replied, "The gods will know," and worked on.

Now, do not hesitate to put your best work in the lowliest places; for if other folks do not know it, God will.—*Advance.*

The Sea-Captain's Call.

In the year 1775, the captain of a Greenland whaling-vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs, and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about, and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the port-hole a man at a stand, as though keeping a log-book. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel, and found the man sitting at the log-book, frozen to death. The log-book was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were found frozen among the hammocks, and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this gospel-craft I deary voyagers for eternity. I cry: "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. Oh! that my Lord Jesus would come aboard, and lay hold of the wheel, and steer the craft down into the warm Gulf Stream of his mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from

the dead; and Christ shall give thee life.—*The Methodist.*

"Him that Cometh to Me."

If you would be blessed, you must come. If, careless and indifferent, or even thoughtful and apprehensive, you remain where you are, perish you must. If your heart moves not, if you put forth no effort, offer no prayer, perish you must. If you cast no prayer upon Jesus, for you there is no hope.

Is it enough to know that you may come? Enough to think about coming? To wish to come? To resolve to come at some future time? No; no. To see the glass of sparkling water will not allay the thirst of the man ready to die. He must press the goblet to his lips. To know that there is a remedy will not restore health to the sick man. He must make use of that remedy. With your whole soul call upon the Lord. Come, yes, come to Jesus. Come as the blind beggar, as the leper came, and you shall rejoice as they rejoiced. Only come. No tongue can tell what Jesus will then do for you.—*American Messenger.*

S. S. Department.

Vitality of a Good Story.

The poor woman whose cow, according to the first report, kicked over the kerosene lamp that set Chicago on fire has declared, on being "interviewed," that she was not the owner of a lamp, while the question is left open if she ever had a cow. At all events, she insists that neither cow nor lamp of hers had anything to do with the great conflagration. This effort to evade responsibility for the terrible disaster is made too late, whatever are the facts in the case. That story was too good a one to be yielded merely on the question of its truth or falsity. It has already been repeated too many times, and traveled too far to be recalled even by its originator. It would have been easier to quench the fire itself, when Chicago was all ablaze at midday of Monday, than now to extinguish the earliest story of its origin. Although reports are not yet in from all parts of the Sunday-school world, there is reason for supposing that that story of the cow and the lamp has been told in at least three thousand Sunday-schools during the last three weeks, and that not less than two thousand superintendents of other schools have it noted to tell at their next concert. Moreover, it has been mentioned in numberless lecture-rooms, and repeated countless in pulpits, even in some sermons "requested for publication;" while the periodical press, editorially and by contributors, has shaped and reshaped it until it is recognized as an established incident in the history of the city of startling metamorphoses. "Possession is nine points of the law." That story is fairly in possession of the traveling Sunday-school talkers. It must take its place henceforth in the stock illustrations of Sunday-school addresses at conventions and institutes, as well as at home school anniversaries and monthly meetings, in enforcement of the text, "Behold how great a matter a little kindleth," and in exhibition of "the beginnings of evil." It seems hardly kind in the homeless woman of Chicago to begrudge this good story to the Sunday-school public, when it was so greedily snapped at by illustration-hunters and anecdote-monsters; but kind or hard-hearted, she begrudges in vain. The cow that kicked the kerosene lamp that burnt Chicago has already as firm a foothold in the realm of our Sunday-school talkers as has "the cow with the crumpled horn," that tossed the dog, that worried the cat," in the literature of our nurseries. The story may not be truth, but it is sure to be "well stuck to." And the story, now that it has been authoritatively denied, is quite as authentic as many another story often repeated by Sunday-school talkers. The story of Dr. Morrison, the English missionary to China, picked up as a poor boy in the streets of London and brought into a mission school, has been denied again and again by the family of that good man; and a glance at a biographical dictionary would show that Robert Morrison, the son of a Scotch elder, could hardly have received his first religious impressions in a ragged school. But what of all that? The story sounds well, and why should it not be used? Make a note of the number of times you find it mentioned in pulpit, or on platform, or in the religious press, in the course of the next six months, and then ask yourself, How many persons are at the pains to verify the historical illustrations they use with positiveness? There is a story in some of the school-readers of one George Wilson, befriended in the streets of Hartford by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and going thence to St. Petersburg, to become the rewarded helper of the grand-uncles of the Grand Duke Alexis. That story was denied as positively, on the authority of Mr. Gallaudet, as is now the story of the Chicago cow; but the cow and George Wilson and Dr. Morrison must travel together in the service of Sunday-school speakers so long as good stories are in demand by those who will not be at the pains to inquire into the truth of what they assert as fact. It would, indeed, be well for those who tell historic incidents to children to know first that there is some ground of truth in what they are telling; but we can not hope that such attention to accuracy will be yet generally secured. We can, however, all learn from the vitality of these Sunday-school fictions, how much easier it is to start a lie than to stop it.—*Independent.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY. About a year since a gentleman in business in N. Y. city, and largely interested in the cause of temperance, had occasion to visit England in one of the steamers of the Cunard line, and noticed on the first day out the mid-day distribution of grog to the fore-cabin, and found that but two of the seamen were temperance men. With their aid he instituted evening meetings, and every night stayed late with the men, telling temperance anecdotes, singing songs of like character, &c. Towards the end of the voyage he prepared a pledge sheet, which twenty-four of the steamer's hands signed, including cooks, stewards, coal-passers, &c.

On reaching the dock, entirely to the surprise of the signers, he presented each of them with a sovereign, which he requested they would deposit in a savings bank, that it might be a nucleus for future savings, and received a promise from each that they would write once a year to him and state how they were keeping their pledge, and how the sovereign of each was increasing.

These letters have lately been received, and go to prove how much good may be accomplished by a person individually, if he works with his whole heart. Twenty of

the signers write to say that they have kept their pledge, many of them enclosing certificates to that effect from temperance societies to which they belong.

Eighteen send proof that their sovereign is yet in the savings bank, and that it has been added to, in one instance, to the extent of several pounds. Two, by reason of sickness, had drawn out and spent the original sovereign, but had since then deposited several shillings towards its renewal. One letter came from a sailor now serving in a British man-of-war, where he was, daily laughed at for keeping his pledge, but which he nevertheless had kept, as was shown by a certificate enclosed from his superior officer.

The remaining four nothing has been heard; but the giver of the sovereign has not yet lost hope that he will speedily hear from them, as they may be now on service in distant parts of the world.

A STRONGHOLD INVADDED. At a Sabbath-school mass meeting in Missouri, Rev. G. W. —, one of the Society's colporters, was besought by a youth of eighteen years to deliver a lecture on "Youthful training" in a certain neighborhood. Mr. W. — consented. He gives the following account of his visit and labors:

I found my young friend and his mother and about sixty children in attendance. In the morning I addressed the children, and promised to address their parents in the evening. But no parents came; I again had a house full of children. I gave them an appropriate lecture, they maintaining every good order. I found on inquiry that S. — and his mother were carrying on the Sunday-school all alone.

I started on Monday to visit every house in the neighborhood. The ignorance, prejudice, and positive viciousness I saw there none can comprehend but an eye-witness. Four men, heads of families, boasted that they had not been inside a place of worship since the war, and never intended entering one again while they lived. Several insisted on telling me their war record, fights, frolics, and sprees, and seemed considerably disgusted because I showed very little interest in what they consider wonderful exploits. Sixteen families had no Bible, and said they wanted none. I heard in three days among them over twenty women use profane language. I understand that the majority use such phrases, considering them accomplishments. A preacher, speaking of the neighborhood, said, "The angels never go on that side of the creek." Yet two Christians had a home and a field of labor there, Mrs. S. — and her son. They have a large Sunday-school, numbering from sixty to eighty children. The parents say, "Let them go, it will keep them out of the way." Their school is a rough crowd, but they manage them with much tact, and maintain good order. They will conquer in the end the entire neighborhood, I am confident.

I gave them a large donation of books, tracts, and cards. The children fairly danced as they saw the beautiful books, and were impatient to get them. They will carry them home and read them, and return them for others to read. The pathetic stories will awaken their sympathies and arrest their attention, and the direct appeals it is hoped will convict them of sin, and lead them to the cross. Every person and family in the neighborhood will have access to all the books, thus increasing its usefulness more than if given to a person or family. I thank God I have been enabled to invade one of Satan's strongholds.

TO TRAIN TEACHERS. The need of training teachers for Sunday-schools, as well as for all other schools, needs no urging. How to do it is the question. Here is one way:

Many of the churches of recent construction among the Methodists, have "Class" rooms for the peculiar organization of their church system. These rooms come admirably into play for the use of the Sunday-school. Such a room will hold twenty or thirty scholars. When there is a room of this kind at the disposal of the superintendent, let him find a thoroughly skilled teacher, an expert in the business, who can teach successfully a class of thirty scholars. Give him such a class, in a room by himself, and give him at the same time three or four young teachers as assistants. These assistants can relieve him of the registry of books and attendance, and all the little details of care-taking, so that he can give himself entirely, and without distraction, to teaching, and the exercises may serve as a school of observation and practice to the assistants.

Every class of this kind not only has the advantage of being taught in the best and most approved style, but may be made a training-school for teachers.

Most of our church buildings have their arrangements already completed, and are such that no alteration or improvement can be made. Others, however, are susceptible of alteration, and new buildings are going up all the while, in one part of the country or another. For the same reason, the subject should be constantly discussed, so that the needed improvements may be introduced into all new constructions.

TRUSTING A FATHER'S HAND. I happened to come down to my shop one day, and found my eldest boy, then about eight years of age, busily punching holes in a piece of leather with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The bit of leather was of little worth; but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future, he received a correction; and by way of trying his confidence, he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might, as it were, undergo a similar operation. As may be supposed, the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been eagerly watching the proceedings, said, "I will do it, pa," which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on; but not showing the least appearance of flinching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even smiling in her father's face, who, feeling himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion when she exclaimed, "I knew you would not do it, pa." Dearest daughter! the Lord who gave thee has taken thee to himself, but not until he had first taught thee to trust a father's hand.

A MARK FOR JESUS. The teacher of a very intelligent class was absent. The superintendent requested an excellent Christian young man to take the class for the day, urging him by the suggestion, "It is a promising class, and you may make a mark for yourself." The young man promptly replied, "I had rather make a mark for Jesus."

Selections.

My Psalm.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad air run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind,
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a barren land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna, dropping from God's hand,
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aidle the pilgrim's staff;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

All as God wills, who wisely leads
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Know that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That whosoever my feet have served
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
That opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—J. G. Wallier.

Caring for Souls.

The want of food, the want of raiment or of shelter, is one which appeals immediately and forcibly to our sympathies. There is a want of knowledge also: we should feel that we were doing a great wrong to our children unless we should take pains to secure for them at least the rudiments of a good education. Again, there is the want of companionship. We feel and recognize this. Food, and raiment and instruction are not enough for a child that has no home—no brothers, or sisters, or friends—no parents to watch over and love him, heartily and homelike as he is. We see how desolate he must be, and would shudder at the thought of a child of ours left thus homeless and friendless.

But there are deeper wants than these which are not regarded. There is such a thing as a soul's suffering from hunger and thirst, and crying out for that which may satisfy its inmost cravings. Do we recognize and endeavor to make provision for this want of our nature? As it respects our children, we compass sea and land to provide for their bodily needs. It is the same in regard to knowledge. We take the utmost pains to have our children educated. No branch of instruction which relates to their intellectual culture is deemed superfluous. So with respect to the want of companionship. We love to be with them ourselves. We seek out for them the best associates. We are more ambitious for them than for ourselves, as it respects the society into which they are to be introduced. But there is a deeper want in our nature than any that human friendship can satisfy—a closer sympathy, a holier longing than any that can draw us into a human being. As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so the soul, awakening to the consciousness of its inmost wants, cries out for the living God, and longs to commune with him in his love and holiness. Cut off from him, we all of us are fatherless, and friendless, standing alone on the bleak and desolate shore of an ocean over which no earthly friend can guide us.

Now these great wants of the soul must be provided for in every Christian community. We may multiply the comforts and luxuries of life. We may add to the refinements of society, and seek out whatever may give softness to the manners, or charm to the social intercourse. We may pursue our aesthetic culture to any extent, enriching society with the delightful resources of art, with sculpture and painting, with the fascinations of music and dancing, and overflowing exuberance of young hearts full of hope and enthusiasm. We may open all the fountains of innocent enjoyment, and seek out whatever may gratify the taste, or dignify our lower pleasures by the grace and beauty which are thrown around them. Still, unless the highest wants of our nature are provided for, a life of pleasure is not the life of God in the soul; but, rather, it must carry us away from him. There is nothing here to guide and satisfy the heart. How many young men and young women are brought up with all the advantages which the community has to bestow—wealth and knowledge and social refinement—living quite up to its standard, who yet, when the heavy responsibilities of life press upon them, and new temptations are before them, feel that they have not the inward strength and support which they need. Everything else has been provided for. But here society has left them poor and defenseless.

Most of all, our Christian homes should make provision for the highest wants of our nature. The child which we receive from the hand of God, we are to welcome not only as ours, but as his child. We are not only to hold it in the warm embrace of our human affections, but to enfold it in our Christian prayers and benedictions. There is no more touching sight on earth than that of a young mother, in the act of Christian baptism, consecrating her little one to the Saviour and his God. As she takes it back with the baptismal waters glistening on its forehead, the emblem of a divine purity and joy, and presses it to her bosom, the lowly petitions which go up from a heart burdened with tenderness, are more than any outward rite or word, holy and acceptable before God. And where this sentiment enters into all the relations of home, from the first timid accent of plighted affection to the last benediction which falls from dying lips on those who stand weeping around—where this sentiment of religious consecration and devotedness pervades our lives, quickens our morning and evening prayers, infuses itself as a holy influence into our secret thoughts and outward acts, giving calmness and firmness to our affections, throwing its gentle restraints around the young, acting upon them as an inspiration and life, there the highest ends of a Christian home are answered. There may be little formal instruction in religious matters, for our daily intercourse we can not touch on those great themes with too delicate a reverence. The sacred reserve of a sincere and devout heart is better than any

amount of precise and constrained advice. We may fear to handle too familiarly the delicate flower, which, through the inward stirrings of a life higher than we can impart, is unfolding its beauty and its sweetness when no eye but that of God can see it, till the perfume of its renewed and heavenly affections diffuses itself through the atmosphere of our homes. We can only wonder, and rejoice, and be thankful because of the new and beautiful life which God has quickened. For want of a home such as this, how many a child, poor in the midst of affluence, has been unsatisfied, repelled, driven into dangerous pleasures and forbidden ways—a grief to his friends, a deeper sorrow to himself. And when at last, too late, he comes to himself and calls to mind his early home and friends, mournful indeed it must be to them all, if he can only say, "No one cared for my soul!"

—Religious Magazine.

A Confession by Mr. Hepworth.

There has been a suspicion for some time that Rev. Mr. Hepworth, pastor of the Unitarian church of the Messiah, New York, was drifting into a belief in Christ's divinity. He partly confessed it at the Unitarian anniversary in Boston, last spring, but in his last Christmas sermon he plainly declared it. If the words mean all they imply, the confession is a weighty one. Here are the words:

I can not resist the feeling—it has grown partly out of the way in which I read the Bible, and partly out of my own religious consciousness, that Christ's life and God's life are inextricably interwoven and interlaced. I am bound to believe in Christ's divinity, or else I read certain texts by the roots, which I am wholly unwilling to do. When Jesus, in a prayer, says, "O Father, glorify me with thine own self, with the glory that I had with thee before the world was," I can not evade the conviction that the words, plainly as any words can, are intended to assert a pre-existence. If they do not distinctly say that Christ is coeval with God, then I fail to comprehend the meaning of the passage. Now, you may honestly deny the fact by openly doubting the correctness of the text. But admitting the text, the deduction is plain. Again, when he says, "If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and take up our abode with him," I think he clearly intimates a power co-ordinate with that of God. I don't see how the conclusion can be avoided, provided you admit the correctness of the text. I do believe this. Second, having placed myself right on the dogma, I come to speak of its historical value. I believe that the dogma, as I have stated it, has saved the world, and done more than anything else to mold modern society. If Christ had been a mere man, a great reformer, the changes he introduced would have died out, and his voice, though it spoke in clarion tones, would have died into a very dim and distant echo before this. The Church was built on the divinity of Christ; it would not have survived if it had not been, and the Church saved the seeds of the new civilization from among the ruins of the old.

I come, lastly, to speak of the institutional value of the dogma. It is the only possible basis of organization. It gives us two words to accomplish—to save ourselves, and then save the rest of the world. Atheism can't organize. It never has done so. It never will. Radicalism can't organize. One must have faith to organize; Radicalism is cold; it always seems to me like a hen brooding on stone eggs. It may warm them with the heat of its own body, but after all the eggs are stone, and can never bring forth life. What may not this dogma be to you? If you are weak—and who is not?—you can go to Christ and get strength. If you are sinful—and who is not?—you can go to Christ and be forgiven; you implicitly believe all this, and on it I would found this church. I heartily believe it, and by means of it I would save my own soul and yours.

Since the above was in type there comes the report that Mr. Hepworth, openly renounced Unitarianism in his pulpit the first Sabbath of the new year, and declared himself a believer in the Orthodox faith. He is a fresh, magnetic, able and inspiring speaker, and it is hoped that Christianity will receive even better service from him hereafter than it has received in the past.

Holding the Rope.

A ship on her way to Australia met with a very terrible storm, and sprung a leak. As evils seldom come alone, another tempest assailed her. There happened to be a gentleman on board, of the most nervous temperament, whose gurgling tongue and important air were calculated to alarm all the passengers. When the storm came on, the captain, who knew what mischief might be done by a suspicious and talkative individual, managed to get near him with a view to rendering him quiet. The gentleman, addressing the captain, said in a tone of alarm, "What an awful storm; I am afraid we shall go to the bottom, for I hear the leak is very bad." "Well," said the captain, "as you seem to know it, and perhaps the others do not, you had better mention it to anyone, lest you should frighten the passengers or dispirit my men. Perhaps as it is a very bad case, you would lend us your valuable help, and then we may possibly get through it. Would you have the goodness to stand here and hold hard on this rope; pray do not leave it, but pull as hard as ever you can till I tell you to let it go." So our friend clenched his teeth, and put his foot firmly down and kept on holding this rope with all his might, till he earnestly wished for a substitute. The storm abated; the ship was safe, and our friend was released from his rope-holding. He expected a deputation would bring him the thanks of all the passengers, but they were evidently unconscious of his merits; for it is too often the case that we forget our greatest benefactors. Even the captain did not seem very grateful; so our hero ventured, in a roundabout style, to hint that such valuable service as his, having saved the vessel, ought to be rewarded at least with some few words of acknowledgment; when he was shocked to hear the captain say, "What, sir, do you think you saved the vessel? Why, I gave you that rope to hold to keep you engaged, that you might not be in such a feverish state of alarm."

The self-righteous may here see how much men contribute to their own salvation apart from Christ. They think they can certainly save themselves, and there they stand holding the rope with clenched teeth and their feet tightly fixed, while they are really doing no more than our officious friend, who was thus befuddled. If ever you get to heaven, you will find that everything, on did toward your own salvation, apart from the Lord Jesus, was about as useful as holding the rope that, in fact, the safety of the soul lies somewhere else, and not in you; and what is wanted with you is just to get out of the way, and let Christ come in and magnify his grace. —Spurgeon.

The Unseen Inheritance.

An aged Christian man was on his death-bed, and was happy in his prospect of soon entering into the joy of the Lord. He had a brother who had made the world the great object of his life, and who, of course, was very poor toward God, and with all his worldly wealth was so short-sighted as to have made no provision for the world to come, and had no idea of enjoying an inheritance beyond the grave.

His dying brother had given greater attention to the acquirement of true riches than to the realization of worldly wealth; and in his infirmities and sickness he required that Christian friends should minister to his necessities, as the holy women ministered of their substance to the Lord.

When his rich brother came to see him, he upbraided him for giving so much attention to the things of God, and giving away so much of his substance for religious purposes, and subjecting himself to poverty, when, if he had followed his advice and example, he might now have been in the enjoyment of plenty, instead of being, as he termed it, a burden to his friends.

With great calmness and earnestness the dying saint replied—waving his wasted hand toward his poor, self-deceived brother—"Quiet! quiet! Whist, whist, Tom! I have a kingdom no begun upon and an inheritance that I have not yet seen."

Who was the richer of the two brothers? The one who had his good things here in this perishing world, or the one who was begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and who knew that he was heir to an inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven?

Dear reader, while you provide for things honest in the sight of all men, let your chief care be, not to be rich in the world's estimation, but to be rich in the estimation of God—to have a good hope through grace of enjoying the everlasting inheritance which is laid up in heaven for all believers. Supposing that you have "much goods laid up for many years," and have no hope for eternity—and God should say at this moment to you, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" "So is he," says Jesus, "who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

The Power.

"Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask, 'How?' They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that. It is heavy—but no more than half a hundred or perhaps a hundred weight. If all the men in the army hurled it against the fort they would make no impression. They say, 'No, but look at the cannon.' 'Well, but there is no power in that; a child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth; it is a machine and nothing more.' 'But look at the powder.' 'Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it.' Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put in the power of the cannon; one spark of fire enters it; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church-machinery of this day; we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down the strongholds; and Oh, for the Divine spark!" —Arthur.

Augustus Toplady.

In a pleasant county of Devon, in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang Augustus Toplady. When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. Toplady became very learned, and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read in fathers and reformers than most dissenters can boast when their heads are hoary. His chief works are controversial, and in some respects, bear the impress of his over-ardent spirit. In the pulpit's milder agency nothing flowed but balm. In his tones there was commanding solemnity, and in his words there was such simplicity that to hear was to understand.

Both at Bury and Hembury, and afterward at London, the happiest results attended his ministry. Many sinners were converted, and the doctrines which God blessed to the accomplishment of these results may be learned from the hymns which Toplady has bequeathed to the church: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "A debtor to mercy alone," "When languor and disease invade," and "Deathless principle, arise," hymns in which it would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the living hope exulting in every line.

During his last illness Toplady seemed to lie in a very vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered, with a sparkling eye, "Oh, my dear sir, I can not tell the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all turned to praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are willing to give me over into the hands of my Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul!" And thus died the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

A Double Infinite.

The difference between owing a dollar and having a dollar in one's pocket is two dollars. The distance between two men, one of whom goes north a mile and the other south a mile, is two miles. So let one have a thousand men for him and none against him, and another a thousand against him and none for him—the first has double the force of the other.

Such is the case of the saint and sinner. The saint, every pious man, has God on his side, and nothing, virtually, against him; the sinner has God against him, and nothing really on his side. Hence the advantage of the good over the bad is a double infinite.

Some facts, viewed in this light, have an interest greater than many of us conceive. One is this: "All things work together for good to them that love God." The contrary is the case with those who love him not. All things, in the result, work together for their harm.

The universe, in all its time and places,

is on the side of the good man; and in all its final tendencies the opponent of the bad.

The appearance of things is often quite otherwise. A Jacob may seem warranted in saying, "All these things are against me," though in truth those very things were part of a well-planned conspiracy, so to call it, for his deliverance from sore impending evils.

On the other hand, a wicked man, in days of apparent success, may say, "The world is all on my side," as some Napoleon, on the point of conquering the world, would naturally conclude; when just at that moment the array for his overthrow—provoked, it might be, by his own injustice to mankind—was complete and ready for the final conflict.

With such odds in his favor—rather such positive security for the attainment of all true good and the avoidance of all real evil—why should the pious be ever cast down, or in any way discouraged? And what madness is it in the impious man to presume, because he is allowed a moment of triumph, that he has found that God has vacated his throne in his insignificant behalf? He will find that a Niagara River runs steadily toward its fall, even though a ripple may here or there sometimes turn upward on the stream. —Chris. Int.

Prevailing Prayer.

There was a boy at Athens, according to the old story, who used to boast that he ruled all Athens, and when they asked him how he ruled, he said, "Why I rule my mother, my mother rules my father, and my father rules the city." He who knows how to be master of prayer will rule the heart of Christ, and Christ can and will do all things for his people, for the Father hath committed all things into his hands. You can be omnipotent in all things which glorify God. Oh, for more grace to grasp almighty love in this fashion! We want more holdfast prayer; more tugging, and gripping, and wrestling prayer, that said, "I will not let go." Let us picture of Jacob at Jabbok shall suffice for us. The covenant angel is there, and Jacob wants a blessing from him; he seems to put him off, but no efforts will do for Jacob. Then the angel attempts to escape from him, and tugs and strives; so he may, but no efforts shall make Jacob relax his grasp. At last the angel falls from ordinary wrestling to wounding him in the very seat of his strength; and Jacob will let his thigh go and all his limbs go, but he will not let the angel go. The poor man's strength shrivels under the withering touch, but in his arms about the mysterious man, and holds him in a death-grip. Then the other says, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Mark, he did not shake him off, he only said, "Let me go;" the angel will do nothing to force him to relax his hold; he leaves that to his voluntary will. The valiant Jacob cries, "No, I am set on it, I am resolved to win an answer to my prayer." I will not let thee go except thou bless me. Now, when the church begins to pray, it may be at first the Lord will make as though he would have gone further, and we may think that no answer will be given. Hold on, dear brethren. Be steadfast, unmoving, notwithstanding all. By and by it may be there will come discouragement; where we had looked for a flowing success; we shall find brethren hindering, some will be slumbering, and others sinning; backsliders and impenitent souls will abound; but let us not be turned aside. Only let us be persevering in supplication, and we shall gain a broad, far-reaching benediction for ourselves, the churches, and the world. —Spurgeon.

Christian Indifference.

A writer in the *Christian Union* tells a story, the like of which, we fear, could be often truthfully told. The effect of such things on the credit of religion itself, who can measure?

Ten months' attendance at one of the best Orthodox churches in New York, and the payment of sixteen dollars from a meager salary for my sitting, have resulted in so much social feeling and friendly attention as I shall recount for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

An utter stranger in the city, I wandered around to hear the different ministers, and see the different churches, for a few weeks, and then decided to stick to the one, as having a most worthy and delightful pastor. The building, too, had such an air of comfort and sociability within, that I fancied it would be only a short time before many hands would be extended for a friendly greeting. Then, too, my expectations had been raised by certain notices of "Social Committees," whose business I thought must partially be to find out and introduce strangers.

The family, where for the time I had my home, attended a church with which I had little sympathy; so, of course, I was wholly dependent for the welcome I required upon these organized promoters of sociability in my own church. After a reasonable time had elapsed, I began to look daily for a call. I knew very well that the pastor of so large a church could scarcely give me his time, but I felt that he was such a man as to arrange thoughtfully for meeting the wants of strangers. Weeks and months passed, and no one called. I went earlier to the weekly meetings, thinking that some of the good people would speak to me; but that was an utter failure. With one exception. The good minister himself having come early for some reason, extended his hand, and bade me a cordial welcome, saying he had often seen my face in his congregation, and if I would give him my address he would call upon me as soon as possible. I think I must have behaved strangely on this occasion, for it was the first Christian greeting I had received for nearly five months. Well, I began to feel that I was consoled from home-sickness. I had had one greeting—the fee was broken. I knew that the few persons present had observed this little interview, and so I thought, foolishly enough, that in a few days one after another of them would follow their beloved pastor's example, would find me out, and tender their kind offices. Alas, for my rashness in supposing that they had any time or benefits to bestow on me!

The appearance of things were so much the opposite that I even came to believe—that they did not much care to sit very close to me, or to look on my hymn book, though on my part I was very particular to share it, or to relinquish it, if occasion offered. They seemed to be guarded enough should break down some understood church regulation against reciprocal advances.

After leaving a dear country home and church, where of course every one is interested in every other one, the removal to this frigid society was painfully noticeable. I spent previously two or three years in pleasant association with city churches, but never in so solitary and isolated a position before.

Riches and Honors.

A distinguished man lay on his death-bed, when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager grasp, he said, with a sigh, "Alas! this is a very fine thing in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me." Who can reflect without sadness on the closing moments of the gallant Gen. Nell? His life-long dream had been to obtain the little baton and ribbon of marshal of France. He could not sleep after seeing it conferred on McMahon as a reward of valor in the battle of Magenta. Before the next engagement, he told his friends that this time he would win the prize he so much coveted. The conflict was over, and they sought him anxiously upon the glory field. They found him almost crushed beneath his war-horse, and the practiced eye of the surgeon told that life would soon be over. Word was sent to the emperor, who quickly arrived, and taking from his own breast the badge of the marshal of France, he placed it above the heart of his faithful follower. The life-long dream was realized, and with a single throb of exultant joy and gratitude he threw his arms about the neck of his sovereign; the next instant he fell back in the embrace of King Death!

Oh, how can we struggle, and toil, and distract our hearts from the one great purpose of life, simply to gather about us possessions which, though they may be very fine things in this country, will be of no use to us in the country we are so shortly going to?

Love of Christ.

The love of Christ will be just and sure and fine as a living law to regulate our recreations and all our intercourse with society. "Recreation is a holy necessity of man's nature." "There is a time to laugh." The Christian life is not to shun every glad assembly, every festive scene, and crape itself in austere solemnity. But how far may we do as others do, and where must we draw the line between the right and the wrong in amusement? Is it indeed more worldly to play with bits of colored marbles than with bits of carved ivory? Is it consistent to take the children to a certain kind of entertainment at one place, but inconsistent to take them to the same kind of entertainment at another place? Is one fashion of dress the probable sign of regency, and another of unregency? Legislation on such subjects is not so simple a thing as it seems to be. We have no right to be narrower than as the narrow way is narrow; we have no right to make laws that are only arbitrary, and have no root in spiritual instinct; we have no more right to make new duties than to make new doctrines. It is a delicate thing for any Christian to decide for another man what is lawful or not, in some questions that are asked about amusements; for what might be injurious to one might not be to another. Let me, however, enjoy the friendship of Christ, and be conscious that his love fills my heart, and his presence my day, then every such question is to me, as an individual, wonderfully simplified. I can understand now the old pastor's advice, "Love Christ with all your soul, and then love the world as much as you please." I shall join in no company that will compel me to part company with Him. I shall soon find out what is the spiritual atmosphere of a place, and whether I inhale the deadly chloroform of worldliness that sends the life of grace to sleep, or breathe the fresh air of spirituality. If, in a scene of enjoyment, the thought of Christ falls like a cold shadow on my happiness, if I feel engaged in something which I can not thank him for or ask his blessing on, if I find that it tends to make the Bible a dead book and prayer a dull ceremony, I know that however good such a recreation may be for others, it is not good for me, and thus I carry in my heart the power that casts out worldliness.

Good Works.

We Protestant Christians are in danger of undervaluing good works. There is just as much merit in works as in faith, and neither of them is good for anything alone. If either could be of any account alone, works would have the advantage; because it is better to do right, and doubt, than to believe and do wrong. But the right man believes and does. His faith prompts to good works, and they prove his faith. Thus the apostles put it, and only by this union of faith and works is symmetry of character secured.

We Protestant Christians are in danger of thinking that doing good by societies and machinery—by proxy—will excuse us from personal exertion in the service of God and our fellows. This is a day of associated action, when we have a society to do almost everything in the Church and the world. We are tempted to get our religion done out, as some get their washing. And if we belong to a society, or circle, or club, for a benevolent purpose; especially if we bear some responsible office in it, and give time, labor and money, it is easy to persuade ourselves that we are doing what the Master requires.

We Protestant Christians are very much in the way of thinking that it is our duty to give the bread of life to the perishing, while we neglect to give them the bread that perisheth. Our public charities are abundant, and they are in proof that the poor are not forgotten. We found hospitals, homes, asylums, and offer our money freely for their support. And it can not be made a reproach to Protestantism that it cares for the soul only and does not tend the body as well. But in our private, individual capacity, as Christian men and women, we are tempted to leave the care of the sick, the poor, the suffering to these associated charities, while we are content to labor and to pray that the Kingdom of God may come and this will be done on earth as it is in heaven. This is the mistake we make, and making it, we lose more than half the enjoyment of Christian life on earth. —Observer.

Church Erection and Extension.

The cause of Church Erection and Extension is essential to the proper prosecution of the work of Home Missions, and is largely identified with its success. To neglect the one is to invite the failure, to a serious extent, of the other. And assuredly there are few claims that can be presented to our charitable sympathies more deserving in themselves, or more commended by the sources from which they emanate, than those which reach us from our Western frontiers, and ask aid for the erection of sanctuaries of worship. They are urged by those who have learned, in their destitution of religious privileges, to form a more correct estimate of their value; who feel in their new homes, as they never have felt

before, the beauty of the sanctuary, and the desirability of a religious home for themselves, and for their children. It may be that the necessary condition of securing pastoral aid is the erection of a house of God, and that their religious prospects are made to depend on their success in what might seem to some a mere matter of worldly enterprise.

But that is not the light in which they view it, nor may a stranger to their feelings and sympathies pronounce them mistaken. Let that structure which they desire be reared, and it will in many instances be something far more and far greater than a pile of hewn and jointed lumber. It will be a monument of piety and self-denial. The two mites of the poor widow, as precious as those cast into the treasury of old, will be embodied in it. From its inception to its completion, it will be an object of prayer, and associations of holy prayer, and spiritual communion will cling closer than ivy to its sacred walls. It will be to many a hungering soul the house of God, the palace of the Great King, where the soul tastes of angels' food, and sits down with the Master at His own table. —Evangelist.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1872.

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The Late Tragedy.

The death of Colonel Fisk was quite as remarkable as any portion of his life. The report of it came to the most of us very much as the report of that pistol must have come to him on the stairs, only to astound and bewilder. Riding so long and so gallantly on the crest of the wave, seeming to push others down only to make his own position the more secure; borne safely past breakers where thousands who tried to follow him only struck and sank; gathering wealth as the clouds gather water, only to lavish it as freely as the clouds do rain,—howbeit the clouds gather water honestly and lavish it to a good purpose,—seeming to guide his craft in such a freebooter fashion that one could almost suppose him in league with some evil genius that enabled him to shun common calamities; bounding along in this way so gayly and withal so defiantly, with colors always flying and music that scarcely ever seemed to give an ominous note, running down whatever craft might lay in his way and never stopping to pick up their struggling crews,—it could hardly be less than startling to see that arm reach up and pull him out of sight so suddenly.

Born of humble parentage among the Vermont hills; driving about New England in his youth as a Yankee peddler; then operating in Boston where he showed rare skill in driving shrewd bargains; speculating in cotton during the war and reaping large profits in spite of blockades and army lines; then getting control of the Fall River line of steamers, he finally drifted into Wall St., went into stock gambling, got control of the Erie Railway by a fraudulent and secret issue of ten millions of stock, bought up the New York courts and thus kept his position, built an opera-house, operated a French theater, and engaged in various amours, the last of which cost him his life, and sent him back to Vermont to his grave.

But it is not to heap obloquy upon Mr. Fisk's name, that his career is thus exposed. Death has taken him off, and in the presence of that grim monster we should allow our tongues to utter no unjust words. He has entered the presence of One who thoroughly understands his case, and who, if he must turn away the naked soul that stands shivering before him, can not at the same time but remember our frames that we are dust. But there are a few lessons that have been suggested all along by his life, that it seems fitting to review and impress at his death.

There is a certain class of society that has been captivated by his career. In every community are those who have eagerly watched his course, dazzled by its splendor and won by its success, until they have resorted to the same methods and found their reward in a prison cell. His late course has been especially calculated to entice the young and thoughtless. Even as a peddler in Vermont and Massachusetts he attracted wide attention by his showy wares and resplendent traveling equipage. In New York he surrounded himself with the splendor and magnificence of an Eastern prince, and in all his movements about the country he was remarkably ingenious in devising means of pomp and display. His speech was of that odd and original character, abounding in fresh images and dramatic expressions that acted upon a certain class of people with almost irresistible force, becoming a part of their vocabulary and thus drawing them into closer sympathy with him.

What better time than at his death, with all its circumstances fresh in mind, to recall his career and fix upon it a proper estimate? Does not such an end emphasize the force of those precepts that admonish us to shun evil ways? To be sure, he must die, whatever his career. If he had been the pastor of Plymouth church, he might possibly have been shot where he was and by whom he was. But not for the same cause, and his memory would have been a far different thing.

His life was a false one. Estimated by any standard of truth or fairness, it was false. Engaging in the intrigues which seemed to be his passion; gathering the associates who seemed to be his only congenial ones; waging those numerous contests in court with which his hands were nearly always filled, and arousing the envious and jealousies that were their inevitable consequence, it could not be otherwise than that his life should be constantly exposed and constantly in peril. Could it legitimately end in any other way? Would any one of the thousands who have so often envied him his luxurious career, accept

it as their own and pursue it to its legitimate end? By how much they would shun such an end, by so much may they know the falseness of the career.

Admit that no really respectable parties have ever envied Mr. Fisk his notoriety, and that they would not have taken his wealth if the notoriety must have come with it. Still there is a disposition in trade that his methods and their pecuniary success have only helped to strengthen and increase. The few strictly honest men of business would hesitate to drive bargains and get gain as he did; but the habit of calling square cheating square dealing, and calling shrewdness only sharpness, and sharpness only a legitimate use of one's wits, and a fair means of getting the advantage of those who are not sharp enough to prevent it,—this has been the policy of that class of business men of whom Mr. Fisk lately stood at the head. The popularity that he has given this policy; the vast number more who have adopted it and been ruined by it than would have pursued it if he had not so wonderfully succeeded by it; the number who are still impelled to the stock-boards by his example, and the baneful seed that he has sown broadcast yet to spring up and bear bitter fruit;—these in every moral sense but emphasize the falseness of his career.

But he had his good qualities, they say. He was generous to a fault, and true as a friend,—where he was a friend. He claimed to be the public's obedient servant, especially in the management of his railroad and steamboat lines, making them conducive to the comfort and convenience of their patrons. He had many tried and true friends before his death, whose number has wonderfully increased since the foul and cowardly act which deprived him of life. He did several charitable deeds and spoke many kind words, so these friends say. But he basely broke his marriage vows, and his whole public life was a system of fraud and villainy. And it was in the pursuit of this system that he formed those relations which while they were his crowning disgrace were the direct causes of his death. For the last ten years his footsteps have tended exactly whither they have now ceased. And there still be those who persist in following them, or who recognize in the splendor and luxury of his life any compensation for the gloom and misery of his death?

Improving the Opportunity.

We have always supposed that Mary was just as faithful about the housework when the Lord was not there, as was her sister Martha. She only did on that occasion what it was her duty to do,—that is, to improve the rare opportunity with which she was favored.

If there was a shower of gold out-doors, we would all be pretty likely to leave our work and our pleasures, even our beds, or our dinners, to catch some of the falling treasure. Here was the world's great teacher, tarrying awhile with these two sisters. It was no less than their duty to leave their daily cares during his visit, and catch the golden words of wisdom that fell from his lips.

If this world's inhabitants could be led to appreciate the full benefit of such a course, idleness and its evils would very soon take the path of honest industry. Do you say that this is only a covert way of saying that procrastination is a thief, and that this latter statement is gray with age? But it has significance in it, nevertheless, and judging from the small number who heed it, it should still be repeated from morning till night.

We are now breathing the atmosphere hallowed by the week of prayer. It has offered opportunities to the churches that may not come again during the year. Christians themselves have been reminded by it that their responsibilities are neither light nor few. Worldly men have had their thoughts called for a while from the business that absorbs them, and the great multitude of open transgressors are even now feeling some of the old reverence that came upon one when he said, "It is the Lord." It was in fact the time for special effort by the churches, and shall they rest so soon after making it?

We have all been commendably active during the summer and autumn. Great social and political and commercial enterprises have been well attended to. How many of these can not each of us recall, that have had their week, to which men gave their time, and labored to make them successful? But they have been holding occasional meetings ever since, to compass plans and promote interests then formed. Shall they be wiser in their generation than the children of light? Now the church has just had its week, and its share of men's time and efforts. Have these secular enterprises reaped success by improving the opportunities, and shall Christians delay to gather and bind into sheaves the grain that lies all about them?

Not alone these seven days following the week of prayer, but every week in the year properly claims that we use a part of it for Christ. It is constant care that wins. But in almost every community one can count more professed Christians on the street, or at their homes, or about some secular pursuit, during the time of the weekly prayer-meeting, than he would find in the vestry. To be sure, some of them may be "at home doing it," and business may have legitimate claims upon others; but it is often that that particular religious duty is ignored, and the prayer-meeting left to get on the best it can.

Our religious life, so far as its possession of faith, and zeal, and charity, and love, and all its other rich graces is concerned, does not differ essentially from our secular life, so far as its possession of stocks, and houses, and lands is concerned. Each must be won, if possessed, by improving the chances, by doing the duties that each presents, and when they are presented. The

physician, the merchant, the banker,—all these have their office-hours, and their success in business varies about as the care does with which they observe them. Every opportunity for doing good, or even for doing right, is the Christian's office as well as his hour, and his life will show pretty plainly whether he took advantage of the occasion or not.

As for adding to the membership of the churches, these winter months might witness a greater in-gathering than any other portion of the year. We know how it has been in the past. The winter and spring have seemed to be especial times of revival. This winter, and this coming spring, may witness still greater triumphs of grace. But they can only be achieved by entering the field and fighting the battles. Here are the evenings; here is the comparative lull in secular affairs; the week of prayer has set people to thinking about religion; here is also the habit of most religious societies to do their chief mission work at this season of the year; ministers are trained to mention and to labor for revivals particularly during these winter months;—then may we not witness revivals? May we not do the work at hand, and reap immediate results? May we not see sinners coming up to the Cross, and hear their cries for pardon, and their songs of redemption? If we will.

The Sabbath.

It is not without deep apprehension that good men observe the increasing tendency to Sabbath desecration. The vast tide of foreign emigration promotes it. The Catholic countries of Europe pour upon us their thousands and millions having very lax views of this institution. China and other heathen nations are sending over their immense surplus population. Our wide and fertile domain, our free policy, our facilities for acquisition and improvement hold out great attractions to the crowded, impoverished and oppressed masses of the old world. We have set up no barriers, offered no obstacles; but relying on the intelligence and virtue of our people, the efficacy of truth and right, we have said, Let them come, we will absorb and assimilate them, and so build up a great power for God.

But there is danger rather of their assimilating and absorbing us. Already they have a large if not preponderating influence in our large cities—those mighty centers of influence. The power of this foreign element affects or controls some of the most vital subjects of legislation among us. Principles long cherished are scouted as superstition; old land marks are ruthlessly cast down, sentiments and practices abhorrent to the revered founders of our nation are becoming popular and prevalent. Papacy has long boasted that she will here make up for her losses in the old world, here establish her high dominion and sway. If skeptics and heathen are not so pretentious, the growth of their errors may be all the more insidious and dangerous. Amid all this the Christian Sabbath is a signal test.

The Sabbath has always stood as a sign of man's allegiance to God. He gave it by his own example and express precept. He made it a part of the moral law. It was a special national injunction to the Jews: "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and an outstretched arm; therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." Christ declared that he came not to destroy the law but to fulfill it, and recognized the universality of the fourth commandment, saying, "The Sabbath was made for man." Our Puritan ancestors, in founding and dedicating to God this nation, deeply revered and honored this sacred institution.

But of late Sabbath-breaking is becoming more and more prevalent and open. Worldliness and irreligion are casting off and defying its restraints. Attempts are made with frequent success in various localities to make it a fête day, or otherwise secularize the whole or a large portion of it. Processions are allowed after the manner of Europe, and almost every means employed to set aside its sacred claims. But most to be dreaded of all is the indifference, languor, sloth which under a pretense of rest almost annihilate the day to so many.

Now, what shall be done to rescue the Sabbath, so vital to our welfare, and make it the rich blessing it may and should be to us and through us to the world? Not by becoming exclusive, or bigoted, or arbitrary. We can not turn back nor hedge in this desolating tide, but may divert it.

It is of little avail to repine and complain, while doing nothing to remedy the evil. It avails little to long for a return of the good old times of the Puritans. They will never come back, nor do we want them. The old blue laws and Pharisaical restrictions, though never so severe as some imagine, and mingled with many wholesome ingredients, are not what we need to-day. They were an extreme, and helped to induce the opposite extreme under which we are now suffering. We do not want any bondage to the law, but the freedom of the gospel.

The Sabbath was made for man, to be a help and blessing—to suit his nature and circumstances—a special means of cultivating his spiritual condition—a day of sacred rest after the six days of secular toil. The Creator's beneficent promises are perverted by excessive worldly labor through the week, which unjust mind and body for the duties and enjoyment of the Sabbath. So men are cheated out of the rest and recreation needed on the secular days, and the sacred hours by a sort of necessity are given either to physical rest or fleshly indulgence. A good eight-hour law for work would greatly prepare the way for a proper observance of the Sabbath.

Worldly men often exhibit much sagacity in their schemes. They provide for a variety, connect amusement and recreation with labor, thus sweetening toil and rendering the energies most effective. They spare no pains or expense on works of art, on sources of entertainment and pleasure. So they succeed. It is not wholly from native depravity that the theater and ball room are to many more attractive than the church and the prayer circle. Can not Christians learn something even from the example of the impenitent?—The sanctuary and the conference may and should be happy places, so that every one may be able to exclaim with David, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord." Two formal services, and a stereotyped social meeting will not supply the wants of the mind and the heart. Why should not Christians and churches have as much interest in their noble, immortal work, as is shown by the votaries of fashion and folly? Many of our Sabbath-schools, Christian associations, &c., exhibit a most commendable zeal in this direction, and our most prosperous and useful churches owe their success under God to a wise adaptation of earnest, persevering effort to the real needs of humanity.

More should be done to make the Sabbath truly a delight, not by catering to any vicious propensity, nor conforming to worldly vanity, but by a liberal provision for improving all our noble faculties especially in devotion to God and man. If the church is a genial, happy place; if God is truly in the midst to own and bless; if piety, benevolence, and cheerfulness abound therein, Christians will love it, backsliders return to it, sinners flock to its courts, the Lord will revive his work in it, and greatly cheer the place of assembling. Hearty revivals after all are best to make strong churches, good meetings, a hallowed Sabbath.—J. J. S.

Current Topics.

—MR. HEPPWORTH'S CHANGE OF FAITH. Rev. Geo. H. Heppworth has followed his declaration of a belief in Christ's divinity by openly declaring his faith in Orthodoxy as opposed to Unitarian doctrines. It is only a few years since his predecessor in the Church of the Messiah took similar steps, preliminary to entering the Episcopal order. Whether or not Mr. Heppworth is to follow him as far as that, remains to be seen. In the meantime various reasons are assigned for his act. The *Golden Age* hints that it is because he could not make the pew-rents pay enough, and that he wants to lead off in a free tabernacle movement like Mr. Talmage's. The *Liberal Christian* is rather glad to be rid of him, hoping he may be "acquainted of" betraying the church committed to him to our theological enemies, as West Point was to Benedict Arnold. Another paper says, that his mental orbit is an eccentric one, and that this departure is an evidence of it. And still another says, it is because his spiritual and intellectual nature was starving on the husks with which it has been fed, and has thus sought food that will satisfy it. Just what Mr. Heppworth says about it, we don't know. If we did, we should know just why he has chosen the seemingly good part. He is a man of generous impulses, rather broad culture, and fresh and magnetic as a speaker, and he will be sure to exert an influence wherever he chooses his sphere.

—THE WEEK OF PRAYER. The Week of Prayer has been widely and faithfully observed, and good results are likely to follow. But that will depend mainly on our use of the time that follows the Week of Prayer. Seeking the throne and receiving the blessing last week will not supply this week's needs. There were doubtless many hearts touched, that may be made glad in the Lord if efforts are faithful and persistent. Where there have been any manifestations of God's presence, there His people should be doubly active. Let the meetings be continued wherever practicable, and let Christians see that those who have thought of turning Zionward are brought wholly within their walls. Let the spirit that was awake by the week's exercises be cherished and exercised, and then may the Week of Prayer prove also the week of blessing.

—THE MURDERER OF FISK. There seems to be a disposition among the best of New York citizens to let Mr. Fisk's memory fade quietly away, and to leave his murderer to the care of the Court. This is very wise, but does it spring from a belief that the Court will repeat the Cole-Hiscock and the McFarland-Richardson verdicts, or the reverse? With these cases among its annals how can the Court do less than clear him? And yet as the champion of law and common justice, how can it do less than hang him? So many of these verdicts, which have rather proved the corruption of the Court than the insanity of the prisoner, make it still more doubtful if justice is done in this case. But the public is feverish and emphatic in its opinions; it begins to realize the fearfully low estimate that these past verdicts have brought upon human life, and it is less than ever disposed to accept another like them. It will require at least all of Mr. Graham's legal acumen to convince it that Mr. Stokes is less responsible for his act than was any one of the hundred murderers who have been hung during the last ten years.

—THE DIFFICULTY IN NEW ORLEANS. It is hoped that the most disgraceful part of the New Orleans imbroglio has been acted, but the facts and the remembrance of them are enough, to keep good citizens blushing with mortification for some time to come. After the recent death of Lieut. Gov. Dunn, Governor Warmoth nominated as his successor a man who, as he would be

also president of the Senate, met strong opposition from that body. This avowed the fiercest partisan strife,—or rather, it produced a fresh exhibition of that party wrangling which so lately disgraced Louisiana politics. The state legislature was thrown into utter chaos by it, and for several days it was feared that bloody results would follow. The U. S. Government was applied to for military aid, but forbore to interfere except to protect persons and property. At present, there are indications that the fury of the two sections has spent itself, and that, with the exception of one person killed, it is to end without bloodshed. This is only another example of the bitterness of partisan politics. It is rather to get the office than to discharge a duty that is the goal of a great many of our Warmoth-Carter politicians. The present condition of the South is quite favorable to the employment of their tactics, which is only another strong reason for wishing that that condition might be speedily improved.

—FALSE RUMORS OF WAR. It turns out that we are not likely to have a war with Spain after all. It seems to be established that Senor Roberts has not been recalled, that no change has been made in the government of Cuba, that the relations between the United States and Spain are cordial, and that there is no question at issue between them which the Spanish minister can not settle. The two latter points are given on the authority of the Spanish minister of foreign affairs, in a speech at a banquet where our country, our President and our military and naval forces were toasted enthusiastically. It is not denied that there have been difficulties, and that only the pacific temper of both governments has spared us from war; but the causes of the difficulties, the tone of the despatches exchanged, and the extent of our preparations to meet any hostile demonstrations, have evidently been persistently misrepresented by persons and newspapers whose interest, real or supposed, it was to bring about a war. We shall now wait with a good deal of interest to see how the Cuban war-cries explain these friendly sentiments at the banquet to General Sherman and Lieutenant Grant.

—GOV. WASHBURN AND TEMPERANCE. Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts, has signaled his advent to office by utterances that create a good deal of joy and a good deal of anxiety. He declares himself a temperance man, in favor of enforcing stringent laws, and of allowing women to vote on this particular question because its evils chiefly affect them. This position justly cheers the temperance citizens of the state. But it throws a gloom upon the whole army opposed to them, for they see in its return to those temperate days of three years ago, when there was less crime by half in the state and the property valuation increased at a wonderfully rapid rate. In reply to some resolutions lately presented, approving his course, Mr. Washburn stated that his position on the liquor question had always been the same, and that this is not a "new departure." So he seems to be speaking from long established convictions, wherein is hope that he may add convincing acts to his significant words.

HISTORICAL LECTURES. Professor Tripp, of Boston, signifies his intention of delivering a course of lectures in Dover pretty soon, on "France since 1848." The Professor has made French history the study of his life, and judging from that portion of it with which his lectures will deal, and the numerous and weighty testimonials from his patrons in other places, he has a good deal to say that will be really worth hearing.

Spirit of the Press.

Reverting to its former commendation of the act of the Boston Y. M. C. Union in opening its rooms on the Sabbath, and welcoming such as would come in, the *Congregationalist* adds:

Why should not every church in our great cities consider it a part of its legitimate work to have a pleasant room in its house of worship, or connected with it, well supplied with books and papers of a healthy quality, where these "wanderers" could sit down, not only "between the hours of public worship," but before and after the hours of worship, and read or engage in conversation, and so be kept from the attractions of the saloon? It is well known what forlorn places many if not most of the boarding-houses for young men in cities are, and that there is very little inducement to remain in them except for purposes of eating and sleeping. We know too how powerfully, in the leisure hours of the Sabbath, they are solicited to enter evil haunts for the sake of society. Why should not our churches have each a cheerful and attractive room to which such might be made welcome? Why should not the members of the church choose such rooms as the proper place to engage in such conversation with these young men as would tend to lead them to Christ, or make them feel that they have Christian friends around them?

Speaking of the numerous attempts to put forward substitutes for Christianity, the *Watchman & Reflector* says:

A great many are just now crying up their "substitutes" with all the cheer of vendors of patent medicines. "Come and see my substitute," say the spiritualists. We go and look, and find nothing but the old necromancy that heathenism has always been familiar with. The invitation is to "Here's the religion of God, in place of the religion of Christ, with all that is bad in the latter sifted out, leaving nothing but the Golden Rule." Going a little nearer, we find them claiming that the Golden Rule itself was laid down by others long before Christ. It is simply Tom Paine's deism worked over and brought out again, like an old discarded book resundered in fairer binding and palmed off under a new name. "Look here," say the scientists, "in these rocks, in this laboratory, beneath this microscope, in yonder star-dust, is all the truth man needs." We look and find some

grand truths—for "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead"—but we see men's theories ever giving place to theories, and most of all, and most wanted, sheer hypotheses tenfold flimsier than a cobweb; but not a single truth for the heart; not a single answer to the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" not a single hope for a man whose earthly hopes are all dashed; absolutely nothing for a soul that has awakened to the appalling fact of its moral unfitness.

Zion's Herald thus sets forth the value of Scripture words as safe guides:

The words of Scripture are the guide-boards of believers. They have no other, so far as words go. These are erected along the path of life to direct the lost and wandering soul into the way, and along the path of Christian experience, to direct the saved soul to its utmost privileges and duties. The guide-board erected by the authorities of the State, county, or city, no one questions. As he reads by the light shining through it, of a dark night, on the lamp at a street corner, the names "Broadway," and "Tenth Street," does he doubt that these truly represent those streets? He may think the officials of the city corrupt, but he does not dream that they have thus betrayed the wanderer. The southern leaders in rebellion put out the lights on their coast. They never put false lights in place of the true, to mislead our commerce and lure it to destruction. Much less will the word of God state that which is false. It is a light shining in a dark place, a sure word of utterance, a guide-board of God's, on the pathway to heaven.

Denominational News and Notes.

Ought the Schools to be United?

For the following reasons we think the Education Society should gracefully consent to unite its suspended theological school with that of Bates College:

1. The misfortunes of the College, since it undertook to sustain a theological school, make it necessary for the Society to do this, or to expect Bates to abandon its effort. This little institution, heroically competing, on limited funds and a reputation not yet made, with other New England colleges, in one outburst of generosity to the denomination it loved too well, proposed to give it \$30,000 in site and building, and \$100,000 in money,—at once to more than double the amount done by all the Free Will Baptist churches towards sustaining a theological school. But in making this magnificent offer the College expected to draw from its funds, then possessed, but \$25,000. Before the end of five years, when the fourth professor was to be added to the school, the College designed to raise the money for his support. But a valid pledge of \$50,000, additional to its funds, inspired the proposition which resulted in the virtual transfer of the Society's school to Lewiston. That \$50,000 was lost to the College, and consequently it is now in a serious dilemma. For \$75,000 are used on the theological school, and by that sum the College proper is weakened. By diverting this large part of its small capital to these new uses, the College itself is injured to an extent that we do not seem to realize. It is so crippled, at this hour, by attempting to carry the theological school, (which is, in effect, the one laid down by the Society,) that but one-half the men necessary to maintain its existence, not to say its worth and prosperity, are now in its faculty. From its small corps of instructors three men are withdrawn, leaving so small a number that no friend of the College will tell you, if he can help it, how many do remain. The generosity of the college, in this matter, is decidedly injuring its prospects, defeating its usefulness, and crushing out its spirit. It is in the power of the Society, without any sacrifice, increase of cares, expenditure of energies, wrong to any one, or without doing a remarkable act of grace, to release the College from its present strait, and set it back where it can challenge comparisons and retain the confidence and patronage of our boys. Can we allow this College, in which we have as much invested as in any enterprise within the bounds of our church, on our account, to be imperiled? Will we be its beneficiary, at the expense of its health and life? If we can aid it by aiding ourselves, can relieve its distress by putting our shoulder under one end of our own burdens, are we magnanimous, sympathetic or friendly, if we refuse to do it? By uniting the two schools, and using the income of the old to help in the support of the new, the College would be saved from detriment while retaining its theological department.

2. But lest it be objected that the Society can not be expected to aid Bates College in its undertakings, notice also, that, were the schools united, and the funds of the Society devoted to the new school, the College would be the heavier partner of the firm, and have double the amount of expense to meet. And let us remember that, what it does in this undertaking, it does not so much for itself, but for the Society, while what the Society does, is to answer the ends for which it was made. It is the Society, not the College, that in this union is the recipient of charity. Should the partnership be formed, the Society could contribute but \$45,000, at most, while the College would give its splendid building, and \$50,000 more. So that, in proportion of \$45,000 to \$95,000, the two partners would be related to the new school. We must admit the generosity of the College in suing for a union of this description. We ought not to be so dazzled by the magnificence of the previous undertaking to be blind to the liberality of this latter and more feasible project. For the College to be willing, out of love and charity for the Society, to set aside \$80,000 of its capital towards this work, is certainly as brilliant an exhibition of pure benevolence as ever has flashed its light before the eyes of this denomination. Ought not the Education Society to appreciate the liberality of this friend, and do what it can to make

sure of its benefits? By consolidating the schools the way is opened to reap the harvest of this generosity.

3. The Education Society should give prompt and hearty approval to this proposition; for it can not make a better financial movement. It is plain that in the absence of this union and the aid it will bring the College must abandon, and the Society renew, the attempts to sustain a theological school. Which is shrewder to set out, once more, "to find a home" for the suspended school, or to revive and unite it with the one at Bates? Fancy another committee advertising for "proposals," another peripatetic troupe of divines visiting localities and, from lofty heights, drinking in the view, and studying the effect of scenery that is to charm, to awe, to inspire and to make poetic the theological students. Is the Society at all ardent to become interesting to the public again, by renewing the search and call for that rich, and benevolent, and devout and aged person who is eager to "build a monument for himself" by endowing the theological school? We may as well smile as frown at our past experience. Above all, let us learn a lesson from it and become prophets of what, in similar undertakings, to expect.

Haverhill was supposed to be pledged for a site and building to the Society, but the Society was pledged to itself, if not to Haverhill, \$75,000, in addition to present funds. But Haverhill failed, and the competitors for the school are reduced to one. Others, doubtless, could be found, but who can think that any place would surpass the liberality of Lewiston? Bates gives site, building, and \$50,000, and asks of the Society no increase to its present funds. So the College excels the town, in building, \$125,000, saving to the denomination its \$75,000, and giving out of its own pocket \$50,000 more than Haverhill. The rejection of these terms of Bates College, and refusing to consolidate the schools in rejecting them, would be indefensible. To pass by its offer of \$80,000, and enter the field for proposals would amaze the public, and raise the inquiry whether Ignorance had not better be put for Education, in the name of the Society.

4. The consolidated school, would be no stronger than we need, no more efficient than we have long prayed for, no nearer respectability and power than others, nor as near as many in our land; yet it would be stronger, more efficient, respectable and commanding than, in the absence of the proposed union, it could possibly be.

5. Such a union would close the debate over the disposition of the Society's funds, silence the call for their division and distribution, restore them to the object for which they were given, and leave the Society, hereafter as now, at liberty to devote its energies to providing for beneficiaries.

6. There are less objections to this union than to any other course open to the Society. The chief difficulty in the way is the question of control. It is a discreditable truth. Shall great good be lost, opportunities thrown away, and crises of destiny passed unheeded, while Christians contend about a little brief authority? Is it worth the income of \$80,000 a year, to have power to send a committee of three, to sit on the platform, at the annual examination of classes, and, once in thirty years, to elect a new professor? In theological schools but little government is needed. They control themselves. The question of authority, referred to a committee of young men, could be amicably and easily arranged.

Another objection to this union springs from the promises made to indigent students, and the fear that they will be neglected. Many of those students favor the consolidation. The most of the money now devoted to them belongs to another object, to which this union proposes to put it. Let the Society see that each Y. M. assumes the care of its own students for the ministry, and so bring them into closer sympathy with the churches. Finally, given the consent of the Society to this arrangement, and the details can easily be adjusted. Objections can be raised to anything, but these reasons, to our mind, by far outweigh the objections which oppose the union of these two schools. Therefore, we hope that the Education Society, instead of burying its daughter alive, will consent to give her in marriage to the son of Bates College.

J. A. H.

Patronize our own Schools.

The article in a recent number of the *Star*, by Pres. Cheney, calling for aid to Bates College, has constrained me to try to urge upon our brethren what seems to me a duty second only to the endowment of our institutions of learning. Patronize our own schools. There can be no sufficient reason why the sons and daughters of Freewill Baptist families should not as a rule attend Freewill Baptist schools, when attending anywhere. The faculty and teachers of our institutions as a class are men of good ability and culture. They are devoted to their calling. The fact of the smallness of their salaries, as compared with what they might obtain in other fields of labor, testifies both to their devotion to our schools and denominational. Almost without exception our schools are more easily accessible to Freewill Baptists than those of any other denomination. Current expenses to students are generally less; accommodations quite as good. The instruction given is most thorough and careful, for our teachers feel that in competing with older institutions, to balance the prestige of age they must impart superior instruction.

But above all, the spiritual interests of students in our schools are looked to with a faithfulness almost without a parallel. Deep, thorough and extended revivals are of frequent occurrence. Interesting religious services are supplemented by direct personal efforts from instructors of all grades.

Brethren, send your children to the schools in which you have a denominational

al, and ought to have a personal interest. By so doing you will confer the greatest benefits on your children, increase your attachment to our institutions of learning, and when there come, as must and will be the case, calls for funds, you will be ready to respond and thus help to carry forward the work of the Gospel in one of its important channels.

C. H. K.

Another Prompt Response.

The following letter has just come to hand and refers to the Mission Circular sent from this office, Jan. 1, 1872. We hope to have at least 1400 such responses during the year.

C. O. LIBBY.

NORTH TUNBRIDGE, VT., Jan. 8, 1872.

BRO. LIBBY:

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed is ten dollars as part of the apportionment assessed to No. Tunbridge church. Having collected that amount, I thought I would send it immediately, so that if you made your remittance to the Foreign Mission the first of this month, you could have what I had collected. The other five will be collected soon. We as a church send with this remittance our prayers for the success of the Mission.

Fraternally yours,

A. J. DUTTON.

Revivals, &c.

SACARAPPA, ME. Still we are seeing tokens of good, as several have, since my last, entertained a hope in Christ. Last Saturday evening, we received five candidates for baptism, making seven that are waiting an opportunity to be buried with Christ in baptism. Three very profane men are now praising God for delivering grace.

At Duck Pond, we have one new convert, a husband and father, for whom many prayers have been offered.

Oh, had we the means we could raise up two good churches in these places! Will not somebody help us? Give us the encouragement and aid, and we will do the work, and God shall have all the glory.

H. WHITCHER.

LINCOLN, VT. In November, Bro. Waldron came to assist us in preaching the Gospel. The Holy Spirit was with us moving upon the hearts of men. The meetings were held in one house, but all denominations came together; union prevailed, and as a result all the churches have been revived, sinners converted and backsliders reclaimed. Over fifty found their way to the anxious seat, and many more arose and confessed their wanderings. Pray for us that the time may come when these green hills shall not cast a shadow on a single sinner, but all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest.

J. W. B.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. E. C. Cook, of Brownfield, has accepted a call from the Free Baptist church at Sheep Falls, Me., and has commenced his labors there.

GRAY, ME. We have had the pleasure of spending a week with Bro. McLean, of Gray, Me., in a religious effort for the salvation of souls. Bro. L. has been the pastor of this church two and one-half years. The work to be done was imperative and by no means free of embarrassments. But, it was earnestly undertaken by our brother from the beginning, and successfully carried forward. By good management, a patient and conciliatory spirit and hard work, a church has been rescued from strife and division, if not from ultimate overthrow.

The meeting opened with the Divine presence, though with small attendance, which continued to increase from day to day. Some presented themselves as converts, and a few embraced the truth as in Christ Jesus. The Congregational minister, Rev. Mr. Bean, with some of his people, attended most of the meetings, rendering valuable assistance. A very friendly relation exists between the two pastors and their people, which added much to the general interest of the protracted effort.

This church at Gray Corner has been in past years a very prosperous and useful church. Through past trials and conflicts we expect she will come forth purified as silver is purified by fire, to take a stronger position than ever for the truth, well able to possess and permanently occupy the ground given her. We were more than pleased to find the whole church well united in Bro. McLean, and fully determined to sustain him. God's blessing will be with such a church.

J. S. BURGESS.

GREENWICH ST. CHURCH, PROV. The first Sabbath in January was a day of encouragement to our new interest. The Sunday-school gave evidence of increasing vigor and usefulness. At its close we resorted to the pond where six willing souls were buried with Christ in baptism. These converts added it was the happiest day in their lives. The hand of fellowship was given to eight. The number of this church, organized one year ago last August, is ninety-seven. The Sunday-school numbers one hundred and fifty. Our last communion season was one of the divine presence. The young people's prayer-meeting was refreshing, and we closed the day with a concert for Foreign Missions. Prayer, remarks, select reading and a missionary dialogue, with appropriate singing, made it a joyous occasion. Bro. Libby gave us notice that our apportionment of the sum to be raised was \$20, but I presume he will not object to our New Year's offering of \$40.

J. MARINER.

Dedication.

In connection with the Sept. session of the Hennepin, Minn., Q. M., held at Champlin, the new F. Baptist church was dedicated. Scripture reading and introductory prayer; by Rev. C. Payne, of Minneapolis; Sermon, by Rev. J. D. Bateson, of Northfield; Dedicationary prayer, by Rev. J. Elliot, of Crystal Lake. The house was full of attentive listeners and the exercises were interesting throughout.

Less than a year since, the Champlin church, not strong in numbers or wealth, engaged Rev. C. L. Russell as their pastor, to preach for them every other Sabbath. The Lord blessed, and several persons were converted and added to the church. This encouraged, the brethren resolved to build a house of worship. The first blow was struck less than six months ago, and they have now a convenient, substantial, tasteful, and, in many respects, really a model house, finished, (no sale or renting of seats), dedicated to the Lord, for the accommodation of all who will come to worship and hear the Gospel preached. This seems to us to be a marked instance of divine aid in temporal matters. The people felt the

need of a house of worship, but no one felt that it could be built at present. But some of the brethren resolved to try, and to their surprise they found "the people had a mind to work," that the Lord had been before them and they had only to trust, and labor, and go forward. But the Master has prospered them far beyond what they dared even to hope. The church and pastor feel very thankful to God, and also to those persons who have so liberally helped them in building and furnishing the house. Let other churches that feel feeble take courage and, trust in the Almighty, do the next duty, and the Lord will strengthen and prosper.

J. S. STAPLES.

Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Burbank express thanks for a Christmas donation of \$84 from their parishioners.

Signs of the Morning.

I have no marvels to record. Nothing startling has been observed from my watch tower. No backward movement has been made or expected. Rev. J. D. Bateson has moved from Northfield to Castle Rock, Minn., and is now living among the people to whom he has ministered since the organization of the Castle Rock church. This is a step in the right direction. Bro. B. is an earnest, faithful and progressive minister, and his people, though few in number, are worthy of just such a good pastor. So look out for good tidings from Castle Rock.

The next place in order, following the "Star of empire" north by west, in which your readers are interested, is Minneapolis. Rev. Charles Payne, of England, has been engaged to fill the pastoral of the F. Baptist church for this year. There is much that is encouraging in regard to this most important church in Minn. While much remains to be done, there is ground for the hope that much will be done during the current year. A few sheaves have been gathered. A goodly portion of the membership seem to be getting into a broader place. The Sunday-school under the direction of Bro. G. B. Bradbury is coming to be a veritable Bethel to all who attend it, both old and young. But among the things to be looked for, if prayed for and worked for, is, first, a great awakening, a genuine work of the Spirit which shall leave no member of the congregation unmoved and which shall result in gathering in many who are now lingering around her temple gates; then there is the audience round their beautiful house of worship to finish, to accommodate the increasing congregation, and to call in a portion of the strangers who are rapidly finding homes in Minneapolis.

The Crystal Lake and Brooklyn church, of which Rev. C. L. Russell is pastor, was in the midst of a precious revival when the Dec. session of the Hennepin Q. M. was held there. The "signs" are all propitious for that church. Anoka and Champlin, another of Bro. Russell's charges, has enjoyed more than ordinary prosperity during the past year. They have built a neat and commodious house of worship and enjoy it all the more as they remember the real sacrifice it represents. At last accounts there were signs of an abundance of rain there.

The Elk River church seems to have been fortunate in securing the services of Rev. J. S. Staples. Further on towards the great Northern Pacific R.R. there are some embryo F. Baptist interests, of which I will endeavor to write at another time, when I hope to have more definite things to relate.

The Week of Prayer will be very generally observed by the churches in the West, and much may be expected from the united supplications of Christendom.

WATCHEMAN.

Concerning the Houlton Q. M.

At the last session of the Penobscot Y. M., at E. Corinth, a council were appointed to investigate certain difficulties existing in the Houlton Q. M. The council subsequently made the following report, which was unanimously adopted and which should have been published with the minutes of the meeting, but the report was mislaid. By special request I now furnish it for publication.

A. L. GERRISH, Clerk.

Pittsfield, Jan. 10.

The council appointed to investigate the difficulty between the Houlton Q. M. and the Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield churches have attended to their duty, and report:

1. The council think the Presque Isle church did wrong and acted in violation of our usages in declaring their right to secede from the Q. M.
2. The council think that the Aroostook Q. M. did wrong and acted in violation of our usages in withdrawing fellowship from that church without first visiting them by a council to see if their difficulties could not be settled.
3. Inasmuch as the Aroostook Q. M. has during the past year given up its organization and merged itself in the Houlton Q. M., we therefore recommend that the Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield churches, if they choose to do so, be permitted to retain the Aroostook Q. M. organization and its records, and be reorganized by this Yearly Meeting as the Aroostook Q. M.

A good assortment of Freewill Baptist Books, including Sunday School Books, can be obtained at the same prices as at the office of publication, from our Depository in Cleveland, Ohio, by calling upon or addressing Rev. A. K. Moulton, 783 Woodland Avenue, as above.

E. KNOWLTON, M. H. TARBOK, S. M. HAGGETT, Council.

East Corinth, Aug. 17, 1871.

Quarterly Meetings.

JEFFERSON Q. M.—Held its Dec. term with the church in Depauville, at the usual time. The church were not at all depressed, but a good season was enjoyed and one soul we trust found the Saviour. A delegation of C. Baptists from Rosie was received at the Q. M., who requested a council to be appointed by the Q. M. Conference to visit them and if they were found worthy, that they be organized into a Freewill Baptist church. The council met with the brethren Dec. 22d, and proceeded to examine the candidates in regard to doctrine and practice, and found them correct. They then proceeded to organize fifteen Bros. and sisters into the first Free Baptist church in Rosie. Nearly all of the above are heads of families. The church then chose Bro. C. C. June, one of their number, and licensed him to preach to them for the time being. I remained with them over the Sabbath and on Monday, and we were permitted to see signs of good before the session closed. Voted to employ Rev. L. Wheeler as Q. M. missionary for the coming winter.

J. F. HALL, Clerk.

BRADFORD & TIoga Q. M.—Held its Nov. session with the Southport Free-will church. This church was received into this Q. M. last Sept., and promises to be a shining light in the community in which it is located. The meeting was attended with some power and much interest, to the glory of the whole session. Five ministers belonging to our own Q. M. were present, and were favored with the presence of Bro. Kellogg from the Tuscarora Q. M.

J. W. INGERICK, Clerk.

DELAWARE & CLAYTON Q. M.—Held its last session with the Volga City church. The meeting were quite well attended. There were several converts, and the Lord's blessing was abundantly manifested. The following resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That the churches in this Q. M. be requested to raise a sum equal to one dollar per member per annum, to be used as a building fund to aid churches in the erection of houses of worship within the bounds of this Q. M., said sum to be paid quarterly to the Q. M. Treasurer, and said funds to be subject to and under the control of the Q. M. Conference.

The church clerks are requested to see that the above amount is raised and forwarded to each session of the Q. M. A. FAIRER, Clerk.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

General.

Twenty gentlemen belonging to Park Street Church gave Mr. Murray a dinner on Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, and a check for \$2100.

California is the only state in the Union which taxes purely benevolent institutions. And some of the churches find the burden a very heavy one. One church at least has been driven to consider the possibility of abandoning its house of worship. In San Francisco the tax amounts to from \$100 to \$300, on any one church.

All the ministers in Dighton, Mass., were remembered at the late Christmas tree gathering held at the Methodist church. The Baptist clergyman received a turkey, the Methodist a goose, and the Unitarian a cord of wood. The Baptist thought the goose; being a water fowl, was intended for him, but no change of birds took place.

It is stated that the Chief of the Cherokee Nation, Silas Wright, is a Presbyterian preacher; the Chief of the Choctaw nation, Lewis Downing, is a Baptist preacher; and the Chief of the Creek Nation, Samuel Chisholm, is a Methodist preacher. We understand that the Chief of the Seminole, John Jumper, is also a Baptist preacher.

Mr. Talmage gave a good argument in favor of a free press system, when, after describing the horrors of a shipwreck, people drowning, and the launching of a life-boat, he paused and said: "Stop, you can not get here unless you pay! This seat in the middle of the boat is worth a dollar; this in the bow is fifty cents; you may have that one in the stern for a quarter. If you can not pay that, wait for the free life-boat, the mission chapel! That will be along after a while."

The New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says: Rev. W. T. Boole, an earnest Methodist, took a lease of Kit Burns's dog pit and opened it as a haven for the desperate and dissolute women of Water street. For over two years a great work has been going on. The mission is strictly a religious one. But temporal aid is not omitted, and work is given to all who want to earn an honest living. On Sunday three services are held; Mr. Boole preaches each Sunday afternoon and he has some rare gifts for that work. The rooms are crowded each time, and remarkable reforms and conversions take place. The work is called a "Faith Work," as it is supported by voluntary contributions sent in without solicitation.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to William Cowper, the poet, in the church of his birthplace, Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, of which his father was rector. The memorial will be an east window immediately over the grave of the poet's father and mother, in the really magnificent and recently restored parish church.

FOR THE LADIES.

W. KELLY, of Amsterdam, N. Y., earned with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 14 years, \$14,564, in making coats; an average of more than \$30 a week, but with a few cents for hiring repairs.

Why Has Sozodont

Become the staple Dentifrice of America? Simply because it is impossible to use it, even for a week, without perceiving its hygienic effect upon the teeth, the gums and the breath.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acid, thick, mucous, purulent, offensive, &c. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, scars from ulcers, constant desire to clear nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, indigestion, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, &c. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he can not cure. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents.

MUNICIPAL BONDS—TEN TO TWELVE PER CENT. INTEREST.—We offer for sale the Bonds of Counties, Townships, Cities and School Districts at prices that will give interest at the rate of ten to twelve per cent. per annum. Send for a descriptive price list. Other securities taken in exchange at their highest market values.

Persons having bonds for sale are requested to communicate with us.

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Freewill Baptist Books, including Sunday School Books, may be obtained at Dover prices, of Rev. L. C. Preston, Hillsdale, Mich.

A good assortment of Freewill Baptist Books, including Sunday School Books, can be obtained at the same prices as at the office of publication, from our Depository in Cleveland, Ohio, by calling upon or addressing Rev. A. K. Moulton, 783 Woodland Avenue, as above.

Notices and Appointments.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Home Mission Board at the vestry of the Freewill Baptist church in Lowell, Mass., on Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 10 o'clock, A. M. SILAS CURTIS, Sec.

BEKINQAM Q. M. will hold its next session with the church at East Franklin, Jan. 23-25. Conference Tuesday at 10 o'clock, P. M. Ministers conference, Tuesday, 23d, 10 o'clock, A. M. Churches please remember the one cent tax to be paid next session.

JEFFERSON Q. M. will hold its next session with the church in London, commencing the Friday before the first Sabbath in March.

DELAWARE & CLAYTON Q. M. will hold its next session with the Massillon church, commencing Feb. 23, 1872, at 9 P. M. A. PALMIST, Clerk.

BRADFORD & TIoga Q. M. will hold its next session at Hillsburg, Dec. 7, at the residence of A. W. Hill, Mr. Lemuel R. R. Hill, of Starksboro, and Miss Marian Chamberlain, of H. in Bristol, Vt., Dec. 27, at the residence of L. J. Johns, Mr. Yeapian N. Leach, of Essex, Vt., and Miss M. M. Johns, of New Stone Mills, Dec. 31, by Rev. John J. Allen, Rev. Wm. House and Mrs. NANCY RALPH, both of Stone Mills.

In Providence, New Year's eve, by Rev. J. Mariner, Mr. Frank Moore George and Miss Sarah L. Sherman. Also, on the same eve, Mr. Edgar Maurice Hill and Miss Sarah Ann Randall, of P.

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Rev. R. M. Minard, Starksboro, Vt. 10.00
J. S. Dutton, Cabot, Vt. 2.50
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Special Notices.

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. June 5, 1871.

Trains leave Dover for Lawrence and Boston, A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. 5.50 8.30 11.30 1.30 3.55 5.45
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Trains leave Dover for Alton Bay, 10.10 A. M. 2.40 P. M. 5.45 P. M.
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The Register for 1872.

This annual which has become so essential to every reader of the *Star* makes its appearance promptly upon the first of October, and is ready to be supplied to any who may want it at the following rates, viz: Single copy 10 cts; one dozen copies, 95 cts; one hundred copies, \$7.00. Postage on a single copy, 2 cts; the same on two copies, on a dozen copies, 12 cts; on one hundred copies, \$1.00, which is to be paid by the purchasers. Orders are solicited, and will be promptly filled.

Address L

Poetry.

Winter.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are scar,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here,
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the scarer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

Wishing.

Of all amusements of the mind.
From logic down to fishing,
There is not one that you can find
So very deep as "wishing."
A very choice diversion, too,
If but we rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was something fatter;
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make an expression rich,
As gold can only make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As gold can only break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That scorn and jealousy and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish, in fine, that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth
To be the glorious real;
'Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

The Family Circle.

Dottie and Aunt Fan.

On dear! dear! Aunt Fan going to be a foreign missionary! What should Dottie do? She sat right down on a stump, the smallest, forlornest speck of humanity that ever had its might of a heart-ache. If Aunt Fan had only told her, it would not have hurt so, but it must come through that ugly Bob Thorn, and he'd just got above her in geography, too, by looking in his book when the teacher did not see him, coward that he was.

She really believed that he delighted to carry bad news, for this afternoon as she was skipping along home, singing with the birds, hopping with the squirrels, stopping to pick blue and white violets and a stray shooting star now and then, because Aunt Fan loved wild flowers, and every wish of Aunt Fan's was sacred to her idolatrous little heart, he came up with her. It was just as she had her hands full and was hurrying along, thinking of the rewarding kiss when she reached home, that this same aggravating Bob Thorn came up to her, with three great leaps and a yell like a wild Indian, and said: "How now, Miss Dorothy Samantha Ann, hadn't we better have our geography lesson better to-morrow, don't you think, or our daddy might, you know, feel it necessary to apply a little wholesome correction, this way, and this way, you know?" cracking his long switch over her head.

Dottie thought she was a Christian, and she had kept her temper bravely three times on this same afternoon when she had been sorely tempted, but she hadn't snapping black eyes for nothing, and this was really too much for her honest little soul: She flashed out instantly like a small volcano: "Bob Thorn, you are a naughty, mean, bad, wicked boy, and you are deceitful, too, for I saw you look in your book before you went above me! My papa never whipped me in his life, but I dare say he'll whip you if you talk this way to me again, or else put you in the cabaloose." Dottie wasn't always clear as to words of three syllables.

"Cabaloose?" laughed Bob. "Hear the infant! put me in the cabaloose, hey?"

"Yes," she said undaunted, "for you are the baddest boy in the world, and I just hate you, I do!" Dottie caught her breath. She had gone a little too far. She heard a faint murmur away down somewhere, that not even the tempest of her anger could quite drown. It said, "Love your enemies, Dottie." She heeded it enough to say hurriedly: "No, I don't, either. I don't hate you, but the rest of it is all true, and I mean it. I just won't care for anything you do again, so tease away, Mister!"

"Very well, my lamb," sneered Bob. "I can make you cry in three minutes from date."

Dottie turned about and looked full in his face, her eyes flashing, her mouth firm, with lips white and set hard. "No, sir, I shall not cry for you, if you pinch me till I'm black, or shake all my breath away."

"Your Royal Highness does me the greatest injustice," said Bob, loftily. "I was merely going to add to your small store of useful information the fact that your Aunt Fan is going off where you'll never set eyes on her again. She's going to Africa, there where folks mostly gets eat up, except," he added maliciously, "that when they are young women and rather pretty, sometimes they 'burn 'em or hang 'em up by their thumbs."

The cruel boy stopped there. He saw the little face blanched white as the flowers Dottie held. He was afraid she was going to faint. But she didn't. She recovered herself. It was only one of Bob's ill-natured jokes. She faced about and said slowly: "Robert Thorne—you are—a liar she was going to say, but the warning whisper—it seemed to come right out of the flowers now—came just in time to stop the naughty word."

"Miss Dorothy, at your service, ma'am," said Bob, mockingly, with a low bow. "But really, now, is it possible you have those eyes for nothing? How about her new trunks, and new gowns, and all the doings at your house for the last month?" Bob was right. Conviction settled on Dottie's mind. She had been to the city visiting for three weeks. When she came back, there were a number of new trunks, there were dress-makers sewing for Aunt Fan, and once all the ladies of her papa's church came and spent an afternoon; and some of them brought their sewing-machines. She remembered, too, that she came in once and found mamma crying, and Aunt Fan crying to comfort her. That very morning, before she started for school, she had seen a mysterious white dress, and a wreath of orange-blossoms in Auntie's closet; and when she inquired about them, Aunt Fan's cheek grew pink and then red as she said: "For my party to-morrow night, Dot—and then to Dottie's mother—" "I wonder, Mary, if you haven't told the child anything yet. It's really too bad; and when Dottie coaxed to know what was too bad, mamma said, taking a look at a big loaf of cake in the oven: "I'm too busy now, dear. Here's a little cake I baked for your dinner. After school you shall know it all."

But naughty Bob had got in ahead, after all, and had the first telling; and now that Dottie believed it, she gave in entirely.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" sobbed Dottie.

"Aunt Fan, dear, pretty Aunt, with her brown curls; Aunt Fan, who dressed her dolls, who sung her to sleep at night; Aunt Fan, who made her prettiest dresses who taught her to read; Aunt Fan, who was gooder than anybody else in the world, except mamma, going to be a missionary; going away off where Dottie never would see her again; going 'where folks was mostly eat up,' and she had not told Dottie a word about it," and the scaling tears came faster and faster, and rained down on the little blades of grass till she looked up and said sympathizingly: "Too bad! too bad!" and the flowers that he dropped and wilted in her hot hands said with their last fragrant breath: "Poor Dottie! poor Dottie!" and still she cried into the little checked apron, and sobbed so hard that she did not hear a gentleman come riding up on a great white horse. A tall, handsome gentleman, with long black whiskers and the most beautiful eyes. He saw her, and he reined up and said cheerily: "Whose little girl's come to grief now? Lost, are you?" But Dottie was apparently deaf. She only cried harder, and wished she were lost, then guessed Aunt Fan would be sorry. Then the gentleman talked to her kindly and soothingly, and after a while she gasped out: "No, sir, I ain't lost, but my Aunt Fan's going to be a missionary, and the heathens will burn her or eat her up."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, with queer little smile on his face; "and who to you that?"

"Bob," said Dottie, solemnly, as if it were final.

"Well," said the kind gentleman, "late, the dew is falling already, hadn't better go home and tell mamma all about it?"

Dottie picked up her dinner-basket and books.

"Now," said the gentleman, "if you will climb up-here and sit with me, I will take you home in quick time."

Dottie was a little shy of the long black whiskers, but she was more afraid of other encounter with Bob if she walked so she sat in front of the gentleman, and put one arm round her to steady her. When they came to the house, there was Aunt Fan looking down the walk. Dottie expected her to say, "We are very much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness to our little girl," as she had once before when Dottie sprained her ankle, and a gentleman brought her home in his sleigh. But instead, Aunt Fan's eyes grew very bright, and she said, "Why, Will, you a boy, you said you could not come to-morrow. How nice of you to come to-night. I want to ask you about a thousand things. Where in the world did you get up my Dot?"

"O, I found her out in the woods, pursuing a big stump, and weeping bitterly in anticipation of your funeral."

"My funeral?" she said, looking at Dottie's red eyes.

"Yes," said the gentleman, the queer little smile coming to the corners of his mouth again, "you are to be burned, afterwards, eaten."

"What do you mean, Will?"

"Why, so Bob says. Dottie seems to think his opinion is final, so I supposed course he was a returned missionary, at least an agent of the A. B. C. F. M."

"More of Bob's mischief," said Dottie.

Fan. "Why, that boy has been in my Sunday-school class a year, and I believe he grows worse every day of his life. O dear, what is so utterly bad as a bad boy! What can you do with them?"

"Marry them," said the gentleman mischievously, kissing her; "that is the surest way to evangelize them."

"Very well," she returned, smiling, "be good enough to carry my proposal to Bob at once, he's the worst boy I know."

What could it all mean? Dottie was utterly at a loss to know. Who could the gentleman be, and why did Auntie let him kiss her? It was all cleared up, however, when Auntie came and sat on the edge of her bed a little minute that night, and told her she was going to marry the new gentleman; that she would be Aunt Fan all the same, only Dottie would gain a new Uncle Bill; that there wasn't the slightest danger of her being eaten up, or anything of the sort; that Dottie ought to have been told of it sooner, and not have heard it in such a dismal way; the next time Aunt Fan was married she declared Dottie should know ten years beforehand.

"But shan't I ever see you any more?" and there threatened to be a fresh deluge.

"Possibly not, my darling; but if Jesus wants Auntie somewhere else to teach the little heathen Dotties about him, you can let her go, can't you? Now go to sleep, little one, and let us have bright eyes in the morning."

The next day was high carnival for Dottie, bringing flowers from the greenhouse and helping mamma arrange them till the parlors were perfectly enchanting, and running of errands for Auntie. When night came she was dressed by mamma in the daintiest little white dress, which she'd never had her blessed eyes on till that minute.

"Zactly like Auntie's," she said complacently, gazing herself in the mirror, "only hers is the bestest!"

But the best thing of all was, that Dottie stood up with Aunt Fan, and was her little bridesmaid, all by her lone self, and was dignified as the Queen of Sheba. She knelt when Auntie knelt, and got up at the right time, and said "I do" when Aunt Fan did, and she couldn't for the life of her see why she wasn't married as much as anybody. She felt rather hurt that the minister didn't give her a gold ring, too, but probably he forgot it, and would hand it to her mother afterwards.

When Aunt Fan came to kiss Dottie her last good night, she said: "Darling, we don't want any naughty feelings in our hearts this last night, do we? We will forgive Bob now, won't we?"

"I'll try," came very faintly from the pillows.

"And Dot?"

"Yes, Auntie."

"You know the verse about doing good to those that persecute us. Suppose you send Bob a nice little box of wedding-cake to-morrow, containing your forgiveness and my love."

The next day the box went, with a note inside in Dotty's funny printing hand:

"DEAR BOB—I AM SORRY I WAS MAD A YEAR I FORGIVE U. THIS IS AUNTIE'S WEDDING KAK WITH HER LOVE. WONT U BE GOOD BOY? DOTTIE."

That wedding-cake and the loving, forgiving little heart that sent it, were too much for Bob. He "caved in entirely," as he himself said, and owned to Dottie, or receded, that he'd been "downright mean and he'd stake his new four-bladed jack-knife against ever treating a girl so again after which they were good friends.

Dottie is a young lady now, and next month she is going in a great steamer over across the ocean, to be a missionary, to help Aunt Fan to teach the little heathen girls. Bob, who is in business and going to be a rich man, has given her a beautiful new organ to take with her, "just to wipe out the memory of that atrocious afternoon," he says.—*Emma J. Dickinson, the Observer.*

A Lesson from a Bed-quilt

"I shall never forget," said a lady, one day, to me, "my first, and I think I must justly say, my last theft. When I was between seven and eight years old, I went one day-school in the neighborhood; and nearly every morning, on my way there, I used to stop in at Mrs. Bennett's, to see her little girl, Lizzie, the dearest little thing that ever knew, about three years old.

"One morning, I found Mrs. Bennett making a dress for Lizzie, of the most beautiful calico. I thought it the prettiest I had ever seen. I wished I could use it to put in a patch-work quilt which I was making; but did not like to ask for any.

"Oh, how pretty it was! The longer I gazed at it, the more I loved it. My heart grew intense. Mrs. Bennett's back was turned. I picked up a three corner piece from the floor, and hid it in my bosom.

"In two or three minutes I was on my way to school, every now and then looking at my beautiful calico, and thinking how cleverly I managed to get it. But all at once I struck me that I had stolen it! I began to feel very unhappy. At school could not attend to my lessons; there seemed to be great lumps in my throat, and I felt as if it were piercing me with every point. My teacher asked me if I felt sick. I was going to reply, 'Yes,' but fortunately I thought in time, 'No, I will not tell besides stealing.' So I answered that I did not feel very well. She very kindly told me to go in the play-ground for a little while. Oh, how I wished she had not told me so kind!

"I said to myself, 'If she only knew what a wicked girl I am, would she spare me again?' I went out, and determined to get rid of the calico, but where was I to put it! Everybody would be sure to see and know I stole it. I spied a hole in the post, and thought that that would do for a hiding-place. I squeezed it in, and found

I felt it spier, but the bright and beautiful colors haunted me yet. The children would see it. I must find some more secure place. I got it again, and tried to chew and swallow it. But it would not do. Oh, how wretched I was beginning to feel! On my way from school, I had to cross a bridge over a running stream of water, and there I thought I could get rid of it. I threw it over, and watched it slowly floating along. Now it whirled in a little eddy; and now it came swimming back again. Would it never float out of sight? and if it did, where would it go? Wouldn't it be sure to float right in front of some one who would know that it was Mrs. Bennett's calico, and that it had stolen it? While I leaned over the bridge, and watched it with all the agony of childish remorse, it caught against the root of a bush which grew upon the bank. Yes, there it stuck, where every one would see it. I was sure they couldn't and wouldn't see anything else. I heard wagon-wheels coming—coming toward the bridge.

"I felt certain that Mrs. Bennett, was it that wagon, and all my uncles, and aunts, and playmates, and every one that knew me. They would all see the calico, and know that I had been stealing. I climbed over the bridge, at the risk of breaking my neck, crept down the bank, and hid until the wagon had passed.

"When all was quiet, I came out of my hiding-place, and tried to reach the calico; but my arm was too short. I took off my shoes and stockings. Oh, if any one should see me now! With a desperate effort I reached the calico. But what should I do with it, now I had got it? While putting on my shoes and stockings, I determined what to do. I ran along toward home. I reached Mrs. Bennett's. She was sitting near the open window. I opened the gate, went up to the window, threw in the piece of calico, and was running away, when she called after me.

"Sarah, my dear child, what ails you? I hardly turned back; but she called again. I went in slowly.

"Why, Sarah, what is the matter with you? You look quite pale. What did you throw the piece of calico in the window for?"

"I stole it," said I, desperately, expecting that she would look horrified, and tell me never to come into her house any more; but she couldn't have such a wicked girl play with her dear little Lizzie. She put down her work, laid hold of my hand, drew me toward her, put her arm around me, and said pityingly, "My poor child!"

I had not shed a tear all the day, but my heart felt as if it would split, and my throat ached. Those three words opened the flood-gate of my poor little heart. I leaned my head on her bosom, and burst into tears. "Sarah, dear," she said, as she held me close to her, "tell me all about it."

"I did tell her, and my heart grew lighter. When I had finished, she said, 'I am sure I need not say a word to add to your sorrow; you have suffered enough to-day, and I don't think you will be tempted to be dishonest again. Take some of these pieces of calico, and put them in your patchwork, and whenever you see them, remember this day.'

"My children sleep under the quilt now, and it is an unfeeling monitor."—*Selected.*

How to Meet Strangers.

It is generally taken for granted that if young people are by themselves, all will go well. And if you boys and girls did but know it, many very complimentary things are said about you in this very matter. "Children do understand each other very well." "Children get along so well with each other." "I feel quite relieved when the children find some companions." The sort of thing is said behind the children's backs, at the very moment when the same children, quite strangers to each other, are wishing that they were at home themselves, or, at least, that these sudden new companions were.

Of course, in the first place, you are to do as you would be done by. But what you have said this, a question is still involved. For a minute you do not know how you would be done by; or if you know, you know simply that you should like to be left off from the company of the new-found friends.

The direction familiarly given is that you should meet strangers half way. But I do not find that this wholly answers. The true rule for meeting strangers is, to meet them a little more than half way. You will find in life that the people who do this are the cheerful people and happy, who get the most out of society, and, indeed, are everywhere praised and loved.

"But I am sure I do not know what to say to them," says Robert, who, with good deal of difficulty, has been made to read this paper thus far.

My dear Bob, have I said that you must talk to them? I knew you pretended you could not talk to people, though yesterday when I was trying to get my nap in hammock, I certainly heard a good deal of rattle from somebody who was fixing a boat with Clem Waters in the wood-house. But I have never supposed that you would sit in agreeable conversation about the weather or the opera with these strange boys and girls. But if you were turned on two or three boys, a good thing to do would be—

"Would you like to go in swimming, or, 'How would you like to see us clear our fish pond?' or, 'I am going up to snare for rabbits; how would you like to go?'"

Give them a piece of yourself. That is what I mean by meeting them more than half way. Frankly, honorably, without fair reserve, which is to say, like a gentleman, share with these strangers some of your own life, which makes you happy.

Clara, there, will do the same thing. She will take those girls to ride, or (she

teach them how to play "copack," or she will tell them about her play of the Sleeping Beauty, and enlist some of them to take parts. This is what I mean by meeting people more than half way.—*Youth's Companion.*

What Mary Gave.

When the contribution-box comes round in church, boys and girls throw in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure, whenever she caught sight of the pleasant young face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long tiresome story by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it ended made the old lady happy by a good night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

About Demosthenes.

"And if I chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, Don't view me with a critic's eye, But pass my imperfections by."

Such were the lines in the very first piece I ever delivered—"in public on the stage." I shall never forget them. There were many more, but most of the others have faded from my memory long since. The only reason why I have remembered the so long is, that I learned them more perfectly than the rest. Somehow or other I put it into my head that I might possibly make a mistake in the recitation, and say *Cicero's* eye. And so I studied the lines over great many times, and made out very well in their delivery. But it was just as much as I could do.

Another thing about them impressed me. Who were Demosthenes and Cicero? I remember well of asking some of the boys, but they only replied, "I don't know; some of the old chaps, I suppose."

Then I resorted to all the books I could get hold of. But, though I found the names mentioned, there was little else.

But I wondered if the boys nowadays knew much more about Demosthenes without search? How many in a hundred can tell where he lived, and what the chief events of his life were? I know that perhaps almost all have a dreamy idea that he was a great orator, who lived a long time ago; that he had a defect in his voice which he bravely overcame by speaking to the dashing way with pebble-stones in his mouth. But I think that is about all. One thing is certain. There has no orator lived in your day since who will be so well remembered in history as Demosthenes has been. And that is all natural enough, since the world has never known, in any age, so eminent an orator; or, to say the least, there have never been more than half a dozen men, who could justly be classed with Demosthenes.

He was born three hundred and eighty-five years before our Saviour, in Greece. His parents were persons in moderate circumstances. His father died when he was seven years old, leaving what little property he had in charge of three guardians, the benefit of his son. But people love money in those days, as they do in ours. These guardians, instead of taking care of the property, began to squander it, so that before Demosthenes came of age there was very little left for him to enjoy. He was poor man.

But this was very little loss to him or mankind. It is related that this unfairness on the part of his guardians was very thing which prompted him to become an orator so that he might have his revenge upon them by exposing their iniquity to the world. However this may be we can tell, but it is certain that one or two of the most powerful orations were directed to this end.

Demosthenes had but a fair education. Even that was almost denied him by his guardians. It is said that at one time studied under Plato; but this is not clear.

He was, when young, of weak constitution, and he had a feeble voice, an indistinct articulation, and was troubled with shortness of breath. These defects led his friends to dissuade him from the attempt to become an orator. While himself undaunted, he happened one day to hear the great Callistratus, a very eminent orator of the times, make a plea; and this so moved that his mind was fixed.

To overcome his bodily weakness he once gave attention to his habits, training himself to great self-denial to the sunbath, exercise and regular hours for study and sleep. The temptation to go abroad was perfectly strong then as now. Fame and glory beckoned to him.

other hand. But his heart was fixed as the everlasting hills. His voice troubled him most. But what shall stop a determined man? If we may believe historians of his time, he climbed up steep mountains with pebbles in his mouth; he declaimed upon the beach when the sea dashed upon the rocks. The tumult of the great Aegean waves seemed to him but the uproar of an Athenian audience, and such he well knew he must expect.

In this manner, Demosthenes schooled himself. The result you may guess. His bodily infirmities disappeared, his voice became strong, and his elocution perfect. His appearance before an audience, however excited the people were, was a signal for quiet and order. It is allowed on all hands that no man ever had such control over his listeners. He could move them at a word to laughter or to tears. —*Merry's Museum.*

Laughing.

Laugh, boys! a hearty, joyous, ringing laugh, that sends the blood coursing along the veins and arteries, giving life and vigor to every nook and corner of the system. "Laugh and grow fat," and plump, like the gay lambs that frisk and gambol on the hillside in the joyous spring, or like the rollicking kittens, as they roll and tumble on the mat, as if to show their proud mother, sitting near and watching their movements, how easily and naturally they learn their first lessons in cat gymnastics. Laugh; but you need never indulge in a coarse "horse-laugh," a simple roar, reminding one of the braying of a donkey or the steam-whistle! Laugh like a boy a wide-awake, stirring boy, one ready for business, labor, errands; ready to bring a pail of water for mother, gather flowers for sister, or any honest and useful labor, physical or mental. Laugh, but not simply to make a noise, or because it is expected that you will, but because you can not help it; because you are overflowing with good nature, with not a cubic inch more of room to contain your joyous feelings, almost ready to burst; filled with kind feelings towards brothers and sisters, pupils and friends, schoolmates and playmates, all with whom you come in daily contact.

Yes, and let the girls laugh and expand the chest, inflate the lungs, fouse the energies, enkindle kindly emotions, enrich the whole countenance with an ample wreath of smiles. Give me the boy or girl that smiles as soon as the first rays of the joyous morning sun glance in through the windows, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man at least when contrasted with a sulky morose, "crabbed" fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grumbles like an untamable hyena, from the moment he opens his red and angry eyes till he is "comforted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him more gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-bud, and she smiles, flutters, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds, that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dream that the glorious sun was approaching, and about to pour a whole flood of joy-inspiring light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy all around her—the joy and light of the household.

It has been well said that "there are no muscles to raise the upper lip, as in laughter, and only one to draw it down; therefore we should laugh twice to every once. There may be a time for weeping, as even for mourning and melancholy; but cheerfulness, good nature and joy are more favorable to the health of the body and mind. Excessive grief often arrests the action of the stomach, and produces disease. The cheerful and hopeful are more healthy than the morose, the so-called fretful and the scolding mortals, who never see the sunlight of cheerfulness sociability, but who scowl and frown, "hold daggers," and feel two-edged swords ward all who dare to come within reach of them. —*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

"Strike your Hour."

Few girls have any conception of a womanhood. Youth includes all of that is worth living in their eyes. The bloom and flavor wasted in clinging to fading youth would, in nature's alchemy give richness and sweetness to the mature years. Instead of the dim horizon of a leaden sky of the east, when the sun rises long past, there is the lofter dome of clearer radiance of the meridian, if he keeps pace with the sun. "Always strike your hour," says one writer. Every year in life has its own individuality, its possibilities. Why should we not be equal to catch each in its season, since such these flower but once in a lifetime? We should we not gather in to ourselves sweetness and variety of every change comes to us? There is always something new and fresh in that character which opens to receive the finer touches of the Master-hand—that patient, loving hand, which rests not day nor night, in spring-time harvest, but is ever molding, and chiseling and polishing with the divine skill and workmanship of his creative power. Women who still call themselves only the cheap not-selves of the golden ripe and rich fruitage of womanhood, possible even to single women. Strike your hour at 30 and 40 as truly as at 16 and 20. Try by being willing to be old, you may keep the youthful freshness that you covet. —*Hearth & Home.*

Literary Miscellany.

Tunneling the Channel.

If it were the beginning of the seventeenth century, we might suppose it were some Don Quixote who is so often proposing some new scheme for tunneling the English Channel. But it being the time of the world that it is, and the proposition being so often and so plausibly set forth, we must accept the scheme as one about which somebody is really in earnest. To give our readers an idea of the undertaking and the ways in which it is proposed to achieve it, we take these extracts from a recent article prepared for the Boston Advertiser on the subject:

A few years since there were three grand obstacles that existed to the establishment of rapid communication between England, France and the East—the English Channel, the Alps and the Isthmus of Suez. The Lesseps canal has removed the last; the Mont Cenis tunnel has overcome the Alps difficulty; but the first obstacle remains.

Probably the most elaborate scheme yet proposed was one by M. Thomé de Gamond, in 1857. At first he thought of an iron tunnel or railway tube, supported at frequent high above the water by four hundred stone piers; but the thought of the cost of twenty-five miles of this sort of work stunned him, and he finally took up the project of a tunnel regularly excavated beneath the bed of the sea, at a sufficient depth to avoid danger from eruption of water. The idea was brought under the notice of the late Emperor of the French, and a committee of scientific and practical men made many geological investigations into the nature of the strata beneath the English Channel. Certain routes were examined, and M. Thomé de Gamond arrived at the conclusion that the best for his purpose was from Cape Griznez to a point midway between Dover and Calais, called East Wear Bay. On a mid-channel shoal known as the Vane—the low tide depth of water on which is a little over 20 feet—a vast construction was to be erected called the Vane Star. There was to be a shaft 300 feet deep, descending until it came to the level of the submarine railway, and a spiral staircase was to connect the top with the bottom. At the top of this shaft and around the top, the engineer proposed to have a tower, a lighthouse, a basin for the reception of vessels, and four granite quays pointing outwards like the rays of a star—all to be built on the shifty foundation of the Vane. At the bottom of the shaft, there was to be a railway station, which would, of course, as near as possible, be midway between France and England. The East Wear terminus of the tunnel was to have a dry land shaft with a station at the bottom of it, and a 100 feet spiral staircase for passengers to ascend to the open air; and at Cape Griznez would be a similar one 180 feet deep. On the English side an ascending-inclined tunnel of three miles and a half in length would bring the railway up to the open air; and on the French side the analogous tunnel was to be five miles and a half long. In order to facilitate the construction of the twenty miles or so of submarine railway, there were to be thirteen minor shafts, besides those we have mentioned—the greatest of which was to be 180 feet deep, 700 feet in diameter at the bottom, and 140 feet at the top,—so as to allow of the tunnelers digging away at their work at sixteen different spots at one and the same time! The enthusiastic engineer explains that such minor shafts will, in point of fact, be vast cones of masonry very broad at the bottom where they would rest upon the bed of the sea, and tapering from this point with a regular slope, descending through the strata to the level of the tunnel itself. There being just a possibility of the sea breaking over and washing down through these "vast cones," the summits of each will be 30 feet above the level of the water. "Ce beau rêve," as the Sicile called it, would be perfectly realized, if M. Thomé de Gamond could but raise the necessary capital to commence business with, \$32,500,000 specie. He could not; and nothing more was heard of a Vane Star in the days of Louis Napoleon.

In 1861, a project was brought forward by an Englishman, a Mr. J. F. Smith, totally unlike the submarine tunnel schemes. At a cost of \$50,000,000 of gold, he would place a gigantic wrought iron tube, large enough to contain railway trains, at a level of about twenty yards below the surface of the water. This tube would be a matter of course laid, because it would have air within and water without; and it would be kept from swaying to and fro laterally by masonry piers built up at a mile or so apart, embracing the sides of the tube, and extended by cross walls over and under it; and from rising, by mooring chains and diagonal rods in various directions. This tube would be made in lengths of one hundred feet each; the iron would be two inches in thickness; and for some distance from the shore would be embedded in a solid embankment. About the same time another scheme was brought forward by a Mr. Chinn for a kind of floating railway. He thought some such plan as this was certain of success. To have two great towers built, one at a certain distance out from each shore, with an embankment or viaduct from each tower to the adjacent shore. Then, railway trains running from the shore upon the embankment would reach the tower; a hydraulic-worked platform would lower the train to a depth depending on the state of the tide; a long specially-prepared ship with rails on the deck would receive the train; the ship would steam on to the other great tower; a movable platform would raise it to a certain height; and then a second embankment would carry it forward on a level with the system of French railways. Not like the former scheme was the one which Mr. Fowler, the eminent English engineer, proposed not long ago for a sort of ocean ferry. He would have flat, long steamers of peculiar build with rails laid down on deck; docks to be built or near Dover and Calais, to receive these steamers; inclined platforms with rails on them to connect the land railways with the steamers—the platforms being hinged so as to take a gradient varying with the state of the tide; and when a train from London reached Dover, for it to descend the inclined platform leading to the steamer or floating bridge, then to steam across, passengers, carriages, engine and all, to ascend a platform at Calais and attain the level of the French railway. Mr. Fowler wants two years' time and \$7,500,000 specie to complete this work; and he says "that the great size and flat construction of the floating ship, would reduce to a minimum those miseries of sea-sickness which over-channel passengers know only too well."

Mr. H. H. Fulton, another English engineer, objects to the tunnel scheme altogether. He points out that, from the investigations which have been made, it appears that the bed of the channel lying between Dover and Calais is composed of chalk with innumerable fissures, and "with probably an enormous fault about midway of the channel," owing to the supposed disruption of England from the continent of Europe. He goes on to say that if this fault does exist it is filled up with a spongy, water-bearing mass of chalk, rubbish, sand and mud, and this would render tunneling so great a risk as to make it a grave question whether the work would be practicable at all. Therefore, and here comes Mr. Fulton's project,—he proposes to construct a bridge from Dover to Calais! The roadway of this bridge would only be sufficiently elevated above the surface of the high water of spring tides to prevent the waves from reaching the superstructure and so reduce the cost of the structure to a minimum. To prevent any unreasonable interference to navigation, he intends to have one or two opening bridges in every mile, the span of each to be of sufficient length to allow the largest vessels to pass through with facility. The necessary electric and other signals would have to be provided, of course, and by the bridge authorities, as well as by vessels navigating the channel, so as to prevent any uncalled for delay in the transmission of the railway traffic along the bridge. For sailing vessels, steam tugs would be in attendance to assist them through the openings; steamers would pass and repass unassisted. So much for the bridge of Mr. Fulton. He says nothing of extra double, iron-rubber spring buffers at the inside buttresses, to break the force with which vessels might by the merest possible chance drive against them, on a dark night in a winter hurricane of sleet or snow, rendering navigation of the proposed openings somewhat dangerous and difficult. Mr. George Remington—another English engineer of considerable eminence—agrees with Mr. Fulton "as to the unavailability of attempting to tunnel under the channel through the chalk which extends all the way across from Dover to Calais," and he looks upon all schemes for bridging or laying tubes at the bottom of the English Channel, or between the bed and the surface water, as suggestions that can never be carried out, first, because many of them would be impracticable in an engineering point of view; secondly, because all would be impracticable as regards expenditure and remunerative returns,—but not one of these objections hold good with Mr. Remington's plan. He proposes to construct a tunnel three hundred feet below high-water mark between Dungeness and Cape Griznez; and he affirms that on this route and at that depth there "would not be the slightest chance of sea water penetrating the masses of clay."

And here we must leave the public to judge of the possibility of either of the plans which we have mentioned. Both the bridge and tunnel schemes are, no doubt, practicable, but the time and cost of constructing either would be enormous. Whatever is decided to be done eventually—whether it be to build a bridge, to float a railway train across or to have a railway above the water, in the water or under the water—the work of constructing a continuous line of communication across the Straits of Dover, between England and France, would be by far the greatest of the kind ever attempted, and would confer lasting and imperishable renown upon the man who carried it to a successful issue.

English Synonyms.

A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See, what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and a fleet of ships is called a fleet.

And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is called the community, or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular public.

Under this head, the *Tunkhannock Republican* says there is a sufficient quantity of fermented and distilled liquors used in the United States in one year, to fill a canal four feet deep, fourteen feet wide and one hundred and twenty miles in length. The liquor saloons and hotels of New York city, if placed in opposite rows, would make a street like Broadway, eleven miles in length. The places where intoxicating drinks are made and sold in this country, if placed in rows, in direct lines, would make a street one hundred miles in length. If the victims of the rum traffic were there also, we should see a suicide at every mile, and a thousand funerals a day. If the drunkards of America could be placed in procession, five abreast, they would make an army one hundred miles in length.

What a number of victims! Every hour in the night the heavens are lit up with the incendiary torch of the drunkard. Every hour in the day the earth is stained with the blood shed by drunken assassins.

See the great army of inebriates; more than half a million strong, marching on to sure and swift destruction—sliding off rapidly into the poor-houses and prisons, and on to the scaffold, and yet the ranks are constantly filled by the moderate drinkers. Who can compute the fortunes squandered, the hopes crushed, the hearts broken, the homes made desolate, by drunkenness?

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The Comet.

Encke's comet is now again visible to astronomers, and attracting close attention. The spectroscopic has been brought into service, and may give some new and valuable determinations, as comets have been seen since the instrument was devised. Encke devoted much zeal and labor to prove from the comet called after his name, that there exists a resisting medium in space which retards its movement. The statement is often made that the existence of matter in space has been demonstrated. Prof. Asaph Hall remarks the discussion in the *American Journal of Science*. He holds that all other astronomical evidences of a resisting medium, which have been adduced from time to time, have been successively disproved; that thus far the motions of the planets seem to be in strict accord with the law of gravitation; and that Encke's comet stands alone as a strange anomaly. He shows that the calculations heretofore made are not conclusive, and urges that they should be tested over again, with the probable result of showing that they are not correct.

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Keep Warm.

Many a fatal case of dysentery is caused by the want of a woollen undershirt, or an extra blanket at night. The sudden changes of temperature which occur at this season of the year are very trying to the constitution. People with weak lungs quickly feel the effects of them. Frequently the thermometer falls many degrees within a few hours. Not only the feeble, but robust and strong persons suffer from such variations of temperature. When the weather grows cold rapidly the pores of the skin are suddenly closed, and the result frequently is a bad cold, which may hold on all winter, and terminate in consumption or a fatal attack of dysentery, or that fearful disease, typhoid fever.

There are many ready-made collars at the cabinet shops and undertakers—little, short, tiny collars—which are going to be filled up soon by children, some of them as sweet and beautiful as anybody's, as your own; just think of it! these collars might be left at the undertakers', and the children in their bright homes, if warm shoes and stockings, which keep little feet dry, and warm clothes and woollen blankets were more plenty.

Rats in the Henny.

A lady who has a number of fine hens to which she has devoted a good deal of care and attention during the winter, in hopes of obtaining an early and fair crop of fresh eggs, was surprised at the meager result actually reached. The hens made noise, enough in singing and cackling, for everyday layers, and yet only occasionally did she get an egg. The lady at length determined to take operations and ascertain if possible the cause of the failure. She saw the hens go upon the nest, but if she was not present when they came off no egg was found. At length constant watching and waiting solved the mystery. A day or two since, while on the watch, a hen came off the nest and commenced cackling. Almost instantly an old rat came out of a hole, and running into a barrel, which was thrown down on its side, and in which the hen's nest was, at once poised the egg out upon the ground, then lay down upon its back, and getting the egg between its fore paws and nose, commenced squawking, when two other rats came out, and taking the rat with the egg by the hind legs, dragged it, egg and all, into the hole. The lady affirms that she can substantiate the foregoing fact by at least three witnesses.—*Poultry Standard.*

Rules for Sleeping.

1. Go to bed when you are sleepy. Do not undertake to force wakefulness when attention fails and the brain finds its blood running sluggishly.
2. Go to bed when you are tired. One may be fatigued without being drowsy, and may wish for the freedom and relaxation of a couch, and it is only a sin against nature to sit up in such a condition.
3. Late evening suppers should be shunned.
4. No intoxicating drinks before going to bed.
5. Amusements which try the brain and excite the nervous system unduly are not good, before going to bed.
6. Get sufficient sleep in the night, go to bed early enough to get all the rest that the system needs.
7. There should at least be a regular hour for rising in the morning.
8. Do not, however, let the hour for rising too early.
9. Do not work before breakfast.
10. Do not take much exercise before breakfast.—*Herald of Health.*

To Make Cows Give Milk.

The agricultural editor of the *Deerbrook Journal* writes for the following, handed him by a friend:—
If you desire to get a large field of milk, give your cow, three times a day, water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find that your cow will gain twenty-five per cent. immediately, under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water, unless very thirsty; but this mess she will drink almost any time and ask for more. The amount of this morning, noon and night. Your animal will then do her best at discounting the lactical.

Chloride of Lime.

Comparatively few people know the value of chloride of lime. It is only excelled by carbolic acid in preventing decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, and in removing impure odors. It is a good protection against all malarious diseases, and a small quantity should be kept in a room in an open dish through the warm weather, when such diseases are most prevalent. Cellars where vegetables are kept should always be supplied with it. It also drives away vermin. Some caution is needed in its use, as it rusts steel and destroys gilt if placed near them. It is an excellent bleaching agent, but clothes bleached with it should be well and thoroughly rinsed, or it will injure them.

Potatoes.

We have all observed the great deterioration in our potato crops, during the past ten or twenty years; and what is the cause of this alarming decrease of tubers? Can science, can chemistry point out the reason, or aid in remedying the difficulty? We think it can, and in order to place the matter in a clear light, we will point out the kind and amount of food which the potato demands. We had a field of potatoes upon the farm which yielded 300 bushels to the acre; this may be regarded as an old-fashioned crop. This crop removed from the soil in tubers and tops at least 400 pounds of potash; also it removed 150 pounds of phosphoric acid. Now, these amounts are very large, and serve to show that the potato plant is a great consumer of the two substances, and it also shows that in order to restore our potato fields to their former productive condition, we must supply phosphoric compounds and substances holding potash in large quantities. For six or eight generations in New England, our fathers have been exhausting the soil, by removing these agents in their potato and other crops, and we have reached a time when the vegetable is starving in our fields for want of its proper food. Our farmers have found that new land gives the best crops, and this is due to the fact that such fields afford the most potash. But so long as we crop our pastures so unreasonably, we can not resort to new land, as land is not new that has had its potash and phosphoric elements removed by grazing animals. Remember that a potato field which gives but one hundred bushels to the acre requires at least 100 pounds of potash, but by allowing the tops to decay upon the field, 60 pounds of this is returned to the soil again; so that amount is contained in them; a medium crop of potatoes requires twice as much phosphoric acid as a medium crop of wheat, so that in two years with wheat the land is deprived of more of the agent than it loses in one year with potatoes.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Rural and Domestic.

Timber Scarcity.

The reckless manner in which the forests of New Brunswick have been thrown open to lumber operators at a few shillings a square mile, and the indifference with which they have been parted with for a few cents an acre, are strangely in contrast with the deductions to be drawn from the known rapidity with which timber is disappearing everywhere, and the increasing demand for lumber, that exists. We have asked as though our forests were a disgrace and ought to be cut down, as though they were worse than useless and should be destroyed; and such a thing as economizing timber for its prospective value, as a source of revenue, or preserving woods for climatic considerations, seems never to have had the slightest practical influence in our councils. We have had the experience of other countries before us, but have regulated our conduct without the slightest regard to any information in our possession. We have done as a Province what the new settler invariably does as a man—forgot, in our desire to effect a clearing, that trees are valuable for trade and shelter from wind, and desirable as landscape ornaments. The new settler sees the work of free-planting progressing slowly and laboriously on old farms, and yet he ruthlessly tells every one he finds standing on his own. The Government of our Province knows that the work of reviving forests in European countries has been undertaken of necessity, and yet it makes laws and regulations under which our forests are wantonly destroyed. The following article from the *Presbyterian* is timely and suggestive:

The growing scarcity of timber and timber lands is becoming a very important question for the country. The demand for lumber is constantly increasing, while the supply is rapidly falling off. Vast in extent are the forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, at the present rate of demand for building material to supply the necessities of our increasing population (to say nothing of the devastating fires), it will be but a few years before they are exhausted. Even now, indeed, we are beginning to have to look to the shores of the Pacific for the means to supply this great necessity, and it will not be long before we shall have to go clear beyond our borders. The average yield of lumber to the acre is about 350 feet. In the year 1869 the receipts of lumber at the principal Western markets amounted to 3,000,000,000 feet, so that in that year alone there must have been cleared 800,000 acres, or an average of 2,500 acres a day. Even at this rate we should use 12,000,000 acres of timber in fifteen years, and it should be borne in mind that the demand is constantly increasing. Another, and not less serious phase of the matter, consists in the fact that the felling of forests in districts where rivers have their sources, are drying up the streams of vast regions. It is said that the water supply of the whole of New England is gradually falling, solely in consequence of the disappearance of the forests. Many manufacturing districts in those States, where water power was formerly the rule, have been compelled to adopt steam as a substitute, while numerous mills have been abandoned because it was not profitable to replace the wheel with a steam engine. It is predicted that within a few years the Connecticut river will cease to be navigable to Hartford from the same cause. Streams which formerly flowed into that river in year and year out are now actually dry nine months of the year. It is probable that the ruinous droughts which afflicted New England last summer arose from the cause mentioned. History shows that many fertile districts in Europe, Asia, and Africa, have been rendered uninhabitable in consequence of the destruction of trees. In some European countries the government has instituted regulations for repairing the drain upon the forests, and we think the government of the United States should exhibit not only a wise, but a necessary foresight in taking questions into consideration, and adopting measures for the keeping up of the timber supply by settlers upon its public domain.

Cutting Glass with Sand.

A process of grinding and cutting glass, and piercing glass and other hard substances, has been brought into use by Mr. Tilghman, of Philadelphia. It consists in driving a jet of sand with great velocity, by air or steam, against the plate which is to be ground or figured. Dwellers by the sea-shore know that the grains of their windows, in some places, lose its polish through the constant action of drifting sands on the panes; and this same action, in a concentrated form, is now to serve the arts, and put money into inventors' pockets. The mode of operation, briefly described, appears to be as follows: "A stream of sand is driven by a fan into a large tube; the mouth of this tube is one inch wide and two feet long, and through this the stream of sand rushes against plates of glass, and in from ten to fifteen seconds completely grinds as much of the surface as corresponds with the dimensions of the mouth of the tube. The plates of glass are moved by machinery, until the whole surface is deadened or ground; and a pattern may be produced at pleasure by covering the plate with tough paper, cut to any device, or with a coat of oil paint. The covered portions will then remain transparent, while the other parts of the surface will be deadened. Some white glass, is manufactured for ornamental purposes; and light penetrates to a depth of one hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea. Hitherto it has been supposed that 30 fathoms was the farthest depth to which the sun's rays could reach, but an apparatus, of which the main feature is chemically prepared paper, has proved that the sun is more than three times as powerful as was supposed.

We find (says the *London Times*) all the children of the Queen making upon the national register a titular impress more or less distinct. Such an event as the marriage of the Prince of Wales was sure to leave an especial mark upon the indexes. During the year in which this wedding took place some 1500 female children received the name of Alexandra, and nearly 3000 boys were registered Albert Edward. The Albert Alexanders were also numerous; and the birth registers for the period abound in other indications as to the interest taken in the young couple at the time. The following are some of the combinations which we have noticed that were then conferred as personal names: Regina Alexandra, Prince Albert Edward, Alexandra Victoria, Alexander Albert, Alexandra Victoria, Alexander Denmark, etc.

M. Chateaufort has laid before the French Academy of Science the results of his researches on contagious epidemics. He had previously shown that the contagion caused by virulent humors depends not on dissolved substances, but on solid corpuscles which they hold in suspension; in fact inoculation with dissolved substances remains without results, and that with corpuscles produces characteristic results. By similar experiments M. Chateaufort proves that the miasma diffused in the air are not disengaged gases but solid corpuscles. The fluid obtained by condensing the vapor arising from the evaporation of a virulent liquid may be used in inoculating a young animal, while the primitive liquid retains all its contagious properties. The same results were obtained in experimenting with the virus of small-pox, the rot, the epizootic typhus, etc.

Paragraphs.

Mrs. C. M. Pinck of Monmouth, Me., recently feeling a queer sensation on the crown of her head, was examining it, when she discovered the point of a needle protruding, and with a pair of pliers she succeeded in drawing forth a needle about one and a half inches long. She swallowed the needle five years ago.

Alexis, like Daniel Webster, does not care much for money, but he thought \$1500 a little steep for sixteen hours' lodging and one meal at the Spencer House, Niagara Falls. The landlord, probably desiring to perpetuate the harmonious relations between the two countries, consented to take \$1000, which was paid. The people of that vicinity are greatly incensed at the disgraceful occurrence.

India ink is made from lampblack from oils or resins. The finest particles settle at the bottom of a furnace 100 feet long, and are selected for that purpose. This is worked thoroughly into glue made from the skin of the buffalo, to which is added the oil of peas. The odor is due to borax camphor and musk. It is pressed into cakes or sticks, and this is used by Chinese in their writing, being rubbed in a little water. They use it with a brush, but it flows readily from a pen.

Petroleum intended for burning should be kept in stone or metal vessels, or otherwise protected from the influence of light. Light favors the absorption of oxygen, which is converted into ozone, the ozonized oil having an altered smell, burning with more difficulty, and corroding the cork stoppers of the vessels which contain it.

A "line" engraving is done in simple straight lines. A "line and stipple" engraving is one in which certain parts are lightened up by the use of stipple, or small dots. To engrave a face in lines only is so difficult, that only the masters undertake it. The best engravers use both line and stipple.

Church societies proposing to build houses of worship, will do well to consider the advantages to be secured by building principally of iron. Experiments already made in this direction have demonstrated that churches constructed of this material are not only unsurpassed, but unequalled, for cheapness, roominess, and superior acoustic properties. Brooklyn has been foremost in this useful innovation.

The year 1872 contains fifty-two Sundays. September and December each begin on Sunday. January, April and July, on Monday. October is the only month beginning on Tuesday. February begins and ends on Thursday; consequently it has five Thursdays, which will not occur again until the year 1900. In the year 1880 February will have five Sundays, which will not occur again until the year 1920. The year 1871 began on Sunday and ended on Sunday. This will occur again in 1882 and every eleventh year thereafter.

Mr. D. A. A. Buck of Worcester, has constructed a marvelous little steam engine. It is made of gold and silver is fastened together with screws, has all the valves and other parts of an ordinary engine, and yet can be completely covered with a common thimble. It weighs fifteen grains. Give it a drop or two of water, and apply a trifle of heat, and it will run away for several minutes.

We have mentioned the new method of cutting and engraving on glass by a jet of sand and steam. It is now said that this discovery bids fair to be susceptible of many remarkable applications. It is found that beautiful figures may be wrought upon the surface of the glass with the greatest facility, and at an expense far below the ordinary mode of grinding. It will probably revolutionize the whole matter of ornamentation in the manufacture of glassware.

The losses caused by the Chicago fire are estimated by Mr. Clarke, our Insurance Commissioner, at \$140,000,000. About 90 per cent. of these, or \$126,000,000 was covered by insurance in two hundred and sixty companies, or three-fourths of all the insurance companies doing business in the United States. Sixty of these companies have failed, and as many have been obliged to increase their assets.

The Chicago Times says: Nearly 1,000 warranty deeds have already, since the fire, been filed by the owners for re-recording. The manner of re-recording these deeds actually restores the record evidence of each title back to the time when the deed was originally recorded. This is done by recording the original certificate of the recorder, which appears upon the back of every recorded instrument itself. The new record thus becomes evidence of the old record.

Dean Stanley has consented to deliver a discourse in Westminster Abbey, on behalf of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, in commemoration of the fact that the art of printing in England emanated from the Abbey.

England claims to have solved the great problem of road steamers, having run one attached to an omnibus containing fifty-five people, from Ipswich to Edinburgh, 450 miles, in 77 hours. The trip was made without any accident or stoppages, and is the most successful on record.

A curious book has just been privately printed in London. It is a history of the New England company which was created by the Long Parliament for the purpose of Christianizing Pagan Indians of the New England colony. After the Declaration of Independence, the company established stations in Canada, which are still under its control, and supported out of its funds.

Mr. Siemens, the well-known English telegraphist, has invented a photometer, which has proved that light penetrates to a depth of one hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea. Hitherto it has been supposed that 30 fathoms was the farthest depth to which the sun's rays could reach, but an apparatus, of which the main feature is chemically prepared paper, has proved that the sun is more than three times as powerful as was supposed.

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The national republican convention will be held in Philadelphia on Wednesday, June 5.

The defeat of Victor Hugo in the supplementary election for the French Assembly is confirmed.

Elections have been held in seventeen districts in the French provinces to fill vacant seats in the assembly. In three districts the radical candidates were successful.

Mr. Washburne, our minister to Paris, is indisposed, and has gone to Nice for the benefit of his health.

Napoleon will soon publish a historical work, in which it is said startling revelations will be made in regard to the French military system during the late war.

Napoleon on New Year's Day is reported to have said, "I will give Thiers six months of the presidency of the French republic, and at that time Gambetta will be in his place, and the change will be favorable to the Imperial cause."

CONGRESSIONAL.

On Monday, Congress re-assembled after a recess of two weeks. The attendance was small in both branches, but there was a quorum in each. In the Senate, bills were introduced to further regulate the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, to regulate commerce among the States, for the relief of settlers on the Osage Indian lands, and for other objects. The committee on retrenchment was authorized to continue its investigations. In the House, several resolutions of inquiry were adopted. A resolution to amend the Constitution by making naturalized citizens eligible to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency was rejected by a vote of 81 to 65, a two-thirds vote being necessary for its adoption. An attempt was made to offer a resolution for an investigation of the legislative troubles in Louisiana, but Mr. Butler objected.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the Ku-Klux committee made a special report to the effect that in the examination of witnesses from Arkansas, testimony was taken which implicated Senator Clayton and Representative Edwards from that state. It was asserted that Mr. Clayton, while governor of Arkansas, gave Mr. Edwards a certificate as representative, knowing that Mr. Boles was elected, receiving in return a pledge of the democratic vote for the senatorship. Mr. Clayton asked for an investigation, and a special committee was appointed for that purpose. In the House, the election committee reported that Mr. Braxton, the sitting member from Virginia, was entitled to the seat.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, bills were introduced authorizing the admission of six Japanese youths to West Point without expense to the government, and to elevate the rank and file of the navy. Bills were passed to prohibit the retention of soldiers' discharges by claim agents, and to abolish the grades of quarter-master-sergeant, company artificer and wagoner, and extra lieutenants as fast as vacancies occur; in the army. In the House, the coinage bill was re-committed. Mr. Clark was admitted as a member from the third Texas district, his seat being contested by Mr. Giddings.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. Conkling delivered his anticipated speech upon the one-term amendment, and was replied to by Mr. Sumner. There was no further debate upon it and no action. In the House, a bill for a ship-canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river was reported and re-committed. A bill protecting the discoverers of guano deposits in the Guano Islands was passed. A bill was reported to increase the limit involved in suits which may be appealed to the United States Supreme Court from \$2000 to \$5000. A resolution accepting from the state of Rhode Island a statue of Roger Williams was adopted. A good deal of time was spent in eulogy of the religious martyr and of professed but not uninteresting discussion upon the Pilgrims.

On Friday, but little business was done, and Congress adjourned till Monday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is rumored that General McClellan is to be the successor of Fisk as vice-president of the Erie Railway.

Secretary Boutwell made a speech in Philadelphia, in which he recommended an annual reduction of the national debt by fifty million dollars at least.

In the Nebraska legislature the impeachment of the governor is spoken of as probable.

A petition has been forwarded to the State senate at Albany, setting forth that proofs are abundant that the election of Tweed was the result of fraud, and praying that his seat be declared vacant. Evidence of frauds accompanied the petition.

Judge John N. Wright, notorious for his connection with the Indian and pension bounty frauds, was arrested in Washington last week, on a charge of fraudulently obtaining money from the government.

The New York Commercial is informed that it is the intention to place the Tammany society distinctly on a reform ground. A meeting will be held early in February, to fill the vacancies in the schemes, it being understood that Hall, Sweeney and others have pledged themselves to retire then.

The pews in Beecher's church, Brooklyn, were rented for a year by auction last week. The prices were 20 per cent. less than last year. The whole amount realized was about \$50,000.

All the Mormon criminal cases in the United States district court in Salt Lake City have been continued until March 11.

The Hon. Charles Hale of Boston, has been nominated by the President as Assistant Secretary of State, to succeed Mr. Bancroft Davis.

The Ohio legislature has re-elected Mr. Sherman United States Senator. He received a plurality of nine votes in both houses over Morgan, the democratic candidate.

Ex-Governor Connelly is not to be found in New York. His friends say he can return in four hours if wanted, and refuse to disclose the place of his retreat.

Mr. Williams, Wednesday, formally assumed charge of the department of justice. It is understood that he will pursue the exact course with the Ku-Klux trials as laid out by Mr. Akerman.

The difficulty between the Wilkesbarre Coal and Iron Company and their miners has been settled. The men have agreed to accept a reduction of ten per cent. in wages, the company reducing the price of powder and oil.

The Provincial Correspondent says that the diplomatic relations with France prove that the German government wishes to restore the former friendly relations existing between the two nations.

Mayor Hall of New York has issued a short proclamation, giving notice that the president of the board of aldermen will act as mayor until further notice, he being obliged to attend to pressing private affairs. This is believed to be a preliminary to his resignation.

Mrs. Laura D. Fair, the murderess of Crittenden in California, has escaped hanging by dying. The trouble in New Orleans is not yet ended. There came near being a bloody riot Saturday, but the mob dispersed just before the battery was discharged. It is feared that blood will yet flow.

FOREIGN.

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The Markets.

BOSTON WHOLESALE PRICES.
For the week ending, JAN. 10, 1872.

Moulds.....	12 @ 13	Cuba, Clayed.....	00 @ 00
Sperm.....	35 @ 38	do. Sweet.....	00 @ 00
COAL.		do. Muscovado.....	00 @ 00
Canal.....	20 @ 22	Puerto Rico.....	35 @ 50
Pictou.....	6-50 @ 6-75	OIL.	
Anthracite.....	8 @ 9	Oliver, gal.....	1 25 @ 1 35
COFFEE.		Amesland—Eg.....	75 @ 77
Java.....	27 @ 30	American.....	75 @ 77
St. Domingo.....	20 @ 23	Crude sperm.....	1 25 @ 1 30
Rio.....	21 @ 24	do. Whale.....	75 @ 80
COTTON.		do. Lard.....	85 @ 90
Ordinary.....	18 @ 19	do. Mutton.....	1 30 @ 1 40
Good Ordinary.....	20 @ 21	do. Beef.....	00 @ 00
Mid. to good.....	21 @ 22	do. Pork.....	00 @ 00
Low Middling.....	21 @ 22	do. Bacon.....	00 @ 00
DOMESTICS.		do. Hams.....	00 @ 00
Sheetings and Shirtings.....		do. Canned.....	00 @ 00
Heavy.....	13 @ 14	do. Pickled.....	00 @ 00
Medium.....	12 @ 13	do. Dressed.....	00 @ 00
Light.....	11 @ 12	do. Sausages.....	00 @ 00
Prints.....	10 @ 11	do. Eggs.....	00 @ 00
Cotton Flannel.....	10 @ 11	do. Butter.....	00 @ 00
Prints.....	10 @ 11	do. Cheese.....	00 @ 00
Gingham.....	10 @ 11	do. Apples.....	00 @ 00
Carpeting.....	10 @ 11	do. Potatoes.....	00 @ 00
Lowell.....	10 @ 11	do. Onions.....	00 @ 00
Extra Superfine.....	10 @ 11	do. Peas.....	00 @ 00
Superfine.....	10 @ 11	do. Beans.....	00 @ 00
FISH.		do. Corn.....	00 @ 00
Cod.....	12 @ 15	do. Wheat.....	00 @ 00
Medium.....	12 @ 15	do. Barley.....	00 @ 00
Mackerel.....	12 @ 15	do. Rye.....	00 @ 00
Salmon.....	12 @ 15	do. Oats.....	00 @ 00
Flour and Meal.		do. Clover.....	00 @ 00
St. Louis.....	7 @ 8	do. Hay.....	00 @ 00
Medium.....	8 @ 9	do. Straw.....	00 @ 00
Choice extra.....	9 @ 10	do. Grain.....	00 @ 00
Choice.....	10 @ 11	do. Potatoes.....	00 @ 00
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